

# Teen Wolf

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*Well, the title kinda says it all. Read and find out more! ^\_^*

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**Chapter 1 - Yep. This is a chapter. I'm pretty sure of it.**

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## 1 - Yep. This is a chapter. I'm pretty sure of it.

The moon was high and full, and I was locked in my room... again. As long as I could remember, I had always transformed on the full moon. This was strange because not one person in my family had a drop of werewolf blood in their veins. I had not been bitten. Why was I this way?

Anyway, something strange happened that night. I somehow escaped the confines of my locked up bedroom and ran out of the house. Some blind rage had overcome me. It had been pent up for the last fourteen years. Now, it found its way out.

I roamed the streets of the small, mountain community in which I lived. I wildly ran away from civilization, away from that cramped room in which I was held prisoner. I ran and ran until I found myself halfway up one of the mountains that surrounded my village. I was free! At least for the time being.

I knew, somewhere in that moon-corrupted mind of mine, that I would have to go back when the moon disappeared from the sky. The thought of it made me growl. This was not fair. Why was I so unlucky? Why did I have to be pent up every month? The questions poured from my mind and were released from my soul in a mournful, anguished howl.

Suddenly, the fur on my neck and shoulders stood on end. Something or someone was behind me, watching me. I spun around swiftly and leapt. I landed on a large form. My eyes focused, and I found that I had pounced upon a wolf. Not just a wolf... a werewolf. One of *my kind*.

I immediately freed him from my grasp. He looked at me with radiant, turquoise eyes. I was under love's spell as soon as I looked into those deep, pained eyes. I stared into those eyes sympathetically, trying to convey my thoughts without speech. I knew he understood.

He slowly got up and just stared at me. I looked at him. Scanning his entire being for any wounds I may have caused. He seemed to be unhurt. I finally forced words out of my mouth.

"I-I'm so sorry," I uttered in my menacing, wolfish voice, trying to sound as sweet and apologetic as possible, "I thought I was being stalked. I've been kind of stressed lately."

"Don't worry about it," he replied, sounding almost human with an English accent, "you're much nicer than most of the women I've met. One of them tried to snap my spine. Oh, please pardon me. I've forgotten my manners. I'm Luther, and you are?"

"Silvanis," I said, trying to control the shaking of my voice, "it's nice to meet you Luther. Um... you're the first werewolf I've actually met."

"What? Are you a lone wolf, because if you are I'll just-,"

"No, no," I interrupted, hoping he would not leave, "my family has been so worried about me and what I

might do, they've kept me locked up in my room. This is the first time I've escaped.”

“Oh,” he said, surprised, “ I thought that you have been out before. The way you protected yourself back there- well, it took some experience.”

“I guess it was luck,” I mused, “or maybe instinct.”

“Yeah, well, whatever it was, it really impressed me.”

Was he falling for me too? I hoped with all of my heart that he was. We talked for hours and walked in the moonlight, admiring the silver-painted scenery. Soon I realized the moon was setting and the sun's golden fingers were creeping over the mountains. This meant I would transform back and be completely and embarrassingly naked.

I said a quick goodbye and promised I would see him again, but I did not know when or how. I gave him a short, tight hug and ran. On all fours I sprinted through the trees and down the mountain. I scrambled through the streets leading to my house. I believe I scared a few cats along the way. Whatever the case, I got back to my house and into my room just in time.

When I regained use of my opposable thumbs I locked the front door and crept back into my room to await my family's awakening.

Day finally broke and my family slowly rubbed the sleep from their eyes. We met at the dining table for breakfast. No one spoke. As a rule, none of us were to speak of my transformations, not even to each other. To us, werewolves did not exist.

During the silence of breakfast, I lost myself in thought of Luther. I asked myself how old was he? Was he that interested in me? Is he English? How did he get here? Will I ever see him again? All these thoughts swam through my now clear mind, but none would be answered.

For once, I looked forward to the full moon. Time crawled by. Finally, after much homework, channel surfing, and sleeping, the full moon came. I was bursting with excitement!

Just to see Luther again brought a walking-on-clouds feeling into my transformation. This time it did not hurt. Instead of the sensation of millions of needles poking through my skin, there was a friendly tingle. I actually enjoyed morphing that night. Could a crush do this to me? What else did it change?

