

A Wolf's Loyalty

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I suck with titles but the story is pretty good. It's short too for the people with attention spans like mine. So here is my story!

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Chapter 1 - A Wolf's Loyalty

2

1 - A Wolf's Loyalty

The black wolf used her mate's shoulder as support. She was badly wounded from the attack of the fox tribe and the rain only made it harder to walk. That tribe was usually weaker, but they never fought as an army. The female wolf yelped when she stepped on her hurt paw.

"Are you okay?" her white mate asked. She nodded her head.

"I'm fine, Kiba," she replied weakly. Kiba nudged his nose under her neck, sliding her head onto the top of his.

"Good," he said, "We'll have to get you and the pups some where soon."

"Sanzo-chan," a tan wolf said around the pup he was carrying, "The pups are getting restless." She looked to see that her three newborn pups were wiggling, hungrily.

The grey wolf pointed out a cave with his wounded paw. "Let's stay there for now, while we wait for the rest of the pups to arrive," he said to Kiba who was looking at Sanzo's swollen belly.

"Fine," Kiba replied. They walked into the cave out of the pouring rain. Sanzo layed down near the back of the cave. Kiba layed next to her allowing her to rest her head on his back. The young, brown wolf trotted over to them to lay down too, but Kiba growled at him.

"Fine," The brown wolf said, "I'll sleep by Tsume." He walked over to the grey wolf.

"Get over here, Toboe!" Tsume growled playfully. Toboe growled back, lowering his body to the ground. The other wolves watched in amusement as Tsume and Toboe rolled around the cavern playing.

After a few hours of trying to tear each other's necks out, playfully, they layed down to sleep; Sanzo and Kiba layed towards the back and Hige, the tan wolf, Toboe, and Tsume were guarding the entrance of the cave.

Eventually Sanzo had three more pups but, out of all six pups, only two survived; a black and white one and a pup so white, she was almost blue. The white pup had something odd about her; she had two symmetrical patches of black fur on her shoulderblades, but the proud, yet depressed, parents ignored them. When the rain dwindled to a simple drizzle, they were off again, Kiba carrying the male pup and Sanzo carrying the other pup.

"Get the rabbit, Harin!" screamed Sanzo as she groomed her female pup.

"Quit, Mom," she said, struggling to avoid Sanzo's tongue, "I'm a year old. I can clean myself." Kiba smiled as the pup ran from her mother's grip.

"What a brat," he said as he layed next to Sanzo, "Soon they'll be asking to hunt on their own."

"Ugh," Sanzo groaned, laying her head on her paws, "Harin already hunts all on his own; let's never let Kimile grow up."

"We can't stop her growth Sanzo," Kiba replied, "Her growth is a way of life that no one can change; just like the past and it's all needed to make the world we have today."

"I know," Sanzo murmured, leaning her head against Kiba's back, "but I want to hold onto our children just a little longer. They've grown up too fast. I just want to see them as pups again; when they depended on me for food, shelter, and comfort."

"All parents want that, but you can't remake the circle of life, Sanzo, and everything could change it." She sighed, watching her pups scamper off. "I'm gonna miss them being pups though."

"Don't," her mate replied. "You can't have them young again. You'll just have to wait for them to have pups of their own, then you'll be a grandmother."

"I can't wait for then." Both of the wolves saw Kimile and Harin pounce on a rabbit. "Can we have more

pups?"

"No," Kiba sighed. "I want more too, but out of six, they're the only two that survived..."

"I know."

"...And we don't want that to happen again, do we?"

"No," Sanzo whined. "I guess your right; we'll just have to wait for the next generation."