

Perditor Lepus: Beginning

Sixth Astral Era, the year is 1504. In the forests of Othard lays a community of Viera.

Each one was of varying skin tones. Warm skin tones, cooler ones, myriad colors of hair but they all seemed focused on one of the younger Viera.

Their hair was gray, like birch wood. Their skin was like cacao and milk, and...They had a bright pair of brown eyes.

“There goes Arjm again. Looks like they're looking to take care of that issue the Chieftess asked for.”

“Aren't the other huntresses already out there though? Arjm is only eight summers, what can they do?”

...

Near a body of water, from within the trees were a group of Viera women. One with dark hair, lop ears and a pale skin tone sighed softly as her green eyes scanned the edge of the water.

“Nevaeh.”

“I know, I think it's moving because it knows we're watching it.”

There's a large shadow moving beneath the water...Keeping itself submerged. The Setlas community has been watching this beast for

some time now. Making sure it never went far. There was a change however.

Suddenly, the shadow picked up speed as a small form appeared along the edge of the beach.

“A child...?”

Wait, birch gray hair...It's Arjm.

“ARJM!?”

Hearing Nevaeh's voice, Arjm looked up to their sister figure and smiled, waving at her as a large, reptilian creature broke through the water's surface, jaws open as it attempted to clamp around the young Viera.

And just before Nevaeh could even move, the jaws snapped closed and the creature went back into the water.

“*Fuck!*”

Nevaeh quickly stripped herself of her gear and started sprinting toward the water. The other Viera huntresses had to reach her and hold her back.

“*Let me go!* We can still get them!!”

“Nevaeh don't worry, I asked Little Bun to handle this.”

An older, more dignified voice piped up from behind the Huntresses. A woman with long, brown hair, a matching brown skin tone to Arjm's and pretty hazel eyes stood there with a massive axe on her back.

Another Viera, given her perked ears atop her head.

“Chieftess! Your child was just eaten by that beast, how are you so *Calm!?*”

The water's surface began bubbling and from it, burst a massive form. The reptile that had eaten Arjm seemed ready for another round...Or at least it would've been.

If there wasn't a giant *fucking* hole in its stomach. The beast collapsed and from the water emerged those same gray locks, lop ears and bright eyes of Arjm. Smiling as they moved up to the beast, and drew their hand back.

Claws, claws on display as their mouth drew into a fanged smile and *tore* through the Beast's armor tough scales in one strike.

The Chieftess nodded at her child, smiling as they seemed to get right to work taking the creature apart properly.

Nevaeh on the other hand was flabbergasted. As were the other huntresses.

“Th-They did that with no weapons?”

“To be fair, my Little Baby Bun has always been strong like me~. So cute!”

Finally, the cold visage broke and Arjm responded to their mother's *embarrassing* words.

“*MOM!* Do you really have to do this now!?”

A light tone, airy and feminine yet with a slight hint of masculinity. The stark change in atmosphere gave the other huntresses a migraine.

While they released Nevaeh, she immediately darted to Arjm and wrapped her arms around them, checking over them for injuries.

“Arjm, you're not hurt are you..?”

“N-No! Come on, this is embarrassing...”

A pout, the Chieftess walked up and put her hand between those little lop ears of her child.

“Good hunting, Little Bun. I see you take after me more and more gradually.”

Perhaps conceiving her Little Bun with her Warrior Soulstone active wasn't such a good idea...But they seem all the better for it.

“Ladies, wrap this thing up, we'll take it to the Doman Shogun to show him the job is done.”

The Huntresses salute their Chieftess, and promptly get to work while Nevaeh sighs and turns her head to Arjm again.

“I'm gonna teach you how to use a bow when we get back, okay? I don't want you putting yourself in harm's way like that ever again.”

“Goodness, Arjm is my child and you're the one sounding like a worried mother.”

This bickering was normal, Arjm was usually the cause, and they would be the one to break it up...Typically.

...

Two years later, 1506. Arjm was now ten summers old, their ears stood up fully but their birch gray hair still remained an eyecatcher.

Difference being their frame seemed to be getting more muscled and stronger thanks to training with the other huntresses. Their mother especially...

Now was one such time.

“Are you sure about this Arjm?”

“Yes, Mother. If I'm supposedly becoming more like you with every passing spring, I'd like to have the strength that can lead our community.”

Assuming a combat stance, Arjm showed their mother a body that seemed as if it had already seen a fair number of battles. Causing her to narrow her eyes.

“...That's fine, as long as you're sure.”

The ground shook, and the Viera woman grinned, showing her fangs as she brandished her axe.

“I almost cut your arms and legs off last time Little Bun, what makes you think it'll be different, Arjm~?”

There's a pause, Arjm started smiling and showed their fangs to their mother.

“Because like you told me...I tested myself against *intelligent* prey~.”

...

Weeks prior to the altercation between Arjm and their mother, they sought out, with the permission of the Wood, a way to better themselves for combat.

