

Chapter 1: Haircut Day

It was the morning after another one of those crazy nights. The sunlight was beaming through the windows wishing everyone a good morning. Toby woke up to the sounds of the birds chirping in the trees, a chirping so loud it made your head throb in pain. He growled and grabbed the pillows covering up his head, as if hiding from the morning itself; he was just too acquainted to his bed to just get out.

Lilian popped by and giggled. "You act so much like your father each day" she said with a smile in her morning person attitude. She was wearing a light green skirt with a white pirate blouse. Toby poked his head out of the pillows looking very tired with his brown ruffled hair getting in his eyes. He brushed his hair from his eyes; he looked at the clock, "8:30 am" he growled and sat up rubbing his head. She leaned into the door watching him carefully. "Did you go out again last night?" she asked.

He looked up at her and sighed. "Yea...why?" he asked.

She shook her head at him. "You can't be staying up every night. You need to start getting your sleep habits on in sync with the school" she said before she cleared her throat. "Plus you still have more growing to do. I bet everyone is going to be shocked to see you when you get back to school" she said. He scowled at her, which she gave a cheeky grin before leaving.

He managed to crawl out of bed and groaned rubbing his sore muscles. "Ow..." he muttered before he smelled the delicious aroma of an all meat breakfast extravaganza. His mouth watered and his stomach activated, but then something did not settle right with him. Soon his eyes narrowed as he tried to go through all the horrible things that ensued big breakfasts. His eyes widened in horror looking at the calendar, "Haircut Day!" it said with a circle marked around it in red Sharpie, and he whimpered trying to repress the bad memories from the last haircut he got.

His mother peaked in seeing him looking at the calendar and smirked at him. "It's not going to work! You're not a pup anymore got it!" she said.

"Verdammt Haarschnitt (Fucking Haircut)...I'll bite the first person that..." He muttered.

"I heard that! Don't make me bring the muzzle, 'cause I will" she threatened.

"Verdammt (Damn)!!" Toby muttered, his nose was all curled up.

His mother shook her head. "You can curse all you want, but you're still getting that haircut! How are you going to attract a mate looking like that? You're not a lion" she said before she snickered at him groaning in embarrassment. "Get dressed" she said before she left back down stairs.

He heard a plate heavy with food clank onto the table. The little piece offering was all that was needed. His stomach was now a mixture of burning and scratching, which he quickly got into his tan cargo shorts, and his white T-shirt, today it said, "Bite me!" He walked out of his room making his way into the dining room. There he saw five whopping pounds of sausage, bacon, steak, eggs, and chicken all with his name on it, his mouth watered as he tried to figure out how to tackle the wounded animal.

His mother giggled. "Go ahead and eat up...I know how much energy you need, and trust me...you're going to need every bit of it if you are going to reach your full potential," She said.

He sighed forgiving his mother of the inconvenience of a haircut, but she had outdone herself this time. Toby sat down in the chair and started devouring the mound of food until there was nothing left on his plate with only a happy Toby left in front of it. His mother came back in with the utensils, "Here I forgot the spoon and..." She said which she paused staring at the barren plate. She face palmed and sighed in frustration. "Never mind..." She said.

He got out of the chair and walked to the kitchen. "Don't tell me you're still hungry!" She barked at him. He pulled out a can of Mountain Dew and pulled the tab releasing a huge hiss; "Nope just getting the wuf necessities of life," he said. He put the can to his lips and started to drink the nectar, while his mother rolled her eyes as his pun. He looking at the picture of him and his family on the wall across the living room, which He started remembering the fun he had with his late father.

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Toby's father was a large scruffy looking man; he had brown eyes and had a very muscular physique. Toby was the spitting image of his father only Toby had two different colored eyes. In the picture Toby's father was ruffling Toby's hair, everyone looked so happy; his mother had a warm content smile while hugging her husband's arm, the younger Toby looked really annoyed while his father looked somewhat amused. Toby frowned and he spaced out, remembering the vivid horrors of that fateful night, and the pain attached to those memories.

His father was sharing a huge kill with Toby and his mother. His father was a big muscular wolf with silver fur and yellow soul piercing eyes that could see in the dead of night; Toby viewed his father to be as large as a building, and that his father was the perfect hunting machine, he was proud to have such a strong wolf be his father and Toby's father seemed to be just as proud of his son.

His mother was a sleek and slender wolf a third the size of his father, she had blue caring eyes and was always touchy feely with her lover whenever he was near, when he was gone she would always whimper and howl. Her fur was silver with black mixed in.

In the flashback Toby was watching his father rest the deer carcass in front of him, and the steam and aroma of the fresh kill made his mouth water. "This is the wargest buw ever! Could they make a buw too big for you to take down Papa?" he asked wagging his tail. His father chuckled and ruffled his head, which his paws were so enormous that he could cup his son's small body in them. Toby had soft puppy fur and he had not yet grown into his paws so to speak; his fur was grey, and his eyes were both yellow now that he was in his werewolf form. He and his parents looked to be somewhat humanoid; the only thing that had a resemblance as to being human was their humanoid torso, their ability to walk upright, and their intelligent thinking, everything else was lupine in appearance.

