

Werewolf 101

KELANI POV

I stood at the front of the class for a few more seconds, feeling the weight of everyone's eyes on me. I didn't mind the attention, but being stared at wasn't exactly my favorite.

Making eye contact with a few classmates, I then turned toward the teacher, who was busy scribbling on the board.

"I'm Chase Westerfield," he introduced himself. "I'll be teaching Werewolf 101, an introductory class covering fundamental aspects of being a werewolf. This includes basic anatomy, heightened senses, and the importance of pack dynamics."

He paused briefly before continuing, his gaze briefly meeting mine. "But before we dive into that, let's get to know each other a bit better. We also have a new student joining us."

He nodded towards me, and I reciprocated. "I'm Kelani Redwood, and I'm eager to learn a lot here. I hope you all treat me well," I said.

"Of course, you're in the right school," Chase replied, adding, "Make yourself comfortable."

Glancing around, I struggled to find an available seat. This was one reason I missed having Riley in the class; she would have surely saved me a seat. However, she had explained that we belonged to different species—I was afflicted by the lycanthrope curse, making me a werewolf while she was a witch.

We only had a few classes together, and I doubted any of them would be today.

I chose the seat closest to the window, the only vacant one in the room. I didn't mind; at least, when I grew bored of the teacher, I could glance out and enjoy the breathtaking scenery.

From my vantage point, I could see a small garden with various flowers, and a fountain at its center added beauty to the scene.

"No one is allowed in there except the witches, as they need some of the plants for potion-making," a voice explained, pulling me from my thoughts.

"Mary," she said as soon as I turned to look at her, a wide smile on her face. The right side of her cheek had a cleft when she smiled, and her nose crinkled cutely.

"Kelani," I replied.

"It's okay to look lost. Many of us are new, and we didn't receive the letter on time," she added.

I nodded, reluctantly peeling my eyes from the garden as Chase began speaking.

"As you've likely experienced, the transformation from human to werewolf involves a remarkable metamorphosis." Chase leaned forward, and I turned, expecting him to do something, but his face only contorted, and he swatted his fingers in the air, making a roar-like sound.

The students let out a little laughter. I had to admit; he sounded somewhat funny.

Chase continued, "During this process, your skeletal structure undergoes significant changes, adapting to the increased physical demands of your lycanthropic form. Stronger limbs, sharper claws, and enhanced musculature are key components of your new anatomy, enabling you to steer the dual realms of human and wolf with agility and strength."

"Have you shifted already?" Mary whispered.

I shook my head. "What does that mean?"

"If you haven't shifted, it means you don't have a wolf yet?" she raised a brow, and I shot her an even more confusing look, barely understanding what she was talking about.

"We can discuss this later, and..."

"Not in my class, young ladies," Chase's voice cut through the discussion.

Mary stifled a laugh, shooting him a sheepish smile, while Chase's narrowed eyes shifted from hers to a smile.

"What do you know about heightened senses, Miss..."

"Brightstone," Mary supplied, rising to her feet slowly.

She tapped her shoe-clad feet on the ground before saying, "It's a hallmark of our existence. Our sense of smell becomes exceptionally acute, allowing us to detect scents over long distances."

"Correct," Chase nodded, then added, "It's a powerful tool for communication, tracking, and identifying pack members, so you need to embrace it."

"Next up is hearing, and what can you tell us about hearing, Miss Redwood."

"He knows your name!" Mary whispered as she sat down.

Of course, I introduced myself earlier, I wanted to retort but Chase beat me to it.

"I can hear you, Miss Brightstone," Chase said, shaking his head in disapproval.

"I'm sorry," Mary winced.

As I stood up, I wasn't sure what to say about hearing. It was my first day in class, and I had only been given the textbook. Despite the uniqueness I exhibited back at home, I had always thought I was human until now.

"It's not a crime to be wrong. It can only be a crime when you say nothing when questions are asked after catching you disrupting the class," Chase said.

"Werewolves have enhanced hearing, and they adapt to even the slightest sound," I murmured.

"From the rustle of leaves to the faintest heartbeat, your auditory senses become finely tuned instruments, enhancing your ability to perceive the world around you," Chase added.

He stepped toward my seat and said, "Sit."

I complied, and then he placed one of his palms on my desk and the other on Mary's desk.

