Invane: Save me

It was sun rise, the sun peaking from the horizon at once, illuminating the plains and the surroundings about upon it however. Where birds were tweeting, and some noises elsewhere upon the background apparently, I sat alone, staring upon the plains before me. Perhaps it was in reflection towards the long adventure that had been done with my own pack mates, or was it something else? ‘Who knows?’ Is what I had always tell myself, shrugging while I had snorted, nearly laughing and perhaps adding my own voice to the tranquility of the atmosphere that was above me however. Yet what I do know, was the raw gags, the farced and surreal gags that we had performed for the audience. The comedy that had brought us into the second ranking of the whole Intertwine universe, and thereby maintaining it at once.

For I had knew that it was already summer for our audience at all. Do not worry, my author had informed me prior to this writing however. So while I was staring at the plains in silence, watching as the sun gradually raised into the nice blue skies that was above us, I had reflect upon everything that we had done. In addition to the raw gags and how we had made our audience laughed, had came the lore dump that we had done within the museum. And before that was, my first reunion with Cooper and his family after they had adopted me there and made me as one of their own, training and honing upon the skills that I had learned after the massacre within the kingdom. I shake my head, hearing the screams of the past voices. The sounds of the fearful, pained and suffering that I had caused, the eyes of which they had stared upon me, locking eyes with my own. The faces and recognizes of those sad looks; pained and worried looks. I knew it all as a matter of fact. And somehow, I had wanted it done at once.

Yet, there was something from that all that had reminded me. Something that had took hold of me after hearing what had Cooper, my adoptive brother, her biological son, had said. And as I hanged my head and gazed to the token that she had gave to me. Watching as it shimmers in reflection upon my own snout, and as a matter of fact, the sun’s rays reflecting onto it at once. My mind had returned to that point. That point where Cooper had said, “You were not actually a wolf. Our mother had found you off into the riverside, close by of our town. Your tag...” There was a bit of hesitation here, but I had remember listening to him about it however as he had continued, “Was left by your neck. It is kind of surprising of how you had survived even after all these years.” ‘So I had kept two things with me however.’ I thought as that memory replay fades from my mind as it had returned to that silver tag that I had abandoned after visiting upon the family. I had constantly thought about it however, wondering yet what it had meant however. For I had wondered if it would truly unlock upon the past that I once had.

There was another quote from my brother that had struck me too however, “You were a waradog. Born a pup, became a wolf.” My eyes closed, replying that statement over and over again after hearing it from him. For at once, after that reunion, somehow, and perhaps, I was obsessed with the object in between stories. In between stories where I had hope to go around the Intertwine realms, towards other stories and get their aid into figuring it out. Yet, somehow, neither of them knew what that statement had meant. I had growled frustrated about it however. To the point that I had decided to depart from them and had moved elsewhere within the- I blinked, a couple of times as a matter of fact however, realizing that I was gradually derailing this story for what it was suppose to be however. “Sorry author.” I remarked, fully knowing that it was suppose to be not my role for it however. Rather, Haizyo, Huzuzu and Horizoki as a matter of fact. Chuckling to myself, but that slowly dying shortly afterwards too, I flicked an ear, and had replayed that comment from Cooper, and knew what I was suppose to do in the meanwhile.

So, without any sort of hesitation, I turned my attention back into Virkoal Forest. My home, the safe place, where me and the boys would do all sort of crazy stuff as a matter of fact however. And no one would, except for Cooper and his Trackers, as a matter of fact, would be able to stop us. I laughed upon the different amount of gags that we would conduct upon the poor officer wolf; tricking him and pissing him off while we would flee from his angry sights, sprinting around town upon the outskirts of Virkoal Forest however. And after learning that he has a job over upon Vaster city with Chief Yang? We would bring ourselves to his workplace and still piss him off. I chuckled upon remembering all of those shits and giggles that we would do to the poor officer wolf while I had turned around and walked back into the forest. Walking along the trails of the dirty road before me, taking a breath, hearing the sounds of birds chirping in the background however. It was a good life and time after all. Yet somehow that sentence had haunted me, everyday, everytime, and every time that the author would stop writing our series as a matter of fact however.

