

The Cursed Book

by Pierrot90

“Come on Dizzle, do your poo poo.” The young man mumbled to his few months old pup.

The pup just stared at him with a confused look.

“Poo poop.” The man repeated.

But again, the pup was still confused. It just sat down on its hind.

The man sighed and stood there waiting. He looked at the autumn sky. It was only 5 'o clock in the afternoon, but it was already much darker than usual. The sky was still blue with an orange hue at the horizon, but it was mostly obscured by columns of black ominous clouds in the distance.

“Hurry Dizzle, do your job, it's going to be pouring like hell in a minute.”

The dog just looked up to its boss and wagged its tail. He sighed again and leaned against an old tree and unleashed the young dog. The pup lost interest in its boss and started to sniff around in the forest. Hoping that the pup would finally do its message, which it often does after sniffing around, he praised the pup.

“Good dog! Poo poo!” He said excitedly. A bit too excited he realized afterward, but it was too late, for the pup had its attention to its boss again and padded towards him with wagging tail.

The pup started to rub against his leg. “No Dizzle, no biscuits yet. First poo poo.”

It sat down again and stared at its boss. The boss sighed. “Come on, let's walk a bit further into the forest. Maybe some walking will get your sphincter to open up.” The pup just followed him and wagged his tail.

After a few minutes of walking through carpets of fallen red-brown leaves and stepping over fallen branches, they came to a halt. “That's far enough Dizzle, now poo.” And not long after he said it, Dizzle started to sniff around. The pup crawled through bushes, stuck its nose in piles of leaves and sniffed every tree in the perimeter. The young guy, just followed his dog with a slow pace.

Suddenly Dizzle froze, it pointed with his nose into the now darker forest.

“What's the matter Dizzle?” He came up walking to the dog. “No poo poo?”

Dizzle did not react at all, all it did was staring into the distance with it ears perked up, shackles risen, and tail straight.

“Ah, you found a rabbit to hunt?” He smirked.

Suddenly Dizzle's lips pulled back, then barked two times. Then all of the sudden, it whimpered and ran off to the other direction with its tail between its legs.

“Dizzle!!! Wait!” The guy started running after the pup. However, the pup was damn fast for its age and size, and the piles of leaves, branches and bushes did not help him either.

After scratching his face on a branch and stepping with his shoe into a puddle of muddy water, he saw the pup running towards home in the distance.

“Good, at least he still knows where he lives...” He mumbled. He slowed to a stroll and grabbed his mobile phone from the pocket of his jacket and dialed for home.

“Hi honey. Yeah it's me...

Dizzle just ran off to home....

You see him already?.....

Oooh I see, so he left a turd in the garden?....

Yeah, I'll be home for dinner in a minute....”

He disconnected the call and dropped his phone back into his pocket. Then he paid attention to his right-shoe. The shoe had gone deep into the mud and it was now completely wet and dirty. He groaned; they were ruined.

Slowly he pulled out the wet shoe. It made a sloshing noise when the foot with brown-wet sock glided out. Swinging the shoe up and down, he pointlessly tried to shake out the water.

“Brrrrrr... cold cold cold!!” He complained while he pulled off the wet sock, leaving his wet foot coldnaked in the autumn wind.

“Damn cold!” Cursing, he looked up the sky. The blue patches of sky which barely penetrated the thick dark gray clouds from a moment ago had all disappeared. Only black layers on top of other layers of clouds swept above him. To announce the storm even more, thunder erupted from far. A few flashes, followed by a rumbling noise after mere seconds, made him shiver. A breeze started to grow through the trees.

Suddenly a loud crack of a branch breaking sounded behind him.

He froze. He paused for a few seconds and grinned. “Hello werewolf.” He said without turning around.

The only response he received was a low rumbling growl.

Slowly, he turned around. The branch was broken by a large powerful hind paw of an anthropomorphic black wolf, standing digitigrade.

“Don't look surprised. I actually expected you.” The young guy said.

The werewolf's piercing yellow eyes kept staring at its prey.

“So I guess this is it then. How are you going to kill me?” The man asked.

The large creature turned its head sideways as it looked like it was a bit confused.

“You are finally going to take revenge on what you did to your family?”

The paws of the werewolf clenched and its lips pulled back. “That is not of your concern.” The werewolf spoke for the first time with a reverberating growl.

“Actually it is. I am sure that you feel all the pain... all the agony, for killing your own family.”

The werewolf bared its fangs and growled even more threatening. “And I will kill you because of that!” It responded with a low booming voice.

“Because I gave you this... condition? This is what you've always wanted, isn't it?”

The werewolf's ears slacked, a bit surprised by the rebuttal.

The wind started to blow harder through the trees of the forest, its long appendages swaying forth and back to the rhythm of the wind.

The guy leaned against a tree. “Kill me now if you want to. Why hesitate? You've killed before.” He chuckled.

The werewolf was still standing there, contemplating about what it was about to do.

The guy continued. "You know that you are in agony for killing your own family. But when you kill me, I will not be the one in agony: my new family will be the ones in agony. Do you want to feel guilty about that too?"

The werewolf suddenly whimpered and shrank. It could still remember... It experienced its slashing claws, the blood gushing everywhere and the wailing screams of its family when it tore upon them. Even the house pets were not spared. It could see its own paws drenched with blood again. It could see itself in its human form, crying and screaming in agony at the corpses. And then again it could see itself in werewolf form, its paws still bloody, mournfully howling into the night.

"No...." It whispered.

"Then what are you going to do? I know you've been stalking me for a while." The guy stopped leaning against the tree, as a strong breeze blew through his jacket and hair.

"I will make you suffer again." The werewolf approached the guy.

"Sounds like a plan." The guy said as suddenly thunder from nearby sounded. Only a second later it started to pour. A chorus of wind and heavy rain crashed onto the two individuals. Not only the guy's shoe was wet, now all his clothes, his hair were wet too. Also the black fur of the werewolf was now drenched.

"This storm is quite appropriate for this, don't you think?" The guy said with black humor while he looked up to the werewolf towering above him.

The werewolf did not respond but grabbed the guy with its two powerful arms and lifted him up, bringing his face close to its muzzle. "Suffer...." It whispered.

He closed his eyes as he felt the warm and smelly air was breathed into his face. 'This is it.' He thought while he braced for the fatal blow.

But instead of a claw or a row of fangs cutting through his neck, he found a hard object being slammed into his hands. He also realizes he is lowered back on his feet.

"I give it back."

The guy opened his eyes in surprise. He was holding an ancient book in his hands. The word 'Lycanthropia', adorned with golden waving lines and curls, was on the front of the dark red cover. Then he looked up, but instead of his eyes meeting a huge black werewolf, he saw a young teenager with black hair.

With a terrified look on his face, the guy stared at the book again. The golden letters and decorations started to glow while raindrops ran along those lines. He looked back with pleading eyes at the teenager.

"I gave it back. To you." The teenager repeated.

"You can't do this!!" The guy yelled, still holding the ancient book tightly with his hands.

"Don't worry, we will meet again in the future." He replied, and he ran away, leaving the stunned guy in the pouring rain with the ancient book in his hands.

"Nooooooooo! ARGH!!" The young man screamed and bent over in pain, unable to release the book, and stared with horrid at the brown fur starting to grow from his hands.

Before the black-haired teenager stepped into his rental car, he could hear a distant sad howl. Then he quickly closed the door to shield out the rain, and started the car.

"We will meet again..."