

Canine Knights Academy (Series)

Introductory

The Canine Knights Academy. The pride and joy of our kingdom, Yeulsul. You may be wondering what that name means and truth be told, I'm not sure. However, the translation given to me is that Yeul means shining bird or in another language, winter solstice. Sul, heh heh heh, obviously it means sun in the old language. Then again you wouldn't know that. So our kingdom is usually called The Shining Bird That Comes in the Winter Solstice. That and other names: The Shining Winter Bird, The Bird that Shines in Winter, Winter Bird that Shines, and more anyone can think of that relates to our kingdom. But truth to be told honestly, regardless of what our kingdom is named, it's more famous of what was founded on. Our beloved creation-no...our beloved relationship of love and connections. Our Pact we have formed-we have bonded ever so long ago. Something our world is known for.

The Academy of the Canine Knights and all life of animals.

Especially our Canine Knights Academy we ever formed so long ago.

This Chapter (Wan): The Start of Where is Left Off

In a forest nearby the Canine Knights Academy of once a former building of some kind, now reduced to what remains of it, there is a group of canines in line from the blocked sides of the building and one in the middle that's a Doberman. "Get into gear pups," Captain Ralfi barked at his recruits and faction.

The group groaned, except those of Ralfi's faction. One sighed and said, "Do we have to do this again," Maydea/Maedea, a shepherd (mutt?) spoke and asked.

"Yes we do!" Ralfi shouted at the big dog breed.

"Um..." a yellow Labrador puppy of about four-to-six months spoke slowly but surely, "do we have to be in gear..." the dog now has his eyes closed, finishing his sentence, "or do we have to be in something else for this activity?"

The dog captain stared down at the big pup, with his eyes confused closed.

"What's your name pup," he asked with a hint of menace in his tone.

The yellow Labrador eyes shot open from surprise and fear of the captain's focus on him, "My name..." he quickly recovered his brain to respond to the authority figure in front of him, "Alkin. Er..." he closed his left eye from flinching from his own mistake, "everyone just calls me Al. I ...really don't use my real name all that much." The yellow dog now gives off a scent of fear that he hopes his captain doesn't smell it on him, even though he knew it was useless in his direct range.

"Well, AL," Captain Ralfi is now more aggressive in his tone as he emphasized Al's name as he gotten more personal into his face, before moving back away from him,

“Now then,” Captain Ralfi said calmly as he pointed back to the side in the middle of the pathway, eyes open still and walking, “as Al here interrupted, I’ll admit he has a good question.”

“I thought he was going to eat me alive,” Al spoke aloud, just talking to himself with his eyes closed, shivering, as the captain moved away from him.

“I wouldn’t worry about it,” Heinkes, a grey-furred canine responded to his right sided neighbor.

“Al, here makes a great point,” Captain Ralfi spoke as he was further away from Al.

“For as long as I’ve been here he hasn’t eaten anyone ‘alive,’ Heinkes said factually, gaining the yellow dog’s attention on him. “If anything he’ll punish you by doing extreme amounts of laps or something worse,” he said with a smile while he had his eyes closed as he gestured his paw upwards.

Captain Ralfi cleared his throat as he looked at the two talkers. That got both their attention. There he was, standing in front of them with a serious stare. The two stared in horror, eyes wide as they could be, as they sat in fright. If they could sweat like humans, they could be sweating at extreme amounts of what is happening right now. He stared at them for a brief moment before moving onwards to what he was doing. The two didn’t say anything from that point onwards, fear bulging from their eyes. “As I was saying,” Captain Ralfi spoke aloud again, “we’ll be donning armor for our exercises.”

Out of nowhere, a pup with gray fur that looked like a cocker spaniel raised his left paw and excitedly said, “Ooh! Ooh! Question. Why do we have to wear armor?”

The captain heard and saw the pup ahead of his direction. He went up to the small dog and spoke, “Well, so everyone here can get used to it and give protection even on the most minor of exercises.” He then walked away from the pup, but after two paces, he instantly came to a realization. He turned around and examined the excited male canine. “How...are you here and what’s your name? Shouldn’t you be in the Pup Center?”

The puppy dog stopped wagging his tail and ears dropped. “I’m meant to be here, sir. I was sent here, sir.”

“Name,” Captain Ralfi asked in a nonchalant tone as he stared at the unknown puppy.

The pup looked down not wanting to look at the captain in the eyes, looking like he’s trying to hide something. “I...um...I can’t...” The gray pup looked at the captain with fierce determined eyes. “I can’t say, sir. Just all I know I was sent here to your faction, sir!”

The two stared at each other, the pup bravely holding his front in front of the tall intimidating dog. “I see,” Captain Ralfi said coolly. “Very well then, I’ll get to that situation later,” he spoke to the right side of his body, not addressing any creature in particular before looking down at the pup. “Very well, you may stay for now.”

“Really?” the pup spoke excitedly as he got on all fours, tail wagging quickly to show how powerful his emotions are at that moment. “Yay!” he barked excitedly.

“Don’t forget, this is a temporary situation. I want you to stay near me or with the others at all times. Especially in every canine’s sight here.”

“Yes, sir! Okay, sir!” The said more excitedly in his voice, tail wagging at full speed.

