

FAMILY

by

Leonardo (SoulSeeker) Negrón
<SoulSeeker666@hotmail.com>

The lone figure stood there waiting for the attack. He saw the shadow forming in front of him and figured he was soon be dead. The fifteen foot figure stood up and croaked a massive roar. Calin stood there watching the monster's teeth grinning as it saw the little runt that tried to rob him. He slowly moved his hand to the side and took his club. Calin stood motionless for a while.

CRASH!!! The club smashed right through the pile of gold that Calin was standing on. He managed to notice what he had coming and jumped away. In a few seconds Calin was back to fighting battles he knew he couldn't win but ended up winning. This time though, he thought he was done for.

The ogre moved forward swinging again at the assassin. His eyes filled with hatred, after missing, he struck with all his might. "Arghhh, you think you can kill Kilrog and get away with it?" snarled the ogre after missing Calin again. The thief didn't answer and just took out his dagger. In a fast fury of slices Calin had managed to surprise the ogre long enough for him to run for it. Running from the tent he made a commotion on the ogre camp but he had taken care of any would-be watchers. As he ran Kilrog took out a rock from his belly size pouch.

Calin felt his heart pounding in fear. He had never fought an ogre before, and this was rather big! He kept running and dodging trees without looking backward, suddenly he heard the ogre following. He dodged to the side and saw a large rock whiz past him. "Grrrrr... I won't miss again petty elf!" screamed the ogre. The starless sky showed his visage on the floor.

Calin, finding some courage, decided to stay and fight. Kilrog took out another rock and shot it at the fast elf. He jumped to a tree and shot a volley of daggers at the ogre. Kilrog was not very fast and got hit by most. Calin kept shooting as Kilrog kept moving forward. Suddenly the thief jumped on him with two daggers.

The wind rustled the leaves slightly as the large Kilrog destroyed trees and shrubs. Calin hung on his back with both daggers stuck to him. He took one out and moved it to the monster's throat, quickly Kilrog grabbed him and shot the elf to a nearby tree. Calin felt the sting in his back when he struck the tree. The ogre snarled and grabbed his throat. The elf felt his life flowing away and his hands were numb. He saw as the ogre fell to the floor, he was successful. He tried to stick to consciousness but couldn't and he fell head first on the floor.

The morning sky was beautiful. The chirps of birds and the rustling of the wind created a fine atmosphere. The chimney of the house let a bit of heat enter the shabby house. A woman moved to the bed checking her patient as he woke up. "Don't worry... You're okay. Lucky I found you before the wolves did." said the woman. "W-Where am I?" said the man in bed suddenly jumping and looking for something on his belt "Where are my daggers? Who are you???" "I am Carmille Selentia... And you are?" the beautiful young woman smiled, her grayish eyes shining.

"I-I remember Kilrog... I remember when he held his throat and I went unconscious..." "Kilrog? Oh! the ogre beside you??? You killed him? You are a very brave man! Venturing into ogre territory like that. Wait... Kilrog? The ogre-king Kilrog???" Calin looked at her adventurous eyes. Her smile made him feel comfortable. Her ears

showed she was human. "Yes... I am an assassin. It was my job to kill him, for King Elis."

The woman smiled and left from the room. He noticed there was fireplace in the room. He also noticed his clothes were nearby all sewn up and all. He moved closer to the fireplace and smelled the aroma of stew. He slowly walked outside. Carmille stood there stirring a pot in another fireplace, the kitchen. "Good you can walk."

"Yes... Thank you for the clothes." he said. "No problem. Dinner will be served soon." she replied. He looked around. It was a nice house. It had windows and a table here. An archway led to the entrance room which had a few seats and a small table in the center. The house was made of wood.

He looked at her, admired her. She was wearing a small leather skirt with a belt and two daggers. She had a white blouse on and riding boots. There was a bow and a quiver on the table.

"Dinner is ready! Please set the table while I look for Blade and Coral. Calin did so as Carmille moved away and went outside. After a while she came back with a panther and a saber tooth tiger. "This is Blade" she said pointing to the panther "and this is Coral." she finished pointing to the saber tooth tiger. Calin gulped and said "Nice..." He noticed the tiger had orange eyes.

They ate and talked. He quickly learned she was a ranger in these woods. A spy for King Elis. She was to make Kilrog believe she was protecting the woods for him and at the same time give information to King Elis about the ogre's plans. That's why the king has had so much luck in previous battles with the ogres. Otherwise King Elis could've kissed his kingdom goodbye a few years ago.

"Thank you for dinner... But I have to go." said Calin after eating. "I suppose I could take you through the forest, its my duty to keep Elis' troops alive. "But I'm hardly..." started Calin but saw the smile in her. "Okay..."

After a few days they had traveled far. Carmille had her two pets with her and also brought Scarlet, her red falcon. Calin kept looking at her and Carmille kept looking at him. One night Carmille went into his tent. She said "We have a problem... Ogres are coming this way, we must move elsewhere, I know of a few shortcuts..." Calin agreed, not being at home in the woods himself.

After a few more days Calin was worried. "When shall we get out of here?" he asked Carmille. She replied "I suppose by tomorrow afternoon you'll be right on your way..." "Without you it won't be right at all..." he replied looking into her eyes.

