

Jenova Hunters

By [Celyne](#)

Prologue

"To the City of Sin." The blind man told his pet, a dragon like creature with feathered wings. It was so tiny it fit in a pouch that he wore around his waist. It looked horrible, but it cooed cheerfully bringing a smile to the blind man's lips.

He prodded the dusty road with his wooden walking stick and continued his journey. For days he has traveled from a remote village, hidden in the mountains which surrounded the plains of Midgar. His handicap not being a hindrance to his journey. He has faced fierce creatures and defeated them without much difficulty. Midgar. He referred to it as the "City of Sin." It's greedy rulers turning him to what he is now, and torturing his people, destroying their lives and bodies beyond repair. He was not like his people. He was considered as fortunate to still retain his handsome, human features. Long black hair that flowed to his waist. His body was slim and muscular and would have been the envy of bodybuilders all over the world. He had flawless, fair skin. He was stronger than any human, more agile and fiercer in combat. This was the result of the countless chemicals that was infused in his cells when he and his people were turned into human guinea pigs. His people, were not as lucky as he was.

He lost his sight a few years ago, and now covers his eyes with a strip of cloth. Yet, he can see more than what anyone thinks. And in his mind's eye, he could see some of the traitors, who have turned against their own people in the pursuit of science.

"May I ask for water?" The blind man asked as three men passed him. He couldn't see their faces, but he could sense a hostile aura about them.

"Sure , if you can afford it!" The other men burst out in laughter and continued down the road, shoving him aside. He regained his balance before he hit the ground and turned around, bringing out his dragon like pet from his pouch.

"I shall give you this bird, in exchange for a drink."

The three men continued laughing at him and at the ugly creature he held in the palm of his hand. "Get lost, ya' creep! And take that mutant chicken with you!"

He shook his head sadly and returned the animal in his pouch. "Your evil ways have not changed. Development has corrupted your minds and you refuse to help those who are in need. Now, I shall refuse to help you as those you condemn destroy you."

"Oh, yeah? You and what army?" One of the men yelled back at him, holding the blind man up by his collar. As he shook the steadfast man, they heard a blood curdling cry. It was unlike any animal they had ever heard, and it was not human. They staggered back against each others, in fear as the source of the cries stepped out from the bushes. Five humanoids. Standing a few feet taller than them with clawed hands and feet. Fangs running down the sides of their mouths and their eyes glowing hot-white against the dark shriveled membrane that was once their skin.

They did not have time to scream before they realized that their bodies have been torn apart.

The blind man turned his back on them and continued walking down the path to the city of sin. Revenge was painted on every bloody step he took.