

eWolf  
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In the future everything has advanced including money also the revealing of mythical creatures that been roaming with us since the world was made. Money itself is gone and ancient and been replaced with eCurrency, currency that is now virtual and can be transferred from one account to another by using a eI.D. which has a person's money all in one place and personal information.

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*Mmm... Which one to get? What about this one?* Lawrence thought as he looked though the shop and picking out a crib. Taking the packed crib he walked to the counter to check out.

"Is that all today?" the counter clerk asked.

"Yes it is." Lawrence replied.

"Your total today is forty-eight dollars and fifty cents. My I see you eI.D.?" the clerk asked and he gave the clerk his eI.D. "Thank you. Now sign here." The clerk said and pointed to a screen.

While signing his name he asked, "What's today?"

"August 30th, 2103"

"Thanks." He replied and continues to sign his name and date.

After taking the receipt he grabbed the crib and walked out to his car and toward home. Once home he grabbed the crib and headed to the baby's room set the crib up.

A couple of days later...

"Congrats Mr. Exeter!" one of hospital nurses said to him as he was paying the hospital bill.

"Thanks." He replied. "How much again? Sorry."

"Oh, just a hundred even." The nurse said then took his eI.D. "Sign here and here's your receipt."

After signing the screen he says, "There you go."

"Thank you. What's his name by chance?" the nurse asked as he was leaving.

"Lawrence Exeter Junior." He replied.

"Nice name."

"Thank you." He said then walked to his wife's and son's room.

A month later...

"So what's the verdict doc?" Lawrence asked.

"Well by the looks of it he's taken most of your genes." Dr. David McCoy said.

"Including the wolf gene?"

"Yes, he's taken the wolf gene too."

"I had a feeling, all my family members have the gene. Do you know if it dominant?"

"It's unknown but mostly likely because of your blood work."

"So start preparing?"

"I would, yes. Just keep an eye on him, watch what he chooses, and look for abilities. You know what to look for."

"Okay doc, so how much for the visit?"

“Four-hundred and seventy-five dollars.” The doc said and gave him a pad to sign. After signing he says, “There you go doc, Draining me dry.”

“Draining you dry? You’re the richest person I know and I work in L.A.! I barely dented you!”

“Yeah, yeah. Thanks again doc.”

A few days before Christmas...

“Is that all for today sir?” the counter clerk of California Toyland Co. asked.

“Yes, it is.” Lawrence replied and sat the rattle on the counter.

“Wolfsbane, sir?” the counter asked confused.

“Yes.” Lawrence said evenly and handed the clerk his e.I.D.

“Oh, that explains it! Sorry sir, I never sold a wolfsbane rattle before.”

“It quite alright, I expected it. I just need something to slow the effects of the wolf gene in my boy.”

“Okay, then. Hope it works out. You’re grand total is eighty-three dollars and twenty cents.” The clerk said then swiped his e.I.D. through the computer. “Now sign here.”

“Thank you, what’s today’s date?”

“December 19<sup>th</sup>, 2103, sir.”

“Thanks and here you go.” He said then gave the pad back to the clerk.

“Thank you for shopping at California Toyland!” the clerk called out as he walked out of the store.

*Man, the way the ‘bane is effecting me a bit. It will for sure slow Junior down for a bit.* Lawrence thought as he walked to his car with the Wolfsbane rattle in his hand.

About 5 years and 10 months later...

“Please Daddy! Don’t make me go!” Lawrence Jr. called out.

“Sorry son, but eating Ms. Johnson’s cat was the final straw.” Lawrence said look at his boy with a stern face.

“But I just wanted to know what they tasted like.” Jr. said pouting.

“Maybe you should have thought of the consequences of getting caught before you ate her cat.”

“But... but...”

“No, son. That was the last straw! You are going to go to Palisades School for Boys and learn how to control yourself. They can teach you better than just me and you’ll see more of our kind there too.”

“But what if I lose control again?”

“First you’re at an age where you have more control. Second, take this...” Lawrence said then took off one of his necklaces and put it on Jr. “This will help you stay in control and help you remember me and your mom. Now get on the bus there champ.”

“Okay.” Jr. said then got his stuff and walked onto the bus.

“Thanks again for taking him.” Lawrence said to a Palisades representative.

“No, problem. We have cases like that all the time.” The rep said smiling.

“So how much?” Lawrence asked get his e.I.D. card out.

“Twelve fifty.” The rep said then took his card and swiped it. “Sign here.”

“Date?”