Ralfi gave out a “Hmph” loud enough for confirmation. He went to the middle of the grounds giving further instructions. As I was saying before, the armor is there for each individual to get used too as they grow into it, if you're lucky to be wearing the same armor anyways. Otherwise, when you all graduate, you'll be given new armor to use and such, unless you prefer your old designated armor. Anyway, it's there to get used to your everyday life. Never take it off under no circumstances, unless you prefer a high probability of dying of any situation you encounter. Even the most minor of things. It's there to take the blunt of the damage from your body and such. But there are times that you need to get rid of your armor for situations. But since you all are in my faction, you'll be wearing them everyday, but there are times where you can take a break if you want. But if you ever get the real life experience, you'll think twice of taking it off so casually. So wear the armor because it's important, not because it holds you down. And with my exercise, you'll learn endurance, stamina, and more. The more you practice, the more results you get everyday, until you decide if you're ready to try something new. Just know this one important rule: never skip practice. EVER! You must practice and learn reviews everyday to keep yourself alive just in case a situation ever appears. So you have a chance to survive. But remember life isn't guaranteed. You'll die one day, but at least I'll help you all get a fighting chance! So... any questions?”

No dog or canine in general didn't have anything to say. More like they couldn't after that speech. Everyone had mixed reactions of how to respond to what their captain

said. But one dog, a komondor that has his eyes blocked by his white short head fur, raised his left paw and happily asked. “Question!”

Captain Ralfi immediately turned to where the voice came from, which was behind him on the right side, saying, “Yes, speak,” as he pointed his right paw to the hairy dog.

“Is there going to be any food?”

Everyone stood silent. Dead silent. Every human and animal who knew the dobermann captain, knew not to try to anger him. ESPECIALLY a stupid question. Every animal who stood quiet, either staying at the dog who said those words, cringed and couldn’t look at the situation anymore, not wanting to see what happens next, or like the gray puppy, putting his paws on his eyes, cowering on the ground. Every canine there waited for the worst to come, all the while the captain stared at the dog with a blank expression and the komondor still smiling, his tongue out, slightly panting from the heat.

Then came the response every canine was waiting for, “Of course there’s food. Are you asking that or asking for when we’re going to eat.”

Every canine wasn’t expecting that cool-blank toned response at all. For the veterans that’s been with Captain Ralfi for as long as they could remember, they knew something had to be up. But the komondor responded back, “Oh,” the komondor said, his expression changed to realization. But that changed back to his happy expression, asking, “Second question.” Then his tone of voice and expression became a bit scared, “Are there any monsters we have to be aware of? Because I was told there were monsters out in the world and they sound scary,” the dog said. But he went back to his happy expression

again, still panting, asking, “And last question so far. What are new recruits like me to expect during the training exercises? Along with what our training difficulties and what can we do to graduate? Especially for different breeds or species of animals of various sizes and limitations?”

His tone of voice, then became more serious as he continued to speak, along with his expression on his face, as his eyes were revealed.

“If not the limitations that prevents us from graduating, what can we do to make it up and turn it into an advantage to remember in life when our lives or other lives are on the line? Also, there’s the question of what happens when we decide to drop out or can we even leave to begin with? I also need to know the repercussions or consequences of what happens if you disobey an order from your superiors? Are you allowed to only obey your faction leader or do you have to obey someone higher than yourself also? Also are the punishments can be dealt by your faction leader or can you be punished by other leaders in the Academy? Especially if it was an accident or incident. There’s more I want to ask, but I already went over the limit of my questions, when I meant to ask only one last question.” His eyes were covered once more and went back to his happy expression again, his pink tongue out and panting to cool down. Everyone stared at the hairy dog with surprised if not bulging eyes as they did not expect that situation at all from him. The white canine looked at everyone from side to side, confused as they all stared at him.

He began to ask, “What? I can ask serious questions from time to time. I may have been raised on a farm and born as a farm dog, but that doesn’t mean I can be intelligent too.”

Every canine didn't say anything, except a male near the gray puppy that could hear him in the distance, saying quietly, but everyone could hear him, "What the f--"

"That's a lot of reasonable good questions," Captain Ralfi interrupted, his expression looking like he's in shock or surprised. But he snaps out of it and collects himself as he responds with a serious expression along with his voice, "Those are a lot of questions that can be discussed in private. We'll resume answering those questions when we get to our destination. Is that fine with you?"

The hairy white dog responded with a nod as he had a serious expression on his face.

"Very well then," Captain Ralfi responded. He looked at his subordinates, both new and old as he spoke, "Let's head out!"

"Yes, sir!" the veterans of Captain Ralfi's faction responded back as they stood on their paws to get ready to leave.

"You," Captain Ralfi looked at the gray cocker spaniel-like-dog, "come with me. Also," he looked at the rosed newcomers with authority, "the rest of you keep close to your seniors for they know the location. Even though we'll be going together, don't wander off! If so..." Ralfi looked at them with a death glare, "I'LL MAKE YOU RUN A THOUSAND LAPS ON YOUR FIRST DAY!"

His angry shouting scared the dogs and some of them relieved themselves by urinating.

"NOW GET GOING AND DON'T LEAVE DON'T LEAVE THE WHERE YOUR SENIORS CAN'T SEE YOU!"

With the captain's final words, the dogs shouted in synchronization, "SIR, YES, SIR!" and ran immediately towards the leaving canines. As they did the only ones left was the komondor and the puppy. The shaggy dog pants happily as his pink tongue lolled out, while the puppy sits next to him looking up to the doberman.

