



REIGN OF THE RED QUEEN



Rein of the Red Queen

Book 3 of Werewolf and Son

CHAPTER ONE

Chase lay in the fetal position with his arms around his chest. His eyes were closed and he was breathing heavily. The ground was cool but he didn't notice. He felt drained, like he had run several miles at full speed. Sweat ran down his smooth back and dripped off his face to the ground.

She was gone, but her mark on the land remained. The shore was filled with flowers of every shape and color. The ground bore vibrant green grass and the trees dipped from the weight of overly mature leaves. It was the most impressive display of nature anyone had ever seen. Even the Puller Tree paled in comparison to the spontaneous garden that had bloomed around the feet of the powerful Earth Goddess. Every flower, every leafy branch, was born to perfection. The air filled with the scent of lemons and oranges, as fruit bearing trees towered around him.

He tried to stand but his legs were weak. He took his time and slowly lifted off the ground, pulling at the power of the moon for support until he could sit up. The animal in him was not responding...at least not in the way it usually did. Whatever Demeter really was, his Wolf was scared of her and that wasn't something Chase had ever experienced. Even the Witch, for all her evil, didn't make his Wolf cower like the 'Goddess of the Hearth'. He took in several deep breaths as his mind tried to process what just happened.

Who was this Red Queen and how could she stand up to a being like Demeter? He hugged his legs, rocking back and forth. How much more could he be expected to do? He was just a boy...and not long ago he was a normal boy living with his mother and going to school. Then he met his Dad, the most powerful Werewolf in North America. Tall, handsome, blonde and completely opposite of him. Thoughts of his Dad made him feel better. Safer. It was something the man radiated whenever he was near. For Chase, not growing up with him, it was a new experience. Having a real Father for the first time made him feel things he had never felt before.

Chase remembered seeing his Father for the first time.

It was the day everything changed.

He had run into the woods to escape the older school boys who were chasing him. But when they finally caught him something unexpected happened. He suddenly became strong. So strong he threw them around as if they weighed nothing. He remembered how scared he was that he had hurt them as they dropped unconscious to the ground. He just wanted to run away, but instead he almost killed them.

His life would never be the same after that. His mother was more worried than surprised. Her eyes were dark when she told him about his Dad and how he warned her

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about changes that he might go through. She said this wasn't supposed to happen, that the odds against it were too great, at least that's what he'd told her. But he was wrong. They both were. Chase had done the impossible and become something more than what he was supposed to be...and because of that he had to go to his Father. A man he had never met. Someone his Mother spoke very little about.

At first he felt angry that his mother had kept this from him and that she could have contacted his Dad at any time. He didn't understand then what was happening and why his Father had stayed away. No phone calls, no letters? It took an act of violence to bring his Dad into his life? Was that fair? Is this what real Fathers did? Is this how they treated their own children?

“Your Father will explain everything to you” his mom told him. “It’s better if he does it Chase. Believe me, this wasn’t a choice he...we...made easily. It was for your protection”

He didn't understand. He was young, confused and full of emotions. Finally, after a long talk and a few days, Chase was put on a bus to see his Dad for the very first time.

The first day of his new life began when he stepped off the bus in Montana, and came face to face with the man he had only seen in pictures.

His Father was huge.

Bulging muscles covered his thick arms and legs. His chest stretched out his shirt and tested the fabric around his heavy biceps. He was tall, broad shouldered, and blonde. Chase immediately felt small and out of place. His dark black hair hung partially over his eyes, a reminder how different he was from this man who was apparently his Father.

This shouldn't be possible. There was no way this man could be his Dad. There was nothing about him that connected them together. He was like a big, blonde lumberjack, and Chase was a small, black haired boy, that was best described as pretty.

Michael smiled at him but there was something in his eyes that Chase couldn't explain. It was...unnatural, like he could see inside of him or something. Chase didn't like it. He didn't like the way the man looked at him with his bright blue eyes. There was a type of heat that radiated off of him that Chase pulled away from. It smothered him like a blanket, as it tried to wrap itself around him. It felt alive. It seemed to move, as it searched for a place to grab him. Chase had never felt anything like it.

Something was wrong with his Father.

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They hadn't even spoken yet and there was, still several feet of space between them, and yet Chase could feel the man surrounding him. He looked back for a moment but no one was there. The hair on his neck stood up like he was filled with static electricity. It felt like someone was standing directly behind him. Inches away from him.

But there was no one there.

He slowed his walk and looked around but no one was paying attention to them. What was going on? If only his mother were here, he thought. He missed her even now. For the longest time, it had just been the two of them. They didn't need anyone else Chase thought. They had each other and that was enough.

And that's when it stopped.

The unwanted feeling that the large man was giving off stopped immediately. Chase knew he wasn't imagining it, because his Father blinked hard and his eyes opened up in surprise as he looked over to him. He felt it, the same as Chase did. Even before they spoke something very important had happened, and whatever it was, had startled his Father.

Suddenly Chase felt relieved. Whatever his Father was giving off, it was over. Now he saw him as what he was...a stranger.

The large man was now right in front of him.

"Chase" he said, in a deep voice that perfectly matched his frame.

"Are you my Dad?" Chase responded.

The man pulled back slightly. It was a simple question, but one that seemed to sting.

"Um, yeah. Yes I am. I know you have a ton of questions and I promise I will answer all of them Chase. I know you must feel bad about so many things and I'm so sorry for that, but once you understand why, I'm hoping you will feel better about all of this. About me"

He reached around Chase and lifted up his bag. The heat of the man's powerful body washed over him for a moment. It felt like a surge of electricity moved between them. Again, Chase felt the hair on the back of his neck stand up.

What the hell was going on?

In the pickup truck, so close to a man he had never met...Chase was alone. Bright blue eyes bore into him every chance they got, but Chase ignored them. He could feel it again.

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There was something trying to wrap itself around him, but it felt slick and weak now, unable to touch him like it had before. It was a warmth instead of a heat. It filled the air between them, but even in this close space, it was far less powerful than it had been outside.

His Father shifted in his seat.

Chase now looked over to him. The man seemed confused. Almost agitated.

The weight of his strong body made the truck rock back and forth. He was uncomfortable and Chase was glad for it. This man was nothing to him. Maybe they were related by blood but Chase was a family of two and there was no space left for Michael.

He didn't understand it then, not even his Father did, but Chase wasn't just the Son of a Werewolf, he was something far greater, something that had not been seen for hundreds of years. It was more than just how Chase was built, or the way he seemed to have the opposite features that Michael did. Chase could do something that no one had ever done before...he could resist the will of an Alpha.

He didn't appreciate the power that an Alpha Werewolf had during their first meet. Or how hard it was to resist one...let alone three. Michael alone could make packs of wolves drop to their knees with just a stare...but yet he was unable to compel the small boy sitting next to him to even look his way.

That was simply...impossible.

When Silas found out Chase was in Montana, he tried to control him and bend him to his will, just the way Michael had. To Silas, Chase was another small wolf. A wolf to be controlled and commanded. True he was the Son of a Grand Alpha, but his true power would not come until he was older. And for Silas, that may as well be forever. Silas was already an Alpha, and had no fear of Chase.

At least, that's what was supposed to happen.

But, like Michael, Silas had no control over Chase either. Chase was like a slick wall that nothing stuck too. He had never felt anything like it before. Even a non-wolf would bend to the will of a supernatural powerhouse like Michael or Silas.

So, what made this boy so special?

It was the last Alpha Chase met, Daruth, that told him the truth.

The truth was far simpler than anyone realized.

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Chase wasn't a Werewolf. And he wasn't alone.

Even before his new birth Chase was in a Pack of his own...a Pack of two to be exact. It was his mother Helen that blocked the Alphas control over him. Thoughts of her were enough to wall him off from the sway of the adult wolves and create a barrier that not even the Grand Alpha could break. This was not just rare, it was simply...impossible. No wolf currently alive had ever been able to resist the will of a Grand Alpha, no matter what pack they belonged to.

Michael thought Chase was just a special wolf, the only Son of the Grand Alpha would be special indeed. Maybe that was why he could resist him.

But it wasn't until Chase's first transformation that everyone realized how wrong they were.

Chase was no Werewolf.

He was an amalgam of his Father, a Vampire, several Gods, and apparently, one very pissed off Goddess.

And where did it get him?

He hadn't asked for this. He only wanted to be a normal boy, living with his mother and hanging out with his friends. Instead he was sitting on wet ground and trembling in the night air, alone and afraid.

His Father would know what to do. He always knew. It's why everyone wanted to be with him. No one was stronger, no one was more capable. At least that's the way it was supposed to be. He remembered his resentment toward his Father when they first met. How quickly that changed. As Chase became closer to his first transformation the more he wanted to be closer to the powerful wolf.

It started with his smell.

Chase became obsessed with it. He craved to breathe it in, and pull as much of his Dad into him as possible. Animal instincts surfaced and drove human insecurities away. Chase all but forgot that his Father had abandoned him when he was born. It was the Werewolf in the boy that made these events irrelevant. Chase not only wanted his Father, but he needed him; more accurately, he needed the power that the BEAST possessed.

It was HIS eyes that Chase first saw at the bus station.

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It was the BEAST inside his Father that drove Chase to lust and lose control whenever they were close. His desire to touch his Father and taste his flesh became uncontrollable.

It was the power of the BEAST that constantly tried to wrap around Chase.

As time went on, Chase thought his Father had won. That the powerful animal in the man had broken his will. Chase thought of him constantly. He dreamed of him, reached for him. His Father was a King. Of course, the man could control him. It was just a matter of time.

But he was wrong...and the Grand Alpha, was in for a very big surprise.

Chase took in a deep breath and looked up at the sky as the moonlight flow over him. He would have given anything to be near his Dad again. To feel the man's thick arms wrapped tightly around him and the sound of his heart beating strongly in his chest. To breathe him in again, just for a moment, he thought. To smell the sweat of his Father's body just once more.

He saw it on the ground. It was a small black stick. Shining like it was coated in florescent oil.

"Her power is great, is it not?"

Chase spun his head around. Standing on the water about twenty yards from shore and glowing with a soft white light, stood a woman dressed in long white robes. She had thick black hair, pale skin and a soft smile on her face.

Her body radiated the full power of the moon.

"Phoebe!" he cried.

She walked toward him, her dress shining in the moonlight. The water at her feet rippled but held her up as if it were made of thick glass. Her voice flowed over him like music, and her light made the wolf in him stir. He closed his eyes and pulled at her immense power for comfort, breathing in relief as she renewed his strength and his shaking had stopped.

"Demeter...is a commanding woman. Through her will the very Earth shudders" she looked at the dense foliage. She reached out her hand and the black stick flew into her open hand.

"She wants me to..." Chase began, his voice cracked...but she waved him quiet.

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“I know what she wants” She turned the stick over in her hand a few times.

Her feet touched the ground completely dry. The light from her body filled Chase with content. She felt like home. Like nothing could touch him as long as she was around. Her power flowed through him until he was finally able to stand.

He took in a deep breath and felt his power re-center itself. He was the Night Wolf again.

“She asks you to do what an army could not. Powerful as you are you were not made for this. The Red Queen is...” she hesitated for the words. **“...beyond your abilities”**

She put her hand on Chase’s small shoulder. His eyes glowed back with gold light and pulsed with her authority. The wolf in him came out, eager for her touch. His fingers grew claws and his legs became thick with muscle without realizing it.

“Polus made you with Werewolves in mind. Never in his plans did the Red Queen come up”

“Who is she? Why does Demeter hate her so much?” His voice had deepened as the animal in him clawed its way to the surface.

“There was a time when the Queen was nothing more than a nuisance to us. A footnote if you will. That has changed. She is no longer content to rule her own kingdom”

“She wants to rule?” he asked, confused.

Phoebe shook her head. **“Well, not here. The Queen has no interest in us or our power, but we have one thing she no longer has”** She held out her empty hands, **“...children”**

“Children?” Chase was confused. **“Why does she want children?”**

“Because she can no longer have any of her own. None of them can. Well, at least not like we do. Her lands will run barren soon. Although she wishes to rule, if there is no one left...”

“They’re dying?”

Phoebe tilted her head. **“They are very long lived. Not as long as we are, but enough that death is still a distant idea for them. But they have wars and wars bring death. Over time the children became fewer and fewer, until now, only a handful are born every few years. Not enough to repopulate her loses. And since she insists on**

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continuing her wars well..." her eyes became dark for a moment before she added, "So the Queen has rectified that, by taking our children. Children from Earth"

"Earth?" Chase felt stunned. His deep voice became louder. "She's not from Earth?"

Phoebe shook her head. **"Not even close. The Queen rules a separate kingdom apart from this plane of existence. She breaks the membrane that keeps us apart only long enough to capture children and steal them for her lands. She has taken many over the years but she's recently become greedy and overconfident, and has now captured more than just children. She now has the attention of Demeter"** She pointed at the immense foliage that now covered the shoreline. **"And that...is a very bad thing"**

"Why doesn't Demeter stop her? She's fifty feet tall!"

"She has...to a point, but the damage has been done. Hundreds of children are gone and Demeter wants them back. All of them"

"Why doesn't she go get them?" Chase looked at the overgrown forest. "Look at what she did!" The thick grove of flowers and exotic plants could have filled a stadium. "It would take ten Druids to do this! And Demeter wasn't even trying! She just showed up and all this happened around her!"

"She can't get them. None of us can. The Queen rules her kingdom and we rule ours. There is no overlapping"

Chase looked confused. **"But she came here and took kids from us. Why can't we all just go get them back?"**

"Because the Queen did not come here. She sent a lesser being to take Earth's children. She can't come herself and we can't go there. The true nature of what we are, locks us into our own plane of existence, at least until we ourselves pass. We are bound here" she said. **"This universe is our home, now, until death"**

Chase looked pale in the moonlight as he understood what she had REALLY just told him. Phoebe had just said something important without saying it directly. **"That's why Demeter wants me? I can go over...can't I? I'm Demeter's lesser being. I'm the opposite of the Red Queen's agent"**

"Yes" Phoebe reluctantly nodded. "You constantly prove that our faith in you is well placed"

He looked at the dense foliage. **"She wants me to leave Earth, find hundreds of children, bring them back, AND kill the Red Queen...all by myself?"**

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Phoebe let his words sink in for a long moment before she slowly blinked her eyes. **“Yes. Yes she does”**

“Can I take my Dad? Wendy? I’m sure Bart, Jason, and Sean would go too” he asked hopefully.

Phoebe looked away. **“That’s not possible”**

“What does that mean? Why isn’t it possible? How come I can go but they can’t?”

“Chase your Father and the others all have a direct connection to one of us. Even his Druid wife and daughter are bound to a set pantheon of Gods that derive their power from this universe”

“So?”

“If they leave this plane they will be cut off from their power source and rendered completely human”

Chase’s eyes became large. **“What?”**

“The Druid’s harness the various abilities of Gods to command nature. That nature was controlled by those same Gods to begin with. Leaving Earth would sever that tie and leave them powerless”

“What about my Dad? What about me? We’re the strongest of our kind. I’m connected to you too!”

“Your Father is powerful. One of the greatest wolves I have EVER made. I would think he would retain some of that power, although not all...of that I’m sure. Over time he and the others would be unable to change. They would at some point, stop being Werewolves. The stronger ones would keep their power longer, but not indefinitely”

“So not right away?”

She shook her head. **“No”**

“And me? Why did she pick me if I’ll become human again?”

Phoebe did not answer right away. She disliked what Demeter had asked of Chase. When Polus made plans to create him as the IDRIS, Demeter was a key power to his makeup. Her complete control over the Earth would all but ensure Chase was untouched by the very forests Werewolves lived in. No one could stop him in the dense woods they

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travelled through. He would be as smoke, fluid and silent and protected by the very ground he ran across. But getting HER mark had been costly for a very good reason.

That reason, she now shared with Chase.

“You are unique Chase. You are a blend of various forces that otherwise would have never met. Those forces are sealed in you. That’s why it was so rare to get Demeter’s mark for your makeup. Once given, it cannot be taken away” She smiled. **“You are not only complete...but you are forever. You may not have been born with these abilities, but you will surely die with them. On this plane, or any other”** She turned her head slightly and looked at the sky. **“Polus planned your creation very carefully. A Werewolf, a Vampire, Demeter, Theia; not to mention several lesser gifts bestowed to you. Making a Night Wolf is monumental because it is permanent. Gifts like the ones you have are not given lightly...because they cannot be taken back. This is why Hecate did not want to free your sister of her curse. Once done, Emma would be immune to dark magic forever, and that is not something Hecate would ever allow”**

“Then why did she do it?”

Phoebe smiled. **“Because my husband can be very persuasive, and he backed her into a corner. Even the highest Goddess of Magic has her weakness, and Polus found hers. It is unwise to have the God of Intelligence as an opponent...as she found out. Now, no Witch, no Vampire or any other creature of darkness can control Emma. At least not with magic. In that regard, she is forever immune”**

Chase remembered what had been done to his half-sister. Her memories of the events were thankfully gone. When she had been freed from the Witch’s magic it was as if she had awoken from a deep sleep. Chase was grateful for that, but no one more so than her mother Wendy. Kripka had almost killed them all to get the Book of Lies, and if it meant ripping a small girl apart to do it, then so be it. He could still feel it, after all this time. The magic she cast against him that tore into his body and blasted him to smoke. It had felt like burning from the inside out. Had it not been for the Vampire’s power to shape shift; Chase would be dead. The Undead Master had given him the ability to reform and shift from smoke to flesh. It was an ability stolen at the end of DeMarco’s long life...cut short by his own mother Helen, with her small silver cross and mountain of faith.

His mother...

Chase took in a breath and his heart beat strong in his chest. The thoughts of her filled him with peace. **“So, I’ll still be the IDRIS if I go?”**

She nodded. **“You will always be the IDRIS Chase, no matter where you are. Even the Red Queen cannot change that”**

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“And I can kill the Queen?”

Phoebe held up one hand to stop him. **“I didn’t say that. What Demeter asks of you is great indeed. Finding the children will be possible and very probable. Getting some of them home is likely, but getting all of them back safely AND killing the Queen...is simply asking too much”** She stepped closer. **“The truth is, there are more powerful people in the world than you Chase. Wizards and creatures who command vast amounts of magic; but none of them can leave this plane either. Very few contain their power from within the way you do, and I can’t think of any, that would be willing to try. The possibility of losing that amount of magic is not conceivable to them.”**

“Then if I succeed what’s to stop her from just taking them back again? What’s the point of going if I can’t kill her?”

“We are. We are now aware of what she’s been doing and how she’s doing it” Phoebe said. **“If she loses too many more of her soldiers her reign will crumble. There are other forces that fight against her in her own lands. The Queen cannot take on multiple fronts. The more effort she spends on Earth means she’s that much more vulnerable in her own lands, and eventually she will be forced to pick her battles, because we will kill anyone who crosses over to Earth again”** She glanced at the dense foliage. **“Demeter is awake, and now watches for her constantly, but it is hard because of whom the Queen sends to take our children. He is cunning and has managed to avoid capture. He is a master of deception and evasion. He moves quickly, never staying in the same place for long, but even he can’t keep away from Demeter for long. His time here is almost over”**

Chase frowned. **“Who does she send?”**

Phoebe let out a breath. **“His name...is Jack”**

CHAPTER TWO

Jack walked slowly through the park. This was the best time; the cream of the crop was before him. He scanned the area left to right and counted the children. Some were paired up, some in groups, and some played by themselves. They were the ones that captured his attention the most. He looked for adults. Some sat talking to each other, some sat reading the news or using a laptop. Very few sat watching their kids.

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Jack smiled.

It was always this way. They made it so easy for him take what he needed. The Queen would be pleased. If only he could wave his hand and make everyone sleep and go leisurely about his business of wrapping the kids up and sending them on their way. But that would bring HER focus on him. The Goddess of the Earth.

He spat on the ground, wishing it was HER instead.

SHE had stopped the migration and effectively left Jack unable to please his Queen. Now his gifts were few and far apart. Jack couldn't operate in the same area more than once. SHE was too focused on finding him. He had to carefully create his portals and use them quickly, abandoning them once he did. SHE had almost caught him twice already. Each attack was faster than before. If he fell, the Queen would have no one else to send.

Jack had a special set of skills that made him perfect for the job.

Skills that were very hard to come by.

He sat there, watching the kids. His mind drifted and he remembered the moment his mission changed. The moment he felt it.

Maryland...

He felt it purely by accident.

Jack was hunting. Hunting, like he always did. Looking for children to take. A few here. A few there, when a presence washed over him suddenly and he sat up, alert! It was a feeling he hadn't had in several years. It was a sudden rush of memory. Something he hadn't remembered had suddenly come back into sharp focus. He looked around and spotted where it was coming from.

The teenager may as well have had a spotlight on him! A boy with dark hair was there, oblivious to Jack. Jack shifted his vision and glared at him.

It wasn't him!

But it was!

The boy had been in direct contact with it. Jack could barely contain himself. This changed everything!

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His mind pushed at his memories until they came into sharp focus. Jack stood up, looked around at nothing. His mind was elsewhere.

The Queen! She would praise him for this. She would reward him, if only he could find it, and bring it home to her.

The boy didn't know. He didn't understand what he had touched. Jack carefully shifted through his mind and found it easily enough. It was there, plain and simple. Just waiting for someone to look.

Jack rubbed his face. He felt the stubble on his cheeks. A young girl walked by and smiled at him. This was inevitable he knew. She literally couldn't help herself.

Jack was handsome. Extremely handsome.

He had a perfect build, not too big, not too small. His hair flowed in the breeze and moved over his tanned skin. He could have been twenty years old, or forty for that matter. It was impossible to tell. It was his eyes that betrayed him. They had seen too much. Older women connected with him as an old soul in a beautiful body. Younger woman found him irresistible. He was the perfect mate for all of them. He distracted them. Used his looks for devious purposes.

But he didn't want them. Any of them.

It was their children he wanted, and nothing else.

He smiled at her and nodded. She responded by flipping her blonde hair and batting her eyes at him.

He kept walking.

Should he do this? Should he risk it? He thought of Demeter. If SHE found him, even by chance. Or if he failed to find it after it fell at his feet like this?

Would The Queen ever forgive him? Would he be allowed to live?

NO!

He couldn't risk it. It would be his biggest failure to date. One he might never recover from.

He pulled the area into his vision. He was near a High School. It was late in the day. Most of the kids were already gone. The boy had stopped walking. It was the effect Jack's mind

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shifting had on him. Jack pushed himself inside and found what he needed. The boy was going home. Home in his black car. Jack pushed a memory into the boy's mind and the teenager abruptly turned around and walked back into the school. Jack walked forward until he was next to the black car. It was locked. Jack waved his hand and the door made a noise and opened by itself. Jack climbed inside and the door shut behind him.

He waved his hand and a large card materialized on the windshield.

Jack waited.

Minutes later a shadow fell over the rear window. Jack held perfectly still.

The boy was big. Powerfully built. He took the card off the windshield and opened the door. The car rocked as he sat in the front seat and looked at the card in his hand.

Then his body froze!

The spell was cast!

Jack leaned forward and placed his hand on the boy's broad shoulder. "**Where is it?**" He asked, not expecting an answer. The boy couldn't speak. He didn't need to. Jack needed him to THINK about it instead.

But the teenager took in a deep breath and sighed. "**Chase**"

Jack had never heard that name before. It meant nothing to him. He pushed into the boy's mind and saw it. There was a small boy there. Much smaller than this one. He had jet black hair. Jack felt pleasure ripple up through his body. It wasn't his though. The feelings belonged to the muscled teenager in the front seat. It was how the small boy made him feel.

Jack understood.

The two of them were intimate.

This confused Jack for a moment. This strapping boy wasn't gay. It was a gift Jack had. He ALWAYS knew how to give people what they wanted, and this boy wouldn't want him.

But...then why?

Jack pushed deeper.

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The small boy was running his hand up the teenager's muscled chest. He leaned in and kissed at it. Then he looked up!

His bright eyes looked right at him!

Jack snatched his hand away like it had been burned!

"By The Queen!" He cried out loud.

His whole body shook.

The power!

This boy was God touched!

Jack took a moment to regain his composure and then touched the teenager's neck. He let his magic flow over him and then the passenger's door opened and Jack stepped out of the back.

No one was around. The door closed and Jack walked away.

It took a few minutes before a cab drove up. He waved it down and climbed in the back seat. No more portals, no more magic. Demeter must not find him.

"The airport please" he smiled.

The cab drove off as Jack looked out the window at the children playing in the park. He counted six that he could have easily taken. Six more tributes to the Queen. Six gifts she would never get.

The ride took almost an hour.

Jack handed the driver a generous tip. Money in this world was simple to come by. In fact, Jack could create it with a wave of his hand. He walked inside and looked up at the signs, scanning until he found it. He approached the ticket counter and said, **"One ticket please. For Montana"**

Jack watched her work as his mind began to formulate a plan.

The boy wouldn't go down easily. But go down, he would! Jack would not let a mere child stand in his way.

Even if his eyes were made of gold!

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CHAPTER THREE

Helen woke in the strong arms of Andreas. He was asleep, his muscled chest moving up and down with each breath. She looked up at his handsome face. He had close cropped stubble on his head and his face was already filling in with signs of a full beard, even though he had shaved the day before. She ran her hand over his hairy chest and leaned back down to rest against it.

It had been a long time since she felt so content. Not since Michael had given her a Son, had a man's presence filled her with so much security and warmth. Maybe it was a werewolf thing. Maybe the beast in them was what she craved the most, but what woman wouldn't feel this way? These were real men in every sense of the word. They were big, powerful and possessive and his eyes were never far from hers. She liked the way she could always see him staring at her, no matter where they were, or who they were with...save one that was.

Michael was the only man alive that Andreas would bow to when it came to her. Only in the Grand Alpha's presence would Andreas move from Helen and stand apart, his eyes searching for her, begging for her forgiveness.

But there was nothing to forgive. Michael was a far above him and no wolf would cross him...not if they wanted to live. Her relationship with him was complicated. Chase had made that so. He now bound the three together forever. Even Andreas knew better than to get between them.

It was hard for her to see Michael again, now that he had a family of his own. But seeing how Michael cared for Chase made up for any regrets she might have had. Michael loved his Son. It was like a fire inside of him that burned bright when Chase was near. As Chase moved, so did Michael. Powerful Werewolves would push at each other to get out of the way, least they block the Grand Alpha's access to his Son. Even Bart, Jason and Sean, who circled him like moons, quickly moved away when Michael was present.

As a mother, Helen couldn't ask for more. Her Son was loved. Protected.

Now, however, she had a new man in her life and she loved everything about him.

Andreas shifted in his sleep. His muscled arm tightened around her. She smiled to herself. Andreas was nothing if not attentive. Even in sleep he thought of her. Since they had been together he watched over her like his life depended on it. Well, maybe it had. If

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anything happened to her then Andreas would have to face the strongest monster in North America. Needless to say, Helen didn't leave the house on her own very often.

Her hand slowly moved across his chest, feeling the warmth of his strong body. He stirred beneath her and moaned. His thick muscles shifted under her fingers and seemed to come alive at her touch. Her hand moved down and carefully lifted up the sheet. He was naked.

He was always naked.

His large cock lay against his right thigh, thick and intimidating. His strong, hairy legs were slightly apart and Helen couldn't help but see it as an invitation. Her fingers slowly wrapped around the solid shaft of his cock. It was heavy and that put a smile on her face.

She felt his lips on her head and she knew she had pulled him from sleep. **"Good morning handsome"**

"It will be my love" He lifted the sheet up and saw her hand holding his big cock. **"I see you're starting without me"** He breathed in the scent of her hair. **"I've told you before, I would never deny you your fun...but you will do it with me! Always!"**

He kissed the top of her head several times and then pulled her on top of him. She moved up until she found his mouth and pressed against it. His warm tongue moved inside as he pulled her legs apart to straddle his waist. He kissed at her face until his mouth was close to her ear.

"Use me, anyway you want" he said in a deep voice. **"I am yours"**

Helen reached down and aimed his cock between her legs as Andreas pushed inside of her. She cried out and her entire body shook with pleasure.

He smiled.

Helen began to ride!

Her hips ground over his lap as she impaled herself on his heavy shaft over and over again. She threw her head back in moaned as he filled her up and made her shiver with pleasure.

Andreas snorted with delight, loving how she used him. **"There's my girl"** he praised her as her body began to lubricate his hard shaft.

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She put her hands on his chest and looked into his eyes as she fucked herself. He was grinning at her, smug with confidence.

Werewolves were seldom conscious of their bodies.

Modesty had no part in their makeup. Being naked in front of others posed no problems for them, since at their core they're animals by nature.

This took Helen some getting used to.

Michael seemed to have more conscious control of his surroundings than other Werewolves did, and wore clothes most of the time. Maybe it was because of his wife and daughter.

Andreas however, was never more comfortable than when he was fully naked. Maybe there was some security in being able to change quickly when he was in that state, she thought. Maybe he felt more able to protect her that way? Not that she was complaining. Andreas was one of the most beautiful men she had ever seen. He had an amazing body, covered in light brown hair and hard muscle, with strong shoulders and rugged good looks. His lack of hair on his head made him more masculine, and his constant facial stubble only drove that point home further.

It was during the daytime hours that surprised her the most. Coming home from the store and finding Andreas walking around the living room naked, took some getting used to. She was always worried that someone would stop by unexpectedly and catch him without clothes. Or that he would expect her to start following his lead and remove her clothes as well. But the nice thing about Andreas is that he never forced Helen to do anything. Maybe that's what drew her to him in the first place. He was so completely secure in who he was, and what he had to offer, that Helen never felt neglected or alone.

Now with his strong body beneath her, she let herself go.

Andreas adjusted himself and pushed his big cock inside of her. Slowly thrusting his hips up to meet her. Her eyes fluttered and he grinned at her. **"You like that?"** he teased her.

Helen moaned loudly as he filled her completely. Her whole body burned with desire for him and she did what she always did when they made love...she enjoyed every moment of it.

She bounced on his lap, forcing as much of his thick cock inside of her as she could. He was too big, too much man for her to take completely. She looked between her legs as she sat down and saw almost four thick inches of his large shaft, untouched by her.

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She cried out. The sight of his huge cock, thick and swollen was too much for her. She pushed down and felt her pussy spread apart, filling her up completely. But still there was more of him to take.

“No!” she cried out.

She wanted it all!

Every inch!

She looked at Andreas, who laughed at her.

He knew!

He always knew what she wanted.

Her fingers sunk into his chest. Her nails dug into his skin. His face changed from amusement to full arousal.

This was something that Helen didn't understand at first. Dating Andreas was different than when she was with Michael. Andreas was more primal. More into raw emotion with no thought. She realized it almost right away. The first time they had sex, she realized how much of his wolf was present. Michael could subdue his. Maybe because of how powerful he was, but it was nothing she would ever talk to him about. Not now. Not while she was with Andreas.

Andreas would never harm her. But he liked it rough. He liked her to fight and use her aggression on him. She was far too weak as a human being to do any damage to him. He wanted her to use all her strength against him. He assured her, he could take it.

The first time it happened, it took her by surprise. He was on top of her and thrusting into her. His eyes glowed with power as he took her hand and pressed it to his face.

“Strike me!”

She blinked at him. What? She couldn't! She wouldn't.

“Do it!”

His big cock throbbed in her pussy and her mind let go. She pulled her hand away and slapped him across the face. She felt a moment of panic as she did.

His eyes locked onto hers.

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“HARDER!” he yelled at her.

Helen used all her strength and slapped him again.

He didn't budge at all! Not one inch! His lips pulled back and he gave her a wicked grin. **“Is that the best you have...little girl?”** he asked impatiently.

His supernatural power washed over her and Helen felt rage fill her entire body. She struck at him again, and again.

Andreas laughed at her. He moved one arm behind his back to make it easier for her to hit him. He held his body up with the other, taking no effort to do so. Every strike made his grin wider.

She looked at his powerful body over her, the smug grin on his face. He was beautiful! Full of power, sex and lust! **“Fuck me!”** she commanded.

He laughed and lay the weight of his strong body over hers, pinning her to the bed. He pushed deep inside of her and made her scream!

“I'll fuck you little girl!”

He pushed his hairy thighs against her legs and forced them apart. She was as open as she could get. He pounded his thick shaft into her small pussy and twisted it around her slick walls.

Helen screamed!

“You like that?” he taunted her. **“Like my big cock?”**

He was such a man. Her body convulsed and she felt herself cum all over his big dick!

“YES!” he cried. His thick shaft swelled up and throbbed. It pulsed and pounded her cunt and then it erupted!

Andreas began to cum!

She felt it! She tried to move but he was too big, too heavy. He held her in place as his large dick shot off inside of her. It was hot! It pushed deep into her body, filling up every crease of flesh, every space she had!

“Oh God!” she yelled, as her body flooded with his cum. Her own orgasm wasn't over! Something happened to her. She seemed to lose track of time. She felt his big, hairy body

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all over her. His large hands pulling at her and his warm lips covering her face and neck. When she managed to open her eyes, he was above her, smiling.

“Welcome back little girl”

Ever since then, Andreas has led her farther and farther into his world. They're sex was intense. It was rough. It was primal.

Helen had never been more satisfied.

Now, once more; she had woken the beast inside of him.

Her fingers had left red marks in his chest.

His eyes were on fire as she rode his hard shaft.

“Such a little girl” he teased her. **“Such a big dick!”**

Helen growled herself. Her fingers broke skin and her nails turned red with blood. His eyes glowed brighter and he growled back at her. It filled the room and washed over her body. The display of power was too much for her.

She threw her head back, cried out, and came!

When she opened up her eyes she was on her back and Andreas was above her. Her legs were spread and his dick was still inside her. He waited until she recovered and looked up at him.

“Now that you're done playing around...” he said.

She looked at his chest. It was completely healed. If it wasn't for the blood drops on it, she would have never known what she had done.

“Feel free to fight me” he told her. **“Do whatever you need to do, but just know this...”** he leaned in closer and kissed her lips. **“You WILL cum for me!”**

Helen moaned loudly. She hadn't recovered yet!

“And then...when I think you've had enough” he kissed her lips again. **“Then, and only then...will I let you rest”**

He lay on top of her and wrapped his muscled arms around her. **“You belong to me...now and forever”**

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Andreas lifted up his hips and sunk his big dick into her wet pussy.

Helen cried out! Her hands roamed over his broad back as his hairy thighs rubbed her legs and his beastly cock stretched her apart.

The bed rocked back and forth as he worked her small, human body over.

It was going to be a long morning.

Chase walked through the woods, shaken from what Phoebe had told him. He barely noticed when his feet met stone. It was smooth and firm. He kept thinking about his Dad, the greatest Werewolf in North America. Bart, Sean...his mind skipped over each of them until he thought of his mother. He played back what it had been like for him before he found out who he was...before Phoebe turned him into her sword.

A light hit his eyes and he lifted up his arm to shield his face.

It was daytime!

He spun around and found buildings all around him!

He had just been in the woods...at night!

“What the hell?” He said to himself.

People were moving about. He focused his ears toward them. They didn't speak English. The road was cobblestone. There was a smell of food in the air. It smelled fantastic. He kept walking, careful for any sign of danger. This had never happened to him before. Did he black out? Was someone controlling him?

The road opened up to a large stone fountain. It had three tiers to it. It looked very old, just like everything else around him. The cars were small and the license plates looked like something out of an old movie.

No one paid him any attention.

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He walked around the fountain and held out his hand. The water was cool. He took in a deep breath and the smell of food filled his small frame. He was hungry. Very hungry. He focused his senses and found the source.

Then he saw him, his arm waving in the air.

Waving at him!

The air left his lungs in a relieved sigh.

“Polus!”

The man was beyond handsome. He had jet black hair, piercing eyes and a muscular build. He sat at a table for two wearing a black suit with a crisp white shirt, open at the collar. He looked like a billionaire out for lunch.

“I should have known” Chase said to himself as he walked up.

The big man smiled at him and nodded to the empty chair. **“Come on now Chase, you know your Dad works in mysterious ways”** he grinned.

Chase’s mind filled with an image of his Dad. Huge, blonde and powerful. Magnificent. His Father was the strongest person he had ever met.

“Not THAT Dad” the dark-haired man smiled.

“Stop that” Chase sat down with a sigh. His thoughts were an open book to Polus. A woman came up and spoke in a foreign language. Polus spoke back in the same language. She nodded as she wrote in her pad.

“Italian” he said, after she left. **“They really do have the best food”**

“Italy!” Chase cried. **“I’m in Italy?”** His neck craned around and he looked at everything.

Polus laughed. **“Well I thought that was obvious”** He reached for a dark wine bottle and poured some into a glass in front of Chase. The fluid was dark red. It looked like silk, and the bottle was nothing like Chase had ever seen. It was black, but the glass looked like it was in motion. It made Chase blink in frustration. It was having trouble keeping its shape.

“From Dionysus. His private stock” Polus said. The fluid looked rich, inviting.

“Who?”

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The large man started to speak and then stopped. He waved his hands. **“Let’s just say he makes really good wine”**

“I’m not old enough” Chase replied.

The man laughed. **“So, you can fight Vampires, Witches, and all manner of foul monsters, but you can’t drink a little wine?”**

“Hey I didn’t want to do ANY of that remember...Dad?” He said sarcastically, but he reached for the glass and lifted it to his lips and took a sip. **“OH, MY GOD!”** He shouted and gulped down another large mouthful.

Polus gave him a huge smile. **“Told you! Good, isn’t it?”**

The others in the café looked over with smiles of their own. Polus paid them no attention, and they didn’t seem to notice he was drinking wine. The waitress brought out a plate of food for each of them and Chase momentarily forgot why he was there. He grabbed his fork and dove right in. Polus did the same and grinned at the small boy whenever he looked up at him. Polus could always calm him. The man knew everything. He always had the answers. Guess that’s a given, when you’re the God of Intelligence.

One clean plate later and a refill of wine, Chase sat back and took in a deep breath. Suddenly the weight of the world was upon him again. **“Demeter...”**

“Is a very upset woman” Polus finished for him. He filled his own glass full of wine.

Did the bottle have a bottom, Chase wondered? It seemed like far too much wine had already come out of it.

Polus took a large sip. **“Having her as part of your makeup was essential. I honestly never thought she would invoke her mark in you”**

“Invoke?”