“October 6<sup>th</sup>, 2109”

“There you go.” Lawrence said after writing his name and date then gave the pad back.  
“We’ll see you at graduation in the spring.” The rep said the got on the bus and drove off.  
*It’s for the best...*

6 months later...

“Okay son, we’re here.” Lawrence said to his son in the backseat.

“Where? Where?” Jr. said excitedly.

“The Bicycle Co., son.”

“Really!? You’re getting me a bike?”

“Yes son, it’s your graduation present for graduating from Palisades School for Boys.”

“Thank you dad!” Jr. said then ran out of the car into the shop.

“Dad! Dad!” Jr. called out to his dad from one of the aisles.

“What is it?” Lawrence asked.

“I want this one!” Jr. said excitedly and pointed to a chrome style bike.

“Okay.” Lawrence said and grabbed the bike off the rack. “Let’s get to the counter.”

“Hello gentlemen, is this all for today?” the clerk asked as the approached.

“Yup.” Jr. said to the clerk.

“Is the bike for you?”

“Yes for graduating from school!”

“Oh that nice.”

“Here you are.” Lawrence said, giving his e.I.D.

“Thank you. Your total is fifty-two dollars and fifty cents today.” The clerk said giving his e.I.D. back. “Sign on the line below.”

“What’s today?” Lawrence asked as he signed his name.

“April 18<sup>th</sup>, 2110, Dad!” Jr. said.

“Thanks son and there you are.” Lawrence said as he finished signing.

“Thank you, gents, and have a nice day!”

“You too!” Lawrence and Jr. said and walked out with Jr.’s new bike.

Once home Junior asked, “Can I ride today?”

“Sorry, champ. But dinner will be ready soon, so go upstairs and get ready.”

“Okay.” Jr. said and stalked upstairs

About 5 years and 4 months later...

“Don’t let them take me!” Jr. cried out as he was pulled onto the bus to Columbia Military Academy.

“Sorry son. I’ve warned you that you’d be taken. Both your mother and I knew that this day would come.” Lawrence said evenly to his son.

“But why!”

“Because every werewolf, boy or girl, has to go and get trained for combat and age 12 is the best time to get you trained.”

“But I don’t want to!”

“Sorry son, it’s the law since the Reveal of 2050.”

“Nooooooo!” Jr. said as he was finally pulled onto the bus.

“Sorry you had to see that.” Lawrence said, turning to the Columbia representative.

“No, no. It’s fine. I’ve seen much worse than that.”

“I doubt it, he’s been trouble since he could talk and change.”

“Weren’t we all like that at one point in time?”

“True, but he’s was way early. Earlier then I thought.”

“Sorry for breaking up memories but we need to get going.”

“Oh, of course. How much?” Lawrence asked and got his e.I.D. out and handed it to the rep.

“Twenty-one fifty dollars even.” The rep said swiping the card and handing Lawrence the pad for him to sign.

“That’s for until he graduates right?” Lawrence asked as he signed his name.

“Yes sir. Roughly six years. He should be part of Class of 2121.”

“Okay. Thanks. I know he’ll hate me for this but I know it helped me when I was in.” Lawrence said and gave the pad back.

“I agree sir. I believe it will be a good experience for him.” The rep said and turned and walked onto the bus.

Not quite 6 years later...

“Where are we going sir?” Jr. asked as his dad drove the car to an unknown location to him.

“You’ll see.” Lawrence said smiling at his 18 year old son.

“Well can I have a hint?” Jr. asked desperately.

“It’s your graduation present.” Lawrence said evenly with his eyes on the road.

“That’s it!?”

“Well, somewhere in Hollywood.” Lawrence said with a hint of a grin.

“I could have figured that out sir!” Jr. said and looked out the window. *What does he have planned?*

“We’re here Junior!” Lawrence said breaking Jr. of his thoughts.

“No way! Hollywood Cadillac Company!?” Jr. said getting out of the car excitedly.

“Come on here Junior, this way!” Lawrence said and walked toward the office part of the lot.

“Yes, sir!” Jr. replied and followed his father.

“Ah! Mr. Exeter and Junior! I’ve been expecting you!” a sells clerk said as he walked up on the two.

“Sorry for being a bit late. I couldn’t drag “G.I. Wolf” over there out of bed.” Lawrence said point to his son.

“Sorry sir.” Jr. said in a quiet voice.

“Oh it quite alright. As you can see, there’s hardly a soul in this place at a time like this. But I bet if you’d known you’d been out the door in ten seconds flat!” the clerk said cheering Jr. up.

“So what we doing here for sir?” Jr. asked his dad.

“Well why don’t we go and find out?” Lawrence said and looked at the clerk.