Ralfi sighs before he spoke.

"Okay you two, let's get going. You, pup," he looks at the puppy, "stay with me, and you," he looks at the komondor, "go stay with the others."

"Nah," the white dog responded. "It looks fun being with you more," he said happily.

Ralfi growled to his disobedience.

"GO. WITH. THE. PACK!"

The komondor still happily pants while saying, "No," nonchalantly.

Ralfi's right eye twitched in aggravation of the dog's disobedience. But the gray puppy broke the tension by speaking.

"Um...sir?" He tilted his head to his left with concern on his face. "Shouldn't we get going? You're the leader right? And the leaders are always at the front of a pack."

Ralfi closed his eyes and sighed without looking at the pup's direction, and brought his gaze back to the long haired dog.

"No, no it's fine most of the time. Those who've been with me long enough know the way. But knowing them, they'll wait for me to lead the way. So..." he sighs once more in defeat, "you're right. We need to leave. Come."

With that Ralfi turned towards where everyone left too and started to walk. The puppy joined him and the komondor joined lastly, slowly trotting with each step, tongue out and happy expression.

The three caught up with the others, waiting at a long bridge to the other side of land. Captain Ralfi went back in front of the group, mysterious pup alongside him. The group followed their superior/leader across the bridge without incident and continued their journey to their destination. But of course that's not the entire story as the serious captain had the puppy on his back, carrying him as the puppy was fearful. So he did what he had to and made the situation convenient so the soldiers could move with ease. Of course because of the situation the group made murmur talk about the two, but Captain Ralfi heard the conversations from the very back and silenced the group.

The group finally made it to their destination which is a small cabin house.

“Okay every animal,” Ralfi raised his voice as he stood in the front of the building, “we're finally here.”

The words of confirmation of the new recruits brought relief to them as they could stop walking so much anymore. Which catches Ralfi's eyes, but he had prior experience of what to expect in his job.

“I can hear all of you! If you think we're done for the day then you're very wrong!”

That put a stop to the recruits comfort as some of the more experienced soldiers snickered at the recruits dismay.

Ralfi saw the display of his faction as he looked at them with a stoic expression. The pup from earlier is sitting on the left side of his body. The Komondor is around the area in the top left corner where the small used up space could be mistaken for service of adult drinks.

Ralfi barked, but not too loudly, just enough to get every animal's attention as he began to speak.

“As I got your attention, we’ll be training later as we’ll be focusing on exploring the insides and outsides of this territory, including this very building. You are given an hour’s reprieve to relax, but we don’t do that here. If I catch you slacking, it’s ten-thousand laps from here to the ruins.”

That got every animal's attention as they sat stiff, eyes widened, gulped, etc, except for some. In the minds of those who have been with Ralfi’s faction for a year or two, even they didn’t get that kind of deep punishment.

Ralfi continued with the same beat and rhythm of his words.

“But...” he sighed, “since we have new recruits, I’m allowing ALL OF YOU to relax, but not totally relax as you immediately lay down or fall asleep, as the whole point of my teaching is survivability. SO NO SLACKING OFF,” he roared.

That alone caused fear in the soldiers' hearts, some unphased, some reacted by reflexes which caused one to fall backwards, another literally jumping backwards and hugging the wall with their widespread forelimbs.

“Dismissed,” he spoke lastly as he turned to the pup. “Come with me, please.”

The little male pup nodded and the two were off, Ralfi leading. Everyone else is still in either a state of shock or something else. But one thing they knew for sure is that they all got out of his way and made a big enough wide narrow line towards the only door in the room.

In one of the upstairs rooms, the captain’s quarters or master bedroom, Ralfi spoke to the pup on the single corner bed on the top left corner of the room as to comfort and ease the pup to get what information that was needed out of him.

Ralfi cleared his throat before he started to speak.

“So may I know why you infiltrated into my faction and snuck in? Also I want your species, breed, name, parents, and background history in any combination of those I said.”

The puppy squirming sat in place as he looked at the older dog’s serious, yet stoic face. He also whimpered as he knew he was in trouble and the adult caught him.

“Uh, uh...” he stammers and shift his eyes to the right side of the room and back, now looking at the ground out of fear, “m-my na-name is...”

The pup stammered some more as Ralfi looked at the pup with a raised left eyebrow at the panicking pup.

“Little one,” Ralfi said in an almost quiet tone, but the pup didn’t hear him.

The gray pup stammered faster and faster in quiet tones that it got to the point where he froze in place and immediately flopped to the ground and covered his eyes with his paws.

He whimpered and his body shaken from the fear and stress as he couldn't find the courage to speak directly to the adult. Ralfi sighed as leaned closer to the pup as he put his right front paw on the little one's head. The pup reacted as he stopped crying and looked up to the adult with an expression of confused-innocent eyes as he didn't expect that from the adult at all.

Then out of nowhere he laid on his right side of the bed, with his paw connected to the pup still, bringing his other paw behind him and pulling him closer to his chest as both of his front limbs are now intertwined and hugging the small puppy. His eyes halfway opened while the pup's still in bewilderment.

There was silence between the two for what felt like a long time, but it was like ten seconds. Ralfi broke the silence between the two as he needed to say something.

“You didn't have to rush to answer me.”

The pup looked towards the adult's face with the expression of confusion as he didn't move.