He shrugged. **“Demeter rarely interacts with humans. Even the Druids that worship her above all others, are bereft of her influence. I didn’t think she would have a need for the Night Wolf”** He looked around. **“You needed her power to move through across the Earth as you do. She was needed, almost more than the Vampire was”**

“Yeah, about that” Chase interrupted. **“Is there anything else you’re not telling me? Turing into smoke is cool as hell but I don’t want to wake up in a field and sucking a cow’s neck dry”**

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Polus laughed. **“Chase, would I do that to you?”** The boy gave him a hard look. The large man shrugged his shoulders. **“Okay, you got me there. But I didn’t turn you into a blood sucker I swear. All I took was his ability to shift his form”** He waved at Chase. **“And, you heal real fast!”**

“Am I gonna turn into a bat?”

Polus looked thoughtfully up in the air for far too long.

“POLUS!”

He laughed. **“NO! Calm down. I’m just teasing you”**

“Yeah, cause that’s exactly what I need” Chase told him. **“A God with a sense of humor!”**

The big man opened up his large, perfectly manicured hands. **“Your powers were meant to fight in THIS world. Demeter has used your status in a way I never imagined she would”**

Chase leaned forward. **“Phoebe said I had to go alone. That I couldn’t take even my Dad. She said he would lose his power if he went”**

He nodded. **“There are rules Chase. Rules that everyone must follow on Earth. Even Zeus. Even the Red Queen. Gods can’t just do whatever they want. The Earth couldn’t take it. We are bound and forbidden from causing too much chaos”**

He reached down and lifted a burgundy cloth into view. Chase knew what it was immediately. He grabbed it from Polus and pulled it against his chest.

“This is mine!”

“I know” Polus said, calmly, letting the boy take it from him. **“I thought you might wear it”** he said. **“You know...when you go over”**

Chase looked at him suspiciously. **“Why?”** he asked. **“What’s it do? Shoot lasers or something?”**

Polus laughed. **“Chase your imagination is amazing. Why does it have to do anything?”**

“Uh, because you’re the God of Intelligence and you don’t do anything without a good reason”

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Polus opened his mouth and then stopped himself. **“Fair enough. But this time, it’s just a shirt”**

Chase gripped it in his hands. He could see him. Daniel. Dark hair, muscled arms and chest. The smell of the teenager still filled his mind. He was the most perfect boy Chase had ever seen. Whoever the God of instant love was, had given him a bad case of Daniel. No one had ever made Chase feel the way he did. He still had dreams of that boy.

“He would have given that to you, had you asked” Polus said.

Chase looked up with a blank stare.

“You didn’t have to take it. He would have given you ANYTHING you wanted in fact” Polus finished up his wine in one gulp. **“He didn’t really have a choice”**

Chase blinked as he absorbed that. **“WHAT? Why not?”**

Polus cleared his throat. **“Cause of the Vampire inside of you”**

“OH, MY GOD!!” Chase shouted. **“You told me all I could do was shift into smoke!”**

“Well I....”

“Polus!”

“Well, I didn’t think it was important. I mean you seemed so happy with him and truthfully you can’t compel a perfect stranger without there being some spark there to begin with. I mean if...”

Chase cut him off. **“So, I’m a hypnotic rapist now?”**

Polus was caught off guard. **“He ripped your clothes off if I remember that night correctly, and...”**

“I’m gonna kill you!” Chase growled. His hands darkened and claws formed at the tips of his fingers.

“Now, now” Polus waved a hand and Chase shifted back to normal. **“Let’s not scare the locals. Italians are superstitious people you know”**

Chase looked around. **“They are?”**

“Yes...well I think so...maybe”

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Chase rolled his eyes. **“What about rules and all that crap?”** He asked. **“Am I allowed to just seduce any boy I see? Aren’t there rules about that?”**

“Of course! Look don’t lose focus. Daniel liked you a lot. You just...pushed things along faster than normal. Hey time was limited...and all that”

“My patients with Olympian Gods is limited!”

Polus held up both hands. He took a breath and said, **“The Red Queen. Focus”**

Chase immediately calmed down. The Queen was his priority. He could deal with everything else latter.

“Exactly” Polus said.

“GET OUT OF MY HEAD!” Chase growled.

“Sorry, force of habit”

“So, I have to go and kill this Queen all on my own, with no help from anyone! That’s just great!”

Polus sat back and looked at Chase. He slowly poured another glassful of wine as Chase watched. He raised the glass and nodded his head to something behind them.

Chase turned around. Slowly.

“NO!” Chase spun back and looked at Polus. **“You said I had to go alone! You said there couldn’t be anyone else! You said there were rules to follow!”**

Polus took a long sip. His amazing eyes washed over Chase. **“Actually, I said there were rules to follow...”** He took another sip and grinned. **“...on Earth”**

Chase looked behind him again. **“Oh Dad. You’re gonna get me killed!”**

CHAPTER FOUR

Sean ran through the woods toward the lake. He was in wolf form and moved with the grace of a predator. His powerful legs ate up the ground as he nimbly leapt over large bushes and felled trees. Running as a werewolf was always the best part. He was one

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with nature and enjoyed nothing more than feeling the air moving through his thick fur as earth shifted beneath his large paws. Having the Grand Alpha fuel his beast made everything more vibrant in his eyes. His strength, his speed, and his vision were all enhanced beyond what he had previously known. His sex drive was also at an all-time high, and he wanted nothing but to share that with his two best friends.

He had smelled them earlier and was eager to see them again. Since Michael had stolen Sean from his former Pack, he no longer had the constant companionship of his brother wolves. Michael's Pack was currently a Pack of two...well, three if you counted Chase, and the massive Alpha usually did.

His former master...Silas, was a powerful wolf. He commanded a large group of men, women, and children, but his power was dwarfed by that of Michael's, the only Grand Alpha in the United States. Wolves of every generation would fall to their knees in Michael's presence. Even Silas was not immune to his power, although he would be loath to admit that to anyone.

Daruth was next in line after Silas. He was a thinker, a strategist. Elyria cemented his rule as his wife and was known for her sharp mind and cunning tongue. Her ability to see several steps ahead of anyone else in the room, proved invaluable to Daruth and he knew he was lucky to have her.

Sean respected Daruth's leadership. He was the kind of Alpha that made decisions for the good of the Pack. Silas...not so much. He was more into blind obedience and shoring up his personal power base.

Sean saw Jason first!

He was in human form, naked and standing near the waters of the lake, his back toward Sean. He had a tall athletic body with long muscle that hid his true strength. He looked like a swimmer or a runner.

Bart was several feet away, also naked and stretching out his strong, burly limbs. He had just changed back into human form and hadn't seen Sean yet.

Sean leapt from the woods and arched high into the air as his powerful legs propelled him upward. He landed not three feet from Jason displacing a large mound of earth, but before the teenager could turn, he leapt forward again and scooped Jason up in one thick, hairy arm and rocketed them both toward the sky. Jason cried out in surprise and managed to grab Sean's arm only moments before they plunged into the cool waters of the lake.

They sunk like rocks as Sean's heavy body pulled them both down to the bottom.

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When his large paws touched the lake bed he pushed off and thrust them back up, breaking the surface like a big, furry bullet. As Jason gasped for breath, Sean hurled him away like a child's ball and watched as Jason spun around and cursed at him before the deep waters claimed him once more. Sean would have laughed if he could, but instead he growled happily and plunged back into the lake.

As he bounded out of the water his body started to ripple with the change. Water poured off his fur as he heard Jason's voice behind him, calling out his name and adding several threats as Bart's laugh bellowed nearby.

It took a few minutes for Sean to fully revert back and by then Jason had swam to shore and was shaking the water out of his ears.

"You big, blonde Dog!" he shouted.

Sean turned around and smiled at him, lifting his arms in surrender. **"Sorry J, I thought you were smart enough not to turn your back to the woods. You looked so cute there by the water, like a little puppy playing at the shore. I just couldn't help myself; I had to give you a hug"**

Bart continued to laugh as he pointed to Jason. **"Dude, you went down like a five-dollar hooker!"**

"Fuck you Bart!" Jason spat back, moments before Sean's strong arms pulled him in. His face and neck were then subjected to several kisses as the beefy blonde teenager greeted his friend with eager abandon. Jason's arms wrapped around him and hugged him back, even as he called him numerous names.

Sean reached down and grabbed one of Jason's ass cheeks and squeezed hard. **"How's my property? You keeping this warm for me?"**

"Blow me Sean!" he replied.

Sean laughed and grabbed Jason by the back of the head and pulled him in for a long, deep kiss. He sunk his thick tongue inside as Jason slumped against him and surrendered to his lustful hunger. He felt Jason's arms circle around him and hug him tight, their big dicks pressing together.

Bart came forward and ran his large hands across both of their backs as the two Werewolf boys bonded. **"Get a room already ladies"** he said sarcastically.

Sean reached out and wrapped one arm around him too and Jason did the same, pulling Bart toward them. As Sean kissed Bart the larger boy kissed him back and growled at him

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dominantly. It was something that Sean allowed more than anything else. Bart at one time had been more powerful than him, but since he now belonged to Michael; that had changed. Now Sean had a significant boost to his abilities that dwarfed those of his two best friends combined...but in this instance, his love for his friends outweighed his Pack status...so he let Bart growl and enjoyed the touch of his muscled body against him.

The three teenage boys huddled together, rubbing their faces against one another for a long while. Sean breathed them in, loving their smell. Three sets of hands explored strong limbs, hard chests, and broad necks as they moaned and growled with pleasure in each other's company. Sean kissed at Bart's big biceps and licked under his arms. Bart held still and let him explore his body as Jason bit at Sean's neck and licked his skin. He leaned in and took long licks at Sean's face as Jason moved to Bart's neck and did the same to him.

"You're wet" Sean teased Jason.

"That won't happen again" Jason replied as Sean smiled at him.

"Didn't you say that last week too?" Bart countered as he kissed Jason's neck. **"I remember a similar swim you took then"**

"Don't you have a car to chase?" Jason replied. He turned to Sean to say something else but his wolf answered instead. Suddenly it hit him that Sean was no longer in their pack and an overwhelming sense of loss came over him. **"I've missed you broth..."**

Before he could finish Sean leaned in and pressed his mouth against his. One strong arm hugged him tight as he groaned in pleasure, frantic to be close to the boy.

Bart watched, pleased to have his mates so close to him. Aside from one very small, black Werewolf, Bart loved no one else as much as these two. His strong hands pushed them together as he enjoyed the show. **"Just suck his dick already"** he told Jason.

Jason reluctantly broke his kiss with Sean and looked down. Sean's dick was rock hard and thick with lust.

"Suck that fucking cock!" Bart commanded him. He pushed Jason down with one big hand.

Jason fell to his knees and took in the sight of Sean's throbbing shaft. He opened his mouth and took half of it in, in one gulp. He moaned as the taste of the boy's flesh filled his mouth.

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Sean smiled at Jason, who was now lost with his favorite toy. He looked at Bart, who was already leaning in for another kiss. Sean opened his mouth and took the boy's warm, thick tongue inside. He sighed at the feel of Jason's warm mouth and hungry appetite as he moaned at Bart.

"God, I've missed you two" he groaned, as he look at first Jason and then Bart.

Bart was bigger than any of them. He moved behind Sean and wrapped his muscled arms around him and started to rub at Sean's chest while he kissed and bit at his neck. Sean leaned back and let his best friend explore his body as Jason devoured his big dick. Bart pushed his hips forward and his long, thick shaft snaked between Sean's legs and rubbed at the bottom of his balls. Sean shuddered at the feeling of Bart's beefy pecker and momentarily lost his footing, but Bart's heavy arms held him tight and upright.

"Eager to drop to your knees for me?" Bart laughed as he kissed at Sean's neck and his strong arms coiled tight around the blonde boy.

Sean's head fell back on the boy's shoulder. **"Bart, I'm gonna suck your big dick dry!"**

Bart laughed some more. **"Fuck yeah you are!"**

Sean looked down at Jason. He cupped the back of his head with one hand and curled his fingers in his friend's hair. **"That feels so fucking good!"** he moaned. Jason pulled himself forward and drove Sean's big dick right down his throat. Sean's body trembled but was held up by Bart's strong arms.

Jason's lips were wrapped around the base of Sean's thick shaft as he handsome boy's prick throbbed in his throat. It felt so good to suck on him. Jason pulled at Sean's legs, holding him in place so he could enjoy his beefy pecker.

"Suck him off!" Bart commanded.

His orders made Jason's mouth clamped down on Sean's thick shaft and he began to fuck his own throat with this best friend's dick.

"GOD!" Sean cried out. Bart's hands were everywhere. He gripped Sean's chest and moved down to squeeze his ass as well. Sean's legs started to buck from under him but Jason wasn't letting up. He sucked and twisted his mouth around his throbbing prick until the boy cried out with a loud growl.

"CUM!" Bart demanded. **"Fucking feed him!"**

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Sean's body shook and convulsed as his thick shaft swelled up inside Jason's throat and erupted with a heavy explosion of warm cum.

"JASON!" Sean cried out as he came. He had a hand on Jason's head and the other one was gripping Bart's forearm for support.

"Oh God, Jason! Suck me! Fucking suck me!"

Wave after wave of cum blasted out of Sean's big dick and right down his friend's throat. Somewhere he heard Bart laugh. The boy's powerful arms held him tight and his neck was slathered in spit as Bart licked at it.

When he was able to recover, Sean found Jason in front of him, smiling and licking at his wet lips. **"God damn your cum tastes good!"**

Sean grinned at him and threw his arms around the tall teenager. **"God, I fucking love you!"**

This was allowed for only a moment before Bart brought everyone back to the present with his deep, rough voice. **"You two wanna knit matching sweaters, then do it on your own time"** Sean and Jason both looked back at him. He stepped away and pointed down to his hard cock. **"My big dick isn't gonna suck itself!"**

Sean stepped up and dropped before Bart, but the large boy wasn't satisfied. He glared at Jason.

"You too little boy!" he snapped his fingers impatiently.

Jason grinned and joined Sean on his knees before Bart's big dick. Sean's hand reached up and took hold of his huge balls and pulled on them so Bart's cock bounced in the air.

"Look at his big, fucking dick!" Sean grinned. Jason smiled as Sean leaned in and kissed at Bart's cockhead. He leaned back and watched as Jason do the same.

Bart looked down, satisfied with their obedience. He watched as they kissed his dick over and over again. Then Jason started to lick at it and Sean followed. **"You two having fun?"** he teased them. **"You gonna start fighting over which one of you gets to suck it first?"**

Sean and Jason laughed as they looked at the long, fat shaft between them. **"This is definitely a two-man job"** Jason said to Sean. The blonde boy nodded and each of them began to suck at the sides of Bart's heavy cock.

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The strapping teenage snorted smugly as his two best friends worked between his legs. **“There you go”** he told them. **“Share that big, fucking dick!”**

Sean and Jason, licked and sucked at Bart’s hard cock. They covered every inch of his heavy shaft until it was slick with their spit. Over and over, their tongues overlapped and stroked at one another as they feasted between Bart’s strong legs. Bart shifted his big feet in the dirt as they worked him over.

Finally, both boys were sucking on the sides of Bart’s flared cockhead. Jason suddenly sat back and looked at Sean. **“Do it! Suck his dick!”**

Sean moved around until he was facing Bart’s heavy pecker. He looked up at the rugged boy and smiled before he opened his mouth and took him inside.

“There you go buddy!” Bart taunted him. **“Now your dreams have come true!”** he put his hands on his hips. **“Suck my big cock!”**

Sean groaned up at Bart. His muscled body towered over him. Bart was the closest thing to a full-grown man between the three of them. He wasn’t handsome and would never been called pretty. Bart was rugged. He was what a strong man should look like. All muscles, with big hands and feet and a big dick between his legs. The head of his cock filled Sean’s mouth up and when his tongue licked at it, he was rewarded with the taste of Bart’s pre-cum.

Sean growled hungrily.

Bart laughed down at him. **“You want my cum little boy?”**

Sean nodded as he forced a thick inch of dick deep in his mouth.

“Well you gotta show me that you really want it! That you NEED it!” Bart told him.

Sean moaned and started to fuck his own mouth with Bart’s big dick. He looked up at him, eyes pleading as he did.

Bart nodded. **“Better!”**

Sean’s hands found Bart’s hairy legs. He felt the thick muscle under the skin. He ran his fingers up and down his heavy thighs and cupped the back of the boy’s calves, never taking his eyes off Bart.

“You want my cum?”

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Sean nodded and tears began to form at the sides of his eyes. He sucked at Bart's dick as hard as he could.

Bart looked down at Jason. He reached out and pushed three big fingers into his mouth. **"You okay with that?"** he asked. **"My big dick belongs to you as much as it does him"** He moved his fingers over Jason's tongue. **"He's begging me for it!"** He nodded toward Sean. **"Look at him! Look how hungry he is!"**

Jason sucked on Bart's fingers and looked over to Sean. He watched a tear fall away and run down his cheek. Jason moaned and pushed his head up until Bart's hand got in the way. He sucked hard on his fingers and nodded his head. His hands ran up Bart's strong legs and he squeezed the muscled thigh.

"Okay" Bart nodded. He used his other hand and he waved a finger between them. **"I don't want you two fighting over this later"** he said. **"You thirsty little wolf?"**

Sean attempted to do the impossible, and take Bart's big dick down his throat. He nodded up at Bart.

Bart smiled down at Jason, who was sucking on his thick fingers. **"You're a good boy for letting him drink me Jason. That's why I'm gonna fuck you first"**

Jason's eyes rolled up in his head. His fingers dug into Bart's muscled thigh.

Bart turned his attention to Sean. **"Alright buddy. Your wish has cum true!"** he grinned at his own joke. **"Big Bart's gonna quench your thirst!"**

Sean moaned as he sucked at the head of his friend's hard cock. More and more pre-cum rolled over his tongue as Bart prepared to feed him.

He felt his tears run out of his eyes, but he didn't wipe them away. He wanted Bart to see them. He wanted him to know how much he loved him. There were no secrets between the three of them. They shared everything! He would die for them. But right now, all he wanted to do...was drink the cum out of Bart's big dick!

"Suck me Sean!" Bart growled. **"Suck your brother off!"**

Sean whimpered and moaned as he ate Bart's shaft. It throbbed and pulsed on his tongue. Swelled and thickened in his mouth. His vision was blurry with tears as he looked up at the muscled teenaged boy.

"Drink!"

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Bart's big dick pulsed, and Sean's mouth filled with the first wave of cum that erupted out of his swollen cockhead. The taste of his heavy load exploded over his tongue and Sean drank it down, hungry and grateful for every drop!

Bart's powerful legs shook under Sean's hands as he shot off in his mouth. The intense pleasure ripping up Bart's muscled body.

“Take it buddy! Drink that load!”

Sean swallowed every mouthful Bart gave him. The boy was a beast! And he came like one! Even in human form! Sean gulped down mouthful after mouthful.

Jason watched in awe and with some jealousy, as Sean's throat moved up and down. He knew he was drinking Bart's cum! Swallowing every thick drop Bart could give him. Jason licked his lips, knowing how good Bart's cum tasted.

He reached out and rubbed Sean's back as his best friend drank from Bart's big dick. Bart pulled his fingers out of his mouth and cupped the back of his head, pulling him forward. Jason's face was now pressed against Bart's crotch, so he stuck his tongue out and started to lick at the base of his big dick. He took hold of the boy's balls and gently cupped them as they emptied out in Sean's mouth. He breathed in the smell of Bart's cock. It was a smell he had known for years. Even as children Bart had dominated both of them. He always showed off his naked body to them. Smiling as they both stared at his big dick. Teasing them with it, making them beg for it.

Jason was seven years old the first time he sucked Bart's dick. He had been hooked ever since. Bart was two years older, and even then his muscles were forming.

Sean finished up and used his hands to milk the thick shaft between Bart's legs as Jason lapped at his balls. He sat back on his feet and looked up at Bart.

The boy was amazing. Tall, powerful. His dick was still hard, but slick with their spit. He took a handful of Jason's hair and gently pulled him back. He pushed him away until he was next to Sean. Bart looked at both of them as Sean wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and took in the incredible sight of Bart naked, with a hard, wet dick between his legs.

“I fucking love you Bart!” the blonde boy said.

Bart grinned at them and lifted one arm up, making his bicep stand out. Sean and Jason smiled up at him. He loved an audience. **“Like your drink?”**

Sean's eyes rolled. **“Fuck yeah!”**

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Bart took hold of his thick cock with one hand and stroked it in front of them. **“Nice thing about being a Werewolf...”** he said. **“is the stamina”** he held his hard shaft at the base and waved it at them. **“Jason”** he began. **“Get your ass up in the air! You know what I wanna hear!”**

Jason grinned up at him and stole a quick kiss from Sean. He moved to his hands and knees and stuck his ass up. He looked over his shoulder. **“Fuck me Bart!”**

Bart grinned back at him and stepped forward, dropping to his knees in front of Jason’s ass. He looked at Sean and impatiently snapped his fingers and pointed to his dick.

Sean crawled over and gathered up a mouthful of spit and dropped it on Bart’s solid cock. Bart used his fist to spread it around.

“I made a promise to you Jason” Bart said, aiming his dick at his hole. **“You’re a good boy. And good boys get rewards”** He pulled his hand back and slapped Jason on the ass, the he pushed the head of his cock right into his shameless friend.

“Oh fuck!” Jason cried out. His eyes blurred from having his ass spread apart by Bart’s beastly pecker.

Sean grinned at Bart and moved beside him to watch his thick cock sink into Jason’s tight ass. He put an arm around the boy’s broad shoulder and hugged him close.

Bart smiled at Sean. **“You know the best word to describe Jason when I fuck him?”**

Sean gave him a big smile, not even trying to answer.

Bart looked down at his big dick and then looked Sean in the eyes. **“Grateful!”**

Jason looked over his shoulder to say something but Bart sunk his thick shaft deep into his body and Jason cried out instead.

“See?” Bart grinned at Sean.

Sean laughed and kissed at Bart’s wide neck. The strong boy took Jason by the hips and began to deep fuck him over and over again. While he nuzzled his face in Bart’s neck, Sean heard Jason’s moans as he got fucked with Bart’s heavy dick.

At one point Bart nudged him with his face and when Sean looked up Bart kissed his lips. He smiled at Sean and then lifted his arm up.

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Sean watched the powerful bicep swell as Bart exposed his hairy armpit. He quickly pressed his face into it and licked it over and over again.

Bart was content.

He was where he should be, with his best friends. One on his dick, and the other worshipping some part of his body. This is what Bart wanted. To be the center of their attention. The only thing missing was Chase.

He should be here, Bart thought. He should be getting off on him, just like Sean and Jason were. He could handle them all. He was Bart. His dick swelled with the mere thought of it and Jason groaned in response, bringing Bart back to the present.

“Hey?” he said to Sean. **“Our brother needs a dick in his mouth. Go feed him!”**

Sean leaned in and kissed Bart’s lips before moving in front of Jason. He sat down and spread his legs apart, his cock, hard and ready. **“I’m here little brother! Suck on this!”**

Jason couldn’t speak. Bart was drilling his ass with his big dick, and it all but made it impossible for Jason to do anything else but moan. He opened his mouth and took Sean’s hard cock inside as Sean leaned back on his elbows and spread his legs apart.

Bart leaned his head to the side to watch. He wasn’t satisfied. He pulled his hand back and slapped Jason’s ass. **“Come on little brother!”** he warned him. **“We’re doing this for you! I wanna hear that mouth, sucking that big fucking dick!”**

Jason moaned and sucked Sean harder. Now the wet sound of his mouth filled the air and Sean gave Bart a big grin.

Bart winked at him right before slapping Jason’s ass again. **“Suck his fucking dick!”** he pounded his big cock into Jason’s ass.

Jason took Sean right down his throat and Sean’s head rolled back as he moaned loudly.

“Oh fuck yeah!” the blonde boy cried.

Bart’s heavy cock twisted in Jason’s ass and his strong hands gripped the slender hips tight. **“That’s it little brother! Take that big fucking dick!”**

Over and over Bart fucked him. Inch after inch of dick pumped in and out of the boy’s ass. Sean held Jason’s head down and did the same to his throat. He looked at Bart and said, **“I fucking love you two!”**

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Bart grinned at him. **“We love you back brother!”** He repositioned himself and held Jason’s hips tight. He started to rapidly fuck the boy with his big dick.

“Fuck his throat!” Bart commanded him.

While Bart gave it to him from behind, Sean gave it to him from the front. He held his head in both hands and fucked Jason’s throat over and over again.

It was Bart who noticed it first. He leaned over and looked at the ground under Jason. He then grinned at Sean. **“He fucking came!”**

Sean laughed. **“Sweet!”**

“Alright buddy” Bart said. **“Let’s fill him up!”**

Sean watched his muscled friend drilling Jason’s ass. He smiled at him, loving the way Bart’s strong body dictated every moment of this. **“You ready brother?”**

Bart nodded, sweat falling off his face **“Almost there!”** Bart was concentrating on fucking Jason. He built up the perfect rhythm, sinking his big dick at just the right speed and depth. **“Almost!”**

He looked up suddenly, right into Sean’s eyes. **“NOW!”**

Sean let go and felt his dick swell up in Jason’s throat! The cum shot up his shaft and exploded from the head of his cock, right down the boy’s gullet.

Bart cried out and his heavily muscled body shook as he came in Jason’s ass at the same time. His strong hands held Jason’s waist tight and his biceps flared out with power as he slammed into Jason’s ass with his big dick.

“Take my fucking cum!” the strapping boy shouted.

It took almost three minutes before they were both finished. Sean had one hand on Jason’s head and was slowly thrusting his dick past the boy’s mouth and down his throat, while Bart was fucking his ass with rhythmic strokes.

“Oh god!” Bart growled.

Sean pulled his dick out of Jason’s mouth while Bart reached down and put his thick arms under Jason’s arms. He hauled him up to his knees and Jason cried out.

“No Bart! Don’t take it out! Not yet!”

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Bart grinned at Sean, knowing what was happening. He looked at Jason with clear arrogance in his eyes. **“You need my dick?”**

“YES!” Jason screamed.

Sean moved forward and took hold of Jason’s hard cock with both hands. Jason bucked but Bart held him tight, making it impossible for Jason to bring his hands down. Sean stroked his shaft and tugged at his balls as Jason screamed. His dick swelled up and shot a river of cum in the air, hitting Sean in the chest and stomach!

“Fuck!” Sean said, impressed with Jason’s load. He didn’t stop. He kept milking Jason until every drop came out. Bart held the boy in place, his powerful muscles more than a match for Jason on his best day, as Sean worked at his throbbing cock.

Jason fought him anyway. The intense orgasm he was having made him thrash around in Bart’s solid arms. He cried out as Sean got him off, until he sunk back against Bart’s strong body, the boy’s big dick, still in his ass.

“Easy buddy” Bart soothed him. **“Let it go. Let it all go”** His hot breathe washed over Jason’s flush face.

Sean leaned down and opened his mouth. Another shot of white cum pumped out of Jason’s dick and right into Sean’s mouth. Sean then took almost half of Jason’s hard dick in his mouth and started to suck.

“Fuck!” Jason growled. **“Oh God! Oh my fucking God!”**

Bart kissed and licked at Jason’s neck. **“You like my big dick?”** he teased the boy. He pulled his hips back and then pushed his cock deeper into Jason’s ass, making him groan in pleasure.

“Oh God Bart! Please! Fucking please!”

Bart started to fuck Jason’s ass again. Slowly, fully.

“Cum for me” Bart ordered. **“Come on. Do it for your big brother”**

Sean moaned as Jason filled his mouth up with more cum.

Fucking Bart had made him shoot twice back to back!

Sean swallowed and swallowed the delicious load Jason fed him. Bart wasn’t the only one that could make Jason cum. Sean started to twist his mouth around his cock and suck

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harder and harder on it as he slowly pulled off. Once the sensitive head was resting on Sean's tongue, the blonde boy gave one final hard suck.

"FUCK!!"

Jason's whole body shook and Bart had to hold him tight. He thrust his big dick inside Jason's ass and held it there as the boy finished off in Sean's mouth.

"That's it baby! I'm here. Bart's here" the big boy soothed him.

Sean got up and looked at Jason. The boy was lost, in a lustful delirium. His eyes were shut and he was moaning. He looked drained.

Bart carefully lay Jason to the ground and slowly pulled out his big dick. Jason moaned at the loss and curled into a ball in front of them. Both Sean and Bart stood over him and smiled.

"Damn" Bart said. **"That boy's a good fuck!"**

"Yeah he is!" Sean agreed.

"That is one happy little wolf" Bart added.

Sean kissed at Bart's rugged face. **"No doubt"**

"I'm fucking hungry" Bart told him. He looked down at Jason. **"He's not gonna change any time soon. I'll have to carry him"**

Sean looked over Jason's spent body and asked, **"How many times have you fucked him today?"**

Bart grinned like a little boy, caught with stolen cookies in his hand. **"What? He likes getting fucked! What am I gonna do? Say no to my brother?"**

Sean laughed. **"You fucked him unconscious!"** he pointed to Jason's spent body.

Bart laughed too, **"I gotta big dick!"** His large hands moved down to frame it and when Sean looked at him he stuck his tongue out the side of his mouth.

"Jesus Bart!" Sean laughed at him.

"He sucked me this morning and then begged me to fuck him. So I did"

He shrugged.

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“Twice” he grinned. He lifted both arms up and made his biceps flare out.

Sean shook his head. **“You’re a fucking beast”**

Bart scooped Jason up and tossed him over his shoulder as if he weighed nothing. **“Come on. Let’s eat!”**

CHAPTER FIVE

Phoebe, Polus and Theia stood in a secluded grove. Chase was with them. Two days had gone by, giving him time to rest and get his thoughts together. Polus had instructed him and helped him refine the use of his powers against the Red Queen. She was no Vampire or Werewolf and Chase had to think differently if he was going to beat her in her own land. He wore Daniel’s jersey. It flowed across his thin frame, having been made for a much larger boy.

“Okay, I’m ready” he said to them. Phoebe came forward and handed him the black stick Demeter had left for him.

The Gods looked at him and nodded. Theia was beautiful. She was a lesser Goddess, but one that had made Chase into the Night Wolf. She had the power of sight. She harnessed the light of the evening and she not only allowed Chase to see perfectly, but also denied that gift to others, making him invisible to everyone else. Even his Dad couldn’t find him at night. Theia’s gift was awesome!

“So how does this work?” He asked.

“Only a powerful being can open a portal from one world to another. That gift is reserved for the strongest of us” Theia informed him.

“So that’s why your all together?” Chase asked.

“No Chase” Phoebe replied. **“We can’t combine our powers that way. The Red Queen is able to do it because she is the most powerful being in her land”**

“So how do we do it?”

Polus smiled. **“We have a Queen of our own”**

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The sky rumbled even though it was clear. Chase looked up and felt the air charge up. He looked around at the others. Even they seemed concerned.

“I’m not gonna like this am I?”

Theia moved near him and put her hands on his shoulders. She smelled really good. **“We are here, not to open a portal Chase, but to protect you. It will take our combined abilities to hold you here while she arrives”**

Chase felt his heart quicken. **“Here? Like on Earth? Or like here, ALIVE on Earth?”**

She smiled. **“Don’t look at her. No matter what. Keep your eyes closed. She hasn’t taken form in many centuries”**

Phoebe looked up and came over as well, Polus right behind her. She handed Chase the dark, smooth stick Demeter had left for him. **“Hold this tight. It will guide you through and back when you’re ready”**

Lightening cracked in the sky and filled the area up with bright light for a moment.

“Chase” Polus said, **“Remember who you are and what you can do. You’re more than just a boy playing Werewolf. In fact, your all kinds of things. And people”** he grinned.

Chase smiled back while Phoebe and Theia looked at each other in question...

The wind swirled and wrapped around the four of them. It became stronger by the second.

“She’s coming!” Theia cried. **“Get ready!”** She put her hands over Chase’s eyes and instantly all the light was gone. There were no tones or gradient’s. He was completely blind. Then a bright line broke through. **“I need help!”** Theia cried out.

Polus wrapped his large arms around Chase and Phoebe put herself between all of them and the EVENT. She spread her arms apart and her robes flowed in the breeze. She closed her eyes and Chase felt her power charge his Wolf.

“Keep them shut!” Polus said, as the three Gods protected him.

The noise became deafening. Chase wanted to pass out. He wanted to run away. This felt far worse than facing Demeter and he was able to look at her! He felt the God’s big arms tighten around him.

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“She’s here!” Phoebe cried out. Polus shifted around Chase while Theia summoned her complete power to keep the Godly light off of the small boy.

Another crack of lightening and Chase knew HER! He knew who SHE was! He knew HER name! She was beyond anything he had ever known. How could anything like this exist? His mind clenched up and his voice took over.

“HERA!” He screamed.

The ground shook and heaved all of them off their feet. Polus and Theia held onto Chase. The big man rolled over Chase, pinning him to the ground until it was over.

Suddenly, Chase was on his back, alone and unrestrained. He could see again. Did he pass out? Die?

Chase blinked several times. **“Is she gone?”** He was out of breath.

“Yes. She is” Phoebe answered him. Polus helped him up.

“That sucked bad!” Chase said. **“Like real, super bad!”** He looked up at Polus. **“Why doesn’t SHE just do it? The Red Queen can’t be a match for Hera!”**

The handsome God shook his head. **“She isn’t. But Hera, Zeus and the others slumber now. They are no longer active. Only Demeter’s rage has stirred Hera. That is the only reason we could open a portal to begin with”** He waved his hand and Chase looked before them.

A glowing film of energy was framed by a golden cord. Peacock feathers adorned it as if floated about a foot off the ground. It was oblong. Large enough for even his Dad to walk through.

“That’s it?” Chase asked. **“That will take me to The Red Queen?”**

“It will” Phoebe replied.

“Can’t she use it too? To come here I mean?” he looked around. **“You know to send that Jack guy here?”**

Polus shook his head. **“This is an Olympian portal Chase. Only those favored by Hera can use it”**

“She would respond in kind if anyone else tried” Theia told him. **“In a very bad way”**

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Chase's eyes got wide. **"Let's NEVER wake her up again okay? Like NEVER!"**

Polus led him forward. **"Remember everything I told you. We will be here, waiting for you my Son"**

"Thanks Dad! This blows, by the way!" He said sarcastically. He then looked at Phoebe and Theia. **"Goddesses"**

They smiled at him. Phoebe felt her heart sink as he moved by her.

"Fight well child" she told him. **"We are proud of you. You are the Night Wolf. Remember that"**

Chase moved up to the portal and took in a deep breath. He stepped through. The film rippled and let him by without resistance. As soon as he was gone the energy throbbed and tried to force itself out of the golden frame. A loud sound of cracking energy poured out and the frame shook violently.

Phoebe and Theia jumped back. Phoebe spun around and looked at Polus. **"What was that?"** She asked. **"That shouldn't have happened!"**

Polus stepped up and stared at the portal, unfazed.

"What did you do, my husband?"

He looked at Phoebe, his eyes bright with knowledge. **"I followed the rules my love. I followed the rules we must all follow"** he smiled at her. **"...on Earth"**

He started to laugh.

CHAPTER SIX

Helen drove carefully home, taking in the sights of the amazing lands around her. As she parked the car she noticed a rugged teenage boy waiting for her on the steps. He wore jeans and a white tee shirt that hugged his muscled frame as he smiled her way. Handsome was not a word usually associated with Bart, she imagined. He had the eyes of a boy, but the body of a man. He was far too powerfully built to be a mere high school

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student. He was on the cusp of full manhood and Helen smiled at him as she climbed out of the car.

“Hello Bart” she waved. The strapping boy bounded down the stairs quicker than a human boy would. His agility made him seem to glide toward her instead of walk heavily like his bulky body should require him to do. Bart, she knew, was no normal boy. He was a Werewolf from Silas’s Pack, the man who convinced Michael to abandon her because she was human. She didn’t hold it against him. Nothing could take away the bond she had with her Son.

Bart moved in and took the bags from her arms. **“Let me”** he said taking all of them as if they weighed nothing, and she knew for him, they didn’t. When she had first moved in Bart had walked the refrigerator in by himself; keeping it easily off the floor and setting it down as if it were made of cardboard instead of heavy metal. His friend Jason had done the same with the washing machine and then the dryer. It was like having her own squad of superhero movers.

“What brings you here Bart?” she asked with a smile. She patted his broad back with one hand and felt the heat radiate off of him. Like all wolves, Bart was unaffected by temperature. He could have worn shorts and a tee shirt in the snow and wouldn’t have noticed.

“You hear from Chase?”

Never one for small talk, she thought. **“Frequently. He writes me all the time. He was near China last time he sent me a message. Looks like Phoebe has him busy spreading her message through the Packs”**

His forehead creased as she spoke. It must be strange for Bart to hear her talk like that. She used Phoebe’s name as if they were best friends and they had dinner together frequently. The Goddess of the Moon had created all Werewolves and she was worshipped by them above all others. Helen spoke as if Phoebe were a neighbor of hers instead of a celestial being. His eyes moved to the silver cross on her chest as they walked. It was the same one that had killed the Vampire DeMarco. Since Helen was the only one he had ever met who had killed an ancient Vampire, he was willing to give her some latitude on the matter and not press things.

“Silas says the Night Wolf was a story told to keep wolves in fear. Looks like it was more than just a story huh?” he said.

It seemed strange to Helen that Bart would seek her out for information about Phoebe. She was the least qualified to answer his questions. They walked in the house and Bart

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closed it behind them with his foot. As he rounded the corner he found the tall form of Andreas barring his way. He stopped suddenly and looked up. **“Andreas!”**

“Bart” the man said simply. **“Why are you here?”**

“He wanted to know about Chase” Helen said, pushing Bart forward and patting the counter for the bags. She wasn’t used to all the Werewolf politics and territories and instead treated Bart like a classmate of her Son’s instead of someone from a rival Pack. All she knew was that Bart cared deeply for Chase, and for her that was all that mattered.

Andreas felt otherwise.

“I was wondering if he was coming home soon” Bart said more to Andreas than to Helen.

Andreas didn’t have the power Silas did. He didn’t even come close to having the power that Michael did, but he was Daruth’s second in command for a reason, and Bart wasn’t about to challenge him here, or anywhere else for that matter. He dropped his eyes and instead focused on the heavily muscled bare chest of the man before him.

“You could have called” Andreas informed him. Clearly having Werewolves show up with his mate didn’t sit well with the man.

“You should stay for lunch Bart” Helen said, ignoring the exchange. **“I’m making roast beef sandwiches”** The boy’s eyes lit up for a moment and Helen could have sworn his chest became bigger. Werewolves loved to eat!