“Certainly, this way gentlemen.” The clerk said and walked to the garage part of the building.

Once through the doorway to the garage Jr. gasped loudly, even a deaf could’ve heard it. “Go on son.” Lawrence said to his over excited son.

“Thank you, sir!” Jr. said and ran toward the car that was sitting in the garage.

“Well while he’s gawking over the car, why don’t we get the purchase done so we can get out of your hair.” Lawrence suggested to the clerk.

“Sure, this way. And I think you mean fur.” The clerk said smirking and turned back into the office part of the building.

“We’ll be back in here if you need us son!” Lawrence called out to his gawking son.

“Yes, sir.” Jr. said and saluted his dad off and his dad returned the salute and walked out.

“So what’s the damage?” Lawrence asked as he got into the clerk’s office.

“Well I was able to get the price done and get some discounts on it. So the final total is three-thousand, eight-hundred eighty-five dollars and no cents.”

“Well here’s my e.I.D.” Lawrence said and hand the e.I.D over.

After swiping the card the clerk handed it back to Lawrence and gave him a pad then said “Sign and date here.”

“What’s today?”

“September 3<sup>rd</sup>, 2121”

“Thanks.” Lawrence said then sign his name and date and handed the pad back.

“Here are the keys to the car.” The clerk said, handing the keys to Lawrence.

Taking the keys Lawrence says, “Probably should check on him now, uh?”

“Go on ahead. Just lift the garage door up and drive out. I’ll lock it later.”

“You sure?”

“Yeah. I got some paper work to do.”

“Okay, thank again!”

“Anytime! Come again!” the clerk said as Lawrence walked out to the garage area.

Walking into the garage he finds his son still gawking over the car.

“Still gawking?” Lawrence said walking up behind his son.

“Ah! Oh, it’s you dad. I didn’t hear you come in.” Jr. said turning toward his dad.

“Well I’ve had a lot of practice you know.”

“Yeah, I know sir.”

“So you ready?”

“Ready for what?”

“This...” Lawrence said then showed his son the car keys and throw then to him.

Catching them Jr. says, “Are you serious sir!?”

“Yes son. The car’s yours now. It’s your graduation present.”

“I don’t know what to say...” Jr. said tearing up.

“Just say thanks and take the car out for a drive.”

“Really, I can take it out!?”

“Yes, just be home before dawn.”

“Thank you, sir.” Jr. said and saluted his father.

“At ease.” Lawrence said and saluted back. “Drive safe.”

“Thanks again, Dad.” Jr. said and got in his car and started it up and drove off.

Four days later...

“Lawrence Wolf Exeter Junior, get your ass down here right now!” Lawrence yelled out to his son upstairs

“Yes, sir!” Jr. said and started down the stairs. “What is it sir?”

“Come with me!” Lawrence said and turned and went toward the garage. Once in the garage he continues. “What the hell is this!?” and pointed to the back bumper.

“What’s what!?” Jr. asked.

“This!...” Lawrence said and pulled the bumper off. “I even should be able to tug it, let alone pull it off! I know for a fact that everything on this car was in perfect condition so I want to know when, where, and how right now!”

“Sir. It was the other night. I was on my way home and all the sudden a truck speed up to me and funder bender-ed me and ran off. I continued on home and that’s the end of it. Sorry sir. I should have told you after it happened.”

Sniffing the air, Lawrence didn’t smell a lie it was all truth. “Okay can son. My nose and I agree you’re not lying. And sorry for getting on you. Get back inside I’ll take it down to the shop and be back. You’ll be paying me back later.”

“Yes, sir.” Jr. said and went off back inside.

“What’s the damage? Both literally and figurative?” Lawrence asked the repair shop man.

“Well the ‘literal’ is the back bumper being off of course and some damage in the back. ‘Figurative’ is two-hundred and eighty-eight dollars and seventy-six cents.”

“It could have been worse I guess.” Lawrence said and gave his eID to the repair man.

“Thank you. Now sign and date here.”

“There you are.” Lawrence said after signing his name and date.

“Thanks for stopping at Wilshire Auto Repair Service!” the repair said as he walked out.

“Okay son. Now that I got the car fixed, you have limited time driving it on your own until otherwise.”

“Yes sir!”

A month and a half later...

“Hey Dad!” Jr. called out. “Did you send the eMoney in yet!?”

“Right now son!” Lawrence called back from his study.

“Okay, thank you!”

Picking up the phone he dialed the number for Stanford University. “...For payment of tuition press three... please enter eID serial number... thank you for your transaction. Your total is three-hundred thrifty-nine dollars and no cents. Please sign and date the receipt.” After signing the receipt the other end continued. “Thank you again and please have a nice day.”

