

For Wild-Card-KKC

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Submitted: April 18, 2007

Updated: April 18, 2007

Well, Here it is, Wild-Card-KKC! Some notes from my original story about The Hawk! PLEASE DO NOT STEAL!!! If anything, please ask first!

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Chapter 1 - Levalgo

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1 - Levalgo

This is only thoughts and clearly not the finished piece.

Levalgo (introducing Levalgo as a character)

He had never seen Hawk cough, the only thing that came near was Hawk clearing his throat. Though Hawk had told him about suffering from tuberculosis, he never really believed him to be dying even though he had seen him sad and reflectant, when he said that he had been sick.

He did seem thinner and his face had looked drawn, but that could just be over exertion and lack of sleep.

His imagination just couldn't produce the image of the powerful Hawk sick. It just wasn't a possibility.

He was not surprised when Hawk turned up in his combat gear riding a worn Dominator – Hawk did that sometimes when he had been on a mission for too long and needed to be socialized all over again. It was a service Levalgo was happy to perform and he did indeed enjoy Hawk's company once he had calmed down a bit. He saw it from the window, Hawk placing Dominator in the stable.

Levalgo greeted him in the hall and completely taken aback by the appearance of Hawk.

He was sick, no doubt about that. He was pale and his cheeks were hollow which indicated he had lost weight. The worst part was his audible breathing that rumbled in his chest.

Levalgo couldn't hide his surprise.

"What ever happened to you?," he asked in a high pitched voice.

"Life," Hawk choked out and it was the only word he managed to form before he started coughing. It was a bad cough, wet and harsh, clearly draining Hawk for life. It was truly devastating sight.

"Jesus, Hawk. Let's get you seated and I'll make you some tea to sooth that cough," Levalgo suggested in a more even tone.

However, judging by Hawk's reaction or lack thereof he probably didn't hear it. The cough had taken a relentless hold of him and suddenly Hawk fell to one knee, his energy given out on him.

Levalgo was quick to grab him so he didn't fall any further and with his help Hawk was able to stand back up and Levalgo assisted him to the sofa in the living room just in the nabouring room.

Hawk produced a handkerchief and coughed violently into it.

"God, is there anything I can do," Levalgo asked whispering. Hawk shook his head and willed the cough down. Behind closed eyes he took a minute to control his breathing. When he removed the handkerchief from his mouth there was blood spatter on it. Levalgo gasped at the sight

"We need to get you to a hospital," he exclaimed with urgency in his voice, "-I have no idea what to do."

"No hospital," hawk answered weakly, "- I just need to rest." He coughed a couple of times more and cleared his throat before he continued, "- I'm sorry to take advantage of you like this," he took a shaky breath, way too short, "- but I couldn't ride any further."

Levalgo look directly into those cold eyes that were clouded with pain.

"It is not a problem, Hawk. It's really not," he answered, "- can you stand up?"

"I think so, just give me a minute."

“Sure, I’ll just go make some tea then,”

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Description of Hawk:

He is half elven and close to 2 meters tall. He’s lean, athletic, and practices every martial art known to man kind, but his preferred weapons continues to be his two faithful katanas. (As long as Hawk still possesses his hands and feet he’s armed)

His skin is like the purest marble, pale and seemingly cold. His long silvery hair reaches just beneath his powerful shoulder and he usually keeps it loosely tied back in a ribbon to keep it out of his face.

His eyes is a chapter of it’s own. They hold the coldest glare one will be able to imagine. To met his gaze would seem incredibly intense, bordering to unbearable.

His eyes are ice blue and only contains very little colour and it only adds to their coldness. Though his hair has turned grey his eye brows are still dark (He used to be blond)

Hawks was born is 1842.

Hawk’s parents were killed in front of him when he was only 3 years old and he was then taken in by the government and just a couple of years later he was being taught how to kill.

By the age of 15 he exceeded everyone in martial arts and he was taken in to active duty. Within a couple of years he was the leading assassin of Europe.

He went against his superiors when he was about 21 and he was then shipped to Japan where he got the opportunity to spar with the infamous Mibu wolf, Okita Souji and many other members of the Shinsengumi.

A year later he came back to active duty in Europe, more humble, more quiet, and his schedule was practically overbooked. He started to suffer some mild chest colds that only seemed to occur more frequently and with increasing force.

At the age of 24 he coughed blood, and sought out a doctor that told him that he was suffering from tuberculosis.

However, the doctor could not tell him how long he would be able with stand the disease because of his elven heritage, but judging from the way his body had responded so far, he said 2 years.

From time to time he is very sick, but he also has long periods of time where he’s fine and in my story we meet him in the year 2004 where he in the underworld is a living legend. His is now 162 years old.