

The Book of Lies Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

CHAPTER ONE

Chase watched Sean from the rearview mirror. He was changing a flat on the truck, his shirt wet with sweat. He had already put the new tire on and was replacing the bolts with practiced ease. Chase got out of the old truck and walked around back, putting a hand on Sean's shoulder.

"Did you fix it?"

"Of course I fixed it. I've changed dozens of tires" Sean said with hint of pride.

Chase rubbed at his forehead. **"Why does Dad have this truck if it breaks down? He can afford a new one"**

Sean continued to work, not bothering to look up. **"It's not broke first of all. Any truck can get a flat whether it's new or not. Besides, this truck is a work horse. It can take a hell of a beating and it's perfect for the farm"**

Chase hadn't been around that long to know if that was true. He lived with his mother in town and Sean split his time watching over him and then tending to pack business near his Father's place. It took getting used to...being a Werewolf. Sean had been at it for years, and he was the only official member of his Dad's pack, if it could even be called that. Chase's Dad was the strongest Alpha wolf in North America, and aside from him and his half-sister Emma, he had no other children.

Emma was like her mother...a Druid. She had control over plants and was developing a sort of communication with them. According to his Father, Emma would be skipped over as a Werewolf because of the nature of her mother. The power of the Druid blood was based on life and growth, while the Werewolf nature was more of a supernatural disease of sorts. Having such a powerful mother, drove the likelihood of having a Werewolf child so far out of possibility, that the chances of Emma being like her Father were about a million to one. This was one of the reasons Michael married Wendy. Building a dynasty wasn't something he wanted to do, now or ever.

Of course Emma's powers paled in comparison to her mother's, but she seemed happy enough to make flowers bloom and vines grow. Their Dad always made a big deal out of everything she did with her new found abilities, and Chase often found himself with dozens of various blossoms to take home to his mom. Some of the flowers were so exotic that they died within hours of being separated from the tiny Druid's power. But it made no difference, because Emma would simply make more.

Chase used to worry that his mother wouldn't be able to handle their new life, and was thankful that she had someone new in her life to help her cope with everything.

As he rounded the truck he saw the most beautiful boy imaginable.

He was tall with thick muscles and jet black hair. Like Chase he had blue eyes, and for the briefest moment Chase imagined this is what his brother would look like, if he had one. His own Dad was blonde, and in truth, Chase shared none of his looks or physical features. If his Dad had dark hair, this boy could have easily been his Son.

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He wore a football jersey. It was burgundy with big white numbers that hung off his large chest like a trophy. The boy's thick neck and broad shoulders seemed to call to Chase as the boy stared back. Without realizing it, Chase was broadcasting his desire and the boy shifted in place in response.

Chase saw the bulge between the large boy's strong legs. He could hear the boy's heart beating faster and he saw his muscles tense up. Chase took in a deep breath and his lungs filled with the male scent of the teenager as his own cock thickened from the stimulation.

He never wanted another boy more.

The football player grinned at him and started to walk forward, his lust for Chase clear. It seemed like everything else melted away and there was only the two of them, moving toward one another.

Suddenly Sean's back blocked his view.

The blond turned to face him and took hold of his neck, turning Chase away. Almost immediately he felt his power break as the older Werewolf interrupted his line of sight. When he turned to face Sean his eyes saw the sweat of Sean's body soaked through his shirt, not inches in front of him, and his head filled with the smell of his protector instead.

The blond boy tilted his head toward the other and then said, **"Hey. We talked about this. You can't just go bewitching the local boys whenever you get aroused"**

Sean was handsome. In fact Sean was the best looking teenage Werewolf Chase had ever seen. He didn't have the ruggedness of full grown men, like his Dad or Andreas, but he turned far more than his share of heads; female and male alike.

"Let him go Chase"

Chase nodded and moved around the truck, getting back inside. He took in a deep breath and concentrated on Sean only. He was easy for Chase to find because Sean pulsed with Werewolf energy.

After a long minute Sean pulled open the squeaky door and climbed inside. He smiled at Chase. **"You ready little brother?"**

Chase nodded and absorbed the hunky blond boy next to him. Sean's hair was long and brushed at his shoulders as he moved his head, and Chase had an urge to touch it.

Sean turned and looked at him, feeling Chase's desire wash over him. He was used to having admirers. Luckily for Chase, he knew just what the boy needed.

"Sorry"

Sean threw the truck into gear and it lurched into the road. He put a hand on Chase's leg. **"It's not your fault"** He gave him a smile and patted his small leg. **"Wanna see if Bart's home?"**

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Chase felt his cock surge at the mere mention of Bart's name. The bulky teenager was just what he needed. **"Sure!"**

Sean laughed. **"Yeah, I thought you'd like that idea"**

They drove away and Chase took Sean's hand and gripped it tight. Sean would do anything for Chase. In fact he had too...Michael demanded it. Sean would give his life to protect him and Chase never felt safer than when he was with one or the other. As the big truck rumbled down the road Chase couldn't help but think of the black haired boy with his big muscles and the blue eyes. He turned back, but he could no longer see him.

For now anyway, Chase would have to find someone else to occupy his time.

Silas and Daruth were watching a house going up. Several Werewolves were lifting a wooden frame to one side while others waited to nail it into place. The Vampire War had destroyed many homes and the Werewolves were in the process of rebuilding.

This was one of the last.

Once it was done, Wendy, Michael's Druid wife, would come by and grow garlic plants and spray holy water on the roots. Everyone was on alert to any vampires in the area, the subject still sore with many who lost loved ones or bore battle scars because of it. Rival packs put aside their differences and came together to fight a common enemy and now wondered if Michael the strongest Alpha in North America, would rally them all together as one pack. The two Alphas under him, Silas and Daruth, thought of this more than anyone else. Daruth would have welcomed the addition of raw power to rule over them, but Silas saw it as nothing less than domination.

Working alongside Daruth was easy for Silas because Daruth never aspired to be more than he was. He was too powerful to be led by any but the strongest of wolves but he was complacent enough to not want more than he had. In truth Silas would have absorbed Daruth and his pack in a heartbeat, if Daruth would have it. Having such a strong wolf and a smart one would have made Daruth the perfect Second to him. But Daruth was too well respected to be a Second. He was Alpha through and through. Instead, Silas acknowledged Daruth's position and did nothing to shift the balance of power between them.

Besides, Michael might do that for him.

Silas lifted his head in the air. He smelled Sean. He looked over to Bart, who was standing on a beam a good story above the ground.

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Bart felt it too. He turned around, his shirt off and sweat running down his chest. He smiled at the pickup truck and stepped off the frame, dropping to the ground with the ease. His thick legs absorbed the impact as if it were no higher than a curb, and he took off his work gloves and brushed his hands against his jeans. He came forward, dusting off his hands on his jeans as he did.

“Hey buddy” he said to Sean and took hold of his friend’s neck, giving it a hard squeeze. When he looked at Chase and could tell the problem right away.

Chase didn’t like to hug or even touch anyone when Silas was around. He didn’t like the man and Silas didn’t care for him much either. He didn’t like the type of wolf Chase turned into and Chase didn’t like the wolf Silas was. Chase’s animal was smaller, with no hint of the usual bulky muscle that Werewolves possessed. Silas watched them as Bart nodded to the woods.

“Take a run?”

Sean nodded and took Chase by the arm and led him away. Silas watched with distain as the Alpha’s only Son and his onetime soldier moved out of sight. He rarely even spoke to Chase, thinking him an inferior beast and happy that the Alpha’s heir was frail. In his mind Chase’s mere existence proved the Alpha wasn’t as powerful as everyone thought. But the memory of what Michael became during the Vampire War was still fresh in his mind, and Silas had no intention of getting on the man’s bad side any more than he already was. He rubbed at the scar running down his face and neck. It was a scar from a very brief battle he had with the Alpha many years ago.

It never healed. It never would. Scars from a more powerful foe, stayed with you for life.

Bart came around the side of the house as Chase and Sean were kicking off their pants. He unbuttoned his own and smiled as Chase looked him over. He knew how much the boy liked him and he loved that everyone knew it. Having the Son of the Alpha desire you, had a way of elevating ones reputation. He stood in front of Chase as the boy gazed hungrily at his big cock. He gave him a lustful grin and said, **“Let’s get out of here so we can play”**

Sean began to ripple as his body started the shift to wolf. His changed came much faster now that he had Michael’s power in him. He could transform in less than half the time it took the others but did his best not to rub it into his friend’s face.

Chase pulled his eyes from Bart’s thick shaft and changed as well. Bart followed. Within minutes all three ran for the woods.

Silas saw two Werewolves and a midnight black were-panther thing, which he knew was Chase, run toward the trees. He sighed and lifted a massive wooden beam with his bare hands clear over his head for others to put into place. Men moved out of his way as he walked by, giving him curt nods of respect at his display of strength.

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The wolves ran for a couple of miles until they found a clearing they used on a regular basis. Chase was there first. He was always first. No one could run faster than him, not even his Alpha Father. He was waiting for the others, already back in human form.

Bart burst from the trees and jumped in the air landing playfully on Chase. Chase laughed and hugged the hairy beast happily, his small arms not even coming close to meeting around Bart's huge body.

Sean came out next and moved beside them. He ran by and sniffed at the air in every direction. He was making sure they were alone. He barked loudly and Bart began to shift into human form. He waited until he was fully changed before he headed back into the woods to patrol the area.

Bart held out his arms out to Chase and the boy rushed into them. **"Miss me puppy?"** Chase hugged him tight, his cock already rock hard.

"I always miss you Bart"

High in the trees a large black raven watched their bodies intertwine. As Chase fell to his knees and took Bart's thick shaft in his mouth, the bird began to pick at the bark, its powerful talons pulling up large chunks of it.

Several minutes later, Bart came in Chase's hungry mouth. The small boy drank deeply, but like every Werewolf he wanted more. He took the teenager's strong hand and pulled him to the ground.

Bart laughed as Chase rolled him over and sat on top of him. He rubbed his smooth ass on the big cock as Bart took hold of his slender hips and guided him down. He watched with amusement as Chase threw back his head and groaned with pleasure as his heavy cock found its mark.

The Raven had seen enough. It sprung from the branch, and as it gained momentum, it spread out its great wings and took flight.

Far below, the two boys continued to mate, not noticing the jet black bird flying overhead. They were too wrapped up in themselves to care about anything else at the moment as Chase rode up and down Bart's throbbing cock. Chase squeezed at his big muscles as the rugged teenager grinned at him.

Engaged in their pleasure, they didn't hear the sound of dripping, or notice that the tree was bleeding.

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CHAPTER TWO

It had been four months since the war and everyone was recovering in their own way. Wendy spent most of her time with Emma now that her powers had developed. She wasn't sure if seeing her brother Chase in danger sparked them into activity, or if it would have happened all on their own. Her own abilities didn't manifest until she was in her early teens, so she was worried that her daughter would have a hard time controlling them at such a young age.

Emma didn't seem to have any problems though. In fact she acted as though it was the most natural thing in the world to make plants grow at her command.

Wendy watched her carefully, always ready to stop her daughter's power if it became too much. Druid magic, like any magic, could overwhelm the user and take on a mind of its own, unless controlled carefully by the caster. Wendy remembered the jagged branches that had cruelly beaten and impaled the three Werewolf teenagers that had attacked Chase. Emma's magic had exploded because her emotions got the best of her. Fear is a powerful force, and when backed by magic, it's usually deadly.

As for Wendy, her own sanity was pushed to the limit with not one, but three run-ins with the powerful vampire DeMarco. She still had nightmares of him descending on her in a black cloud, ready to possess her in the heart of the forest. Her husband had it much worse she knew. DeMarco used Chase to link himself to Michael and torture him from within. It was a terrifying sight to see such a powerful man reduced with such ease while everyone was unable to help him. Emma was held by the Vampire's thrall while Chase was rendered immobile by the blood suckers hypnotic bite. Wendy could take no action herself without losing her vulnerable daughter.

In the end it was Chase's mother Helen who destroyed the evil form of DeMarco, and set everyone free. Wendy could replay the memory in her mind over and over again and still couldn't believe it. Seeing the small woman walk right up to the Vampire should have been impossible for a human; but watching her punch a hole in his chest was literally mind boggling.

With all the supernatural muscle in one area, it took a simple human female to end the war. Wendy shook her head as she thought of Helen, with her small silver cross and the mountain of courage compacted in her petit frame. And then there was Chase, as he brimmed with pride at his mom as DeMarco erupted in white flame.

Wendy and Helen became good friends although there was always the chance that they would be at odds because of their shared history with Michael. Added to that, they both had kids by him. But Helen wasn't anything like Wendy thought she would be. She was kind, reserved and welcoming of both herself and her daughter. It was clear whatever feelings she had for Michael were in the past.

Seeing Helen with Andreas made her happy. He was a good mate; protective, loving and accepting. Wendy knew some of the female Werewolves would have a problem with Helen. After all she was a human and now in a relationship with one of the most powerful male Werewolves in the local packs. Wendy herself dealt with that on a regular basis. But Wendy wasn't human, and the wolves knew it. No

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female Werewolf was stupid enough to do more than mutter under their breath at her. By the time they could change and attack her, Wendy would have killed them on the spot with a branch to the heart or a vine around the neck.

It was an imperfect system, but a sound one.

Still, Michael's influence hovered over Helen like a silent blanket of death. Wendy could feel his power wrapped around the mother of his only Son like an electric current. If any Werewolf, male or female, made a move against Helen, they would have to deal with him; Andreas be damned. Even he conceded to the Alpha's power when in his presence, and Michael, she knew, would have it no other way.

Wendy walked to the window and looked outside to see her husband working on the tractor again. It was old and even though they could afford a new one, Michael insisted on keeping it. Maybe it was pride, or maybe something else. Deep down she thought he liked the challenge of keeping the large vehicle working, despite its desire to leave this mortal coil for good. She watched as he moved to the side of the tractor and grabbed the bottom in both hands. His thick biceps swelled up and the mass of steel lifted off the ground like it was made of balsa wood. She smiled as Michael took one hand away and reached underneath to pull a piece of rusted metal off with a strong tug. He threw it to the side and gently set the tractor on the ground. He walked over and examined the twisted metal and rubbed at his forehead in thought, leaving a black grease mark.

Wendy sighed with desire. She wanted to give him more children but with Chase now in the picture, she thought that would be a bad idea. Between them, they had two children coming into their legacy at the same time and that kept them both preoccupied with not only training, but protection. She went back to the kitchen and started to clean up, trying to decide what to do about dinner when the phone rang.

It was Helen.

"Chase is having a birthday next week and I was wondering if Michael wanted to do anything special with him? We usually stay at home and do something with just the two of us and maybe some of Chase's friends, but now..." her voice trailed off.

Wendy understood her concern. Chase was no longer a normal boy. In fact, he wasn't even a normal Werewolf. Even if he wasn't the Son of the Alpha; and he was; his wolf was startlingly different from the others, with its sleek black shape and golden eyes. As if he needed another reason to be different, Chase was the only gay Werewolf in the pack. Now the boy faced isolation from what should be his family. Fear over what he had become and the way his desire affected the male wolves, kept Chase from being accepted by them.

"I'm sure Michael will want to do something with him Helen. You know how he feels about Chase" she replied. **"I think it would be nice if everyone could get together for dinner. I'd be happy to make something here"** she added. Helen lived in a nice townhouse in the city but it would be easier to accommodate everyone at the farm. There was also the silent matter of 'man of the house' that Wendy knew would come up when Andreas showed his face at Helen's home. He wasn't living with Helen yet, but that could change at any moment. Regardless, Michael wouldn't allow another man to dominate in his presence, no matter whose home it was.

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“That’s sounds great Wendy. I don’t want you to go through any trouble for us though. I can cook”

“It’s no trouble at all Helen. Chase and you are family now and that’s not going to change anytime soon. Come over and we’ll figure everything out. Between the two of us we can cook up a storm”

They talked some more and before they hung up she asked Helen about Andreas. Helen told her how highly Chase thought of him and Wendy warned her not to share that with Michael. They jokingly said the last thing they needed was for the Alpha to demonstrate how fast he could rip Andreas’s head from his body. As they continued to speak Wendy thought how nice it was to finally have someone to talk to.

Andreas and Daruth were discussing pack business. The Second agreed that keeping closer ties to Silas’s pack made perfect sense. No one really wanted to merge packs and Daruth didn’t want to give up his status as Alpha, but the recent war had turned pride into necessity. Open lines of communication were created and Daruth had appointed Andreas as the go between of the packs. Silas didn’t object, only because Andreas was the best choice. The man was smart and level headed and Daruth knew that Silas could intimidate him only so far. Silas was powerful, more powerful than either of them, but he wasn’t THE Alpha.

As Daruth watched Chase run out of the forest he smiled inwardly. Andreas was involved with Chase’s mother and making a move against him was a move against Chase; and in turn the Alpha. It was a complex if not beneficial relationship. As he watched the small boy wrap his arms around his burly Second, he knew Andreas had been the best choice.

Andreas’s thickly muscled arms hugged at Chase tightly and the boy kissed at his neck as he got spun in the air. **“How’s my favorite Werewolf?”** Andreas asked affectionately and nodded to Daruth who moved away.

“I’m good! I just saw Bart!” Chase grinned and Andreas understood perfectly. Coming to Daruth’s pack alone was a problem for Chase. Being gay, unprotected and weaker than the male wolves could be dangerous. Only Bart, Jason, and of course Sean held the other wolves back. If Andreas and Daruth hadn’t been around Chase could be in real trouble. Telling Andreas that he had just seen Bart meant his desire for male affection was satisfied, at least for a while.

Andreas set Chase back on the ground and the boy reluctantly uncoiled his arms, but let his hands run down Andreas’s powerful chest. The big man looked around and noticed only one wolf watching. It was Locke, a guard and combat trainer for the pack. He gave the man a warning look and Locke nodded before turning away. Chase was oblivious to this, as he was all Werewolf workings. Andreas knew the

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boy was so consumed with his own change and the flood of Alpha power that surged through him, that the minds of nearby Werewolves escaped him.

“What do I owe the pleasure?” Andreas asked.

“Mom wants you to come over tonight if you can”

“Why didn’t she just call?”

“I told her I was nearby and could use the run”

Andreas balked at this idea. Running alone in the vast woods that surrounded the local packs was dangerous for someone like Chase. Werewolves traveled in groups and Chase should never be without his own protection.

“This isn’t the city Chase” Andreas began. **“I’ve told you, and I know your Dad has told you, about running around out here by yourself”**

Chase looked down. **“Yeah but I’m faster than anyone else and...you aren’t gonna tell him are you?”**

“Why would I? I enjoy lying to the most powerful Werewolf in North America. Hell I’m gonna challenge him to an arm wrestling contest next time I see him”

Chase laughed, his silver blue eyes flashing.

“Thanks Andreas” His looked over the powerful body in front of him but Andreas was quick to stop it.

“Chase...not here”

Chase looked into his eyes and nodded timidly. Andreas ran a hand across the thick black hair.

“You still wanna run?”

Chase nodded and Andreas called out to Daruth, telling him he was taking Chase home. Daruth nodded and Andreas saw a look of relief cross his Alpha’s face. No one wanted to anger Michael, especially not another Alpha. Any act of aggression from his men would make Daruth answerable to Michael, and Daruth didn’t want to have that conversation any time in the next hundred years or so. Daruth’s face showed his relief that Chase was leaving as Andreas led him toward the trees.

“Ok, you know the rules, no shifting!”

Chase laughed, **“You’re still not gonna beat me!”** And with that he took off for his mother’s house at a fast pace. Andreas ran after him, keeping his senses alert for any other wolf in the area.

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Michael felt the change. He dropped the heavy wrench he had in his hand and sniffed at the air. Chase was with Andreas. He didn't have to smell them to know this was true. He felt the change in Chase's emotions when Daruth's Second was near. He knew Andreas was a good man, but the Alpha in him needed more. He went into the house and kissed Wendy, telling her he would be back in a few hours. She never asked where he was going. She usually didn't want to know the answer. It was one of the many things about her that Michael loved.

He started to lightly jog to the woods but when he made it to the trees he took off with his full power. In wolf form, he would have been faster, but he knew where Andreas was going and he lived closer to Helen than he did.

It took him thirty minutes to run, leap and swing to the city limits. He waited until Chase moved near. He was about a mile away but Michael could sense him as if he were standing beside him. He waited until he felt Andreas before sending out his power.

The effect was instantaneous.

Andreas stopped for a long moment and then Michael felt Chase move forward alone.

Ten minutes later Andreas moved from behind the trees at a light jog. **"You summoned me?"** he asked, knowing this day was destined to happen.

Michael growled and leapt into the air. He closed the distance between them in a heartbeat. Andreas stood very still and kept his eyes to the ground as the powerful Alpha circled him.

"You spend a great deal of time with my Son, wolf!"

Andreas nodded. **"His protection is important to all of us my Lord"**

"Protection?" Michael asked, now standing right behind Andreas and sniffing at his back.

Andreas could feel the heat of the big man centimeters from him. He dropped his shoulders as low as they could go. **"Yes my Lord"**

Michael's big chest bumped into Andreas making the man step forward for balance. **"Little fucking wolves think they can take what's mine?"**

"Never, my Lord"

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Andreas usually didn't talk like this around other wolves and Michael wouldn't expect him to. He had his own rank that needed to be maintained and Michael allowed a certain air of familiarity in front of a pack. But here, alone in the woods, he demanded complete servitude.

"I give Bart and Jason leeway because of their age and Chase needs friends; but I don't take kindly to full grown men taking advantage of my Son"

Andreas was no fool. The Alpha was a terrible force and a dangerous enemy, even from a distance. Here, close and alone, Andreas was vulnerable from the slightest hint of insubordination. He did the only thing possible; he dropped to his knees.

Michael moved in front of him, Andreas face inches from the thick bulge between his legs.

"I am yours to command great one. You need only ask, for it to be done"

"Hurt Helen and I'll only remove your arms and legs" Michael's deep voice threatened. **"Hurt my Son, and I'll crush your spine!"** A massive growl erupted from the Alpha's throat and vibrated off the trees. Andreas shrunk from it and bowed his head. His hands slowly came up and cupped the back of Michael's massive calves.

"I am yours now and forever my Lord" he said humbly. Michael growled back, the power of the beast flowing from his body. Andreas knew it was the beast he was now talking to.

Michael was gone.

"You doubt my power?" the beast challenged. Andreas lifted his head and gently kissed at the mound between Michael's legs. He waited and kissed at it again. The Alpha's fists were bunched and Andreas watched them carefully. Over and over his kissed at the beastly prick between the Alpha's legs until, very slowly, the fists relaxed and finally hung at his side.

"You are my King" Andreas offered. **"I serve no other"**

"Don't forget it Andreas. Least you forfeit your life over it!" He took the back of Andreas's head and pulled his face between his legs. Andreas breathed deeply and squeezed at his calves as Michael held him in place. His thick cock pulsed against the man's face and Michael rubbed it against him.

A full minute later, Michael stepped back and ran the way he came, leaving Andreas on his knees.

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Andreas walked down Helen's street, the feel of the Alpha's immense power still with him. He knew this would not be the last time he was confronted by the Alpha. Michael would never fully relinquish his claim to her as long as Chase lived. Andreas was walking on dangerous ground, stepping into a house of cards that could crash down on him at any time.

Helen met him at the door, a smile across her pretty face. Without a word he put an arm around her waist and lifted her off the ground, pressing her against him.

"Miss me?" he asked softly in her ear. Helen's small arms circled his neck and she leaned into him with a sigh.

"Always"

The Raven flew high in the air. Its large wingspan carried it near the clouds as it looked down at the forest below. The Werewolf colonies were easy to pick out, as was the Alpha's home; but the bird wasn't interested in them. It watched the Alpha carefully. It saw the other wolf submit to him. It looked on with interest as the beasts interacted. It confused the Raven. They were not men, but they were not animals either. It watched the Alpha run away with incredible speed, leaving the other on his knees.

The Raven flew off, still searching, its prize eluding it. It circled the vast woods over and over, hunting for something else; something far more important than mere Werewolves.

Sean looked around. He was alone. His eyes scanned the buildings near Helen's home, looking at windows for watchful eyes. It was dark and he wore a gray tee shirt and jeans. His blond hair was covered with a knit cap to hide its brightness. He squatted down for a moment and then leaped into the air. His strong legs propelled him upward until he landed gracefully on Chase's window sill. He knocked lightly on the glass.

Chase didn't need to turn on the light to see who it was. There were only a few people who could be knocking on a third story window, and if it was his Father, he would have felt him before he heard the knock.

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“Sean” Chase greeted him as he pulled open the glass. Sean moved inside silently and gathered Chase into his strong arms. Chase leaned against his warm body and hugged him back.

“Just checking in little brother” Sean said. He lifted his head and breathed in the air. **“I see Andreas is here”**

“Yeah” Chase. **“He’s been sleeping over more and more. I think mom wants him to move in”**

Sean nodded. **“How does your Dad feel about that?”**

Chase shrugged. **“I don’t know. Ok, I guess”**

Sean gave him a sideways look. **“You guess?”**

“Well, I don’t think he would like anyone really. But I don’t want to see her alone and I don’t think he does either”

Sean rubbed his hand through Chase’s black hair, the boy still thought in human terms. **“You wanna take a run in the woods? Jason and Bart are here too”**

There really was no need to wait for an answer; Chase always wanted to run with other wolves. He leaned down and grabbed some shoes. **“I should tell mom”**

Sean shook his head. **“Andreas knows I’m here. He’ll feel both of us leave. You’ll be back before she knows you’re gone. Let her sleep”**

Chase pulled on a pair of shoes. He always kept an old pair that he didn’t mind losing when he turned into a wolf. It was something Sean taught him. **“How do you do that?”**

“Do what?”

“Feel other wolves?”

“You feel your Dad don’t you?”

“Yeah, but he’s the only one. I can’t talk back and forth with him the way you do”

“It doesn’t quite work that way Chase. It’s not a language as much as intent. Andreas knows I’m here but he also can sense my intent to take you with me. He knows your safe, so he doesn’t react” He let that sink in. **“You understand?”**

Chase shook his head. **“No. Not really”** He changed his shirt, putting on one that was older and easily replaced. **“I only feel my Dad and when...”** his voice trailed off.

“When he desires you?”

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Chase nodded and Sean smiled.

“Don’t worry Chase. It’ll all fall into place” He moved to the window and made sure no one was around. He looked back and nodded and then jumped down.

Chase moved forward quickly and watched as Sean landed without a sound far below. It still amazed him to see feats of the supernatural. It was one thing for a Werewolf to do it, but to do things in human form seemed so unnatural, that Chase was dumbfounded. His Father was so powerful that he could do almost everything as a human that he could do as a wolf.

Chase...not so much.

He carefully went to the edge and looked at Sean below. The boy’s arms were up and Chase stepped off the ledge. Air rushed through his black hair and pulled it straight up as he fell quickly to the ground. Before he hit, Sean’s strong hands grabbed him by the waist and absorbed the impact. He set Chase gently to the street.

“Thanks”

Sean grinned. **“Anytime bro”** They turned toward the woods and began to lightly run. Once they passed by the first set of trees they started to run faster until the dark swallowed them up. Both could see just fine.

Chase lifted his feet at the perfect time to avoid every branch and rock. He moved silently through the woods like he was born to do this.

Sean smiled to himself. If Chase excelled at anything Werewolf, it was this.

Bart’s large body came into view first. Jason’s followed. Both boys were bare from the waist up and not wearing shoes.

Chase stopped in front of Bart and hugged him tight. He felt Jason’s hand on his back and smiled at the tall boy. When he turned, Sean was taking his shirt off, his cap already on the ground.

“Let’s do it” he said.

Chase followed his lead and took off his clothes as the other boy’s shed their pants. Now all four were fully naked and began to shift. Bart’s muscled body grew into a hairy thick beast, while Jason’s was by far the tallest of the group. Sean’s wolf was lighter in color than the others, while Chase literally disappeared in the night with his jet black coat of fur. The three teenagers circled Chase, sniffing at him and nudging him with their noses. It was a way to greet and accept another wolf. They didn’t do it to each other, mostly because they were almost always together.

Chase looked at Bart’s strong body. His legs were ripped with muscle and he stood powerfully before the others, with his thick sharp claws and gleaming teeth. Each wolf was over six feet tall standing up.

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Compared to them, Chase seemed vastly out of place. His body was sleek with long coiled muscle. His claws were sharp but blunted into points, more for climbing and running than cutting. His snout was short and powerful but his teeth weren't as long as a normal Werewolf's.

Jason's head moved through the air and sniffed all around. He faced the direction of the lake, several miles away, and took off quickly. Bart pressed himself against Chase from the back before doing the same. Sean wouldn't move until Chase did, and Chase knew it. He pawed at the ground with his feet some and stretched out his limbs while Sean watched. Then Chase crouched down and shot forward so fast that Sean lost sight of him. He took off after the black wolf but knew it was a lost cause.

Even with a head start, Chase would beat them all.

Branches snapped and rocks rolled out of the way as Bart's massive body crashed through the forest. Small trees were uprooted by his sudden change of direction as he struggled to stay in the lead. Jason's long limbs allowed him a different form of travel. He moved through the trees like a great monkey, jumping from branch to branch and launching himself from the trunks like a bullet.

Chase was an amalgam of both. He used the ground to cover short distances when it was clear, or he took to the trees when needed to best and obstacle he couldn't pass on the ground.

It was almost a frightening thing to behold. Chase moved as if the forest was aiding him. Trees seemed to simply be there for him to use. The ground seemed to pull away any obstruction in his path, only to put it immediately back when others tried to follow. He was silent. Only the barest of sounds were made as he shifted across the ground. The leaves and brush refused to make a sound and betray his presence.

For wolves the worst part was the inability to find Chase. Blinding a predatory hunter does nothing for its disposition, and for a weaker wolf like Chase to be able to do this, was frustration to the point of insanity.

Bart sniffed at the air but found nothing. His eyes scanned the trees for Chase, but he saw only night. His Werewolf bond reached out to find his brothers but only Sean and Jason reflected back. He almost stopped, thinking maybe Chase wasn't with them, but he knew Sean wouldn't be either if that were the case. He was about to turn when a weight struck his shoulders, driving his great paws into the ground by several inches. The weight disappeared just as fast as it came. He looked up and saw a black shape in front of him, sailing through the air. The sleek body of Chase's dark wolf rocketed toward a large tree and for the briefest moment, Bart felt the connection between his wolf and Chase's. Then he disappeared; swallowed up by the night, taking the connection with him as he went. Bart pushed off the ground, his thick muscles responding immediately to his command. He bolted after Chase as fast as he could.

But Chase was already gone.

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Bart's burly Werewolf broke from the tree line in a loud thunderous roar. His massive head scanned the area and found Chase in the water still in wolf form. He leaped into the air and tackled him, sending both under the surface.

The connection between them surged into place as Bart came into contact with the black wolf. He wrapped his muscular arms around him and pulled him tight, only to throw him up into the air. Chase sailed several feet away, water streaming off his sleek frame. Jason caught him in the air and drove his body down, taking him underwater once more. He lifted Chase over his head and threw him to Bart who wrapped his heavy arms around him. His massive muzzle opened and he flashed his teeth in a playful threat.

Chase balled himself up and put his large feet against Bart's hairy chest and pushed away. Bart's grip dissolved and Chase was free. He made it to the shore as both Bart and Jason advanced with deep growls and bared teeth. He splayed his claws as if ready to fight both when his body was suddenly ripped from the ground and sent once more under water.

Sean pulled him up and tossed him to Bart who locked a big arm around his waist. Chase struggled but the fight was over. He couldn't overpower Bart again.

The four Werewolves moved to shore, Jason and Sean circled one another snarling and snapping their teeth while Bart's iron hold on Chase kept him off the ground.

Jason charged and Sean responded. They swiped their claws at each other, hitting shoulders and legs, but keeping clear of the face. This wasn't combat, it was brothers bonding. Bart set Chase down and joined the fun. He took Sean from behind and the two rolled on the ground as Jason jumped on top. Sean took Bart by the neck and pulled him forward to crash into Jason like a car. Jason and Bart rolled away but sprang to their feet at opposite sides of Sean, ready to strike in unison.

Sean had been transformed by Michael. Before it had been Bart who dominated. He was the strongest and toughest among them. But the Alpha changed all that. He infused Sean with his power in order to protect Chase, and now the immense strength that flowed through Michael's veins, now lived with Sean as well. It wasn't the same of course. Sean couldn't challenge another Alpha like Silas or Daruth, but he was now elevated beyond the strength of a normal adult Werewolf. It usually took an adult man to challenge another adult. Sean, Jason, and Bart shouldn't come into that type of power until they were older.

But Michael accelerated that in Sean. Now he was as strong as a powerful mature male...non Alpha that is. As he became older his power level would grow to be just shy of a full Alpha's.

Sean jumped high in the air as Jason and Bart surged forward. He landed on top of them and kicked Bart down to the ground. He grabbed Jason by the arm and spun him around, throwing him back into the water. He now faced Bart one on one. This wasn't a fight Bart could win but the thick wolf wasn't one to back down.

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His claws came up and clashed with Sean.

The sound of their battle rolled through the forest. Bart was all muscle and instinct while Sean was tactical and methodical. Jason came out of the water to watch but didn't interfere. This battle between his two best friends had begun the moment Sean had been claimed by the Alpha. Bart refused to acknowledge Sean's new strength. Being demoted wasn't something Bart was coming to terms with anytime soon.

Bart struck and Sean deflected. Sean struck and Bart countered. Chase watched with awe as the two Wolves tested each other. It was amazing to see. But even Chase knew that Sean wasn't putting everything he had into it. It wasn't lack of ability he knew; it was love. Sean just couldn't bring himself to defeat Bart; he simply loved him too much.

None of them saw it coming, not even Chase.

The air seemed to darken like a blanket and then the ground thundered to life as a massive Werewolf landed among them. Sand flew through the air at the arrival of the great beast. It growled so loudly the water rippled.

His Father, The Alpha had arrived!

Thick muscle covered his long limbs. His claws were dark and sharp like steel. His teeth were large and threatening. He made the other Werewolves look small and cuddly.

Everyone became still.

Bart and Sean disengaged and faced the new threat. It was Chase that moved first. He shot forward and jumped through the air, landing on his Father's broad chest like a cat. His claws sunk into the thick fur, not even close to piercing the great beast's skin. His mouth opened and bit down on a heavy shoulder. He growled back as loudly as he could but if his Father was concerned, he certainly didn't show it.

Bart was next. He tackled one of the Alpha's big legs while Sean took the other. Jason landed on the beast's back, his long arms wrapping around the thick neck.

The Alpha threw its head back and roared. It spun around and Bart flew off in one direction while Sean went in the other. A huge hand snatched Jason off its back and once again the boy found himself hitting the water. Chase was last. The beast pulled him away and held him by the scruff of the neck like a newborn kitten. He looked into the golden orbs that were Chase's eyes and he growled. Chase growled back swiping in the air in a vain attempt to land a blow. The Alpha simply held him away, his teeth bared in what could only be thought of as a grin. He took in a lungful of air and bellowed so loudly at Chase that the black fur rippled across his face and his lips pulled back.

The beast threw the black wolf into the air and caught him with one hand. Chase struggled but the Alpha was simply too big and too strong. This wasn't a foot race and the wise Alpha wasn't about to let Chase touch the ground and run away.

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Bart and Sean moved up and circled the great beast. As Bart charged he was snatched right out of the air and sent crashing into Sean. They tumbled to the ground as Jason finally made his way back to shore.

The massive wolf began to ripple and shrink before them. It took only seconds before the human form of Michael stood in front of them. His muscled arm easily continued to hold Chase up by one hand.

“Now, maybe it’s a fair fight!” He tossed Chase into the lake and faced the others.

Sean was the first to charge. Michael moved like a blur and caught his wrists and hurled him into the forest. A large crash could be heard as Sean hit a grove of trees and was dumped in a set of thick bushes.

Jason was loud. The water slowed him down as it poured off his fur. He swiped at the air in front of Michael, but the man easily avoided it by stepping to one side. Before Jason could react Michael was behind him and lifting him up. He tossed the tall Werewolf back into the lake with incredible strength, almost to the middle! Jason managed to growl in frustration as he sailed into the air before the water swallowed him up again and silenced his cries.

Bart roared and charged. His powerful arms came down on top of the big blond man, but Michael simply took hold of them before they could connect, stopping Bart’s wolf cold.

Their eyes locked.

“This all you got boy?” Michael berated him. **“I thought you were a Werewolf?”** He yanked Bart’s thick limbs down until Bart was on his knees, the human standing over him defiantly.

Chase saw Sean hurtling through the air but Michael swatted him away with a closed fist, and Sean landed on the ground in a ball of defeat.

Bart grabbed at the hand still holding him but the Alpha male didn’t let go. With one hand he held the biggest wolf among them on his knees. Their eyes connected again as Man dominated Wolf.

Bart growled but was unable to move. He tugged and pulled but the fight was over. Bart’s thick shoulders slumped in submission.

Michael released him, warning Bart with his eyes and Bart in turn obeyed. He moved forward and began to lick at Michael’s legs. Sean moved to the side and rubbed his face against the back of the man’s thigh.

Jason was still in the lake.

Chase changed first.

By the time Jason made it to shore, he was in human form as well.

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“Not fair Dad” Chase grinned at his powerful Father.

“You’re right about that. I’ll wait here while you get more Wolves. You’re a pack of puppies!”

Bart reverted back but stayed on his knees in front of Michael and waited for Sean to change as well.

Michael looked around and nodded his head. **“You boys need more practice. All this running around has made you soft”** He held out his hand and Bart took hold of it as he got to his feet.

“Damn your strong”

“And fast” Sean said, walking around the man’s large body.

“How come I’m always in the lake?” Jason demanded while the others laughed at him.

Chase moved in and hugged his muscled Father and Michael hugged him back.

“What are you doing here? You’re supposed to be at your mothers”

“I know” Chase said, looking up. **“Sean came and got me so we could run”**

Sean looked away. **“I thought it would be alright if he was with all three of us”**

Michael nodded. **“It’s fine; just make sure your back before your mother wakes up”**

“Andreas...” Sean said before he stopped himself.

The Alpha sighed. **“I know”**

No one looked him in the eyes. No one dared. Chase went back to hugging his powerful Dad, pushing his face against the hard chest.

“How many Wolves can you beat Dad?”

The others looked at each other with concern. That wasn’t a question that should be asked. A Werewolf wasn’t about boasting, he was about doing. The Alpha didn’t need to brag...he was after all...The Alpha.

But with no hesitation Michael asked, **“How many are there?”**

The three teenage Werewolves grinned at each other, relived that Michael wasn’t angry.

Sean moved against Michael’s back and rubbed against him, his cock already hard.

Bart and Jason watched. They were part of another pack and that kind of worship was forbidden, unless of course, it was demanded.

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Sean's hands moved admiringly up the muscled back of the Alpha and he licked between his shoulder blades with a soft moan. Chase hugged his Dad as tight as he could while the others stood nearby.

Michael looked at Bart and Jason for a long moment while Sean and Chase nuzzled into him. The boys glanced at him with desire, but never held his eyes for more than a second. Both dropped to their knees in submission to him as the others showed theirs in a different way.

Michel let them kneel for a moment and then snapped his fingers and waved them forward.

Bart pushed his face under Michael's big arm and licked at his pit. Michael lifted his arm above his head so Bart could more easily work, while Jason dropped to his knees and took long licks at Michael's strong thigh, his hands gripping the Alpha's big calf muscle.

It took mere moments for everyone to become erect.

Michael looked down at the four boys licking, kissing and rubbing at his body. **"I take it you boys are hungry?"**

The air filled with groans as each replied the best they could. The fever of submission had taken hold, and they lost the ability to easily speak. The power of the Alpha was present and it slowly flowed over each of them in turn, affecting them in different ways.

After a good minute of worship Michael said, **"Is there some reason that three of you are still on your feet?"**

The affect was immediate. Sean, Bart and Chase all dropped to their knees before the Alpha. Bart hugged a muscled thigh while Sean pressed the side of his face to Michael's bare ass. Chase, having hugged his Father from the front, now had the best position, and was face to face with the thick cock that hung between the Alpha's legs.

Bart saw it. So close. He breathed in the scent of the Alpha and groaned in frustration. Chase buried his face in his Father's crotch and began to lick at his large balls. Sean in turn pushed his face between the Alpha's firm ass and licked deeply from behind. Jason rubbed himself against the man's powerful leg, his cock rock hard and ready to explode at any moment.

Michael watched to boys work. Only Sean and Chase were comfortable enough to taste him. Jason and Bart looked pleadingly and fidgeted at being so close to him. Michael took hold of Bart's head and pulled him to his dick.

Bart needed no further encouragement. He opened his mouth wide and took the Alpha's thick cock in and sucked at it like his life depended on it. He let out a loud moan of satisfaction as Michael's massive meat sunk into his throat.

Chase continued to lick and suck as his Dad's large balls. His own cock was rock hard and dripping in return.

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The Alpha grabbed Jason by the hair and yanked his head up. He leaned over and spit at the boy, who opened his mouth and caught it on his tongue. He swallowed gratefully and the Alpha pushed him back toward Sean, who guided his head between Michael's cheeks.

Jason pressed himself as deep as he could go and lapped hungrily between Michael's crack. He felt Sean rub his back as he tasted the powerful Wolf for the first time.

Four mouths and eight hands devoured the Alpha's flesh. The growls and roars of the Werewolves had been replaced by the moans of four sex starved boys. Michael smiled at them as they worked. They were so eager to serve him. They would do anything he asked, and Michael...would have it no other way.

The boys moved around slowly, taking their time to work at his body. They would do this for hours if he let them. The worship of a pure Alpha was a rare privilege that most wolves would never have.

Chase was still licking at his big balls when he pulled him up in the air. He handed him off to Sean.
"Keep him busy for a while; I've got Wolves to train"

Sean nodded and took Chase into his arms.

Michael grabbed Jason and Bart by the neck and pulled them together as he watched Sean kiss his Son. Chase had his arms around the blond boy's neck as Sean lowered him to the ground and lay on top of him. Michael moved so he could watch and then looked at the two Wolves in front of him.

He knew there would be a price to pay if either Bart or Jason swallowed his cum. Marking a Werewolf in such a fashion would be stealing from another Alpha. Michael already did this once with Sean, and although Silas was in no position to challenge him, it would only add to the distain the lesser wolf already felt. In many ways Silas was the purest of Weres. He was strong, demanding and hungry for more power. Michael didn't want a pack. He didn't want to lead. He only wanted his Son safe and driving Silas away was the last thing he wanted to do. Who else could command so many wolves?

The two wolves had been loyal to him. They protected Chase almost as much as Sean did, even though there was no reason too. Silas wouldn't harm them if Chase were injured. It wasn't their place to protect the boy, it was Sean's, and by default the Alpha's.

Still, a reward was in order.

Michael took hold of Jason's head and pulled him forward. **"On your hands and knees boy!"** He pushed his face to the ground and Jason quickly obeyed. Bart pulled off the Alpha's immense prick with profound understanding of what was about to happen. He moved to the side as Michael dropped to his knees behind Jason and took hold of his hips.

"You're not man enough to take me!"

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The power of the Alpha flooded the immediate area. Everyone was affected by it. Sean trembled in place, hugging Chase to him for support, while Bart fell on his hands and moaned. Michael slapped Jason's ass, and without any effort, forced the boy to change into a Werewolf!

The other's watched the change.

It was different when the Alpha made it happen. When they did it, it was slower and smoother. The body responded to the call in an orderly fashion. It grew, he became hairy and claws and teeth formed.

Now it was violent.

Hair burst out before muscle thickened. Claws formed on one hand but not the other. Long, pointed ears extended from a human head and legs grew unevenly. Jason cried out, but it was not the boy, but the wolf in him. It wanted to be free! The Alpha demanded it! Whatever control Jason once had over his beast was completely taken from him.

It took half the time it usually did.

The Alpha's power literally ripped the animal up!

Jason threw back his head and roared as the change completed. Michael grabbed his tail and held it in the air as he sunk his big cock inside the wolf. Jason's claws dug into the ground and a deep growl escaped his lungs as the greatest Werewolf in North America impaled him with his mighty prick.

Bart was changing too!

The flow of the Alpha's dominate energy pushed against him and blasted any resistance he had to dust.

Chase looked down to see hairy arms now holding him and Sean's hot breath bore against his neck. He looked up and saw the light colored Werewolf gazing up at the Alpha, a hypnotic lust in its eyes. He glanced down and saw Sean's massive cock grow between his legs and throb in the night air.

Michael fucked Jason with deep forceful thrusts. The Werewolf responded with loud grunts of lust for each impalement. The Alpha held the boy's tail in an iron grip as he assaulted his furry ass into submission. Large clumps of sand were thrown in the air as Jason clawed at the ground in response.

It took less than three minutes before the big prick on Jason's Werewolf shot its load all over the beach. He bellowed as he came and his body shuddered in ecstasy.

Bart had been howling at the moon as his friend was fucked. He circled the boy and punched at the earth as Jason moaned with gratification.

When the boy came, Michael pushed his big dick deep inside and held the tail firmly in his fist. He felt Jason's tight ass grip his cock possessively as the Wolf's strong body released its pent up cum.

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He dropped the tail and very slowly pulled his hard cock out. Jason dropped to the ground in a lump and whimpered at the loss. He curled into the fetal position and trembled, still clawing at the ground.

Michael stood up and looked at Bart. He knew this would be different. He faced the big teenaged Werewolf and shouted, "**KNEEL!**"

His power hit Bart like a bus. The Werewolf howled and fell to his knees, snarling at the Alpha, his claws extended.

Michael moved forward and backhanded Bart across the face, knocking him on his back. He fell on top of him and punched Bart in the jaw. The wolf growled and snapped its teeth in the air but well away from Michael's human face.

Bart was lust drunk, but that didn't make him stupid.

Michael pushed Bart's legs apart and moved closer. He lifted the Werewolf's lower body up and sunk his thick cock into Bart's ass with a strong thrust.

Bart moaned loudly and took a swipe at Michael's head, only to be rewarded with another punch to the face.

Michael took two handfuls of Bart's chest fur and lifted him clear off the ground, only to slam him back with the force of a train. He grabbed his thick arms and pinned them over his head and glared down at him. Then he started to fuck him.

Bart got fucked hard.

Michael was merciless. He sunk every inch of his big dick into the struggling boy with no regard for him whatsoever. This wasn't just about sex, this was about power; raw masculine, animalistic power.

Bart pushed against the hold Michael had on his arms but it was no use. Even in human form the Alpha was far stronger than he would ever be. He lifted his head and made a show of snapping his jaws in the air inches from Michael's face but Michael hauled back his fist and struck Bart again.

To further demonstrate his power he now used just one hand to pin Bart's arms to the ground. "**Little fucking Werewolves!**" He pulled back his free arm and backhanded the Wolf across the face.

Bart whimpered and sunk to the ground. His beastly anger was now replaced by lust and desire. No longer did his Wolf challenge the Man. The battle was over and there would be no more fighting. His big head rocked back and forth and he began to moan at each thrust of the human's big dick.

It took five minutes of hard fucking before Bart could no longer contain himself. His heavy prick swelled up and sprayed large amounts of thick white cum all over his fur. He showering himself with hot fluid as Michael continued to pump into him.

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Michael let his chest swell up in front of the Werewolf. He took hold of Bart's neck and lifted him up with one hand. He glared into the Wolf's eyes, but Bart was broken. The beast looked away, its arms hung limp by its side as Michael tossed him back to the ground and pulled his hard cock out.

He looked across from him.

Sean was fucking a sleek black Wolf with steady strokes. The dark legs were wrapped around the Werewolf's waist and his muzzle was being licked frantically as Sean thrust away at the small animal.

This was the first time they had had full blown sex Michael knew. He wouldn't have cared otherwise but there was a problem with this scene...Chase was not focused on him!

Michael walked over until his feet were next to the Werewolf's head. Sean looked up at him and Michael growled, "**Release him!**"

Sean's Wolf needed nothing else. He pushed Chase down and pulled his big dick from him and moved quickly out of the way.

Michael stepped in front of him and snapped his fingers.

Sean crouched down on all four paws and lapped at the great cock before him. His thick tongue wrapped around the Alpha's heavy prick and tried to pull it into his mouth. He kept the sharp teeth away, using his tongue to protect his master's flesh.

He didn't expect what happened next.

The Alpha's power pushed at him and wrapped around him like a vise. He felt the hair receded into his arms and legs. His large feet shrunk and his claws pulled back. Thirty second later, Sean was fully human, Michael's cock still in his mouth.

"SUCK IT!"

The sudden change from human to wolf and now back again, made Sean tremble with exhaustion. It was only his intense desire for Michael that kept him on his knees. Sean sucked deeply, the Alpha's immense prick stretching his jaw to the limit. Tears formed in his eyes as the heavy dick pushed into his throat. Sean held onto Michael's strong legs for support as he did his best to please his master. His cock raged between his legs as the sweaty prick of the Alpha Wolf lodged inside his throat.

Michael looked at his Son, who was still a Wolf, its wide eyes taking in the scene before it. He cast out his will and Chase trembled and shrunk into a small boy at his command.

Chase moved up and hugged his Father's great thigh and he watched Sean struggle with his Dad's enormous cock. He had never seen his Father have sex with anyone else before. He couldn't believe the power a true Alpha had over so many wolves at one time. Even in human form his Dad was the most

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dominate being here. Watching Jason get fucked while he was changed bordered on the fantastic, but seeing Bart literally beat into submission by his Dad was something he would have never believed.

Even now Bart was limp. His big chest heaved for air, his cum still gleaming in the moonlight. Jason was slowly recovering but it would be a while before he was back to normal.

Sean gaged but the Alpha held him in place. He fucked slowly into Sean's hungry mouth, over and over again, sinking inch after inch of his big dick into the blond boy. Sean was moaning, if it could be called that. It seemed to Chase that Sean's body was simply responding to the Alpha, as if singing back to the big man in thanks.

It took less than three minutes. Michael gave him what he could take, maybe a little more. He wouldn't have been so aggressive with the three of them, except his Son was present, and order had to be established. He gripped Sean by the hair and held him still. His mighty cock swelled and Chase could practically see his cum erupt from his Dad's heavy shaft.

Sean's eyes opened and Chase saw the most amazing thing...they were glowing!

Chase barely had time to react because Sean was pushed away and his Dad grabbed him by the hair and thrust his big dick into his mouth. Chase's lips clamped down on the head of his Father's hard cock as his mouth was flooded with cum!

Chase felt the power of the Alpha surge through his body. Every muscle, every fiber of his being was electrified. He arched his back and drank deeply from his Father's heavy prick. His small hands had a death grip on his Dad's huge thigh as the man feed him a river of cum.

Everything disappeared. For Chase there were no other Werewolves, no other boys. There was no lake, no trees, no sand. His throat was filled with a warm fire that fed his body the only thing it truly needed. His tongue lapped at his Father's cockhead, coaxing as much cum from it as he could get. All that existed for Chase was the fluid his Father fed him.

He didn't know how much time had gone by. When he opened his eyes the others were staring at him. His mouth was tightly wrapped around his Dad's full cock head and he was still sucking. He felt the warm sensation in his throat and it took a moment to realize that it wasn't just in his throat but on his chest as well. He reached up and felt his body.

It was wet.

His Father was too big, too powerful. His neck was coated with his Dad's cum. It had run out of Chase's mouth and down his naked frame.

Michael gently pulled his dick away from his Son and knelt down. He pulled him into his arms and licked at his face and neck, cleaning him up and avoiding the danger of Bart or Jason from doing it instead.

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Chase smiled weakly at his handsome Father. His blond hair gleamed in the moonlight and the muscled arms held him possessively as Chase found he was no longer able to stand under his own weight. He looked down and saw the ground below him saturated with cum.

It wasn't his Father's, it was his.

Chase had cum just from sucking on his Dad's big dick.

Michael smiled at him as Chase understood.

"You alright love?"

Chase nodded slowly, but in truth, he wasn't sure.

Jason helped Bart stand. He was human as well. Sean joined them in the lake to clean up and gave the Alpha private time with his Son.

Michael pressed his lips to Chase's and he sunk his thick tongue inside for the boy to suck. Chase wrapped his arms around his Dad's neck and held on as best he could, moaning contently into his Father's mouth. As the minutes ran by Chase was slowly released, until Michael broke the kiss and walked him into the lake.

The cool water ran across his body and washed any evidence of their frantic lovemaking away.

As the others came near, Michael allowed first Sean, then Jason and Bart to touch him and kiss at his arms and neck. The boys thanked the Alpha with soft tones, Bart's face still marked by the Alpha's blows. Michael knew that would heal before the hour was up and in front of the others it was a badge of courage for Bart. No one else needed to be beaten. Bart was the only one defiant enough to require that, and he was proud to show it.

He lifted his arm up and Bart lapped at his hairy pit while Sean and Jason kissed at his back and neck tenderly.

Finally it was time to leave.

"Sean take my Son home. Make sure he gets inside"

Sean nodded as they left the cool water of the lake. **"Yes Sir"**

Sean stretched out and looked up at the moon. He changed into a Wolf with record speed as Chase was pulled into his Father's arms and kissed deeply one last time.

"I love you" His Dad tenderly. Chase could only nod. He still found it hard to speak. He saw Sean holding out his clawed hand and he walked forward and climbed on the boy's back. The two of them took off into the dark woods as his Dad watched.

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Michael looked at Bart and Jason. Both were breathing heavily and Michael saw the problem.

They were no longer able to change.

Unlike Sean and Chase, they had not swallowed his potent cum, and in turn, were exhausted. Michael nodded to the woods. **"I'll walk you both home"**

No one said anything. The journey would take almost an hour in human form, but without the ability to change into a Wolf, they would be vulnerable and in danger of attack.

The trip was made in silence for the most part. Near the end Michael said, **"I know what the two of you do for Chase. It hasn't gone unnoticed"**

The boys said nothing right away; they only looked at each other and it was clear to both of them that tonight's coupling was a reward for their efforts.

"You should be careful around Silas. Befriending my Son could cause problems for the two of you"

"Silas won't do anything to him. He knows better" Bart offered with more than a hint of threat in his voice.

"He's your Alpha. Don't underestimate him. There's a reason he's in charge and it's not because he's stupid. Don't let his muscles fool you. Silas is no one's puppet"

"I think by letting us spend so much time with Chase he feels like he has some kind of power over you. Like we're his spies" Bart said. **"He wants to know what Chase is"**

"Don't we all" Michael replied. Bart turned his head to look at him.

"You don't know?" his voice rose.

Michael gave him a hard look and then shook his head.

"This whole time everyone thought you knew but just didn't tell us!" Bart stopped walking.

Michael shrugged his shoulders. **"I don't know any more than you do. I don't know what makes him so fast, what makes him so black or so silent. I don't know why he's not as strong as the rest of us..."** His voice trailed off.

Jason spoke next, which surprised everyone because he never speaks in the presence of authority. **"It's his eyes isn't it?"**

Michael's gaze locked onto Jason as Bart turned to his friend.

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“That’s the worst part about him right? I mean everything else could just be genetics or something. His speed could be because he’s so much smaller than us, and even his fur could be explained away. But not the eyes”

Michael said nothing.

“We should talk to Daruth. He has deep connections with wolves all around the world. Maybe he would be able to help” Bart offered.

“I would have thought Daruth would have already done that” Michael replied but Bart shook his head.

“He won’t cross you. He won’t risk you finding out he’s looking into your only Son without your knowledge”

Michael smiled. Daruth was nothing if not loyal. The perfect Werewolf in so many regards. He walked the political line far better than anyone else.

“He knows old Wolves. Maybe Chase isn’t the only one like this?”

Michael nodded to Bart. **“I appreciate your offer Bart, but I can’t have you doing business for me. Silas will only bend so far”**

“Silas thinks Chase is weak” Jason said, his eyes looking at the ground in case he offended Michael. **“He thinks its proof that the Alpha is not a strong as he wants everyone to believe”**

“He’s a fool!” Bart spat out. **“Everyone saw him change again!”** he pointed to Michael. **“No one will dare challenge him!”**

“It’s not him they have to hurt Bart” Jason said softly. **“The Vampire proved that”**

“He proved nothing!” Bart’s big body thickened up at Jason’s words and Michael put a hand on his shoulder to calm him.

Jason looked at his friend but said to Michael, **“He’s right about Daruth though. If anyone can get answers it’s him”**

Michael looked at both of them. **“Alright boys. Talk to Daruth. If I go Silas will think we’re plotting against him”** His powerful hand came out and rested on Jason’s shoulder as well. **“If Silas harms you, I want to know”** They both bowed their heads to him. Michael watched their act of submission and squeezed. The next thing he said made them both look up.

“Ask Daruth to find out the best way to kill at witch”

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Jason's face was blank and Bart simply blinked. As Michael took his hands away they felt his power wash over them. They fell to their knees at his feet. Each reached out with one hand and humbly took hold of the Alpha's strong leg.

"My Lord" Bart said humbly. Jason followed suit and waited on his knees, eyes down as the Alpha slowly pulled away and then disappeared into the forest. They waited until he was gone completely and could no longer feel his influence before they rose.

Bart looked at Jason and sighed. **"Fuck"**

"He doesn't know" Jason replied.

"Daruth will find out. I'll go tomorrow"

"No!" Jason stopped him. **"Silas will notice if you're gone. I'll go instead"**

Bart thought about it and shook his head. **"I won't let him..."** he began, worried for Jason's safety, but Jason cupped Bart's thick neck.

"With you around bullying the others, he won't even notice I'm gone" He moved in and rested his forehead on Bart's. Bart's big hands took hold of Jason's waist and he held him in place as he rubbed his face against his friend's.

"Be quick about it" Bart commanded. He pulled Jason off his feet and threw him over his shoulder playfully. **"Or else the Alpha isn't the only one you'll get fucked by!"**

CHAPTER THREE

Jason walked slowly into Daruth's territory; his hands held away from his body and his posture as non-threatening as possible. A large man walked out from behind the trees and blocked Jason's path. He was big, and Jason knew who he was on sight. Everyone did. It was Destel; Daruth's assassin.

"Silas should know better than to send you unannounced. That's how people get hurt and Wolves get disemboweled"

Jason nodded and slowed his pace. He had been a Werewolf for a few years and understood how rank worked. Even on his best day, and Destel's worst, he couldn't beat him in a fight. Appearances meant everything. He had to be submissive, and quickly, or it would be considered a challenge.

A challenge he would lose.

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“I’m here to speak privately with Daruth...if he will have me” Jason said softly.

“Silas sends children to converse with an Alpha? I think not”

“I am here on Alpha business...but not the Alpha you think” Jason picked his words carefully. **“It is a delicate matter”**

Destel walked up to him and sniffed at Jason’s body. The boy held still for the inspection. When the big man looked at him Jason knew he understood. The scent of the Alpha was hard to mask. In fact Bart and Jason scrubbed in the shower the moment they came home, and still stayed away from Silas for fear of being caught.

“I see” He nodded and then he pointed to a tree. **“Stand there. Come no further”** Destel gave him a soft cuff to the back of the head and waited for Jason to obey.

Jason nodded and did as he was told while Destel walked back into the woods and disappeared. Long minutes went by before he returned.

“Come” he said and Jason followed a few feet behind him. He walked him to a large home and held the back door open. When Jason walked inside the door closed, Destel remained outside.

“Jason” Daruth said. **“I don’t think you’ve even come here on your own before”**

The man was big. Like Silas he was an Alpha, but the similarities ended there. There was something about Daruth that was different from all the other powerful Wolves. His mannerisms were not like the others. He was always nice, even when he wasn’t. He was completely comfortable with who and what he was. He was smiling at Jason and draped a large arm over the boy’s shoulders as he guided him inside his office. He closed the inner door and waved to a chair for Jason to sit in. Daruth handed him a beer and sat on the desk in front of him, his large body towering over the boy.

“What brings you here son?”

Jason nodded in thanks for the drink. **“Forgive me for coming to you like this Daruth. I realize I put you in an awkward spot”**

“Silas is unaware of your journey?”

Jason shook his head. **“He is, my lord”**

Daruth watched him. It was clear this was difficult for Jason. **“You have nothing to fear from me Jason. You may speak freely here. Silas has no sway over me or my Wolves”**

Jason nodded and took a large sip of his beer. **“I didn’t think you even knew who I was”**

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Daruth smiled. **"I could say that you are important as of late. You, Bart and Sean have made quite a name for yourselves. But the truth is I've always known who you were Jason. I knew your father Jacob. He was a great Wolf. He single handedly stopped the slaughter of pack children. He killed twelve before they took him down. Silas of course, punished them ...severely"**

He was referring about a rival pack that tried to absorb Silas's territory many years ago. Jacob had held them off until help could arrive. He protected six children and five women before he himself was killed. No one else was harmed. At least not until Silas arrived. The opposing pack did not live to attack again.

Jason blushed at Daruth's kind words. **"The Grand Alpha Michael requests your services great one"**

Daruth showed no surprise. He let Jason continue.

"If you are willing...he would like information about his Son"

"Chase?"

"Yes. Perhaps there are Wolves that have heard of such a beast before? Perhaps Chase is not the only one?"

Daruth leaned back in thought. Jason's presence made sense now. Michael could not come; Silas would see it as a move against him. Having Andreas so close to Chase's mother didn't help matters for Daruth either.

"You put yourself at great risk by coming here. With so many keeping Silas in the dark, he would have every right to kill you for this"

Jason's face flushed.

"Michael could have commanded me to do this. I don't like putting children at risk"

"He was against it as well. Bart and I sort of convinced him to let us"

Daruth laughed. It was a warm laugh. He took in a deep breath. **"You spend a great deal of time with Chase"**

Jason nodded.

"He's given you no indication of what he is?"

"Chase is so new at everything I don't think he can handle much more"

Daruth nodded. **"Still, you must have noticed in how many ways he's different?"**

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Jason looked up at Daruth suddenly. **“Bart said Silas couldn’t force the change in him either. That day in the woods. He says Silas didn’t want anyone to know”**

Daruth had suspected as much. It was child’s play for an Alpha to force the change of a lesser wolf into beast form. The reverse was true as well.

“There’s far more about your friend than just the way he looks. Silas may be all bark but he knows Chase is something else besides a weak Werewolf. He is no one’s fool”

That was the second time Jason heard that.

“If, and only if, you see Michael again, tell him I will do as he asks. These secret meetings must stop. Leave it to me and my people. I will contact the Alpha another way”

Jason nodded and finished his beer. He stood up and Daruth put his arm around him again and walked him to the outer door.

“It was Silas’s right to take you since your Father belonged to him, otherwise I would have been glad to have you for my own” His arm pulled Jason in.

“My lord, there is one more thing I’m to ask” He swallowed. **“The Alpha would like to know, the best way to kill a witch”**

Daruth held still. His arm kept Jason close. It took his mind a moment to process the request. **“He said a witch?”**

Jason nodded. **“I know nothing else about it”**

“Alright Jason” The door opened. Destel stood outside, waiting. **“Escort our friend to the edge of open space. His visit stays between us”**

Destel bowed low to his Alpha. **“As you command”** He held out his hand and took Jason by the arm and led him toward the woods. Daruth watched as they disappeared and thought of Jason’s final request.

“A witch?” he said to himself.

Just inside the edge of the woods Destel pushed a big hand gently into Jason’s back. He watched as the young Wolf turned to him. **“Don’t ever come her unannounced again boy! I won’t be so nice next time!”**

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Jason nodded and kept his head bowed. No one was around. This was the most dangerous time for a Wolf to show aggression to another Wolf. Jason slowly moved forward and rubbed his face against Destel's hard chest. He did it until he felt a big hand push him away. Destel nodded at him, accepting his submission and waved to the woods.

Jason ran as fast as he could.

The animals were used to Michael. It was strange for a Werewolf to have a farm. As gentle as he was with them it seemed like there were no secrets about what he really was. The cows and chickens gave him a wide berth and became silent in his presence. They allowed his touch and made no move to harm him. When other Werewolves came near, it was a different story though. Cows cried out and chicken ran in terror at their presence.

He watched Chase in the field surrounded by eight cows. Michael used them for milk mostly. It provided him a modest living but gave him a peace with nature he found hard to get anywhere else. Money was not a problem for him. He had used his abilities to secure a fortune for himself and his family, to include Helen and Chase.

Chase was jumping over the cows.

He was testing his powers and trying to use them in human form the way the other Wolves did. He barely made it each time. Michael grinned as it seemed the cows were cheering him on. They seemed at peace with him...yet another mystery for Michael to solve. As the days past by it seemed like Chase generated more questions than he would ever answer.

Michael laughed as his Son tripped over the wide back of a cow and tumbled to the ground on the other side.

"You're supposed to land on your feet Son" He called out in jest.

Chase stood up and brushed the dirt off his hands. **"Yeah, thanks Dad!"**

Michael shrugged at him playfully, a big grin on his face. **"Anything to help"**

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Wendy watched them from the window. Michael was so happy. She knew he worried about Chase and what he had become, but the joy he got from spending time with his Son seemed to wash most of that away. She looked at Emma, happily making a potted plant sprout a massive flower. She shook her head and thanked the powers that be that Emma was just a druid and nothing more.

“What’s that supposed to be?” she asked as massive green leaves opened to reveal the soft petals of a flower.

“Blue!” Emma said defiantly, as if her mother should have known. *What a ridiculous question*, she squinted her eyes in concentration.

“Of course” Wendy grinned. Her eyes move to the ceiling.

She heard a noise upstairs.

She stood and looked out the window. Chase and Michael were now wrestling, Michael keeping him at bay with one hand while Chase was straining to move him. He let the small boy grab him around the waist and simply stood there as Chase used every ounce of strength he had to move him. Michael scratched at his neck and just watched with amusement. Wendy smiled and patted Emma’s head.

“Stay her pumpkin”

“I can make a pumpkin!” she shouted with confidence at her mother.

Wendy laughed and walked up the stairs reminding herself to watch her words next time. She looked around the hallway and at the pictures on the walls. Everything was in place. She went to her room, the bathroom and checked to see if something had fallen.

Nothing was amiss.

She went into Emma’s room. It was messy but that was nothing unusual. She leaned down and picked up some clothes and put them away, folding them as she did. She closed the dresser drawers and checked the window. With a final look around she walked out and headed back downstairs.

With Emma and Wendy’s laughter filling the house, there was no one to notice that the bedroom window began to open...all on its own.

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Andreas spoke with Daruth in private. He listened carefully as his Alpha spoke his commands. **“Stay near the compound. I don’t want anyone else making decisions but you”**

“Of course” Andreas replied.

“I shouldn’t be gone long. A week at the most”

“What do you make of this witch business?”

Daruth shook his head. **“I don’t know. I don’t think Michael has told anyone else about it. I would think his wife would know more than we would”**

“I’ve never even heard of a witch bothering Wolves before. Hell I don’t remember anyone even mentioning it in passing”

“It does seem strange that Michael would need to know this considering the way Chase turned out” Daruth said. **“Was he cursed? Is that why he won’t have children with our women? Did this all stem from a witch?”**

“Seems unlikely” Andreas offered. **“How could it, and why? Black magic is an effective way to kill, even a Werewolf, why go through all that effort. You would think Michael would just hunt her down and be done with it”**

Daruth nodded. **“I don’t like this Andreas. I don’t like all these secrets, especially after what we’ve been through”**

“Doesn’t sound like he knows much more Daruth. Who does he confide in anyway? He has no second, or pack for that matter”

Daruth thought for a moment. **“How is Chase around you?”**

“Horney” Andreas grinned.

Daruth laughed. **“Well, that’s a given”**

“That boy gets hard when the wind blows”

“To be fourteen again” Daruth sighed.

“He’s gentle, reserved” Andreas answered. **“He loves his mother!”**

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“What boy doesn’t?”

“True. It seems he still in awe of everything. You should see his face when his Dad is around. Everyone else simply disappears in his eyes”

“Aside from the physical, have you noticed anything else odd about him?”

Andreas answered right away. **“His speed. No Wolf moves the way he does, especially a new one. Everything else aside, there should be no physical way he blends into the forest so easily. We’re not a bunch of human hunting a deer. A full Werewolf pack that can’t pick up his trail? That’s beyond bizarre, and I must say I find it more than annoying”**

“The few times I’ve been around him, I try to sense why he is the way he is, but I get nothing. I get no reading of anything but Wolf. It’s like something invisible is standing between us and him but I swear there is something else Andreas. Something none of us as ever seen”

“That’s actually a good way of putting it” He looked around for a moment and said softly. **“I’ve even thought of having sex with Chase. Let him drink from me to see if I could feel what makes him tick”**

Daruth shook his head slowly and put his hand on Andrea’s shoulder. **“Don’t. Don’t ever let the boy do that, no matter how tempting. The Alpha is too dangerous to cross. Give him no reason to harm you”** Daruth commanded. **“I cannot lose you and I am in no position to exact revenge on your behalf”** He gripped Andreas by the neck and squeezed lightly. **“Besides, the Alpha has already bonded with Chase, and he knows no more than we do”**

Understanding flowed across Andreas’s face. He was right of course. The Alpha had created Chase. He would know before anyone if something was amiss. Chase could, or should, have no secrets from him.

“The fact that he can blind the Grand Alpha, is more disturbing than anything else”

“Agreed!” Andreas nodded.

Daruth handed his Second a list of tasks he wanted completed. They spoke about pack business and settled on several items of interest. Before he left Andreas asked, **“Have you ever seen a witch?”**

“No. But I’ve heard stories. Old ones, way before our time. That’s the nice thing about being a Werewolf. We travel in packs, while others are alone and fending for themselves. Even the Vampire war was a fluke. THEY take distrust to a whole new level” He scratched his neck. **“Witches! I can’t imagine why”**

Andreas paused and then said, **“Maybe we just need to keep buckets of water nearby?”**

Daruth laughed loudly. **“This is why you’re my Second Andreas! Always thinking!”**

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"Hey, you laugh, but the first tin man I see in the forest I'm gonna give you a big... 'I told you so'!"

Late that night, Chase walked down the hallway. His mother was out shopping leaving him alone with Andreas. He stopped at her bedroom to see the large man without his shirt and buckling his pants up. He smiled as he looked over the rugged body, covered in soft brown hair and layered in muscle. He sighed, making him look up.

"Hey little buddy" Andreas grinned.

"Hi Andreas" Chase said, coming in the room. Andreas sat down to put on his shoes and Chase ran his hand down one thick arm, squeezing the man's solid bicep.

Andreas grinned. **"You're gonna get me killed you know that?"**

"My Dad likes you. He likes Bart and Jason too and they're from different packs" he reasoned.

"Yeah but they're just boys" He stood up, his muscled body towered over Chase. **"I'm not"** He lifted a massive arm and flexed his bicep for show.

Chase couldn't help himself. He reached up and ran his hands down Andrea's thick chest. **"God your big"**

Andreas watched the boy's hands and made no move to stop him or push him away. **"You know Chase; I'm a man and a Werewolf. Nothing would make me happier than to couple with you"**

Chase let out a soft moan at his words and his hand moved to one big arm.

Andreas let Chase squeeze.

"If I thought for a moment that you Father would allow it, I would happily eat you alive" his large hand stroked Chase's face affectionately.

"Next to Bart, you're the only other Wolf I think about all the time"

Andreas laughed. **"You mean next to your DAD and Bart!"** He stroked Chase's hair. **"Hearing that makes me very happy Chase"**

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Chase moved in and wrapped his arms around Andreas's strong body. Andreas pulled him in tight and surrounded the boy with his thick limbs. His big cock pressed against the boy and he knew Chase felt it, but it couldn't be helped. He pushed Chase gently away.

"I hear there's a big dinner for you at your Dad's house?"

Chase nodded. **"Yeah, it's for my birthday. Mom says everyone is going to the farm"** He looked at the big man hopefully. **"You're coming too right?"**

Andreas nodded. **"Your Father has been nice enough to invite me"**

Chase grinned as if proof that his Dad liked Andreas. He looked down at the man's thick bulge but Andreas's pulled his head up by the chin.

"That's provided that my zipper stays up and your hands don't wander"

"Sorry" Chase replied.

"At the party? Try not to look at me. At least when your Dad is around okay? I really like having a head on my shoulders"

Chase laughed. **"A big Wolf like you is scared of my Dad?"**

"Scared, terrified, frightened, and proud of it!" He snatched Chase off the floor and threw him over his shoulder as he picked up his shirt. **"Let's get something to eat before your mom comes home"**

As Andreas walked to the stairs with his struggling package in tow, Chase said, **"I hope you marry my mom"**

Andreas groaned as his big feet moved down the steps. **"Son, you're really gonna get me killed one of these days you know that"**

The Raven sat at Emma's open window and looked inside. The scent of magic filled the air and made the bird's eyes shift. It was different than what it was used to. It was sweet and vaporous like incense, nothing like its master's. Plants filled the room in every corner and waved gently in the breeze. The black bird moved inside and walked to the side of a dresser. Its large talons scratched at the wood, marking it with a deep groove. The bird looked around to make sure it was still alone and then flew out the window into open air.

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The glass slowly came down and settled into place, the lock turning on its own. The room was silent, the breeze abated. A small red drop formed on the dresser where the Raven had scratched it, oozing slowly to the floor.

Emma's plants began to die.

CHAPTER FOUR

Daruth moved easily through the woods. His sea plane dropped him off near a large fishing community in Alaska, but unlike the others who debarked, Daruth wasn't there for sport. There was a very old pack of Wolves that lived far up in the wilderness many miles from any populated town. The nice thing about Alaska was that it was so remote that human encroachment was almost at a standstill and for a Werewolf; it was one of the few places left where that would hold true for years to come.

He had taken a room at a small hotel and rested a bit before the journey. The Wolves he was attempting to meet would be surprised at his visit and he thought it best to be fully refreshed before any encounter with them. After several hours sleep he showered and got dressed for the trip. It would take him almost a full day to get near their territory and that was travelling as a Wolf. He had paid for the full week and told the inn keeper he would be hunting with friends so not to expect him to be around. It was daytime, the sun only recently rising.

Alaska was beyond beautiful. It was summer, and the trees were bright green and thick with growth. He took in a deep breath and enjoyed the rush of cool fresh air into his lungs. There was almost no trace of pollutants.

A good mile from the inn Daruth stopped near a large tree and marked it with his open palm. He rubbed at the bark until he could smell his own scent and then dug a small hole. He took out a plastic bag and began to undress. He folded his clothes tightly and wrapped them in the bag before burying them in the ground.

With the woods full of life and animals of every type rustling for miles around him, Daruth stretched out his arms and took in a deep breath and changed into a Werewolf.

The effect was impressive. Animals from all over, from birds to moose, to deer, quickly moved away, giving the new predator his space. Daruth never stopped marveling at the way animals communicated with one another. If humans only knew the truth about them, he thought, things would be quite different indeed.

His limbs now thick with hairy muscle, Daruth turned north and began to run. It had been many years since he had been there and his new status as an Alpha would not go over well with the local pack. He only hoped his name would still mean something to them.

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He came near a few hunters. They had on bright orange vests and held very large guns. They wouldn't go much farther north he knew. Only the bravest and most skilled among them would dare to do that. By the looks of them, in their crisp new jackets and leather boots, they didn't come across as die hard hunters, as much as guys on vacation. Two were older, in their fifties maybe, and one was around twenty five. Daruth couldn't help himself. He charged forward as they sat in a small circle talking about their guns.

He jumped high into the air and landed right in front of them!

Everyone screamed!

Daruth lifted up on two legs and roared like a great beast, baring his massive fangs and splaying his claws at them.

The two older men fell on their backs while the younger one fumbled for his rifle. Daruth backhanded it away and it shattered against a tree in several pieces. He moved right in front of the boy and growled!

The boy fainted.

By the time the others managed to stand up Daruth was long gone, having left them with one less gun but a whopper of a story to tell when they went home. He could hear them yelling back and forth and running around trying to find him. As the wind moved through his thick fur, his lips pulled back in a toothy grin and Daruth continued to run.

Emma yawned and pushed her small body against her Dad. It was only eight, but for her it might as well be midnight. Her Father's big arm wrapped around her and hugged her tight, kissing her forehead.

"Sleepy angel?" he asked her. She managed to nod her head as Wendy came up and smiled at her.

"I'll run your bath and then off to bed young lady"

Emma didn't object. She loved bath time. Wendy walked up the stairs and ran the water, making sure it wasn't too hot. She poured in some bubbles and watched as they formed into a thick frothy cloud before going into Emma's room to turn down her bed. She stood still, not moving as she looked around.

All the plants were dead.

Michael saw her at the staircase looking at him. She carefully nodded upstairs and he nodded back. He kissed his daughter and told her how much he loved her before propping her up on some thick pillows

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and covering her up with a blanket. As he walked up the stairs Wendy put her finger to her mouth to tell him to be quiet.

She showed him what she found.

“What happened?” he asked softly.

“I don’t know. I found it like this. This morning everything was alright”

“She did this?”

Wendy shook her head. **“I’m not sure, but I would say no”**

“Why?”

“Because some of these plants she didn’t grow” She pointed to a cactus on the dresser. **“I bought that for her months ago. All it needs is water and sunlight. Those don’t die overnight, and certainly not in a matter of hours”**

Wendy moved into the room and looked around. She opened her hands up and released her power. The plants began to respond and turn green once more. She looked around and waited.

Nothing happened. The plants remained alive.

“What could have done it?” he asked.

She shook her head. **“I don’t know. I feel...”**

He waited a moment and then asked, **“What?”**

She looked frustrated. Michael moved up and wrapped her in his thick arms.

“She’s a little girl. Her emotions run high, maybe this is a side effect of her being mad or something”

Wendy ran her hands across her husband’s hairy forearms almost absently as she thought.

“You said yourself you didn’t know of a Druid who came into their power so young”

Wendy nodded at his words and leaned against Michael’s powerful body. **“No. That’s true”**

“Keep an eye on her. See if it happens anywhere else”

She turned and kissed his mouth, loving the way he made her feel safe. She moved by him to check on the tub and Michael took another look around. Emma’s room was filled with exotic flowers of every

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shade and type. Wendy's considerable power brought them back to life and filled the room with sweet smelling scents. Michael breathed in, and for just a moment, thought he smelled something out of place.

He waited to see if it would come to him, but it never did. He went downstairs to get his daughter for her bath.

The red ooze from the dresser had turned black.

Daruth had travelled for hours. The sun was still up and it would remain that way for a while. In Alaska during certain times of the year the sun never fully rose or set. Being summer it was mostly light, although it would be a few months before full sunlight would remain for the entire day. As he ran, breathing in the fresh air, he couldn't remember when he felt so alive. Even in the woods of Montana there was a slight smell of pollutant that wasn't present here. Maybe it was the cold, or maybe the amount of animals roaming around that just made it seem more alive. Daruth moved happily up the hillsides and leaped over the rivers like he was reborn.

He smelled her from a good mile away.

It made him stop and sniff the air all around. She was alone, her scent undeniably female. He made it to the top of a hill and climbed up a large tree for a better view. He let out his power to feel for other Wolves.

There were none.

He knew the direction of where they should be and in truth he didn't expect any contact for at least another hour. He climbed back down and carefully made his way toward the human female. She was alone just like he thought. He watched her from a safe distance, far away enough to ensure she couldn't see him with her eyes alone. His Werewolf sight made her appear as if she were no more than ten feet away.

She was a thin woman, maybe thirty, with long black hair and no makeup. She didn't need any; she had natural beauty that needed no enhancement. She had a tent set up and it was clear from her camp that

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was she was an experienced traveller. Her firewood was cleanly placed and covered in case of rain, her food was hung up a tree so animals could not get it. Even her trash was compacted and neatly piled.

Daruth waited until dusk before he advanced. He knew she had a gun. She would be a fool not to. She wouldn't hear him. He was too good for that.

He waited until she turned.

Her face said it all!

Her eyes were overwhelmed with the sight of a full grown Werewolf, not five feet from her. Daruth stood over seven feet tall with thick muscled limbs covered in dark brown hair. She was about to scream when he cast out his power.

The effect was immediate.

Their eyes locked and Daruth flooded her with his will. Her mouth closed and she watched fascinated as Daruth slowly changed back into a human. He stood before her, his hard muscled body and chiseled features made her face change from fear to desire. He took one step forward and held out his hand. She moved toward him, hypnotized by his will, and when her fingers entwined with his, she moaned.

Daruth didn't smile at her. He didn't speak; he simply pulled her to him and wrapped his arms around her. She succumbed to his will and pressed her mouth against his.

It took only moments to take off her clothes. She shivered against him as the cold night air chilled her flesh. He moved against her, his warm body making her sigh, and he stuck his tongue in her mouth for her to suck on. He pulled her to the ground and moved on top of her as she moaned with desire.

Her legs spread and she wrapped them around his waist as his big cock sunk into her. She was already wet and ready to take him, as he spread her apart. She threw her head back and cried out as her pussy gripped his hard dick.

He took his time.

He had all night in fact.

He thrust slowly into her making her grind against him in an effort to quicken his pace, but Daruth wouldn't have it. He intended to take her slow and make her cum hard. He lifted his strong body above her and her hands ran up his chest and down his arms as he pumped himself into her moist cunt. His hot breath came out of his mouth in a cloud of steam as he watched her react to his will.

Whatever she might have feared was replaced with primal lust...lust for him...lust for his body. She opened her legs and pulled herself against him, trying to take more of his big dick inside her starved cunt. But he was too powerful, and his control over her, complete. She reached up and put her hands behind his head and tried to pull him down. He was too strong, he held himself above her on his strong

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arms as if they were made of stone. The sound of her wet pussy filled the night as his heavy prick drove her into the ground.

Finally, he put his weight against her and looked her in the face. His eyes were the eyes of an animal, and no matter what shape he now held, it was the beast that fucked her.

Hours had gone by as she lay against him, curled into his arms. He was slowly licking at her neck as the moon covered them in a blanket of soft light. It wouldn't be long now until the sun would take its place back in the sky. Daruth gently opened her legs and moved on top of her. Her pussy was still wet.

She looked at him through hazy eyes and understood. Her arms circled his neck as his big cock sunk into her once more. She would wake, hours later, covered up with a thick wool blanket, alone and content.

Daruth ran and ran until he sensed them.

There were four that met him in a semi-circle, two large beasts in front of him and one more on each side. They growled at him and he growled back. The front two advanced in warning but Daruth stepped forward too! He let out his power and roared with a deafening sound. The two Wolves to his sides were clearly younger than the others. They shrunk immediately at the feel of his will...the other two, not so much.

