

The sun shined brightly and warmly on the grass, everything seeming dry as the rainy days had come to an end. Spring had finally come to an end, the beautiful flowers that once bloomed now seemed almost dried out. It has stopped raining for a few weeks now, the hot sun taking away all moisture from the plants, the grass, the flowers and the trees around the village. The hot weather was slowly increasing throughout the days, summer had finally come. A new season meant a new problem, in spring it was either too many rainy days or allergies for some people. Summer means extreme heat waves, which some can handle well and some can not. Alaric was one to not enjoy the extremely hot weather at all, he despised it as it made him too sweaty, which meant his fur would get smelly fast and even frizzy at times. His hair would get oily fast and he would not find it amusing to hunt anymore in such conditions, meaning his hunger would get worse. Everything about summer was just awful to him, he wished for it to be over as soon as it even started. Someone as great as him should not have to deal with such conditions, hence why he enjoyed having members in his cult that had water or ice magic. To Make it a bit easier for him to survive such conditions, they either created a cold exterior for his mansion that would keep cool for a few weeks or make him cold treats. They did anything to keep him pleased and at peace, he was their leader after all and no one was allowed to disobey him. There he laid on a big couch, his servants attending to any of his needs. His hand held a glass of Barolo, one of the finest wines to exist. Of course Alaric had to own a few bottles of it, after all he owns a lot of luxury items. Where he has gotten them from is unknown, some say he steals and some say he bargains. He was enjoying the nice cold drink he had, resting and not having to deal with the outside that is called a summer heat wave. Alaric just wanted to stay inside for all summer so he can get it over with, but that is not possible as it will take long and he needs to at least go hunting a few times. "Hmmm, would a pretty sun hat fit me? What do you think, 006?" Alaric asked one of his servants, having given them all a number to address as. "It would look great on you, sir." His servant replied back to him. Alaric was pleased with that answer, so he ordered someone else to go out and buy a few sun hats he could try on. Maybe that was the solution to his problem, some proper equipment could help him in this hot summer to hunt. He took a sip of his wine, admiring his hand accessoires that he uses for hunting and battles. They are his greatest weapon, sharp enough to cut through skin like a knife into butter.

"Sir, why do you not go for a bath at the beach?" A servant of his cut through Alaric's train of thoughts. "Well that is where everyone else goes, so why would I? Although, a good nice bath does sound good. I might consider it." Alaric replied to them. A nice swim in the ocean would be great for him, salt water supposedly helps with someone's health and he would be cooled off from the hot weather, so it would be a win-win situation there. After his servant had come back with a few hats, Alaric decided on a white big sun hat, it fit perfectly to him and his style. Having also gotten lots of sunscreen he applied it on his fur, as he did not need his fur to get burned off or his skin. With this he and his friends walked all the way to the beach, seeing many other Skires that were there, but this was not a problem for Alaric as he still keeps a kind and innocent face in front of everyone else in the Village. Only his members and enemies of his know his true intentions. Everyone else just sees him as a kind priest who wants to help others and has some weird fashion taste. This is how Alaric wants to keep it, as he likes his privacy a lot and wants to keep a good image of himself. He laid down his stuff on the warm sand, stretching before slowly walking towards the water. His servants and him are a bit further on the beach than the others

as he does not feel like socialising today, he just wants to enjoy the nice and refreshing water. The sun though and the hot weather was already getting on his nerves, this is why he despised summer, but at least maybe this would help. He approached the water, putting his feet in first and feeling the refreshing water waves made him feel so relaxed. He went deeper into the water, watching some of the smaller creatures swimming in the clear ocean. Once he was deep enough in the water he started swimming, his furred cloak shining while flowing into the water. This was greater than what Alaric had thought, it might have even been amazing. "This is so great, I should have done this way earlier. Although I do not think I can stay in the water all day." Alaric told himself. He observed the other skires from afar, seeing them have fun, this made his heart hurt....he grabbed his necklace and opened the small pendant, revealing a picture of his ex husband. He misses him so much, after his husband just left him and never came back Alaric was never truly the same. Sure he kept his personality and everything, but there still was something lacking in him. Warmth.

