

This couldn't be happening. Kasim's ears curled back as a look of panic struck his face. He lay with bandages made of herbs covering new tears and scars. One now covered over his nose and lip where a large gash and some smaller scarring now resided. This couldn't be real.

His heart raced with the tapping of his claws against stone. How had he fallen so far. He was Dracula, the blood drinker of the labs and now..... he couldn't even beat a cat smaller than him? Was he really losing his touch?

The leopard moved paws to his head digging claws into fur till blood drew. What was his purpose anymore?

"The hell are you doing?" Vespyr hurried over pulling his paws from his own skull. The Rouge rolled back pinning his hind paws to her chest. She pinned him back to the floor holding his paws to the ground so no more damage could be done. She began to question letting this rouge near her pride as she took note of the panic in his eyes.

Kasim froze to the spot. His ears pinning his neck as he wheezed and rasped. As his breathing went shallow his expression changed from panic to... sorrow. He had lost it. The very thing he loved he had let slip through his paws. This was his, but he was so weak, so tired. No. No it couldn't be true... but it was. His frail form fell limp as he began to drop his hind paws from her. His heart sank in his chest.

Vespyr only let go once the leopard had stopped his struggle. His eyes half lidded as she helped him roll back onto his belly. Kasim wouldn't make eye contact as his breaths continued to rasp. The leopard's fang like teeth bit deep into his lip. Accepting it was the hardest thing he had ever done in his life.

His body felt weak, limp. For once he took notice of the ribs on his side, the feeling of being so frail. Kasim hung his head in shame. Could he even show his own face outside the pits. He thought of Chacha. The shupavu lion, if he saw, must have been having a field day with the leopard's fails.

Was life even worth living?

His body shivered as survival kicked in. He didn't like this new feeling creeping its way in his mind. His head dropped low paws gripping his head fur again. He had pushed so hard to thrive and now... Though he tried to shake the thoughts they stuck. No.

Was he better off dead?