

Chapter Thirteen—Love by the Lake

Siobhan

“I’m cold,” I said. Instead of helping me or giving me his coat, Harrod took my coat off and laid it on the boulder we were sitting on.

“What are you doing?”

“Trying to heat you up,” he said, taking off his own coat and piling it over mine. “Lie down,” he said.

I laid on my back on the fur coats and looked at the sky, at the dark clouds. Harrod laid down next to me, his arm under my head; his other hand was across my chest, stroking my side. We both shifted our gazes to the sky, the snow flurrying in our faces. My face started getting cold, and I can picture my cheeks getting red. My teeth started chattering until he put his warm mouth over them. His tongue pushed into my mouth, hot with lust. The kiss felt different, more aggressive somehow. I wondered if that was the wolf in him.

The night smelled like thorn bushes and fresh snow. He kissed me on the side of my lips, smelled my perfume and licked my cheek. He unbuttoned my shirt and exposed my breasts to the cold winds.

“God, I love your tits,” he whispered in my ear, before his tongue moistened it. My breasts were slightly swollen and larger than before, tender. He grabbed one and licked the other, twisting my nipple hard.

“Be gentle, Harry. It hurts.”

“I have wanted you so badly. I can’t wait to fuck you in every hole. Please don’t stop me.”

As the memories of our first encounter rushed back into my mind, I was overcome with a desire to have him inside me. I wanted the pain that brought me closer to him, that connected us, that made us one. I tried to get up and unbutton his shirt, but he continued working on my tits and tossed his shirt off. He was paying extra attention to my swollen boobs, but I hoped he wouldn’t find out the reason why they were bigger until I told him. His body felt warm against my hands, and I rubbed them on his hard muscles, drawing the heat. He embraced me tightly, pushing his groin against me, and I could feel his hardness. I could feel how hard

he was for me, the hot rod ready to explode lava inside me. He licked my body and went lower, literally ripping my skirt in two with his bare hands.

He smelled me down there, his nose pressing into the soft flesh. His kisses near my pussy got intense and then his tongue pushed inside me. He started getting frantic, feeling me up, touching me, turning into a primal, wild being. He spat on his finger and pushed it up into my ass. A small moan escaped my lips, but he didn't move the finger until I got used to it. Then he pushed another, and then another. His tongue made love to my pussy while his fingers took me from behind, preparing me.

I got up and jumped off the boulder, my naked body bombarded with tiny flecks of snow. He stood up on the boulder; he looked savage. Looking back I remembered what he used to look like only three weeks ago. He had changed somehow. His muscles were more defined, his body more muscular and hairy. He let out a long howl and his body changed. Misha told me that their eyes turn yellow when they transform into a wolf, but his eyes were red and glowing. He gained mass in front of my eyes, his legs slightly bent, like a wolf on its feet. He was half-wolf and half-man right now. Compared to what I could see right now, he used to be a boy. Now he was a damned wolverine. His nails had turned into claws. As my gaze was drawn to his manhood, I realized he had gained another inch at the very least. He was easily 8.5 or 9 inches right now: thick, hard, and erect. I didn't think I could take him.

As I was about to voice my doubts, he jumped down and held my face in his hands, forcing me to look at him. It was the same face, only his eyes were red, powerful. I knew without anyone telling me that this was what an Alpha looked like.

I got on my toes to reach his lips, my arms around his neck. He kissed me softly, then pushed my head down to his manhood.

“Suck it. Take it in,” he commanded in an animal voice.

I obliged, but it didn't go in any farther than it did last time. I looked up into his glowing red eyes, and I saw the desire that was burning inside him. He pushed back his hips, holding my head, and then jerked forward, pushing all the way into my throat. My nose was in his pubes and I could smell his cologne again, mixed with the sweaty muscular scent. I cupped his heavy balls in my hands as he banged my mouth. When he pulled out, I could see the glowing, silvery pre-cum oozing out of his glans.

I knew what he wanted and I was ready to give it to him. I got back up on the boulder and laid down. He pulled me by the legs and brought my crotch close to his raging hard-on. I raised my legs and rested them on his shoulders, as he slid inside me with one strong thrust. No lubrication, this time. My juices were already

flowing for him. He pulled out all the way and forced it back inside. His length filled me. He grabbed my boobs tightly with the hands of an Alpha, letting me know that I was his property now, part of his pack, and started — there was no other way to put it — fucking me hard with my legs in the air. My moans were in sync with his grunts, his pubes scratching my shaved pussy each time he buried himself inside me. His grip on me tightened and I was pinned on the fur coats as he came close to release. I couldn't even move, but I raised my head to see his face. He was almost drooling, his desires flowing down in tiny drops as he drilled me like a machine.

His grunts turned into moans of pleasure as he shot his load inside me. I could feel his hot honey filling me up slowly, shooting not one, not two, not three or four, but five huge loads inside me. He didn't stop even after he came. He was panting, but still shagging me, slower now. He collapsed on top of me without pulling out.

