

Kasim slunk into the pit, his body tense and muscles tight as he stood before the crowd. He sat on his hind paws, waving for more as his adrenaline ran. The roars of spectators defended. All eyes sat upon him as he gave a showman's roar. Standing on all fours once more he looked across the pit. His opponent entered.

The Mortician gave an amused smile at the sight before him. The same cocky leopard he had taken down just days before. He was sure this would be an easy win, all he had to do was rip open that thick scar on his throat.

He was unaware of the fire that burned in Kasim's chest.

Kasim wanted his blood on his paws more than anything, he would not fail again, not this time.

As a Roar rang out signaling the start of the match, Kasim would leap first. His bone claw guard leaving a deep gash as he clung to the leopon's shoulder surprising him at once. The Mortician reached for Kasim's side shoving him off only for the leopard to suddenly grip his jaw onto his face. The Leopon roared shoving hard, ripping the leopard from his nose.

Kasim tumbled and rolled back onto his feet startling the Mortician. Fire burning in his eyes. Kasim's tongue sliding across his muzzle to lick the leopon's blood off his lips. The Mortician stumbled a step back growling violently. Who did this leopard think he is?

The leopon and Leopard clashed repeatedly in the pit. The fight was brutal as flesh was torn and blood dripped along their faces.

The two stood apart catching their breaths.

This couldn't be. How was this the same weak, fragile leopard that had challenged the Mortician before. A hunger flashed in Kasim's eyes that made the Mortician inch back a bit more. The leopon produced a small object, downing its contents quick causing kasim to raise a brow. Was that... Blood? A wicked grin crossed Kasim's face as the two began to clash again.

Time ticked by. Even with the blood of his enemies the Mortician couldn't keep up with Kasim's wild pace. His determination to bring the cat down fueling his every swing. Kasim suddenly slammed a paw into the mortician's side, knocking the wind from his lungs. The leopon stumbled on shake legs but was given no time to regain his composure as Kasim flung his full body into his side, knocking the wind from him again. The Mortician fell to the floor with a thud, Kasim's paw pressing hard at his throat. They gasped for air before the world had gone dark.

Kasim hadn't killed him. No, he didn't want to do that. Instead he watched the outed feline's Chest rise and fall as he removed his paw. His right paw covered in blood he lifted it to his muzzle licking the metallic liquid off his claws.

This was a fine win.

The Mortician had fallen at his claws and Kasim was more than satisfied.

Kasim listened to the roar of the crowd.

His heart raced.

This is what he was born for.

Kasim would keep pushing his way through. He had to.

Just what awaited him, as he journeyed deeper into the pits?