Daruth advanced and challenged them. One Wolf swiped its mighty paw in the air at his face but Daruth stepped back quickly and backhanded the animal away. It flew through the air and landed on its back. The other one charged and threw itself against his chest. Daruth held his ground and swung the Wolf in a circle before sending him into his pack mate.

The two on the side simply growled but lowered their heads.

Daruth advanced, leaving them behind. His rank confirmed!

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It took almost thirty minutes before he found them. He moved into the compound and was quickly surrounded by seven large Werewolves! He looked at them in turn. He could not challenge so many, not with another Alpha nearby. Instead he growled and lifted up his arms and slowly changed back into a man.

The Wolves remained in beast form.

"I'm Daruth. I mean you no harm! We are not enemies!"

A large man stepped out of a makeshift hut. He looked like a native, with dark skin and black hair.

"Then you shouldn't have attacked my men!"

He was not Alpha. Daruth could feel it. He stepped forward until they were inches away. **"I don't bow to lesser beasts!"** he challenged. The man's face contorted and he wanted to say something, to save face in front of the others if nothing else, but Daruth's eyes bore down and the man lowered his shoulders.

"Enough of this nonsense!" An old man walked up. He had gray hair and a small body. His skin was weathered, like he lived outside his entire time, but his eyes blazed with the fire of life.

Daruth felt it immediately.

This man was Alpha!

He nodded to the old man in respect. **"Forgive me great one! I seek the council of the only Wolf I've ever known who commands so many! He is as big as a house, and can change the course of mighty rivers, with nothing more than a swipe of his arm!"**

The man's face smiled amusingly at him.

"His rule has gone unchallenged for centuries!" Daruth continued. **"Legions of Wolves fall at his feet!"**

Daruth moved forward and he fell to his knees in front of the old man. He looked up with his hands open, showing they were empty.

"He was my Master then...as he is now!"

The old man nodded and reached out with one hand, putting it on Daruth's head.

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“Welcome home Daruth”

Emma slept deeply in her bed. The covers were thick and weighed against her comfortably. The feel of her Father’s lips, still present on her forehead, made her drift off quickly. Her parents were in their own room, entwined with one another, and left her to sleep in peace. Emma dreamed of being in a forest with large trees all around. She felt her magic wrap around them and pull them to her securely. She was alive like never before, as her power flowed through her small body and into the plant life all around her.

There was a sound and she looked up.

A large black bird was watching her.

It had red eyes.

It opened its mouth to speak to her but no sound came out. Emma watched fascinated as the bird shifted from leg to leg. It spread its wings apart and cocked its head to the side, as if not sure what to make of her.

Then it spoke!

“TEN”

Michael was making love to Wendy. His big cock was buried deep inside her as she struggled with his girth. Her slender arms were wrapped around his neck and her legs pulled at his powerful body with longing. He smiled down at her, loving the way she always responded to his touch.

Wrapped up in the pleasure of his wife, his Werewolf ears never heard his four year old daughter speak.

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Alone in her room and still asleep, Emma said one word.

“Nine”

CHAPTER FIVE

Andreas rolled over in bed. Helen was sound asleep and curled up in a ball, her back pressed against him. He put a thick arm around her and hugged her against his chest and listened to her breathe.

She was human, and lovemaking with a Werewolf took its toll on the strongest of women. Helen didn't make it twenty minutes before her body gave out and sleep claimed her, but she was improving, he smiled to himself.

Helen had not been with a man full time since Michael left and Chase was born. She had dated, but most of her life was devoted to her only Son and making time for a boyfriend always seemed impossible to her. After coming to Montana and meeting the rest of the pack, she understood what Chase's life would be like and did what she could to support him. Andreas, for his part, couldn't help how he felt about her and literally overwhelmed her with affection. Saying she was unprepared for the affection of a full grown Werewolf was an understatement. Andreas was the epitome of man. He was rugged and handsome and made her feel safe in his strong arms. Any human woman would succumb to that type of attention, and Helen was no different. Now after weeks of being with him she couldn't imagine being alone ever again.

Andreas felt her heart beating steadily in her chest. He pressed his face into her hair and breathed deeply. He recognized the smell. Chase smelled the same way. He lifted his head up and cast out his power, searching for her Son. Chase's aura bounced back at him and Andreas could tell that he was asleep in his room.

He was about to drift away himself when he felt the strangest return of his power. He untangled himself from Helen and slowly sat up in bed.

He closed his eyes and reached out again.

Helen was there next to him, breathing deeply. Chase was upstairs and sound asleep.

And then there was...

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He climbed out of bed and quietly walked upstairs to Chase's bedroom, careful that his large frame didn't shift the floorboards too much. The boy was completely out and didn't stir at his arrival. Andreas went to the window.

It was locked.

He looked outside to see if he could find the cause of the reflection. Whatever it was, it wasn't human, but Andreas had never felt anything like it before. His power rubbed against it like oil. It had no image, no sense of form. It wasn't a Vampire or anything else supernatural that he had ever encountered.

It just existed.

He took a step back and called for his Wolf. He would let his beast deal with it. As an animal he had instincts about things that the human part of him didn't.

There was no answer.

He panicked. His animal had never ignored him; it was a part of him, like a leg or an arm. He called again, with all his might, but his beast refused to surface. He felt sweat form on his brow. A shiver went up his spine. He felt the lock on the window to make sure it was sealed. Then he pulled the curtains closed and looked at Chase.

It wasn't him. He was sure of it. Chase had never demonstrated power like this before. Whatever was causing this did not come from the boy. He could easily feel Chase's aura, with the heavy tint of his Father Michael ever present.

Andreas didn't know what to do. He moved throughout the condo and made sure every window was locked before going back into Helen's bedroom. He sat on the edge of the bed and waited for something to happen, but nothing did.

He sat there for hours, until he felt his Wolf respond. It was slow, crawling back to him like a frightened child. Andreas waited some more, hoping an answer would come to him; that his Wolf would reveal what he didn't know; but it was silent. He lay back down next to Helen and looked up at the ceiling. He felt relief at having his Wolf back. Never had they been separated. He had never even heard of such a thing. Once a Werewolf, only death would separate the man from the beast.

He curled around Helen and she moaned softly as his warm body pressed against her.

Where was Daruth when he needed him the most?

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Kalibrus walked slowly to the edge of the cliff. He looked over at the vast countryside, Daruth standing next to him. There were mountains all around and unspoiled land as far as the eye could see. Humans couldn't live up here, at least not comfortably, but Wolves were a different matter altogether.

The large pack of Werewolves had lived here for centuries. Their numbers were great, only a few packs in South America and Russia were bigger. Here in Alaska, nature protected her own and made it all but impossible for humans to spoil the territory.

Daruth took in a deep breath and filled his lungs with fresh air. His problems seemed to melt away as he saw the eagles flying overhead and the moose moving through the woods far below.

"You miss it?" Kalibrus asked him.

Daruth nodded. **"I didn't realize how much until now. I used to think we were isolated from civilization, but this...well, this is unmatched"** He looked back over his shoulder. **"You have an impressive family. I've spotted four wolves that rival any Alpha I've ever met, save one...and of course yourself"**

Kalibrus smiled at him. **"I look at them...at all of them, and feel so much pride that they've grown into the strong men and beautiful women that they are"** He gazed at Daruth for a moment. **"And you my child, an Alpha in his own right. I knew it from the moment I laid eyes on you. The way you looked up to me defiantly, with your fist bunched and your head held high"**

Daruth laughed. **"I was seven!"**

"You were a seven year old alpha. Small 'a'" he grinned back.

Kalibrus was not his Father. Daruth's parents were both killed when he was a child. He was brought to Kalibrus when the Wolf in him was detected. Kalibrus and his pack raised Daruth and led him through his change, until he was man enough to exist without them. Then the time had come for him to make his own pack and be a leader in his own right.

Daruth nodded and thought of the old days, here in Alaska, with nothing but nature to mold him into the man he now was.

"You live near other Alphas?"

"I do. But none such as you. There is a Wolf who has a bigger pack than mine. We lived far enough away that boundaries were easily established, but then Vampires attacked us, and things changed"

Kalibrus listened to the story.

"I haven't fought a Vampire in almost a century. Nasty things, but cowards when confronted with superior numbers"

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Kalibrus was old. He was now close to three hundred. The immense power he held would not let him go. He was an ancient Wolf, strong, able, and like all Alphas, deadly. Wolves like him were rare. He was naturally born, the Wolf growing inside him since birth. Both parents were the same. When Kalibrus was an adult his Alpha immersed with a fierce authority that literally ripped through lesser Wolves to assert itself. He became leader within a few short years and has remained such ever since.

“Your pack is glorious. It’s a true family. I can only wish for a fraction of the same”

Kalibrus gazed at the vast fields of green. **“Like all families, we have our own problems. But otherwise, I’m proud of them all”**

Daruth didn’t need further explanation. Kalibrus had a unique tribe. They lived undisturbed to grow and expand, with no Alpha powerful enough to challenge Kalibrus. But Wolves were made in two ways, birth or bite. The usual life expectancy of a Werewolf was about the same as a normal man, maybe less. A wolf usually died by violence, be it from another Wolf, or man. But when no one was there to hunt them, the wolves lived a long time, maybe too long.

Kalibrus said nothing.

“How many have you culled?” Daruth asked softly.

“Far too many” He took in a deep breath. **“I’ve lived a long time Daruth. I wait for nature to call me home, to let me rest with my brothers, but she refuses. Man was not meant to live so long; the brain cannot handle the passage of so much time. I’ve forgotten more about my childhood than I currently remember. When that happens...well”**

“Are you dying?”

He shook his head. **“Disease will not touch me. The years pass by, one by one, and I am still here. My children die and are replaced by new ones, only to grow and die themselves”** He moved his foot and pushed at some small rocks.

“You are a great man. It’s clear there is no one to replace you, so nature demands you stay”

He looked at Daruth. **“I’ve killed too many of our kind Daruth. I no longer want that responsibility”**

Kalibrus had a grave duty. A duty few Alphas had to face. When a Wolf was created through a bite, drastic things happened. First the change, especially the initial one, was painful. The human body rejected the Wolf and the animal had to take control, but do so in a manner that it wouldn’t kill its host. This didn’t always happen, and many humans simply died from the bite. Once the change was mastered and the human accepted the beast, a new challenge was presented. Wolves don’t usually die from disease. It’s a rare thing for cancer or heart disease to take a Werewolf, so the wolves live a long time.

As the years pass and the human born Werewolves outlive their original families, their minds tend to go. They’re not able to cope with a life they were never meant to have.

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They go insane.

When this happens, they attack others in the pack and any humans or animals they can find. It's up to the Alpha to kill them...to cull them from the pack. Only this way can order be maintained. This is one of the reasons why Wolf born births are so coveted. They simply live longer and remain sane.

"You're strong" Kalibrus said. **"Your Wolf is a powerful one indeed. Your pack is lucky to have you"**

Daruth shook his head. **"I'm a pale shadow of the Alpha you are Kalibrus. Even in my prime I have but a fraction of your legacy. Silas commands more Wolves than me, and he does so with an iron fist. His men bow down to him and never question his authority"**

Kalibrus laughed. Daruth looked at him, unsure of his response. **"The mark of a true Alpha is not measured in the amount of Wolves he commands Daruth. Loyalty is a far greater gift. When given freely, a true Alpha is made"**

Daruth didn't understand and Kalibrus, as usual, didn't offer an explanation.

It was time to tell Kalibrus the rest.

"I have a Grand Alpha"

The old man looked at him sharply. He thought Daruth was at war. **"A Grand Alpha is a rare thing among Wolves. Their power comes from Phoebe herself. Do not challenge him Daruth"**

He shook his head. **"No Kalibrus, you don't understand. There is no conflict. The Grand Alpha does not lead"**

Kalibrus was shocked. **"No!"**

"It is true my Lord. He lives near us, but takes no role in pack business"

"This is unheard of. Phoebe would not allow it!"

"It is true. Even though he does not lead, if not for him we would all be dead. The Vampires brought Ghouls and a Naga to kill us. Only the will of the Grand Alpha stopped them"

Daruth finished the rest of his story, telling of the destruction of DeMarco and the role the Grand Alpha Michael played in it.

"He has a Son. The boy is named Chase"

They spoke for a long while. Daruth told him about Michael's concerns.

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“Many years ago, when I was just a child, my Grandmother told me a story about a Wolf...”
Kalibrus began.

The packs were hunted. Anything supernatural was wiped out as Christianity swept through Europe. The Vampires were the first to go. Villages were unsettled and turned upside down as the blood suckers were burned alive at the stake. Magic of any kind was shunned and the slightest hint of supernatural ability was dealt with swiftly, with beheading or fire. No one was safe.

Thousands were killed in the name of God. Most were merely human, having no power whatsoever but used as a show of power by those who were in charge. The true children of the supernatural were smart enough to flee to higher ground. Not all survived, but enough to ensure their continued existence far away from humanity.

Phoebe saw the injustice, and a new Wolf was born. It was her child, given to Wolf to guide and lead her people to safety. He was pure white, and blended into the snow to hide his presence. He hunted those that hunted his kind and killed without mercy. Packs were formed in his name, and Alphas were born to guide and control them. Gone was the age of the rogue Wolf. No longer would humans need to fear the raging beast, they would control and govern themselves. The packs grew and stray Wolves were brought into the fold.

Wolf, beget Wolf.

The White beast was feared among all. Untouchable and unable to be controlled, it moved through the vast forests of Europe and butchered any Werewolf that would not conform. Vampires, Trolls and the like were wiped out, to clear the way for the Wolf. Fighting between the packs was forbidden and the White Wolf would punish all who disobeyed. Justice was swift and absolute. Even Alphas were killed when they sought to rule in the White Beast's place. Grand Alphas were born to control them. Peace settled and the packs flourished.

All Due to the White beast.

It was powerful and fast, its claws lethal to anything it marked. It moved silently and was upon its victims before they realized it. It brought death, and the Wolves knelt in its presence. Then the White Wolf disappeared. Decades went by with no sightings anywhere in the world. But others surfaced, other Wolves with bizarre and frightening powers. Always alone, they roamed the world and culled dark Wolves into submission or death.

And they too disappeared.

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Kalibrus took in a deep breath. **"It was a myth, even in my Grandmother's time. Most have changed the story to illustrate the arrival of the Alphas; no doubt an Alpha himself did that"**

"I've heard a variation of that story too. But the Wolf was not white, it was just powerful" Daruth said. **"It was the first Grand Alpha"** He looked at Kalibrus and added, **"Right?"**

"Nox Nesting" The old man said.

Daruth had never heard the phrase.

"Alphas are Alphas are Alphas. Any Wolf with big muscles and delusions of grandeur, call themselves Alphas. But the history of our kind paints a far different picture. Grand Alphas were born to control large areas, to make sure even Alphas obeyed the law. Before that there was simply Wolf. The Wolf ran wild, uncontrolled"

Kalibrus looked at the mountains. **"Nox Nesting is no Alpha. It never was. The story was perverted and shifted to praise the rise of the Alpha...but it was never about them. It was about Phoebe"**

Daruth was lost and Kalibrus sighed. **"We've lost too much of ourselves over time. We no longer know our own history. A thousand years ago the Wolves cried to Phoebe for protection. 'Deluc de notting mar, kneb revas delan' "**

Daruth didn't understand the language.

"The tongue of my mother's, mother's, mother" Kalibrus explained. **"It means, 'beware, the night Wolf'"**

"I've never heard of the night Wolf. Not even from you"

Kalibrus smiled at him. **"Why of course you have Daruth. The Nox Nesting was not born just once. There have been others like the original. All different, built for whatever task Phoebe needed. Some were strong, some fast, some could even fly. My Grandmother told me that one of them could look like anything it wanted. Stories like this came from every part of the world, of Wolves that were different than the others. We're so spread out, that by the time the stories reached the packs as a whole, they were already considered old. Many thought they were just that, stories. Stories that were used to frighten the packs to obey the Alphas. Ancient stories became myths and childhood rumors. Nox Nesting was no more"**

He paused.

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“In truth there have been maybe four in existence since the beginning of the Werewolf. Maybe more, maybe less, who can know?”

Daruth looked frustrated. **“If they’re so different how can we know one is born? And why would it be born in the first place? What triggers it?”**

Kalibrus raised his hands up in question. **“What indeed? Only Phoebe knows. The minds of Gods are not ours to question Daruth. But she has left us a sign”**

Kalibrus leaned in and spoke clearly.

“Regardless of their differences, the Nox Nesting have one thing in common. They are Phoebe’s true children and are marked as such” he paused. **“Lupine tregora julista see”**

Daruth felt a tingle up his spine, his mind completed the thought. He didn’t understand the language, but he already knew what Kalibrus was going to say.

“The Wolf with the Golden Eyes!”

Michael swung the ax with one hand. The wood split cleanly down the middle. A large pile of firewood was building up nearby and he was almost finished when he felt Andreas’s presence. He turned to see nothing at first and then the form of a man came from the woods almost a half mile away. Andreas took his time, making no attempt to hide or show aggression of any kind.

He walked up, hands open and empty. It was a common greeting and one most Wolves didn’t bother with once they knew one another. But Andreas was already walking on uneven ground due to his relationship with Helen and he could not risk a mistake of intent with the powerful Alpha.

“My Lord” he bowed.

Michael stared at him. **“What do you want Andreas?”**

The lesser Wolf looked embarrassed. **“I...I have come to speak with you about a matter I would normally take up with Daruth. But he is not here, and I fear with the task he is on, that my silence could bring harm to you or your family”**

Michael heaved the ax and sunk it so deep into the tree stump that it almost split in two. Andreas took a slight step back at the display of strength.

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“Speak Wolf. And speak quickly!”

Andreas recounted the prior evening at Helen’s home.

“You felt threatened?”

Andreas shook his head. **“No, it wasn’t like that. I just felt...it. It’s hard to explain. I wouldn’t have brought it up at all except my Wolf became silent”** He looked away in embarrassment. **“I could not bring it forth”**

Michael stared at him. He could control a beast like Andreas. He could make his Wolf receded. But Andreas would know it. He would feel his power wash over him and force his animal to submit. But for a wolf to simply not respond?

“With the talk of witches...” Andreas began but Michael cut him off.

“We know no such thing. I don’t want rumors spreading about witches because of a dream I had”

Andreas bowed. **“Of course my Lord”**

Michael looked around to make sure they were alone. **“I want you to try and change. Right here”** It was an order.

Andreas nodded. His body swelled up and the thick muscle began to expand.

Michael threw out his will and pushed the beast back. Andreas’s eyes were wide and looking at him as the beast reluctantly withdrew. It was clear he didn’t like someone else controlling his beast but he was in no position to protest.

“Was it like that?” Michael asked.

Andreas was unsettled. He shook his head. **“No my Lord”** he took in a few deep breathes to recover. He didn’t enjoy the last twenty-four hours and his Wolf shuddered inside of him. **“My Wolf was just absent. I don’t know how else to put it”**

“I wonder if you would have even realized it if you hadn’t tried to call it forth? You never felt it leave you?”

Andreas shook his head.

Michael rubbed his neck in thought. **“If Sean was there, maybe I could have felt it through him”**

Andreas agreed. That would have been a good test.

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Michael took a large step forward until he was inches from Andreas. **“I know you have pack business to attend to since Daruth is gone. Since he’s doing this for me I want you to call me if anything else happens at Helen’s home, no matter how small you think it may be”**

The man nodded.

“I’m going to visit your pack in Daruth’s absence. I want you to spend as much time with Helen as your schedule permits. I will maintain order in your absence”

Andreas swallowed hard. **“My Lord?”**

“You can’t be in two places at once Andreas and I need Helen protected. You’re the only Wolf I trust who can do that effectively, even if your beast won’t come forth” He looked around. **“I will ensure the pack remains Daruth’s”**

“Silas wouldn’t dare”

“Silas would dare a great many things! You of all people should not underestimate him. I need the information I’m hoping Daruth can supply, and if Silas steps out of line because of it, then I’ll put him in the fucking ground!”

Michael’s power flooded over Andreas and the smaller man wanted to kneel. He wanted to show his respect to the beast that lived under Michael’s skin.

“She will be protected with my life” Andreas swore. **“But whatever this was...I just got the feeling that...”**

Andreas was a thoughtful man, not one to exaggerate. He was Daruth’s second for a reason. He had a level head and a cool demeanor, even for a Wolf. Michael would have considered him friend if not for the fact that the man spent his nights with the mother of his only Son. Still, Andreas was to be trusted.

“What?” Michael asked. **“Speak your mind”**

“That it didn’t care about me at all. That I was just...beneath it”

Michael thought this through. Andreas was no Alpha but he was a fierce fighter, in Wolf or human form. It would take a very delusional creature not to see that in him.

What kind of silent power could put a Wolf to sleep? Michael thought. **“Go to Helen tonight. I’ll send Sean to collect Chase. Stay with her, but tell her nothing”**

Andreas bowed. **“As you wish my Lord”** He turned and walked away.

Michael called after him. **“You were right to come to me. Perhaps I won’t rip your arms off after all!”**

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Andreas couldn't help but grin. Once he was far enough removed from the Alpha, he started to run.

Michael picked up the ax and loaded another log. The fissure he made in the tree stump made it unsteady. He removed the log and put both hands on each side of the stump and pushed them back together. The crevice sealed shut with a loud groan of wood as Michael's immense strength made it whole. Lost in thought, he continued splitting wood.

He didn't notice his tiny daughter looking blankly at him from her window, clutching a stuffed animal, in the shape of a pink wolf.

"Eight" she said.

Later that night, Michael told Wendy about Andreas's visit. She, as always, understood that his role as a Grand Alpha was quickly coming to a head. She nodded to him when he explained his reason for going to Daruth's pack.

"Do what you need to do my love. Chase and Helen are not the only ones that count on you"

Michael smiled at her. **"How did I get lucky enough to marry such an understanding and powerful woman?"**

"Brad Pitt was already spoken for?" she grinned back.

"That's two!" Michael warned her, kissing her mouth in the process.

Sean came over about twenty minutes later with Chase in tow. Father and Son hugged one another and little Emma was swept up in her brother's arms for a hug of her own. Michael pulled Sean to the side and told him what was happening. Sean was to stay with the family and protect them while he was away for the night. The blonde boy listened carefully to Michael's instructions and soon the Alpha was on his way to Daruth's pack.

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He walked to the edge of camp. Three large men came out to meet him but stopped cold when they saw who he was. Michael's visit was not foretold. In unison, they kneeled. He looked at each; their heads bowed eyes to the ground...and walked right by them.

The camp was large, although nowhere near the size of Silas's. Sturdy homes were built and several people were walking by when they recognized who he was. Whispers and turned heads followed him everywhere. Women flooded out of the homes at the news of his arrival.

The Grand Alpha was among them!

Destel approached him. **"I didn't know you were expected"**

Michael confronted him, his large body squared off and tall. **"I wasn't aware I needed to report to you...little Wolf"**

Destel swallowed and took a large step back. He was no fool and an open challenge to the Grand Alpha would mean his death. He opened his hands to show they were empty. Several men came near but stood far enough away so not to threaten Michael or give the impression they would fight with Destel. They listened intently to see what the assassin would do.

"That is, of course, not necessary Michael. I simply would have arranged a proper gathering for the arrival of such a respected guest"

Destel was good. He wasn't the diplomat that Andreas was, but he could hold his own in a pinch. Michael looked around. **"I need no such display"** He was careful not to use Destel's name. He didn't want the man to think that he knew him. It would elevate his status among the pack if others heard the exchange, and Michael didn't want to subjugate Andreas's rank.

"Daruth is gone. As is Andreas" Michael said it as a matter of fact. The men all around him shifted. If he were Silas, this could have been a hostile takeover. Michael realized they thought he meant to claim the pack. **"So many Wolves without a leader troubles me"**

"Andreas is not gone my Lord, only absent" Destel said.

Before Michael could respond a woman with beautiful black hair stepped forward. Two small children hugged her legs and peered around her to look at Michael. **"He does not wish to challenge Daruth or Andreas"**

Destel turned to give her a stern look but she held her ground. It was clear she had a status of her own.

"He is stronger than every Alpha put together" She bowed her head and extended her hands in greeting. **"Welcome great one. We are yours"**

Destel shifted uneasily. He moved toward her in anger until he heard Michael's voice.

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“Take another step toward her Wolf...and it will be your last”

Destel slowly turned around and bowed his head to Michael. Michael stepped by him and faced the woman. He took her hand and kissed it. Several women nearby quickly turned to look at each other.

“You must be Elyria?”

She smiled. **“I am. And we of course, know you”**

He saw the other women looking hungrily at him. The men however, were not so happy with this.

“Daruth has good taste. Nothing like a powerful woman” he said. **“It brings out the beast in me”**

Several groans could be heard from women whose Wolves were responding to his presence. A growl or two was added to that but when Michael looked around, the men they belonged to seemed to melt into the ground.

Elyria tilted her head. **“How are Wendy and Emma? All is well I hope?”**

Michael didn't have to be an Alpha Wolf to understand what was happening. Elyria was finding out if he was here to mate with them. She was asking the questions that all the women wanted to know.

“They are well. My family is intact” he replied. He saw a woman in the distance. She was small with brown hair. She was also pregnant. He waved her over and she reluctantly stepped forward. A young Wolf in his twenties quickly stood beside, and just in front of her, his eyes on Michael. **“How far along are you?”**

She bowed her head and said, **“Five months”**

Michael looked at the man. **“You must be a fearsome Wolf to keep her animal at bay for that long”**

The man's face blushed red. He shook his head. **“It is Daruth's will, my Lord, which does that. I have no such power”**

Michael stepped toward them. **“As the weeks progress you may find it harder to keep the call of the moon at bay”** Every month the wolves emerged. Only the strongest could prevent the change. **“You may need more than Daruth can provide, and Phoebe has provided me much. Consider me at your disposal, if you so choose”**

There were audible gasps from the women. The Grand Alpha had just offered to control her beast, a job for the pack Alpha to attend.

“Daruth is a great man” Michael said to the small women, but he said it loud enough that everyone heard. **“Carrying a child to term is a burden that only the strongest of women can endure. If I can**

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make things easier for you and your pack, then I will. There is no point in not using every resource available. And I am available”

“**Thank you!**” she said with relief. The joy on her face was clear to everyone. The male Wolf next to her put his arm around her shoulders and smiled.

Michael looked around. **“We have lived through much and lost many. We have been hurt but not broken. This is not my pack. You belong to Daruth and you will stay his. I am here. I will defend you and help you rebuild”** He looked at the young pregnant woman. **“I will help your children and the children yet to be”** He turned to Destel and slowly walked up to him. This was something that had to be done. **“But perhaps there are those among you that don’t want me here. They may see my presence as a threat”**

Destel would not meet his eyes.

“They might want to speak up. To tell me to leave” he waited, but nothing was said. **“Perhaps they’ve lived too long, and wish for release?”**

Destel was as still as a statue.

Michael waited.

Elyria spoke. **“There is no one here to challenge you great one. You are welcome, as is your family and your Son”**

This was an important statement. Wendy killed a female Werewolf that challenged her right to be Michael’s mate. Elyria had just secured her safety for the pack. No one refuted her claim. Michael turned to face her, leaving Destel alone with his eyes to the ground.

“Perhaps there is someone to show me around? I wish to visit Daruth’s camp and see for myself what it is he fights for”

Elyria nodded and waved two females over. They were young, maybe twenty five. They practically fell over each other to get to him.

“This is Mylana and Janel. They will do...whatever you wish of them”

Michael understood her meaning and nodded to the women. It was clear Elyria, and every other female there, wanted him to mate with the pack. These two were offered to him and he had no doubt that they would strip down in front of everyone if it meant possibly having a child by his Wolf. The men were no longer a concern. This meeting was being controlled completely by Daruth’s mate.

The young girls walked him away, one on either side as the other females nodded to them, hopeful for their mating.

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Destel walked up to Elyria when the area was clear.

“Careful you don’t give everything away Elyria. Your hast to mate with him might leave us bankrupt”

“Mind your mouth Destel. When your services are needed, I’ll let you know” she said, watching Michael in the distance. She snapped her fingers and three more young women ran up. **“Make sure they are not disturbed. If anyone interferes with them I want to know. Be they woman or man”** She gave Destel a hard look.

“As you wish mistress” one of them said and turned to shadow the Alpha from afar.

Destel was not pleased. **“There are plenty of men available to fill your needs Elyria”**

“Giving birth to a Werewolf is not child’s play Destel. The stronger the man, the better the chances” She leveled her gaze at him. **“If you could guarantee the women would go to term then the pack would be full of your children. How many women have you mated with? Seven, ten? How many children do you have?”** She didn’t wait for his answer. **“Three! After dozens of failed attempts”** She looked at Michael’s broad back. **“He is a Grand Alpha. Any children by him will increase our pack, exponentially. If he is offering, we will most assuredly accept”** She turned back at him. **“Perhaps you would prefer it if he made this offer to the women of Silas’s pack instead?”**

Destel looked at the ground.

“I didn’t think so”

The black bird circled far overhead, watching Michael’s house carefully. There was movement inside and a light turned on upstairs. It slowly flew downward until it landed on the large oak tree that stood outside the home. It watched as little Emma moved through her room and threw clothes and toys around in search of something. A woman walked in the door a moment later. She smiled at the child and crouched down to help her. The bird dug its claws into the bark of the tree and the woman flinched. She stood up and grabbed her chest in surprise and looked around. The tree swayed in the night under its own power.

It was connected to the woman.

The bird understood and flapped its wings happily and flew off into the night.

The Book of Lies

Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

Helen turned in bed and found Andreas asleep beside her. She sighed and wrapped an arm around his hairy chest and nuzzled against his warm body. The air rushed in his lungs like it was filling a great machine and his heart was like a drum in his big chest. She felt herself succumb to his presence. Her body wanted him on an almost constant basis and it was becoming unbearable to be separated from him.

Chase liked him, and that was a good thing. She wanted Andreas but if she had to choose between them it would be no contest. She was a mother first and foremost. Luckily it didn't have to come to that. Chase was as happy with Andreas as she could imagine, and the large man seemed equally comfortable with him.

She ran her hand absently over his muscled body. Her fingers moved through the soft hair on his powerful chest and trailed down his stomach until her hand slipped under the covers. Andreas's cock seemed to be in a perpetual state of arousal. She slowly moved down the length of his shaft until she cupped the flared head of his cock and gave it a gentle squeeze. It thickened with just her touch.

She felt his great body stir and she felt herself become moist in turn. His arm coiled around her and hugged her tight.

"Keep this up and you'll have to start taking vitamin C" his deep voice chided her. He reached across with his hand and pushed it between her legs.

Helen moaned.

He rolled up on his side and moved his hand inside her panties. His thick fingers pushed away her lips and sunk into her cunt. She groaned and spread her legs apart for him. He leaned down and kissed her mouth softly. **"Your body craves my touch. You've been without a man for far too long"** He moved to his knees and pulled down her panties and lifted her top off her chest. He threw her garments to the floor and looked down at her naked body. He took one of her legs and pulled it up and around until she was straddling his bulky frame. He aimed his big dick to her cunt and leaned down as it sunk inside.

Helen let out a loud groan of pleasure.

Andreas felt his big dick wrapped inside her tight pussy. She was small for a woman, human or otherwise and he was a full grown Werewolf, with a never ending desire to mate. He covered her body with his and felt his hard cock sink to the limit into her overstretched cunt. Her small arms moved up and wrapped around his neck, pulling him down.

Andreas fucked her slowly, letting her squirm underneath him as she attempted the impossible. She wanted to capture every inch of his beastly prick. This was something he was used to. Helen was simply too small of a woman to take so much man but Andreas let her try regardless. He smiled as she shifted her hips as if her body would magically open up for him and create space where none existed before.

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Long minutes disappeared into the night as Helen struggled with her impossible task until Andreas finally took over. He pushed down at her, trapping her under his heavy body.

He started to fuck her hard.

The bed shifted and rocked against the wall as the big man drove into her with deep strokes. The wet sound of her pussy being packed and emptied filled the room. Helen lost the ability to speak as she responded to every thrust of the Werewolf's powerful body.

She came in less than a minute.

Andreas kept fucking her throughout her orgasm until his mighty cock swelled up and made her throw her head back in ecstasy. His large balls bore down and flooded her small pussy with heavy amounts of cum. The bed shook violently as he came inside her and soaked the sheets in the process.

By the time he was finished Helen's body had fully relaxed under him and he didn't have to look down to see why. He slowly pulled himself up on his hands to see the damage.

Helen was out.

Andreas laughed softly to himself and bent down to kiss her lips. She didn't respond. He lowered himself once more and wrapped his strong arms around her, keeping his large cock buried inside her wet cunt. He pressed his face into her hair and breathed deeply before falling asleep himself.

Helen dreamed of him. There, like in reality, his body surrounded her and warmed her in the night.

She dreamed of the moon.

Kalibrus didn't understand the role the Vampire played. Daruth explained how it used Chase to get to the Grand Alpha but how it was Chase's mother who had destroyed it. He described Wendy and Emma and told his former master about their abilities.

"So much power in one area, and it took a human to dispatch the undead. She must be remarkable"

"I've only met her in passing. My second, Andreas, is involved with her"

"You walk a fine line Daruth. Be careful. You are accountable for everything he does"

The Book of Lies Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

Daruth nodded. **“I am more than aware of that”** He told Kalibrus of Wendy’s help. **“She came around the camps and used her powers to grow garlic plants in the woods surrounding us, to weaken our enemies”**

Kalibrus nodded. **“Effective, I’m sure. I would have liked to see the Naga. I haven’t beheld one in over a hundred years”**

“I wish I could say the same” Daruth admitted. **“Nasty thing”**

A small girl, no older than fourteen came up meekly. Kalibrus turned to her. **“My Lord, the food is prepared and everyone has gathered to eat”**

He nodded as her eyes moved over Daruth. He waved her away and she disappeared into the brush.

“She’s small” Daruth said. **“Has she mated yet?”**

“Werewolf women mature far earlier than humans do. The men all vie for her attention. They fight over the right to take her first”

This was the nature of packs in general. When a female Wolf was born the chances of expanding the pack was increased because she would be more able to have healthy children than a girl made Wolf by bite. The men were of course, more than eager to mate with her given the slightest hint of desire. Some men didn’t wait for that though, and it took an Alpha to protect the children from the lustful attraction of the full grown Werewolves. Young girls could be killed by the force of mating and with so many men at one time. Daruth himself had beaten lesser Wolves into submission over the right to mate with young girls.

“Her desire is present. She doesn’t yet understand the power she has over the men. She cannot be left alone with more than a few at one time”

Daruth stood up and followed Kalibrus back to camp, his cock thick and heavy between his legs.

Mylana and Janel were curled up and huddled together on the ground as Michael zipped up his pants. His dick filled out the large bulge that was forever present between his powerful legs. He looked down at the young women and smiled with pride. He was too much for them. He walked back to camp, knowing they had been watched by others. Elyria was waiting.

“Attend your children” he told her, nodding his head in the direction he came from. **“They are too small to take one such as me, although they should be commended for their...eagerness”**

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Elyria's eyes were wide at his words but she bowed her head. **"Of course great one. We have others if they do not suit you"**

"They suit me fine Elyria. They are simply not ready" He looked around. Some women were milling about, trying to look busy, but it was clear they wanted to know what happened. **"My beast requires women of more...sturdy stock"**

"Of course my lord. I have gravely misjudged you"

"It's alright. I'll be back. Consider this...a first visit. I have duties of my own to attend"

She escorted him to the edge of camp, near where he arrived. Destel was there but made no move to approach, he simply bowed his head.

"You are welcome day and night. If needed, we would gladly come to you my lord. We are yours, as you know"

She's good, Michael thought. **"Andreas is currently engaged in a task I've asked him to perform. If you need anything and he is not here, you contact me. If Silas comes, I want to know"**

Elyria nodded and bowed before him. **"As you command great one. It will be done"**

He left the camp alone and the night quickly swallowed him up as he headed back home. A woman came up to stand beside Elyria.

"They are both out" she said. **"I don't believe he seeded either of them"**

Elyria shook her head. **"Two of our youngest and most willing women and neither could satisfy him"**

"It will be a while before they are ready again. He did a thorough job. Their beasts have been pushed so far down it may take days before they can change unassisted"

Elyria was beside herself. **"A human and Druid have both bore him children and yet women of pure Werewolf blood are no match for him?"**

"Perhaps he wasn't so forceful with them?" the woman offered.

Elyria thought for a moment and said, **"I want to meet the human, known as Helen"**

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Emma looked out her window. She had already taken her bath and heat of the water had made her sleepy. She knew her mother would be coming in at any minute and did a quick last second survey to see if she cleaned her room enough to miss a lecture. Her eyes were never as good as her mother's she knew, and often found herself kicking things under her bed in case they lead to yet another reprimand by one of her parents. She yawned and looked out her window at the large oak tree that was her constant companion. The tree had been there for as long as she could remember. She knew her mother planted it and nurtured it into the massive titan it currently was. The sky was clear and Emma couldn't help but yawn once more.

When she opened her eyes the tree had changed. It was colossal, far bigger than the familiar oak. It had huge misshapen limbs and a dark heavy bark that looked like scabs instead of the smooth surface of the oak. Its entire trunk was twisted as if a giant had reached from the sky and turned it with a massive hand. It had dark leaves that looked oily and dead.

Emma cried out for her mother and ran out of the room. She made it halfway down the stairs when Wendy scooped her up in her arms and asked her what happened. She explained the best she could for a four year old, as her mother carried her back to her bedroom and looked out the window.

The oak, as usual, stood protectively outside.

"See honey, it's right there"

Emma had no explanation, but she knew what she saw. Outside Chase and Sean were walking near the barn. Wendy pointed to them.

"If something happened you know your brother would have told me. It was just a day dream sweetheart"

Emma watched them down below. She felt better knowing that her big brother and Sean were so close.

"When is Daddy coming home?"

Wendy smiled. She was used to her daughter wanting the comfort of her Father's arms around her.

"Seven" Emma said, looking absently out the window.

Wendy looked at her, confused by what she said. **"Um, he'll be back tonight, but after you're asleep"** She pointed to the tree. **"You know I can feel everything it feels. You have nothing to be afraid of"**

Emma wasn't happy, but as usual her mother knew the right things to say. She climbed into bed and allowed her mom to tuck the covers in around her.

"Sleep angel. I'm right downstairs"

The Book of Lies

Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

Over a thousand miles away, a bent, diseased hand pulled a dark cloak off a warped shelf. It was small...made for a child. The hand shook it a few times in the air and it shrank to almost half its original size. It was moved into the candlelight for inspection.

It would fit just fine.

In the flickering light the dark cloak was in fact, deep red. It was made of a heavy material to protect its possessor from the cold. It had no sleeves and was meant to be worn over the shoulders.

It had one more feature.

It had a hood.

CHAPTER SIX

Chase smelled him first. His sweat reached through the air and tugged at him like an invisible rope. He ran through the trees and leaped over shrubs to get to him. The others were far behind and it would take a long while before they caught up to him. He heard the noise before he saw anything. There were shouts and cheers and objects knocking together. He heard running and grunts of effort of some kind.

Chase made it to the edge of the forest and saw them. They were in brightly colored shirts and white pants that hugged their strong legs. He scanned them; breathing deeply, until he locked onto the one he wanted. He had a burgundy jersey and a matching helmet. He held a football in his strong hand and threw it like a rocket far down field. Someone caught it and ran forward as others chased after him. Chase looked around. There was no audience. This wasn't a real game, only practice. Only the players and support staff were on the field. He leaned against a large tree and watched the boy play.

He was tall and strong and in some ways he reminded Chase of Bart. He had powerful arms and equally thick legs, with broad shoulders and a thick neck. His muscles stood out proudly and flexed as he moved. Chase's mouth watered as he took in the boy's scent as deeply as he could. It was like being an addict. The aroma was incredible, and next to his Dad, this boy was the best smelling thing his Werewolf nose had ever breathed.

He wanted him. He wanted to run his hands over the strapping teenager's commanding body. He wanted to feel the hardness of his muscles and the warmth of the boy's arms around him. He wanted to kiss and worship every part of him.

The Book of Lies

Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

This was the third time Chase saw him.

The first was when his Dad's truck got a flat and Sean had to change it. The second was when Chase was a Wolf and running parallel the school bus the boy was in. It had been daytime and Chase was deep enough that they couldn't tell what he was behind the trees. He was warned not to reveal himself to humans, but when he sensed the boy's presence, Chase just had to see him; and for a brief moment the boy saw him.

Chase sighed as he remembered both encounters. He watched him play, not realizing he had touched him with his power.

The boy turned!

Chase looked at him, and even through the helmet he could see his bright blue eyes staring back. But he was too far away, and the boy didn't know what he was looking at. Chase smiled and watched him look around. Other players ran up and shouted things to him and the boy turned back and pointed to where he wanted them to go.

After the next play, practice was over. Chase watched him move to the sidelines and take off his helmet. A wash of thick black hair fell out as the boy shook his head around to cool off. He took a towel and wiped his face with it before putting it around his neck. He talked to some of the other guys nearby. A big blonde boy was grinning and pointing at some girls as he slapped the boy on the back. Chase felt anger rising inside his mind as the boy turned and looked at them. He cast out his power to pull his focus away from them.

The boy turned around as he lifted up a duffle bag and looked right at Chase, as if he were the only thing alive.

Chase smiled.

The boy said something to the others and let his bag fall on the ground. He turned and walked toward the trees. It took two minutes to walk the distance.

"Hey little buddy, you like football?" the handsome boy said.

"I like the Quarterback more. I didn't know they were so...big" Chase replied.

"We're just pussycats. I'll tell you a secret, we love attention. But most of all, we love to give the fans what they want most"

The boy shifted his stance. Chase saw it immediately. He had a thick bulge between his legs. Chase's mouth watered at the sight and it took a great deal of effort not to drop to his knees right then and there.

"Your muscles are huge"

The Book of Lies Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

“There just muscles. Wanna feel ‘em?” It was clear he was lost in the young Werewolf’s power. He took a step forward and flexed a bicep for Chase to touch, but before he could he spun around as a sound hit his ears.

They were no longer alone.

Sean, Jason, and Bart stepped out of the trees. Bart moved in front of Chase and stared the new boy in the eyes.

The boy stepped back and Sean put his hand on Bart’s shoulder, holding him back.

“I’ll deal with this Bart” He turned to the football player. **“You’re off the field”**

“Yeah, what of it?”

Bart moved quickly forward, his face twisted with anger and his huge muscles swelled up but Sean blocked his path.

“This isn’t the city” Sean said. **“All kinds of bad things live in these woods. You don’t want to come out here”**

Chase was fixated on the black haired boy. He barely acknowledged the others.

“That’s Chase. I’m Sean” he waved to the others. **“Jason...and this big angry guy is Bart”**

“I’m not looking for trouble” the boy said.

“We know that. We’re just protective of our own”

“You’re brothers?”

“Yeah, but not the way you think” Sean moved until he was between the boy and Chase. **“We look out for each other, especially our younger ones”**

“Sure, I get that” The boy looked at Chase and said, **“You have one hell of a security system”**

Chase smiled. **“Yeah, I...”** he looked at the three boys now surrounding him as if he now saw them for the first time. He moved just past Sean. **“Sorry about...”** he waved to them. **“...all this”**

Bart moved right behind Chase and wrapped one thick arm around his shoulders and hugged him tight, keeping him still.

Sean thumbed over this shoulder. **“Cute kid isn’t he?”**

The boy blinked and looked up at the blonde. **“What?”**

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“Chase. He’s pretty cute isn’t he?”

“Um, well yeah...I guess”

Sean smiled at him. **“Hey, we’re not exactly immune to his charms either. Fact is, no one is. You should see the girls drop around him. He’s a lady killer. They fall all over themselves to get to him. It would be kind of funny if no other boy was around. Otherwise, it kinda sucks, if you know what I mean?”**

The boy looked at him in confusion. He didn’t understand. Then he saw Bart with his strong arm around Chase, his body pressed into the kid’s back. He understood. **“You’re all...together?”**

Sean nodded. **“Yeah, you could say that”** He turned and looked at Chase for a moment. **“That kid runs me ragged. His Dad is pretty well known around here. I’m not supposed to let anything happen to him, or else he’ll rip my head off. And that would be funny too, if it was just a joke. Sadly it isn’t”**

The boy simply stared. The spell on him was still in effect. All he wanted was Chase, and everyone knew it.

“The problem is, he likes YOU a lot” Sean continued.

The boy gave Chase a soft smile which Chase returned.

“He keeps coming back to you and we keep chasing him around”

The boy looked at Chase. He wasn’t even old enough to drive. How did he get this far if not by car?

“He’s fast. Real fast” Sean said as if to answer his silent question.

Chase grinned. **“No one can catch me! Not even my Dad!”** He said that last part with pride.

Bart pulled him tight, lifting his small body off the floor as he did. He gave Chase a disapproving glare. **“You’re gonna be the death of all of us, you know that?”**

Sean rolled his eyes. **“He’s like a damn gazelle”**

The boy said to Chase. **“I could catch you”** His double meaning clear.

Chase leveled his eyes. **“Wanna bet?”**

“No he doesn’t!” Sean said turning. **“Don’t you think you’ve bothered him enough?”**

“He’s no bother” The boy answered once again getting lost in Chase’s charm.

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“Dude, you have no idea” Sean replied. **“Look this isn’t your fault. Chase is... new. He’s not in full control yet”**

“New? New to what?”

Sean opened his mouth to speak and then caught himself. **“Ah. New to the area. We’re looking out for him”**

“Cause of his Dad?”

Chase grinned. **“Yeah. They’re all scared of him. He’s stronger than anyone!”**

Bart squeezed him again. Sean shook his head. **“In our own defense, you have to meet his Dad”**

“Wanna race?” Chase asked the football player.

The boy laughed. **“I bet your fast at the start, but I run fields all day long. I’ll get you sooner or later”** His eyes filled in his meaning.

Chase laughed and shook his head but his eyes were inviting and the boy was lost in them.

“No you won’t” Jason said, speaking for the first time. **“Especially not in here”** he looked around the woods. The trees and shrubs would make it hard for a big boy to move. Chase on the other hand would shift effortlessly under low hanging branches and around trees.

“Well, maybe you’d have me in here” he smiled at Chase.

“I could have you anywhere” Chase replied, watching the bulge between the boy’s legs throb in response.

“You’ve got a big game coming tomorrow” Sean interrupted and blocked the view of Chase again. **“You ready?”**

“Sure. Not that many of you will be rooting for us to win”

“I will” Chase answered truthfully.

“I’ve got a fan huh?” The boy grinned.

Chase’s blue eyes sparkled. **“I’ve watched you since you got here. You’re amazing!”** The desire to move around Sean and touch the boy was almost overpowering.

“He’s a big football fan” Sean explained hastily as Bart tugged at Chase to settle down.

“Well I hope you come to the game”

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Sean looked at the others for a moment. **“Sure why not”**

The boy looked at him with confusion. He didn't mean all of them, just Chase. Now they would all come.

Bart lifted up Chase with one arm and threw him over his broad shoulder and moved into the woods. Chase looked up and waved at the boy and grinned.

“I'm Daniel” the boy called after him, but Bart didn't stop.

Jason waited for a moment and then walked parallel to Bart on the left side, his eyes moving around the trees like he was searching for something.

As soon as Chase was out of sight Daniel felt like himself again. He took in a deep breath to clear his head and found himself face to face with Sean. The whole episode seemed like a dream to him.

Bart carried Chase far away.

“I can walk!” Chase yelled but Bart paid him no mind.

Jason came near and shook his head at him. **“You know how much trouble you cause?”**

Chase smiled. **“I just wanted to see him. Doesn't he smell great?”**

Jason looked at Bart in defeat and Bart rolled his eyes. **“Don't look at me; he's like a one kid sex machine!”**

“This should be far enough. Let's wait for Sean” Jason said.

Bart set Chase on his feet and pushed him down with one hand until Chase sat on the ground. He squatted down and looked him in the eyes. **“Chase, you can't go mixing it up with the locals!”**

“You do!” Chase countered.

Bart glared back, **“I fuck around with girls Chase. That's different”**

“Why because I'm gay?”

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“Of course not!” Bart belted out. **“How many times have you got off with me? You think I care that you like guys instead of girls?”** He put his hand on Chase’s shoulder. **“If it were up to me I’d be the only man in your life buddy, but that beast inside you wants to roam the field. Literally!”**

Chase shrugged and put his chin on his hand as he waited for Sean while Jason and Bart talked about getting him a leash and a GPS chip.

Sean ran out from the trees and stopped in front of them. He looked at Chase with a grin. **“Dude, you got him all worked up! He’s gonna be hard for like a day!”**

Jason laughed. Bart didn’t.

“What is it about him that we don’t do for you?” Sean asked truthfully. He wasn’t used to being second runner up in a beauty contest. Sean had model good looks and the body to match.

“He’s so big” Chase said, his eyes glazing over.

“I’m big!” Bart said, showing off his thick bicep.

“And the way he smells...it drives me crazy”

Bart looked at the others for help but no one had any to give.

“I just wanna taste him. Taste his sweat in my mouth” Chase’s voice trailed off.

Sean moved up and lifted him off the ground. **“Come on let’s get you home. Maybe your Dad can snap you out of it”**

As Bart pushed at Chase to move Jason fell back in line with Sean and nodded over his shoulder. **“What about Bret Favre back there?”**

Sean sighed. **“Looks like we’re going to a football game”**

Emma sat outside on the grass. Her mother was hanging some sheets up to dry. She had a dryer inside but loved the way they smelled when they were air dried. Emma put her hands out and the grass underneath began to move. Then it grew. It grew higher and higher until it touched her palms and tickled them. She giggled and looked over to her mom, but the woman was too busy to notice what she had done. She moved her hands back and looked at what she did.

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Her eyes went wide and she pushed back with her legs, falling on her back. She cried out for her mother as she kicked her legs to get away.

Wendy's head snapped around and she dropped her clothes pins as she ran over, her eyes looking all around for danger. **"What's wrong?"**

Emma was scared. **"It's dead!"**

Wendy looked down at the ground to find what her daughter was talking about. **"What's dead?"**

Emma pointed down. **"The grass!"**

Wendy still didn't see it. **"Grass? Emma what are you talking about?"** She lifted her up and made her look with her. Emma pulled herself into her mother's arms and hugged at her neck as she looked at the ground.

She didn't see it either.

She looked at her mom, tears in her eyes. **"It was dead. It was black and eaten up!"** She pushed her face into Wendy's neck.

Wendy wrapped her arms around her tiny daughter and tried to console her. **"Sweety, nothing's dead. Everything is fine. Here look"**

Emma turned and watched her mother extend her hand. The ground shifted and a huge red rose grew up in front of them.

"Now isn't that pretty?"

Emma nodded and wiped the tears from her eyes. She let her mother sit her back on the ground but she didn't want to play with the grass again. She had no explanation for what she saw or why the grass wasn't dead anymore.

Wendy shook her head as she watched her daughter for a moment. She lifted up a sheet and carefully placed it over the line and pinned it in place. She moved her head back to look at Emma, who was now feeling the red petals of the rose. She smiled and put another pin on the line.

"What honey?" she asked, looking around the sheet at her daughter.

Emma turned her head and gave her a confused expression. **"What mommy?"**

"I thought you said something angel?"

Emma shook her head.

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Wendy shrugged and went back to work; she could have sworn her daughter had said, **'Five'**.

Michael held Chase on his lap. They were deep in the forest and alone, after Sean told him what Chase did.

"His name is Daniel" Chase said.

"Mmm. Sounds sexy" Michael grinned.

"Dad!" Chase didn't like his mocking tone.

Michael laughed and shrugged his shoulders. **"Has he seen what you can do?"**

Chase looked away for a moment.

"Has he seen your Wolf?" Michael asked a moment later.

Chase looked guilty. **"Well...I was deep in the woods and I'm sure he couldn't see me! He probably thought it was a bear or something"**

Michael simply looked at Chase and waited for him to get it. And after an uncomfortable pause Chase looked at the ground.

"I couldn't help it. I was already changed when I caught his scent. I just wanted to look at him again"

Michael pulled Chase against his strong chest. **"I'm not mad at you Chase, I just worry about you. Last year you were just a normal boy and now you find out that you're a Werewolf, your dad is a Werewolf, and you have a little sister that's a Druid"**

Chase looked up at his handsome Father. **"You forgot the Vampire, Silas, Patrick, and the whole black Wolf with gold eyes thing!"**

Michael opened his mouth to say something but laughed instead. **"I was easing into that"** he offered in his defense. Chase leaned into his body and Michael hugged him tight. **"I worry about you all the time. I worry that someone like Silas will move against you because of who I am. I've already told you what Wendy had to do just because she's married to me"** He was referring to the female Wolf she had to kill that challenged her right to be the Alpha's mate. **"Now I've got a Son who's just become a Werewolf and a four year old daughter that's trying to grow a tree in my living room"**

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He felt Chase's small body shake with laughter.

"You're surging with supernatural hormones and it's not your fault that you can't control them. That's why you have Sean and me to keep you focused" He kissed his Son's head. **"We'll get this all figured out, and in time you'll be able to control your Wolf on your own"**

"When?"

Michael sighed. **"In about thirty years"**

Chase pulled away and gave him a big smile. Michael felt his cock thicken up between his legs. His Son was so handsome.

DeMarco had been right about him. The Vampire knew, long before anyone, what Chase would mean to Michael. He may be the Grand Alpha, and he may have more control over his beast than other Werewolves, but his will collapsed around his Son faster than anyone. In this way he was more vulnerable to Chase than anyone else.

He watched as Chase's hands moved against his chest and rub at the large muscles under his shirt. He smiled at the boy as he leaned in and kissed his soft lips. Chase pulled at his shirt almost frantically and Michael laughed to himself at how quickly his Son's mind shifted to sex. He wrapped his thick arms around the boy and pulled him tight, sinking his tongue deep in Chase's mouth.

Chase moaned and tried to break free. He wanted to control this. He wanted to lead the dance. But Michael was Alpha. He was THE Alpha. There was only one man here, and it was him. He gripped Chase tighter and lifted him up as he stood. He suddenly let go and Chase dropped to the ground on his feet. Michael lifted up his shirt and showed his big muscled chest off.

Chase's eyes widened at the sight. His mouth hung open slightly as he visually devoured his Father's incredible body. He reached out to touch him, but Michael pushed his hands away.

He grabbed ahold of Chase's shirt and tugged it off of him with one hand. The boy's thick black hair became ruffled at the abrupt action and it was now clear that whatever his attention had been, his Father was in charge.

Michael looked down at his Son and a low growl escaped his chest. Chase responded immediately and shrunk down to his knees in front of him. He looked up at him with his big blue eyes and Michael's heavy cock swelled up inside his pants.

Chase looked right at it and licked his lips.

Michael put his hands on his leather belt and started to slowly tug it open. Chase watched with impatience's as time seemed to slow eternally. Michael stopped.

"Maybe you'd rather do this with Daniel?"

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Chase's face was blank. His eyes looked up but there was nothing behind them.

"Would you?" Michael demanded.

Chase didn't understand. He was already lost in desire for his Father. He grabbed at his Dad's thick legs and pushed his face between them.

Michael felt his Son's mouth wrap around his bulging mound. His warm tongue pushed against the denim in an attempt to lick at his flesh.

Michael watched, satisfied that Chase no longer remembered the football player. In the span of a few minutes the Alpha had reasserted control over his Son so completely, that now Chase only existed to serve him. His Son's small arms coiled around his thick legs as he moaned hungrily against Michael's crotch. Michael pulled open his belt.

"Who do you love more than me?"

Chase couldn't respond; the fever had him. He groaned instead.

"That's what I thought"

Michael popped the button on his pants and pulled the flaps aside. Chase shifted position and groaned in anticipation. He didn't have to wait long. Michael slid his clothes down his big thighs and his enormous dick sprung out and swelled in the air.

Chase's eyes blazed and he opened his mouth and took the head of his Father's cock inside.

Michael felt the boy's spit flood over his dick like a warm ocean. His soft lips hugged his thick shaft and his silky tongue ran hungrily across the throbbing head.

"There now. Isn't that better?"

Chase moaned loudly as he sucked deeply on his Dad's heavy meat. It grew and swelled as he nursed on it, making his mouth open more.

Michael grabbed the base of his big dick with one hand and started to tug on it. He felt his Son's mouth clamp down defiantly in his refusal to let it go. He smiled down, but Chase didn't see it. He was too focused on his task to give notice.

There were many ways this could go, Michael knew. There were times when he was so gentle with Chase that the boy actually became frustrated. Then there was Werewolf sex, when beast spoke to beast. Today, because of some muscle bound football player, Chase needed the real thing.

Michael growled, his power flooding the area.

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Birds shot off into the sky and the sound of running could be heard as small animals scurried for cover. The wind itself seemed to die in mid breath as the Alpha Wolf made his presence known.

Chase did his best to growl as well, to add his voice to his Father's, but instead it came out as a muted grunt, as his mouth was overstuffed with his Dad's enormous prick.

Michael used his feet to push off his shoes and he shoved his pants to the ground and stepped out of them. His large balls now hung low between his legs and swayed back and forth as Chase sucked on the head of his cock.

Michael growled again.

Chase shifted uneasily and moved his mouth around from side to side to calm the raging beast that lived inside his Father.

Michael watched his Son's reaction with satisfaction. Even if the boy didn't understand, the animal that lived in him did. This was about domination, about status, and for Michael, there was only one true king. There was only one Alpha. Only one man; and everyone else would kneel at his feet.

His large hands became fists and he roared down at Chase, his thick shoulders bunching up and his heavy biceps throbbing with power. The ground vibrated with the sound as Michael's body swelled with power.

Chase whimpered and sucked harder.

The great beast silenced for a moment but growled again. Chase twisted his head back and forth as he corkscrewed his mouth around his Father's juicy prick, making every attempt to please the Alpha Wolf.

Michael threw his head back and bellowed into the air. The forest became deathly quiet. He saw his Son tremble on his knees and as his small arms unwrapped from around his powerful legs, Michael saw what Chase was going to do. Before his Son could take hold of his heavy cock, Michael backhanded one away.

Chase flinched and wisely dropped the other hand down before the other one was struck that as well.

This dance would require only two things, Chase's mouth and Michael's big dick.

The boy's spit ran out of his mouth as he sucked and sucked at the swollen meat.

But the beast wanted more.

Michael put one hand behind his Son's head and pulled him forward. His fat cock sunk deep inside and he felt it bump the back of Chase's throat. The child gagged, but to his credit, kept sucking. He gave him an encouraging thrum and Chase's hands gripped the back of his legs once more. He took his hand away and his Son held his position.

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Now the Alpha growled with satisfaction. His arms dropped to his side and he waited.

Chase sucked and sucked, his head turning slowly around, the fat end of his Dad's beastly cock at his throat. He didn't want to look up. He was afraid to see the Wolf inside his Father looking back. He could feel the immense power his Dad held inside his strong body, and Chase didn't want any of it directed toward him. His spit ran freely now, right down the throbbing shaft between his Father's legs. The base seemed so far away. His Dad was so thick, so big, and he was so small. His mouth burst with the taste of the masculine flesh, and for Chase, the world melted away.

Michael was proud of his Son. In fact it seemed that as the days went by he loved him more and more. The boy had an impossible task. He was too little to pose any threat to him. He was too small to take his big dick the way Michael would normally demand, yet here he was, struggling to do just that. He would do it for hours if Michael let him. He would suck and suck at his cock even if blisters formed on his knees. He would nurse on the head of his dick until Michael pushed him away. It had always been like that. Ever since Chase was overcome by the Werewolf cycle his appetite for sex knew no limit. He didn't care that he couldn't take him fully; it was all about the effort.

Chase was filled with lust. Every time he sucked his Father's cock it was like the first time. It was as if his mouth had just discovered the most incredible taste in the whole world and just had to have it. He was never satisfied. He was never allowed to suck it long enough. His body was torn on two sides. The boy wanted his Father above anything else. He wanted to love and serve the man. He wanted to taste and smell every part of him. But the wolf in him had a struggle as well. It wanted the power the Alpha had. It saw in him what the boy could not. It saw the ocean of strength, the sea of willpower that the great beast possessed. It wanted to worship at his feet. It wanted to claim the beast for its own, and was jealous of the whole world for every second they spent apart.

For Chase's beast, there could be no other, and for the boy, his Father was the only true man alive. Each wanted to prove it to him, but only one could exist at a time. They were joined but separate.

They now battled to be with the Alpha Wolf.

Michael felt the shift. He saw it just under the surface. Chase's animal was coming out. It was the sound of his growl that brought the black wolf awake. For Michael, his beast lived with him, side by side. He knew when to surrender control and when to take it. He was unique among Werewolves. Only powerful ones like Alphas could do what Michael now did. This was why he was so much stronger in human form than say Bart, Jason, or Sean. Why even when they were changed, he still was more powerful. This was why none of them could move the stone in the forest, even in Werewolf form. Michael, fully human, took the rock in one hand and rest it from the ground.

The display of power was awe inspiring, because his beast never left him. It was always awake. There was full union between them.

Chase was not so lucky.

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He watched the fight inside his Son. The fact that the child could keep any control was amazing. He should have fully changed by now. The flow of power Michael gave off should have summoned the beast from the child some time ago.

His Son wanted him. He wanted this so much, he refused to leave.

Michael's big dick raged with lust for the boy and the beast inside of him. It throbbed inside the child's mouth as it was sucked hungrily by both. His heavy balls filled with cum to feed each one, eager to quench the hybrid's hunger. Michael watched for long minutes as the sound of Chase's wet mouth rang in his ears.

Finally the time had come. The boy and the beast must be fed.

His dick pulsed.

Chase's eyes opened wide.

The beast was coming out.

Michael growled and Chase's eyes flashed upward. Man met boy and Wolf met Wolf. For both, there was no contest. Michael was king in his form, as he was in his other.

"SUCK!" he growled.

Chase moaned so loudly it vibrated up Michael's enormous cock. He felt the boy's throat open and the head of his big dick sunk inside.

Michael grunted in pleasure and shot a river of cum inside his Son's mouth.

Chase's eyes closed. His throat moved up and down and he swallowed and drank from his Father's great cock. His small body tensed up. This was what he was waiting for.

Michael swelled with pride as he watched his only Son take his heavy load. It was amazing to see such a small boy, so eager to please him, actually make good on his efforts. His mighty dick throbbed and pounded as his cum erupted down Chase's throat.

The boy opened his eyes.

They were glowing blue.

Both boy and beast got what they wanted. The boy drank and the animal fed. Both present in one way or another. The big man was smiling down at them; at both of them. The Father was there as well as the Alpha, each pleased with what they saw.

And that's when it happened.

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That's when Chase came.

Michael had allowed his Son to suck at his big dick for a long while after he came. The boy had been taken so high that it took time to come down. Michael waited and watched patiently as Chase nursed on his cock, whimpering with exhaustion from his effort. The flood of raw power was too much for his Son's new Wolf to take, and the boy, for his part, was overwhelmed by the volume of cum his Father let him drink.

When Chase finally pulled away, Michael's heavy meat bounced in the air, still defiantly hard. He truly was the Alpha.

Chase collapsed on the ground at his Father's feet and curled to his side.

Michael smiled and laughed to himself and he slowly put his pants back on and buckled up his belt. He stood above his Son as the boy breathed deeply and shuddered. His pants were wet from his cum and Michael had to remind himself to take off his Son's pants next time they did this. Then he lifted him up in his arms and hugged him tight.

"You Daddy's boy?" he asked.

Chase moaned and trembled against him. Michael laughed and grabbed the rest of their clothes and carried his exhausted Son back to the farm. Chase buried his face in his thick neck and breathed in his scent.

Michael never felt more alive.

Two years ago...

Arnell had lost track of time.

She had a husband and a daughter, but could no longer remember their names.

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Thoughts seemed to bleed from her mind as it wandered and skipped across her lifetime. Her memories split and merged as they were pulled from her head by the Witch.

She had been taken recently...a long time ago? She no longer remembered.

The black magic the Witch used on her was relentless, and Arnell's powers, although formidable in their own right, collapsed after a few short hours of the assault. Witchcraft assailed her from every angle, and Arnell was so preoccupied with defending herself, that it never occurred to her to call for help.

She simply wasn't prepared for an attack from such a soulless creature.

She fought; using every spell at her disposal, but the Witch was dedicated to her craft and specialized in offensive magic. In a last attempt, Arnell tried to turn her magic against herself and end her own life before the Witch could get what she wanted.

Because Arnell knew what she sought.

The Witch didn't need to speak her demand. Arnell was one of three that knew the truth, and she would prefer death before giving the evil woman what she wanted.

But death wouldn't come to her.

The Witch wouldn't allow it.

Her dark magic kept Arnell alive, as the hours of torture turned into days and the days turned into weeks.

Now time had no meaning to her. Arnell was being unfolded, and sooner or later the Witch would have what she wanted, she just had to dig in the right spot.

Arnell prayed for death. She begged God to take her life and silence her mind for all time.

The Witch stood over her and waved her hand in the air. Arnell's eyes fluttered as the black magic pushed inside her head once more. It trapped her soul inside her body as she was slowly pulled apart by the Witch.

She knew it wouldn't end.

It couldn't.

The Witch wouldn't stop until she had what she wanted, even if that meant keeping Arnell alive for all eternity. How did she know? How did she find out who she was? From every soul walking the earth, how did the Witch know to pick her?

Deep down, she already knew the answer.

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Arnell was special, and most likely the most important person on the planet for the Witch. However she found her, she was now hers for all time, however long that may be. Arnell wished she was different. She wished she had never been picked for this. Now her whole life was forfeit.

Because Arnell had a secret.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Andreas stretched out his thick arms above his head and felt the blood surge through them. He scratched at the back of his neck and turned on the shower before looking back to Helen. She was asleep and curled around his warm pillow, breathing deeply. He smiled to himself as he looked at her peacefully dreaming, still not sure if he should tell her about what happened the night before. Helen was a strong woman. She had overcome obstacles that would break lesser women. Her only Son was a newborn Werewolf, which put Helen in the path of a very dangerous Vampire and a pack of supernatural enemies. Now she was in a relationship with a full grown Werewolf while her Son continued to defy all odds of survival.

Helen, for her part, stayed by him through all of it and still managed to lead a relatively normal life. Andreas felt attraction to her the moment he saw her. There was something about the way she held herself, even though others around her had abilities and powers far beyond any normal human being. For all their amazing gifts, it took a simple human woman to defeat the darkest evil the Werewolf packs had ever faced. Now she was his, and Andreas wasn't about to give her up, even to her former mate, the most powerful Werewolf in North America.

He walked over and kissed her face. Helen didn't respond, save for a deep sigh. He walked to the kitchen as his shower heated up and turned on the coffee pot. For a true Werewolf like Andreas, caffeine was at best a temporary stimulus. His nature burned off the effects of the beverage far faster than a human being, so he made a special pot for himself, that was too strong for Helen. When he was done, he would make some with a lesser concentration so she wouldn't explode with adrenaline.

As he worked he felt a shift in the air. Two small arms circled around his waist and hugged him tight. He didn't need to turn around to know who it was.

“Good morning Chase. How did you sleep?”

The boy sighed against his back and breathed in his scent. **“Like a rock”**

Maybe it was just a poor choice of words because Andreas felt his big dick swell up between his legs, which was no surprise, because Chase was filled with sexual energy that he directed that toward Andreas on an almost daily basis. Andreas thought he was used to it, that he was able to handle it, but the truth was he was just as susceptible to Chase's advances as anyone.

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Andreas had two things going against him. One, he was with Chase more than anyone, so there wasn't really another man for the boy to fixate on. Second, Andreas was a powerful Werewolf, and power was what Chase was attracted to. Actually it was the beast that lived inside of the boy that was the problem. The black Wolf called to the beast in Andreas's body, and his Wolf called back. It was a primal desire, a desire that a human couldn't understand.

He turned around to the small boy and wrapped his arms around him. Chase buried his face against his hairy chest and sighed. **"I'm making some coffee for your mom and me and then after we shower, I thought we could go to breakfast together"**

Chase moaned. **"Sounds good"** he said, not taking his head away. Werewolves ate like, well...animals. They burned food off so fast that it was impossible to find an overweight Wolf.

Andreas wanted to kiss Chase. He wanted to pull him up and sit him on the counter. He wanted to feel the boy's arms around his neck as he opened his legs up and drove himself home. But the human man held the beast back. It wasn't that he didn't want to have sex with Chase; in fact nothing would make him happier. Andreas wasn't gay. It wasn't a matter of sexual orientation for Werewolves; it was about power and domination. He loved Helen, he wanted to be in her life from now on, but his Wolf wanted more. It wanted to be coveted, and Chase's attention was overpowering. In a pack, Wolves mated with almost anyone. They had husbands and wives of a sort, but it was understood that sex was sex. It was a way of life with them it was something that was accepted.

Andreas didn't know how much Helen knew of this. He didn't understand if she was aware that Chase was in a dangerous position. Some Wolves would want to take him up on his advances while others would kill him for it. For a Wolf like Andreas, this wasn't too much of a problem because he was so powerful. It would take a special Wolf to challenge him, and there lay the danger. Michael was a Grand Alpha and Chase's Father. He could kill Andreas with so little effort, it wasn't worth mentioning. Had he been a lesser animal, maybe Michael would have allowed it, but Andreas was Second to Daruth, an Alpha in his own right. Plus Andreas was with Helen, Chase's mother and Michael's former mate. Saying Andreas was on thin ice was like saying the sun is sort of shiny.

He ran one hand through Chase's jet black hair and the boy looked up and smiled at him. Those damn crystal blue eyes bore into Andreas and looked right to his Wolf. Andrea's cock surged and pushed against the small boy, eager for attention. Chase glanced down for a moment and then gave Andreas a big grin. Andreas shrugged in defeat.

"Sorry about that Chase" He looked around for a moment. **"You bring out the beast in me"** he smiled.

Chase looked over his powerful chest and slowly moved his hands up the muscled torso. The animal in Andreas stirred. He watched the small fingers snake through his hair and work their way up to his hard nipples. Chase was becoming lost in his body and Andreas let it happen. He let the boy work. He let him squeeze his thick muscles and tug gently at the soft brown hair.

Chase leaned forward and took a long lick at the center of Andreas's big chest. Andreas grinned at him.

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He pulled Chase forward and pushed his heavy dick against him. Chase responded by licking at him more and more.

Then Andreas felt it.

They were no longer alone.

He pushed Chase away and looked around. He felt the other wolf nearby and coming closer.

“Sean” he said to Chase. He shook his head to clear it, as the beautiful boy looked up at him. **“Chase”** he said with a commanding voice. He took his face in his large hands and said, **“You’re gonna get me killed”** Then he smiled, and Chase smiled back. He let the boy feel his chest for another moment before he untangled himself. **“Go take a shower and tell Sean we’re eating soon if he’s hungry”**

He watched as Chase nodded and he could feel the boy’s eyes on his back as he left. Andreas closed the door to the bedroom and moved over to the bed. He lifted the covers, pushed off his shorts and moved himself over Helen. She stirred under him and groaned as he spread her legs apart and gently sunk into her warm body. She opened her eyes and looked up at him lovingly as he began to drive himself deep inside.

“Good morning” she said, sleepily.

He grinned back, **“Well, it’s gonna be”**

Sean was coming down the stairs and found Chase in the kitchen. **“Hey little bro”** He walked over and hugged him tight, lifting him off the floor in his strong arms.

“Andreas wants to know if you want to eat breakfast with us?”

It took Sean just a moment to realize that Andreas knew he was there. Of course he would, the man was a powerful Wolf, and he would sense his presence easily. Sean was so used to him being there that his Wolf started to simply accept his existence as fixed.

“Yeah, you know it!” Sean grinned, setting Chase to the floor. **“After that I thought we could run in the woods for a while. Bart wants to camp up in the mountains”**

“Camp?”

“Yeah, camp” He looked at Chase with a creased brow. **“You’ve never camped?”**

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Chase shook his head. **“No”**

“We’re gonna take some tents and supplies and hike way up. Maybe hunt, who knows?”

Chase didn’t know what to say. No one ever asked him to camp before.

“Sound like fun?”

Chase nodded. **“I’d love to camp with you! What do I need?”**

“Nothing, we’ll take care of everything. We’re gonna go as Wolves though, so only take the things you want to carry. Bart and Jason will handle the tents and bedding. I’ve got the supplies”

Chase was charged with excitement. **“Okay! I’ll tell mom! When do we leave?”** He started to move to the bedroom but Sean grabbed his arm and pulled him back.

“Go shower and we’ll tell her together at breakfast”

Chase nodded and ran up the stairs, his mind racing with how to pack.

Sean watched him with a grin and then looked toward his mother’s bedroom. He knew what was going on, he could hear her grunts. Chase, as usual, was oblivious to what was going on around him. He poured himself a cup of strong coffee, which he knew Andreas made, and drank it down as he opened the newspaper.

There was a picture of three men holding rifles. The caption read: **‘Werewolf spotted in Alaska!!’**

Sean sighed. **“Oh shit”**

The smell of bacon and eggs filled the house as Wendy piled food on Michael’s plate and made significantly smaller ones for her and Emma.

“Time to eat!” she called out upstairs.

She heard screams and running and growls, and smiled to herself. Michael was driving Emma downstairs as the scary monster. She knew her daughter would make it to the bottom of the stairs before she was scooped up in his arms and carried the rest of the way.

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As if on cue, Emma held the railing for support as she made her way to the kitchen, her other hand waving frantically in the air and screaming in mock fear as her large Dad came after her. He was growling the way no human could and made the stairs creak under his weight as he gave the little girl ample time to run safely away.

“He’s coming!” she screamed at her mother as Wendy watched with a smile and held out her arms to her daughter. Emma jumped the last step, as if that alone would separate her from the massive man behind her. She reached out for her mom, and mere inches from touching her hands, she felt herself lifted clear off the ground and facing the ceiling. She screamed.

Michael held her up and wiggled her around as he growled below her. Wendy shook her head and continued to fix the table as Emma was turned in the air and suddenly dropped into her Father’s arms. He bared his teeth and growled loudly before pretending to bite at Emma’s neck. The little girl beat at her Dad’s broad shoulders as her screams turned to giggles and then full out laughter.

Michael came up and licked his lips. **“Yum!”** He grinned. **“I think I’ll eat Emma with some syrup!”**

“No Daddy!” she cried out, her face flush with laughter.

He tossed her in the air a few times and then pulled her in for a hug. He set her in her seat and she immediately reached for a large strip of bacon and shoved it in her hungry mouth. Michael moved to Wendy and gave her a kiss and hugged her tight.

“Eat while it’s hot love” she said to him.

He nodded and took the coffee pot off the burner and poured himself a cup.

“FOUR!” Emma said with a big smile.

Michael turned to her and grinned.

“Four what?”

Emma didn’t answer him. She stuffed the rest of the bacon in her mouth and chewed happily. Michael walked by and leaned down to steal a kiss from her face as he did.

“Chase is having his birthday soon” Wendy said. She put some biscuits on the table that both Emma and Michael reached for at the same time. **“I thought we’d have everyone over here. Helen will be by today to talk about it”**

Michael nodded. **“Sounds good”** he said, his mouth full of food.

Before she sat down Wendy brought over the paper and held it out to Michael. He glanced up and read the front page banner before taking it. He looked at her and shook his head.

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"It's a pretty funny story" Wendy said. **"They also found empty bottles of whiskey nearby"** she grinned.

Michael laughed. **"That's good news"**

They ate in silence for a few moments before Wendy asked, **"Do you know them?"**

Michael shook his head. **"No, I've never met them. Kalibrus is the leader. He's old, even by our standards. He has quite a reputation"**

"Is he like..." she looked at Emma, who was busy eating everything in reach. **"...you?"**

"No. But greater than Silas. He was Daruth's master. He brought him up. He has a big pack. A very loyal pack"

Wendy thought about this. **"Is it safe for Daruth to be there?"**

Daruth was an Alpha Wolf. His status could cause problems for him in another camp.

"I think so. Kalibrus has complete control over them. Or so I'm told" he shrugged as he read the story. He felt Emma's small foot drop against his thigh and he reached down and cupped it in his large hand, giving it a squeeze.

Emma swallowed a mouthful of food and looked at her mother.

"All the plants in my room are dead"

The diner was full. Andreas and Helen were on one side while Sean and Chase were on the other.

"I was thinking of taking Chase camping with Bart and Jason, if that's alright with you?"

"Oh that sounds like a great idea!" Helen looked at her Son. **"You've never been camping before!"**

Chase shook his head. **"No, and we're going way up in the mountains!"**

Andreas looked at Sean. **"We've been there before"** he told the big man. **"Nothing's out there but nature"**

What he really said was there were no other Werewolves present.

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Andreas raised his eyebrows in question. **“You’ve told Michael?”**

Sean shook his head. **“No, not yet”**

Andreas gave him a surprised look and Sean understood. Making decisions like this without the Alpha was not a good habit to have.

“I’m gonna ask him today” Then Sean looked at Chase. **“You’re Father has to say it’s alright before we can go”**

Chase nodded but it was clear he wasn’t giving it much thought. He still had trouble with his Father’s status. To Chase, Michael was just his Dad. To everyone else, he was the BEAST.

Sean looked at Andreas. **“You see the paper this morning?”**

Andreas started to laugh. **“Yeah. I did”**

Helen looked at him and he put an arm around her and pulled her against him. **“Seems there was a Werewolf sighting in Alaska”** he grinned.

“Oh” she said. **“Anyone we know?”**

Andreas squeezed her. **“Pretty good chance”**

Just then a large yellow school bus drove by that caught Chase’s eye.

“Daniel” he said quietly to himself.

Wendy was in her daughter’s room and looking around. All the plants were dead. She couldn’t explain it. Even plants she didn’t use her powers on thrived in her presence. Yet all of these were dead. She felt the leaves on one of them. It was brittle and broke off at her touch. She cast out her power and the plant stirred. It moved around and the stalks began to swell up with fluid and turn green. Within moments it had turned back into a healthy plant with thick leaves and a waxy sheen. Wendy stepped back and looked around the room. She held up her hands and used more magic.

All the plants responded and came back to life. She walked over to the window and lifted it up, letting cool fresh air into the room. The massive oak tree was just outside and looked as healthy as ever. She reached out and touched one massive limb. The tree shuddered and the leaves rustled at the connection.

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She was at a loss to explain it.

Whatever was happening, it seemed restricted to her daughter's bedroom. She went downstairs and saw Emma playing at her Father's feet. She moved into the kitchen to clean up when she felt his powerful arms circle her waist and hug her tight.

"What's up?" he asked softly so Emma couldn't hear.

"I don't know. She was right, they were all dead"

"You fixed them?"

She nodded. **"For the second time"**

"You think she's doing it?"

Wendy had thought about this before. She had never heard of a four year old Druid that was already using magic.

"I just don't know. It's possible I guess. Maybe she's doing it in her sleep?"

Michael hugged her tight. **"Watch her. We'll figure this out. I don't want you to worry"**

She felt his lips kiss at her neck and as usual she felt safer from his touch. But Wendy knew magic. It was unpredictable and dangerous if not used correctly. Still she reached behind her and cupped the back of her husband's head affectionately.

Upstairs, the cactus on Emma's dresser...began to die.

The black raven flew high overhead. It circled a wide grove of trees and felt the barrier against its wings. It was here. It had taken two years of searching before the spot could be identified. The presence of Werewolves mottled the magic and made it difficult to pinpoint. The raven landed on a large tree and looked around. There was no one there.

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The bird blinked and pushed at the barrier.

It held strong.

The raven flapped its wings in frustration and cried out. It couldn't advance. It couldn't get any closer. The Witch would not be pleased. There were miles to cover and the bird had reached its useful limit.

It flew off to report. The raven might not be able to move beyond the barrier, but all was not lost.

...there was someone that could.

Helen was at Michael's house with Wendy. Andreas was helping Chase pack for his big outing with the boys. The Grand Alpha had given his permission, which surprised everyone but Chase. There was still a full week before the trip, but Chase wanted to be ready.

"Pack a small bag that your Wolf can carry" He looked around the room not finding what he wanted. **"I have something you can use. I'll pick it up today"** He turned to the handsome boy. **"It's a pack you can wear on your back while you're in Wolf form."**

"Really?" Chase said surprised. **"Does everyone have that?"**

"Most of us make one before too long"

Chase looked at his things. **"I don't have one"**

Andreas moved over and put a hand on his shoulder. **"I'll tell you what. I'll make one for you. It can be all yours. It'll be your birthday present"**

Chase grinned and hugged Andreas before the big man could move away.

Andreas couldn't help himself around Chase. He wrapped his thick arms around the kid and squeezed him back.

"I'm glad you're here Andreas. I spend more time with you than anyone"

Alarms went off in his head. He pushed Chase back. **"Chase, don't point that out to too many people. I don't need Silas or more importantly, you're Father to pick up on that"**

Chase smiled and nodded. **"Okay"**

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Andreas rubbed his hand over Chase's face. **"Handsome boy"**

"Are you gonna marry my mom?"

Andreas sighed. **"I don't know if she would even say yes Chase"**

"But do you want too?"

He nodded. **"Yeah, yeah, I do"**

Chase grinned. **"Good!"**

"You'd like that huh?"

Chase pressed his body against Andreas and hugged him tight. **"Yeah"** The man's warm muscles felt incredible.

Andreas hugged Chase and kissed the top of his head. **"I'd like that too"**

The Witch looked into the dark liquid. A massive circular stone bath was sitting in the middle of the room. She watched the fluid stir and the image of a black raven appeared. It was flying in the air and looking back at her.

She didn't like what it told her but the news wasn't unexpected. She was closer now than she had been in several years. Dozens have tried what she now did, and failed in the attempt. Almost a decade had gone by as she searched for the one who had the answers she sought. The woman was resourceful, but the Witch had years to prepare for this. In the end her mind was dumped out like trash, and the Witch found the answers she needed.

Now she had to plan carefully. Any mistake at this point would alert others to her quest and possibly block her way. This could not be allowed. She was too close to be stopped now.

There were Werewolves and magic users to deal with, but the Witch was ready. She lifted up the hooded red cape and shook it in the air. She walked over to the stone basin and gently dipped it into the fluid. The garment flushed with the liquid and then was slowly sunk down. The Witch used her magic and completed the spell. The raven circled the air and cried out to the Witch in support. The cape disappeared and a long moment later, she saw it ease into existence before the bird. It floated in the air as if it were made of something impossibly light.

