

# One of a Kind

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*Yeah, I'm not sure where the heck this story's going, but I gotta few things in mind... Just read it!*

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**Chapter 1 - Chapter One**

**2**

# 1 - Chapter One

I looked out the window at the semi-setting sun. The moon was almost full. Almost time to go into isolation...

It was just me, Matt, Casey, Lan, Scarlett, and Molly. We were the only ones of our kind and we weren't ashamed. We were proud. We were boastful. But we were a secret. But we were in pain. Being one of us takes a toll. The only time we feel fine is on a full moon, but we don't get freedom easily.

"Helena! Helena, c'mon!" Matt called impatiently from his locker, pulling away my train of thought.

Already, our group was clustered around him.

Matt was like the leader of us all; he tells us what to do, and we do it without hesitation.

*Like we could hesitate if we wanted to...* I thought bitterly.

Throwing my books in my bag, I walked quickly over. A girl, one of the preps named Mary-Anne, brushed past me in that snotty "I'm better than you, get out of my way" way the popular kids do. Her perfume smelt really good. Irrisistable. No, I'm not a lesbian or bisexual or anything like that! It's just some part of me, that instinct really, that kicks in. My eyes followed her hungrily.

"Helena," Matt's firm voice came, tearing my eyes away from Mary-Anne.

Thakfully, that snapped me out of it. I shook my head to clear it and walked the short distance to them.

Lane took my hand immediately.

Lane and I aren't dating or anything, we're just like brother and sister...For me at least. You see, Lane imprinted on me last full moon. Another instinct. Another lesson for later. He started to hum to "Darling" by Eyes Set To Kill. It's our favorite band. With our fingers intertwined, we walked with our group.

Scarlett was singing along with Lane's humming, her voice utterly amazing.

I glanced over at Molly and Casey. They had one hand in the other's back pocket. Molly was so tiny compared to Casey! She was very petite with amazingly blue eyes. She wore tons of makeup that made her look like a raccoon, but she looked gorgeous in it. Molly's skin was very pale. Her hair, a platinum blonde color, was poofed up a bit and had streaks of hot pink at the bottom. Her shirt was a coral tank top with a black tank underneath. She wore faded, skinny jeans that had writing on it and a few holes. In other words, she was stereotypically "scene".

Casey, on the other hand, was one of those "emo" kids. He had jett black hair that fell over one eye and stuck up all over the place in the back. Like Molly, his skin was very pale. He had a blood-red DC shirt on with a hoodie over, sleeves rolled up. His pants were sagged. I've always wondered how boys can walk without their pants dropping. Poor Casey had been having some issues with cutting himself (See? Stereotypically "emo") and had bandages covering his wrists up to his elbows.

Molly felt my gaze and turned to look at me. Her dark, almost all black makeup contrasted with her skin and made her beautiful eyes stand out. She was extremely pretty.

"You okay?" She asked me in her high, soprano voice.

I nodded, "Just spacing out...Sorry!" I apologized.

She gave me one last glance and returned her gaze forward again.

Living in mountainy Colorado, there are naturally, mountains! Yes, I'm "Miss State The Obvious" thank you very much. Ask Lane, he should know. Anyway, we have a cave in the side of a mountain that serves as our home. It's wel hidden by trees, grass, and all the other plants that make up the undergrowth. No one knows about it except for us. And, to add to that, no one can track us easily and find their way into the cave.

After walking for a while, we came to the small dirt trail that led half-way to our home. We made sure no

one was watching and slipped into the brush, Matt leading the way. About five minutes later, Matt raised his hand to signal us to stop. Lane gave my hand a squeeze and a toothy grin.

Lane was a "skater" boy. He had that cool, floppy hair that was a nice brown color. His eyes were shiny and green. He had darker skin than Molly and Casey, but it was still pale. To be honest, he was very handsome. At school, tons of girls swarm around him like bees to honey, asking him out again and again. He always rejected their dating requests. He won't date anyone because of me. I sometimes feel guilty for that.

Matt sniffed the air and nodded silently. As weird as this may seem, we stripped down till we were all naked. It doesn't bother us to show some skin; we got used to it long ago. Matt gave a howl and a tremor shot through his body. In a matter of seconds, a wolf was standing in his place. We all convulsed like Matt did. Bones shifted, broke, and rearranged themselves. Fur covered every inch of our naked, changing bodies. Teeth elongated and our nails grew to claws. And, just like that, I was on all fours. The others were wolves as well.

