

Roleplay between hellcat and snipertf2

It had been no more than a moon since Fawnstep found himself in this area. He recalled with fondness the para who had helped him heal his feet after they were burned in the fire at the Twolegplace. The wounds were just old scars now, but he remembered the pain of them like it had happened only yesterday.

He shuddered as he trotted along the riverbed, leaning down to sniff the water's edge. He'd followed the river for quite some time now, keeping his promise to the herd that had taken in Daisytail to leave the area in return for them helping to raise her. He would have liked to stick around to watch her grow, but he understood why the herd would be uneasy with a predator hanging around their young, even if he'd never once in his life attacked another dinosaur with the intention of eating it.

Fawnstep snorted and shook his head, pulling away from the water and walking farther away from it, looking beyond the trees ahead toward where he heard the dull roar of the waterfalls. Something strange had befallen this place, he was sure of it, but he couldn't put his finger on exactly what it was. A strange energy here...silence, in fact. That was what stood out to him mostly, not a single bird sang or twittered, only the rustle of the tall grass as he explored around, unsure of whether this could make a decent home.

Amongst the trees, near where Fawnstep had been exploring, was another dinosaur. A Cryolophosaurus, much like him, however much, much larger. The predator's bulky form parted the undergrowth as he walked, careful to avoid stepping on anything to hide his presence and prevent any nearby prey from being alerted to the wandering threat that was lurking between the trees. It was a wonder such a beast managed to stay hidden- the stench of rotting flesh seemed to emanate from his skin, flies gathering around him in search of the meal that they could not find.

Lifting his snout to the air, Rigormortis inhaled deeply, his nostrils flaring as he caught the distinct scent of another of his kind nearby. He could not hear anything, but that did not bother him, as he knew nearby there were waterfalls that would mask any light sound a prey animal might make. Sticking to his preordained path, the large Cryolophosaurus slunk by a few birds, uninterested in the meagre calories they would provide should he manage to catch them. He was intent on finding his meal elsewhere, looking towards the waterfalls with a disgruntled gaze as he scented Fawnstep once again.

It had been a few minutes of careful observation when he finally spotted the other dinosaur. Brown scales shone dully under the sun's rays, and Rigormortis watched him drink, unaware of the threat watching him from mere yards away. His dull, speckled grey scales helped him camouflage between the undergrowth, but he had to duck his head down to hide the crimson marking over his face. He was upwind, thankfully, and could readily smell the Cryolophosaurus,

which set his teeth on edge and caused him to start producing saliva, dripping down towards the ground as he crouched low to observe his prey. Ordinarily he would charge in, but as unfamiliar with this terrain as he was, he decided it wasn't worth the risk. So for now, he would wait.

Fawnstep meandered through meadows and across rabbit trails, taking note of each as they may come in handy later for when he needed his dinner. He could see himself settling down here, it was a very nice area that hadn't yet been affected by the drought that seemed to plague his birth place. How far had that para carried him and Daisytail? Far enough it seemed that they wouldn't need to worry about resources for some time.

He'd only just had the thought when he stepped out of the shade of the trees and looked out at what he expected to be a pristine landscape, only to find the bodies of forest animals littering the ground between himself and the river that flowed away from the base of the waterfall. The cliffs themselves seemed untouched, but there were bird corpses on the smooth rocks that had gotten caught between boulders, rabbits here and there in various stages of decay. Even a deer whose body lay half in and half out of the water, so bloated with rot that its legs stuck out grotesquely from its body.

The cryo stepped back into the treeline, his tail drooping slightly as he took in the landscape. No, no this would not be a place to call home. Whatever was killing these animals would get to him too eventually. He hadn't seen any bitemarks, and anything that would have killed them likely wouldn't have left the bodies to just rot, it would have eaten them. It must have been a natural cause—or just present in the environment. This would not, in fact, become his territory.

Rigormortis followed Fawnstep's movements closely, creeping alongside him with silent steps as he stalked his prey. Upon stepping towards the clearing, Rigormortis too caught glimpse of the carnage that had befallen the ecosystem- the scent of decay filling his nose and clogging his senses with its thick, cloying stench. Ordinarily the sight would fill him with hungry glee, but he could smell some strange tangy scent on the air, sticking to his tongue distastefully. He would find no meal in amongst these toxic, poisoned carcasses. All well, as his meal was still very much living.

Watching the other Cryolophosaurus step into the near treeline, Rigormortis ducked down low to avoid being seen. Once he was confident he hadn't been found out, he quickly moved away to a different area to avoid being spotted at all. Managing to make it to a more thickly packed area of undergrowth, the large grey dinosaur continued to stalk his prey, following his footsteps to avoid making a second pair of tracks in case he had to make a second attempt at getting his meal. As he followed, he looked around, now noticing that most of the evidence of wildlife he had seen in that particular area was either of old corpses, bones, or dying animals. Even some of the plants and trees seemed to be suffering from the illness that had overtaken the land.

Rigormortis was glad that his last meal had been a large one, as he surveyed the landscape, because it was looking like a rough hunt if he had to chase the other Cryolophosaurus over this uneven and dense terrain. It was rocky and wet from the waterfalls nearby, which craned high above his head and had a steep, deadly drop of over a hundred feet. If he were to misplace a step up there, it would spell certain death for his bulk.

With his spirits lower than ever, and not even a friendly hatchling to cheer him up anymore, he continued on, walking closer to the waterfall. He peered up the sheer cliff face, squinting his eyes as he stepped back a little to avoid the spray touching him. Whatever it was about this place that had gone bad, he had a feeling the water would carry it too. He recalled the stinking pond of muck that had once been his oasis, his heart aching at the memory. How he wished he could go back...but there was nothing there for him now.

Fawnstep let out huff, homesick and confused, but determined. Maybe if he could climb up to the top of the falls he could get a better look at where he was, try to find something he could travel toward instead of just wandering aimlessly around.

He started rooting around the base of the rocks, searching out the best way to climb them without breaking a leg.

As Rigormortis watched his prey stare up at the waterfall, it came to his attention that the smaller Cryo may be thinking of climbing, which simply wouldn't do. As he crept closer, trying to find a better spot to launch his attack, Fawnstep started trying to climb up the hill. Rigormortis chose this exact moment to take off running, his thundering footsteps alerting the local living wildlife to his presence as the enormous Cryolophosaurus let out a bone-rattling roar, his curved teeth sending saliva splattering onto the ground below as his hefty bulk traveled at a surprising speed towards the smaller dinosaur.

Absently, Rigormortis noted that the ground beneath his feet was uneven and rocky, causing him to roll and stumble slightly in his chase, slowing him down. He hoped to reach the other Cryolophosaurus before he got too high, as due to his size he couldn't jump off the ground, and would inevitably have to give chase up the side of the cliff. Which, again, due to his size was not ideal, nevermind the fact of his missing digits and toe which would make it even more difficult. Rigormortis was never one to shy down from a fight, especially with the prospect of a meal at the end of it, but even this was enough to make him start proverbially sweating.