Not quite 2 years later...

“Thanks for your service, Miss Daisy.” Lawrence said. “I’ve need this for a long time. The wife doesn’t do it anymore for me and I have to do it under the table.”

“Oh no problem. It’s my pleasure. My husband use to do it and I know it helps.”

“Well thanks again. I’ve need the injection of French wolf gene for a while and the silver and wolfsbane injection and we leave for Europe in about a month. So how much?”

“With both of those it’s twenty-five thousand.” Ms. Daisy said and took his eID. “Now sign and date here and here.”

“What’s today? I’m still a bit fuzzy.” Lawrence asked.

“June 1<sup>st</sup>, 2123”

“Thanks.” Lawrence said then signed and date the receipt. “And there you go.”

“Thank you.”

“No, thank you.” Lawrence said then left Ms. Daisy’s home.

Eight days later...

“Lawrence!” Mrs. Lawrence Sr. yelled out to her husband.

“What honey!? You know you don’t have to yell to loud! I *can* hear you, you know? Wolf ears.” Lawrence replied to his yelling wife.

“Just making sure you paid and bought the tickets for the cruise liner.”

“Yes, I did. The French Line, Ile de France. Five hundred and eight-five dollars. Paid on June 9<sup>th</sup>, 2123.

“Okay sweetie.”

*Ah... Lawrence sighed. Is she ever going to off my back?*

Two months later in France...

“Bonjour. Bienvenue à la Banque de France. (Hello. Welcome to the Bank of France.)” The bank clerk said.

“Bonjour. Je suis ici pour échanger une partie de ma monnaie électronique à la monnaie américaine euros. (Hello. I’m here to exchange some of my e american currency to Euro currency.)” Lawrence said the bank clerk in fluent French.

“Certainement. Combien voulez-vous? (Certainly. How much would you like?)”

“J’aimerais cinq mille de moi eI.D être transformé en Euros. (I’d like five thousand from me eI.D be transformed into Euros.)”

“Eh bien, certes, puis-je voir un instant? (Well certainly, may I see it for a moment?)” the clerk asked and Lawrence handed him the eI.D. “Et cela devrait le faire. Il suffit de signer et de dater le bas. (And that should do it. Just sign and date at the bottom.)”

“Quelle est aujourd’hui? Ma mémoire est floue. (What’s today? My memory is fuzzy.)”

“23 août 2123. (August 23<sup>rd</sup>, 2123.)”

“Merci (Thank you.)” Lawrence said then signed and date then returned the receipt and pad. “Vous y êtes et merci encore. (There you are and thanks again.)”

“Pas de problème. Profitez de votre séjour en France. (No problem. Enjoy your stay in France.)” the clerk said and Lawrence walked out of the bank and want to enjoy is vacation in France.

About a year and a half later in America...

“Welcome to University Club Florists!” the florist said as Lawrence entered the flower shop. “How can I help you today!?”

“I need some flower for a secret admirer.”

“Well, any certain flower or flowers?”

“No not really. I was think one of every flower.”

“I can do that.” The florist said then waved her and flowers started to hope out of their containers and into a vase on the counter. “And that’s that! No need for employees when the flowers move themselves.”

“Thank you. Would you happen to have some wolfsbane?”

“Wolfsbane? Mm... Oh. I think I might. Hold on.” The florist said and walked into the back and returned with a seed and vial.

“What’s that?” Lawrence asked, confused.

“This is a wolfsbane seed. The vial is for your saliva.”

“My saliva? For what?”

“If you want some wolfsbane the seed needs to go. If you want it instantly I need werewolf saliva.”

“That’s bit of a contradiction don’t you think? Wolfsbane can harm werewolves and you need werewolf saliva for it to grow.”

“Hey all I know is that it helps for faster growth. Now pull your fangs out. It’s easier to get the saliva in a vial with your fangs out.”

“Fine.” Lawrence said then willed his werewolf fangs out and opened his mouth a bit to give full access to his fangs. Once his fangs were out the florist reached over and placed the vial under one of his fangs and waited for some saliva to run down.

After what seemed like forever the florist finally got some saliva then let the saliva run out of the vial and onto the wolfsbane seed. When the saliva hit the seed the florist had a handful of wolfsbane flowers then placed them into the vase.

“Now there you are.”

“Wow.” Was what all Lawrence could say.

“That’ll be seventy-six dollars and fifty cents today.” The florist said, ringing up Lawrence then he handed her his e.I.D. “Sign and date, please.”

“What’s the date? That wolfsbane’s getting to me.”

