

Virals: Evolution

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Virals: Evolution

by [TrisanaShadows](#)

Summary

As with some other readers, I feel like the Reichs were letting us finish the Virals story on our own, so here is my take on it. This fic is set post Terminal, directly after.

Notes

The Virals series belongs to Kathy Reichs & Brendan Reichs, NOT me, so all credit to them for their incredible imaginations and the beauty that is the Virals. Regardless, this progression of the story is from my imagination, so pleeeaaassee don't copy. Anyway, um enjoy my first published work of any sort. Also, I have only have easy access to the first four books, so if there are any blaring plot holes, feel free to criticize the hell outta me.

Prolouge

Cerulean orbs stared back at me, reflected in the depths of the mirror before me. The influx of emotions (horror, confusion, surprise, concern, anger, hope) flowed through me before the atypical green returned.

"What the ..." I stuttered under my breath, shock overwhelming every sense. And of course, I did what any sane person would do. Squishing my face up to my mirror, I stared back into my eyeball frightened, maybe even hopeful, looking for evidence that brain still had some sanity left. Alas, all I saw was my pupil dilating in the light.

"That's it. I've lost it. After all we've been through, insane scientists, pirate treasure, bombs, hurricanes, lunatic peers, rival packs. After all that, I start doubting myself when a flash of light changes the colour of my eyes. And now I'm freaking talking to myself! Wonderful! Just great." Curling up into a ball by my window, I gaze out to the ocean. Cooper, the stubborn pup he is, noses his way past the closed door and nudges my hand.

Gazing down at the adorableness, I try to reassure the mothering wolf-dog. "It's fine, Coop. Mommy's just going insane."

Coop has the decency to look rather pleased at my statement, grinning at me before going belly-up beside me. Scratching his pale stomach, I breathe in the smell of comfort and happiness, and listen to the small chuffs he makes at me.

"You always know how to make Mommy feel better, don't you?" I say to him, with a barely-there smile. Coop just gives me a look like he's saying "What are you talking about? I just wanted a scratch", but we both know better.

Taking a deep breath, I noticed the odor of happiness appeared to be coming from something, rather than just my personal perspective. Sniffing like, well, a dog, my nose was drawn to Coop, who was still smiling like a maniac at me.

Don't think it Tory, don't think it Tory. Almost as soon as it had appeared, it was gone, just my interpretation of a perfectly normal situation. Coop suddenly bounds up barking at the door, snapping me from my thoughts. Right. Walk Time.

The only time I could smell emotions was when I was flaring, so why did I suddenly think... Rising steadily to my feet, I head towards the door. Cooper stops and stares at me, with concern. "I'm fine Dog Breath, just going insane, like I said." His parenting job done, Coop escapes from my room bounding off to the beach, presumably.

"Yep, just going insane."

Discussions of Insanity

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Excited barking broke me from my thoughts. It appears Cooper has found the boys.

"... And that's why Matt is better at his job than Frank." Hi wraps up an argument I'm glad I missed. "Oh, hi Tory. Shelton and I were just debating..."

"Hi, please, no. I don't want to know, but more importantly I don't want World War III to begin, which is likely to happen given the fury Shelton's directing your way." I reply to Hi, torn between laughing at Shelton's explode-y face, or running in terror. "Hey Shelton, Ben." Shelton merely glares at me before relaunched his argument with Hi. Ben on the other hand... Well, Cooper appears to be mauling a Ben-shaped human with kisses. The Ben-shaped thing raises a hand in greeting and then returns to wrestling with my pooch. I sink to the sand beside Ben and, ignoring the slobberfest occurring beside me, focus my attention on the simplicity of the waves crashing the shore mere feet in front of me, the sand squishing beneath me, the sharp tang of anger behind me, the cawing of seagulls around us.

Hang on, tang of... nope it's gone again. Sighing, I lie back and direct my focus to the sky. I hear shifting beside me. "Who won?", I ask Ben.