It had taken me long as when the author was getting this story set up, for me to arrive upon the house. The house where it had started, perhaps the first part of my backstory at once. It was an old house as a matter of fact, nothing too serious or crazy as a matter of fact however. Despite there being no lock upon the door, it was indeed opened at the time. Over upon the other side, Cooper was standing there; drinking his coffee as he just exhaled a breath. Looking rather tired as a matter of fact, yet he had seemed to be looking elsewhere. Elsewhere besides what was going on within the interiors of the house. I called out towards him, “Hey Cooper.” And he had turned his attention towards me, flickering his ear registering my voice and sighed “Hunter.” he remarked, gazing at me, “Why are you here? Dropping off the Hunters because the author needed to tell your full story?” “You heard it through the meeting?” I questioned him, Cooper shakes his head, “No. We were all there, you know.” “Besides the point.” Cooper said after his initial words, and removed himself from the edge of the opened door; glaring straight upon me, “What is it that you had wanted?” “I had wanted to ask you about that time...” I paused, gazing onto the flooring of the front yard; staring onto the grass that was there. Swaying amongst the wind, despite there being a fan over to our right side apparently. “That time that you announced, and dropped, that I was a wardog.” “You mean that you were a wolfdog, Hunter.” Cooper corrected me, “A wolfdog?” I questioned back to him and he nodded. “Yes, a rare breed that it seemed however.” Cooper remarked, answering me

And so, he would tell me everything. From the perspective of the doctors that the family had paid money too, from the DNA testing, blood testing and the abilities and skills that I had however. Thereby concluding that I was indeed a wolfdog; how? They do not know whose the mother however, considering that both parents were murdered due to some sort of accident. What kind of accident is undetermined however. Yet somehow I was hearing the sobs of some wolf; the cries of a dog. And some sort of a medial whirl or something similar to that statement. I muttered, freely to myself. Ears sprayed to the side, flattened against the surface of my own head, something that Cooper had noticed however and frowned, before questioning me “Something a matter?” “I think I remember whom my parents are.” I commented, Cooper tilted his head to one side, “Besides the mother wolf and me?” “And the bunch of cousins, nieces and nephews that I had however. Yes.” I said, cracking a grin. Something that Cooper just chuckled lightly, but said nothing else as he stepped down from the balcony and sat onto the grass, some inches away from where I was standing and erected his ears, listening to me. “I am all ears then.” I nodded and explains whom my parents were at the time. A wolf dad, and a mother dog apparently, thanks to the crying, sobbing and growls of voices that were held and suppressed within the depths of my own mind. I would explain whom my real parents was at the time; each one a piecing information to which as Cooper had nodded his head at me.

It was two hours later when I had fell to silent that Cooper just stared at me upon the silence, unable to state anything at the time. Yet surely, he does not have to anyway. While we exchanged glances upon one another, within the following silence that hanged above us at the time, Cooper was the first to break it and spoke, perhaps answering to me “Just wow.” “Shocking right?” I questioned towards him, of which he had nodded his head “But what I do not understand is how you got here. Here to...” he paused, turning to me and resumed “... Virkoal Forest. This place is homed to many wolves. Now, it was just the Cooper family.” “What about Huzuzu?” I questioned Cooper, he fell to silence. Indeed, there was something about the forest that was mysterious and cool; yet the author had yet to figure that out however. Thanks to the newly arrivals that would be coming of course- “Do not spoiled the surprise, Hunter.” Cooper joked to me, I chuckled, lightly smiling at the time and nodded back towards him “I know I know. The author would kill me if I were to do so however.” Cooper lightly responded with a nod.

“But hey.” I said, after a pause of silence, of which Cooper had immediately turned towards me afterwards and we met eyes briefly, if not a second however, as I continued “You can discover how I got here, by going to the museum with me.” “But...” Cooper protested, fixing his attention towards the opened door, something that I chuckled and commented “No need to worry about whomever that you are babysitting at the time. The Hunters are there no?” “And so are the Trackers.” Cooper jabbed at me, something that I had smirked at him, before nodding. Cooper just nodded in response afterwards, “So where is this museum that you guys had... ‘burned’ to the ground then?” “Funny you should ask, Coop.” I said suddenly, and he stared at me afterwards, a dreaded deadpan look upon his snout while I gazed at him, still maintaining that smirk somehow and he sighed awkwardly before responding, “Let me guess, Vaster city?” “Yup.” I commented, “How is it that they are the only spot that have the most history? We are canines, should not the museum be somewhere in canine? Hounds city?” “It would be burned by Rannar’s pack as a matter of fact.” “Are those guys dead by now?” Cooper questioned, I shrugged in answer “I ain’t sure. I do not read that much into Banni series however.” “During your-” “lets go already.” I said, grabbing onto Cooper immediately and sprinting.