Sighing gently to themselves.

“A bow is nice and all...But I like being close in combat. What use is strength like mother's if I cannot use it?”

BANG!!

A loud sound, it caused Arjm's ears to fold down before darting toward the sound. And upon round a bend, they hid. Men...Men? Eyes narrowed at the sight of these strange men, clearly soldiers from elsewhere. They weren't in their Wood, so Arjm thought to leave them alone, only to see what was on the ground in front of them.

A larger man, holding his arm while blood leaked from a hole in his shoulder. Dark hair was matted over his eyes as he grit his teeth, grunting to himself.

“Gwyn, you knew better than to run. You were a valuable asset but Emperor Solus told us to dispose of you...Oh right, I suppose I should thank you for the parting gift.”

The soldier brandished the weapon again and pointed it at the man on the ground, chuckling beneath his helmet.

“You should be proud of the kick this...What did you call it? Gunblade has. I can cut you, I can shoot you...I can shoot your wife, your children..”

The man's gun casts over to the woman and three children cowering a little ways away from the larger man on the ground.

“Gwyn!”

“Shut your mouth!”

Click!

CRAAAAAASH!

A large boulder slammed the man with the gun into an even larger boulder. The other soldiers were stupefied, so easily? Was it an enemy in these savage lands?

“Down here.”

The next soldier looked down and was met by a heeled shoe in the bottom of his jaw before being hooked by the leg that kicked him and snapping his neck in midair between the owner’s leg and thigh.

Dropping the corpse down as their leg lowered and the owner sighed.

“I shouldn't have done that...”

Arjm couldn't stand by and watch these people be threatened, there were eight soldiers left. And each one surrounded them.

“Identify yourself, or you will be executed!”

Identify themselves? Arjm scoffed and walked toward the soldiers who shot back at them and triggered a reflexive action.

Arjm started dashing, speed that was not known to any known mortal being before using the kinetic force built up in their legs and kicking the soldier that shot at them in their stomach with their shin.

The soldier was lifted off the ground but Arjm narrowed their eyes.

That *hurt* to do. What is this? What covers these men? It's black...It's hard...Like that creature's scales.

But fortunately the impact blew the back of the man's armor out and if one listened closely, they could hear his organs rupturing.

“The legs! Aim for the legs!”

The other soldiers lifted their weapons and flicked their weapons into *Full-Auto*. The large man on the ground heard that, and reached for his bag and pulled something out.

“Kid! Take these!”

Arjm heard those words, and darted toward the male on the ground before their eyes widened.

Gaiters? Arjm knew what gaiters were. Their mother wore them too.

The soldiers began firing and the woman on the ground stood in front of Arjm and put up a barrier.

...What was this?

“Who...Are you?”

“Heh...Tell ya what, show me you can use my creations and I'll tell you all you want to know about who I am.”

There's a pause, and Arjm quickly slid the Gaiters on over their legs and stomped their heels against the ground before smiling.

“Then watch and learn from Arjm Djt-Setlas~.”

Arjm dashed out from behind the woman's shield and the soldiers fired at them before needing to reload their weapons.

Arjm lowered themselves down and sweep kicked one of the soldiers, making him spin in the air before dropping on the ground and getting their face...

SPLAT!!!

Stomped on.

“Mother told me men are nothing more than pathetic creatures...So if I came across any, I should remind them of their place~.”

Arjm pulled their heel out of the soldier's crushed face and moved to the next one.

Hands at their sides as a high raised leg drew the attention of the soldiers and then stamped down onto another soldier, **hard**.

The ground rumbled and shook, breaking apart as the remaining six soldiers lost their balance. Gwyn, the large man, was watching this scene unfold with awe.

“Goodness...”

“Gwyn, Love are you alright?”

“Y-Yes I am but...”

Arjm’s rampage continues, using nothing but their legs and feet to fight, as if testing the weapons they were gifted with glee.

Soon after, there were only two soldiers left.

“T-This Savage...”

“We need to retreat, we need to r–”

That sentence was cut short, Arjm was smiling and their leg was a mere ilm from their face before swinging forward and blasting the soldier’s head clean off with that force.

“I see...I can kick even harder than I thought with these on~...”

Slowly lowering their leg, Arjm turns their attention to the last soldier who fell over in sheer fright and tried to crawl away if only for Arjm to jump up and **STOMP** on their spine, digging into their back as they stomped over and over and over.

It wasn't until they stopped moving that Arjm stopped as well. The family they'd protected were terrified, all except the large man who'd been shot.

He stood up and walked toward Arjm with a laugh.

“Arjm Djt-Setlas, that's your name you said?”

Arjm turned to face the massive man before then and nodded.

“Yes...And you?”

The large man grinned as he laughed.

“Well, I'm Gwyn Fulgrim, the greatest Blacksmith to ever live~.”

End ~