Using my previous technique, I freed myself late that night. I padded to the front door and opened it with much difficulty. After at least an hour, I escaped. With all the force in my wolfen legs, I ran. I did not even think of slowing. I wanted to reach that mountain. What seemed like an eternity later, I found it.

My heart in my throat, I reached the site where Luther and I met. To my heartbreaking surprise, he was not there. I sat there and whined. Tears streamed from my eyes. Did he really not care for me? A howl burst from my throat. It was echoed by another voice!

I spun around hopefully. There sat Luther, painted silver by the moonlight. He grinned at me with his huge canine teeth.

"I didn't think you would show up." I said.

"I'm sorry," he said reassuringly, "I was... let's say... delayed."

"Delayed? What do you mean?" I asked.

"Well, someone met me on the way. We don't exactly see eye to eye. He tried to gouge out mine. But enough about me, how was your month?"

I explained to him that not much had gone on and how I longed to see him again. To my surprise and pleasure, he told me how he had missed me and how he longed to see me too. I blushed under my fur. Then, in one of those so-close-to-kissing-but-not-quite-yet moments, the moon hid behind a cloud. I could not see his lips. Darn it!

The moon eventually unveiled itself, but the desire to kiss subsided. We resolved to take a walk and talk. He told me a little about himself and then (being the courteous wolf he is) asked me about myself. Before a word could escape my lips, a large shape jumped out of a large clump of brush onto Luther.

Suddenly, my wolf instincts took over. I leaped onto the offender and pried it off. I then rolled on top of him and kept him pinned to the ground. I regained composure and looked at my quarry's face. He was a vampire.

Looking up at me, he bared his teeth. His breath smelled of stale blood. Luther gently pushed me aside and picked the vampire up by the collar of his clothes.

"Can't you see we are in the middle of something?" Luther asked.

"Well, well, well," the vampire replied coldly, "is widdle Wufer having a widdle womance? Ha! No one would fall for you, you oaf."

Angered, I said through gritted teeth, "Then obviously you haven't met me."

"My apologies," said the vampire, "I have forgotten to introduce myself. I am Zaine. Luther has been very lucky to win your pity... but I think you are more suitable for a better man, like me."

I jumped up and knocked Zaine out of Luther's paw. I raised a clenched paw, and then threw a punch. Before it hit Zaine, Luther caught it.

"This is my fight." He said.

"He insulted me too," I argued, "I think I deserve to take a punch at him."

A smile came over Luther's face. He removed his hand from my fist.

"Be my guest," he said smiling, "just give me a turn when you're done."

I raised my fist, and stared hard into Zaine's eyes. Suddenly, my anger melted away. Some type of fear and sadness in those eyes stayed my paw. I backed away. Zaine smiled mischievously.

“Am I that appealing to you miss? Or will your bodyguard do the dirty work for you?” hissed Zaine.

“Your not worth it,” I shot back, “ you might just fowl my paws with your ugliness.”

“Are we just going to be shooting insults at each other all night,” asked Luther impatiently, “ or are we actually going to settle some scores?”

My anger towards Zaine was overruled by sudden curiosity. A thought crept into my mind. This vampire was Luther's “delay”. Luther answered my question before I could ask it.

“This rat with wings was my delay, Silvanis. You see, we've been butting heads for a long time. Believe it or not, this *thing* was once my best friend.

One night we were investigating a “haunted house” on a dare. One thing led to another and we found a coffin upstairs. A vampire popped out of the coffin. Zaine was his prey. I didn't know what to do, so I slung him over my shoulder and ran out of the house.

I had heard vampire-lore and I knew Zaine and I would be in trouble if I didn't find blood for him. I ran into the woods to find a small animal to be Zaine's prey. That's where my curse came in. It found me. He was large and brown and hungry.

He took a bite out of my arm, but before he could attack further, Zaine sprung to life and saved me. Then, he turned on me. He flew into a rage about me taking him from the house. He wanted to stay and serve his master. How was I supposed to know? Vampires weren't my specialty. *Werewolves* however, kept me interested.”

Zaine glared at Luther. He bared his teeth and hissed evilly. The moon reflected in his dark, venomous eyes. The moon! I had completely lost track of time. The moon was setting. I could not leave this time. I had to help Luther.