His father chuckled and started wagging his tail. "Nope, these can't get any bigger my boy," He said with his very strong High German accent; Toby liked the way his father spoke. His eyes lit up with affection and admiration, portraying that pride that he felt at being the son of this colossal werewolf. His father loved that look in his eyes and tried to be the greatest father his son expected him to be; he soon patted Toby's head gently once more. "Go ahead and eat my son. I want you growing big and strong, like me!" he said happily.

His mother's lips were stained with blood as she dug into the corpse. "Your father's right Toby, its best you eat... you want to grow as big and strong as your father, don't you?" She asked.

His little tail wagged more vigorously and lolled his tongue out panting. "Kay" He responded as he started digging into the carcass very hungrily; the snow was stained with the animal's blood.

With her appetite sated, she padded over to his father; she pulled his head down to her eye level before she licked the blood from his muzzle affectionately. "Thanks for taking us out to dinner" She said happily.

He wagged his tail so hard it made crashed into the tree trunk behind making it vibrate and knock lose the snow from the branches. "You're welcome, hun" He said. He gazed at his son, and he was amazed at what he saw. "Wow, it's hard to believe he's already five years old. Time sure flies by" He said.

She huddled up to him wrapping her arms around his and looked over at her son wagging her tail proudly. "Yea, and to think he'll be as big as you one day, Steele" she said with a wolfish grin.

He chuckled wholesomely. "Yea, well I'll be proud to step down and let him take over the clan, but...until then. Let the pup not worry about the clan's problems, let him have the happiest of his pup years" He said.

She nodded as she watched her son plop onto his side succumbing to stuffing himself silly. He slept next to the carcass with a big belly full of meat ready to burst, she giggled. "He's asleep" she said before walking over to the sleeping pup. She leaned over and gently picked her son up, and she looked at her husband amused. "Now both your stomachs match" she said as she knocked her tail into his thigh.

She looked back at him with bedroom eyes. "After we tuck Toby in bed let's try for another litter, shall we, my stud?" She asked. She then reverted to her human form and carried the werewolf pup into the massive cabin.

He lolled his tongue out and panted while wagging his tail happily. "I've been waiting all this week to hear that Lilian. There's not a moment to lose" He said before he reverted into his human form. He walked in and watched her walk up the staircase with the large pup nestled against her neck. Lilian swayed her hips to just tease her husband, and he enjoyed the view. The house began to reek of her sweet intoxicating aroma pheromones, which she was heavily in heat; He chased after her up the stairs, and Toby opened his eyes. "I wove you mama and papa" He said sweetly but tiredly.

She kissed the pup's forehead affectionately. "We love you too...you ready to go nite night?" She asked as she carried him into his room.

He yawned, and he tried to keep his drowsy eyes open. "I'm...so...Tayoed mama" He said.

She approached the bed, she plopped him in doggie bed made for a large sized dog; that conveniently suited his any of his forms. She then piled in many stuffed animals around the sleepy pup and he instantly snuggled with the wolf that was interlaced with his parent's scent. Their scents soothed him, so whenever he woke up in the middle of the night, he felt their company.

His mother tucked him in, and she stroked the fur on Toby's neck. "G'night, don't let the fleas bite" She said as she shut the light off, and Toby was in dreamland before his mother had even shut the door. She smiled, closing the bedroom door, she looked at Steele "He's like an angel" she said.

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A couple of hours passed of pleasant dreams when Toby was awoken to glass shattering, which heavy footsteps echoed through the cabin. The intruder gave off the putrid stench of cigarette odor, and Toby whimpered and whined instinctively as he clutched onto the stuffed animal tightly. A strange man with a scar across his right eye came into the young wolf's room; he panicked as the man reached him. The man pulled out a dagger, and Toby's eyes widened in horror before crying out for help as the man grabbed him by the neck pressing the blade inches from his flesh.

His father barged into the room and came to his son's rescue. His father threw the man into the wall, displaying such incredible strength made Toby's eyes fill with joy and fright as his father choked the man out. Toby was picked up by his father before he was carried downstairs. "Steele there's more!!" his mother yelled before there was a loud gunshot and subsequent yelp.

Toby growled lowly with his father as he was set down. His father ran outside to see his wife on her knees clutching onto her wound on her arm. Toby saw the horror of his mother bleeding in the snow, and he struggled to get out of his father's grip, "Mama!!!" He yelled; He managed to get free before there was another loud bang.

He felt something go straight through his small body before it was immediately followed by sharp pains burning through his being; he yelped. He felt very cold as he fell into the snow, staining it crimson.

His parents' eyes widened in horror and gasped. "TOBY!!" they yelled; Steele transformed, while he picked up his son, cradling his small body to his chest. Toby lost consciousness; he awoke in his mother's arms, she was crying as she tried successfully stopped the bleed. She saw his eyes open, and she buried her nose into her son's furry chest. He licked the tears on his mother's face with endearingly.

