

Don't Mess with the Master

Fiero took the unconscious Gobert back to his apartment and laid him on his huge couch while he took a shower. When he came back after changing to a fresh pair of clothes, Gobert started to regain consciousness.

So, Fiero walked to his kitchen and got a glass of water. When he walks over to the couch where Gobert is lying, he just utters his eyes open.

"Where am I?" Gobert asked.

"In my apartment," Fiero answered as he sat on the oak coffee table, and gave him the glass of water.

Gobert slowly sat up and took the glass of water from Fiero. He was drinking the water when he remembered what happened. The pub, the fight, and what happened in the car where he saw the huge cut in Fiero's abdomen disappear like magic.

He started to panic that he choked on the water he was drinking. Fiero took the glass from him and placed it on the coffee table as he patted Gobert's back as he coughed up.

"Are you okay?" Fiero asked.

Then Gobert looked at him with wide eyes, tears brimming around as he heaved.

"You... You..." he trailed.

"Me what?" Fiero asked.

"You were stabbed!" Gobert exclaimed and Fiero frowned.

"No, I wasn't. You are just drunk,"

Fiero lied, as he tried to handle the situation; his non-human situation.

Gobert slammed his hand on the couch as he glared at Fiero.

"I am not drunk! I barely finished my third bottle of beer, which I may add is like water, when those bastards came into the pub and started bullying me!" he spat.

Fiero frowned.

"That wasn't the first time they bullied you, was it?" he asked.

"That is not –"

Gobert spoke but Fiero cut him off.

"Tell me who they are and why are they bullying you,"

Fiero's tone sounded cold and sharp that Gobert felt a chill down his spine.

"It's fine if you don't want to tell me, I will ask them then,"

Fiero got up from the coffee table and Gobert's eyes widened as he remembered the brawl in the pub. He immediately grabbed Fiero's wrist, stopping him from leaving.

"Don't," he said.

Fiero looked at him.

"So, are you going to tell me?" he asked.

Gobert slowly looked up at him and replied.

"Fine, but you have to answer my questions too,"

Fiero nodded and then he sat down at the coffee table again.

"Alright, talk,"

Fiero said.

Gobert took a deep breath and started telling his story.

"The guy in the pub, his name is Sean and he is always with his minions Leonard and Ethan. We all went to the same high school and he was basically the god there. He picks on everyone whom he thinks is beneath him. And I am one of those who was beneath him,"

"What did he do to you?" Fiero asked.

"The lamest prank he did on me was sticking a kick me sign on my back, and the worst thing he did to me was back in senior year. He beat me up so bad that I didn't get to try out for Lacrosse. He was also not punished since it happened outside school and his father was some big-shot businessman from the founding family of our community," Gobert paused as he drank the remaining water in the glass.

"He continued to beat and harass me throughout the senior year and there was nothing we could do. When my father's business took off, we left before graduation to start afresh in Minnesota. Then I got lucky when I was accepted in Cambridge, but I didn't expect him to be here as well,"

"Did they mess with you before that incident in the pub?" Fiero asked and Gobert shook his head.

"Whenever I see them on the campus, I avoid them. I just did not expect to see them in the pub," Gobert said.

Fiero nodded and then he huffed.

"Don't worry about them. I will make sure they will never hurt you or make fun of you again," Fiero said, and when he was about to stand, Gobert grabbed his wrist.

"Now answer my question,"

Gobert started and looked at Fiero intently.

"You were stabbed, why aren't you hurt now?" he asked.

Fiero looked at him and then he removed his hold around his wrist.

"Gobert, once again, you were drunk. No such thing happened," he told him and Gobert scowled.

"You're unfair! I told you about my bully but you wouldn't answer my damn question!"

Gobert stressed and Fiero sighed. He needs to lie to continue to hide what he is. He then put his hand on Gobert's shoulder and looked into his eyes. His eyes turned red and he started compelling him.

"What you saw about me is nothing but a dream because you drank so much. Now you will go back to sleep and will forget about what you saw about me,"

After Fiero said that, Gobert repeated what he said like he was in a trance and then he slowly laid back on the couch and closed his eyes. When Fiero heard his soft snores, he took a deep breath and took the empty glass of water.

"You could have told him the truth before you compel him to forget. Where was the fun in what you did?"

Fiero heard his Lycan Cassius speak.

"What is the use of telling him if I was just going to make him forget?" he replied.

"It's always fun to see human's reaction to finding out the truth," Cassius said and Fiero rolled his eyes.

"I am not going to waste my time and effort, and I will not subject him to such a thing especially when he is a victim," Fiero said.

"Speaking of victim, you are a victim. What are you going to do with that bastard you dare stab you with a broken bottle?" his Lycan asked.

Fiero then walked over to the kitchen and washed the glass Gobert used.

"What I will do is give him a taste of his own medicine," he said as he put down the glass on a drying rack.

Cassius let out a wolfish grin when he heard Fiero say that.

"Ohh. That sounds exciting," he said and Fiero grinned.

In the silence of the early hour, in the frat house where Gobert's bullies reside. They went to bed as soon as they came back from the pub, after causing such trouble.

They weren't even remorseful about what they did or the fact they stabbed someone. They even laughed about it when they got back to their room.

Now that all three of them are sound asleep on their beds, clothes thrown on the oor with only their boxers on, something moved among the shadows. When that something stepped out of the shadows, it was Fiero.

After making sure that Gobert was in deep sleep, he left his apartment and he used his nose to track them and their scents led him to the frat house. He walked around the three-bed room, looking at the men snoring on the bed.

"This room is disgusting," Cassius said as they looked around.

Worn clothes, trash, and leftover food are scattered on the room's oor. The three study tables next to the beds are also filled with stuff, school stuff, and mostly junk.

"Pigs," Fiero mumbled and then he walked over to the bed where Sean, the guy who stabbed him sleeps.

"What are you going to do?" Cassius asked.

Fiero looked around and then he saw a box cutter on the table. He grabbed it with his gloved hand.

"This is for your years of torture on Gobert," Fiero mumbled and then he leaned over Sean and started carving words on Don't Mess with the Master using the box cutter.

After doing so, he walked over to the other guys and did the same thing. While Fiero does it, his Lycan Cassius is snickering nonstop. In the end, Fiero carved disturbing and explicit words on the foreheads of the three guys.

Once he was done, he put the box cutter back to where he got it after removing the blade, folding it like a piece of paper, and wrapped it in a piece of paper. Then he looked at his masterpiece.

"Don't ever mess with a master brats,"

Fiero hissed and then he noticed a small in the far corner of the room.

Fiero smirked and his eyes turned red. Then slowly the plant grew turning into vines that soon took over the whole room. Fiero smirked before he stepped back into the shadows and disappeared.