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The raven circled around and then grabbed the cloak in its beak and flew away. The Witch nodded in satisfaction as the image became transparent and finally disappeared. She dipped a finger into the warm fluid and lifted it out. It oozed and dropped into the stone basin again. She licked the rest from her finger. The taste of iron filled her mouth.

The basin was full of blood.

Bart sat next to Chase while Sean flanked him on the other side, and Jason sat right behind. The stands were full of fans and the noise of so many people was exhilarating. A small blonde girl was looking at Bart as he looked around and he grinned at her. He was used to this. She smiled back and tossed her hair as her face flushed.

Sean was having a similar experience on the other side as a group of four girls flirted with him a few rows down. Jason meanwhile caught the eye of a cheerleader who was looking more at him than her own squad.

Chase for his part was oblivious to all of them. There could have been a million people there or none, it would have made no difference. His eyes were fixed on a black haired boy with big muscles, wearing a football jersey. He had a thick neck that Chase could imagine, must taste something short of heaven. He watched everything he did. He was like a panther the way he moved. Every muscle was flexed for action and for Chase, no one else mattered.

“Daniel” he said to himself. No one heard him. It was too noisy.

The game had just started. Chase had a large drink and a hotdog and some nachos to keep him occupied while the players took to the field. He had only been to a few games in his life and felt the excitement of the crowd as everyone cheered. At least he did until Daniel showed up. He was on the visitor’s team, much to Chases regret. Knowing that the boy was leaving had put a big crimp in his plans. He watched happily as the strapping teenager moved around and talked with his teammates. Chase had insisted they sit on this side of the field so he could get as close to Daniel as possible. Most people wanted to sit near the home team, which of course Chase had no interest in.

Bart meanwhile, watched the small blonde girl giving him hungry eyes as the game clock started. Not five minutes into the game Bart watched the girl get up and walk down the stairs toward the concession stands. She gave him a final stare before moving out of view and Bart reached over Chase to tap Sean on the shoulder.

“I’ll be back”

Sean nodded and Bart got up and walked away.

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She hadn't had a chance to order yet. She was fifth in line when Bart bumped into her from behind. She turned and had to look up before she realized who it was.

"Oh" she said, flushed.

Bart stared down at her, his thick body towering over her. **"My fault"** he said. She turned back and Bart leaned closer until he was pressed against her. She didn't move away. He slowly reached up and put a hand on her hip and rubbed it up and down. She shifted in place, clearly wanting his touch but not sure what to do about it.

They said nothing to each other as they moved up in line one place. Bart closed the gap and pressed into her again. He ran the back of his hand slowly up her side. He felt her shiver. When it was her turn, she gave her order with a broken voice. Bart snaked his arm around her waist and pulled her against him. He leaned over her and told the man behind the counter to get him a beer from the tap. He threw money down and looked at the girl.

"It's on me beautiful"

She pushed back against him and Bart shifted his hips forward so she could feel his hard cock through his pants. His arm held her fast.

"You don't even know me" she said meekly.

He gave her a hard look. **"Not yet, but we can change that"** he squeezed her small arm. **"Would you like that?"**

She moaned her reply more than spoke it. Bart took it as a yes and pressed his crotch against her ass. The man brought out their order and Bart took his beer from the counter. The money was counted change dropped in its place. Bart stuffed it in his pants and led the girl away.

"You in a rush to get back?"

The girl was young and small. For a Wolf like Bart she was an appetizer. She was so far out of her element that the exchange between them was beyond unfair. Regardless of her blatant flirting, she was innocent and inexperienced while Bart was all muscle and sex.

"My friends will miss me" she said timidly.

Bart took a step back and she immediately looked over his strong body as he knew she would.

"Well...I'll miss you too, but if you have to go...you have to go" he said slowly.

He was heavy with power and the girl was overwhelmed by his advances. She stood there simply looking at him for help.

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“You wanna take a walk with me?” he gave her a way out, his deep voice drilling into her. Clearly before she realized it, she nodded. He held out her hand and she slowly took it. He led her away and walked down a long hallway out of sight.

Sean smiled at the girls. He threw his thick blonde hair back and heard the gasps of delight from them. *That always worked*, he grinned to himself. One of the bolder girls waved and blew him a kiss. He winked at her and then saw, for the first time, that they weren't alone. The girls had boys with them, three to be exact. One of them gave Sean a dirty look and Sean couldn't help but laugh.

This didn't stop the girls from flirting. About ten minutes later, the one who blew him a kiss got up and walked over.

“Hey handsome” she said confidently.

Sean grinned. **“Hey yourself beautiful”**

“You don't go to this school do you?”

“Nope” he said, not offering any more information.

“You with them?” she waved to the field. She meant the opposing team.

“Nah, just here for the game. I was born here.”

“Oh” She sat next to him. **“Your girlfriend should take better care of you. There's no telling who will scoop you up”**

Sean grinned. **“I do what I want, when I want”**

She nodded and wrapped her hand around his bicep. **“That's good to know”**

Sean looked at her group of friends. The girls were huddled together and pointing up and them, giggling as they did. The boys were understandably pissed. **“One of them with you?”**

She looked at the boys. **“Oh god no! I wouldn't be seen dead with them”** She squeezed his thick muscle. **“I like men, not boys”** She smiled and leaned against him. They made eyes at each other as she tried to look sophisticated beyond her age.

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Sean had to laugh. She couldn't be sixteen years old if she was a day. He leaned in and spoke in her ear. **"So if you were to leave without them, they wouldn't try and stop you?"**

Before she could speak Sean's hand shot out and grabbed a fist that was coming his way. He gave her another long look, not bothering to look at the boy in front of them. **"He with you?"**

Her head spun around. **"Tony! Leave us alone!"**

He didn't have a chance to speak back. Sean squeezed his fist and the boy dropped to his knees in pain. The other two boys stood up and ran over, the remaining girls shouted for them to come back. Sean stood up and faced them.

"You boys sure this is how you want the game to end?"

They were bigger boys. Not as big as Sean but most likely big enough that their schoolmates thought they were impressive. Jason didn't even bother to stand up.

"She's with us!" One of them said.

Sean held the first one on his knees and turned to the girl. **"Is that right?"**

She was furious. **"NO!"** She pointed to the other girls. **"GO AWAY!"**

They boys didn't leave.

"Hey man, why don't you come out and we can talk about this" One of them challenged Sean.

"No problem" He looked at the girl. **"Do me a favor and wait her angel. I'll be back shortly"**

She grinned and nodded her head. Sean lifted the first boy to his feet and pushed him forward. **"Let's take a walk Prince Charming"**

The girl turned to Chase and looked at him, offering him a smile, but Chase didn't look at her, his eyes were on the field.

He must really like football, she thought to herself.

Meanwhile, the boys worked their way down toward a bathroom and found a hallway that was unoccupied. Within seconds one of the boys threw a punch that Sean sidestepped. He pushed the boy so hard he lifted off his feet and slammed into the wall. Another came up and swung as well. Sean dipped down and punched him in the stomach, dropping him where he stood.

Now one remained; the first one.

"You ready?" Sean asked, flexing his shoulders.

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The boy looked at his friends, clearly not ready for what just happened. His face twisted in hate and he lunged at Sean. Sean stepped away and the boy flew right by him. This happened two more times. Sean couldn't help but laugh.

"Fuck you!" the boy cried out and swung over and over again. Sean was simply too fast and moved out of the way every time, a big grin on his face.

"You really want to do this kid?"

The boy's anger flared at being called a kid, and Sean realized his mistake too late. He would rather this didn't happen at all, but it was that nature of being who he was. Girls fell all over themselves to get to him and boys hated him for it. The boy moved to tackle him and Sean let him wrap his arms around his waist. He pulled the boy up off the floor until he was upside down and held him steady.

"You want me to drop you on your head?"

The boy looked at the hard concrete below. **"Fuck you!"** His pride wouldn't allow him to say anything else.

Sean dropped him and heard the boy cry out. He caught him mere inches before his head smacked into the floor and tossed him on his stomach instead.

"Take the hint dude. I'm outta your league"

The other two were getting to their feet.

"Go back to your friends. There are plenty of girls for all of us"

The boy who took the punch to his stomach was still winded and in no shape to fight. The one thrown against the wall was nursing a sore shoulder and wincing in pain.

"We cool? Or do I need to put you down?"

"Fuck you" the first boy said. **"Take her! We don't want her anyway!"**

Sean let them walk by him. **"Sure you don't"**

When he made it back to his seat, the girl was waiting for him.

"All done?" she asked, clearly happy he was unharmed.

"They just wanted to talk" he said, sitting next to her.

She saw all three of them shambling back to their seats like rag dolls. She wrapped her hand around Sean's bicep and smiled. **"You must work out"**

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He laughed. **“Yeah, something like that”**

Bart lifted up the girl as if she was made of air. He pressed his mouth against hers and sunk his tongue deep inside. She moaned and wrapped her arms around his thick neck and kissed him back. He put her on her feet and pushed her away. Her face was flush, her eyes wide. Bart moved deeper down the hall, pulling her behind him. He found a service door and tried to open it but it was locked. He looked around and turned the knob anyway. It groaned and then he felt metal snap inside. He pushed the door open and tugged the girl inside.

“This should do” he said, looking around. There was a bench with some tools on them. He led her over and pushed them away, lifting her up and sitting her on it. He pulled open her legs and wrapped his arms around her.

“My...my name is Karen” she said with a broken voice.

He nodded and kissed her, not offering his name in return. He moved his hands under her shirt and unhooked her bra. His rough fingers found her nipples and he stroked them softly as she moaned in reply. He rotated his thumb and forefinger around until she shivered with pleasure. He broke the kiss and smiled at her.

“You ready?”

It took her a moment but then she nodded. He reached down and pulled his shirt off and tossed it on the bench. She gasped as she looked at his powerful body. He gave her a grin.

“That chest isn’t gonna touch itself”

It was like being in a dream. Her hands reached up and she slowly moved them across the hard muscle, feeling the warmth radiating from him.

“Your so...” she hesitated.

Bart unbuttoned his jeans and pulled the flaps open. He reached inside with one hand.

“Big?” he asked.

She nodded and watched as Bart tugged out his beastly prick. She gasped.

Bart grinned smugly. He got this a lot.

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“You like it baby?”

She didn't answer. She just stared.

He reached down and stroked it with one hand. It throbbed and grew like a great serpent. He let it go and it stood proudly in the air, pulsing with power. He took hold of her jeans and unzipped them and cupped her ass inside. He lifted her up and pushed her pants down and pulled them off her legs. He let her slide down his body, his heavy cock rubbing against her.

She looked up with big eyes. **“I'm...uh”**

His large hands moved up her sides and stroked her breasts. **“You're what?”**

The look in her eyes told him what she couldn't say.

“Oh” he smiled. **“Well then, this is your lucky day”** He lifted her off the ground and pulled her legs around his waist. She had a moment of panic as she realized what she was about to do but Bart saw her reaction and let out his beast.

A wave of sheer lust rippled out of him and washed over her. Her eyes glazed over as his willpower cast a blanket across her mind and drove the frightened girl away. Now all that remained was a hungry body, eager for conquest. Bart's eyes flashed with light and darkened a few shades but the girl never noticed. All she wanted was sex. Sex from him. He reached down and rubbed at her soft pussy lips, pulling them apart. He lined his big dick up and eased the full head inside. She moaned loudly as his muscled arms coiled around her and he buried his face in her neck.

Bart pulled her down and took her virginity in one solid thrust.

She screamed.

Bart's beast flooded through her and replaced whatever pain she would normally feel with lust and pleasure. She ground her hips around trying to get more of his thick meat inside. She bite at one of his broad shoulders as her hands clawed at his back as he fucked into her.

“Ride baby. Ride” he said in her ear.

Chase was lost. He never wanted anything as much as Daniel. He was oblivious to anything and everything around him. People cheered and cried out. They laughed, and shouted mock threats to the players, but Chase heard none of it. It was like a deep rumble somewhere far away. His mind was only focused on the strapping black haired Quarterback with blue eyes.

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Sean, on the other hand, hadn't watched the game at all. The girl next to him was feeling his arm with both of her hands as she laughed softly and tossed her hair around. His large hand moved to her knee and quickly found the inside of her thigh. She responded by moving closer to him and giving him a smile.

"You know, I'm a lot bigger than the guys you may be used to" he said, leaning down near her face.

Her eyes flashed with delight. **"God, I hope so"**

Sean pulled his arm away and circled it around her body, hugging her against him. He looked around. **"Maybe we can take a walk?"**

She nodded her head. **"Anywhere you want handsome"**

Sean felt a strong hand on his shoulder. He looked behind him to find Jason leaning close by. **"Not so fast Romeo. Bart's still out"**

Sean looked around Chase to see Bart's seat empty. **"Fuck"** he grumbled. He looked at Jason again. **"You got this right?"**

Jason shook his head and spoke softly. **"We're not alone"**

Sean froze for a moment. His eyes darted around to see if anyone was looking at them. Then he cast out his power. It pulsed back with four hits. There were other Werewolves watching the game. He didn't recognize them. Two were together and another two were sitting alone, all four on the same side of the field as Sean, Jason, and Chase.

"You know them?"

Jason stretched his neck. **"Two of them"** He nodded to the right. **"The ones sitting together, down in front. They live about forty miles south of here. Small pack, no real Alpha"**

"They got balls coming out here with Silas so close"

"They're not looking for trouble. Just here for the game, maybe hook up with local action"

"Yeah, tell me about it" Sean grumbled. **"The other two?"**

Jason shook his head. **"I spotted them a while back. Both are around our age. Nothing we can't handle"** He tapped Sean's shoulder. **"But let's not give them a reason and divide our numbers. You're our strongest member"**

Sean grinned. **"Don't say that around Bart. He's still pissed about that"**

"Right now he's only got one thing on his mind" Jason said smugly.

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“Him and me both”

Karen had nothing short of a thunderous orgasm around Bart’s big dick. Her pussy clamped down like a vise and her juice flowed over his throbbing cock as he continued to hammer into her. He held her up with one muscled arm as if she weighed nothing and moved her up and down, making her ride his heavy meat over and over again.

She looked up at him and Bart decided to give her the full treatment. His eyes shifted and he made sure she saw it. He let his wolf out to play.

Karen pulled back alarmed at what she saw but Bart simply grinned at her and flashed his white teeth. He pulled back his lips to show the sharp points on them. She pushed away but he held her tight. She started to beat at his shoulders with her fists but Bart just fucked her harder. He grabbed her hips in his hands and moved her faster as he thrust into her tight pussy. She slapped his face once, twice, three times.

Then he growled.

Karen made to scream but Bart’s supernatural will pushed at her like a wall. With his glowing eyes glaring at her, he barked his command.

“CUM!”

And Karen did! For the second time in the span of minutes her body shuddered and convulsed with pleasure. Her cunt gripped Bart’s big dick and she threw her head back and moaned like the animal he turned her into.

He fucked her hard. His beastly cock sunk deep inside and bottomed out in her young cunt. He could feel her juice running down his large shaft and over his big balls as he rode her into her second orgasm.

Karen felt herself slip in and out of consciousness. Never in her life would she have imagined that sex would be so intense. She felt impaled by his heavy cock. She felt his hard body around her, radiating heat and power. He hands moved over his face, his neck and shoulders. He was so strong, so completely male. She used what little strength she had left and pulled herself forward until she could kiss his mouth. Her tongue pushed at his lips and she moaned when he let her inside. They kissed for long minutes as his thrusts went from fast and hard to slow and gentle. She looked up at him.

“Who are you?”

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Bart smiled back and kissed her lips. **“I’m your first. Someone you’ll never forget”**

Her pussy gripped his hard cock and she groaned. **“I can’t...I can’t believe how good it was”**

He looked at her with confusion. **“Was?”**

Karen didn’t understand his question.

He leaned down and spoke in her ear. **“That first part was for you”** His hands squeezed her small hips. He wanted her to feel how strong he was. He moved back until she could see his face again. He made his eyes glow briefly and he flashed his teeth at her again. He saw the panic in her as he did this, which was what he wanted. **“Don’t be afraid of me. I’m not here to hurt you”** He looked at her deeply with his wolf eyes. **“Put your arms around my neck and hold on”**

It was like being in a dream. Her body responded even as her mind rebelled. Her soft hands snaked across his shoulders and moved behind him to lock together.

His eyes blazed at her. **“I’m your first Karen”** He lifted her up and pulled her down on his big dick. He did it again and again, faster each time. He stared at her as he did, commanding her with his will. She stared back and let him fuck her.

“Now it’s my turn to cum”

Sean’s phone rang. He pulled it out of his pocket and placed it against his ear. **“Hello?”**

“Sean?” a woman’s voice said. It was loud and he had trouble figuring out who it was.

“Yeah?”

“Is Chase with you? He’s not answering his phone”

“Oh, hold on, he’s right here” He bumped his arm into Chase’s shoulder and pushed the phone at him. **“It’s your mom”** Chase didn’t respond, his eyes fixed on the field. Sean lifted his arm up and wrapped it around Chase and hugged him tight. **“Dude!”** He shook Chase.

Chase blinked hard and finally turned his head.

“It’s your mom!” he pushed the phone at Chase’s face. Chase took it and turned it over as if he didn’t know what it was.

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“Talk to her!” Sean said bluntly.

“Oh” Chase blinked again, holding the phone up. **“Mom?”**

“Chase honey, I’ve been trying to call you”

“I’m sorry mom, it’s real loud here” he said, actually just noticing it was loud for the first time.

“Honey, I won’t be home when you get back, there’s a man coming by the house, he’s...” Chase couldn’t hear the rest.

“What?”

“Just let him in, he’s gonna fix the ...”

“What? Let him in? Okay”

“Okay, Chase call me when it’s not so busy there” Helen said.

“Alright mom, I love you!”

“I love you too sweetheart”

Chase looked down at the phone. He had never used Sean’s before. He found the cancel button and pressed it, watching the display dim to black. He handed it back to the big blonde boy.

“What does she want?”

Chase shrugged. **“Someone is coming by the house to fix something. She said to let him in”**

“Andreas won’t be there?”

“I guess not”

A half hour went by before the bench dipped with weight. Bart sat next to Chase and draped one big arm around him. He pulled the small boy against him and looked over to Sean who leaned over to talk.

“You back?”

Bart nodded, looking at the girl pressed against Sean. **“Yeah”** He leaned in. **“Take a right. Go down the forth hallway until you find a service room. I’ve already unlocked the door for you. Table’s all warmed up”** he grinned.

Sean laughed and then nodded down front. **“We’re not alone”** He held up his hand and showed four fingers. **“Watch for them”**

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Bart shifted in his seat and he took his arm away from Chase, who never realized Bart was back. He looked around and spotted all four, locking onto their positions.

"You got point big man" Sean told him. Bart nodded back as Sean got up and took the girl with him. Jason leaned down and spoke in Bart's ear.

"Have fun?"

Bart turned his head to reply. **"You should have heard her moan when I sunk my cock into her. She was almost as loud as you"**

Jason laughed and slapped Bart on the back of the head. **"Fuck you"**

"Not in your lifetime little wolf"

Daniel was on fire. He threw the ball like a rocket right into the arms of his runners far down field. The crowd booed and yelled in protest as he put touchdown after touchdown on the board.

Chase was beside himself with pride.

It took thirty minutes before Sean came back. He looked at Bart. **"She won't be walking straight for a while"**

Bart laughed. **"Yeah, that's been going around"** He looked for Karen but she wasn't there.

"Where is she?" Sean asked, seeing him look for her.

"It was her first time. I gave her the backstage pass" he smiled smugly, letting his eyes glow at Sean for a moment.

Sean groaned with amusement. **"She still alive?"**

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“Yeah, I made sure she had the time of her life. I pushed some stuff out of the way. Gave her one hell of a memory”

What he meant was he used his power as a Werewolf to shift her mind and make her time with him free of fear or regret. In Karen’s mind she most likely lost her virginity in a nice hotel room or under a tree in a peaceful forest. Whatever she needed most, Bart provided. Of course the physical act was all real, minus any pain at losing her cherry that is. He made sure she was alright before he left her alone. He walked her out and down the hallway, making sure she was able to get home without him. He kissed her deeply before they parted and told her how great she was.

She smiled back, totally in love with him. Before she walked too far away Bart called to her.

“Hey. Who am I?”

She sighed back. **“My first”**

He grinned. **“That’s my girl”**

“And yours?” Bart asked Sean.

“She’s pulling herself together” He shrugged. **“I did warn her I was pretty big”**

Bart snorted. **“For a human maybe. She’s lucky she didn’t catch my eye”**

Sean rolled his eyes.

“He’s leaving tomorrow!” Chase said, startling everyone.

“Who?” Sean asked.

“Daniel!” Chase pointed to the field. **“That man just said so!”**

Sean looked down and saw Daniel talking to what was, most likely, his coach. They were far away. Too far for a human to hear.

“You heard him?” Sean asked. It wasn’t that it was impossible. If Sean concentrated he could hear them too, but Chase had never demonstrated Werewolf abilities while in human form, save for speed that is. He looked at Bart who understood as well. Chase didn’t even realize what he had just done.

“Hey Chase, it’s not over yet” He hugged the small boy. **“You can visit him tonight, before he leaves in the morning”**

Bart glared at Sean. It was clear that he didn’t like Daniel, or more realistically, anyone that Chase lusted after more than him.

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“Dude, you ever see anyone focus on someone so hard?” He asked his rugged friend. **“We’ll never hear the end of this unless he gets what he wants”**

Bart looked at Chase, who was already lost in Daniel and ignoring them again. **“Fine. But just this once”**

Jason pushed Bart’s back. **“Maybe he’s got a bigger dick than you Bart”**

Bart turned and swatted Jason’s head. **“I’m gonna make you choke on those words Jason. Along with something else”**

Sean laughed. **“Man I love football!”**

Chase was home. Bart and Jason left him and Sean about a mile from Helen’s townhouse, promising to come back later to escort Chase to Daniel. There was a note from his mom on the refrigerator about the repair man. Chase barely read it as he bounded up the stairs to his room. Sean was in the kitchen and fixing something to eat when Chase heard the sound.

It was a loud thump. He called out to Sean but there was no answer. He called again and when Sean didn’t respond Chase bolted downstairs and ran into the kitchen. Sean was on his side and completely out, a sandwich with one bite missing lay on the floor next to him.

“SEAN!” Chase grabbed him and shook his shoulders. The big blonde boy didn’t respond.

“That one is not hurt Chase. My visit is not for him”

Chase spun around and saw the most amazing thing. The man was blindingly handsome, with jet black hair and a strong build. He wore a loose fitting white cloth that hung off one shoulder, showing off his powerful arms and shoulders. Chase gasped and stepped back.

The man was nine feet tall.

Chase was dumbfounded. He said the first thing that came to his mind. **“Are you here because of my mother?”**

The man nodded with amusement. **“Yes. But not the one you think”**

The man’s eyes glowed white and suddenly the house was empty, leaving Sean passed out and completely alone.

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Chase was gone.

Emma was near Helen and playing with a doll she had dressed up like a movie star. She was telling Helen the story of how she came to be famous and all the boyfriends she had while Helen smiled warmly at her. The imagination of a child was a wonderful thing and Helen missed having such a young one to care for.

Wendy was making iced tea in the kitchen and poured three glasses for them.

“And she got all these awards!” Emma explained. **“And everyone wants her to be in their movie”** she said, holding the doll up for inspection. **“She has her own jet and a bunch of cars. THREE! She even...”** Emma went on and on.

Helen paused for a moment and looked at the beautiful girl and then looked at Wendy in confusion. Wendy walked in and handed her a glass. They continued to talk, as Emma interjected about her movie star doll, and made birthday plans for Chase. Then Emma did it again.

“TWO!” she shouted.

Helen waited, but nothing more happened. It was out of context, even for a child.

“Emma” she asked. **“Why are you counting down?”**

Wendy looked up and her mind snapped as she rewound the last several days.

“What?” Emma asked innocently.

“You’re counting down. You said ‘three’ and then you said ‘two’”

Emma looked confused.

“She’s right honey” Wendy told her. **“You’ve been doing it for a while now. I didn’t realize it until just now when Helen mentioned it. What are you counting?”**

Emma didn’t understand. **“I don’t know”** she said meekly as if she did something wrong.

“It’s alright baby” Wendy assured her. **“We just want to know what the numbers mean”**

Emma’s face scrunched up. **“Numbers? What numbers?”**

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Wendy felt a shiver run up her spine. **“The...”** then she stopped herself. She looked at Helen and slightly shook her head. **“It’s nothing honey. Go ahead and play. Tell us what her next movie is about”**

Emma’s face lit up and she began to weave a story while she held up the doll for her mother and Helen to look at, but Wendy wasn’t really listening. In her mind she was counting backwards for all the times Emma shouted out a number.

When did all this start?

They were in a field under a large stone roof held up by gigantic ornate pillars. There was a massive pool of water surrounded by the lushest ground cover that Chase had ever seen. It was something that only Wendy could do, he imagined.

“Where are we?” Chase should be panicked but for some reason he wasn’t. He wasn’t afraid at all in fact.

“Someplace we can’t be disturbed” the man said.

Chase looked him up and down. **“I’ve never seen a man as big as you”** It wasn’t the size but the man’s eyes that were the most unusual. They shifted constantly as if he were forever in thought, as if he was calculating and calculating as he spoke.

The man grinned. **“That’s because I’m not a man”** Two chairs appeared out of nowhere. One for each of them, Chase’s, of course, being far smaller. **“Sit with me”**

Chase sat down and shifted nervously. **“What do you want with my Mother?”**

An image of a beautiful woman appeared. She had long black hair with silver light glowing throughout.

“I know her!” Chase said. **“She was there when I was bitten by the Vampire!”**

“Her name is Phoebe, and she is my wife”

“Phoebe?” Chase said confused. **“I forgot about her until just now. How could I forget? She told me to be strong, that she would protect me! The Vampire...”**

The man nodded and finished Chase’s thought. **“Was needed. Phoebe is the Goddess of the Moon. She is the patron Goddess of Werewolves. I am her husband, Polus”**

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“You said you were here because of my Mom”

“I am. I’m here for Phoebe, the Mother of your Wolf. It is her he sings to when he looks at the Moon. She is responsible for the birth of your animal. You’re very special Chase. It took a Grand Alpha Werewolf, a human woman, Gods, and a Vampire to bring you into existence. You are _____”

Chase felt his mind skip! Whatever the man said, his brain couldn’t accept it. There was no translation.

“There are rules to be followed Chase. Rules that even Gods must comply with. The balance must be maintained, no side gaining too much on the other. For Phoebe has a delicate job. She must not let her Wolves grow too strong or in too many numbers, lest they be cut down by more aggressive members of your world”

Chase was mesmerized by his voice. It was rich and deep, like a musical instrument. The man spoke directly to his thoughts in a way no human could. It was as if he was pushing images directly into Chase’s mind instead of letting him imagine them on his own.

“When the balance shifts too greatly on the other side, Phoebe is allowed to respond in kind. Hence the _____”

Chase blinked, as his mind skipped again. The image in his head was of a large wolf that was pure white.

The man smiled warmly at him. **“You have a great destiny Chase. You are tasked with saving your people from the worst evils that walk the earth”**

“Vampires?”

The man’s laugh was so great that Chase flinched.

“Vampires are like Werewolves Chase. They are no less and no greater than the rest. There are however, others that not even a Wolf like your Father can beat. These are the trials that fall before you. Phoebe has chosen you to be her champion. It is for you to reset the balance, to make everything alright”

“Why isn’t she here then?”

He’s faster than the others, Polus thought. **“Because she didn’t make you. I did”**

Chase looked over the massive man. **“Are you the God of the Moon?”**

Polus laughed again. It was a deep laugh and Chase had the feeling he wasn’t the first to make this mistake.

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“No Chase. There have been many that make that claim...men and women, but in the end they all come from Phoebe. I am the God of intelligence. When her champion is needed, she comes to me, and I build them. I give them the gifts they need to survive and fight in her name. But I can only go so far. I have to pick which abilities to give you and not all can come from me, hence the Vampire and Theia...and others”

“Theia?”

“She is the Goddess of sight and Phoebe’s sister. They share the night together. It is Theia who makes the ether of light that surrounds the sky and lets man see the heavens. It is her gift to you that makes you invisible in the forests. Your black fur that consumes the light she gives off is her cloak of midnight. She has removed her gift of vision around you. With her blessing, you cannot be seen at night. Not by anyone or anything”

Chase absently ran over his chest and felt for the black fur as if it could be touched in human form. **“I was made by Gods?”**

“Three to be exact!” Polus replied. **“Well...four technically, although one is more of a favor to Phoebe”**

Chase stood up and moved before the giant. **“So you’re like my Dad?”**

The God nodded.

“Why?” Chase asked. **“Why am I here? Why am I not like the others?”**

Polus paused and studied Chase. **“Things are going to happen quickly now. The time to prepare you has now passed. It was time we talked. You need to know some things about what you are and why you don’t look like my wife’s other children. I have created you to be something far more useful than a mere Werewolf. There is nothing of coincidence about you Chase. Everything that brought you to this point was for a reason”**

Chase bit at his fingernail. **“I’m just a kid”**

“You’re a prince” Polus corrected him.

“My Dad...”

“Is just a Werewolf” the God finished.

“He’s the Alpha. THE Alpha!”

“He’s a Werewolf” Polus said again, calmly.

Chase wrestled with this. **“A prince of what?”**

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“A prince of Phoebe. And her champion”

“I’m not strong!” Chase countered.

“You don’t need to be” Polus refuted.

“I’m a Werewolf, but not a Werewolf? I’m invisible and fast. I’m not strong; I’m nothing like my Father!” Chase began to need answers. His mind was catching up faster than he could process.

Polus took control. **“You are unique. You have abilities that no other child of Phoebe has ever had. And you’re going to need them. Every one of them”**

He let this settle in Chase’s mind. The boy’s eyes shifted around as he tried to put everything in its place. Then Chase looked right at him and startled him with a question he didn’t expect.

“So? What did you give me...Dad?” Chase asked.

Polus laughed and leaned down with a grin. **“Funny you should ask!”**

CHAPTER EIGHT

Polus spoke and Chase listened, absorbing everything the God said. His mind was too small for most of it. The history of what he was seemed beyond him. The game was too grand for Chase to understand fully. The massive man waved his hand in the air and an image of Chase’s mother appeared. Polus pointed to her and told Chase things about her he never knew. He explained how important it was that she was his mother and why he was born to her and not a female Werewolf.

The next image was of Chase’s father. Polus spoke of him but these things Chase already knew for the most part. Phoebe had told him a great deal about the Grand Alpha and the importance he had to play in the development of the packs, but he listened anyway, and felt a swell of pride as Polus showed his admiration for Michael and explained just how powerful a man he really was.

Next was Phoebe. Polus spoke of her lovingly, telling him how special Chase was to her, and how she looked after him. She was his celestial mother, the one responsible for every major event in his life.

Images of two more females appeared. Both were regal and far beyond human. These were other Gods that had taken part in Chase’s birth. One he knew was Theia, the Goddess of Night, the other, he had never seen before. When Polus spoke of her, Chase looked back with wide eyes, unable to believe what the God told him.

“So that’s why I...?”

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Polus nodded and cut him off in mid-sentence. **“Yes Chase. It’s with her blessing that you have such union. All wolves are blessed that way, but never by HER directly, and never to such an extreme degree”**

“I thought all Werewolves would naturally feel at home there?”

“Oh, they do” Polus said, **“But only you bear HER mark. It was a favor to Phoebe that she allowed it. Your age had something to do with it”** Polus looked up for a moment. **“She has a...soft spot...for children”**

Polus waved his hand again and the image of DeMarco appeared. Chase moved back and held up his hands.

“NO”

Polus paused. **“There are things that you needed Chase. Things that none of us can provide you, at least not directly. I told you, there are rules that must be obeyed or you could never have been created in the first place; or Phoebe would no longer be allowed to create _____”**

Chase’s mind blinked again. This was becoming annoying. Instead of just giving it a name, Polus pushed a large packet of information right into Chase’s brain, making it overload every time he named the beast inside Chase. He rubbed at his head as his mind scrambled to process the rushing thoughts.

“But there are others that have what you need. And there are no rules about taking from them” Polus smiled. **“After all, I didn’t make the Vampire bite you. I didn’t make him come to Montana and hunt your Father. That was all HIS doing”**

A sly grin appeared on Polus’s handsome face, and Chase thought that most of what he said was either a lie, or at the very least, an extreme exaggeration.

“You could have fought him. Your will was almost as strong as his; you got that from your Father, but Phoebe stopped you. She prevented your wolf from fighting and instead allowed the creature to come in. The Vampire didn’t realize the connection he made with you went both ways. That was sloppy planning if you ask me” The God smiled. **“Phoebe directed your beast to then take what it needed. It ripped out a part of the Vampire that had taken centuries for him to develop. He had advanced far beyond his age and his power was only going to increase with the death of your Father. Or so he believed”** Polus smiled again. **“Had he lived, he would have realized what he lost”** Polus held up his hands in defeat, **“...but, alas, that didn’t happen”**

Chase looked scared. **“I don’t want that!”**

“But you need it. Of all the gifts you were given, that is the most important. She won’t go away easily Chase. Not until she has what she wants, and no one, not you, not you’re Father, or his wife, or the rest of the packs, for that matter, can stop her. At least not the way things are. That’s why you don’t look like them. The other wolves I mean. Your special, made for something far more than mere footwork”

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“But if I do that... how will I...?”

Chase was having a hard time accepting this.

“I haven’t given you anything you can’t handle Chase” he said simply. **“Your Father was picked for something similar a long time ago. It’s a rare gift for a Werewolf, to have another beast inside of it. You’ve seen what your Father can do, I mean really do...when he chooses that is. This really is no different”** He waved his hand and an image of his Michael’s true BEAST filled the air.

Chase looked up at the towering God. **“That’s why I’m not strong isn’t it? It’s because of him!”** He pointed to the image of the Vampire.

Polus nodded. **“Yes Chase. I told you, strength is not needed. You have something far greater”**

Chase took in a deep breath. He touched his face. **“My eyes...”**

Polus sat back. **“Yes, those big golden eyes. One of my better ideas if I say so myself”**

Chase looked at him uncertainly. **“They’ll really work the way you say?”**

The God nodded. **“Money back guarantee”** he smiled. He leaned forward and rested his arms on his huge legs. The images faded from view. **“Chase, there are many things I would like to tell you, but life is something you must experience on your own. I’ve gone to the limit that I’m allowed, the rest is up to you. You can fight and use the gifts we’ve given you, or...not. The choice is yours”** He reached out and put a hand on Chase’s shoulder. **“There are difficult time ahead Chase and you won’t be able to count on anyone else to help you. It’s important that you remember that you’re never alone. Know that before this deed is done, you will see me one more time”** the God held up one finger.

“So that’s it? That’s all I get? No handbook of evil or a guide to use my powers?”

Polus sighed. **“I’m afraid not. But it’s alright to not have all the answers Chase...you’re not supposed to”** he smiled warmly. **“But always remember...you have Gods on your side”**

Chase looked up and touched the God’s massive hand that was still on his shoulder, a trickle of power flowed through his skin at the point of contact. The man was pure energy!

“But there are other Gods? Gods that don’t want me to succeed?”

Damn, Polus thought. *He really is fast!* He took in a breath. **“Yes Chase, there are. And to answer your next question, they want to win as well. They, like we, have given their champions gifts also”** Polus squeezed Chase’s shoulder. **“But it’s nice to have the God of Intelligence in your corner”** he smiled. **“Or so I’m told”** he winked.

Polus sat back and looked around. **“It’s almost time. She has only one number left”**

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Chase didn't understand who Polus was referring too and the God gave no explanation. He looked down at Chase.

"Time works differently here" he waved around. **"And I can't have you going into battle while your distracted"** He took hold of his garment and adjusted it. **"So, I think you have time for just one more thing!"** he grinned and lifted up his hand and snapped his fingers.

Chase vanished in a pool of brilliant blue-white light.

The God sat back in thought and seconds later a beautiful woman with black hair appeared at his side.

"My love" he extended his hand and took hers, leaning down to kiss it.

"Polus, he's ready?"

The God nodded. **"As ready as I could make him"**

"I wish there was another way. Why this fell on my doorstep, I'll never know. My people should not have to fight this battle"

He nodded. **"True my love. But I can't think of anyone more capable. Your army is vast and powerful"**

"He's so young" Phoebe said.

"But he's strong. He gets that from his Mother"

"A remarkable woman, considering she has no divine power. Except faith, that is. You choose wisely my husband"

Polus nodded in gratitude and Phoebe squeezed at his hand.

"She's so young" the Goddess said fearfully, changing the subject slightly. **"Her death will destroy Michael"**

Polus's face darkened. **"I don't like involving children. That wasn't our choice, it was HER'S"**

Phoebe leaned closer to him. **"Luckily my sister felt the same way. I could have never secured her blessing for Chase without the involvement of Emma"** She looked at her husband with soulful eyes. **"She doesn't even belong to me and I fear for her"**

Polus nodded and kissed her forehead. **"That's because you're a mother, as is your sister. But if things go the way I want them to, then the Druid child will also know the touch of Polus"**

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Phoebe smiled at him, her black hair shimmering with moonlight. **“It’s comforting to have the God of Intelligence as your husband”**

Polus sat back with mock surprise. **“Are you saying you married me for my mind?”**

Phoebe leaned in and kissed his warm mouth. **“Well...not the only reason”** She pulled back and tugged at his hand, making him stand.

Polus pulled her into his arms and kissed her deeply. **“Come my love. Let us shake the heavens. And let me remind you that your husband is a God!”** He waved his hand and a massive bed appeared, stone pillars framing it. The moon suddenly glowed down upon them. He unfastened his garment and it fell to the floor. Phoebe shook her shoulders slightly and her gown slowly dropped away, glowing with the light of the moon.

“By the Gods you’re beautiful!” he lifted her up in his arms and carried her to the bed.

Phoebe kissed at his thick neck. **“Where did you send him?”**

Polus looked at her with a grin. **“Every warrior must lust before the war!”**

Phoebe nodded, understanding. **“Oh. I see. He would have made a good Werewolf”**

Polus lay her on the bed and moved on top of her.

Andreas pulled Sean into his arms. He shook the boy, blonde hair tossing about. **“SEAN!”**

The teenager’s eyes snapped open and he looked at Andreas for a moment before suddenly grabbing the man’s shirt and pulling it down.

“CHASE!”

“He isn’t here! What happened to you?”

Sean moved to his feet as Andreas helped him. He looked around. **“What time is it? How long have I been out?”**

“It’s after seven Sean”

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“SEVEN?” Sean rubbed his head. **“I was talking to Chase, and then he went to his room. I remember feeling so tired all of a sudden. I remember dropping to my knees and then...nothing”**

“Someone was here?”

Sean shook his head. **“No. No, I don’t think so”**

Andreas looked at him and then tested Sean. **“Your wolf?”**

Sean didn’t understand. **“I was human the whole time”**

The big man shook his head. **“No. Call to your wolf”**

Sean pushed away from him. Andreas was confusing him more and he didn’t like the man’s request. **“Why?”**

“Because something happened to me earlier and I want to know if it was just me or not”

Sean stepped back and took in a deep breath.

Nothing happened.

Sean’s eyes went wide. **“IT’S GONE!!”**

Andreas moved forward and put his hands on Sean’s shoulders. **“Sean, don’t be afraid. The same thing happened to me. It will come back”**

“Back? Where the fuck did it go? I’m in service to the ALPHA!”

Andreas nodded. **“Yeah. Well, that doesn’t seem to matter. Whatever drove my wolf away did it without any effort at all. I doubt even Michael could stand against it”**

Sean was frightened. He had never been separated from his animal before. Andreas moved forward and wrapped his arms around him.

“I won’t leave you until it returns. No one will harm you, I swear!”

This was important for several reasons. One, Sean was not a member of Andreas’s pack. His allegiance was sworn to Daruth. Second, being so vulnerable in front of another, a rival wolf was dangerous. Another wolf might have seen the opportunity and killed Sean right there. He could have weakened the Alpha and moved one step closer to power. But Andreas was no such wolf, and Sean was grateful for it.

“You’re a good man Andreas” Sean whispered. **“I will tell the Alpha of your protection”** His arms hugged at the man’s muscled frame.

The Book of Lies Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

Andreas squeezed him tight. **“We may be in different packs Sean, but your too important to Chase and to me to let that stand between us”** He pulled the blonde boy back and looked at him. **“I can’t say the same for others though. We should stay here and wait; not tell anyone until your animal returns”**

Sean nodded. **“Agreed”** He looked at the phone. **“Will he know?”**

Andreas shook his head. **“I don’t think so. At least Daruth didn’t when it happened to me”** He shrugged at Sean. **“I don’t know why it happened, or how to prevent it, all I can say is that your wolf will return in time”**

Sean looked over Andreas. It was like looking at him for the first time. The man’s biceps were thick and full of power. His neck was equally impressive as was his shoulders and chest. Soft brown hair covered the man’s tanned limbs and Sean felt himself moving forward. It was the beast in the man that pulled him in.

This is what it feels like. Sean thought to himself. To be in the presence of a Werewolf when you’re human.

The sexual energy literally flowed out of Andreas. He was MAN...all MAN! Sean had never met anyone that called to him like this.

When Sean’s arms wrapped around his waist it took a moment for Andreas to understand what was happening. When he lost his wolf, he had been alone. There were no other Werewolves around. Usually Weres didn’t hide what they were to each other. It was a way of sensing who was more dominate and who should be submissive. Around Sean it went more in Andreas’s favor, even now that Sean was fueled with Michael’s power, but the big man never pushed it. There was no need; he wasn’t in competition with the boy.

But now...now Sean was fully human and Andreas was full Wolf.

Andreas wrapped his burly arms around Sean and held him close. He leaned down and kissed at the boy’s soft mouth and Sean eagerly took in his warm tongue. He lifted him up off the floor and sat Sean on the kitchen counter, spreading his legs apart and pulling them around his waist. Sean moaned and hugged Andreas around the neck as he crushed his mouth against his. Andreas’s large hands roamed around Sean’s back and he pressed his bulging crotch against the boy.

After a long minute, Andreas took a handful of Sean’s blonde hair and pulled his head back. He looked at the worked up boy. **“You will remain under my power until you can defend yourself!”**

Sean nodded the best he could. Andreas lifted up one muscled arm and pulled Sean’s face in. Sean breathed deeply and his hands moved between the man’s strong legs and groped at his bulge.

“In the meantime, I will accept your gratitude”

The Book of Lies Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

Chase looked around. He had no idea how much time had gone by. He didn't recognize the place. It was a hotel and he stood in front of a dark green door with the number twelve on it. It was late, no one was out. Cars and a large bus were parked nearby. He looked at the door and took in a deep breath. The smell hit him like a truck.

"Daniel" he said.

CHAPTER NINE

Daniel opened the door, his face sleepy and his thick black hair roughed up. He wasn't wearing a shirt and his muscled body and white skin reflected back the moonlight. When he saw Chase his eyes opened wide. **"Chase!"**

"Hi Daniel" Chase smiled at him, his eyes wandering over the Quarterback's heavy biceps. **"I'm sorry it's so late"** he started but Daniel shook his head.

"No. No, it's alright. I don't mind" He moved back and Chase came inside as Daniel closed the door behind them and locked it. **"My roommate..."** he started, looking at the empty bed next to his. He quickly looked around. The bed was unmade as if someone had been in it, but there was no one there. **"Where did he go?"**

Chase didn't know who he was talking about but thanked Polus in his head. **"Daniel"** he said simply. The large teenager turned to him and the power of Chase's Werewolf flowed outward. Daniel's face changed instantly.

"I don't know...you're so young but..." he rambled before taking Chase by the head with both his hands. He leaned down and crushed his mouth against him and pushed his warm tongue inside to taste the small boy.

Chase's arms moved up and wrapped themselves around Daniel's muscled frame until his hands came to rest on the boy's broad shoulders. Chase moaned loudly as his body was squeezed by the teenager's powerful arms in a tight hug. He pushed his tongue as far into the boy's mouth as he could as the world dissolved around him, leaving nothing left but the two of them.

The Book of Lies

Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

Andreas stroked Sean's blonde hair as the handsome boy sucked hungrily at his big cock. Whatever their relationship may have been in the past was irrelevant, because now Sean was human; at least for a while. The beast in Andreas would have this no other way. Taking a part of Michael was too irresistible for the animal. Andreas could smell the Alpha all over Sean and now that he was helpless his desire for conquest was at an all-time high. He cupped the back of Sean's head and pulled him in, sending another few inches of his heavy cock into the boy's mouth. Sean moaned and tried to swallow the thick shaft between Andreas's legs, his own hands gripping the man's muscled thighs eagerly.

Andreas moved both hands to Sean's shoulders and grabbed the boy's shirt. With a simple tug his supernatural strength ripped apart the fabric like it was paper. He tossed it to the floor and rubbed at the blonde boy's smooth skin. **"You're beautiful"** he said, running the back of his hand over Sean's cheek.

Sean looked up with pleading eyes. The lust he felt from the animal that lived inside Andreas was overwhelming for both of them. It took a powerful human to resist the allure of a Werewolf and an even more powerful human to control the beast inside of him. For Andreas he did this on an almost daily basis as Chase openly admired his body and rubbed his small hands across his hairy muscles. It was a testament to the strong man that he didn't rape Chase on the living room floor for his wanton desire. Chase was so new at being a Werewolf he still didn't understand fully the consequences of his actions. Having the most powerful Werewolf in North America as your Father, didn't hurt either. Harming Chase would mean a harsh death at the hands of Michael's frightening beast, and it would literally take an army to stop him. Andreas struggled with his feelings for Chase from almost the day he met him. Now that he was living, at least part time, with Chase's mother, it was even more difficult. Andreas thought he was in control enough most of the time, only to find his cock raging in his pants as the handsome boy snuggled into him contently. He would have to find a way to satisfy his beast, Chase and at the same time, not die at Michael's hands. That of course was the biggest hurdle he had to jump over.

Sean's warm mouth tugged at the head of his dick and Andreas slowly pulled his shirt off his chest and tossed it to the floor. As soon as Sean saw his hairy, muscled body the boy groaned out in lust to the big man. Andreas lifted one arm up and flexed his rock like bicep. Sean's mouth twisted on his fat shaft and his saliva dripped from his lips and ran down the beastly pecker.

Andreas worked his feet out of his shoes as he slowly flexed his powerful body in front of Sean's hungry eyes. He ran his hands across his hairy chest and up each thick arm and across the back of his neck, showing off his furry armpits. He hooked his thumbs into his pants and pushed them down his muscled legs. Sean, doing his part to help, grabbed the denim and yanked it down as forcefully as his now human strength would allow. Andreas stepped out of them and kicked them away, standing completely naked in front of Sean. The boy's hands moved non-stop across his hairy legs, squeezing and kneading the heavy muscle.

He took a handful of Sean's blond hair and pulled him off his wet cock. He pressed his face between his legs and felt the boy's warm tongue lap at his big balls and hairy thighs. Sean was moaning loudly as he lost himself in the man's incredible body.

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“Silas was a fool to ever let you go without a fight” He rubbed at Sean’s head. **“I would have never allowed it!”** Sean groaned at his words as he sucked at his large balls. **“Michael was smart to take you above all others”** Sean’s hands moved up and rubbed at Andreas’s firm ass. **“Now, while we have time, I’ll show you what you’ve missed by not being a member of my pack”**

He moved back and took his cock in one hand and guided it back into Sean’s hungry mouth. **“Suck!”**

Sean’s mouth watered around the beefy prick between Andreas’s strong legs. He moved his head forward to take inch after thick inch of the hard cock inside. His throat opened up as he impaled himself on the large shaft and forced the swollen head inside.

Andreas watched with approval and thrust his hips forward to give Sean what he needed. The boy’s hands moved behind his strong legs and pulled him into his throat. The power of the Werewolf glowed in the towering man’s eyes as Sean swallowed half his beastly shaft.

He sucked for long minutes, enjoying the taste of the man’s pulsing cock. It was now impossible for Sean to take more than he currently had. Andreas was simply too big and Sean no longer had any supernatural power to tap into. He ran his hands across the hard flesh of the man’s strong legs, feeling the warmth flow against his skin. He twisted his head from side to side trying to take more of him inside. He had to control his breathing or he would pass out from his efforts. Everything dissolved around him. Only Andreas existed in that moment. It was always this way. It was the way Sean remembered it when he was younger. The Wolf dominated all. Humans could not stand up to the wave of willpower that flowed over them from the lustful beast that lived inside the members of his pack. Men, women, it made no difference. Only hunger prevailed. As Sean became older his own beast took charge and made him equal to others in his community. Only a greater animal could subdue his own Wolf but the memory was still fresh, and now that Sean was human, it was overpowering.

He slowly opened his eyes and they ran up the strong muscled body in front of him. Brown hair covered his beefy frame and a rough beard grew on the man’s rugged face. His smooth scalp made him appear menacing to Sean. But it wasn’t fear that flowed over him. Andreas was a man. He was all man. Everything about him screamed it. His body was sculpted to perfection and Sean could think of no place else he would rather be than at this man’s feet, worshipping him. Andreas watched him intently. It wasn’t the man but the Wolf that Sean saw. It dared him to challenge its authority. Sean, of course, could do nothing but obey.

Sean was made to gorge himself on the man’s mighty prick for a long time. His spit ran freely out of his mouth and down his chin. His fingers were sore from gripping the muscled legs and his throat ached. Andreas lifted one hand and put in on Sean’s forehead and pushed him slowly back until just the head of his big dick was in his mouth. He sucked on it as hard as he could thinking the powerful man meant to take it away, but Andreas corrected him immediately as if he could read his mind.

“SUCK” he commanded, and Sean did just that. His tongue circled and lapped at the silky head as his lips gripped the crown as hard as they could. It took another few minutes before Sean’s thirst was quenched. It happened suddenly and Andreas gave him no notice. The head of his big dick swelled for a moment and then his mouth was filled with warm fluid that Sean had to either swallow or let run out of his mouth.

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Sean swallowed.

And swallowed.

He came like a bull and watched, giving Sean no help whatsoever. This was Sean's challenge and he would either succeed or not, it was up to him. He wasn't completely successful. As he slowly pulled his mouth from Andreas's big dick, giving it a final suck, he found his chin was wet. He reached up and ran his hand across it and saw the white cream. He looked up embarrassed that he failed as the man's face shifted with a look of disappointment.

"Maybe you can do better another way" the muscled man said and grabbed the back of Sean's neck and hauled him to his feet. He pushed him into the living room and tossed him to the floor. He knelt down, grabbed Sean's legs and pulled them apart. He dragged Sean on his back until his big dick was resting against the boy's. **"You know your place?"**

Sean nodded his head without speaking and reached for the hard dick still throbbing between Andreas's hairy legs. The big man pulled him up by his thighs and lined up his cock with Sean's ass. One thrust later, he was in.

Sean moaned loudly and tossed his head from side to side as the heavy cock impaled him. Andreas gave him a moment to settle down, but only a moment. He leaned over and put his hands on either side of Sean's head. He waited until the boy looked up before he started to fuck him.

The Raven flew high overhead until it saw the spot on the ground it needed. It spread apart its wings and glided silently down until it landed with a soft thud on the earth. It looked around cautiously and began to pick up leaves off the ground, moving them out of the way until a clear line of dirt could be seen. It faced the line and extended its wing slowly until it found the edge. The black feathers met an invisible barrier in the air like translucent glass. The bird slowly walked forward, tracing the wall. About five feet later the bird began to walk backwards dragging its talon deep into the ground and making a line. It hopped back and looked from left to right. The line would be enough, at least for a child. The Raven opened its beak and grey smoke poured out and settled against the barrier for a moment and then fell to the ground, sealing the line the bird made.

It looked up to the sky far above the dense trees. It was time to get the girl. It lifted up off the ground and made its way upward until it broke free of the forest. It had a long way to fly but it knew Emma wouldn't reach ONE until it arrived.

Everything was ready. It was time to deal with the rest of her family.

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Daniel held the back of Chase's head, his big fingers snaking into the boy's thick black hair. Chase's mouth was stuffed with Daniel's big cock. The slick wet sound of his sucking filled the room as he devoured the football player's throbbing prick. He felt the head push into the boy's throat. Daniel wasn't used to this. The girls he was with could never suck his cock like that. They did the best they could but none were as hungry for it as this boy.

Daniel had never been with a boy before. He had openly had sex while other boys were present but not actually with them. Being popular in high school and being the star Quarterback had its perks and Daniel was no stranger to having sex, but it was always with girls. Of course he got more than his fair share of stares from guys as well, but none brave enough to actually act on it. Well, all but one, but Bobby didn't really count because although he was openly gay, he never hit on Daniel directly. But Bobby wasn't here, Chase was, and for the first time in his life Daniel wanted to have sex with another guy. Chase was irresistible to him. His big dick swelled with the mere thought of him. Even the threat of Chase's 'brothers' didn't sway him. All he wanted was the boy.

Chase's hands moved up and down his thick, hairy legs. The boy's mouth twisted and twisted around the head of his dick as his lips gripped and pulled at his throbbing shaft. He was moaning like an animal but Daniel wasn't worried. In fact he didn't worry about anything. He didn't think of the noise they made, he didn't wonder at where his best friend and roommate was; he wasn't worried about getting caught with an under aged boy. He didn't care about any of it. And he wouldn't. Not ever.

Chase stood taller on his knees and held on to the back of Daniel's large thighs. He pulled himself forward until the teenager's big dick slipped down his throat. He moaned loudly as the fat shaft filled his mouth and Daniel moaned too.

"GOD" the boy moaned, holding on to Chase's head. He rocked back and forth on his big feet as Chase took him deep and his dick swelled up thicker than he could ever remember. The boy's warm tongue was like satin on his warm flesh and Daniel's heavy balls churned with cum, his body raging with lust for the kid.

Chase got almost half the big cock in his throat before he had to stop. Daniel was no Werewolf but he might as well have been. Bart was bigger, but not by much and although Chase loved Bart and lusted after him deeply, there was something Daniel had that no other boy did. It wasn't something that Chase could explain, it simply existed and Chase had to have it. The boy's smell, the shape of his body, the way his voice sounded, the color of his eyes, all drove Chase to the extreme heights of lust. The Wolf in him wanted the strapping football player more than anyone and no one would stand in his way.

He sucked and sucked. He pulled his head away slowly as Daniel's big dick snaked out of his throat, only to push forward and send it right back. Daniel was overwhelmed but Chase didn't care. He didn't realize how powerful his Wolf was and how easy it was to take over a fully human boy like him. His hands moved across the hairy, muscled legs and he couldn't believe how in perfect Daniel was. He was human

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and had no Werewolf genes to mold and shape his body. Daniel achieved this on his own with hard work and sweat.

Chase gripped the back of Daniel's legs and sucked as hard as he could on the head of his big dick. His lips clamped down and he ran his tongue quickly across the sensitive surface. Daniel's muscled body tensed and he cried out flooding Chase's mouth with warm cum.

Chase drank like his life depended on it. He drained Daniel over the span of two minutes, not letting the boy take his cock away. Daniel shuddered and held on to Chase's shoulders as he came, feeding the boy wave after wave of warm cum. When Chase could get no more from him, he slowly released his dick and stood up with a smile.

Daniel looked at him like he was in a trance. He ran his large hands over Chase's shoulders, neck and face and bent down to kiss him. Chase kissed him back and then stepped away, shedding all his clothes. He pushed Daniel on his back on the bed and climbed on top of him.

"I've never wanted anyone more than you" His voice was hypnotic and Daniel simply nodded.

Daniel stayed hard even after he came. The Wolf in Chase demanded it. The supernatural power that flowed out of the child punched through the dark haired teenager and fueled his lust for sex.

There was no contest, no fighting back. Daniel was his, for as long as he wanted.

He licked at the hair at the center of Daniel's chest. His tongue found each nipple and he sucked gently on each in turn. He moved from one armpit to the next, licking and breathing in and tasting Daniel's inebriating scent and mouthwatering sweat. Daniel watched in awe as Chase worked his way around his muscled body. He stroked the child's small arms and slender neck as he moved from side to side, Daniel lifting each arm up for him to explore. When Chase began to suck on Daniel's neck the big teenager could take it no longer. He grabbed Chase's shoulders and flipped him on his back, towering over him.

His eyes were blazing as he looked down at the beautiful boy under him. **"I'm gonna fuck you! Yell if you want!"** He covered the small boy with his muscled body and wrapped his thick arms around him tightly. His mouth sucked at the soft skin on Chase's shoulders and he licked the boy's neck with long swipes of his tongue. He reached down and pulled Chase's legs apart and wrapped them around his waist. Daniel lifted up on his knees and positioned Chase where he wanted him.

He saw Chase looking at him, the lust filling his eyes. Daniel arched his back sending his muscled chest forward for the boy's benefit. Chase gasped and ran his hands up his flat abs and hard pecs and Daniel let him play as his dick raged against the crack of Chase's ass. He leaned in to give him better reach and then Daniel lifted up one arm and flexed his bicep. It swelled like a rock and Chase moaned like an animal at the sight. He twisted his hips and brought the arm forward letting the boy feel it, his small fingers gripping it with far more strength than Daniel would think he had. Chase wrapped his hand around the big arm and pulled himself up so he could kiss and lick it.

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But Daniel had enough. He pushed Chase away and took him by the hips, lifting him up. He reached between them and lined his hard cock up and pushed it against Chase's ass. He sunk in right away. The tight ring that circled his big dick was like a vise and Daniel swelled up to in response. He lay on top of Chase, resting on his elbows so he could look at the boy. He started to fuck him with long, deep strokes. His hips rotated forward sinking himself inside as far as he could go. Chase looked up at him lost in their coupling. Daniel fucked him harder. He never spoke, there was nothing to say. The bed rocked over and over as the headboard struck the wall with each thrust. Daniel pulled up his knees for more leverage and drove himself into Chase even more until the boy moaned. Now Daniel was satisfied.

He wasn't afraid. He wasn't afraid of being caught. He wasn't afraid of anyone seeing him fuck the little boy. He wasn't even afraid of Chase's eyes...glowing with golden light.

Chase wrapped his arms under Daniel's and held onto his broad shoulders. He lifted up and pressed his mouth to the dark haired boy's and shoved his tongue inside. He scooted forward and tried to meet the powerful cock with each thrust.

Daniel grabbed a fistful of Chase's hair on either side and pulled him down to the bed. He wanted to look at him, look into his eyes as he fucked him. His big, beautiful golden eyes looked like moons that Daniel wanted to swim in. His muscled body pressed against Chase as he drove his big dick into his ass over and over again.

Chase felt Daniel's heavy biceps pressed against him as if he were wrapped in a blanket of muscle. Chase could see perfectly, a gift from his Wolf. The boy was such a complete male, with his full head of black hair, thick eyebrows and strong jaw. Chase stuck his tongue out to lick at him but Daniel's hands held his head still. His large muscles felt incredible and with his big dick thrusting inside him Chase lost control. His eyes rolled back and he arched his back in the air, meeting the boy's rock hard chest. Chase whimpered and came, spraying the both of them with his cum.

Daniel gripped Chase's hair and pressed his forehead against the boy's. Their eyes were an inch apart as Daniel grunted and came in Chase's ass. His big dick swelled and spewed out a river of cum as Daniel continued to thrust inside of him like a bull in heat. He opened his mouth and moaned, his hot breath washing over Chase's face.

It took more than a minute before Daniel was finished. He never took his eyes off Chase as he pumped his cum into the little boy. He pressed their lips together as he finished with his orgasm, kissing him slowly with each final thrust.

Chase looked back, his eyes losing their glow and turning back to a brilliant blue. He gave him a smile and said, **"You're the most beautiful thing I've ever seen"**

Daniel grinned as kissed him again, stopping the motion of his hips. **"I've never fucked another guy before"**

Chase was breathing heavily. **"Your cock is still hard"**

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It took Daniel a moment to realize he was right. He adjusted his hips, making sure he stayed snugly inside of Chase. **"I have to leave tomorrow"** he stated. **"Can I fuck you again?"**

"Can I have your shirt? The one you wore at the game?"

"If I say yes can I fuck you?"

Chase pretended to think it over. Daniel ground his hips forward gently and fucked Chase with a few inches of his big cock. **"Please?"** he gave the boy his best puppy dog face.

Chase nodded with a wide grin.

Three hours later...

Daniel was stretched out on the bed naked when he heard someone knocking at the door. He got up and found his underwear on the floor and quickly pulled them up his legs. He opened the door. A big blonde boy wearing boxer shorts stood in front of him.

"DUDE! Why was I sleeping on the bus?"

Daniel blinked and looked at the bed next to his. It was empty.

"You're asking me?"

The boy pushed by him and Daniel let the door close shut on its own.

"My neck is stiff and I'm cold as hell!"

Daniel grinned and held out his arms. **"Want me to hold you?"**

The blonde boy cuffed him on the side of his head and jumped into his bed, pulling up the covers. **"Fuck you Jefferies!"**

Daniel laughed and got in his own bed. **"I'm here if you change your mind sweetheart"** he teased, a moment later he was hit in the face with a pillow. Daniel grinned and curled on his side and hugged his pillow to his body.

He could still smell Chase.

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Chase drove to his Dad's house the next day. He couldn't remember when he felt more content. He sat in the back of the car and looked out the window at the big trees that framed the road. He would have rather run, but his Mom was with him, so that was out of the question.

Everyone that mattered to Chase was there. His parents, Wendy, Emma, Bart, Jason, and Sean, even Andreas. It was a birthday party and a table full of presents sat in the living room while the kitchen smelled of food that his Mom and Wendy had cooked. Chase had never had a party like this. Usually it was only his Mom and maybe a friend or two. A big cake with the number fifteen sat on the table.

Bart had his thick arm around Chase as he talked to Sean and Jason. Bart was young and although he had been a Werewolf longer than the other boys he still didn't understand how things worked. His open display of affection for Chase while endearing made Andreas uneasy.

Andreas watched from around Michael's broad shoulder as he filled him in on what happened to Sean. It took six hours before Sean was able to call his Wolf again. The men discussed this in length, coming to no conclusions at all. There were no clues as to what was happening and why it was isolated to Helen's home. Chase of course came to mind right away, but if he were the cause then why wasn't Michael affected?

Chase for his part, said nothing of his visit with Polus. He didn't know about Sean's Wolf or what happened and the blonde boy never asked him about it. It was as if he forgot that Chase disappeared and left him alone unconscious on the floor.

Something was different with Chase now. He had information about himself that no one else had. Under almost any circumstance his Father would have been the first one he told, but for some reason Chase couldn't explain, he didn't want to tell him. Polus was a God and whenever Chase thought of telling his Dad he heard the God's voice in his head saying, **"My visit is not for him"** Polus was talking about Sean but Chase felt he meant his Father as well. Whatever Polus had done to all of them to make them forget, Chase just accepted and did nothing to change it.

There was a darker fear however. Chase loved his Father deeply. He was afraid he would see him differently when he knew the truth. Chase already felt like an outcast, although not from his Dad. If his Father knew what he now knew, would that change? Would he look at him differently when he found out about the Vampire? Chase couldn't risk it...at least not today, not on his birthday. He needed time to deal with it himself. When he was ready and at peace with it, he would tell his Dad. In the meantime he wouldn't question why Sean asked him nothing. He would act as if it had been a normal day, although it had been anything but.

Chase walked around and accepted hugs from everyone. Bart, Jason, and Sean were always close at hand but Andreas kept his distance. He hugged Chase once and quickly moved back, although Chase

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would have dwelt happily in his arms longer. His Mom came up and fixed his hair the way she always did, running her fingers through it like a comb. Chase knew it was a Mom thing and let her do it because he knew it was important to her to fawn over him. He was excited about camping with the boys and his Dad spoke with Sean and Jason about several things that Chase didn't pay attention to. He was just happy to be going on a trip.

The food was a spread large enough to feed an army. Having a house filled with Werewolves made that a necessity and Wendy was more than prepared. Bart was stuffing food in his mouth in shovelfuls while Sean and Jason joined him. Chase moved behind Bart and snaked an arm under the boy's to grab a chicken wing. Bart moved back until Chase was pressed against him and he breathed in the teenagers intoxicating smell. He loved being with Bart, next to his Father, he lusted after the muscled boy on an almost constant basis. He sighed and leaned into the strong back and worked his other arm around his waist, giving him a hug before moving back. Bart turned and wrapped one big arm around him and held him close while everyone talked.

Chase was physically satisfied. He saw Daniel the night before and knew the boy was on his way back to Maryland by now. Polus had given him a great gift and Chase silently thanked his benefactor for it. Whatever Daniel had that Chase craved so much put his mind at rest like a deep, long sleep. He felt focused and content. It was like this when he was with his Dad too. The power of the Grand Alpha was like an ocean his beast could swim in long after the sex was gone. Of course it came back in spades, but that was where Bart came in. At least Chase hoped so. It was a long way to Maryland and having Daniel's football jersey had better tide him over in the meantime.

About an hour later there was a knock at the front door. Wendy was in the kitchen and went to get it. When she opened the door she found a striking woman with black hair holding a wrapped box in her hands. There was a man far in the distance watching them. He was big and Wendy knew immediately that he was Wolf.

"Yes?"

"Hello" Her voice was silk. **"You must be Wendy? I've heard a great deal about you. I am Elyria, Daruth's wife and bond mate"** She bowed her head.

Wendy took in a breath. She knew Daruth was married but had never met the woman before. In fact, Wendy made a point of not knowing any of them. Early in her marriage to Michael she was forced to kill a female Werewolf in challenge to her right to mate with him. Ever since then she veered away from the packs and made no motion to befriend any of them. It was too dangerous for her and her daughter, and Michael couldn't be everywhere at once.

"Of course" the surprise in her voice showed.

"Forgive my intrusion" Elyria began. **"Daruth is not present but he would honor such a great day if he were. I have come in his place"** She put one hand out, palm up.

Wendy nodded slowly. **"Yes...well"** she moved away from the door and waved her hand inside. **"Please, come in"**

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Every head in the room turned as Elyria entered. Andreas stood up and put himself between the woman and Helen by sheer instinct, although such a move was not necessary. Elyria would no more harm Helen than she would herself.

Michael moved forward. **“Elyria?”**

She bowed her head. **“Hello Michael, it’s good to see you again. Forgive me for coming unannounced, it’s a bad trait I picked up from my husband”** She smiled. **“I only wish to fill the void left by Daruth, a poor substitute I know. He could of course be here, he would”** Her eyes leveled themselves at Michael and it was clear she knew he was on business for him.

Michael nodded. **“Of course”** He stepped forward and took her by the upper arm, leading her inside the room. **“Helen, this is Elyria, she is wife to Daruth, leader of the southern pack”**

Wendy watched the interaction from afar. It wasn’t necessary to introduce her to anyone else because everyone knew who this woman was, save herself, Chase and Helen.

Elyria smiled warmly. **“It’s an honor to meet you”** She lowered her head slightly. Andreas moved out of the way but stayed right by Helen’s side. Elyria gave him a quick look and he nodded to her in return. **“You are a remarkable woman; the stories of you rival that of your Son”**

Helen smiled back and shook her hand. **“Thank you Elyria. You have a beautiful name”**

“Thank you. I realize this is a private party but I wanted to give Chase a gift that Daruth would have wanted to give himself, were he able to attend. He is very fond of your Son”

“Oh, that’s fine; of course you’re welcome to stay, we would love to have you”

Andreas stiffened beside her. Elyria was nothing if not brilliant. She went to the one adult in the room who didn’t understand Werewolf politics and created an invitation for herself in one fell swoop. Elyria nodded and moved to Chase next. She held out the package to him. Bart took his arm away but stayed near him. Elyria gave him no notice whatsoever. Sean and Jason stood to the side and watched.

“This is from my husband and me”

Chase took the gift. **“Thanks. I really like Daruth. I wish he were here”**

“As does he. Unfortunately he is on official business and cannot attend. He sends his deepest regards”

Chase put the gift on the pile of others, moving away from the boys as he did. Now Elyria looked first to Sean and nodded to him, then to Jason and finally Bart. **“I see Silas is not present? Does business keep him away as well?”** she asked pleasantly.

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Bart stood taller, his face changing. Andreas took a big step forward to flank Elyria in case the temperamental boy made the wrong move. Bart took the hint.

“No. He’s not on business” saying nothing more about it, his voice abrupt.

The deed was done. Elyria established that Daruth’s camp was there in recognition of Chase’s birth while Silas was not. A point for her side.

“Well, I’m sure he must have his reasons” her eyes leveled at Bart and she slowly turned her back to him. Jason moved to his friend’s side and put one hand on his arm to settle him down. Andreas nodded at both of them.

“I see you didn’t come alone” Michael said.

Elyria nodded. **“No, of course Daruth does not allow me to travel unattended when I leave the camp site. Of course no protection is needed when I have such strong men in attendance, but Destel insists on protocol”**

“Would he like to come in?” Wendy asked but Elyria shook her head.

“No, he patrols, he takes his duty very seriously” she smiled as if helpless.

Andreas knew better. **“Forgive me for not mentioning the party earlier Elyria”** he said to her. **“It is my fault entirely”**

She shook her head. **“Nonsense Andreas, you are an important man, no apologies are required. You of course represent Daruth’s pack with YOUR presence; I simply wished to provide a gift as well”**

She’s good, Andreas thought. Her statement had nothing to do with him or Daruth; it was leveled at Bart and Jason. What she really said was that they were not important enough to represent Silas, if that was their intent. Andreas was a Second, a Wolf of true rank and stature. He spoke with Daruth’s authority and approval.

Wendy moved to Elyria and handed her a warm drink. **“I hope you like cider, its cold outside”**

Elyria took it with a nod and drank deeply. **“Delicious”** She was a Werewolf and could have slept outside in the cold naked, with no ill effects, although she didn’t point that out to Wendy.

“Will Daruth be back soon?” Chase asked.

Elyria turned to him. **“I believe in a day or two. I spoke with him earlier today”**

“Oh. I just ask because we’re going camping in the mountains and I know what a good hunter he is” he looked at the boys for support but none of them said anything.

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Andreas watched Elyria's face. It was amazing the way she processed information and positioned herself accordingly. No one else would have noticed it, but Andreas was used to watching her work. He smiled as she began to speak.

"Camping?" her eyes widened slightly. **"Yes, Daruth loves to hunt. He teaches our pack great things, he hunts the old way, the way that the younger generation knows nothing about"** She glanced at the three boys standing next to Chase. **"Were Daruth here, he would offer to teach you himself, the mountains can hold many treasures for those who know where to look. Of course the opposite is also true for those...untrained"**

She turned her head to look at Michael. **"You will not be attending?"**

Michael shook his head. **"No, I cannot spare the time"**

"I see...well, if you wish, I could assist your Son if you so choose?"

"Assist?"

"Yes, the mountains are far away and present challenges that even Wolves find...difficult"

It's too dangerous for Chase to go alone, Andreas translated in his head.

"Yes, but as I say, I cannot go"

"I would be happy to have Daruth's best hunters go with them"

Daruth's personal hit squad, Andreas decoded.

"That would be asking too much" Michael said.

"Consider it a gift"

A subtle acknowledgment of Chase's status.

"Well, if you're sure it wouldn't inconvenience your pack?"

If it wouldn't leave you vulnerable?

"We have plenty of hunters, Daruth would be pleased indeed"

We are not without defenses.

"Well then. They leave after the party. Please extend my personal thanks to your hunters, and of course if you need anything while they are gone, please let me know"

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They will answer to me, not Daruth and I will defend your pack personally in the interim.

“I will tell them myself. They will consider it an honor to be in such service and will provide Chase everything he needs”

They will defend him with their lives in the name of the Grand Alpha

Andreas looked around. No one else understood what was happening. The boys were too young to see masters at work. Elyria should teach a class in espionage. Graduate level. She excused herself and went outside to inform Destel. Andreas went up to Michael.

“Daruth picks wisely” he said softly.

Michael nodded. **“He does indeed. No wonder Silas hasn’t moved on the pack. He’d have to deal with her eventually”**

Andreas laughed. **“Yeah, she gets that a lot”**

Moments later she returned. **“It’s settled. The boys can leave anytime they like, my men will follow close behind. Let the boys bond and all”**

They will circle Chase’s group and prevent any danger from coming close

“My regards Elyria. I will let Daruth know of your generous gesture”

She bowed her head to him.

Everyone ate. Helen spoke at length with Elyria, the woman was positively charming. Andreas sat nearby letting Helen’s hand rest against his knee, this not going unnoticed by Elyria. The dark haired woman watched Michael’s reaction carefully. The Grand Alpha had produced a child with this woman, his only Son in fact, and having another man, another Wolf, show affection, could be met by violence of the deadliest nature. Andreas was not stupid though and put no arm around her or even moved to hold her hand. All action was being done by Helen and her alone. Chase sat next to his mom and leaned against her.

“When you return from your trip you must come to our camp and have dinner with us” Elyria said to Helen. **“I can’t believe Andreas hasn’t asked you already!”** Her voice showing fake surprise.

She knew exactly why he didn’t. It would be dangerous for Helen when she was involved with the Second most powerful Wolf in the pack. The women would be volatile at best to her and only the Alpha would keep them at bay. In conversation with Helen however, Elyria acted as if this danger did not exist while Andreas knew that she was in fact, very aware of it.

“Well, I didn’t want to impose my relationship with Helen on the rest of the pack when we are still rebuilding” After the Vampire War, he meant, but playing along with Daruth’s mate.

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Elyria waved him off, putting the blame on him and making herself come out clean. **“Andreas, Helen is important to you so she is important to us as well. Daruth would have it no other way”** She leaned toward Helen. **“Men! It’s amazing they run the world isn’t it?”** Helen laughed with her liking Elyria more and more as the minutes went by.

“Chase I expect to hear great tales of your trip in the mountains. If you don’t come back with some regal story Daruth will insist on taking you out again himself” She looked over her shoulder at Michael for a brief moment. **“If your Father allows it, of course”**

Daruth will blend you into his pack as far as the Grand Alpha allows, Andreas rearranged her words.

Chase smiled. **“I hope so! I can’t wait to go; I’ve never been camping before!”**

After another hour Chase opened his presents. He got a special backpack that Andreas made especially for him while in Wolf form, while his Mother got him a brand new cell phone. Michael and Wendy bought him a new video game console. Elyria’s gift brought silence in the room. It was a book, an expensive book and one not found in any store. It was about the history of Werewolves. Even Michael came forward and looked it over carefully. He explained to Chase the importance of the gesture. It was something children of Werewolves were given when old enough, usually passed from Father to Son. Michael had no such book to give Chase. He was a Grand Alpha. He didn’t read about history, he made it. Nevertheless, he nodded deeply to Elyria for her gift, the gesture not lost on Andreas; another point for Daruth’s pack.

Emma made an elaborate picture she drew of Chase and the family, accompanied by a massive blue flower in a hand painted pot that she decorated herself.

“I did that!” she pointed to the flower with her small finger. Elyria looked at her carefully and then at Wendy.

“Such a beautiful thing for one so young”

She’s using magic?

Wendy nodded. **“Yes, we can barely walk without tripping over new plants she grows around the house”**

“I wasn’t there when you assisted the camps” Elyria was referring to when Wendy grew massive garlic plants around pack homes to keep vampires at bay. **“I had no idea your daughter was practicing”**

Wendy paused to process Elyria’s words, shifting them in her mind to search for hidden meaning. Wendy had killed once and would do so again. **“Yes, she is”**

“We’re very proud of her. She takes after her mother” Michael added. **“I watch her carefully. I don’t want a tree growing in the kitchen”** he joked but she took his true meaning to heart.

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Any move against her will be met with death.

Andreas shifted in his seat but Elyria moved quickly like the pro she was.

“We would love to have her visit. We have vast forests that are in dire need of her skills. Our pack would welcome such a change from such a vibrant child. Every woman would insist on private attention with such beautiful flowers. We have many children for her to play with, you should consider a sleepover; Emma would love it! It would give Daruth an opportunity to spend time with the whole family”

None would harm her, Daruth would see to it personally

Andreas watched Michael carefully. When he nodded Andreas let out a small sigh of relief.

“I’ll talk with him when he returns” Michael replied.

Elyria smiled and turned back to Helen, building and patching as she went. She was like a conductor, moving everyone around in the room and making each one cement themselves in her pack, all except Jason and Bart, who she ignored for the most part. For Bart this didn’t go over well. He was no match for Elyria’s silver tongue or her steel trap mind, but that didn’t stop him from engaging her; much to Andreas’s regret.

“We’re pretty good hunters ourselves. Silas trains us from an early age” He said as a statement of fact. Andreas closed his eyes for a moment, hoping Elyria didn’t completely destroy the boy’s image with the three or four comebacks he knew she already had.

“Yes” she said. **“I’ve been told he’s a great hunter. In fact he must be since he hasn’t appointed a Second yet”**

Helen, Wendy, and Chase were out of the loop. Everyone else got the message. Elyria just spoke of Silas’s distrust of everyone. Bart didn’t quite get it but Jason did.

“I think that’s just because Silas makes his will known so easily!” Jason said, speaking to Elyria for the first time.

Andreas looked at Jason and gave him a slight smile. The boy just gave Elyria a hit right to the body.

Silas needs no Second; he’s strong enough to lead without another’s will assisting him!

Even Michael had to turn his head to hide the smile. Elyria faltered for the first time that evening.

“You are Jacob’s Son?” she asked, knowing the answer already. In fact Andreas doubted the woman spoke at all without already knowing what others would say in return.

“I am”

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She nodded. **“He was a great man, Daruth speaks fondly of him”** She let whatever else she wanted to say die. Andreas had to give her credit; she certainly knew when to retreat. She drank her cider and sat back to regroup.

Andreas winked at Jason making the handsome boy smile.

Another hour slipped by when Bart stretched out his arms. **“Well boys”** he said, standing up. **“I think it’s time we hit the dirt”**

Everyone got up while Chase took the bag Andreas made for him and went to pack. Michael went with him while the others mingled around, Helen and Wendy moving to the kitchen, leaving Andreas and Elyria alone.

“Well done” he said to her. **“I’ve seen chess games less complicated”**

She smiled. **“I could say the same. I felt no displeasure from the Alpha. I’m surprised with your relationship with Helen that you still live”**

“Michael has moved on and has a family of his own. Helen is in good hands and I’m sure he appreciates the protection I provide”

Elyria sidestepped what he said quickly. **“And what of the boy?”**

“He’s her Son” Andreas replied simply. **“He’s part of the package”**

Elyria’s eyebrow rose. **“You know what I mean. I can feel the lust ripple off him like a space heater. The child has no control over his own desires and while it’s clear he’s infatuated with Silas’s thug, his attention for you is obvious”**

Andreas looked around. No one heard her. Of course no one would, she was too good.

“I’ve kept him at bay, so far; and I’ve already had the talk with Michael”

“The Grand Alpha has confronted you?”

“He has”

“You are in a dangerous position Andreas. The woman and child both could cost you your head. The boy needs to vent his feeling in a way that doesn’t jeopardize your life” She looked over her shoulder at Helen. **“Of course if it were in service to the Alpha...”** her voice wandered off.

“He would never allow it” Andreas said.

“Maybe not yet, but if you marry Helen it could be seen as simply aiding your Stepson, instead of a challenge to Michael’s status”

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“We’re not there yet Elyria, but I’m sure you’ll have all the advice I need if the time comes”

The woman smiled and gave him a soft laugh. **“You would have made a good husband Andreas”** She touched his thick bicep. **“You know I would do anything to protect our pack?”**

“I know Elyria; it’s why Daruth is able to leave the way he does. No one can think faster than you” He took a step forward and leaned toward her ear. **“Helen is important to me and more than just a pawn to get closer to the Grand Alpha. While I admire your zest and determination, I will not allow her to be used simply for the sake of building relations with him. Be careful how far you go Elyria, least you find me standing in front of you”**

The power of his Wolf washed over her and made her tremble. Her eyes met his after a moment.

“Of course Andreas” She placed her hand over his heart, his hard muscle warming her palm. **“You are family, and as you know family is everything to us. You are Second to Daruth. I am simply his mate. Do not take my actions as a move against you or what’s yours”**

Andreas nodded. **“I wouldn’t dream of it Elyria. Daruth is an important man and having a strong woman around is essential. There are many that covet your position”**

You can be replaced!

She swallowed hard and slowly nodded, conceding to his power and rank. **“I am yours to command”**

Andreas pulled her in and hugged her quickly. Game, set, match. And it was over, just like that. The family stayed intact.

They watched the boys leave for the woods. All three had phones and Chase’s new one was a satellite phone that would always have reception as long as he had line of sight with the sky. Helen and Wendy walked back inside, taking Emma with them as Elyria looked to the left and saw six of her men take position parallel to the boys. Michael watched them as well and nodded as they moved. He turned to Andreas.

“See to it they don’t approach too often. I want Chase to have fun with his friends”

Andreas nodded. **“Of course my Lord.”**

“I want Daruth to call me when he gets in” he said to Elyria.

“As you command” she bowed. **“I think it’s time I left. I’ll say goodbye to everyone and be on my way”**

“What of Destel?” Michael said. **“You’re alone now”**

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Elyria nodded. **“I sent him with the others. Chase will be safer in his hands. The man is dead on his worst days. I will be fine”**

“You came on foot. You can’t go without protection. I will walk you back” He looked at Andreas.
“Take Helen with you”

Michael went inside and spoke with Wendy as everyone said goodbye. Helen gathered spare food and piled it in Andreas’s big arms and packed the car with their things. When they left Michael kissed Wendy and went to the edge of the woods with Elyria and waited until they were out of sight.

“I will shift and carry you”

“As you wish”

He took off his clothes and dropped them to the floor. Elyria looked over his powerful body with appreciation. Michel allowed her to look him over for a moment and it was a moment she silently thanked him for. As he shifted into a Werewolf she couldn’t help but let her desire for him slip out. His beast was magnificent! The sheer power that rippled out of him was amazing. He towered over her, his massive body thick with muscle and fur. He scooped her up in his arms and began to run toward her camp. Elyria was speechless.

He truly was the Grand Alpha.

In the car Andreas turned to Helen. **“You handle yourself well in a room full of Werewolves and Druids”**

She laughed. **“I’m like Ann Rice!”**

He reached over and held her hand, kissing it slowly. **“You know now that Chase is gone for a few days, we have the house to ourselves. We can keep the door open and even make love in the hallway”**

Helen blushed. **“Is that what you’ve been waiting for? To christen the house fully?”**

His Wolf came out and the lust he had for her rippled out of him and washed over her. She responded immediately as her eyes roamed over his muscled body.

