

~ Day 45 ~

"It's about time you finish up in 'ere, others are wai-" - ???

The guard, who all of a sudden waltzed nonchalantly into the bathing area, froze up in horror and realization when he spotted my form and the gaze of barely restrained bloodlust that I shot him. In a desperate attempt to hastily escape out the corridor from where he had just come, he stumbled on his ass as his petrified body barely allowed him any movement.

Though this didn't completely hinder the guard in quickly, and rather pitifully, scramble out of the bathing area by literally crawling across the ground. Once I managed to calm myself down, I noticed the ruckus laughter of a bunch of guards bleeding out from the corridor.

"Kekeke! You really walked right in there and demanded him to get moving, ohoh- This is too good to be true - Haha!" - ???

"Shut up! You gits really made me go clear the bathing chambers fully aware that is was currently being used by that fucking unhinged one!" - ???

"Ah-oh, haah. This is just too funny. That look on your face - priceless!" - ???

I could only sigh at hearing the guard's laughter. They had used me to pull a prank on one of their colleagues... again. It wasn't uncommon for the guards to make fun of each other by sending unexpectant guards to transfer me or to do other responsibilities as giving me food and such. As I had explained, I had a hard time controlling my bloodlust, and all the personnel had become afraid of me; giving the nickname of the 'crazy one' or the 'unhinged insect'.

"Okay, okay - sorry. Now, we need to get him moved, so let's go." - ???

Hearing the scuttling of footsteps, I took up a cloth to dry myself off as I waited. Only a few seconds later came what I was waiting for. A hand suddenly came out from the corridor and threw in something towards me. Picking it up, I sighed before taking a bite. I cringed at the bitter and earthy taste, but I could only reluctantly gobble down this ginseng-looking mangle of roots.

This was the method they used whenever they had to tend to me or get me moved from place to place. After I had accidentally killed that maid, they had begun to bring me these plant things. They were called Midnightroot and were essentially a calm-me-down remedy. Eating them allowed me to much more easily restrain my violent impulses, and also helped the guards ease up whenever they had to do anything regarding me.

"You done in there?" - ???

I dried off most of the remaining water dampening my body and then moved over and into the corridor. With a bit of apprehension and fear still tinting their gazes, the six guards escorted me through various tunnels and corridors through the colosseum off-shoot complex. This was where they housed most of the fighters during the tournament and the fights.

While the Mistress had more than ample space and room in her own barracks, with one section housing the fodder, another her general fighters, and lastly one for her champions, but having to move back and forth from her domain to the colosseum was very time consuming and inefficient.

Instead, all the fighters of the warlords who were battling for champion candidacy were simply housed together in this complex. It very much reminded me of something like a prison of sorts. There was an eating area, an open-aired training spot with numerous medieval-looking weights and contraptions of raw sandstone, sleeping cells, a courtyard, and so on.

Actually, this whole complex was very open, and not many restrictions were put on the fighters here as they could freely mingle about. While pretty much anybody here could easily jump the wall and demolish many sections of the building to attempt an escape, as all the fighters possessed supernatural strength and abilities, that was only a pipedream.

Not only were there stationed over two-hundred elite orc guards stationed inside the complex alone, but we were also smack-in-the-middle of the enormous city. Simply running from here to the edge would take at least a handful of hours, even for my speed. Not only that, but there was also a policing force stationed nearby under the rule of King Maldrak himself.

Each one of these members of that force should be able to rival that of even the strongest champions. And lastly, but definitely not least, all the warlords had a responsibility to restrain any escapees if there were ever notified of it. Meaning that escaping was tantamount to getting the entire city to haul ass after you.

The clutter of the guards' armor and footsteps as we moved through the buildings caused a lot of attention to be drawn from the last surviving fighters. But most only quickly got back to whatever they were doing when they realized it who it was being escorted. It wasn't only the guards that had become weary of me...

"Hi snuggly guy!" - Meala

Hearing that overly exuberant and cheery voice, I could only groan inwardly in exasperation. This was Meala, a Fealas who had an uncanny way of being constantly in a cheerful mood. It also didn't help that she had gotten an odd fascination about me, and would constantly pester me with just about anything.

"Move away cat girl..." - ???