"What the hell is wrong with you people!? We have done nothing to you!" his father shouted.

Lilian whimpered as she held onto her son tightly, burying him into her chest. Toby struggled to see where his father was, but he finally spotting him, which he noticed a group of men in front of his father smirking with sadistic satisfaction. His father was the only thing standing between his family and the intruders. He was going to protect his family at all costs, he looked back, "Lilian, go now!" He yelled.

She grimaced and began to run with her son in her arms, he growled. "Wait...PAPA!!" he yelled. His mother cried, trying her best from looking back, but she could not stop her son from witnessing the sight.

"Kill them!!" The leader ordered, the men aimed their guns at her and her son before Steele got in the way; they fired emptying their magazines into Steele's body, eventually the alpha fell to the ground. His witnessed the horror, and he did not believe that his invincible father could be taken out so easily; he tried to yell, but his mother placed her paw over his mouth to keep him silent.

She leaped through the trees to make tracking more difficult. Her son cried in her arms, and he wanted to get even with those humans; His mother grabbed a rock and hurled it at a drone flying after them. Once she got to their safe place, she cried silently while holding her close for her own comfort as well as for her pup, as she dug up a box containing emergency supplies. She opened the box and pulled out a flash grenade before she held onto it across her son's body. Toby found that his wounds were gone; the only wound that would never heal was the one to his spirit.

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Several hours later the men called off the search. "Sir there's no sign of the female and the pup, I'm afraid that the snow has covered their tracks" an operative said.

The leader stroked his beard. "Very well...at least we've taken out the Alpha male...let's move out!" he yelled.

"Yes sir!" the men yelled.

They all ran off down the mountainside, which Lilian watched them carefully from the trees. Her son growled and shook with anger; his hatred for the humans was building. They could hear humans vehicles start; the roaring of the engines far away; the crunching of chains, burying into the snow to give the trucks traction in the snow and ice; the sound growing weaker and fainter as the convoy of enemy vehicles drove off, it was quiet, the silence almost deafening, the only sound made by the air rushing past the tree tops. She let go of the young pup as she secured the box in her arms. Much to her dismay, her son jumped off the tree and ran straight to his father's side.

"PAPA!! (DADDY!!)" He yelled as he kneeled beside him. "Alles in Ordnung? (Are you okay?)" Toby asked.

His father whimpered as he knew what his fate was. "Nein... Es tut mir leid, Toby...Bitte... Achte auf deine Mutter...für mich (No...I'm sorry, Toby...Please...Take care of your mother...For me...)" Steele said weakly.

Toby started to cry, "WAS!? Nein, Papa! Geh nicht! (What!? No, Papa! Don't go!)" He yelled.

His mother got to her knees and sat the box next to her, and she assessed his injuries. His muscles trembled and his body burned. She reached over to stroke his face with love, and he reached up to touch her face. "Get everything you need, and go straight to Bernie's...they will be back to finish the job" he said firmly.

His mother nodded and ran inside, which his father soon rest his hand over his son's back. Neither one said anything, but they cuddled in the scarlet snow. The wolves that lived on the property came out from hiding, and they came out to console the werewolf pup. They licked his wounds and the blood from his body, which there was a loud gunshot that emanated from Toby's room, and there was a deathly silence. His mother soon opened the garage door, and she backed her car out.

His father turned his head and vomited up blood. He reverted to his human form, and he looked back over at his beloved son. "Lebewohl...mein sohn... (Farewell...My son)" he whispered, before his damaged poisoned body gave up, and he faded away giving off a death rattle.

"Nein! Nein!...Papa! wach auf! (No! No!...Papa! wake up!)" Toby yelled shaking his father's huge body.

Lilian grabbed onto her son's arm and drug him off. "Nein! Nein!! Lass mich los! (No! No! Let me go!)" He screamed struggling against his mother's grip.

"Toby!" his mother yelled as she pulled him close before she grabbed onto his head. She was in great pain, but she tried to keep herself strong. "...Er ist tot (He's gone)" she said.

He growled at her trying to break free. "...Er ist nicht tot! Er ist genau da! Ich sehe ihn noch! (He's not gone! He's right there! I can still see him!)" He yelled.

She whimpered as the wolves mourned the death of their pack leader. "He's Dead Toby!" she said as she swallowed her tongue and dragged her son towards the car.

He looked at her shocked. "Dead? Daddy's can't die!" he yelled.

She shook her head. "Everybody dies Toby...even good werewolves" she said.

His eyes were widened in shock before he growled. "I hate them...I hate them mommy!" he yelled.

She wrapped a blanket around him, and she placed her finger on his lips. "I need you to be strong for me, okay?" she asked before she boosted him into the backseat. "I'm going to take you to daddy's friend's den okay? But I need you to stay buckled up stay low, do you understand?" she said firmly. She handed him his stuffed animal before she stroked his face. A young wolf jumped into the back seat with him, and she frowned closing the door.