"Coop forfeited. He was distracted by a seagull." Ben replied in an even tone. Silence permeates the air between us, well, apart from the heated disagreement behind us ("Yeah, well at least Frank isn't deluded that what he is doing is right", Shelton).

"What's wrong, Tory?" Ben knows me so well.

"Nothing, Ben, nothing. It's just, I don't know, it's surreal, ya know?"

"Yeah, I get it Tory. This is the first time in how long that everything's just been normal. No insane people trying to exploit us or a megalomaniac with money trying to kill us. I don't know whether to be ecstatic or sad." Ben replies, almost wistfully.

"You took the words right out of my mouth, Blue," And for the sake of friendship, "I had a... weird moment earlier. A few of them actually."

"What's up Tory?", I hear from behind me. It appears World War III has taken a brief break for the good of their mutual allies.

"Well, Ben won the battle between man and beast. In other news, I think I'm losing my mind."

Silence.

"So, Ben, what was the reason for your victory?" I don't know whether to kiss Hi or kick him.

"Tory?" Shelton the ever concerned friend.

"So, I was looking in the mirror and I'm pretty sure my eyes turned blue, and then I imagined I was smelling emotions again, without flaring."

"Well then, I'm insane too. Blue eyes, zoom vision, doubting my sanity. The whole shebang." I'm thinking affection towards Hi.

"Same here, woke up to the power lines again. Didn't see my eye colour, but I had just woken up, so..." Shelton adds.

"I have a little more confirmation in my sanity. It's kind of hard to imagine crushing a doorknob when the evidence is right in front of you." God, I love my boys.

Deep breath, Tory.

"Okay, so the facts." The boys relief that i'm taking control is palpable. "A. Hi and I, at least,

have experienced sudden change in eye colour to blue, which, up to this point, hasn't happened before. B. All of us have been able to use our special abilities, for lack of a better term-", Hi starts snickering. A trio of glares in his direction quickly shuts him up. "Anyway, use our abilities without flaring, visually or mentally, right? Anything else?" A quick look around tells me that I'm right.

"Maybe it's just a side effect of the serum?" says Shelton. He has a good point.

"Maybe. But we should still keep stock of everything flare-like just in case. What we were doing before, when it happens, what happens, were we alone or not. We should also probably call Ella and Chance-", collective groans (Cooper included), "-to see if they have experienced any of this or if they know what's going on. All in agreement." Three nods and a bark confirm our game plan.

"When should we call Ella and Chance?" Ben asks.

"We could all do it now," I say directing the comment at Hi, "Then we will all know what's going on. Full disclosure." Nods all around.

"Okay," I say pulling my phone from my pocket, dialling...

"Hello?"

"Hey Ella, it's Tory. The boys are with me."

"Hey Tor, guys. What's up?" A chorus of hello's echo towards the phone.

"This is a little awkward, but we were wondering if you'd been experiencing any... side effects after taking the serum?" I could hear her relieved sigh.

"Yeah. My, uh, my eyes went blue. And I keep running fast. Like, inhumanly fast and I defiantly haven't flared at all." Fear suddenly entered her voice, "Why Tory? What's wrong? Is everyone okay?" Her concern was abnormal but not unwanted.

"We're all fine El. But we've been having side effects too. All our strongest senses are kicking in without flaring. We're about to call Chance. See if he knows anything."

"Alright," she says hesitantly, "Just let me know what you learn, kay?"

"Everything's going to be fine Ella," Hi butts in, "Probably just some withdrawal from our hyped DNA going plain again." Ah, Hi has a way with words.

"Yeah, probably," shouting comes through the speaker, "Look I gotta go. Call me ASAP with any news. Bye guys."

"Bye Ella." We reply, but she was already gone.

"Right. Now onto Chance." The foul language spouting from the boys mouth showed their enthusiasm. "Good to see your priorities are straight. You know, possibly lethal side effects to an unknown drug is obviously less important than a talking to an old enemy." That shut them up.

Dialling Chance's number, I am interrupted by a call from the Lord himself.

