

The Black Stallion

Von abgemeldet

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Prolog: Punishment

This chapter was originally published on January 27th 2011 at Blue & Black community at Livejournal. Prompt: Growl - 200 words exactly.

Enjoy!

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Standing in a fairly dark room, surrounded by hooded figures that were almost twice as tall as him, Vegeta had no other choice, but to wait. He glared at the handcuffs he was unable to remove, despite of his Saiyan powers.

As the hissing and growling continued, Vegeta could not resist the urge to roll his eyes. He had always thought that the gods were more eloquent than this. Then again, he had not thought to get caught by them, either. And now they were debating on the punishment for his deeds.

Finally, the figure opposite to him took a few steps towards him.

"We, the gods of Deira, have decided to punish you for your wrongdoing, Vegeta, prince of the Saiyans," it hissed.

Vegeta was about to ask what the punishment was, when the creature raised its long hand. A tingling sensation that soon became a raging fire took over his body. It felt like his bones were melting. He screamed from the top of his lungs, yet he had the distinct feeling that no sound emitted from his mouth. Burning fire was replaced by an icy cold and with a final defiant glance at the gods, Vegeta fainted.

Kapitel 1: Choice

This chapter was written for the Blue & Black community at Livejournal and was originally published on February 6th 2011. The prompt was: Longing.

Have fun!

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Bulma Briefs sighed at the mirror's reflection. The black mini dress with fringes, the pink shirt she wore underneath it, the brown leather boots and the equally brown cowboy hat complimented her curves and made her look fabulous, but she doubted this cowgirl outfit was suitable for the journey that lay ahead of her. Then again, what could she expect from this jerkwater town?

Straightening her spine, she paid for the clothes, grabbed her tawny cloak and exited the small shop. The shop owner had told her to walk a mile to the east in order to find what she sought. Thus, Bulma hit the road.

It didn't take her long to reach the stables on the outskirts. Just when she entered the run down building, a weird smell hit her nose. At first, she suspected that the stables hadn't been mucked out for a long time, but when the smell came closer faster than she would have appreciated it, she revised her assumption. A man who was as tall as he was wide appeared, the distinct odour of rum was coming off in waves from him. If she hadn't been in such a desperate need for a horse, she would have turned on her heels.

"Hey chick, wanna buy a horse?" he droned.

Bulma hesitated for a second, but she nodded anyhow. He motioned her to follow with a gesture of his hand and then the man clad in a grey cloak shambled away. Bulma was surprised that in spite of the building's poor condition, the horses seemed all tended and healthy. Huge draft horses with friendly eyes were watching her; some of them had even bows in their manes. She approached them admiring the strength of these horses, but at the same time, she eyes them critically. These cold bloods were bred for heavy work like plowing and hauling. Her shoulders slumped down a fraction and she was about to ponder which horse she would choose, since she had to buy one, when a bloodcurdling cry echoed through the stables, accompanied by a loud bang.

The rum loving giant trotted towards the commotion yelling at his henchman, with Bulma close on his heels. At the very last stall, three stablemen were angrily shouting at the inhabitant of the box, one was examining his bleeding hand.

"That stupid beast has done it again, it has bitten me," he howled.

"Forget about it, the butcher will come tomorrow and get rid of it for us," his boss

replied.

When Bulma closed the gap on the owner, she could finally see the animal that had caused the ruckus. For a moment, she forgot how to breathe. She approached the animal inch by inch ignoring the warnings of the stablemen. Standing there, tossing angrily its head was a rather petite horse. Barely sixty inches tall, it featured rather short and wiry legs, firm fetlocks and small hooves. The muscles were lean, the croup rather level and the black highly carried tail was lashing indignantly.

"Everything will be fine," she cooed. "I won't let them hurt you. But I will only be able to help you, if you don't bite my head off. Deal?"

When Bulma opened the stall under the vivid protests of the stablemen and entered the domain of the snuffling horse, it seemed to relax a bit, for its tail stopped its whipping movements. She longed to touch the silky black coat of the stallion. It seemed so inviting, so soft. Reason was screaming at her and yet, she could not resist the urge. Tentatively she reached out and when it didn't move a muscle, her fingertips made contact with the coat. Encouraged by the horse's reaction, or the lack thereof, she moved closer and stroked the elegantly arched neck. Large onyx orbs were watching her closely; its nostrils emitted soft noises of contentment. Soon enough her hands were retracing the delicately chiselled features of the wedge-shaped head.

Just when her hands were combing through the black mane, she heard someone clearing his throat. She turned her head, glaring daggers at the stables' owner for actually considering selling this Arabian horse to a butcher.

"I'll take him," she declared in a firm voice.

She had expected them to thank her for buying the temperamental stallion, but instead they roared with laughter. It took the owner a few moments to calm down. He wiped off the tears from the corner of his eyes, before he spoke.

"And what do you want with such a feeble, little pony? Chick, I like you and I admire your bravery, but don't you think you would be better off with one of my other horses?"

Once more, Bulma turned her gaze towards the animal next to her. She had to agree that this horse was rather small, but so was she. However, the most important thing was that she had great distances to cover and her journey would lead her through the most dangerous deserts of this hemisphere. Arabian horses were known for their frugality and stamina and this vibrant stallion would prove his worth, she was certain of that.

"I'll take him or none."