“Bart has to leave” Andreas said with finality. **“Don’t you Bart?”**

Bart nodded his head submissively. **“I can’t stay. I just wanted to know about Chase. If you talk to him can you tell him to come home soon, please? I mean...if he’s able to”** he put the bags on the counter and stayed well away from Helen.

She smiled. **“Of course, Bart. I’m not sure that will be his choice to make, but I’m sure he misses you too”**

Bart nodded, turned and walked away, Andreas escorting him outside. The large man pulled the door shut behind them and walked Bart down the stairs. He took Bart’s shoulder and turned him around, standing mere inches from him. The heat of his strong body radiated over the strapping boy.

“I know you mean well. I know you care for Chase. I even know you would never hurt Helen and it’s not because you’re scared of me” he squeezed Bart’s shoulder. **“But**

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you're not of my Pack Bart. You belong to Silas...and I am with Daruth. Be careful which lines you choose to cross. Silas is still pissed off about Sean, and if he thought you were to defect as well...then things could get very bad for you"

"Silas is a strong Alpha" Bart said. **"I have no wish to leave him"**

"You know what Silas is Bart?" Andreas asked. **"He's second. He's second to Michael. He's second in power. He's second in threats. And that makes him dangerous. And as long as that's true, you need to stay within your own territory"** Andreas moved up until his chest touched Bart. **"I won't stand for his wolves coming near my mate without permission. Either will Michael. And believe me when I say, Silas knows this as well"**

Bart nodded and slowly stepped away. **"Of course, Andreas"** he opened his hands palm up. **"My mistake. I just miss Chase"**

Bart took several steps back and then turned and jogged into the woods. Andreas waited until he could no longer sense the boy's presence before he returned to Helen. When he found her in the kitchen, he wrapped his arms around her and hugged her tight.

"Was all that really necessary?" she asked, cutting his sandwich in half.

"That was for his sake more than mine. Silas is a jealous Master" Andreas breathed in her scent and kissed at her neck. **"And I'm a fragile male"** he teased her. **"I need constant...reassurance"** His strong hands roamed around her body, from her breasts to between her legs. He turned her around and kissed her mouth. **"I'm hungry"** he said, his eyes focused intently on her.

"Lunch is ready" she smiled.

Andreas unbuttoned his jeans and pushed them down his strong legs. He wore no underwear and his magnificent body stood bare, as his thick cock became rigid. **"Not for food woman. I'm a Werewolf, and you'd do well to remember that"**

She laughed as he lifted her up and carried her toward the bedroom.

Lunch would have to wait.

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Jack stood outside their building, looking up at the windows. He tracked her here. It had taken days to find her life force. The dark-haired boy from Maryland had been nearby at one time. Jack had seen it in his mind. He was connected to this woman, but not in a direct way. It was through another. A boy.

A boy who was a wolf.

But not.

He was the woman's Son.

Her Son and the strong boy had been intimate. Carnal.

The boys lusted after each other. Hungry. Feverish.

The small one. The one connected to the woman, had been the aggressor. It was his power that washed over the other. It was the power of the Goddess of the Moon. Of the Vampire. Of Demeter.

It made Jack tremble. His mind flooded back to the present. The Earth Goddess hated him above all others. She was the only one he must constantly look out for. She would be the death of him.

If he let her.

If he made a mistake.

Jack took in a deep breath. Thoughts of the Earth could not sway his decision. The QUEEN would have her prize.

He put his foot on the first step and stopped.

"Werewolf!" he said surprised. He knew the boy wasn't here. He was far away on another landmass.

This was another. A lesser wolf.

"Now what do I have for that?" He reached in his pocket and searched around. His fingers found the cold, hard handle. He pulled it out. It was a gun. A small steel revolver that held six bullets.

Six silver bullets.

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“Yes” he said to himself. **“This will do”** He walked up the stairs and rang the bell. **“This will do just fine”**

Michael stretched his large arms. He looked down at Wendy. She was fast asleep. He leaned down and kissed her head. He loved her more than he thought possible. He stood up, not worried that he would wake her. That wouldn't happen for a long time, he knew. She had woken him in the middle of the night, her hands roaming across his chest. Now she paid the price for that. She would be sore in the morning. She would need a hot bath and a big meal, he grinned.

She was curled into a ball, the blanket wrapped around her. Sleeping soundly. Dreaming of him.

His large feet made the floor creak with his weight. He was naked and didn't bother to cover himself up. He stepped out of the bedroom and walked over to his daughter's room. Emma was sound asleep. Her arms clung to a stuffed wolf that he gave her when she was younger. She slept with it every night. He moved close, and listened for her breathing. She was dreaming. He leaned down and rested his arms on her bed as his knees touched the floor.

The girl was powerful...like her mother. A Druid with the ability to control plant life. Some of the older ones could do more than that. Some could use the trees to travel the Earth. Some could summon woodland spirits to fight for them. Thankfully all Michael had to worry about was a field full of flowers, much to the delight of the livestock they had on the farm. Flowers, apparently tasted very good.

“You have no idea the power you hold over me little one” he said softly. She didn't stir. He kissed at her forehead several times. **“I will never leave you”** he added. Immediately his mind thought of Chase. His only Son. The Night Wolf.

“Chase” he whispered. **“Where are you?”**

It had been over a year. Michael would get a post card every now and then from Helen, Chase's mother. Phoebe had him roaming the Earth and spreading her message to all the rouge wolves, that were causing trouble.

The Night Wolf would enforce her will.

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He felt his hands clench into fists. He missed his Son more than anything. For the first few weeks after Chase left was the hardest. Even Sean, who was bound to Michael, kept his distance. Chase had left without saying goodbye, which was a smart thing because Michael would have never let him leave. Not after everything they had been through. Not after having Chase die at the hands of the Witch and fighting off what she had done to Emma.

He hated it. He hated what the world had done to his family. He hated that...

His entire body tensed up!

Something washed over him! Something bad!

He stood and spun around. He felt it everywhere. Something had just happened!

Emma was still asleep. He scooped her up and carried her to his room. There was no way he was leaving her alone. Wendy was in the same position he had left her. He put Emma down near her and covered them both up.

What was it? What was he feeling?

He stood over them and watched, trying to focus his thoughts. Seconds turned into minutes. He closed his eyes and breathed in and out. He used his power to scan the area around the farm.

This was new to him. Whatever this was, was like nothing he had felt before. As the Grand Alpha, his power was like a web; large...with lines running everywhere.

This was like the sea. Like he had been dropped in the middle of it without warning.

It disappeared as suddenly as it came!

His power came back into focus again. It was strong and clear. He knew what was wrong.

"HELEN!"

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Daruth stretched his limbs and looked out the window. Men and women were moving around his community and children of several ages played around them. He felt contentment spread across his body as he watched them. Strong men, powerful and loyal to each other. Laughing and speaking in groups while women made eyes at them. Large hands reached out and stroked the slender arms of the girls that came too close.

They bonded.

Constantly.

They did this with their wives, their children, and each other. No home was closed to another. No door locking them out.

Daruth smiled. They were his...all of them. He would protect them with his life if need be.

He leaned against the window and then turned his gaze back to the bed.

Abel and Hope were side by side curled in each other's arms as exploring hands found warm, eager flesh. Both had hard times as Werewolves.

For Abel, staying human for so long was proving more difficult for him than Daruth would have liked. He had lived most of his life as a Werewolf until he was found by Bart, Jason and Sean. Trying to be a part of a true pack was alien to him. Now he found himself surrounded by wolves that literally lived and breathed for one another. Having the Grand Alpha himself bring you back from the brink of death didn't help matters either. Abel would look longingly at the woods, and Daruth knew he ached for the powerful man to come get him...but that was a very long line to wait in. Michael had no desire to lead.

At least not the way Daruth and Silas did.

Hope, on the other hand, had a secret that no one knew. She had been dying of cancer when Daruth had found her. Ready to die alone, surrounded by nature, only his bite had saved her life. No one knew that in return for his gift, that she had unknowingly given him one in return. By giving her life, Daruth was able to reflect the Litch's power back at him, and destroy the life sucking creature once and for all.

Had he not saved Hope, the Litch would have absorbed his life force and killed all the wolves with him. He never understood why he was able to resist the pull of the abomination when others fell so quickly from its touch. He didn't know that Phoebe herself had directed him toward Hope, and all but ensured the woman would transform

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cancer free; and reborn as a Werewolf. The Moon Goddess had set things in motion to ensure the survival of her army.

It helped to have the God of Intelligence as your husband, as she found out over the centuries.

Everyone now looked at Daruth in a new light. He had single handedly killed a Litch. No Werewolf had ever done that before. His status as an Alpha increased, and even Silas acknowledged the act. Not that Daruth was a pushover before, but now any notion of trying to dethrone him was all but forgotten in the light of recent events.

Hope had only changed a few times. It was still foreign to her, unlike the handsome male on top of her.

Abel was now thrusting his big cock deep inside her aroused body. Her arms were around his neck and pulling him down as if she couldn't get close enough to him. Her legs wrapped around his solid frame and rubbed at his calves as they fucked.

Daruth stroked his own large cock and released more of his power. A wave of Alpha energy washed over them and Hope threw her head back as Abel thrust deeper into her. The young boy growled and rotated his hips as Hope took him completely inside. The wolves in them had responded right away at the Alpha's authority.

Daruth walked forward and reached out to run his hand down Abel's back. The boy's flesh was hot and sweaty from fucking so long.

Werewolves craved sex almost as much as they like to hunt. Nothing was more bonding than mating with others in their Pack. This was what they both needed now, although for different reasons.

Abel was opposite of Hope in all things but this. He would have stayed a Werewolf full time if Michael had not forced him to join Daruth's Pack. Having a rouge wolf running around was asking for trouble, and even though Abel stayed to himself, it was only a matter of time before he ran across human beings and killed them. He was far more animal than he was human at this point. He moved by instinct and emotion. His reactions were primal, and he could shift in a fraction of the time it took a normal Werewolf.

He was watched constantly by everyone. It was going to take time for him to adjust to a Pack setting, but his addition was highly beneficial for one very good reason.

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Abel would breed strong offspring. The animal in the boy was strong. He was the purest kind of Werewolf there was. One who had lived most of it's life as a beast. His seed would be strong. Potent.

Infusing his wolf with the women of Daruth's Pack would increase the Alpha's power substantially. Silas knew this and wanted Abel for himself, but Michael would not allow it. The balance between the two Alphas was already in Silas's favor, and gaining Abel would all but ensure his dominance. It would only be a matter of time before he absorbed Daruth's Pack; something he had wanted to do for a very long time. Only Michael stood in his way, and Silas was no match for him. For Daruth to have Abel would almost guarantee new births, and that was something every Alpha wanted, no one more than Silas. Impregnating females was all but a forgone conclusion for a wolf like him. Whether or not they were strong enough to carry the babies to term, was another matter altogether.

The Alpha watched them with approval. Bonding in this way secured their ties with the Pack. It would bind them together, and to the community Daruth ruled. Soon Hope would mate with other members of the Pack, the way Abel already did.

The boy was in high demand and encouraged to mate with females whenever he could. Their mates would either watch or join in. Werewolf males did not have the same boundaries of sexuality that humans had. Having sex with another male was not only expected but often needed. Only through intimacy could the Pack bonds be sealed and power be shared.

Abel had not been there two days before he was confronted by several male wolves wanting him to mate with either their wives or daughters. Strong arms wrapped themselves around him as he moved around the community. Men that shared power with Daruth circled around him and ran their large hands down his back, and rubbed at his neck and shoulders. If Abel leaned into them, the contact would increase. The men would press themselves against his body, while their muscled arms coiled tightly around him.

The first time he had been openly groped in public, was a surprise to him. A large man had come up with several others and surrounded him. It was in broad daylight when the man put his hand between Abel's legs and rubbed his cock.

Abel looked down and watched the large hand move over his crotch. He looked up to see the other men smiling at him.

"Welcome" one would say and come up and rub at his cock. Then another. And another.

"You're home" another said, kissing at Abel's neck.

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A large handsome man now stood in front of him and took Abel's hand. He led it between his legs until his hand covered the man's bulging crotch.

"It's okay" the man assured him. **"We're family now"** The man started to move Abel's hand up and down. Then he took his hand away and watched as Abel continued to do it on his own.

This was all very new for Abel. He was used to solidarity and isolation. But Daruth's shared power was like a blanket around him. It broke down his walls and he found himself craving the touch of the older, stronger wolves.

This became a beacon to the powerful men. They drew themselves around him, offered themselves to his touch. The desire in the boy was like a magnet to them. They didn't need to speak. They didn't need to give their permission. They took his hands and put them on their bodies. His hands roamed over their strong arms and chests. He found their lips against his and their tongues pushing into his mouth. They whispered in his ear to come home with them. To have sex with their daughters. To couple with their wives. They would be there, they assured him. They would be with him every moment if he wanted.

Abel couldn't have enough sex. For the first few weeks he must have fucked three or four times a day. Some of the girls he fucked multiple times because they were in their mating cycle. They had priorities over the others, and the men of the Pack supported that. Everyone wanted children to increase their numbers. There were no selfish decisions. The girls ready to impregnate were taken first, and not just by Abel. Two, three, even four men would take them at a time, almost always while their husband or Father were in the room, some just watching, some participating.

Werewolves had no boundaries with family. Sex made them stronger and as the younger ones came of age, their sex drives became frantic. Most of the girls lost their virginity to their own Fathers. It was a rite of passage for a man to deflower her. Having children by another family member posed no threat to them. Their supernatural power wouldn't allow for anything like birth defects. The only problem they had was getting the unborn child to term.

That was big problem for all female wolves. Only the strongest could fight the monthly change and maintain their pregnancy. Others needed a strong wolf, an Alpha to command them not to transform. This was a critical job of the Pack leader. A wolf who could hold the change at bay was a leader everyone wanted to follow.

A wolf like Michael.

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Abel, meanwhile, was getting so many offers of sex, he could barely walk through town without someone approaching him.

This was an honor, Daruth told him. Men, freely giving their daughters up for breeding was a gift that should not be ignored. Men usually fucked their own wives for children, but if they were not successful in a short period of time they would seek the help of fellow male wolves. Daruth himself had sex with several women in his Pack on a monthly basis. It was not only his duty, but it was necessary for the life of the Pack. Silas was no stranger to this himself. The stronger the wolf, the greater the chance of pregnancy.

It was simple math.

Abel had only been in the community for three days before his first mating occurred.

He had just changed back into human form after running in the woods for a few hours. On the outskirts of the Pack community he met a large man, chopping wood. He waved to Abel and as he came closer, his eyes ran over the man's powerful muscles and thick legs. He was wearing jeans that hugged his trunk like limbs and showed the heavy flesh underneath.

Abel's heart began to race with lust.

The man felt it right away. He smiled and sunk the ax into a tree stump and held his hand out to the boy.

Abel took it and was pulled into a deep kiss. His arms wrapped around the man's thick neck as he sucked on the warm tongue in his mouth. The man's smell drove him crazy. He became hungry for him. For his sweat, and for his touch. Abel broke the kiss and started taking long laps at the man's sweaty neck. The salty taste of his perspiration made him moan.

The man laughed softly and ran his large hands up and down Abel's arms, but otherwise held still so the boy could enjoy himself. Adult male wolves were used to this by the younger ones. The smaller wolves craved the power the large males had. They wanted to be near the big men, to bath in their strength and feel the warmth of their wolves wrap around their small bodies. Children of all ages clung to their Fathers...their Uncles...their Alpha.

Any adult male wolf, at any time, was subject to the attention and demands of Pack children. It was a welcome way of life. One that Werewolves had mastered.

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“Come with me” the large man told him.

He took Abel home and invited him to mate with a man’s daughter. She was fourteen, and ready to breed.

The girl was small. Young. But her eyes and body were eager for his touch. She gave off a primal energy that made Abel’s dick rock hard.

He fucked her in her bedroom while her Dad stood nearby, watching. The girl was groaning in pleasure, keeping her legs spread apart. She looked over and saw her Father, a smile on his face, pride in his eyes.

When Abel turned to look at the man, he found him nodding at him.

“Deeper” the man said. **“She can take it. Can’t you?”**

The small girl nodded her head. **“Yes Daddy”**

“That’s my little girl” he told her. **“I’m proud of you baby”**

She smiled at him and took hold of her legs, pulling them apart for Abel and also her Father. He pushed deeper inside of her and made the bed rock back and forth with his weight.

“Good girl!” her Daddy praised her. He reached between his legs and squeezed the large mound between them. **“You’re making me very happy. You’re gonna give me some more children to care for. I just know it”**

A wave of lust rolled off the big man and washed over the two of them. Abel leaned in and started to fuck her faster. The man stepped forward and the girl’s eyes were locked on his hand, gripping and kneading his bulging crotch.

“Feels good doesn’t it baby?” he asked his daughter. His voice was hypnotic, rhythmic. Abel had felt it before. From Daruth.

The girl nodded, lost in her Father’s power. He took a few steps forward and took hold of his shirt and slowly pulled it off. Thick, hairy muscles covered his chests and arms. He tossed the shirt to the ground and grabbed his bulge again.

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The small girl moaned at the sight and thrust her hips up at Abel.

“You’re going to make us strong. Powerful”

She watched as her Father unzipped his pants and unbuckled his belt. He pushed them down his muscular, hairy legs. He stepped out of them and his huge prick bounced up, thick and erect. It was easily twice as big as Abel’s. He was a fully-grown man. Seasoned and weathered. His hands, feet and limbs were big, and heavy with muscle.

He took hold of his massive cock and started to slowly stroke it while his daughter watched.

She moaned loudly and grabbed Abel’s hips and pulled him down. **“FUCK ME!”**

Abel grabbed her shoulders and fucked her as hard as he could!

The man moved closer. **“YES!”**

Abel’s eyes glowed. The man’s strength flowed through his body and swelled the cock between his legs. He pounded it inside the small girl over and over again as her Dad came closer still. His big dick was throbbing in his hand as he waved it at his daughter. It had the right effect. The closer he got, the more excited she became.

She took in a deep breath, breathing in her Dad’s intoxicating scent.

Abel lifted up as her Dad approached, sitting up between the girl’s legs as he continued to fuck her.

The man was right beside them as he bent his knees, and held out his huge cock for the girl. She didn’t hesitate. She took it in her mouth and started to suck on the head of her Father’s big dick.

Abel groaned at the sight.

The big man smiled at him. **“Fuck her!”**

Abel didn’t need any more encouragement. He held her small hips in both hands and started to fuck her hard!

She groaned in pleasure as Abel’s cock thrust into her pussy over and over again. Her mouth was locked on the head of her Father’s dick, nursing on it hungrily.

“That’s my girl!” the man smiled at her.

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Abel watched the man's thick shaft throb as his daughter sucked on it. The sight drove him into a frenzy. He pumped his hips at the girl, giving her as much of his cock as he could.

The man stroked his daughter's hair and said, **"Take it baby"**

Abel lost it. His growl bellowed out and he came inside of her. He flooded her tight pussy until it overflowed down his shaft and soaked the bedsheets underneath them.

The large man watched, fire in his eyes. He dropped lower and spread his legs apart as he fisted his large shaft with one hand. He held his daughter's head still and growled himself. His dick pulsed and started to shoot thick streams of cum into her mouth.

"Drink baby! Drink my cum!"

The small girl swallowed, over and over again. Drinking deeply from the head of her Father's big dick. Between Abel's cock unloading in her pussy and her Dad's dick spurting in her mouth, the child went over the edge. She started to cum herself!

Her body shook and pulsed with lust!

"YES!" her Father cried out. Drinking his cum had the effect he wanted. He could see the change in her. She was taking Abel's cum deep in her body. Absorbing it the way a female wolf could.

His daughter was ovulating.

He felt his big cock pulse and pump more cum into her mouth. His eyes were on Abel's cock, slick with cum, still fucking his daughter over and over again.

"Deeper!" the big man told him. He looked down at his little girl, lost in desire and carnal lust for them. This is what he wanted for her. The more worked up she was, the better the chance that Abel would give her a child. Her small hands wrapped around his thick shaft and he grinned down at her, letting her take over.

His big dick throbbed and filled her mouth up once more.

"Drink!" he commanded.

She swallowed the mouthful of cum her Father offered her. Her body was on fire. Every moment of pleasure ripped through her small frame like lightening.

Both men watched as the young girl orgasmed on the bed below them. Her pussy clamped down around Abel's cock while her mouth did the same to her Father's dick. Her

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small body thrashed around as she peaked over and over again. Both men grinned at her, clearly happy with the girl's performance.

Her orgasm took minutes. The men let her ride it out, enjoying the intense pleasure she radiated back at them.

Her small hands dropped from her Dad's shaft as she nursed gently on his cock.

The man smiled down at her, a deep low growl humming from his muscled chest. He took his big dick in his hands and milked it into her mouth. He saw her throat move up and down as she swallowed his powerful cum.

He laughed softly, loving her complete devotion to him.

Abel pulled his big dick carefully out of her small body and watched her legs close shut. She moved off her Father and rolled to her side, curling up into a quivering ball and fell asleep.

They carefully disengaged from her and she curled into a ball and fell fast asleep.

The big man moved Abel out of the way and put his daughter on her back again. He pulled open her legs and put his face between them. He used one hand and pinched her young pussy closed. Then he pushed his tongue inside and began to stroke her clit for her.

"Oh God!" she screamed, waking up suddenly. Her body shook and she came over her Dad's thick, warm tongue. She began to buck on the bed but Abel moved in and quickly held her down with his great strength.

"DADDY!" she cried out.

Abel watched as the man brought his own daughter off with nothing but his tongue.

"My God" he muttered.

For the next few minutes, the child shuddered and moaned from her orgasm, until the large man finally let up and allowed her to curl back into the fetal position on her side.

She passed out. This time for good.

The big man stood up, the pride on his face unmistakable. Abel watched, as he licked the cum off his lips. The man smiled at him.

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“That should do it!” he grinned.

Abel grinned back and let the large man wrap his arms around him. His kissed at Abel’s lips and sunk his tongue into his mouth. Abel could taste his own cum on the man’s lips.

“Thank you brother” the man told him. Then he dropped to his knees and took Abel’s slick cock in his mouth and sucked it clean.

When he stood up he kissed Abel again.

“You taste like pure wolf!”

Abel grinned and they left the child on her bed, closing the door behind them.

As they stepped away the man asked, **“You enjoy that?”**

“God yes!” Abel admitted. **“Watching you...”** he didn’t finish.

The man laughed. **“Welcome to the Pack!”**

The powerful man pulled Abel into a strong hug. Their hard cocks pressed against each other. **“Come back. Every day if you want”** He saw the hesitation in Abel’s eyes. **“She’s a Werewolf”** he reminded him. **“She’s already changed twice. You can’t hurt her. She needs this. The Pack needs this”**

“Do you?...” Abel started and then stopped.

“Fuck her?” the man asked. **“It’s important that females have babies. All wolves share them. It keeps the Pack strong. The more wolves we have, the greater our power. But...”** he looked back at his daughter’s room.

“It’s better to have a male outside of the direct family do it. Werewolf children are far stronger than human ones, but mating within the family, while acceptable, is not ideal. Mixing the blood lines strengthens the offspring. Especially females. Their chances of having children are greater if it’s from a non-family member.”

“Sex however...” he paused. **“Sex binds us all. My children will know me...in every way they can”** He smiled. **“So yes...I fuck her. And so do her Uncles, and her Alpha. If she had a brother, he would fuck her too”**

Abel understood. This is what Daruth was trying to explain to him. It was how a Werewolf Pack functioned. It’s what connected them, allowed them to live so long, and made them powerful.

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Abel got dressed and the man waited, not bothering to dress himself. He walked Abel out of the room and a small girl was waiting for them just outside the door. Abel looked surprised. She couldn't be more than eight years old. The man did nothing to hide his naked body.

"This is my other daughter" he said. **"She's too young to get pregnant, but she eager for her turn"** He reached out and ran one large hand through her hair. His big dick hung between his powerful legs, a foot away from her face. Abel noticed how well she handled the sight of her naked Father. She must see him like this all the time, he thought. In fact, he was sure she had seen most of the men with no clothes at one time or another.

Before he could ask anything else, the man's wife walked in.

"How did she do?" she asked.

"Perfect!" the man said. **"I'm very proud of her, and Abel has agreed to come back soon"**

The woman smiled at him. **"Oh, that's good news. I'm sure she'll be happy to see you again"**

She walked by them and moved into the room to tend to their daughter. The man, meanwhile, lifted the young girl into his arms and kissed her lips. She returned his kiss and wrapped her small arms around his neck.

"Thanks" Abel waved as he left the house.

After that he was welcome in every home. Fed by every hopeful mother, and encouraged by every Father to help impregnate as many women as he could.

For Abel, life in a werewolf pack had just begun.

Daruth sighed, and cleared his head. He stepped forward and fisted his long, thick cock and moved it toward both Abel and Hope. The young boy quickly opened his mouth and took the full head inside and started to suck on it. Having an Alpha wolf near him drove the boy's lust to great heights and he would do anything to be near the man's immense

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power. Hope moved up and began to lick at Daruth's beefy dick, her tongue snaked out and wrapped around his solid shaft.

His large hands stroked at their heads as they devoured him. Abel continued to thrust into Hope as they worshiped their Alpha at the same time.

Daruth would take them both.

One after the other.

Hope would be first. Once Abel was done with her, Daruth would fuck her next. Taking him, would throw her over the edge. She would be completely spent after. Then he would turn his attention to Abel.

The boy would easily bend to his will. He would do anything Daruth asked him too, the alpha knew. Even now the Abel was sucking deeply on the head of his dick. The kid's cheeks were caved around Daruth's throbbing meat and his tongue was lapping at the underside aggressively.

Hope threw her head back and started to cum. The room filled with her pleased scream. Abel, meanwhile, turned his head to look up at Daruth, his eyes pleading for the powerful man's seed.

"Suck little boy!" the large man commanded. He grabbed the back of Abel's head and pulled him forward until he felt his thick cock sink into the boy's throat.

Abel gagged but kept sucking!

Hope was thrashing around on the bed, trying to get away from Abel's meaty prick, rubbing feverishly against the walls of her slick cunt, while Abel was lost in his own world as he deep throated him Master's heavy dick.

Daruth smiled down at the boy and watched the effect. Abel's eyes started to glow! He was absorbing his alpha's attention like a sponge. **"I'm proud of you!"** he said. **"Look what you did to her"**

Abel let Daruth's cock out of his mouth so he could look at Hope. She was almost finished. She was moaning and pushing at his chest to get away from her. Abel grinned up at Daruth.

"She came!"

"Fuck yeah she did" Daruth agreed. **"Now move over. She needs her Master"**

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Daruth looked at them, asleep in each other's arms. They both needed constant attention. Bonding to the pack as adults was not an easy thing to do. Adults had will, they made choices. Being a part of a werewolf pack took that away. Mating was the easiest way to achieve the bond, which is why it was so available and given so freely.

Hope stirred and Abel pulled her close to him and sighed into her neck as Daruth watched. He let his Alpha power flow over them and wash their individuality aside. They were his pack; their will was his to command now.

He moved toward the bed, ready to mate with them once more when an overwhelming wave of distress dropped him to his knees. He cried out and Elyria ran into the room to his side.

"DARUTH!" she cried. She had never seen her husband this way.

He couldn't move. He was on his hands and knees as he struggled. His eyes glowed brightly as the power of his beast rolled out and pulled his wolves to him. Soon the room was filled with angry men and clenched fists, ready to fight.

He lifted his head and said one word, **"ANDREAS!"**

Michael was on the phone, calling Helen. Voicemail. He tried another number. Nothing. This was wrong. Very wrong.

Sean was in wolf form. He was already running back toward the farm when he felt Michael's power flare up. He saw the big man in the distance. Sean increased his speed and saw his Master jump high into the air. Michael landed on the ground in bare feet as Sean ran up to meet him.

He was completely naked and Sean couldn't help but take in the sight of his incredible body. The man was covered in powerful muscles. His blonde hair gleamed in the

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moonlight and his large cock hung low between his hairy thighs. Sean whimpered at him.

“Watch over my family!” He growled. **“Something’s wrong with Helen! I’m going there now!”**

Sean growled and watched as Michael ran by him, his large body shifting in the moonlight. Arms swelled and legs became misshapen. Feet turned into paws and his back sprouted thick fur. Before he made it to the tree line, Michael had become a massive Werewolf. As he disappeared into the forest a loud growl rumbled across the ground and Sean heard animals scatter in every direction.

He turned to the house and stood on the porch facing outward. His senses were high for any sign of danger. He couldn’t help but think of where Chase was. The small black haired boy, who had Bart wrapped around his finger, should be here.

Sean opened his great mouth and had to suppress a desire to let out a howl. Chase could not hear him. Wherever he was.

The door was open. Michael could see it from the woods. He was pulling a pair of jeans on, left hidden in the trees for him. Several sets of clothes were placed in select locations for times like this. He couldn’t walk naked without causing alarm. None of the wolves could. He pulled the shirt over his head. It stretched out over his bulky chest and heavy biceps. He listened carefully. No one was around. He leaped a good twenty feet into the air and dropped to the cement walkway in front of Helen’s home. He ran the distance and jumped from the ground to the top of her steps in one leap.

He went inside.

“HELEN!” He called out. His deep voice struck the walls like a hammer. There was no answer. Something was wrong. Something else was here? He moved forward and called out again. He searched the first floor. He smelled blood. He growled.

“ANDREAS!”

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Nothing. No one called back. He moved quickly to the second floor. The smell was worse. He followed his nose. It led to her bedroom. Andreas was on the floor in a pool of dark blood. He had holes in his chest and his eyes were open.

He was alive!

Michael ran to his side and lifted up his head.

“SILVER!” He growled. He could feel it in the man’s body. A poison to all of them.

“Forgive me brother!” He said and pushed two fingers into a hole. Andreas sobbed and tears ran from his eyes. Michael fished and tugged until the first bullet came free. It burned his skin as he tossed it to the ground.

There were five more holes!

CHAPTER SEVEN

Daniel’s football jersey flowed around him as he tried to regain his senses. Everything had turned upside down for a moment and Chase found himself kneeling on the ground. His head spun and the air felt different. He could breathe fine. In fact, the air smelled pure. Clean of any pollutants he was used to breathing. He looked around at the trees and bushes. It was a forest of sorts. The leaves looked like nothing he had ever seen, but they were just trees. The same for everything else. There were differences, but similarities at the same time.

He carefully stood up and tested his legs. He didn’t fall over. That was good, he thought. He turned and saw the portal. It was still there, but looked very different from this side. There was no frame, no outline. The air looked distorted, like a pane of glass was hanging in the air and catching the light at weird angles. It gave off no sound, no energy.

He stepped away and looked at it again. It became harder to see.

“Great!” He thought. **“How am I gonna find this again?”**

The dark stick in his hand was vibrating. He looked at it and held it up. As he did it started to tremble more.

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“It knows” Chase said to himself. The stick was following the door. He tested it by moving it away. It acted like a compass, tracking the door and responding to its direction.

But he was supposed to use this to find the Queen, he remembered. That’s when the stick began to glow. Chase held it up and slowly turned around. The stick glowed blue as he did. The light pulsed at one point and then became softer as he rotated more. He moved his arm back. It pulsed again.

“Hello your majesty” Chase said. **“You’re about to have company”**

He began to walk toward the direction the pulse took him. He walked for almost an hour before the trees cleared and he saw it, very far in the distance.

A castle. It was huge! There was a town of sorts surrounding it. A large wall was around the town and another around the castle, separating it from the town. It looked like something out of a movie. A children’s movie with a very dark plot.

That has to be it, he thought.

It would take him days to reach it if he walked. Maybe several. He looked at the black stick. What would happen, he wondered. When he changed, his clothes changed too. He had to see if it would work.

He put the stick in his belt and covered it with the burgundy jersey.

He shifted into black smoke!

The cloud hovered in the air and then lifted up a few feet before it stopped. He shifted back into his body and dropped to the ground. He pulled the shirt up and saw the stick still there.

“Cool” he grinned. Chase looked up and shifted again. He spread himself thin and propelled himself toward the castle.

SHE stood up!

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Her dark red robes flowed around her as she cocked her head to the side. She was beautiful. Long red hair hung down her back and she held a silver staff in her hand with a clear jewel at the top, the size of an egg.

A servant ran forward and dropped to his knees. **“My Queen?”**

She didn't look at him. Not right away. She walked to the balcony. It was the highest point on the castle. From there she could see the entire kingdom. It circled her tower and she could walk around it and see in every direction.

“What was that?” She said to herself. **“Jack?”**

“Your majesty?” The small man spoke again.

She turned to him. **“Summon...”** she stopped. Summon who? What was she feeling?

“Never mind” she told him. The man scurried away and disappeared in the shadows again, ready to come to her aid at any moment.

She walked back to her throne and sat down, her beautiful face; creased with thought.

Something was wrong. She knew it. It was subtle, hiding from her. Something had just pushed against her power. She started to absently tap her foot on the floor. She was the Red Queen! She ruled this kingdom completely. All subjects were HERS to command.

Her foot moved faster.

She didn't like, not knowing. She always knew. She spent hundreds of years protecting herself with magic. There was no one in the Kingdom that could challenge her. Not even the King and Queen of the south. Combined, they could, at best; hold her at bay.

No, this...this was something else...something outside her magic.

Silas and several of his wolves rushed into Helen's home. They found Michael and Andreas upstairs.

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“What happened!?” Silas yelled. He dropped next to Andreas and immediately smelled it!
“SILVER!”

“He was shot” Michael told him. He had one hand on the man’s forehead to keep him down.

Silas pulled his head suddenly back as he felt Michael push his power downward. Being so close to a stronger Alpha’s power always felt draining to him. Michael could not be challenged. He was far too strong to defeat.

The wounds on Andreas started to close shut. The man’s eyes were closed and it was clear the effects of the bullets and Michael’s willpower, had been too much for him.

Daruth stormed up the stairs and all but tossed two of Silas’s wolves against the wall as he burst into the room. Silas’s eyes flared up at him but Daruth ignored him. He dropped next to Michael and took his friend’s head in his lap.

“What happened to him?”

“He was shot with silver bullets” Michael told him. **“I found him like this. Helen is gone”**

“Helen?” Daruth’s head snapped up. **“Surely you don’t mean...”**

“NO!” Michael spat back. **“Of course not. She’s been taken. There was someone else here!”**

Silas found who he was looking for immediately. Ryan! His tracker! **“Find her!”** he commanded. The man nodded and quickly left the room.

“Fan out!” Daruth told the others. **“All of you! Find who did this!”**

The wolves belonging to Silas looked to him first before leaving. Breaking lines for another alpha could be punishable by death.

“NOW!” Silas added.

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The portal was almost ready. Jack had prepared it before he found Helen. All he had to do was activate it. It would be close, he knew. He looked over to the woman unconscious on the floor. She was safe, unharmed, but asleep. He made sure of it.

“We only get one chance at his my dear” he smiled at her. **“That Olympian bitch won’t like this at all!”**

He scooped her up in his arms and moved to the portal. He shut his eyes and started to cast his spell. The portal responded.

And so did SHE!

The air became thick and ripe with power. SHE was coming!

“Hurry up damn you!” He shouted at the portal. It was forming. The energy inside of it was coming together and forming an image. But it wasn’t fast enough!

The building began to shake! The walls vibrated more and more.

This was going to be close!

“Faster, damn you!” He shouted.

He moved closer, waiting. It felt like an eternity, when in fact only seconds went by. He heard it and looked up! The entire ceiling was coming down. Fast!

He had to act. He stepped into the portal, ready or not...and blinked out of existence.

The building crashed down a moment later. The remains of the building pressed down several feet into the floor as the force obliterated the structure! The portal was destroyed. The air screamed in anger and large pieces of concrete and wood were crushed to dust against the invisible force.

CHAPTER EIGHT

“We found her scent!” A man cried out from the doorway. **“We’re tracking her now!”**

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Michael turned and ran down the stairs as Silas followed. The house was now filled with wolves from both packs. He grabbed one of his by the shirt. **“Take three men and aid Daruth. We’ve been attacked! Silver bullets!”**

The room filled with shouts of anger and surprise from everyone who had not seen Andreas. Silver was deadly to them.

“Magic was used!” Silas added. **“Protect yourself. There are no Packs today! Only wolves!”** He looked at all of them. **“Today, we stand together!”**

They nodded toward him and Silas ran outside. Michael and several wolves from both packs began to run north.

They didn’t notice the card on the floor, under the kitchen table.

It was the Jack of Hearts. It had the blood of Andreas on it.

Michael stopped next to Ryan and smelled the air the same way the tracker was doing. There was no question that someone had been there but the smell was not human, at least not completely. It was...corrupted...out of place. **“What is that?”** he looked at Ryan. **“You ever smell that before?”**

He shook his head.

“Whatever made it went over there!” The tracker pointed to a crop of warehouses a mile away. The powerful men ran in unison, until less than a minute later they faced a tall chain link fence. Ryan was first, then Michael, Silas and Destel. They easily vaulted over it until the entire group was on the other side. **“There!”** Ryan called.

It was destroyed! Whatever it had been, it was now a pile of rubble. The shape of the building could no longer be determined. The only thing that remained of it were several large beams of wood and metal. It looked as if an explosion had occurred. An explosion that radiated downward.

Silas put it together first. **“No burn marks! No smell of gas!”**

“What kind of explosion doesn’t create fire?” Michael asked.

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“Or mask a scent!” Ryan added. **“It was here! It went into, whatever that used to be”**

“Helen!” Michael said. **“I smell her!”**

No one moved!

Instead they listened for her voice. A heartbeat.

Nothing.

Ryan bolted away and jumped on the wall of the next building over. It was tall. Five stories. His thick claws sunk into the stone and he climbed it as easily as he walked on the ground. After less than thirty seconds, he was on the roof.

Michael and Silas moved into the debris and started to throw large pieces of it to the side. Thick muscle tossed heavy wooden beams and chunks of concrete as if they were paper. The other wolves joined them. It wasn't until Ryan made it to the top and looked down did they stop.

“WAIT!” he cried out. Everyone looked up at him. He was waving them up. Michael and Silas damn near ran up the wall to meet him. When the big men stood next to him, he motioned to the destroyed building below. **“LOOK!”** he pointed back down.

Standing on the roof gave them a new point of view. The Alphas saw it immediately.

“What the hell made that?” Silas asked.

Michael said nothing. He simply looked down in disbelief.

There was a handprint in the rubble. It was the size of a house!

Demeter stood in front of a large basin of water. She looked into it, watching the large men search the building she had destroyed. The energy was unmistakable, it had been another incursion. She had sensed them before, but nothing on this scale. This was flagrant. Whoever made it had done nothing to mask their actions.

