

## For the First Time

We got up to the table. The Alpha and Beta were looking at me in a strange way. It made me nervous. Their mates were doing the same, but with a little laughter in their eyes. Maybe they were amused to see Michael so in love. That had to be it.

"Heather, I know you already know who everyone is, so I'll skip the introductions. Everyone, you remember Heather Nicholas. My mate." Michael said.

They nodded and said a brief hello to me. Larson Pond was our Alpha. He was pretty typical for an Alpha, from what I heard. Big, a little arrogant, muscular, and powerful. I could feel the power radiating off of him. It made me want to look away.

His mate was Ridley. She and our beta female looked like they could be sisters. They were both much taller than me, with blonde hair, trim gures with slight hourglass frames, and that almost perfect, plastic look to their faces. I had to stop myself from giggling when I heard our Beta female was called Barbie.

Next to her was her mate, Beta Davis Gattis. Like Alpha Larson, he was big. Both men were at least six feet tall. Alpha Larson had sandy brown hair and Beta Davis had dark brown hair. Where Michael was more of the well-crafted, polished sort of guy, they were the jock-like hunks. There was no denying it, our ranked members were hot.

"Heather, it's good to see you again." Alpha Larson smiled.

"Where on earth did you get your outt? It's so... pretty." Luna Ridley asked.

"I had to borrow my sister's skirt, but I got this shirt at the boutique on Main Street. My friend Lydia's parents run it." I replied.

"How is your sister? I haven't seen her in a couple of years. Not since Michael graduated from high school." She said.

Wendy and Michael hung out in the same social circle in high school. They barely talked to each other. It was why he'd never seen me until six months ago. They were like friendly acquaintances. I was always a face in the crowd at pack gatherings, and I was three years younger than him in school.

The way our school system in the pack was set up, we went to human schools until high school, then transferred to the high school on the pack lands. It acclimated us to how humans worked but kept us from being out in the world of humans when it was time for our rst change.

Michael and Wendy graduated by the time I transferred into high school, in tenth grade. He went on to learn to take over the Gamma duties, and she went on to try to gure out what to do with her life while she waited to nd her mate.

"Wendy's ne. Just doing her thing, you know." I smiled.

The conversation for the rest of the night was halting and stilted. I was slowly learning that I had nothing in common with Michael's friends beyond being a werewolf in the same pack. They were treated really well by the staff and other people out dancing, but they acted like it was owed to them. They weren't grateful or gracious.

Our last Alpha and Luna weren't always humble, either. I could imagine that every position had a learning curve and we were still fairly young. Maybe they had to grow into it. Maybe I could help.

When it came to the actual dancing, I sat out as much as I could. In the end, Michael realized why I didn't really want to go dancing. It was embarrassing. He didn't look embarrassed, he looked amused. Maybe this could become a little joke between us and he'd never take me out dancing again. That would be perfect.

At the end of the night, we said our goodbyes in the parking lot. Everyone hugged Michael but shook my hand. I understood, though. They didn't really know me that well. Michael helped me into his car, then spoke quietly for a few moments with the Alpha and Beta.

They seemed to be having an argument, but it didn't last long and it didn't come to blows. It was like they were scolding him and he was pushing back. I relaxed as Michael headed back to the car and got in. He turned on the ignition, then put his hand on my bare knee.

"What was that about?" I asked.

"Just Lars and Davis trying to tell me how to live my life. Ignore it. I do. They're always doing that because they're older." Michael said as he pulled out of the parking lot.

Michael didn't head to my house. Instead, he drove to the woods surrounding the pack lands. Maybe he wanted to go for a run. Our wolves hadn't met; it was possible he felt it was nally time.

We'd been putting it off for the last six months because Michael said his wolf already loved me and he wanted to get to know me better. It was sweet, but my wolf, Gwyn, was eager to meet his wolf. She didn't want to wait any longer, no matter what my parents said.

"Your mother said you wanted to talk to me about something."

Michael glanced at me, then back to the road. He was quiet. I was pretty used to it, though, he didn't believe in idle chitchat. When Michael spoke, it was for a reason. Small talk was for pack members and people he didn't know well.

"We'll talk about it when we get to where we're going." Michael replied and squeezed my knee lightly.

My mind whirred with all the things he could want to talk about. Did he want to start making plans for marking me, for marriage, for our life together? Was he going to tell me about some nal test to prove I deserved to be the Gamma female? It was only six months away from my eighteenth birthday. There were so many things we still had to plan.

After a while, he pulled off the paved road and onto a dirt path. I'd never been to this part of the forest surrounding our pack lands. The glittering moonlight was full and shone through the trees, illuminating the night. A perfect spring night and a little romantic.

He parked the car in a clearing at the end of the dirt road and turned it off. I looked out into the night. There was soft grass glowing in the moonlight.

"Take off your shoes. There's nothing sharp to step on here." He said as he got out of the car and slipped off his shoes and socks, setting them on the oor of the car.

I did as he said and got out of the car as well. The scent of water and mud mixed with the scent of pine and grass. It was one of my favorite smells, aside from the mint and clove scent of my mate.

