Treter: Pups Hiniss

Upon the sunrise, we had gathered outside of our own gates from Virkoal Forest. We glanced southwards towards the sun rising from the horizon whereas the cold air bites and brushes against our own fur. Wovan and Wivina shivered upon the first contact, their eyes closed shortly after before they were opened. All shift towards me as I nodded my head towards each of them, knowing our plan.

We stepped out into the plains, a step out from the gates behind us. The sun hits against our heads, warming us instantly despite the cold brushing up once more as I motioned forth to the Hourans, speaking to them just as we had ran from the gates. “Wovan and Wivina, take the right side. I and Wyott will take the opposing side. We split after this debriefing.” “We should head off now, those pups are in danger after all.” Wivina commented, avoiding my glance to him while I just shook my head and said nothing back to him. We ran through the plains, my eyes were cast out into the horizon before us. Having noticed how beautiful the place was. There were patches of green mixed in with the yellow lands. Forest trees were cast towards the sides, swaying in the airless air while the winds had brushed against them too.

With the leaves all floating in midair, I take a breath and smiled faintly to myself. “Guess we split now?” Questioned Wivina as his attention was drawn towards me, I gave a nod to him in response before our four breaks into pairs of two instead. Just as planned; me and Wyott headed left while Wovan and Wivina started forth the right side of the plains. We drifted away from one another, step by step until we each had disappeared from the horizon beyond us as I gave a sigh, closed my eyes and hanged my head. Already worried sick about the other pair just as Wyott turned to me and gave a small chuckle underneath his breath after looking towards me.

A brief silence fell between us before Wyott questioned me. For his voice had struck upon the silence suddenly that it had indeed, startled me for a bit since I was preoccupied with myself all of the sudden. Shifting towards him, I tilted my head as he spoke back “Where are we going to find this pup? The briefing said that they were all scattered right? Splitting up was the best choice of action?” I nodded silently at him and pointed my snout up into the air before giving off a sniff. I gave it a few seconds more before lowering my head, leveling with Wyott as he tilted his head to one side at me. I answered him, “The smell is faint. But the pup is there.” “Somewhere in this area?” He questioned, but no answer from me was handed to him as I take the lead from him instead and walked onward, Wyott takes my tail and follows behind while we walked the trail ahead of us.

I had nearly forgotten that there were hillsides and valleys about upon the area that I had chosen for myself and my partner. Despite Wyott looking a bit surprise by the surroundings around him, he still looked towards me and the horizon while his nose twitched for some strange reason and felt nervous about something. Yet I had reassured to him about his nervousness, stating “There is nothing to be worried about. The pups will be fine after all.” “Not just them.” He muttered underneath his breath which my ear twitched upon his muttering. I had chose to ignore it as we headed through the series of valleys and hills that surrounded us, towards a brown sign at the other side of the road.

“That is quite odd.” Responded Wyott as he and I stopped immediately at the sign. “Yeah.” I say without hesitation, our eyes directly upon the sign in front of us. Although neither of us stated a word or sentence after our short conversation. For the brown sign was stabbed upon the ground in front of us, facing forth towards us. Yellow words were printed upon the surface of that sign. But what it meant was unknown for us. I find myself tilting my head towards the side in question while Wyott questioned out of the blue, “Additionally, what does it mean ‘warning: someone is coming’ and ‘turn about now’?” “Someone is indeed coming.” I spoke suddenly, despite having no other clue other than this while Wyott just stared at me and frowned. Ears flattened upon his skull, before he shook his head to the side, growling “There is just no other way. This valley is forgotten. Just mentioned again by us” Wyott complained, I walked over to him. Place a paw over his snout and shook my head “But what about the duration of those two timestamps?” He was later left speechless at the time.

For he had growled and shook his head rapidly, raised his head high afterwards and gaze at the horizon in front of himself. This time, he had taken the lead and allowed me to follow him instead. Yet I exhaled a breath and smiled only faintly at him. Perhaps I was amused by his reaction and response by my statement. But some thought was growing at the back of my brain, knowing perhaps that he was right after all. However, a shake of my head had returned me back into reality of things while Wyott just turned his head back towards me, barking to get my attention as I met his eyes. In response, a nod came from my head and I ran for a short distance towards him. Finally catching up to him. We walked by the brown sign, ignoring the rules imprinted by it and just head onward towards the horizon before us. Like some happy campers or something along that line.