"Hey Cha-"

"We need to talk. Now."

Chapter End Notes

Oooh. Interesting. Very Interesting. The normal comment if you want, I however, value hits and kudos to the same standard.

Explanations (well, partially)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

We are ushered into Chance's office, with the same attitude and efficiency normally associated with differing social classes. We had been deemed unimportant and undeserving in their eyes, and if it wasn't for the fact we were here at the Lord Claybourne's request, I would be willing to say the boys and myself would have been shipped off in the back of a squad car. Seeing Ella already seated on the posh sofa, I reach out and give her a quick hug, reassuring her as much as myself.

"Kind of you to finally grace us with your presence Tory." Chance, the ever righteous douche we all love to hate. "I do believe that I expressed urgency. What took so long?"

"Oh, hi Chance. We're great, and you? We were kind of far away, you know, and we don't live at your beck and call." Hi says, gesturing to his employees.

"We don't have time for sarcasm, Victoria." I snort at the low blow. "There has been some ... unforeseen consequences after the injection."

"We know." says Ben, looking slightly ticked off, which is it's resting state around Chance. A brief look of surprise overwhelms Chance's face, before he schools it back to it's normal state. "Interesting." he leans over and begins writing something on his desk. "And what are these symptoms? How long have they been occurring? And-"

"Claybourne. You called us here. You share first." My face leaves no room for debate. Chance stops briefly, a quick glance in our direction. He straightens up, then it's as if the fight leaves him. His shoulders drop, as if he no longer has the strength or the will to hold them square. He collapses into a chair, which is shocking considering he normally has the etiquette and grace of a princess. Running a hand through his hair, he releases a sigh. The tension becomes even more apparent, as we realize this must be serious for that kind of reaction.

"Chance? Are you okay? What's wrong?" Ella asks. Right. We should probably make sure our friend (I use that term so loosely) isn't dying or anything.

Chance slowly sits up, righting himself in the high back chair. "I think the right or wrong of this is still undecided." he replies cryptically. "The serum didn't act completely as predicted." The silence is thick with confusion.

"Care to elaborate, Chance?", Shelton asks. His nerves are literally radiating off of him.

"It appears that instead of removing the wolf DNA, like it was created to do, it seems to have just stabilized it."

"Well, that was a very elaborate answer to a question. I'm glad they I wasted half my afternoon to learn that. Considering that was what we thought it had already done. You know stabilizing the unstable DNA in our systems to eliminate it entirely." Hi says, sarcasm thick in his voice.

Scowling at Hi, Chance continues, albeit reluctantly. "So, the DNA was supposed to stabilize separately, before it was expelled from our systems altogether. However, it stabilized as a part of our DNA." My jaw, along with Hi's and Shelton's physically drop. Ben and Ella look on, confused.

"Tory. Tory. What does that mean?" Ben asks.

Shelton takes up the responsibility of explaining the situation to Ben and Ella. "Well, according to Chance, our DNA has merged permanently with the wolf DNA." Their

understanding is visible, as realization dawns on them.

"So, instead of being humans with a little something extra, now we aren't even freaking human. We're a new species. I don't know whether to be scared or in awe of myself." Hi's humor does nothing to diffuse the situation.

Steeling himself, Chance looks as if he isn't done speaking yet. "I have had someone check on the remnants of Trinity." Ella's flinch is violent. "It appears the serum acted normally on them. Why it acted differently on us, I don't know."

"Maybe exposure time to us or the virus. Could even be that subconsciously we all wanted to keep our abilities." I say theorizing. "So up till now, the only physical demonstration of this change is our ability to use our strongest, I don't know, skill, maybe, without flaring. That and the blue eyes." Chance looks shocked at the part about the eye colour, quickly jots down some notes, before turning back to us ready to ask us a rally of questions. I beat him to the chase.

"I can smell emotions again, Hi has impeccable eyesight, Shelton can hear everything, Ben accidentally crushed his doorknob and Ell's can run faster than Usain Bolt on a good day. What about you, Chance?"