Michael went to the trunk of the car and got something out, then he came and took my hand, guiding me into the clearing. When he found a spot he liked, he spread out a blanket. Among the sounds of insects and night-dwelling creatures, there was the sound of a little stream. It was almost magical.

"Sit with me, Heather."

Stepping onto the blanket, I tried to gure out how to sit in this tight, short skirt without ashing everything. He waited patiently for me to get settled. The skirt rode up to an indecent length. Michael's eyes lingered on my exposed thighs.

"What did you want to talk about?" I asked.

He scooted closer. I could barely breathe as his hand brushed mine. Goddess, I loved everything about him. I wanted him to kiss me so badly.

"You are a great girl, Heather. The type of girl who should be cherished by her mate." He said softly.

That made me nervous. It sounded like he was getting ready to reject me. It felt like my throat was tightening.

"Michael?"

I reached out with my other hand and turned his face toward mine. If he wanted to reject me, he had to look me in the eye to do it. The look in his eyes didn't say he was rejecting me, though. It was heated as he scanned down the length of my body.

He groaned and suddenly, was on top of me, pushing me to the ground and kissing me deeply. His hand enveloped my breast as he worked his knee between my legs, opening them to him. This was heaven.

His mouth left mine and started kissing along my jaw and down my neck. I moaned softly as he nibbled my marking spot and slipped my breast out of my shirt and bra. His ngers teased at the stiffening tip as his mouth started going lower.

This had to be what he was talking about. He didn't want to move too fast and make me feel like I wasn't cherished. I wanted it, though, I wanted him to kiss me. I wanted him to nibble me. I wanted him inside of me. It was six months of careful restraint for both of us.

The heat of his mouth enveloped my n\*\*\*\*e, making me arch. I'd never felt anything like it. I'd always known I wanted to save myself for my mate. To share my rst time with him. My rst and only love.

Michael pushed my skirt up and ripped my panties away like they were nothing. That kind of discovery. I really liked this bra and panty set. They were so pretty. My disappointment was soon replaced by desire as his hand started working between my legs.

His ngers seemed to know exactly where to touch and rub, to make me feel amazing. Michael's mouth made contact with my exposed n\*\*\*\*e as one of his ngers started the slow slide into me. I arched and gasped. The normal sparks I felt when he touched me turned into reworks.

He pulled his nger out of me and sat back. He started fumbling with his belt and zipper. This wasn't exactly how I wanted my rst time to be, but it was with him and that made it better than anything else. I didn't need a fantasy when I had my reality.

Michael nally pulled himself out of his pants. He licked his lips while stroking his hardened length. I didn't know why he was waiting, but he seemed to snap out of it and crawled over my body to kiss me.

One of his hands held my chin, keeping me exactly where he wanted, while the other one rubbed his tip back and forth between my legs. Sometimes, he would rub the tip against my clit, other times, he would tease at my opening with it. I was aching with need.

His mouth didn't let up from mine. I couldn't speak, only whimper and moan. I gripped his shirt with both my hands and tried to pull him closer.

With a chuckle, he started pushing into me. I knew it would hurt, but one of the girls on the soccer team who found her mate said he was gentle. Michael held himself back so much and for so long, that he was more animalistic.

After being careful for only an inch or so, he pushed in hard, making me scream into his mouth. With his, now free, hand, he started rubbing my clit as he held still inside me. It burned and stung. There were unintentional tears in my eyes.

When he started moving, the pain that had started dissipating kicked back to life. He must have thought my whimpers were whimpers of desire and not pain. I just tried to focus on how he was kissing me and touching me.

Michael was thrusting fast and hard into my aching body. He grunted and groaned as his mouth left my lips and headed to the curve of my neck. I tilted my head to the side to give him better access. Maybe he would mark me. I wouldn't mind being marked early.

He nibbled at my neck as his thrusting turned from painful to pleasurable. I moaned his name and he covered my mouth. He was trying to keep me quiet, probably so no one would discover us. Werewolves were very possessive of their mates. He wouldn't want another man seeing me like that.

We were going to have to get used to this. If I was his mate, he would be protective. I didn't mind. I wanted to be protected by him. I wanted to be his.

Michael started picking up the pace again. The pain was long gone and he was nally giving me pleasure. He was hitting all the right spots. We were a perfect t.

I could feel my body tightening, getting ready to c\*m. I felt like I was on the precipice of a great discovery. The rst time I ever felt that was with Michael. This was another type of rst for us. His hand moved from between my legs and he pushed one of my knees down to my side and lifted my other leg onto his shoulder.

He thrust into me faster, making me cry out from the mix of pleasure and pain. I couldn't hold myself back any longer. My orgasm was a wave of sensation and I was riding it as Michael's thrusts became erratic.

Suddenly, he pulled out and I felt something warm spray on my thighs and between my legs. I panted as he rested his head on my shoulder. I closed my eyes and reveled in the scent of him and the warmth of his body.

I just had my rst time with my mate. It wasn't perfect, but it was passionate and intense. Something I didn't realize Michael had in him after how gentle and careful he'd been the last six months.

He sat back on his knees. Something like regret crossed his face. It was endearing that he regretted losing control, though. This must have been what I felt was off for so long. He didn't want to lose control and was holding himself back.