“Oh sorry. Today’s, February 13<sup>th</sup>, 2126.”

After signing his name and date Lawrence said. “There you go and thanks.”

“Come again.” The florist said as Lawrence walked out with his flowers.

Four months later...

“Welcome back to University Club Florists, Mr. Exeter!” the florist cheerfully said as Lawrence walked in.

“Is my order ready?”

“Yes, sir. Right here actually.” The florist said then showed him his order.

“Looks great. I need to add a note to the flower, if you could.”

“Certainly, what would you like to say?”

“*Happy Birthday Day and four month anniversary. Your Wolf, L.*”

“Will do.” The florist said and snapped her fingers and a card appeared within the flowers. “That all sir?”

“Yes.”

“Your total today is, three-hundred and twelve dollars and seventy-five cents.” The florist said then took his e.I.D. “You know what to do, sign and date.” After signing Lawrence gave the pad back. “Have a nice day sir!”

A month and a couple of weeks later...

“...Now sign here and here and the land and house is yours.” the relator of Riveria Heights Land Company said as he and Lawrence finish their meeting. “And sign this receipt and we’re done here.”

After signing the land deed and receipt Lawrence handed the relator the documents and got up, said their good-byes and went home.

Two months and nineteen days later...

“You should be all set and placed, Mr. Exeter. Look around and make sure everything is to your liking.” The Renaissance Interior Decorators manager said.



After a quick tour of the house Lawrence returned to the manager and said, "Everything looks in place. And here's this..." then handed the manager his e.I.D.

Swiping the card through his machine he handed Lawrence his card and said, "Thank you very much sir. Now I need a signature and date on the bottom."

After signing, *Lawrence Exeter Sr. 10/30/2126*, he handed the manager the pad back and watch the decorator team leave.

*Ah! Home Sweet Home!*

Nineteen days later...

"This one will work perfectly." Lawrence said holding a golden one carat ring.

"Perfect sir. I'll get it cleaned and out to you in a few minutes. In the meantime let me see your e.I.D. and I can get you checked out." The jewelry clerk said and took his e.I.D. card and swiped it through his machine. "Perfect. Your total today is six hundred and seventy-eight dollars and forty-five cents. Now I need your signature and date."

After signing his name and the date, *11/18/2126*, Lawrence handed the receipt back and the clerk took it and said. "Thanks. Let me check on your ring and you can be on your way." Then left to see on the ring. Returning with the ring he says, "There you are. Would you like it wrapped or anything?"

"No thanks." Lawrence replied and took his ring and walked out of the store.

A few days later...

"Thanks you Dad, sir." Jr. said running down the stairs and giving his dad a hug.

"For..." Lawrence asked, confused.

"You know. The Hawaii Steamship Tickets, the two hundred thousand dollars, and the reservation at the Ambassador Hotel in my e.I.D."

"Oh, that! No problem son. I thought maybe you want to get out for a while so I got the tickets. spending money, and reservations for you."

"Thanks again, sir!"

"No thanks needed my boy. You've earned it."

"I'm going to go upstairs and pack. See you at dinner!" Jr. said and ran upstairs.

A couple of weeks later...

"Hello again Mr. Exeter, the usual?" the florist from University Club Florists.

"Yes but no wolfsbane this time please."

"The usual minus wolfsbane coming up!" the florist said and snapped her fingers and willed the flowers into a vase. "Well, there we are. Today were total is one hundred and eighty-three dollars and fifty cents."

"Here you go." Lawrence said and gave her his e.I.D.

"Thank you. Now the usual sign and date at the bottom." The florist said then gave his card back.

After signing his name and the date, *12.1/2126*, he said "Thanks again." And walked out with his flowers for the wife.

About two and a half months later...

"Son, I think it's time that you carry out my legacy. I'm allowing you to sign for things under my e.I.D. I've made my account a joint account and connected with your e.I.D." were Jr.'s

dad's words in the beginning of the year and he still couldn't believe it as he walked into the Cocoanut Grove Sweet Shoppe.

"Hello, welcome to the Cocoanut Grove Sweet Shoppe. What can I get you today?" the clerk asked.

"Oh... just a big box of chocolates. Have to make up for Valentine's Day."

"Ah, I see. I think I got the thing." The clerk said then went into the back and returned with a big heart shaped box. "Think this will do!?"

"Perfect." Jr. said then gave the clerk his e.I.D.

"Thank you. Your total today is, twenty-seven dollars even. Now signature and date at the bottom."

After signing his sign and date then clerk gave his e.I.D. back and headed out with his big box of apology sweets.

About five months later...