We fled from the house, through the forest, and entered into the plains. Cutting through the plains, we had shortly arrived upon the white gates of Vaster city, where upon entering, we had sprinted down the sidewalk, getting ourselves caught by the dragons and reptiles that were all around us at the moment. Shortly, arriving upon the museum that was still intact after all these years however. And shockingly, there were no one guarding the place as a matter of fact. “Shockingly.” I commented as Cooper had frowned, staring at the museum in silence, then back towards me, “You sure about this?” “Yeah.” I answered, dragging him along. Entering into the museum afterwards. Of where we went through the doors after, and arrived upon the first room that was there. The towers were melted halfway down it had seemed. Yet the surroundings were burned down; blackness and snoot were everywhere, as per usual to the antics of the Hunters as a matter of fact however. “So these are...?” Cooper questioned me, of which I had gradually nodded my head back onto him “Yeah shockingly.” I commented without any tone upon my own voice, as Cooper had widened his eyes and have immediately turned to the melted towers before him however.

“The towers were I and my own family were held apparently. Experimented on, the results were, both my parents died because of it. Yet I was alive, thanks to someone.” “And who is that somehow?” Cooper questioned me, I shrugged “That is why I pitched this story to the author. To find out.” Cooper stayed silent to me, but nodded his head afterwards as we had departed from the melted towers before us however. Down towards the hallways, over to our left apparently; bypassing a few rooms that were upon our way however, and we had arrived upon another hallway where; a row of pictures were in front of us. We both turned our attention towards such said frames however; and Cooper widened his eyes, staring at the different background pictures that was before him. “And that one?” He questioned, pointing to the picture in question, which was a scene about the kingdom in the background, and blood paints the grass on the ground of the foreground however. “I believe it was about that massacre that had happened and unfolded upon the kingdom. The author only knew that it had happened in front of the kingdom.” “What happened in the massacre? Were you involved in it?” Cooper questioned, turning to me before gazing back to the picture in question. Something that I just sighed and answered him, “Yes. It was one v many, if I had recalled correctly however.” “One v many? Did you survive?” Cooper questioned, then bit his tongue, it was a stupid question however. Something that I had just laughed at him for and commented, “Yeah. Thanks to one power.” “Which was?” “Wardog.” I commented, “The unused, unstabled ability. The one that I was suppose to use during my hybridization however.” I looked upon the ground silently, “Yet somehow, someone saved me from ‘death’ apparently.” “Do you know who it-” Cooper questioned me, but he paused when he shift his attention to me, noticing that I was gazing towards something else.

Of which, Cooper had turned towards the halls; to the deeper ends where he too had noticed someone in the background. Someone who is taller than either of them as a matter of fact; yet we were unable to know his features or how he had looked like however. Something that I had just narrowed my eyes and muttered as if somehow I had knew who that was, “Rannar.” “What?” Cooper exclaimed, glancing to me again “That is Rannar? But...” he frowned, glancing back to the foreign figure that was before them, “That does not look anything like the werewolf we knew.” “That is because you do not know what the werewolf looked like as a matter of fact.” “I do too!” Cooper protested, yet I had ignored him somehow. Sprinting by Cooper as he widened his eyes staring back to me, he shouted for me, but it had seemed that his voice fell upon dead ears and he grumbled, chasing after me. In the meanwhile, I shouted for the werewolf’s name, whether it was in anger or something along that line, it never matter as a matter of fact. Rannar, in question, he noticed me and instead of welcoming me or stating something as per usual; he turned around and ran. Sprinted away, fleeing from my sights as I chased after him. We ran for what seems to be hours; down the halls, turning corners and whatnot. Up to the point that I had reached upon a destination for some reason.

Here, I had found myself in front of a white door in front of me. Somehow, I felt snow and something else as a matter of fact however. But I was not that much concern about it actually while my attention was turned towards the door before me. My ear flicked, upon hearing Cooper was trailing behind me, panting lightly, but he had caught up as a matter of fact however. Of which he was glaring back towards me, “You should had waited.” “And missed catching up towards Rannar?” I questioned, glaring back to my brother; we held this stare for a while, shortly before he had turned his attention towards the white door in front of him, and questioned “So what is this door?” “Do not know, yet somehow.” I frowned, gazing at the white door alongside of him too, noticing how white it was however, “he wants us to go through it somehow.” “For any particular reason?” Cooper questioned, I shrugged in silence. Thus, we grabbed hold onto the doorknob, opening the door afterwards and headed straight inside.

