

CHAPTER NINE

Michael's POV

She stared at her hands, not sparing me a glance. I knew she was shy, but not this shy. I tilted her face toward me. That way, she was not going to look away.

"First, Nora, you don't have to be shy with me. I'm sorry if I made you uncomfortable, but I'm not sorry for saying that." Her face immediately went bright red, like that of a fire truck.

"Emm, I think it's late. I need it to retire to bed." She stood abruptly as she pulled away from me. I am still avoiding my eyes.

"Okay," I muttered, and we left the theater. As we walked in absolute silence, I watched her back. She kept looking back a bit.

"I guess this is a good night then," I said as we got to her door.

"Yes, I had a great time. Thanks to you," she gave me a small smile, and I returned it. Speaking of the great time, I don't even remember a single thing that happened in the movie. Nora was my beautiful distraction.

The week went by fast. Dylan had begun to settle down at a new school.

"Dad, can I still punch people, you know?" He looked at me as if we were sharing a secret. I burst out laughing.

"Son, you don't have to hide anything. We are all werewolves here, but you don't go looking for trouble. " I ruffled his hair after doing his lace.

"Oh, dad, I can do that," he said, raising his two eyebrows at me.

"What are you doing, Dylan?" I laughed.

"Come on, dad, my father is the alpha of this pack," he winked at me, and I laughed.

"I see you are now catching on with the werewolf terms, huh?" I hugged him, and he hugged me too. I felt some sense of fulfillment as I stared at the miniature version of myself. He was going to break the slot of hearts.

"I'm ready, guys! Dylan, Come quick, I need to lace those shoes; we are running late." Nora's voice made us look up.

"Mum, don't worry; dad has taken care of it, he said as we went over to her.

"Good morning, Michael," she said, giving me a small smile.

"Morning Nora," I stared at her with wide eyes. What! How did I not make her my mate that night we met?

"Hey mom, you look amazing," Dylan said, smiling broadly.

"He took the words out of my mouth." I ruffled his hair.

"Oh, thank you, sweetie... Thanks, Michael," she stammered as she said my name while her cheeks were on fire.

I drove them to school myself. Nora went into class, and as Nora went, you signed up as a teacher.

We continued in such fashion until one day Nora had to stay back to finalize some school work. Before she could get home, it was already dark. I heard the door creak open as I saw Nora peeking in. I gently unwrapped myself from Dylan before I went to her.

I asked her to sit with me at the coffee table.

"Stressful day?" I asked.

"Yes, it's been, but I love it, she smiled. I told her I was going to talk to the principal; maybe that would

reduce her stress. She said I shouldn't dare. She didn't want my influence to stop her work.

After talking about other things, it was time to go to bed.

"Thank you, Michael, for all you do," she said nervously.

"It's my pleasure... Remember, Dylan is my son too," I said. Suddenly, we both stood up at once, and we almost headbutted each other. I steady her.

"You okay?" She nodded.

This time we were face-to-face and so close. I could perceive the taste of strawberry on her lips. M

Her lips were pink and plump. I was getting weaker by the minute. Immediately, I slammed my lips on her, and she gasped. By doing that, she gave me access to her mouth. I dove on her lower lips, and he let out a moan.

Just then, my phone began to ring, and the spell was broken.

In the land of Lycanthropy, there were werewolves born to stand out amongst the others. They were stronger. faster and had more intellect. And they were

always leaders. These werewolves were of a different breed. They had brown fur, and they were always huge, towering over every other werewolf. This clan of wolves lived together in a pack. And they were called the Faulkners. This was the pack the famous Agnar came from. He was the alpha of his pack, and being a Faulkner meant he was the leader of all other packs.

Due to his ruthless leadership, he is both feared and revered. The werewolf community would not do anything without consulting him. Agnar Caine attracted not only the males but also the females. He, in fact, had the looks that could give any male werewolf a run for his money.