“I'm sorry for making you panic and causing worry to your heart.”

The doberman moved his head slightly downwards to look at the pup, a calmer heart with a surprised look on his face, but a calmer heart still.

“Take as much time to calm down and rest as you need, but... please remember we don’t have all the time in the world.”

The older male got up and leaned his head towards the pup and gave a single comforting lick on his head.

“Sorry for being presumptuous, but I thought it would help. Especially for a pup.” He laid back down as spoke his last words before closing his eyes, “Do get some sleep, we...you walked too much for a pup your age.”

The gray puppy didn’t speak as he didn’t know what to say so he rested on the captain’s chest, eyes closed.

“Thank you,” he muttered and let sleep overtake him.

Elsewhere with the recruits, they’re doing their own thing. Everyone mingling with their cliques, meeting new animals, introducing themselves to others, and other activities. The komondor earlier, however, just casually trotted casually everywhere with a rhythm in his steps, smiling, and exploring around. He caught the attention of some of those he passed by, looking at him weird or surprised by his behavior, but he didn’t mind. He decided to find the captain and the pup from earlier. So he sniffed the air as he did his trot around the territory of the building and followed their faint scent. Despite all the scents of the male canines in the building, he managed to sort them out from the rest with ease.

He walked up the stairs and his nose and body led him to the captain quarters. Without thinking or paying attention to the details of the door he pushed it open to the corner with the doorknob underneath him with his head. He peaked in and almost immediately already saw the captain. But he noticed he saw the captain with the puppy from earlier, snuggling and sleeping with him. He opened his muzzle with a happy expression as he was mentally squealing with joy at the innocent moment. He silently backed away, pushed his body upwards, his right paw touching the side of the wall, and closed the door as slowly as he could with his teeth to not wake up the two sleeping dogs. As the door closed it made a small clicking sound, The dog slowly got back on all fours and proceeded to trot in a silly manner as he did before as he proceeded to head back to the first floor.

Unbeknownst to the hairy dog, as he closed the door all the way, the click alerted Ralfi as his right left ear twitched in response. He slowly opened his eyes, seeing the room as if nothing isn't out of place. But Ralfi knew who was coming to his room. Or at least he knew who it was. But as of now he closed his eyes again, acknowledging the paw steps that made sound in the hallway.

About thirty minutes or so Ralfi and the pup woke up simultaneously, also yawning together. The two got to their bearings as they stretched and shaken their bodies awake. The older male looked to the pup as he spoke as he looked to the doberman as he did.

“Did you get enough sleep?”

“Yeah,” the pup responded enthusiastically.

“Good.”

Ralfi looked at the clock across from the bed and noticed the time.

“It’s been thirty minutes. I need to head down to see what’s transpired after all this time.”

He looked to the pup.

“You can stay in here if you wish for the remainder of the day.”

“But I don’t wanna,” the pup retorted back. “I wanna see the canine knights in action! That and take part in the training regimens.”

Ralfi sighed in defeat as he knew he wasn’t going to win this battle as he can tell the pup made up their mind and heart set on this topic.

“That’s fine.”

He laid his right paw on the pup’s head in an affectionate way.

“Also you can tell me your story later if you want. No need to rush. But know this,” he looked at with a slight serious expression and raised a serious tone, “I expect you to tell me everything--and I mean everything later. Otherwise I’ll bring you back to

the city, holding you by your scruff all the way to the military office to get this situation sorted out. Do you understand this?"

The pup whined as he looked down with sadness if not guilt.

"I..I understand."

"Good." Ralfi removed his paw. "Then follow me as usual and stay near me for your safety."

The pup looked up to the older male's eye and shifted their expression to a happy one with a bark of affirmation.

The male nodded in response with a "Hmm" and started to head for the door and the puppy followed in response.

As the two made it to the first floor, in front of the front door, the entire scene was so surprising as it bewildered the captain and the puppy followed in suit. In front of them and all around them, everyone is chaotically fighting each other. Everything was a mess as bodies tumbled, fangs against fangs, bodies on bodies, hair in the air, animals throwing stuff, stuff falling from the walls and ceilings, the sound of broken glass, and even more. The veterans were trying to keep the chaos contained, but there was a failure as they were getting beat up or pinned down, while there were some animals in the corners scared and others scared to move and have their paws over their eyes, hoping this all ends.

But that was all going to stop immediately as this scene caused Ralfi's left eye to twitch in anger as he composed himself and shouted, "WHAT'S GOING ON HERE!"

His voice echoed to the entire building as everyone immediately stopped and looked towards the location of the voice. Those who could see Ralfi, saw him. And those in other rooms just stared into space towards where the voice could be. Ralfi looked at the animals with anger in his eyes as he was waiting for an answer which never got responded back.

"WELL?"

No animal responded as they were still in shock as they stopped breathing to keep still as statues.

"IF I HAVE TO REPEAT MYSELF ONE MORE TIME I'LL HAVE ALL OF YOU RUNNING ONE-BILLION LAPS FOR THE WHOLE YEAR, EVERYDAY , WHILE I'LL BEAT ALL OF THOSE WHO CAUSED THIS CHAOS INTO SUBMISSION! NOW HOW WHY DID THIS HAPPENED AND WHAT WAS THE CAUSE OF IT!"