Thinking quickly, I picked up a stick and hit Zaine on the head. He immediately lost conciseness. I left the job of taking him to his coffin to Luther.

“ I need to leave now Luther. I'll meet you next month.” I said quickly.

“I love you!” He yelled as I ran from him.

“I love you too Luther!” I called.

I could feel my tail shortening. There was no time to lose. I ran as fast as four legs could carry me. I reached the front door of my home not a moment to soon. I locked the door and crept into my room.

“Sanctuary.” I panted.

Nothing happened in the time between that night and the next full moon. I'm serious. **NOT A THING.** I tried to keep myself occupied by trying to find a "Luther" at school. There was not one. Yet another thing to ask him about.

There were so many questions I had failed to ask him. My brain was teeming with questions that I would always forget to ask. *Not this time* I told myself. Well, maybe. What if Zaine interrupted again? I wanted to scream.

I asked these questions over and over again, but no answer came. The night of the full moon finally came. Once again, I felt no pain during the transformation.

This night I realized that my voice had changed as well. It was no longer a growl, but sounded like... well... like me. I actually could think without my mind clouding. There was no doubt my love for Luther eased my pain.

I snuck out again that night. I was walking on air. On my way to the mountain, I snapped playfully at cats, held conversations with dogs, and skipped (as well as you can with four legs).

When I reached our spot Luther ran to greet me. There was no sign of Zaine. We embraced and took one of our monthly walks. Neither of us spoke, we just stared intently at each other. I tried to make my mouth form words, but they came out as a gentle whine.

"What's wrong Silvanis," he asked me, "are you unhappy?"

"No, not at all," I choked, "I- well this may sound dumb- but my mouth froze. You've got that effect on me Luther."

"Well I'm sorry to hear that," he said, smiling, "maybe I could loosen it like this."

He leaned forward and gave me a kiss. I looked at him and tears filled my eyes. For once, they were happy tears. I hugged him tight and a howl exploded out of me.

"Apparently my idea worked." Luther said.

"Yeah," I sobbed, "it did."

A shadow suddenly covered us. We looked up, and saw a large bat. It was black, with very familiar eyes.

"Zaine." Luther whispered.

"What do we do?" I asked.

Without a word, Luther grabbed my arm and we ran. We ran until we reached the top of the mountain. I looked around. This territory was unfamiliar to me. Strange smells enveloped my nose; smells of other werewolves. We were in a male's territory. I prayed he was not territorial.

A head appeared over a nearby ridge. It belonged to a large, chestnut-colored werewolf. He walked over

to us. I noticed that he had a very long stride. I had seen this lengthy stride before, but I could not remember when. Luther seemed to know him. The two walked a few feet away as if wanting to keep a secret from me.

The two wolves whispered to each other and Luther occasionally laughed during their hushed conversation. He soon led the chestnut-colored werewolf over to me.

“Silvanis, this is my brother, Cato. I haven't seen him in months. We were split up during a hunt. He has volunteered to let us stay with him until the night is through.”

“Thank you so much,” I said to Cato, “I really... we really appreciate it.”

“Oh, it's no problem,” he replied, “anything to help a friend. Even if it's my brother's friend. Come, let's go inside.”

“Inside?” Luther and I asked in unison.

“Yeah,” said Cato, “I've got a nice cave on the other side of the mountain. It's not far.”

We followed Cato over the mountain. Soon we came to a pool with water that sprung out of the ground. The pool overflowed into a stream. There, a waterfall formed. Cato strode over to the waterfall and walked into it.

Luther and I followed. We found ourselves in a large cave. We shook the excess water off of our fur and sat together on the stone floor. Suddenly, a strange thought entered my mind; it then escaped from my mouth.

“I don't mean to pry,” I said as politely and innocently as I could, “but how did you become a werewolf, Cato?”

Cato looked surprised, “Oh. Well, um... You see, my brother and I always share, and he decided one night to share the curse. He bit my ankle on the full moon several years ago. From then on, I always called him The Little Ankle-biter. He *is* my little brother.”

I blushed.

“I'm sorry, I didn't mean to be nosy. I just wondered...”

