King's Legacy

Chapter 9: Dreamland

By ashrhinos and ladyleatc

Leanna sat staring out the window of the transport car as they left the cemetery, her mind whirling with thoughts, most disturbing of those thoughts was the dreams she had been having the past night or so, they were so vivid that she seemed to be right there. what scared her the most, was the dreams made no sense...it was as if she was looking through another's eyes. the events and people in the dreams she had never experienced or seen before. "Lea?" Rohon said placing his hand on her shoulder, snapping her out of her thoughts," You alright?" the lioness looked at him and nodded.

Gaston paced in his room. He was in agony. Those dreams, invading his mind, he was scared to sleep in case in had more. They were nightmares....no....worse than nightmares. They were the nightmares of others. Hers. This had gotten him to thinking. If I can see her dreams, can she see mine? This was indeed a chilling thought. He was at liberty at the moment because he was hiding in a different body, a different face. If she saw that face. He had taken two decisions this very day. The first was that he had smashed all the mirrors, thus to avoid her seeing a reflection of him. Secondly, he was now trying to avoid sleep. He now felt sleep deprived and irritable. A taste of things to come.

The transport car pulled up to the front of the house, the two lions got out and went inside, Leanna went up to her room and changed out of her black clothing and went back down stairs. she went into the living room and picked up a bottle and poured herself a drink.

He lit his cigar. The smoke felt rough and new. His virgin lungs had objected mightily to this new habit. He poured a large drink and downed it. Then another. His eyelids drooped.

The lioness sighed and plopped herself down on the large sofa, she was tired, emotionally and physically exhausted. she sat back against the thick cushions and closed her eyes

By his third drink Schwenk knew he'd been stupid. The alcohol smothered him and booted his backside into sleep. Perhaps to dream.

It wasn't long before the lioness's tired body gave in and fell into much needed sleep.

Everything started well. He dreamt of being in the town, a town made of chocolate, fudge and marshmallow. His favourite kind of dream.

Leanna's mind started to wonder, all her thoughts that day started to manifest it's self into a might mare, she was in her father's house and walked up the stairs...she then went into her parents bedroom,

hearing a noise she hid into the large walk in closet. she looked and seen her mother come out of the bathroom, Leanna tried to speak, but she wasn't in control of what was happening, there was a flash of metal. she looked down, a gun appeared in her hand. she looked up again and seen her mother turn from the mirror, the look on her face was that of surprise the shock. the gun fired and her mother crumbled into a heap on the floor.

As he bounced his way along the marshmallow street other images started invading his mind. He headed towards a mansion. No! Not there.....not again. But he was in a rudderless boat of a dream. That bedroom. The old lioness, in a heap on the floor. The pain and the anguish was overwhelming. No.....not again. He dropped to his knees and covered his face with his lioness hands. Then he woke. Leanna tried to move towards her mother, but the scene changed, she found herself going down stairs, the house keeper looking at her with a smile, then shock as the gun fired again. The lioness screamed and bolted upright on the sofa.

Gaston washed his face again, clearing off the dripping sweat. That bloody lioness, not content with murdering me.....she wants to drive me insane! He raged inside his head.

Hearing the lioness scream, Rohan ran into the living room finding his daughter a shaking mess curled up on the floor. "lea? 'he questioned going to her side. "I'm going crazy," she sobbed.

Schwenk sat at his table. He glared at the bottle of booze. His friend, his enemy. There was nothing else for it. Eventually that lioness would need to die, to end this mental connection. He sighed, he had wanted to make her life hell and instead it was driving him insane.

"What are you talking about Leanna?" Rohan asked. "I was there...I shot them, "she said, shaking she could still feel all the hate and anger behind the violent act, "it was planned...it was all planned".

With a bang of the table he got dressed and hit the cold, dark streets. He needed to clear his cluttered head as best as possible.

Rohan got to his feet, "I'm calling the Doctor". "Please. No……you don't understand," the lioness pleaded with her father. "Leanna you need help," Rohan nodded and picked up the comms and called the family doctor.

After twenty minutes he reached the town square. It was deserted apart from his corpse hanging up in the middle. He puffed on his cigar and walked to the foot of the corpse. Tonight was the last night of it's public denigration. Tomorrow it would be burnt and it's ashes scattered on the floor to be trodden over.

"What now, you miserable bastard?" Schwenk said to the corpse, as if expecting some kind of answer.