No animal responded still, but a familiar komondor from earlier started to walk towards the captain from the lounge area they were at for the meeting earlier.

The animals looked at him with bated breath as their eyes followed him and as he passed by the closed rooms in the middle of the hallway. He sat down in front of the captain from a distance as he began to speak.

“I...we...um...I caused this,” he said shamefully, but direct.

“What...happened,” Ralfi asked in an irritated tone.

“I...hmm...” The komondor looked to his right said, ashamed to answer, but he responded again and looked forward, but his eyes to the floor. “See...earlier as I was trotting down all happy-like, I was exploring the building as I wanted to the ins and outs of this place and territory. But I got caught up in a conversation that wasn’t my business. So as I first overheard the conversation I got curious and popped out of nowhere and asked, ‘Whatcha’ talking about?’” The dog looked up again and directly faced the captain. “Apparently it was a rude conversation as they, the dogs--the canines I was talking to were mocking the canines, canids, and the other animals of the old war, and making fun of the old heroes--even calling some of the old female heroes horrendous names. I got angry and bared my fangs, but one of the dog’s companions made another comment that insulted another hero. But that’s not what ticked me off. What ticked me off that he insulted my mother who told me about those heroes of old and how he-”

The hairy dogged inhaled deeply as well he exhaled as he was calming his anger. “How he called my mom a slut as I’m probably associated with some hero’s bloodline as she probably believed in some hopeful fairy tale as she grew up and had to deal with the harshness of the world as she grew up. And proceeded to make more insulting comments that’s sexual in nature about my mother. WHICH WAS ALL SLANDER! MY MOMMY IS A SHEEP HERDER AND BREAD MAKER ON A FARM! SO I ATTACKED THAT FOOL OF A MALE AND SHOWED NO MERCY TO HIM! Then his friends

joined in and I took them down too. But then the seniors came in and tried to stop the fight. But that was short lived as one who insulted my mother landed a sneak attack and bit me from behind my neck. One of the seniors immediately tried to come to my aid, but he was intercepted by one of his companions and then the other seniors joined to come to his aid, but then someone shouted, 'FIGHT,' joined in as well. I assumed they were the type that liked fighting. Then one action lead to another, causing chaos and involving others, stuff being thrown and animal getting hit in the chaos, leading them to fight off those who incidentally fighting them, and then more and more joined the fight, it was complete chaos as it grew when more animals got involved by being hurt and wanted to give payback. That's all to it, sir."

The komondor looked in shame as he whined, the equivalent of crying right now.

"I'm...sorry...I'm even sorry for those who got involved. And I'm....especially sorry to my seniors that were only trying to keep the peace. I'm sorry everyone. I'm sorry...."

His whines echoed through the building as they were loud. But Ralfi remained composed as he stood on four legs throughout the entire story. His expression is a stoic, yet angry one as this entire ordeal is those at fault and leaving their base in damages.

"Show me the ones who brought chaos to this place."

This got the hairy dog's attention as he was confused by his captain's words.

"But...sir... I was the-"

“I said, ‘show me the ones who brought the chaos.’”

This confused the komondor but did as he was told. He walked towards the lounge area and the captain followed. Everyone by then got their bearings and followed the two dogs as close as they could to see what would happen next; the puppy followed under the captain’s body.

As they entered the room the komondor stopped in the middle of the room and moved his head to the right top corner of the room where a skinnier young doberman laid on his back, stuck and unconscious.

He made some groaning sounds as he was regaining consciousness and slowly opening his eyes awake.

“Oooooowww... What the hell happened,” he said quietly and groggily.

His vision was blurry, but regained focus. But as he did, he saw the komondor from earlier, along with the captain, but focused on the white dog as he immediately his anger awakened all his senses.

“You! I ought to kick your ass again as I got knocked out of the fight too quickly! OWWWW!” He rubbed the back of his head with his left paw, feeling the headache that was there.

“Sorry to say, but I don’t have an ass for you to kick around. But we do have sheep/ And goats. And cattle. And horses too.” He began to say his next words quietly to himself. “Now I think about it, we really have a lot of animals.”

“Don’t matter what animals you got--ugh!” The young doberman groaned as he flinched from his headache from the back of his head. “I’m still getting you back from earlier!”

“Get up and state your name and your status of rank,” Ralfi said with an angry-upset tone.

“Ah,” the younger doberman said with a dry reaction as he leaned forward and landed on his paws. He walked a bit forward, keeping his distance from the two dogs as he asked with a sly smile, “And you are?”

The hairy dog gasped in surprise as the tone in the dog’s voice sounded like a challenge. Especially since every animal in the building already knows the famous if not infamous Captain Ralfi of the Canine Knights Academy.

The tension in the building could be smelled from anywhere as it was coming off of all the dogs in the buildings. Almost all of the dogs. Ralfi was giving off the scent of anger more than anything. Especially at the disobedience of the dog in front of him.

“A question for a question is it? Ralfi said coldly. “Very well, I expect you to respond back with your answer when I’m done.”

Ralfi adjusted himself a little as he stood a little bit more tall and made his already direct eye contact more intimidating.

“I’m Ralfi of the Canine Knights. I’m captain and leader of this faction--the Common Guard. Thus I’m everyone’s superior here by rank. So I’ll ask again... “ His voice became more precise and dangerous, “Your name and your rank, dog.”

The room became stiff as those last words the elder dog spoke as it was indeed dangerous in tone.