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The pool of water in front of her was surrounded by black and white marble that formed a wide circle. It was covered in vines, thick and green, that snaked up the sides of the basin and created a soft bed on the ground around it. They stretched out in all directions, the pool being the center of the room.

There had been a gateway to another world! One of this size must have taken months to prepare. It was also now expendable. Nothing this size would stay hidden for more than a few moments, so whoever made it, only had one use for it...escape.

Demeter would have none of it. The days of sitting by while the Red Queen pillaged her lands were over!

She thought of the small black wolf that Phoebe had created. The one that had HER mark. Phoebe was a lesser Goddess. Her power came from the Moon and the wolves that worshipped her. Demeter represented the Earth. Her power would endure as long as the Earth revolved around the Sun. She had no need for underlings. Not even the Druids that begged for her attention. Her children could toy with them. Only unity with nature mattered to Demeter. That and her daughter Persephone.

But maybe Phoebe was on to something. Underlings did have their uses. Apparently. Her finger swirled the crystal clear water counterclockwise. If only SHE could confront the Red Queen herself. She would show her what true power was.

She waved her hand over the basin. The image changed to a woman in bed, holding her young daughter. Demeter immediately thought of her own child, now spending time with Hades in the Underworld.

The woman was a Druid. So was her daughter. The child had been marked by Hecate. The child was immune to dark magic. Demeter's eyebrow rose. The Witch Queen would not have done that without extreme pressure from an outside force. She had her own soldiers. Just like Phoebe had. It seemed like everyone needed an army to power them. This confused Demeter. Hera would never need such obvious measures to hold her throne. But what of the Red Queen? Was she like Phoebe or like Hera?

Demeter pulled the image back until she could see the farmhouse the mother and daughter lived in. A large Werewolf was sitting on the porch, his head alert.

Demeter blew out her breath and the water rippled. All around the farm, massive flowers suddenly pushed from the ground.

The wolf stood up and started running from side to side in confusion.

Demeter smiled.

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Polus and Phoebe floated high in the air over the destroyed building. They were invisible to the wolves moving below the. **“He doesn’t know”** Phoebe said, looking at Michael.

“WE didn’t know” Polus added. **“The Red Queen is far smarter than she appears”** He turned to Phoebe and rested his hand on her back. **“I fear I’ve made a terrible mistake my love”**

“Mistake? You?”

“I didn’t see it”

“None of us saw it” she comforted him.

“I’m the God of Intelligence, and she stood right in front of me, and I never knew”

“Polus, as strong as we are, she has always had greater protection than we could provide. None of us could be expected to see beyond that. Her faith overpowered our gifts of sight and hid the truth of what she was”

“Chase is...” the god fell silent.

“Even more than we know. Because of her. She doesn’t even realize it. What she gave him” she finished for him.

He gave her a look of surprise. **“That’s it Phoebe! That’s the real truth. I didn’t know because SHE didn’t know”** He turned back to the destruction before him. **“She doesn’t know what she really is”**

“This isn’t just about the children then” Phoebe said. **“It’s about Helen. The Red Queen wants her...and we’ve just sent over her only Son without knowing the truth about his mother”**

Silence hung in the air as both gods processed the information before them. **“If he comes back...”** Polus said. **“I’m going to rip Jack’s head right off his body”**

“Not if I beat you too it” she replied. **“I’m through sitting idly by. I think it’s time the Grand Alpha was involved”** She turned and he followed her as they both began to

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shimmer and fade away. **“It’s time to hunt”** she added. **“And no one does that better than my Wolves!”**

CHAPTER NINE

They had found no trace of Helen or whatever had taken her, which only frustrated Michael more. Being the Grand Alpha Werewolf and not being able to track someone was akin to being the Sun and not being able to generate warmth. There was no creature that could avoid him once he had their scent, unless magic was involved and he had had enough magic to last a lifetime.

He practiced with Wendy, having her cast small spells to see if he could detect them or not. He didn’t want to be caught defenseless like before, not when his family was vulnerable. That put a small smile on his face. The idea that Wendy was defenseless while surrounded by nature was an absurd idea. Even his young daughter had defeated three Werewolves when she thought her half-brother was in danger, and his wife had held a vampire at bay all on her own. Even his ancient powers could not counter the fast thinking of his Druid wife, with her small vial of holy water and fresh earth at her feet. She would have killed him on her own if not for the fact that he could shift into smoke.

Chase.

The image of his Son bursting into a cloud of thick black smoke surged forward in his mind. Phoebe had used the vampire to create her Night Wolf, something Michael didn’t know about until well after the fact. He felt anger at her for doing that to his only Son. Chase, so small, so fragile, now the most powerful Werewolf alive. And for what? He was gone. They barely had time to bond as Father and Son before Phoebe took him away. Now there was a longing in his chest that he could not fill. His wolf mourned for the boy and howled at the moon in protest at the loss.

He found Sean at the farm surrounded by massive flowers.

“What the hell did this?”

Sean had on a pair of shorts and nothing else. **“I have no idea. Wendy and Emma were asleep upstairs. I was down here by myself when it happened. All of it happened at the same time. It was like an explosion!”**

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Micheal looked from right to left. Everywhere his eyes went, flowers greeted him. It would have taken both Wendy and Emma a day to do this on their own. The horses and cows had mouthfuls of colorful petals. They were eating them up as if they were starving. Whatever magic made these things, they must have tasted incredible.

“No one was here? You saw no one?”

Sean shook his head. **“No. Just flowers. Everywhere. I can’t smell...”**

Michael didn’t need him to finish. The entire area was filled with the smell of fragrant floral bouquets. No wolf, not even Ryan could smell through this.

Michael checked on his wife and daughter. They were still sleeping.

He went back to Sean and shrugged his big shoulders. He told him what happened to Andreas and how Helen was missing.

“Move around the farm. Wide circles. See if you can find anything unusual that would have done this. Bart and Jason and the others will be coming soon. We have to get ready. Everyone is on edge. One of the most powerful Werewolves alive almost died by silver bullets. We have to find out who did this”

Sean took off and Michael walked off the porch to watch him run. He placed one hand on the massive tree that stood in the courtyard of his farm. It was planted by Wendy and served as a protector to the Druid females that lived inside. He remembered when the house exploded with magic and the tree caught Wendy before she was crushed by the fall. He also remembered how the tree completely ignored him, and let him smack into the ground like bulky garbage.

“Thanks again” he said sarcastically, looking up at it.

The thick branches swayed in the night breeze and paid him no mind. He moved near the barn and looked up at the large bay window. It seemed like just yesterday that he leaped inside to find his only Son asleep in bed with one of his tee shirts clutched in his hands. Scent was everything to a Werewolf. They identified friend and foe by smell. They marked their own, to show possession and mating privileges. Michael’s wolf screamed out at the first smell of Chase. Even before the boy walked off the bus, the beast in Michael wanted out. The child had to be marked, and only with extreme effort was Michael able to keep himself in check. Sitting so close to him during the long ride home was sheer agony for the Grand Alpha. Never had his wolf wanted anything more than the small dark haired boy next to him.

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Michael's cock thickened between his legs as he looked up at the window in thought. His hands became larger as he thought of Chase's golden eyes. His beast growled deep inside as he remembered. The boy should have been his not Phoebe's. With enough time, he was sure he could drive the gold away and replace it with bright blue...his bonding mark. But Phoebe had taken that away too.

Chase was the Night Wolf, and could not be bound by any one Pack.

A heavy growl escaped his throat in opposition. Michael felt his pants tighten around his waist. He looked down and saw his entire body was reacting to the memory of his Son. His legs were thick with muscle and the seams of his pants were barely holding on. His hands had thick black claws and his fingers were extended by several inches.

He closed his eyes and took in a deep breath and concentrated. The beast would have none of it. When it came to Chase there was no black and white. Chase was his Son and not a toy to be used by Phoebe. He threw his head back and howled. His clothes ripped from his body as he grew massive muscle and long hair pushed out from his skin.

It took less than a minute to complete the change. The remains of his clothes lay on the ground as huge paws sunk into the ground.

The Grand Alpha was awake.

The light of the moon flowed over his body as he left the shadows of the barn. As soon as that happened his body shook with pleasure. He looked up at the moon and felt it.

It tugged at him like a rope around his waist.

Phoebe was calling him.

Thickly muscled legs ate the ground up as he moved with supernatural speed toward her. Every cell in his body screamed for her touch as the trees blurred all around him and the air ripped across his fur. His thoughts of Chase made him lash out at a small tree. He backhanded it out of the way as he ran by and heard it rip from the ground and crash behind him. The Werewolf pulled back its lips and showed its sharp teeth as every shape and size of animal fled in terror. Small rocks broke at the pounding of the heavy beast and several bushes were thrown yards away as the great Werewolf barreled through

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them. His eyes saw her light far in the distance as the beast reacted and moved faster. He broke the tree line near the lake and thick clouds of dirt billowed behind him as he ran at her.

She was standing on the water and watching him. She had long black hair and pale skin. She was covered in flowing white robes that glowed of moonlight.

The Werewolf stopped abruptly at the edge of the lake, lifted up his massive head and roared.

Phoebe glided silently toward him until they stood mere feet apart.

“The mother of the Night Wolf is gone” she said simply, her dark hair flowed over her shoulders. **“She is now out of reach...from even me”**

“GONE WHERE?” the large beast roared; his rage at an all-time high. Even in this form Phoebe could communicate with him. It wasn't true speech like what Chase could do. But she was a goddess, and these were her children. She was speaking to the Wolf. Michael was buried deep inside.

“The Red Queen has her” Phoebe replied calmly.

“What Queen!?” The massive head of the wolf swung around in anger.

“She is like us...but from another world”

“A goddess?”

Phoebe paused for words. **“In her own right, she may be described as that. She lives with her people...unlike us, she walks with them”**

“Why does she want Helen?”

Phoebe's image shimmered as wind blew across the water. **“Her true plans are not known to us”** she said. **“Although her acts against us are well recorded”**

“What acts?” the beast demanded.

“Her people are long lived but are dying. They cannot reproduce fast enough to save themselves, so the Queen takes our children to bolster her own population”

The animal was confused but before it could ask another question Phoebe continued.

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“She has been doing this for hundreds of years, but lately...in the last few decades, she has increased her theft. Maybe it’s because we have more people now than ever before, maybe because she thinks we won’t notice, or maybe it’s because she thinks we can’t stop her”

“Oh, I can stop her!” the beast growled. **“Send ME to her!”**

Phoebe paused, and then said, **“The mother of your child will not be alone. Another has been sent. Another...better equipped than you”**

The glowing blue eyes blinked at her a few times before it understood. **“NO!”** It howled and its anger flooded the area for miles around making the forest deathly silent with fear. He ripped large chunks of earth from the ground and hurled them skyward.

Phoebe held up her hand. **“No one is more powerful than the Night Wolf! I have seen to that!”**

Heavy clawed paws beat at the earth in frustration. **“He was made to defeat the Witch! If he can go, why can’t I?”**

“Because you belong to ME!” she said forcefully. **“And Chase, does not”**

The animal shifted around in anger. **“YOU created him! He is yours as much as he is MINE!”**

“No” she corrected him. **“I only facilitated his creation. Chase is the product of several entities, only one of which was the Grand Alpha of Werewolves. He bears the mark of others as well, some of which, want him to serve them also. Entities that he is unable to say no to”**

“WHO?”

Phoebe hesitated before she spoke. **“Demeter. The Goddess of the Earth”**

The Werewolf shifted in place. Agitated by this discussion. **“Demeter has nothing to do with Werewolves! I don’t bow to her!”**

“That is correct, you do not. She does however have a significant hand in the creation of the Night Wolf. It is her power that allows Chase union with the forest. It is her power that makes him immune from the natural poisons of the Earth. It is also her power that protects children, even the ones that have already been taken by the Red Queen. And it is Demeter, that demands Chase return them to her”

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“Let me speak to her!” It said. **“If she can send Chase then she can send me! I’ll get them all back! I’m the Grand Alpha!”**

Phoebe shook her head. **“You must hear everything to understand what we now know. The truth is this...when Chase was created it was done so with YOU in mind. The Grand Alpha would produce the most powerful strain of Werewolf alive. It was YOU that made the foundation that Chase was created on. The others...the Vampire...the Gods...they were added to what YOU gave him. But there is something, we didn’t know”**

She glanced away a look of guilt in her eyes for a moment.

“Helen was not picked by us. She happened to be with Michael at the time. If he had been with any other female, they would have become pregnant as well, provided she was not a Werewolf herself. That was the only condition. The strain must be pure and from you alone, so your mate needed to be simply human. Any female would have done. In this case, it was Helen. What we didn’t know...at the time...was that she...”

There was a pause and the animal became impatient. **“WHAT?”** it demanded. **“What about her?”**

Phoebe stared back for a moment, clearly unsure how to broach the subject. **“Helen...as we now know...is not human”**

Sean was far away, watching his Master speak. With two such powerful beings near him he dared not approach. He had never laid eyes on the Goddess of the Moon before. He lay on the ground watching, his beast dormant and drunk with the power of his Patron. His claws absently sunk into the earth and pulled handfuls of dirt up, over and over again.

Sean had been human when a wave of power washed over him. He felt his cock thicken and his hands become heavy as the beast in him woke up. The Grand Alpha was thinking of Chase he knew. He could see the boy’s image in his head as he leaned against a tree for support. Every desire the man had for his Son was magnified in Sean’s mind and he barely had time to shed his clothes before the change took hold of him. Minutes later his Werewolf stood in his place, its cock raging thick and hard between two heavily muscled legs.

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He dropped to his hands and knees, arched his back and howled. He needed to fuck. Anything.

The feeling lasted almost too long. Then it shifted. Sean felt the change. Michael was moving fast. He shook his head to clear the lust still running down his spine, and ran after the big man. He may need help.

He tracked The Alpha to the lake but was overcome by the power of his Master and the Moon Goddess. The Wolf in him immediately lay on its belly and refused to move. Her power was overwhelming.

He watched his Master...watched every movement. His eyes took in the large muscles of his Master's body. His powerful legs, covered in hair, and his large feet that dug into the soft earth as he spoke to the glowing woman.

He was magnificent!

Even before Michael had turned him with his power, Sean; like all boys, found the Grand Alpha to be the ultimate male. A male to be knelt before and served. A male to be worshipped. He was the greatest of them. He was the apex predator. Sean longed for him. He wanted to feel the beast's hot breath on his face, he wanted to lick at the animal's large feet and worship him.

He didn't know what they were saying but he knew it had something to do with Chase and Helen. Images of both of them flowed through his mind as Michael's Werewolf reflected his thoughts in his mind. But Sean was unable to put the pieces together as he was overwhelmed with lust for his powerful Werewolf Master. His big cock pulsed against the soft ground as he looked at the object of his desire.

At some point, he closed his eyes and didn't open them again until he heard the sound of heavy paws walk up.

He was amazing. Every step pulsed with energy and Sean whimpered obediently. Michael's Werewolf radiated power that no other wolf had. Not even Silas and Daruth standing side by side could not match the raw energy the Grand Alpha emitted.

As the great beast stood before him Sean managed to crawl forward. His thick tongue came out and he began to take large licks at the big paws of his Master. Relief washed over him when the beast didn't move away. He started to lick faster, eager to please the muscled animal and show his obedience.

After long moments of worship and let his tongue wrap around the heavy calf, covered in fur. The beast allowed it as well. A whimper of content escaped his mouth as he

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washed Michael's wolf with his tongue. He closed his eyes and lapped at him over and over again until there was no more fur!

When he opened his eyes again, two human legs were in front of him. Sean rubbed his face against the flesh to transfer the man's smell to him. Moments later a hand came down and took hold of his muzzle, lifting his head up. He looked into the blue eyes of the muscled blonde man.

"You heard what she said?" he asked the Werewolf.

Sean shook his head. He was unable to speak as an animal, but understood perfectly.

"Of course" Michael said absently. **"Her words were only for me"** He reached out and ran his hand thru Sean's thick fur and felt the boy's lust for him surge forward like a wave of energy. **"You are mine...now...and always"** He ran his thumb across the animal's lips and Sean opened his mouth and moved his tongue to taste Michael's skin. His voice was hypnotic as he spoke. It was the voice of the Grand Alpha.

"You have always been loyal to me and now more than ever, I need your eyes and ears to be in places I can't. A war is brewing and it's one I intend on being a part of, whether it's allowed or not. I will need Silas and Daruth, and they WILL do as I command even if it means I have to crush their wills to do it. You will speak for me and deliver my orders...and they will be obeyed. You will accept no act of defiance from either of them. In this regard, you speak for me. My voice will be your voice"

He pulled Sean's face against his big cock and watched the animal take in a deep breath.

"But now, your mouth is what I need"

The power swelled in Michael as the light from his eyes became brighter and washed over Sean's wolf with a blue glow. The animal moaned and began to lap at his thick cock and heavy balls. Michael shifted on his feet and spread them apart to give Sean more room. The warm, long tongue of the Werewolf wrapped around his thickening shaft with a hunger that reminded him of Chase.

He longed for the boy. He wanted to run his fingers through his thick black hair, to look into his blue eyes and feel his Son's soft lips pull and tug at his cock. He wanted to feel the warm tongue lap at his big dick and hear the boy moan at the taste of his flesh.

But that would have to wait.

First, Sean must be fed.

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The Werewolf was bigger than the man, but the man's power dwarfed the animal's exponentially. There was no comparison. The man could have easily killed the great beast with his bare hands.

Sean's hunger for him was overwhelming. His wolf begged for it. His thick tongue ran over the man's throbbing flesh. Over and over his tongue coated the man with thick spit. Every inch of his great cock and balls were lapped at. Worshipped.

The taste of the powerful man washed into Sean's mouth. The animal moaned and nuzzled it's face between his Master's legs. He looked up the man's muscled body until their eyes locked together. Sean took a long lap at his huge prick and heavy balls. The blonde man watched him, his eyes glowing with blue light. The animal wanted him to see how submissive he was. To see how obedient he was to him.

Michael grabbed a fistful of the Wolf's hair and held his head up. He took hold of his big prick and rubbed it all over the beast's face. He pushed it against the animal's furry lips and beat it against his muzzle.

"Lick it!"

The Wolf obeyed. It's long, thick tongue lapped from the base of Michael's huge prick to the fat, swollen head.

Michael released his power and pushed it against the Werewolf at his feet.

Sean whimpered and licked faster, showing his Master complete submission. He couldn't lick Michael's big dick fast enough. Over and over he slobbered and lapped at the man's thick, juicy pecker while the Alpha power bathed over him and watched his every move.

Michael allow Sean to worship him for several minutes, until he wanted more.

He pushed the animal's head away. **"Face down! Ass up!"**

Sean let out a high pitched bark. He dropped his head to the ground as Michael moved behind him.

He grabbed the animal's tail and lifted it high with one strong hand. He got on his knees and lined his huge cock up with Sean's asshole.

Sean's thick claws dug into the earth as he pushed his ass back to meet Michael's big dick.

Michael pushed it in and Sean threw his head back and howled!

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Michael started pumping his hips and thrust his huge prick deep into the wolf's ass. Over and over, he sunk his big dick right up the animal's tight hole. From the head to the base, Michael gave Sean every inch of cock he could. His hips slammed into Sean's ass as he pounded the animal with his big, thick dick. His huge balls slapped against Sean's as he pumped the wolf's ass like a machine.

"Take that fucking dick!" he growled at Sean.

Sean was lost in lust. His eyes glazed over as his Master fucked him hard, and fast. He pushed his body back, trying to meet the man's thrust so he could feel every inch of dick inside him.

Sean was in heaven! His Master was fucking him! The man's huge prick impaled his ass deep and hard! Sean needed this. It was what he lived for. He pushed back. He had to show Michael he could take it all. Every inch!

Michael held the tail tight in one hand, holding the animal's ass up at the perfect height as he fucked him over and over again.

"You will obey me!" Michael began. **"You will do anything I say!"** he thrust hard into Sean's ass. The animal howled out and tossed its head from side to side. **"You will kneel at my fucking feet and suck my dick!"**

Sean yelped in submission as Michael slapped his ass with one large hand.

Michael threw back his head and closed his eyes. He pushed his cock up the young wolf's hole and pounded him into the ground. He groaned as the tight, slippery warmth of his asshole enveloped his cock in its gripping embrace. Michael ground his hips against Sean's backside and rotated his hips so his big dick twisted and pulsed in the boy's ass. The animal yelped and barked with every thrust, keeping its head low to the ground in submission.

Sean didn't realize it at first. The immense power of the Grand Alpha flowed over him as the big man's heavy prick fucked him over and over again. But Sean was shrinking. His Werewolf was disappearing and leaving a strapping blonde boy in its place. The wolf couldn't stand to be in the presence of so much power. It sunk inside Sean, obedient and humble.

Michael grabbed Sean's smooth hips and gripped them tight in his large hands. Sean's change had happened quickly. Michael's power demanded it. Now a handsome blonde boy, that could have easily been confused as his own Son, was on his hands and knees before him. Michael pulled his dick out until just the head was inside and then he thrust hard, sending the thick shaft right up Sean's hot ass.

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He leaned over the boy's broad back and spoke right in his ear. **"What do you want me to do to your ass Sean?"**

"FUCK IT!" Sean yelled. He heard his voice for the first time. The Werewolf was gone! He looked over his shoulder at the massive muscle man behind him. Michael's eyes were glowing with blue light and Sean bathed in the glory of his Master's power. He pushed back and accepted the man's huge prick.

"PLEASE!"

Michael's tongue came out the side of his mouth. He pushed his big dick deep in the blonde boy and quickly pulled it back. The teenager cried out and pushed back with his hands. Michael slammed himself back in!

Sean yelled!

"You want my big dick little boy?" Michael tormented him. **"You need my big cock in your ass?"**

"Oh God!" Sean yelled. He felt every inch of the man's huge pecker stab deep into his ass.

"Fuck me!" the handsome boy groaned.

"You are mine!" Michael shouted. He pumped his big dick all the way up Sean's ass and the boy threw his head back and screamed!

"AWWWW!"

His big, blonde dick swelled between his legs as the man brutally fucked him from behind. Sean's dick throbbed and started to pulse with raw lust as his whole body shook.

He started to cum all over the ground!

Michael felt the boy peak. He didn't let up. He knew what Sean needed. He fucked him deep and hard as the boy shot his load all over the soft earth. Sean was no simple human. Michael didn't have to hold back. He could be as tough on him as he wanted. Sean could take it!

"You cum for me?" he asked. **"Is that for your Master?"**

"YES!" Sean screamed. He pushed his body back with his hands dug deep in the ground. Sean never wanted anything more in his life. **"Please!"**

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“You will obey me in all things?”

“YES!”

Michael sunk his big dick inside the handsome boy’s ass. Every time he whipped his cock back, Sean grunted like an animal. The teenager’s ass was open, accepting. He needed this in a primal way. Michael’s big fingers held Sean’s hips tight. He pulled his hips back and thrust forward. Hard. His heavy balls beat at Sean’s with rhythmic abandon.

“OH GOD!” Sean yelled. **“FUCK ME! PLEASE MASTER!”**

Michael let out a loud roar and Sean pushed his face into the dirt in response. The big man fucked and hammered his ass over and over again. Every inch between the man’s legs sunk into Sean, but the boy begged for more.

“PLEASE MASTER!”

Michael pulled his dick right out of Sean’s ass! The boy cried out in protest. Michael lifted one hand up and brought it down hard on Sean’s ass. The slap filled the night air, followed immediately by a loud yelp from Sean. Michael thrust himself back into the boy and sunk every inch of dick right up the boy’s tight ass!

“OHHH!” Sean cried. **“FUCK!”**

The breath shot out of Sean’s lungs and pleasure ran through his brain as his asshole took the man’s mighty pecker. The little hole was forced to stretch wide open as the tender insides of Sean’s ass were rubbed by the man’s thick, heavy prick.

Michael’s big hands landed on Sean’s shoulders and pushed his body to the ground. He lay over him and fucked him against the ground!

“You will obey me little wolf!”

Sean’s face was in the dirt. **“FUCK ME!”**

Michael slapped his ass and pumped his big dick into the boy’s hungry hole. **“Now little boy! Now you will know power!”**

Michael threw his head back and growled. The Grand Alpha was about to cum!

The air carried the sound for over a mile. His huge cock swelled and spurted wave after wave of thick, warm cum deep into Sean’s ass.

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Sean threw his head back as well and cried out in pleasure. His eyes began to glow bright blue! They pulsed and throbbed with every wave of cum Michael flooded his hungry body with. His teeth began long and sharp. The wolf in him was thrashing inside, unable to handle so much raw power.

Sean's muscles became thick and heavy. The boy's neck flared out and flushed with blood as his body absorbed the Werewolf's cum. The strength of the Grand Alpha surged in him!

Michael's big balls pounded against Sean's as they convulsed and ejaculated their load inside the boy's wide open asshole.

With his dick buried in the ground, Sean came again!

When Michael was done, he lifted himself off the handsome blonde boy, his big dick being sucked by the boy's tight asshole. He worked his cock out and stood over him.

Sean was spent. The muscled teenager, so handsome and popular, was on the ground panting for air and unable to stand from being fucked so hard.

Michael smiled. The boy was a good addition to his pack. He was loyal, subservient. A perfect Werewolf. He looked down at Sean's glowing blue eyes. The transfer was complete. Sean was newly marked.

Michael stepped to the side and looked at the well-fucked teenager.

"You've pleased me" he said, simply. He took hold of his big dick and aimed it downward.

He began to piss all over Sean's back.

When he was done, Sean gleamed in the moonlight, Michael's cum flowing from his abused ass. The boy was out cold! Michael smiled at him.

Sean had pleased him, indeed.

Michael lifted his arms above his head, threw his head back and roared. The sound was unnatural. Far too loud to come from a human male. But Michael was no mere human.

He was a Grand Alpha!

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CHAPTER TEN

The castle was magnificent. Large spires reached into the sky and he saw balconies jutting out from them. Thousands of people could easily live there, it was so big.

He drifted downward, keeping himself as thin as possible so his dark color would not be noticed, although at this height, who would see it anyway?

He pulled himself together on a central balcony, keeping his smoke away from the open doorway. Chase reformed.

His lungs breathed deep. The air was thin but also surprisingly rich. It filled him up with one inhale. There was no pollution here. The air was pure, the way it must have been on Earth at one time, before cars and machines took over.

He listened at the doorway. He heard nothing. He leaned over and looked inside. The room was decorated in a way that could only be in a fantasy book. Large beams of polished wood held the room up and furniture that looked carved out of stone covered the floor. There were massive chairs and a fountain on either side of the room. It looked like a meeting room. A room made for Kings and Queens. In the center stood the biggest chair of all. It had thick red cushions and a tall ornate back to it.

HER throne, Chase thought. He moved inside and took in a deep breath. He had never smelled anything like it. The scents of these beings were not like humans. They were rich, floral even.

He heard noise far below him. Others were in the castle. He needed to see them. To blend in. He carefully moved down a stone staircase, ready to shift to smoke if he had too. Four floors later, he saw the first person.

It was a young man. He was carrying a large basket full of food. It was real food. Not like Chase was used to. Large folds of green lettuce and carrot and potatoes fattened the basket. It was from the lushest garden on earth.

Wow, he thought himself. Everything was so much better here. So much richer.

It was like magic. The place was thick with it. It seemed to ooze off the walls and drip from the ceiling.

He suddenly felt out of place. How could he do this? He wasn't prepared to face this woman. This entire world was wrong. He wasn't ready for this kind of fight. Even with what Polus did, he wasn't sure it would be enough. Demeter wanted something he might not be able to give her. How was he supposed to find all the children and kill the Red

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Queen in a place like this? He had no experience fighting a being of magic. The Witch had destroyed his body with a wave of her hand, and in turn taught him how to use his own power to shift to smoke.

That was a lesson he didn't want to repeat. He could still feel her magic ripping him apart. It was as if the Night Wolf was nothing to her. He remembered how terrified he was as he floated in the air, no longer having a body to move. Whatever magic the Vampire had, Chase had to learn to use on the fly. It wasn't as if being the Night Wolf came with a manual.

He rubbed at his face. It might be better to not use any powers here. Not until he had to. The Queen might feel it and the element of surprise would be gone.

Chase continued downward until he was somewhere close to the ground level. He found what he was looking for.

Clothes.

He shifted through them and pulled a shirt, pants and shoes out. He put them over his clothes and then reached for a hat to cover his head with.

This will do, he told himself. For now at least.

Jack had dropped Helen off in the dungeon. He was proud of himself. The Earth Goddess didn't stop him. He would be rewarded by his Queen for his prize. He had brought her the ultimate gift and he was sure she would be pleased with him. It took a larger amount of magic to subdue her than Jack would have liked. She was clearly fond of the Werewolf he had shot. Jack had to restrain her in a way that only HE could. The Queen would not be happy if he presented her with a damaged prize. Instead he took Helen to the ground and pushed all thoughts of fight out of her head. It would not last though. The Queen would have questions for her. She must be able to answer properly.

Jack took off his clothes, his strong arms, chest and back were covered in swirling black tattoos. He smiled down at Helen and waved his hands. Her clothes disappeared and her body began to rock back and forth as the tattoos began to move.

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She moaned up at him and spread her legs apart. Jack pushed down his pants and fisted his large cock as he moved over her.

He grinned at her as he sunk his thick member into her body. Helen cried out and wrapped her arms around his neck.

Jack began to fuck her.

It took several minutes to get her to where he wanted. She was strong. Stronger than he was used to. But she would comply. They all did.

Once he had made her cum, Jack lifted off her and pulled up his pants. He made her clothes reappear on her body and helped her to her feet. She was now content. Obedient. He took his time and walked her to the castle.

The Queen would be pleased indeed.

As Jack walked up the staircase to impress upon her his great deed, but stopped halfway up.

Something was wrong.

He turned around and listened carefully.

Nothing.

He put a hand on the stone wall and felt the cool texture against his palm.

Still nothing.

But it was there. He was sure of it. It lasted only a moment, but he felt it nevertheless. After years of traveling to Earth, Jack understood the shift in realities better than anyone. THIS was out of place. It wasn't supposed to be here. Whatever IT was.

He slowly continued to walk up the stairs.

I'll find you, he told himself. Whoever you are. Whatever you are.

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Chase walked through the town surrounding the castle. He wanted to understand more about what this place was before he confronted the Red Queen.

The people were villagers in every sense of the word. They spoke English, or something a kin to it. There were words he didn't understand but Chase thought nothing of it. These people wouldn't know what WiFi was, or what an airplane was either. It only made sense that he wouldn't know things about their life either.

He had no money to buy anything. He wasn't hungry though, but he was thirsty. He found another fountain. They seemed to be everywhere. He saw people dipping buckets into it and carrying water away. He walked over, looked around. No one was looking at him. He quickly cupped his hands together and scooped up some water. He drank it down and it washed over his tongue and throat.

"DAMN!" He said, far louder than he meant too. The water tasted better than any water he ever had. He noticed people now looking at him. He smiled and waved to them.

"Thirsty" he said.

They smiled back and continued to ignore him.

Nice people, he thought.

"You're not from here"

Chase spun around. A young girl, no older than ten was in front of him. She wore a dress and a bonnet covering her blonde hair.

"Oh, hi"

"Where are you from?" She smiled.

"Uh. Just visiting. Hoping to see the Queen"

Her eyes widened at this. **"The Queen? Well, you're gonna be disappointed, unless you work in the castle. She never comes down here"**

"No?"

She shook her head. **"Never. I've only seen her three times and I've lived her all my life"**

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Chase frowned. This was going to be harder than he thought. Clearly the Queen didn't mix with commoners. He wanted to take her by surprise in a crowd. He hoped to confuse her and kill her before she knew he was there. He knew practically nothing about her, except she was powerful, like Phoebe or Polus. This was getting more complicated by the minute. But the Queen wasn't his only goal.

"So...uh...I hear new people come here. Kids mostly"

"Oh yeah. Not many. But we see them around. They live in the castle"

"Where do they come from?"

She shrugged, **"The outer lands mostly"**

"Where are they?" Chase asked.

"Over the mountains" she pointed over his shoulder.

Chase looked back. It was the direction he came from. He decided to call it 'west'.

"So what do the kids do?"

"They're soldiers"

Soldiers? Kids?

"A little small for that aren't they?"

"Well now. But they start training early. The Queen needs them to protect us from the Royals. She's told us so"

The Royals? The Queen had enemies. Polus told him that. Maybe he was going about this wrong. The enemy of my enemy and all.

"All of them?"

"What do you mean?"

"Any of them become anything else besides soldiers? Any live outside the castle or leave to live somewhere else"

This seemed to confuse the girl. **"Leave? Well...I...I mean there was only one that I know of"**

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“Where is he?”

“It’s not a he, she...”

A loud noise interrupted her. She spun around and saw a man standing in a mess of vegetables and packages littered on the floor around him.

“Father!” She ran over to him and starting picking everything up, forgetting about Chase in the processes.

Chase looked around. Go back in the castle to find the Queen, or find help instead. This place was big. Very big. Any attack on her would have to rely on speed and a great deal of luck. According to Polus, the Queen had been in power for a very long time. It was going to take more than a skinny werewolf to kill her.

There was nothing to the ‘west’ he knew, since he had come from there. Maybe the Royals were nearby. He looked around, thinking to ask someone, but then thought better of it. These people belonged to the Queen. It might not be a good idea to talk about her enemies to them. Maybe they would help. Polus said the Queen was at war. If he could explain to them who he was and what he could do, maybe the Queen could be defeated after all.

Then, he needed to figure out how to find the children she took. The Queen needed to die first. That much he was certain of.

Chase move around the town, looking at everyone and listening to what they were saying. It sounded like English to him, but that might not be right. He felt different here. The air, the water, the smells and sounds. Part of him felt exhilarated here. Another felt out of place, like he was being torn in two. The biggest difference came when he wasn’t Chase. That’s when he felt the most out of place. He looked at his hand, turning it over slowly. It looked normal even though it didn’t feel that way.

What was this place?

About a hour later, Chase saw it. A large gate, leading outside. There were several guards. Big men, with swords and spears, covered in armor. It would be child’s play to get past them. Others seemed to be coming and going without much notice.

He waited until an older man and his wife began moving toward the gate. They had a large cart being pulled by a horse. The cart had large wheels and it was filled with empty baskets and tarps. Chase looked around. No one was paying him any attention.

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He pulled at the Wolf inside of him and moved with blinding speed to the back of the cart and jumped up the back. Right before his feet landed, he shifted to smoke and filled an empty basket. He reformed inside and held very still.

The cart made no motion. His weight wasn't enough to disturb it. The man would have no idea he now had a passenger.

Chase kept quiet, ready to shift to smoke again if he was found. He hoped his use of 'Wolf Magic' didn't alert the Queen.

The cart rocked back and forth as it went over the bridge of heavy wood. Then the wheels steadied out as they rolled over smooth stone. He waited for a good ten minutes before he peeked out of the basket. The castle was behind them and they were traveling 'south, just the way he wanted. He settled back. The farther away he got, the safer it would be to speak about the Royals.

He just needed to find them.

Michael sat in the kitchen with Wendy. Sean was outside with Emma, keeping her distracted while her parents spoke.

"Then what is she if not human?" Wendy asked. **"Michael, don't take this as an insult, but you're a Grand Alpha Werewolf. You were with Helen for a while. Even had a child with her. How could you not know she wasn't human? You have the ultimate ability to read people and sum them up"**

She was beautiful. She had a natural beauty, wearing little to no makeup. She didn't need it. Her skin looked pure, healthy. Her connection to nature was evident. The Druid in her radiated off her like a soft breeze scented with flowers.

Michael loved her. But she was right.

"I don't know. Well, Phoebe doesn't know" he shook his head. **"I don't understand any of this. My wolf...he should have seen it"**

"How does she know now then?"

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“Demeter”

Wendy sat bolt upright. Michael had just invoked the name of her highest patron.

“Demeter!” Wendy’s surprise was clearly visible.

He knew what that meant to Wendy. Demeter was the ultimate Goddess of nature. She was revered by Druids even though her mark was not on them. It was HER children that powered the Druids. Demeter did not commune with them. She was above them. All of them.

“Demeter has been hunting the Red Queen’s agents to keep them from taking any more children. She was the one that saw Helen for what she was. Apparently being the Goddess of the Earth gives her the ability to see what doesn’t belong to her. Phoebe was beside herself. Even her husband didn’t know about Helen”

Wendy shook her head. It was all too much. **“I don’t...why would...Demeter?”**

Michael put his hand on her forearm to calm her down. **“All we know is someone took Helen to the Red Queen against her will and almost killed Andreas in the process”**

The big man looked around and took in a deep breath. **“Chase is gone too”**

Wendy blinked. **“What do you mean...gone?”**

“He was sent to kill the Red Queen. Demeter demanded it”

“Oh my god” she stood up. **“Alone? Why not send you, or ME?”** Wendy’s desire to be connected to the primal source of her power was clear. **“If Demeter ‘marked’ me, I could use an entire forest to fight the Queen!”**

“He isn’t just a werewolf. I knew that the moment he changed. The things he can do are not just because of Phoebe. She enlisted others to create her Night Wolf”

“The vampire” Wendy said.

“Chase stole his power. Right before Helen killed him. Phoebe gave him speed and agility. I gave him raw Alpha power as fuel for his animal. Demeter gave him union with nature. The Vampire gave him the ability to shift into smoke, etc, etc”

Wendy’s face darkened. A wolf! A wolf was given something that her entire race was denied. Well, at least by Demeter. She remembered how hers powers refused to work on Chase. She tried to bind Chase up once. Wrap vines him around to hold him still. It was a

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test. A test she failed. The vines refused to obey her. That had never happened before. Chase was oblivious of what this meant to her. He saw it as just a nice side effect of being the Night Wolf; Wendy saw it as a complete affront to her entire race.

Demeter had ignored her and 'marked' a wolf who cared nothing about her. He had no idea what a great gift he had. She didn't blame him. He was not Druid. This was squarely at the feet of Demeter. Wendy took in a deep breath. Even angry, she could not insult Demeter. Things could go very bad for her, if the Earth Goddess ever deemed her worthy of attention.

"Now Demeter demands Chase work for her. She was the one that made him go get the children back"

His large body stiffened up. He looked at Wendy with soulful eyes. She wasn't used to seeing him wounded like this.