"Welcome to Parisian Gown Shoppe. How can I help you sir?" the gown shop clerk asked as Jr. walked in.

"I'm looking for an extravagant but also sexy gown for a special girl." Jr. said to the clerk.

"Any specific color?"

"I was thinking red, but not blood red just red."

"Well certainly sir. Right this way." The clerk said then walked out from behind the counter and to a selection of gowns on the back wall. "Here's everything red, extravagant, and sexy we have in stock. And don't worry about sizes sir. All the gowns in this shop changed to form the wearer."

"That's nice to know. Now I don't have to worry about her asking if she's fat in it." Jr. said smiling.

"Been there, done that sir. Now look over the selection and when you find something you like bring it over and I'll ring you up."

"Okay thanks." Jr. said as the clerk walked back to the counter and looked at the selection. After some time over the selections, Jr. finally picked out a nice gown that he the she'll like.

"Will that be all sir?" the clerk asked when Jr. got to the counter.

"Yes it is." Jr. replied and gave the clerk his e.I.D.

"Thank you. Your total today is nine-hundred and twenty-five dollars and no cents. Now please sign and date." The clerk said then handed Jr. a pad to sign.

After signing his name and date, 7/16/2127, he returned the pad to the clerk and got his e.I.D. back and said. "Thanks, have a nice day."

"You too, sir." The clerk said as Jr. walked out.

About four months and fifteen days later...

"Are you sure?" a famine voice asked over the phone.

"Yes. My treat, it's already bought and paid for, all you have to is go and tell them your name."

"What's the place called again Junior?"

"Anita Lingerie Salon. Spend the whole day getting papered and shopping, all on me."

"Oh, thank you sweetie. If I was there I'll be hugging you."

“You’re welcome sweetheart, anything for you. Sorry to cut this short but I have to get going, okay. Love you.”

“Love you too.” The famine voice said then was disconnected as he hung the phone up.  
*I know she’ll figure it out sooner or later...*

Four months later...

“I’m here to pick up an order.” Jr. said as he walked to the counter of the Parisian Gown Shoppe.

“Yes sir, right here.” The clerk said then pulled a box out from under the counter and opened it for Jr. to see its contents. Once approving the purchase the clerk went through with the transaction. “Now sign and date on the bottom.”

Signing his name and the date, 4/1/2128, Jr. returned the pad and grabbed his purchase and walked out the door. “She better like it for it being worth a fortune.” He mumble has he left.

Seven months later...

“That all sir?” the Moderne Sportte Shoppe clerk asked as Jr. placed a gun and rounds of silver bullets.

“Yes.” Jr. replied a little weakly.

“Well your total today is five hundred and sixty dollars and no cents. Please sign and date at the bottom.” The clerk said then handed him a pad to sign.

“What’s the date? Silver and I don’t get along.” Jr. asked weakly.

“November 1<sup>st</sup>, 2128 sir.”

“Thanks.” Jr. replied and signed and dated the pad and handed it back.

“Would you like a silver reducing container for the bullets?”

“Yes, please. At this rate I won’t be able to get home.” Jr. said then clerk placed the bullets into the container and he started to feel much better.

“There you are sir.” The clerk said then handed Jr. his purchase.

“Thank you.” Jr. said and walked out of the sport shop.

Eight months later...

“Welcome to The Bootery, where we meet your booting needs!” the clerk said as Jr. walked in.

“I’m looking for silver boots.”

“Silver boots? I think I have some, come with me.” The clerk said then walked to part of the store with mythical items then held up a pair of silver boots. “Will these do!?”

“Those will work.”

“Okay the, let’s ring you up!” the clerk said then walked back to the checkout counter and went through with the transaction. “Now sign and date, please.”

“What’s the date, the silver’s getting to me.”

“July 1<sup>st</sup>, 2129”

“Thanks and here you are.” Jr. said then gave the pad back. “Would you happen to have a silver reducing container?”

“Yes, we do.” The clerk said then pulled out a container and placed the boots inside.

“And there we are.”

“Thanks.” Jr. said and started out the door.

“Thank you for shopping at The Bootery!”

A month and couple of weeks later...

“Ah! Mother Fucker!” Jr. cried out as I needle was injected into his arm.

“It’s almost done.” The injector, Tony, said trying to calm him.

“But it hurts! I didn’t think it hurt going in!”

“What do you except? It’s silver being injected into your body.”

“I know, but it still flipping hurts!”

“Well you’re the one who wanted the high only werewolves can get.” Tony said then withdraws the needle. “There you go, pup. It’s done.”

“I’m not a pup! But anyways, how much was it again?” Jr. asked, getting his eI.D. card.