“You're so beautiful,” he whispered in my ear. “Your pussy is so fucking tight, I can't stop myself.” I knew I'd never tire of hearing this from him.

“Then don't stop,” I whispered back.

“I don't plan to,” he said.

The heat from the activity had taken away the chill. I was lying naked in the snow, pressed under his hot body, and I didn't need anything else to keep me warm.

He wrapped his arms around me again, his cock still inside me, and jumped off the boulder. When he pulled out, his glowing, silvery, supernatural cum spilled out of my almost-gaping pussy.

“It's glowing,” I said.

“It's normal. It becomes stronger after we shift,” he said. When I looked back at him, I saw that he had returned to his normal self. His eyes were a brighter shade of blue now. The only sign of his animal self was his hard cock. I knew what he wanted now and I was ready to give it to him. I wanted to feel him in every cavity in my body. I wanted what he wanted. I wanted him to get used to me, to want me even more, to settle for nothing else.

I smiled at him seductively and turned around as he grinned. He came at me from behind and grabbed my hands, guiding them back to the boulder. I held on to it for support as he pushed his thigh between my legs, rubbing his cock against the only virgin hole I had left.

He grabbed my left leg and pulled it up, pushing his thigh under it. His cock was wet from his own cum. He parted the soft, huge cheeks of my ass and tapped his

cock at my opening, preparing it, pushing in ever so slowly. I was so lost in the sultry things he was whispering in my ear, and the feeling of his breath on my back, that I was completely numb. He was halfway inside me now, still going slowly, but I knew how he liked it, how he wanted it. I took a long breath and pushed my hips back until I felt his stomach against my back.

“God, that was amazing!” He moaned. “Your ass is so fucking tight, tighter than your pussy.”

He pulled back slowly, and before he could pull out completely, I thrust back again, eliciting another glorious moan of pleasure from him.

“Do that again,” he said. But he couldn’t control himself anymore. With one hand on my thigh and his other arm wrapped around me, he had me fixed in place, leaning against him. He started thrusting again, faster and faster, faster and faster, pushing in and out with such speed that I couldn’t keep up. He pushed four fingers inside my pussy and curved them slightly, hitting my G-spot.

“Come with me, babe,” he said between heavy pants. “Fuck, I’m coming,” he added, without missing a beat. His balls slapped underneath me with each thrust, his fingers on my spot, and I trembled as I climaxed at the same time as I felt him have an orgasm. He shot just as much of his silver honey inside me as he did only moments ago, and I understood why his ball sack was so heavy.

When he pulled out, I almost fell but he caught me. I was so depleted that I didn’t have the strength to stand. I wanted to sleep right there on the fur coats on the boulder.

I closed my eyes.

Chapter Fourteen - The True Alpha

Harrod

It was my last night there. The sky was clear, the full moon shining brightly. But on the ground the visibility was low, with thick clouds of fog spread here and there. I was standing on the edge of the pit, waiting for the fight. Harrison was on the opposite side of the pit. My dad and Grandpa were watching from a projecting cliff about two stories high. We were surrounded by wolves on all sides, all in their natural form. The pups were there, too; the entire den was. There were yowls and howls in the air. The only human presence was that of Siobhan. I told her that she didn't have to watch, but she insisted on coming.

Then my Grandpa stepped forward onto the cliff, to the very edge. I could barely make-out his shape, as he was silhouetted against the bright moonlight. As he moved to the edge, silence spread as every pair of glowing yellow eyes fixed on the cliff.

He looked to the moon and howled, a deep, guttural howl that reverberated throughout the forest, its echoes resounding in the distance. It was showtime!

Harrison got in first on all fours, and then I got in. The pit was a large circle filled with sand. My eyes were fixed on Harrison, his eyes on me. We circled around the pit slowly, without taking our eyes off each other. I knew Harrison wanted me to win, but he wouldn't lose deliberately. He'd do his best to defeat me. The thought of losing, of getting my ass handed to me, was unsettling. The large, gray wolf standing opposite me was terrifying.

A thick, foggy cloud made its way to the pit, standing between us. I stopped, but continued looking in my brother's direction, as the yellow of his eyes disappeared behind the cloud. I was waiting for the cloud to pass when a shadow suddenly appeared in the cloud, tearing it apart, growing, and then Harrison jumped out and landed a blow on my muzzle, catching me off guard, throwing me off balance. I got back up on my feet again and launched myself head first into him. I hit him in the abdomen, but he quickly turned around and pounced, kicking my paws.

I got up again, grunting. I searched the crowd for a sign of Siobhan. As my eyes met hers, a sharp pain shot through my neck as Harrison's fangs dug into my soft fur.

“No,” Siobhan screamed, and started walking toward the pit. Mishayev jumped out of the crowd, shifting back into human form, and grabbed hold of her before she could enter the pit. As another cloud found its way in, I moved to the side and closed my eyes, sniffing for Harrison’s scent. He jumped through the cloud of fog like before, except I was not there. I launched into him with full force, hitting him so hard that he flew out of the pit. He got back to his feet and immediately shuffled back in. He launched into an attack that I dodged.