Alaric missed having his other half by him, laughing at others with him, sharing sweet hugs with him and looking into each other's eyes while holding each other's hand....Why did he leave? Why did his dear husband leave him? No one knows, including Alaric, he just woke up one morning to find him missing and having no one else see or hear anything about it. Alaric snapped out of his depressive thoughts, wanting to enjoy his so-called new life. Maybe his husband would one day come back to him, would he? He continued his swim, the sunlight glistening on the ocean's surface while the air was filled with everyone's laughter. "Hey you guys, you can come into the water too. Do not worry I will not punish you for this, see it as a reward, my dears." Alaric called out to his servants, seeming to want them to have an equally as nice day as him. Hearing this they joined the water excited and happy, some were playing by throwing water at each other and others were just enjoying a good swim. "You really are like children sometimes, at least I am taking good care of you I would say." Alaric giggled while watching them. He might be one of the worst people to ever exist, but he still has a heart. This seemed like a nice activity for everyone, perhaps this would become a daily thing for Alaric and his servants. Spending the day at the beach and not feeling like death because of the awful heat, Alaric could also perhaps make some new friends if he started talking to the other people there. "So is this what I was missing out on for decades? Someone should have suggested this way sooner, ugh I had to suffer all those summers when this was a great solution to it." he told himself. He let himself float on the water, watching the sky, even if the sun was awfully bright it did not bother his eye. Instead it made it glow brightly red. His fur was all soaked up so his furred cloak just floated on the surface in all directions, looking a bit funny. He wondered how some other Skires that had these big coats of fur were able to swim, it must be a hassle when all the drenched fur becomes so heavy from the water it has soaked up. The ones with an aquatic host must be having a good time though, having the capabilities to swim fast and easily. What if he had some sort of aquatic tail, that perhaps could give him a lot of advantages, maybe even in fighting. Now his head will be filled with future ideas for himself and his power, boy will that be a looong dream. Maybe it could even become reality if he got the necessary stuff for it, boy will he be flexing that to his enemies and even make fun of them for it. And this is why an evil man should not have powers, but oh well.

Alaric and his servants spent most part of the day at the beach until they finally decided to go back home. He took a good old bath to shower off the salt from the ocean, after his bath he combed his fur gently and put on oil to keep it healthy and soft. He sat there on a stool, watching as water droplets dropped onto the floor. "What did I do....what was it about me that drove him away...I always did everything for him, I killed for him...Why?" his mind was foggy, his eye filled with tears that were dropping onto the ground. "My husband, my own husband, how could he do this to me...to us...why would he do such a thing...leaving me here alone, no answers to my questions....was i the problem? Is he dead? Or is he alive and just avoiding me like the plague?" he cried, his cries hidden by the walls so no one could hear him. His heart is still shattered, even after years of his ex husband escaping the mansion. Alaric would tell himself that he was a good husband, the truth is he was not. He was a manipulative and toxic man who his husband feared, his husband did not just leave out of the blue. He was escaping Alaric, escaping the torture he was being put through everyday. Alaric would slaughter or torture anyone who disobeyed, he had taken his husband by force to be with him. Had made him his husband and made him watch as he killed countless people. If his husband ever disagreed with him, he would yell at him. Alaric never let him go out of the mansion without him, he would never let him eat anything else other than what he ordered his servants to serve, which was meat from other skires. He forced his husband into cannibalism, he himself was the cause for his husband leaving and never coming back. But he lies to himself, he has shut down those memories and only kept the good ones. Making it seem as if it was a happy marriage that ended drastically and out of nowhere. It was all his fault and everyone knew it, but no one dared to speak up about it. They are not crazy enough to do so, they want to stay alive and to not be punished by Alaric. This will continue like this for endless nights, Alaric by himself crying while he blames everything else but himself. He will never accept the horrific and awful person he is, after all which evil person does so? They blame everyone but themselves, maybe one day this will become a lesson to Alaric. Perhaps the day that will come where he sees his husband again, or the day that he dies. Most likely it will be his death that will show him how awful he always was and that no one ever truly liked him, they just tolerated him and feared him.