This causes him to halt his crazy scribbling's. "I seem to be able to sense heat signatures. Instinctually, without the colour scale normally seen." He says before Hi can ask his probably funny, but insulting, question.

Chance suddenly smiles a slightly evil smirk. Forget that, insane psychotic villain grin is more appropriate.

"C'mon, guys. I need more details than that."

I settle in for a long afternoon.

Chapter End Notes

The chapters will definitely be longer the more we get into the story. I just knew where I've wanted to finish them for the past few chapters.

So, commenting, kudos or plain old reading. Whatever tickles your fancy.

Life:HD

Collapsing onto my bed, my groan rivalled a hungry wolf's stomach. Tory. Stop with the canine jokes.

"Tory, honey, dinner time," Whitney called from the kitchen. Ugh. I was not up to social niceties at all, not after the day I'd had.

We spent literal hours documenting anything that might be relevant to our current predicament. That meant everything pre-Virals, post-infection and post-serum. Lots of talking, writing and secret sharing without any sustenance. We only managed to escape because of curfews, and I never thought I'd be thankful for them. Chance left us with a lovely slice of optimism. "Remember, we have no idea how far this will change us, physically, mentally or otherwise. So keep track of anything abnormal."

"Guys," Hi asks worriedly, "what if we're going to turn into wolves?" The straight face that Hi was holding in vain disappeared, replaced with streaming tears and chuckles that sounded like a choking animal.

"We could, Hiram. We know nothing." Chance's answer sobers Hi up immediately.

After that depressing revelation, we all piled back into Ben's truck. The ride back to Morris Island was unnervingly quiet. With a brief "see you tomorrow", I retreat to my home.

"Tory! Come on!", Kit's voice travels upstairs. Right. Up time Tory.

It feels oddly like I'm descending into hell.

"So, how was your day, Hun?", Whitney asks, the sugar in her voice giving me cavities.

"It was fine." Just stay vague, but interested. I can make it through this. "The boys and I fooled around with Coop for a bit. Then we met up with Ella and Chance in town." Kit's eyebrows skyrocket at my mention of Chance. Uh oh.

"This is the same Chance who tried to kill you, right?"

"Uh, no. Completely different Chance." What happened to my lying abilities when I really need them? "Okay, fine yes it was. And he only tried to kill us because of his demon of a father and witch of an ex-girlfriend." And now I'm sticking up for him. Brilliant.

Strangely enough, Whitney comes to my rescue. "Oh, leave her alone Kit. He hasn't shown any intention towards hurting her. Right Tory?" I shake my head no at her, "See he's fine, she's fine, they're all fine." Kit seems to reluctantly agree.

Then Whitney winks at me. Like full fluttering and all, like we're sharing a secret. Oh. Great. She probably thinks I'm crushing on him, and just did me the biggest favour. Which she did, just not in the way she thinks.

Suddenly, everything gets clearer. Not quite to the degree of my normal flare, but pretty darn close. I can taste the drops of sweat rolling down our backs, see each individual hair of Kit's five o'clock shadow, hear Cooper's growling stomach from the next room and, good lord, Whitney's perfume was suffocatingly sweet.

As the influx of information keeps going up, up, up, I notice that Kit's speaking. "... So what do you think, Tory?"

"I'm sorry. I'm not feeling well." I give by way of explanation as I rush upstairs away, away, away.

10 minutes on and it was just getting worse.

I now knew what it was like to hear the electricity flowing through the walls and have so much strength that I literally ripped my pillow to shreds. I knew what Chance meant by being able to sense temperatures. It was like 360 degree vision of just knowing what was living and what wasn't. I could tell Kit was sitting at the table on his laptop (another heat source), while Whitney pottered in the kitchen. I deprived myself of sight to preserve some sanity, and I hadn't exactly been for a jog to check my speed but I had no doubt that I would be way faster than normal.