She backed out of and stared at her husband's body. The snow came in, and it came in hard. She looked back at her son, which the wolf rested his head into his lap. Her son laid his head over the wolf's thigh, and he refused to revert to his human form. "Thank you..." she told the wolf as they drove down the slopes.

The car ride was took a turn for the worst when headlights appeared from behind them before they turned their brights on. Lilian turned onto the highway, and she drove into town with the van tailgating her along the way. She turned off the highway onto the loop that took her into town, which the van did not follow her. She took the loop around, which the snow was falling in huge dollar sized flakes. She saw the van pass by in the opposite direction, but she continued onward. "Stay awake Toby!" she urged him.

The lights came back and there was a gunshot that shattered the back window. His mother opened her window and pulled the pin to the flash grenade. She pushed and released the spoon letting it cook before she released it in the air. There was a bright flash and loud bang, which his mother lost control of her car not expecting it to occur as quickly as it did. She hit a snow berm and flipped her car over the guardrails and into the ravine.

The car rested on its side, and Toby found himself upside down in the car. His mother dislodged herself from her seatbelt and looked back to check on her son. The wolf came in through the back window after falling out during the accident. He licked at Toby's face as his mother reached in to free him from his seat belt. "We're going to keep moving now...Shred will follow us" she said before she got out. She ripped open the trunk and pulled out backpacks. "Shred! I need you to carry these for us" she said as strapped a backpack onto the wolf's back. She gave Toby a backpack to carry, while she strapped one on herself as well as carry the box of supplies. "We'll find a place to rest, I promise" she told them.

The walked on through the frozen creek, when they found a sheltered area as the blizzard came in. His mother opened her backpack and pulled out another blanket, which came from her marital bed. She removed the backpack from the wolf, and she lay up against the tree watching the snow cover their tracks in seconds. The wolf and her son huddled up together, and she wrapped them up in a blanket before she transformed into her werewolf form as well. She wept the rest of the night as she held her son. He would never forget how much they hurt him and his family.



He was taken aback; he sat still staring at the floor in a trance. Repeating thoughts of how weak he was and how he was a coward circled his mind in an infinite loop. His mother looked at her son with concern. "Toby...Toby?...Hey! Toby!" his mother yelled shaking his arm.

He finally snapped out of his trance, and he looked at his mother confused. "Huh?" He muttered. His look went to cold and vengeful causing his mother to frown with dismay. He looked at the floor seeing his own blood dripping from his palms to the floor, which he looked at his hands finding he transformed slightly. His claws dug into the flesh in his palms. Little crimson clustered speckles of liquid settled on the linoleum floor.

His mother gave him a big hug. "Please stop...you can't change the past. You are the most precious thing that your father has left me. Because a lot of him runs through your veins, you should be proud that he is your father...Now clean yourself up and let's get yourself a haircut" she said.

He sighed, and he walked off still thinking about what he could have done. He truly believed there was something that could have saved his father. He went to the bathroom, and he shut the door. He turned the light and fan on before he took his clothes off. He glanced over into the mirror looking at the scabs over his large pectorals and left bicep. He rubbed his sore back before he turned the water on. He growled, and then he tried to forget his altercation and his flashback of his father's death all together.

He washed the blood off his palms as he tested the water temperature. When the water was ideal, he walked into the shower beginning to wash himself off. The scabs fell off in large portions revealing healthy unscarred skin. He looked up at the shower head spraying that water that seemed to cleanse him from his sad thoughts. The water hitting his face reminded him of the good times he had with his father at Silver Falls. The happy thoughts soon faded as he looked down at the drain. "One more year..." He muttered.

He looked to his side, and he grabbed the shampoo bottle next to one with a picture of a border collie on it. His lip quivered with anxiety as he tried to open the Shampoo bottle carefully, but once he opened it, the shampoo squirted up into his eye. His eye started stinging like crazy. "SON OF A BITCH!!!" Toby yelled as a reflex.

He whimpered trying to get the acid from his eyes as it spread to both his eyes. He frantically forced open his eyes trying to irrigate them. His mother soon knocked on the door startling him, and he banged his elbow into the wall. "Are you alright in there?" Lilian called with a little concern.

He groaned blinking the remaining soap out from his red irritated eyes. "No! I got Shampoo in my eyes again!" he yelled.

She laughed slightly. "Then stop squeezing it so hard when you're trying to open it" Lilian teased.

He whimpered softly. "I can't help it..." he muttered.

She rolled her eyes. "You get the shampoo out, yet?" she asked.

"What do you think?" Toby muttered as he squirted a glob of shampoo into his hand. His mother walked away snickering to herself.

