

# Lord Bloodgrin: Teeth

By Athena Scott

Lord Bloodgrin was catapulted from sleep by the explosion that rocked the plane. He was no longer cold from his run in with the Zodiac the previous evening. His mind immediately began categorizing and filing away the chaos erupting before him.

He had been so deeply asleep that the fact he was looking through an enormous hole in the fuselage of the plane didn't register as real. He looked around at his fellow passengers contorted faces and realized they must be screaming. He realized he was screaming and promptly shut his mouth. He allowed just a bit of The Curse to come forward bringing an enhanced calm and focus he desperately needed.

Suddenly the three rows of seats in front of him tore loose and flew through the ragged hole in the plane, tearing the heads off the half dozen or so passengers that occupied them.

Blood, bone, brain and teeth rained back on Lord Bloodgrin. He was very glad that he had shut his mouth moments earlier. The roaring was overwhelming, he'd never heard anything half as loud as this. Suddenly the sound multiplied tenfold as a new hole magically opened on the left side of the plane in the spot where the wing meets the fuselage. Flame poured in the hole and began to cook the unfortunate souls near it alive.

Somehow the screams of the burning passengers became louder than anything. The stench of burning hair and flesh hit him with the force of a bullet. One of the burning passengers had somehow gotten free from the blaze and was running down the aisle dropping pieces of burning flesh as they ran. The flaming passenger made it as far as Lord Bloodgrin's seat before collapsing to their knees. The fire had destroyed this poor souls vocal cords and lungs, yet their jaw moved rhythmically up and down trying to speak. "This is just about as bad as it can get." Thought Lord Bloodgrin seconds before the burning man's eyes popped and shot into his face adding to the gore already resting there.

An involuntary laugh burst from his mouth. The sound was drowned out as an enormous buckling occurred with a horrendous screech as the plane tore in half. Looking up from the body of the

crispy eye popper he saw a little girl standing in the aisle about a foot back from the rapidly growing space between the front and back of the plane. Lord Bloodgrin was seated 5 rows from the rift. With no thought he undid his lap belt and leapt toward the terrified girl.

He began to allow The Curse to come forward so he could make it to the girl in time. A piece of the plane tore loose and was launched toward him. Instinct alone caused him to turn in the air saving himself from being sliced in half. Regardless he wasn't able to completely dodge the metal which took his right leg off at an almost forty five degree angle above his knee. His scream was loud enough to compete with the hell happening all around. The last thing he remembered before blacking out was reaching the girl and wrapping himself into a protective ball around her.

Consciousness returned to Lord Bloodgrin so slowly he thought he was still asleep on the plane. A bolt of pain from his severed leg shot up his spine bringing him back to reality. "Mister?" A small voice from beside him. Lord Bloodgrin groaned and opened his eyes. "Mister are you ok?" He looked around without answering. Water and debris all around and maybe twenty or so people that had somehow survived the explosion and subsequent crash. He also noted dozens of bodies bobbing in the water. "Fuck." He muttered.

"Mister are you ok?!" The girl repeated. "I'm alive." He croaked. He lifted his right leg and felt around gingerly. A tourniquet had been applied roughly six inches above the wound. "Did you do this kid?" "Yes, my mommy is a nurse, she taught me." Tears began to stream down her face and she sniffled. "Do you think she's ok?" "I've been calling out to her forever. Mister I'm scared." Before he could say a word one of the surviving passengers began screaming in a high pitched voice, "SHARKS!!!!" Not shark, sharks. Lord Bloodgrin began to scan all around but saw no sign of a shark let alone sharks.

He was about to tell the woman to not cause a panic when an enormous Hammerhead shark surfaced and sank its teeth into her shoulder. Her scream was horrendous. The shark began to shake her back and forth, ripping flesh with ease. Seconds later her left arm disappeared into the shark's mouth as it slipped back below the surface. Arterial blood showered the old man she was sharing a flotation device with. Shock kept her lips locked, she stared vacantly at the spurting stump that moments ago was her arm.

Without warning a fifteen foot Great White shark launched itself into the air. It came down mouth first on the woman and sheared her in half. Shark fins began to break the surface all round them. A

survivor close to them let go of the small piece of debris he'd been holding and swam towards a row of seats floating nearby. He almost made it. Almost. He was hit from both sides by two sharks simultaneously. He was ripped in half so violently that his intestines were launched ten feet in the air. He didn't even have time to scream.

He barely registered the girl's screams as he slammed his face into the water and looked down. Mars Bloodgrin had seen many sights in his life that would horrify a normal man, he had never really felt fear. Seeing the hundreds of sharks swimming below them positively terrified him. Raising his face from the water he whispered, "Were fucked." Glancing at the girl he said, "I'll keep you safe for as long as I can." "I don't want to die mister." He looked away from her. "Mars." "Huh?" Without turning back he repeated, "Mars." "My name is Mars." "Oh." "I'm Star." "Well Star we need to get to high ground if we want to make it out of this."