Siobhan was sobbing, shouting, pleading, “You have to win! You can do it! A win for me, please!”

He attacked me from the side and got on top of me, his paws landing blows repeatedly on my face, disabling me. I had a good shot from there, I could take him down easily, but I couldn’t bring myself to hit my own brother. I’d rather lose. He slashed my skin and I felt warm blood ooze out and stick to my mane.

Siobhan’s sobs drowned everything. Then she said something and I knew there was no stopping.

“You can do this, Harrod,” she shouted, struggling in Mishayev’s tight grip. “For heaven’s sake, you have to win. Win for me, win for the child that’s inside me.”

I stroke hard under my brother’s abdomen and he yelped with pain, falling to the side, kicking up a cloud of sand. I got back up and howled, and shifted again. This shift was unknown to me. No other wolf that I had seen here could shift like this. My bones cracked and strained in my body as I shifted into a hybrid form, a cross between man and wolf. There was a collective yelp from the crowd gathered, whether in shock or awe I couldn’t tell. My dad moved forward and stood beside my Grandpa on the cliff, spectating closely now. I could see them better somehow, more clearly.

Harrison was looking at Siobhan, taking in what she said. I howled at the top of my lungs and landed a fierce blow to my brother. It knocked him out as he skidded onto the sand in another cloud. A minute passed but he didn’t get up. He whimpered in pain.

From atop the cliff, my Grandpa looked toward the moon and howled. My dad joined him when he howled for the second time. Mishayev let go of Siobhan.

The entire wolf pack howled together with my dad and grandfather as they howled for the third time. The howls were eerie and echoed through the trees.

“We have a winner,” my Grandpa said proudly. “We have a new Alpha!”

The wolves howled again, cheering for me. I rushed to Harrison's side as he shifted back into human form. "I'm fine," he said. "Well played. I trained you well."

Four werewolves from the infirmary came and took him away on a gurney, disappearing into the woods. Siobhan ran into the pit and wrapped her arms around me. Everybody was standing still in their place.

"Members of the pack," Grandpa continued. "I am proud to announce that we have a True Alpha this time. It is a rare happening, but it has happened. We have among us one that has blood moons for eyes and the impeccable control that allows him to maintain a form that is between animal and man. Precious," he said cockily. "Simply precious."

"Good tidings, I told you," Mishayev shouted to Siobhan.

I remembered what Siobhan shouted at me.

"You're pregnant," I said, holding her firmly.

"Yes," she said. "If you're not happy, we can—"

"I couldn't be happier," I said, and kissed her before she could speak of the unthinkable.

Then my dad spoke from atop the cliff. "I have more good news for you," he said to the pairs of yellow eyes. "We have a new union among us, for the new Alpha no less. And our pack is to grow, with a new pup on the way."

The howled that ensued were elated and transformed into claps as the pack shifted into human form to congratulate us.

"Union," I said, looking at Siobhan.

"I told your father before I came here," she said. "That's why he sent me here."

"You have known all along and you didn't tell me? Who else knew?"

"I couldn't wait to tell you, but I wanted to do it after the fight. I only told your father, but I think Misha knew too."

"And the union?"

"Your father asked me if I wanted it, and I said yes. He said he'll take care of the rest. I can say I changed my mind if you don't want it."

“Fuck, no,” I said, sweeping her off her feet and kissing her again. I got on my knees and planted a kiss on her belly. “This one’s for my pup.”

The crowd reached us, surrounded us and lifted us up. Pats on the back, handshakes and blessings were showered on us.

Mishayev came and snatched Siobhan from me. “Now she must see our doctor,” she said protectively. “You should go see one too.”

“I’ll come with you,” I said.

“You can’t be with Siobhan until the ceremony. You have already imprinted on her, but you have to do it properly. Once you form the bond, you’ll be considered married according to our customs. Until then, you can only meet her under my supervision.”

“I don’t mind,” Siobhan said. “He can see me whenever he wants.”

“I have already disregarded too many rules by sending you here, young lady,” said my dad’s raucous voice from behind. “I can’t break anymore rules. We will hold the ceremony tomorrow and you will join in union. Until then, you must wait.”

“Lay down the Mountain Ash,” Grandfather chimed in.

“What’s that?” Siobhan and I asked simultaneously.

“It is something that is very toxic to werewolves,” Mishayev explained. “But humans help us with it when we need.”

“What for?” Siobhan asked.

“It forms a protective boundary when laid down in a perfect circle. No wolf can cross it. It is customary for us to lay it around during periods of mourning or celebration, so we are not attacked by rivals when we least expect it.”

Mishayev took Siobhan and headed to the infirmary, but not before I stole her for a fiery make-out session. I could see in her eyes how much she hated being separated from me, and if the tent in my pants was any indication, I wouldn’t be having an easy night either. In just a week, I had grown too used to her presence to spend a night without her. But the new sun was filled with glad tidings, and I couldn’t wait!

THE END