The younger doberman lost his cocky demeanor, but he then smirked.

“Oh, I know who you are, I just don’t care.”

The entire room gasped at what was said. Those very words...those very words were a death sentence, especially towards the captain. Ralfi was unfazed by the youngster’s words as he kept his demeanor.

“I said, ‘I expect you to respond back with your answer when I’m done.’ But I forgot to mention what would happen if you didn’t have your answer back when I was done.”

“Oh? And what would that be?”

The room stood quiet as they were waiting for a response. The captain didn’t say anything at first but he did. And with a cool tone, yet, cruel response.

“I would have you immediately dismissed from this faction and report you to all of the academy, making sure you face the council on this behavior that was caused.” He shifted his eyes, slightly squinting them as he gave a disapproving look. “But you weren’t the main cause of this. As everyone else was equal at fault too.”

That caused some whimpers and led more to fear as everyone that got involved violently could be in more trouble than they bargained.

“But you...you actually did more than everyone else, which is why you’re more in trouble than those who joined in causing chaos. **YOU! YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS DID FAR WORSE.** Not only you attacked your superiors in terms of how long they been in this faction, but your...companions also helped you. Not only did you all managed to injury them, you could of killed them! And more so, because of what you all did, chaos ensued and they only tried to do their job of keeping the peace!”

Ralfi then immediately pushed his face upon the younger dog’s face, their noses touched as Ralfi stares down the younger male from an angle as he pushed his body to lean downwards, his expression seething in rage.

“It’s because of all of that, I should have you all killed--NO! I should kill you all for what you did. Instead of simply keeping your muzzle shut, instead of apologizing to your comrade you’ll be getting to know for the so how many years, till you’re back to civilian status, you and your friends almost got your packmates killed! Especially the

older ones who would be helping you and teach you the ways of what's going to be for so many long years!"

Ralfi paused, the room dead silent at the older dog's angry rant. He calms down. His expression laxed and simply moves back a little, never leaving eye contact with the younger male who's slightly afraid.

He briefly closed his eyes and did one inhale and exhale breathing exercise. He stares the male down with glaring disappointment.

He says in a quiet, yet loud enough voice, "I would make sure...no... For an offense like this, this is punishable by..." his eyebrows shift, "the ostracized collar."

The entire house gasped. One even fainted by the very name of the punishment. The ostracized collar, as its name, just having it shown on you in public might as well been a wishing death sentence. It also goes by the names of exile collar, punishment collar, or simply the more popularized version, the criminal collar. Having a criminal collar that gets embedded in your flesh, like a tattoo, literally forced to wear it for the rest of your life, you're judged by society itself. They'll reject you, stay away from you, deny you business, just having it means you can't do anything anymore. Even the simplest of jobs, you can't even get. Even creating one and everyone sees the collar, they stay away from you. You're denied by everyone. Or at least...most of everyone. Even by other criminal collars, depending how much your punishment was. Especially if you're from

the military...instant rejection. Especially if it's some animal from the Canine Knights Academy.

The young doberman froze in shock. His eyes widened and did not utter a word. Not even his body shakes from the fear.

Ralfi repostured himself, looking confident and stoic, with anger still lingering in his eyes.

“So I'll repeat myself. Your name and rank please.”

The younger dog still froze for a moment before he blinked once and managed to control his body again. He looked down with the same expression he bore as he spoke in a soft voice.

“Um...I'm...um...” he looked up again to his superior's eyes, “Ralx .”

Ralfi raised his left eyebrow as he found the name curious.

“But...you can pronounce it as Ralx (Ral-sh). Also...for my rank, I'm just a new recruit from the countryside. Also a former foreigner as of recently.”

The doberman broke eye contact as he looked down as he proceeded to talk.

“My parents became citizens of the kingdom of Yeulsul recently so I can fit with the natives of this land.”

The dog noticed that he was telling his backstory which caused him to react to himself as he put his right paw atop of his muzzle.

“Sorry,” he whispered.

“For some animal that was all about violence earlier from this dog here,” Ralfi indicated the komondor without moving his body or gesturing, “form your little backstory it sounds like you’re a good dog who’s parents would be very ashamed of you for helping cause all of this.”

The younger doberman slightly lowered his head again, but in shame as he knew it to be true, but didn’t respond back vocally.

“Now...the question is...what to do with you and those who caused this initially? As I need to find the original culprits.”

“I could show you who it was!” The komondor responded enthusiastically. “I know which animals he was with when it happened.”

“Oh?” Ralfi turned to the hairy dog with a slight curious look on his face. “You do?”

The hairy dog responded with a nod.

“Very well,” Ralfi responded back.

He looked to the door entrance that led out of the lounge area. He cleared his throat.

“ALL SOLDIERS IN MY FACTION HEAD OUTSIDE IMMEDIATELY!
WE’RE GETTING THIS SORTED OUT TODAY! AND IF ANYONE RUNS OFF
WITHOUT PERMISSION OR DESERTS WILL BE PUNISHED BY MY UNTIL
OTHERWISE SAID!”

The captain’s voice rang in the entire building as the dogs froze from it. But when he stopped talking, the dogs immediately got up and left for the front entrance and outside; and everyone followed suit. During all that time, Ralphie turned to the hairy dog.

“I want to keep an ear out as you go outside. Pay attention to the tiniest of sounds of anything or animal that might be hiding or in this building still.”