What if this was happening to the other Virals? Are they okay? I could hear Ben's dad pottering on his ferry and that was way further than any of their houses. I couldn't exactly talk to Chance or Ella right now, not in the state I was in. But the others.... Well one way to find out.

"Hi? Shelton? Ben? Can you hear me?", I whisper, even that grating on my sensitive eardrums.

A chorus of "Tory?" came through my ears at ,thankfully, normal levels.

"Okay. So we're all experiencing Life: HD. Wonderful." Hi states, and that's a pretty good description for us right now.

"How are we supposed to do anything?" Shelton asks. I can't answer because my senses take it up yet another level, and I'm too busy passing out to care.

The New Normal

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

It hit me when I was in the shower the next morning. I had freaking passed out last night. Full on loss of consciousness for 8 hours. And then when I woke up, I noticed I could hear Kit humming under his breath downstairs and I could smell the fact that he and Whitney had cuddled last night (Sigh) even though he'd already washed this morning. The most disturbing thing was that I had been up for nearly a half hour, with no over stimulation whatsoever. It was like my brain had just adjusted overnight.

Springing from the warm water (I could see, feel, hear, smell and track every droplet), grab a towel and rush my computer, opening a chat window with the Virals plus Chance and Ella. Though I suppose they're equally Viral-ed now.

Firing off a quick "Video Chat Now" to all them, I throw on my uniform for school. Because dealing with snobs was exactly how I wanted to spend my Monday, let alone trying to deal with, dare I say it, super senses. Coop rolls over, stares at me with one eye open, then covers his face with his paws. Assumedly to get some more sleep.

A beep from my PC lets me know everyone's good to go. I try not to think that I was across the room, that I have headphones plugged in and the volume quiet. Five bleary eyed faces stare back at me.

"So, I can assume had some sensory overload last night? Before passing out? Right?" I ask, straight to the point. Sounds and gestures of agreement confirm it.

"You knew that last night, Tory." Hi says, frustration clearly evident all over his face.

"Remember, we talked from each others freaking bedroom before going to the land of sleep. And plus we're obviously fine this morning."

"So you can normally," I pause for a second and cock my head, "hear all of our parents talking on the ferry to Loggerhead? I think you're having spaghetti bolognese for dinner tonight, Hiram."

It finally gets through their heads that everything is not normal. They suddenly look very awake.

"Well." Ella responds, "School's going to be wonderful."

The six of us met up at the gate. Even Chance, who said he had "nowhere better to be". He makes us all feel just wonderful when he says "I'm glad I didn't have this when I went to high school. I can smell the body odor and sexual tension from here." When Hi looks at him with approval of his comment, Chance looks strangely worried.

"Alright. Let's just get this over with." Ben says before looking at Shelton. "Shelton, what are you doing?" Shelton looks a lot like he's hyperventilating. "I'm getting all the fresh oxygen I can. I have no wish to suffocate on the stench of my classmates." he says, ridiculously.

Though, to be honest, I take a deep breath of my own before entering the doors.

Only to run into the Tripod of Skank. Great.

"Oh no, Ella. Don't tell me you're socializing with the boat people." Says Miss Ashley Bodford, leader of Skank. Courtney stands to the side of her with a look that's probably to be a smirk, but kind of looks like she ate a lemon. Madison says a quiet brief "hi" before

strutting off in her heels. Apparently she's still not over the eye thing.

"Yep. Such a tragedy. I've abandoned backstabbing and gossiping for people who are interested in me and can walk without stepping on others. Goodbye Ashley, Courtney." Ella rebuts before walking off, the rest of the Virals following her, grinning.

Once she's turned the corner, she leans up against a locker, looking as if she's just run a mile.

"God, I've wanted to do that for years." she says. Hi looks like he's idolizing her. Again.

"C'mon," I reply, bumping her shoulder, a smile wider than a clown's on my face, "Let's get to class."

Lunch Time. Finally.

We rush outside, trying our best not to fall on sprint, looking for fresh air. Bursting through the doors, Hi falls to his knees, hands raised up. "Thank you, God, for allowing me to breathe once again.

