

Teen Wolf II

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Silvanis and Luther are back for more adventures.

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Chapter 1 - Untitled

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1 - Untitled

As the full moon set, the three of us traveled to my house so Luther and Cato would know where my house was. Our plan could easily be carried out. As our snouts and tails shortened, we parted and I quietly entered the house. My parents had fallen asleep on the couch. I crept past them and snuck into my room.

The next month's full moon was an ominous blood red. I transformed in my room and once again was led out into the back yard by my parents. This time, however, they chained me to the rock wall that surrounded the yard. I hoped Cato and Luther would show up soon. Meanwhile, I growled and snapped and howled just to scare them. By no means did I want to be comforted.

An hour of this passed, and finally the two other werewolves showed up. Their performance was convincing... almost too convincing. Luther ran and snapped at my parents and Cato growled menacingly.

Then, the unexpected happened. Something in Luther's brain snapped. He actually almost bit my dad and was advancing on my mom. I, in fear and anger pulled the chain out of the wall and ran to hold him back. Cato rushed at him before I could make it. Cato bowled him over and kept him pinned to the wall.

I came in between him and my parents and wolfen instincts took over. I growled and the fur on my back stood up. I looked into his eyes and to my astonishment they were the exact color of the full, blood-red moon watching our predicament.

"Cato," I growled, "let him go."

"But..."

"Let him GO!"

He obeyed and dropped his paws. I took over. If all that could make Luther act like a rabid dog was instinct and the full moon, then my instinct might reverse the effect. It was worth a try. As an alpha wolf would, I firmly placed my jaws around his neck and forced him into the ground. Immediately his eyes cleared back to that vibrant turquoise they were before.

As I looked into them they teared up. I let him go and he ran down the street and out of sight. My parents followed his path with their eyes. I looked at them and wagged my tail, then tore after Luther. Cato followed.

I could barely see him as I shambled down the street. He was heading toward Cato's cave. We sped up in an effort to catch him.

"What happened back there?" I asked Cato.

"I'm not sure," he panted, "maybe it had to do with the color of the moon tonight."

"Huh," I pondered aloud, "why didn't we change?"

Finally we reached the base of the mountain. Luther was not far ahead. We shot off to the left into a clump of trees, sped up, and turned back to the normal path. As expected, we were in front of Luther. He skidded in the dead leaves that blanketed the floor. Tears were streaming down his muzzle.

"I'm sorry." He choked.

"No harm done," I replied as I hugged him, "it wasn't your fault."

"Yes it was," he whispered, "a voice told me to attack. It said *attack, just attack anything*. I don't know why."

"I do," Cato cut in, "it was the moon. I mean look at it, it's red. How often does that happen? It must have some strange effect on you."

We shrugged off the occurrences. A familiar rustle came from the bushes behind us.

"Stay where you are!" yelled a small voice, "You almost smashed those redcaps with those clumsy paws of yours!"

"Geez," I laughed, "rather protective of our mushrooms aren't we Tatiana?"

She stuck out her tongue in mock anger, and then laughed. We all laughed with her and finished the full moon talking with Tatiana. I sneezed almost the whole time. Why did I have to be allergic to cats?

The time came for us to return home. I gave Luther a quick peck on the cheek and ran off to my house. There, my parents were very jumpy. Even though I was back in my normal human form, it was like they thought I would suddenly maul them or something.

The next day wasn't much better. I got tangled in my covers and fell out of bed. I stubbed my toe on the sink while dumping mouthwash down my white shirt. Then I accidentally stepped on my dog's tail who in turn bit my ankle.

School got a little better. Luther and I hung out during passing period and played against each other during P.E.

"You're goin' down!" he yelled above the sounds of rubber balls bouncing against the gym wall.

I grinned and threw a ball at him. It hit him square in the stomach. He feigned pain then stuck his abnormally dog-like tongue out at me. I returned it with a raspberry.

The next few periods dragged on for what seemed like forever. The constant drawl of the teachers, the tapping of pencils against desks, and the chewing of erasers all drove me insane.

Finally last period rolled around. Luther and I had taken to passing notes instead of talking. The teacher was so blind with concerns about her salary she didn't notice. He inconspicuously leaned over and dropped a note on my desk.

Next time I'm going to cream you at dodge ball. You just got lucky.

LUTHER

I snickered to myself as I wrote a reply.

Ha! That's a good one. So when do you think we can do that prank on the evil woman teaching us Algebra 2 right now?

Hmmm. Maybe next full moon? I'll get Cato to bring some toothpaste for the "rabid dog effect".

As I read this, I felt something strange. A familiar prickling all over my body. Then my tail ripped through my pants. Thinking fast, I covered it with my jacket.

"Wha?" Luther mouthed.

"I don't know," I whispered, "my tail, it just... I don't know."

As I finished saying that, my wolfen ears popped out of my head. I grabbed Luther's hat and pressed it down over my ears. With one hand pressing the hat down, I raised my hand. Then I brought it quickly down again. My claws were shooting out of the tips of my fingers.

I raised my hand halfway. The teacher pointed to me.

"May I use the bathroom? I really gotta go."

"Take the pass," she droned.

I tucked my tail into my pant leg and ran out the door. The campus was barren. Everyone was in class because we only had one lunch. I hid behind a dumpster wondering what was going on. By now I had completely transformed. Somewhere in the distance I heard Luther.

"Silvanis!" he called.

“Silvanis,” he yelled, now sounding desperate, “where are you? What's going on?”

I came out from behind the dumpster.

“I'm here,” I said, tail between my legs.

I looked at him. His tail and ears had sprouted too. His snout elongated as I looked at him. I teared up.

“What's going on?” I sobbed.

“ I don't know,” he replied, “ I just don't know.”