“Each installment is one hundred and twenty-six dollars.”

“Okay.” Jr. said then signed and dated, 8/23/2129, the pad Tony gave him.

“Thank you very much! See you in a week?”

“Yup, same time.”

“Okay take care.”

A week later...

“Well you’re not dead if you’re here now. So you must want more.” Tony said as Jr. walked into his house.

“Yeah, I did. The first night was torture but ever since it’s been great.”

“So you ready for another one?” Tony asked as he got the syringe ready.

“Yeah.”

“Well come on over and pop a squat.” Tony said and patted a chair next to him. Jr. walked over and held out is arm to get injected. “Okay, here we go.” Then injected the needle into his arm.

“Mother Fucker! I’m never going to get used to that!” Jr. cried out.

“Come on, hung in there. We’re half way done.” Tony said, trying to calm Jr.

“Half way my ass!” Jr. growled, being somewhat transformed in his wolfman form.

“Okay, done.” Tony said and withdraw the needle.

“Sorry for getting snippy.”

“Oh it’s okay, I’ve seen much worse.”

“Well... Okay. How much?”

“Just one hundred and twenty-six again.” Tony said then took Jr.’s eI.D. card.

After singing and dating, 8/30/2129, the pad handed to him he said. “There you are and thanks again.”

“No problem. If you have trouble contact me.”

“Will do!” Jr. called out as he walked out.

About nine months later...

“I’m here to pick up an order.” Jr. said as he walked into the University Club Florsits shop.

“Don’t I know you?” the florist asked.

“I don’t believe you do.”

“What you name?”

“Lawrence Exeter Junior.”

“Oh, I don’t know you. But I do know you’re dad.”

“My dad?”

“Yeah, he’s been in here before.”

“Oh, I see. And I can see your mistake. We do look a lot alike.”

“Yes, you do. And here’s your order.” The florist said and produced a vase of flowers onto the counter.

“Looks perfect.”

“Good. May I see your eI.D. card?”

“Here you go.” Jr. said then gave the florist his eI.D.

After swiping the card the florist said. “Your total is eighty-seven dollars today. Sign and date at the bottom.” Then handed him a pad to sign. After signing and dating, 5/25/2130, the pad he handed it back and the florist continued. “Thank you very much. Anything else I can do for you today?”

“No, thanks.” Jr. said then walked out of the shop.

A few days later...

“This will work.” Jr. said, pointing to a .5 carat gold ring.

“Perfect sir.” The Broadway Diamond Company clerk said from behind the counter.

“Let’s get you checked up and on your way today.” Then walked to the cash register. “Your total today is five hundred and seventy-five dollars and no cents.”

“She better like it.” Jr. mumbled as he gave the clerk his eI.D.

“Great.” The clerk said then swiped then card and returned it. “Now please sign and date.” And handed him a pad.

After signing his name and date, 5/28/2130, he gave the clerk the pad back and said. “Can you wrap it for me?”

“Sure, sir. One moment.” The clerk said and walked into the back and came back with the ring in a box and wrapped. “There you are sir.”

“Thanks.” Jr. said then took the ring and walked out of the store.

About 6 months later...

*Hello my sweetheart,*

*It’s been some time now seen we’ve been together. It will be sometime longer still. But attached is \$50,000 for you from me. Please take and spend it wisely. I’ll come to you when I can.*

*Your Wolf  
-L.W.E. Jr.  
(Nov. 13, 2130)*

A day later...

“...Now this says you are not to make any contact any further then court meetings. And lastly you are to pay Mrs. Lawrence Exeter Jr. five thousand dollars.” A Wall and Smith attorney said to Jr.

“Okay.”

“Now. After the final court meeting you’ll be officially divorced.”

“Understood.”

“Okay then. Now before we go you got to pay.”

“Of course. You’ve helped me a lot.” Jr. said then gave the attorney his eI.D.

After swiping the card though he handed it back and a pad to sign. “Now sign and date here.”

Once he signed his name and date, *11/14, 2130*, he handed the pad back and said. “Thanks again.”

“No problem, good luck.” The attorney said and they parted ways.

Another day later...

“You didn’t give me my money yet Junior!” Mrs., soon to be Ms., Lawrence Exeter Jr. nagged to her soon to be ex-husband on the phone.

“Yes woman! I’m doing the transaction as we speak! If you get off me about I can get it done faster!” Jr. said, trying to finish his transaction.

“You better Lawrence Wolf Exeter, Junior!” his nagging wife said and hung up the phone.

