

To Love Hope

By Kiara22

Submitted: November 23, 2007

Updated: November 23, 2007

A story of a lonely lion who finds her true love in a rival clan, she hasnt a clue what to do about it so she does something drastic to keep her relationship going.

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She crouched in the shadows of the den, watching silently as the battle ravaged outside. Her brother sat beside her, trembling. She could smell his fear-scent, and she was sure he could smell hers. Apparently so did her mother, who came and grabbed her by the scruff of her neck and ran from the battle. "But mother, what about Dag? We aren't just going to leave him there, are we?" the little cub asked, her voice cracking. Her light brown fur was standing on end, her dark brown belly fur was soaked with blood from the battling lions, and the mud on her legs looked exactly like the dark brown socks that ran up her lower legs. Blood was welling up on her brown muzzle and she was starting to whimper.

"No, Dapple, we aren't going back to save him, your father will bring him here after the battle. Shhh, little one, don't cry, we are going to find a new pride, one that is has a leader who can keep his pride alive, and one that isn't blood thirsty." replied Mother. Just then a caterwaul split the silence. Her mother stopped dead, and Dapple bumped her head on the ground as her mother dropped her. Her mother picked her up again and put her high in a tree. "Do not move from this spot until I return, I'm going back for Dag, and your father. Stay there!!" her mother jumped from the tree and raced off back toward the battle grounds. The frightening caterwaul sounded again as she watched her mother disappear into the heather. Dapple was frightened and alone, how could her day get any worse?

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Chapter 2

When she woke up she was still in her tree and it was sprinkling, she could just make out two silhouettes against the evening sky. It looked like Mother and Dag. But where is Father, Mother said she was going to get both of them. Just then the most horrible thought burst into her head. He's dead, that's the only explanation, Father is dead and I will never see him again. As the twosome approached her, Dapple could see that her mother looked extremely sad, and Dag's face was stained with tears. I was right, Father is dead. Dag hurried up to her and buried his head in her side. He was trying to look cheerful, but Dapple could tell that he was cracking. "I saved Dag, but your father-" Dapple cut her mother short. "Is dead. I know, I've known since you arrived on the horizon." Dapple said, icily calm.

"How did you-" again Dapple cut her mother short.

"Know? Well, you arrived without him, and I know you wouldn't just leave him somewhere if he was still alive. That's not like you. You didn't come back with prey, which he would have caught for you if he was still alive, and-" this time Kiri cut her daughter short.

"Enough!! I don't need to be told what he would have done if he was still alive, I already know!! Go back to your branch and go to sleep!" Kiri snarled. Dapple flattened her ears and snorted, then stalked off to the branch she was sleeping on. Kiri could tell that her daughter would be a well thought out lioness when she grew up, stubborn too, she thought. She fell asleep almost instantly, and her dreams were disturbed with terror.

Dag went and snuggled up to his mother, for he no longer felt close to his sister. She had shown no sorrow, only interest, when he had told her how their father had died. When he told her Father's blood had made a pool around him, she only listened harder. She seemed immune to death, like it didn't disturb her at all. She seemed to live for action, because she had smiled the whole time he was explaining. She changed during the battle, right after she saw an enemy lioness rip out Kaltag's throat. I wonder why she hated him so much. That was the last thought he had before he fell into a fitful sleep.

It seemed like her family was mad at her for knowing that Father was dead. Why was it so bad that she had known, it's not like she wasn't sad that he was dead. She was sad, extremely sad; she just chose not to show it. The lioness that ripped out Kaltag's throat seemed awesome to her, she had felt a sense of longing when she had seen it. What if I had that kind of power? I would be able to do anything, but then I would be a bully, and no one would like me, just like Kaltag. She wanted to respect and be respected. Kaltag was a lion who was always bullying the pride's cubs. She felt a kind of sorrow, she liked Kaltag in a way, and she liked the way he forced her to figure out ways to diss him back. But she didn't want this....feeling....this pity. Yes that was the word. Dapple's eyes were getting heavy, until they finally closed and she fell into a deep sleep.