“Aye, aye, sir,” the dog responded with a salute.

Ralfie sighed, “Whatever.”

The hairy dog left slowly as there was still a line for everyone to get out, especially if they were rushing. But he did it deliberately as he was doing as told.

Now Ralfie was left with the younger doberman as every animal was leaving. Ralfie turned to the other dog and began to speak to him once more.

“Now then...I want you to go on ahead with the others. Don’t bother running away. I will find you. PERSONALLY. Understood?”

The dog didn’t respond back at first, but he nodded and slowly began walking out. His tail and head lowered in shame.

Ralfi sighed as he needed to find the seniors and see how many were injured. That and find any animal potentially hiding or sleeping away somewhere. Or just still inside the building in general. He turned around and saw one of his senior soldiers still on the ground, in the top right corner of the lounge, barely conscious as he was getting up and in pain. Ralfi immediately rushed to his side.

“Can you get up?!” Ralfi said with concern as he tried to get the gray giant schnauzer to get up.

The dog groaned loudly in response.

“Ugh... Your loud voice managed me to get up. I’m hurting all over.”

“Can you walk properly?”

The gray dog yipped and moaned as he tried to fully get up and ended up having his body halfway standing.

“Sorry...Captain... Everything hurts...” He whimpered as his whole body was hurting in excruciating pain.

“I’ll get you outside. Don’t worry.”

“Don’t...don’t you have to find the others?”

“I’ll find them when I get you out! Just tell me if you have seen the others and if so, where.”

Ralfi then got under the dog's underbelly and began to slowly pick him up from a vertical-horizontal way. But doing so he heard his subordinate in name.

“W-w-careful! It hurts!”

“I know!” Ralfi retorted.

He slowly picked him up as safely as he could and slowly took smalls to reach the outside of the building. The gray dog moaned at each step as his captain did.

As he was halfway across to the front entrance, he heard a noise and immediately reacted as he threw the dog off his back and towards the door, managing to get past the frame and rolling off in pain. As that happened, Ralfi immediately dodged towards the right and towards the top right corner of the first floor. There in front of him stood a white great dane.

The great dane hissed as he failed his sneak attack.

“Damn! And here I thought I could get you easily!”

Ralfi glowered at his opponent and spoke in an angry tone.

“So YOU'RE one of the trouble makers that helped with the chaos earlier!”

“Oh?!” the great dane responded with a curious tone. “What makes you think I was one of them?” he asks in a sly tone.

Ralfi growled each word as he said, “Because you attacked me from above, thinking you could surprise me. If that wasn’t obvious then tell me what you think would be obvious in this situation!?”

The air became silent as the two dogs stared each other down, bodies tense and ready to strike. The dane smirked.

“Well, the obvious would be this: I defeat the famous Captain Ralfi and gain the fame from doing so. And I can proclaim I’m the strongest!”

Ralfi gave a “are you serious” look before sighing and shaking his head downwards.

“Are you serious? That’s your reason you’re here?”

“Well...yeah,” the great dane said casually, breaking his drama flair.”

Ralfi stared at the bugger dog with the same expression he had previous as the dane stared back curiously. Then he began to break the silence.

“I can...see multiple reasons why I see that failing in the most horrible of ways-- and two at that.”

“Oh,” he said slyly as he crept closer. “And what would those be?”

“For one,” he said in a serious tone along with the expression to match it, “I’m not the only strong one in the kingdom.”

The great dane stopped his movements as heard the captain say that. Being cautious towards the doberman.

“And two...” Ralfi then swung his head to his left and as he was in motion to swing it to his right a sword appeared, “I truly doubt you know what I can truly do.”

The dane smirked as he got cocky in his tone of voice.

“Well, that’s where you’re wrong!”

Ralfi noticed the big dog’s random outburst. He assumes there’s something wrong with this dog mentally. But it wasn’t just what he said just now to him, the entire conversation sounds weird to him, but he needed to be sure.

“I heard from a local tavern about your fighting skills. Apparently they’re impressive. I’ve gathered enough information from everywhere I could find it. And thus I have a grasp of what you can do.” The dog grinned as he then said, “I even went to that event where you displayed your powers too.”

So this guy saw me at that event huh...

The great dane positioned himself downwards, indicating he’s ready to fight.

“So, no matter what I’m going to try my very best to beat you, even if I have no human weapon.”

Ralfi only gave a doubtful expression as he knew this would be a one-sided victory. As he knew what HE could DO.

The other dog ignored his expression as he lunged forward, which Ralfi responded with a long backflip, touching the wall on all fours, gripped to it. The great dane was surprised for a brief moment before getting angry as he knew what to expect from the Captain. Ralfi retaliated by lunging forward and doing a spin slash as he got close enough to strike effectively. But the great dane reacted by stopping the attack as he clamped down on the blade with his teeth, immediately stopping the captain's attack and movement. But when the great dane did that, Ralfi dismissed his weapon as it flashed into white light and immediately went for the bigger dog's throat. But the great dane saw that coming as he simply moved to his left to dodge, but as he did, Ralfi reacted by kicking his muzzle with his hind legs, causing the great dane to be stunned for a moment which happened.. Ralfi took the opportunity and did a spin on his front limbs to turn himself around and headbutt the other dog's throat.

