

Brayden's Night In

By Uncle_TWA

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Written for Bray, my kitty friend. He deserved to have a win, seeing as I usually end up eating him. ^^ I hope you like it Bray. It shows you as kitty and Green Beret, in all your splendor!

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1 - Brayden's Night In

It was, as usual, a quiet night. Bray the kitten was lying peacefully in front of a warm fireplace. His "owners" were out on the town as usual. All was peaceful and calm. Bray's little ear twitched gently, having thought he'd heard something. Getting up the little cat began to trot through the house, examining every corner, and making sure nothing was amiss. Once it was all clear, he decided to get something to eat. After going into the kitchen, Bray eyed the high cupboard where the cat food was kept. Knowing he couldn't reach it, he closed his eyes, and, in a flash, had used his "supper kitten ninja abilities" to change into his human form, a 6'1" Green Beret. He smiled and grabbed for one of the cans, amazed that even in human form he was still attracted to the stuff. After opening it with his trusty "John Wayne" (A little military terminology never hurt! ^-^) can opener, he transformed back to his original kitten self and lapped up the delicious wet food.

But Bray's ears didn't lie. There was something sneaking around outside the house. A dark, looming figure. It had been watching Bray for the past week, waiting for the right moment to come in and dine on the small, white cat. It licked its chops and stared into one of the windows, seeing the helpless cat lost in the joys of wet cat food. The "owners" had made one mistake, and left the flue open to the chimney... how the creature knew that was beyond comprehension. Somehow, it managed to get onto the roof and look down the chimney, to see the warm, inviting glow of the inside. It grinned and began to slide down the warm, brick opening, awaiting his coming dinner.

At the same time, Bray nudged another log into the fire... As soon as he did that, a sudden, dark figure fell straight down into the glowing fire. There was a moment of silence as the figure stared out at Bray, who had leapt back in surprise. The kitten was staring face to face with a large, black wolf. But it wasn't for long. The wolf leapt out of the fire in a display of embers and whimpers, yelping in pain from the heat and ferocity of his entrance. Bray couldn't help but fall back onto his white, fluffy back and laugh his little brains out!

After a good five minutes, the wolf reappeared. This time, his wonderful black fur was half burnt off, revealing his pink rump. He growled and went to find the cat that had caused him so much pain. But Bray was not to be found. He walked around the house at least twice, and couldn't find the tiny meal. With a growl, he lay down in Bray's spot in front of the fire and thought it out. What the wolf didn't know... was that... NOBODY... sits in Bray's spot... As he sat there, something gleamed and caught the wolf's eye. He couldn't follow it until the object had stopped... and sunk straight into the ground about two feet in front of him. At first, the wolf couldn't figure out what the object was... Then, he realized it was a knife! An x-acto knife! And judging from the trajectory, he was able to figure out where Bray was.

The little kitten had taken up a prime position on the mantle over the fireplace... Along with his collection of 72 or so x-acto knives... The kitten looked down evilly at the wolf, holding one of his knives at the ready.

"Um... hey there..." began the wolf, trying to talk his way out of this one, "Um about the breaking and entering... I... hehe..."

"Out." Was all Bray said, with a smile, rearing back his paw with a knife in it.

"Well, I mean... that is..." A knife flew through the air, missing the wolf by a few inches and sinking deep into the door. "YIPE!"

"Out!"

"I... I... Hungry?" He was getting more and more nervous, sweat beading off the lupine face and dripping on the floor."

"You're leaking sweat... on my spot..." Another knife flew through the air and barely missed the wolf's paw.

"That's not all I just leaked..." cried the wolf that was breaking down almost in tears. All he wanted was dinner!

"You... Bastard!" cried Bray, getting a whiff of the wolf's musk emanating off the floor.

There was a loud rustling in the next room, followed by the wolf bursting out of the door with about five or six knives sticking out of his body. The intruder skidded into the next room, the kitchen, only to be followed by Green Beret Bray. He was cornered, unable to go anywhere, and leaking blood on the clean floor... all the more reason for the angry kitten turned human to take revenge.

"Please! I don't want to hurt you!" cried the wolf, begging on his paws and knees. "Just let me live! I beg of you!" Bray smirked and threw another knife for shock value, sticking it in the intruder's chest. The wolf gave a yelp, and begged louder, "I've got a mate and two pups! Please don't kill me! You've humiliated me enough!"

"I gave you a chance to leave..." grinned Bray.

"You threw knives at me!!!"

"But you would have lived..."

"You terrorized me! You made me piss myself and the floor!"

"And you'll pay for that."

"How the hell will I pay for it?! It's not like I have any money!"

"Ever heard of the fur trade?" Bray grinned again, and fingered another knife. "I can make a nice bed out of what's left of your fur..."

"My fur?! You're sick! You're a sick kitten!"

"Sick? No... Sick would be eating you...! ...speaking of which..." He grinned, "I'm starting to run out of cat food... Maybe you'd like to hand over that pink little rump of yours instead?" He took a step closer to the wolf who was scampering back as fast as he could.

"You're insane! Why would I willingly get butchered?"

"I never said it was going to be willingly..."

The sound of a battle ensued, which rang out through the night. It awoke neighbors and startled citizens out on quiet walks. After a good four hours of screaming, fighting, and scratching, everything fell silent... Eerily silent... Police arrived wondering what the commotion had been. They were amazed to see the house in shambles, every square inch apparently attacked, clawed at, knifed, burned, broken, squeaked, or plain obliterated! And yet, there stood Bray, in his Green Beret form, greeting them happily. There was nothing the police could do, so they simply left.

Bray walked back into the kitchen and took in a whiff of the wonderful smells coming from the oven. He grinned and opened it up, revealing the furless, whimpering wolf. It looked back up at him, sweat rolling down its face. He had been trussed back like a turkey, with strong rope holding him in place. The only thing the wolf could be thankful for now was the fact that Bray hadn't gone and stuffed him like a turkey!

"You smell delicious," began Bray, taking a small brush and brushing some of the wolf's juices back onto him. "Another hour or so, and you'll be ready for the table. Heh... sure beats cat food any day."

The wolf simply couldn't speak back. He had a shiny red apple shoved into his mouth, making speech impossible, as well as making him appear much more succulent. The Green Beret closed the oven and walked back to his spot by the fire. After a little circling around, he transformed into a kitty and fell fast asleep on his new, wolf-fur rug, dreaming of the delicious dinner he'd be having soon.

Written for Brayden, who deserved to end with a full stomach, seeing as I'm usually the one who eats

him!

Written by: Uncle TWA