With no humor in his voice he said, **“I’m gonna fuck you until you beg me to stop”**

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Helen had no reply. There was none she could give. All she wanted was him, and his beast would demand nothing less.

It was going to be a long night.

The Raven was more than halfway there. Its large wings flapped endlessly to get to the farm. As it flew it noticed three Werewolves running toward it. The bird circled and watched them move by. They were heading in the same direction as the barrier. It cawed out, not liking the additional problems, and then it saw six more! They were spread out and formed a wave, trailing the boys a half mile behind. This would not do! The Raven righted its flight path and headed toward the farm again. It started to bark out in a cracked voice to alert the Witch.

She would not be pleased.

CHAPTER TEN

Four Werewolves met Michael and Elyria at the edge of the compound. Upon seeing the Grand Alpha all four wolves dropped to their knees and looked at the ground. Michael stood tall before them and set Elyria to the ground. He didn't change. He turned back and leaped into the dark forest and disappeared.

Elyria walked by the wolves, who raised their heads and watched the massive Werewolf leave. **"News of Daruth?"** she asked. A large brown wolf shook its head. **"Too bad. I have news of my own for him"** She looked at a black wolf about half the size of the brown one. **"Attend me"** The wolf followed her into camp a few feet behind.

The four Werewolves had been running at a light pace for over an hour. Chase was between Bart's beefy wolf and Sean's light colored one. Jason ran to the left of Bart, his eyes darting constantly around for trouble. There weren't too many things in the world that could take on four Werewolves, not to mention the six right behind them, but with Chase there it wasn't a time to take chances. Jason pumped

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his powerful legs and moved to the trees. All Werewolves could do this to an extent but Jason actually preferred to travel this way more than using the ground. His sleek body was made for leaping long distances and his powerful hands gripped the thick limbed tree branches and propelled himself farther still. Bart couldn't master this form of travel. He preferred to simply bull his way through the woods, knocking things out of his way to the surprise of no one. Sean could do either, but like most Wolves he used the ground for travel and the trees for combat. Chase was an anomaly on his own. His midnight black feet found perfect purchase on the earth, making almost no noise as he did. It took some getting used to and in truth it was Sean who noticed it most of all. Bart's clatter made it difficult to realize that Chase was virtually silent as he moved, while Sean who was a careful runner, crushed leaves and twigs under his large clawed feet with every step. Even Bart's breathing was loud. His powerful lungs took in air like a jet engine that fueled his every step. Granted a Werewolf counted on its presence to scare prey senseless, so stealth wasn't really something most of them sought after. Hearing a full grown Werewolf coming after you was enough to drop enemies to the ground in sheer terror and powerhouses like Bart loved it.

Chase's feet seemed to glide from step to step, not putting too much weight on either foot. The ground was like a sponge to him, absorbing the impact and sending him on his way like a ninja, leaving no trace of his presence. Sean watched him from a few feet away trying to figure out how he did it. Bart suddenly filled his vision and knocked him away with a broad shoulder. Sean was sent into the air a few feet before he righted himself and landed like a cat perfectly balanced. He charged Bart who ran in front of Chase trying to keep distance between the two of them. Sean leaped right over Chase and landed almost within reaching distance of Bart. Bart went right and avoided the swipe of Sean's playful claws. He growled in challenge to his blonde friend, daring him to catch him. With Chase's mystery forgotten Sean bolted forward and ran after Bart while Jason barked and cheered him on.

Chase watched with a toothy smile as two of the most important boys in his life played in front of him. He thought of Polus and the things he revealed to him. Should he have told his Dad? Would he see him differently if he did? Chase sighed and ran behind the two wrestling Wolves enjoying the show. Bart grabbed Sean and pulled him against him as they rolled through a thick weave of tangled vines. The two big animals flattened the foliage like it was paper and ripped small bushes from the earth as they did. Jason leaped from tree to tree above Chase like a massive monkey. Chase like Jason. The way he moved was so different and graceful, he wished he could mimic the long, sleek Wolf, but Chase still had a hard time jumping for distance, something that Jason excelled in. He looked down as he came to the same patch of tangled vines. As he leaped into them he watched as they shifted out of the way and gave him smooth ground to fall on. When his foot lifted off, the vines moved back into place.

No one saw it.

Chase continued to move silently in perfect union with the forest. Polus was right; it was working just like he said.

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The Raven touched down on the roof of the barn and waited. It was tired from so much flying but everything had to be timed just right, before anyone of real power could stop the Witch. It opened its large black wings to feel the cool air move between its feathers as it watched for Emma. The sound of a car made it look down as the vehicle moved slowly up the dirt road and came to a stop near the front door.

“I’ll be right back. I can’t believe I forgot my purse” Helen said, moving quickly to the house.

The Raven blinked hard!

Something was wrong. It flowed around the woman like a blanket. It felt sticky to the bird, like sharp needles coated in wet tar. The bird hopped back a few steps to put distance between it and the woman as the door opened and she was let inside. It stayed open as the bird watched. It turned its head just in time to see a large human man walking up to the car and pulling a shirt over his powerful chest.

“Forgot her purse” the man in the car said. The two talked between them, the bird not caring either way what the subject was. It was here for the girl, and no Werewolf, or two for that matter, would stop it. The first man moved into the house as Emma’s bedroom light came on. The Raven hopped forward again. It looked up in the sky. A dark round object was floating slowly down above the roof a good 500 yards away. The bird shifted on its feet and dug its claws into the wooden beam, pulling its large wings in and fluffing up its body. It opened its mouth and a long whistle came out.

The small girl came to the window and looked right at it. The Raven nodded its head and waited.

Helen held her purse in her hand as she finished talking to Wendy. Michael came in, already back and smiled at her.

“Emma is almost ready for bed” Wendy told her husband. He smiled and kissed both women as he climbed the stairs and moved out of sight. Helen made it to the door and halfway back to the car when she heard it.

Emma screamed!

Helen spun around and looked up seeing Emma at the window of her bedroom, screaming as loud as possible. She ran back to the house as Andreas barreled out of the car and ran after her.

He never made it to the door.

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Just as Helen left his sight something grabbed him by the ankle and yanked him back, making him fall on his face. He pulled his leg up but whatever held him didn't let go. He turned; his face a snarl and ready to attack whatever held him in place.

Nothing was there.

His face showed his shock as the invisible cord squeezed his ankle and dragged him away with increasing speed.

There was nothing he could do. Whatever had him was far more powerful than his strength could combat. He clawed at the ground but his hands simply pulled up large chunks of earth as he sped faster and faster to the woods. He rolled on his back, his chest and face scrapped and bloody. He kicked out but still he moved. There was a sudden increase in speed as the tree line came up. He was whipped from side to side and slammed into a heavy trunk and then another. His vision swam and he blacked out struggling weakly until his body went limp in defeat.

Michael was at the window and pulling Emma back as Wendy made it to the room. Every plant in Emma's bedroom was black and decaying, filling the room with a sweet smelling odor.

"Emma!" She ran to her daughter. Emma managed to break out of Michael's hold and she pointed to the window. Both her parents looked out. The oak tree, tall and massive, was swaying from side to side like a great wind was blowing against it. Wendy put her hands on the glass and pulled it up. She reached forward and sent out her power. The tree responded to her instantly and stopped swaying. The branches trembled like a frightened child as the Druid attempted to find the source.

Michael watched his wife work. It wasn't often that he saw use magic this way. Plants and flowers were a common sight for him to watch her manipulate but he forget how powerful she truly was. He gave her space, not touching her or demanding what was happening. She needed to concentrate and he knew she would tell him as soon as she had any answers.

It was then he noticed the car.

The driver's side door was open and the car was running. A fissure of disturbed earth was in the ground halfway between the car and the house but it continued far down the driveway and out of sight. Andreas wasn't there. Maybe he came inside. Michael turned to call out to him when his voice caught in his throat. Emma was now against the wall her hands pressed to it. She wasn't standing on the floor but a good five inches above it, as if she stood on an invisible step. Her expression was blank, her eyes staring straight ahead.

"Witchcraft!" Wendy cried out.

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Michael snapped his head to her. She looked terrified and realized just then that Emma no longer stood beside them. She kept turning until she saw her daughter. She screamed. Michael moved with her, almost taking a full step before Helen came into view. The next moments happened so quickly that no one had a chance to react.

Helen was lifted off the floor as if an invisible arm had wrapped itself around her waist. Her upper and lower body moved forward as her waist was pulled back. Her hair cascaded around her face, covering her alarmed expression, and she was slammed against the wall in the hallway. The door to Emma's bedroom closed with such immediate force that the frame cracked.

Michael watched horrified as he was cut off from her.

It was then that Emma finished her countdown.

Her face was scrunched into an angry grimace and she shouted out with all her might.

"ONE!"

The house exploded!

Silas moved out of his house and looked up at the sky. Something was wrong. He looked around as Barton his messenger, and Ryan his lead tracker walked up to him. He looked at Ryan first. **"Do you feel that?"**

Ryan was sensitive to changes in the environment more than any other Wolf. His ability to find things was unmatched and if anyone would feel the change, it would be him. He stopped moving and closed his eyes for a long moment as Silas waited.

"A thick..." the man stopped. Ryan clutched his stomach with both arms and threw up. He doubled over as Barton grabbed him for support.

"Ryan what is it?" But the man was unable to speak; his body was overcome with convulsions. Silas put his big hand on the man's shoulder.

"Calm!" he commanded, sending out his Alpha power. The sheer willpower pushed down the sickness and Ryan looked up with bleary eyes.

"Black magic!" he said coughing.

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Silas looked away in thought and walked a few steps until he was facing the woods. He pulled off his shirt, his big, hairy chest caressed by the night air. He said over his shoulder, **“Get the Guard. Something wicked is at our door”**

Barton nodded and ran away shouting. The Guard was a core group of Werewolves that Silas commanded. They were made of six of the best hunters, fighters and trackers he had. Ryan stood up, not wanting to be weak in front of his Alpha. He pulled off his own clothes and started to change. Silas waited until everyone was assembled, not bothering to discuss matters with them. They were his to command, not to plan with. They transformed, leaving Silas the only human remaining. They snapped their powerful jaws as he looked them over satisfied. He dropped his pants and shifted into the largest Werewolf of the group and ran into the woods. The others followed without hesitation or regard for their safety.

That was their first mistake.

There was no fire. Only a deafening sound as the house ruptured all around them. Michael saw Emma pressed against the wall as his body was hurled backward. She was too far away to protect so he did the next best thing and grabbed for Wendy. Her slender body was pulled against him as the widow broke against his broad back and cut him with jagged glass. He managed to pull his wife in front of him before his feet left the ground for good. He hit the oak tree and felt his wife ripped from his grasp as the cool air rushed against him. His vision swam and he blacked out as he slammed into the ground like a freight train.

Two down.

The Raven watched with excitement. It was time. Debris filled the air as the house split apart sending wood and glass everywhere. It hopped forward and spread its wings when it felt the stickiness again. It was the woman! It saw her open the door to the destroyed bedroom. She looked around in horror in search of the others.

“Emma!” she cried out reaching for the child. The Raven barked and flapped its great wings. Once more Helen was lifted from the ground and slammed into the wall. The door closed on her again as the bird sent out more magic.

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Helen was dragged down the stairs face forward as she clawed at the carpet and railing to no avail. There was a loud moan like the earth itself was opening. The front door crashed inward and Wendy was thrown inside not five feet from her. Helen reached out but before she came close Wendy was lifted up by her neck by an invisible force and shook from left to right.

“WENDY!” she screamed trying to get to her feet. Something pulled her back down and she slid across the wooden floor putting even more distance between them.

“WENDY!” she called again. The woman was fighting with her arms and legs but having no effect. She was thrown against a wall and before she slid to the floor she was lifted again and slammed into the ceiling. She dropped like dead weight to the floor with a painful thud. Helen pushed off with her hands and almost made it a few feet before she was brought down again. Something grabbed Wendy by the leg and dragged her half unconscious body across the floor and into the bathroom. Helen watched in horror as the water faucet to the bathtub came on and Wendy was pulled face forward into it. The door slammed shut cutting her off from any help.

“NO!” Helen screamed kicking the air behind her.

The Raven winced in pain. The woman was fighting back. Whatever she was had managed to find its way back to the bird. It was almost done. A little pain was acceptable. It looked at Emma who floated away from the wall and settled near the edge of the destroyed flooring. She was looking straight ahead, oblivious to the world around her. A great red balloon came down and hovered six feet above her. A thick red strap came out and Emma lifted her arm over her head. The strap snaked around it and continued until it coiled around her waist. Then it became stiff and lifted her clear off the floor.

Emma floated away.

The Raven looked at the large blonde man stirring down below. His thick arms and legs pulled him off the ground as he struggled to right himself. The bird twisted its head down and looked at him sideways. It flapped its wings and the man was yanked off his feet and dropped face forward against the ground. He was strong. Stronger than the others. He fought back digging his feet into the ground and forcing himself up. The black bird hopped around on its feet as the magic flowed out of it. The man was dragged back, his body hunched over in a runner’s position. His hands dug into the ground as he pulled himself forward. The bird screamed at him and an invisible force struck him in the face and knocked him on his back.

This would not do. The man was too powerful. Whatever magic fueled him was greater than the others, with the possible exception of the woman, whatever she was. The Raven flew into the air and circled around the man as he was hurtled around the barn and right through the wooden fence that kept the

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cows penned up. The large animals had already moved against the back side at the sound of the explosion and were now huddled protectively together as the Raven soared above them.

This man had to be dealt with here and now.

The ground opened like a giant mouth as Michael was pulled inside. The Raven saw a massive clawed hand, hairy and thick with muscle reach out and dig into the ground like an anchor. There was a rumbling as the black magic met the might of the Werewolf. Heavy chunks of earth flew from the maw in the ground as the battle raged on.

Helen made it to her feet but was met with yet another obstacle. Pot and pans began to fly in the air at her and use her for target practice as she batted them away as best she could. Dishes came at her next as she ducked and hid behind a chair. She heard Wendy kicking at the door as she struggled for her life.

“ENOUGH!” Helen cried out and reached inside her shirt clutching the silver cross that hung from her neck. The flying kitchen wear dropped to the floor like the strings of a puppet had just been cut. Whatever held her by the legs let go and a loud deafening groan filled the air.

It was in pain!

Helen hurt it!

The Raven cried out as it dropped from the sky. It managed to land on the wooden fence and dug its claws in for support. It turned its head to the house but the barn blocked its way. The feeling of sticky needles dug into its black feathered body as it swayed on the beam in sickness.

It could not win his battle. It let go of the woman and turned back to the man. A massive animal head appeared. It had huge fangs and a thick neck with dark eyes. The Raven acted quickly. The animal cried out in agony as the birds magic flooded over it.

The earth closed shut.

There was a small upheaval as dirt pushed up once, twice, and then nothing.

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It was done.

The Raven lifted off the fence and soared high in the sky and headed toward the big red orb far in the distance, the pain the woman had caused already leaving its memory.

The Witch would be coming next.

Helen beat on the door with her fists and turned the knob as the sound of rushing water filled the room. Wendy was no longer kicking the door which made Helen more panicked. She screamed and threw herself against it over and over again. She heard a noise behind her. Something large was with her. She spun around, hands up to defend herself.

A massive dark Werewolf stood before her. It growled at her and Helen ran away instinctively. She put herself behind the kitchen table and grabbed a metal candlestick. The Wolf ignored her though. It lifted its large head and sniffed in the air. It looked right at the bathroom door and charged forward. With a swipe of its enormous clawed hand the door broke apart in several large pieces.

This wasn't Michael she was sure of it but she couldn't wait any longer. She ran from behind the table and boldly by the Werewolf. It let her pass.

Wendy was face down in the tub as water flowed around the rim and onto the floor. Helen ran up and hauled Wendy up by the back of her shirt.

"WENDY!" she called out checking for a pulse. The woman didn't move.

"What happened here?"

Helen's head snapped around. A huge naked man was in the doorway. He had big muscles with silver lined hair on his head. A jagged scar was on his face.

"I know you!" Helen shouted.

The man ignored her and crouched down near the two of them. He put out his hand and felt for a pulse on Wendy's neck. **"What happened?"** he asked again.

Helen shook her head. **"I don't know! Emma screamed and then there was an explosion! Something was fighting me, something I couldn't see! Wendy was pulled into the bathroom and the door shut behind her!"**

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“Calm yourself woman” the older muscled man said with complete control. **“She’s alive but in trouble”** He took her from Helen’s arms and left the room. He put Wendy on the floor and knelt over her, lifting her head up. He opened her mouth and sealed his around it as he began CPR. Her chest rose up and down with each breath. **“See if the phones work. She needs help”**

Helen blinked. Of course! She scrambled to her feet and found the phone against the wall. She pressed the talk button and heard a dial tone. **“Thank God!”** She punched 911 on the keypad and spoke as soon as someone came on line. **“They’re on the way!”** she ran back to Wendy’s side.

“Where is Michael?” Silas asked as he continued to work.

“Michael?” Helen repeated. **“He was upstairs with Emma!”**

Silas didn’t bother to look up. **“No one else is here”** he said simply.

A great weight made the floor groan. Another Werewolf stood in the doorway. Helen moved back but stayed by Wendy’s side. The big beast growled and Silas said, **“Search the grounds. The Alpha and his daughter are here somewhere. Find them”**

Before the great animal made it outside Helen added. **“And Andreas! He’s here too! He was in the car with me!”**

Silas now looked up at her. **“Andreas?”**

Helen nodded her head. **“Yes!”**

Another minutes went by before the big man sat back. **“She’ll live”**

Helen looked him over. He didn’t try to hide his naked body from her. Like all Werewolves, he had no modesty to contend with. **“I know you”**

He nodded. **“We’ve met. You’re the black wolf’s mother”**

“Black wolf?” she said confused. **“You mean Chase?”**

He nodded. **“I do”**

“Yes. I’m his mother. I’m Helen”

“Andreas spends a great deal of time with you” the man said, not offering his own name in return. **“Your union with him will make Daruth very happy”**

“Union?” Helen looked around. **“Do you see what’s happened here? You’re only concerned with my ‘union’ with Andreas?”**

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“I’m an Alpha Werewolf. I see many things” He stood up and towered over her. **“Many things indeed”**

Another naked man ran into the room. He looked around and then his attention fell fully on Silas. **“We found Andreas”**

Helen’s breathing stopped. Her heart felt like it was going to burst wide open as she waited for the worst news imaginable.

“They hung him on a tree. He didn’t have time to change”

Helen cried out and covered her mouth with her hands. The big man beside her showed no emotion whatsoever.

“What hung him?”

“I don’t know. Ryan is searching now” The man paused and added. **“He threw up again”**

The man groaned in thought at the news. He turned to Helen. **“We can’t be here when help arrives. Stay with her, we will deal with everything else”**

“Andreas!”

The other man spoke. **“He lives. He was hung by his legs. He’s not awake yet. He has a nasty gash on his head and he’s pretty beat up, but he’ll live”**

“Take him to cover and let me know the moment he wakes. I have questions”

The sound of sirens came within range. They were still far away, giving the Werewolves time to act.

“We must leave. Send Ryan to me, provided he can stand” his words showed his clear disappointment.

“My Lord” the man bowed and ran back outside.

Helen watched the big man leave her side. She cradled Wendy’s head in her arms. **“You’re Silas aren’t you?”**

The large muscled man turned his head to her. **“I am”**

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Emma floated high above the ground. She made no sound and gave no struggle as she moved silently through the air. The big, black Raven flew next to her, circling around in wide arcs near her position. The red fabric strap held her tight and carried her faithfully toward her destination.

Emma had work to do.

They had to wait until the ambulance drove away. Police searched the area while firefighters stood nearby, not sure what role they had to play. There had been no fire, no gas explosion. There was no explanation for what happened to the destroyed house. Silas watched from the tree line, his supernatural power giving him perfect vision.

It took almost an hour before the last car left. Helen had gone with Wendy and Silas had no idea what she had told the police, but whatever it was, they eventually left too.

Ryan was sniffing around and doing his best to provide answers. Whenever he opened up he felt deathly sick and had no way to fight it. Silas confronted him.

“If you can’t find the source of magic then find the Alpha!”

The Wolf nodded meekly and moved toward the barn as the other’s followed behind. He moved left and right and found the trail almost instantly. He walked around the barn and through the hole in the fence. The ground was ripped up like the trail that led them to Andreas. Then it stopped.

“Well” Silas said impatiently. **“No one is here”**

The Wolf barked in disagreement and pawed at the ground. He began to run, stopping every so often and sniffing around. He made a wide circle until he was back where he started. He threw his head back and growled.

“Fool! He isn’t here!” Silas shouted.

Ryan ran to the center of the field, the cows mowing unhappily and as far away from him as they could get. He punched his hand into the ground and began to dig.

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Emma flight was at an end. She dropped slowly to the ground and settled her tiny feet to the cold earth in the pitch black of night. Before her stood the line in the ground the Raven had made earlier. The giant red balloon released her and began to break apart. It hovered in the air until it found the shape it wanted before descending on the small child and wrapping itself around her tiny shoulders. A brown pouch dropped to the floor at Emma's feet. She looked down at it not knowing what to do. Her hand opened and the pouch flew up on its own power and moved to her grasp.

She yawed and then reached up and pulled the red hood over her head. The Raven danced happily near her and Emma began to sing.

***"In dark of night with death so cold, I call upon
the ONE so bold. To come to me and make
things right. To lead the way and snuff the
light. For all who seek to stop the tide, I give
myself as Midnight's bride. Let all rejoice as
she comes near, let blood flow black and fester
fear. She can't be stopped, so many have tried,
the women run, the children hide. The men
flee before the Litch, she comes unholy...the
Wicked Witch!"***

The Raven was beside itself with joy. Its black wings dipped and rubbed against the ground as black smoke formed at Emma's feet and wrapped themselves around her legs, solidifying like boots. Emma stretched out her hand and the ground under the line the Raven made began to swell. Small green vines began to weave together as they came out of the ground. They began thicker and thicker, first like string and then forming rope like cord. Once ready, the twisted vines lifted up carefully from the ground and continued to grow, forming a low arch. They grew bigger and bigger, making the arch higher with every second. Finally it stopped. Heavy vines made a makeshift doorway in the middle of the forest just big enough for Emma to walk under.

The Raven watched and twisted its head suspiciously. He hopped forward and stuck out a wing. The black feathers cautiously moved over the line. There was no resistance. The bird cawed happily. It stuck the whole wing through. Now it began to sing. The bird took in a breath and hopped right over the line to the other side. Emma watched with no emotion. The Raven spread its wings as far as possible and danced again.

The child had done it! The Witch would be pleased indeed!

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Emma walked under the archway, her red cape flowing behind her. She clutched at the small bag in her hand and moved at a slow pace, her black smoke boots leaving a tiny trail behind her. The Raven hopped

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over and looked through the arch one final time before it turned to Emma and flew near her shoulder. It landed on a branch a few yards in front and waited for her to catch up. There was no rush; the magic had to settle inside the little girl. It was a delicate process, and now that the bird was cut off from the Witch, it couldn't take any chances to disturb the spell. Emma was oblivious to where she was, walking in a predetermined pattern toward her goal and showing no emotion whatsoever.

The Raven watched intently. Now it had to count on the child to lead it to the Puller Tree. Everything counted on her now. Only her power as a Druid would take her to it. The Witch's black magic could not locate it without her in fact. After decades and decades of planning, everything rested on the shoulders of a four year old girl.

Emma walked and the Raven followed, always on the watch for the unexpected. Even without the Witch the bird was far from defenseless but Werewolves were in the woods and no chances would be taken. It shifted its head and searched for the Other.

Finding a child Druid was a literal gift from the Gods. The Witch's original intention was to use the woman, but when the girl had come unexpectedly into her own power, it had been that much easier. She would have no defenses and the mother could not possibly teach the child the difference between white and black magic. Emma was ripe on the vine and the Witch would not allow anyone to interfere, especially her parents. Everything depended on the child and the Witch would see it to the end.

The Father served no purpose to the Witch. Werewolves were notorious to control, often turning on those that enthralled them and causing general mayhem. This was one special, at least to others. Many Wolves circled him to bask in his will. This was something the Witch knew a great deal about, but sharing power was not something she was made a habit of doing.

This time however, it could not be helped.

A few Werewolves and a Druid or two was no match for her. But packs of them could cause her problems so she had to be flexible, and bring another into her plans. This was dangerous on many levels but she was too close to success to stop now. Everyone could be controlled, you just had to give them what they wanted, and the Witch knew exactly what to give.

Aided by the others Ryan pulled up a massive clawed hand from the earth. Silas stepped forward and directed them to dig faster. It took almost three minutes of heavily muscled Werewolves to free the Grand Alpha from his prison of dirt. He was pulled up and placed on his back, unmoving. Silas looked at him and put his human hand in front of the large animal's nose. He felt warm air.

"He lives" he told the others. The Werewolves circled the unconscious animal nervously. Whatever could do this to him made them especially vulnerable and Silas's presence did little to quell that fear.

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Although an Alpha himself, he had nowhere near the power that Michael did and the best they could hope for was safety in numbers.

Silas shook the great beast but it didn't respond. He stood back up and rubbed at his neck. There was a conflict raging in his mind. Michael was at his mercy. The years that Silas had waited for dropped before him in a golden opportunity. He could kill the Grand Alpha and take his rightful place as ruler. He could absorb Daruth's pack and any others that were nearby. No one would challenge his right after he killed one so great. His Wolves stirred uneasily near him. They could feel the emotion run off his conflicting thoughts. It would be so easy, so simple. The Wolves looked at each other and some growled low with agitation.

Silas looked at the ground. Whatever had trapped Michael had left almost no trace behind. The house was only partially standing. The front was completely destroyed and the powerful Druid was in a coma and at the hospital. Silas had seen firsthand what the Alpha's wife was capable of. He was witness to the way she killed the female Werewolf that challenged her right to mate with Michael. She was not to be threatened, especially not in the forest where her power was absolute. Michael was wise to marry one of such power. No human woman would have survived, his options being what they were.

Andreas was still out but nearby. The man was dealt with as swiftly as the others. Where was Daruth? How come he had not sensed his Second fall? Andreas was no mere underling, his own power was great. He could have easily stood against any single Werewolf and held his ground, save an Alpha that is. Silas could think of only two or three Wolves that would best the man in combat. And yet he was defeated as well and hung up like a Christmas ornament.

Too many questions and no answers.

Silas didn't like this. There was no enemy to fight, no smell to follow. How could he command the pack with this threat lingering nearby?

No. This was not the time. He could wait longer. Another opportunity would arise, and he would wait patiently. He was, after all, an Alpha.

Silas changed into his beast while the others moved away and watched uncertain of what he would do. In human form Silas was intimidating, but in Wolf form, he was a terror. He crouched down near the Grand Alpha's face and started to growl. The others watched for a moment and then understood. They joined in and formed a circle around Michael and snarled at him.

The power flowed out of them and to their leader. The will of the Alpha surged like an electric current while the others contributed to it. Silas directed it right at Michael, letting the power flow into him and charge him up. It took almost two full minutes before the combined willpower reached the massive beast and made him stir.

Michael opened his eyes and growled back.

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Bart wore only a pair of jeans as he finished putting up the tent. There were two tents near one another about five feet apart. He put his pack inside and threw Chase's in as well. He didn't have to ask to know who the black haired boy would sleep with. It was a given that Chase was his.

He stretched out his muscled arms as he felt two small hands snake around his waist and move up his powerful chest. Bart laughed. **"Oh so now you want me?"** He turned to find Chase standing behind him, his eyes full of desire. **"I thought you only went for football players now"** he teased, putting his hands on his hips as Chase continued to rub at his chest.

"Come on Bart" Chase pleaded. **"You know I can't help it"** His soft fingers rubbing at the hard muscle.

That much was true. A Werewolf, especially a new one, had almost no control over what the beast wanted. Smells and forms triggered something in the animals that their human counterparts might usually resist. Whatever was special inside of Daniel called to the Wolf in Chase and he had no choice but to comply. It was one of the reasons why it was so dangerous for him to be around male Wolves. Open desire caused severe problems for some, and like Chase, they may not be able to control their need to express themselves either. Unfortunately it would most likely involve violence instead of the return of affection that Bart gave him. Of course meeting the Grand Alpha at the same time they met Chase might have had something to do with that. Knowing death was so close at hand quelled the boys need for violence and made them accept Chase instead. This was only reinforced by the display of sheer strength the Grand Alpha exhibited in human form, eclipsing even their combined power as Wolves. Seeing a human move a boulder that even a Werewolf could not budge had a way of burning itself into one's memory.

Chase let his warm hands run across Bart's thick chest. The rugged teenager was nothing but hard muscle. **"You know what it's like"** he said with more than a hint of defeat in his voice.

Bart made the mistake of looking into Chase's blue eyes. His defenses dropped like a stone, and before he knew it, the small boy was wrapped up in his big arms and pressed against him protectively.

"Yeah, I know" he kissed his black hair.

"Hey lovebirds!" Sean called sarcastically. **"There's a fire that needs to be built. How about we get the camp set up and then you can snuggle and gaze into each other's eyes!"**

Bart pushed Chase back and made a big fist in Sean's direction. **"Keep it up blonde! Your master isn't here to save you!"**

It was a hollow threat but one Sean let persist. He was now more powerful than any of his friends and quite a few adult males. The supernatural willpower of the Grand Alpha surged through his bloodstream and made him more than a match for anyone else. It was his love for Bart that made him prove otherwise.

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Bart turned to Chase who was smiling at Sean. **“Let’s set up camp and then you can tell me all about your boyfriend. Then I’ll tell you the many ways I can kick his ass”**

Chase laughed and reluctantly took his hands away. There was a ripple that ran through him. He turned and looked around but didn’t see anything. **“Did you feel that?”** he asked the others.

“What?” Sean asked first. Before anyone, it was his job to protect Chase. He moved closer to his charge immediately.

“I don’t know. It was there just for a second. It was like...”

All four looked in different direction but found nothing. They were about seventy miles from Michael’s farm and near the hallway point up the mountain.

Jason shook his head at Sean. **“I don’t even smell the others yet”** He meant Daruth’s men travelling behind them. Of all of them Jason was the best tracker. His sense of smell was better, a habit from travelling through the trees as much as he did.

Bart put one arm around Chase’s shoulders and pulled him in. **“Still feel it?”** Sean and Jason looked at him intently. Chase was still coming into his power. He had yet to develop the ability to discern differences around him. His supernatural senses were far from honed and because of this the other boys were agitated.

What could Chase detect that they couldn’t?

Chase shook his head. **“No. It was just for a moment, but it seemed so...”** the others waited. **“Familiar”** he finished.

The three teenagers traded looks without speaking. There were few things that could or would attack four Werewolves, not to mention the six adult Wolves nearby. As Chase walked with Bart for firewood Jason approached Sean.

“Daruth’s men wouldn’t try anything would they?”

“I can’t believe they would. Daruth likes Chase and Andreas would die for any attempt on his life. Beside the two of you still belong to Silas, and hurting you would be moving against him, and I don’t see that happening anytime soon”

Jason shrugged. **“Makes sense I guess”** He looked over his shoulder. **“I just don’t like having so many Wolves around that don’t fall directly under Silas’s rule”**

Sean nodded. **“Yeah, I know what you mean. Still Chase wouldn’t be able to sense anything like that. Not with Bart around”**

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For Chase, only a stronger man could pull his attention from the strapping teenager. Everyone knew it. He wouldn't be able to concentrate on anything except Bart's hard body. His open desire for the rugged boy made it in some ways easier to control him. One smell of him and Chase folded like a house of cards.

"After we set up go find Daruth's men. See for yourself. I don't want to leave Chase alone"

Jason nodded. **"Sounds good"**

Sean moved forward and rubbed his shoulder against Jason. It was something pack brothers did. Even though Sean was no longer a part of Silas's pack he still held ties to both boys and by rubbing against him he transferred his smell to his friend. In the heat of battle he could tell friend from foe immediately and make no mistakes that could be tragic or worse, even fatal.

Jason leaned into him as he moved by and rubbed him back. It wasn't something he would do in front of Silas, but his Alpha was not here and Sean was after all one of his best friends.

Fifty five miles away Emma stopped walking and looked blankly at nothing. The Raven felt it too. They were no longer alone. Leaves crunched as it walked toward them, the rest of the forest becoming silent as it did. The big bird squawked a greeting and looked over the man. He walked up to Emma slowly and looked down. She didn't look up.

The bird was uneasy. It had no allegiance to this man. This was the Witch's doing. She decided to bring him in to control the others in case they interfered. He was looking intently at the child and the Raven knew what he wanted. His power literally rippled off him in waves. It was a dark power, not unlike the Witch's, but her magic was exact and defined, while this man's swirled like a cloud around him, nothing but want and desire. He was a creature of hunger and lust that thrived off of others.

The Raven didn't like him at all.

He squatted down on his legs so his face was level with hers. Still she didn't see him. He smiled and reached out a hand to touch her face but the Raven cried out and flapped its wings furiously. He pulled his hand back and glared at the bird. He held the animal's eyes for a long moment and then he stood up and stepped out of the child's way.

Emma started to walk again.

The Raven squawked at him in warning and moved with the tiny child. The man watched as her red cloak flowed gently around her. The bird spat at him and he turned away with a grin. The child had

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power, great power. He could feel it flowing like a radiant flame. He would bide his time and then, when the Witch was done with her, he would suck her dry.

He put his chalk white hands together and listened for the Wolves. No one was around, not for miles. He would make his stand here and defend this pathway if it came to it. If the packs came at all they would come right through this part of the forest, following the child's scent. The Witch could deal with the others if need be but these Wolves would be his to consume. He didn't like to fight, he preferred his meals to not struggle, it was easier that way but it didn't mean he couldn't fight when he needed too. Let them come he thought to himself. The more the merrier.

He rubbed his foot into the ground and made a small circle in the dirt. He did the same with the other foot and then planted himself inside each one and chanted.

He slowly dissolved in thin air.

The Wolves wouldn't know what hit them.

Michael stood before them. It had taken almost fifteen minutes before his strength returned and he felt safe enough to transform back to man. Silas and Ryan were human while the others stayed in Wolf form.

"What happened?"

Michael shook his head at Silas. **"I don't know"** He looked at the tracker. **"Where is my family?"**

Ryan's face changed. He didn't like being addressed directly when Silas stood next to him. It was not his place to speak. Plus he didn't know that the Grand Alpha knew who he was. He couldn't ever remember a time he had been directly spoken to by the man. He gave his large leader a careful gaze and said, **"The woman has gone to the hospital. The human went with her. Your daughter is no where I could detect. I could smell your Son heading toward the mountains. With others"** he added.

"Chase left several hours ago. Emma was in her room...before the explosion" Michael replied, looking over the farm. **"She has to be somewhere"**

"He's checked and can only trace her there. He found you buried in the yard and Andreas strung up on a tree in the opposite direction"

Michael's eyes went wide. **"Andreas too? He lives?"**

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"He does, but just barely. I would imagine the same could be said of you had Ryan not found your trail"

Michael's eyes ran over the uncomfortable man. **"Has Andreas spoke?"**

The man shook his head. **"He's not conscious yet"**

"Michael" Silas said, pulling his attention back to him. **"I know how to case the area. The only ones found were the adults, no children"**

"My wife? Helen? Are they alright?"

"The human is fine, untouched actually" His voice showed his surprise. **"Your wife, the Druid; lives, but was clearly attacked by something."**

Michael walked by him and toward the house. There was rubble scattered about. He sniffed in the air, searching. **"Wendy said 'witchcraft' right before it happened. The house exploded all around us. I managed to grab her but Emma and Helen were too far away. Then something grabbed me and dragged me to the field"**

"Dragged you?" Silas asked. **"Were you human or Wolf?"**

"Human...to start"

"Who did this?"

"I don't know" Michael looked around. **"There was no one there. Whatever had me I couldn't see or touch. It was powerful, even my strength was unable to counter it"**

"The same must have happened to Andreas" Ryan said, pointing to the dirt driveway. Large grooves were in the ground from where his hands dragged. **"But whatever took him didn't care if we found him or not. It covered your tracks up pretty good though"** He pointed to the smooth ground leading to the field where they found the Grand Alpha. **"Not counting the fence of course"** Which was missing a section as if a car had rammed through it.

"Clearly he was of no concern" Silas said with distaste.

"How did you find us? Why are you here?" Michael turned to Silas.

Silas's eyes narrowed. **"I felt a dark presence. It must have been when all this happened. I came right away and brought men with me. I was surprised to find Andreas here but not Daruth"**

Michael understood all too well what Silas was getting at. He didn't care what the man thought at the moment, his only concern was for his family. **"Daruth is away on business. We were having a gathering for Chase's birthday"**

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“Business?” Silas asked, not letting the conversation drift from Daruth.

“Yes” Michael offered nothing more.

Silas continued. **“I found your human mate downstairs and your wife head first in the bathtub. She lives but did not wake while I was here. Help was called and she was taken away. Andreas was found quickly but we could not locate you or the child until after they left”** Silas waited, seeing if the Alpha would offer more, but nothing else was given.

Ryan was hesitant and spoke meekly. **“This thing that grabbed you, do you have any ideas of what it could be?”**

Michael shook his head. **“No. I’ve never felt anything like it”** He looked at Silas. **“What do you know of Witches?”**

“Witches?” the big man said with surprise. **“They are more a myth than we are. Many call themselves Witch but a true witch is rare indeed”**

“Why?” Michael asked. **“Why is that so?”**

“They seek power and they don’t share it. They kill and sacrifice and hoard their magic for themselves. They grow in power by absorbing the magic of those they kill. Because of this they don’t associate in numbers or travel in groups. Covens are outdated and of no use once a real Witch has come into her power” He watched Michael suspiciously. **“Why would you bring that up? You said you’re attacker did not reveal themselves”**

This subject was clearly something Michael didn’t want to discuss but too much had happened to keep Silas in the dark any longer. He rubbed his forehead. **“I was told a Witch was coming”**

“Told by whom?”

He hesitated. **“By Phoebe”**

Silas glared at him. **“Phoebe spoke...with YOU?”**

“She did. She said I was to prepare for her arrival...for the Witch I mean”

Silas’s mind clicked into place and he was putting everything together right before Michael’s eyes. **“So this business that Daruth is on? It’s because of this Witch?”**

Michael had to give him credit. It was easy to forget how dangerous Silas truly was. There was a reason the man was an Alpha and it wasn’t because of stupidity. As usual he was summing up his competition and calculating his next move. When he didn’t answer, Silas took it as a yes.

“So when were you going to tell the rest of us about the Goddess’s message?”

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Michael took a step forward and confronted Silas; he would not allow a show of power by someone like Silas. **“If she wanted to speak with YOU, she would have”** He leaned in until his big chest bumped the large man. **“Perhaps you disagree and want to settle this right here? Once and for all?”**

Silas didn't back up. At least not right away. He let things sit between them for a moment before he took a step back. **“Vampires, the Naga, how much more must we fight through separate camps? You are Grand Alpha, not some mere Wolf; you should warn those that don't have your strength and not hoard your knowledge from those lesser than you”**

And he was right, and Michael knew it. His distrust of Silas caused the rift between them. It was Silas who made Michael leave Helen in the first place and he had the scar on his face to prove it.

“Now Witches beat down our door? And Phoebe herself warned you of this?” he waved his hand at the destroyed home. **“Your wife is in the hospital, your daughter gone while you were buried in the yard like a dog's bone, and you question MY loyalty?”**

Michael looked at him and then stepped back and turned away. **“Your loyalty has never been in question Silas. I've always known who you fight for”** The statement stood for itself. Michael moved to the house and jumped up to Emma's room, his powerful legs easily making the jump. Silas and Ryan followed close behind.

“She was here, there is no question” Ryan said, mostly to himself. **“But she doesn't leave. She doesn't walk out or fall down. She's just here and nowhere else”** His finger was pointing to where Michael last saw her.

One of the Werewolves changed down below and called out. **“Andreas wakes!”**

Helen sat in the hospital room. Wendy had just been brought back after a scan of her body had ruled out severe damage. The doctor told her that he had drained a great deal of fluid from her lungs and would be kept comfortable until she waked on her own. They would not know of permanent damage until then. Helen nodded and told the doctor she would keep trying to get a hold of Wendy's family, although she knew that would be unlikely.

Andreas, Michael, Wendy, and Emma...all gone.

She sat in the chair next to Wendy's bed and held her hand, her other holding the silver cross she wore around her neck.

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“It’s going to be alright Wendy” she said softly. **“Silas is there, he’ll find everyone”** She looked at the sleeping woman, not sure of the truth of what she had just said. Everything she knew of Silas made her not trust him, but there was no one else.

Helen’s head snapped up.

There was someone else!

She reached for her phone and ran through her contact list. It took only three rings before a woman answered.

“Elyria?” she asked.

Elyria paced back and forth. Her conversation with Helen unnerved her. Her best men were with Chase and she was unable to reach them. She wanted to go to Michael to help him in his search but knew she couldn’t. Silas was there and she could not go without Daruth on her arm. The man was far too dangerous to confront without aid. Andreas had been wounded and her husband was still far away.

She walked out of her home and looked around. Perhaps she should send another to alert her men? Should she risk weakening her own camp? She could send a woman, someone she could spare. Children ran by her laughing and pushing at each other playfully.

Her mind was made up at the sight of them. She could risk no more. She called her guard and told them of the danger. The remaining men rallied around her and obeyed her orders instantly. She could be of little help without her husband, at least as far as Michael was concerned. But at the very least she could be there for the women. She went back in her home and took out an old book from a large bookcase in Daruth’s study. She thumbed through the pages until she found a loose piece of paper with a handwritten phone number on it.

She took in a deep breath and lifted the phone off the desk and dialed the number.

“This is Elyria” She said simply when the phone was lifted on the other end. There was no voice to speak back to her. **“I have a Druid female that was attacked in her own home. The woman is wife to a Grand Alpha Werewolf”** She paused again. Still there was no reply. **“It is believed magic was the cause”**

There was a rubbing at the other end, as if someone covered the phone with their hand. The pause lasted for a moment and then the phone went dead.

The Book of Lies

Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

Elyria looked at it and placed it back on the desk. She returned the paper to the book and put it back on the shelf. Daruth would not like what she did. He did not trust users of magic and especially not these users, but Elyria had nowhere else to turn.

There was only one way to fight magic and that was WITH magic. She took in a deep breath and went outside and summoned the women. The children must be accounted for. No child could move through camp without escort until the danger was gone. She looked at the woods surrounding her pack.

How many more men must they lose?

The Witch stood at the archway.

Her eyes moved carefully over the heavy vines, looking for the smallest of errors. Considering the girl's age, the work was impressive. Thick stalks wound together so tightly they appeared to have merged in several spots. The roots dipped deep into the ground to keep the structure from falling. It was a simple thing to the naked eye. It looked like a miniature version of what newlyweds would walk under after they were married. It was a novelty and appeared to serve no real purpose, certainly not in the middle of a forest.

But the truth was far greater.

The magic protecting this area was old; far older than even the Witch. She did not have the power to breach the barrier and secure what she sought. If the spell went down, if she cracked it, THEY would know. They would come like a wave at her, an army to destroy her and end her quest for all time. It had taken decades for her to find the location. It had been hidden well and the Wizards that cast the spell were clever indeed. The Witch appreciated fine magic, even when it was used against her.

She was powerful, but not that powerful. She could not stand against so many. The treasure was far too precious to allow one such as her to attain it. They would kill her swiftly and wipe all trace of her away. She had to think faster and several steps ahead. If all went as she planned she would be gone before anyone realized what she had done, and once out from the barrier, her power would be absolute.

This was the only way.

The child was the key. She had a unique ability. She was able to make a simple door through the barrier without breaching it directly. It was the nature of her magic. The magic of life. The immense spell would stay intact, the Witch would have access, and no one would know.

All because of a little girl.

The Book of Lies Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

The Witch had no illusions. Once she put her hands on it, the spell would react. She had to move quickly and escape before she was trapped. Only the girl could hold it without alerting the others. Only she could free it from its cage.

The Witch took in a deep breath and gently tested the spell. It was solid, like a wall, at least to her. The power it took to erect such a thing was a work of magical beauty. She had to give the Wizards credit, but like every problem, there was a solution.

This part was difficult for her. The barrier that kept her out would also trap her inside. If the Witch stepped in she would be cut off from any magic she didn't have with her. Even her familiar could not escape. The heavy vines held up the barrier like a great curtain. The child had done a good job of erecting the door, now it was up to the Witch to do her part.

She crouched low so not to touch the delicate archway and crawled through. She felt the ripple once she was on the other side. There was a sudden absence to her strength. It was like running abruptly uphill and losing your breath. There would be no help for her here. No help except the help she brought with her and she only revealed what she must to HIM.

The child would be moving to the source. She would follow and secure her position once everything was in place. There was only one more thing to deal with. A pack of Werewolves had moved on far ahead, but the path they took could lead them back to her if they turned around. She could handle them but there would be an even greater force behind her, and she had no power to waste on them; no patients when she was so close to getting what she wanted.

So she did the next best thing.

She had to bargain for him to come. Now that she was inside she cast out her power to find him.

She summoned the Litch.

Andreas was of little help. He never witnessed the explosion. Whatever had taken him had done so first, removing him from the site before anyone else. He was able to use his cell phone to reach Helen though. After a tense conversation where Helen told him what happened and Andreas made sure they were both safe, he gave the phone to Michael. Michael didn't need her to retell her story; he heard the whole thing as did Silas and the others. Werewolf hearing was acute.

"Find Emma Michael. I won't leave Wendy's side, I promise. The doctors all say she'll live" Helen had assured him after a few minutes of back and forth conversation. Michael handed the phone back to Andreas and he waited until Michael stepped away before he spoke to her in quiet tones.

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Michael moved back to the house and began to lift massive sections away to search underneath.

“She is not here my Lord” Ryan said humbly. **“She could be under all of it and I would know”**

Michael looked at him with an angry glare. Ryan cowered and held up his hands. **“But that’s better isn’t it? I mean she is not harmed by this”**

Michael did not reply. He threw a twelve foot beam clear over the roof in anger. His heavy bicep surged with power and Ryan stepped back and moved toward Silas. Andreas came up and held out the phone to Michael.

“Helen needs to tell you something”

“Helen?” Michael said into the phone.

“Michael there is something you should know. I don’t know if it means anything but after the Vampire...” her voice trailed off. **“Whatever had me tried to keep me from Wendy and...well, I managed to hurt it”**

Everyone looked at Michael. They had heard what she said. **“Hurt it how?”**

“I’m not sure. I just struggled with it and I shouted out. There was a loud moan and I’m sure it was in pain by whatever I did”

Silas was deep in thought; his eyes darted to the ground as they shifted with this new information. **“Ask her if it held her the way it did your wife?”**

Michael relayed the message.

“Not like it did Wendy. She was lifted off the ground. It felt slippery to me like it couldn’t take complete hold. Maybe it was too busy with her to bother with me? Maybe it’s nothing, but it felt like it didn’t want to confront both of us so it settled on her instead”

“That’s highly doubtful” Silas said. **“Whatever this was it took out Andreas and you while dealing with the Druid at the same time. A human woman should have been no match for it”**

“The same human woman that single handedly destroyed a Vampire” Michael countered. **“Helen. What were you doing when it moaned?”**

“Well, I had just had enough. It was killing Wendy. I shouted out and...oh” she stopped abruptly.

“Oh what?” Silas stepped forward to hear better, his frustration clear in his voice. There was an eternal pause that almost made Silas take the phone from Michael.

“I grabbed my crucifix”

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Silas looked hard at Michael. **“Witchcraft indeed”**

Jason had come back to camp with three of Daruth’s men. He gave Sean a slight shake of his head, letting him know they were not to blame for Chase’s feeling earlier. A younger man with thick brown hair came up and introduced himself. His name was Abel.

“So you boys ready to hunt?”

Bart stepped up partially blocking Chase from sight. **“We know how to hunt”**

The man smiled. **“Really? Tell me then, what animals have been through here recently? And which are still in the area?”**

Chase looked at Bart and then at Sean. Neither offered an answer.

“It’s easy to hunt an animal on sight, to chase it down and kill it, but to actually hunt one is another matter altogether. I used to live in the woods for years until Daruth took me in. It’s how I survived”

This was an important statement. Most Wolves, like Bart, Sean, and Jason, grew up in a pack. They hunted with others and had many meals cooked by parents and pack mates. Living solely on wild animal was a thing of the past. Werewolves were far more refined then they were decades ago. Now they lived as humans for the most part succumbing to their beasts only on occasion.

“How long did you live like that?” Jason asked. He had never met a wild Wolf before.

The man smiled warmly. **“About fifteen years”**

Sean’s eyes bulged out. **“Fifteen years! How old were you when you changed?”**

“Twelve” he replied simply.

“Damn” Jason said. **“What about your parents?”**

He shook his head. **“I don’t know them. I changed when I was with a foster family. I never went back, and lived in the woods until Daruth found me”**

“I’ve never heard of anyone living so long alone. I can’t believe no one found you” Jason said, impressed.

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The man shrugged. **“I stayed a Wolf for most of it. I had a hard time changing back so I just stayed that way. I only reverted to human form on occasion. When Daruth found me he had to use his power to subdue my beast. It took him quite a while to get me to change”** he smiled. **“Days in fact”**

The boys, even Bart, had new respect for Abel. Werewolves who stayed wolf for too long sometimes lost the ability to change back forever; the human in them gone for all time. None of them knew anyone like that; it was just a story to them. Until now. For Daruth to separate the human from the Wolf after so long was damn near a miracle by itself.

They each asked questions, forgetting that Abel wasn't part of their pack. To them he was a treasure. He accomplished something no other lone Wolf had.

He survived.

After a good half hour Abel changed the conversation back to hunting. They listened as he spoke and followed him as he pointed around at what to look for. He talked for a long time and eventually they all changed form and began to hunt under his guidance.

None of them noticed their cell phones had no signal.

None of them received Elyria's message.

Daruth left the Alaska pack reluctantly. Being in the presence of his former Master felt good and renewed his spirit. It was as if he was a child again, carefree and removed from the responsibility of making so many decisions. Kalibrus had told him much and he wanted to report back to Michael and feel the warmth of his own pack surrounding him again.

It was nightfall. The stars shined down on him and the moon was crystal clear in the night sky. This was how a Wolf should live he thought to himself as he made his way down the mountain. His massive paws dug deep into the ground as he ran easily through the dense woods.

He smelled her miles away.

She was still there, still camping alone.

He veered course and ran faster. It took minutes to travel the few miles to reach her. He stopped and listened as he sniffed the air. She was awake, the smell of burning wood filing his nose.

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He couldn't help himself. He was free here, at peace. Even Montana couldn't compare to the expanse of nature that covered this land. There were no city lights to obstruct his vision, no sounds of cars or airplanes. It was as if the Earth was new and unpopulated. The beast that lived in Daruth was exhilarated.

He moved closer until he could see her. She was wearing a dark flannel shirt, her long hair flowing down her shoulders. A fire was in the center of camp casting a dim light across her.

Daruth breathed in her scent. His big cock thickened between his hairy legs. He stepped out of the woods and let her see his approach.

She stood up immediately and took a defensive position. It had been several days since he had been with her. She moved her body keeping herself behind the flames but made no move to run.

Daruth could feel her emotion wash over him like a wave. He stepped slowly closer on four legs until he was about ten feet away. Then he stood up. His massive muscled body towered over her as his thick dark fur moved in the night breeze.

The woman's eyes were wide but not with fear. She looked over his powerful body her gaze resting on the huge prick that rose between his legs.

Daruth let her look as he cast out his will over her. She did what he expected her to do; she unbuttoned her shirt and let it fall to the ground. She walked around the fire and pushed her pants off next, stepping out of them and facing him completely naked.

In truth, she never stood a chance. For a woman to resist the primal urge of a full grown Werewolf was something Daruth had never even heard of. With him being an Alpha, the chances were even more remote.

His cock grew like a baseball bat, his heavy balls swinging full between his muscled legs. The woman moaned as she walked up to him. He watched as she carefully reached out her hands and ran them against his hairy chest. She felt his massive arms and even ran her hands over his clawed fingers.

Daruth radiated sexual energy and she bathed in it. It was like sleeping outside in the cold night air and then suddenly someone lit a warm fire near you. She was drawn to him in a primal way and she didn't resist at all.

She fell to her knees before him and took hold of his mighty cock and rubbed it on her face. It pulsed and throbbed in her hands as she caressed her smooth skin with his hot flesh. Her soft fingers ran lightly down the long, thick shaft and cupped his large, hairy balls possessively. She moaned loudly and began to kiss his beastly prick as her pussy became instantly wet with desire.

Daruth could smell her sex. It made his beastly cock throb. This is what it meant to be an Alpha, to be worshipped and desired, to have women throw themselves at him for the merest hint of his returned affection. Men, strong men, would bow to him and acknowledge his power and children would look up at him in awe.

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Daruth looked around as she rubbed at him. He let a deep tone fill the area, to warn other animals away, as if that were necessary. Nothing would dare approach a predator like him. No bear, no mountain lion, no human. Nothing lived in these woods that he could not kill.

The woman attempted the impossible and opened her mouth to suck on his heavy dick. Her tongue ran across the full head as she tried to force it inside. Her throat let out a hungry groan at the taste and her fingers gripped the fat shaft tightly as she did her best to feast on him.

Daruth let her try, knowing she wouldn't succeed. He was, after all...an Alpha and she should be on her knees.

Chase ran with the others but saw Abel looking at him every time he looked back. Able had a sleek Wolf. Like the others he had a certain sense of power and danger to his animal, but nowhere near the level that Bart or Sean had. The two men that came from Daruth's pack hung back, full adult Wolves that made even Bart look small. Jason was in the trees and scanning the area like a great furry hawk while everyone else was on the ground.

They hunted for hours and killed two deer. Chase had never eaten an animal before. Not one that wasn't cooked at least. The beast in him had no trouble with it. Everyone ate. His human mind was far away and it was his black beast that commanded the body now. Chase was for all intents and purposes, just riding along.

They found a wide stream; the water was running fast and downhill. Each animal moved inside and washed off the blood of the kill and then continued to walk until the stream became a waterfall.

That's where they changed.

Abel watched Chase and stepped forward before the others changed completely. The new boy was able to change much faster than the others. Maybe his time as a Wolf made that so, Chase didn't know. The two adult males stayed Wolf and watched them from the woods. They did not take part in the hunt or the kill, they simply watched.

"You're a Werewolf?" Abel asked.

Chase nodded. **"Yeah. I know I don't look like it"**

Abel shook his head. **"I wouldn't go that far. You look like a Wolf, but just more of something else"**

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Chase wasn't used to anyone giving him a compliment when they saw his beast. For most Werewolves seeing Chase change was amusing at best. At least until they tried to catch him.

"Your Son to the Grand Alpha?"

Chase nodded.

"The only Son?"

"Yeah. He has a daughter but she's not Wolf"

"Why are your eyes gold?"

Chase stopped talking for a moment. He wasn't ready for this question mostly because he had already been through it with everyone else. The difference this time was that now he knew the answer. He knew everything in fact. Polus had told him things that excited and scared Chase. The eyes were a gift from his Godly Father and they were far more than just for looks.

Now Chase had a decision to make.

"I was born for a different reason than them" he waved to the others who were almost changed. Sean was nearly complete but farther away and too distracted by his change to pay attention to them. **"I'm not part of a pack"**

Abel looked back to see Sean finishing. He turned back to Chase. **"I thought I would smell the Grand Alpha on you, and I did when you were human, but not when you were Wolf"** His eyes moved across Chase's small body. **"I believe you when you say you have no pack"**

Sean walked up his naked body lined with sleek muscle. The blonde hair waving in the air like some runway model. **"What's up?"**

Abel answered. **"We were talking about Chase's Wolf. I can't believe how black he is. He's like a shadow"**

Sean moved between the two of them non-threatening but his intentions were clear. **"Yeah, he's amazing like that"**

Bart growled and everyone turned to see him pat his belly. **"Now THAT was a meal!"** he grinned at Jason who was running his hands through his own hair.

"I don't think I'm gonna eat for days" the tall boy said, holding his waist for emphasis. He looked at the waterfall. **"Hell we should have camped here! I didn't even know this existed"**

Abel shook his head. **"All animals come here to drink. Having a group of Werewolves at the watering hole is not good for hunting"**

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Sean's eyes rose up and down in agreement. Abel seemed to say all the right things. He liked the boy. As a rule he didn't associate with anyone outside of Silas's pack. Now that he was bonded to Michael that didn't change. It was a shame too. He really would have liked to know Abel.

"You change fast" Bart said to Abel.

"And you're a good hunter" Jason added. **"I've never known anyone to track like that"**

Abel smiled. He was pleased with their compliments. There wasn't too much need for him in Daruth's pack. It's not that his skill weren't appreciated, but in this day and age if a Wolf wanted food there was a grocery store nearby. It wasn't like he was needed to bring home a kill every night to feed the pack.

They all got into the pool made by the waterfall and enjoyed a long swim. Bart threw Chase repeatedly in the air and was there to splash him when he came up for a breath. Chase changed tactics and swam underwater and pulled Bart down by his strong legs. Bart grabbed his hands and tugged him close, wrapping his arms around the boy as they broke the surface together. Chase leaned into him and nuzzled Bart's thick neck.

Abel watched them from a distance and caught Sean's eye. The handsome blonde boy was looking at him in warning. It was clear Chase was off limits, regardless of Abel's intentions. It was just that Abel had never known true pack brothers like them. He had no one to bond with like these boys did since he grew up alone. He looked back to see Bart hug Chase hard and make him laugh before he turned away and dove under water.

He said nothing to Chase or the others of what he saw. Chase wasn't part of any pack and Abel thought he knew why. Pack brothers, real pack brothers knew things about each other that bonded them as a family. If a real bond existed between these three boys and Chase, they would see what was inside of him, and it was something that Abel was sure the black haired boy didn't want them to know.

Maybe it was because Abel spent so much of his life alone that he saw what he did. Maybe it took another lone Wolf to sense it. Maybe the magic of a real pack stopped others from seeing what he did. Maybe it was love. Regardless, Abel knew a truth about Chase that no one else knew.

Chase was part Vampire.

Daruth was thrusting inside the woman as gently as his beast would allow. It was amazing she could take as much of him as she did. She had already cum twice as he lay above her and pushed in and out of her hungry body. His eyes moved over her as her head twisted back and forth. She had accepted him so easily she would have made a good Wolf. Her eyes were closed as her body rode his heavy prick and her hands dug into his back, pulling his against her.

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This was the second time he had come to her. In truth it was amazing that she was still here. After he left the magic of his will would dissolve and she would remember what happened. That alone should have made her pack up and leave for civilization. But here she was, ready for him again.

Daruth sniffed at her smelling their sex heavy in the air. There had to be a reason for this. No one had sex with a Werewolf and shrugged it off as if it happened every day. There was only one thing left for him to do. He drove his big prick deep inside her and watched as she responded in kind. He got her off for the third time and as her pussy clamped down on his rock hard shaft Daruth opened his mouth and bit her neck just enough to draw blood.

She arched her back and spread her legs apart as he sunk inside her as far as he could go. The sensation of his bite made her cry out as he body went through her third orgasm.

Daruth licked at the blood flowing from her neck and tasted it. The woman didn't resist at all as he lapped at her flesh. He moved his head away and pressed his hand against the wound and squeezed. It wasn't deep and the blood would stop momentarily. As he looked down the woman was wracked with pleasure and oblivious to anything but his hard cock inside her. Daruth's thick tongue swirled around as he ran her blood across the inside of his mouth.

It was then that he knew the truth.

Werewolves could tell many things from blood, the easiest being who a Wolf belonged to. For an Alpha like Daruth this actually wasn't needed. They had the power to feel any Wolf within their proximity. Each Wolf gave off a sort of vibration of ownership. It had taken years for Daruth to master the skill. It started after he became an Alpha and he began to interact with other Wolves outside his own pack. There was a difference to them that was consistent with one another. He found that Wolves belonging to the same pack gave off the same vibration. It was pack magic at its most basic. As an Alpha Daruth didn't need to taste blood to identify Wolves, his own willpower did that. He tasted the woman's blood for another reason entirely, because there were other things the blood could reveal. Family ties for one. Daruth could taste physical bonds between members of the same family. He could tell Father to Son. It was the reason a blood test wasn't necessary to determine parentage. Male Wolves mated with many female Wolves in hopes of having children. Once the children were born the Father was easily identified. This of course wasn't the reason Daruth tasted the woman's blood. He knew she was no Wolf the first time he laid eyes on her. He did it for another reason.

And now he had his answer.

The woman was dying.

He lay carefully over her as she finished her orgasm until her body became limp beneath him. His rock hard shaft was solid and deep inside her. He lifted himself up until he could look at her face, casting out his power until she dropped into a deep sleep. He pulled his big cock from her and stood up.

It took him three minutes to change into a human.

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Daruth lifted her up and took her near the fire, covering her with a blanket and then sat down next to her. She had breast cancer and by the taste of her blood she would be dead within the next six months. He looked around at her supplies. They wouldn't last that long. Did she intend to die here? To live out her last days alone and in isolation?

He watched her sleep and thought for a long time before he made up his mind. It would be hours before she would wake on her own. Their lovemaking had exhausted her to depletion and only time would bring her back now. He kept the fire stoked and made sure she stayed warm.

He watched the magnificent sun rise slowly in the sky and as the warmth of its light bathed over him and soothed his skin the woman began to stir. She looked up at him slowly as he sat near her. Her eyes shifted around to see if anyone else was with them. As she sat up she realized she was naked and held the blanket up to her chest to hide herself from Daruth. Daruth sat nearby and watched no clothes on his strong body.

"Good morning. I thought this time you and I should talk"

She still said nothing. She reached for a canteen of water and unscrewed the cap and took a deep drink. Then she looked at him and said, **"What are you?"**

Daruth smiled. **"A little late to be asking questions don't you think?"**

She didn't smile back. **"What you did to me"** she began. **"I've never..."** her voice trailed off.

Daruth shrugged. **"Sorry. Nature of the beast. I've never been able to resist a beautiful woman, especially one who gives herself so freely to me"**

She pulled the blanket around her body and looked embarrassed.

Daruth allowed her a moment and said, **"I know your dying"**

He didn't look at her. He allowed her that small comfort of dignity.

"The cancer in your body will win. It's only a matter of time"

She adjusted herself on the ground. **"Why are you telling me this? Who are you?"**

He turned his handsome face toward her. **"I'm someone who can change your life. In fact I'm about to give you a choice that I've only given three other people"**

He stood up and faced her. His muscled body was like sculpted stone, his huge cock hung low between his hairy thighs. He had no shame in being naked. He was beautiful.

Her eyes ran over him. **"You're not human are you?"**

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He grinned at her. **"Sometimes I am"**

Emma was almost there. Her small feet were protected by the black smoke that wrapped around her legs. It wouldn't be long before she was there. The Raven hopped and flew near her, keeping up but not interfering with her path. It knew the Witch was inside. It felt her presence as soon as she crawled through the archway Emma had made. Still everything was up to the girl. The Witch was helpless until she fulfilled her duty.

Only Emma could get it.

Only she could find it.

Miles away the Witch stopped and looked down at the ground at the two circles that lay near each other in the dirt. She knew what they were but said nothing. The plans were made long before this and no words were needed. She moved beyond the marks and stepped up on a log. She lifted out her hands and waited. It took only moments before her body was lifted off the ground and she began to slowly fly.

Almost a century ago a decision was made.

It sat on a large circular table as the Wizards surrounded it. Three women huddled together. They were Druids. One Wizard with white hair and a long tan cloak turned to them and said. **"You know what it is now and what must be done. No one can know of it. Not now. Not ever"**

The women nodded but did not step forward. They were understandably afraid.

"It cannot be destroyed. We've already tried. Every form of magic has been used to no avail" he looked solemn. **"This is the only way. If we hide it it's only a matter of time before it's found. A war will break out and hundreds will die if not thousands"** He looked around the forest. **"We've gathered every Wizard we could find. The spell took seven days to cast"** He looked at his feet. **"We lost one of our own in the process"**

The women looked at each other and slowly nodded.

"If this gets out, even for a little while, death will reign. It's the purpose for which it was made"

Everyone's eyes moved to the center of the table.

"Now, we've told you what to do and why it's the Druids that have to do it. The rest is up to you. We will wait here and leave when the job is done"

The Book of Lies

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A dark haired woman with striking features spoke for the Druids. **“It will be done Amegnon. Just as you ask. We three will hold the secret and only pass it down when one of us falls”**

Amegnon nodded. **“If the spell breaks we will know it but only you will know where to find it. Only you can retrieve it”** he waved his hand at the trees. **“Here your power is absolute. Don’t fail us”**

A second woman stepped between the Wizards and looked at it. **“We can touch it? It won’t harm us?”**

A Wizard in dark brown robes said, **“You may be the only ones that can”**

She turned to her sisters. **“Let it be done”**

The last Druid moved up and wrapped the cloth around it, lifting it up off the table. It was heavy, heavier than she expected. She placed it in a bag and stood before Amegnon. **“What do you call it?”**

“We call it what it is” He said simply, as if the answer should be clear.

“The Book of Lies”

CHAPTER TWEELEVE

The women walked for miles. The spell the Wizards cast covered almost the whole forest, extending into the sky and below the ground. No tunnel would travel inside, nor could anyone simply fly in from above. Black magic was banned forever by the barrier but would make no move against those not touched by the dark. The Druids were tasked to hide the Book to prevent a Witch using a human or some other non-dark being to retrieve it. The magic was layered and folded around the forest, even inside the barrier, to stop this exact thing. The Wizards planned and plotted and constructed the strongest spell they could muster, to hide the Book for all time. It was their intention that it would be lost in history as it wrote itself around the Book.

They were wrong.

The Druid’s traveled deep in the forest using their magic to make it virtually impossible for a human being to follow their path to the tree. Anyone else would get lost and tangled in the vines; the trees themselves would lead them in circles like a maze until hopefully they gave up. In this way, only a Druid could find the Book and deny anyone else access.

They would use a tree; a very special tree.

The Book of Lies

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The oldest of the three was named Naomi Puller. Her mother was a Druid as was her mother, and her mother before her. As far back as Naomi could trace, Druid's lived in her bloodline. She had a special union with nature that the Wizards identified. Through her power the Book could be sealed away. They gave her four months to prepare.

Many Gods granted Druid's magic, a literal pantheon of in fact. From wood nymphs to satyrs to Gaia herself, there were many names for the dozen or so deities that the Druid's gave reverence to, and in trees that lived for centuries, the Druid's sang their praises.

Naomi, as most Druid's, saved their best magic for trees. They cultivated them and fed them magic to grow strong and powerful. Every Druid had one nearby, for protection from enemies, and for connection to friends. It was through trees that they spoke, their magic casting out messages far into the earth, only to be retrieved by trees around the world.

It was a literal network of magic.

Naomi had come here for months. She used her best magic to create what she thought would be the perfect guardian for the Book. She devoted every waking hour to feed the tree and bless the ground it sat upon. It was like no other in the forest and could not be mistaken for anything other than magical.

As the women approached it hours later, they marveled at the sight.

"It's amazing!" One said out loud as she knelt before it. Naomi looked on with pride at the towering tree in front of them. It was a king of trees with powerful limbs and roots that ran deep into the ground. No storm, no act of nature would uproot this tree. It would last for hundreds of years and flourish long after they were all dead. It had massive leaves of the darkest green that gleamed in the light, and bark so thick that a truck couldn't dent it. It was quite simply, a masterpiece.

The Druid's knelt in silence, each sending a prayer to the wood God of their choice and long minutes later Naomi stood up and wiped her hands on her legs. **"It's time. Let it be done"**

The Tree swayed, its massive limbs reaching out and caressing each woman in turn. It was beautiful magic, magic of life and nature. It was life that would keep the Book safe. It was life that would deny dark hearts from taking it. It was why the Druid's could touch the Book, because it had no direct power of them. They received their strength from another source, a source of life. There was no such thing as an evil Druid. They did not kill. They did not covet magic of others; they simply basked in the glory of the Earth. For them it was enough, and so the Book had nothing to offer them.

They set the Book on the ground and stepped back. It was still wrapped in the heavy cloth as they reached for each other's hands and began to sing. It took just a moment for them to connect.

The Tree awoke full and moved as if alive. Every branch and leaf moved at the call as the Tree basked in their power. The women spoke to it and chanted their need. The great Tree swayed and embraced their magic, letting them know it understood. Thick roots ripped from the ground and seized the Book like great serpents and held it aloft of the ground. Then the massive trunk began to shift and the thick bark

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began to fold itself inward until a large hole appeared. The roots snapped in the air and moved deep inside the hole carrying the Book with it.

The Druid's watched the Tree literally devour the Book into its body as the ground rumbled with the great construct's movements until long moments later when the heavy roots came slowly out, no longer holding anything. They stabbed into the disturbed ground and settled once more beneath the earth as the Druid's watched the hole in the trunk mend before their eyes.

The great branches settled and the Tree stood silence once more. No mere human would ever breach its walls or be able to dig deep enough to find the Book on their own.

The magic was powerful, perhaps the most powerful magic a Druid had ever cast. Naomi looked at her sisters and they knelt once more to pray to the Tree and the Gods that bonded them with power.

It was done.

They gave praise and one sister stood up and looked at Naomi. She nodded with a smile and said, "**The Puller Tree**"

"**The Puller Tree it is**" the third sister said in agreement.

They looked at it one last time, having no intention of ever coming back. No Druid would. The Tree must be kept safe and away from searching eyes. No Druid could risk being followed, so instead, the Tree would be forgotten to all but three.

Naomi blew it a kiss and turned her back walking with her sisters as they took her hands and left the Tree to guard the Book for all time.

Their job was done, the Book secure.

As they walked from sight a deep green leaf fell from a high branch and slowly floated to the ground. By the time it landed the leaf was black and decayed and crumbled to dust within minutes.

The battle had begun.

It took hours to return to the table.

The Wizards waited.

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The task was complete.

Amegnon nodded to the women and waved his hand at the large table and it dissolved into thin air. **“Let us leave this place, never to return”**

The Wizards began to blink out of existence one after the other until only Amegnon and the Druids were left.

“I hope we never met again Wizard” Naomi said politely.

He nodded. **“I know the sacrifice you’ve made Naomi”** he lowered his voice. **“Only the Earth herself can save us now, and no one is more qualified to speak to her than you”**

His body dissolved before their eyes, leaving the sisters alone.

“Are we just to leave and hope the Wizards spell holds?” One asked Naomi.

Naomi looked at the forest in thought as they walked to the edge of the barrier and beyond. The spell would not prevent them from moving back and forth, the magic of life was immune to it, but Naomi knew where it was nevertheless having witnessed the spell firsthand. She felt kinship to the Tree, even though she knew no one but her sisters would see her creation. Such a thing was hard to let go of and Naomi could not simply walk away and forget.

“A Druid should remain nearby” she said.

“One of us?”

Naomi shook her head. **“No. We can’t risk it. No one can know what we know. I don’t want rumors about the Book to get out, this stays between us. We’ll place another here, start a generation of Druids. If the Tree is disturbed the Druid will know it”** Her hand reached out and she touched the branch of a bush. Immediately it bloomed with thick white flowers and scented the air with an aroma of nectar. **“Plus the magic of a Druid will feed the Tree”**

“How, if they don’t know it exists in the first place?”

“They don’t have to. The Tree will find the magic; I’ve made sure of it. Whoever we place won’t even know the spell is there but the Tree will alert one of our kind if it’s ever disturbed”

“It will defend itself?” The youngest of the three asked.

Naomi nodded. **“It will kill if it has to”** She looked distraught at her words. **“The magic of life used to take life. What have we agreed to sisters?”**

“We do what we must. The Book can never be used. This is our burden now Naomi”

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The woman reached out and took the hands of both her sisters. **“This is not what we were born to do. This I know. I want this to die here and between us, but I know that won’t happen. The Book can’t be destroyed, only hidden. We will pass the secret when we must...but no sooner. I want no others to share in this. We will protect our own”** She squeezed their hands. **“This I swear”**

With a final parting nod, each Druid stepped near a different tree and disappeared with a shimmer.

Eight hundred and forty one years later, a Druid did indeed live near the Puller Tree...although she never knew it.

Her name was Wendy.

Helen held her hand waiting for her to wake. Nurses came and went checking charts and fine tuning the equipment in the room. They smiled at Helen and gave her reassuring nods but none of them told her what she really wanted to know...would Wendy be alright?

The room smelled sterile and just like a hospital should, Helen thought. The walls were a neutral color that matched the curtains. She took out a damp cloth and ran it across Wendy’s forehead doing whatever she could to make her comfortable. She hadn’t heard from anyone for a while but she knew they would be busy. After what she saw she knew that Michael and Andreas had their hands full and could only hope that whatever had done this would be over soon.

She moved to a big stuffed chair and sat down, pulling a blanket around her and then she fell asleep.

She opened her eyes when she heard the door open sometime later.

A man came in wearing a white coat. She blinked and looked up. It was dark outside but a small light was shining up the wall behind Wendy’s head and bathing the room in a soft glow. The man was handsome, very handsome. His skin was perfect. He had thick black hair and the most beautiful eyes Helen had ever seen. He seemed out of place, like an exotic animal transplanted from its natural habitat. Helen shook the sleep from her head and smiled.

“Didn’t mean to wake you” he said with a rich soothing voice as he closed the door.

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“No bother” She watched him move to the bed and place his hand on Wendy’s head for a moment.

“She’s strong, this one” he said with a smile.

“I hope she’s strong enough” She ran a hand through her hair doing her best to look better for the stranger in the room.

“Well, God willing” he told her nodding to her silver cross.

Helen reached for it and rubbed the smooth metal between her fingers. **“God had nothing to do with this”**

The man looked at her deeply, almost offended. His eyes...they were so bright, so alive. **“You don’t think?”**

Suddenly Helen felt the hair on her neck rise. The man was too perfect. In fact everything about him was wrong. He was too beautiful, too alluring. **“Who are you?”**

“Well that was fast”, he smiled warmly. **“No one you need to be worried about”** He assured her. **“Let’s just say I have a vested interest in how this all turns out”**

“Turns out?”

He nodded. **“You live in a strange world Helen. You know things exist that for everyone else only lives in imagination. You’ve witnessed evil and watched your family suffer because of it. And yet you question your faith?”**

“Faith is all I have” She replied. His voice was hypnotic. There was a quality to it that made her relax. She knew he wasn’t human, she had been around enough of the supernatural to realize this, but whatever he was meant her no harm. It wasn’t anything he said that made her think this, it was something her soul revealed.

“Faith is a powerful force and stronger than most magic. Trust me. I know” He grinned and walked around the bed to face her. He gave her a deep look. **“Tell me does the absence of God negate his existence?”**

Helen looked confused. **“I don’t understand the question”**

He tilted his head in thought. **“Well, you’ve seen Werewolves and Vampires, Druids and the like. You’ve seen your own Son change into something far beyond normal and still no God”** He nodded to Wendy. **“You’ve watched your friend beaten with black magic while you stood helpless to watch”** He let it sink in and added, **“Where is God?”**

Helen shook her head. **“NO! It wouldn’t touch me!”** she explained. **“It couldn’t!”** she corrected herself.

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He took in a breath. **"I've been around a long time. With everything there is a balance. People walk the earth and blame God for things they can't control. They see things as separate but in truth everything is connected. They see magic as being apart from the world they live in as if God would make it impossible for it to live in the first place. As if the two can't exist side by side"** He leaned against the bed. **"But why? Because God doesn't use magic, that's why. He doesn't allow it to touch his people"** the handsome man smiled. **"You see if magic existed, if He made it, then his people would be able to use it also. Right?"**

Helen said nothing, her mind whirled.

"Believing in One doesn't make the Other false. Just the opposite in fact. Who else could make magic? Who else would allow the existence of Vampires and Werewolves?"

Helen shook her head. **"I don't know. Why are you telling me this? Who are you?"**

He gave her a hard look. **"Of course you know"** he said firmly and disregarding her last two questions. **"Why do you think you're here? Everyone wants God to send angels down, to swoop in on white wings and make everything alright, but why?"**

"Because he can" she offered, but the handsome man shook his head.

"I'm not arguing that, I just mean why would he need to?"

"So we..." she touched her chest. **"So humans can fight this. All of this!"** she motioned to Wendy. **"What are we to do against such things? I have no power"**

The man gave her an amused look. **"No?"**

"God doesn't work in spells and transformations. He's above such things"

"You say that as if he hasn't done anything about this" The handsome man replied. **"But he has"** he paused. **"You know the odds of a human female giving birth to a Werewolf? Do you know the chance a simple human has of defying a Vampire? You think God just let's all this happen and leaves humanity to fend for themselves? Sink or swim?"** he smiled, his eyes blazing with intelligence. He was leading Helen down a path with his words, making her see through his eyes. **"Years ago you had only a glimpse of what was really walking the earth, and now you know for certain. You think Michael and Wendy have a better grasp on life than you do, because of what they are, but the truth is they know no more than you do. They just see life from a different angle"** He stood up and looked over to Wendy. **"Things will get worse before they get better"**

He wasn't threatening her. She didn't know why she believed him, she just did. Whoever he was, whatever he was, she trusted him.

"The darkest night has yet to fall. By that time you'll pray and beg for help" He walked over to her and put one large hand on her shoulder. **"Faith"** She looked up at him like a child does to its parent. **"Nothing is as it seems. Only time will reveal the truth, only faith will pull you through. God"**

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doesn't need to send angels Helen; he's already involved in this. He has been from the start. People want fireworks and burning bushes but God doesn't need such gross displays"

"Help us!" Helen said to him as he took away his hand and stood tall before her. **"I know you can, I can feel it from you"**

"I have done all I can"

"But you know something! What are we fighting and what does it want?"

He looked at the ground it thought before slowly moving to the door. He turned and looked at Helen one final time. **"Faith is a powerful weapon and underrated by even the strongest magic user. No one has more of it than you. Remember that"**

Helen stood up. **"Who are you? Are you an angel?"**

He laughed and his eyes gleamed with life. **"No Helen, I'm no angel. As I said, God doesn't need to send angels"** He opened the door and as he walked out he said, **"He sent you"**

Chase wasn't happy. They had spent several hours swimming and hunting and exploring the forest. He was tired but not from the activity. Something was bothering him. Something he couldn't put his finger on. It was like an itch that he couldn't scratch. Bart sat next to him as the fire roared before them. Daruth's men were out of sight leaving only Abel to stay with the boys. Sean sat next to him and Jason stood up, tending the fire with a long stick.

Bart's thickly muscled arm was pressed against Chase giving him a place to lean on if he needed it, but Chase's mind was elsewhere.

The boy's talked and pulled story after story out of Abel, happy for another friend. Abel was eager to bond with them even though they were from a different pack and any deep ties would be forbidden.

Hours had gone by when Chase said something that made everyone silent.

"She's three but sometimes four. She flies but can't be seen" He was looking at the fire, taking a long time to blink. He seemed oblivious to everything around him. Bart looked at Sean and then back to Chase in confusion. Abel had been telling them about the time he first changed but stopped in mid-sentence when Chase spoke.

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“She has feathers but sometimes a cloak” the boy continued, speaking to himself. **“Her skin is chalk white but sometimes she’s a child”**

Jason squatted down near Chase. **“Hey buddy. You alright?”** he didn’t touch him. Something told him not to. Chase didn’t answer, instead he began to sing.

***“Let all rejoice as she comes near, let
blood flow black and fester fear. She
can’t be stopped...”***

Bart didn’t let him finish. He grabbed Chase by the shoulders and shook him hard. **“CHASE!”**

Chase blinked and looked at Bart as if he didn’t know him. Then he screamed and pulled away and tried to run. Jason blocked his path and wrapped his arms around him until Bart could do the same from the other side. Sean was on his feet and around the fire within seconds. Abel stayed where he was and watched with concern.

“Chase!” Sean called. **“What’s wrong?”**

The small boy struggled to get free but Jason and Bart were far too strong. He fought them; beating against Bart’s thick body, but the teenager was unfazed and didn’t fight back.

“CHASE!” Sean yelled. He grabbed a fistful of the boy’s dark hair and turned his head toward him. **“What’s wrong?”**

Chase was blinking rapidly. **“They don’t know! They don’t understand what she is! She’s going to kill them! All of them!”**

“WHO?” Bart yelled, trying to keep Chase still. Sean allowed him to turn and look at Bart, the three boys covering every way Chase could escape.

Then in a calm voice that send a shiver down Bart’s wide back, Chase said, **“My, what big eyes you have”** Bart looked blankly at him and Sean became afraid. He let go of his hair.

“Chase what...” he began, but Abel cut him off. He was now standing beside Sean and looking at Chase.

“I’ll huff and I’ll puff...” Abel said slowly. Chase turned his head and looked right into his eyes. Sean didn’t know what was happening but it seemed like Abel did. He turned his head and looked at Abel, his thick blonde hair flowing around him. He didn’t want to interrupt what was happening by asking questions. Chase was responding to Abel for some reason and not the others.

“Not by the hairs on my chinny chin chin” Chase countered, his voice drone and lifeless.

Bart glared at Jason with wide eyes. He was scared and having nothing to punch or claw made it all the worse. Jason looked equally upset.

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“Who’s afraid...” Abel said even slower. He was baiting Chase, trying to lead him out by sheer words alone. **“...of the big...”** he added. **“...bad...”**

Chase’s eyes rolled back and he snapped. He cried out, **“WOLF!”**

His body exploded into the pitch black Wolf!

Bart, Sean and Jason all went flying as the dark animal flung them aside like paper dolls. His transformation was instantaneous and so abrupt that no one had time to react. Abel looked shocked as the great animal leveled its golden eyes at him. Bart was thrown the farthest and still on his back while Sean was rolling down a hill trying to get to his feet. Abel lost track of Jason. He took a slow step back to put distance between himself and the Wolf, but the Wolf took an even larger step toward him. It lifted up its furry lips and Abel did the only thing he could think of. He held out his hands, palms up.

“My, what big teeth you have” he said softly with a trembling voice.

The black Wolf growled and turned its head slowly to the side, regarding Abel as a curiosity. Then it whined in frustration before it bolted for the trees. It was gone as the sweat rolled down Abel’s back.