Yet both of us knew something and we were both nervous by it. With thoughts clouding our judgment and thoughts of our own. I had pondered about what the sign was saying and stating that I had often turned my attention towards it at times. Despite the bark coming from Wyott, I still glance back at that brown sign. But have noticed later on that the sign itself was gone. Disappeared or faded or it was just my own imagination that it was gone. For perhaps it was still there, awaiting for its next potential victim or something around that. Upon another bark was when I sharply turned my attention to Wyott who just stared at me in silence, concern was written across his face. Literally. That I had to stifle a laugh or a chuckle despite him looking at me with his narrowed eyes. Shaking my head at my own inability, I closed my eyes and opened then again before walking a few steps forth so that we were together upon our line as I ran onto ahead. Wyott was following close behind me.

However, to our surprise, we never had to ran that far out into the plains. For we had already spotted the first pup in our sights. He was whimpering at the side of the hills. Eyes already closed, body tensed and curved inward with its tail wrapping around itself. The pup was a bit smaller than we had suspected. But after we shift our attention towards each other, looking a bit concerned. We ran up towards the pup immediately, finally catching up towards it. How? Well the hillsides was not that steep, much to our surprise that it was easy to climb them and heed onto the rising elevation until we met up with the pup whom wa glancing towards us in concern before closing its eyes again and tucked its head inside of the little circle that he had already made. Wyott looked onward with sadness in his eyes while I gripped upon the back of his neck and rose him up towards my backside. Onto this, Wyott smiled only a little as he spoke or rather what I think he was talking to me, “One.”

Upon that moment; that was when everything gone southward.

The sun was slowly sinking into the horizon as oppose of rising from to indicate the morning rush. The cold air that we had felt this morning turned warmer for some reason. The lands, mainly the plains surrounding us, turned to a mixture of brown and red instead of the normal green and yellow. For it had resembled something from a dead desert or a bad dream. Whatever which only got our initial and immediate response of, disgust and concern perhaps over ourselves or the environment around us. We would not know. Wyott started frowning when he turned his attention towards me, ears already pulling back as both our hearts started beating loud and fast for some strange reason. Despite me feeling a bit scared or fearful of what was to come, my eyes narrowed and turned away from Wyott. Towards the wastelands surrounding us as I had attempt of finding where the other pups were upon this time.

I glanced upon the wastelands. Frowning when I had realized that nothing was there. For only the plains remained where we were looking up. Upon noticing this, Wyott hit against my flank and I turned towards him. He nudged his head, raising it towards the side. Pointing it at the path ahead where we suppose to go. Onto his bark had I nodded my head as a given exhale came from my own snout. I take the lead again, moving forth through the plains. Heading down some hillsides and raising up some. Until we were far from our initial spot was when I heard something in the near distance. “Someone is crying.” Responded Wyott suddenly as he sprinted to the source of that sound. I reached out towards him, exclaiming with my loud breath towards him “Stop!” He stopped immediately and glanced back towards me in sudden silence as I shake my head, “Something is definitely wrong here.” I muttered in answer which caused him to tilt his head to the side questioning me, “What do you mean?”

“Think about it for a moment.” I stated, gazing around the area surrounding us. “Red and brown plains, no trees, no lively creatures. The sun is sinking, Moon is rising. Cycling that reversely. No, indeed something is wrong.” But he paid no attention towards me and instead, turned tail and flee from my sights towards the source of the sound that erupted the silence once more. Grounding my fangs, I tailed him despite him having some seconds head start. We flew over the plains, down Southwest I had believed was the direction we were heading into. Until we had spotted something there that had forced us to stop rather suddenly. Another pup was siting below the tree, crying or rather whimpering to itself. Tears had already pooled surrounding himself while more were on their way. Wyott stepped forth towards him immediately, lowering his head and gaze at the pup in front of him. In response, the pup stopped and turned with arms and paws stretched forth towards Wyott in an attempt to hug him.

But onto the second later had arms and paws already grabbing onto the neck of Wyott as he gasped with widened eyes. He was lifted into the air with his snout pointing upward towards the skies. Eyes shift directly towards me while I find myself whimpering helplessly like a pup and stepped away. “Kill the pup!” Screamed Wyott. I turned sharply towards the coyote in turn then back towards the pup in front of us who was looking towards Wyott with glee upon its face. Arms and paws looking distorted, disgusting and plain out weird for me to even digest. That I just closed my eyes and ran forth. Immediately ramming into the pup in front of us or rather me as it was knocked into the tree behind him. Falling unconscious. Wyott was dropped onto the ground, also unconscious too while the pup on my back started whimpering. But I ignored the sounds surrounding me, keeping eye straight forth to the pup at front. For it was still unconscious; yet the arms and paws returned to normal. The color, I never mentioned the furcoat of the canine, was fading back to normal brown. Something that I was rather relieved by. Instantly, I snatched the pup from its spot settling it down upon my backside.