"I felt him leave" his blue eyes mirrored his guilt. "It was just like when the Witch killed him. My connection to him is gone"

"Micheal" her hands pulled at his. "Your Son is one of the most powerful beings alive. Phoebe made sure of it"

He leaned in and kissed her lips. **"I love you Wendy. I will always love you, don't ever forget that"**

She looked confused, her hands stroked his face. **"Michael? What are going to do?"**

"I'm going to get Helen. And my Son"

Wendy stood up and looked out the kitchen window. The ocean of flowers were all over the ground, as far as she could see.

"No single Druid could do this" she said. "This is celestial magic"

Michael joined her at the window. **"The animals sure seem happy"**

"To them, it's ambrosia. To us, it's a shield"

"What?" He looked at her. "What are you talking about?"

"This is pure magic. On a level no one could do. It's created a barrier all around us. While this exists, no other magic will work. We are protected"

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Michael looked at the massive flowers. **“Why? What are you being shielded from?”**

She turned to her handsome husband. **“I don’t think this is for me Michael. Who is the Red Queen?”**

Chase had shifted to smoke and drifted away from the cart. It had been a few hours. He slept most of it. He wanted to be alert for whatever came next. He lifted up in the air and spread himself thin so he looked more like a grey cloud than the dark ebony mass that he was.

There was another village. It was big. Far bigger than the one surrounding the Queen’s castle. He saw off in the distance what he assumed was the home of the Royals. Another castle.

“Great” he thought. **“I feel like an extra in a Walt Disney movie”**

He drifted toward the castle. It took another hour before he was ready to reform.

The people here were different. Happy. He walked among them, the castle nearby. He greeted them, nodding and waving. They returned his smile.

“Well, this looks promising” he said to himself.

After several hours of mingling with the crowd he found some very important information.

1. Everyone hated the Red Queen.
2. They were at war with her Kingdom, though no one seemed to know for how long.
3. They were ruled, and protected by the White King and Queen.

Apparently, color was everything in this world. Red and White Queens. Did anyone use actual names?

Chase moved closer to the castle. There was a minimal display of guards here. Clearly the people here were trusted. He put a hand on the castle wall. He could feel the magic in it, but it was different than the Queen’s. It seemed cleaner for some reason. His mind had a

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hard time understanding what the change was. The best way to describe it, was the magic felt healthy. Like it wanted to help people.

Enough is enough, Chase thought. He looked around. No one was around. He shifted to smoke and started to rise up the side of the castle.

He went all the way up and reformed on a balcony. He looked around. He was alone. The city below was beautiful. It was as if every building was perfectly placed. It was...peaceful.

He spun around and walked right into a beautiful woman wearing a long white gown.

“Hello”

“What?” He was surprised. How did she do that? There was no one here a moment ago.

“Are you lost?” She asked.

He looked around quickly. They were the only ones here. As if that meant anything. Could everyone just pop up like this?

“Um...no. I’m uh, looking for the Royals”

She tilted her head. **“Oh. Well you’ve found them”** she smiled.

“You’re a Royal?”

“I’m the White Queen and this is my kingdom”

Chase looked at the room. It was magnificent. There was a bed in the center.

“Oh, is this your bedroom? I’m so sorry. I didn’t mean to drop in like this. I should have used the front door”

“It’s alright. I’ve never had anyone come through the window before”

She wasn’t the least bit surprised or afraid of him.

Well, it was now or never.

Chase explained everything.

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She never interrupted him. She was very patient. Unnaturally patient. She frowned when the Red Queen was spoken about, but let him finish. Once he was done he paused for her to speak. Her first sentence was not what he thought it would be.

“Are you from the house of Liddell?”

“Who?”

“Liddell” the beautiful woman said.

“I don’t know who that is”

She looked confused. **“But you came from her world? The Earth world?”**

“Well, I’m from Earth yes. I was sent by Phoebe, Goddess of the Moon”

Someone else spoke. **“Is SHE a friend of Liddell?”**

Chase spun around. An older man dressed in magnificent robes of white with gold trim was behind him.

This was getting annoying. No one was supposed to be able to do this to him. He was the Night Wolf for crying out loud.

“Who...?”

The man smiled. **“The White King”** he nodded his head.

“My husband has been listening the entire time” the White Queen said, as if that explained everything.

“He’s been here the whole time?”

Her brown creased. **“No...um...he was out hunting”**

Now Chase was lost. **“Then how...”**

Okay, whatever was going on was way beyond Chase. Clearly things worked very differently here. He felt like the complete stranger he was. Out of place and confused. He decided to stop trying to figure everything out and just roll with the punches.

“Uh...I don’t know. I don’t know who this Liddell is”

“The one that escaped” he said. **“The only one to opposed the Red Queen and live”**

Rein of the Red Queen Book 3 of Werewolf and Son

Chase shook her head. **“I’m not sure. All I know is that I was sent to get our children back and stop the Queen”**

The woman laughed. **“Stop the Queen? There is no stopping the Queen. Only death will end her reign, and all that have opposed her have either died or been taken. We hoped someone from the house of Liddell would come to end her once and for all, since she was the only one to survive”**

Chase shrugged. **“Look, I don’t know who this person is, but I represent a Goddess. A very powerful one. Well, actually several of them. I can beat the Queen if I can get close enough to her to do it. I just need your help. I need to flush the Queen out, and take her by surprise. Her magic is too powerful. I could feel it at her castle. I have to be closer to her”**

“We will give you whatever help you need, but we are at a standstill. Our armies are evenly matched. Neither side can afford to lose much more. We’ve already lost so much to her, and we are not the only ones that have. Our dear friend has lost her only Son and Husband to her. I don’t know how much more we can do”

Chase stepped back, away from them. **“I want to show you something. Don’t be afraid. I’m on your side okay?”**

The Royals looked at each other and then nodded.

Chase shifted.

The Royals jumped back.

Chase was no longer standing in front of them. He was now the Night Wolf.

He slowly lifted his hands, showering off his dark claws. His golden eyes shown brightly from his dark haired face.

He turned around slowly. Then he shifted to black smoke. The smoke suddenly pulled together and disappeared, leaving Chase again standing before them.

“I’m the Night Wolf” he told them. **“My power comes from the Gods. I will use my abilities to fight for you and kill the Red Queen”**

It was the King who spoke first. **“That was...amazing. You have powerful magic”**

“You don’t know the half of it” Chase replied. **“Just wait until you see the rest. The Red Queen is in for a big surprise”**

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CHAPTER ELEVEN

The Red Queen stood just outside the door to her cell. She reached out her power and felt it immediately. She turned to Jack.

“You know?”

He smiled. **“Of course I know my Queen. I knew the moment I felt her”**

She took in a breath. **“This changes everything”**

He nodded and waved to the thick wooden door with bars covering a small window in it. **“My Queen”**

She waved her hand and the door unlocked and swung open. She stepped inside.

Helen stood up. **“Who are you? Why am I here?”**

The Queen studied her for a long moment before she spoke. **“Do you truly not know who I am?”**

“I’ve never seen you before. Where is he? The man I was with. What did you do to him?”

The Queen looked at Jack, and he shook his head. The Queen looked back at the woman and said. **“He is no longer important. All that matters now is that you are here”**

“Here? Where is here?”

The Queen looked at Jack. **“Do it”**

Jack stepped in front of the woman and his eyes began to glow.

“My love” he smiled. **“You are safe”** he held open his arms and Helen moved into them. He hugged her tight. **“All is not lost. You have finally come home”**

She didn’t resist. She hugged him back. Jack’s spell could now be activated whenever he wanted.

Rein of the Red Queen Book 3 of Werewolf and Son

The Queen smiled. **“Very good Jack. Bring her to me when she’s ready”** She turned and walked out of the cell. A small group of women waited for her just outside. **“Dress her appropriately. She represents me. Don’t forget it”**

The threat was clear. The women all bowed low and moved quickly into the cell as the Red Queen left.

The Queen moved down the long hallway lit by torches. **“This changes everything”** she said to herself.

Jack had never seen her so happy.

Andreas was going to live. It was close. The silver in his system had almost killed him. Only the fast action and raw power of the Grand Alpha had saved his life. He slept deeply, held under by Daruth’s power.

Elyria looked at him and turned to her husband. **“Who the hell has the knowledge that he was a Werewolf. Clearly they were ready for him”**

Daruth nodded. **“This is not good. For any of us. You should have seen the building and the handprint in it. Whoever is doing this is powerful”**

“We are trapped between two opposing forces” she said. **“Andreas was nothing more than an obstacle. Why Helen, what is she to anyone except the mother of the Night Wolf?”**

Elyria was speaking more to herself than to her Alpha husband. He was used to this. The woman was brilliant. Her mind was constantly in motion, putting pieces together far faster than anyone else in the room. She was his biggest asset.

“Leverage?” She said absently. **“Forcing Chase to do what? He isn’t even here anymore. Why take his mother when he’s not around to be blackmailed?”** She walked slowly around the room as Daruth watched her. **“She’s not married to Andreas. She’s of no real value to blackmail you. And what would they ask for anyway? It’s not as if we have anything to give. Except power of course. And if that’s what they wanted, killing Andreas would not get that from you”**

Rein of the Red Queen

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Daruth didn't interrupt her. He knew better.

"No, this isn't about any of us. If we don't know who took her or why, maybe we can get the answers from finding out who is on the opposite team. Who made the handprint?"

The door swung open. Michael walked in and looked right at Elyria.

"Demeter"

"Demeter? The Earth Goddess?" She bowed quickly, suddenly remembering who he was. **"My Lord. Good to see you again"** She waved to Andreas. **"He lives"**

"What did he say?"

"Nothing. He has not regained consciousness. His wounds were too severe. Only YOUR power saved him"

Daruth almost smiled. Elyria was a master of politics. She did it so effortlessly that most people didn't know that every word she spoke was carefully planned out in advance.

"Demeter, you say?" She continued, not waiting for Michael. **"Why does she care about us?"**

"She doesn't" Michael replied. **"She at war with someone known as the Red Queen. We are caught in the middle"**

Elyria looked at Daruth and lifted one eyebrow. She was right. Of course she was right. He nodded back at her, impressed at her skills, even after all these years.

"We have a big problem. Chase is gone. So is Helen. We are going to get them back"

Elyria began to speak but Michael's look cut her off. His next words took them by surprise.

"Phoebe demands it"

Elyria smoothed out her shirt as she rearranged the pieces in her mind. Phoebe changed everything.

"I see" she replied. **"Then of course, we obey"**

Rein of the Red Queen Book 3 of Werewolf and Son

Silas, Daruth and several other wolves from both packs were present at Michael's farm. They moved through the fields of flowers, in awe of the display. Michael waved off their questions.

This meeting was called in the name of Phoebe and no one wanted to appear weak.

Michael explained what he knew. Questions came from every direction. He answered what he could, but too much remained unknown. Elyria spoke more for her pack than Daruth did. Her questions were exact and with purpose. The men in the room didn't fare so well. She understood something they did not. This was going to happen, whether they wanted it to or not. She had already resigned herself to that, as did Daruth. Fighting this served no purpose except to possible anger Phoebe, which Elyria was far too smart to allow.

Silas watched her. The way he always did. Wolves did something far better than anyone else. They coveted. Power. Sex. Knowledge. And in this case, other wolves.

Elyria was a prize to any Alpha. She didn't crave power the way the males did. She WAS power. Having her in the pack would exponentially strengthen any pack, and by virtue, the Alpha leading it.

Silas's muscles thickened at her words. Her intelligence was prominent in the room. His desire for her was palpable. Silas had many wives. None with the status Elyria had. He was a true Alpha, the ultimate source of power for the pack. But this woman was worth listening to.

"The woman is right" he looked at Elyria, his willpower washing over her. **"There is too much we do not know. What of your wife? What does she know about this?"**

Silas was referring to Wendy. At the mention of Demeter, everyone's mind shifted toward Wendy.

"She knows as much as we do. Demeter does not commune with the Druids"

"Michael..." Elyria began. Her hands were open in submission to him.

Silas saw her posture and smiled. She would make a fine wife. A fine wife, indeed.

Rein of the Red Queen Book 3 of Werewolf and Son

“We are powerful. But against an entire army? Phoebe has many wolves. Two packs may not be enough”

Michael nodded. **“Agreed, but that’s all we have. Phoebe cannot lose too many wolves. Her base will be immediately challenged. Having two powerful Alphas and me off the board will not go unnoticed by her enemies. Besides, there is something else everyone needs to know”**

He told them the rest.

“What?” Silas cried out. **“You can’t be serious! Leave the Earth? Be cut off from HER power?”**

All the wolves spoke at the same time. No one wanted this.

Elyria was not among them. She simply looked at Michael. When he settled the crowd down, she spoke. **“There’s something else isn’t there?”**

Silas and Daruth both looked at her and then at Michael.

The Grand Alpha took a moment before he spoke. **“Within 24 hours most of you will lose your ability to shift”**

The room grumbled in unison.

“The Alphas will be gone in a few days. I will lose my power in a few weeks”

Silas huffed. He didn’t like the comparison to the Grand Alpha. If Michael would retain his power that long, then surely he would too!

Michael looked right at him. **“Phoebe told me this”**

Silas looked angry, but said nothing.

Elyria looked at her husband, putting a hand on his thick arm. **“And if we lose our powers, what happens when we return?”**

Michael looked around the room. **“IF, we return...those that can no longer shift over there, will no longer be able to over here”**

Gasps filled the room.

Rein of the Red Queen Book 3 of Werewolf and Son

“You can’t be serious!” Silas shouted. **“Lose our powers? For good? You can’t ask this of us!”**

“I do not ask this of you. SHE does!”

The men shrunk in size. Their shoulders slumped at the mention of their patron.

Daruth looked at Elyria then at Michael. **“We will supply our strongest to you. The women will stay behind. A few males to guard the pack”**

This was a key point. Women were powerful, but if they were lost in battle there would be no one left to bear children. They could not be risked. They, in turn, could not be left unguarded. Another rival pack may try to take them.

Silas listened. Daruth was already offering up his troops, and all in Phoebe’s name. He could do nothing less.

“Agreed” he added. The wolves behind him made noise and shifted behind him. He spun around and blanketed the area with his power. Their noise died immediately and all eyes dropped to the floor.

“Is your wife going?” Elyria asked Michael.

He shook his head. **“No. Phoebe says her power would be gone immediately. There would be no point in taking her to battle”**

“Then perhaps I might speak with her?”

“Why?”

“With few males to guard us, having a powerful Druid on our side could change things significantly. I propose she combine her skills with our own” She looked around. **“This entire area has now rendered the senses of a Werewolf mute. Any attack to us here would mask our true strength. They would be blind to the true power we have”**

Silas felt his big cock thicken. The woman was brilliant. **“Yes! All must band together in this. I will not leave my women unguarded for lesser wolves to pick at!”** He looked at Elyria. **“You will gather all your women and move them here. His wife will assist with protection”**

He spoke as if Elyria answered to him. She felt his raw desire push toward her.

Rein of the Red Queen Book 3 of Werewolf and Son

Daruth stepped between them, all but cutting off the view of his wife from the stronger Alpha. **“This is acceptable provided assurances are made”** He shifted his eyes from Silas to Michael. **“If YOU would guarantee the packs remain separate after this is over and we all walk away with what we came in with, I will agree”**

Silas’s chest lifted up. He started to walk toward Daruth but Michael stepped forward.

“No Alpha will take what does not belong to him. Or he will answer to ME” he looked right at Silas, who as usual, let the tension sit in the air for a moment.

The big man opened his hands up the way Elyria did earlier. **“Of course. Why assume a stronger wolf would take what wasn’t his, even if it would be easy to do”** he glanced at Daruth who turned to face him.

Michael moved up until Silas was forced to face him. They were now inches apart. **“I’m glad you agree Silas. I’ve been thinking of taking a more active role in leadership. It would be so...easy...after all”**

His words stung Silas. The threat was clear.

“Who is stronger than me?” Michael left the question hanging.

Silas said nothing. He finally lowered his eyes.

The fight was over.

“It’s settled” Michael announced, stepping away from the Alpha. **“We go to war with the Red Queen. We leave in the morning. Rest up and settle your affairs. We meet here at 7am sharp”**

Silas gave Elyria one final nod before he ordered his men away. Daruth waited for him to leave before he spoke to Michael.

“He will not stop unless you make good on your promise”

“I know”

“Please let me know when, and if you decide to do it. I need a few days to move away”

Michael looked at his with surprise. **“You won’t be a part of my pack Daruth?”**

Rein of the Red Queen Book 3 of Werewolf and Son

The Alpha smiled. **“There are far worse things to be than in service to a Grand Alpha, especially if that Alpha is you, but I cannot give my position up so easily. Once and Alpha, always an Alpha”**

Michael put a hand on his shoulder. **“You would be a fine addition to any pack Daruth, whether you lead or not”** He looked at the man’s wife. **“Of course it is not YOU Silas wants”**

“So I wasn’t the only one that felt it?” Daruth grinned. **“I swear one of these days she’ll make him cum with just her words alone”**

Michael laughed.

Elyria smiled at them. **“I am the wife of the only Alpha I will ever serve”** She nodded to Michael. **“Present company excluded, of course”**

Always the diplomat, Daruth thought.

“We will do whatever Phoebe needs us to do”

Elyria moved to the house to speak to Wendy while Michael and Daruth made battle plans.

Helen stood next to the throne, dressed in robes of silk and gold. Her hair was pulled up and her face adorned with makeup.

The Queen entered.

Guards and servants kneeled at her arrival.

The Queen faced Helen and looked her over.

“Very nice”

Several women smiled at the compliment. They had worked on Helen for hours.

“How do you feel?”

Rein of the Red Queen

Book 3 of Werewolf and Son

Helen didn't hesitate. **"Ready to serve"**

The Queen smiled. **"Very good, my dear. Together we will conquer every remaining kingdom until all serve ME"**

"My Queen" Helen responded.

Jack smiled at her. **"Compliant as always"**

The Queen smiled at him. **"You serve me well Jack"**

The Queen took her seat. Before she could speak, a bell rung loudly.

A guard came running in moments later. **"MY QUEEN!"** He shouted. **"The Royals are attacking!"**

"WHAT?" The Queen stood up. **"Nonsense! They have no chance against me!"** She waved her hand. **"Summon the army. Kill all who dare threaten my kingdom!"**

She walked with purpose to the balcony as Jack and Helen followed. She saw the advancing army immediately. Magic was used to conceal their march, but now that they were so close to the castle, the Queen's magic ripped the spell apart.

"I will not stand for this!" She lifted her staff and clouds became thick and dark. Within a few moments lightening formed in the air and started to rain down on the army below. They struck a barrier about half a mile above the troops and stopped cold.

The Queen spat her anger. **"The White King! I will teach the fool who I am!"** She turned to Jack. **"Command my army. I will deal with the King and Queen myself!"**

He nodded and ran out of the room, shouting orders to everyone as he did.

In her haste she didn't feel it. Her anger overwhelmed her. Even Jack didn't notice the black cloud of smoke coming their way.

The Queen pounded the end of her staff on the ground and lifted up off the floor, flying over the balcony. She began to descend to the courtyard below.

The black cloud shifted, and followed her.

Once she touched the ground she waved her staff and the massive gates opened up, filling the air with the sound of rusted metal screaming back at her. She could see the advancing army. The White King on a horse leading the charge.

Rein of the Red Queen

Book 3 of Werewolf and Son

“FOOL!” She cried. She lifted her staff and a bolt of bright red light shot out and raced toward the King.

He lifted his sword and held it upright in front of him. The red bolt stopped several yards in front of him.

He continued to advance.

“Attack!” The Queen heard Jack yell. Her guards began to pour out of every building surrounding her castle. Her forces would soon overwhelm the King’s.

The Queen smiled at the display. **“YES! Kill them! Kill them all!”**

The black cloud dropped behind her and formed into a black creature with thick claws and golden eyes. It raised an arm to strike her.

The Queen spun around and hit her staff on the ground. The animal was stuck by red light in the chest and thrown back with incredible speed, striking the castle wall far behind.

“Insolent FOOL! I am the Red Queen! This is MY kingdom!”

Guards moved forward to stab at the animal, but it was too fast. Unnaturally fast. It was gone before they could lift their spears.

For the next few minutes, the Queen and the black animal fought. Speed against light. The Queen was fast, but the animal was faster. It hit her over and over. Her magic shield held strong and deflected each blow landed.

The army was getting closer. The Queen waved her staff and the doors closed. She faced the animal and unloaded all her magic.

No one dared interfere. The animal was too fast to catch anyway. It was gone a mere moment after every stop. No one could touch it. The Queen was holding her own, but wasn’t getting any hits in herself.

Who would last? Who would slip up first?

The sound of the fighting outside the gate became louder, while the fight inside carried on. The White Royals would take apart her army if she didn’t fight with them. This battle needed to end so she could defend her Kingdom against the King and Queen.

Rein of the Red Queen

Book 3 of Werewolf and Son

“You are no match for me!” She shouted. She spun her staff in the air and a blast of wind struck the beast dead on. It was lifted high in the air. She pulled her power back and watched it drop out of the sky, ready to see it die.

The animal landed on its feet without harm. It growled at her and knocked four guards aside as if they were toys.

More guards rushed forward. The Queen lashed out with several blasts of red magic. Each blast coming that much closer to the Night Wolf.

This wasn't working, Chase thought. She was too powerful. The element of surprise was no longer his. He needed to get away and regroup.

The animal looked around and bolted for the gate. It jumped up the wall and dropped over.

The Queen struck her staff on the floor and watched the animal drop back to HER side of the wall.

It spun around in confusion and then jumped over the wall again.

And again, it dropped back to HER side.

The woman smiled and spread her arms apart. **“There is no running from me. I am the Red Queen! All roads lead to ME!”**

The black beast ran at her as several guards moved to block its way. Just before it hit them, he burst into a thick cloud of smoke.

The Queen's face showed her surprise but she didn't hesitate. She thrust her staff out, the clear jewel at the top gleaming in the sun. She made a circular motion in the air. A vortex formed and enveloped the dark smoke and sucked it right into the staff!

The Queen looked at the jewel, now filled with swirling black smoke.

She smiled.

“I am the Red Queen” she tapped the gem with one long fingernail.

She turned her attention to the large doors. She waved the now darkened staff and they swung open again.

Rein of the Red Queen Book 3 of Werewolf and Son

“Come to me little King!” She called out. **“Face your death...”** she stopped in mid-sentence.

The entire army was gone! Only her soldiers remained.

Jack ran in, waving his sword. He knelt down in front of her. **“They vanished! We were almost through his shield before they got away”**

“They were never here!” The Queen corrected him. **“It was an illusion. How else could they get so close to me without my knowing. His magic is not that strong. It was the White Queen. He masked her illusion”**

Jack looked up. **“But why?”**

She tilted the staff to him, showing off the dark gem.

“This!”

Jack had not seen her battle the animal. He didn't know what had transpired as he advanced on the White King.

“This is what they sent after me! Some animal to kill me. As if it would be enough”

Jack was mesmerized by the gem. He could see the swirling black smoke moving inside of it. Without thinking he reached up and touched the gem.

He saw it instantly!

A boy with broad shoulders and thick biceps. Dark hair, sitting in a car and looking at the ornate card Jack had left for him. Jack saw himself sitting in the back seat as he shifted into the boy's mind.

Then another boy was with him. Younger, smaller. Black hair, just like the older one. He was hungry for the bigger boy. Their mouths were pressed together, their tongues lashing at one another. The muscled boy pulled his shirt off and the younger one went wild, licking and sucking at the boy's strong biceps and thick chest.

The bigger boy ripped off the smaller ones clothes and lay him on his back. He pulled the boy's legs apart and dropped his pants to the ground, his big dick waving in the air. He lay over the boy and sunk his thick cock deep inside him. The younger boy growled and wrapped his legs around the waist of the strong teenager. He hugged the bigger boy with his arms and licked at his neck. He opened his eyes.

Rein of the Red Queen

Book 3 of Werewolf and Son

They were solid gold.

They began to fuck!

The strong teenager was filled with lust. He pushed himself deep into the boy, who was growling like an animal. The boy, in turn, was licking at the salty flesh of the dominate male that was fucking him.

Their union was beautiful, Jack thought.

Then Jack's 'sight' shifted again.

He saw Helen!

He tore his hand off the gem and gave the Queen a startled look.

"My Queen! It's her!" He pointed to Helen, who was now standing near the castle entrance. **"It's her Son!"**

The Queen spun around and faced Helen. **"Is this true?"** She held her staff out in front of her.

Helen was not fazed by any of this. She barely showed emotion. She looked at that gem and then at the Queen. **"Is he?"**

The Queen spun around to Jack. **"Find out the truth! I have to know who this is!"** She shook the staff at him. **"This changes everything! If it is HER child, I must know! There can be no mistake!"**

Jack grabbed Helen by the arm and lead her into the castle. **"This won't hurt a bit my dear. In fact, you're going to love it"**

The Queen went back to her throne room and looked at the dark gem. Never had she felt so out of control. Even the 'girl' had not cause this many problems for her.

"Someone is moving against me" she said to no one in particular. **"This goes beyond the White kingdom"** She looked out the massive archway to the kingdom below.

"LIDDELL!" She screamed.

No one answered her.

Rein of the Red Queen

Book 3 of Werewolf and Son

Jack took Helen to his room. He had to shift deeply through her mind and time was of the essence. There was an easy way to do this. One that Jack had perfected in his long life.

He sat Helen on his bed and faced her as he unbuttoned his shirt.

“My dear. I’m about to make your dreams come true” he smiled. He threw his shirt to the ground, showing off his strong chest. Swirling black lines flowed together making a beautiful pattern on his skin. There were no sharp edges, no forty five degree angles. It looked like fluid script.

Jack dropped his pants to the floor and kicked them aside. His big cock throbbed between his legs and Helen looked at it without emotion. He waved his hand in the air and her clothes disappeared off her body, leaving her completely naked.

Jack lay her on her back and moved above her. He spread her legs apart and sunk his big dick inside her. Then he released his power.

Helen began to moan loudly. She wrapped her arms around him and her legs as well.

“Good girl” he smiled at her. **“Now let Jack in!”**

He began to fuck her!

As his huge prick thrust in and out of her, Jack slipped into her mind and began to look around.

The White King and Queen looked at the large crystal ball sitting on a golden dais. They watched the battle with Chase and the Red Queen. They saw her capture him. The King waved his hand and the image shifted to the armies outside the castle. The Queen slapped her hands together and the White army disappeared.

He turned to his wife.

Rein of the Red Queen Book 3 of Werewolf and Son

She looked back at him in silence.

“He’s in” he said. **“Now we defend our Kingdom. The rest is up to the wolf”**

Chase was trapped. He pushed and pushed against the walls of his prison, but they wouldn’t budge. He couldn’t shift back into his human body either. Wherever the Queen had sent him with her magic, had also stuck him in this nebulous form.

But he did succeed in doing one thing. He was now close to the Queen and inside her magic barriers. He could feel her in a way that he couldn’t before. He felt her power surrounding both of them. He was her prisoner for now, but he could wait.

He would have smiled if he could. Chase knew something she didn’t...and she was in for one hell of a surprise.

“Are they ready?” Polus asked.

“Almost” Phoebe responded. **“I’ve modified the portal to take all of them through. I’ll move it to the farm when they arrive”**

Polus looked at the ornate water basin that showed Michael and Daruth speaking.

“He’s strong” she said, more of a statement of affirmation.

“Chase is stronger” Polus replied. **“And look what happened to him. His own Mother has been taken and we have no way to warn him”**

He looked at her for a moment. **“Are you sure you want to do this? Losing that many powerful wolves at one time will reduce your power considerably. The Grand Alpha alone is something you’re going to feel”**

Rein of the Red Queen Book 3 of Werewolf and Son

She nodded. **“I’m ready for it. This has to end. The Red Queen must be stopped. I’ll survive”**

He smiled. **“As if I would let anything happen to you”**

She enjoyed his affection for a moment and then said, **“There’s something you haven’t told me isn’t there? I’ve known that brilliant mind of yours a long time. What did you do?”**

Polus tried not to, but his face broke into a smile. **“Let’s just say I sent a surprise to the Queen. She thinks she’s fighting a Werewolf. By the time she realizes the truth, it will be too late”**

“Chase IS a Werewolf” Phoebe said, confused. **“A Night Wolf, sure. But he’s still a Werewolf. Now that she has Helen, she will know everything about him”**

Polus grinned. **“Things are not what they appear to be. Sometimes a shirt is just a shirt. And sometimes...it can shoot laser beams”**

She blinked. **“What?”**

Polus laughed. **“Inside joke”**

Michael held Wendy in his arms and hugged her tightly. Emma wrapped her arms around his thick thigh and held onto him like her life depended on it. She had no idea what was going on, but she knew her Dad was leaving for a while. They didn’t tell her about Helen or Chase. Keeping her in the dark was the easiest way to protect her. She had been through enough and both her parents were constantly watching for any residue of the Witch’s magic.

Michael dropped one arm and cupped the back of Emma’s head with one large hand. He walked away from Helen and Chase once. Now that they were back in his life, he would be damned if he would lose them again. There was room in his family for everyone. For a moment he thought of this. Of having Wendy AND Helen. Of having Chase and Emma. Like a true Alpha would. Forming his immediate family around him. Making him stronger because of it.

Rein of the Red Queen Book 3 of Werewolf and Son

But Wendy and Helen were not wolves. Either was Emma. It was the beast in him that made him think this way. It was natural for a Werewolf to collect so many.

The door opened and Elyria walked in, breaking Michael's thought. **"It was open. Hope this is alright"** She saw Emma. **"Well hello! You get taller every time I see you. Any chance you could show me some of those flowers for my garden? I'd love to see what you think"**

Emma's eyes went wide. **"YES!"** She disengaged herself from her Dad's big leg and ran toward Elyria. Any chance to show off her powers instantly made her focus. The woman smiled at Michael and followed the girl out so her parents could be alone.

Wendy watched them leave and said, **"I want to be her when I grow up. Thank God I met you before she did"**

Michael laughed. **"She only has eyes for Daruth"**

"Someone should tell Silas that. I swear he was about to impregnate every woman in the room"

"She is something alright. Daruth knew what he was doing when he married her"

"Are you sure we just can't send her to fight the Red Queen"

He shrugged. **"Now there's an idea"**

She lifted up and kissed his lips. He pulled her right off the floor and sunk his tongue deep in her mouth.

He was home. For now.

"You're sure?" The Red Queen asked Jack.

"Absolutely" he nodded. **"The boy is her Son. And he's no mere boy"**

She waved the dark gemmed staff at him. **"Clearly"**

"He's a Werewolf. Like his Father"

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“Then he will be easy to control, once some time goes by and his power wanes”

“My thoughts exactly. In the meantime, we could use him against the White Kingdom. Until he’s no longer able to use his abilities. Then he will, of course, have ‘other’ uses”

She held his gaze for a long moment. **“You could control him?”**

“Of course” Jack smiled. **“Look at his Mother”**

The Queen turned to Helen, who was looking straight ahead, ready for any command the Queen gave her.

“After dark. Meet me in the tower. Let’s see what you can do with him. If your as good as you think you are, we might just be able to kill both White Royals with one stone”

He smiled. **“As you wish”**

The wolves stood near the barn. All the animals were far away. Being near Michael was one thing, being near a large pack of Werewolves was another, and the horses didn’t trust them.

Michael, Daruth and Silas stood together, facing the others.

“It’s time” Michael said. He turned and looked to his right. A moment later a glow began to form in the air. It expanded over the next minute until It was the size of a pickup truck. Then it glowed brighter and suddenly settled into a rainbow shimmer. It looked like swirling colored water hanging in air. It was surrounded by peacock feathers.

“Damn” one of the wolves said. **“We’re supposed to go the through that?”**

“Phoebe is leading us” Michael reminded them. **“We have nothing to fear”**

“Except losing our powers for good” the man said back.

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Michael looked right at him. **“Perhaps your not man enough to have your powers in the first place?”** He took a step forward and the man took three back. **“Maybe I should just take them now”**

He belonged to Silas. Before Michael could do or say anything else, Silas surged forward with supernatural speed and backhanded the man to the ground and let out a loud growl. He looked at the rest of the pack, daring them to defy him.

“Who else is afraid?” he yelled. **“Who else is to coward to stand with me?”** He beat his chest with his fist.

No one spoke. All eyes were on Silas. He grabbed the man and pulled him to his feet with one tug. **“Speak like that again and I will behead you myself!”**

The man’s eyes dropped to the ground. He may be afraid, but he was no fool.

“Wolves!” Silas commanded them. **“Forward!”**

Silas waited for no one. He was the first one to step through the portal. Nothing happened. No light, no sound. He was simply gone.

Michael had to smile. Silas was pure wolf, through and through. He stepped through next, followed by Sean, Bart and Jason. Daruth waved the rest forward. Once all were gone, he looked at Elyria standing next to Wendy. Several other females wolves from both packs were coming out of the woods toward them.

“My love” he smiled at her. She waved back and he stepped through.

The moment he was gone, she took command.

“Everyone gather around! We must unite and prove to any rogue Alpha that we are not to be tried!”

Wendy watched her direct the group. There were more of them than Wendy imagined there would be. Only a few male wolves were present. None challenged Elyria’s authority.

That’s probably for the best, Wendy thought to herself. She remembered what she said to Michael earlier. She absolutely wanted to be Elyria when she grew up.

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CHAPTER TWELVE

The Queen and Jack were in the tower. She used her magic and formed a shimmering cage in the center of the room. Her staff was standing upright on the ground, all by itself. The dark gem swirled with smoke.

She stepped back and looked at Jack. **“Ready?”**

He nodded. **“Bring him out”**

She grabbed the staff and tapped it three times on the ground. The gem glowed red and flashed with power. The smoke suddenly appeared within the cage of magic, leaving the gem clear once more.

Jack immediately stepped forward as the smoke formed into Chase.

Jack gave him no time. The moment Chase looked at him, Jack struck him with his magic. Chase’s eyes glazed over and he swayed in place.

The Queen watched. **“Well?”**

Jack didn’t turn to her. **“I have him”**

“Good. Finish the job and tell me when he’s ready. We may not have much time”

She left the room, her staff in hand. The door closed behind her and locked.

Jack waited until the cage disappeared. He smiled at Chase.

“Hello, little one. It’s not often I bed a Werewolf, but for YOU, I’ll make an exception”

Jack pulled off his shirt and tossed it to the floor. **“Well, I know you can growl, let’s see if I can make you moan”**

He pulled Chase toward him and kissed him on the mouth.

Chase moaned and wrapped his arms around Jack’s neck.

The tattoos on Jack’s body began to move. He took one of the boy’s hands and placed it on his big cock.

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The wolves looked around. It was like nothing any of them had experienced before.

“Where the hell are we?” Daruth asked.

“The lands of the Red Queen” Michael replied. He looked around. **“How does everyone feel?”**

The men looked at their hands and then each other. No one complained.

“We have limited time” Michael began. **“We must find the Red Queen and kill her. Chase and his Mother are next. We don’t leave without them”**

Ryan stepped forward, lifting his head in the air. He took several deep breaths. No one spoke. Ryan was the best tracker alive.

He pointed to the left. **“He went that way!”**

“Hold your forms until we fight. Some of you may not get more than one attempt”

Nearly one hundred and fifty men ran forward, far faster than normal men could run. Michael, Silas, and Daruth led the entire group. And they in turn, followed Ryan.

Jack was taking his time. She waited. This must be done right. So much had changed in the last few days. If the boy really was the Son of...

The Queen stopped pacing and looked blankly out in space.

Then she screamed!

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Jack heard her. He lifted himself off Chase. Both were naked. Jack had already made the boy cum twice, but the child was stronger than Jack realized. Even more than his mother. He was somehow resisting him. Not fully, but enough that Jack became frustrated. This was going to take more time.

But something was wrong with the Queen. He pulled his big dick out of Chase's mouth and grabbed his pants. He put them on, stuffed his cock inside and ran out toward the Queen's chamber.

"We are under attack!" She shouted at him as he arrived.

"The White King would not dare!" He replied.

"It's not them! Werewolves! They are here and coming right for us!"

Jack looked stunned. **"How?"** He looked into her crystal globe at the wave of powerfully built men running toward them.

"There are so many of them!" She cried. **"Get the army! They must be stopped!"**

Jack felt his heart race. He never fought a Werewolf. Not fairly, at least.

"The boy!" She barked. **"Is he ready?"**

"No! I mean yes, but not fully!"

"Take him. Use him! Make him fight for us!"

"What about the White Royals?"

Her anger filled the room. The walls shook with her power. **"They will have nothing to worry about if we are dead! Kill the wolves! They're our priority now!"**

Jack spun around and ran back up the stairs.

The small Werewolf was needed.

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He found Chase still naked, and laying in bed. He scooped the child up and stroked his face with one large hand. He began to whisper at him, filling his mind with instructions. Chase turned his hazy eyes toward Jack and nodded. Jack leaned down and kissed his lips. The tattoos on his body began to move.

Jack's mouth found the boy's neck and began to suck and kiss at his flesh. **"Do it for me, little one"**

Chase opened his eyes and looked at the ceiling. For the briefest moment they turned to gold.

Jack never saw it.

The White King and Queen watched the men run with supernatural speed. The Queen stepped forward, touching the crystal ball.

"What are they?"

"From Earth" the King replied. **"Maybe they know HER?"**

The Queen nodded. **"They must. Why else are they here?"**

"The boy of smoke?"

The Queen watched the men and said, **"They are so much bigger than him. He said nothing about them. Only the Earth Goddess. And the Moon Woman"**

She moved to him. **"What should we do?"**

The King watched in thought as the men surged forward. **"We gather our army. If the Red Queen is to be dethroned, it will be now. We cannot waste this chance"**

The regal Queen turned to the guards. **"Alert the army. We will block the Red Queen and take her throne once these strange men have dealt with her"**

The guards ran out as the White Queen and King began to change. Their robes pulled up and twisted around them. White light rippled across their bodies.

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When the light left, both stood in magnificent suits of white armor. The King held out his hand to his wife and together they went to lead their army.

Chase, wearing jeans and his oversized football jersey, stood next to his Mother as the Queen and Jack made their plans. Neither recognized the other. The entire army was gathered as Jack spoke. Thousands of troops, armed with swords and armor stood at the ready.

Once Jack had flooded them with his power, he turned to the Queen and nodded. She lifted up her staff and took in a deep breath.

The entire army began to glow red.

It took a tremendous amount of power. Within a minute they were gone! Chase and Jack with them.

The Queen was unsteady on her feet. She held herself up on her staff and breathed deeply. She turned to Helen and watched for any signs Jack's spell was unraveling.