Sean appeared out of nowhere beside him out of breathe and angry. **“WHAT THE FUCK WAS THAT!”**

Abel shrunk away from the powerful blonde boy. **“He’s stuck”** he said almost apologetically.

“Stuck in what!?”

“Can’t you see?” Abel asked. **“It’s what he was saying. His mind is lost”**

“What are you talking about? How did you know what to say to him?”

Abel shrugged as the big boy took a threatening step toward him. Bart crossed the fire; his thick muscles bunched up and ready to fight. Abel could hear footsteps behind him and assumed it was Jason who made the noise. **“I...I didn’t”** Abel defended himself. **“It just seemed to make sense. He’s wrapped up in it. I thought I could talk him out of it”**

“Out of what?” Bart demanded as he took off his shirt and threw it to the ground. He unbuttoned his pants and started to push them down as he glared at Abel.

“Your friend is trapped in a nursery rhyme” He looked at Bart and Sean, hoping they would see it. Sean was pulling off his clothes as Bart’s body began to shift.

“Find him! Search everywhere!” He grabbed Abel. **“Tell your men what happened! I want everyone after him! Go!”** He pushed him away and Abel began to run from camp, glad to be free of Sean’s attention.

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It took three minutes before the teenage boys were replaced with bulky Werewolves. They charged into the woods splitting up and fanning out in the direction of the black Wolf...but it would prove useless.

Chase was gone!

Michael grabbed his head and swayed on his feet. Silas and Ryan traded looks as the Alpha struggled with sudden disorientation. The big man groaned. **“Something’s wrong”**

Silas looked around the ruins of the farmhouse. **“Clearly”** He said dryly.

Ryan didn’t like the constant baiting of the Grand Alpha that Silas found so easy to do. The man was far too powerful to annoy, especially now.

“My power just took a hit!” Michael fought to stand. He planted his big feet in the ground and bent his knees slightly to steady himself.

Silas watched him carefully. The shared power of an Alpha was pack magic and a pack was a new thing to Michael. It was what bonded the Leader to the Followers. For most Alpha’s this was used as communication, as a means to control, but Michael had been drained! His power had been sucked down like water through a straw. He felt the rift in the air. It was sudden as if the empty space in which they stood could be ripped. Silas took a step away.

“What the hell was that?”

Michael finally lifted his head and looked around. **“It’s coming back. It felt like a truck drove through me”**

“Sean was affected by your attack from the Vampire” Silas offered. Michael looked at him hard. He didn’t realize that Silas knew that. **“It appears your bond is for more than just control”**

Michael shook his head. **“Sean can only take from my physically. Only when I offer it. He has no such bond with me”**

Ryan and Silas traded uneasy looks.

“Something’s wrong with my Son” Michael told them.

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Silas gave him a hard look and then stepped away from him, walking around the barn until he faced the woods. Ryan moved near to watch but far enough away not to distract his master. The big man closed his eyes and concentrated.

Michael started to walk up but Ryan raised his hand to stop him. He shook his head but said nothing.

Silas moved his head slowly from side to side and after a long two minutes he opened his eyes and turned to them. **“Bart and Jason are Wolves. They are running”**

Ryan looked at Michael. **“Can you feel your Son?”**

The heavily muscled blonde man looked at him and Ryan immediately stepped back and dropped his eyes to the ground.

“No” The Grand Alpha stated boldly.

“No?” Silas asked with disbelief. **“You’re the most powerful Werewolf in North America! What do you mean you can’t feel him?”**

Michael walked toward the other Alpha, his big feet sending the dirt up in small clouds. The power began to radiate from him. They stood face to face; Michael even in this state dwarfed the strength of the other man.

“I haven’t been able to feel him since the Vampire was killed. At least not like I could before”

Silas looked at him in question.

“I can feel him when he’s near. I can feel his intent when he’s close by, but I lost the ability to sense him when he’s out of sight”

Silas took in a deep breath and blew it out. **“I don’t believe it. That shouldn’t be possible. You did bond with him when he first changed?”**

“Yes, I...” he started and then decided not to tell Silas that he actually bonded with Chase twice, once as a man and another as the Wolf. Chase had changed during both bonds, first into the black wolf and then into the black wolf with golden eyes. **“When Chase was enthralled by the Vampire’s bite I lost my connection to him. All I felt was the Vampire”** He sighed. **“Then Helen destroyed it. It took me days to recover. When I did I realized I couldn’t find Chase the way I could before. I still felt him, but not like I used to”** He looked to the woods. **“He’s out of range”**

Silas had heard enough. He waved to Ryan to come forward. **“Summon the rest. I want Andreas on his feet even if it kills him. If his Alpha isn’t here to command him, then I will! We go after Jason and Bart”**

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Ryan nodded and didn't ask questions. He ran for the others as they searched the area and tended to a wounded Andreas. Silas watched the man run with satisfaction. Nothing made him happier than unquestioned loyalty. **"Your Son is with them. If something is wrong with him it may have something to do with your daughter and what happened here. We get the pack back together and regroup. We're too thinly spread"**

Michael nodded. Silas wasn't an Alpha because he was stupid. He thrived in command and since Michael had no pack of his own to order around, he let Silas do it instead.

The remaining men gathered around, Andreas looking weak but ready. Silas looked him over. **"You work for me Wolf and unlike your absent Master, I won't tolerate disobedience. You're the only one besides him that has experienced this"** he pointed to Michael. **"You stay near us at all times. I want to know the moment you sense anything"**

Andreas nodded to him and within minutes the battered farm was populated by a large pack of adult Werewolves. They ran into the woods toward Bart and Jason's location. It would take several hours to travel, even at top speed. It would take them deep into the dense forest and right through the barrier erected almost a hundred years ago.

It wouldn't stop them. They would pass through without knowing the consequence. The barrier would not alert them to the danger. It would not guide them to Emma or Chase...but it would do one thing.

It would leave them at the mercy of the Witch.

This was the second mistake Silas made. As the massive Wolf ran beside his pack, he had no idea it would be, for some, the last time.

Michael led the way because he wasn't meant to follow. He knew the camp well and had hunted there for years even before he married Wendy. His thoughts drifted to his beautiful wife, so powerful and yet so helpless. He thought of his daughter and how her tiny hands gripped his neck tightly whenever he carried her. He thought of Chase, but for only a moment, because his mind skipped as he did. Instead of his Son, Michael's mind began to loop over and over again with one sentence.

"My...what big teeth you have"

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

They were coming for him, he could feel it. They were far behind and spreading out. Adult males were right behind and fanning out in a hunting pattern. It didn't matter; all he could think of was the danger miles and miles ahead. Whatever she was, she was powerful; far more so than the Vampire.

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He ran easily through the trees. The ground shifted and met every step he took, every root, every vine pulled out of the way as he did, although Chase was oblivious to this. He felt a mass of power far ahead. It seemed childlike but adult at the same time...male and female, human and animal. He could make no sense of it, although it seemed like the female was more dominate than the rest. It was the child aspect that bothered him the most because it was out of place with the rest. There was a warm energy associated with it that Chase couldn't find in the rest of the creature.

Worse still, it felt familiar.

His jet black body was invisible in the night and he barely made a sound as he moved. It would take him a long time to get there, even if he ran full speed for hours he might not be in time, but he had to try.

Michael ran faster than anyone, his mind still trapped in a loop like a song he couldn't stop thinking about. He shook his head and tried to clear it, but it wouldn't stop. He ran faster, leaving mounds of dirt to cloud the air behind him as the others tried to keep up. He was the Grand Alpha, if there was an enemy nearby he would face it head on and unafraid.

He just had to get to Chase. Get to his Son and make sure he was alright. Then he would find Emma and kill whatever took her.

He had been an Alpha for a long time and more powerful than any pack of Wolves or an army of Vampires. He wasn't used to defeat...but this time was different. The Witch wasn't his enemy; at least not directly. She didn't care about him. She didn't care about his strength, his willpower, his command over others. She didn't care that he hunted her or that he brought others to fight with or for him.

They were irrelevant.

All she needed was the child.

The rest were meaningless.

Michael's great muscles pumped and flexed as the ground gave way and small trees cracked as he brushed by them; his massive body leveling the forest in his wake.

He headed right for the barrier.

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The Witch lifted her arm and allowed the Raven to land on it. She looked into its eyes and pulled the thoughts from its mind. She saw Emma making the doorway. She saw her wrapped in her red cloak and smoke black boots. She saw the Litch almost touch her and then wisely pull back at the Raven's protest. She knew the girl was close, but she couldn't come to near. It was almost time...time when the forest would only allow Emma to approach. The black power of the Witch would trigger a number of defenses that the Druid warned her about.

Arnell had told her much, not that she had a choice.

It had taken a long time and a great deal of magic to drag the secrets out of the woman before she met her death. It was delicate magic to keep thoughts intact while taking them by force. It wasn't the first time the Witch had done it over the centuries to be sure, but that kind of magic was for Wizards and healers, not for one of the dark arts like her. She preferred a different kind of magic, but it couldn't be helped, there was no other way to get the information she needed. Only three women knew the truth and location of the Book. If she failed with one, she would only have two more chances to get the truth before she would run out options. She knew the forest was seeded in magic, and here, surrounded by so much nature; the power of the Druid's was not to be taken lightly...not even by her.

The Raven rubbed its face on her sleeve, happy to see her. She allowed it to hop to her shoulder as she floated over the ground, making sure to stay behind the child. She would have to stop soon or risk the traps laid out hundreds of years ago. She cast out her power as gently as she could and reached for the girl.

Yes. There she was, about four miles ahead and walking forward. She had small legs and her steps would eat up little ground as she moved. The Witch was patient though, she would ensure no one would interfere with the girl, not her Mother, not her Father and not...

The Witch froze in the air. She dropped to the ground and lifted up her arms in defense. The Raven flew away, afraid.

Something was wrong!

She slowly turned counter clockwise, her eyes open and alert. To the right she felt nothing. Her magic reached out and out for miles, until it bumped against the inside of the barrier.

Still she turned.

Now she faced south.

She felt the Litch. It wasn't moving. Her temporary companion was doing as she commanded. It waited for the Wolves to come, ready to kill them. Her power moved by him until she felt the barrier again a few miles in front of the foul creature.

Still she turned.

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Nothing to the west, except the barrier. She felt cold trapped under the dome of magic. Reaching out the way she did only reminded her of how vulnerable and just how trapped she currently was.

She turned until she faced north.

There it was again!

It wasn't specific. It felt like a Wolf, but not. Her power ran over it like water over glass. She couldn't discern what it was, but it was moving fast, right toward her. She slowly rocked her head on her neck as she decided what to do. She couldn't stop, she was too close. Was this something the Wizards did? Something the Druids arranged?

No. They didn't deal with the life of flesh, only plants. The Gods they worshipped had nothing to do with flesh magic, but that of nature.

It could be the Wizards, but their power was easily defined. They worked with complex spells while Druids worked with flowing, natural magic. A spell from the Wizards would be like the barrier, not like this. Not twisted as it was.

This was something she had not encountered before, and the Witch didn't like that at all. She ran her bent fingers over her lap and rubbed them clean.

She didn't know what was coming but she was sure it knew of her. She looked around at what she could use against it. She still had time. At the speed it was coming it wouldn't reach her for another few hours. That was plenty of time. She looked at the Raven far above her on a branch and looking down. At her command it flew off to keep track of the girl, careful to stay far enough away to not trip any magic.

The Witch had to prepare. She didn't know what was coming for her but she was sure of one thing.

There was going to be a fight.

Emma wasn't tired. She had been walking for hours but the black boots kept her from feeling anything. She was at peace enjoying nature and the way it spoke to her as she moved through it. She could see, even though it was night. She didn't know how, and didn't care. In fact, she didn't care about anything. There was something ahead of her, something beautiful, calling her name and wanting her to come closer...and so she did.

The Book of Lies

Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

The boots on her feet wavered about an hour later until they fell apart in a puddle of dark smoke, dissolving in the air and leaving her barefoot. The magic of the Druid's was powerful here and the spell was made to break apart at the feel of raw magic.

Heavy vines moved toward Emma sensing the dark power. As they wrapped themselves around her tiny frame the magic was gone, leaving only the child behind, unmarked by Witchcraft. She was Druid, full of power and bringer of life. The vines caressed her and pulled her along, happy for her presence. Emma smiled and reached out to touch them in turn. Each became greener at the feel of her small fingers and quivered in delight as she moved forward, the magic of the Witch no longer a threat to them.

The ground shifted and Emma was welcome into the sacred ground leveled so long ago by Naomi Puller. It would still take over an hour or more to reach the Tree but there would be nothing to stop her, she was a child of nature, a welcome guest; family in fact.

Emma moved forward, her tiny feet now touching the cool ground. The spark of nature moved through her small body with each step she took and she could feel the power of the Tree all around her. It was amazing. It was like swimming in a pool of pure water, soothing and refreshing.

Still Emma walked, her red cloak billowing behind her. She held the small bag in her hands as she walked...its weight full of possibilities. The Witch wasn't stupid. Emma would now be beyond her power and undefended, so she provided her with the best weapons possible. Without the power of black magic to back her up, she gave her a means to defend herself as a last resort.

Emma had no idea what was in the bag. She didn't care, she walked forward happy to be so deep in the forest with all her friends nearby. She was oblivious, that like the Witch; she would have her own battle to fight.

Daruth had to travel by foot. It wouldn't be wise to bring the woman in her condition to the airport. She had accepted his gift after her explained what he was. She didn't take long to decide. It was her intention to die at his hands. She didn't want to suffer months of pain from the cancer that had spread through her body, she just wanted release. When she saw Daruth's beast she gave herself freely, thinking he was a gift from God. She had no idea what he was or what he could offer. When he left her the first time she realized that there was more to the world than she knew, and maybe she wasn't doomed after all.

So she waited.

Again, he came to her.

The Book of Lies Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

When she woke and found the handsome man beside her she wasn't afraid, she was relieved. Maybe he would take her now, and free her from a painful death.

It was then he made his offer.

She could live.

Maybe.

There was a choice to be made. He could make no promises to her. She might come over on her own, or she might not. It was her will that would see her through, he could only open the door for her to walk through.

"The cancer?" she asked.

He nodded his head and told her the cancer would be killed by the beast, provided the beast accepted her at all that is.

Then he added. **"It will be painful"** His warm eyes looked at her. **"But it will pass, as all things do"**

They talked awhile more until she nodded her head. **"I want it"**

Daruth stood up; his hard body covered in muscle and reached toward her. He held out his hand and she took it as he pulled her to her feet and embraced her.

"It's easier this way" he said softly, kissing her neck. Her arms moved up around his warm body and she leaned into him as he worked his way to her shoulder, his soft lips sending shivers down her spine.

They had spent most of the night having sex. Her body was spent and weak and still he wanted more. She would have never imagined anyone could have the endurance he did. His body was hard and fluid at the same time. His muscles were strong but gentle as he held her up and supported her weight with ease.

His mouth moved to hers and he crushed his lips over hers, sending his thick tongue deep inside. She sucked on it as it rubbed itself across her wet lips and she felt her body respond. It was unbelievable that she had any desire left...but there was something about him that she found irresistible.

As they kissed he softly began to growl and she felt her pussy clench. His arms became thicker and warmer as she sucked at him. His fingers grew and she felt the tips become points that sharpened with every second.

Before she knew it she was on the ground. She spread her legs eagerly as his heavy cock pushed between them, stiff and pulsing. The head of his big dick opened her up and she threw her head back and cried out as he sunk into her.

The Book of Lies

Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

The fire crackled nearby when she opened her eyes. His muscled body was swelling up and hair was covering his hard flesh. His face was the last thing to change. His handsome features began to shift as his teeth grew and filled his mouth. His eyes blazed with power as his ears moved and grew tall on his head.

She closed her eyes and gave herself to him with a moan. His big cock swelled and swelled until she felt she would be split in two by the thick, furry sheath. The next ten minutes seemed like an eternity as he pushed and pulled his huge shaft into her body.

She felt herself tip over the edge and she came hard as her pussy gushed over his beastly prick.

That's when he bit her.

His sharp teeth sunk deep into her shoulder but he didn't pull away. She tried to push against him but he held her still in his powerful arms, his mighty prick hard in her quivering cunt. His thick saliva dripped down his teeth and into the wound, mixing with her blood.

It lasted for almost as long as their sex did. Her struggles became weaker and weaker as the minutes moved by, until she finally, she lay still in his arms as the magic took hold and the beast began to form.

Making a Werewolf from a bite was almost as hard as giving birth to one. These types of Wolves didn't live as long or have the same type of power base that a pure breed did, but they were dangerous in their own right. Mostly because controlling these kinds of Wolves was difficult. The human in them rebelled at being controlled, having not been born into a cast society, like Daruth had.

He was an Alpha though, and his chances of success were greater than most. Michael could probably do it on command and lose maybe two out of ten people. Daruth knew the odds were not with him like they were the Grand Alpha, but still he had to try. The offer was made and accepted. He could only pray to Phoebe now.

It would take days to know for sure. She could die at any time before the beast grew to power inside her. If her body didn't accept the change it would fight to the death and both would perish. Daruth would do what he could to help the change, using his will to command the beast to live.

Still, it was up to her to finish the job.

He slowly pulled his mouth back. Blood covered her shoulder and began to pour out but Daruth licked and licked it clean until the magic of his saliva stopped the flow and her skin began to heal. She would always have the mark of his bite on her, although it wouldn't be nearly as bad as it was now. It would heal over time but the wound would always be there for any other Wolf to see.

He shifted his body and supported his great weight on his muscled arms as her head moved slowly back and forth.

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It was a critical time. The chances were greater if the body felt no pain, but pain was a part of the transformation. Daruth aided her all he could. He cast his strong will at her and began to gently fuck her with his thick cock.

Phoebe stood at the tree line out of sight. She watched Daruth with pride in her eyes. He was a favorite of hers, he had been since birth, and it was why he was an Alpha. Like Michael, Silas, and Kalibrus, Daruth had her favor and her blessing.

She felt a strong arm wrap around her shoulder. She didn't look; she already knew who it was. **"Isn't this cheating?"**

Polus gripped her body to his. **"Cheating?"** his voice showed his offense but Phoebe was not to be had so easily.

"You know what I mean"

He shrugged. **"You have no control if she changes or not"** he offered. **"They don't belong to you until AFTER the Wolf is born"**

Phoebe was used to her husband's selective choice of words. He wasn't the God of Intelligence because of his good looks.

"The fact that she's here at all I mean?"

Polus laughed. **"She's camping and by the looks of it, having a great time. It's a human pastime or something like that. Besides, what's a little bite between friends?"**

Now Phoebe did turn. Her eyes gleaming with moonlight. **"You know what this is going to mean if she changes"**

Polus looked bewildered. **"I know no such thing. Neither do you"** He looked back at Daruth's Wolf thrusting into the supine woman. **"He might fail. Who knows?"**

"He's an Alpha!" Phoebe said firmly. **"AND she wants it. Success is almost guaranteed. He has MY blessing after all"**

Polus kissed at her neck with his warm lips. **"My love, nothing is guaranteed"** he smiled. **"Besides their just two consenting adults having fun. What's the harm?"**

The Book of Lies Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

“This isn’t breaking the rules?”

Polus looked hard at her. **“You think SHE isn’t? You think SHE’S standing idly by watching from afar? No, my love...SHE is just as active as WE are”** He looked back at Daruth. **“The Witch is getting as much help from HER as WE are giving them. It’s a delicate business to be sure but Hecate is no fool and HER fingers are deep in this”**

“The Witch is powerful and Chase is untried”

Polus nodded. **“But he has a powerful base”**

Phoebe looked at him warmly. **“You spoke to his Mother?”**

He nodded. **“I did. Remarkable woman. She questioned her faith, can you believe it?”**

“She’s been through much. She was a good choice Polus” She wrapped her arms around him and leaned into his chest. **“Will she know?”** She didn’t have to explain. Polus knew about what she asked.

He didn’t answer for a moment.

“I’m not sure” he admitted. Phoebe sighed.

“Why are all your men so good looking?” he asked, changing the subject.

Phoebe laughed softly. **“He is beautiful is he not? A perfect Werewolf and an equally impressive man”** She watched as the great beast mated with the willing woman, his massive muscled body covered in dark fur, her small legs were spread apart by his heavy thighs.

“I think your trying to make me jealous” Polus said looking at her.

Phoebe looked innocent. **“He’s only a man my love”** She turned to Daruth. **“A beautiful, handsome man...but a man nonetheless”**

Polus didn’t look convinced. **“Mmmhmm”**

Phoebe laughed, and with a shimmer of moonlight, they both disappeared, leaving Daruth to his task.

Hours later he wrapped her in a blanket and packed up the camp. He buried what he couldn’t take and dressed her in warm clothes. He carried her down the mountain. It would take days to get her back to the pack. He could have asked Kalibrus to take her but it wasn’t the man’s responsibility, although Daruth knew he would welcome her.

His muscled arms carried her easily through the dense woods until he found his own clothes. He set her down, got dressed and carried her again. It had a long journey ahead and he hoped the delay wouldn’t cause any problems.

The Book of Lies

Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

He had no idea the Witch had already moved against them, and that his strangest battle was ahead of him.

The Litch felt them as they crossed the barrier.

It wouldn't stop them like it did the Witch.

Even HE had to use the door the child made, although he had no idea what the barrier was protecting. He had no intention of crossing the Witch and she wasn't about to give him the opportunity to do so. Instead she promised him the lives of the Wolves and that of the powerful Druid child. Once she was done with her, of course.

He had been a man, a long time ago. A Wizard in fact. He favored the darker arts but not at first. It had taken years before he went down that path. As time moved by and he aged he began to seek out magic to extend his life. Most Wizards lived longer than humans, the more powerful ones, even longer. This was by no means immortality though, and he found he wanted more life than life would give.

So he began to take it.

As his magic augmented his life he began to turn, wanting more and more. His humanity slipped away with every spell he cast to extend the years he walked the earth, until it fell away completely. Now his magic was twisted and of the blackest realm.

Now he was Litch.

Shunned by all other magic users, a Litch was a creature of death, sucking the life of those around it and adding it to its own. No longer human, it had ghastly white skin and black teeth. The magic surrounding it was poison to all others, even other magic users.

It was an abomination.

Only one such as the Witch would ever deal with such a foul creature. It made Vampires, Ghouls and the like appear timid by contrast. The Litch lived for death. Whatever it was before was gone; replaced by a soul sucking eater of life. Children were a special delight and a child of magic was a rare delicacy the Litch could not pass up. When the Witch promised the little girl, the Litch practically giggled with joy.

Let the crone have what she will, as long as the child was his.

They were coming, and they were many, while he was one.

The Book of Lies Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

It would make no difference.

His stomach growled with hunger, eager for what was headed toward him. Werewolves would not go easy. They would fight and claw and hunt him like a rabbit.

But he was no rabbit...he was Litch.

He was death.

He stayed hidden within the circles he made in the ground. Only the Witch found him. She was powerful that one. He would not cross her, provided she made good on her promise. His mind ran to the child, with her red cloak and smoky black boots. Her skin was so pure, untouched by age.

His mouth salivated at the thought.

He would suck the little bitch dry!

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

They had been running for almost an hour when Michael halted abruptly and spun around. The other Wolves were behind him by a good fifty yards, even Silas having trouble keeping up with him. They stopped when they saw him turn. He lifted his massive head and sniffed the air heavily and began to turn in circles. Ryan, who was by far the best tracker came forward, but not too close, and sniffed the air as well.

It was there. It was just a trace but it was there. Both of them struggled to find it but it was Ryan who found it first.

Emma had been here!

Ryan pressed his nose to the ground and began to track. It was a faint smell and one he wouldn't have normally found if not for Michael's prompting. The smell led him back the way they came a good hundred yards or so. The other Wolves moved far away knowing what a delicate process it was. Having the smell of several adult Werewolves nearby did nothing to aid Ryan's quest. Even Michael moved back and watched.

It took only minutes before Ryan pawed at the ground and began to howl. Michael bolted forward and sniffed the spot as well.

It was his daughter!

The Book of Lies Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

He shifted into human form, taking less than a minute.

Silas followed while the others stayed as beasts. Changing multiple times in one day was hard for most Werewolves. An Alpha like Silas could do it a dozen times if need be, but he would pay for it later in exhaustion. For Michael, the change was something he could do an almost limitless amount of times. Truth was, he had never changed so many times that he was tired. Not until Chase came to him, and the other Wolves became involved in his life, had he had to change over and over again. Ryan and a few others had changed three times already and they were at their limit. Doing so again would require a good ten hours of sleep and a meal that could empty most kitchens.

Michael squatted on the ground and felt it with his large hand as if he could touch his daughter while Silas finished changing and stepped beside him.

“What is it?”

Michael turned to him. **“It’s my daughter! She’s been here!”**

Silas’s eyes went wide. **“This is more than fifty miles from your farm. She could never have gotten her before us”** He looked around finding only wilderness as far as the eye could see.

Michael nodded. **“And yet she did”** He looked around the area for any other trace. **“I don’t know how or why but she’s been here I’m certain of it”**

Silas looked at Ryan. **“Keep searching! See if you can find where she went next!”**

Ryan pawed at the ground and looked agitated. Before Silas could speak again Michael said, **“That’s the problem Silas, her scent starts here”** He pointed to the ground. **“This is the beginning”**

The older man looked dumbfounded. **“How is that possible? She’s four years old”**

Michael’s hand ran over the ground another moment and then quickly pulled away. He should have never touched the spot. All he did was make things harder for Ryan now that he marked the earth with his scent as well. He looked at the tracker and acknowledged what he did.

“My fault, I should have let you lead”

He stood up and moved back as Ryan’s wolf moved forward and pressed his nose to the ground. His big body moved slowly in a line although he circled the same area several times. He made it almost fifty yards before he looked at Silas and whined.

“That’s it?” he asked. The big animal groaned. He looked back to Michael. **“How does a four year old get out this far on her own, leave no scent and then just disappear? We weren’t even looking for her”**

The Book of Lies Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

Michael looked at Ryan. **“Keep trying, move ahead and see if you can find it again. She made it this far somehow, she has to be somewhere”**

Ryan nodded and kept working, running a little, stopping to sniff the ground only to run again.

“Why stop here?” Silas asked. **“What’s so special about this place? If she came this far why wouldn’t see just go all the way?”**

Michael didn’t have an answer for him. It had taken a group of full grown Werewolves more than an hour running at full speed just to get here. How did she do it so quickly? Why is her smell so faint?

The big blonde man looked at the other Alpha. **“Maybe we should split up? You go find Jason and Bart while we search for Emma”**

Silas took in a breath. “Mmmm. I don’t know. I don’t like this, none of it. At least with the Vampires we had someone to fight, but this...”

“It’s the only way”

“Michael, whatever destroyed your home, took your daughter, and buried you in the yard...AFTER it put your sorceress wife in a coma. You really think dividing our numbers is wise?”

“No it isn’t. But I don’t know another way of finding my family. I can’t do this without Ryan and for some reason your Wolves are running around the mountain hours ahead of us. I don’t want to lose Emma’s trail. If she was here Ryan stands the best chance of finding her. Get your pack from the camp and meet us here. Search for Ryan, I’ll be with him”

Silas rubbed his head. **“Daruth’s men are there as well”** The statement spoke for itself.

Michael pointed to the big Werewolf to the right. **“Andreas will command them. We WILL do this together”** his voice was firm. Silas turned to the pack. **“If any Wolf interferes with the safety of my family I will personally cull them from the rest”** He stepped closer to the Wolves. **“And I don’t care from what pack they belong”**

The Wolves got the message. Some pawed at the ground uneasily while others looked around in any direction but that of the Alpha.

Silas spoke next. **“Alright! We move forward! Ryan stay with Michael and find the child, the rest follow me and be on guard. I don’t care what it is! WE are the most dangerous thing in this forest today and Death will be our flag!!”**

The Wolves howled in the air and barked in agreement. Silas had a way of riling up the troops that was sure. He changed into a Wolf and led his pack through the trees and toward the mountain.

The Book of Lies Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

It would be his third mistake.

Both the Witch and Chase had a similar problem.

Neither could figure out what the other was.

For Chase, the Witch was an amalgam of beings. She felt both male and female...adult and child. Her power had bled over herself, the Litch, Emma, and the Raven...making it impossible for Chase to focus on any ONE of them. In his mind thoughts bunched together as the four beings swirled into one. He could not cope with her magic; it was too powerful and too foreign to him. Emma's thoughts drifted into his head instead, and through her mind he saw the Witch. Emma's thoughts were childlike and incoherent, events explained through children's bedtime stories instead of logic. Chase's mind warped with the magic that corrupted the bewitched Emma, and he could not distinguish fantasy from reality.

All he knew was she was evil, far more evil than the Vampire ever was, and Chase had been enthralled by him. He knew firsthand how the blood sucker hated his Father. He was witness and instrument to the pain the creature caused his Dad. Chase felt the power flow through him and strike at Michael like a dagger. He was helpless to stop him; helpless to do anything but watch his Father fall.

Then there was the woman...Phoebe. She came to him and pulled him away so he wouldn't see. It was her that blinded him to his Father's pain. She was there for another reason as well. Phoebe needed the Vampire. She needed him for Chase. The animal that lived in him wasn't fully born yet and the Vampire had yet to give his unknown gift.

It was Phoebe's smile that held Chase. She was so beautiful and made him feel at peace even as he felt his beast eat...even as his Father screamed on the ground.

It was his Mother that ended it. Chase came alive when she was threatened and managed to break free to protect her...but it was already a lost cause. Helen needed no protection. She brought her own.

The death of the Vampire ended his Father's agony. It ended Phoebe's quest to complete the Wolf that now lived inside of Chase. It ended the war that plagued the packs and most importantly...it ended Chase's life the way he knew it.

He was no longer human.

He was Werewolf.

But not quite...

The Book of Lies

Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

The part of him that existed as simple Werewolf was born the night he drank from his Father, the most powerful Wolf in North America. He ceased to be human at that point, but his change was far from complete. Each aspect of him was triggered by a different event. He went from boy to Wolf on his first step, but it was only that...his first step. Then he coupled with the Grand Alpha under the light of the full moon...Phoebe's moon.

He was born again.

Now the flood of Alpha power surged through his veins and the Werewolf was no more.

The Black Wolf with the golden eyes now lived.

Not human...not Werewolf...and still not complete.

No one understood this, least of all Michael, who struggled with the changes Chase went through. The drain to his power was so complete that he actually reverted to human form as Chase took from him yet again to fuel his further change. Michael lay on his back naked as the power of Polus populated the Black Wolf's eyes and gleamed down on him like twin suns.

The Grand Alpha, now man, did not know what he was looking at. No Wolf, no human for that matter, ever looked like this. Michael could not move; he was too weak. In his mind he thought Chase would be overwhelmed by the flood of raw Alpha power. The boy was so small, so unlike other boys his age. Michael controlled the flow of energy as best he could, afraid he would literally burn Chase up. But the reverse was true. Chase had taken from him twice in one night. He sucked Michael dry, leaving nothing but man in the Grand Alpha's place.

It shouldn't have been possible. He shouldn't have been able to do that. The power of a Grand Alpha was so great it could control armies, and the beast that Chase became was small, far smaller than he was, and even smaller than a Werewolf of lesser lineage. Michael was no mere Wolf, his power was a gift from Phoebe herself but he was unprepared for what his Son had done to him.

"He's a Prince" she had told him, but still he didn't understand.

As Chase ran into the woods from his Father, his new beast alive for the first time, he didn't notice how the forest completed him, or how it shifted around his every movement. In fact no one noticed it. To them Chase was simply fast and agile, but the truth was far different from their belief.

Chase was still growing, his power not complete. The body of the Black Wolf was waking up for the first time. No one realized that Chase was still forming. Michael didn't understand the truth because he thought Chase was like him...a simple Werewolf. But Phoebe had hinted otherwise. He assumed she meant Chase was a Prince of Werewolves...but he was wrong.

Now the plans of Polus were almost complete. The dark beast in Chase was almost born.

Three things had yet to reveal themselves.

The Book of Lies

Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

The Nox Nesting had yet to live.

As Chase ran forward toward the evil at the base of the mountain, he didn't know what he would find, he didn't know he faced four not one. All he knew was that this was what he was born to do. It was his destiny to face this, the reason the Goddess made him to begin with.

The beast that Chase had become was controlling his actions. It moved by instinct like a finely honed weapon. For Chase it was like he was simply along for the ride.

He ran by instinct now...fully beast.

The black Wolf with golden eyes was now in charge.

The Witch for her part faced a similar dilemma. Her power was great but lived by a set of rules established centuries ago. Things were white or black, edible or poison. What she sensed now made no sense at all.

It was human but not. It was Wolf but not. It was alive but dead. It felt male but had a heavy blanket of female around it. Its power was supernatural but celestial in nature. It tapped into something that the Witch had never felt before...but that didn't mean it couldn't be defeated. The only thing she knew for sure was it was fast.

Very fast.

And coming for her!

The Witch had to set aside her focus on the child for the time being. Whatever was coming would require her full attention if she were to kill it. But this was what she excelled at. It wasn't mind shifting or flying in the air that made her blood boil; it was war, plain and simple. She thrived on killing with magic.

It could be said...she lived for it.

She prepared her spells and cemented her plan of attack. She could not best its speed so she would have to take away that advantage. She looked at the ground and bent down to run her hand across it. She chanted and let her power flow. It took only moments before her Witchcraft took hold and the ground began to liquefy. It spread out from her in a circle, farther and farther until she was surrounded by a hundred yards of quicksand.

Let it come, she thought.

Let it die!

The Book of Lies

Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

Daruth had another day of travel before he would reach Montana. He rented a car and placed the unconscious woman in the back seat and did his best to make her comfortable. The next day was the most critical, the Wolf would be born or not.

He looked in the rear view mirror as he drove, not bothering to call ahead. He had a lot to think about. It had been some time since he changed a human being into a Wolf and his will was focused on her. Giving life was a delicate thing. If it were easy the Earth would be swimming in Werewolves. Even natural Wolves born of two transformed parents were rare. Daruth, like all males, coupled with as many females as possible in order to increase the size of the pack. Wives and husbands meant nothing in that regard. No boundaries existed when it came to sex.

It was simply pack business.

Most Wolves didn't marry at all because there was no point. Procreating was everything to a pack. Usually only an Alpha married, mostly due to protocol and nothing more. Some packs had children from four or five women but one Father. Once a male was found to breed successfully, they were sought out by other females of the pack. Male mates stepped aside to allow the coupling, hopeful for a child. Usually the stronger the man, the better success of insemination, which is why a Grand Alpha like Michael, was so high in demand. The women would do anything to be with him, even kill if need be.

To create a Werewolf from a bite was far more dangerous and risky to both sides. Only a Wolf with a strong will could pull it off and even then it depended on the human that was bitten. If they found the change too much, they would die, or at the very least go insane. There was no middle ground. A crazed Wolf was put down, usually by the pack Alpha or the creator of the Wolf, if available.

Daruth did what he could and tried to flood her body with not only his venom but his cum as well. He wanted to saturate her with his power to give her the best chance of success.

Now it was up to her.

His hand dropped between his legs and he rubbed at his big cock. He could pull over and mate with her again. It might help. His thick shaft swelled back at the thought as he looked at the sleeping woman in the back seat.

Would it be too much? Was it just an indulgence? If he knew for sure the choice would be easy, he would take her right there and overpower the resistance of her human body.

No, he thought. He had done enough; the rest was up to her.

He remembered the first time he witnessed a change by bite. It was a young woman, no older than sixteen. She had been bitten the day before and brought back to camp by a tall man and powerful Werewolf. Daruth could no longer remember his name.

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The man placed her on the ground as four other men each moved over her. They sunk themselves into her, taking their time to cum inside her, one after the other. They were Werewolves and had stamina greater than any human male. Over and over they fucked her, giving her only minutes to recover between men. The original Wolf took his place and fucked her the longest. His strokes were deep and powerful. The woman groaned and moved under him, far too weak to stop him or the others. Daruth remembered watching as the hour moved by until he saw the most amazing thing.

The woman opened her eyes and looked up at the night sky. They were glowing.

The men around her cheered and as the first Wolf came, they eagerly awaited their turns. As soon as he finished and stood up the Wolves began to growl at who would fuck her next. They fought and the first Wolf had to throw them to the ground and beat them into submission.

They were animals...all of them.

Daruth remembered how the woman had changed. At first it was in the eyes and then her body followed. She began to initiate sex with them, guiding them with her hips as her head rocked from side to side and her hands clawed at their broad backs.

She couldn't get enough. Whatever she was taking from them she needed desperately and they in turn, were only too happy to give it to her.

In the end it was the first Wolf who took her last. He held her in his arms and made her ride his big dick as her eyes rolled and she began to growl. Her teeth grew and she bucked on top of him, her nails making his strong shoulders bleed. He fucked her hard and laughed when she slapped him. He spit at her and drove her to boil as she fought back, fucking him harder and harder. She rode high and slammed her body against him as he laughed and pulled the beast from her. Her hands flew as she beat at his hard body, her savagery growing by the second. His eyes glowed back at her and his laughter mocked her efforts.

He was too strong for such a simple child to hurt and he wanted her to know it.

Her eyes flashed at him and she struck his face first with one open hand and then the other.

Still he fucked her.

Still he laughed.

She growled and rode high on his big cock, sinking her pussy as far down as she could go with every drop. Her hands circled his thick neck and she squeezed with all her might, her emotion taking her over completely.

But he grinned and let her play.

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Her fury with him increased as his powerful hands assisted her ride. He held her hips and helped her lift and used his great strength to bring her down hard. The large muscles of his back flared out as he ground her hips over his heavy prick and kept her on course and he continued to do this until a few minutes later when she transformed.

She threw her head back and held her body still. The big man held her deep on his mighty cock and watched with fascination as she changed before him. Her mouth extended into a muzzle and her hands became clawed, growing larger and thicker with every second. Daruth watched the man's strong hands grip her hips and hold her steady as he rose up and pushed even more of his dick into her.

She howled and her chest swelled up as her body began to shimmer and form dark hair on her white skin.

He fucked her a few quick times and then kept her still, impaled on his hard shaft.

Still he watched.

Still he waited.

Her entire body buckled, held in place only by him. Her form shifted quickly now, the intense pleasure he gave her overriding the pain of her first alteration. The male Wolves near them howled in delight as she changed. The bumped into one another and glared like the animals they were as she became one of them. Hard cocks throbbled from excitement at being so near her during her first change, but no one interfered. This was too important to interrupt and the first Wolf would kill anyone who tried.

As the change was almost complete her head came back down and her animal eyes looked at the big man as if for the first time.

She growled low but he simply laughed.

Then in one fast motion she opened her jaws and bit him on the shoulder.

He thrust her on her back and lay on top of her, his skin bleeding from her bite. He covered her Wolf body with his own and fucked her as hard as he could while the men cheered him on.

She changed fully before he was done as her jaw found his shoulder once more. But Daruth saw she spread her legs apart and took him willingly. Even as a Wolf she was submissive to him, and the small boy that Daruth was understood for the first time what it was to lead. In one fell swoop the man had helped her change, welcomed her to the pack and established himself as her Master.

He lifted himself off her and backhanded her restructured face until she lay meekly below him. He growled at her, a thick powerful sound as his thick neck bunched up with muscle as her eyes found his.

She slowly lowered her eyes and looked away as he openly challenged her.

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That's when he came.

He howled as her body peaked against him. Daruth could see her juice flow over the solid cock inside her. The other men howled in encouragement as they stroked themselves nearby. When the new female Werewolf came as well, each man stepped up and unloaded thick streams of cum, showering her with white rain as they fisted their big dicks nearby.

Daruth had never seen anything like it.

The woman lived. She had changed into a Wolf and was later able to bear three children of her own, while the Wolf, who bit her, went on to father four more...all by different women.

It was the way of the pack. It was Werewolf reproduction at its most basic.

The strong Wolf had pulled himself out and boldly walked over to Daruth, his heavy cock still thick and threatening. He grinned at the small boy.

“And that's how it's done!”

His big hand ran through Daruth's hair as he passed by. The other men were changing now too and circled the new Wolf excitedly. They all ran into the woods before long leaving Daruth alone with his thoughts.

To be an Alpha, he dreamed.

He drove in silence as his mind swept back to his childhood. He hoped to reach the pack before she changed. There were many men there to aid her, however she needed them too. She just had to want it bad enough.

The mountain air was cold but Bart didn't feel it. The ground was hard and the branches snapped off shrubs as he ran through them, his big hairy body leaving chaos in its wake. Jason was far more elegant as he leaped from tree to tree like a great monkey, landing for only an instant and then repelling to the next perch.

Bart couldn't get the hang of it. He preferred to be on the ground. He could climb well enough, all Werewolves could, but chasing prey was a sport reserved for running, or so he thought. Sean was in agreement apparently because he ran several yards away, his head moving from side to side as he searched for Chase. Well behind them Bart heard the sound of running and knew that Abel had alerted Daruth's men of the problem. Now they were also in pursuit. Bart didn't know why they were really

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here. He had been present when the meddlesome Elyria proposed the idea to Michael but he didn't understand why he accepted it. Elyria was a woman, and had no place directing men, Bart thought. All she needed was five minutes alone with him to set her straight.

He growled in anger at no one in particular and ran forward. He couldn't smell Chase; he saw no traces of his path. The ground was unyielding and seemed to hide the Black Wolf from the collective makeshift pack. Chase didn't take to the trees like Jason did. He ran. He ran fast, granted, but still he ran. There should be some sign, some indication that he moved through this area, but there were no felled trees, no damage to be found.

It was if the forest was against them.

Bart had no idea how correct he really was.

There was a loud bark above him. He stopped and looked up. Jason was high in a tree and looking out in front. His massive claws gripped the thick trunk keeping him firmly attached. Sean ran up and brushed Bart's large shoulder and looked up with him.

Jason saw something.

He paused just long enough for them to find him and then he charged forward jumping to the next tree as Bart and Sean followed from the ground below.

How far were they from Chase? He was so fast; would they catch him soon, would he still be lost in his thoughts as Abel had said? And what was he running to?

If they had known the answer to the last question they may not have been so eager to chase him.

Emma was close now. Her feet ached from walking so much, the black boots no longer protecting her. With each step it was as if everything was increasing in growth. Grass was thicker, trees larger and flowers blooming high.

Life was everywhere and Emma bathed in it. For a moment she couldn't remember why she was here or how she got there but then she noticed a beautiful rose bush and instantly thought of her mom.

She stopped and enjoyed the view.

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The Witch spun her head in Emma's direction and scowled. The child wasn't moving.

Why?

Her thoughts were divided. Either she faced the child and dealt with her or faced the unknown threat running at her from the mountains far ahead. If she devoted time to connect with the Druid she may not pull back in time to face the beast, but if she ignored the little girl and she went off focus then all could be lost.

What to do?

Her fingers danced on her leg as she weighed her options.

The Raven? Maybe it could intervene on her part?

But the bird was seeped in black magic. It was small, but was it small enough not to trigger the defense of the forest?

The Witch lifted her head and smiled.

There was a way. The girl simply needed a reason to keep moving; a threat to be dealt with perhaps?

She lifted her hands in the air far above her head and concentrated until a slight green glow pulsed from her fingers and bathed the area in its sickly light.

Then it stopped.

The Witch looked up and saw, far above and far ahead, a similar light shine in the sky.

It was right over Emma.

She felt it immediately.

The Wolves, far behind the running beast, shifted direction and headed for the Puller Tree instead. She wasn't worried in the least, the child had her bag. She just needed a push in the right direction, someone to play with for a while. Now she could focus on the beast still heading right for her. Her light did nothing to dissuade its course, only the simple Wolves took the bait.

She sent out her magic and probed it again.

Still it eluded her; only its speed seemed constant.

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But there was something else...something more.

In her head she began to chant. It was a thought that wasn't hers. It had no origin that she could trace. It was a byproduct of connecting with the beast.

Over and over it played in her mind.

"My...what big teeth you have"

The Witch couldn't help but laugh.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Jason leaped through the trees like a massive monkey, his large feet and sharp claws keeping him perfectly balanced as the upper branches sought to deal with his weight. Some cracked and groaned as he landed on them, but he usually didn't damage the limbs too much, experience telling him which ones would hold his heavy frame and which wouldn't.

He had seen it far in the distance. It was at the base of the mountain but far above the trees. No one else would have seen it unless they were equally high themselves. From the ground and covered by the massive forest Bart and Sean were blind to the green light but followed Jason nonetheless. It was a dull green glow and easily eclipsed by the light of the moon. Jason had never seen anything like it. It didn't appear to be a man made light like one from a craft of some kind. It was steady and had a pulse to it, like a beacon of sorts or a heartbeat. It was far too dim to be a flare and flares didn't hang in the air for any length of time besides.

His sharp eyes looked everywhere for a cause, but he found none. There was no trail of light leading to the orb, nor was there smoke from fuel burning. The most disturbing thing was it didn't seem to dim with time. It just pulsed like a light bulb, and Jason thought it might burn all night like some absurd version of floating fluorescent moss.

He was too far away to smell it. It would take more than an hour to reach the light even at top speed. But what else could they do? Whatever this was, whatever Chase was after, seemed most likely to be related. For the years Jason had lived here he had never seen anything like it before, and so he continued to move toward it, while far below his best friends, and farther still, Daruth's men, held his direction and ran after him.

Jason had no idea what he would find. He did notice that the forest seemed to become thicker, at least from his vantage point, around where the light was. It looked dense; far more so than the rest of the forest, or the mountain side for that matter.

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But they were just trees and he was with a pack of full grown Werewolves. There was nothing for them to fear Jason knew, and so he moved forward without worry.

Just like his Silas, Jason had made a terrible mistake.

Chase altered course.

He stopped running head on and started a wide circle around the event. It was the beast that made the change, Chase didn't understand why, but in his heart he knew it was the right choice. He may not be a Werewolf like his Father, so full of power and strength; he may not even be like Sean or Bart, fierce and clever...but Chase was one thing. He was a predator.

He was hunting and what he did now, he did from instinct.

His black feet glided over the dense ground silently and swiftly. He made little to no sound, no more than that of the wind. His clawed hands brushed against several tree trunks as he ran to make slight corrections in his movements, but this was little more than an exercise, because the body of the Black Wolf made no mistakes...it was one with the forest. The union of beast to nature seemed as fluid to Chase as air to his lungs. He didn't stop to think about it, no more so than someone does about breathing.

It just was.

He could feel the creature. It was thick with evil. It felt like thorns against his mind, jagged and unwelcome. It didn't belong here, whatever it was. As the distance between them lessened Chase could feel the separation of the FOUR. The man was the first to go. The absence of the sick hunger that Chase had felt from it ended about a mile back. Now it was THREE.

It was like peeling an apple. The skin was gone but Chase knew he had yet to find the core. There would be more layers...more separation.

He licked at his black lips. His golden eyes took in everything. Night meant nothing to him. The sun might as well have shined down on him directly for all the detail he saw. There were no shadows in his vision, no place to hide from his eyes; a gift from Polus and husband to Phoebe his patron.

It was the first of many gifts he had been given. Polus told him much, and although Chase had a hard time accepting what he was, he knew the God had been right. His black body shifted and flowed through the dense forest as the animal took command and did what it was born to do.

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Phoebe's champion was alive and almost complete. Only one thing remained before the black beast found perfect form...and it was something Chase dreaded.

He circled over a wide arc around the evil. It kept a good mile between himself and the creature, constantly changing position and probing the thing for weakness.

It stood still, unmoving. It let him circle, first once and then a second time.

Chase made no noise, his nose picked up no scent.

What could do that? What could mask itself from him? And better yet...why wasn't it moving?

The Witch was impatient. The child was off track and not responding, and because of the animal in the forest, the Witch could spare no attention to bring her back. Instead she relied on other stimulus to motivate her. Maybe the pack of Werewolves would snap the child out of her daydream. Regardless, she needed to stall for time. With the Litch behind her and the Druid in front, the Witch had no choice but to devote her considerable energy to the only unknown threat in the forest...the beast that circled around her.

Silas was the first to fall.

He led the pack as he always did. The barrier did nothing to slow him down. His massive claws dug deep into the earth as he ran forward, the other Wolves close behind. It had been a good thirty minutes since he left Michael and Ryan to find the young Druid. Silas had no need of such creatures, he preferred Wolf to everything else.

He was an Alpha in every sense of the word.

He understood Wendy's power. He had seen it firsthand himself. The ability to make the very forest defend you was an incredible sight to behold and he gave her all the respect due her status, but still he would never couple with her. It was impure to Silas, something no Alpha had a right to do. His duty was first and foremost with the pack he created and commanded. It was those women who he bred with, those women that he loved.

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Michael had disregarded Phoebe's gift, Silas knew. What use was there to be a Grand Alpha, only to give your seed to a non-Wolf? It made no sense and more importantly was an insult to every female wolf alive.

Silas had even less regard for the child.

He barely knew her, save that she was a hybrid child of Michael's. She had no Wolf in her...her magic wouldn't allow it. She was Druid through and through, never showing signs of Phoebe's gift and impossible to pass her powerful Father's legacy down the line. Her children would be human or Druid, nothing more. The gift of magic from her mother would see to that.

Silas couldn't remember an Alpha in all of history that mated outside the pack. Sex was one thing, but to reproduce with a non-Wolf for the sake of marriage was absurd. What was the point? Why spoil Phoebe's gift on someone who could never use it?

And Phoebe? She spoke to Michael? The Grand Alpha had confirmed it. She spoke to him and told him of the danger of the Witch, while Silas, an Alpha in every regard, was kept in the dark.

How dare she?

He propagated and defended his large pack for years and never had the Goddess spoke to him or even given him some sign of her blessing. Instead she chose to enlist the aid of the traitor to the Werewolf nation. The only Alpha who had no pack!

Silas's thoughts betrayed him, and as his mind wandered he lost track of his surroundings.

That's when he fell.

The Witch stood her ground.

It was coming closer with every revolution.

She knew what it was doing. She gave it no help. She held her position, not giving away any information to the animal. She was ready.

Let it come.

Her magic held fast. It was to her left, then behind her and then to her right. It was fast, far too fast for her liking. Nothing moved with that kind of speed, at least anything of flesh and bone and certainly not

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in the dense brush of the forest. And it was practically silent. No rustling of leaves, no bending of branches.

What moved like that?

It stopped!

It was right in front of her. Her eyes could not see it, but her magic fixed it dead ahead of her. The dark wasn't usually a problem for her, but something was surrounding the beast, making it impossible to see clearly, even with HER eyes. For a moment she thought she saw golden lights, but it was brief and over before her mind could resolve it.

It needed to come closer, to spring at her. She wanted it to pay attention to her and not the ground around her.

She snapped her fingers. It was a loud clicking sound that rang through the forest. She did it again.

It moved!

She felt the surge in speed. It came for her so quickly that she lifted her arms in defense. She wasn't ready for how fast it became after being so still. There was no buildup of speed, no hint of action, one moment it was still and the next it was moving in incredible motion.

The trap was triggered. She felt the beast falter as it sunk into the ground.

She had it!

Fluid dirt splashed in all directions as the beast hit it like a speeding car. It would sink fast and drown before it knew what happened. She would kill it before it even laid hands on her. The Witch smiled, happy with her quick win and started to walk forward, solidifying the ground in front of her as she moved.

The smile did not last long.

Before she managed her third step her magic twisted. The ground that held the beast had become hard once more. Her magic flowed off of the area like water. The beast was once again standing!

She hissed and threw out her hands casting her spell back into the ground.

Liquefy! She commanded...but the ground would not obey. The beast shifted its direction and went to its right. The ground there also turned solid. Every step the beast took found hard earth! Her witchcraft had failed!

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But that wasn't exactly true. The ground stayed quicksand everywhere else, everywhere the beast wasn't. She didn't understand. Somehow this creature was negating her power, but only in a localized area and it wasn't through magic, it was through some other means.

It began to circle her again, each step erasing her magic as it moved. It made four laps until only an area of about thirty yards surrounded her. The rest of the forest had reverted back to normal. The Witch looked around and saw the danger. The animal had turned her trap against her. Now it was a prison. HER prison!

She could not run across the ground but it was a small enough area that the beast could no doubt jump it, leaving her a standing target with nowhere to go. She could fly of course, but not nearly as fast as the beast could move, or jump for that matter, but she didn't live as long as she did without being prepared.

The Witch lifted her hands and made circles in the air until dark spots began to form. Over and over she mixed the air in front of her until a cloud of black grew thick and heavy. She pulled her hands away and waved them forward.

Thousands and thousands of gnats surged forward and flew toward the beast. The cloud buzzed angrily and loudly. It filled the silence with a deep drone of flapping wings.

Still the Witch was not done.

She spat at the ground and waved to the trees, humming as she did. Long dark lines formed and became thick; squirming around like great worms. They lengthened and twisted until the darkness dropped away and filled the area with hissing snakes. They wrapped themselves around the thick branches while others dropped to the ground and hid inside bushes, awaiting the chance to strike.

The Witch pushed her magic and it flowed around her until the circle that the beast created was littered with snakes. She looked up and sent her witchcraft upward, forming larger ones still.

Let the beast come now!

Chase wasn't ready for the second assault.

When the ground first collapsed it flooded over him like water, wrapping him in a thick blanket of dirt. It was so soft that his speed had turned against him. One moment he was running forward and the next he was waist deep in the fluid earth. His arms shot out to grab something but there was nothing to hold. He extended his hands upward, hoping to find a branch to snag but found only air.

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He began to sink rapidly.

Now he was up to his shoulders. It had happened so quickly that his weight and fur became his enemy. His body was pulled under like a lead sinker and Chase thought for a moment that he was going to die.

Then the ground shifted and his feet found the bottom.

But not quite, because the bottom was rising!

He didn't understand what was happening. The thick liquid mud that covered him dropped away as he rose toward the sky, leaving his fur untouched and clean. It took less than ten seconds until he was back on solid ground, no hint of mud on his black coat.

He immediately backed up and ran to the right. He felt the difference in the ground. It was soft, too soft. His feet sunk slightly but the ground was getting harder with each step. It began to anticipate his actions and met each foot with as much support as it could manage.

Chase understood and began to run, but not too fast. He moved back just slightly to firmer ground but he circled again and again, letting the ground catch up and harden with his movement. The earth responded to him; he just had to give it enough time.

Soon the quicksand would be gone.

He did four laps around the creature before the second attack hit him.

He heard it before he felt it. A loud buzzing came out of nowhere and headed toward him. He couldn't run at full speed because the ground wasn't ready for that. When it hit him it felt like soft air. Like a light blanket had been draped over his shoulders. But the blanket began to tighten and probe at his body.

Then it assaulted his eyes!

The Witch felt his struggle. Her magic was sound and precise. There was nothing like the feel of success. She didn't know what the animal was, but it had taken up enough of her attention. She made a cage out of her hands and felt the gnats respond and swarm all over the beast. Her fingers pulsed and throbbed like they were stroking an invisible ball.

More gnats formed.

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If the earth wouldn't aid her she would deny it air.

CHOKES!

The bugs pushed against his mouth and fought to pry open his eyes. They flew at his nose as he shook his head and tried to cut off his breathing. He panicked. There was no one to fight. The bugs were too small and in too great a number to be hurt by him.

With all his gifts...to be beaten by a foe a millionth of his size!

But Chase wasn't the only one with that problem. Jason, Bart and Sean had just reached the floating green light and found themselves with their own tiny adversary.

But this one wore a red hooded cape!

Bart was the first to land, followed by Sean. Jason stayed in the trees. He looked up at the green light. It was an orb hanging unsupported in the air, like a strange balloon. It was too high to touch but he thought he could reach it if he leaped far enough. He was adjusting himself on the tree right below the orb when he looked down and saw it.

He blinked twice, unable to process what he saw.

A tiny child wearing a red cloak with a hood stood before Bart and Sean. It was absurd and mind numbing. He began to crawl down to see what the hell a kid was doing this deep into the forest when he saw Sean change. It took him far less time than usual now that he was bonded with the Grand Alpha. In just over a minute the naked blonde boy stood before the immobile child.

Jason froze in place when he heard Sean speak. He couldn't believe his ears.

"Emma!"

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Sean moved up and crouched down in front of her, doing nothing to hide his naked frame. Bart stood nearby by moved back as not to frighten the little girl too much. He knew she had seen Werewolves before but he wasn't sure how often or how close she had been to them.

"Hey honey" Sean said in the most gentle voice he could manage. He gave her a big smile and looked into her blank face. **"What are you doing here?"**

Jason looked up. The light was still there. Did she make it? He didn't know Druid's could do that. He moved down a few more branches, careful not to make too much noise.

"Emma, I'm here now" He waited. **"Are you alright?"**

The child didn't move. She just looked at Sean, unblinking. In the dark it was hard to see but Sean felt her eyes weren't right. They seemed hazed over like a white film was over them. He waved a hand in front of her face but she didn't respond. He turned to Bart and said, **"Something's wrong with her, she's not aware of me"**

Pulling his attention from Emma cost Sean dearly. When he turned to speak to Bart he didn't see the ground shift in front of his feet, and before he could turn back to her, a thick vine shot out of the ground and wrapped itself around his neck.

Sean tried to cry out but no sound left his mouth. He used both hands and grabbed the vine but that put him off balance and the vine quickly yanked him face forward, slamming his head into the hard earth.

Bart growled and opened his hands to show his claws. He managed one step forward when huge tree limbs came out of the darkness behind him and coiled around him. He was pulled him away from Emma with incredible speed. His arms and legs flailed in the air as he disappeared into the night leaving nothing but a thick roar echoing in the distance.

Jason couldn't believe what he saw. He knew Wendy was powerful but he had no idea Emma could do this. Sean was fighting face down to untie the vine from his neck and Bart was nowhere to be found. Jason had no choice, everything was happening because of Emma. She had to be removed from the fight. He was about to land right in front of her when he heard them.

The adult Werewolves were coming!

He looked down at tiny Emma. If they found her here alone they may attack her. He didn't know how many of them knew that Michael had a daughter. Would they kill her? Would they understand what she was?

Jason had to stop them, to warn them before they confronted her, but what about Sean and Bart. Sean was still awake but he was losing the battle quickly. He was unable to change back into a Werewolf and as Jason watched more vines came out of the ground and wrapped around his arms, pulling them away from his neck. The blonde boy was pulled hard against the ground as more foliage surrounded him and covered his body in a deep green blanket, burying him alive.

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Jason had no choice. He had to save Sean.

He dropped in front of Emma and roared, hoping to startle her, but she did nothing. In fact, if she was even aware of his presence she didn't show it. He grabbed her shoulders and lifted her off the ground. She was impossibly light. His heavy muscles could move boulders and Emma was maybe thirty pounds of flesh and bone. He shook her and looked back at Sean.

The boy was still being enveloped.

Jason needed to get Emma away. He pulled her against his shoulder and ran with her through the woods, away from Sean and the oncoming onslaught of Wolves headed her way. Emma did nothing to stop him, she said not a word.

Jason ran for only a minute at top speed and then put her on the ground. She looked up with a blank look on her face and stared straight ahead at nothing. Jason didn't know what else to do. He could knock her out, but with his strength he might take her head off and he couldn't risk it. He left her there and ran back to Sean. Maybe the distance between them would be enough and her influence would be gone now.

Jason made it back quickly but Sean was still covered by a hill of vines. Jason swiped them with his sharp claws and they ripped away, squirming like snakes. He reached down and grabbed Sean's arm and yanked him to his feet. The first vine was still around his neck and Sean's face was red. Jason grabbed the vine and tore it from the ground and pulled it off his friend's body. Sean was struggling to take in air. Jason put him over his shoulder and ran opposite Emma and toward the male Werewolves.

They were so close he only had to run for a few minutes before he saw them. He stopped and gently put Sean on the ground, careful not to touch him with his sharp claws. Sean was coughing which was a good sign. Jason barked out at the oncoming Wolves and caught their attention.

That's when it struck!

As the pack of Wolves turned to him Jason saw the last one in the bunch fall to the ground and howl. A huge black Raven was on its back and digging its talons into him. The closest Wolf managed to turn around and see the bird, not ten feet away, and clawing at his pack mate. As it shifted its great weight and raked its clawed hand into the ground for support to charge, the bird rose up and flew right at him. Jason watched with wide eyes as the thick black wings flapped in the air and the Raven opened its mouth to scream.

The forest filled with an ugly ear splitting screech.

The Wolf's head exploded!

Every Werewolf turned to see the sight. The headless beast wavered in the air for a moment; its fur covered in blood and flesh, and then fell in a heap to the ground with a thud. The body continued to shake as the last vestiges of electrical signals ran through its muscled frame.

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The forest filled with the deafening sound of Werewolves howling!

The battle began!

The Witch's eyes shifted at the sound. She felt out with her power and knew the Druid child had been confronted by the Wolves. The Raven would deal with any stragglers provided they were far enough away from the Puller Tree. The Raven could not go there, that part of the forest was protected from black magic.

She turned her power back to the cloud of gnats. It wouldn't take long.

Her eyes shifted left to right quickly.

The cloud was still there but it was too big!

The gnats swirled around in large loops diving deep into the cloud but coming up from below. The Witch pushed her magic into the dark haze of bugs.

The beast was gone!

She couldn't believe it. She let her attention wander for a mere moment and it had escaped her. She cast out her power toward the cloud, feeling for the beast again. She had no time to feel for a return when the air shifted behind her. She leaned forward as fast as she could just as a heavy set of claws raked through the air and slashed her across her shoulders. Had she stayed where she was she would have lost her head!

The pain ripped through her as she fell to her knees. She turned her head to the right and saw the beast land on its paws and dash back into the forest with impossible speed and dissolving into darkness.

It was black and Wolf shaped, but like no Wolf the Witch had ever seen. She got a flash of its face. It had a short snout with sharp white teeth.

Then it was gone.

The Witch felt the blood run down her back. Quicksand still surrounded her so the beast had jumped at her instead. She pushed her power to the ground and made the ocean of mud as deep as she could. Even if the beast could negate her power somehow she bet it couldn't do it fast enough to maintain its speed and she couldn't fight it while it could run. This was her best protection.

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The pain was incredible. The animal had managed to wound her deeply. The Witch had not suffered so in over a century, her power was too great. She managed to stand and held her hands out in front of her. Dirt from beyond her moat of quicksand lifted from the ground in a fine mist. She manipulated her power and the dirt swirled into small clouds of matter. She reached back and felt her wet flesh. She cast her hand forward and her blood flew through air at the cloud.

Her spell was complete and it gleamed in the moonlight.

The Witch had formed glass.

The first Wolf the Raven had attacked managed to lift himself off of the ground, but just barely. His great body shook as if it had been poisoned. Jason turned to grab Sean and he ran off into the cover of the woods to protect his friend.

Destel, Daruth's assassin, took charge. He had already lost two men, only moments into the fight. His mind ran through several options within a second. Thinking under pressure was what he did best, but this wasn't his usual foe.

The bird had downed one Wolf and outright killed another. It could fly and form some sort of sonic scream at them. Destel moved quickly and bumped first one Wolf and then another, letting them know to separate and surround the Raven. The Werewolves moved like a well-oiled machine and ran in opposite directions as the bird looked at them. Destel took point. Whatever this thing was it probably expected him to charge like any Wolf would...so he did the opposite.

He reached down and grabbed two rocks, one in each great hand. He spun his body around and around and then released them like massive bullets!

The Raven squawked loudly and shifted to the right as fast as it could. The first stone missed but brushed through the black feathers at the very tips. The bird felt the friction of the pass as the stone ripped through the air and then exploded on a tree twenty feet behind it. The tree groaned at the assault and bark flew everywhere from the impact. The second stone was dead on the mark!

The Raven lifted its clawed feet in front as the stone struck it. The bird flew back in the air as the rock pushed it away. Its legs crumbled under the impact but it managed to protect its body from being crushed by the projectile. Its great wings folded over the stone as it tumbled backward. The bird managed to shift its weight so the stone was on top of it moments before it struck a tree. The bird followed next and hit the truck with a thud and fell to the ground.

Abel watched with awe as the other two Wolves came at it from opposite sides and charged. Destel had already picked up two more stones as he growled in approval at his success.

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Short lived as it was.

The black Wolf ran deep into the forest before it turned around and circled back. It had wounded the Witch. The THREE was now one. Chase knew what she was. He needed no book, no lesson in witchcraft to know what she was. The moment her blood touched him he understood everything.

The animal part of her was gone as was the child. Now only the woman existed. Whatever blending she was in his mind earlier...now she was just Witch.

Chase heard sound deep in the forest behind him. He didn't stop to figure out what it was, it was irrelevant. The Witch was all that mattered now. Her death was what he lived for. He ran forward and absorbed everything in front of him. The gnats, although too small to hurt, couldn't keep up with his speed, so Chase simply ran from them. The problem was, he couldn't see.

With his eyes closed Chase ran forward, holding his hands out in front of him. He knew he couldn't do this long before he hit a tree or rock and fell to the ground. Not even he could move through the forest without sight.

But Chase was wrong.

He could do it...the very forest made sure of it. As he ran several branches dipped down and pushed at him left and right, some even lifting him off the ground for a moment. He ran until the gnats were gone and when he opened his eyes he was almost a half mile away. The gnats that came with him were in too little number to hamper him any longer.

He turned his head in the direction he had come from as his speed dropped suddenly. He saw the most incredible sight. The forest was moving behind him. Branches thick with leaves were moving back in place; vines shifted across the ground and covered up the trail he had used, even bushes that had bent out of his way pulled back and righted themselves.

Chase blinked as he took in the sight.

What in the name of Polus had just happened?

He had no time to understand. The Witch had to die. Chase moved quickly, his eyes now watching the forest as he ran. He saw it for the first time. The forest responded to his every step. It was subtle and if he hadn't been looking for it he would have never seen it. Shifts in the earth and brush gave way as he moved through them, only to move back as he safely passed by.

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He had never noticed it before. Had this always happened?

Chase knew he was fast, he knew that even his own Father had a hard time keeping up with him as they ran across the fields in the farm, but here in the woods? It was clear that Chase would have the advantage because his size would make it easier to navigate through the brush, but if the forest had always done this then there was no possible way anyone could catch him.

Polus, what have you done to me, Chase thought.

The Witch managed to stop her blood from spilling out any further. The beast had cut her deep and only her magic held her together. She would have to tend to her wound later though because she knew he would strike soon. No animal let their prey recover from an attack like that. She pulled the cloud of glass toward her and made it drop to the level of her knees and wait. She wanted to make more but the beast showed its face!

It was solid black. Golden eyes gleamed at her from the brush as the Witch got to her feet. She had no more time to set a trap for him.

He growled low and deep at her as she wiped her bloody hands on her legs. He moved from the trees and stood tall to threaten her. He was impressive. Jet black fur covered his sleek frame. Long, lean muscle wrapped around his legs and arms, his entire body made for running. He had clawed hands and feet but a short snout that puzzled the Witch. She had never seen anything like him. He was a Werewolf, but not. She ran through hybrid beasts in her mind but came up short. Maybe he was a familiar like the Raven. Maybe another Witch created him to serve her purpose. Was she opposed? Was someone ahead of her and trying to stop her from getting the book?

The beast moved slowly and she watched it shift like water, every motion fluid and graceful. She knew the animal could shift left or right instantly. It was ready for anything she threw at him, ready to run at least. She held the glass still, not wanting the beast to see it. It growled as it walked slowly around her in a semi-circle. Its large feet didn't stray into the quicksand she saw. It was just as aware of the environment as she was.

She thought what a great prize it would be, to enslave this beast to train it and make it serve her. The things she could do with such an animal at her command had no limit in her imagination. She carefully cast out her magic to probe the beast for answers to its origin.

The beast instantly growled loudly.

It felt it!

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She pulled her power away.

What the hell was this thing?

The beast wasn't going to let her simply stand there forever. She had to act soon, the child would need her attention.

Her magic coiled in her chest. Shame it was, to let a beast like this die. Maybe she could cut it open and see what made it tick, she told herself. She waited until the beast stopped moving.

Then she struck.

She cast out her hands and screamed in the air as her Witchcraft flew from her and hurtled toward it!

The curse struck Chase in the face!

It felt like a sticky cobweb that constricted around him. He was ready for this. Polus told him what would happen, he had to trust the God or not, the choice was his.

Chase held his ground and let the magic hit him.

As it tightened around him Chase opened his eyes wide and they glowed at the Witch. The spell ripped from his body and flew back at her!

The Witch saw it but couldn't believe it! Her own curse was reflected back, the beast unaffected! She lifted her arms and created a makeshift shield of magic but she knew it wouldn't be enough. Her curse was strong and she was unprepared for its return.

It struck her like a stone. The Witch screamed as the magic cut through her shield and made contact with her body. She convulsed and fell to the ground, coughing up blood from her mouth. The curse swirled around her and attacked her from every angle. She pushed at it with whatever magic she had left to keep it away from vital organs.

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Her legs broke!

The sound of snapping bone filled the forest, quickly joined by her screams of pain. Her arms contorted but she managed to hold them together as she fought back the pain of her broken bones. Blood poured from her mouth and covered her chest as she fought for air. She clutched at her breast as she chanted a counter spell, blood spurting at the ground with each word.

The beast simply watched her, letting her die in front of him.

She had no power to fight him. Every ounce of magic she had was used to counter her own curse.

The beast moved slowly, walking around her and tilting its head in interest. The Witch was down and bleeding out as her body shuddered in pain. She kept her eyes on it as she pushed the remains of the curse away...but the damage was done...and the beast would kill her.

Then the black Wolf did something that made the Witch sit straight up.

It stopped moving and lifted its clawed hand up and pointed at her. She understood now why the mouth was so small.

The beast spoke!

She couldn't believe it. It wasn't the idea that it could speak; her Raven could do it. She knew several animals that conversed...familiar being only one of them.

It was what he said that made her forget her pain.

She had not heard it for hundreds of years.

The black animal said her name!

"YOSSA KRIPKA!"

The Witch was inflamed with anger! Her hate for it surged in her body and pushed the pain of her broken form away. If this was how she was to die, then so be it! She screamed and cast out her hands toward the beast. The glass floating in the air surged toward him to cut his legs off at the knees.

She saw it clearly; the glass would find its mark. The beast wasn't ready for it! It had no choice but to do exactly what the Witch wanted, and as she watched, the Wolf didn't disappoint. It jumped in the air at her, clearing the sharp glass easily as it flew under him and into the woods. The beast's jaws were open as it sailed in the air at her, claws extended and ready to flail her open.

The Witch took in a deep breath and blew it out with all her might!

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A sickly orange and green plume of fire flew from her mouth and enveloped the black Wolf. She held her body up by her hands as she poured every bit of Witchcraft she had into her final act. The very air blackened with the intense heat. Bushes and trees nearby burst into flame from the exposure to heat. She belched out the flame as hard as she could, forgetting everything else but her desire to survive.

And then it was done. The Witch was spent! She barely managed to hold her head up as she waited for the beast to drop out in front of her...but nothing came. She was powerful and the flame was too intense.

Heavy clouds of thick black smoke rolled in the air as the Witch's mouth spilled blood from her open lips, her eyes waiting for any sign of life.

A moment later a smile crossed her ugly face as the warm blood ran down her chin and the pain of her broken legs came back to her. But the Witch didn't complain. She had won. Her last spell had done it, and once again she survived the impossible, her magic holding true.

The forest burned around her as the scent of crisp leaves filled the air followed by the Witch's laughter.

The fight was over; the Witch was beaten, bleeding, but alive. The intense fire of her spell had cut a clear path for several yards leaving nothing in its destructive wake. Trees, bushes, brush and the like were all gone, disintegrated by her magic flame as the nearby woods burned with normal fire. It was as if the finger of God had erased the area her flame struck and left nothing behind.

And just like that...the Son of the most powerful Werewolf in North America...was dead.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

The death of Chase ripped through Michael like a knife. He had been searching with Ryan for his daughter when he felt the sudden loss. His massive body crumpled to the ground and he rolled around, howling loudly.

Ryan moved back quickly having no idea what happened. Whatever the Grand Alpha had felt did not touch him but the animal was far too powerful to stand near when it was in distress, and Ryan was no fool. He quickly looked around to see if he could find the cause. He sniffed in the air for another presence but found nothing. He carefully circled Michael, ready to run at the first sign of anger from the immense Wolf. He barked back to let him know he was nearby and ready to defend him as the Werewolf clawed at the ground in anguish. As Ryan watched the deadly form of the Grand Alpha shifted and fell inward as it changed back into a man. It wasn't a controlled change the way Ryan was used to, the huge beast began to lose each aspect of itself as if it were fighting to stay present but losing the battle with every second.

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It took only a minute before Michael lay on the ground, tears streaming from his eyes, the Alpha Wolf gone leaving only the big, blonde man in its place.

"NO!" Michael screamed at the sky. He beat his fists at the ground in anger but was unable to lift himself up. His body shook with the forced transformation and he clawed at the ground for support.

Ryan watched but made no move to come closer to him. Even as a man he was too dangerous to approach without permission. The Grand Alpha must invite him in, without that, Ryan would keep his distance and keep plenty of it. He watched the man carefully. He seemed drained. Whatever made him fall had cut him deeply.

"CHASE!" he cried out in anguish. He lifted one large arm to the sky, pleading to the heavens for his Son...but there was no answer.

Chase was dead, killed by the Witch in a plume of magic fire, along with a good section of the forest. Michael didn't know how his Son died or where for that matter, but the connection between them was severed so quickly and so totally that it disabled the big Wolf and sent it back inside the stunned body of its human host.

Michael clutched his chest as if to grab the hole that now existed there. He closed his eyes and moaned and saw Chase as he did for the first time...

The bus pulled up slowly but Michael didn't need to see in the windows to know who was there. He smelled his Son, and identified the boy far more than mere sight could. Many years had gone by after Chase was born. Michael stayed away, not wanting Helen or him to suffer because of what he was. Silas had warned him of the danger he put them in, and although he loathed the older Alpha, he knew deep down that he was right. Any enemy of his would hunt them down and kill them to spite his great Wolf; so Michael stayed away.

But not completely.

They never knew; at least not for the first few years. He paid the hospital bills when Helen gave birth to Chase and he even saw his Son swaddled up in the viewing room with all the other children. He didn't need to look at the name tag to know which one was his; his blood ran through Chase's veins. Michael's large hands pressed on the glass as he looked down at the impossibly small creature, so vulnerable, so helpless. He wanted to break down the glass and scoop him up and wrap his arms around him and protect him from the world. But the child was oblivious to the universe as he slept peacefully and dreamt in the warmth of the heating lamps.

Michael stayed there for hours...just watching him.

A nurse came up and tapped him on the shoulder. **"Is he yours?"**

Michael almost didn't answer. Helen didn't know he was there. In fact Helen didn't even know that he knew she was with child. Michael was ready to leave quickly if he had to. He had stopped at the bank and deposited money into Helen's account to handle any bills she might have for the next year or so.

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Now he looked at the nurse. This was a bad thing and Michael knew it. If he told her the truth then she would mention it to Helen. If not, she would ask what he was doing here and why he had been staring at the baby for hours.

Either way, it was time for Michael to go.

He shook his head at her. **“No”** he sighed. **“I recently lost my own Son”** he started as he turned to look back at Chase one final time. **“They’re so...small”**

She nodded and rested her hand on his thick arm for support. **“I’m sorry to hear that. I see so many children come through here without fathers that it’s nice to see you take such an interest”** She looked over his muscled frame. **“You’re still young. It doesn’t have to stop yet you know”**

He carefully pulled away from her and picked up his jacket. **“I wish that were true”**

He left the room as she watched him go. He walked down the hall near Helen’s room and breathed in her scent deeply. He could find her in pitch blackness by her smell alone. She was sleeping he knew. Her heart rate was slow and steady. He put one hand on the door but didn’t open it.

“You did good Helen. Forgive me”

He ran his hand slowly down the door as if to transfer it to her face and walked away.

Michael stayed nearby for the next few weeks. He didn’t go into her home, he knew that if she found out that he was there she wouldn’t be able to let go. The police were still looking for him and he had to be careful as he moved around town.

When he finally did leave, Michael traveled around the country, not stopping too long in any one area. Several Werewolf packs approached him as he went state to state. Having such a powerful Wolf in their pack would elevate their status greatly...but Michael was not interested. The loss of Helen and now of Chase drove him to despair. To have something so wonderful and never be able to touch it seemed cruel and heartless.

So Michael wandered. But he was never alone for long.

Werewolf females hunted him down like a deer in the woods. Mating with such a beast was an opportunity most of them would never have, so when rumor of his presence reached them, they flocked to him like bees to honey. He would open the door to his hotel room and find one or two standing there hopefully, eyes pleading for his attention. At first he drove them away, wanting nothing to do with women ever again. They were no substitute for Helen or Chase, but as the months passed and turned into years, Michael began to submit.

He never spoke to them. He grabbed them by the arm and tossed them in the room as he closed and locked the door. He tore their clothes from their bodies and pushed their heads deep into the mattress as he forcefully fucked them from behind.

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They groaned and cried out, their protests muffled by sheets and pillows, but none complained. They wouldn't dare. The fact that he would allow them in the room was an extreme privilege and one none of them would turn down. Wanting to bear children was a primal force for all Werewolf females. Some who were not able to conceive, actually killed themselves than live another year without offspring. The chances of having children were far greater with a full Alpha like Michael, than with another Wolf, and they would do anything for the chance of mating with him. Even Alpha's of other packs would welcome one of their females breeding with Michael, in hopes of producing a similarly powerful child.

Michael drove his thick cock deep inside them; drilling their hungry bodies and making them pay for the right to couple with him. He didn't always cum. They had to earn that. It wasn't enough that they wanted to mate with him. He could live his entire lifetime simply having sex with one female after another, and they would be grateful for his effort. But Michael was bitter and still felt the loss of his only Son and so he made them pay.

He felt them cum around his thrusting prick. It washed over his heavy shaft and coated his beastly cock with slick moisture. They begged and moaned for him but most would not get what they wanted. They couldn't last long enough to deserve his seed.

He took them by the back of the neck and hauled them to their feet, pulling his big dick out and casting them to the floor.

"GET OUT!" he bellowed, his Alpha power flooding the room. With cries of fear they grabbed at their ripped clothing and fled the room, clawing at the locked door only to be replaced by yet another woman. Michael would watch as the next took her place and quickly undress, looking over his massive frame and menacing prick. He pointed to the bed and they would move quickly into position, hopeful for the seed he had denied that last woman.

They spoke about him later; the ones who received nothing and the ones who did. Why? Why did he allow it sometimes but not others? There was no competition between them. If they had it their way, every woman would give birth by him...and so they compared notes. The ones he came inside would hold their wombs protectively in their hands, rubbing at it and soothing themselves with the mating. The ones who received nothing would try again the next day, or even hours later, if he would permit it. Time was of the essence because Michael would be moving on; it was just a matter of when.

They came to him, young and old. Some had already born children but wanted more, some were so young that the mere possibility of getting pregnant was extreme. But still they came. The primal force inside them would make it all but impossible to resist him. Werewolf men would watch him with distaste, jealous of his gift, but only a few would show open resentment.

Michael wasn't above reprisal.

Any Wolf stupid enough to challenge him would feel the full wrath of his power, regardless of how many pack brothers were present. A pack in upper Maine had been visiting the Grand Alpha for days in hopes of mating with him, but none were worthy. Four females came to him night after night, but he gave none his seed. The pack Alpha growled at Michael as he walked through a group of them on his

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way out of town, and that was all it took. Michael backhanded the man to the floor and turned to face the rest of the Wolves.

“Little Wolves wish to challenge ME?” he bellowed, his thick body swollen with power. It radiated off him like the sun and the other men turned their eyes to the ground, none helping their Alpha get up. Michael straddled his feet over the man and grabbed him by the neck and pulled him up. He hauled back his fist and punched him in the face. The air filled with the sound as the Alpha fell back with a thud from the blow.

Michael moved away and started to walk around, facing each man that stood nearby. None looked at him.

“Is there any Wolf great enough to displace ME?” he yelled. Again he stood over the Alpha and took him by the neck and punching him back to the ground.

Again he walked the circle, waiting for a challenge.

None came.

Four times he struck the Alpha until the man could no longer stay conscious. He bled from the beating as Michael growled down daring him to rise. He spit down at him and faced the Alpha’s pack one more time.

“Challenge your better again! I fucking dare you!”

Not one pair of eyes met him. He walked away, listening for the merest hint of rebuttal, but only silence filled the air.

State by state Michael moved, mating and not, fighting and not. He had a reputation now and the news of him spread like fire. Even strong Alphas, Alphas of equal power to Silas, did not challenge him. Instead Michael was met by deep nods from the males and eyes of lesser Wolves only briefly glancing his way.

The females of course, could not resist him.

She was young; too young to have children. She knocked on his door looking desperate. His body filled the doorframe as he looked her over. She was Wolf, there was no doubt, but only just. There were no packs nearby. Michael was in Chicago and deep in the city. No Wolf hunted here; they preferred nature to the hard steel and brick buildings of a populated metropolis.

Still she was there.

“How old are you?” his deep voice asked.

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She trembled as he spoke, even his voice affected her. She made to lie, he could see it. He took hold of her arm and lifted her off the ground like a rag doll. **“I said how old are you?”**

She didn't look up. **“Fourteen”** she whimpered.

He put her on the ground and stepped back, about to close the door. **“Go home little girl, there is nothing for you here”**

She fell to his feet and wrapped her arms around one muscled leg. She said nothing, she just held him like her life depended on it.

Michael looked down and then outside. No one was around. He could hear the city still alive around him, cars and trucks moving in an endless choir. He sniffed the air. She was alone. He pulled her in and closed the door.

“Where is your pack?”

It took her a moment to speak. **“I've traveled by bus to get to you My Lord. My pack is in Michigan; it's small and is of no importance to you”** Her small hands gripped his thick leg. **“None would challenge you there”** She rubbed her face against his leg.

Michael snorted. **“None would challenge ME anywhere little one”**

She rubbed her face harder against his leg trying to impart her scent on him. He let her.

“What do you want child?” he asked, already knowing the answer.

She didn't look up. Her voice was so faint he almost didn't hear her. **“To mate”**

Michael wanted to laugh. He almost did. **“You can't have my child. You are a child yourself”**

“I know” she trembled. **“I still want it”**

He almost threw her out. There was no way she could bring his child to term. She wasn't strong enough number one and secondly, her Wolf was too immature. She could get pregnant, of that he had no doubt, but actually delivering a baby from a Werewolf was so far beyond possibility that it was practically nonexistent.

He reached down and took her by the back of the neck. She was small, maybe eighty pounds. He lifted her off the ground and pulled her from his leg.