"Well I, for one, am going to find a spot as far away from as many people as possible.

Anyone joining me?" A chorus of agreements follow. We find a nice spot underneath an old oak tree in the back corner of the school property, the choir of birds and the drifting leaves a nice respite from the roar of the school, which was still audible.

"How are we supposed to even do this?" Shelton queries, "We can barely handle the noise here, let alone in the actual building."

"I don't know, Shelton. Practice? Noise cancelling headphones?" I answer.

"Everything will be fine, Shelton." Ella says, as Ben nods in support.

"Yep everything's gonna be peachy keen, man... OH GOD! NOT FINE! ABORT! TURN IT OFF!" Hi suddenly starts screaming.

"Hi. Hi! What's wrong?" I ask.

"I'm never going to be able to look at squirrels the same way again. GET A ROOM, FILTHY RODENTS!" he continues, our laughter and own cries of disgust, as we realize what we'd been eavesdropping on, echoes around us. I can't help but think it's kind of nice.

Chapter End Notes

Hope that at least made a grin happen. :) I sincerely hope none of you are insulted by my use of the term God, if so, let me know and I will adjust it. So, kudos comments subscribe. Whatever you're cool with.

Super Science Stuff

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Usually, school is bearable. You get to learn new things and talk with your friends. You can laugh at the class clown and meet new people. Super senses make ignorance really damn difficult. It's like looking at a fast food advertisement, perfect from a distance but ugly and unhealthy in real life. You can hear making out behind closed doors and people dealing with absolute hell in bullying. You can smell sweat as if it was bucketed by the gallon, smell exactly what goes in the mystery meat and it's as if everyone is soaked in eau de angst. You can see secret glances and hidden injuries. It so disgustingly overwhelming, exhausting and disappointing. By the looks of my face, if I hadn't of known better, I would've thought I'd just witnessed brutal torture and assassination. Of children. We begin our trek homeward, disturbingly silent. A limo pulls up at the corner where Hi, Shelton, Ben and I normally split off from Ella. One guess who owns it. Piling in, we wait for our arrival at Claybourne manor. "You know, I think this is the first time we've been to Chance's place with honourable intentions." Even Hi's normal cheeriness is gone, replaced with an almost contemplative tone, as we drive through the wrought iron gate and down the gravel road. The only response his comment gets is a raised brow from Ella. Pulling to a stop before the grand entrance, the driver opens the door for us and we all file indoors. Chance is slowly descending the grand staircase, glass of alcohol (scotch, by the smell) in hand, looking every bit the rich, influential Lord of the Manor

"And how was your day?" he asks, smile dropping as he spies our tormented faces. Rushing towards us at a decidedly inhuman speed and with a straight face says, "Who are making disappear?". It feels oddly comforting, though mainly just odd. A protective Chance? Who would have thought?

"No-one," Ella replies, "Unless you can annihilate the entirety of Bolton Prep. Academy." Chance appears thoughtful at the idea.

"Nope. No wiping high schools from the face of the planet." I assert, stopping Chance in his tracks. "So, why the fancy ride Chance?"

"Sunday was the questions portion of the test. Now, we need to do the practical." He replies, before heading down a hallway to our right. Opening a door, he leads us into a room filled with exercise equipment. Home gym then, wonderful.

Hi was slightly more dramatic. "Anything! Anything but exercise! Oh, Shelton, just kill me now!" He was even gripping the front of Shelton's blazer. Shelton didn't look too happy with the arrangement either. Ben and Ella looked thoroughly cheered up, the prospect of testing out their limits.

"Hiram, calm down. A little running won't hurt you." Hi's mouth opens, debate at the ready, but Chance just barrels on, "So there are a few things I want to record, not all today of course, but in general. Speed, flexibility and strength are probably the easiest. I also want to investigate the strength of our senses, with and without adrenaline, because before, to flare, our pulses had to have risen and then our abilities would come out, but now... Well that's what testing is for. I'm sure other things will come to light, but until then that's all we know to look for. So, who's first?" he finishes.