He closed the tab, and he set it aside. He lathered the shampoo in his hair, and he soon rinsed it out. He finished his shower, and he soon turned off the water with his eyes still burning. He stuck his hand out of the curtain, and he fished for the towel. After several tries, he got a towel, and he pulled it into the shower. He wiped his face clean, and he shook himself off like a canine would do. He stepped out, and he dried himself off. He looked into the mirror, and he blushed seeing that his mother spoke the truth. He was looking more like his father each day.

This truth did bring him some closure, but it did not replace the emptiness of his 12 years without his father. He wrapped the towel around his waist, and he walked out of the bathroom still looking expressionless. He walked to his room, and he found some random clothes out of the closet. He got a blue T-shirt that said in white lettering, with the Dirty Harry quote, "Go ahead! Make my day!"

He put on his boxers, and his tan cargo shorts. His mother barged in with a hamper of clean clothes. "Tomorrow is the first day of the last year of high school...you excited?" She asked.

He shrugged his shoulders slightly. "Not really...ask me that on the last day, and then I could tell ya," He said smirking.

She giggled. "Alright, let's get your haircut. You can't find a mate looking like that" She said winking at him.

His eye twitched at her less than subtle suggestion before he reached for his cellphone stuffing it into his pocket. "I don't want it too short. Alright? You remember what happened last time? Right? I want those damn scissors as far from my scalp as possible" He said.

His rolled her eyes. "I got the perfect cut for you. Just be patient, I promise you it won't be as unpleasant as last time. It was an accident, and she did say she was sorry" she said crossing her arms over her chest. Her patience was wearing thin on him, and he stared at her knowing his antics were just short of triggering an explosion.

He sighed heavily shuffling his feet towards the door. "That's no excuse for trying to minus me an ear" he muttered to himself.

She growled shoving him out the door. "Just go! You're beginning to really piss me off!" she said passive-aggressively.

He followed her out to the dark green electric car in the garage, and he got in the passenger seat as she unplugged the car from its charging station. "I swear you are going to need to get your license someday" she said.

He sighed. "I don't think it's that important. I can freaking run faster than a car already, and the cops can't regulate pedestrian speed besides High school is more important" He said.

She rubbed her forehead vigorously before she finally opened the garage door. "Toby...You're going to draw too much attention to yourself one of these days, and no one is going to bail you out..." she said as she began to back out of the driveway. "I know you love to run, but you can't do it in the day time with so many people around!" she said.

He rolled his eyes, but grumbled incoherently. He looked up at her as they slowed down to a crawl. He looked back at what she was looking at and saw a U-Haul truck in the driveway of a big expansive olive house, which they saw 4 people moving things in. One was a slightly chubby curvaceous

girl with auburn hair around Toby's age texting on her cell phone. His interest was aroused seeing the girl and her beauty. He suddenly had thought about her being taken already with how well-endowed her chest was, but he also thought even if she was single, she would not have interest in a guy like him with his dark brown shaggy hair.

His mother rolled down the window as an overweight woman with auburn hair and an enormous bust size waddled out of the doorway and looked up at them. "Hey! I can loan you my son when we get back!" she shouted. Toby's eyes widened in horror, and he blushed wildly.

The woman smiled. "Naw, we just finished. Thanks for the offer!" she shouted back with a New England accent.

The girl finally looked up and stared at him before she gawked and blushed at his handsome physical attributes. She laughed to herself nervously as he sunk into his seat trying to hide finding his shyness to be cute. He was very uncomfortable, and to spare him from any farther embarrassment, his mother waved with a smile and sped off.

"Looks like we got new neighbors, huh, Toby?" She said. She looked at her son knowing he was infatuated and before she smirked evilly. "Ah, I see you have an interest in that girl, huh, Toby?" She teased.

He remained slumped in the chair glaring at her, before he looked out the window. He never had such a strong attraction towards someone in his life. It was stronger than his kinship with his mother and father. He thought something was wrong with him, and he tried to shake off the irrational thought only having it come back.

She ruffled his hair playfully. "Don't worry, I won't tell...but at least talk to her or something! You might have some things in common" She advised.

He looked down at the floor with doubt. "But...What if...she's taken or...she doesn't like me" He muttered timidly.

She rolled her eyes and giggled. "Are you kidding? Didn't you see the look on her face? She's interested in you" She encouraged him.

He looked at the floor of the car shyly. "Um, no, I was too busy freaking out" he muttered.

She laughed. "I noticed...Don't think ill about yourself. You are a lot more attractive than you think. You need to be more confident, and she's going to need friends" she said nudging him.

He began to contemplate his situation as he rubbed the side of his forehead vigorously. "She's human though...and I'm a..." He said sadly. He looked out the window and watched the scenery. "She'd just freak out..." he mumbled.

She laughed at him. "Didn't stop your father from claiming me...and you see...I wasn't scared of him once I got to know him" She said.

He stared at her in shock. "You mean...you were a human once?" He asked in disbelief.

She giggled and nodded. "I chose to be a werewolf. To be with your father...and then we had you not too soon after" she said happily.

He gulped. "But...isn't that forbidden?" He asked.