It was her eyes that changed his mind. Deep inside of her the Wolf that lived there wanted nothing more than to mate. It was feverish with lust for him. Its desire was paramount to anything else, even food.

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“You mate with your pack?” he asked setting her to her feet.

She nodded. **“Twice. Once with my Alpha and once with another”**

“You have no females in your pack?” He asked that question for a very important reason. Werewolf women could give birth but conditions had to be right. It was the driving force behind their existence. Women helped each other achieve success. They were a family in every sense of the word. But a female chose when and where to mate. Sex was only a part of being a Wolf. It was used to control, to love and to procreate, but having sex under the wrong conditions could do far more harm than good.

Male Wolves would have sex all day long if they were allowed but increasing pack numbers was a job for the women. Males could not help themselves. They would mate with any willing female regardless of age. The sex drive inside them was far too great to simply say no to. But if the woman was too young the mating could damage them permanently, and make it even harder still to bear children as they became older. Mature females knew this and protected the young; the males Wolves were too aggressive. They were essential for the health and well-being of the pack. The Alpha should know better and if the men became too forceful with a female child it was HIS job to correct them.

But his girl had already had sex with her Alpha and Michael knew no female would have allowed that.

The girl...like he knew she would do, shook her head. **“None”**

“Do they know you’re here?”

Again she shook her head.

He moved by her and locked the door. He came behind her and wrapped an arm around her tiny body and pulled her against him. She didn’t resist. He worked his other hand into her jeans and felt for her pussy. She was wet.

He sighed. **“You know who I am?”**

“Yes My Lord. You are a Grand Alpha”

His large fingers pulled open her lips and stroked her clit. She moaned loudly and ground her back against him.

He sighed again and pulled his hand away. He led her to the bed and pushed her on her back facing him. He stood between her legs as they hung off the side. She looked at him with hope and fear. Michael’s big chest rose and he let out a surge of his willpower. It flooded over the child like the ocean. She looked at his muscled body standing menacingly between her legs, the large bulge between his thighs thick with lust.

She came.

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Her body shook and trembled as her orgasm took hold of her. Her eyes fluttered as her small frame peaked with pleasure.

Michael waited for a long minute as she finished. As her vision cleared he slowly moved over her, his hands beside her head as the bed shifted with his great weight.

“Child I haven’t even touched you yet” his voice soothed her.

She looked up with pleading eyes as she tugged her shirt off her chest and offered herself to him. Her breasts were undeveloped and she needed no bra.

“I still...” she began but Michael threw his willpower down on her as he loomed over her tiny body. His face was a foot or so away and anywhere she looked she would find him. His thick muscled arms near her head, his hard, strong chest above her, his powerful legs below. Even the breath from his mouth warmed her face. His eyes glowed with a blue light, radiant with power.

She came again.

She cried out loudly, not ready for another orgasm so soon. Her body arched up but Michael would not allow her bare chest to touch him, he simply towered over her, forcing her to peak. Her small hands gripped the sheets and she pulled them up, her nails tearing the fabric as the Wolf in her came alive.

She looked at him, her eyes no longer human. Her hands came up to grab his neck, to pull him down and mate with her, but again Michael commanded her.

“Cum for ME!”

She screamed!

Her teeth extended, her hands formed claws as her body was wracked with her third orgasm in minutes. Her eyes rolled in her head as she struggled to breath. Her body convulsed with pleasure as his willpower ripped through her like a hurricane.

Michael watched her succumb. He didn’t even touch her! Her body slumped after she finished, her eyes changing back to normal, her teeth retracting and her hands losing their sharp claws. He leaned down to her ear.

“I am a Grand Alpha. You are a child”

She was exhausted and lay limp. Michael wasn’t about to let her rest so easily though. He reached down and unzipped her jeans and pulled them from her lifeless legs. He tore her underwear from her in one yank and threw it to the ground. He knelt before her and pulled her legs over his shoulders and tugged her body down until her pussy was at his mouth. He covered her cunt with his lips and drove his thick tongue deep inside her.

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He began to drink.

His thick, warm tongue drove deep into her pussy as she slowly came alive under his attention. His strong hands held her small thighs in place as he feasted on her cunt. The stubble from his cheeks rubbed the insides of her smooth legs raw as he moved his head from side to side and rotated his tongue inside of her.

She dreamed of him; dreamed of his huge body drilling into her over and over again. His cock was warm and sought to touch the deepest parts of her. She moaned as she dreamed of him. She could smell him all around her, her body fulfilling his every demand.

She didn't wake until the next day. She found him at the foot of the bed, wearing only his jeans. He didn't speak to her as she pulled the sheet to cover her naked body. She was drained. Never had she felt so exhausted. She had no energy, no drive to move from his bed. He looked at her and threw her jeans on the bed.

“Take a shower and get dressed. We have a long drive ahead of us”

She couldn't believe her ears. He was taking her with him. She scrambled out of bed, renewed with the idea that he would continue to mate with her. She took her shower and came out naked as she dried herself off. She would give herself to him again if he wished it. She moved behind him and wrapped her tiny arms around his bare back as she leaned over and kissed at his thick neck. Michael was sitting on the edge of the bed and putting his shoes on as she fawned over him. He slowly stood up and faced her, his thickly muscled chest towering over her small body. He reached down with one hand and pushed two big fingers into her cunt and rotated them around.

Her eyes rolled as her body instantly responded to his touch. Michael smiled at her eagerness to please him and the ease at which she received pleasure from him. He leaned in and spoke near her face. **“I'm taking you from your pack. You will do as I say”** He took her chin and pulled her mouth open as he thrust his thick tongue inside. She sucked on it right away as she rode his fingers. He pulled back and removed his hand and put his fingers in his mouth to clean them off. She watched him with hazy vision. **“Get dressed, we are leaving”**

She managed to nod her head and put her clothes on. She had no underwear, he had destroyed them.

He rented a car and threw his things inside and drove them out of town. No one ever came to claim her or challenge his right to take her with him.

No one would dare.

She knew they had mated, at least in a fashion, but she wasn't sure how. His power was so great that her memory was filled with nothing but his looming body and surges of pleasure ripping through her. She remembered his mouth, his tongue and the feel of his thick, rough hands on her. She remembered nothing else.

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As they drove in silence she looked him beside her. His arms were heavy with muscle. He was nothing like her Alpha. HE was just a Werewolf, a man who could turn into a beast. Michael was a true Alpha. Even here in the car she could feel it flowing off him. She wanted to touch him, to feel his warm flesh against her but she wasn't invited, so she held still. Being so near him for so long felt like basking in the sun. Her Wolf pulled at his power and drank him in like a cool drink on a hot day.

He was amazing.

The drove to another state but she didn't notice where. Nothing mattered to her but being with him. When night came they stopped for something to eat. She ate like she had never had food before. He asked her nothing, she asked nothing in return. She just wanted to be with him.

Once back in the car they drove back to the interstate. Sparse cars were on the road so late at night. Michael turned to her his eyes shining with blue light. She moaned at the display of his power. Her hands moved between her legs as she rubbed at her pussy, unable to turn away from him. Michael growled at her deeply, the car filled with the voice of his beast.

She cried out and came.

He turned from her and watched the road as she shuddered from her orgasm. **"You are too small to mate"** he said. **"Too young to breed with. There are other ways to satisfy your Wolf until you can take a full grown man"**

Her voice trembled. **"I will do whatever you say"**

He didn't look back at her. **"That was understood from the second you met me. Women years your senior could not resist my power. What chance did you have?"**

She looked at him with hesitation. **"You will not breed with me?"**

Michael took her hand and pulled it between his legs and made her grip his thick cock. **"You really want THAT inside of you little girl?"** Now he did look at her. **"You know how badly I could hurt you if the fever to mate took hold of me?"** He took his hand away, leaving hers alone between his legs. **"You would never have children again. I'm not some simple man, or even a Werewolf for that matter. I'm a Grand Alpha. My power is too great for you"**

"I won't always be so young" she said hopefully, her hand rubbing at the bulge between his legs. It was warm and thick and she was drawn to it.

"That's the point I'm trying to make. You need more time. When the time is right, you will mate. You will mate with as many men as you desire" He looked at her hard. **"That's why we're here. We were born to fuck"**

She could not help herself any longer. She moved her small body on the seat and curled up facing him, her head in his lap. He nuzzled her face on his mound and began to slowly lick it.

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Michael looked down and rested his hand on her back as they drove. He spread his legs apart to give her more room as the car drove steadily on the highway to another state. After hours of licking at his bulge she finally fell asleep. Michael stroked her back softly as he drove. He could feel the heat of her breath on his crotch as she slept peacefully.

When she did wake it was morning. She looked up to see his big arm resting on the steering wheel as he drove. His other arm was against her and holding her in place. She looked forward at the mound between his legs and rubbed her face against it. She felt his hand stroke her back as she did. She pressed her face into it and breathed deeply to take in his scent. When she finally sat up she had no idea where they were. She wanted to ask but didn't want to seem like she was questioning him. All that mattered to her was that they were together. She sat up in the seat and leaned into him so his muscled arm wrapped around her frame. She sighed with content as the warmth of his big body flooded over her. She laid her head against his chest as they drove.

When they finally arrived more than an hour later she smelled Wolf! She turned to him but it didn't seem to alarm him at all. If she smelled them she knew he did too.

“No one will harm you here”

She calmed down immediately. Her Wolf obeyed him fully. They slowed down as the car made its way up a long dirt pathway covered by trees on both sides. A big house stood in front of them as several people milled around.

A large man with gray hair came up. He was handsome and big, but older than the Grand Alpha by several years. They moved from the car and Michael walked up to the man.

“Michael” the older man said, holding out his hand. He bowed at Michael as they faced each other.

“Benton, this girl is in need of a real pack. Her former Alpha used her for sex” The older man looked her over. **“He had no other females”** Michael explained. The man nodded his head and moved to face the little girl.

“Child you are welcome here. I am Benton, the Alpha of this pack”

Benton had a large pack. Not as large as that of Silas, but large nonetheless. He was an older Wolf, full of power and a true Alpha, unlike what the girl was used to.

“We have females to guide you here” Benton said. Several women approached with warm smiles. They reached out for the girl and guided her close to them. Michael saw several men look the child over. Hunger filled their eyes but Michael expected no less. They would mate with her as much as she wanted he knew, but Benton and the female Wolves would make sure it would happen when the time was right.

Benton looked at him. **“Thank you Michael”** This was no small favor Michael did for Benton. Adding a female to a pack was an incredible gift as women usually were in small numbers compared to the men. Another woman meant another chance to increase pack size and elevate their status.

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The girl turned to him and Michael reached down and took her shoulders in his big hands. **“You will stay with Benton, he will protect you. He can be trusted, or he will die by MY hand”** His eyes blazed with blue light. In truth this was all for the girl’s benefit. Benton was no threat to Michael and everyone knew it, mostly Benton. The older man turned his head to the side to hide his smile. The flow of power from Michael washed over the girl and everyone else nearby. Female Wolves rocked back on their feet at the sensation, several hoping to catch his wandering eye. Male Wolves moved back hoping for just the opposite.

“Yes, My Lord” the little girl said, as if in a trance. Michael had compelled her to obey him. He could do it with any Wolf, but one so young as her had no choice but to obey him.

The females led her away, leaving Michael and Benton alone.

“My friend, you need a pack. She would make a fine addition” he said, looking in her direction.

Michael shook his head. **“I need no pack Benton I already have...”** He stopped himself. No one knew about Helen or Chase except Silas and Silas didn’t know Helen had born him a Son. **“Everything I need”** he finished instead.

Benton would not challenge him. **“Of course Michael. You are welcome to stay as long as you like”**

Michael shook his head. **“No old friend. I have places to go. Thank you for taking her in. I know you are the best choice for her”**

Benton nodded and watched Michael get in his car and drive off. A female Wolf came near and spoke softly.

“An actual Grand Alpha?”

Benton nodded, lost in thought. He looked at the woman. **“If her former Alpha comes we will invite him to join our pack. If he fights for right of leadership, or for the girl, he is to be killed”**

She nodded her head. **“I doubt any would dare approach now. The Grand Alpha’s power lingers and will linger for some time. Who is stupid enough to challenge him?”**

Benton sighed. **“You would be surprised”**

Michael drove to Georgia. It had been four years since he had been there last. Months after Helen had given birth; Michael had sent her a letter. He tried to explain what happened and why he had to leave,

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but in the end, he knew it wouldn't be enough for her. Mostly he wanted her to know he knew about Chase.

Now he needed more. He needed to see the boy. He waited for her to come home. It was late in the day but the sun was still in the sky when her car drove up. She was beautiful, just like Michael remembered. If anything, having a child gave her a constant glow that she never had before. She walked to the back of the car and opened the door. She reached in and then moved out of the way.

A small boy with jet black hair crawled out.

Chase!

Michael stopped breathing. He was beautiful. He had huge blue eyes and thick hair had wrapped around his face. He was small and Michael smiled as he watched his Son reach back and tug a huge backpack out of the car behind him. Helen stood nearby and watched him with a smile of her own as Chase put the backpack on. Even though they were home it was clear to Michael this was a ritual of some kind that Helen allowed because it obviously meant a great deal to their Son. Once the pack was on properly he stepped away as she closed the door. Chase lifted up his hand and waited for her to turn. When she did she immediately took hold of him, her fingers wrapping protectively around his tiny hand and leading him into the house.

As they walked out of sight Michael remembered to breath. He rocked back on the balls of his big feet, a growl threatening to rip from his throat. The beast in him wanted to mark the area and drive any other animal away. He put one hand on the tree he was behind and took in a deep breath to calm his Wolf.

His beast stirred! Michael wasn't sure of it but the Wolf in him seemed convinced. The child was too young to show the life of an animal growing inside him. A Wolf didn't usually reveal itself until they reached their teens but yet Michael's beast had stirred at the sight of Chase.

It took everything he had not to run up, burst through the door and wrap his arms around Chase and Helen. His knees felt weak as he stood there watching from far away. Only the eyes of a Wolf could see so far.

He waited until night. The hours moved by with eternal slowness. When he saw the lights go out he gave it another hour before he moved. He skirted the side of the house and jumped over the eight foot fence with one leap, landing on the other side making practically no noise. His big feet navigated the dark night with ease as his blue eyes saw everything clearly.

He moved to Helen's bedroom window. She was asleep. He put one hand on the glass and felt for her with his power.

She moaned.

He wrapped his will around her and made her sleep deeper than she ever had before. It took him only moments.

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He walked away and looked at the back of the house. He found his Son's window immediately. It was on the second floor and it was open, but there was no ledge. Michael looked around and listened. No one was out. It was a quiet neighborhood.

His muscled legs squatted down and Michael leaped into the air with a surge of supernatural power. His strong body flew up to the boy's window and his large fingers found purchase in the framed glass. His feet supported his weight as he used his other hand to work the screen off and place it inside the room. He was like a great spider, his body supported by his sheer strength alone. He climbed inside with silence until he stood near the small bed, a sleeping boy dreaming under the covers.

Michael was frozen in place.

The room was filled with the child's smell. It was everywhere and in everything.

Chase, his Son, his only Son.

Michael knelt beside the bed. He leaned down and took in a deep breath and moaned.

The blood running in the child's veins was his! There was no mistake, this was Michael's Son!

He reached out with one big hand and ran it through the thick mass of Chase's black hair. The boy didn't stir. Like all children he slept through everything. Michael smiled and leaned down to kiss the child's forehead. The taste of the sweet sweat filled his mouth and Michael licked his lips. He nuzzled his face into the boy's neck and breathed deeply.

He lost track of how long he stayed. Hours maybe? Days? Years? It seemed that time had stopped at the sight of his only Son. He studied his angelic face with a smile. His big hand stroked the soft black hair as Michael absorbed every line, every crease. He would never forget one thing about him for as long as he lived. He kissed at him softly, first his cheeks and then his forehead. Chase moved around a little and shifted until he was on his back and turned his head, as if offering it to his Dad. Michael smiled and accepted the offer.

He leaned down again and began to repeatedly kiss his Son. When Chase stirred Michael cast down his will and put the boy deeper in sleep. He nuzzled his face against the boy's and breathed him in deeply.

"I love you little one" he whispered in Chase's ear.

The beast in Michael stirred. His eyes glowed as he watched the boy and Michael took a long slow lick at the side of his face. The Wolf let out a low rumble from its chest. He pressed his face against him and marked him with his scent. He used his big hands to touch Chase all over, putting as much of himself on his Son as he could. Chase didn't stir. He breathed deeply and continued to dream as his Father marked him.

His Wolf was too great. Michael stood up suddenly and pulled off his shirt. He watched the sleeping child with glowing eyes as he pushed off his shoes and dropped his pants to the floor and stepped out of them. His body swelled and hair formed on his limbs.

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The Werewolf was coming!

The change took just over a minute. The massive beast stepped to the bed and leaned its great muzzle down mere inches from the child. It breathed deeply and then growled low in the boy's direction. It was searching for something. Chase stirred and turned over, his small arm wrapping around the snout of the Werewolf's head. The hot breath flowed over the boy's soft cheeks and a smile formed on his face as the long hair tickled him. The massive Werewolf towered over him as it crouched down beside the bed and studied the boy. With slow motions it began to lick at the child from his neck to his forehead. The great tongue found every inch of exposed skin, every drop of sweat the boy had.

The animal rumbled again and waited. The sound of his growl made the child's tiny chest vibrate back at it. No Wolf called back. The big Werewolf sat back in confusion. It leaned forward again and rested its huge limbs on the bed, making it creak with its weight. Again it growled.

It was for only a moment. Chase opened his eyes.

The giant beast loomed over and looked at him. The boy had blue eyes just like his Dad and for the briefest instant, they glowed.

The Werewolf opened its mouth showing off the massive rows of sharp teeth and smiled down at the boy.

The Wolf had a Son.

As Chase's eyes closed shut and he sighed in sleep the big Werewolf licked at him happily before it stood up. It was too tall to stand fully upright; its big head had to dip down to clear the ceiling. It opened its powerful hands and splayed its claws in challenge. This was not the forest and they were not surrounded by animals but the great beast didn't care. The challenge was made for the boy. Who would come forth to claim him? Who would dare?

The beast circled the room, which meant it turned around, the room being too small for it to move freely. Finally it fell down on all four paws and moved back to the bed and rested its massive head against the boy's small body.

It fell asleep and dreamed.

When Michael woke up hours later, he had reverted into a man. His Son's arms were wrapped around his head as he rested against the boy. He carefully pulled himself away and covered the child up with his blankets as he got dressed. When he pulled on his shirt and shoes he bent down and gave Chase one final kiss.

With extreme effort Michael looked at the boy one final time. He replaced the screen and before he left he picked up the shirt Chase had been wearing earlier that day. He pressed it to his face and breathed in the smell before stuffing it in his pocket. He closed the door behind him and went downstairs to see Helen.

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She slept deeply as his power commanded. He lay down beside her and scooped her into his arms and held her for hours. He pushed his face into her long hair and he breathed her in as she slumbered soundlessly. Before daylight came in Michael got up, smoothed out the bed and stood near her dresser. He put a letter on top and a stack of money.

He couldn't face her. He couldn't see her eyes, let alone the eyes of his Son. He wasn't that strong.

He looked at her one final time before he left her home. He closed the front door making sure it was locked, and carefully walked away.

Over the years he had gone back to Georgia and watched his Son at school and visited their home. He took pictures of his Son from the frames on the wall and left money for them. Always, he took some article of clothing from his Son.

He never told Chase, even when he became a part of his life, that he had taken his clothes. He had a box in the attic that was filled with shirts of different sizes, all smelling of Chase. Michael would sit there and hold them to his face and he thought of the boy, wondering if he ever thought of his Father. He didn't know if the Wolf his beast had found would ever surface. There was a good chance it would remain dormant for life, although his great Wolf seemed unconvinced.

Now, as the bus pulled up Michael was filled with the fresh smell of his only Son. As he walked off the bus looking around, his black hair waving in the air, his blue eyes bright like crystal, Michael once again forgot to breath. Chase would finally look at him with his own eyes.

My God he's beautiful! Michael thought. The years melted away and now Chase stood before him, his Son, small and defiant. The urge to rip him from the floor and crush him inside his arms was almost unbearable. It was his Son's eyes that held him back. There was power behind them, Michael could see it. It was thick and deep. It put a wall between them that Michael could almost feel physically.

The boy did not want him!

Michael had married by then. He had met Wendy and even had a child by her. Emma could no more be a Werewolf than her mother, who was a powerful Druid. Michael couldn't explain it to anyone. There was something about being in a pack that he hated. Even with all of his power he never wanted to command anyone. With Wendy his power didn't work that way. She was an equal to him in many regards. He could not command her or influence her will, her magic was too great.

Emma was like a bright light on a dark day. Her power was clear and even as an infant Michael could feel it. She was her mother's daughter that much was clear. As mother would train daughter, now Michael had his own task to perform.

Chase was a Werewolf! And Chase was pissed!

As they drove to the farm that first day Michael had no choice but to use his power to flood over his Son and keep his anger in check. The boy would be full of questions, questions he wasn't ready to hear the answers too. So Michael used his supernatural will to hold him at bay.

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It almost worked.

Chase did something no other Wolf in history had done to him. He defied his power. It wasn't consistent but he did it nonetheless. There were times when Michael could control the boy with ease, and then there were times that Michael meant no more to Chase than a stranger on the street. It was then that Michael knew something was wrong with him; something that wouldn't reveal itself until Chase changed for the first time. It was the arrival of the black Werewolf that cemented Chase's power. It was the unusual black beast that confirmed that he was different.

He was sleek, fast and impossible to see at night.

He was amazing.

He was the Son of the Grand Alpha.

Heir to the throne.

And he was dead!

Michael cried out at the loss of his Son. The memories of his past sunk into him like a stone. The smell of his Son, the feel of his flesh drove Michael mad! Never to feel him again! Never to touch his face! Never to smell his presence!

He sprung up on his feet and growled so loudly it vibrated through the forest and hit the base of the mountain like a cannon!

Ryan didn't know what was happening. He was terrified to be so near someone so powerful. He watched with awe as the man grew and thickened into a Werewolf. His animal was enormous and dwarfed any other Ryan had ever seen.

But then Ryan stepped back...because Michael wasn't done.

He kept growing!

The Raven was hurt but far from beaten. Destel and the others advance from three sides, ready to strike it down and avenge their dead pack mate as the bird managed to get up on its one good leg. The stone Destel had thrown at it crippled its other leg so the bird supported itself by holding its thick black wings on the ground as the Wolves approached. It looked to the right and locked eyes with a big brown furred Wolf. The Raven's eyes glowed red and the Wolf straightened up immediately. It lifted its great head

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and growled loudly at the other Wolf coming from the opposite side. It leaped in the air and tackled the confused beast to the ground and began to claw at it.

Destel stopped his advance to watch the Wolves battle. The bird had enthralled one of his pack brothers he realized. He pulled back his arm and let another stone fly from his hand but the Raven quickly used the time to hop behind the tree while Destel had watched the fight. He had no choice but to circle and hunt the bird.

Abel moved back and began to walk around the other side of the tree. He was no warrior, not like Destel, but Abel had lived alone for most of his life and knew how to survive. He snaked his way behind trees to give himself cover as he searched for the bird. After seeing what the animal could do he kept his distance and was ready to run away at the first signs of danger. He had never seen anything like it. The bird had killed an adult Wolf with nothing more than the sound of its voice. Had he not seen it with his own eyes he wouldn't have believed it possible. The two Wolves rolled near him as they fought each other and Abel decided it better to act then let them kill each other. He used a cue from Destel and found a rock of his own. He approached the great Wolves and lifted his hand far over his head and batted at the head of the enthralled beast with the stone. There was a crack and the big beast stopped fighting and slumped over the other Wolf, who easily pushed him aside and looked at Abel.

The adult Wolf barked his thanks and looked at his downed brother. He was alive but would wake up with one hell of a headache. He moved in front of Abel and pushed him back as he saw Destel approach a big tree from the other side.

A hunt was on.

Abel moved away and let the other Wolf do what he meant to do earlier. These men were fighters in every sense of the word and would fare far better than he at teamwork. Instead Abel made his way to the first Wolf that had been attacked. He stepped over the one he knocked out and grabbed the arms of the wounded Werewolf, dragging him away from the fight. The big Wolf didn't struggle as he smelled the familiar scent of his pack brother.

Now it was two against one. The Raven had effectively taken out four players from the field and the battle had just started.

Silas felt the pain rip through his heavily muscled body. It felt like an electric shock as he rolled to the ground in agony. He cried out, howling in the air as he tried to figure out what happened. As he tumbled head over feet he saw someone standing behind him.

It was a man, sort of. He was wearing nothing more than a tan colored cloth around his waist that hung down between his legs to the knees. He had no shoes, no shirt. His skin was chalk white and his hair,

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nails and teeth were black. His eyes were red. Black tattoos were etched across his body, covering his arms, chest and legs.

As Silas watched another Werewolf had come to close and the man was able to grab it by the arm. Under almost any other circumstance no human could ever harm a full grown Werewolf without a weapon of some kind, which was why Silas knew this was no man. The Wolf wasn't moving as fast as he had been which is why he didn't roll away the way Silas had.

The Wolf stopped and screamed out in pain as the man held its thick arm in one hand. He turned his head and opened his mouth and a bluish mist of light pulled from the big Wolf and was sucked into the man's lungs.

The Wolf turned a sick shade of grey as its eyes rolled back into its head. The Werewolf shrunk with incredible speed as the man sucked its life away. It took only moments before the Werewolf was gone and replaced by Andrew, the man Silas had known for over ten years.

The white hand released Andrew and he fell to the ground dead, unmoving and eyes open.

The man took in a big gulp of air and sighed in pleasure, running his chalk white hands down his naked chest.

"Delicious!" His voice was deep and shuddered with delight as he spoke. **"I haven't had a Werewolf in decades!"** he said to no one in particular. His skin glowed for a moment as the blue light swirled down his frame and ran right down his legs. It seemed to charge him up somehow.

Silas moved to get up and attack him when he felt a shearing pain in his arm. He looked down and saw the thick fur was gone at his right bicep. It was where the man had touched him he knew. There was tanned skin there instead. It was HIS skin, not his WOLF'S! The man had pulled enough energy from him to change him back to a human where he had made contact. Silas had never even heard of anything like that.

He saw another Wolf lift up its paw to slash the man in half. *YES!* Silas thought. *KILL HIM!*

The white man didn't even turn to him. He was still absorbing his meal when the Wolf howled out and crumbled to the ground. Nothing had touched him. His proximity to the man alone had made him fall.

Silas forced himself up and growled as loudly as he could, trying to get the man's attention and give his Wolf time to get away. The man turned to him, his thick black hair flowing around his thin shoulders. He smiled, showing off his black teeth.

"I'll get to you soon enough" he grinned at Silas. He turned back and knelt on the ground and took the big Werewolf by the head. He lifted the weak animal to him and pressed his mouth against the beasts like they were lovers.

He started to suck!

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Emma walked back to the same spot Jason had taken her from. Her small feet were dirty from the ground but she seemed oblivious to her condition. There was noise ahead of her but Emma paid it no attention. She turned her head slowly as she listened for the call and then smiled as she found it again.

The Puller Tree was singing to her.

She walked far, the Witch's magic keeping her on track but unable to help her any longer. The magic of the Druid's saturated the area the deeper she moved toward the Tree. As the distance between them became less and less Emma began to sing and skip with delight. She didn't feel the fighting around her, her ears did not register the screams of pain, nor did she know her brother was dead.

Emma just wanted to see the Tree.

Bart stumbled out of the trees like he had been hit by a truck. Jason watched him come forward in human form. He had caked blood all over him and he limped with pain as he approached.

"What the fuck happened?" he said to Jason. He saw Sean on his back and recovering from his attack by Emma. He knelt down near his friend and put his hand on his shoulder. **"You alright buddy?"**

Sean looked up at him with tear streaked eyes. Emma had nearly killed him. It was only Jason's intervention that had saved his life. He had a deep bruise around his neck that looked horrible. Bart put a hand gently on his face and looked at him.

"You know 'Little Red Riding Hood' just kicked our collective asses?"

Sean nodded and suppressed the desire to laugh. He grabbed Bart's thick forearm for support. He found it impossible to speak. The vines had hurt him and he knew he needed to shift into Wolf form to heal properly. Before he could say anymore Jason whined at him. He pawed at the ground and bark to the right. Then he ran off and left them alone.

Bart watched him and said, **"I don't think we're out of the woods yet"** He looked around and smiled, **"No pun intended"** Sean touched his bruised face and gave him a questioning look. Bart nodded.

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“Yeah, I had my own run in with a tree the size of a city building. Remind me not to fuck with that little girl in the future”

Sean smiled at him and leaned his head into Bart’s big chest. The boy wrapped his thick arms around Sean and held him tight. **“Take a deep breath. You need to shift and so do I. Whatever Jason is after is still here and we can’t be found like this”**

Sean nodded and did what Bart said. He took his time and leaned back as his body began to shift.

“I’ll wait for you and change myself. I think I’ve got one more in me before I’m done” He moved back as Sean began to ripple and get larger. **“Then, if we live through this, I’m gonna eat every cheeseburger in Montana! Oh and Sean?”** He looked at his friend. **“Let’s keep the whole ‘getting our asses kicked by a four year old girl’ to ourselves okay?”**

Sean moaned in agreement and finished as Bart stood nearby. He stretched out his tender neck and slowly moved his head from left to right. He gave a weak, garbled growl to test the damage. It hurt for only a moment before the tissue began to mend itself. Another minute later he was able to lift up on two legs and let out a thunderous growl.

Bart grinned. **“Welcome back”**

When Jason broke through the trees he saw Abel’s Wolf dragging another on the ground. He ran up and took an arm and pulled the big beast with him. They moved a good half mile before they stopped and Jason pushed the animal against a dense patch of brush. He covered him up to hide him and Abel helped.

They ran back and found the last two of Daruth’s men in a fight for their lives. The bird was moving very fast. It managed to fly around and between them as they clawed the air in a useless attempt to kill it. As it moved it squawked out and inflicted its own brand of justice on them.

Destel was bloody. His fur was matted around one shoulder and one eye was swollen shut. The other Wolf had one thick arm hang by its side, limp and useless, as it swatted the air with its one good hand.

Jason had no idea what happened while he was gone, but the Raven seemed to be full of tricks. He put one big hand on Abel’s back and pushed him gently to the right, near Destel. Then he leaped in the air and moved to his most comfortable position...in the trees.

Abel ran up and then around Destel and growled as loudly as he could. He wanted to distract the Raven while the assassin, who was much closer, could land the killing blow. The bird turned its head at him

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and Destel took the shot. The Raven moved away, just barely and Destel's clawed paw raked across the chest of the other Wolf who howled in pain and stumbled away.

Abel reached down and grabbed some stones. As the Raven faced Destel one on one it began to squawk at him. The sound was having an effect on the big Werewolf, who flinched every time the bird cried out. Abel saw blood had run down from Destel's big ears and realized it was only a matter of time before the Werewolf fell. Abel pulled back his arms and flung the first stone. It sailed by the Raven, missing its mark, and exploded against a tree a good ten yards behind them. The large bird spared Abel a moment and screamed out at him.

Abel felt like a car had hit him. He was lifted off his feet and crashed down on his back as the sonic wave struck him. His vision swam as he tried to sit up. His furry chest felt sore as he watched Destel confront the bird alone.

Then the forest broke and two big Werewolves ran out!

Abel knew it was Sean and Bart even as Destel fell to the ground with a growl. How the man had managed to live was a mystery to Abel. Bart looked intimidating but Abel saw him limping and knew he had lost his own battle somewhere else in the woods. Of all the Wolves present only Sean was unharmed.

The light colored Werewolf glanced up for a moment and took point and charged the black Raven.

Abel wanted to cry out and tell him to stop! One scream from the bird would decapitate Sean. Abel barked loudly and tried to get Sean's attention but the Wolf ignored him and kept running straight for the Raven. The big bird opened its wings and Abel waited with horror for the death of yet another brother.

Sean's big feet dug into the ground as mounds of dirt flew through the air in his wake. The bird looked at him, its eyes full of hate, and opened its mouth to scream.

Jason fell from the sky and snapped his massive jaws shut and bit the Raven right in half!

He landed on his big feet and tossed his head back, throwing half of the bird in the air. It landed with a dead thump and rolled on the ground.

Abel threw his own head back and roared like a lion! Destel joined him as did Bart, Sean, and the wounded Wolf. Jason did the honors and raked his clawed foot across the dead bird and ripped its body to shreds as he spread his arms and roared.

It took several minutes after that for everyone to regroup. They surrounded the Wolf that Abel had knocked out and followed Destel's lead and growled around him in a circle. The big Wolf opened his eyes slowly and looked up. His eyes were filmed with grey. He growled back but Destel realized he was still under the Raven's spell. The dangerous assassin put one big foot on the Wolf's chest and bellowed at him, joined by the others. It took several moments but the Wolf's eyes cleared as the Wolves beckoned him to rejoin the pack.

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The Wolf blinked rapidly until it opened its eyes fully and stared up at them, as if for the first time. Destel moved away and waited for the Wolf to rise. It looked first at him, the highest ranking among them and then at the others.

The spell was broken.

They found the body of the beheaded Wolf next, he had reverted into human form but remained just as dead. Jason led the group back to the poisoned Wolf he buried in the brush. The animal lived but was suffering. Destel tried the same trick on him as he did the first Wolf, but it had little effect. He would need to be treated by real medicine or someone far stronger than him. Pack magic was strong but the poison of the Raven's sharp claws was saturated in the Wolf's blood and it would take more power than they had to expel it.

Jason pushed unhappily into Sean and Bart. The danger wasn't over.

They still had Emma to deal with.

Ryan didn't know what to do.

The BEAST was with him. It towered over his Wolf like a giant. The power that rippled off the animal terrified him. The BEAST bolted forward and knocked full grown trees away with a swipe of its massive limbs and filled the air with a thunderous sound.

This was a Grand Alpha, Ryan understood. This was real power!

Ryan pawed unhappily at the ground when he felt the shift in energy. He snapped his head and growled loudly.

Something was wrong with Silas.

He bolted for the trees and followed the great BEAST. He would join Silas in battle and he was bringing a King with him!

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Daruth had neared his camp when he felt the change. His pack was divided! He drove his car as fast as he could and down the dirt road and only slowed when he saw the first home. He came to a stop at his house and jumped from the driver's seat.

"Elyria!" he shouted. The dark haired woman ran from the home and down the stairs toward him. She wrapped her arms around him and he hugged her back fiercely. **"Speak!"** he commanded after she pulled away.

Daruth was an Alpha. His power flowed through all his subjects. He didn't need to be told something was wrong, Elyria knew. **"My Lord"** she began. She used his title when speaking of pack business for even Elyria had her place. **"There's been an attack at the Grand Alpha's home. His wife is hospitalized and his daughter missing"**

This was distressing news on many levels but it wasn't the information Daruth wanted to hear. He would have no knowledge of Michael's problems or of his family. Daruth felt a tear in his OWN pack and it was that explanation he needed now. Elyria saw the shift in his face and continued.

"I sent Destel and five others to protect Michael's Son before the attack. I had no idea Michael was a target. Whatever moved against him leveled his house and took Andreas out in the process" she said quickly, trying to make her point before he became angry. **"He lives"** she assured him before he could ask. **"But he left with Silas to find the Grand Alpha's daughter"**

"Silas?" Daruth spat out. **"What does he have to do with this?"**

She shook her head. **"I don't know. He showed up after the attack. He found Andreas and Michael. They all left toward the mountains where Chase and our men went"**

"Where are they now?"

"I don't know my Lord, I cannot contact them. They are missing" She looked remorseful.

Daruth's eyes shifted from left to right rapidly as he took in what she said. **"Some no longer live! I feel the loss, even from here!"**

He faced the other direction. **"Locke!"** he shouted.

Elyria was about to tell him that Locke was still there but quickly shut her mouth. Daruth was Alpha; he knew exactly who was gone and who was present. He didn't need her to tell him that.

A big man with a shaved head ran toward him and dropped to one knee. Locke was a combat trainer and second to only Destel in fighting.

"Defend this camp site while I'm gone. You leave for no reason!"

The big man bent his head low in acknowledgement.

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Daruth pointed to the car. **“Tend to her”** he said to Elyria. **“She has yet to change. I cannot assist her further, have others promote her Wolf”**

He did not explain anything else. His place was not to explain, but to command. Elyria moved to the car and looked inside to find a black haired woman wrapped in a blanket. She was bitten Elyria saw. She had questions, many of them in fact, but she was wife to Daruth second, and pack mate first. She obeyed his command and summoned two young men to take the woman from the car and carry her to the basement of her home.

She walked toward Daruth as he gave orders to Locke and three others that now surrounded him. After he was done he turned to her and gave her the attention she sought.

“My Lord” she began again. This part would be hard for her. **“It is believed black magic was used against Michael”** she let that sink in.

Daruth looked away from her in deep thought. **“She’s moved already?”** he said to himself but out loud. When he found Elyria’s eyes again she looked back at him in question. **“Michael sought information about Witches”** he explained.

Elyria gasped. **“Witches? Here?”**

“Apparently” Daruth admitted. **“I was told little, but if Michael wanted that information, and I’m to believe that he was just attacked with dark magic, then it leads me to only one conclusion”**

“I...” Elyria stumbled with her words. She was no stranger to magic but the arrival of a true Witch was a deadly thing to imagine. **“I didn’t know it was a Witch. I thought it...”** her voice trailed off.

Daruth watched her carefully. Elyria wasn’t known for being at a loss for words, or being unprepared he knew. It was one of many reasons he loved her. As he looked at her face his mind snapped around the answer.

“Elyria” he said slowly. **“What did you do?”**

She swallowed hard as she looked at him, her eyes dark and humble. **“I...”** she faltered again, regret on her face.

“You didn’t?” he asked hopefully but already knew the truth before she spoke. Her eyes spoke the truth she could not. **“Why?”**

Tears formed in her eyes. She shook her head. **“I thought a Wizard...”** she pleaded. **“What else would plague us so?”**

He reached out and took her shoulders in his big hands. **“When are they coming?”**

She didn’t answer right away. **“Soon, I’m sure”**

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“They will not take you again” Daruth said to his wife. **“I will kill all of them before they touch you”**

Elyria found herself pulled into her husband’s arms before she could respond. How could she have made such a mistake?

Her history was far different from that of her pack. Her husband had grown up with Werewolves while many of Wolves in their pack came from similar backgrounds. Elyria had not been so lucky. Her life was spent in servitude to a conclave of Wizards who used her for experiments and slavery. To them, she was a simple animal to be used as they saw fit. It wasn’t until Daruth found her and fought for her release, did she know the bonds of a real pack.

Elyria had been taken from her family when she was only five years old. Her condition was identified easily by the Wizards who left her parents for dead in their wake and stole her for themselves.

Memories of what they did to her flooded her mind as she felt the strong muscles of her husband’s arms surround her.

“The Wizards of Blackmore are coming” she whispered to herself more than anyone. **“What have I done?”**

Before Daruth had started his quest; only Silas and Andreas were still alive. The bodies of the rest of his men lay lifeless at the feet of the Litch. All had reverted into human form as the essence of Werewolf was pulled from them and eaten by the abominable creature. The Litch walked slowly toward Silas, Andreas was curled up on his side and whining softly in the opposite direction. The tattoos of the chalk white man glowed with blue light.

“An Alpha” it said to Silas. **“I don’t think I’ve ever eaten an Alpha before”** He squatted down before the wounded Wolf. Silas looked up defiantly. The Litch looked down with hunger in his eyes and started to reach out to touch the Werewolf’s face when a crashing sound filled the forest. He turned to see a massive beast charging toward him and knocking trees out of the way like they were sticks. It had long, thick limbs with sharp black claws and glowing red eyes! It was easily four times larger than the biggest Wolf the Litch had ever seen.

As the immense BEAST leveled the ground in front of it and the Litch invoked a name it hadn’t uttered in centuries of stolen life.

“Oh my God!”

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CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

Kripka tended to her broken legs as best she could. Without the benefit of all her magic she had to make do with what she had. She cupped her hands around first one leg and then the other, casting her magic into her crippled limbs. The bones fused back in place, sending waves of pain through her body. Her screams filled the forest as her body tried to right itself with the aid of her Witchcraft.

The fires still smoldered around her from the intense heat of her final spell. She would not be able to walk yet. Her spell was just a stop measure. As she took in deep breaths she cursed the Black Wolf in her mind and wished she could kill it all over again. She lay on her back and wiped the blood from her mouth and rested for a moment and smelled the burning plants around her.

Had there been two of them, she would have died, she knew. Had there been a corpse left she might have gleaned knowledge of what made the beast and how it was able to reflect her magic back on her; a deadly trick that almost cost her more than just the Book.

And the Beast knew her name!

In that moment Kripka lost a heavy amount of her power. Stored magic she held when she crossed the barrier swelled up in her body and threatened to explode from the Beast identifying her. Names were power, and the Witch had done everything to protect her own. Black magic was already a dangerous thing to master and making mistakes like that would ensure a short rein.

She looked at the thick smoke that hung around the trees. Fire still burned but she had pulled most of it back to fuel her healing spell. The wide arc of her magic blast had left nothing in its wake and the Witch marveled at her own power. Even the earth was black from the spell. No tree, no bush, not even air, seemed to exist in the area her fire touched.

She sat up slowly feeling the blood run down her back. The Beast had almost killed her. She hadn't been that close to true death for longer than she could remember. She knew she could not stay here, although her body screamed to be left alone. If the Litch found her like this he would suck her dry. She could show no weakness now. She needed the Book, and then she had through the barrier, only then would she be free and at full power again.

She closed her eyes and moved her hands over the ground until her spell took shape. Her body rose up, pain moving up her legs as she righted herself to hover in the air, inches from the earth. She turned her body as she floated and took in a deep smoke filled breath. She waved her hand at the black and grey air and glided silently through. She used her hands to push small bushes and branches out of her way as her invisible force made a pathway through the dense forest.

She needed the Book and only the girl could get it.

It was time to check on her progress.

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The Litch had no time to act. As the BEAST charged toward it he threw up its hands to absorb the life force of the towering animal. His black tattoos glowed brightly for just a moment as the hungry Wizard pulled at the immense BEAST, but he instantly regretted his action. The Litch fed off of life, but this BEAST was far too powerful.

It was like trying to drink an ocean!

The Litch yelled out moments before a huge arm smacked him in the chest and sent him flying through the air. Wind surged by like a hurricane as the chalk white Wizard hurtled by trees faster than he could see. He slammed into the earth on his back, his shoulder striking a large branch a moment before, and making him spin like a top. His face hit next as he rolled like a stone over and over. He didn't know where he was or which way was up. His mind was confused, his body still trying to deal with the surge of power it tried to absorb from the BEAST.

Something grabbed his neck and hauled him up. Massive claws ripped into his flesh as he was thrown again, tumbling in the air until a tree sprung up and stopped his flight. Ribs snapped and the sharp edges of bark torn at his exposed body until he thumped to the floor.

Then he heard the growl.

It was coming again!

Jason led the pack. He had actually held Emma in his arms, her smell was on him. Bart, Sean, Destel, and Abel followed. The poisoned Wolf was being taken out of the forest by the two Wolves still alive in Destel's group. One was hurt from the fight with the Raven but was able to help carry his poisoned brother. Destel felt it better to have at least one Werewolf at fighting strength to protect the wounded, so he commanded them to get back to camp as soon as possible and tell the others what happened.

Only the girl remained.

How hard could it be to deal with her?

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Jason had warned Destel that Emma was Michael's only daughter and must be handled with care. No harm could come to her no matter what was wrong. Destel nodded as he looked over Bart and Sean, the battle scars they received from the child were still evident.

"We split up, take her from all sides" Jason said. "She just has to be knocked out and taken back to her mother. Then her power can be contained"

Destel was not used to dealing with children, even children of magic. He allowed Jason to lead the group, having no plan to deal with a four year old Druid himself. Nothing in his training prepared him for battle with a toddler.

"Remember what Chase told us?" Jason asked his friends. "When she attacked the Wolves that beat him at the fair? She couldn't control her power, it was all from emotion"

"Yeah, but her mother stopped her then" Bart said. "And she seemed pretty unemotional when we saw her last"

Sean looked at Bart for a moment in thought. **"You know he's right Jason. Something is seriously wrong with her. I don't think she knows what she's doing. She isn't scared of us or anything else right now. I don't even think she knows she's in the forest"**

"Maybe we should just watch her then and see where she goes" Destel said. "My men will alert the Grand Alpha of what's going on. We can wait for him to deal with her"

On several levels this was the best plan of all. If anyone besides the girl's mother was able to deal with her, it would be Michael. Of course it would also be less deadly to the present Wolves if they didn't have to manhandle the Alpha's own child and risk death by not only her hands, but HIS as well.

Sean spoke up next. **"No. We can't risk her getting hurt. It's clear she's being used"**

"By whom?" Destel looked around. "And where is Chase? I detect nothing of him here"

"You wouldn't" Bart said. "Chase can't be tracked"

Destel snorted. **"He's a child. He hasn't been a Wolf for even a year!"**

Sean faced the deadly man. **"Destel, it's not Chase that you're tracking; it's his Wolf, and we don't know exactly what he is when he changes"**

"He's too fast to be caught and he makes no noise as he moves"

Destel looked at Jason with skepticism. **"No Werewolf is undetectable"**

Sean sighed. **"Destel, that's what we're saying. We don't know that Chase is really a Werewolf"**

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“You saw him yourself” Bart added. **“What did you think?”**

Destel didn't know what to think. Chase was too small for a Werewolf and his fur was short, more like a cat than a wolf. Plus he had a short muzzle, too short for deep bites or for battle. And then there were the golden orbs the Wolf had for eyes. What the hell did that mean? No beast he had ever encountered had eyes like Chase. He couldn't deny the boy was fast, but then again they all stayed together for the hunt so Destel didn't really see what Chase could do. In the end he didn't know what the boy really was and he conceded that much to the boys.

“What does the Grand Alpha say of him?” he finally asked.

“He says Chase is his Son” Sean gave Destel a hard look. **“I would leave it at that if I were you”**

Destel took the hint and nodded.

“We find her” Jason began. **“We stop her from using magic and we get the hell back to her Father”**

Everyone agreed but Destel added somberly. **“Then we bury our dead”**

The Tree was magnificent!

It was the biggest thing in the whole forest. Its trunk was so large that a house could hide behind it. For a tree to grow this size would take dozens of centuries. It was something out of a fairytale.

It was also the most diseased tree on Earth.

It was pitch black, having no leaves. Thick, coiled branches flowed out of it like daggers while thin wispy of wood filled in the gaps like a spider web. The heavy roots were dipping into and out of the ground, making it impossible to step close to the Tree without crawling over them. The waves of roots surrounded the Tree in every direction. The shadow it cast was cold, allowing no sunlight to warm anything nearby. Several yards in a wide circle, nothing else lived, only dark clumps of dirt packed tightly around the roots.

In the distance small bushes and trees waved in the breeze but the wind left the Tree untouched, seeming to go around it than through the vile thing.

Emma looked up in wonder. Her eyes did not see what was before her. To Emma it was full of life and green like an emerald. The magic that surrounded the Tree was calling to her like a mother would a child. Emma smiled at it as she ran her hand over one thick exposed root in awe of its size.

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The Tree shuddered at her touch. Ash fell from the higher branches as it moved for the first time in decades, and where Emma had touched, the bark turned a healthy shade of brown.

The red robe fell from Emma's shoulders but did not touch the ground. Instead it floated safely in the air, far enough away from the Tree as not to trigger a response. Emma didn't notice. She walked up with a big smile on her face and started to climb over the heavy roots so she could touch the massive trunk.

It would take her a while; being so little, but she didn't care; she had time.

When the first Werewolf fell beside her Emma didn't even turn her head. When the second, third, fourth and fifth one landed she stopped. Her face changed. The smile she had been wearing fell away leaving only the blank stare she had before. She turned and looked at Bart who was on her left.

Bart didn't growl at her, but it was hard not to look like a monster when in fact you were one. He pawed the ground, one large foot resting on the root of the Tree. At first they planned for one of them to turn human and confront her, but after what happened to Sean, that didn't seem like a great idea. Instead each would wait for an opening while the others distracted her.

Emma then looked at each Wolf in turn. None moved closer, they simply watched her. Without a word, Emma reached for her bag and stuck her hand inside. Her fist came out with a handful of what looked like fine dirt or sand. She held her arm out as far as she could and started to spin, letting the granules fly away until she made a full circle. She then wiped her now empty hand on her small leg.

She looked at her bag and pulled at the strap to close it once more as she let it drop to her waist and wiped her hand on her leg, cleaning it off.

The Wolves all looked at each other, not happy with what they had to do but also unsure of what Emma had just done. Maybe this would be easier than they thought Jason hoped. It was then he saw Emma's red hooded cloak floating in the air. He barked for the others when the entire area exploded behind them!

Massive branches burst from the ground behind each Wolf and surged toward them, grabbing and whipping at them. Big thorns adorned the branches and tried to impale the surprised beasts that howled in pain and tried to run.

Bart had been through this once and wasn't about to take another ride on the Emma express train. He leaped into the air to put distance between himself and the sharp thorns when he felt his leg wrapped up suddenly at the ankle. Pain ripped through his paw as he was yanked back to the ground and pummeled by the heavy plants.

And Bart wasn't alone. All around him every Wolf was having the same experience.

Emma had attacked them all in unison with one wave of her hand!

Jason, Sean, Destel and Abel found themselves in private battles as the huge thorn ridden plants tore at their fur covered bodies. Destel was the biggest of the group and although the thorns managed to dig

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deep enough to cut him, they were not life threatening. Already he could feel his powerful body healing from each cut and closing back up as the plants inflicted yet more wounds on him. He flexed his big muscles and the lesser branches snapped apart as he yanked other, larger ones, from the ground. His huge claws swiped at the wood, tearing them apart and sending chunks of broken bark everywhere. His heavily padded hands crushed the snaking roots and tossed them aside as he advanced on Emma.

He looked around and saw that all of them were doing as he was. The child was powerful, but there were five Werewolves surrounding her and eventually one of them would get to her. It was only a matter of time.

Destel didn't see what Emma had truly done until it was too late and either did anyone else.

Jason felt smooth vines pull around his big biceps and tug at him gently. He yanked each arm up and pulled himself free with ease. He looked down, confused at why he felt no pain when he saw what was on him. It was a thin green vined plant with deep purple leaves. There was no sharp edges, no thorns to speak of; it was just a plant, a beautiful purple plant.

Emma was just a child Jason thought. She didn't understand true battle. He was happy the fight was in their favor for a change and that Emma was generating harmless plants from her mind. He could feel the cuts all over his body from where the thorns bit into him, but like the rest of the Wolves, none of the wounds would stop him.

More purple plants came out of the ground and wrapped around his strong legs and snaked up his torso, dipping under his heavy fur. He looked up and saw Bart and Sean similarly wrapped up, but like him they simply pulled themselves free and advanced, leaving the more dangerous thorn attacks behind and closing the distance to Emma. Jason didn't bother to take the plants off; they did nothing to limit his movement. A flex of his bicep was all it took to snap them away. Still they clung to him, but Jason's thoughts were only of Emma.

That was the last mistake he would make that day.

Bart fell first, followed by Sean, Destel and then Abel...leaving Jason the last one standing. They dropped without protest to the floor, each one covered in a light mesh of purple plants like spider webs of colored fabric. No sounds came from them, no growls of protests; they simply dropped to the ground and stopped moving.

Jason felt the earth shift beneath his feet and his vision swam. His breathing became labored and his limbs felt far too heavy. He looked at the rest of the Wolves, crumpled to the floor and unresponsive. Even Destel seemed drained and lifeless. The imposing Werewolf looked more like a sleeping bear.

Jason hit the ground with his big knees, now only ten feet or so from Emma's back. His arms failed him and hung at his side, lifeless and unmoving. He managed to lift his head and his chest dropped next as his chin slammed on the ground.

It was then that he realized what she had done.

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Emma did not mean for the thorns to stop them. They couldn't go deep enough. She only wanted to cut them as many times as she could. She needed to get by the heavy hides and thick fur of their bulky frames to do what she really wanted.

She poisoned them!

The purple plants, while posing no danger to them physically, had a much more useful intent, but could do nothing on their own. They needed to be absorbed to work, so Emma made them bleed.

She had misdirected them.

As Jason watched her crawl over the large roots of the twisted Tree, he thought of what he would tell Silas; were he to live through this of course. What story could he tell to his Master of how a four year old girl had outsmarted and outmaneuvered a pack Werewolves...twice!

Where was Chase?

He could stop her!

Before the darkness washed over him, Jason took in a deep breath and closed his eyes.

As Emma climbed over the heavy roots to the Tree she had all but forgotten the pack of massive Werewolves around her.

She smiled again.

The woman Daruth had brought back was at a critical time. The bite he had given her had worked its way throughout her system and started to change her. Now it was up to her to accept or reject the transformation.

Elyria watched from nearby while three men stood closer and spoke to woman. Elyria didn't even know her name. Daruth had left as fast as he came, leaving her to deal with her change. Her thoughts ran to the Wizards of Blackmore and what they had done to her. She had been only a child when she was taken, defenseless and at their mercy. For years they used her, casting spell after spell on her in hopes of seeing what made her a Werewolf.

There were only two of them that night. That's all it took. Later, she learned that there were several Wizards that formed the group. They called themselves the Wizards of Blackmore, mostly because that had been the name used by others to describe them. They were unique because they were in fact a

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group. Wizards trained alone or in pairs, sometimes under the guidance of an older Wizard. Once they reached adulthood they were left alone to wield the craft and learn from their own experiences. By this, they would either thrive or die.

Even getting a Wizard to train an apprentice was a chore in itself. The craft of magic was coveted and protected. One had to show they were worthy to even be considered. Once basics were mastered the apprentices were given direction and released from their training. Wizards as a rule did not share their more powerful spells.

This had been the way for centuries. They came together on occasion to seek council or fight a common enemy, but they didn't congregate and form covens. Like true Witches, magic was not to be shared. Covens and the like were for lesser beings. Once real power had been achieved, it could not be shared with the group. It bonded to some while leaving others untouched. This caused resentment and ultimately death.

The Wizards of Blackmore were attempting to do what no other Wizards had done...they tried to make their power equal among the group.

Sharing real power was no small feat. New spells and untried methods were used to spread the magic around. Experiments in not only magic but the supernatural were required. Why, for instance, did some beings have magic naturally? Why did some, like the Werewolves, heal so quickly while other more powerful beings didn't?

Elyria was taken to find out why.

She was just a child, easily controlled. The power of a Wolf didn't assert itself until they matured, but there were ways to accelerate that. Having a Werewolf so young to study was a boon to their knowledge. If they could master the healing abilities of the Wolf then they could venture into more dangerous spells without the fear of death and so Elyria was made to change faster than her normal cycle would provide.

Pain was used first.

It was thought her beast would form to protect her.

They were wrong.

Although she did heal from the injuries the Wizards inflicted, it wasn't as fast as if she were a true Werewolf. The magic in her had not yet taken form. Nevertheless, they tried for more than a year without success.

Then they made a startling discovery. They had captured an adult male Werewolf and observed his behavior with interest. They put him with her in the large basement Elyria was housed in, but he would not hurt her. In fact, just the opposite was true.

He defended the child!

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As a Werewolf he covered her up with his powerful limbs and protected her from them. At first she was afraid of him but and cowered from the immense monster she found herself trapped with. It turned its back to her and beat against the walls, sending large chunks of masonry into the air. It pulled at the bars surrounding the only door, but the magic that held them was strong and the great Wolf could do nothing.

Then the Wizards thought of another way to get Elyria to change.

They cast a heavy spell on the Werewolf and made him revert back into a man. He was big, muscled and around forty years old, if age could even be determined that is. Werewolves could live a very long time and physical age didn't show the way it did for normal human beings. The Wizards altered his mind with magic and drove him into a sexual frenzy.

His big cock became erect as he looked at the small child in front of him.

He ripped her simple clothes from her body as she struggled and pulled her on his lap. He opened her legs and worked his throbbing cock inside. She resisted, but even as a man he was far too powerful for her. He fucked her hard as she slapped and clawed at his face and shoulders and cried for help. The cuts from her nails repaired themselves quickly and the man gave her assault no heed. His heavy cock thrust into her over and over again until he came like a bull inside of her virgin cunt.

The Wizards watched with interest as the big man coupled with the child. Maybe the fever of mating would spurn her animal to live, they thought. The man threw his head back and roared with pleasure as he erupted inside the child. A river of heavy cream ran down the thick shaft of his driving pole as Elyria sought escape.

The man wasn't done. His dick was still hard and throbbing. He pulled her off and moved her to her knees and dropped behind her. He lifted her tiny frame up with one hand and drove his beastly prick back inside her.

Elyria was fucked for more than an hour nonstop before the man was spent. He came four times before he was through.

Elyria was curled into a naked ball on the floor, her eyes shut, the man's thick white cum pooling from between her legs. Even as the Wizards watched she healed herself. They could see the magic inside of her, mending her flesh whole once more.

The Wizards kept the man at bay with magic and allowed him to eat. Werewolves ate vast quantities of meat to sustain themselves, especially after using their power. He ate for almost an hour as the girl healed completely. When her magic was complete, the Wizards released the large man and allowed his desire to surface again.

He stood up and fisted his big dick. It came to life immediately as he walked toward the child. This time she didn't struggle to get away. He moved her into position and took her from behind again.

Elyria moaned out in protest as his heavy pecker invaded her small body yet again.

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He fucked her for another hour that first day.

The Wizards were pleased with his progress. The man had excelled her healing ability greatly. The first day went by slowly for her. During her first coupling she had fought him hard. After that she did whatever he wanted and the Wizards realized she needed time to recover and maybe something more. The man was too powerful for her.

They devised a new strategy. Aggressive behavior on both parts seemed to quicken the process and awake her Wolf even more.

They secured another male.

The first man, upon seeing his rival for the first time, began to change into a Werewolf immediately. His competitor did the same. Now they faced off in the room, Elyria against the corner and watching with wide fearful eyes.

They swiped and clawed at each other for the right to mate with her and the air filled with sexual energy as the great beasts sought to kill each other. It was an amazing fight. The power of an adult Werewolf was impressive to say the least. The Wizards quickly realized how powerful sex was to them. They would fight until the other was dead.

The first man won and as he kicked at the lifeless frame of his fallen enemy he looked at Elyria. She watched with wide eyes as he took the head of the big Werewolf and slashed his throat with a swipe of his massive claws. A river of blood flooded out and the beast roared in victory, his big cock growing to over a foot long. The Wizards could not allow him to mate with the child that way and it was clear that's exactly what the beast intended as he stepped toward her. His big, muscled body was primed for sex but Elyria was just a child, and unprepared for his assault, even with her healing ability.

A Wizard cast a spell to contain the Werewolf and it barely held. He was resisting their magic and fighting to have sex with the little girl. Another joined in and added his magic to the first to help secure the beast. Still it struggled. A third Wizard used his magic to force a change in the powerful animal. It took extreme effort but after a long minute the man began to take the place of the Wolf.

With his cock still rock hard, he tossed his muscled body against the magic holding him in place and the Wizards let him go. He threw himself at the child and forced his big dick inside her as he growled with satisfaction at his prize. Elyria tried to fight him off and that made him growl loudly in challenge. He fucked her hard as she beat at him. His big hands held her hips steady as he drilled his powerful cock in and out of her stretched pussy. Her small fingers dug into his hard flesh as she sought to hurt him, but it only made him more excited.

This was it, the Wizards knew. Werewolves thrived off competition. They took the dead Wolf away to study before he changed back into a man and discussed the success of the experiment. It was agreed that competition was a far greater incentive.

They got more Wolves!

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The first Wolf beat the next three males that were introduced into the makeshift arena. Like the first time he immediately fucked Elyria directly after each battle. The child was changing with each fight, the Wizards saw. After the second time she watched the Wolf win her eyes changed with hunger for the big man. As soon as he changed into his human form he reached down and scooped her up with one powerful hand. He lined her up with his big dick and sunk it into her. He held her up with only his hand at her back as he fucked her, standing fully upright. She tried to slap at him but she was too far away. To the Wizards surprise he lifted her up until her small hands could connect with his face.

He laughed as she beat him, loving her struggle.

Thick streams of his white cum splashed to the floor as he came inside her. Elyria was moaning now also and it seemed for the first time that she enjoyed his lust filled attention.

The third battle was glorious. The Wolves fought hard. The Wizards found a good match for the man and each sustained sever wounds from the fight. In the end the original Wolf won once more, but he was unable to take Elyria like he usually did. His injuries were too great.

The Wizards were about to aid him with their magic when Elyria did the unexpected. She walked over to the great beast and took off her dress and put her hands on him. She was small compared to the man, but immensely small compared to the full grown Werewolf. The Wizards usually didn't allow him to touch her in that form because of how fragile she was. They used their magic to contain him until he changed again, but having her in the room provided its own magic that was essential to their experiments. Seeing his prize so close and in danger of being taken away, provide a much needed incentive to the Werewolf. Whatever made them into the beasts they were also allowed them to see the Wolf in others. It was clear to the Wizards that the great animal was aware of what the child really was, even if she didn't know it.

As they watched the small girl ran her hands over the heavy muscles of the Werewolf. It looked at her with hunger and lust, unafraid of her, even in its wounded state. As she stroked him the Wizards saw his wounds being to heal more rapidly. At first it seemed some sort of trick. The child possessed no magic, save for the animal that had yet to rise inside of her; but it was undeniable that her touch was having an effect on him.

The Wizards talked quickly among themselves. Had they known this was the case they would have forced the battles on him with stronger rivals. They originally thought the act of battle itself would drive more magic between them, but that only fuelled the lust fever in the male. He fucked the child with abandon, seeming to crave her struggle as he drove himself into her over and over again. But the truth wasn't just in the fight, but in the bonding of them. Having both of them want the same thing increased the magic exponentially.

The Wizards were very pleased with what they now knew. They watched as the big Werewolf responded to the child's touch. As soon as it recovered enough it began to sit up and lick at her face. Her hands ran down its massive chest and across its thick muscled arms as the enormous prick grew from between its legs. As the wounds healed themselves with greater speed the large beast watched with interest in what the child would do when she saw his big cock. Her eyes were wide when she looked at

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it for the first time. It was much bigger than the man's. She reached out for it and took the fat shaft in one hand.

The Wolf gave her an approving growl that filled the room with a low rumble. Her hand was impossibly small and unable to truly hold the big dick alone. As her other hand joined the first it was clear that the beast was far too large to couple with her, even with her healing ability the Werewolf would kill her with one thrust.

The magic surged between them as she touched his massive cock. His injuries were all but gone now as the child tended to him. Pack magic was an incredible thing for the Wizards to behold. It was natural magic...primal.

She ran her hands up and down the length of his mighty pecker, fascinated by the feel and warmth of it. The Wolf opened its big legs and watched her intently as she explored his beefy cock. He leaned down and nudged her gently with his great muzzle and moved her closer to it. Her hands twisted in opposite directions on the great shaft and moved up and down, as if by pure instinct. The Werewolf, now fully healed, threw its head back in pleasure and growled in content as the child stroked his throbbing dick.

Elyria was oblivious to any danger she may be in. Her eyes were fixated on the heavy cock between the large legs of the beast and it was clear she wasn't about to stop anytime soon. For long minutes the child stroked at the animal's massive prick. It swelled and throbbed in her hands as the beast licked at her hungrily and tried to encourage her desire.

The beast wanted to touch her with its large hands but found no way to do so without harming her. The Wizards watched with fascination as the animal figured this out all on its own. Even the primal instincts of a Werewolf would not allow it to hurt her. As it struggled to find a way to interact with her the Wizards thought to transform it back into a man when Elyria solved the problem for them. She climbed up on the beast's great body and faced his heavy pecker, leaving her naked bottom to face the Wolf's head. The beast opened its mouth and licked between her legs, taking long laps at her pussy and ass. Elyria moaned at the feeling and held the big dick for support as the animal tasted her.

The Wizards were prepared to end this on a moment's notice if things became too much for her. They had quite a prize in Elyria and didn't want to lose her so soon after she contributed so much.

The beast's great jaws parted and they saw his razor sharp teeth rowed like deadly blades in his mouth. The Wizards, ready to stop the animal, watched as it leaned forward and drove its thick tongue into the child's smooth pussy. Elyria shuddered with delight as the animal licked at her deeply. She leaned down ran her own tongue across the surface of the beast's mighty prick. The animal growled in pleasure and took long aggressive laps at her in approval.

As Elyria struggled to take the big dick in her mouth the Wizards saw the first real change in her form.

Her eyes began to glow.

It was impossible for her to actually take the head of the Werewolf's large cock in her mouth but she tried regardless. Her lips stretched out to take the immense meat inside and her tongue ran across the

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flared head with an obvious hunger. The Wolf's meaty cock swelled and throbbed under her attention and it lifted up its hips to help drive the big dick into her mouth.

Elyria was caught in a mating fever. Her mate was the most powerful Wolf she knew, in her small confined world. It had bested every other rival for her, fighting to the death for the right to mate with her. The superior Wolf underneath her had won time and again to claim his prize and Elyria was going to give it to him. She moved her mouth down and gnawed at his beastly pecker. Her lips pulled over her teeth as she bit hungrily at the throbbing prick. The Werewolf tilted its great head to watch her and gave a toothy smile at her efforts to eat at his big cock. As if on command he made it swell up so much that she had to pull away from having her jaw stretched too far. She looked frustrated as she attacked the meaty shaft again and again as the powerful beast looked lustfully at her. She licked at the long, hard shaft and pressed her lips to it as the beast watched her lustfully.

The Wizards couldn't be happier with her progress. They cast out their magic and examined the changes in her. She was changing rapidly inside. The animal in her was awake but still unable to surface. With every passing second the child lathered her mouth across the animal's big cock, she fell deeper into the world of the Werewolf. The magic of a pack began to form and flow like water between their bodies. As the Wizards absorbed what was happening the large Werewolf began to transform back into a man.

It took a few minutes and as it shifted back Elyria found she was now able to take more and more of his cock in her mouth. When he was fully a man she was able to suck on the fat head of his cock, moaning deeply as she did. The man took hold of her bottom and pulled her apart, pushing his face between her legs and sucking at her pussy and ass. She groaned at the feel of his big tongue and warm lips as she feasted on his adult prick.

The Wizards noticed that the magic didn't decrease now that the Werewolf was gone. The bond between him and the child was just as intense as before. It seemed that the notion of losing her mate drove the magic to surge between them and increase their bond.

They watched her suck and lick at his cock and saw that whenever she opened her eyes they still glowed.

After a time the man gently pulled her from his wet pecker and had her turn to face him. He leaned in and shoved his tongue into her mouth as he lined his dick up with her eager pussy and pushed her down on it. She cried out in pleasure as he entered her body with a welcomed thrust. His large hands lifted her up only to bring her back down, sinking his dick inside of her. Elyria threw her head back and cried out.

The man then let go of her hips and leaned back on his elbows and waited. His eyes glowed green as he watched her closely. She was still impaled on his heavy cock and if she wanted to get away from him she could. Her small hands rested on his muscled, hairy chest as she rotated her hips around and twisted her cunt around the head of his big dick.

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The Wizards couldn't believe their luck when Elyria put her feet to the floor and started to lift her own body up and down on his cock. She fucked herself as the man smiled at her, satisfied with her desire to couple with him.

The magic was intensifying now. The child's eyes glowed brighter with each passing minute that she rode the man's big dick. It took long minutes. The man didn't rush her or touch her in any way. He just watched, just like the Wizards did. Her small fingers moved to grip his chest hair as she fucked herself slowly on his adult cock. Her head rocked back and forth as she found the rhythm she needed to achieve maximum pleasure from his hard shaft. The room filled with the wet sounds of her stuffed pussy as the muscled man let her ride him.

His dick swelled and throbbed and drove her over the edge. When she came around his big slippery cock the man followed suit and came with her. His head went back as he growled out loudly and shot a river of cum into her tight pussy.

Then the Wizards watched as Elyria, for the first time, growled also! It was a deep, throaty sound that joined the man's in a primitive harmony. Her lips came back and they could see her teeth were sharp.

The man continued to growl as his thick cum ran from inside her pussy and flowed over his throbbing shaft and large balls. When he stopped he looked at her still riding him.

Elyria wasn't done yet.

In fact it took another five minutes before she came down from her first orgasm. The man, with a smile on his rugged face, just watched her and let her ride.

When she finally finished, she collapsed against his powerful, hairy chest and fell into a deep sleep. The man wrapped his muscled arms around her and hugged her tight, his big dick still lodged in her stretched out cunt.

The Wizards watched the magic with delight.

The secrets of the Wolf were almost theirs for the taking.

Elyria was six years old when she first changed.

The Wizards had successfully increased the rate of her transformation through the adult male. By using him, and some clever spells, they were able to make her shift into a Werewolf almost a full decade before it would happen naturally.

The change was fascinating. She was a miniature Wolf, with sharp claws and teeth while the adult Wolf circled her protectively. At first they believed that the hard part was done and she would be able to transform at will from that point on. They soon found out that by taking the adult away that Elyria was unable to shift without him. They tried for weeks to get her to change again, but she wasn't able. When they brought the man back in she immediately threw herself at him, wrapping her arms around his muscled neck in relief. The man mated with her within moments of seeing her again after so long.

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Elyria changed right after that.

The man and girl had been together for almost a year. Over time and several experiments the Wizards realized the real power of the Wolves lay not only inside the individual but mostly in the pack. With a pack mate beside them, the Wolf's power was far greater than when alone. Elyria was able to change in the male's protective presence, but not without.

Keeping them apart was not an option.

The Wizards held Elyria for ten years.

Over that time she had been subjected to so many spells that she could now sense the arrival of a Wizard, even when she could not see them. Her power to heal herself was duplicated with great success. It wasn't as powerful as her natural ability, but it was a great boon to the Wizards who now used their new resiliency to venture out into the world of magic with less fear. Spells that would have killed them before, now only inconvenienced them if done wrong.

Still Elyria was imprisoned.

The man was taken from her one day in her twelfth year. She never knew why. She was able to change without him by now but thrived within his strong arms as he comforted her at night.

Now he was gone and Elyria was alone. She didn't know if the Wolf was dead or simply let go, maybe used in an experiment that went wrong. She would never know. In fact she never even knew his name. He had been kept under their control with so many spells that he never spoke to her...not even once. He was more animal than man but to Elyria he was the only thing she had, so she clung to him and slept peacefully in his arms.

Three years went by before she saw another Wolf.

His name was Daruth.

He was a fright to behold. His Wolf was far more powerful than the man she had grown up with. His jaws and massive limbs would have ripped her mate in pieces had they been pitted against each other.

He ripped the door off her room and walked in to see her cowering in the corner, her eyes glowing bright. He turned and left the room and after a long minute, Elyria walked into the hallway leaving her room that had comprised her entire world. It was then she saw he wasn't alone. Several Werewolves were around him, obviously following his lead.

The hall was dark and there were several doors around her. It was then she realized that she wasn't the only being held captive. The Wizards had several species locked away, some in cages, some strapped to tables for study.

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There had been a fight...a big one. The dead lay around the floor, broken and lifeless. Most bore deep gashes or burned holes, the obvious reasons for their death. Elyria realized that either death came from the Wolves or from the Wizards spells.

The pack looked at her, but none made any threats to her. She was used to seeing adult males and these were no different, except Daruth of course.

She followed the pack of Wolves far behind as they advanced room after room.

At the end of the long hallway the battle came to an end. The Wizards had been reduced to a handful of the most powerful. In the end the magic wasn't shared after all and the bodies of the fallen littered the floor around the ones that remained.

Daruth changed back into a man. Elyria looked at his impressive body. He was handsome, far more so than her mate. She could feel his power even as a man and the other Wolves surrounded him protectively.

"Your experiments are over!" he yelled with determination. The Wizards showed the scars of the battle but held fast.

"You've killed many of us" An older Wizard said. **"Impressive, and quite impossible. Who helped you?"**

Daruth smiled. **"Your magic has come to the attention of many. You think you can just take whomever you want and not be noticed? You think you can practice your craft without revealing yourselves?"** He waved behind him and Elyria saw she wasn't alone. Several young girls and boys were standing with her. She recognized none of them.

"Pack magic is stronger than you realize" Daruth continued. He looked at a young boy near the back wall. **"You took the son of a sorcerer..."** he waved at a girl with red hair. **"...and a Druid?"** He took a big step toward the Wizards.

"You're goddamn right I had help!"

The older Wizard kept his eyes on Daruth as the others with him watched the others for any sign of movement. **"You've lost many"**

Elyria saw he was right. The bodies around them were not just Wizards. Some had the feel of Wolf, others gave off different energy. Were these others Druids and Sorcerers? They were clothed while the ones she identified as Wolf were not.

"Not as many as you" Daruth pointed out. **"Fighting so many different enemies has taken its toll on you"** He took another step forward and Elyria saw a glint from his chest. He was wearing a pendant around his neck. It was gold and heavy. **"Not the same as fighting just a pack of Werewolves is it?"**

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The Wizard's eyes narrowed. **"No. It isn't"**

"Your time is over!" Daruth stated again. **"We will not allow this to continue. You've done something none of us could do"** he said with a smile. **"You brought all of us together by giving us a common enemy"** He lifted the heavy chain around his neck. Elyria didn't know what it was but the Wizards seemed to understand.

"Tell me" he continued. **"How much magic will it take to get to me?"** He swung the medallion around. **"How many of you will fall before I'm taken down?"** He looked at each of them. **"Who should I kill first? Who among you are willing to die for the others?"**

There were no answers.

Daruth snorted. **"Not so eager to die for your brother's sake are you? That's the difference between us"** He turned to the Wolves near him. **"Who will die for me!"**

The room filled with the deafening roar of growling Wolves. Elyria put her hands over her ears to protect herself from the sound.

Daruth smiled. **"So Wizards, what's it gonna be?"**

The older man swallowed hard. **"What do you want?"**

"All the magic you've cast on your prisoners will be removed. You will release them to me. You will leave everything you have here!" He pointed to the ground. **"You take nothing but the breath in your bodies and the air in your lungs!"**

"Our work!" Another Wizard cried out in anger.

"Is over!" Daruth yelled back. **"It's your life! Take it or leave it! Either way this ends today!"**

The older Wizard put a hand out to quiet the other. **"We agree to your terms. No more death, on both sides and you agree for everyone represented, no one will hunt us later?"**

Daruth didn't care for the last terms but nodded after a moment. **"I have the authority to speak for everyone"**

"So be it" the man said. **"Have the subjects gather before us"**

Daruth stepped aside and started bringing the captive forward one at a time. The older Wizard did all the magic while the others near him watched the Werewolves nearby for deceit. For some captives the release of whatever spell they were put under had little effect. For some it was drastic. A small man immediately fell to the floor as the spell holding him in form fell away. He changed into a very large green snake.

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“A Naga” The Wizard said to Daruth. **“Rare even for us”**

The snake was allowed to leave as everyone gave it a wide path. It had no desire to fight, only to flee.

Over and over the Wizard worked his magic, removing whatever change their magic had wrought.

Finally it was Elyria’s turn.

The Wizard looked at her carefully. **“There is nothing I can do for her”**

Daruth stepped forward. **“What do you mean?”**

The man shook his head. **“There is nothing wrong with her”**

Daruth looked suspicious. **“She’s a child and I see her change already. She’s been Wolf for quite some time now”**

The man nodded. **“She was six years old when she first changed”**

The room filled with the growls of angry adult Werewolves.

“SIX?”

He nodded again. **“Yes”** He looked at Elyria with wonder and something akin to affection. **“She was one of the first we took”** he spoke as if to himself, his eyes affixed to her. **“She single handedly increase our power base. She needed no magic, she brought her own”** he said with more than a hint of pride. **“Of everyone, she needed the least persuasion”**

He looked up at Daruth. **“She is yours of course, but she knows nothing of a real pack. She would be better with us. We will care for her”**

Werewolves growled loudly and pawed the ground ready to kill. The younger Wizards held up staffs and wands to protect themselves.

“NEVER!” Daruth yelled.

The Wizard was unfazed by the display of anger. **“She knows nothing of your world. We would not harm her, everything we needed of her she gave us long ago”**

Daruth looked at her. **“Why do you still have her then?”**

The man shrugged. **“What were we to do with her? Release her and let others find out what she was? That wasn’t an option and death for the sake of death wasn’t either. We made her what she was and she was one of the first. She belongs with us”**

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Daruth would have none of it. **“She comes with me!”**

The Wizard gave him a long look. **“If you say so, but she may feel otherwise, later, as she gets older”**

“Why?”

“She’s too used to magic to do without it” He looked at Elyria. **“What will you do with them?”**

Elyria was only fifteen and had no answer.

“She will live!” Daruth answered for her.

The Wizard tapped his staff and a cloud of light enveloped Elyria. Her simple dress shifted into a new one with bright colors. Shoes formed on her feet and any trace of dirt disappeared from her. She stood now as a beautiful child with raven black hair.

He looked at Daruth. **“She is yours for as long as she wishes”** He looked around. “I believe our business is complete”

Daruth took in a deep breath. It was clear he would rather kill them than leave them alone, but in the end he nodded. The Wizard looked at Elyria once more. **“You may find the simple life as a Werewolf too mundane for you. If so, call us”**

She felt a rumple in her dress. A piece of paper had formed there.

The old Wizard turned to Daruth. **“It is done!”** Before they disappeared he said one more thing.

“Her name is Elyria”

A blue cloud of light wrapped around the last of the Wizards of Blackmore and they vanished without a sound.

Daruth spoke quickly. **“Take everyone out and separate them by groups. I want this place destroyed!”**

It took the better part of an hour for his commands to gel. Outside, Elyria saw they were on an island. The sound of the ocean filled her ears as several adults came forward from the trees. Some used magic to whisk prior captives away, while others simply flew in the air high into the clouds. The Naga was met by three others and Elyria saw them swim into the sea far in the distance.

Other magic users fell upon the compound and took away objects of interest or gathered them in a central location to be destroyed.

When it was over only the Werewolves remained. Five others stood with Elyria. They were all older, three boys and two girls. They were led to a boat and as they sailed away they watched the island burn.

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All but Elyria had a pack of their own. She was the only child taken.

Daruth came to her, now dressed in jeans and a shirt. **“Do you know where you’re from?”**

She shook her head, not used to speaking.

“You have people?”

Tears filled her eyes as she looked at him. Only the man was hers and he had been taken years before. She shook her head.

“I have no one”

Daruth tilted his head. **“You are wrong Elyria”**

She wasn’t used to hearing her name. She had in fact forgotten it, years earlier.

“You have an entire pack”

Daruth had given her more than just a home. His pack was large and they welcomed her with open arms. Her ability to change into a Werewolf with such ease and at such an early age made her the talk of the pack. She was far more mature than the other girls of her age, and since she had been mating since childhood the men in the pack gave her special interest.

Several Wolves offered themselves to her within days of her joining the pack, but Elyria was tired and too new to accept a new mate.

In the end, it was Daruth she flocked toward. She came to him not a year later and mated with him under the stars.

They were married two years later.

The memories of her time with the Wizards flowed through her as she watched the woman, a stranger to her; go through the change for the first time. She had been so young herself; it still amazed her to witness the struggle of others. The Wizards had aided her transformation, taking pain and fear away and replacing it with lust and desire and as she joined Daruth’s pack she found this was common knowledge.

Sex was powerful for Werewolves. The bond to mate fueled pack magic and aided many. It aided them to heal, to love, and to control.

Now three men stood nearby and removed their clothes as the woman began to shift, ready to mate with her and ease her change. They became aroused and slowly swayed in place as the magic began to form.

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Elyria had no idea how important it was for this woman to live through this.

Her husband's life, in fact, depended upon it.

The Litch was bleeding heavily. The BEAST had wounded him far greater than should have been possible. The sound of heavy footsteps filled him with fear. It was coming for him one final time!

He pressed his hands into the ground and send out his magic. He found what he searched for almost immediately. They were all around him, in every direction.

"RISE!" he cried out.

Every dead Werewolf the Litch had killed stood up and circled Michael, Silas, Andreas, and Ryan.

The Litch crawled to his knees, blood flowing out of his deep wounds.

"My turn!"

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

Daruth ran as fast as he could. He found Michael's home destroyed and empty. Heavy tracks of the large beasts ripped into the ground, no doubt from the large pack of Wolves that Silas had brought. The cows were still huddled in the field even though the wooden fence was partially destroyed and a large section of ground was unearthed. Daruth took a moment to secure them with a makeshift barricade, mending the hole in the fence with a large section of wall that had blown off the main house in the explosion, or whatever had happend.

While he worked he sniffed the area and picked up several scents of Wolves he knew, mostly Andreas. Elyria's scent was there as well which surprised him most of all. He would have to ask her about that when and if he returned.

He headed toward the mountains, following the trail that Silas's pack had made. He didn't need to smell them, although he could; because they left deep tracks in the soft earth for him to follow. His powerful legs pumped with strength as he ran with incredible speed in hopes of catching up and joining the fight.

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Daruth had never faced a Witch before. Even Kalibrus was loathe to speak of them, and he was far older than any Wolf Daruth knew. His old mentor only knew of two ways to kill a Witch. One was to burn the body completely and the other was to cut off their heads and force a large stone into their mouths. Daruth was repulsed with both methods but found the last one so specific that he knew Kalibrus must have faced a Witch in his own time at some point. How else would that knowledge have come up? His old Master did not like to dwell on his past and Daruth had to wonder how much longer he would live when it was clear he no longer wished to.

Daruth's mind ran through thoughts of the woman he brought back, of Michael's family, and of the Witch, he had yet to meet. If she could do this so easily, what hope was there for them? As he ran, his large feet digging at the earth, he thought mostly of his wife.

Elyria had come into his life as just a child. The Wizards that took her had abused her for years, and later, when they no longer needed her, kept her a prisoner.

In a bizarre way they were the only family she knew for most of her life. It bothered him greatly that she would contact them again after so long. He knew she could of course, because she told him as much, but Daruth never thought she would, at least not after joining his pack and having a real family. She must have been desperate to do it. She was an amazing woman, which is why he took her for his wife above all others; but there were still scars she clearly bore from her time with the Wizards that he would have to address when the Witch was dead.

If that were even possible.