As he tightened his teeth around the bigger dog's throat while not trying to pierce his skin. Ralfi then, with concentration, focused on his jaw muscles and shifted his weight of his body and threw the dog towards the door that leads to the lounge area.

The great dane yelped as he was thrown, but a white figure showed up as it intercepted the big dog, stopping him in midair as he managed to land on his paws.

"I'm quite surprised you managed to fail," a male voice from behind the great dane spoke.

The great dane, still in a daze, managed to stabilize himself on his paws while still recovering, but he acknowledged the voice behind him.

“Huh,” he managed to speak out.

The voice then spoke again as it started to go past the great dane on his right.

“Geeze, if you were serious about this, I would have helped you from the start.”

The white figure from before turned out to be a saluki of pure white fur color.

“Quite pathetic that you let yourself get thrown so easily,” the white male smiled.

The great dane got a hold of himself as responded back to the white saluki with a growl, “Shut up Yizer!

The white began to growl back, “I told you my name is--”

Before the dog could finish, he sensed something that caused him to gasp and immediately dodged by jumping backwards. His companion did the same almost in synchronization as white lights that resembled chains sprouted from where they previously stood.

Ralfi intensely put pressure on his front paws downward as he concentrated on his special powers to bind the two dogs. But they resisted as they moved around a lot to try and dodge the chains as it moved everywhere to try and grip their bodies, as the two dogs did all they could to avoid being caught. They maneuvered the best they could for about thirty seconds, before the chains of light got closer and closer that they literally couldn't

dodge forever at the speed the chains were going every second. They tried to get them tangled but that was fruitless as the captain out maneuvered them as he eyed the two dogs doing their best to not get caught, but knew very well their plan was during the whole process.

The dogs bumped their rears in the middle of the room and when they did, Ralfi ran forward as he let the chains control themselves as he summoned his sword, about to end this as the chains were about to literally get them. As Ralfi swung his sword forward, something broke the chains immediately as a black figure intercepted the captain's blade with another sword.

There that blocked the attack is a black wolf that have the eyes of blue in color, but the captain thought he was looking at mist from those eyes, as the color reminded him of that.

The wolf touched the ground, still fending off the captain, the two stared each other down, but the wolf managed to overpower the captain that his blade was winning the clash. The captain could only back off by jumping backwards, losing the power struggle. But he also knew he needed to keep distance from the now party of three.

“Boss?!” the great dane said in a surprised tone.

The wolf didn't say anything as the continued to stare intensely at the captain with a blank expression. He readied himself into a battle stance with blade in mouth. Ralfi knew there was no need to talk at this point, as his blood was boiling, heat coming off of

him as he was battle ready. The great dane dropped the talking as he knew there was no point. He got in a battle stance as he said to Yitzer, "Get yourself ready, Yitzer."

"I told you that's not my name," the saluki snapped back. He then got into a battle stance with a "hmpf," as he was irritated. "Just make sure you actually try this time and not get easily beat or hurt."

The great dane scoffed, "Whatever. And you just try to keep your pretty fur from being a mess. Or you know," he looked into his companion's direction with a sly smile, "go bald like last time."

"Shut up you," the saluki shouted in anger. But his companion laughed as he shouted, "That was a horrible misfortune that shall never be spoken again!"

The great dane stopped laughing and focused on the situation at hand as did the saluki.

Just as the room was silent another voice appeared from above on the second floor on the right side--Ralfi's left.

"Well, well, this looks interesting."

From the second floor a white figure casually jumped from the rails and landed on the ground, no bones were heard broken or groaning sounds as if it was a short jump.

What came down from the second floor was a pure white finnish spitz, but the captain and wolf didn't avert their eyes as the dog began speaking.

“I see you three are going to fight as usual.”

“And where were you at Yaltz,” the great dane asked.

“None of your business,” Yaltz responded back cockily and sassily. “All you need to know is that I did my own thing as you decided to infiltrate the military like an idiot as usual.”

“Hey!”

Yaltz scoffed, “Well you be a fool most of the time not thinking things through. What were you going to do if you were collared-shamed, hmm?”

That stopped the big dog as he didn’t know how to respond to the logic of his packmate.

“That’s what I thought! Anyways,” he looks at Ralfi, “Please don’t mind me as I don’t want to be part of this fighting. I’m also a new recruit in the military. Not by my own choice, but I ended voluntarily doing it anyway. Anyways, I’m just going to get past you and head outside with the others. Please don’t go easy on them and DO NOT-I REPEAT, DO NOT underestimate my boss. He will literally kill you at full strength if you’re not prepared. Luckily for you--or blessed you be that he’s only here to gauge your strength.”

The spitz looks at his other two white packmates. “That means don’t get in his way. He’s willing to let you two fight, but don’t get yourselves killed or make him have to save your life, because you aren’t combat ready to take on the Captain.”

Once more he turns to the captain.

“Anyways, have fun with those three. But I know you will win. After all,” he bowed with his right paw touching his chest while looking at the captain with an unknowingly idea if he was mocking him, “you’re Ralfi of the Canine Knights.”

He got up and started to walk to the door. And as he passed by the captain, he said, “After all...I know you can rival the boss if not a little bit greater.”

The white dog left the room, leaving the four to themselves. The two sword users never averted their gazes upon each other. The room is silent. All four are ready for battle. All there is left...is the battle itself.

And thus the captain and black wolf clashed blades.