Thus turning to Wyott suddenly, he shook his head and remained silence. Eyes looking sad towards me with ears flattening against his skull. He only whimpered. I just nodded my head and ran off without him.

Two pups were already captured and contained. Yet my attention was towards the other group of Coyotes that I had already sent on the opposing side of the plains. For I had wondered if they had managed to gathered some pups there before getting themselves captured by the ‘demon’ pups that lurked about upon this messed up plains. But before anymore thoughts reside upon my mind, I had shook it off and growled. Reminding myself that ‘my own packmates would never succumb to whatever this place holds.’ Although the little encouragement was welcoming, I cannot help but feel a bit nervous and anxious about fighting my own packmates. Still, I ran Northward from the spot where I had left Wyott at. Racing forth through the hills and valleys that stand upon my own way. I had immediately stopped noticing someone familiar was out there in the distance.

A resemblance of a wolf whose body was built towards speed somehow. Finding myself staring at such said wolf, I tilted my head to one side pondering why a wolf was here when it should be returning back towards its own pack. ‘It is rather dangerous around this parts of the plains.’ I thought to myself with a response coming following after it. But rather to dwell upon the response after, I just kept my eye upon the wolf and instead of stalking it, I just ran forth towards it. Whereas the wolf shift its attention towards me with surprise upon its face. Ears standing erected while his eyes shrinked. A paw was stretched in front of himself in an attempt to halt my movements towards him. Did nothing when I had tackled him onto the ground. “What are you doing here?” “The same question I would ask you.” He said immediately, bearing fangs that I had saw his teeth. My eyes narrowed him at him, a growl rumbled beneath my throat. But that was silence shortly when the wolf had noticed two pups onto my back. “You got two pups? Wait. Are you here to gather the pups from this valley?” A nod escaped from my head before I could even ponder what I could say.

Despite my heart beating fast, the wolf in question shook his head and spoke quietly towards me “Alright. Then we best gather the other six then.” “There should just be two more here.” I started as he shift his attention to me and breaks into a smile, “Got it. We do not have any more time to lose, quick!” The wolf immediately said as he turned around and sprinted. I blinked, both surprise and impressed with his speed. But thoughts were snapped when I had realized that he had gotten too far ahead of me and I am just standing still, looking like rather prey for anyone that lurks about. Onto that moment, I ran forth tailing behind him. As we ran across the plains, reaching into the unknown parts of the valley. Perhaps the deeper parts that is.

As we ran for hours it had seemed, I panted with breath as my tongue was sticked out of my own mouth. Upon the heat that had struck me despite the cool air surrounding both me and the wolf, we continued to run. We never stopped or halted to take a break at all as our attention was raised towards the horizon in front of us. Things had relatively gone silence and oddly peaceful at times. Something that I was rather concerned with. But never bringing it up with the wolf who seems to be kept upon his running. It was the time of peace that had allowed me to glance around instead of focusing where I had needed to go and thus, I had took it.

I gaze around my surroundings. Looking to the red and brown patches upon the grounds beneath me, I had saw bits of blood. Realistic blood perhaps that stain upon the blades of the grounds. I frowned, looking rather disgusted by it however. But I shift my attention away from it, gazing instead upon the horizon in front of us. I continued following the wolf while I had noticed two other figures ahead of us. Both were Wivian and Wovan; carrying two pups behind their backs. A warm smile of familiarity crept up upon my own fur. Tinkle perhaps while I stepped forth after we had stopped and the two shift their attention towards me.

“Wovan, Wivian!” I exclaimed, “Finally.” Responded Wovan without delay as a warm smile lingered onto his snout. “You got the two other pups. Guess that makes six altogether now!” Exclaimed Wivian and I nodded towards him and Wovan before turning my attention towards the wolf. “Yet we never gotten-” “Sorry.” The wolf responded, frowning as he held his head. “I am Hazzor. A wolf with no pack. But was born here looking for my siblings.” “Are these them?” Questioned Wovan which Hazzor nodded his head, faintly smiling. A short silence drifted between us. I frowned upon that silence but remained quiet myself as my attention was drawn towards the surroundings outside of our own circle.