"You're so smart....what now?! Why am I going mad whilst she enjoys life??" he growled. His body was contemporaneous, but his mind was in the future. "I don't belong here! How do I get back??" he

seethed. "GIVE ME AN ANSWER!!!!!" he dropped to his knees, holding his head as he shouted that echoed in the night.

Rohan tried to comfort the lioness until the doctor arrived, an kindly old cougar had arrived at the lion's house, Rohan quickly explained what was going on, "I'm afraid the stress has finally gotten to her, "Rohan said shaking his head. "understandable, "the cougar nodded and opened his medical bag. "I'll give her something to calm her down". "what !..no, "Leanna protested, "please". "Lea, it will be ok" Rohan nodded. "no," the lioness growled and tried to get away as the doctor took out a needle and walked towards her, "it won't hurt you, it will only make you sleep". "noooo.." the lioness screamed as her father held her tight, "don't make me go to sleep, "she begged as the doctor poked her arm with the sharp syringe.

He picked himself up of the cobbled floor. He looked up one last time at himself. It smelt of rotting flesh and tiger piss. "Some help you were!" he snorted. He decided on a different plan. The lioness could wait. The heat was off, Claudus was far less protected again. Maybe the future could be yet saved. He needed to plan another attempt. Not sniping this time. No. A bomb, something indiscriminate and total. He paced around the corpses stand. But where? He smiled "Maybe you will be useful one last time. He supposed the royal family would at least have their chance of crushing his ashes under their regal feet. It would happen and it would happen here. He smiled, a crumb of comfort at last. Schwenk decided to stroll back home.

The lioness put up a good fight, but it was the powerful sedative that finally won the battle. as strong as she was , her father was a lot stronger as he held her until the drug finally kicked in. she stopped her struggling and went limp in his arms. "she'll probably sleep for the next eighteen or so hours," the doctor said. "if she continues to be agitated I can admit her to hospital for a evaluation". "thank you, "Rohan nodded and seen the doctor to the door before taking the lioness upstairs to her room to sleep.

On his way home Schwenk stumbled and held his head. "What the....." he said. He hurried home through a haze. He got into his house and his vision was swimming. "Shit....no....." he collapsed to his bed and passed out. Dead to the world. Dead to this world at least.

Rohan put his daughter to bed and went back down stairs, he picked up the comms, he had to speak to Lion-O. "my Lord...we have a problem with Leanna," he said and cut the connection. If there was any hope of saving Leanna Lion-O would know a way.

Schwenk was standing back in the town square. This time it was daylight and was packed full of people. He looked around and tried to mingle as best as possible.

It wasn't long before the Thundercat lord arrived at the lion's home, "I came as quickly as I could, "lion-O

said as the elder lion let him in. "it's Leanna, "Rohan said shaking his head, "I'm afraid, she's losing her mind". He took Lion-O into the living room and told him what had happened.

There was a party atmosphere in the town square. Bundles of faggots and would had been stacked underneath his corpse. Sick animals. He thought. He remained on the very periphery of the crowd. By a shop, closed for the celebrations. He lurked in the shadows of this dreamland. There she is!! The lioness was nearer the centre of the crowd, she was alone, not with the Thunderguards.

Leanna stood silently watching as the rotting corpse of Gaston Schwenk was being prepared to be burned, she didn't want to be here, she didn't want to be a witness to this, it was bad enough she had taken his life, but this was almost too much.

She looks pained....upset.....why? he continued to observe her.

She tried to back away from the scene, but the crowd at her back pushed her forward as they tried to get a better look at what was going to soon happen.

Fascinating! he looked at her. She doesn't want to be here.....so why is she then?

The lioness was pushed forward until she fell at the feet of the rotting corpse, looking up she screamed," What do you want from me!" she demanded. "You continue to haunt me, please...just leave me alone, go find peace and leave me alone"

She's shouting something. But he couldn't hear the words over the crowd. She's clearly distressed. Bizarre? Strange behaviour from the murderer herself. He pursed his lips and watched, arms folded.

A strong arm grasped her and pulled her to her feet, Leanna looked and seen Lion-O. "light it, "He commanded pushing a lit torch in her hand. "no, "Leanna said shaking her head. The lion growled and grabbed a handful of her long dark hair," Finish your job, "he snarled, "Light the fire". The lioness was once again pushed forward, the torch dropped from her hand, there was a loud swoosh sound as the fuel lit. the crowd cheered as the corpse lit.