Helen remained still.

The Queen watched her carefully. **"With me"** Then she moved to her throne to observe the battle. Helen followed her.

Ryan saw them first. He stopped running and pointed.

A massive army was before them. Silas growled as did Daruth. The rest of the pack filled the air with thunderous noise right after.

Michael turned to them. **"These are men. Nothing more. Kill any who stand in your way. The Queen is our objective!"**

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Silas began to ripple, followed by Daruth. Once the two Alpha's had changed, the rest of the pack followed suit.

Michael remained human. He charged forward. Everyone else followed.

It took almost five minutes at full speed to make first contact with the Queen's army. Even in human form, Michael was faster than the rest. He swatted his thickly muscled arms and dozens of soldiers flew through the air as if they weighed nothing. He heard the wolves behind him clash like a wall of death.

Within moments, arms, legs and heads were ripped from human bodies, killing a hundred soldiers in the first minute alone.

At first Michael thought how easy this would be. Even thousands of men could not stand up to the power of so many Werewolves.

Then he heard the screams. It came from the wolves!

He turned and saw the first wave of them on the ground and howling in pain. Smoke lifted up from their bodies.

The armor was made of silver!

He looked at his own hands. They were red.

"SHIT!"

A big man swung a sword at his neck. Michael ducked and kicked him in the chest. The man took out several soldiers as he flew back from the force of the blow.

"SILVER!" he shouted at the wolves.

The army advanced. Now it was their turn to kill the wolves.

Michael was far more immune to silver than a normal wolf would be. But it still hurt. He grabbed soldier after soldier and beat them down. His arms were now as red as his hands. Soon he would be forced to change.

He saw a man on a large horse at the very back of the group. The leader, he thought. He charged forward at full speed and ignored the pain of contacting with so much silver. Closer and closer he got. He saw the man smiling at him.

Arrogant fool! Michael thought. Death is coming little man!

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His hands became claws, thick and sharp. His shoulders began to bunch up with heavy muscle. He was now about 500 yards away from the horse.

Then it hit him. A dark cloud had raced toward him. It wove through the legs of the soldiers, hiding itself until it was too late for him to see. It completely enveloped the large blonde man.

Michael was suddenly in complete darkness and lifted right off the ground!

Silas saw it. Michael was blotted out by a dark cloud of smoke that suddenly rose up and took him with it. He swatted the head right off a soldier standing in front of him, as he watched Michael being carried away.

The Grand Alpha had just been taken off the board!

Silas raked his dense claws right through the soft metal. His hands smoked from the effort but he refused to allow the pain to stop him. He couldn't afford to look weak in front of any of them.

No matter what happened next, Silas told himself, he would be the last Werewolf standing.

Michael felt nothing. He was suspended in total darkness. There was nothing to touch, nothing to fight. He felt himself moving, but couldn't tell where or how fast. He swung his arms in the air.

Nothing. He was floating for several minutes. Unable to do anything about it.

Something hit him.

It wasn't physical.

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There was a pause. Then it happened again.

It was a pressure in his mind. Something was attacking him. Or at least trying to.

He remembered feeling this way before. Once before.

As a Grand Alpha, he was rarely attacked. In fact, most things did whatever they could to avoid fighting him.

But this time, there hadn't been a choice. Two vampires had confronted Michael. It was just after Chase had changed. They were trying to kill him, clearly unaware of what he truly was. No Grand Alpha could be killed by a mere vampire. Not without a mountain of luck on their side. They tried to burn him. They cast out their power and tried to incinerate him where he stood.

It was willpower!

They commanded the air around him to burn. At least they tried to. Michael felt it coming at him and he threw his own power against it. The fire reversed in mid air and burned them instead.

There was no greater source of willpower on the planet than a Grand Alpha, and now he was being challenged like that again. It was the same thing but from a different source.

Michael waited patiently. A moment later it came.

He grabbed it with his power.

It shook and thrashed. He lost it for a moment. Whatever it was, it was strong. He grabbed it again and this time pushed back...hard.

He heard a scream of pain.

Suddenly, he was falling. The darkness cleared. He was in the air. No one was around. He landed on the ground on his back. He sprung to his feet and found himself alone, surrounded by trees. Except he wasn't alone. There was a black cloud of smoke rapidly pulling together.

The first thing Michael saw was a billowing sheet of burgundy fabric moving in the air. Then the body of a small boy appeared as the smoke thinned and dropped him silently to the ground on his feet.

“CHASE!”

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Michael ran forward with his arms open. Halfway to his Son he felt intense pain on the side of his face. He was thrown back off his feet and struck the ground again, the air forced out of his lungs.

“CHASE!” he cried again. **“What’s wrong with you?”**

His Son didn’t answer. Michael blinked. His Son was no longer there. Now a jet black Werewolf was coming his way!

Michael barely dodged the next blow. He rolled to the side as a sharp clawed hand sunk into the ground with enough force to leave a massive indent. He kept rolling and managed to get to his feet. Right away, he felt his chest hit by a truck that looked very similar to a sleek cat like animal.

Michael absorbed the impact and barely managed to stay on his feet, but Chase was already coming forward again.

His speed was incredible!

Only the Alpha power of his wolf allowed Michael to keep track of him. Even then Chase was displayed in a series of blurs and vibrations.

Both sides of his face were struck. Michael felt the blood run down his skin and hit his shoulders.

“CHASE! STOP!”

Michael was strong. The strongest Werewolf in North America. But Chase was the Night Wolf. Created to subdue any normal Werewolf.

Except Michael was no simple Werewolf.

This fight had no precedent.

Within five minutes, Michael was covered in deep cuts as Chase circled around him, hitting him high, low, and in-between.

Michael was slower than his Son, but he was stronger, even as just a man. But in another form?

Michael began to change!

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Within less than a minute, Michael was replaced by a massive Werewolf that dwarfed its opponent by a factor of five. It spread his great arms out and tried to catch the jet black animal.

Chase struck at the animal over and over again, but his claws couldn't get by the thick pelt of fur surrounding the huge Wolf's frame. Dozens of blows were struck all over the large beast's frame, but none hurt him. The great animal swung and tried to catch the smaller one, but each time it was too late. The smaller wolf was far faster, but now the new enemy was immune to the Night Wolf's attacks.

Stalemate.

Michael had to give up control. This fight had to be between two animals. Michael let go and allowed his Wolf to take over.

Now the Night Wolf faced a Grand Alpha!

Every time the black wolf came near he risked the chance of getting caught. The Grand Alpha was faster than Michael. Stronger than Michael. And far more savage than Michael.

The IDRIS threw his power at the Werewolf. The animal took one step back then roared with all its might and cast its power right back at him.

Chase was struck by the full willpower of a Grand Alpha. He was thrown on his back, dazed by the sheer strength of the huge predator before him. He barely managed to move as the beast jumped at him. He was too disoriented from the blast of power. He ran into a large tree and bounced off the thick trunk. Before he could run away the Werewolf caught him by the neck.

It blasted him again!

It hurt. It felt like his mind had been slapped by a giant hand. Chase had nowhere to run. The massive hand on his neck squeezed. Chase did the only thing he could, he shifted into smoke. He reformed behind the Werewolf and struck at his head. It swung around and tried to swat at him, but Chase was no longer corporal. The big arm cut through smoke instead.

The animal roared. The great beast did something to him.

Chase felt it. He felt his body start to return. NO! He fought it. Barely. It was making him shift back. At least it was trying to. Two battles were happening simultaneously. One physical and one of willpower.

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The animal clawed at the air as it growled at him. Chase couldn't move as fast while smoke and the animal easily kept up with him.

This was a new stalemate. Chase could stay as smoke, but couldn't fight. The Werewolf could move faster than him, but couldn't touch him either. Meanwhile Chase was being pushed to reform into with physical body. It was taking everything he had to hold the attack at bay.

The game of cat and mouse continued for several minutes. The Grand Alpha tried to break the Night Wolf's will over and over again. Each time the smoke vibrated, but never became solid. Every cast of power from the Grand Alpha was met with a response from the Night Wolf.

Michael was frustrated. His Wolf couldn't beat the Sword of Phoebe.

No one had ever defied his power before. This would go on for hours until one of them made a slight mistake. Michael knew this fight had to end. Helen needed him. Chase needed him. He had to be the Grand Alpha Phoebe created him to be.

There was no choice. It was time to see who was truly stronger.

The huge Werewolf began to transform again!

It took thirty seconds.

Thick limbs were replaced with monstrous arms. Legs, the size of tree trunks swelled with immense strength. Massive teeth stretched and elongated in his enormous muzzle. The thick cloud of black smoke began to vibrate violently.

The BEAST was here!

He was massive! Everything about him screamed death. It was a nightmare come to life. A Monster made reality.

The BEAST looked at the cloud of black smoke and sent out a wave of unbelievable willpower. It's massive hands were spread apart and it's thick muscles shook with raw strength as the air filled with the loudest roar the land had ever heard.

Chase was hit harder than he had ever been in his life. An ocean of power hit him from every angle. He drowned in it. It thrashed him side to side. He was like straw in a hurricane. Everywhere. Nowhere. Lost in a sea of raw strength. He couldn't focus. Couldn't fight back.

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His willpower cracked!

The smoke reformed and the Night Wolf was on his back. It's mouth was drawing in as much air as it could. It's golden eyes glowed with power. The sudden shock of being forced to reform made the jet black body shake and tremble.

The BEAST towered over, flashing it's massive teeth at him. Daring him to move.

The IDRIS growled and struck at the BEAST. He hit him in the face with one clawed hand. Then the other hand struck the opposite side.

The BEAST didn't move. It didn't need to.

The small black animal looked at it in disbelief. This was not a man. It wasn't even a Werewolf. It was a MONSTER, plain and simple. Before the Night Wolf could attack again, he was struck with another blast of power.

He heard the deafening roar. The BEAST hit him with something so strong that Chase felt his wolf dissolve away. He was smothered by a blanket of raw strength. Through hazy eyes, he saw the BEAST advance. Massive hands grabbed his shoulders and lifted him up as if he were a doll.

The BEAST's face was inches from him. It's mouth opened and the IDRIS saw rows of sharp teeth. The BEAST roared again.

Chase was blasted unconscious.

The Monster shook him. The small black body was slumped in his hands. The BEAST growled and lifted the black Were-thing around.

No fight was left.

It set the tiny thing on the ground and stood over it. The massive claws were pointed away from the small thing, careful not to hurt it. One wrong move and the child would be ripped open by the sharp, hard claws of the Grand Alpha.

The boy's eyes were closed. The large burgundy jersey swam around the slender body.

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The BEAST wasn't done. It stood guard, waiting. It's massive feet indented the ground around the human child. The sheer weight of the animal made the boy rock back and forth as it moved around him.

The BEAST let out a massive roar of victory! It swung it's head from side to side, daring anything to challenge it. But they were alone. This thing. This tiny thing belonged to him. It was his to do with as he pleased. The BEAST pulled it's mouth back and gave the child thing a frightening grin. It leaned over, it's huge muzzle inches from the boy's face. It breathed deep, taking in the child's scent.

The BEAST licked him. The taste of the child's flesh made the Monster moan in pleasure. It licked at him again. And again. The BEAST's huge prick began to swell. The desire for this tiny thing consumed the great animal's thoughts. His muscles swelled with power. He wanted the child to see him. To worship him! He licked and licked at the boy's face.

Finally, the small, thin boy opened his eyes.

YES!

The BEAST towered over him. He surround the child, trapping him in a cage of furry muscle and death. He held himself over the small thing and breathed down over him.

SEE ME! The BEAST demanded.

Chase's face immediately twisted in rage. He struck his hands at the BEAST, trying to hurt him.

The Monster looked down at the tiny thing with confusion. What was wrong with it? There was no more fight. The battle was over. The BEAST had won! Now it wanted it's prize. The child MUST submit!

The BEAST's great jaw opened, showing off rows of huge, sharp teeth. It roared.

The boy's face rippled with the force of wind the BEAST created. But instead of complying the child hit the animal's face with his small hands. The great animal felt nothing. In this form the boy had no more power than an insect. The BEAST was amused that the child thing would even try. He lowered his head and let the child beat at him.

It seemed fun.

The BEAST licked at the boy. The child screamed and hit him harder. The BEAST would have laughed if he could. Instead he licked at him some more. His thick tongue swiped

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into the boy's mouth several times. The huge prick between the animal's muscled legs throbbed with lust.

Several minutes went by. The BEAST rose up, showing off his huge cock! Maybe the child needed to see it? Maybe now he would respond the way he should?

He stepped up, making sure the small thing could see his great prick.

Worship Me! The BEAST demanded.

The boy didn't respond. In fact it ignored the display.

The BEAST roared with anger. It dropped around Chase again, trapping him in place. Chase began to beat at it again.

Chase could not hurt him, but the BEAST could not break Chase out of his condition.

But there was something it COULD do. It could prevent the human child from changing.

It tried, over and over again. First smoke, then the Night Wolf. Every time the shift started, the immense willpower of the BEAST struck it down. It was a game. At least to the BEAST. Over and over the boy tried to change only to find the Monster in front of him, toying with him and keeping him trapped.

The BEAST licked and lapped at the child as it yelled and beat at his face. The great animal stood over it on all four paws. It wanted the small boy to look at it. To take in the glorious sight of power.

The huge prick throbbed between the BEAST's legs. It's size dwarfed even a horse. It growled and roared in the child's face. It covered him in spit and rubbed it's huge prick on the boy's small body. Between the boy's legs and over the child's chest, the great BEAST stroked him with his cock.

FEEL IT! The BEAST commanded. But the boy didn't notice.

The BEAST was frustrated. Nothing had ever resisted its power. No other Werewolf, no Vampire, and certainly no mere child. It beat at the ground near the child's head as the boy hit at it in futility. His small hands bounced off the animal's face like tiny hammers made of air as the great animal licked and nuzzled the child, trying to excite him. To shift his anger to lust. But it wouldn't give in.

The BEAST didn't know what else to do.

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The BEAST would not hurt him. That was not an option. This child thing was his possession. His prize. But the small human would not give up either. Unable to hurt the BEAST, it simply beat at him in futility.

Chase struck at the animal, not caring about its size or strength. Nothing else mattered except the Queen's will.

Stalemate.

Silas killed more men than he could remember. He was covered in blood. He knew several wolves were dead. He felt the loss of power with each death. He jumped high into the air and landed near a tree. He ran up it and looked around.

Sean was a killing machine. Soldiers dead on the ground surrounded him. The boy was far faster than any of the others, save himself and Daruth. Black claws cut through silver with ease. Blood dripped from his coat and sprayed all over the ground as Sean sliced his deadly arms through the air.

Bart and Jason, as always, were near their brother. They were doing far less killing but flanked Sean regardless. Together they formed a triangle of death.

Silas growled.

Almost half the Queen's army were on the ground, missing limbs or heads. A third of the Werewolves were lifeless around them. He saw the leader of the army far away, surrounded by several well armored soldiers. It would take everything they had to reach him. He looked around and saw Daruth. He pushed his power out and the Alpha responded immediately. It swung its great head toward him and locked eyes.

Daruth began to run at him.

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By the time he reached Silas, the other Alpha had already changed back into human form. Daruth joined him. In a mere minute, two human males faced one another.

“If we continue this we will both loose” Silas said. **“Half of them are dead, but it will take the rest of us to finish the job. Maybe a handful of wolves will be left”**

“Agreed” Daruth said. **“We didn’t anticipate an army protected by silver”**

“Michael is gone. It looked like Chase” Silas looked around. **“Did you see it? The black cloud?”**

“Yes. But he lives. We would have felt the death of a Grand Alpha”

“Regardless, we are far weaker without him. This fight would already be over if he were still here. If we...”

Silas began to say something when he suddenly stopped and took a step forward.

“What’s wrong?”

Silas didn’t answer right away. He took in a breath and looked at Daruth. **“My God, I didn’t see it before. I was so busy keeping the pack together, I didn’t notice what he was doing”**

“Doing? Who?”

Silas’s face twisted in anger. **“Use your power! Are you an Alpha or not? Look at them!”**

Daruth turned to the army. What was Silas talking about. He was hundred of soldiers in silver armor fighting a hoard of Werewolves. What did he see?

“Be the Alpha you are!” Silas shouted at him.

Daruth’s eyes shifted. He saw it too. **“Oh my God!”**

“YES!” Silas grinned. **“You see! This is no army! They are slaves! Pawns to be used!”** He pointed in the distance to the man sitting on a horse far away. **“It’s him! He’s doing this!”**

Daruth nodded. **“He’s using willpower!”**

“Willpower!” Silas shouted. **“The foundation of every Alpha wolf. This fool has made a mistake. Give me your power Daruth! I will crush the life out of him!”**

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Daruth took a step back.

Silas was asking for something that could not be taken back. He wanted Daruth to submit to him. To add his Alpha power to his own. To give him the strength of another full Alpha. Silas would be exponentially stronger. But all the wolves under Daruth's control would suddenly shift to Silas as their one true leader.

They would never be Daruth's again.

He looked at the battlefield. So many dead. So many wolves lifeless on the ground. Now almost half of their army was gone. The remaining soldiers now numbered just over a thousand.

Silas was right, Daruth understood. But this... He took in a deep breath. Daruth was an Alpha. He would die for his men. If this kept them alive, it had to be done.

He looked Silas in the eyes. **"Kill him!"**

He turned his hands outward, palms up. He closed his eyes and opened himself up.

The raw power of Silas flowed around him. It pulled and tugged at Daruth from all sides. Daruth did not resist. He let it happen. Silas moved his power inside of Daruth and started to absorb him.

It was far more intimate than any sex Daruth had ever had. This was complete submission. Complete and utter acceptance of Silas's status as an Alpha.

Daruth felt his power sapped away. His connection to his wolves began to disappear.

Silas's eyes began to glow, brighter and brighter.

It took only a few minutes.

"YES!" He stretched out his muscled arms and absorbed the power from Daruth. The lesser Alpha, now submitted to him and dropped to his knees.

Silas let out a deafening roar and began to shift into a Werewolf. **"Come and fight me little man!"** He screamed. **"Your willpower is NOTHING to me! I invented this shit!"**

Silas was now a bigger Werewolf than he had ever been in his life. Daruth's power filled him up and added to his own immense strength. Silas looked at the man on his knees. He put one massive clawed hand on his head, accepting his gift, and then he jumped in the air and flew hundreds of yards away and landing in a group of silver armored men.

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He didn't strike them. He didn't have to.

He released his power and the men rocked back on their feet from the blast. In unison they turned and looked back toward Jack. They raised their swords and advanced.

Silas had replaced Jack's will with his own! His massive body throbbed with power from the new additions to his pack.

He moved forward and did it again. More and more soldiers turned from Jack's control and became slaves to the Werewolf's will. Silas roared with strength!

Jack felt it. It hurt.

He looked around, lifting himself up on his horse. He had already lost more than half his army but he was confident he could kill the remaining Werewolves with what was left. At least he had been confident. Something shifted. The tattoos on his body shifted and itched under his skin.

He released more magic. What was happening?

There was something wrong. At the center of the fight. His army was turning. Turning to face...HIM!

"What?"

There was a massive Werewolf in the center of an ever increasing pool of soldiers. They were not attacking him. They flanked him. More and more turned toward Jack as the Werewolf advanced!

He pushed at the men but his power hit a wall!

"NO!"

Now Werewolves and soldiers were advancing on him side by side. Jack had never fought like this before. It took immense power to control so many. Only the Queen's magic had made it possible. Only she had given him the ability to command so many at once. He wasn't ready for what was happening. The savage animal was pulling his magic

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apart a dozen men at a time. Soldiers were fighting soldiers until the beast turned them too.

The tattoos began to burn and smoke on Jack's flesh. The Werewolf jumped. More soldiers immediately stopped fighting. Another wave of men now fought for the beast!

The Werewolf became bigger! In fact with each group of soldiers he turned, the wolf grew in size. He now towered over the other beasts by at least two feet.

"NO! FIGHT THEM!" Jack screamed.

The beast jumped again. And again.

Jack saw him. Their eyes locked together. Jack could no longer feel anyone under his command! The wolf had taken them all!

It jumped right at him.

Jack screamed and fell off his horse. The Werewolf landed right over him. It reached down and lifted Jack up and tossed him into the air. Jack landed on his back. Hard. The armor dug into his flesh as he rattled like a tin can to the ground.

The beast grabbed his chest plate and ripped it off his body. Now Jack was bare chested, his tattoos swirling in anger on his torso and arms. His flesh was red and sore from the magic pouring out of him, but there was no one left to use it on.

The huge Werewolf shrank. It took less than twenty seconds before Jack faced a large man, with huge muscles and hands still tipped with sharp claws.

"You are no Alpha little man!" The gravely voice stated.

Silas reached down and lifted Jack up by the neck until his feet dangled in the air. Their locked eyes.

"Hey Jack?" Silas swung his powerful arm and beheaded Jack. His head bounced on the ground and rolled to a stop. Silas tossed the lifeless body away and looked at the head.

"Made you look!"

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Every soldier dropped to the ground on their knees, taking their helmets off and their swords falling out of their hands.

The Werewolves began to shift into human form.

Daruth and Ryan ran up to Silas who now held Jack's bloody head in his hand. He held it up for the crowd to see and roared.

The power he released was immense. Silas now commanded every wolf and every man in sight.

Ryan touched Daruth's arm and nodded toward Silas. The former Alpha saw it immediately.

Tattoos began to form on the body of Silas. They swirled black and snaked down his arms, back and chest. They looked alive, like dark vines etching into the man's flesh.

"What's happening?" Ryan asked.

Daruth shook his head. **"Nothing good"**

Silas's eyes began to glow. So did the tattoos.

Bart, Sean and Jason moved up to Daruth as they looked at Silas. They were exhausted. Only Sean looked unfazed by the presence of so much silver. Being a part of Michael's pack clearly had its advantages. He looked at the former Alpha. **"You're sacrifice may have just saved the rest of us"**

Daruth didn't respond. It was done. Silas now had his power.

Bart pushed at Sean's shoulder. **"What did he do?"**

"Daruth gave his power to Silas. That's how he turned the soldiers to our side"

Bart looked at Daruth, who still seemed imposing to him. **"Damn. That's why Silas was so big?"**

Daruth didn't answer.

Sean looked around at all the dead. **"We have to find Michael. We need to regroup"**

Silas didn't hear him. He was still celebrating.

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CHAPTER THIRTEEN

The BEAST held the child in a blanket of power. The small boy helpless, but defiant, yelled at him.

They both lost track of time. This fight had gone on for hours. Normally at this point the massive Alpha would simply kill his prey. But The BEAST could not do that. This thing was too valuable. It belonged to him. The child thing simply needed to submit. Why was it still fighting? The battle was over.

Chase beat at the monster, his tiny fists bouncing off harmlessly. He couldn't shift, he couldn't become the Night Wolf. The BEAST was everywhere! There was no escape.

A strong breeze blew over them. It moved through the thick fur of the BEAST and through his powerful limbs and washed over the small boy on his back, trapped inside a pair of massive arms.

The burgundy jersey lifted up and wrapped around the boy's face. For a moment the BEAST couldn't see him.

Chase breathed in.

Time froze.

He stopped yelling. Stopped fighting. His arms dropped to his side. He became still.

His eyes glowed bright gold.

Chase saw him.

Dark hair.

Thick muscles.

Handsome face.

He wore a burgundy football jersey and a pair of jeans.

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He was smiling at him. He held out his hand and Chase took it. The large boy pulled him into his arms and Chase pressed his face into his strong chest.

He breathed deeply.

His entire being pulsed with desire. The smell of the boy's strong masculine body made Chase forget about everything. His mind melted until all that existed was the handsome teenager.

The muscled boy stepped back and lifted up his jersey, showing off his strong chest. He tossed the burgundy garment to the floor and flexed one thick bicep at Chase.

Chase grinned and reached out, running his fingers over the powerful muscle. His hands found the boy's chest and moved through the center of his bulging pecs. His hard nipples were warm and erect. He kissed at them, sucking each into his mouth. He felt the strapping teenager's large hand on his head, guiding him, moving his mouth around his body.

The hand shifted to his shoulder and pushed Chase to his knees.

Chase looked up and smiled as the handsome boy's large hands pulled at his belt and unzipped his jeans. He pushed his pants down and his bulging crotch came into view. He grabbed Chase by the back of the head and pulled him forward. His face was buried between the boy's hairy, muscled thighs and pressed into the white shorts holding his big dick.

Chase breathed!

He moaned loudly. The intoxicating scent made his dick hard. He nuzzled the muscle boy's crotch and grabbed his big, hairy legs to pull himself forward.

His eyes glowed with golden light!

The boy pushed his head back and held it still in one hand. He grinned down and lifted an arm up, flexing a thick bicep at him.

Chase groaned with pleasure at the sight. He tried to move forward but the boy was too strong.

He reached down and pulled his shorts open and looked inside. He whistled.

Chase laughed.

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The strapping boy reached inside and hauled out his big dick. He took his hand away and let it sit on the band of his shorts.

Chase lunged for it, his mouth opened, but the boy held him back. He stuck his tongue out to try to lick at it, but he was just out of reach. He looked up with pleading eyes, but the handsome black haired teenager just laughed at him.

He put two big fingers in his mouth and let Chase suck on them.

Chase sucked them hard! His eyes were locked on the huge, hard dick hanging in front of him. He breathed it in, his mouth watering around the boy's large fingers. He moaned. Loudly. He pushed forward, but the boy held him still. Finally, Chase couldn't take it anymore. He looked up, his eyes full of tears.

The boy pulled his fingers out of his mouth and ran them over his cheek. He smiled at him. He took his other hand off Chase's head and put his hands on his hips. He nodded.

Chase moaned and his mouth engulfed the large, thick cock in one gulp. He pushed forward until his lips were pressed against his black pubic hair. The huge prick sunk right down his throat and started to throb! He had the entire thing!

Chase started to swallow over and over again, milking the great shaft and licking the underside with his tongue.

The boy's hand stroked his hair tenderly. Patiently.

Chase breathed him in and sucked the boy's big cock like his life depended on it.

He had never felt so complete. So completely satisfied.

The boy's large hand moved through his hair rhythmically, and Chase began to cry.

The BEAST watched the child thing with confusion. Something was happening to him. Something that had nothing to do with the BEAST.

The boy began to blink. His golden eyes looking nowhere and everywhere at the same time. It was unsettling. The BEAST couldn't focus on him. There were no pupils to lock

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onto. It was as if the boy was there and not there at the same time. The BEAST grumbled in confusion.

Suddenly the child took in a deep breath. His small chest lifted right off the ground. His small hands grabbed the great BEAST by the forearms and he looked right into his eyes.

“DANIEL!” he shouted.

The BEAST pulled it's head back.

The boy blinked rapidly. His eyes went from glowing to simply gold, and then to a blue silver hue. They looked right at him.

“Dad?”

The BEAST tilted it's neck as if looking at the child from a different angle would reveal something.

“Dad? Where...?”

The small human looked around. Why wasn't it afraid? It should be afraid. He let a low growl out at it. Maybe it didn't see him?

Tiny hands stroked the BEAST's massive muzzle as if it's razor sharp teeth meant nothing.

“Dad? How are you here? Polus said you couldn't come”

Chase began to rise.

It's sitting up! The BEAST pulled back. Now it's getting up! It's moving. The child thing grabbed at his massive arms and used them to rise to his feet.

The BEAST stood up, towering over the small human. Instead of running, the small thing wrapped it's small arms around one of his massive legs and hugged it tight.

“Dad! I'm so glad you're here!”

He felt it inside. The man was taking over. The BEAST didn't understand. This human was his. It should fear him. Drop to it's knees.

Micheal climbed up and pushed the BEAST down, taking back control of his body. It was an effort, but the BEAST finally agreed.

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The Monster began to shrink.

In less than a minute a huge Werewolf stood before Chase. Then it shrunk as well, smaller and smaller, the naked form of his blonde Father stood before him.

“CHASE!” The big man wrapped his arms around his Son and lifted him right off the ground. The boy wrapped his arms around his neck and hugged him back.

“Dad! I though you couldn’t come!”

“I’m not supposed to be here, but something’s wrong Chase. Your mom is here!”

Chase pulled back. **“What!?!”**

Michael filled him on on what he knew, which wasn’t much. Jack, Helen being taken, Andreas being shot. He did his best to catch Chase up.

“Polus never told me that? I’m just supposed to kill the Red Queen and find some children. Why do they want mom? He just made sure I could kill the Queen. Nothing about mom”

Michael looked confused. **“What do you mean he made sure?”** Michael still held his Son off the ground. He wasn’t ready to let him go yet. He looked at the oversized jersey. He had never seen it before. It could belong to Bart, or Sean maybe. There was something about it that made Micheal blink. It was more...or less...he couldn’t make up his mind. It was just not...

“Chase what are you wearing?”

The handsome boy smiled as he rubbed at the fabric with his hands. **“Insurance”** He leaned in and kissed his Dad on the mouth several times. His Dad kissed him back.

“I know what to do” Chase told him. **“I know how to kill her. We can get mom and leave this place”** His hands ran through his Father’s thick blonde hair several times as if he didn’t believe the big man was actually there.

“I don’t think you understand Chase” Michael said. **“Your mom is connected to all of this somehow. Phoebe wouldn’t have sent all of us if you could do this on your own”**

“All of us?” Chase blinked. **“Who else is here?”**

“Everyone” Michael replied. **“Let’s regroup, we can do this together”**

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“No. The Queen is too powerful. I know what to do. Just distract the rest of them. Jack controls them. All of them”

“Chase...”

“Dad, I can do this. I know who I am now. Jack couldn’t control me. Not fully. He didn’t know what I am and what I can do now”

“What does that mean?”

“It means the Red Queen is about to be dethroned. I’m every Night Wolf”

“What?” Michael was confused. **“I don’t understand Chase”**

“I know Dad” the handsome boy smiled at him. He pushed away until Michael set him on the ground and Chase put a hand on his own chest. **“They’re all in me”**

Chase stepped back and his entire body began to vibrate. **“Get the others. Move to the castle. I’ll be there. I’ll find mom and get her back”**

He smiled at his Father and then Chase moved so fast it was as if he blinked out of existence.

Michael stood there, looking at the spot Chase used to occupy.

“Daniel?”

But there was no one to answer his question.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

It took twenty minutes for Michael to find the rest of the Werewolves. When he did he felt the shift in power immediately. Silas stood out like a beacon with threads of light connecting him to every Werewolf and every remaining soldier.

“Silas?”

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The large man turned to him and smiled. **“Ah, there you are. The battle is finished. We won!”**

Micheal saw the bodies of thousands, dead on the ground. So many wolves lost. **“This is winning?”**

Silas didn't seem to be bothered by the sight. **“War is never pleasant. We are still standing. In the end, that is all that matters”**

Michael saw the tattoos all over Silas's arms, and chest. He looked at Daruth. He saw it immediately. Daruth was no longer the Alpha.

“What did you do?”

“What I had to” Daruth answered. **“Silas is right. We won. The only way we could”**

Sean stepped up and spoke. **“That man, Jack. He was using some kind of magic to control his army. It felt like a form of willpower. At least it acted the same. Silas used his own power to counter Jack's. It worked. The army now obeys Silas”**

“His power?” Michael scoffed. **“You mean he used the power of TWO Alphas”**

Sean opened his mouth but then closed it. What was there to say.

Daruth took over. **“It had to be done. None of us could do what Silas did. Only he could contain so much power to defeat Jack. Adding my power to his, gave Silas the strength to take over”**

Michael took a large step toward Silas. Silas didn't step back. He took another step and glared at Silas.

It happened, but not right away. Silas let his eyes drop to the floor. But the challenge was there. As always.

“What is this new power you have Silas? It is not from Daruth. I can smell it on you. It reeks of magic”

The large man looked at his limbs, covered in black swirling tattoos. **“I'm not sure. It belonged to Jack. Apparently once I killed him, his power bonded to me”**

Micheal's hand shot out and grabbed Silas by the neck and lifted him up. He held him off the ground so their eyes were directly across from one another. The other wolves stirred, unhappy with what Michael did. He turned his head toward them and let out a loud

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growl. They immediately settled down and dropped their eyes from him, not willing to challenge his authority.

Again he turned his focus to Silas.

“I don’t care for this new power. It defies Phoebe”

Her name struck the wolves like a slap to the face. They shuddered and began to shift of their feet in confusion.

“Are you an Alpha Silas? Or have you betrayed your Creator?”

Silas grabbed Michael’s forearm and squeezed. **“I am always Alpha! I betrayed no one!”**

Michael pulled Silas forward and growled in his face. **“Test me little wolf! I fucking dare you!”**

Silas growled back but his defiance didn’t last after that. He simply held himself on Michael’s arm and let his eyes drop.

After a long moment, Michael set him back on his feet. **“We move to the castle. All of us!”** He looked at the mass of soldiers. **“You’re controlling them?”**

Silas smiled and waved one tattooed arm. They dropped to their knees. **“Apparently”**

“If I even think you are being corrupted by magic, I will end you myself” he looked over at the soldiers waiting for Silas to command. **“And your new toys won’t even slow me down”**

Silas nodded and opened his hands in surrender.

The Queen was furious! Jack was losing soldiers by the hundreds. She could not win this fight and then defend herself against the White Royals. She turned to Helen.

“Time to come home”

Helen’s face was blank.

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The Queen lifted one hand and waved it over Helen's body. **"YES! I feel it in you. The magic of the RED. You are indeed worthy"**

The crystal globe began to glow and pulse. The Queen looked inside and saw the White army approaching. This was no illusion. She could feel the White magic. They were real. All of them.

"Fine" she said to no one. **"I'll do it myself"** She looked at Helen one last time. **"Once I deal with them, the Harvest will begin my dear"**

She left Helen alone, standing tall and looking at nothing.

The White King led his army. His Queen by his side. Their magic was powerful. Not as great as the Red Queen's, but enough if she had no army to fight for her.

"Husband" the regal woman to his left said. He looked at her and she nodded in the distance. He looked over and saw them.

A small group of about a hundred soldiers in reddish garb were coming their way.

A woman in long flowing robes of silver and red rode up on a horse. She bowed to the White Royals.

"Magna?" The King said. **"Why are you here?"**

"I am here to avenge my Son. The Red Queen will answer for my loss. If you will have me, of course"

The White Queen held out her hand and Magna took it. **"Together"** she said. **"For Jack!"**

The White Royals and the small band of Magna's soldiers rode forward.

"Death to the Red Queen" Magna said.

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Chase stopped running and appeared inside the castle. He moved faster than anyone could see. He closed his eyes and felt for her.

“Mom” he said softly. He blinked away and moved up the staircase and down several long hallways. He found her in a large bedroom, standing perfectly still like a statue. He put his hands on her and shook her gently.

“Mom?”

She didn't respond. Chase hugged her. Still...nothing.

He took hold of his jersey. Polus made sure Jack couldn't control him. But this wouldn't work on his mom. She never even met Daniel.

He stepped back. **“Okay mom. Don't worry. I don't think this will hurt. At least I hope not”**

Chase opened his mouth. No sound came out. At least none that any human could hear. Small ripples of power waved through the air from his mouth, and washed over Helen.

It took almost a minute before she responded. She blinked several times.

“Chase?” She looked down at her clothes and then grabbed her Son and pulled him into her arms.

He hugged her so tight he thought he might hurt her.

“Mom, I'm here!”

“Oh baby!” She kissed at his head. **“How did you do that? You broke the magic!”** She pushed him suddenly away. **“Andreas! Jack shot him!”**

“It's okay mom! Dad says he's fine. He's not dead at least”

“Dad? Michael is here too?”

“Yeah! Everyone. Silas, Daruth, Bart, Sean and Jason. A bunch of wolves!”

“No! They can't exist here! She'll kill them”

“Mom it's okay. I'm here. Polus sent me to kill her”

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Helen shook her head. **“Chase you don’t understand. The Red Queen has ruled for thousands of years. Only ONE has ever escaped her”**

Chase’s brow creased. Again, this came up. **“That Liddell girl? Why does everyone keep bringing her up? Who is she? If she’s so special where is she?”**

Helen looked at her Son in surprise. Her hands squeezed his shoulders. **“Oh Chase, you don’t know? You really don’t know? They didn’t tell you where you are?”**

“What?...I mean, well not exactly. I know the Red Queen is evil and steals children from Earth. What else is there to know?”

Helen took in a deep breath. **“Chase the Liddell girl you speak of was the only one to ever oppose the Queen and live. Her name...was Alice”**

Chase looked blankly at his mom. **“Okay. So what? I’m here for the Queen and Jack”**

Helen waited. He needed more. **“Jack was taken over by the Queen and used to control an army that would be loyal only to her. She used the magic of the Red and twisted Jack’s power. She stole him from his mother right after she killed his Father. Jack has been her slave ever since. He had the power to spread love, but the Red Queen changed that so he now has the power to enthrall people against their will. In turn he has kept her Kingdom free from revolt for thousands of years. His mother is named Magna. She is known throughout the land...as the Queen of Hearts”**

Helen waited.

Chase blinked. **“The Queen of Hearts? Jack. Jack. Like the Jack of Hearts?”**

Helen nodded. **“Yes Chase. EXACTLY like that. And Alice?”**

Chase jumped back. **“Oh my God! You mean Alice? THE Alice? Alice in Wonderland, Alice? She’s real?”**

“Yes Chase. Alice was very real. We are in Wonderland and Alice didn’t just survive the Red Queen, she freed me. She took me with her so I could...”

There was a loud noise. It shook the walls.

Chase spun around. **“Mom, hide. I’ll deal with this. Dad will be here soon and we’ll all go home. Man I’ve got so much to tell you”**

He moved in and quickly kissed her face and blinked away before Helen could finish.

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“No! Chase! Come back. You need to hear the rest!”

But he was already gone. Chase hadn't heard what she said at the end. He didn't make the connection between herself and Alice. He was too fast. His mind couldn't take it all in.

Helen looked down at her regal robes. Her hands ran through the silk fabric and over the heavy jewels she wore around her neck and the rings on her fingers. She walked over to a large mirror and looked at herself.

“He broke the magic. Her's and Absolem's” She took in a deep breath and sighed.

“Never thought I'd see you again” she said to herself. She turned her palms to the mirror and her hair began to grow down her shoulders and back. It stopped at her waist. She looked at herself and sighed. Just one final thing to do.

She snapped her fingers.

Her hair turned dark red.