“No, don't worry about it. I'm not ashamed of this,” he said, “it's... well... natural to me.”

We all laughed. All of us had felt that way since the first transformation. The night passed quickly. Too quickly in my opinion. This night I could not see the moon. I did not know that it was setting as we laughed and talked.

I figured it out when I saw Luther's tail shorten and ears lower down to where they normally would be. Only his eyes stayed the same.

"I've gotta go," I shrieked, "I'll see you next month!"

I shot off into the darkness. I was butt-naked by the time I got back home. I silently crept into my room and pulled on some clothes. I opened the door only to see my parents standing in the hallway. My mom tapped her foot impatiently.

"Well young lady," she said sternly, "where have you been?"

"I... I..." I stammered, and then thought up a quick lie "I was outside looking at the moon. I couldn't help it."

My mom's look softened, "Why didn't you tell us sweetie? We were worried sick that you had been found out. Someone could have shot you. You know how it is."

I nodded. "I'll tell you next time." I promised, and then I slipped back into my room.

Heart it my throat, I leaned against the door. *Close one*, I thought. I abruptly remembered that I had school the next day. I needed sleep! I hopped into bed, and pulled the covers up to my neck. I fell asleep quickly.

The morning came too soon. My alarm shouted its wake up call in my ear. I responded by picking it up and throwing it against the wall. It immediately stopped its wailing. I got out of bed and went through my daily routine of eating, showering, cleaning myself up, and collecting all of my school stuff.

I barely walked out the door when my carpool group pulled up. I tripped and landed in a puddle of mud. Good start for a day, don't you think? I cleaned myself off and got in the car. Sniggering, my friends greeted me.

When we reached the high school, I slipped on the wet pavement and slid into a nearby wall. Rubbing the lump on my head and the bruise on my butt, I entered the quad. The rest of the day wasn't much better. At least, it wasn't until my last class. A new student had arrived. I listened for his name in roll call.

"Angelina Lincoln," the teacher called.

"Here," she replied.

"Luther Lupinstar," the teacher called in the same monotonous tone.

"Present," replied a familiar voice.

My ears perked up. I looked around to see where he was sitting. He was in the next row of desks, sitting one person back. I turned around and smiled warmly. Yes, the eyes were his.

"Pssst," I whispered out of the side of my mouth.

He looked up from his notes that he was copying from the board. He looked at me and almost jumped out of his seat.



"It's you," he whispered excitedly, " I didn't know if you came to this school. I'm so glad you do."

"I'm glad too," I replied under my breath, " at least, now I am."

The teacher rapped a ruler on my desk, causing me to jump. Glaring, she told me rudely to stop talking or I would get a detention. I immediately got out a piece of paper and began taking notes. When the teacher turned her back, I stuck out my abnormally dog-like tongue in her direction. Luckily, no one saw me except for Luther, who chuckled quietly to himself.

That class passed very slowly. Each minute was an eternity. Finally the second hand moved up to the twelve on the class clock and the bell rang. Luther and I walked to the bus together. We chatted about the trials of being a werewolf, how he liked the school, and our hatred toward our rude teacher, Mrs. Craftapple.

"I think we should pay her a visit this full moon." Luther joked.

"Yeah, maybe we could even foam at the mouth a little." I said.

Another voice joined our conversation.

"Toothpaste should be sufficient," said the voice, "it normally looks realistic."

We looked around for the owner of the voice. Suddenly Luther laughed. He pointed toward the front of the bus. Cato was driving. No wonder his abnormally long stride caught my attention. My carpool always passed the bus lot on our way to school, and Cato was always walking up to his bus.

Many of the students on the bus were impressed with Cato's hearing abilities. Like I didn't have them as well?!? Oh well. It was better they didn't know. Being shot would be a rather unfit price to pay for being noticed.

In the weeks that passed, Luther and I got many detentions for talking. We did not care though, just the thought of being together made it bearable. Before I knew it, the full moon rolled around again.

The moon rose and I transformed again. The transformation was very pleasurable. The fur tickled as it popped out of my skin. The fangs did not hurt or cause bleeding. The tail did not feel like a stick forcing its way out of my skin.