She shook her head. "If done correctly then it is perfectly acceptable and ethical. I may be a thrall, but I got the rehabilitation I needed to not become a berserker" She said sternly.

He looked at the ground discouraged. "So is that why I'm messed up?" he asked.

She looked at him confused. "What? Why?" she asked.

"I've been called a freak 'cause I like chocolate, and I don't get sick if I eat it. Plus my eyes have two different colors," he said fidgeting with his fingers.

She laughed. "You're not a freak hun...I think your eyes are very neat" She said before she growled growing suspicious about what was really going on. "Did Peter tell you this bullshit?" she asked annoyed.

He looked out the window. "Peter had nothing to do about this..." he denied.

She looked at him skeptically and frowned. "Toby..." she muttered. She gritted her teeth hoping that she could come up with a proper response. "People who envy you or have insecurities about themselves...they'll always point out what makes you different...It doesn't make you flawed and it doesn't make you a freak" she said before patted him on the shoulder with a warm smile.

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Soon they were at the plaza, and Lilian parked the car up front. Toby unbuckled himself and stared into the dashboard in deep thought. He opened the door quietly, and he walked out without looking back.

His mother stepped out of the car, and she followed him inside the Perfect Cut. He threw himself into a chair in protest, but he glared at the floor with disgust. He pulled out his phone and activated it and checked his text messages.

"Wanna come to our BBQ tonight?" Zoe texted.

He could hear the buzzing and the shredding of hair fibers from the clippers. His hairs stood up on end, which at this point he was so nervous that he was jumpy at any nearby noises. He was about to reply before one of the ladies sweep up the floor in preparation for him.

She was a plump brown haired woman African American woman in her late thirties with a contagious smile. She approached him, while Toby tried to avoid her gaze. The woman looked at his mother happily. "How have you been, it's been a while now hasn't it?" She asked.

She smiled back at her. "I'm fine Gloria. Yeah, it's been a long time...how's the baby doing?" She asked.

Gloria looked at Toby getting started on his haircut. "Oh, she's been a lot less fussy now. I've been teaching Jackie how to look after a baby, and she catches on real quick" she said before she laughed feeling up his hair. "My gosh, his hair! It's like weeds. No matter how much you cut, it just comes back even thicker," She said reaching for a comb.

He only glared at the floor and grumbled incoherently, which she giggled. "I take it, he doesn't want a haircut" She commented with an amused grin.

His mother sighed. "He's just nervous...Especially the last cut" She said.

Gloria laughed. "Oh! He was the one that got..." She said before she looked at his ear curiously. "Wow...He heals pretty well. I don't even see where the scissors went through!" she muttered as she turned over his ear bewildered.

He tried to ignore the scent of hair products that made him dizzy as she started combing his hair. He got some guilty pleasure out of this, but he kept it to himself. He did not want anyone to know that he was actually enjoying this.

She sat the comb to the side, and she resumed cutting his hair carefully. "So you're starting school tomorrow? You're a senior this year right?" she asked.

"Yea..." He muttered trying to stay still. He was hoping to not have any mishaps as she was right over his ears. He tensed up listening to every snip, which it seemed to last for hours.

She giggled at his silly behavior, and she tried to come up with a distraction. "Wow, you've sure grown up in a hurry! You look like you could play well in football...I remember when you were only to my hip" she said before she looked towards his mother. "He's gotten better as far as sitting still...maybe a little scare was all he needed" she teased. He snarled, and his mother shot him an angry leer. He soon realized they were done, and he finally calmed down. "Well how does it look?" she asked them.

He shrugged his shoulders and looked towards his mother. "I don't know...Ask my mom" he said indifferently.

She rolled her eyes at him, and she motioned for his mother to come over. His mother smiled as she spun him around in the swivel chair. "Oh I love it! Thanks, Gloria. Toby looks so handsome" she said. Gloria beamed with satisfaction.

He blushed and groaned looking at the ground trying to resist in looking into the mirror. Gloria untied the cloth and removed it. He reached around and put his claw behind the paper tie slicing it off. Gloria looked up raising an eyebrow before she shrugged off what she saw. "Okay, see y'all later" She said.

He soon got out of the chair, and he hurried out the door. He ran around the Lake in the commons towards the Comic book store. The nearby ducks and geese flew to get out of his path, which an elderly couple watched from a park bench in astonishment. He paid no notice to them gawking at him as he blew passed them. He finally got to the store, and he burst through the doors and the anti-theft pedestals. The storekeeper looked up at him and gave him a nod before he went back to watching four people at a giant table playing a roleplaying game. In the corner of the store were DVDs, which he walked down the horror movie section. He stared at the werewolf movies, and he chuckled to himself. "If they only had the slightest clue" he murmured to himself.