The Red Queen was screaming. The White army was coming! She held her staff out and pulled her power closer. She would kill them all! Red magic swirled around her and flowed through her body. Red lightning began to rain down on the army of White, but the King and Queen raised their swords and deflected the blasts. The Queen of Hearts spread her hands out and added her magic to theirs.

The Red Queen cried out and stamped the ground with her staff. The ground began to tremble and shake. The earth rolled higher and higher and accelerated at the army like a wave of water.

The White Queen jumped to the ground from her horse and put her bare hands on the ground. The air twisted in front of them and the wave of earth struck an invisible wall and stopped cold, crashed backward in defeat.

“Well done my dear” the King said. The Queen nodded and wiped her hands off.

The army advance.

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“NO!” The Red Queen screamed. She knew her power would be stronger and have more effect on them, the closer they came. It would be a tough fight, but one she was confident she could win.

She waved her staff and made several complex motions in the air. Dark shadows formed into something male like. Once she had made a few dozen of them, they quickly ran toward the advancing army of White with blinding speed.

The Queen smiled. **“Let’s see how well you fight an enemy you can’t touch”**

Just then Jack ran out to meet her.

“JACK!” She cried. **“What are you doing here? The wolves are still alive I can feel them!”**

“My Queen” he said, somewhat out of breath. **“Most are dead, the soldiers are finishing them now. I came to fight with you”**

“Fight with me? The wolves live! I can feel their power!” She repeated with confusion. She looked toward the advancing army. Her shadow puppets were being destroyed by White light from the King. **“I need no help from you! You have no power over them!”** She looked at the army again. **“They are coming!”**

“No, my Queen” Jack said, now three feet away from her. **“The enemy is already here!”**

She spun to look at him. **“Wha...?”** She never finished.

Jack opened his mouth and a thick pool of bright green fluid spewed forth and struck the Queen in the face!

Her flesh smoked and burned. She screamed. Her hand came up and immediately burned from where it touched the fluid. It clung to her flesh like slime. She couldn’t get it off. She shook her head violently and tried to shake it off.

She swung her staff at Jack but he was no longer there. He was behind her! When she turned and saw him, their eyes locked together.

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Jack's eyes were yellow. A sickly yellow. Something was coming out of them. Black waves of nauseating power flowed out of him and over her. She felt her body stiffen and refuse to move.

He was paralyzing her!

He opened his mouth and a wave of immense sound struck her like an ocean! She was lifted off her feet and tossed through the air until she hit the castle wall. Her staff fell from her hand and she crumpled to the ground.

She screamed, and clawed at her face, still trying to get the green slime off her. Her skin was burned off in several places. Muscle and tendons were now visible.

"JACK!" She shouted. **"I will not die by your hand!"**

She lifted her hand and it immediately glowed red with power. But when she looked up, Jack was gone. Instead she was looking at herself! Standing there, in the same clothes, holding a staff that was identical to hers! Except she wasn't injured.

"What magic is this?" She yelled.

"Would you kill yourself, great Queen?" The woman asked her, a smile on her face. She started to move forward, her eyes turning yellow and emitting black spots at her again.

"NO!" She let out a blast of red magic. It struck nothing. The second Queen was gone! Now to the far right stood a boy in an oversized red jersey.

"Too slow your majesty!" He grinned. **"Feeling your body shut down as your flesh burns? You look good on the ground. It suits you"**

"DIE!" She screamed. She blasted the spot Chase stood with jagged energy. It rippled in every direction and caught him several yards to the left of where he once stood. It hit his arm and spun him around.

"Lucky shot" he told her, holding his smoking arm. **"I heal quick. How about you?"** His chest rose and he screamed at her, a wave of raw sound hit her so hard she was lifted off the ground and slammed into the stone wall again.

The Queen was hurt. Her flesh burned and she couldn't concentrate. She had to protect herself. She pulled her power inside and fought off the effects of the poison and paralysis he used on her. Her eyes glowed red and a circle of light surrounded her. Sharp points formed all over the surface, protecting her.

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It began to expand rapidly.

Chase stepped back. His body shook and he almost turned to smoke, but a bright red wall of light suddenly formed in front of him.

“NO!”

He spun around. His mother was behind him and holding her arms out, elbows facing outward and hands touching.

She was using magic!

“MOM?”

She stepped in front of Chase and the circle of sharp light struck the wall she had made. Both disappeared at the same time.

“Hello mother!” Helen said to the Red Queen. **“It’s been a long time”**

The Queen flashed a wicked grin. **“Stand with me daughter! Together we can crush all who oppose us!”**

“You stand alone” Helen told her. **“You killed my Father. You enslaved Jack. You’ve stolen the lives of so many children, all for your quest to rule”** Helen stepped even closer. **“You want power? The way you ripped it from my Father? The only way you can increase your own?”**

“He was weak! You are not! Together we can rule. Mother and daughter!”

Helen smiled. **“You want my power mother? Here. Take it!”**

Helen lifted her arms and jagged red lightening shot out of her palms and hit the Queen in the chest. The woman was pinned against the stone wall. She thrashed and pushed at Helen’s magic with her own. But she was hurt. She barely managed to stop the magic from killing her.

Helen continued to attack!

“NO!” The Queen screamed.

Helen stepped closer. **“Stay the hell away from my Son!”**

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She blasted the Queen with all her might! The entire area filled with red magic. Everything lost color, only to be replaced with a shade of red. But the Queen wouldn't die. She was too powerful.

Chase stepped next to his mother and looked at her. Then he looked at the Queen. His face twisted in rage.

“Demeter sends her regards!”

He took in a deep breath. He stretched his arms and tossed back his head, as if he were about to scream. He arched his body forward and his mouth opened as far as it could.

Bright blue fire spewed from his mouth and engulfed the Queen!

The new light cut through the red like a knife. The Queen screamed and tossed magic at them frantically. Nothing hit them. The blue flame ripped apart any magic that came their way and Helen's own Red Magic deflected the rest.

Battered on two fronts, the Queen's magic finally failed. She stopped fighting and her head rolled back on her shoulders.

They stopped the attack and the Queen dropped to the floor.

Chase closed his mouth and watched for any sign of movement, ready to burn her again. Her entire body was smoking. Her clothes were burned, as was the flesh underneath.

Helen moved in front of her Son and stretched out her hand. The Queen's staff lifted off the ground and flew into her hand. She walked over until she stood right over the Queen.

“Your rein is OVER mother! Now go to Hell!”

She lifted the staff in the air with both hands and brought the end right down on the Queen's head. The staff went through her skull until it hit the ground with a wet thunk.

Chase gasped loudly.

The Red Queen was dead.

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CHAPTER FIFTEEN

The wolves, led by Michael were in the courtyard with Chase and Helen. Michael's arms were around both of them as he kissed and hugged them tight. Bart, Sean and Jason stood nearby.

The White Royals and Magna had just arrived.

They knew the Queen was dead. They had felt her magic wane upon her death.

"Magna" Helen said. She reached out her hands and the beautiful woman took them.

"My dear, it's been too long. I'm sorry for what was done to you"

Helen shook her head. **"It's YOU that has suffered. Jack was a good man"**

Magna bowed slightly. **"Thank you. I wish so many things. If only you and Jack could have had the love he wanted for you"**

Chase looked quickly at his mother and then his Dad. **"What? What does that mean?"**

Helen looked over her shoulder at her Son. **"Chase, this is Magna, the Queen of Hearts"**

"Off with her head? That Queen?" He asked.

Helen laughed. **"No Chase. That never happened. The story of Alice has changed over the years. So many parts shifted, or were altered for the times they were told. The Queen of Hearts was never evil. The Red Queen was the true evil. At some point people began to combine the two as if they were one. That has never been true. The Queen, the King, and Jack were always the heart of Wonderland"**

Chase was still confused. **"Mom? What's going on? How are you doing all these things? Why is your hair red?"**

Her hands moved through his dark hair the way only a mother's could.

"A long time ago, a girl named Alice came to Wonderland. She had many adventures. She met amazing people and strange creatures. She even fought an evil Queen and lived to tell the tale. She met a young girl, a girl she took back to Earth with her. Wonderland fades from memory once you leave, and Alice was far too important for her story to be forgotten so the girl wrote her story down, so Alice would always remember what she had done."

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Helen kissed Chase on the head.

“As Alice became older, her adventures in Wonderland turned from memory into dreams. The dreams to, eventually left her. Only the girl she rescued remembered what she had done. As time went by, the girl realized that the Queen would never give up. She would never rest until the girl was found and brought home again. But the girl had friends. Friends who helped her escape, and helped to make sure the Queen would NEVER find her. One friend was named Absolem. He made a potion of memory so the girl would forget who she was. So the Queen could not find her through her dreams. The potion was powerful. It had to be, because the people of Wonderland live a very long time. Only powerful magic could keep the girl’s secret, not only from others, but from herself as well. The potion reset the girl’s life over and over again. Letting her start a new life without realizing how old she really was”

Chase felt numb. He couldn’t take his eyes off his mother. Her voice was different. It was hypnotic.

“The Queen never found her. Even after Alice had died from old age hundreds of years ago, and her tale had been rewritten by a man far more skilled to tell her story. The girl she saved lived on, and began to move through time...one lifetime upon another”

She squeezed Chase’s shoulder.

“That girl grew up and met a man. They had a child. A beautiful boy with dark black hair and bright blue eyes. He was named Chase. A reference to the Queen’s constant hunt for her daughter”

Helen smiled at him.

“I am the daughter of the Red Queen!”

She gave him a moment. Chase kept blinking at her.

“Like my Father, I was gifted at birth with the magic of the Red. Magic the Queen wanted for herself. She stole my Father’s magic by killing him and harvesting it from him. Once I was dead, she would have absorbed my magic as well. Then her power would be complete. Alice kept that from happening. Kept the Queen from becoming stronger. But as good as she was, she was no Night Wolf”

Helen ran her hand over her Son’s face.

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“She could not kill the Queen, so she did the next best thing. She took me from her, and hid me on Earth making sure the Queen could not ascend in power. Now the cycle is complete. Alice’s mission is over and the Queen is dead”

“Long live the Queen!” The White King said.

Chase looked at the man. His magic radiated off of him. **“What? What do you mean?”**

“Your mother is now the Red Queen” the man told him. **“This kingdom is now hers to rule. Has it should have always been. She is the sole holder of the Red Magic. She IS the Red Queen”**

Chase turned to his mom. **“What? You’re not the Red Queen! You’re my mom!”**

“Chase, I will ALWAYS be your mother. But the King is correct. I am now the Red Queen”

“No! You don’t want it!” Chase cried out. **“Someone else can be the Queen. You have ME now! We’re going home! We’re not staying here! I have school to finish!”**

Helen smiled at him and then turned to Silas. **“Release them”**

Silas stiffened. At first he did nothing but look at her, until Michael stepped between them.

“You heard her. Release them!”

The large man nodded. He turned toward the many soldiers, still in silver armor. The tattoos on his body began to move, making everyone notice.

It took a few moments.

The control Jack had over them was gone! Silas slumped over for a moment, the loss of so much power taxed him. Suddenly his ‘pack’ was reduced by almost a thousand men.

“Hear me!” Helen shouted. **“There will be no more war! Lay down your weapons! My kingdom has no need for soldiers!”**

The men responded immediately. They tossed their swords aside and took off their armor. The wolves near them moved out of the way, not wanting to touch the toxic metal.

As Helen turned, Chase wrapped his arms around her waist and hugged her tight. She kissed at his head and told him how proud she was of him.

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He kept saying 'no' and he hugged her tight.

Michael watched them, uneasy with the display. He knew Chase loved his mother. That was never in question. It was the control she had over him, that Michael didn't like. He was the Grand Alpha, and this woman, this Queen, had more authority over this single Werewolf, than he would EVER have. It was the animal in him that was jealous of her power. Chase would NEVER submit to him, as long as she existed. She was the real Grand Alpha.

He shifted on his big feet, as mother and Son held one another. He wanted to hug them both, to feel the air moving in their lungs. To feel their hearts beating in their chests. To wrap his huge arms around them and protect them with his power.

But he couldn't. They didn't need him. Chase had the only person he ever needed. His mother.

The wolves moved back through the portal. None of those still left alive had fully lost their ability to shift, although the next few changes would be hard for some. Time would heal what Wonderland took away.

Michael, Chase and Helen were the last ones left.

Several hundred children and a large handful of adults came to surround them.

"Here they are" Helen said. **"All that is left. Demeter cannot have everything she wants. Some of them have been here a very long time. Hundreds of years in fact. They no longer have a place on Earth"**

Michael looked at them. There were so many. **"My God. What are we supposed to do with them?"**

"Give them a choice" Helen replied. She looked at her Son. **"Do it"**

Michael looked at her and then at Chase. **"Do what?"**

She smiled at him. **"Don't you know who our Son is Michael?"**

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Her words affected him more than she would ever know. Even now, even HERE, she knew Chase better than he did. It was as if their thoughts intertwined. They finished each other's sentences and moved almost as one. He didn't know how to be SECOND. He was born to be FIRST.

"He broke the magic" Helen told him. **"Broke the Queen's. Broke Jack's. Hell, he even broke Absolem's. Now watch"**

Chase moved away and opened his arms up, closing his eyes. After a moment two plumes of dark black smoke erupted from his back and shot outward. They formed into thick dark wings. The wings of a reptile.

Michael was shocked. **"CHASE! What the hell?"**

"It's okay" Helen assured him. **"Trust him"**

Chase lifted off the ground and began to fly. He circled far overhead, his wings easily keeping him afloat.

"Oh my God!" The large blonde man said. **"He can fly!"**

Helen laughed. **"He's beautiful!"**

Chase opened his mouth and a high pitched sound radiated off of him. Everyone below began to react. He flew by them over and over again, until everyone began to wake and look around.

"Jack enthralled them for the Queen. They must remember who they are. With Jack gone, and Silas...well, this was the easiest way. The Banshee will wake them"

"Banshee?" Michael replied. **"Chase is no banshee"**

Helen laughed as she watched her Son fly overhead. **"He is so much more than that. Look at him Michael. Look at what he can do. Our Son!"**

Helen raised the staff and began to chant. Red magic washed over every man, woman, and child. She began to speak to each of them with her mind.

It took several minutes. The large group separated into two sections. Those that wanted, and could go home...and those that wanted to stay in Wonderland. All in all, only about eighty children were in the first group. No adults were with them.

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Chase landed near his Dad, his wings shifting into black smoke and fading away. The large burgundy jersey flowed around him. He grinned at his Dad.

Michael grabbed him and hugged him tight. He threw several questions at his Son, but Chase only laughed.

“I told you Dad” Chase smiled. **“They are all in me!”**

Helen motioned for the children to move through the portal. She spoke to them with her mind, comforting them and telling them what to do.

“They will remember nothing of Wonderland. I’ve made sure of it. The rest is up to Demeter”

She looked at the others and nodded. They smiled at her, waved to Chase and turned to leave.

“They are too old” Helen told Michael. **“They cannot go back, no matter how much Demeter wants it. Their families are long dead. Even those that look like children are hundreds of years old. They no longer have a place on Earth. Tell the Goddess I will care for them. No more children will be taken”**

Once the last child had gone Chase came over to his parents. His mom was a Queen and his Dad was a King. He smiled at them.

“So I’m like a Prince, huh?”

Michael and Helen grinned back.

“You’ve always been a Prince” the big man replied. **“Even though you NEVER listen to your King”**

“I can’t wait to rub this in Polus’s face” Chase grinned. **“Wait til he see you mom!”**

Helen’s face darkened and Michael looked between them. Chase still didn’t understand.

She shook her head. **“Chase, I cannot go with you. I am the Red Queen now. I am now locked to Wonderland, just as Phoebe is to Earth. Just as Hera is to Olympus”**

“What?!?” Chase cried. **“NO!”** He ran up and hugged his mother as tight as he could. **“You HAVE to come home!”**

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She hugged him and stroked his dark hair. **“You are a child of two worlds Chase. Your Father and I are of one. I cannot go there and he cannot stay here. He would lose Phoebe’s favor and the Grand Alpha would be no more. Her magic cannot survive here, no more than mine could there”**

“So what?” Chase countered. **“Then let it die! You came over before”**

She smiled. **“I wasn’t Queen then. The Red Magic will not allow it. Only death will free me from who I am, and that will not happen for thousands of years. My mother was an evil woman. I have much to do to repair the damage she inflicted. Now that I contain all the Red magic, my purpose is clear. Wonderland must be made whole again”**

“Chase” Micheal’s large hand found the boy’s neck. **“You’re mother is a Queen. She’s home now”**

He looked at the big man, not letting go of his mom. **“What about me? What am I supposed to do?”**

“Well...” Helen said. **“You can come and go as you please, provided that Phoebe keeps the portal open. Although I believe I can now make one myself, if she can’t. You will not lose your power”**

“Then I can stay here? With you?”

Michael immediately began to rock back and forth on his feet. The idea of Chase staying here was not an option as far as he was concerned. He would not allow the boy to leave him. Never again. His hand gripped the boy’s shoulder. He had an overwhelming need to hug his Son.

Helen gave Chase a thoughtful look. **“Chase if you stay here too long, you will forget about Earth. It’s the nature of Wonderland. She is a beautiful, but jealous world. You would forget your life. You would even forget your Father. You MUST go back. But you can visit whenever you want. I’m not going anywhere. I will always be here, waiting for you”**

Chase hugged his mother. He hugged and hugged her, until his Father pulled him away. **“Chase. My love. Time to go Son”**

Michael wrapped his muscled arms around Helen and lifted her up. **“I have always loved you. From the day we met. You have given me the greatest gift anyone could give. Thank you for my Son”**

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He kissed her lips.

“He’s pretty amazing” she said. **“Take care of him. Make sure he visits. Often”**

“There just one more thing” he said. He leaned down and whispered in her ear.

She smiled at him. Surprise on her face. **“I would like that! I would like that very much!”**

Chase and Michael went through the portal and found Wendy and Emma and several wolves waiting for them.

Wendy ran into his arms and Michael scooped her and Emma up off the ground.

Chase stepped away from everyone. He didn’t want to talk to anyone, not even Bart.

The children were gone. They blinked out of existence one after the other. Phoebe and Demeter were working in unison to place them back home, using their godly powers to alter the memories of those around them and make it as if they had never left.

The wolves regrouped and began to disperse. So many dead, the packs had to heal. All the wolves coming back from Wonderland now belonged to Silas. The males found their wives and Daruth insisted they go with their husbands and join their new pack.

Daruth’s pack now consisted of less than twenty wolves. Only the ones that had not gone over and that were not married, still belonged to him. Elyria took charge as soon as she saw the loss of her husband’s power.

“We rebuild” she smiled. **“We have nothing but time”**

Wendy watched the amazing woman. Damn is she wasn’t jealous of her ability to make the best of any situation. She would never fall. Never leave him.

Daruth and Michael spoke. He could not stay in Montana. Silas was far too powerful. He would take what he had left and start over, far from the much larger pack that Silas now commanded.

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Michael made it clear he would not allow Silas to interfere. Daruth would be allowed to leave or Michael would remove his head from his shoulders, tattoos or not.

Now only a handful of them were still there, and no one noticed what was happening to Chase.

Daruth saw it first. He pointed and shouted at the others.

“Michael! Your Son!”

The big man spun around and saw Chase floating in the air, three feet off the ground. His eyes were closed and his head slumped over. He was upright as if he were held by his shoulders. He looked like a doll, floating in the air by a pair of strings.

“CHASE!” Michael ran forward and immediately hit something. It bounced him off and he fell to the ground on his back. **“CHASE!”**

Smoke. Black smoke began to flow out of the child’s small body. It filled the air and touched the ground below him.

A long moment went by. The smoke vibrated and two golden eyes appeared behind the boy’s right shoulder.

“CHASE!” Michael cried out, but Daruth held him back. He pulled the bigger man to his feet and away from Chase. The boy didn’t respond. He just floated, as if asleep.

“Don’t interfere!” Daruth shouted. **“This is beyond us!”**

A large head of a pure white wolf moved out of the smoke. It opened its mouth and showed off rows of sharp teeth. Its massive hands snaked out and held the boys’ shoulders from behind. Sharp claws, black in color touched the boy’s soft flesh.

Then it screamed!

It was sudden. It took everyone by surprise. The sound was unnatural. Everyone was knocked to the ground. Emma was shielded by Bart and Sean, while Wendy was covered by Elyria and Ryan.

When they managed to open their eyes, the wolf was gone!

Chase let out a sigh. His eyes never opened. The oversized jersey billowed in the breeze.

“What the fuck was that?” Jason shouted.

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Sean pulled Emma into his strong arms and held her tight. She didn't resist, although she tried to look under his arm at her brother

Two more eyes of gold opened behind him. This time to his left. A hissing sound filled the air. Several large snakes appeared at Chase's feet and coiled around him. A head of a wolf moved out from under Chase's arm, lifting it up and draping it over the animal's neck. The wolf had gold fur with large black stripes. It looked like nothing anyone had ever seen before. Its eyes shifted from gold to a sickly yellow. Black orbs drifted out from the eyes and everyone that was looking at it felt immediately nauseous.

"I can't move!" Bart cried out. **"What the fuck is that thing?"**

Daruth knew. He knew the moment he saw the first set of eyes.

"The Night Wolves! They are the Night Wolves! Oh my God! It's really them!"

Michael looked at him. **"The Banshee! That's what Helen said. She said he was a Banshee! He used that power on the children. It made them wake up!"**

Daruth frowned. **"It's not Chase that's the Banshee Michael. It's the white wolf. A Night Wolf. The FIRST Night Wolf Phoebe ever made. HE had the power of a Banshee!"**

Michael looked at Chase. **"Then what is that?"**

The large animal hissed like a snake and exploded with yellow light. The snakes were gone in the same flash that took the wolf. Several people on the ground began to vomit.

Jason wiped his mouth. **"What the fuck! I feel like I'm about to die!"**

"The stone stare" Daruth said. **"The second Night Wolf! The Titan...Medusa!"**

"I still can't move!" Bart cried out. **"I can't feel anything!"**

The black smoke swirled and billowed outward, as if it struggled to contain something. Chase's head dropped back and he let out a loud moan. Whatever was happening, was having an effect on him. His body was swaying and moving by some unseen force.

"There's more?" Jason shouted. **"Really? The first two weren't enough?"**

Two orbs of gold appeared over him. A huge Werewolf moved out of the smoke and growled at everyone. It was brown, a favored color of most wolves, except this one had a

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large silver streak in the center of its head that snaked down its body. It tossed its head back and roared. Two massive wings shot out and flapped in the air.

Everyone moved back. Emma was lifted off the ground by Sean and moved far away. He stumbled to safety. His body still not recovered from the second Night Wolf. Elyria covered Wendy completely while the screams of several others filled the air.

The massive Werewolf stretched out its wings and opened its mouth. A large plum of bright blue fire shot out and arched high into the air.

“Oh my fucking God!” Jason cried out.

“Dragon flame!” Daruth shouted. **“The third Night Wolf!”**

The terrifying Werewolf looked at them and spit a blast of flame their way. It washed over everyone as they screamed in protest, sure they were dead.

The flame hurt no one. It moved through them, as if it existed on another plane. Only Silas felt it. He roared as the fire made his tattoos writhe in pain.

Then like the others, the wolf was gone! The flame disappeared, leaving Chase alone once more.

He was now slumped forward again, smoke radiating out of him. He was bobbing up and down. The disappearance of the last wolf and an obvious effect on him. Silas was on his back, panting for breath.

Two gold eyes appeared under Chase's feet. A large gray muzzle moved from the black cloud and separated his legs. Its mouth opened. Green, thick fluid fell from its teeth and struck the ground. A hissing sound erupted from where the venom hit the earth.

“The Basilisk” Daruth stated. **“The fourth Night Wolf”**

The animal looked right at him and growled. The shift happened so suddenly that no one saw it actually happen. One moment a gray wolf was there, another moment they were looking at Elyria. Except she had two golden eyes. She looked at Michael. Suddenly Helen was looking back at him. She looked at Bart. Chase...another Chase, looked back at him.

“What the fuck!?” Bart yelled. **“Why am I seeing another Chase? Anyone else see this?”**

The second Chase smiled and then quickly pulled back into the smoke and out of sight. The floating Chase let out a loud moan.

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The smoke began to pull into him. It took almost a minute. Chase now floated in clear air. The wolf was gone like the others.

Suddenly he exploded into black smoke that immediately reformed.

Everyone gasped.

A jet black Werewolf opened its eyes. Two glowing gold orbs appeared. The sleek animal gently floated to the ground. It stretched out its arms...and yawned.

The fifth Night Wolf had arrived!

It looked at all of them in turn. Then it adjusted its neck from side to side and began to shrink. It took just one long moment.

Chase, wearing his large burgundy jersey looked around at all of them. He yawned.

“What?”

No one spoke. They were all stunned. Most were still on the ground. His Father was looking at him with big eyes.

“Chase! Are you alright?”

The small boy blinked a few times and looked behind him. **“Why wouldn’t I be?”**

“Jesus Christ!” Bart yelled. **“There’s always something! Vampires and Witches! I still can’t stand! Can anyone stand? I can’t feel my fucking legs!”**

Chase put his hands on his hips and looked at them.

“What’s wrong with all of you? You look like you’ve seen a ghost” He felt a tight muscle in his neck and stretched to relieve the pressure. **“I’m hungry. Is anyone else hungry?”** He looked at them in confusion. **“Why are you all on the ground?”**

“This is bullshit!” Bart argued. **“We’re a bunch of Werewolves, yet we’re NEVER the most dangerous thing in the room! Anyone else notice this? What the fuck? There’s like a dozen Werewolves here! How come no one’s scared of us?”**

Chase looked at him with confusion. **“I’m like half your size! What are you talking about?”**

Michael dropped his face into his hands and sighed. It was going to be a long night.

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CHAPTER SIXTEEN

Phoebe stood next to her husband as Bart continued to complain. No one could see them.

“I like him” Polus said, pointing at the rugged, muscled boy. **“You should make more like him”**

Phoebe looked behind her and then back to Polus. **“Really?”** She asked.

Polus grinned. **“He needed help. Only a Night Wolf would retain it’s power”** He waved at the wolves behind her.

“You put them inside of Chase? That’s why the portal flashed. It shook with the power of five IDRIS! Five!”

Polus lifted his arms in surrender. **“Well...what was I supposed to do? Let my Son go into battle with nothing but vampire smoke? I mean really. What was he gonna do? Make her cough to death?”**

“And the shirt?” Phoebe asked, amused at her mate.

“It kept him focused on something he wanted more than Jack magic. Is it a crime to give my Son a mere memento of his infatuation? Yes, I may have enhanced the smell of that football player, but he sweats a lot. I mean, like a lot! Is that my fault? The boy works out, like twice a day”

“That would have been forbidden on Earth” she informed him. **“No Night Wolf would be allowed to have that much power”**

“He wasn’t on Earth. Was he?” Polus grinned. **“I broke no rules. Once he came back the IDRIS left him. Now all is, as it was. One Night Wolf stands alone”** He turned behind them. Four Werewolves stood side by side.

Phoebe smiled at them. Her children. Her Wolves **“As if you will ever leave HIM alone”**

Polus laughed. **“What kind of Father would I be if I didn’t take an interest in his life?”**

“A non-meddling one, who doesn’t bend the rules to suit his every need?”

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“Well..” Polus shrugged. **“I mean...that’s ONE way of looking at it”**

Phoebe moved into his arms and hugged him tight. **“Thank the gods you are mine”**

Polus kissed her head. **“My love. Together we are unstoppable”**

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

One massive Werewolf and one sleek black one, with unbelievable speed sailed by tree after tree and jumped tall bushes with ease. The black one was faster. Sometimes it blinked away making the bigger one have to look for it. The black wolf made no noise as it moved over the crowded ground. Leaves didn’t crush and twigs didn’t snap.

The large Werewolf however, crashed through the woods like a freight train in a china shop. Its heavy paws ripped up the ground and knocked trees out of the ground with ease. What it lacked in raw speed it made up for in frightening strength.

It ran forward and found the sleek black Werewolf standing still and looking up at the sky. An open outcropping surrounded by trees was deep in the forest. Michael had made it years ago as a place to come and think by himself when he needed to be alone. One large tree had been felled and used as a bench or something to lean on. Grass had filled in the rest of the area, now exposed to the sunlight every day.

The small animal looked at him with solid gold eyes. It blinked. Michael moved up and rubbed his large muzzle over the animal’s head. The black beast let out something akin to a purr. It lifted its mouth up and started to lick at the neck of the massive Werewolf towering over it.

The great beast pushed the smaller wolf around with his heavily muscled arms. It used gentle motions, pushing him left and then right. It wasn’t meant to hurt the black wolf, it was just a show of strength. Making a point about which one was the Alpha.

The black wolf didn’t fight. It moved wherever it was moved to, licking at the huge beast whenever it could. It grabbed the big beast’s arms and climbed up its back. The massive animal roared and swung its clawed hands at the open air. It beat at the earth with its hands and stomped the ground with its enormous feet.

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The black Werewolf licked and licked at his head, running his thick tongue all over the big wolf's fur and lapping at his muzzle.

Long minutes of worship resulted in the large Werewolf calming down and finally standing in place.

It began to shift.

Smaller and smaller it got. Fur pulled back and claws became fingers. Huge paws turned into large feet until a large muscular blonde man stood naked with a black Werewolf on his back.

He looked over his head. **"I really like coming here"**

The black wolf lapped at the man's neck, shoulders and face. His long tongue tasted the man's flesh with broad strokes, lapping up every drop of sweat it could. The animal shifted from side to side as it stuck to his broad back like an absurdly large pet.

The man was powerfully strong. Supernaturally so. The weight of the wolf would have been impossible for a normal man, but Michael wasn't normal. He could lift a tractor. His heavy biceps and thick legs were made for far more than entertaining this black wolf. Although that was his favorite thing to do.

He loved the wolf. More than his own life. Nothing mattered while the wolf licked at him. Michael was content. At peace. Chase had been out of his life since birth. It was necessary. For his safety. Michael had too many enemies. Enemies that would use Chase as a weapon against him. Or even worse, hurt him to spite Michael.

Michael couldn't take the chance. He hid Chases existence and moved far away from him. It tore him apart. Chase was his, and a Werewolf didn't walk away from what was his. It wasn't natural. But it was necessary.

When Helen told Michael that Chase might be a Werewolf, he had been overjoyed. He ran for hours through the woods, thinking about his Son and finally being able to share his life with him.

When his Son arrived on the bus, the Werewolf in Michael almost came out! It took extreme effort to hold it at bay. The beast wanted to mark the boy immediately. To show the world who the child belonged to.

Except Chase wouldn't let it.

Chase did the impossible. He resisted the pull of an Alpha Werewolf.

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A child. A mere child had shut the Werewolf out.

The big wolf pushed and wrapped it's power around the child. It smothered him in raw strength, showing off his status and wanted the boy to revere him. See him as the King he was.

Except Chase wasn't interested.

He was immune.

This was not possible. Or, it shouldn't have been possible.

Chase was a small human child. Not even a Werewolf. At least not yet. He hadn't changed yet. He would need Michael to do that. To help him get through it. The first change was frightening. Sometimes painful.

But Michael would be there. He would be there for all of it.

He felt the animal in his Son even before the boy walked off the bus. His wolf responded in kind, and tried to call out to the small Were-beast. The beast was there, deep inside the boy, but it was indifferent, preoccupied.

This confused the Alpha. HE should have been the beast's focus. HE should have consumed the beast's every thought. But the small boy was different. He wasn't impressed by his Father's size. In fact, it seemed to give the boy some kind of hidden strength. It was as if their differences confirmed something the boy suspected.

Whatever that was, Michael didn't know.

But his Werewolf knew! It knew the boy belonged to him. It knew the child would need it's strength when it changed. It was ready to freely give the boy what every other Werewolf would have killed for. The power of an Alpha.

The boy didn't want it. In fact, he wanted to leave.

Michael felt like he was being torn apart. The ride with Chase in the truck had been nothing short of torment. The boy reflected the Alpha's power back at him causing Michael's Werewolf to go mad. It raged to confront the boy, to show him what true power was.

Michael's big muscles throbbed. His cock became thick and heavy. It pushed at his jeans and caused a huge mound between his legs. He had to spread them apart to give his cock room.

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The boy would see it.

The Wolf wanted him to.

Michael fought the beast to stay down. His Son wasn't ready for this. Ready to see his Father aroused. They had just met. He hadn't even had a chance to explain to Chase what was happening to him yet. But his wolf wouldn't have it. He pushed at the boy, demanding to be looked at.

Michael could feel the boy's eyes on him. Looking at his big muscles. Even as he spoke to Chase, trying to put the boy at ease, he could see the child looking over his biceps and his strong chest. It made Michael's dick hard.

FUCK!

He had to control it. He had to stop the way he was feeling. Michael was a Werewolf. A beast to be knelt before, but Chase wasn't ready for that. He didn't understand. He hadn't changed yet.

He shouldn't be able to do what he was doing. He shouldn't be able to resist.

Michael drove and talked about anything. Anything to get his mind off the boy's eyes, looking at him, moving over his body.

Michael shifted in the seat. He couldn't get comfortable. His cock raged. His muscles throbbed. His entire body was offering itself to the boy.

Michael was in hell.

But NOW, he knew. He understood what Chase was. He understood that his Son was made for greater things than to kneel at the feet of an Alpha. Phoebe had made sure of it.

But his Werewolf didn't agree.

He reached behind him and pulled the black animal away by the neck fur. He held it off the ground and looked at it, a gross display of strength.

"Little wolf" he said with a smile, his skin slick with the animal's spit. **"Such power in such a tiny body"**

The animal barked at him in protest and put two feet on the man's big chest.

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“FATHER” it said. It’s voice was heavy, with a hard gravel to it. The sound would have scared the hell out of a human being.

It could speak!

Michael forgot about that. A Werewolf that could talk. Whoever heard of such a thing?

He grabbed a large back paw resting on his chest and pulled it up to his mouth to kiss. He set the animal on the ground and took the beast’s head in his hands and kissed the muzzle.

“I’m here Chase” he replied. **“Come to me”**

The black beast stepped back and closed it’s golden eyes. It was jet black. If it had been night, it would have disappeared. Even in sunlight, it looked like a deep shadow. Phoebe had outdone herself. Her Night Wolf was damn near invisible.

The outline of the Werewolf deformed. It spread out in every direction like a balloon. It took a fraction of a second to see that the body was now made of smoke. It swelled without sound, losing the shape of the wolf.

Within the space of a heartbeat, the smoke sucked back in and disappeared. A boy with black hair in a tee shirt and jeans had replaced the wolf.

He smiled at Michael. Michael smiled back. His Son looked down at his big cock. He always looked at it. Michael wanted him to. His Wolf demanded it.

The boy’s mouth opened slightly and his tongue licked at his top lip for a moment.

One point for Michael.

Then Chase looked up and remembered what he wanted to say, but Michael spoke first.

“Cheater!”

Chase’s face lit up. **“Hey! You wanted to race! I knew it was a bad idea. You never win!”**

“I let you win. I always let you win” He waved a big, muscled arm at his Son.

“Oh please!” he waved one hand at his Dad in return. **“I actually turned around a few times to make you feel good”**

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Michael threw his head back and laughed. **“Okay, like I didn’t have to knock those trees down for you? What about that rock I lifted you over?”**

“WHAT ROCK?” Chase cried, **“We’re in the woods! Do you see any rocks?”**

“You mean the huge boulders that I jumped us over?” Michael replied. **“Wanna retrace our steps? You still feel my hand on your ass where I carried you over?”** He shows Chase his large outstretched hand.

“OH MY GOD!” Chase dramatically puts his hands on his hips. **“Is this Wonderland or Earth? Did we somehow move through dimensions again? Is there some magic spell I don’t know about?”**

“I know I’m a Grand Alpha” the big man stepped forward. His thick muscles throbbed at the boy. **“And your this tiny, cat, kitten were-thing!”**

“Well clearly Grand Alpha’s aren’t known for their speed!” Chase countered. **“Yeah, yeah! You can toss a car across the yard! So what? What difference does that make when I can just MOVE out of the way?”**

They were now face to face. Michael had to look down at his Son. The boy’s head came just up to his chest. **“I just have to touch you ONCE! That’s all. Just ONCE!”** He holds a finger up.

Chase threw his head back and laughed. **“Please! As if you could!”** He pointed to himself. **“Smoke! Vampire! Does that ring a bell?”**

“I don’t remember that being a problem”

Chase’s brow creased. **“You mean when I was under a magic spell? You mean then? When I was being controlled by the Jack of Hearts? That wasn’t a fair fight! I was bewitched!”**

Michael laughed. **“Seemed pretty fair to me. You tried to kill me, I stopped you with almost NO effort. I held back, so not to hurt you, while you pulled every trick in the book to fight me. Pretty one-sided as I remember it”**

“You mean with your MULTIPLE transformations? Which one of the THREE sides are we talking about?” Chase glared at him. **“You were like one step away from being VOLTRON!”**

Michael scoffed. **“Just admit it! It won’t kill you! I’m stronger, bigger and far more scary than you will EVER be! The little Night Kitten! Ooo, he’s so scary! NOT!”**

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“HA!” Chase poked one thin finger against his Dad’s hairy, muscled chest. **“There it is! You can’t take it that a small, new to the whole Werewolf thing still; little boy can beat you! You’ve been doing this for how long now? Like six hundred years! Here I come, right out of the gate, and I’m running circles around you, and I’ve been at this for like five minutes. I’ve already beat a Witch, an Evil Queen and a Vampire!”**

“YOUR MOTHER KILLED THE VAMPIRE!” Michael countered.

“Well I was THERE!” Chase argued.

“That doesn’t count!”

“Yes it does!”

“I was at the Grand Canyon! That doesn’t mean I dug the hole!”

Chase’s shoulders shrugged in disbelief. **“That doesn’t make any sense! What does that have to do with killing a Vampire?”**

“It has EVERYTHING to do with it! That’s like saying I have a pet goldfish, so I must be Aquaman!”

“OH MY GOD!” Chase spun around and started walking in the other direction. **“Really? Are you splitting hairs with me? I was seconds away from killing him when she swooped in and took the glory!”**

“She had a whole conversation with him!” Michael shouted. **“You were frozen solid for like an hour while she went to work. You just got in her way! You slowed the whole process down! I saw the whole thing!”**

“You were like a mile away!” Chase snapped. **“I was right up front doing battle!”**

“HA!”

“Bart is right!” Chase said, spinning back around at his Father.

That was a sentence that Michael had never heard before. It was so mind numbing that Michael was at a loss for words.

Chase started to count on his fingers.