Matt was a dark brown color with a single white paw. Scarlett was a nice, red color. Lane was a light brown, just like his human hair color. Molly was white with black ears. Casey except for the single white streak over his left eye, was completely black. I was a dark gray with light gray paws and ears. We all had the same, weird red eyes. All of our ears were longer than normal wolves. Our muzzles were longer, too. Our paws looked a bit too big for our slender, yet muscular bodies. Our tails were long and fluffed a bit.

Lane pressed his pelt against mine and licked my ear. My face got hot under my fur. Matt barked, grabbing our attention, and flicked his ears. He sniffed once more and bounded off in the direction of the cave, his muscular build fading in the undergrowth. Lane and I exchanged a glance and took off after Matt, running side by side. I heard Scarlett give a little yip under her breath and head after us. Casey and the tiny Molly followed soon after Scarlett. Scarlett, with a wild wag of her tail, shot right past me and got to Matt's side, keeping pace with him.

Just like Matt, we have to obey Scarlett. But, we can hesitate with her. She doesn't have as much power over us as Matt does. When she's not a red wolf, she is a pretty girl. She had red hair that flows down pretty far down her back. She's beautiful, but not in the Molly way. Scarlett has a nice face and a great body, one that every girl dreams of. Her skin is nice and pale, her eyes hazel. Scarlett normally wears clothes that make lots of the boys drool over her.

With my legs working hard and my breath coming out in short *wooshes*, I ran on. When we're in our wolf-form-- or maybe "Werewolf" is a better term-- we don't tire easily. We can run for days before stopping. Trust me, I've done it before.

With bushes, branches and twigs whipping my face, I let out a happy bark. Don't worry, those little things don't hurt.

Lane let out a yip, telling me we were almost there. Just a bit more. Lane and I, eventually, broke through the wall of growth and landed in the clearing before the cave. Matt and Scarlett, who had raced each other, were already there, in their human-form, and dressed.

A slow tremor rippled through my body. I took my bag off my shoulder, which, as a wolf, I wore as a collar, and grabbed my clothes. I dressed quickly. Lane followed my lead.

A while after I'd changed clothes, I heard the sound of running. I turned my head in the direction of the noise and was just about to ask Lane if he knew what it was, when Molly and Casey burst into the clearing. Molly was on Casey's back, her lip trembling. She wasn't in her wolf-form, but she had her clothes on again.

Scarlett was at Molly quicker than anyone else. She helped Molly off of Casey's back. Once she was off, Casey shifted back to his human-form. His wrists weren't covered anymore by the bandages and I could easily see the red welts and dried blood. Shuddering, I returned my attention to Molly.

"Molly Dear, what'd you do?" Scarlett asked in her motherly voice, though we were all 15, with the exception of 14 year old me, and there was no way she could have been our mother.

"She fell and jarred her shoulder when she tried jumping over a fallen tree. She twisted her ankle, too." Casey answered for Molly.

"You poor thing, you just need to rest it up," Scarlett mumbled, "Or, Casey could-"

"Yeah, I think it would be best if she had some to drink," Casey, who had quickly pulled on his pants, nodded.

He came to Molly's side and lifted her up like a little baby.

"All you need is a little," He cooed her.

Carrying her over to a tree stump, he sat down. Casey made sure Molly was comfortable on his lap and held his wrist to her mouth. "Drink."

Molly took his wrist and sank her teeth into his skin. Her insisor teeth grew a tiny bit, making her fangs act like an anchor. Casey sucked in a sharp breath at the pain, but kept a straight face. I could hear Molly gulping down his blood. A very eerie sound. She'd stopped crying and a hungry look made its way across her face.

"Molly, that's enough," Casey said, pulling his wrist from her mouth.

Molly gave his bloody wrist a longing look, then nodded. Casey's blood was dripping down the sides of her mouth, making her look like a vampire from the movies. With a relieved sigh, she snuggled into his chest.

Blood always makes us feel better, and it actually heals us, too. Molly's twisted ankle wasn't swollen anymore and her shoulder seemed to be fine.

Now, there must be some question in your head, wondering what we are, exactly. To be truthful, I have no idea. Matt, Scarlett, Casey, Molly, Lane, and I consider ourselves a crossbreed between vampires and werewolves. Of course, Lane had to give us a name to call ourselves (None of us actually go by it though):

WereVamps...