Ella steps forward, grin on her face, but Ben beats her to it. "I'll go. This'll be interesting."

Looking between the weights, and the treadmill, he steps toward the bench and begins looking through the weights.

"Okay so we'll start small, and work ..." Chance stops as he spots Ben lift the 20kg (A/N This is roughly 44lbs) weight in one hand and start chucking it up like a tennis ball. "Oh, this is going to be fun." Chance says with a grin.

"You have no idea." Shelton adds, worrying his ear, "I remember back when we first started flaring and Ben caught an engine, a freaking 220Kg (500lbs) engine and calmly put it back on the shelf. If we weren't freaking out so much, it would have been incredible. It kind of still is."

Ella and Chance look shocked. "I knew we were strong, but wow..." Ella replies gobsmacked, going over to where Ben was standing and taking the weight from him, tossing it around just as easily as he had been.

"Let's leave the weights for now. Speed should be easier to track." Chance suggests.

Hi raises his hand and says, "I volunteer as tribute. Let's get this over and done with. I have a date with my Xbox." Stepping on to the treadmill he starts off slow. "Hey this isn't so bad."

"Hiram, I want you to increase the speed to a point where you can easily maintain it."

Following Chance's instructions, Hi dials up the speed. After he has run consistently at that speed for near on 20 minutes, Chance makes some notes before reaching over and pushing a few buttons.

"Hey, man, what'd you do?", Hi queries as the treadmill starts steadily speeding up,

"Claybourne! Get me the hell off this ride! NOW!" He sustains the pace for a few minutes before he starts tripping over his own feet. As Chance walks over to rescue him, Hi's legs give up all together, and flies off the machine altogether at, good God, 45 kmph (28mph).

Rushing over to him, I check his body for the inevitable countless injuries that. Should be.

Right. There. But there are none, he seems fine just a bit dazed. "Guess I've got literally tough skin now. Huh." he says, before pulling himself up. "I can't believe I'm saying this, but can we do this more often? Not the crashing and burning bit, but the running? It was...

Incredible. Exhilarating."

Shaking my head with disbelief, I answer "Sure Hi. Sure."

"Well then." Chance asks, "Whose next?"

Once we've all had our fitness test, Chance heads over to a laptop to do some calculations before returning with the official stats.

"So the fastest was obviously Ella, then Ben, Victoria and myself were all fairly even. Then came Shelton, followed by Hiram." I scowled at the use of my full name, but the statistics were fairly predictable. "The slow run, which was more for endurance, averaged out at about 9kmph (5.6mph) which we could probably run at constantly for hours on end. If a fast chase was necessary, we could hold a run at, I can't believe I'm saying this, 65kmph(40mph) for about 20 minutes."

"Jesu Christi." I say stunned, before I'm floored by an influx of thoughts, emotions, sensations and interpretations flow through my head. Dropping to my knees, my fingernails drawing blood as they dig into my arm. The thoughts swiftly change to ones of concern, help and Tory, making them ease enough for me to groan out "Stop thinking so loud." It takes them a minute to comprehend their words before they realise they could hear/see/sense/smell everything that they were internalising through me, like a great big tuning rod. After seconds, minutes, hours, days they finally block their thoughts off, enough that I can think.

'Well, good to know we've still got this skill.' I think to the Virals, because now there is no doubt we're in this together, and my boys don't even look shocked. The newbies on the other

hand, look panicked and shocked (their thoughts are too). Ella takes a second to nod, accepting the inevitable. Chance on the other hand. Well, he faints into a heap.

Chapter End Notes

I spent a while looking up conversions and facts on actual wolves, so these facts are all fairly, well, factual. Hope this was enjoyable for you all. Also, shameless name drop: Lindsey Stirling. She's a mind-blowing violinist and this story has been written listening to her music. I feel like some credit is due. You know the drill: comment, subscribe or kudos if you've got the time, every writer loves to know if their work is entertaining.

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