The Witch hovered in the air and cast out her power as gently as she could. She bit at her lower lip as the pain in her legs travelled up her body, a constant reminder of what the Black Wolf had done to her. Her back felt wet from the blood that slowly oozed from the deep wound he caused her. Her magic would hold her together until the Book was hers. Then, outside the barrier, she would use it to fully heal herself and defend her new prize. No one would stop her.

She felt the Wolves, all five of them. They lived...barely. The Witch smiled. The Druid child used the bag she provided. She marveled at her own power. Whether it was through the Raven or the child, the Witch had thought of everything. She had spent long years preparing for this day and a bunch of feral Wolves were not about to stop her.

The Raven was dead, she knew. The loss of power was both a surprise and a comfort. The bird was formidable and did many tasks that the Witch herself would trust to no one else. She had it for more than ten years and imbued it with much of her own power. When the bird died that power flowed back to Kripka, and gave her a much needed boost to fight the Black Wolf. Still, the loss was one of regret. It would take years to train another familiar to do her bidding and it would have been so much easier to

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have the Raven now that the Book would be hers. Now she would have to rely on just herself until the animal could be replaced.

Maybe a snake?

Her mind found focus. The child was almost there.

Now came the hard part.

Emma made it to the trunk of the Tree. The roots that she climbed over had turned a healthy shade of brown where she had touched them. Now she looked up at the building size trunk and grinned happily. She reached out her hand and the great Tree shuddered in response. The warm brown began to flow from where her hand rested on the thick bark and spread slowly downward until it touched the ground.

Emma opened her arms and tried to hug the trunk. She was so small she had to lean up on her toes just to do that. Then she stepped back and started to stroke the hard bark with her tiny hands, making more and more of it turn brown.

"I'm Emma!" she said happily. But the Tree already knew that. It already knew her...her mother...her mother's mother...and her's before that. The Tree knew all the Druids, dating back almost a thousand years.

The Tree was old; far older than it looked even in its decayed state. To a child like Emma, it was an old friend, something that would never let her down. The burden the Tree carried was so great that when it felt her move near, it thought its time was over, that it would finally be free of its duty.

It welcomed her, glad to be rid of it.

As the child touched it she healed the deep scars of decay that ran through its entire body, and with a deep sigh the Tree opened up and allowed her in.

The massive trunk shifted as bark began to move out of the way. The forest filled with the heavy sound as the wood literally parted and made a hole that started at the ground and went about four feet up.

It was just big enough for a child to get through.

Emma smiled and walked up to the dark hole and touched the sides of the makeshift doorway. She didn't hesitate like any normal child would; she simply stepped inside and disappeared!

The Book of Lies

Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

The Witch felt the child vanish!

She hovered in place and concentrated on the girl. This was to be expected, but she wasn't sure if the Tree could block her magic so completely. Clearly she underestimated the Puller woman's power. She must have been a formidable Druid to make such a thing, the Witch thought. She had never fought one directly, travelling in different circles of influence. It wasn't until she discovered where the Book was, that she began to research the elusive Druids and their nature magic. It wasn't the same kind of power that Kripka herself possessed of course. Her magic was real power, not a gimmick or parlor trick to amaze the neighbors. Witchcraft was darker and more lethal than any other kind of magic including Wizardry and even Necromancy. The Litch was the closest thing to having raw power that a Witch held, which is why Kripka enlisted him to begin with. She understood his power, probably better than he did, and as such, could control him or outright kill him if necessary.

Now she had to wait. Everything rested on the child's tiny shoulders. She would either come out with the Book or not, and the Witch knew her time was coming to an end. She could not stay in the barrier forever. Soon she would be discovered and her power was at an all-time low. If a true Wizard came now, or even a conclave of Druids, she would be dead. She didn't have enough magic to defend herself, especially after what the Black Wolf had done.

The Witch thought hard about him. What made him? Why was he here? These questions plagued her thoughts because if someone was alerted to her plans, then they were already moving against her; and that was something that Kripka would not allow. If the Black Wolf was sent to soften her up then it did a far better job than anyone could hope for, because it damn near killed her.

Now the child must produce her prize! Only then would the Witch be able to defend herself.

Just a little more time.

The woman moaned on the floor as the first man took her. He lay on top of her as she struggled to change and drove his big cock into her cunt. He held his powerful body above her and started to drill into her over and over again, the lust clear in his eyes.

The Book of Lies Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

At first she pushed at him, not able to take any more than she already had. But within moments her eyes opened and she looked at him with deep desire. His big cock was making the Wolf in her emerge. She wrapped her legs around him and pulled his thick back down to completely cover her body.

The man drove into her relentlessly and growled in her ear as the others waited their turn.

Elyria watched with satisfaction.

She knew this was the best way to elicit an unexpected change. Wolves that were born of Werewolf parents rarely needed this help, but those that were bitten almost always did. For some reason men seemed to have an easier time of it than women. Maybe this was the reason so many of them had trouble having children. Maybe it was nature's way of ensuring that the Werewolf population stayed within strict limits, Elyria didn't know, but if anyone needed help changing it was this woman.

She could smell the decay in her; cancer most likely. It must be the reason Daruth brought her here to change. Accepting the gift was one thing, but doing it while already dying was something else. She would need all the help she could get, and now that Daruth was no longer able to aid her change it was up to these men to do it for him.

The power of a true Alpha was far greater than just a simple male Wolf. The bite of one usually produced a change and if that Alpha was there to ensure the transformation...doubly so. But Daruth was gone and these men, although strong, were no Alphas.

Her mind drifted to Michael. He was literally throbbing with power. Having him even in the room would practically guarantee her successful transformation. If he deemed her worthy and drove himself into her during the change, the odds of her not becoming a Werewolf were astronomically small. If only he would agree to father children, or at the very least use his ability to bring about the healthy birth of their offspring. A pregnant woman could easily be controlled by him; no Wolf would dare surface without his permission.

The woman's eyes were hot. She was trying to change.

The first man moved off and pulled his big, wet cock from her, the thick white of his cum trailing out of her pussy. The second man pushed him aside and quickly thrust himself inside and made the woman cry out. He was bigger than the first and her shock at the new prick made him grin. He held himself up as he fucked her hard and when she tried to pull at him he slapped her hands away. When she growled up at him he roared back at her, commanding her silence.

Good, Elyria thought. Her Wolf is learning.

The Book of Lies

Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

Silas was down. He had suffered great wounds from the Litch and even now his dead brothers were rising to kill him. Michael was surrounded with them as they changed into dark Wolves, a twisted shadow of what they used to be. Large claws ripped through the air at the BEAST and dug into his flesh as the piled on him from every side. Ryan was holding his own but was of no real use to them. He was a tracker, not a fighter and he moved to the trees and knocked down the dead Werewolves as they approached him.

Andreas was fighting three of them. He was still weak from his earlier beating and hanging over the last 24 hours. Still he was impressive, as he batted first one, and then another dead Wolf away from him. Silas was on the ground and rolling around as two of them clawed at him from both sides. One bit him deeply on the neck and he roared with anger as he slashed back.

Michael was a mountain of muscle and claws but the numbers surrounding him were great. The Litch was still kneeling on the ground and keeping a wave of dead Werewolves between himself and the remaining pack. He had no concern for the smaller ones but the BEAST could not approach. He was unable to absorb the animal's power so he used their own dead against them. He must bring it down first and then he could drink from the others and regain his strength. He looked at his new army with pride.

The dead Wolves felt no pain.

They surged forward and when they were pushed back or struck, they simply came forward again. They had unlimited energy and only one desire...to kill the BEAST.

The great animal growled so loudly that the nearby trees shook, but the dead could not be commanded. It was not like when the Vampires enthralled them, or when the Naga poisoned them. There was simply no Werewolf left to be intimidated.

Michael grabbed one by the neck and shoulders and pulled with all his strength. The head ripped off the heavily muscled body and black liquid oozed ran from the wound. He threw the head away and turned to the next Wolf when he realized the first had not stopped. It kept slashing at him even though it had no head!

The second man began to shift. The thick muscles in his back swam under his skin and rippled with power. He drove his heavy cock deep inside the woman and made her cry out in pleasure as her orgasm tore through her.

Her hands began to shift forming claws where her fingers used to be. Her legs rippled but made no other change.

The Book of Lies

Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

She was fighting it.

Daruth heard the fighting. It was Michael's growl that he would never forget. The first time he saw the Grand Alpha's true form he knew what real power truly was. There was no mistaking that sound.

As he barreled through the trees the first thing he saw was Silas on the ground and fighting off other Wolves. Daruth almost stopped in his tracks but decided that it was best to ask questions later. He leaped in the air and landed on one of them and freed Silas in the process. The Wolf slashed at him but Daruth had the element of surprise and blocked the blow as he drove his fist into the Wolf's face.

The Wolf was not defeated!

It grabbed his thick arms and pulled him to the ground and tried to get on top of Daruth.

Daruth couldn't believe it. The Wolf should be out at the very least. He kept rolling and the Wolf was under him once more. He saw its eyes.

It was dead!

Ryan dropped from the sky and landed on the head of the Wolf that fought Daruth. His big hands dug deeply into the Wolf, but still it fought back.

Daruth looked up and saw the tracker, full of life, looking back at him intently. The message was clear. He was showing Daruth what he was dealing with.

He looked around and saw Andreas. He was hurt and fending off three Wolves. Unlike the others, Andreas was on his feet like the warrior he knew him to be. Michael was pulled to the ground and fending off a literal swarm of dead Wolves that beat at him from every angle. Some bit him on the legs while others slashed at his large head. The fact that Michael was still fighting back was a testament to just how strong he really was.

Then Daruth saw it!

The Litch!

It was chalk white with long black hair and tattoos covering its slender body. It looked hurt and maybe unable to stand. It was looking at Michael as it chanted, its tattoos glowing.

Daruth knew he had to kill it.

The Book of Lies

Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

Was this the Witch?

Daruth was the only one unwounded. He had to get to it. Beheading or fire, Kalibrus told him, and since he had no matches his decision was made. He jumped off the dead Wolf and left it for Ryan to fight. Daruth leaped in the air right at the kneeling man.

He heard Silas's growls and for a brief moment felt Ryan's large hand grab at his arm; but it was too late; Daruth had already launched himself.

The Litch looked up and smiled.

Daruth felt a chill run down his back as he realized he had just made a terrible mistake.

The woman was only partially changed. Her body was fighting the transformation and it looked like it was winning. The cancer in her body had made her too weak to fuel the shift and now her body was shutting down before Elyria's eyes.

She felt tears well up. It was always hard to watch this, especially when she remembered her own change so clearly all those years ago. *She was so close*, Elyria thought. *If only Daruth had been here.*

The last man grabbed the second and pushed him to his side and made them roll together until the woman was on top. The man's cock was still lodged tightly in her pussy as he continued to drill into her. The third man circled his thick arms around her from behind and growled in her ear as he started to shift into a Werewolf. It took a full minute. The lust of mating made the transformation faster than normal, and when it was done, a full grown adult Werewolf knelt behind her. He licked at the woman's face and growled, filling the room up with the thunderous sound.

Elyria was fascinated by what he was doing. She had to give him credit for trying. She didn't know if it would work but it was the last chance they would have.

The massive prick of the Werewolf snaked through the woman's legs and rubbed against her stomach as the man below her drove himself into her cunt over and over again. She growled louder this time and arched her back against the furry, muscled body of the Wolf behind her.

Then, to Elyria's great regret, the woman slumped down and went slack.

The fight was over.

The Book of Lies Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

Daruth felt the loss of power immediately. The Litch reached out and began to suck him dry as he flew through the air. When the chalk white hand finally grabbed his shoulder, Daruth cried out in pain. A flow of jagged negative energy ripped through him as he rolled on the ground right by the Litch.

Now it stood, renewed with his life and faced him.

It walked up and Daruth saw the deep wounds on its body begin to heal shut. He reached down to suck the rest of Daruth's life. He put both hands on his large head and leaned down to kiss his mouth.

Daruth knew his life was over!

The sky outside was filled with clouds. It was a still night, cool and dark.

Phoebe sat on her throne and watched the woman's struggle. Was this cheating? She accused Polus as much. But he was too clever to be swayed but such a simple argument, and dismissed her notion as irrelevant. After all, she was just a simple Wolf. How could that be cheating? Who would notice such a thing anyway?

She sat in thought for a moment. Was he right? She knew the importance of this woman even though no one on Earth did. It wasn't the woman that held the key technically, but the act of what Daruth had done to her that would change the tide of battle.

The Litch was winning. It would kill the others before her King would get to it. She knew it didn't have the power to kill the Grand Alpha, he was beyond the power of a Litch; but she would lose Silas, Daruth, Andreas, and Ryan; as she did all the others. Even now it meant to suck the life out of her Alpha. Only the Grand would survive this day and even he could not beat the Witch alone.

She looked down and waved her hand. Her decision was made.

The clouds parted.

The Book of Lies

Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

The moonlight flooded through the window into the basement and struck the unmoving woman like a lightning bolt. Her body jolted up and she cried out, startling everyone in the room. The massive Werewolf behind her was the first to see the change. Her limbs were growing hair. He took her hips and pulled her off his brother and lined his heavy Wolf cock up with her slick cunt.

She let out a deafening growl as he sunk his big dick into her and started to fuck her.

Elyria couldn't believe it!

She blinked as if her eyes betrayed her.

The woman was transforming.

The moonlight looked silver as it shone across the woman's sweaty body. The grunts of the big Werewolf taking her from behind showed his determination. Even the man below her reached up and tugged at her breasts as she changed, growling up at her and commanding her Wolf to be born.

It took almost three minutes before the room was occupied by one male and one female Werewolf.

The change was over!

Elyria stepped up and breathed in deep. The cancer was gone!

The pack had just increased by one!

Blackness filled Daruth's vision as he felt his life draining from his body. He felt his great muscles shrink as his body reverted back into a man. It was over. He would die, but at least his brothers could get away. Maybe it would be enough.

Screams filled the forest as the Litch threw its head back and cried out. His hands were frozen in place as he tugged them from Daruth's now human head. His fingers blackened and then his arms. It spread up to his neck as he staggered to his feet and stumbled back. He looked down at Daruth in shock and fear.

The man was as confused as he was.

The Book of Lies Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

He looked at his hands and then at the others. The dead Wolves had fallen to the ground, lifeless once more, and even now were reverting back into their human counterparts. The ones still alive just looked at him. He took in one last breath and screamed before the end came.

The Litch burst into flame!

Phoebe smiled to herself and smoothed her white robes. Daruth had done an incredible thing. He had given life! Her Alpha had taken time to help someone who would have otherwise died without his gift.

This was sacrilege to a Litch.

A Litch fed off life, it didn't give it. The gift of life struck the ancient Wizard to his core as he tried to absorb Daruth and add his strength to his own.

It almost worked.

Until, that is, the woman transformed and rid herself of her fate. In one fell swoop she had taken life from the Alpha and returned it in kind.

The feedback ripped through the Litch and consumed him. The simple act of kindness had destroyed him.

The Litch was no more!

Phoebe got up and went to find her husband.

It was just a simple Wolf, she told herself. *What's the harm in that?* She echoed his words to herself. She walked almost ten feet, trying to keep her face from smiling.

She didn't quite make it.

The Book of Lies Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

Daruth lay naked and fully human on the ground as the Litch all but evaporated before him. The air filled with the intense smell of decay as the white skinned man died in front of them. When it was done, nothing remained save a light cloud of gray smoke that dissipated within moments.

“What the fuck was that?”

Silas was almost changed himself. He bore heavy wounds from his fight as did Ryan. Only Andreas and Michael stayed in Wolf form.

“What did you do?” Silas demanded as he leaned against a tree for support and panted for breath.

Daruth looked back in shock. **“What did I do? I laid here to die is what I did!”** He looked at the men all around him. **“The Witch did this? Made them rise?”**

Silas looked at the mass of bodies, most men he knew for decades. **“We had no chance. It drained us and made them turn”**

“But it’s over? We won?”

Before Silas could answer the sound of running broke the air. A Werewolf came out and looked at them. He was followed by two more, one clearly injured.

“Cole!” Daruth cried out and sat up, with some effort. The big Wolf began to shift back into a man. He stood tall, his breath labored. He looked at Daruth for a moment, just long enough to connect with his Alpha and then he turned to Michael. His eyes went wide at the sight of the BEAST and he fell to his knees in servitude.

“My Lord!” he opened his hands palms up. **“Your daughter is deep in the forest!”** He pointed from where they came. **“She is under someone’s control! The others are trying to stop her!”**

The sound that ripped from the BEAST’S massive chest was deafening. He launched himself into the forest and knocked trees out of his way, leaving the others behind.

Daruth looked stunned. **“Controlled by who?”** he glared at Silas. **“The Witch is dead!”**

The other Alpha said nothing.

“Right?”

The Book of Lies

Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

Michael ran for forty minutes. He followed the trail they left with ease. He cared nothing for himself, only his daughter was important. If it was the last thing he did; if it cost him his life; he would protect her. The path he left in his wake was impressive. It looked as if a truck had forced its way through the dense forest. Branches and bushes clung to his heavy legs as he ran through them, only to rip them from their roots and tear them from the trees.

Then his great heart skipped in his chest.

He saw her floating there!

His spine tingled.

He didn't need an introduction.

It was the Witch!

He opened his massive hands and dug into the ground with all his might. He would kill her quickly and end this before she knew what hit her. He opened his mouth and prepared to rip her apart with his teeth as he hurtled toward her.

Her body spun in the air with supernatural speed and her hideous face glared at him with hate. She opened her mouth and blew out a hurricane of wind, lifting his massive body off the ground and sending him up through the trees. He tried to grab the branches as they shot by but the ones he took hold of just snapped away and travelled with him.

He saw the sky and still he flew upward. It felt like he was trapped in a tornado as the trees became small below him. His great body tumbled backward as he tried to unsuccessfully control his flight.

Five miles later...he began to descend.

Emma came out. She was scrapped up with cuts all over her body. Dirt clung to her as she pulled and tugged something behind her. It finally came out and the Tree gave a massive sigh, its great branches slumping with relief.

The Book of Lies was free!

The Book of Lies Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

CHAPTER NINETEEN

The Witch had almost died at the hands of the Black beast; and he was clearly beyond a simple Werewolf; the Grand Alpha however, was a Wolf, and she blew him away like so much trash.

She had no desire to fight him, not because he was too powerful but because he was irrelevant. The Book was all that mattered. It had been her driving force for the last seven decades. The secrets the Book held were beyond measure and could not be duplicated without the Tome.

She knew it existed but had never seen it. In fact no one had; at least no Witch. The Book had been hidden for almost a century, the last being to use it, long dead.

To say the Book was a treasure, was akin to saying the Sun was warm. It was the ultimate seat of power. For a Witch like Kripka it held knowledge that she could never attain on her own. Whoever held the Book would have an infinite well of magic to draw upon and render any defense obsolete. It was the reason the Book was kept far away from beings of dark magic, and undoubtedly evil, since the Wizards never used it themselves.

She was not worried that the Book had been destroyed because she knew it couldn't be. There was no force on Earth that could harm the Book or even remove it from this plane of existence. The Book, the rumors told, had a destiny that could not be altered...only delayed. And so it went. The Wizards did the only thing they could...they hid the Book.

After scouring the planet for the Book, the Witch systematically ruled out location after location until she realized what the Wizards had done. It was ingenious actually. While everyone else looked to them for it, they had in fact...given it away!

Finding the right Druid was problematic but far from impossible. Kripka was nothing if not resourceful and determined, and if she had to rip through every Druid to find the right one then she would.

Her mind slipped back to the Black beast. The way it reflected her power disturbed her. If only there was a body left to dissect she might have learned the secret. That would be a valuable skill to learn, she mulled. Maybe the Book would give her insight. Maybe it would hold the secret to the dark animal; one she denied herself when she burned it alive.

It was the eyes, those big golden eyes. She saw the flash and before she knew it her curse came hurtling back at her with surprising speed. It wasn't magic, at least not the way she knew it to be. This was a natural event, if that were even possible. Whatever was inside those golden eyes had the power to reflect magic, at least partially. The fire had burned it but it was far more primal than the curse she cast out early. The curse was a complex spell and one with a defined purpose, while the fire, was just that.

She wouldn't make that same mistake again. Next time she would burn first and curse later; providing she ever saw another set of gold eyes staring back at her.

The Book of Lies

Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

A part of her felt she should know what it was. The problem was, Kripka didn't dwell on things that did not directly concern her, even if she had heard of something like this before; which she felt she had. It would have left her thoughts almost immediately as she focused on more important things, like expanding her witchcraft.

Now, after almost dying at its hands, she felt she should reassess her priorities.

Her thoughts filled with theories when she felt the child trigger her magic.

She was back! And she had the Book!

The BEAST opened its eyes and saw the sky.

A huge section of branches were torn away and left a gaping hole where it had dropped to the earth. He didn't know how long he lay there unconscious. He didn't feel that much time had passed, although he couldn't be sure. His head swam with disorientation from the effects of the Witch's spell. His massive claws dug into the earth for support. He took in deep breaths and tested his body. He was bruised badly but there were no broken bones. He lay still, letting his healing ability kick in. He didn't know how much damage had already been repaired, but he didn't want to take chances; his family was depending on him and he would help them or die trying.

His mind raced with thoughts of Emma and of Chase. Both his children were gone and he was all but helpless to do anything about it. He wasn't with his Son when he died. He didn't know of the battle or how the angelic boy had met his fate. He only knew that Chase was no more.

The Witch was the vilest thing he had ever seen. Her face was a twisted version of a human's, if it could even be called that. Her eyes burned with hell fire, and she had the power to back it up. In mere moments she had defeated him, rendering his thick mass of muscle useless. Whatever power she tapped from was well beyond his ability to combat, even in his Second form.

He sat slowly up and moved his stiff neck and arms around.

She moved so fast! One second she faced away from him and the next, she had directed the extent of her magic right at him. Maybe if he dropped from the sky? Maybe if he threw a rock at her before she saw him?

The BEAST didn't know.

But it did know one thing.

The Book of Lies

Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

It knew her smell!

And now there was nowhere on Earth she could hide from him.

The Witch watched as the small girl dragged the heavy book behind her. She wore the red cloak and she still had the bag the Witch had given her. Her eyes locked onto the Book. It was big and leathery. The child had trouble even holding it. Large pages were curled up and some sticking out, uneven as if the pages were made one at a time.

Kripka knew the Book to be old. It was rumored to be the First Book. A Book made not by man.

She wanted to take it, to touch it! The Book seemed to call to her as if it recognized her intent.

But she couldn't.

If she came in contact with it now the barrier would snap around her. She had to get it outside. Only then could her hands hold The Book of Lies! She would need time to study it, to absorb some of its power before they came for her, Wizard and Witch alike. No one would allow her to simply keep it. They would kill her, some wanting to hide the Book again, while others wanted it for themselves. It was far easier to take the Book than it was to find it and free it Kripka knew. They would come for her like an army and she had to be prepared. Only the Book could protect her, but she needed time.

She floated in the air as the child moved by with slow determination. It would take hours to get to the archway the little Druid created and the Witch didn't think she had that much time. It was no problem to keep the child bewitched, but with the Black Wolf, and the Grand Alpha's confrontation, she knew her window of opportunity was quickly coming to an end. She waved her hand and the red cloak dropped from the girl's shoulders and hovered in the air behind her. At the Witch's command it took the form of a balloon again. A long red strap then snaked up and wrapped itself around the child's arms and pulled them up to ease the weight.

Now the Book was off the ground and in her arms, her burden much lighter than before.

Emma was able to walk faster.

The Witch looked around.

They were alone and unchallenged.

At least for now.

The Book of Lies

Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

Silas and the rest of the pack made it back to Michael's house. His was the closest to the mountain. Only Daruth was unharmed. He argued that they could not beat whatever was moving through the forest and killing so many and retreat was the only option, save death. They were unprepared and ill equipped to fight this battle so they left to gather the entire pack.

If the BEAST could not deal with the threat alone, then it could not be beaten; at least not by them.

When they came out from the tree line Daruth saw three men in long robes standing near the barn. Silas and Andreas were in human form while Ryan and Daruth stayed as Werewolves.

Daruth growled and Silas looked up.

One was old while the other two appeared in their forties. All wore robes of different colors although the colors were of the darker shades. No bright reds or blues, these men favored black, brown and grey.

Magic users to be sure. Silas could damn near smell the energy coming off them. He didn't know them, but Daruth did. The big Wolf growled and pawed at the ground in anger.

The Wizards of Blackmore had arrived.

Daruth charged the Wizards. His massive paws threw large chunks of dirt up in a cloud behind him. His thick muscles were bunched and fueling his entire body as he made to attack them. He made it almost twenty feet away before the old one tapped a long staff on the ground and sent a bundle of magic his way.

It struck him in the chest and made him crumple to a ball and tumble backward in the air and striking the ground hundreds of yards from them.

Like the predator he was he rolled easily back to his feet.

"Easy Wolf. You have no pendant to protect you today" the older Wizard spoke.

Silas found his clothes and put them on as he watched the robed men. Andreas slipped on his pants and joined his side as Ryan stood in front of them protectively.

"What do you want?" Silas demanded, hiding his injuries well and stepping around Ryan. He put a hand on the great animal's back as he did.

The Book of Lies Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

“We have been summoned and so we are here” the first man said, stepping forward to face the bulky Alpha.

“I did not summon you”

The old man tilted his head in amusement. **“That is irrelevant..as is your permission”**

Silas took a big step closer, his thick chest and broad shoulders towering over the much smaller man. The man continued, taking no notice of Silas’s act of intimidation.

“Dark magic has dropped on this site” His eyes ran over Daruth’s Wolf. **“You are ill equipped to deal with it, even with your healing ability and claws”**

Silas was not used to being ignored. He raised his voice. **“State your business old man, my patients with you is at an end!”**

The ancient Wizard met his eyes with a cold fire. **“Careful Werewolf, you willpower is lost on me and as of yet, we are not enemies. If I was you, I would do everything in my power to keep it that way”** He looked back at Daruth. **“But you...you I know well...Wolf. By your hand you crippled my brotherhood and denied me knowledge it’s taken years to rediscover”**

Silas looked at Daruth and saw Ryan circle behind the Wizards from the corner of his eye.

“Why are you here?” Silas kept the man’s attention on him as Daruth approached slowly.

The man looked at him sternly. **“There is dark magic here. I thought it Wizards. We take special interest in those that fail in the dark arts. Much is gained from their deaths; artifacts, and of course knowledge”** He waved at the two others with him. **“We are seekers of knowledge. We welcome the study of magic in many forms”** His eyes ran over Silas’s large frame and Daruth growled loudly. It was a look of interest, like one given to an animal before dissection.

The Wizard tilted his head and looked at him. **“Your friend knows this, although he objects to our goals”**

Silas had no idea what was going on but he knew two things, these Wizards were not to be trusted considering Daruth’s actions, and there was history between them. It was time to get answers.

“This was not done by Wizards?” he asked, already knowing the answer.

The old man shook his head. **“No. It was not. Only one thing makes a mark like this”** He glanced at the destroyed home. **“Witchcraft”**

“Witchcraft” Silas repeated. **“What do you know of Witches?”**

The man’s eyes darkened. **“I know a great deal. A great deal indeed”**

The Book of Lies Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

“I’m listening”

The Witch responded in an instant.

A massive boulder was hurtling toward her as if shot from a cannon.

She spun in the air and threw up one hand making the huge stone stopped cold in the air suspended not ten feet from her. Dirt fell off of it as it turned, held in the Witch’s spell. She pulled her hands back and then clapped loudly, her arms fully extended.

The boulder exploded into rubble and rained pebbles to the ground.

She looked for him. He was here somewhere. The large Wolf was back. Her hands cracked with power as she pulled her magic around her. If the fall didn’t kill it then she would find another way. She had many.

The air vibrated above her and the Witch flew away in an instant, fifteen feet to the right, as the BEAST dropped from the sky and landed where she had been standing only a moment before. His claws missed her by inches as she quickly escaped.

The Witch opened her mouth about to spit fire, when she saw Emma. If the Druid wasn’t able to carry the Book then the Witch could not claim her prize. Kripka herself could not touch it, at least not yet. The child must live, at least for now.

She waved at the ground instead and a mound of dirt rose up to meet the BEAST. She threw it at him and it surrounded his head on all sides and began to spin. She rose into the air as the BEAST charged her position and swung its massive head to escape her spell. She just needed time to move, she was still weak from her battle with the Black Beast and could not risk this one touching her with its immense claws.

He lunged for her, swiping his long arms in her direction. His sharp claws caught the end of her robe and tore it a foot down the center. She flew higher as he dropped to the ground and ran around a large tree. The dirt began to fall away as the Witch moved upward and her spell broke apart.

He tried to lead her away, to make her follow him!

Kripka smiled.

The Book of Lies

Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

The BEAST meant to protect the child, but so did she, he just didn't know that. She allowed herself to be separated from the girl, giving the BEAST what it wanted.

Now she could kill it!

It jumped from limb to limb and closed the distance between them within moments. The Witch hovered just above the trees and waited to strike. She took in a deep breath to burn it to dust when the unexpected happened.

The BEAST was pulled down and to the side with a sudden and powerful motion and ripped from the Witch's sight leaving a mass of dense green leaves and branches blocking her sight.

She interrupted her spell and turned her head as a small plume of fire belched out and into the sky. Her magic had already begun and some of it was coming out no matter what. When she spit the rest away she floated back toward the ground and saw the BEAST tangled up in several branches with large thorns and thrashing around for escape.

The Druid child was holding out her hand, her small bag open.

The Witch forgot. She still had an ally. The child was still under her spell and better yet, she was the one thing the BEAST would not hurt.

Kripka floated to the ground but did not touch it, as more and more roots formed a massive mound of snaking wood completely enveloping the BEAST.

She looked at the child, the red balloon still floating with her. With no emotion on her face the child turned and began to walk away, carrying the Book in both arms again. Even as she moved, more roots were coming out to secure the animal in place.

The Witch was impressed.

She waited to see if it would escape as it struggled to free itself. She could still burn it like she did the other. She almost opened her mouth when she thought it a bad idea. How much more magic would she have to expend to get free of the barrier? She felt the blood run down her back slowly and she knew she could not waste more energy on this. This was why she brought the Litch and her Raven in the first place, to save her precious magic for herself.

No. The Druid had done an admirable job. If it gets free she can always burn it later.

She floated away and followed the Druid to freedom.

The Book of Lies Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

Emma walked for almost an hour, the dense forest parting as she moved. The Witch, meanwhile, floated behind her and kept a watchful eye out for danger.

They came to the spot where the Witch had almost died. The earth was burned and the air thick with smoke. A wide swath of ground was bare where her fire had touched. It would take many years for anything to grow there again. The violence of black magic was immense and left a heavy mark.

Emma kept walking, oblivious to the damage. She was so small she disappeared under the black cloud, only the red balloon visible and floating above her. The Witch moved forward, the pain in her broken legs still throbbing from the reflected curse. As she reached the cloud of smoke, she waved her hand to shift it away from her face. It parted and swirled in the air, thick and dense. It smelled of sulfur.

Emma made it out first, although the Witch did not actually see her.

Kripka was not so lucky. Something was wrong! She felt it on her skin.

They were not alone!

“Why is she here?”

The old man shrugged. **“Who knows, but if she wants something you have you will not be able to stop her. Not alone at least”**

“She’s not alone either” Andreas spoke up. **“We faced a white skinned man with dark tattoos on his body”**

The Wizards looked at each other. A younger one asked, **“Did they glow?”**

“Yes...when he drained us. He was like some kind of Vampire”

“You saw this?” The older man asked. Andreas nodded. **“And yet you live?”**

Andreas waved to Daruth. **“He killed it”**

The old man’s eyes bore into the massive Werewolf, his hate for the animal clear. **“You killed a Litch? With no magic?”** His voice showed his disbelief. Daruth pawed at the ground and flashed his large teeth in a growl of satisfaction.

The Book of Lies Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

"A Litch?" Silas asked.

"A Wizard" the man said. **"Of sorts"** He added quickly. He looked away for a moment. **"They specialize in immortality. They absorb the life force of others to extend their own"**

"He looked nothing like you"

"He wouldn't. He's no longer human. At least not the way you know it"

"Is that common practice?" Andreas asked. The old man shook his head abruptly.

"NO! A Litch is an abomination. His magic is not condoned by any Wizard. The price he'll pay for such magic is..." His voice trailed off in thought. **"...damnation"**

"Why would a Litch be here? You said a Witch did this" Silas prompted him.

The old man looked around. **"She did. I can think of only one reason"** His old eyes shined. **"She needed to stall you, hence the Litch"**

"They're partners?" Andreas asked.

The old man bellowed in laughter. **"Never! A Witch would have no need of a life eater, but they travel in similar circles and options for cooperation are limited for either. More likely she used him to keep you away from her until she could finish. No doubt she promised him a wellspring of life to feed off of"** He looked at Daruth with disdain. **"Beings no one would miss"**

Daruth showed more teeth but Silas ignored the insult. **"Finish what?"**

The old man's brows came together in thought. **"So she could get what she came for I would imagine"**

Silas wasn't happy with that answer and by looking at the damage they stood in, she didn't know where it was. **"And what would that be?"**

The old Wizard shook his head. **"I have no idea"**

"You have no spells to gleam the answer old one?"

The man snorted. **"Against a Witch?"**

"You're Wizards" Andreas interrupted.

The Wizard turned his attention to him. **"Clearly, you no not of which you speak. You've seen too many movies. You think you know what a Witch is because of some Hollywood production...but I assure you..."** He gave Andreas a hard look. **"...you do not!"**

The Book of Lies Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

“A real Witch is far different than what you would imagine” Another Wizard said. **“They are not like normal magic users, even dark ones. They are foul, hateful beings who have willingly walked away from whatever humanity they ever had”**

The old man added, **“They have primal magic and no regard for anything except the craft. A Witch is powerful, but an old Witch is the most deadly magic welder you will ever find. No one intentionally fights a Witch. At least not alone”**

“There are many dark things walking the Earth” Silas said.

Several sets of eyes locked on him. The old man replied, **“Which just goes to show how little you know of what you share this planet with”**

“How do we stop her?”

The man looked at Andreas and shook his head. **“YOU don’t. I must first find out why she is here, only then will I know how best to proceed”** His eyes swept around the destruction. **“If she did this and none of you saw her, believe me when I say, you NEVER want to see her”**

Kripka moved around in every direction, but she couldn’t find the source. Her eyes shifted in her head as she sought to locate the presence. It seemed like it was everywhere at once with no fixed spot. Kripka kept turning but the black smoke prevented her from seeing.

She cast out her power and it was reflected back!

The Witch flew backwards, away from the cloud and freed herself. Her power now shifted around her and moved into the forest, seemingly free again.

Was this a side effect of her spell? She looked at the smoke.

The fire had been intense; it was possible it still held her magic. If so, she could reabsorb it. She hovered in the air and watched it with caution. Was this Druid magic of some sort? She thought of what she knew of them. The child was powerful but at no time had she resisted and the mother had been removed from the game. No Werewolf could do this either. Not even pack magic worked like this.

Another Witch?

One that meant to take the Book after she did the hard work?

The Book of Lies

Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

Possible, and not unheard of. Kripka herself had done that very thing several times but she was powerful and only another, older Witch, could take what was hers.

After a long and silent minute the Witch waved her hand. The smoke swirled and began to dissipate...at least for a moment. As she watched it shifted back to where it had been before, and solidified again into a solid black cloud!

A chill ran up her spine as she realized her mistake. Twice now in one day Kripka had been in error. The first almost killed her. There would not be a third!

She pulled her power around her and began to slowly chant as she cursed herself for not seeing the truth.

This was not magic!

She floated backward and prepared her spell.

To her shock...the cloud moved with her!

The BEAST erupted from the prison with a loud cracking sound. Wood flew in every direction as the great animal pulled and snapped the plants in his massive hands. Some tried to tangle around his legs but he pulled himself free easily and jumped into the air. He landed in the trees, his body healing rapidly from the thorns. He sniffed in the air and found her instantly. She was ahead of him by several miles. He leaped to another tree and then to the ground and hurtled after her with renewed vigor.

His daughter was alive!

The Witch raised her hands to protect herself. She threw out a small amount of magic but nothing happened. Whatever this was, it was unaffected by her spell. There was no crack of power, no reaction of any kind and that meant only one thing...there was nothing inside.

Her mind raced with possibilities. Even an invisible opponent would be hit by her magic. Whatever this was had no form no body to destroy.

The Book of Lies

Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

With the pain of her broken bones still fresh in her mind she opened her mouth and summoned her fire.

It was her third mistake.

The cloud moved with supernatural speed and funneled into her mouth!

Her eyes went wide as it flowed into her and distended her throat. She couldn't shut her mouth! The smoke would not allow it! An intangible force held her jaws apart as it slipped into her body with lightning speed.

She grabbed her throat and felt the lumps formed by the smoke channeling into her. She tried to fly away, but her body wouldn't move from the spot. She spun instead and shook her head, but the smoke followed her as two invisible hands pulled at her mouth from different directions.

Her throat looked grotesque as the black smoke swelled inside her and rolled into her body. She could not breathe, she could not scream as she spun over and over like a top, unable to fight back and suffocating!

It was done!

The smoke was gone!

Kripka fell to the ground and felt her broken legs give way, the magic that bound them falling apart and leaving her cripple.

The magic in her welled up in her terror and she threw back her head and released a massive column of magic fire and set the forest ablaze.

The spell was so great it shot above the trees and struck the barrier high above and fanned out in a wide circle as the ancient magic held it in place with an invisible force. A wave of black energy flowed out of her in every direction making Emma fall to the ground unconscious from shock. The Book dropped to the ground with a thud as the mass of fire exploded the very air.

When Kripka did scream it was so loud that it overcame the roar of the fire now burning the forest.

Everyone heard it!

The BEAST saw the fire moments before he heard the scream. He stopped suddenly and put his large paws over his ears as his body vibrated from it.

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It wasn't natural. It grated against his ears like sandpaper. He shook his head until it stopped as his eyes found the fire lighting up the dense foliage far in front of him.

Whatever had caused it was irrelevant. Emma was there and The BEAST would be also. He pumped his muscled legs and tore through the forest toward the blaze.

Everyone around Silas turned with a start. A huge plume of fire shot from the forest and struck something high in the air with a deep grumble. It spread out as it struck something high above the trees. The Wizards immediately raised their staves for protection.

Then they heard the scream.

"Oh God! What was that?" Andreas said feeling his back tingle with surprise.

The older Wizard stepped forward.

"That was the sound of a Witch!"

Kripka was yanked violently into the air almost a foot off the ground!

Her body convulsed and swelled unnaturally. Her throat thickened and then her stomach followed. Her ribs cracked and her spine twisted as she screamed with pain. The sound of her bone getting crushed filled her head and in a blind attempt to protect herself, magic blasted away at the forest, causing a nearby tree to explode and rocks to rip from the ground and hurtle away.

Suddenly her magic stopped!

Her fight was over!

The Witch hung immobile in the air; her eyes bulging out, her arms and legs were pulled away from her as something took command of her body. She opened her mouth for a final scream as her eyes rolled in her head until nothing but white showed.

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No scream came out.

Instead...Kripka exploded!

The ground was wet with the mass of fluids that came from the remains of the Witch's corpse. Chunks of meat and bone were raining down as her body was ripped apart from the inside. The red balloon that hung in the air above Emma broke apart and fell like a stone to the ground. When it struck the earth it liquefied immediately and turned into a large pool of blood that splashed and flowed over the ground with a heavy smell of iron.

The smoke hung thick in the air where the Witch used to be. It swirled around and around as the fire burned hot overhead. Large branches began to fall down and set the ground ablaze where they touched as the fire spread through the trees.

The black cloud pulsed and rolled into itself for a long moment. Thick folds of black swam into the center of the cloud's mass as it tried to find form. As it pulsed and swelled, the smoke flew faster and faster until it solidified into a solid black shape.

It didn't move.

It just existed for the moment.

The wind from the fire sailed down and blew at it as it stood tall. Finally, it opened its eyes.

With slow steady steps, it walked over to Emma making absolutely no noise as it did. It crouched down and gazed at her unmoving form.

It did not touch her; it simply stared...with two golden eyes!

The Wizard cried. **"That level of power is unheard of!"**

A younger one stepped forward, not taking his eyes from the great fire in the distance. **"We should get help. We are too few in number"**

"There's a barrier there!" The last Wizard said. **"Can you feel it? It's immense! It spans miles of the forest!"**

The older man nodded. **"That is not witchcraft!"**

The Book of Lies Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

“No it isn’t. And I should know”

Everyone turned at the sound of the new voice. A very old man with white hair stood behind them holding a golden staff and wearing bright blue robes with silver symbols.

“I built it” he added with a smile.

The three Wizards raised their own staffs out of instinct, but the moment they did they were ripped from their hands and pulled through the air to land in the pile of rubble that had been Michael’s house.

“Now now gentlemen, let’s not start off on the wrong foot”

Daruth saw his chance and he sprung forward with his jaws open and his claws splayed. He closed the distance between himself and the three Wizards but as he leaped to kill them the new Wizard held up one hand and froze him in midair.

“There has been enough death already...wouldn’t you agree Daruth?”

He twisted his hand and Daruth reverted into a man within seconds. He dropped to the floor on his feet as the Wizard released him and felt at his body in disbelief.

“You...you changed me!”

The man nodded. **“Far easier to talk to you this way. And we have much to discuss”**

“I don’t know you!”

“No. But I know you” the man said gently. **“As I do the rest of you”** He looked at the Wizards who now huddled together for protection.

No one had noticed, but Ryan was also human. He touched Silas on the shoulder to show him his change. **“How did you do that?”** he asked his Master.

The Wizard smiled. **“I am very, very old young man. And you are not the first Werewolf I’ve ever met”**

Andreas looked at Ryan and Daruth. He reached out to touch Daruth’s shoulder and turned him around in thought. **“This isn’t like before”** He said to himself. **“I can still feel the Wolf in you. You’re still Alpha”** He looked at the old man. **“It wasn’t you”**

No one understood what he was talking about. Daruth took hold of his arm. **“What’s wrong?”**

Andreas shook his head. **“This has happened before. While you were gone, I couldn’t shift into a Wolf and then the same thing happened to Sean”**

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“What are you talking about?” Silas asked. **“You were a Wolf not thirty minutes ago”**

“It came back” he tried to explain. **“But it took a full day. It wasn’t like this though. My Wolf was gone!”** He touched his chest. **“Not like now when I’m human. I was fully human when it happened; there was no Wolf in me”**

The old man watched carefully but before anyone could respond further the great oak tree that grew beside Michael’s house began to move. The large trunk shifted as the bark flowed around it like it was water. A hole formed and out of the dark recess and an older woman walked out. She was followed by another and then one more before the tree reassembled itself.

The first two wore robes of some sort but the last was dressed in normal clothes. They nodded to the old Wizard.

“Amegnon” the first woman said as she bowed slightly. The old man nodded back as they approached.

“I’m afraid our years of peace are at an end” he smiled softly.

“What the hell is going on?” Silas barked out.

The woman dressed in regular clothes looked around with shock. **“Where is my daughter?”**

There was a moment of silence as everyone tried to comprehend who she meant. Andreas spoke first. **“Daughter? You’re a Druid! You mean Wendy?”** he pieced it together when he realized how they arrived.

“Yes Wendy! Where is she?”

Andreas opened his mouth but could not find the words.

“How do you feel?”

Chase spun around on his clawed feet. He saw the giant form of a man wearing black robes standing near him. He was so tall he had to look up to meet his eyes.

“POLUS!” his deep raspy voice said.

The massive God nodded his head. **“How do you feel Chase?”** he asked again.

The Book of Lies Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

The Black Wolf looked at Emma and pointed to her, ignoring the question. **“What’s wrong with her?”**

Polus looked down. **“She is bewitched. Kripka’s black magic has infested her”**

“Get rid of it!” The voice from Chase’s Wolf rumbled. His voice sounded foreign to him as if someone else spoke. It was deep and throaty, sounding far more mature than his human counterpart did.

“I can’t” Polus said simply.

“You’re a God and Kripka was only a Witch! Are you saying you don’t have the power?”

The handsome God shook his head. **“No, I’m not saying that. I’m saying I don’t have the right”**

“What does that mean?”

Polus took in a breath. **“Emma does not belong to me Chase. She is like you, an agent of the Gods. You have me, your Father has Phoebe, and Emma has...well, a pantheon of Gods actually”**

“So they have to remove it?”

He shook his head again. **“No, they can’t either. There are many ways to help your sister Chase, but there is only one way that guarantees her safety and well-being. For that to happen I must petition the patron of the Witch to remove her magic. Only then will Emma be truly free”**

“Why would the Witch’s God help Emma?” Chase stepped forward, his big feet making no noise.

“She wouldn’t. I’ll have to persuade her” Polus grinned. **“I can be very good at that”** He looked up for a moment at the fire. **“Or so I’m told”** He waved his hand at Emma and Chase spun around to see all the scrapes and cuts on his sister’s body disappear. Now she simply looked like she was sleeping.

“I killed the Witch why is her magic still here?” He stepped over to protect his sister from the fire.

“She is a powerful being. It will take many years for all trace of her evil to leave this plane. It is the nature of her magic. It is why there are so few of them. You’re Father once believed that Vampires were the worst evil on earth” He turned to the pile of wet flesh littered about the forest. **“As you can see...he was wrong”**

“She killed me!” Chase looked up at Polus with his glowing golden eyes.

“Well, technically she just facilitated your final form”

“I almost couldn’t come back. I felt like a ghost. I thought I would blow away into nothing”

Polus smiled. **“So I ask you again Chase. How do you feel?”**

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Chase looked down at his black clawed hands. He pressed one hand to his chest while the other felt his face. **"I feel..."** he was lost for the word, but then said, **"...complete"**

Polus watched him carefully and asked, **"So what kind of Werewolf are you Chase?"**

Chase's big eyes looked up in understanding and he stepped back and raised his arms to show himself off to Polus. **"I'm no Werewolf!"** His mind raced back to the earlier conversation he had with Polus. He remembered what happened when Polus told him the truth and how his mind couldn't comprehend it so it simply skipped over what he said because it was more than a word. It was a concept.

Now Chase knew the truth.

He had become what he was born to be.

He finally knew what he was.

"I'm the IDRIS!"

Polus's face broke into a huge smile and he stepped forward placing a large hand on the Black animal's furred shoulder. **"YES! Yes you are Chase!"**

"I'm the exalted one!" he continued. **"I'm her champion...her judgment!"** He raked his claws in the air and turned his hands around to look at. **"I'm her sword!"**

Polus watched Chase like a proud Father. Chase moved his arms through the air and black smoke trailed them. He moved his legs next and finally his whole body. He began to shift from smoke to Wolf. Over and over the change came faster with each shift and Chase began to laugh with his new ability.

Polus waited until Chase gave him his attention again and his happy expression fell away. He stood before the God as his dark arms dropped to his side in defeat.

"I know" he said simply. **"I know why you're here. You said I would see you again and it isn't because of my sister is it?"**

Polus didn't want to spoil the mood but he eventually shook his head. **"No. It isn't"**

Polus waved his hand and a warm yellow light descended on Emma. He looked into the woods and said, **"It's time Chase"**

Before Chase could respond a bright blue flash of light enveloped the two of them and they disappeared.

The Book of Lies

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The BEAST landed on the ground not a moment later. Its massive head swung around as it sniffed in the air, its eyes locking on Emma.

Blood was everywhere!

As he stepped forward his large feet crushed a group of leaves.

His human foot!

Michael was no longer Wolf, no longer BEAST!

He touched himself as he looked down. The change had been instantaneous. The BEAST and the WOLF were gone, leaving only the man.

He had no time to figure it out. The forest was on fire and Emma was on the floor and vulnerable. He scooped her up in his muscled arms and buried his face into her neck and kissed her over and over again. She felt cool. The fire had not touched her.

He sniffed in the air, but he had no more power of scent than a normal human being. He only smelled what any man would smell. He saw the blood and the body parts surround him. He stepped over them to carry his daughter to safety when he saw it lying on the ground.

A large leather bound book was on the ground.

He reached down and lifted it up. It was warm and heavy. He tucked it under his arm and moved as fast as he could to get her to safety. He had miles to go, but Emma was his once more and only God himself would take her from him.

Before he left he turned his head and looked back. He had never seen anything like it. The amount of destruction was beyond description.

He clutched Emma to his large chest. He could not stop the fire on his own. He had to protect her first, and then he would bring back help.

It was time to go home.

The Book of Lies Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

Chase appeared in the palace of Polus. There was a massive stone basin with deep clear water in the center. He was in human form and fully clothed. Polus stood in front of him, just as big as always.

“Your sister is safe” He assured Chase. **“Your Father is with her”**

“Why did we leave?”

“Because I am not for him” Polus replied. **“We try not to appear too often. We can influence but not directly, at least not the way you think”**

Chase didn't seem satisfied with that, especially with the way Polus and Phoebe had altered his life.

“My manifestation has a way of changing reality” he explained. **“Lesser beasts cannot exist in my presence”**

“My Father is a Grand Alpha” Chase stated, with more than a hint of pride at the perceived insult.

Polus smiled. **“Yes. And even HE is not immune to ME Chase. Only you can hold your form with me because I created you. Other Wolves...well...they tend to hide when I'm around”**

Before Chase could ask further Polus put his hand on Chase's back and led him to the stone basin.

“I need to tell you a story Chase. I think it will answer most of your questions”

He waved his hand and the water rippled as an image of a Dragon appeared. It was green with massive limbs and huge leathery wings.

“This is the Morrapp, that last female Dragon to walk the earth”

As Chase watched the massive beast flew through the air and belched out a plume of red fire.

She was magnificent.

“She was hunted, and the last of her kind. Her magic was so powerful that even a scale from her body was worth a fortune”

The God seemed in awe of her and somewhat sad, as he watched her fly.

“She had also given birth. Dragons lay eggs once or twice in a lifetime. An egg can take decades or even centuries to hatch. A Dragon would usually bury them in a volcano, deep in lava where no one could find them. But Morrapp did not have that luxury. Her egg had been found and it was about to hatch. She could not leave her only egg unguarded but she was wounded and could not defend it long. So she took a chance and did something no other Dragon had ever done. She gave up her egg and placed it in the nest of a Griffin”

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The image of a mountain top appeared and a huge fearsome beast sitting in a great nest looked back at Chase.

“Griffins are not like Dragons. They don’t have the intelligence or the magic of a Dragon. They are creatures of magic as well, but more like animals than not. They lived high in the air, far away from man and although formidable enemies, they did not seek conflict like Dragons did. Morrap had to work quickly. When the Griffin was gone she swooped down and dropped her egg in the nest beside the other eggs the Griffin had laid. There the Griffin would care for it as if it were its own”

The bright green Dragon egg was twice as big as the seven blue eggs that surrounded it. As time moved by Chase saw the Griffin keeping the eggs warm and turning them carefully over with its beak, to include the green one.

The Dragon egg was the third one to hatch.

When it did the adult Griffin immediately fed it. The Dragon saw its surrounding and knew it didn’t belong. Even as a baby its intelligence grew rapidly. But there were no other Dragons around, so it waited and allowed the Griffin to care for it.

The other eggs hatched. The Dragon could do nothing under the watchful eyes of the mother, so it waited, taking great care not to show the difference between it and the other hatchlings.

As time moved by the Dragon watched from the nest as humanity existed far below. It watched as man fought man and killed every nature of magical beasts that surrounded it. They grew, like a disease as the Dragon watched and saw time after time as yet another brother in the realm of magic fell by their hand.

When it was old enough to fly the Dragon spread its wings and left the nest for good, never to see the Griffin again. It landed in a village and was approached by a soldier with a spear.

“Where is my mother?” It demanded.

The soldier shook his head. **“Your mother is not here foul one. All Dragons have been killed”**

The Dragon lifted its head and spat out a huge plum of fire and burned the village to the ground. The same thing happened to the next three villages the Dragon visited. Finally a small Elf faced it in a field with a bag in his hand. The Dragon had dropped from the sky before it making the tiny creature fall on his backside.

“Where are you going little one?” the great Dragon asked.

“I’m leaving home” the child of magic responded with fear.

“Why would you do that?”

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“My mother is dead. I have no one”

The Dragon thought of this and lay before the boy. **“My mother is dead also. I have no one either”** he admitted.

“But you are a Dragon. You need no mother”

“Everyone needs family” the Dragon responded. **“How else will you know who you are?”**

The boy thought of this and said, **“You are who you are born to be”**

The great Dragon blinked and pondered this idea. **“I don’t know who I am. I only know I am the last. At least I think I am”**

The boy asked, **“What will you do?”**

The Dragon raised its head and looked around. **“I will live I guess”** It was then the Dragon saw the state of the boy. He was bruised and injured. **“Who did this to you?”**

The boy looked ashamed. **“I have no one and no one wants me. I’m too small to defend myself and man fears me for what I am”**

“No one fights for you?”

The boy shook his head.

“Get on my back little one. Today I fight your battles for you!”

The Dragon rose up into the air as the child clung to its great neck and flew toward the village. It burned the homes to the ground as people looked up and pointed at the Elf child riding the immense beast. When the village was no more the Dragon landed on a mountain top and looked down.

“No more will they harm you child. You are now mine to protect” it said.

“What will we do?” the boy asked.

“We will live” the Dragon replied after a moment of reflection.

“What do I call you?”

The Dragon hesitated. It didn’t know its name. Its magic swelled out and called to the earth and the earth spoke back.

“Call me NOX” the Dragon said.

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The water rippled and the image disappeared.

“Nox?” Chase said. **“Nox Nesting. That’s what you called me”**

“Do you understand why?”

Chase looked back at the basin. **“I’m the only one”**

“Go on” Polus said.

“And I don’t belong” He looked up at the handsome God. **“I don’t belong with the Werewolves do I?”**

Polus sat on the edge of the basin. **“There is a delicate balance that must be maintained. When one side gets too much power a champion is created to fight for the other side. This way the earth will never be too dark. It isn’t that you don’t belong to the Werewolves Chase; it’s that you belong to ALL of them. You are their champion. You are Phoebe’s voice and her sword. Through you she will rule her kingdom and her children will survive the days of man”**

“But my Dad is a Grand Alpha! And Silas and Daruth already rule!”

Polus nodded. **“And even Alpha’s must answer to someone. But they are only tasked with guiding the lesser Wolves; you speak for the whole nation. Through you, the Wolves will be defended. Through you, they will kneel and obey. Through you, they will grow”**

Chase understood more than Polus said. **“I have to leave don’t I?”**

Polus didn’t answer right away. It was clear how much the idea of leaving hurt him. **“You love your Father”** he said. **“Your mother is the only family you had for most of your life”** He turned to the basin and waved his hand. An image of Michael and Helen appeared. Then they grew small and the image moved into the sky until the entire Earth could be seen. **“You have a bigger family now Chase. A family that needs you far more than you need your parents”**

With no sound or flash of light, Phoebe stood next to her husband. She was just as beautiful as Chase remembered.

“Your Father is a great man Chase. I should know; I created him” she smiled. **“He loves you too much”** She walked around Polus. **“Not that that’s a bag thing, but he has duties to perform just as you do. As long as you remain with him he will do nothing but defend you and his family. You must leave, not only for yourself, but for him as well. The packs depend on him, but he won’t unite them. They pray to me for help, they beg for a savior; for their homes, for their children, and I have answered them. I gave them your Dad”**

An image of Chase’s Father filled the basin. He wore no shirt and his thick muscled chest and bulging arms stood out with power.

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"He is magnificent!" She said proudly. **"A King!"**

"He cannot face what he is Chase" Polus said. **"Like you he feels he has no home. He is almost as much Nox Nesting as you are"**

"He has a family! Children and a wife!" Chase argued.

"That is the man" Phoebe corrected him. **"The BEAST has only one family"**

The image shifted to pack after pack of Werewolves throughout the world.

"It is for the BEAST to lead and to protect. It is to HIM that Alphas will answer"

An image of a young girl appeared. Her head rested on Michael's lap as he drove. The basin flashed to her life before Michael found her.

"It is for him to take what is wrong and make it right"

Michael delivered her to a new pack, one that would protect her and not abuse her.

"Through him there will be peace" Phoebe finished as the story unfolded before Chase's eyes.

"Why don't you tell him that?"

"I have" she stated. **"But his love for you is too great. In his mind he's there for you and Emma and no one else. But his protection was never needed. This was never about him"** Her hand stroked the water affectionately and Michael's face appeared again. **"His daughter is powerful and his Son is a Prince. It is time for the King to rule!"**

An image of the BEAST appeared. Legions of Werewolves knelt before him.

"Then why to you need me?"

Polus and Phoebe both gave Chase their attention.

"Because," Polus said. **"there are far worse things in the world than Vampires Chase"**

"Your Father could not beat the Witch" Phoebe said. **"She would have killed every Werewolf that faced her. Look what she did to them, and your Father fought her for all of a minute. She destroyed his home, took his child and killed my Wolves...and they never even saw her face"**

"That is true evil Chase" Polus added. **"Stories are told of Werewolves and what monsters they are, but people have no idea what a real monster is"**

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“Evil like Kripka is beyond the comprehension of most people Chase, and so they deflect and assign fear to the lesser creatures while the real evil grows right behind them...in the dark...when their all alone” Phoebe said.

Polus stood up. **“You are the IDRIS. You are the wall that evil must climb. Without you, the Earth is a darker place”**

Phoebe held out her hand. **“Come little Prince. Your time is at hand and I want you to meet your predecessors”**

At the end of the stone hallway stood a pure white Wolf. He was bigger than the black one that Chase became. As they moved closer the Wolf stepped forward and grinned.

Like Chase, it had eyes made of gold.

CHAPTER TWENTY

When Michael made it out of the forest the first thing he saw was the mass of people around his home. He held Emma tight in his arms and located one of numerous black plastic bags that held spare clothes for him. Being as he went through several pairs of jeans a year, he bought them in bulk, and hid them around the forest so he wouldn't have to walk around naked all the time. Not that Wendy would have minded, or any of the female Wolves in the area for that matter.

He placed the tiny sleeping child carefully on the ground and put The Book beside her. He pulled out a pair of jeans and a dark shirt from the bag and put the bag under a rock to refill later. He stepped into his pants and pulled them up his muscled legs and tucked his thick cock inside. He zipped his pants and pulled the shirt over his chest and bent down to lift Emma. As his arms went under her tiny body he felt a leathery sack. It was hung around her waist by a thin strap. He carefully pulled it off and looked inside.

It was full of seeds.

The bag didn't look like anything he'd seen Wendy use and he was sure Emma didn't have them in her room before the house exploded...well at least not on her body.

He shut the bag tight and stuffed it into his back pocket and lifted his sleeping daughter into his arms. He grabbed The Book and walked toward the crowd, ready to move at the first sign of danger.

The Wizard in blue robes saw him first and started to advance.

Everyone else turned and shouted.

The Book of Lies Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

“Michael!” Daruth called out, now in a pair of jeans but nothing else. He ran up with supernatural speed and closed the distance in seconds, leaving everyone else behind. He looked at Emma. **“Is she alright?”**

Michael shook his head. **“I don’t know. She’s been out since I found her, but she doesn’t seem injured”**

Daruth sought to ease Michael’s burden but taking Emma wasn’t an option so he reached down and took The Book from him. **“What’s this?”**

“It was near her. I didn’t have time to look at it. Who are they?”

Daruth didn’t bother to look back. **“Wendy’s mother, two Druids and Wizards...three from the Blackmore sect and one from somewhere else. I don’t know the last one but I know the others”**

“How?”

“They were the ones who imprisoned Elyria when she was a child” Daruth’s eyes burned. **“I killed most of them, but they still exist”** He glanced back. **“At least in a lesser form”**

“Why are they here?”

“The Witch” Daruth said simply.

Michael frowned. **“I think she’s dead. I found a mass of blood and flesh near Emma and the fire. It was right over her head”** He looked back into the forest. **“It’s burning out of control”**

“We saw it from here. What the hell was that noise?”

“The Witch...” he began when the Wizard in blue robes stepped right next to him. Daruth put himself between the Grand Alpha and the old man.

“Please put that on the ground” the Wizard’s voice was firm, as he pointed to The Book.

Daruth didn’t react right away. He did not trust Wizards, especially ones he didn’t know.

“Please” The old man said.

“Why?” Daruth asked; his voice deep and commanding.

“Because it is evil” he replied with no hesitation.

Daruth tossed The Book to the ground and it landed with a heavy thud. The Wizard stepped toward it and looked down as the rest of the group made it over; all except the Blackmore Wizards. Wendy’s mother ran to Michael and put her arms around him and kissed Emma’s forehead.

The Book of Lies Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

"It hasn't been open" the man turned his head to one of the robed female Druids. **"She never read it"**

"The Witch?" Daruth asked as he looked between them. **"Is she alive?"**

The old man shook his head. **"The fact that The Book is here belies that"** His eyes moved to the fire far in the distance and turned to Silas. **"You have friends in the woods. I suggest you find them. They are unable to help themselves"**

"That fire has to be stopped! It will spread everywhere!" Michael added.

The Wizard's eyes fell back to the book on the ground. He spoke with detachment. **"It can't spread beyond the barrier. The fire is magical, and as hot as it is, it is contained"**

"Barrier? What barrier?" Michael asked.

"The one I built to protect The Book. Black magic cannot move through it either way"

Michael moved to face him. His face showed his anger. **"Really? Because there are dead men back there and I'm pretty sure the Witch was responsible. You wanna tell me about your barrier again and how it blocks magic?"**

The Wizard looked right at the sleeping form of Emma. **"You can thank HER for that"**

The anger in Michael swelled to an all-time high and the male Wolves stepped away from the pulse of power he gave off.

"My daughter!?! You wanna try that again old man?" Michael turned and handed Emma to Melinda but the Wizard held up his hand to quell his anger.

"There is only one way for the barrier to be breached by a Witch" he explained. **"She had to have help from a Druid. For almost a century that wall has kept out all manner of evil, but in truth I didn't think of children when I created it"**

He looked at Emma for a moment.

"An adult Druid has a union with nature that a Witch can't corrupt" he explained. **"While she may be able to make the Druid grant her access, she can't control her once she's out of range...and I made sure there was a range"**

He pointed down at The Book. **"This was protected by a very power pool of magic; one that a Witch could not go near, so at some point she would have to leave the Druid alone. Once the Druid went for The Book, the pool of magic from the Puller Tree should have freed her from the Witch's control and the Druid could trigger the barrier"**

He looked at Emma with interest.

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“But a child...is another story” His voice drifted in thought. **“She moves out of emotion without reason. She doesn’t know to be suspicious or cautious. She is too young to understand black from white magic, and the Witch knew that”**

“So why are you blaming my daughter?”

His brow creased. **“I’m not”** The Wizard corrected him. **“This is MY fault. I didn’t know a child could command nature. It was my belief that they didn’t come into power until they were older. The Witch was clever to use her”** He nodded to Emma. **“What happened to her? Why is she using magic so early?”**

Michael’s eyes flashed as he remembered the state fair. **“There was a fight...a beating actually. My Son was attacked and Emma saw it. The trees responded to her fear”**

The old man tilted his head with curiosity. **“She must have been very frightened for that to happen”**

Michael sighed as he thought of the three teenage boys he confronted. **“They were Werewolves”**

The Wizard hummed. **“That would probably do it”**

Michael took her back from Melinda. **“What’s wrong with her? She won’t wake up”**

The Wizard didn’t answer. He held up his hand to Michael to pause the conversation and looked at Silas. **“You need to leave...now”**

Silas stepped up to Daruth. **“Both of us have men in there, including his Son”** He looked at Michael whose face broke with despair. The big man pressed his face into Emma’s neck and walked quickly away. Melinda followed him with a confused look.

Both Alphas watched with surprise as they felt the power in the Grand Alpha shift heavily. **“Michael?”** Daruth said carefully. **“What is it?”**

Michael didn’t turn back. He raised his head as he walked to the barn. **“Chase is dead”**

“WHAT?” Daruth cried out. Andreas moved forward but Wendy’s mother moved between them and pulled at one of Michael’s large arms.

“Michael” she said firmly. **“What’s happened to your family?”**

He hung his head low. Melinda moved around and stroked Emma’s soft hair and placed her other hand on his face as he spoke.

“He was killed. I felt our connection sever abruptly. I can only assume the Witch got to him before she met her end”

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“You’re daughter lives, as does your wife” Melinda hesitated. **“I...I never knew you had a Son”**

With that Michael broke down and dropped to his knees. She looked at the others but no one said anything...no one dared. She touched Emma’s face. **“She’s cool”** she said with surprise. **“What’s wrong with her?”**

“I don’t know. I found her like this. There was blood everywhere, right after the scream”

“The Witch” the old Wizard said. **“It was her death cry. She is no more”** His voice was distant as if the death of the Witch was irrelevant. As the great fire cracked high in the sky the man turned to Silas. **“I suggest you get moving”** He pointed to the forest. **“The danger of the Witch is gone but the fire is another matter”**

Silas had to tear himself away but he nodded to Ryan, Andreas and Daruth. **“Can you change?”**

They each nodded. **“We need help”** Silas said, asking for a phone. **“We need everyone here”**

“There is no time” the old Wizard said, without looking away from The Book. With a wave of his hand a bolt of lightning exploded from the sky and struck the group of men. The noise was so loud it disoriented everyone nearby.

When the flash was over the men were gone!

Michael had pulled Melinda into his big arms for protection as the bolt struck. He glared at the Wizard who simply pointed to the forest and ignored him. When Michael followed the hand he saw another bolt of lightning strike deep into the woods. A loud crack followed a moment later as the sound caught up with the flash. He scowled at the old man who shrugged his shoulders.

“It was faster my way” he said unapologetically. He turned to the other Druids. **“Ladies, I believe you are more able to deal with fire than I am”**

Wendy’s mother stood up but she was waved off. She protested, **“You need me. That fire is born of Witchcraft”** She walked toward them. **“I’ll be back as soon as the fire’s out”** she said to Michael.

They ran to the large oak tree, another hole already forming. As they stepped through, it closed around them in silence leaving no trace of the fissure behind.

The Wizard looked down at The Book and it rose up in the air. He walked it down to the field next to the barn and floated it back to the ground. He began to tap at the ground with his golden staff. He made a slow arc around it until the circle was closed. At the last tap a ring of light formed around it and disappeared, leaving The Book as it was.

The Wizards of Blackmore stepped forward; or at least tried too. There was now only one Werewolf and one Wizard...and THREE of them.

The Book of Lies Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

"This item is not for you" The older Wizard said. He turned his head to them and they stopped in their tracks.

The difference in numbers wasn't lost on Michael, who was watching with caution as he held his daughter. He barked at the Blackmore group, **"I don't know what that thing is, or why everyone wants it, but if you want to fight over it then I suggest you do it somewhere else"** He pulled Emma closer to his body. **"Or I'll kill every fucking one of you!"** His eyes glowed and the air pulsed with power.

The older Wizard spoke first. **"Fighting is not an option for them. I'm centuries their senior"**

"We have no desire to fight" A Blackmore Mage said, as their staffs flew back to them. **"Knowledge should be shared, not hidden. The Book of Lies is a powerful item, we can learn much from its pages"** They took a step forward.

"Book of Lies?" Michael asked.

"There will be no exchange of knowledge today young man" The white haired Wizard said and lifted up his staff. The air sparkled around it and Michael was about to put Emma down when he felt the hair on his neck stand up.

Four lightning bolts erupted from the sky and struck the earth a good hundred yards from where everyone was. When the flash subsided, three men and one woman stood in each spot. Each held a golden staff.

"Ah" The Wizard gestured. **"That's better"**

The Blackmore group stepped away but stayed close together and bided their time.

"I'm going to fucking kill him!" Silas yelled. All four of them were on the ground as the remains of the Wizard's spell smoked around them. The air was filled with the smell of burning forest and Silas didn't know if it was from the lightning of the Wizard, or the fire from the Witch.

"That was NOT cool!" Ryan shouted as he checked his body for flames. **"Not fucking cool!"**

Andreas barely managed to stand. **"If I live through this I'm gonna break his boney neck!"**

Daruth pointed to the right. **"THERE!"**

The Book of Lies Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

The bodies of five naked men were scattered about and unmoving.

Andreas stumbled to Sean and turned him over. Daruth went to Destel as Silas and Ryan checked Bart and Jason. Daruth ran over to Abel last.

“What’s wrong with them?” Ryan asked, shaking Bart’s bulky shoulders. All five looked the worst for wear as the others tried to revive them.

“They live although they look like they got their asses handed to them” Daruth said as he carefully lifted up Abel in his arms and brought him near Destel. The fire roared overhead and made any more speculation irrelevant.

“We need to leave, NOW!” Silas said. He stood up and began to shift and the others followed his lead.

It took two hours before they made it back to Michael’s farm. Each held a body or two and Andreas even managed to carry a dead man from Silas’s pack in one arm. There were more and eventually they would all have to be accounted for; but for now, the living took priority.

Silas glared and growled at the old Wizard and looked at the new arrivals with interest. Besides the new magic users, Elyria and members from both packs were there and more were arriving. Several men rushed toward them and relieved them of the bodies and placed them on the ground side by side. Silas pulled at the power of his pack and absorbed their magic and shifted easily back into a man. It was a benefit of being an Alpha.

“These are all that live” he said solemnly, taking a pair of shorts handed to him. **“But we have brothers”** he looked at Elyria as he put them on, **“...from both sides that were not so lucky. We must find them once it is safe to do so”**

Elyria pointed behind him and Silas turned to see a massive black cloud pouring rain down on the forest. **“It’s been going on for almost half an hour. The fire is dying but not as fast as you would think”**

“That’s because it’s fueled by black magic, while the rain is...well...rain” the old Wizard said as he studied The Book. Daruth moved next to his wife and she stroked his furry chest absently.

Silas, still pissed off from his method of travel, approached the blue robed man. **“Why don’t you do something then instead of looking at that fucking book? You could have killed us all with that stunt!”**

The Wizard didn’t bother to look at him which made Silas even angrier. An Alpha was not used to being ignored, by human or magic user...even an old one.

“Because the magic will burn itself out eventually and cannot spread beyond the barrier I’ve erected”

The Book of Lies Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

Now he did look up and his silver eyes bore into Silas making him step back. There was something deeply unnatural about the man and the beast in Silas recognized the danger even if the human part of him didn't.

"And the Druids are more qualified to deal with it than I am"

"Druids?" Elyria said as Daruth pressed against her. He placed his massive body between her and the Blackmore Wizards as she spoke. **"Druids cannot control the weather!"**

The Wizard waved at the storm cloud. **"They are agents of nature, and what's more natural than rain?"** his eyes smiled. It was clear he enjoyed surprising them and it annoyed Silas that he always had an answer.

"I don't care for your kind Wizard" he said with disdain.

The man laughed. **"Come now my boy"** he said. **"How many Werewolves get to travel by lightning bolt? You'll be the talk of the pack!"** Before he turned away from Silas's mad glare he added, **"And your welcome!"** He waved at the unconscious forms of the five men on the ground before leaning over The Book again.

Michael held up his hand and stopped Silas.

Elyria told Daruth the woman had lived and was being tended to by several members of the pack. She only brought what she felt the community could do without. Silas's men, of course, were more numerous than her own and Elyria was glad her husband and Michael were present. She watched the Blackmore Wizards, who nodded to her and smiled with each glance. Daruth growled low to warn them off and pawed the ground in challenge.

She looked to Michael, who appeared beat and broken, but even now, in this state, she could feel the power of his Wolf ripple off him like heat. *The things he could do*, she thought to herself as she stared at his muscled body clinging to tiny Emma.

No one wanted to go near him.

Andreas had changed back and spoke softly to Elyria telling her of Chase's death. The woman was visibly shaken as the news struck her like a brick. She wanted to go to Michael immediately, but Daruth's massive frame blocked her path. When she looked into his eyes she understood why. She was the wife of an Alpha, and as such she could not show any affection for another Wolf of higher status. It would be a betrayal of her position in the pack. The only men she could comfort were her own.

It was Helen who Michael finally responded too.

Her car pulled up and she ran for him, calling his name. His face changed immediately when he saw her and Elyria took hold of Andreas to keep him from moving toward her.

The Book of Lies Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

As Helen ran by a Blackmore Wizard, an amazing thing happened. She had brushed the arm of the old magic user as she made her way to Michael and the Wizard winced slightly and held up his hand. He flexed his fingers as if he could no longer feel them and turned his hand over and over several times, looking for a wound.

Elyria quickly looked around and realized that no one else had seen it. They were all watching the Grand Alpha. Her eyes followed the human female and she began to think of everything she knew of her while the Blackmore group spoke softly among themselves.

Helen had killed an old Vampire with her bare hands. Elyria knew he wasn't a true ancient but his powers were vast and he had felled the Grand Alpha himself. Yet this woman...this human woman...had killed it.

She would have to find out more about her, Elyria pondered. She looked at Andreas. It was clear he wanted to go to her but the presence of the Grand Alpha would not permit that. She squeezed his thick arm and said softly, **"Give them a moment"**

Helen dropped to her knees and wrapped her arms around the large blond man. One thick arm snaked around her and held her tight as she buried her face in his neck for a moment.

"Wendy is alright Michael. The doctors think she'll recover by the end of the week. What's wrong with Emma?"

He shook his head. **"She's won't wake up. The Witch did something to her"**

"Witch?" Helen asked. **"It's true then?"**

Chase moved front and center in Michael's mind. He looked at Helen deeply and felt the tears build up in his eyes. He stood abruptly and shouted, **"Andreas! Attend me!"**

The Wolves in the area winced at the command. The power of the Grand Alpha struck out like a wave of energy and none were immune. Daruth wrapped a massive arm around his wife as his Second stepped forward.

Andreas looked very briefly at Daruth, but there was no refusing the order of the Grand Alpha, even if Daruth would have had a problem with it. He bowed to his Master before leaving his side.

Michael handed Emma to him. **"Keep her with you! If anyone else touches her I'll kill them...and then I'll kill YOU!"** he growled. Andreas swallowed hard, nodded and held the tiny child in his arms, stepping away from the crowd to make his intent clear. Michael took Helen's arm and led her into the barn and closed the door.

He turned her body to face him and before he could speak he made the mistake of looking into her eyes. The words failed and broke apart in his throat, and in the end, he simply dropped to his knees in front of her and wrapped his thick arms around her waist and moaned.

The Book of Lies Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

“Michael?” she asked softly. Her hand ran through his long blond hair and came to rest on his bulky shoulder. It had been a long time since they had been this close but the memory of his body came rushing back to her as if it were yesterday. **“What is it?”**

Michael squeezed her tight making Helen twist with discomfort and lose her breath. He forgot how powerful he was and eased the muscles in his arms but didn't let go. He would not allow her to leave his embrace...at least not yet. He looked up at her, tears on his face.

“Chase is dead”

Helen stared at her former lover. He was a mass of strength and power on his worst day; but now he seemed nothing short of lost. She couldn't remember ever seeing him so vulnerable before.

“You saw this?” she asked, feeling no emotion.

Michael wasn't surprised at her reaction. He doubted Wendy would do any less if he told her that Emma had died. She wouldn't believe it either, not unless she saw it with her own eyes.

“No” he shook his head. **“But the bond that keeps him to me was severed”** He looked at her, not sure if she would understand the significance. **“Completely”** he added. **“The only time that happens is in death Helen”**

“Where is he?”

“Gone” Michael stated. **“I think the Witch burned him. The whole forest is on fire because of her. There was some kind of fight. I don't know what killed her but Chase is gone as well”**

She looked at him, just as handsome as the day they met and pulled him against her.

Michael held her tight, waiting to feel her body shake with remorse...but she remained still.

Helen looked at the walls of the barn as Michael held her, thinking about what he said. Chase was her only Son...her only child. He was hers first...before he was anything else. He was her boy before he was a Wolf. Michael's legacy might live inside him, but Chase was more than just fur and teeth, he was first and foremost...her Son.

She wasn't sure what Michael expected of her. She wasn't sure of what she expected of herself. In fact the only thing she could think of was the man in Wendy's hospital room, and why he came to her. She didn't know what he was, or really what he wanted. He had said her darkest day was yet to come.

She stroked Michael's hair absently as she thought. Her hand found the silver cross that hung around her neck and she squeezed it without realizing.

He also said to have faith, she remembered. The cross bit into her palm as she tightened her grip.

The Book of Lies Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

"Chase" she said in her mind. *"Where are you?"*

The palace was amazing and it seemed as if days went by as Chase talked with Polus, Phoebe and the others. There were four in total. Four that bore the mark of the IDRIS before the mantel had been passed to Chase; each one unique, each one with golden eyes.

They ate as a family. It was a grand feast with food made to perfection. Chase sat next to Polus as the stories of his predecessors filled the room. Images of times long gone floated in the air as Chase absorbed the trials of his brothers. They were amazing and so different from one another.

They poked fun at each other, the way brothers do. As Chase looked at each of them he understood what Sean and Bart had talked about. This was pack magic, pure and simple. This was what it felt like to belong; to have a family. The energy that flowed between the seven of them was as unique to Chase and as different as anything he could imagine. It was like a distinct smell; a smell that nothing else had. It could never be confused with anything else.

These were his brothers. THIS was his pack.

The power that rippled off of Polus and Phoebe was far more intense than what Chase felt from the others, but it was of the same form...just several times more powerful. He could see the difference mostly in Phoebe. What he felt in her was what he felt in his Father. It was pure Wolf bathed in the brightest moonlight. Through her, he could see what his Dad saw; but it was the power BETWEEN the two Gods that Chase bathed in. This was his home. A home constructed out of the union of two massive celestial powers, not residing in either one, but living between both. It was there that Chase's bond was formed.

It was there that the IDRIS lived.

Each had a different energy, like an electrical current slightly out of sync with the rest. It was the mark of other power that Chase felt. He knew he must feel the same to them because they each had gifts the other didn't, and those gifts, he understood, came outside the union of Polus and Phoebe.

Would they feel DeMarco in him? Chase felt himself cower. Would they still see him as brother once they knew?

The feel of the room changed instantly. A big brown Wolf with a Silver streak down his chest smiled at Chase. It was as if the Wolf could read his mind.

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“I have the breath and flight of a Dragon!” he said rubbing at his chest. Chase noticed for the first time that he had scales just under the fur. They were bright silver, just like his hair. The big Wolf raised his hand and pulled at the fur there, showing off more scales. Then he tilted his head back and blew out a brilliant plume of blue fire. It wasn't hot.

“Soul fire” he grinned. **“Only hurts evil. Great on the battlefield and prevents friendly fire...no pun intended”**

“I have the venom of a Basilisk” A gray one with brown running from the top of his head and down his back grinned, showing his sharp teeth, the merest hint of green liquid on the tips. He turned his head and spit at a large stone pillar. The green fluid ate into it so fast it might as well be made of rice paper. **“It also makes me immune to all poison”**

“I have the scream of a Banshee!” the White Wolf said. He turned his head and faced a large statue. He opened his mouth but no sound came out although his thick throat rippled under the white fur. The heavy marble exploded to rubble as Chase watched with awe. Polus laughed and Phoebe smiled. She waited until the White Wolf was done and then waved her hand, reconstructing the statue and the pillar at the same time. **“I can knock out an entire army without throwing a punch”** he grinned.

“I have the stare of Medusa!” the last one said proudly. He was had gold fur with stripes of black down his long limbs. The stripes moved on their own like snakes and his golden eyes gleamed with bright white circles that pulsed from the iris to the outer edges of his golden eyes hypnotically. **“Plus snakes do whatever I want”**

Everyone looked at Chase.

“What about you?” The Dragon IDRIS asked.

Chase looked around uncertainly. Phoebe gave him a reassuring smile and Chase said to the others, **“I can turn into smoke”** He looked at Polus for support and the giant God nodded. **“Like a Vampire”** he added with hesitation as they watched.

Polus waved his hand for him to demonstrate. Chase put down his fork and closed his eyes. He shifted his entire body into a thick cloud of pitch black smoke. No light penetrated the cloud. It was as dark as black could be. It didn't reflect light or shimmer with specks of dust. It was absolute darkness, total and final.

“Damn!” The White Wolf said.

Chase shifted back, but when he did he was no longer human. His Black Wolf sat in his place now, complete with a set of golden eyes.

The Basilisk IDRIS asked, **“What is your secondary power?”** The Black Wolf stared back. **“There's always another one”** He looked at the others. **“We all have one”**

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Chase didn't know what to say but Polus spoke instead. **"Chase is new and hasn't used all his abilities yet, although they have shown up on their own from time to time. Chase is the only one among you whose Father is a Grand Alpha. His secondary power comes from him actually, not the Vampire"**

The Black Wolf's head spun around. **"My Dad?"**

The God nodded. **"Notice you're not as big as the others here, although you share many features, your overall size is much smaller than a normal Wolf. It allows you to move much faster"**

"What about when he needs to fight? Is he super strong like his Dad?" The White Wolf asked. Chase looked with anticipation to Polus who shook his head again.

"He doesn't need to be. He has the willpower of a Grand Alpha and a Vampire combined. He can just _____" he finished his sentence.

"He can do that to any Wolf?" the Dragon IDRIS asked with disbelief. **"...even his Dad?"**

Polus nodded. **"Even his Dad"**

Chase looked around confused. **"I've never done THAT before"**

"You never had the need" He looked at Phoebe. **"None of her children are stronger than you in that regard. Even the magic of an entire pack is not greater than your will alone"**

Chase smiled. **"I know the first person I'm gonna use it on!"** He plotted happily.

"There's another more important use for it Chase. Ask you Father when you show it to him. He'll understand" Phoebe said. **"That ability isn't yours by accident"** she added.

The Medusa IDRIS held up a silver chalice and everyone joined him.

"To Chase! Welcome to the family!"

The fire was out. The Druids had returned and Michael waved Melinda over.

"This is Helen, my Son's mother" he nodded to Helen. **"This is Wendy's mother Melinda"**

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“Your daughter is alright” Helen told her. **“I’ve been with her since this started and the doctors think she’ll recover completely”**

The woman smiled. **“Thank you for staying with her, but I won’t be leaving my daughter’s life in the care of modern medicine”**

“Druid’s have powerful remedies for illness” Michael told Helen with a smile. Helen immediately looked down at Emma but Michael shook his head. **“This was caused by something far more powerful than a tub of water”**

“What about him?” Helen pointed to the old Wizard with the golden staff. The Book was surrounded by magic users, each taking a position around it and looking outward...all except the old man.

“He said it was dangerous to try using more magic” Michael said.