Ghoulish! He shivered. He almost felt sorry for the lioness. Almost. The flames shot into the air. The whooped and cheered at the sight. Schwenk's corpse was soon consumed by flame, most of his 'juice' had dried out over the past few days. Schwenk's new eyes drilled into the back of the lioness' head.

The smell of fuel and rotting flesh was too much for the lioness's sensitive nose, she turned and ran through the crowd, bolting down a dark alley, she emptied the contents of her stomach in the middle of the alley way.

Well, well, well.....who knew she was so fragile! he grinned. Maybe these dreams are not so bad, after all.

Finally emptying her stomach on the ground, Leanna stepped back and slumped against the cold stone

wall. she looked up the entrance to the alley, she could of sworn she was being watched.

He swayed backwards, behind an elderly leopard. That was close, too close.

Leanna sat back and ran her hands over her face, trying to compose herself, she didn't understand what was happening to her.

He swayed out again. She looked rough, uncertain and out of place. An advantage. She has no idea what's going on. He smiled.

Leanna tried to sort out the dreams she had been having, places and faces she didn't know, the murder of her mother and house keeper. her eyes widened, "No, "she whispered,, "can't be...he's dead" she said and got to her feet and walked out of the alley and seen the humans remains fully engulfed. but it was the only thing that made sense.

Lioness thinking now. Interesting. He continued to observe.

Leanna watched but her mind was again full of questions, "how can this be?...he's dead. I killed him," she thought. but somehow, she was living and remembering events from Gaston Schwenk's past.

He merged into the crowd. This dream was happening for a reason, but he didn't quite know why yet.

A chill ran down the lioness spine, she looked through the crowd of people. There was something out of place.

What she looking for? He wondered. She's actually looking for something!

The lioness moved into the crowd, she sensed something and had to seek it out.

Something.....or someone! he was motivated into action. He watched and slowly slipped through the crowd in the opposite direction.

The lioness spotted movement and followed

He decided to move away from the square, into town, away from the hundreds of prying eyes.

Leanna followed the one figure who was moving away from the crowd

The dark alleys offered a sanctuary. He headed for the nearest one, from which to regard the crowd and his lioness.

Leanna kept following, she was now on the hunt. Whoever this was held the answers to the millions of question that bombarded her mind

He slunk into the alleyway and peeked out into the throng. Where is she?

Out of no where like a ghost, the lioness appeared, "who are you?" she demanded to know.

He was stunned, but hid it well. He looked at her uniform. "Officer.....is there a problem?"

"Yes," she hissed, "who are you...why are to torturing me?" she asked moving closer

"Who? Me?" he acted genuinely shocked. "Torture? I was just watching.....that..." he pointed at the

fire.

Leanna stepped forward, "who are you? "she asked again and looked into his eyes, then gasped, "those eyes...she knew those eyes"

"Van Dort.....Richard Van Dort....." came the nervous reply. "Please.....officer.....you're scaring me....." he acted timid.

The lioness grasped his arm and pulled him out into the light, and looked at him closely, she had never seen him before, but he seemed so familiar, she studied his face, but it was his eyes that she found so haunting. she seen those same eyes on the human she had killed.

"What are you doing?? I really must protest....this is too much!"

She leaned forward until her was nearly nose to nose, "Gaston?" she questioned, "Gaston Schwenk?" she replied watching for a reaction.

Nothing. "Who?"

The lioness wasn't fooled, "what have you done to me? "she growled and pushed him against the wall

"I will call for help!!" he warned. "You're going crazy!"

“How have you done this? "she asked, "how can this be happening?"

"Last chance.....back away or I will scream!"

The lioness's expression changed, "what ever it is you are doing...I'm begging you to stop"

"I am NOT doing anything....." he raised his voice. "You need help!"

Leanna clamped her hand over his mouth," keep quiet, "she growled, "please...just stop...just leave me alone, it's done and over with, there is nothing I can do, so leave me alone"

He kept quiet. If it stayed like this. It would be perfect.

The lioness looked around to make sure no attention was drawn, "I’m sorry for what happened, if that will give you any peace"

"You're crazy....." he repeated softly.

"I'm beginning to think that myself, "she admitted and released him then stepped back, she turned around and started back towards the crowd.

He watched her go. Clearly rattled. Excellent. Maybe we should push her over the edge. He smiled.