Mars knew from past experience that severe injury can keep The Curse Of The Scion from coming forth. The Curse dedicates itself to healing injury. He'd never been able to force The Curse to work while severely injured, unfortunately if he couldn't get at least a blade out he and the girl would most certainly perish. "I saw something that might be useful when I looked underwater. I'm going to go down after it. I need you to be brave and be as still as possible." She didn't answer. "Star did you hear me?" She gave him a quick, small nod. "Good girl, I'll be right back." Mars took a deep breath and submerged himself.

He had no idea if he could force The Curse to work for him under the circumstances but he was going to give it his all. He caught movement in his peripheral vision, he whirled in time to find a massive mouth full of razor death bearing down on him. The Curse came upon him and shot a five and a half foot blade from his mouth into the shark's nose. He grabbed the blade, twisted, and pulled all in one motion. The beast died instantly. Another meat machine was headed straight for the girls dangling legs. Mars shot underneath the Mako and disemboweled it with ease. While not human the blood he spilled invigorated him. He let The Curse fall back and surfaced. Star squealed and threw her arms around him. "All that blood I thought they got you!" "Not a chance, now let's get to that high ground."

Lord Bloodgrin did a quick scan of the area to see how many survivors remained. He spotted eleven out of the original survivors, scratch that an airborne shark took the man's head off. "Ok, twelve of us. Can I keep twelve of us safe?" They swam to the old man on their way to a large piece of the fuselage. "Grab hold sir, we're headed for higher ground." The old man looked him in the eyes for a long moment. He must have found what he was searching for. Mars held his blade out to

the old man. "You'll have to hold this for me, and don't hesitate to use it." A strange look came across the old man's face and he let out a small sigh. "Is there something wrong?" Mars asked. "Nuthin son, start swimmin'."

The old man's quickness with the blade surprised Mars, he took out three massive sharks on the short trip to the piece of fuselage. Lord Bloodgrin help Star and the old man to relative safety. Star and the old man help haul Mars out of the water. "Damn son you're missing a piece." He handed Mars his blade. "You're one tough sumbitch." The old man extended his hand and said, "Arthur." He took the extended hand and shook it. "Mars." Screams began to rise behind them, causing them to turn their attention back to the other survivors. "Shit." Down from twelve to seven. Mars moved to get back into the water, Arthur grabbed him by the arm, "Don't." "There's four of em and their too far away to reach. Especially bein down a peg."

It was only a matter of five minutes before the four were gone. The water all around them was blood red and was boiling with sharks of all sizes and species. Star was sobbing softly. "Are we safe Mars? Can they get us?" Lord Bloodgrin loathed lying under any circumstances so he told the truth. "I don't know Star." No sooner had the words left his mouth there was a huge thud from below and the piece of fuselage bucked wildly. "MARS!!" Star screamed as she tumbled over the edge. With no thought the full force of The Blood Curse came over Mars as he heaved himself after Star. The piece of fuselage flipped dumping Arthur into the water.

Sharks, so many sharks Mars thought every shark in the ocean must be there. He loosed blade after blade from his mouth killing shark after shark. He began to become blood drunk which further added to his frenzy. "THE GIRL THE GIRL THE GIRL!!!" Ripped through his mind over and over. He swam through blood and viscera slick with its heat. He was almost to Star when the biggest shark he had ever seen surfaced and swallowed her whole. "NDDDDDDDD!!!" His scream shook the bloody water all around him. The enormous shark disappeared into the deep. In his rage and grief Lord Bloodgrin completely gave in to the Blood Curse for the first time in his life.

When he came back to himself he was back on the fuselage with Arthur. As far as he could see the ocean had become blood. Chunks of flesh bobbed everywhere. With obvious reverence Arthur looked at Lord Bloodgrin for a long time before he spoke. "I ain't never seen no shit like that, never, and son I've seen some shit in my time." "Arthur what did you see exactly?" "Sumthin I ain't seen in years, sumthin I been running from for a long goddam time." Mars nodded, it wasn't the answer he wanted, but it was an answer. "How'd you survive the sharks?" Arthur rolled up his shirt sleeve exposing a naval tattoo of a battleship "The USS Indianapolis" "This ain't my first rodeo son." "We

got torpedoed an' almost two thousand bodies went in the drink an' 315 of us ever came back out." "The water looked like this here, all bloody an' fulla parts." "Never saw so many goddam sharks in my life til today."

"Summthin wasn't right about the way these sons a whores acted here." "Yes something off happened here Arthur." Arthur glanced down. "How's that leg." Lord Bloodgrin looked down slightly surprised to see that his leg had grown back. "Reckon we got some stories to swap." Mars chuckled. "Yes I suppose we do." They both looked off into the distance. "Too bad bout the girl." A dark look passed over Mars's face. "Yes, too bad."

The two survivors began to tell each other long and fascinating stories. Each More than a little surprised at the various details.

A mile or so away from the survivors a girl that looked to be ten years old but was in fact much, much older sat in the mouth of a Megalodon shark. She couldn't hear what the men were talking about but she knew nonetheless. She smiled revealing teeth like a shark. Unlike a shark these teeth were metal and impossibly sharp. She began to sing quietly to herself, "Twinkle twinkle little Star mister Z knows what you are. Twinkle Twinkle Lord Bloodgrin I can't wait to see you again." She giggled to herself and laid back into the sharks' jaws which closed. The shark sank beneath the waves.