That night they stayed in a clearing. Everything was quiet and Calin felt strange. He didn't hear anything, not even a wolf. In the middle of the night he heard something rustling outside. He went outside and looked about... Nothing. He went for a stroll and watched the moon. He could only think of Carmille. She was so nice, beautiful, intelligent...

Suddenly he saw a shadow form behind him. He tried to look fast but something grabbed him on his throat. It shoved him from side to side contracting harder and harder. He was running out of air, his heart pumping!

His whole life flashed in a few seconds. He thought of Carmille, of his mother, of Kilrog and Elis. He thought of Lady Una and her aspiring words: "You are the best assassin in the realm! You can never be surprised... You will be perfect for this mission."

The hands contracted harder he was gonna die! He felt the hands in hit throat and knew what he must do. He grabbed his dagger but there was none! This was planned. The hands kept moving him from side to side, striking him into trees. He tried helplessly to free himself. Suddenly he saw Carmille. He remembered on the journey she taught him something. He tried to concentrate and said "Frem frem gotrum zent!" and put his hand on the hands chocking him. Suddenly the creature let go and Calin jumped away.

He looked at what held him and saw an ogre. He said "You killed our leader! Prepare to die!" as he lunged forward. Calin liked this style: you move I'll dodge then kill. He waited for it and jumped over him. The ogre hit the tree behind him as Calin stood on him and took the ogres dagger. It was heave but as the ogre flipped to look at him Calin had it pointed at him. The ogre wasn't looking and ran forward thinking Calin was running.

After the ogre ran straight into his own dagger Calin stopped to think. He slowly made his way to a tree and sat with his back on it. He had killed two ogres. His put his hand in his heart. It was going so fast he couldn't keep up the count. He searched his throat for blood and found a bit. He tried breathing harder but his throat ached a lot. It was as if he had swallowed fire.

A few hours later he was still under the tree. He kept thinking of his life as an assassin. He wanted to have a family, not kill the one of others. He thought Carmille could be his wife. As he thought to himself he heard a hiss. Quick as a snake he dodge the saber tooth tiger that attcked him. Quickly he took a rock and threw it at the tiger. Right on the eye! The tiger lunged at him and he flipped over him grabbing his neck.

Calin threw the beast to a tree and heard something creeping up from behind him. Finding his concealed dagger, the one on his foot, he rolled on the floor to the side and slashed as the panther behind him attacked. The panther lost a leg with that slice. It tried jumping on the elf but it tripped and fell on Calin's dagger, chest first. The tiger nearby jumped at Calin again! The elf just threw the dead panther at it and got ready.

The tiger threw the panther to the side and eyed Calin carefully. They circled each other and the tiger finally crouched in an attack position.

Calin saw him fast enough and jumped at him at the same time! "Am I crazy?" he thought to himself. As the tiger grabbed him in mid air he flipped leaving his back at the creature. Quickly he calculated his position and made a powerful backswing that threw the tiger to the side. Calin fell with a "THUD!" on the floor. He felt his head pounding. The boiling blood in his arm and his back was burning him.

He stood up as the tiger once again lunged at him. This time Calin was not ready. A few quick slices moved the tiger to the side as it grabbed the elf's arm. Here Calin stabbed at the tiger numerous times and stuck his finger on the creature's eye. The tiger slowly let go of Calin as his limp body fell beside the elf.

"How? Why? What???" said Calin to himself. He watched both creatures dead on the floor, their blood on his hands... "Good... You have done well," said a voice like that of Carmille. "Carmille? Where are you?" said Calin looking around for the beautiful woman. "Up here!" she replied as she jumped on him. She sliced at him with her dagger. Calin felt his blood gushing out of his arm losing his dagger at the same time.

Carmille was swift and powerful. Calin tried to hold her dagger back enough for him to plan something. He looked around and saw the panther's claw pointing upward. He rolled to the side and stood on top of Carmille. Her scream told him the claw got the attacking woman. With fast hands Calin grabbed the dagger as she lost her grip

and tried to strike it in her heart. She suddenly grabbed his hand and pushed him backward with her feet. Calin fell backward and quickly made a flip to stand up. Carmille was already running at him with her other dagger! Dagger in hand Calin stood there waiting.

As she ran forward he saw her gracefulness and her twisted eyes. He saw her beautiful charming eyes... She had to die. She moved her hand in a slice right at Calin's jugular. Calin saw it coming and ducked covering the dagger with his own and then moving it right to her belly. "Ughnnnn" came from Carmille's mouth as once again Calin felt another gush of blood. His heart pounding in fury he gave a few more slices and grabbed her in his arms before she fell.

"Carmille... I love you." he said pressing his lips to hers before she died. The lifeless body fell from Calin's arms. Her eyes stood open, staring at him. He watched her once beautiful gray eyes turn black as night. "I-I... I killed my family." was all that came out from the elven thief.

Calin walked away. He watched the moon and the stars. He thought about his life again. How could he become a family man? People like Carmille must be stopped! He knew he would never cease killing and destroying evil. This was the only thing that drove him on... Killing the evil in the world. Without a family...