*God, I’m so glad she’s not my soul mate.* Jr. thought as finished the transaction by signing and dating, *11/12/2130*, the receipt. *There you bitch...*

About seven months and five days...

*I guess I should get those bills out...* Jr. thought while in his office.

*First the court bill for fifty-two dollars.* Jr. thought while writing the first check.

*Now to pay back mom for the court help.* Jr. thought while writing the next check for one hundred and seventy-five dollars.

*Lastly the attorneys’ bills, both mine and hers, fucking bitch. For seven hundred dollars and the other for four-hundred and fifty dollars.* Jr. thought has he written the last two checks. *At least she’s off my fucking back.*

A couple of weeks later...

“Back are we?” Tony asked when Jr. walked in.

“Yeah. Hit me up, but a bit lower this time.”

“Okay, come and take a seat.” Tony said then got the dosage ready. Once Jr. was seated he asked. “Ready?”

“As much as I can be.” Jr. said then gave Tony his arm.

“Okay, here we go.” Tony said then injected the needle into his arm.

“Ah! Mother fucker!” Jr. cried out.

“Okay there, we’re done.” Tony said once he was done and withdraw the needle.

“Mother, that hurts every time.” Jr. said getting up.

“Well again what you except, you are a werewolf.”

“Yeah I know. How much?”

“A hundred.” Tony said then took Jr.’s e.I.D. “Now...”

“Sign and date, I know.” Jr. said, a bit annoyed and signs and dates, *7/1/2131*, the pad handed to him then hands it back.

“See you again.” Tony said as Jr. walked out.

The next day...

“Again?” Tony asked as Jr. walked in the next day.

“Yeah, the same dose. Here.” Jr. said then gave Tony his e.I.D.

After swiping the card through and Jr. signing it, Tony said. "Okay, sit down." Once he was seated Tony proceeded to inject him.

"Ah! Fuck!"

"Okay, we're done." Tony said once the dose was done.

"Thanks." Jr. said then walked out.

*Mm...* Tony thought as he left.

The very next day...

"Who are you?" Jr. asked when he got to Tony's place.

"Oh, I'm Peter. Tony's not here today. So I'm replacing him."

"Well okay. I'm going to get a high either way so... Let's get started."

"Certainly. What dose do you want?" Peter asked getting ready.

"Just the usual dose."

"Okay, will do." Peter said and smirked and started to inject the silver.

"Ah! Mother fucker!" Jr. cried out.

"Almost done." Peter said, halfway done with the injection.

"This isn't the usual dose!"

"It is, trust me." Peter said trying to calm Jr. down then finished the injection and pulled the needle out.

"God. How much today!?"

"Twenty-five. I'm cheaper than Tony."

"Yes you are. Here." Jr. said then gave Peter his e.I.D.

"Thanks." Then swiped the card and gave Jr. a pad to sign and date. Once he signed it and returned he said. "Have a nice day, be careful."

"Thanks." Jr. said then left.

Two days later...

"Thanks again." Lawrence said to the hospital nurse.

"No problem. Glad he was okay." The nurse replied.

"Me too."

"You're clear to take him out now."

"Thanks." Lawrence said then walked to his son's hospital room.

"Sorry, sir." Jr. said once Lawrence was in the room.

"How son? How did you overdose?" Lawrence asked in a stern voice.

"When I went to get another dose the other day, there was a different person doing it. I still wanted a high, so I let him inject me. And apparently he injected more than I usually have and I do remember the injection being longer than usual and the rest is history."

"Okay son. Glad you came clean. Now let's get going."

"Thanks, sir." Jr. said then followed his dad out.

Ten days later...

"So, what's the verdict doc?"

"Well by the looks of it, it was overdose of silver injection. But it's unknown if it was accidently suicide, suicide, or murder. There was no evidence at his house. So the investigation is continuing as we speak." Dr. David McCoy replied to Lawrence

"I should have seen it."

“Sorry for your lost, Mr. Exeter.”

“Thanks. Let get this done with, how much?”

“One hundred and seventy-five dollars.” The doc said then took Lawrence’s e.I.D. and swiped it and handed a pad to Lawrence to sign and date. Once Lawrence was done signing he returned it to the doc and he said, “Again sorry for your lose.”

The next day...

“How much so I can get out of here. The stench is getting to me.”

“One thousand two hundred and eighty dollars for burning and the vase.”

“Okay, here.” Lawrence said and handed him his e.I.D.

After swiping the card he handed a pad to Lawrence, who signed and dated the pad and handed it back. “Thank you and sorry for your lost sir.”

“Thanks and do be surprised his more bodies are coming in.” Lawrence said and walked out.

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