"You're lucky both of you escaped detention. I don't appreciate the class being divided into subgroups when I am teaching," Chase said, straightening.

"I'm sorry," Mary and I said simultaneously.

"I'll let it slide," Chase replied, walking back to his desk. "No wandering attention, everyone, unless you're ready to teach yourself this."

The room became silent, and everyone's attention focused on Chase. Then he continued, discussing enhanced vision before moving on to the transition, which seemed like the main reason we were there.

"Now, there's a practical exercise. We are all going to practice everything that was said, and I want everyone to participate. No dodging the exercise unless you wish to spend the rest of your session in detention," he warned.

It was more like a threat, and I knew he could enforce it. He sounded like a strict parent who would never tolerate a failing kid.

The exercise started soon after he divided the class into groups of fours. Despite the initial count of 36 students, the class now felt smaller as we formed groups of nine.

The exercise started with hearing, as Chase had us listen to distant heartbeats and rustling leaves. We moved on to enhanced vision and heightened senses of smell.

I participated in all of them, finding it interesting until we reached the transition part. We were supposed to transform, but Chase had mentioned it wasn't necessary. It wasn't a full moon, and many of us might struggle with uncontrollable transformations, especially since we were new werewolves.

"You only need to transform partially—your eyes, face, teeth, and hands. I need to see the werewolf-like features in you. Now, on the count of three, each group will come out to do theirs."

After Chase counted to begin the transition exercise, each group showcased their abilities until it was my group's turn.

The other three members in my group had already done theirs, leaving me.

I took a deep breath, closing my eyes and then snapping them open to find a lot of eyes gazing at me.

"It's quite easy," Chase said, walking towards me.

"I'm trying," I muttered. If it were that easy, I bet I wouldn't need to exert so much effort to shift.

After a few more seconds of trying with no success, I gave up.

"You can sit this one out. We'll discuss it later," Chase said, and I nodded.

"Is she even a werewolf?" "How can't she transition? It's a werewolf thing, duh!"

Many more voices chimed in. Perhaps learning to use enhanced hearing wasn't the best idea, as I could now hear everyone's voices in my head.

It would have been more pleasant if it were about someone else. They were talking about how strange they believed I was.

"You all did wonderfully, and..." Chase trailed off, his eyebrows furrowing as his gaze locked onto something behind me.

No, it wasn't me. It was something behind me.

"Watch out!"

I glanced behind me, lurching just in time as a student lunged at me.

"What the hell?" I winced, noticing my torn shirt from the swipe he had taken.

"Everyone, stay away!" Chase growled loudly, and from the corner of my eye, I saw him approach me and the transformed boy.

His teeth gleamed, and his golden eyes were filled with hatred. His face was rumpled, and veins lined it.

"It's okay, Williams. You don't want to hurt her, trust me. Don't move, Kelani," Chase said.

Williams, the boy currently gazing at me as if he would prefer if no one said anything about him hurting me, advanced slowly towards me.

"Stand back, Williams," Chase warned. "She isn't a threat. She is a student like you."

Whether Williams heard him or not, he didn't show it. Instead, he jumped in the air, landing on top of me. I was too frozen to move.

Swatting its claws across my face and shoulder, I let out a guttural scream while trying my best to fight it off.

"Let me go!" I shouted, but it did nothing to make it stop.

Shit!

If I didn't do anything, he was going to kill me. He was stronger than I was.

The only thing I could do to reach his level of strength was to transform as well, but that never worked.

Williams continued his assault despite my and Chase's pleading; he didn't stop.

About to give in to my fate of being killed on my first day of school, something snapped inside me, an unusual strength coursing through me. Placing my palms on Williams' chest, I shoved him with all the strength I could muster before jumping to my feet.

"What the hell is she?!" I heard screams fill the air, but that didn't stop me from advancing towards Williams, whom I now saw as a threat. Killing him was the only thing on my mind.

Williams himself advanced towards me and lunged for the third time. I intercepted him midway, and we both fell with a thud on the ground, wrestling for dominance.

I eventually gained dominance, sitting on top of him and knocking him out. That was the first thing that came to my mind.

When he was unconscious, I gasped, falling to my side, my eyes closing due to exhaustion and the injuries I had sustained.

"She's a monster!"

That was the last thing I heard before my eyes finally closed.