Since gathering six pups already, I had noticed that the sun was not rising anymore. Darkness now reigns over the plains. Yet even the moon was not normal too. It was rather bigger and brighter for some reason. Instead of the grayish or white moon that we had normal howl towards, it was red. Pure red. I flatten my ears and frowned noticing it while Wyott and Wivian take noticed of me and stepped by Hazzor to check up upon me. “Something… something is wrong with this plains.” I muttered with a frown, fur already standing up. My tail hanging between my legs while the two coyotes blinked and tilted their heads to the side which Hazzor frowned and spoke, answering me “Yes indeed. You are not wrong about here.” “What do you mean?” Wovan question glancing back to him suddenly to which Hazzor remained silent but he lifted his head meeting their eyes and said, “Someone is coming. We only need two more pups and then we can get out of here.” “But where is out? Where is exit?” Exclaimed Wivian while Wovan looked to me with concern.

Hazzor exhaled a sigh and raised his eyes towards the red shape moon above him, “The only way out is to look for the spot where you had once entered in.” Everyone froze but me for I knew what he was talking about. With a small growl, I lifted myself from the grounds below me. Eyes now glow in the pure darkness surrounding us while Wovan, Wivian and Hazzor shift their heads towards me. I gave a nod “Two pups remain, Yes? I bet you I know where they are right now.”

A few hours into the walking, we had returned our attention towards the lake in front of us. Hazzor was looking a bit confuse and concern for a moment then as he shifted his attention towards me, but I waved a paw towards him in response. Meanwhile, Wovan and Wivian stepped forth upon that signal and waltz their way down the riverbank. Halting themselves as they reached the waters, they felt their fur wet upon the touch. They shivered because of the coldness drifting through their bones as their attention was drawn towards the underneath of the waters. Hazzor exclaimed to me with surprise upon his own voice, but I had ignored him suddenly. For my attention was drawn to the riverbanks.

There was a few minutes of searching up and down the banks and the surroundings of it before we were able to confirmed where the last two pups lies. Onto that movement, both me and Hazzor flinched when we heard Wovan shouted into the airless night “Found them!” “Bring both of them here!” I responded without hesitation as the two coyotes committed to the cause. Both of them stepped out from the woods behind them, reappearing upon our own eyes. Upon their snouts, lies the two missing pups that we had needed to escape and Hazzor himself was looking towards them with a small smile upon his face. Wovan and Wivian ran forth. Jumping over the riverbed and bank, landing upon the other side where they had regrouped with us. All eight pups were gathered for Hazzor who gladly grabbed them altogether now.

But before our pack splits with Hazzor, a loud roar erupted the silence. The riverbed itself turned into pure red that looked like as if someone had murdered an entire village of animals or something. The plains behind us gradually turned into brown and yellow, instead of the usual red and brown. At the realization, Hazzor exclaimed to us despite a pup hanging upon his snout “Run. Run like hell back towards your starting point! He is coming!” “Who is coming” I exclaimed despite Wovan biting onto my tail and dragging me across the riverbank and further away from the wolf. But he said nothing else, for a seal of his mouth came as he shook his head. Looking rather worried for us. But shortly after we had disappeared from his sights had he turned around, facing front into the horizon before himself.

We ran like hell. Sprinting down through the brown plains. Racing across while we kept our eyes up front to the horizon before us. Another roar erupted the silence and the grounds beneath ourselves shook violently whereas cracks were starting to form from the grounds. We sprinted. No words echoed from either of our snouts for panicked had kept them sealed nonetheless. We ran for hours maybe more until we had noticed the white gates in front of us. Upon here was when I had shouted out towards the other two, “Come on! Quickly Quickly!” I exclaimed. Our feets were burning and aching. Minds already screaming as we inch ourselves towards our goal.

But when we reached the goal; I had immediately stopped. Remembering that a fellow coyote was still here. Lying upon the grounds adjacent towards a tree somewhere where I had left him. For immediately I had attempted to turn tail and ran but someone had bit onto my tail and dragged me through the gates. I struggled to break free shouting and screaming at whoever, recalling recently about the forgotten coyote behind. But that never mattered for I was immediately dragged inside and the white gates shut immediately.