“First my Dad turns out to be a real life Werewolf! Then I find out I’m a Werewolf too! But not just any Werewolf, a super Werewolf! THEN, a real life Vampire attacks me

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and mom. She kills it. I get attacked by a Witch! A damn Witch!” He looked at his Father exasperated.

Michael almost laughed, but managed to hold it together.

“She kills me! At least I think she does. But no! I’m really smoke, cause I have Vampire in me too! My half sister is a Druid sorceress and the Devil writes books, apparently! Cause he has lots of time on his hands, I guess. Then there’s a Wizard dude and all these other magic guys. My mom is from Wonderland! I have to go kill my Grandmother cause a fifty foot Goddess wants me to!”

Michael’s bit his lips. Keeping them together in a tight grin.

“Then HERA...who you DO NOT EVER want to meet! EVER! Makes a portal to another plane of existence, cause like that happens every day!”

Michael couldn’t hold back any longer. He laughs.

“Then the God of Intelligence stuffs the other Night Wolves inside of me, cause like I guess there’s room for that, or something! Now I can fly, spit acid, scream like a banshee and change my appearance! I mean how much more do I..”

He’s so beautiful, Michael thought. My Son. The Night Wolf. He reaches out while Chase is still talking and pulls him into his arms.

“I love you so much”

Chase stops talking. His face is pressed against his Dad’s hairy chest. He breaths in the smell of the man’s warm flesh and feels the heat radiate off the man’s incredible body.

Michael’s hands move down his Son’s back. He pulls the shirt off his body and tosses it to the ground. He pushes his jeans down and lifts his Son right out of them. Chase doesn’t resist. He never does.

Now both are naked and face to face.

Michael takes one step back. He wants Chase to look at him. The boy doesn’t disappoint. He looks down immediately...at Michael’s big dick. It throbs between his legs. His big balls began to churn.

Michael growls. It’s low. Rhythmic. His wolf is taking over.

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Chase responds immediately. The sight of his strong, naked Father is a sight to behold. The man was beautiful. Big, hairy muscle. Long, powerful limbs and a rugged, handsome face. Not to mention a head of thick blonde hair.

Chase gets hard.

Michael lifts up one arm and flexes.

Chase's eyes pop when he sees the huge muscle. His Father's armpit comes into view and Chase's mouth waters.

"Dad..." he pants weakly. He steps forward and drops to his knees at his Father's big feet. His Dad's big, thick cock is right in front of his face.

"Oh God!" the boy blurts out. He looks up thinking he will see his Father smiling at him. But he doesn't. The large man's face is twisted in agitation. Anger almost. He opens his mouth and lets out a deafening roar! It blasts Chase in the face and makes his dark hair pull back.

One thought screams in his mind: My Dad's a fucking Werewolf!

Michael reaches down and grabs the back of his Son's head. He pulls it forward until the boy's face is pressed against his big, thick dick. The boy's hands run up his hairy, muscled thighs. His small fingers pull at the hair in excitement. Michael moves the boy's face around, rubbing his heavy cock and balls on it.

Chase breathes in deeply. He moans. Loudly.

Michael growls at him. He grinds his hips at the boy. Marking him. Working his smell, his sweat into the child's skin. He sees the boy's nostrils flare. He's breathing deeply. He's craving it.

Michael growls louder. He pulls the boy deeper.

Chase pushed his tongue out of his mouth. It wasn't enough to smell him, or just feel his Dad's cock on his face. He needed to taste it.

His tongue runs over his Father's large balls. His mouth explodes with hunger. He moans into the base of his Dad's heavy cock. He licks and licks. His mouth waters profusely. He can't get enough. He needs more.

He pushes against his Father's grip. The man is strong. Chase pushes away harder.

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Michael lets out another roar. It fills the forest and makes Chase's hair whip.

Chase can't move. His Dad is too strong. He needs to show him! He forces his face up. He looks into his Father's savage face. He pleads at him with his eyes. Words won't do. Not anymore. His Dad is too far gone.

PLEASE DAD!

The huge man growls. His thick neck is tight with tension. His large shoulder caps are dense with strength. His eyes glare at the boy.

He lets the child move.

Chase pushes back from his Dad. His small hands use his Father's hairy, muscled thighs for support. He looks at it. At the beautiful sight. His Dad's cock is thick and erect. Chase moans. He can't help it. He leans forward and takes his Father's large cock head in his mouth.

Chase starts to suck!

Michael's head drops back. He roars so loudly the trees shake. Intense pleasure rips up his body! The boy's mouth sends wave of primal lust up Michael's big cock and radiates throughout his muscled frame. His hand still cups his head. He doesn't pull. He can't. Chase can't take it.

His cock is too big!

The boy sucks! He sucks and sucks! His mouth, so wet, so warm; floods Michael with lust. Small hands run up and down his big, hairy legs. The boy is worked up. Feverish. Hungry.

Michael's dick swells. It throbs in his Son's mouth. The boy twists around it. Tries to corkscrew it deeper. But Michael's a grown man. His cock is too much for a young boy to take.

Chase nurses.

His tongue licks at his Father's cock as he sucks on it. The taste of his Dad's dick is overpowering. His mouth drips with spit. It runs down his Father's thick shaft and drops to the ground. His fingers pull at his Dad's leg hair. The heavy muscle is warm, pulsing with strength.

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It throbs in Chase's mouth. It swells and thickens as he sucks on it. That's when he knew. His Father was enjoying it. The big Werewolf, who could fuck anyone he wanted, who had packs of wolves kneeling at his feet, wanted HIS mouth.

Chase heard himself growl!

He sucked hard!

His Werewolf was coming out!

He looked up! He had to see his Father's eyes!

His Dad towered over him. His musclebound, hairy body throbbed with power. He was so damn big. So handsome. His blonde hair shifted in the breeze. His mouth was open and panting like an animal. His eyes were glowing with blue light!

Chase's fingers dug into his Father's large thighs. He pushed his mouth forward and another inch of cock sunk past his lips.

Father and Son looked into each other's eyes.

Chase moaned!

Michael started to cum!

His dick became fully erect. He stretched the boy's mouth opened as his cock swelled up. He felt his big balls contract and ejaculate their load up his big dick and right into his Son's hungry mouth!

Chase felt it, the moment the taste of his Father's cum filled his mouth. It was far more than just male seed. It was Alpha power!

The huge muscle man was feeding him cum!

The Werewolf was feeding him strength!

Chase began to swallow. To drink from his Father's large cock. His hungry mouth wanted every drop of cum his Dad could give him. The wolf in Chase was drinking too. He didn't know it. Not at the time. But Chase's eyes began to glow.

With blue light!

Michael saw it immediately. Chase was accepting him. Bonding with him. Wolf to wolf.

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Michael ejaculated again.

Chase swallowed. His eyes pulsed with light. Blue light.

Michael growled. His hands became claws. His wolf wanted out! His big legs bent at the knees as he glared at his Son, and came in his mouth!

Chase drank again!

And again!

The light in his eyes became brighter with every swallow.

Michael pushed his power into the hungry boy at his feet. It flowed out of him, and down the child's thirsty throat.

"MINE!" he shouted.

Chase took one last swallow and felt the full power of the Grand Alpha fall over him. It was everywhere. Chase was drowning in it. He moved away from his Father's cock. It was slick. Wet with his spit.

Chase fell back.

The power was too much! How did his Father hold so much power?

He lay on his back, looking up at the hairy muscle man towering over him. His big dick swollen, and his balls hanging low between his legs, the man was perfect. Chase was overcome.

Michael lifted his arms and stepped right over Chase, one large foot on either side of his Son's body. He took in a deep breath and roared down at him!

Chase was blasted by the power of the Grand Alpha of all Werewolves!

His Father's big cock was rock hard and the man's huge muscles were swollen with strength. The sound was deafening. The power was crushing.

Chase looked up at the most masculine thing he had ever seen.

He came!

Just the sight of his Father made him cum!

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He moaned and dropped his head to the floor. The taste of his Father's cum in his mouth, the smell of his Dad's sex, the raw power of a Grand Alpha Werewolf surging through his blood, not to mention his own orgasm, proved to be too much.

Chase dropped away. His eyes flashed with blue light one more time, before they closed for good.

Chase was no longer conscious.

Michael stood over him. He watched the boy succumb to his power. The wolf cheered inside of him.

His Son had blue eyes! Not gold!

Michael began to laugh. He really was a Grand Alpha!

Chase woke up in his Father's muscled arms. His head rested against his Dad's shoulder, his arms crossed over his own chest. He was being held like a baby. His Dad's face was pressed into his hair, breathing him in.

Chase could barely focus. He never felt so much power before. His hand reached out and touched his Dad's strong chest. The man kissed at his head.

"My Son"

Chase felt safe. He sighed. He never wanted to move. He just wanted to stay there, in his Dad's arms.

"So, little wolf" the deep voice began. **"Welcome to the pack"**

It took a long time for Chase to recover. Michael didn't mind. He savored every moment.

He helped his Son get dressed. It was getting late. They had been away for hours.

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Michael reached out and tugged at his Son's tee shirt. It had the name of the local high school football team on it. The Wolf Pack.

“At least you're wearing clothes that fit you for a change”

For a moment, Chase didn't understand. He was still unfocused. He could feel his Father inside of him. It was like the first time he shifted. Like he was being rebuilt from the inside out.

Then his eyes widened and he stiffened up. He remembered it all. Polus. The jersey. He grabbed the shirt he was wearing and looked at it as if he had just seen it for the first time. Then he looked at his Father.

“I have to find him. I need to see him again. He saved me” his voice was distant, like he wasn't talking to his Dad.

“What? What are you talking about Chase? Everyone you know is here”

Chase stood up. **“No. Not everyone”**

He looked at his Father and smiled. He leaned down and kissed his mouth and ran his hands through the man's thick blonde hair.

“I need to find Daniel”

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

Helen stood up when she heard the sound. She smiled, unable to contain her joy. Two guards entered and then immediately separated. Andreas walked out from behind them. He was unsteady, but walking on his own. He grinned at her as the guards bowed and moved out of the room. He waved a black stick at her. It was shiny. She could feel the magic radiate off of it.

“Chase gave it to me” he said. **“Supposed to let me use the portal whenever I want. It's a key or something”**

He walked up and looked her over, letting out a whistle.

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“So, you’re a Queen now?”

She smiled back. **“That’s what they tell me”**

“Michael sent me over. Says there’s a job open for a royal consort?” He moved forward and put his arms around her. She hugged him back and kissed at his lips several times. His strong arms all but forced the air out of her lungs.

“You know...” she began. **“I’m a pretty big deal around here. I can’t just be seen with anyone”**

“Hmm...” he looked at her in thought. **“Well, I’m told I won’t be a Werewolf after a few days so you don’t have to worry about that. I mean, I’m still me...so the sex part won’t change. I guess I can be your palace sex slave. You know, private stress relief. Personal boy toy”**

“Now THAT sounds nice!” She nodded. **“I’m thinking a leather harness. Black boots”**

His large hands moved up and down her back. **“A bell you can ring when you need...you know...a distraction from the throne”** He pushed his bulging crotch at her.

“Yes! I like that a lot” She kissed his soft, full lips. **“There is a trial period, you know”**

He pulled back in feigned surprise. **“An application process? Tryouts?”** He offered.

“Unfortunately” she nodded. **“Did you bring any references?”**

“No, but I do come HIGHLY recommended” he assured her. **“I’ve actually had women BEG me to stop, because I was giving them too much pleasure”**

“Wow” she sounded impressed.

He kissed her deeply. His tongue briefly pushed deep into her mouth and he ground his hips at her.

She didn’t resist. She ran her hands over his shaved head. **“You know, I was thinking. With you giving up the whole Werewolf thing, what would you say to a boost of magic? Something to replace that wolf in you?”**

“What did you have in mind?” He asked, cupping her ass in one large hand.

Her forehead creased. **“I was thinking something with wings. Something to show off that muscled torso of yours”**

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“**You can do that?**” He asked her seriously.

She smiled. “**I’m the Red Queen**”

He grinned and kissed her again. He ran one hand over her face and smiled. “**So...your majesty...**” he kissed her again. “**Have you ever been fucked by a Werewolf?**”

She thought briefly and replied, “**Two actually**”

He gave her a look of pure shock. “**Ouch!**”

She shrugged with a grin.

“**I mean...damn!**” Andreas continued. “**THAT was painful**”

She laughed and kissed at his strong neck and roughly stumbled face.

“**So is there a royal chamber or do you want me to fuck you right here on the floor? I mean, I really don’t care either way. I’m not shy in the least**”

She pointed to a large archway next to the throne. “**There**”

He scooped her up in his arms as if she were weightless and walked right by the large stone chair. “**That looks very uncomfortable**”

She glanced over his broad shoulder at the chair. “**Yeah, it needs some cushions**”

“**Not to mention a big, sexy muscle man, to kneel at your feet and worship you**”

She smiled “**Oh Andreas. You say the nicest things**”

He moved to the large bed in the center of the room. It had huge curtains that were pulled back on four bedposts. He lay her on it and stepped back, pulling his shirt off and tossing it to the ground.

Helen could see the bullet holes that still marked his body. Even with Michael’s help, the wounds would take time to heal. They were red and swollen.

But maybe...

She lifted her hands up and put her palms together. She twisted her hands and then turned both to face him. Bright red light radiated off them and reflected over his chest.

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He looked down and watched as the deep wounds on his body began to heal. It tickled. The skin regrew and he felt the muscle filling in underneath. It took less than thirty seconds. The light died and he ran one hand over his hairy chest, now completely healed.

“You are full of surprises my dear” he said, his big cock getting thick and hard. He reached for his belt and pulled it open as she watched. Her chest began to heave. Andreas loved how she reacted with obvious desire for him. He took his time, showing off his ripped body and giving her a lustful stare. He pushed down his jeans and his huge prick swung out from between his strong muscled legs. **“Speaking of being full of something...”**

She gasped at the sight of her rugged, naked lover.

“So, that dress looks real complicated” he said. He lifted his hands and the fingers thickened with dark black claws. **“I’m thinking of just ripping it off you and fucking you until you pass out. Thoughts?”**

She looked at his cock, raging and throbbing between his thick legs. **“This old thing?”** She replied.

Andreas’s eyes glowed with light as he moved over her and took hold of the regal fabric. He tore it down the middle with almost no effort. The thick garment was no match for his supernatural strength. Her breasts came into view. Down, he worked, until her entire body was laid bare before him. He ran his large clawed hands carefully over her exposed flesh, leaving no marks on her delicate skin.

He put his hands between her legs and pushed them open. He showed her his hands. The claws retracted. He cupped her pussy, sinking two, thick fingers inside. She was already wet with desire for him.

“So, my Queen” he teased her, rotating his fingers and making her squirm. **“I’m going to get to work now. You let me know when I have the job. You know, when you’re able to speak that is”**

He leaned down and pressed his mouth to her cunt. His thick, warm tongue snaked inside and rubbed at her sensitive flesh. Helen bucked on the bed but Andreas reached up and put one arm over her stomach, keeping her in place.

He attacked her pussy with his tongue and moaned into it.

“Oh God!” She cried out. She couldn’t move. He pinned her down. Her legs squeezed at his head and she rotated her hips to get away...but he was far too strong.

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It took him less than two minutes, before Helen began to cum. It was hard. Violent. Her pussy gushed with longing.

Andreas lapped and sucked at her like an animal. His tongue was everywhere.

Helen was lost as she thrashed around and pushed over the edge by his mouth alone.

It took a few minutes to recover. She opened her eyes and looked down at him. Her vision was blurry from her intense orgasm.

He was smiling at her, licking his lips clean. God he was sexy!

“You really missed me, huh? I don’t think you’ve ever been this wet before”

She smiled weakly. Her body was on fire.

He added, **“For your sake, I hope Wonderland has something like Orange Juice, cause I’m just getting started”**

He slowly moved over her until his strong, hairy body was right above her. His huge prick dragged over her silky legs and bumped against her wet pussy.

She moaned.

“I’m told the women of Wonderland have problems getting pregnant. The thing is, for the next two days at least...I’m absolutely full of potent baby making seed”

Helen moaned again. Her hands ran up his thickly muscled arms. Her fingers moved through the coarse hair on his powerful limbs.

“I’ve always wanted a boy” he said. **“A few in fact. Hell, I’d like nothing more than to be surrounded by our children. Children WE made together”**

His body began to shift. His voice became deeper.

“Spread your legs little Queen!”

Thick hair began to coat his body. The head of his cock pushed into her pussy and lodged itself between her moist lips.

Helen groaned up at him and opened her legs.

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He was still human. But just. His face was furry, his eyes were inhuman and his body was swollen with thick, hairy muscle. His hands were claws again, one on each side of her head. The bed sunk from his added weight.

“You are going to bathe in my cum!” His voice was now deep and commanding.

“Oh God!” She cried out. Her body caught fire and she lifted her hips, reflexively trying to move away from him.

It was what he wanted her to do.

As soon as Helen lifted up, her pussy was perfectly in line with his big, thick cock. Andreas pushed his hips forward and his huge, erect hard-on sunk right into her.

Helen screamed.

His massive prick stretched her open and filled her up completely. She gushed around his invading shaft, so hot and throbbing inside her. She couldn't get away from him. He kept her pinned in place with his powerful legs and muscled arms. His huge prick sunk in and out of her wet pussy over and over again. The bed rocked back and forth.

Andreas noticed how much sound they were making. He looked down at her.

“I will KILL anyone who comes in this room!” he warned her.

She waved her hand. It flashed with red light. The heavy wooden door to her chamber slammed shut and locked.

He saw what she did. She was so powerful now.

“Impressive” his deep voice complimented her. He rotated his hips and his big dick twisted inside her cunt.

Helen cried out and bucked below him. His throbbing prick send waves of intense pleasure up her body.

The man-wolf looked down at her, a smile on his face. He pulled his big cock back and said, **“You will have my children tiny Queen!”** He pushed forward and sunk his hard dick back inside.

Helen thrashed to get away, but he was too strong, too big. His cock filled her up so fully that she felt impaled.

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Again he pulled back until just the head was inside her.

“I will kneel at your feet for all to see”

He pushed inside her. Hard. Helen cried out!

Andreas pulled back again.

“But in this room...”

He sunk his big dick inside of her.

“OH GOD!” She screamed.

He pulled back.

“You will obey me...in ALL things!”

Again he thrust inside her.

Helen was trapped under his massive, hairy body. Her pussy was assaulted by the big, powerful cock between Andreas’s legs, and in that moment, there was nowhere she wanted to be more.

“You will bear my children!”

He pulled back and immediately thrust back in.

Helen gasped, unable to speak.

“And you will cum on command!”

Andreas put his two massive hands on her head and held her face toward his. He opened his mouth and showed off his sharp teeth. He let out a loud roar that filled the room and shook the furniture. His face was inches from hers.

The power of his Werewolf washed over her and Helen willingly bathed in it. She could see the massive claws near her eyes. The incredible power of the Werewolf was everywhere. It surrounded her and throbbed inside of her.

“CUM!”

His deep voice shouted down at her and Helen felt her entire body respond. Her pussy gushed and squeezed at the big dick invading her body. Her legs spread apart and he

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pushed his hips down at her, sinking his fat cock as deep as it would go. It throbbed and pulsed wildly in her dripping cunt and made her cry out.

Andreas began to ejaculate inside of her! His eyes pulsed with light as she looked into them, lost in his animal lust for her.

He roared in her face again.

Helen's orgasm peaked at that moment!

Her pussy flooded all over his big dick! Her body shook uncontrollably and she gripped his hairy muscled forearms for support.

She passed out!

Her body shut down as his giant cock erupted inside of her. Helen felt herself drift away on an ocean of pleasure.

When she woke up, Andreas had his face buried between her legs. His thick tongue was lapping at her and stroking her sensitive flesh with long, wet strokes. His big hands were holding her ass up off the bed as he ate her out and lined her pussy up with his mouth. She could feel his cum inside of her. He was making sure it stayed deep inside her body.

She reached down and ran her hand over the stubbled hair on his head. He looked up at her, the wolf part of him gone. It was Andreas, rugged and masculine, that looked at her. He didn't pull his mouth off. He continued to lap at her, his large fingers moving slowly on her ass.

"Oh God" she gasped. The orgasms he gave her were always intense, but nothing like this had ever come between them before. Maybe he was scared of Michael to take her so far. She didn't know, but at that moment she didn't care. She had exactly what she wanted. The man of her dreams was in her bed and devouring her.

"You are so perfect" she told him. She felt his thick tongue push deep inside her. She gasped in reply and smiled at him. She spread her legs apart and he pushed his face deeper between them.

Helen sighed in pleasure.

Then she felt it. It was something she had never felt before. Her hands moved to her stomach. They began to glow with soft red light. The magic of the Red.

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“Oh my God!” She looked down at him. **“I can feel it!”** She did her best to sit up and look at him, propping herself up on her elbows. **“It’s my magic! I’m pregnant!”**

Andreas’s eyes went dark. He lifted her right off the bed so her shoulders were pinned to the mattress and her lower body was held up in his strong arms. He pressed his mouth to her cunt and stabbed at her pussy violently. He hugged her waist and let out a loud, deep growl. The sound vibrated inside her tender womanhood and his eyes glowed with light.

He looked angry, violent. The animal in him was taking over. She was his property, plain and simple, and she gave herself to him completely.

“Andreas. I love you!”

He pulled his face back. The flesh rippled as it tried to shift. He was fighting it, trying to stay human. It was the most beautiful, masculine thing Helen had ever seen. His neck bunched with hairy muscle and his arms thickened around her small body. His mouth began to stretch outward. His teeth pushed out, becoming longer, sharper.

He started to growl and snap at the air with his jaws.

He looked down at her, the savage animal coming to the surface. He lowered her with impossible gentleness to the bed and stepped away until she was outside his reach. His body swelled and throbbed with raw power. His huge muscles vibrated as he stretched out his thick limbs, still struggling to stay human.

His big dick swung between his legs as he shifted on his feet, fighting with the beast inside of him.

He was absolutely beautiful, Helen thought. Raw, masculine beauty. Animal and man existing in the same body, both fighting for control. Control of HER!

Helen felt her body swell with desire for him. He was everything she ever wanted.

His big dick thickened and hung low between his powerful legs. His large feet turning into paws, scratched at the stone floor. He threw his head back and roared. The wave of power pulsed out of him and Helen’s body flushed with raw lust for him.

It was the Werewolf in him, she knew. Michael was the same way. Primal sex. Primal desire. It pulsed off of them and demanded immediate attention. The wolf wanted nothing less than her full submission. It was too dominate to accept anything less.

She cupped her sex and felt the thick wet spit of her lover inside. She moaned.

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The beast-man in front of her lifted its thick, clawed arms and growled at her. Daring her to try and leave. It dropped to its hands and then beat at the stone floor with its fists. It growled, showing off the incredible power it commanded. Stone chipped off the floor and flew away at the beast's rage.

Helen moaned at it. Her body wanted the beast to take her.

It lifted up and flashed its teeth and claws at her. It roared. Loudly.

Helen suddenly remembered where she was. She cast out her power and it flooded the room. The walls and door became coated with Red magic and soundproofed her bed chamber. Should have done that earlier, she thought to herself, as the great animal moved closer to her. Its sharp teeth dripped with spit.

Andreas had lost the fight. Helen was pregnant, and the Wolf was to blame. Now it wanted to be thanked. Worshipped. It wanted her to kneel before it.

Helen spread her legs apart and moaned. She offered herself to it. She wouldn't fight it. It was the only way. She lifted her head and exposed her soft neck to it.

The Werewolf responded immediately. It jumped in the air with incredible speed and landed on the bed.

The bed was sturdy. Made of solid wood.

It broke!

The bed crashed to the floor and Andreas batted away the wooden beams, protecting Helen from harm. They flew across the room and shattered against the walls.

The great animal towered over her and growled in her face. His massive prick, thick and throbbing between his legs, jutted out at her. There was no way he could fuck her. He would kill her. Helen reached out and touched the heavy fur on his arms and ran her fingers through it.

"Andreas" she moaned. "I'm going to have your child"

The beast threw its head back and roared so loudly, the ceiling shook. Its massive head faced her and roared again.

She felt the power. The magic of the Werewolf wash over her. He was marking her. Making sure no one would ever mistake her for anything less than HIS.

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His whole body throbbed with strength. It was a display. An animalistic display of supremacy. It wanted to show her what true authority was, with its big claws and massive body. The beast rose up on its back paws. His huge, throbbing prick protruded from between large, hairy thighs and hung in the air like a totem of power.

Helen gasped at the sight. Her hands reached up and wrapped around the thick, beastly meat.

The animal growled at her, but allowed her touch. It shifted on large feet, ripping the sheets up with its sharp claws. Again it roared at the ceiling and then looked down at her, watching her small hands feel and rub at the big dick between its legs.

It squatted down, putting one large paw above her head. Its huge knees bent and brought the large cock closer to her face, offering her the chance to worship it.

Helen accepted with wanton gratitude. She lifted her head up and licked at the head of the Werewolf's big prick.

The beast growled at her. Low and deep. It wasn't a threat. It was a reminder of who he was. A reminder of her submission.

Helen licked at the hot flesh between the Werewolf's legs. The beast watched her intently. Low growls filled the room as she slathered over his enormous prick. Worshipping the meat between the animal's legs and proving his dominance over her.

The beast shifted its hips up, giving her the chance to lick at his thick shaft. To taste and coat his big dick with her spit. To mark herself with it.

Helen knew exactly what it wanted from her. Michael had been the same way. Dominate and demanding.

She ran her hands down the long, fat shaft and cupped his enormous balls. Her mouth licked and sucked at the head of his giant cock as the beast watched her for any sign of disobedience. As soon as she squeezed his balls the animal shifted on its feet, the pleasure she gave him having an obvious effect. She tried to take his big dick in her mouth but she was far too small.

The beast saw this! It let out a growl that sounded nothing short of arrogant. It was pleased that its cock was so big the woman couldn't take it.

It throbbed between his legs, mocking the small human below. Laughing at her efforts to suck on him. He pulled his hand back and sat on his back legs, squatting over her,

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offering his huge prick for her pleasure. His lips pulled back over enormous teeth and glared down at Helen in a frightening smile.

The woman tried over and over again to suck on him. Her small mouth struggled to open up far enough to take his big dick inside. She squeezed at the large cock, trying to somehow shrink it small enough for her to suck on.

Andreas watched her struggle but instead of helping her, he made it throb and grow!

Helen moaned in frustration. Her whole body craved the beast's cock. She rubbed it over her face and licked at it rapidly.

The animal let out a sound that was as close to a laugh that it could make. It spread his legs apart and lowered it's massive body so the tiny woman could try again.

Her mouth couldn't do it. Over and over she fought to suck the head of the animal's big prick as the powerful beast watched her with amusement. Whenever she came close, the beast made his dick throb and swell against her efforts.

The beast enjoyed this show most of all. She slathered all over his prick, wanting to suck it deep in her mouth. Her frustration was visible. Obvious. She was small, and weak. He was big, and strong!

This pleased the Werewolf to no end. It dropped on it's hands and started to rub it's huge prick all over her body. His giant balls stroking her bare flesh, the sweat from his huge body coating her hairless flesh.

Helen moaned and licked at the big dick whenever it came near her mouth. Her magic began to radiate off her body and envelope the Werewolf above her. The beast responded and pressed his giant member against her with increasing pressure and speed.

As she licked and sucked at the sides of his great prick the beast became more and more agitated. Without warning it quickly lifted up and dropped between her legs, the huge cock head pushing at her wet pussy. It's strong legs were between hers and it easily pushed them apart, exposing her fragile cunt to his enormous prick.

Helen was suddenly frightened! If the animal sunk it's big dick inside of her, it would literally rip her open. She looked up, her face full of concern, but when she met the animal's eyes, it was Andreas that she saw. It was HIS eyes in the animal's powerful body.

Helen moaned. She was safe.

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With the head pressed to the mouth of her cunt, his big dick swelled up and erupted!

A thick wave of hot cum raced up the enormous shaft of the Wolf's big dick and shot right up Helen's hungry vagina.

The pressure was like nothing she had ever felt before. The animal's ejaculate filled her up and overflowed on the broken bed below.

The beast rocked forward and its huge prick pushed slightly deeper into her pussy. The large, fat head of his cock sealed them together as he shot another load of cum into her twitching body.

"Oh God!" She cried out. She felt the beast's hands suddenly take hold of her shoulders, keeping her in place as his big dick spewed another load of cum in her.

"ANDREAS!" She shouted.

The cum had nowhere to go. The pressure in her body was so intense, she felt as if she were about to burst.

The animal pulled its hips back and her pussy immediately gushed with his heavy load. The animal wasn't done. It blasted her dripping cunt with another wave of thick, potent seed, spraying everywhere like a hose aimed at a wall.

Helen's eyes rolled back in her head and she felt herself cum!

Her body shook and thrashed on the bed as Andreas's Werewolf coated her with his thick ejaculate. He was everywhere. The power he radiated over her was so intense. Her flesh bathed in it like the sun.

Helen lost consciousness.

She dreamed of a wolf. A big, beautiful wolf. His muscled arms wrapped tight around her as it licked and licked at her face and neck.

When she managed to open her eyes she saw Andreas, still naked, covered in cum, smiling down at her. He was standing by the remains of the broken bed with his hands on his hips. His big dick swaying low between his legs. He was so damn beautiful.

"Welcome back" He grinned. He **"So? Do I have the job?"**

Helen looked around. She was naked, her gown ripped apart. The bed, not to mention her body, was slick with the wolf's semen. The room looked like it had been hit by a

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hurricane. Broken pieces of wood and stone were thrown about along with ripped fabric from her dress and the bed.

“Oh God Andreas! Look at what you did!”

He laughed. **“Sweetheart, I’m a Werewolf. I only do two things well. Kill and fuck!”** He held up two fingers for her to see.

Her arms wrapped around her waist. **“I’m pregnant”** she said.

He wasn’t surprised at all. **“I know. That was the idea”**

“I wasn’t sure you heard me. Before, I mean”

He grinned. **“You mean when I was all hairy, with a dick too big for you to suck?”**

Her face flushed. **“How did you...I mean, it was so easy for you. You could have impregnated me anytime you wanted, couldn’t you?”**

He smiled. **“I’m a Werewolf. Knocking women up is sort of page one in the manual”**

“Then why...”

He cut her off. **“...didn’t I do it before?”**

He tilted his head and gave her a look that said she already knew the answer.

“Cause I like having my head attached to my neck” He stepped closer and kneeled down near her. **“The Father of your Son is pretty fucking scary, just so you know. Pissing him off is way down on my list of things to do. Right after taking out my own gallbladder with a fork. Seeding a woman is no problem. It’s getting her to carry to term that’s the hard part. A Werewolf woman might have three children in a lifetime. A human woman would give birth to a wolf baby one out of every twenty tries, assuming she lived that long”** he grabbed the huge prick between his legs. **“This thing is just too powerful for a woman to deal with. The plight of the Werewolf”**

“I’m not human” Helen said out loud.

He smiled. **“No! No your not. Now that I know that, all bets are off. You are now seeded with my child. Now we’re gonna see if the Red Queen is stronger than an Earth woman”** He put his hand on her belly. **“Any idea how this works now? Will you deliver in nine months? Is it the same here?”**

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She shrugged. **"I don't know. I gave birth to Chase the way an Earth woman would. But that wasn't Wonderland"**

"What if it does work that way here?" He said, not so much as a question. **"I mean, think about this. If you can carry my child and have a healthy baby here, in Wonderland, that could change everything"**

"How?"

"Helen, I'm a Werewolf. At least I will be for another day or so. Getting you pregnant is no problem. I could do it every time we fucked"

"But you won't be a Werewolf for long. The Wolf will soon leave you forever"

He moved even closer to her. **"Not if I left"**

Her eyes darkened at his words.

"What if I left so I stayed a Werewolf? I impregnate you and leave. You have my child. I come back and impregnate you again"

Her eyes began to shift in thought. **"Andreas...that's...that's"** She looked up at him. **"Could you do that? Could you really make sure I was pregnant every time?"**

He nodded. **"In fact, if you think about this, this could solve your whole problem. Wonderland's that is. Your people can't have kids. That's not because your physically unable to. It's because you live so long your bodies have adjusted to that. Less children, long lived population. But what if a bunch of you die at one time. Because of a war. Because of an evil Queen. Then what happens?"**

"The Kingdom dies. Slowly"

He nodded again. **"Now what if a bunch of aroused Werewolves come over, fuck your women silly and left? What if every woman they mated with got pregnant? Every time?"**

She sat up. **"Oh my God!"**

"Exactly" he smiled. **"Your mother stole children to replace what she lost. But that was short sighted. You don't need other people's children. You need YOUR women to have their own. There is no seed more potent than that of a Werewolf. We literally live to breed. Our bodies are fucking machines"**

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He opened his arms up, showing off his heavily muscle body.

Maybe he didn't know, she thought. **"Wonderland won't allow a Werewolf to be born. The children would all..."**

"Be children of Wonderland" he finished. He held out his hands. **"Problem solved"**

FUCK! He was right! **"Andreas! My God! That's brilliant!"**

He smiled. **"I'm not just an incredibly sexy man with a big dick you know"** he tapped his head with one finger. **"Deep, deep inside is a powerful brain"** He waved his hand over his muscled frame. **"Surrounded of course, by a sexy body...with a very big dick"**

Helen laughed. He could always make her laugh. She took hold of his arm as another thought came into her mind.

"I won't allow any other woman to have your child, you know"

He tilted his head in mock surprise and spread his arms apart. **"Sweetheart...this Werewolf only fucks Queens!"**

THE END

...Chase and Michael and yes, Daniel, will return in book 4 of the Werewolf and Son series! Thanks for reading! I enjoy all your emails!

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An Island in Greece...

She placed it slowly on the marble table in front of her and looked at herself in the mirror. She turned her head from side to side inspecting her work. This was the time when she usually smiled...a silent congratulations to herself; except right now she was too scared for that.

Now, she had to prepare.

She felt him coming...miles and miles away. And that, she knew...was because he wanted her to. She had not felt his presence for such a long time, she almost didn't recognize it. But now that he was close, she couldn't believe she could ever forget such a thing...as him.

Now, he was here. At her home. His ship had made shore and he now walked the same ground she stood on. There was no avoiding this.

She stood up and took in a deep breath. This meeting was going to happen whether she wanted it to or not. Granted, she was no longer weak and unable to harness her power. He would find her in a different state entirely. She tried to smile to herself but her mouth wouldn't cooperate. Deep down she knew the truth. Strong as she was, she would never be his equal. Even after hundreds of years, and building her numbers, it would make no difference. To him, she would be the same, hardly changed at all. A child to be exploited.

She moved to the door and passed by a full length mirror. She paused and looked at herself.

Was this it? Was this her time?

She hesitated before looking herself in the eyes. If he wants a fight she would give him one. Maybe she would win. The odds were against her, but she had something he didn't...numbers. And lots of them; she tried to convince herself.

She stuck out her chest and her full breasts heaved up as she moved with purpose down the long hallway. He was in the library, waiting for her.

Two thickly muscled men were standing in the hall. Like all her servants, they wore loose white cotton pants that flowed as they walked and no shirt to hide their powerful builds. She stepped by them, not even giving them a glance as they immediately fell in step behind her.

When she moved into the room he was standing with his back to her. He had a long, thick ponytail of dark red hair that was tied with a silver cord. His broad shoulders filled out his jacket and his pants stretched around his strong legs.

"This is amazing" he said, not looking at her. His voice was unfamiliar but deep and pleasant to her ears. He pointed up at a large painting above the wood fireplace. **"An original of all things"** he finished and turned to her.

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He was handsome. He had green eyes and smooth, pale skin. He appeared to be in his late twenties, but his eyes showed the truth. How many years looked back at her now? Did he even know how old he was?

She had never seen THIS face before. She peered deep into his eyes...and it was then that she made her first mistake. She didn't mean to do it. It was a reflex action. Her power washed around him as it did to everyone who entered her home. By the time she realized what she had done it was too late.

A wall of invisible iron had suddenly dropped between them and cast her power back at her!

She faltered at the backlash and felt four large hands suddenly support her body. She quickly gathered her strength and pulled herself together and separated herself from her bodyguards.

She showed the first sign of weakness! Damn!

He just looked back at her...amused, and just as deadly as she remembered him to be.

"Alastair", she said, her voice cracked. **"It's been a long...long time"**

He smiled. It made his handsome face friendly. Except it didn't. She knew what he really was. This was a mask. A handsome, entertaining mask, but a mask all the same.

"You haven't forgotten me?" He asked tauntingly.

"How could I" she replied. **"You've made such an impression on me"**

He laughed. **"You've done well for yourself"** He looked at the strong men right behind her. **"How many of them do you have?"**

It would make no difference she knew. She could say a hundred, a thousand. The number had no meaning to him. Now that she faced him, every lying word would serve no purpose.

"A hundred. Give or take a few"

He nodded. **"Nice. All like these two?"**

She smiled. **"Well, I have a type, as you know"**

"I know indeed" his smile shifted into something evil.

She felt her skin ripple. God she hated this. Hated him.

"What is it you want Alastair?"

He didn't hesitate to tell her. He didn't need to. She couldn't stop him anyway.

"A body"

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She waved at him. **"This one seems nice"**

"This...is just temporary" he smoothed his hand over his chest. **"I found him a few weeks ago. He will burn out by the end of the week"**

She looked at the strong men behind her. **"I'm afraid mine won't be much better. You have a power that's...hard to contain"**

He smiled. **"You remember. I'm touched"**

He walked around the room slowly, touching her furniture and trinkets until he faced her.

She couldn't help but shake slightly when his eyes met her's.

"No, I'm not looking for one of your thralls, handsome as they are. I'm looking for a new body. A permanent one"

"Permanent?" Her voice sounded confused. **"You can't..."**

He waved her silent. Then he said something that completely confused her.

"I'm thinking of a young girl"

"A child?" She looked shocked. **"That's...that's not possible! No child could..."**

His vile grin made her skin crawl **"Oh, this one was made to order. Literally. She's cute. Powerful, in a human, lesser way of course. Normally I wouldn't go for that sort of thing, but this is an opportunity that I simply CAN'T turn down"** He looked at a large potted shrub in the corner of the room. He smiled at her when he saw it.

"She loves plants!"

She gave him a blank look and blinked a few times. **"What?"**

Alastair's eyes flashed completely black and he began to laugh.

...to be continued in the next book of the Werewolf and Son saga:

The Immortal life of Alastair Bane