Agnar was born Adonis. He had long black hair, which he tied in a ponytail style. He had beautiful blue eyes. There was also something about his stare. It's been said that Agnar could look his enemies into submission. He had a macho body build. He had muscles and strength. His brows were perfectly drawn, and one feature on his face that stood out too was his lips. Agnar had plump, slightly red lips that begged to be kissed. He always had his way with women, so the females were definitely not his problem. He had lots of names.

To some people, he was Michael, but to just his

brother, he was Agnar.

“Agnar!!!!”

I turned to hear my name being called by a familiar voice. When the voice became louder, I already knew who it was. It was Hercules, my brother.

“Hey, brother,” I said as I enveloped him in a hug. “What are you doing here? Is life with humans getting boring?” I asked as I chuckled.

“You don’t say. They are so weak, so I decided to pay my brother a visit,” he said, pulling me in for another hug. We laughed. Brotherhood meant a lot to me, because these were the last things my mother said before she moved to the world beyond. She told me to take care of my brother, though I was the younger one, and I had a feeling my mother knew I was the stronger.

As Faulkners, we are being taught to stick together. So literally, everyone in my pack was like family to me. I wasn’t the oldest, but I was the strongest. They made me the alpha before I could protest, and the rest has been history. Together, we conquered packs upon packs and brought them to submission. With this, other coward packs try to familiarize themselves with us by all means.

“So you are hunting, huh? Isn’t that too early?” My brother asked me.

“I’m not really hunting. It’s just preparation.” I smiled.

“So I heard that you were visiting the Desma pack tomorrow?” he asked.

“Yes, I would. They have been inviting us Faulkners for a while now, so I decided to honor their invitation,” I said.

“At least now there’s an activity you can attend, not always curled up in the pack,” we both began laughing. My brother has been one to complain about my lack of social activity.

“This pack won’t lead itself,” I said.

“Alphas also have lives and don’t build their lives around their position... By the way, you have the most good--looking woma ever.” Hercules smiled broadly.

“Alright, now you get to see me socialize,” I said as we walked home. As we moved in silence, I reminisced on the man I had become. Now I was no longer that little baby who kept weeping beside his mother. As we walked, people from the other packs ran from us. I smiled to myself. Yes, it is better off


they all run because Faulknors were greatly feared. Especially me, Agnar.

It's been said that I killed with no mercy and was a ruthless fighter. Yes, I liked that. I never smiled or played around. They said I grew up too fast, and I have no childhood. Yes, I agree. If they knew what I went through, none of them would be able to walk in my shoes. None of them would be alive after what I had gone through.

As I and Hercules walked home, I began swimming, an experience that made me who I am now.

The hunting season, or werewolf kingdom, was about to start. My father and mother decide to go into the woods. They told me and Hercules to stay indoors because a vampire/werewolf named Hunter had just recognized his powers. He had been on a killing spree. Somehow, my pessimistic mind told my parents to stay home at the same time, and I wondered how we would live without hunting.

Not long ago, before they finally left, I began to hear some noise in the woods. I wondered what it could be. I peeped from the door to find my pack members in front of my house. They were gathered in a circle


 +15 BONUS

around something, but the longer I looked, it felt like it was around someone. Who could it be? I asked myself. I dragged Hercules to the window. He looked too, but as I stared at his face, I began to worry. Suddenly, he stood up and left the house.

I decided to follow suit. He was ahead of me. Then he turned suddenly and told me there was nothing to see here. I couldn't understand because we just got here, and I haven't seen the reason people gathered at the front of our house. I gave in immediately and decided to head back in when something caught my eye. It was a hand that looked like my mother's. I forcefully tore away from Hercule's grip and ran to the door.

And there it was. My mother and father lie lifeless. I slumped to the floor and wept like a baby. After that, I wiped my face and swore to avenge their deaths, and that was when the ruthless me began.

LIMITED OFFER:50 BONUS FREE FOR YOU!

 [Click to get it](#)