Even the guard was groaning with obvious annoyance and irritation displayed clearly on his face. But that didn't deter the beastkin even in the slightest as she simply flittered with an uncanny speed around the guard who had just stepped in front of her to block her vision of me.

"Soooo, where ya' going?" - Meala

It was rather uncomfortable as the buoyant cat girl had closed the distance, only leaving a few centimeters of space between us whilst with that happy-go-lucky expression of hers she scanned me up and down in bated attentiveness, waiting for my response.

Glad that the Midnightroot was doing its work of suppressing my urge to lunge at anything alive in the vicinity, I took a deep breath to calm my nerves while taking a step back to create some space between us.

"My sleeping cell - now move, I'm tired." - Me

"Oh? Can I join you? I could really snuggle right now..." - Meala

Hearing her, I cringed as I recalled the first time we met. After I had been stitched up by the manic orc doctor, I had almost collapsed into sleep as soon as I had been put into my sleeping cell., seeing as my body had been going overtime to heal my battered body. But when I had woken, I had found myself being spooned by a furry stranger.

Actually, it had terrified me to a certain extent, to think that somebody was actually capable of sneaking up on me and cuddling without me even waking up or noticing. Sleeping and exhausted or not, it was no small feat of being able to sneak up on me anymore. Meala was actually quite a mystery to me. I had never seen her fight, but I had also never seen her come back from a fight with any wounds marring her body or pristine fur. She always returned completely unscathed, not even her foes' blood seemed to ever have graced her body.

I knew she was some kind of stealth-based fighter or assassin, also mirroring the warlord she works under, Shade, a just as mysterious warlord from what I heard. With her ability to sneak up on, and slip away from anyone's attention, coupled with her crazy speed that I occasionally get to witness, I actually didn't have the slightest clue if I would be able to defeat her.

-Appraisal!-

Appraisal - Fealas					
Information		Attributes		Traits, Titles, and Skills	
-Name-	"Meala"	STR	???	Skills	???
-Race-	Fealas	VIT	15	Traits	???
-Sex-	Female	AGI	58	Titles	???

-Rank-	E+	DEX	52	Resistances	
-Level-	35/35	INT	14		
Health	110/110	CHR	???	Physical Resistance	???
Stamina	75/75	WILL	???	Magical Resistance	???
Mana	0/0	MAG	???	Mental Resistance	???

While her stats were already impressive by themselves, it would be stupidity itself to base her power on it as almost all of her deadliness laid in the subtle hints of skill and mastery laying hidden within her movements and the way she carried herself. She was likely a much more talented monster compared to Bob, at least by a mile.

Anyways, ever since that first time I found myself spooned by the jubilant Fealas, every now and then she would sneak into my cell while I slept and simply begin to cuddle with me. I had no idea how she kept doing it, but I simply occasionally wake up to find the purring catgirl sleeping while embracing me from behind.

While it was quite embarrassing, I simply had no way of hindering her, even when I went to sleep with my guard up, she manages to find a way to sneak in unnoticed. Not wanting anything to do with her at the moment, I adopted a stern gaze and looked into her predatory but gentle eyes.

"No, go find Laila and annoy her instead." - Me

Laila was another beastkin woman, though this one seemingly of rabbit or bunny descent as she shared many features with the animal. She and I were essentially the main recipients of Meala's incessant pestering.

"No-can-do! She died today - turned into pink meat paste by big ogre man!" - Meala

I couldn't help but become a bit stunned at the sudden news that Laila had died, seeing as I believed her to be quite strong. Even though Laila had become Meala's 'number one friend - after snuggly guy that is' as she kept proclaiming, she still had the same uncanny cheerfulness as she proclaimed her friend's death. One thing I've noticed about her is that it is utterly impossible to get her down or faze her with any sort of negativity.

I could only sigh the expectant and unfaltering expression of the beastkin as she readily still waited for my response while the guards grew ever more impatient.

"-Ahem, no Meala. Don't come into my room, I need some sleep." - Me

"Okay! See you tonight!" - Meala

"-wait what? No- don't -ah..." - Me

I couldn't even protest at her last statement before she suddenly dashed away disappearing from sight.

Damn pestering cat girl...