He soon walked out of the aisle, and around to the magazines. He found an old copy of "Animazine", and he scanned through it. He sighed as he placed it back on the rack and wondered over to the video game portion of the store, which he looked through the shelves looking through the games. They were organized by console and alphabetically, and he finally made it around to the peripheries, and he grinned seeing that there was a newly restored guitar controller for a couple of his

games. He rushed back out, and the players at the table looked up at him and at the storekeeper who was not too concerned. They flinched as the door slammed shut, and one managed to scatter all of his cards on the table.

Toby cut across the busy road to get to the grocery store on the other side. The light just turned green while he was making it passed the median. He was in his own little world as he finally looked over and saw a Gold Blazer barreling towards him. He knew instantly that it would not stop in time, so he leaped six feet into the air and barrel rolling over the roof. The driver slammed on the breaks screeching to a halt and swerved as Toby landed on his feet off to the side of the road not making a big scene.

He ran into through the parking lot as the cars honked their horns in frustration at the blazer, and he followed his mother's scent trail into the Fred Meyer's finding her without a problem. His mother looked over at him oddly. "Hey, mom...I'm thinking of getting a New Guitar for my Guitar Hero. Can I borrow twenty bucks...I'll pay you back at the Den" He said.

He gave her the puppy dog look, and she sighed giving into the cuteness. She got into her purse, and she search around. She soon pulled out a crisp 20 dollar bill before it was snatched up by her son. He quickly ran off at an inhuman speed dodging shopping carts and people in the process. His mother sighed heavily and shook her head at him. He slowed down before running into the sliding doors, which he looked back at his mother and stared at her blankly.

She scowled at him, and he gulped quietly inching his way out the door. He turned around and ran into woman with a cart full of water bottles. "Oops!" he muttered as he reached to stop the cart from flipping onto its side. "Sorry, ma'am!" he apologized.

She stared at him blankly until he bolted through the parking lot. Once he got back to the comic book store, he noticed the Blazer parked nearby. He thought nothing much about it as he quietly entered through the door. He looked up and saw the cute curvy new girl that moved in next door looking through the Anime section. He got that feeling again, that fluttering in his stomach. He tried to avoid her as he took an indirect pat to the guitar he came for. The store keeper approached him and leaned onto the counter.

"So, what can I do for you this time, Toby?" he asked.

He pointed towards the guitar. "I need that!" he said.

The store keeper looked behind him and smirked, which Toby to turn back instinctively. He stared at eyes staring back at him before it finally registered to him. Toby backed up into the counter realizing the girl was staring him down. He was paralyzed in fear not ever encountering that look before.

She looked at him mixed with disbelief, fascination, and attraction. "How did you do that?" She asked.

He gulped and grabbed onto the edge of the counter in an attempt to flee. "Uh...Do what?" He muttered nervously.

She glared. "You know what you did...no human can possibly clear over car and land on their feet, effortlessly I might add! Not only that, but you did it with such little reaction time!" She raised her voice.

He shifted his eyes back and forth. "Wait? Wha? I'm just here to get my guitar" He said as all the attention was drawn to them. The store keeper was mildly amused at the drama.

"Don't play innocent with me!" she said.

He looked away. "I'm just getting my guitar..." He whimpered pointing at the guitar behind him.

She looked over his shoulder, and she grinned. "Oh, you play GH?" she asked.

He blushed and nodded. "Yea, um...I play well, but I can't do all of the songs on expert yet" he said.

She gasped before her face lit up. "That's so cool...maybe we could jam sometime" she said.

He looked at the ground not knowing what to do or say. "Um...well...sure" he said. He looked back at the people watching them, and he shot them a nasty look. They quickly went back to playing their game or pretend to do so. The store keeper moved the guitar to the front register as one of the gamers wanted to purchase a bag of Cool Ranch Doritos and a Monster energy drink.

She smiled. "My name is Sasha by the way. I just moved here from Roanoke" she said.

He looked up at her oddly but eventually smiled back at her. "My name is Toby...um what High School are you going to?" He asked.

She smiled. "Tualatin High...I was supposed to start today but our transfer in O'hare was delayed" she said before she paused. "Um...do you know what the deal is with everyone taking pics with that carpet with googly eyes back over at the airport?" she asked.

He snickered and grinned. "You didn't know about our airport mascot" he said.

She raised an eyebrow. "Okay? I didn't know that airports had mascots" she said as she brushed a strand of hair from her eye. She frowned as she pulled her phone out after it vibrated. "Crap! I got to get going. It was nice meeting you, Toby!" she said before stuffing her phone back into her pant pocket.

He smiled warmly and nodded. "I guess I'll see you tomorrow...Though if you want to have a jam session I'm at the den at the end of the driveway" he said.

She looked at him oddly. "Dens?" she muttered.

He flinched at her reaction. "Er, uh 2 houses down" he corrected before he laughed nervously.

She blushed and bit her lower lip slightly. "That was a cool way of saying it though" she said sheepishly. He felt better, and he started to walk with her towards the register. "So...um...I'll see you tomorrow, right?" she asked as she was looking him over.

He looked at her oddly noting her scent and behavior changed. "Yea...uh...are you okay?" He asked.