Now, I had to just slip out without my parents noticing. I padded across the hall and into the living room, there I found them. My mom and dad were sitting on the couch waiting for me. There was no way out. I stood in the threshold of the hallway hoping for an excuse to pop into my head.

"I was just getting a glass of water," I croaked, "though, it would be pretty hard not to break the glass."

My parents chuckled nervously. What, like they'd never seen me in my wolfen form before? Geez. Eventually we made our way outside. I shot a hateful glance at the moon. Why me?

*As soon as they look away I'll run.* I kept telling myself that. They didn't look away. Then it hit me. What if I acted the part of a werewolf... the kind that have rabies and growl and snap at anything that moves. Drama class was finally going to pay off.

I let a growl escape from my pulled back lips. I bared my teeth, ran on all fours, I even lashed out at my dad when he tried to grab the scruff of my neck. I didn't bite him though, I'd never do that to anyone. When I had sufficiently scared my parents, I ran out of the back yard. I ran until I reached our meeting spot. Luther and Cato were waiting for me.

"Where were you?" asked Luther.

"My parents cornered me," I said, "I couldn't get away."

"Glad you could make it," Cato added.

"Guys," I said, "could you do me a favor? My parents are probably going to lock me up on the next full moon. Maybe you could do the whole "big bad wolf" thing. You know, growl, bare your teeth, that kind of thing."

The two agreed to the plan. We walked and talked in the moonlit scenery, not paying attention to what or who was around. The trees suddenly rustled. All at once something shot out of the bushes, Cato fell to the ground, and my legs were knocked from under me. Before I could get up, I was pounced on by the dark shape. A familiar smell hit my face and a recognizable voice fell upon my ear.

"Hello again," said Zaine, "I didn't think we would meet again. Small world eh?"

My paw shot up and wrapped itself around his neck as if it had a mind of its own. He tried desperately to pull it off. As a snake would, he began trying to bite my hand even though his teeth would not reach.

I effortlessly shoved him into the ground. I pinned him under his chin. I had seen the same thing happen before. A large dog had put his jaw around another dog's neck and forced him into the ground, showing superiority. Apparently the concept does not work as well with vampires.

"I like `em feisty." Zaine sneered.

With that, he shrunk into his bat form and slipped from my grasp. Luther jumped in an effort to catch him, but he had flown too high. When Luther landed, his legs crumpled under him. He snapped his... well what was left of his fingers in frustration.

"Batty wretch. If I could just catch him," he growled, "I'd rid myself of that pest."

"You'll get him," said Cato calmly, "you've got it in you. You can drag down a deer, you can certainly catch a measly bat."

Luther cheered up a little. The night continued slowly and quietly. I looked uncomfortably around. I had never seen Luther mad. As I averted my gaze, I saw a pair of catlike yellow eyes in a clump of brush. A strange smell hit my sensitive wolfen nose. It was a cross between dog, cat, and human. I had never

seen or smelled such a thing. I inched my way to the bushes on all fours.

The eyes disappeared suddenly with a rustle. I ran into the bushes and came out with a large cat thing by the scruff of its neck. I held it up and sniffed it... What was this thing?

"It looks like a kitty," said Cato in a little baby voice, "how cuuuuute."

I looked at him curiously and he smiled embarrassedly. Both he and Luther came over and sniffed the strange beast. It was about as big as an eight-year-old kid. It stared coldly at all of us.

"Do you mind," it asked in a strangely beautiful, small voice, "I was looking for some mushrooms."

I gingerly put the creature down. It looked up at me with a frown, then picked some leaves from a nearby bush. It sampled them and spat them out.

"Ugh," it said, "Indian gum. I can't stand the taste of it."

I bent down to the small being's level and asked, "If ya don't mind my askin', what are you?"

"A brownie." It replied.

"Brownie?" I asked

"What, are you dumb? Yes, a brownie." Said the cat person.

Then the brownie commenced to tell us just what brownies were. They were cat- people who loved to eat plants and had the acute senses of a dog. She explained her name was Tatiana.

"Are there more of you?" I asked her.

"Not here," she replied, "but there are a lot of us in Yellowstone. We hide pretty well, so people don't see us."

She shook our paws and bid us farewell. As she left, we could hear her singing loudly and saw her disappear among the trees and bushes. I hoped we would see her again soon.