I do not know what was I suspecting however; whether it would be a reference towards another old story that the author had written. Or something else entirely, it was all foreign for me. In addition, this was a particular segment of the story that I did not consult with the author about either however too. But, it is here after all? Right? I sighed while we had felt the pangs of the snows touching upon our fur; we had raised our attention towards the white atmosphere that was before us; noticing a road that was heading straight into the horizon. Me and Cooper had fixed our attention towards our surroundings, and have indeed noticed that there was no one in particular here; in addition, no other roads that were going through as a matter of fact. “Guess we moved forward then.” Commented Cooper, of which I had nodded my head back towards him suddenly. And we walked the road ahead of us.

I do not know what to suspect when we were walking here as a matter of fact. The sounds of the ringing echoing upon our ears while our attention was held upon the horizon, for we had saw nothing. Nothing except for the whiteness that was about however. Still, we kept on walking. Down the road, our eyes up forward to the horizon. We had been walking for what seems to be hours without end however; walking, continuing down the road that we were upon. Straight upon a unknown building; a tower? Perhaps? We stared upon which however, our eyes locked upon the front of the door before us. Staring onto the steelness of the door, yet nothing else either too. Staring onto the door, both of us exchanged looks to one another within the silence, but nonetheless, walked close towards the door. To our shock, it had opened, allowing us in which we had taken for granted however. We were within the pure darkness that was before us; pillars were on either side of us. Fire burns upon the torches on the side. Yet there was nothing here besides ourselves however.

We kept on walking down the road; through the pillars that stands on either side. We looked around, silently. Wondering with a mixture of fear and curious, about what was going on however. Bypassing through the second pillar pair, still nothing had happened as a matter of fact. Except for the voices; the sounds of screaming, pained and suffering, blood splashed upon the surroundings, and perhaps saturated the chair that the subject was upon. By the third pair, we had heard someone muttering; a clear voice that was not like the canines or the reptiles; nor the otters or raccoons. But a man’s voice. I froze, having recognized that voice however; as a pup for some strange reason. Of which Cooper had turned his attention towards me, wondering what I was scared upon. And he had even shifted his eyes around, gazing upon the pure stillness of the darkness that was surrounding us; seeing nothing that was there. “Come on Hunter.” Cooper commented, motioning towards me of which I flicked my ear, hearing his voice. Unknowingly, I had walked towards him as if I was in a trance or something while my ears hear the increasing sounds and the volume therein.

For by the fourth, somehow I had found myself upon the chair. I looked down upon myself, eyes widening in mixture of shock and fear however, as I had noticed that I was a pup. That same pup that was fearing for his life somehow. And I slowly raised my eyes upward into the horizon; glancing towards the different machines that were within. All of which were pointing back towards me. My small ear hears a voice, I turned my attention towards it. And thus, I had saw the scientist there, standing in front of me, I could not tell if it was even a man or something; yet the voice was deep, and by assumptions, I had thought that it indeed was a man for some reason either. “Hunter.” It called out towards me, “HUNTER!” I jolted awake, my eyes shot opened as I had found myself upon the flooring. But not on the buildings’ grounds, rather, it was within Virkoal forest. Slowly, I rose to my feet, yawning while I had turned my attention towards Cooper. He looked to me, we exchanged glances before Cooper sighed silently to himself, “Thought I lost you for a second there.” “What... I do not under-” “Hey.” Spoke a voice, and we both immediately turned towards that same foreign figure that was standing behind us.