Her eyes widened and her face went completely red. "I-I-I'm f-fine!" she raised her voice. "I got to go!" she said quickly before she ran out.

"Smooth..." the store keeper said as he put the guitar on the counter. He thought there was something on him, so he looked behind him hoping there was not something foul on him. He heard the cash register beep, and the store keeper watched him confused. "Uh, that'll be two thousand pennies" he said to break the silence.

"What a dumbass..." one of the gamers said before his friend snickered.

"She's pretty hot hourglass isn't she?" he muttered before leaned back. "That dude has high CHA and no INT" he said before he looked at Toby who was glaring at them in annoyance.

The store keeper rolled his eyes before he snapped his fingers at him. "Hey! Toby! Focus on me bud!" he said. Toby sighed and handed him the twenty before the store keeper gave him the receipt. "Don't feed the troll" he said before he shook his head. "Good Luck!" he said.

"Thanks!" Toby said as he picked up the guitar and left. His mother was sitting her car waiting in the parking lot. He ran over and got in putting the box Guitar in between his legs.

His mother was smirking with amusement, while He strapped himself in. "I see you got to talk to that girl after all..." she said.

Toby blushed. "I think I may have jumped over her car on accident" He said.

"What!? How does one accidentally jump over a car?!" She yelled in shock.

He gulped. "Hey, she would have hit me if I didn't jump! But...she's not freaking out...Well, she's was demanding answers at first" He said before rubbed his forehead. "I think she may have ADHD or something" he muttered. He turned his back towards her. "Mom, do I have something on my back?" He asked.

She looked at his shirt finding nothing on it. "No, why do you ask?" she asked.

He looked puzzle. "Sasha kept looking at me and acting weird...there was nothing on my pants, so I had to ask" He said.

She laughed. "She likes you...and she was checkin' your goods, you handsome stud" she said punching him playfully.

He was shocked and frightened finally realizing that his instincts were right. "I thought only the female werewolves did that, not the humans!" he raised his voice.

She laughed. "I did with your father...humans and werewolves aren't very different. Even though you didn't notice before, but Sasha was not the only human sneaking a couple peeks at you" she said.

He blushed more. "I...had no...idea" He said timidly.

"Of course not, you are always moping too much to pay attention to the world around you. Just don't let the other boys and Peter get to you" she said sternly.

He looked at her and gulped. "How did you and dad meet?" he asked.

She paused and blushed. "Uh, well, I met your father just after I got my Master's in nurse partitioning...I was got a job at Timberline Lodge. When a group of climbers got lost in a snowstorm, I

got assigned to do triage on the rescue mission. I saw your dad dressed up in nothing but a t-shirt and a windbreaker. He had his damn rescue jacket tied to his waist like he didn't care that it was literally freezing outside. I thought he was being macho, so I made him to put that jacket on before he left the lodge. He told me it was July, but I sort of got mad and grabbed his arm...well I was already mad at him. Anyway, I've never felt someone so warm before, and I thought he was sick. I made him stay to check on him.

Haley came in to stop me. He just laughed and said that I was funny..." she said before she cleared her throat nervously. "I shot him a bunch of death glares whenever he passed me. I wouldn't have wanted to date him, until he pulled a tree off me. I thought I was going to die of hypothermia, but he took me in and was very respectful. I wasn't very comfortable with the wolf roaming his house...though I figured that he was pretty different. He asked me out, and we ended up talking and watching scary movies at his cabin. If you want to know what human ladies really like, it's to have someone really warm to cuddle up to" she said.

He looked at her oddly. "So when did you find out that he was a werewolf? What did you do?" he asked.

She paused for a moment and bit her bottom lip. "Um...well...you see...uh..." she said before she laughed to herself. "Well...in hindsight, he was alluding to it. Hell, I saw him transform before he lifted the tree off me, but I thought it was a hallucination from the lack of blood running to my head. It wasn't until a month later before it all clicked, and...um well...If Haley hadn't transformed in front of me first, I would have been a little more terrified when I saw him shift the first time.

We had a glass of wine and relaxed. He turned into his anthro form, and I wasn't as fazed by it. That was until he turned therian...that was when I had some questions. I didn't know what to think, but just wow...I had shivers and couldn't move as he changed. I didn't scream or anything like that...I just didn't think any of it was real. The sad thing was I never got to have any alone time with him on our first full moon together. We had to deal with a whole bunch of trouble at a summer camp. Long story short, I had fix up a girl from being attacked by a pup. Just as a future reference, don't send your pups to a human summer camp. Things turn out messy and campers will always end up disappearing" she said. He nodded slowly as he tried not to laugh at the unfortunate event.

She sighed heavily. "Also, if you ever shift in front of your girlfriend...be sure to start out with Anthro form...anything bigger will overwhelm her" she said.

He looked at her oddly. "But Sasha isn't my girlfriend!" he said quickly.

She smirked at him. "I never said she was...I'm just giving you some advice" she said.