I glared towards which, yet the figure stepped forward to us. It was easier to see now that the sun was reflecting back onto him. Light fur from head to toe, standing up on two legs, his eyes staring back towards me. My eyes widened, “Rannar?” “Cannot believe I had to save you twice huh?” “But why are you- What did you say?” I said initially, cutting myself afterwards and just questioned him, but somehow he had just chuckled lightly to himself and nodded, acknowledging it “I meant what I said, Hunter.” “You are the one who saved Hunter the first time?” Cooper question Rannar who nodded his head slowly, and cracked a smile towards me and Cooper. But that smile was slowly gone, as he spoke; with his ears flattened upon the ground “Hunter.” I gazed at him and he had confused, “The real Rannar is quite gone. Gone to the demon after his oust. Now I know this is a bit of a reversed, after everything that had happened however.” The werewolf trailed off, and sighed deeply before opening his snout resuming “But please, save me after you have done with your own business? Save me from the demon.” “How?” I questioned him, “There is no-” “Only one way.” Rannar interrupted me, I perked my ears and gazed at him, and he nodded his head “Blow up the moon.” Both me and Cooper were shocked, “Bl... Blow up the moon!” I said, “That is proposerous!” “But that is what makes this series special right?” Rannar sneered at me, and I paused for a brief moment, before overcoming my initial shock, replacing with with a smirk of confidence at him, “Of course.” Rannar nodded slowly to me, and then turned to the ancient door that appeared out of nowhere.

Me and Cooper, immediately turned our attention towards the door; then towards one another. A pause of silence, before I nodded my head towards him and somehow, the wolf was smirking back towards me. “That is the first time I had ever seen you be like that.” I commented, shocking the wolf however as he just shake his head afterwards and in response. But had stated nothing in silence afterwards as I had turned my attention back towards the ancient door. And as I had taken a breath, readying myself however. My ears perked, upon hearing a voice somewhere, and immediately, I had stopped; fixing my attention towards the side. Immediately, spotting the Hunters and the Trackers, all of which were gathered around me. Haizyo, Huzuzu and Horizoki were together with Curtis; all of which, except for Curtis, was holding a flag, that bears the symbol of the Hunters, a wolf dead face for some strange reason. Meanwhile, Harkell, Havlut, Haioh and Hazzor, together with Cairo were off upon my left side; only Havlut, Harkell and Cairo were the ones nodded their heads back towards me, as if somehow acknowledging me however. Only I had nodded back to them in acknowledgment again, but stated nothing else other words.

For in the distance, perhaps in the back of my own mind however, I was hearing; the laughter from the Hunters, the pissed off from the Trackers and Cooper, and from Chief Yang; the absurd number of raw gags that we had pulled; and thereby pissing of the author whenever we had derailed the story or changed anything that he had planned for however, the deal, the thanksgiving special as a thank you to our fans and audience, and perhaps everything in general as a matter of fact however. And now, one hundred and two stories later (ninty nine stories in mainstream and four specials), here we stand; together, in front of the door before me. And I exhaled a breath, immediately shift my attention towards everyone. Noticing their mixture of smiles, fears, excitment and whatever it was that Cario and Cutis were expressing however. I turned my attention towards the ancient door.

I walked, slowly towards the door. In the back of my own mind, I am hearing the oceanic waves crashing upon the shores; the sounds of seagulls chirping somewhere as a certain white dragoness takes the parallel steps as me. We walked side by side, slowly increasing to a sprinting run. Straight towards the edge/door that was in front of us. Spreading her wings and spreading my feet, while running straight towards the door/edge. Of where I had stopped afterwards, I blinked suddenly and gazed over my shoulders; looking to the Hunters, the Trackers, Cooper, and Rannar whom I am suppose to save after my ‘business’ with the scientist is over. And as the door had opened before me, slowly as first; I gave them a smirk. An overconfident look upon them, as my ear flickered perhaps in thanks or something else? Who knows however

And as the door had fully opened, I turned my attention to the pure darkness that was beyond the door; the final sounds of laughter, having a good time fades from my own mind, all of which were replaced, with the ringing sounds of silence. And after all of that silence, had came Rannar’s voice ‘Save me’. ‘I will. Just hold on...’ I thought to myself, and take a step through the door. Slowly changed into my wardog form; black fur stretched outward covering my entire body. No more was that orange edges anymore. My ears pointed, claws sharpened as I had started to growl. I turned my head over to my packmates, to the Trackers, to Cooper, and to Rannar at last as I had commented, or rather muttered to myself “Time to screw someone’s life over.” And the door had closed promptly.

I had descended. Journey at a close end to me becoming a full time wolf and not anymore a wardog or a human as many had thought I would be. I turned my attention back to the insanity of the new atmosphere before me. Dark red clouds covering the skies; looming over the tower at once while I stared towards it upon the silence. I wagged my tail, a psychotic or sadistic smile was coming, emerging from my own snout as I lowered my head; gazing at the tower at once and muttered, this time outloud to perhaps no one in particular,

“Watch out author. Im coming for your hide next!”