“Hey!” Helen shouted, ignoring Michael’s answer. **“Why don’t you help her?”**

Helen, to everyone’s surprise, was the only one the Wizard actually looked up for. **“The child was an agent of the Witch. Her death is what makes the girl sleep”** he said.

“So? Wake her up. The Witch is dead now”

The old man looked at her deeply as he stepped forward. When he came closer to Helen he stopped abruptly and his mouth opened in surprise as he saw something no one else did.

“You killed a Vampire!”

Everyone turned to her.

Helen felt the crowd watching. **“What does that have to do with Emma? Can you help her or not?”**

The old man looked at her with intense curiosity and said, **“How did...”** his voice trailed as his eyes bore into her and his thoughts broke. **“You’re...”** his sentence fell apart again. He looked her up and down. **“How? How are you doing that?”**

“Doing what?” she felt embarrassed as everyone watched them.

The Mage looked around, suddenly realizing they were not alone. He coughed and pretended not to care about Helen anymore although it was clear he regretted everyone seeing his interest. He stepped forward to Michael and reached out a hand.

“Black magic is dangerous in the most careful of settings. This little girl was bewitched by a very powerful being. It’s not that I can’t help her, but you must understand how fragile she is. The magic in her body, I assure you...is not”

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He placed his hand on her tiny head and closed his eyes. It took a mere second before he yanked it back and stepped quickly away. His face was stricken with shock.

“WHAT!” Michael roared. **“WHAT’S WRONG?”**

Helen and Melinda flanked Michael and Emma protectively. The Wizard stared at the child intently.

“I...” he started. And for the second time that day, the Wizard was at a loss for words. He looked at Helen. **“Is she yours?”**

Helen shook her head.

“She’s my granddaughter. Wendy is her mother. She’s a Druid” Melinda explained.

“SAY IT!” Michael spit out, looking between the man and his daughter.

“She is...” the Wizard faulted again and looked at Helen, as if she should know something and help him.

He turned to the Wizards guarding The Book and said something in a different language. The Wizards showed equal surprise as they shifted uneasily on their feet. The old man turned back to Michael. **“Your daughter is beyond my help. It appears someone else is already doing something about her condition”**

“What the hell does that mean?”

The Wizard held up a hand at Michael to calm him. **“It means that no one on Earth can interfere with her now. Whatever happens to this child, is out of the hands of men”** He looked at Helen again, who shifted uneasily with his stare.

Michael was agitated and getting angrier by the second but the man consoled him, **“In this regard, your daughter has more help than I could EVER give her”**

“Help from who?” He turned to Melinda. **“You’re Gods?”**

The older woman put her hand on Emma’s head and concentrated. **“I don’t know why they would”** she said. **“They don’t interact with us this way”**

“You’d be surprised!”

The sound of his voice sent a shock so deep through Michael’s body that he almost dropped Emma. Standing behind him was a handsome black haired boy wearing a tee shirt, a pair of jeans and a huge smile.

“CHASE!” Helen cried.

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The castle was a massive fusion of stone and mortar. It was fortified like a tank and a large moat with dark water surrounded it. Polus could have appeared inside but he thought it best to make an entrance. His large feet moved over the cobblestone pathway and over the heavy wooden drawbridge.

Five guards stood in his way and blocked the door nervously. They were Trolls. Big, ugly and carrying clubs of heavy metal.

“What is your business God?” One rumbled out hesitantly and doing his best to sound intimidating.

Polus gestured with his right hand, bending it slightly at the wrist. All five guards were yanked off their feet and slammed against the heavy stone wall.

“None of yours Troll!” he said as the door opened under his power and let him through. The archway was massive and clearly built for Gods. Although they could appear in almost any size they wished, from that of a human to the height of a building, most choose to stay in their true form; somewhere between nine and fifteen feet tall.

Denizens of beings ran out of his way as Polus walked forward, no longer challenged by the occupants of the castle. He made his way down the lengths of winding staircases as men and women alike pressed themselves against the wall for him to pass. It seemed that every race was represented here. Some were human, some Elves, some were even Ghouls. They all had one thing in common. They all lived for black magic.

Polus found HER long minutes and several staircases later. She was in a very large workshop with several tables and shelves of books lining every wall. Beakers over flame and instruments of alchemy were littered about and in use. The room could have housed dozens of workers if need be.

But SHE was alone. She stood with her back to him, her long black hair running down her back. A shock of white ran down one side as she worked.

“I love what you’ve done with the place” he said.

“Always the charmer” her raspy voice said. Still she ignored him and worked. **“I can’t remember the last time you were here”**

“Seven hundred eighty one years, four months and three days ago”

She laughed. It was a deep full laugh. **“Of course; it must drive you mad not being able to forget the slightest thing”**

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“Hard to be the God of Intelligence with a poor memory” he replied and looked around. **“I thought to find you in mourning?”**

“Over Kripka?” she asked without regard. **“She is far beyond even MY reach now”**

“Amen” Polus replied. **“You really outdid yourself with her”**

“Look who’s talking” She turned to face him. She was pretty in a way. Her features were refined and her skin was pure. It was her eyes that betrayed what she really was. They were cold, lifeless and seemed to suck the very light out of the room.

“A Vampire?” she said with admiration. **“Who would have thought you had it in you Polus? Dipping in my pool of power”**

“Just one ingredient” He said with a nod. **“You know better than anyone how important it is to get the mix just right”**

Her dark eyes moved over him and summed him up. Polus didn’t like her; no one did. But she was powerful and not to be crossed easily and without good reason.

“How is your wife? Phoebe is it?” she asked with cynicism, knowing full well who Phoebe was.

“Radiant” Polus replied easily.

She laughed. **“Always with a clever reply. I’m sure she appreciates your silver tongue”** She licked at her lips crudely. **“Why are you here?”** she asked, stepping forward. Polus could feel the power ripple in the room.

“To make sure you don’t make yet another mistake Hecate”

“Another mistake?” she said with amusement. **“I wasn’t aware I made a first one? Of what do you speak?”**

“Why the child of course” he acted surprised at her confusion.

“What child?” her eyes darted up and down, having no idea what he meant.

“The Druid child that Kripka took. She is still under her spell”

The Goddess grunted. **“What of it? What does that have to do with me?”**

Polus held up his hands. **“Everything I would imagine”**

“The games of Earth play themselves out as they may. I take no responsibility for Kripka’s actions” She then tilted her head with a smile. **“Although I did enjoy them greatly”**

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"I think that's the point Hecate. The child is a Druid and only four years old. You are not the only God who watches the beings of Earth. Demeter will not be pleased when she finds out. As you found pleasure in Kripka, SHE will find nothing but anger"

The Goddess snorted in disgust. **"Demeter?"** She said with disbelief. **"What do I care of her? She has no power over me!"**

Polus gave her his best surprised look. Everything was riding on him convincing Hecate to remove the magic herself. **"I'm..."** he faltered for effect. **"I'm surprised to hear you of all people say that"** He waved at the room. **"I would think Demeter's anger would be something you would try to avoid. At all costs actually"**

He had caught her completely off guard and it showed on her face.

"Demeter is NO ONE to ME!" She stepped closer. **"Let her grow her plants and fawn over her forests while birds chirp in her ear! SHE doesn't know the meaning of power!"**

Polus had led her right to where he wanted. Now it was time to set the hook.

"Well Hecate..." Polus began. **"Like all of us, you get your power from those that worship you...at least to an extent. You maybe...more than others"** He began to walk around the room while her eyes bore into him. **"These potions are so...delicate"** he said, running a finger over a hot beaker with bubbling green liquid. **"The ingredients are so important for the magic to flow just right"**

"I need no lesson in magic from YOU Polus!"

"How about some advice then?" He offered. **"Tell me Hecate, if these ingredients were to, oh, I don't know...stop working? Would that affect you? Would that take a hit to your power base?"** His eyebrows rose suggestively.

"What are you babbling about? You think you can fool me Polus? I think you should take a good look at who you're dealing with. Deception is no stranger to me little Godling!" she spat out.

Polus ignored her threat. **"Well, the way I see it Hecate...the girl is a Druid and four years old. Either one would make Demeter notice. Couple that with the fact that the child is infested by black magic; magic from YOUR Witch"** he shot back at her. **"I think that's enough to piss her off and take action against you. Especially with the Red Queen stirring things up!"**

"Action?" she said with disbelief. **"What action will she dare take against ME? I'm the Goddess of Magic, not some harlot who makes little Wolves or some lesser God of riddles!"**

It was now or never. He didn't take the bait to defend himself or Phoebe, mostly because SHE was right and HE knew it. Hecate was unimaginably powerful and her followers were vast. Polus had only his mind to lead him, while his wife's army; although strong, was no match for HER; as Kripka proved.

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“No Hecate” he said evenly. **“She is only the Goddess of the Earth, with command over every plant that grows there. Plants YOU need greatly. What do you think would happen if she decided to change the way they interact with each other? How many spells would backfire? How many of your followers would die?”** He picked up a beaker with black ooze and rolled it around. **“How many of your precious potions would be rendered...useless?”**

The last word dropped like a brick.

Hecate’s face changed with the realization of his threat, and for the first time he could remember, he saw uncertainty in her eyes.

“You’re bluffing! She can’t do that!” Her mind raced.

His eyes shined at her. **“Oh no! I think you’ve chosen your words improperly Hecate”** He placed the beaker back on the table. **“I think what you meant to say was...she doesn’t KNOW, she can do it”** He let it sink in. **“YET!”** He grinned.

Hecate gave no reply. She ran through the possibilities. While Demeter could not take her on directly, Polus was right; they were bound together...in a fashion. If the Goddess could alter her plants chemistry, even slightly...it would be devastating to her followers.

Polus watched her face carefully. Either she would believe it or not. The rest was up to HER. She shifted with each thought that ran through her scheming mind. HER cold eyes bore into him, but her thoughts were somewhere else.

It was subtle.

Her face changed and her eyes returned. When her attention came back it was clear. She had worked it out.

He had won!

“What do you want?” she asked with ice in her voice.

“My needs are small” he teased her. **“First remove the Witchcraft from the child”**

Hecate’s hand arced in the air in a rapid motion and a thick green light flashed for a moment.

“DONE!” she spit out, wanting this to end quickly.

“Swear no reprisals on the child or her family to include her Father and half-brother”

“NO!” She screamed. She turned her hand up and an image of the Black Wolf appeared. **“He is the IDRIS! His very existence is for conflict, conflict against MY followers! He cannot be Phoebe’s sword and immune at the same time! He is fair game!”**

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Polus paused. He really didn't think she would agree to that but it was worth a shot. Maybe in the heat of the moment she would agree and regret it later. Clearly he had underestimated her.

He conceded. **"Fine. The IDRIS remains on the board but the others are of no consequence to you"**

"The man is a Grand Alpha and the woman a Druid. How long do you think it will take before they run into another of my followers? The Wolf especially, will take action. You expect me to allow his culling and do nothing in defense?" She laughed. **"You must think me a fool to agree to that!"**

"Accidental conflict is allowed and agreed upon, but nothing out of revenge; at least not by YOUR hand Hecate. Not directly. The child however, is...OFF...LIMITS!"

Hecate stepped back. She crossed her arms and tilted her head at him. What Polus wanted was extreme. To be immune to black magic was a great gift and one not given lightly. If Hecate granted it, Emma would have protection from every form of dark magic...not only now, but for the rest of her life. She calculated his request like a predator as he waited.

He hated her. Of everyone, only SHE thought the way HE did. Her mind was almost equal to him in terms of strategy and Polus knew he was walking on thin ice.

He saw how her decision weighed on her so he quickly added. **"She's ONE child Hecate. One simple child against your ENTIRE kingdom"** He stepped closer and played to her power. **"Tell me the great Goddess of Magic is not afraid of a little girl...who plays with flowers"**

Her eyes burned into him. Her mind was amazing. She broke everything he said down to their simplest components and held them up for inspection.

"Do not mock me Polus! Her power is great. Druids have hid The Book of Lies for a century. Do not make light of her significance. She single handedly gave Kripka access beyond the barrier and practically handed her The Book"

"You see a threat where none exist, that's what happens when you live in the dark for too long. The smallest light affects you" He put his thumb and forefinger close together to demonstrate how small Emma was. **"These events unfolded by the hands of YOUR agent Hecate. The child was and should remain an innocent. Kripka gave her not only the means, but the motive to act. Only a Witch could corrupt a child so"**

Hecate did not respond.

Polus spun on his heels. **"I guess your right! The child is important and I'm sure Demeter will agree with you!"**

"STOP!" Hecate boomed. The tables vibrated from her shout.

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He allowed himself a slight smile before he turned back.

She held out her hands in surrender. **“Never let it be said that the Goddess of Magic is ...uncooperative”**

She waved her hand and a thick black and blue globe appeared. It exploded with no sound and fell to the ground in a flourish of silver sparks.

“It is done! The child is immune, now...and for all time!”

Polus bowed his head and opened his arms in return. **“Excellent”** He looked around. **“Well, I think our meeting is at an end”**

“Demeter?” Hecate asked with suspicion.

Polus shrugged. **“She’s a busy woman, the Red Queen takes all her attention these days. Why bother her with the theories of a God with too much time on his hands. And for what? The child is fine. All’s well that ends well”** He waved his hand at her as if they were old friends but Hecate was no one’s fool.

“Swear it!”

Polus gave a soft laugh. **“Don’t trust me?”** Her glare was the only answer he received. He nodded and put his hands together. They flashed red and the contract was made.

“So it is now, so it will remain” His power pulsed in the air for a moment and Hecate accepted his pledge. She stepped closer and glared at him with hate.

“Do not cross me God of Intelligence. You may have backed me into a corner this time, but I’m not known for defeat” She leaned in. **“I am however...known for revenge!”**

He shrugged. **“I wouldn’t dream of it Hecate”** He walked toward the door and ran one finger over a table. A layer of dirt came up and he held it for her to see.

“Love what you’ve done with the place”

As Chase was smothered in his Father’s thick arms and his mother’s hard embrace, Emma lifted her head up and rubbed her eyes.

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"I'm hungry!"

Phoebe's arms were circled around her husband's waist as they watched the reunion. **"Could she really do it?"**

"Demeter?" Polus asked. **"Yeah, I think she could. In fact I'm surprised she never thought of it before"**

"I'm surprised I didn't!" Phoebe thought. **"All these centuries and it was right in front of us the whole time"**

"Hecate is still dangerous, even without her potions. I wouldn't threaten her again unless I had something more concrete over her"

Phoebe hugged him tightly. **"I'm just glad it's over finally. Now my family can live in peace for a change"**

The stone basin filled with images of Chase, Michael and the rest of the pack.

After a moment Polus said, **"It's going to be hard for him at first, but I think he was the right choice. He'll make a fine IDRIS"**

Phoebe nodded and pulled away.

"Where are you going?" he asked, not wanting to let her leave.

She smiled. **"I have a new Werewolf to attend to"** She tried to look innocent but didn't quite make it. **"While all of you were busy, my family increase by one"** she grinned. **"Didn't you notice?"**

The birth of the new Wolf did not happen by chance, and it was critical for the destruction of the Litch; who would have killed all but the Grand Alpha, if left to fate. Polus had assured Phoebe no one would notice such a thing. If it was found out that she had interfered with the Earth bound, then she would be open to punishment. And Gods from the other side would be allowed to move against her in return.

Polus had assured her no one would notice. He laughed innocently. **"These things happen my love"**

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Michael pulled Chase away from everyone else. Helen followed him closely while Emma reattached herself to her Father's big leg after a massive hug that took her breath from her and a barrage of kisses that pelted her face from every side. She had no memory of what happened and her body showed not a scratch.

"I don't understand" Michael said, his large hand never leaving Emma's head. **"What happened? Why can't I feel you anymore?"** His eyes searched Chase for answers.

"I'm done" Chase explained.

"What does that mean?"

"My change is done" he added. **"I'm who I'm supposed to be. It just took a lot longer than I thought it would"**

"What are you talking about? I was with you when you changed Chase. I gave you my power. We should be connected"

The small boy put his hands on his Father's strong chest. **"I know Dad. But that was just the Werewolf part"** He smiled. **"There's a lot more of me now. I'm not who you think I am. I have something to show you"**

Chase looked at his mother. **"It's okay mom. Don't say anything"**

She looked back and forth, not knowing what was going on.

Chase made sure no one else could see him and he held up one arm near his Father's chest. **"Watch"**

His arm shifted and turned into a column of thick black smoke. He felt his Dad grip his shoulders protectively. **"It's alright Dad"** His hand solidified again and Chase flexed his fingers. He looked up. **"Cool huh?"**

Michael couldn't believe his eyes. **"How did you do that?"**

Helen put her arm around Chase and pulled herself against him.

He smiled at her. **"Remember that Vampire you killed mom? When he bit me I took something from him. I can change my whole body into smoke"**

"What did you make him?" she asked Michael, a slight accusation in her voice.

"He didn't do this mom" Chase defended him. **"Dad's a Werewolf, a strong one, but a Werewolf. I'm not...at least not completely. Phoebe and Polus picked me to be the _____"**

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Helen and Michael blinked hard and Helen grabbed her head. Michael shook his to clear his mind and even Emma looked up.

“What?” Michael blinked.

Chase sighed. **“Sorry, it’s not a word as much as a concept. The Nox Nesting. Phoebe’s champion on Earth”**

“The Night Wolf?” Michael said stunned. Helen’s eyes moved back and forth quickly.

“That’s one name” Chase nodded.

“What’s a night wolf?” Helen asked quickly, wanting to know everything.

“It’s...” Michael began. **“...it’s like having the power of a full Werewolf pack behind you, without the pack. It’s mostly a story that old Wolves tell”**

“There are others like you then?” she asked.

Chase shook his head. **“No. Not anymore. The last one was hundreds of years ago. They live with Phoebe now”**

“You saw her!” Michael’s thick hand gripped Chase’s shoulder.

“Yeah. Her and Polus”

Michael said to Helen before she could ask. **“Polus is her husband. The God of Intelligence. Phoebe is the Goddess of the Moon and patron of all Werewolves. I’m a Grand Alpha because of HER”**

“I can’t wait to show you what I can do Dad”

Chase then looked at his mother. **“Polus said you were my foundation. That none of this was possible without you!”**

“ME!”

Chase laughed. **“Yeah you mom! He said you were more important than anyone for this to work”**

Helen looked guilty but didn’t know what to say.

“Why can’t I feel you?” Michael interrupted and touched Chase’s face.

“The Witch burned me. She destroyed my body. Well, at least I thought she did. But I didn’t die, I just shifted into smoke. I couldn’t feel anyone” He looked at his mother. **“Except you”**

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Her hands gripped his arm and neck possessively as the love she had for her only Son poured out of her.

"I could always feel you. I didn't think I could get back but I was never alone, not when I could feel you. But I was so scared I didn't know how to reform. I just floated there until the Witch came back with Emma. Then I knew what I had to do"

"YOU killed the Witch?" Michael asked.

Chase nodded. **"Yeah. Her magic couldn't touch me, not while I was smoke. She tried but there was no body to burn. I moved inside her and killed her from there"**

Michael pulled Chase against him and wrapped an arm around Helen and hugged them both.

"I should be able to feel you now"

"It's my final form Dad. I'm no longer just a Werewolf" Chase said softly as he felt his Dad's strong heartbeat.

Emma, not wanting to miss out on any snuggling, pushed herself between them and hugged Chase's legs in her tiny arms.

Michael scooped her up and pulled her against him. He gave her a hard look and then looked at his Son.

"Polus" Chase said, answering his Father's silent question. **"You can thank HIM"**

The Wizard was watching them with interest. He looked at Chase and then at Helen with fierce intelligence. Helen saw him and walked over saying, **"That's my Son, Chase"**

The old man nodded slightly. **"Yes. I can see it. It's very clear to me...now"**

It was clear he knew something but he offered her nothing more. He moved back to The Book while Helen watched, wondering why she was important to any of them. Andreas moved forward and put his arms around her for a moment but not long enough for the Grand Alpha to get upset.

"What's a Night Wolf?" she asked him.

He laughed. **"You're kidding right?"**

She just stared at him.

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“Right?” he asked again.

The Druids worked on the poisoned Wolves, moving from one to the other. Michael had given them the bag that Emma had, in hopes of identifying the plant that caused their current condition.

“So she just meant to make them sleep?” Elyria asked a robed Druid. The woman shook her head and looked over the muscled bodies of the unconscious men.

“No. She meant to kill them”

“But they live” she objected.

“Only because they are Wolves and have powerful healing abilities” She ran her hand over Destel’s thick, bare chest. **“See, he has no wounds. But he did, at least at one time. It’s the only way to get the poison in. This bag is filled with two kinds of seeds. The purple plants were used by old soldiers who would crush them, and boil them, and smear the paste on their arrows and knives. Emma didn’t have knives, she used thorns instead”** The woman looked at the little girl running around and between her Father’s heavy legs.

“An elegant solution if I say so myself” he said with a hint of pride. **“I’d guess that the thick hides of the Werewolves stopped most of the thorns, and hence the poison from getting in. What did get by, was dealt with by their strong immune systems, which is why they are not dead”**

“But...” Elyria began. **“There were five of them!”**

The woman spoke quietly. **“For her to do what she did took a great deal of power. I don’t know how much of it was her and how much was Witchcraft, but I would think the Witch had little to do with this...except provide the seeds of course”**

“She’s four!” Elyria was stunned. With that level of power at her age it boggled the mind.

Melinda, meanwhile, had prepared a remedy and gave it first to Sean, who she felt had the best chance of recovery. The power of the Grand Alpha was strong in him and this was a delicate feat. Michael left Emma with Chase and Helen and made sure they didn’t allow her to see the others in pain. He knelt at Sean’s body and put his hand on his bare shoulder as Melinda gave the handsome blond teenager the remedy.

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As he began to stir his face contorted in pain. Michael acted immediately and squeezed him. **“I’m here Sean”** his deep voice reassured the boy. **“There is no pain. There is only YOU and ME”** His eyes glowed and Melinda leaned away, not sure if she would be affected by the magic he used.

Sean opened his eyes and saw the towering form of Michael kneeling near his head. He gave him a weak groan. **“Emma?”**

Michael shook his head. **“She’s fine. Everyone’s fine. It’s all over”**

Sean grumbled in complaint as Michael lifted him up and wrapped his thick arms around him. The power of the Alpha Wolf washed over him and Sean’s groans turned into moans of relief. His arms snaked up and wrapped themselves around the man’s powerful body and squeezed him hard. He buried his face into Michael’s neck and breathed deeply of the Grand Alpha’s intoxicating scent.

Melinda went to Destel next. Daruth remained in Wolf form; not having the power that Michael did, it was safer to show his beast to the injured man. The large man stirred and grumbled but like Sean, bathed in the glow of his Alpha. Daruth growled at him and breathed against his face until Destel opened his eyes fully.

Meanwhile, Silas and several of his men surrounded Bart and Jason as Melinda worked her cure on them as well and moved out of the way as the bulky men circled the two boys.

Several long, grumpy moments later, Bart sat up and rubbed his head and saw Emma playing with Chase.

“Remind me not to piss her off” he said to Silas. **“Even my eyelids hurt!”**

The big man barked. **“She’s a CHILD you idiot!”**

“Yeah?” Bart shot back angrily; which is what Silas wanted. Bart needed his adrenaline pumping to help him recover. **“You go fuck with her and see what happens! Ever get your ass kicked by a tree?! Well I have!”**

Silas batted Bart on the side of the head but quickly grabbed him by the neck and pulled him in tight against his chest. **“I’m raising kittens! Fucking kittens!”** he complained to the rest of the pack. His power flowed into Bart and Bart soaked it up like a sponge. Jason sat up and was pulled against the big man’s other side before he could say a word.

Abel had the hardest time. Daruth was worried because of all the years the boy spent as a Wolf, and Andreas told Michael as much. Being in a pack was still new to him and he needed it now more than ever. As Melinda gave him the potion Daruth began to growl down at him. Andreas joined him as did Elyria and three others from their pack.

Abel didn’t respond well. He was in great pain and he began to toss his head back and forth as he fought the magic of his pack. He lived in isolation too long, and wasn’t used to having anyone help him. His was too distrustful.

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After long minutes of struggling and moans of pain, a big hand moved two of the Wolves and Elyria out of the way. Michael moved forward. Daruth looked at him. Abel was not Michael's. It was for Daruth to decide what would happen to Abel. Those that surrounded Abel looked at each other with caution and for direction. If they challenged the Grand Alpha they would risk death. If they didn't defend Daruth, they were traitors.

Daruth solved the problem for everyone and did something Silas would never do...he stepped away.

The others immediately followed their Master's lead and Michael dropped over Abel and straddled the boy's waist with his muscled legs. He took Abel by the neck with one hand and lifted his head slightly off the ground.

"Look at me boy! I command it!"

The men closest to Michael groaned and cowered, hiding their faces as the power of the strongest Werewolf in North America flowed over them.

Abel opened his eyes for the first time.

The moment he saw Michael, the big man growled like a lion. The sound coming out of his human mouth was impressive, and the animal that lived inside Abel responded immediately. He reached up and clutched Michael's thickly muscled arm and gripped it tightly.

Michael pulled him up until they were face to face and glared at him, daring him to die. The BEAST in the strapping blond man would not accept anything less than complete submission.

Abel moaned like a child and began to cry. **"My Lord"** he said, his voice breaking apart.

Michael smiled at him and for Abel it was like seeing the Sun for the first time.

"Enough sleeping!" Michael barked. **"You will recover...and run by MY side!"**

Daruth gave a subtle groan of protest at this, mostly because he had too. His men and wife moved closer to his side to show solidarity.

Abel's face lit up and if he had ever been poisoned, it no longer showed. He took Michael's hand and let himself be pulled to his feet and pressed against the man's thick body. He looked around and saw the division immediately. On one side were Daruth and his pack, while on the other Silas stood with his men. Michael and him were between them.

Michael saw the problem as Daruth's pack surrounded their Alpha. He turned to see Silas's formidable army on the other side. Without a word he stepped over and held his other hand out to Jason who was still weak despite the power from Silas. He pulled Abel along with him as he did.

The Book of Lies Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

Silas stepped up to stop him when a massive wave of energy ripped out from Michael and made everyone who was Wolf drop to their knees! The area filled with gasps and groans as the Wolves fell by the dozens. Abel clung to his leg like a child and pressed his face into Michael's thigh.

The Wizards looked at him in unison, even Amegnon was impressed.

"I WILL NOT BE DEFIED!"

The BEAST spoke through Michael. It was a deep, soul penetrant voice. No one looked up; not Daruth, not Silas...not even Sean.

Jason saw the large hand in his face and he took it immediately. Michael pulled him to his feet. Whatever Emma had done to him, left his body immediately and his blood flowed poison free once more. Between the Druid's remedy and the power of the Grand Alpha, Jason stood without effort, all on his own as he looked around.

Michael moved to Bart and then to Destel, driving whatever remained of the toxin out of their bodies as well. When he was done, the pulse of willpower from the Grand Alpha subsided and everyone was allowed to rise; albeit slowly, and not before Daruth or Silas. Abel hugged Michael's thigh until a big hand lifted him up and pulled him close.

"My Lord" Abel spoke softly for only his ears and embraced the muscled blond man like his life depended on it.

Bart needed air. He walked over to Chase and wrapped his arms around him. His lifted him up easily.

"Hey man, thanks for leaving us to get our asses kicked by your little sister! While you were playing hide and seek and singing nursery rhymes in the woods, we were doing all the heavy lifting and saving the universe!"

Chase hugged the thickly muscled teenager against him and laughed. **"Sorry I missed all the action, maybe next time!"** Bart smelled good. He always smelled good. Chase loved his strong warm body and rugged features and Bart's fearlessness.

Silas and Daruth sent several men into the forest to bring out the dead while the Wizards had their own confrontation. The air began to crackle with magic.

Andreas pulled Helen to Michael and put an arm around Chase as well. **"Around the barn"** he said simply. Bart took Chase as Michael gathered Emma and Helen up and moved them away.

"Enough with the dogs! You have no more right to The Book than we do!" The Blackmore Wizard said. The two with him flanked his side. **"I suggest we share it equally!"**

"The Book cannot be shared fool!" An older Druid spat back. **"Don't you know what it is?"**

The Book of Lies Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

"It is nothing more than knowledge. It can be used for good as well as evil!"

"It will not be used at all" said Amegnon. **"This is not up for a vote. I have spoken"**

The oldest Blackmore Wizard stepped forward. **"The Book cannot be hidden from everyone Amegnon. Not every soul is as black as the Witch's. What barrier will you erect to keep ME out?"**

The Druid woman put herself between the Wizards. **"You can't win this fight"** She said simply. **"You've killed and tortured many in the name of knowledge. How many more will die by your hand until your satisfied? You think The Book will grant you power without consequence?"**

His face twisted in anger. **"I don't answer to YOU woman! You are a Druid and nothing more! Go play with your trees!"**

She looked at his staff. **"It's amazing really"** She paused. **"The things you can do with those sticks"**

"You have no idea!" He threatened.

"A shame though, that you channel your magic through the one thing I command"

The Wizard was confused.

She pumped her finger at it. **"Wood"** she explained.

His eyes popped open, but before he could cast any magic, the staff in his hand twisted like a snake and wrapped around his arm and up around his neck. He clawed at it with his one free hand as he dropped to the ground and rolled around.

The two with him were faster to act. They leveled their glowing staffs at her just as Daruth dropped from the sky and landed on them like a mountain! His massive jaws opened and he killed them before they could utter a spell. The air filled with the wet sound of snapping bone and tearing flesh.

The Druid twisted her hand and the wooded staff around the old Wizard's neck constricted around his neck. She stepped up to his dead body.

"I guess you DO answer to me after all"

The whole thing was over in less than ten seconds.

Daruth jumped to Elyria, his big paws falling heavy on the earth. She wrapped her arms around him and pressed her face into his hairy barrel of a chest as the men under his command bowed low.

"My love" she said softly. **"Forgive me. I don't know what I was thinking"**

The Book of Lies Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

Amegnon stepped forward and asked everyone to move aside. He looked up and a bolt of lightning flashed down from the sky and struck the dead magic users. In the fraction of a second, they were gone!

“Who gives a shit about some book of lies?” Bart demanded as he looked down at it, still under the protection of the four Wizards, who would only let him get so close. The old man laughed.

“Son, you are mistaken”

“About what?” Bart turned, his strong chest uncovered.

“About what it is” he said like a parent talking to an extremely young child.

Bart looked at it and shook his head. **“It’s a fucking old book!”** He waved his hand dismissively. **“Even the name is ridiculous! A Book of Lies! Ooooh!”** He put his fingers to his mouth in mock fear.

The old man stepped forward and looked at him with amusement. **“Ah, to be so young. I’ve forgotten what it must be like for you. It’s been so many centuries”**

“Isn’t he right?” Jason asked. **“It IS just a book”**

The Wizard laughed again. **“Children”**

“What?” Bart asked.

Amegnon waved his hand and The Book rose into the air and hovered above the ground at chest level. He motioned for the other magic users to part so he could make his point. Two men stepped away but stayed near the artifact as the old Wizard brought Bart and Jason forward to look. Everyone else watched them, especially Michael and Chase.

“It isn’t a book about lies” he said to Bart in a berating tone. **“It’s a book OF lies”** He looked at Jason and then Bart, but neither understood. The man looked around. **“Do none of you understand what this is?”** he pointed at it and looked at Michael. **“Your home was destroyed, your child taken from you, and your wife put in a coma”** He looked at the forest far away. **“Your forest burns and your men die...and none of you realize what this is?”**

Silence filled the air as everyone looked at each other. It was like a pop quiz that no one studied for.

The Book of Lies

Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

Maybe all the time spend around magic made her more sensitive to it, she didn't know; but Elyria gave a gasp as her mind pieced it together. The Wizard turned, and when he saw her expression, he nodded to her.

"Yes" he said simply. **"That's it!"**

Daruth moved in front of her to block her from the Wizard's sight. He was through with magic users and would die before any would take his wife from him.

"What?" Bart asked again.

The old man pointed to The Book while everyone listened.

"The Book of Lies" he said again. **"As in the author...Lies"** he waited, but Bart stilled stared at it. **"As in The Prince of..."** he finished.

Bart leaped back and yanked his arm away as he realized what Amegnon said.

"Get that fucking thing out of here now!" Michael growled, stepping in front of his family protectively as he pointed to the book.

"That thing is from..." Bart couldn't say it but he pointed to it.

"Yes it is" The Wizard told him. **"It is most likely the first book ever made and it is pure evil, regardless of what some believe"**

"Destroy it!" Silas yelled.

"I would if I could" The Wizard sounded defeated. **"I've tried every spell I know. I've even tried dropping it into anther dimension. Once I even tried to send it into the Sun"** He held out his hands in defeat. **"Nothing worked"**

He turned and looked at it floating in the air.

"This Book is destined to be here. On earth I mean. Nothing can change that; so instead I've hidden it the best way I knew how"

"A Tome of the Devil...in the hands of a Witch!" Silas said. **"Look what she did to us without it!"**

"Exactly" the Wizard said, happy they finally understood the danger. **"Can you imagine her power with it?"**

"My daughter touched that!"

The Book of Lies Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

Amegnon looked at Michael. **“The Book has to be used, it does not infect...only Witchcraft does that”**

Michael scooped her up nonetheless and hugged her tight. **“I want that thing gone!”**

The Wizard nodded. **“As do we all. It’s almost ready”**

“What is?”

“Our ride”

With that the ground began to shake and flashes of blue light erupted all over the farm. Wizards appeared everywhere!

There were more than thirty in all, most men but some women. The Werewolves moved closer to each other as the pulse of magic was thick in the air. The Wizards came forward and formed a gauntlet around The Book.

“Our time is at an end” Amegnon smiled. **“I wish I could bring back your dead, but that is beyond even my power. The Book will trouble you no more”**

As everyone gave them room the Wizards began to chant and Amegnon walked over to Chase and looked at him deeply. **“You are brave to face one of such complete evil. The fact that you live proves HE chose wisely”**

“Who?” Michael demanded, his eyes moving from the Wizard to his Son. Amegnon ignored him.

“You know?” Chase asked, dumbfounded.

“That you killed the Witch, or that you’re the IDRIS?”

Michael and everyone in earshot blinked hard. Helen shook her head again as if a cobweb was around her face. Whatever Amegnon had said skipped over in their mind and left a blank. Even Melinda was confused.

“You said it!” Chase said with disbelief. **“Even I couldn’t say it!”**

The Wizard laughed. **“Child I am very old. Far older than anyone here; probably combined”** he said as deep lines formed around his eyes in laughter. **“You are not the first of your kind I’ve met. I liked the one that breathed fire! He was my favorite”** His eyes gleamed.

He stepped away and turned to walk back to the others. **“Polus does good work”**

There was a blinding flash of light and every Wizard disappeared, taking The Book with them!

The Book of Lies Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

Hours later, everyone had left and Melinda had taken Emma to the hospital with her, by way of oak tree while Helen had been escorted home by Sean, Bart, and Jason.

Michael, Daruth, Silas and Andreas stood around Chase in the loft while he told them what he knew of the Witch. Silas as usual, was not impressed.

“You expect us to believe that YOU killed a Witch...all on your own? And that Phoebe spoke to you!”

Silas was used to many things. He was a powerful Werewolf. He commanded a large pack of otherwise violent men, held down by his willpower alone. For him, a Wolf was measured in size and strength, none of which Chase had. Chase was smaller than the youngest Wolf and Silas took great pleasure in knowing and pointing out that he was the Grand Alpha’s Son.

At first, that is exactly what Chase was. Silas liked the way the boy feared him, and although he was not stupid enough to harm Chase, he enjoyed towering over him and transferring his aggressions from Michael to him.

But Chase was no longer a simple Werewolf.

He looked at Silas with cold eyes and said, **“I don’t care what you believe Silas. Your opinion is irrelevant”**

The small boy’s words struck everyone in the room. Even Michael was taken aback by his Son’s tone. Daruth’s mouth dropped in shock and Andreas felt numb.

“CHASE” Michael warned him as Silas stood up to his full and impressive height.

“You wanna try that again CHILD?” the threat was clear in his voice. As an Alpha he was due certain respect, even from the Son of a Grand Alpha.

“I said...” Chase repeated coolly. **“...your opinion is irrelevant”**

Anger boiled in Silas but he didn’t notice that there was no fear in the boy’s eyes.

Daruth meant to stop Silas. He put his hand on the man’s big chest as Andreas took Silas by the shoulder. Even Michael put his leg between them.

The Book of Lies Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

“CHASE” he said. **“That’s enough! Silas is an Alpha not some foot shoulder! You will show respect when you speak to him”**

“He is a Werewolf” Chase said smoothly, his eyes never leaving Silas. **“That is all”**

A massive growl ripped from Silas’s chest and he threw both Andreas and Daruth off him. He reached for Chase as Michael grabbed his arm but found nothing but air.

Chase was gone!

“You will learn your place Wolf”

Everyone spun around. Chase was standing on the window ledge and looking far too relaxed as if he had always been there.

Silas’s eyes began to glow as he charged the black haired boy. Michael missed the man’s arm by inches as Andreas and Daruth sought to tackle him from each side. He jumped the last few feet in the air and flew at Chase with supernatural speed.

Chase waited.

The moment Silas’s clawed hands touched him, the small boy broke apart and filled the bay window with a thick cloud of black smoke. Silas dove right through him and out the window.

Moving on instinct alone, he somersaulted in the air and landed on his feet as he began to shift. The black cloud followed him as the others jumped down an instant later, shouting at both of them to stop.

The cloud formed and Chase stood a good ten yards from Silas. He was fully clothed but his eyes were solid gold! Michael felt a chill run up his spine as he saw the partial shift in his Son.

“You will learn your place Wolf” he pointed at Silas as his voice pulsed through everyone unnaturally. It wasn’t Chase that spoke, it was something else.

Michael was stunned and couldn’t take his eyes off Chase. Andreas grabbed the bulky arm of the huge Werewolf but he stared at Chase too. Daruth held up his hands and called out for everyone to relax, but no one heard him.

Silas let out a loud roar and he broke free and pushed Michael and Daruth to the side as he charged.

He ran right through Chase as the boy shifted into smoke and then instantly reformed behind him. Silas spun as Chase shifted again and solidified to the right.

Now the Black Wolf stood in Chase’s place!

Silas pulled back with surprise at the instant transformation.

The Book of Lies Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

Chase batted Silas on the side of the head as the great Wolf swung at him over and over again, but the dark animal was far too fast, and Silas found only air as the body of the small Wolf blurred around him faster than anyone could see.

He blinked out of sight and everyone spun as Chase growled behind them. He raised his clawed finger and spoke.

“I am The Sword Of Phoebe!”

It was a deep raspy voice and even Silas stepped back as he heard his first Werewolf speak human words!

“Oh my God!” Daruth shouted. **“He can talk!”**

The Black Wolf strode forward as they parted and let him pass. Michael was speechless as his only Son moved like royalty before them completely unafraid and clearly in charge.

“The age of disobedience is over!” It said as it faced the much larger Werewolf. **“You will conform and kneel!”**

Silas roared so loudly that Daruth and Andreas started to shift themselves. He splayed his claws and flashed his massive rows of teeth at the small Black Wolf.

Silas would not submit.

Chase began to blink in and out of existence. First he was behind Silas, then in front, then to the side. With each appearance he clawed the big Wolf, taking him by surprise with each strike. He moved so quickly it looked as if several Wolves surrounded the great beast at the same time.

Silas was furious. He swiped at the air and clawed for all he was worth. If any of his strikes had landed, he would have decapitated the Black Wolf on the spot, but by the time his bulky arm moved through the air, Chase had landed five or six hits from multiple directions and continued to move beyond the Werewolf's reach.

Michael didn't know what to do. His thick arms were now heavy and clawed but he remained human otherwise. He could kill all of them, even in this form, but it was Chase he was worried about. The level of speed he showed was nothing short of miraculous and the animal's voice was still vibrating in his head as he watched them fight.

“You can't win Silas!” the Black Wolf spoke, striking the large animal repeatedly in the head. **“You will kneel!”** He batted the big animal's head with a loud slap. **“Or you will fall!”**

Silas pounded the ground and tried to anticipate where the Wolf was but he was far too slow. He bellowed in frustration.

The Book of Lies Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

When it was clear that Silas would fight to the end, the Black Wolf exploded into black smoke and completely enveloped the large Werewolf.

Michael, now standing in the middle of two more Werewolves, watched as the cloud rose into the air a few feet and took Silas with it. There was a loud growl and the cloud churned as Michael heard a sound he had never heard before.

Silas screaming!

It was not the scream of an animal, but that of a man. The cloud vibrated and then the naked form of Silas dropped out and landed with a thud in the dirt. He was fully human.

“My God!” Michael was stunned. **“I don’t believe it!”**

The cloud formed and the Black Wolf stood over the slowly moving man. Then it burst into smoke and re-shifted into Chase... human and fully clothed.

“This is your final warning” he spoke but with the Black Wolf’s voice. It was eerie coming from such a small boy.

“Chase!” Michael shouted. His Son turned to him and stared back with golden, glowing eyes.

“Tell them” the Chase hybrid began. **“Tell them I am here and I am coming for them. No more rouge Wolves will be allowed. No more killing of humans for sport. They will obey, or The Sword of Phoebe will swing!”**

He waved his hand and Daruth and Andreas shifted back into men far faster than they had ever done on their own. Both dropped to the ground with the forced transformation and panted with exhaustion as they clawed at the earth.

Chase closed his eyes and when he opened them again they were crystal blue!

There was an uneasy silence as Michael ran over and reached for him. As he grabbed Chase he noticed even his hands were human again.

“Chase! How did you do that?” He pulled the small boy off the ground by his shoulders.

“I told you Father” Chase said with detachment. **“I’m the Night Wolf”**

The Book of Lies Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

Days later Michael, Chase and Melinda walked around the farm. She had just arrived after giving Wendy her second and final treatment.

The two older Druids arrived shortly afterward to speak with Michael. The oldest was Marna and the other was named Kalla. They wanted to tell him of the Puller Tree and to let him know that the barrier was no longer in existence. They found the archway Emma made and explained to him what they knew of The Book's history and the death of their sister by the Witch's hand.

As they walked into the forest it was Melinda that pieced together the rest of the mystery that surrounded Chase.

She was walking behind them and looking at the damage to the forest by the Witch's fire. Everyone was so preoccupied with recent events that no one noticed what Chase was doing as he walked...no one but her.

"Chase" she said. **"How are you doing that?"** She stopped suddenly and looked at his feet.

Everyone turned to Chase to see what she was talking about. He looked at her blankly with his big blue crystal eyes. She pointed to the ground.

"You make no noise"

One of the older Druids stepped forward and looked at his feet. As her eyes moved up his small body she gave out a low gasp. It took Michael three large steps to close the gap between himself and his Son.

The woman spun around and looked at her sister Druid in shock.

"Do you see it?" her voice was vibrating with excitement.

As everyone came closer she held out her hand and a large vine broke free from the ground and began to wrap around Chase's small leg. It immediately let go and fell to the side...away from him.

"How is he doing that?" Melinda looked at Michael as if he should have the answers. He was as surprised as anyone. Melinda tried her magic next, but like before, the plants simply fell away from him. She cast out her power again but the plants fanning outward refused to move. They vibrated instead with indecision.

"I don't believe it!" she said, meeting Chase's eyes.

Chase looked down with the others at the vines. He even moved his foot to touch them to see what would happen. The leaves bent but made no sound.

"By the Gods!" the oldest one of them said. **"He has HER mark!"**

The Book of Lies Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

The Druid's were stunned. Melinda looked at Michael with shocked eyes. **"Did you know this?"** her voice was labored.

"Know what? What mark?"

"Our magic won't work against him" Melinda explained. **"The plants refuse to hold him"**

"Why?" her son-in-law asked.

"Because of Demeter!"

"One of your Gods?"

"Yes" Melinda said, and then quickly replied **"No"**

Kalla shook her head and explained, **"We revere HER of course; but she is not one of our patrons"**

"Why not? Isn't she the Goddess of the harvest?" he asked.

The oldest Druid spoke. **"Yes"** She took in a deep breath and Michael could tell this was a difficult subject for them. **"But she is not one of our patrons...because she does not speak to us"** She sighed. **"Druids get their power from many Gods, a pantheon of them actually. For whatever reason, Demeter has always denied us her...attention"** She cleared her throat.

This was the first he had heard of Demeter. He couldn't remember Wendy ever speaking of her.

He asked Melinda. **"So how come you're magic doesn't work? You have a whole group of Gods behind you and he has one"**

"Because..." She took in a deep breath, almost afraid to speak. **"Demeter...is of a...a higher authority"**

"A MUCH...higher authority" Marna added. She looked at Chase. **"She is as close to the model of 'Mother Nature' that you will find. They see HER mark on him and refuse to move against HER"**

"In the end, all Gods of nature come from Demeter" Melinda finished. **"None will challenge her authority"**

"Why does a Werewolf bear the mark of Mother Nature?" he asked, moving toward Chase and putting his arm around him.

"All Wolves share union with the forest" Melinda said. **"But this..."**

Michael's eyes shifted around. **"Would it make him faster in the forest?"**

Marna snorted. **"Faster? The forest would lie down and roll over at his feet!"**

The Book of Lies Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

“Demeter’s influence is absolute” Melinda told him. **“Every Druid in the world could not hold him. Only a higher God could usurp her power; and when it comes to nature, there are none”**

Chase looked at his Dad and couldn’t help but smile as he shrugged. **“Polus does good work”**

“Polus! The God of Intelligence? He had a hand in this?” Melinda asked with surprise.

“A big one” Michael spoke for Chase. **“Apparently Chase has his own pantheon of Gods. I thought it was limited to Phoebe but it appears her husband has pooled several Gods into this”** He looked at Chase with clear pride. **“Not to mention a Vampire”**

Marna looked over the small black haired boy, wrapped in his Father’s muscled arm protectively, as if any of them could hurt him. **“It’s clear that your powers go beyond the Moon Goddess and I doubt anyone can tell exactly who has given you their blessing. I would advise you not to tell anyone. Aside from Demeter I cannot see the Mark of any other God, but that’s because I don’t travel in those circles. Keep your secrets close. Tell no one of who you belong”** She looked up in the sky as Chase nodded, captivated by her words of advice.

“The Wizard seemed to know a hell of a lot” Michael chimed in, still not happy with the old man’s appearance.

“Amegnon is ancient” Marna said. **“There is little he would miss. He’s been fighting The Book of Lies for centuries. You have nothing to fear from him”**

Michael wasn’t so sure but he let it go. He pointed with one hand and pushed Chase forward. Now everyone wanted to walk behind him and watch as the forest parted with each step. Vine and leaves rolled away, only to immediately come back the moment his foot left the earth. It was amazing and even the Druid’s had no such ability.

Melinda gave Michael a big smile as she nodded at Chase’s back. **“When you have kids you don’t mess around”**

Michael laughed.

Hours later they found the Puller Tree.

The Book of Lies Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

It was massive and in the same dreadful state that Emma had originally found it in, with the exception of unnatural areas of strong life.

“Your granddaughter no doubt” The old Druid said to Melinda, touching deep brown sections of the roots that Emma had healed.

“That is the biggest tree I’ve ever seen!” Chase comments as Michael touched it.

The three women moved in unison and fell to their knees before it. They began to softly chant and the air became thick with magic. Chase and Michael watched from a safe distance as the immense tree began to shudder and move. They watched with awe as thick leaves began to form on the lower branches and the dust and grim of a century of disease fell away. When they finally rose to their feet a healthy section of the trunk had been restored.

“This will take time and a great deal of magic” Marna said. She turned to Melinda. **“Years maybe, before all traces of The Book are gone”**

Melinda looked up and ran her hand over the massive trunk. **“It deserves all the attention we can give it. Its burden has been great. I will ask my family to tend to it until it is restored”**

Instead of walking all the way back the women decided to travel by tree, leaving Michael and his Son to themselves. Chase jumped on his Father’s back and the big man didn’t even move an inch from the added weight. Even in a relaxed state Chase could feel the power radiating off his Dad. His small arms circled the broad shoulders as he rested his chin on them.

“I’ll race you back Dad” Chase’s eyes gleamed.

“I’ll bet you will! All hopped up on Godly power! Phoebe, Polus, Demeter, to mention only a few I’m sure” he accused his Son playfully.

Chase laughed. **“Looks who’s talking!”**

“I don’t have Mother Nature helping me out!” Michael countered.

“No you just become the largest Werewolf in the whole world!” Chase countered.

“Who still has to run through the woods! Unlike some of us, that has no obstacles!” He turned his head and kissed Chase on the cheek.

“Come on Dad! It’ll take hours to get back; you have plenty of time to beat me. I’ll even give you a head start. Like a whole hour!” Chase laughed as Michael reached back and lifted him clear off his body and tossed him in the air like he was a stuffed toy. He caught him in both arms and hugged him tight and kissed at his face before setting him on the ground in front of him.

The Book of Lies Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

“You wanna race huh?” Michael pulled off his shirt, showing off his thickly muscled body. Chase looked at him with longing.

“Then we’re gonna have some ground rules little boy!” he said unbuckling his belt and pushing down his pants. **“No smoke, for one!”**

“WHAT? That’s my best power!”

“And two, you have to stay on the ground, at least most of the way! No help from Mother Nature!” He waved his hand around in the air.

Chase looked over his Dad’s incredible body. The man’s big dick was thick and full between his legs and his large balls hung low between them. He moved over and ran his hands over his Father’s big chest and flat stomach momentarily forgetting about the race.

“I see some things haven’t changed” Michael grinned at him and gave him a long kiss. **“That’s good to know”**

Chase was hypnotized as his small hands ran up his Father’s chest. Michael asked, **“We gonna race or play?”**

Chase stepped away with effort. He lifted his hands up and quietly shifted into smoke. When he reformed the Black Wolf was in his place.

“Race” the beast said with a raspy voice.

“Damn” Michael said appreciatively. **“That’s a time saver”** He picked up his clothes and folded them into his bag and worked the long strap over his shoulder. Unlike Chase, Michael still needed to keep his clothes with him when he changed or accept that he would be walking around naked when he shifted back.

It took him only a minute before he was Werewolf. He towered over the black animal by several feet. His thick legs were so heavy with muscle they might as well have been trees themselves.

The Black Wolf moved up and wrapped its arms around him and rubbed its face against the monstrous furry chest. The massive Werewolf licked at the top of his head and grumbled affectionately, his hot breath washing over the much smaller animal. Chase stepped back and looked deep into the woods. He nodded for his Father to go but the big beast shook its huge head.

“Go Father, I’ll give you a head start” the gruff voice said. The big Werewolf slapped him on the leg and made him jump. He laughed. **“Alright, I tried. Don’t say I didn’t warn you”** He turned and ran into the trees with supernatural speed.

The ground thundered and the Black Wolf smiled, knowing his Dad was right behind him.

The Book of Lies

Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

Wendy was awake and almost completely healed, thanks in no small part to the help of her mother Melinda. Emma spent her time snuggling with her on the bed, her memories of the Witch gone for all time. Melinda promised to take them to the Puller Tree when Wendy was ready, and to explain to her the history of their people and the heavy burden The Book placed on the Druids.

The Tree would need great magic to be restored and it would be a fine project for the three generations of Druids to perform.

“I can’t wait to see it!” Emma cried out, already planning what she would do. Melinda and Wendy shared a knowing look as the small girl spoke, clearly oblivious that she had her own history with the Puller Tree.

Meanwhile, the news of what Chase was, spread like wildfire and the Wolves bowed whenever they saw him. Silas had not been seen since his defeat at the hands of the Night Wolf, although Bart and Jason visited Chase every day and talked about it, in low tones, of course.

The rubble of the house was taken away and already a new structure was being built from the powerful backs of dozens of Werewolves. Michael did not ask for any help, but help was given nonetheless. He was after all, The Grand Alpha. Men from both packs arrived and worked in unison to restore the beaten home, bringing fresh wood and driving large trucks up to the farm with a continuous flow of supplies.

Andreas stayed by Helen’s side at the orders of Daruth, who wanted to know every detail about Chase that he could provide, provided of course that Andreas was careful not to anger Michael in any way.

Chase had changed. He was no longer the frightened boy Andreas had met several months ago; his Black Wolf, no longer a sight of ridicule but one of awe and respect. If he had not seen the defeat of Silas so completely, he would never have believed it.

The only thing that seemed the same was his relationship to his mother. Maybe it was because she was human, Andreas didn’t know; but to Helen, Chase was nothing more than what he had always been...her Son.

In the end, everything had changed, and Helen understood that better than anyone. Mother and Son took a long walk through the city and held hands as they made their way to the park and found a quiet bench. It was there that Chase told her the rest and what was to come. Helen nodded with understanding, her eyes never more proud of him, although she knew this was only the start of the amazing things he was to do.

The Book of Lies Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

She knew, however, that Michael would not take the news nearly as well and when she asked Chase what he would do about that, the boy looked out with a blank stare.

“The only thing I can mom”

Days later, as he ran through the woods with his Father, he feared it would be for the last time.

Chase bolted out first and took time to look behind him. He thought of slowing down to give his Father more time to reach him, but to his surprise he saw nothing.

The ground in front of him shook so violently that Chase was tossed on his back. He turned just in time to see the massive body of the Grand Alpha Werewolf looking at him before it bolted for the barn. By the time Chase made it to his feet his Dad was more than halfway there. He threw every ounce of speed he had into his run, but his Father beat him by a good dozen yards, thanks to the surprise appearance that made Chase fall.

He cried out with accusation, **“You cheated!”** His raspy voice vibrated the air with a tone no human could make.

The massive Werewolf circled back and flexed its heavily muscled arms and bellowed out such a loud growl that the short hair on the Black Wolf’s body rippled.

“You said I had to stay on the ground!”

The huge beast began to swell and contract, until a minute later, Michael stood naked and facing his Son with a huge smile.

“I said YOU had to stay on the ground”

The dark animal blew apart into smoke and reformed into the familiar body of a small boy, fully dressed and hyper excited. He pointed at his Father.

“That’s not fair, I should have beaten you! I would have if you didn’t make those rules”

Michael laughed. **“I’m a Grand Alpha little boy. I make rules. I don’t follow them”** He lifted up an arm and made his thick bicep swell, distracting Chase, as his eyes moved immediately to it.

The Book of Lies Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

“Well...” his voice drifted as he drank in his Father’s image. **“...that’s still cheating”** His eyes were large and roaming over his Dad’s muscled frame with longing.

They were alone and Michael knew exactly what his Son wanted. He ran around the barn as Chase followed. With ease, Michael’s thick legs pushed off the ground and he jumped up to the bay window of the loft where Chase usually stayed. The floorboards creaked with his heavy weight as he walked to the center of the large room. He heard no noise behind him, but with Chase, that was no surprise. He turned in time to see a cloud of black smoke flow in the window and reform into the now naked body of his Son.

Chase loved to change into smoke.

Maybe it was why he didn’t jump like the other Wolves did. It seemed like whatever deficiencies Chase’s Werewolf had were all but rendered pointless with this final change. Polus had given him what he needed, speed and intangibility. It now no longer mattered how strong Chase’s opponent was. If they couldn’t touch him, they couldn’t hurt him either. Chase shifted so easily from human to smoke to wolf, that it seemed as if he had the ability his whole life.

Regardless, there were some things that never changed and Michael was, after all, the Grand Alpha. As Chase looked him over he pointed to the ground at his feet. The raw power of the Grand Alpha pulsed thick in the air as he released it in the direction of his Son.

Chase shivered reactively and Michael was glad the boy wasn’t immune. It was hard to say what Chase would or wouldn’t do nowadays. His abilities were so alien to normal Werewolves that almost nothing surprised Michael anymore. He went from thinking his Son was some kind of aberration to wondering how quickly the boy could kill an entire pack of Werewolves all by himself. By making Chase’s animal so small it was easy to see it as weak and easy prey, when in fact Polus and Phoebe had created death, wrapped in black fur with golden eyes.

Chase was the Night Wolf. No Were could stand against him. Michael had to wonder if he was included in that number.

Phoebe herself had made him Grand Alpha. He knew Chase was faster than he was, although in a straight run Michael wasn’t far behind. Mobility made Chase shift so quickly that he became a blur and all but disappeared. Not even the Grand Alpha could do that. He didn’t have the ability to run circles like Chase did or blink out of existence. He needed to build up momentum like any Wolf did. In that regard he could almost catch his Son.

Almost.

He watched Chase move hypnotically and drop to his knees before him. He wrapped a large hand around his neck and tilted his head upward to look his Son in the face.

“I don’t care how many Gods you have under your belt” His eyes glowed with blue light. **“You have only ONE Father and I WILL mark you. One way...or another”**

The Book of Lies Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

Michael pulled him between his muscled legs and rubbed his face against his heavy cock. He felt Chase breathe deeply and he heard him moan.

Michael shifted his weight and moved his hips as he guided his Son's head and made sure the boy was under his control.

This was the easy part. Usually. For a Grand Alpha like Michael, commanding a lesser Wolf to obedience took nothing more than willpower. His status ensured he had more of that than anyone. He could command a large battalion of Wolves that would die for him, even ones he never met. That was his power. Complete control over the masses.

But Chase had resisted him, even early on. He didn't understand it at first. Sometimes Chase seemed like the most pliable of subjects, eager to drop to his knees, his lust for him overflowing. The attraction of a Grand Alpha was almost too much to endure for most. Chase, being a new Wolf, should find it impossible. And he did.

Except when he didn't.

Michael didn't make the connection at first. He thought something was wrong and that his only Son would die from his transformation. Making sure he imparted as much power to the boy during his first change was important, because Chase seemed off. He didn't grow like a normal Werewolf did and Michael was afraid the shift would tear his Son apart.

Michael knew now, he couldn't have been more wrong.

Chase, like any normal teenager, was raging with hormones. His body was in a constant state of flux. He was also a new Werewolf, amplifying this flux hundreds of times over. He was also gay, making being near so many masculine Wolves agonizing. The power they gave off flowed over Chase and made his desire for them obvious to all. For some, like Bart, this would be viewed as submissive and make him feel more powerful. For others, they would see it as weakness and attack Chase on sight.

In this way Chase developed like expected.

But he could also do something no other Werewolf seemed to be able to do.

He could turn it all off. He just didn't realize it.

Michael had never been ignored in his adult life. Not even by other Alphas. For his Son to do so, even before he changed was unheard of and should have been impossible.

It took Michael a while to understand it and see the pattern. Why did he have complete control over him to only lose it suddenly for short periods of time?

Michael knew. And he knew how to stop it. He had to make Chase think of anything except his mother.

The Book of Lies

Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

It was Helen.

Chase's thoughts of her blocked any control Michael had over him. It even stopped DeMarco, a very old Vampire, from keeping the boy enthralled. It stopped Daruth and Silas from making him change into a Wolf, and made him all but undetectable to anyone senses.

When he thought of his mother, Chase became, for lack of a better term...human.

Michael never told anyone. He didn't want others to exploit this flaw but it made his control over his Son tricky. He had to constantly keep Chase's mind focused on him.

He found there was one sure way to do that.

Chase loved muscles.

If he needed the boy's attention all he had to do was take off his shirt, or flex his biceps. Chase was also addicted to his smell. The boy's Wolf craved the scent of a strong male, and there was no stronger man than Michael.

Focus, Michael thought, as he moved his Son's face between his legs. He squeezed firmly at the boy's thin neck as Chase moaned happily and bathed in his aura. He ground his hips forward for a moment and then gently pulled Chase back and tilted his head up.

Chase's eyes, his crystal blue eyes were faintly glowing.

Michael smiled. Chase was under completely.

When he pulled him back he felt his tongue come out and roll across his beefy prick. He felt the heavy amount of saliva coat at his swelling prick and Michael knew his Son's mouth was watering.

Good. Focus on me!

His cock throbbed between his legs as Chase pressed against it. His warm tongue began taking long swipes up the thick shaft and moving underneath, to lap at Michael's heavy balls. He moaned in hunger and wrapped his small hands around the back of Michael's muscled thighs in an attempt to pull himself deeper between.

Michael reached down and stroked Chase's hair as the boy literally slobbered over his big cock and balls. After a good minute, he took a fistful of black hair and pulled the boy back. Chase immediately moaned in protest.

Michael took hold of his hard cock and started to stroke it in front of his Son. Chase's head tugged at his hand, trying to move forward, but Michael was far too strong.

Michael smiled as he watched his Son struggle.

The Book of Lies Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

“You want that?” his deep voice rolled out.

There was a sound that escaped Chase’s throat that could only be described as anguish. Michael fisted his big dick rhythmically as the small boy watched.

“Open your mouth”

Chase gave one long moan and did as his Father directed. Michael stroked his heavy cock once more and moved forward, feeding the head into the boy’s mouth.

Chase sucked on it immediately.

“STOP!” Michael commanded. The raw power of his Wolf rolled out and pressed against Chase. **“Wait for permission!”**

The boy trembled with the weight of his Father’s immense willpower and stopped sucking. Michael fisted his big dick slowly, taking his time to run his large hand up the long shaft and back down as Chase knelt obediently at his feet impatiently. He felt the boy’s warm mouth surrounding his flared cockhead but otherwise the child obeyed.

“You will learn your place little Wolf” Michael continued to pump his shaft.

There were many things Chase could have done. He could have reverted to smoke for instance or shifted into his Wolf. He could have contested his Father’s will with his golden eyes, or used his speed to stay out of reach of the man’s strong hands.

He could have done many things.

He did none.

It wasn’t a decision on Chase’s part. He simply forgot what he was. The power his Father radiated was intoxicating, and he was literally drunk in his presence.

“Slowly!” the muscled man threatened.

Chase clamped down on his thick shaft and his cheeks sunk in and he began to suck deeply, but slowly on the head of his Father’s beefy prick. Michael took his hands back and placed them on his hips. His control over his Son was so deep he didn’t think an earthquake would bring Chase out of it.

The boy’s hands moved up and ran over Michael’s muscled, hairy legs. His fingers moved through the blonde hair and kneaded the heavy muscle.

“You think I’m a mere Wolf?” Michael’s voice was deep. **“You think I let anyone drink from me?”**

The Book of Lies Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

Chase groaned at his Father's displeasure. His mouth sucked harder in response, afraid his Dad would take his big cock back.

"EYES UP!" he barked, as his power ripped off of him.

Chase looked up immediately. His whole body trembled and he clung to Michael's legs for support.

The boy's eyes were glowing brighter. And it was blue light. Michael's light.

He kept his face stern, not wanting Chase to see anything but the Grand Alpha before him. It was all about control and submission.

Chase's eyes fluttered. It was hard for him to look up and Michael knew he was responding the way he should. He doubted even Sean could fare better under the circumstances. This was how it should be. This was what it meant to be a Grand Alpha.

"Taste good?" he asked, daring him to object.

Chase groaned loudly and his eyes snapped shut. It was unbearable. For Chase, looking into his Father's eyes was like looking into the sun.

"EYES UP!"

Chase jumped and his eyes popped wide open. His fingers dug into Michael's legs in fright and the floor creaked with the sudden motion.

Michael glared down at him.

"Do you like it?" he demanded.

Chase nodded his head quickly, his mouth stuffed full.

"Would you like permission to suck harder?"

Chase groaned so loud it startled Michael and he barely stopped himself from smiling.

He made the boy wait for what he was sure was an eternity before he answered him.

"Deep! And hard!" Michael commanded.

Chase's mouth was like a vise. He sucked so hard on Michael's big dick that it almost hurt. His heavy cock throbbed and swelled thick in the boy's mouth as Chase struggled to obey. His small fingers gripped Michael's huge thighs with all the strength he could muster as the man's large balls rolled with cum.

The Book of Lies Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

“Suck that big dick!”

Chase shut his eyes. He couldn't stand it any longer. He twisted his mouth around his Father's beefy prick and sucked on it as hard as he could. His moans of pleasure filled the loft as he did his best to obey the powerful man standing in front of him.

Michael's heavy cock surged and began to seep into Chase's drooling mouth. He watched as his Son got the first taste of his thick fluid.

His eyes pulsed bright blue for just a moment and then his eyes closed again. He moaned hungrily.

Michael gave him no help.

“Thirsty?” he sneered.

Chase was almost crying as he sucked his Father's beastly prick. He moved his hand behind the large legs and tried to pull himself deeper on his Dad's fat cock. But Chase was just a boy, and a little one at that, while his Father was a full grown man...with the body of a Werewolf.

Michael almost laughed at his Son's efforts to take him in his throat.

“Too much for you little boy?” he mocked him.

Chase whimpered and pulled again.

He was no more successful than he had been the first time.

Still he tried.

He tried over and over again.

Michael felt his big cockhead lodged tightly at the mouth of his Son's throat, but unless the boy had a new power to unhinge his jaw, taking him down his throat wasn't going to happen...no matter how much the child wanted it.

Still Michael's dick continued to leak into his mouth.

Chase fed on it like an animal. He swallowed whenever he could, craving the delicious power laden honey that drooled out of his Father's big dick.

“Maybe it's too much for you?” Michael questioned. **“Maybe I should take it away?”**

Chase cried out in protest and he doubled his efforts. His fingers turned into claws and they bit into Michael's thick legs, breaking the skin to hold him in place. Michael paid him no attention but the sounds of his Son's wet, frantic sucking met with his approval.

The Book of Lies Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

“Maybe I should cum in someone else’s mouth?”

Tears ran down Chase’s face like a river. His fear of losing the right to suck the Grand Alpha’s big cock overrode every other thought in his head. He pulled forward and Michael felt himself slip just inside his Son’s throat!

Chase’s fingers dug so deeply in his strong legs that blood began to run down his thighs.

Michael couldn’t believe what his Son had done!

“That’s my boy!” he praised him. **“DRINK!”**

Michael’s huge prick swelled up and throbbed with power just before he flooded his Son’s throat with his thick white cum.

The effect on Chase was immediate.

The boy’s eyes flew open and a bright blue light shone brilliantly from them.

Michael’s cock surged over and over again and his heavy balls unloaded into Chase’s hungry mouth. Michael cupped the back of his head, ready to pull him back if Chase began distressed.

But the boy took every drop.

The light from his eyes was intense. Michael felt a wave of pride and his eyes pulsed back with a light of their own...in perfect sync with his Son’s.

It was like the first time. It was the same thing that happened the first night Chase transformed...when the supernatural bond between Father and Son was formed.

Michael continued to feed his Son as his orgasm slowed. Chase in turn sucked him, lost in his own world, as he drank his Father’s thick cum.

Michael’s mind was struck by a thought.

Could he reclaim his Son?

He had not fed the boy since his last transformation brought on by the Witch. Could he now take Chase back?

The light from his Son’s eyes was Michael’s light. It was blue-silver and vibrated with the same power that the Grand Alpha had. But Michael was no longer connected to Chase. During the boy’s final transformation that bond had been cut, and try as he might, Michael could no longer feel him. They separated so quickly that Michael thought Chase was dead.

The Book of Lies Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

Michael was still the most powerful Werewolf around. Anyone he mated with would feel the effects of his power. If he allowed a male to drink from him, that power would override any Alpha that had marked the Wolf, and they would belong to him. After that, just like Sean, they would be his, until a strong Wolf marked them.

But Chase had no Alpha.

Could he reestablish the bond?

Almost in answer to his question the blue light pulsed and shifted color, until it became gold.

NO! Michael's mind cried out.

His power was taken, but no bond was formed. Whatever was inside of Chase could not be marked by an Alpha. Not even a Grand one!

Or could it?

Michael had to know. He reached down and pulled Chase off his knees and into his arms. He carried him to the bed and lay him down.

Chase's eyes still glowed with golden light. His cock raged hard between his legs as Michael moved above him.

He pulled Chase down and took him by the ankles and wrapped his legs around his waist.

He fisted his big dick, still hard and throbbing. Being the Grand Alpha had its advantages, as Wendy knew all too well. Michael could mate all day long, his body fully at his command.

He lined his wet dick up with Chase and pushed slowly forward. When his Son felt the pressure his gold glowing eyes looked up with desire. Michael fueled that fire and cast out his full power. Chase reached up and clawed at his shoulders with his hands and tore the flesh with his sharp nails. Michael ignored the pain. It meant nothing to him.

He thrust his big dick into his Son and lay on top of him.

"You WILL be mine!" He spoke into the boy's ear. Chase groaned at the invasion of his Father's beefy prick, but would have it no other way. He pulled at him and leaned up to bite his broad, bloody shoulder and Michael sunk deep inside of him.

"You WILL obey me little Wolf!"

His thick cock plunged into the small boy over and over again as Chase tossed back his head and growled with the voice of his beast.

The Book of Lies Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

Michael felt his big dick seep into his Son as he thrust into him. He was determined to give him as much of his cum as he could. He lifted up until he could see Chase's face and was happy with what he saw.

His Son's eyes were alternating between gold and blue.

"That's it!" Michael said with intense satisfaction. He wasn't the Grand Alpha for nothing. He was given immense power by Phoebe and Chase wasn't the only one with Godly power.

The bed groaned with protest as it beat against the floor with Michael's heaving weight. The floorboards creaked and it seemed like the very walls of the bars were vibrating in response.

Michael leaned on his elbows on top of Chase as he watched the boy's reaction. He fucked him deeply and felt his Son tight around his heavy shaft. His big balls churned with renewed power at his command...preparing to unload into the boy once more.

"I will accept NOTHING less!" he growled to Chase. The raw Alpha's willpower felt like the ocean. It filled the room and flooded every corner, every crack, and the very air. Chase opened his mouth and tried to bite him with his sharp teeth. Michael intended to aid the boy's efforts anyway he could. He wanted Chase to literally swim in his power...to bathe in it fully. He leaned down and gave his neck to his Son and Chase clamped down on it with abandon.

"I am the Grand Alpha and you WILL kneel before me!"

His big dick thrust deep, and Michael felt his cock seep large amounts of pre-cum into his Son. He dominated the small boy physically, emotionally, and verbally. His large hands gripped the boy's slender shoulders, holding him in place as he fucked him into obedience.

"SUBMIT!" he growled.

He came like a horse in Chase's ass!

Chase took his bloody mouth away and his head slapped against the pillow as he screamed. Michael felt his Son's cock explode between them and coat his furry stomach with his warm cream. He turned to look at the boy's face.

His eyes burst with blue light!

The Book of Lies Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

Hours later, Michael lay with his Son wrapped tightly in his arms. There had been no words between them. Michael had fucked the boy so thoroughly that Chase had fallen into a deep sleep from sheer exhaustion. He moved to his back and pulled his small boy against him as he kissed at his head, his wounds already fully healed.

“Sleep little one. Your Father is here”

Michael held him close and pressed his face into his Son’s hair. He breathed him in and fell asleep, fully content, as his power covered them both like a blanket.

Once again, Michael could feel his Son.

Chase didn’t know if it would work. His Dad was sound asleep and breathing deeply. Chase could feel the raw power of his Father moving through him. It was incredible. He leaned against his thick chest and lay awake, bathing in his Dad’s radiant strength.

It was hard to imagine loving him more than he did. He was so warm, wrapped up in his Father’s muscled arms. Chase could have stayed there forever. But his time was almost up.

He knew what came next and he knew his Father would never allow it.

Polus told him his will was stronger than his Father’s, but Michael was no mere Werewolf, and Chase wasn’t sure he could pull this off; especially if he resisted him. Chase had no desire to have a contest of wills with the strapping Alpha, otherwise known as his Dad...so he waited until the right moment when he would be off guard.

As he rested his head on his Father’s strong, hairy chest, Chase’s eyes shifted into orbs of gold and then began to glow faintly.

He heard the man’s heartbeat slow and his breathing became steady. He waited, not sure if it was working or not. Slowly the man’s large arm drifted from around his body and dropped to his side. Chase looked up and moved carefully, so not to disturb him.

He crawled off his body and stood next to the bed, his hand on his Dad’s side.

“Dad?” he asked quietly.

There was no answer. He was asleep.

The Book of Lies

Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

He ran his hand up the man's thick chest and wide neck until he rested his palm against the scruff stubble of his cheek. He was so handsome. Chase could remember the first time he ever saw him; that day at the bus stop, a lifetime ago. So much had changed since then, since the day Chase was confronted at school and used the latent power in his body for the first time. He thought having his Father in his life would be a dream come true. He imagined the man still loved his mother and that they would all live together again...like a real family.

Of course, none of that happened.

His Father already had a family. He had a wife and daughter and Chase's dreams shattered minutes after meeting his Dad for the first time.

He had no idea that this was just the tip of the iceberg. Had that been the only thing Chase had to deal with it would have been a small price to pay considering what was to come.

Would he have gotten on the bus if he knew? Would he have allowed the change to occur without his Dad?

He stood up and looked around the loft. It felt empty and filled with shadows of the past.

He wasn't just leaving his Father, but his life as he knew it was over. No longer just the only son of Helen, or the only living Werewolf of the Grand Alpha.

He was the IDRIS.

His life was not meant to be lived in the comfort of his Father's arms, or the safety of the farm, or the dozens of people who protected him since he first came to Montana.

His destiny lay elsewhere and away from all of them.

He told no one, save his mother. She was the only one he could not lie to, the only one that had to hear it directly from him. Everyone else, Bart, Sean, Jason, and Andreas would find out later...after he was gone.

This was the only goodbye he could not make; the one his Father would not allow.

Tears fell from his eyes as he leaned down and kissed at the man's face and his fingers moved through his Dad's thick blond hair.

"I love you" he whispered. He smiled as he remembered walking through the field with his Dad. He was so impressed with him and the way everyone treated him with such respect and fear.

His Father was the Grand Alpha!

How cool was that?

The Book of Lies Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

"Maybe I'll start my own business. You know, help the public. Maybe I can start my own detective agency or just go full rouge like a superhero" His Father had said.

He was so big, so powerful. Chase watched him with awe.

"You can just pass out cards to people who need them. Just your phone number and your name at the top" He offered.

"The Hulk?"

Chase shook his head. *"Too commercial"* He cocked his head to the side. *"How 'bout just 'Werewolf?'"* And then Chase added timidly. *"...and Son?"*

"Werewolf and Son" His Father smiled at him. *"Sounds perfect"*

Chase nodded his head at the sleeping man. **"It does sound perfect. It really, really does"**

He kissed him one last time and walked to the loft bay window and jumped down, landing soundlessly on his feet. He looked at the house. The new framework was coming along nicely. He hoped everyone could live in peace...at least for a little while and that they could forgive him.

As he started to move toward the field he felt a pull. He spun back and looked at the window expecting to see his Father.

No one was there.

Chase waited. He thought, just for a moment, that he felt his Dad with him.

Then it was gone.

Chase put his hand on his chest and felt his heartbeat. His memory of what happened with his Father after the run seemed like a dream. The power of the man was so great that Chase only remembered sensations and feelings.

He knew they had sex. He knew he drank from his Dad, but it was fleeting. Like a distant memory. All he could remember was how good he felt, as if he had been fully taken over by his Father's immense will. It wouldn't be the first time, mind you, but Chase thought he had more control now that he was the Night Wolf.

He looked at his hands and turned them over. They looked slightly blue.

The Book of Lies Book 2 of Werewolf and Son.....by Teague

His fingers touched his face quickly.

He cast out his power and immediately felt his mother. She was at home and asleep. Through her he could feel Andreas there and most likely pressed against her. He looked at his hands again.

They looked normal now.

He blinked and waited. He felt nothing more. Only her. He looked up at the bay window again. It was still empty.

Chase could not stop thinking of his mother. He hoped Andreas would keep her safe and distracted enough not to worry too much about him. He knew there was only a small chance of that happening.

He shook his head and cleared his thoughts as he turned away from the loft.

He walked away, his pace moving into a jog and then a full out run. Halfway to the woods Chase felt the moonlight stream over his naked body and his skin began to tingle. He began to blur as his speed became too fast for the human eye to follow. In one step, he burst into black smoke and reformed almost instantly into the Night Wolf. His paws dug into the ground as he bolted forward. His golden eyes glowed with power and his mouth opened in a smile as he felt the wind move through his dark fur.

He felt free.

He understood what he was, and what he had to do.

He was the IDRIS...

How cool was that?

The woods enveloped him without a sound; and Chase...the only Son of the Grand Alpha...disappeared.

EPILOG

One Year Later...

He didn't call his Dad, mostly because he couldn't bear to hear his voice. He was afraid that somehow the power of a Grand Alpha could work through the phone and compel him to return home, so he sent him postcards instead, begging him to stay home.

His mother, he did call...almost weekly. They talked for hours on the phone he had received for his birthday and made her promise to tell his Father that he loved him every time. It was hard to leave

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them, the hardest thing Chase had ever done; but he had a destiny to fulfill, one he couldn't do from the safety of his Father's protective arms, but he knew his Dad would have it no other way. She told him it took the whole family, to include herself, Wendy, Daruth, Andreas, and Sean, to convince the Grand Alpha not to go after him.

Chase could only imagine what that was like. His mom told him Daruth got a broken arm for his efforts and Sean was tossed over the barn. She did assure Chase that no permanent harm was done and it only took two days for Michael to change back into a human. It seems that only little Emma could stem the rage of his beast. Against Wendy's wishes the child had run up to him and wrapped her tiny arms around his massive, hairy leg as he growled at everyone.

Only she could touch him.

Chase imagined his Father's Werewolf batting everyone away as they circled him. That must have been fun.

"Make him promise not to follow me mom!" Chase pleaded. **"I have to do this alone. Polus won't allow his interference"**

Helen wasn't so sure she could make Michael do anything, but she promised she would try her best.

As Chase traveled, the Black Wolf had moved from pack to pack, making the presence of the Night Wolf known. Word had to be spread that Phoebe's champion now walked the earth and that no one was above judgment, neither Wolf nor Alpha.

He moved through the night like a phantom as the Werewolves cowered before him. Large and small, male and female, Alpha and follower...all feared him equally. He was fast, undetectable and disappeared in black smoke leaving nothing but rumors of his visit. Tales of his golden eyes and the ability to revert any Wolf back to human form spread like wildfire from pack to pack, until every Werewolf had heard something about him...even if it was just in whispers.

Deposed Alphas and rouge Wolves alike, were reined in and dealt with swiftly. Some changed, and those who wouldn't obey, simply disappeared. Chase, was Phoebe's sword, and abuse from dominate Wolves would not be tolerated. Chase did not linger, and he never appeared in human form. It would take a long time before it became common knowledge that he was in fact the Son of the Grand Alpha.

For now, he was what he should be; what he needed to be...Nox Nesting...The Night Wolf.

He was provided for by the packs. They left tribute for him deep in the forest and howled for him in the night. When he appeared, he spoke to them and spread his message. He spoke as a Wolf; and at the sound of his thick, raspy voice; every Were became enthralled by his words. Never before had a Werewolf spoken directly to the packs and Chase began to wonder if he didn't acquire even more from the Vampire DeMarco than just the ability to shift into smoke.

Chase took to his job quickly. His abilities allowed him to move freely among them while being undetected at the same time. Money wasn't a problem. The packs gave him payment for his services but

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Chase didn't want to leave a trail. When he needed to sleep he would find a spot far away from everyone and make camp in places where only smoke could go. He found he could even retain that form for several hours and drift high into the air, undetected by anyone. Chase made his way around the world, travelling by ship mostly but sometimes plane. He would board undetected and remain hidden until his destination, shifting into smoke and billowing away as he did.

Phoebe guided his hand. Through HER he was able to find the packs and quell whatever problems they had; usually in the form of a rogue Werewolf terrorizing the local populous or an Alpha male that confused leadership with abuse. For some, the problem was much more specific and Chase found himself using his ability to down shift a Wolf into a human more and more. For some, who found the change unbearable, Chase would remove the gift of the Wolf for all time. Children who had been bitten were cured by the Night Wolf, and any Wolf that disagreed would be at odds with his decision. This happened far more regularly than Chase would have liked, but the nature of a Werewolf was one of aggression, not cooperation. They were built for conflict and Chase had to assert himself as they fought for dominance.

Chase had not lost, nor would he. Phoebe guaranteed that.

It was his size that was the problem. The much larger Wolves saw easy prey in him and doubted the many rumors that surrounded him. In these times, Chase made an example out of the strongest while the others watched. Only this way could he ensure the weight of his arrival had meaning. Through the lesser Wolves his image would grow. Through the strongest, he would be feared.

He was camping and enjoying the cool air surrounding a quiet lake at the base of a mountain when it happened. China had several pack of Werewolves and unlike their American counterparts, these Weres rarely ventured into pockets of civilization. They were wild and untamed. Chase had spent a great deal of time here, culling and molding the packs into something akin to order. Superstition ran deep within these packs and his presence was revered from the start; making his job far easier than with the educated Wolves of North America.

There was a deep chill in the air, but Chase didn't feel it. He was immune to such things. No one was around; the area was far from any civilized land.

As he thought of his parents the ground rumbled, and a thunderous pounding roared behind him!

He spun and held up his hands, turning them into claws. He was ready for anything and could become smoke in an instant if need be. The sound grew louder and he had to put his hands over his ears because of the pain it caused. His vision swam as the ground rumbled beneath him like a great earthquake. He clawed at the air for support and he saw, to his horror, that his hands were human again!

He tried to shift into smoke but nothing happened.

The immense thumping became louder, and for the first time since he left the safety of his Father, Chase felt helpless and alone. He fell to the ground on his back from and saw something that made his mind numb.

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Two massive hands the size of trucks came out and pulled the trees apart!

A large foot in a leather sandal, bigger than his Dad's tractor, came out and smashed the ground before him making him fly into the air and tumble back to the earth in a heap.

Then SHE appeared.

A woman...taller than the trees stepped out. She wore long robes that covered her body, leaving one shoulder bare and one leg exposed up to the thigh. Her hair was braided and spun high on her head. A wreath of flowers and leaves surrounded her head like a crown. She was beautiful but not with the looks of a young woman, but rather the grace of a mother in the prime of health.

She glared down at him.

Chase almost screamed in fear but even his voice betrayed him. He had never seen anything like her and his mind swelled with disbelief. The power that radiated off her was like an ocean!

She was a Goddess!

"SHE COMES AND STEALS MY CHILDREN!"

Her voice boomed out like thunder and Chase cowered by reflex and pulled his body inward, praying to disappear. She was so loud her words vibrated through his bones. Her voice was majestic and drowned out everything else, as if nothing had the right to make sound when she spoke.

"SHE COMES AND RAPES MY LAND!"

Her cries were painful to hear. The raw emotion of her voice ripped through him like a jackhammer. The ground shook violently and Chase had never been more afraid in his life. His whole body trembled. The power she gave off made his Father's nonexistent by comparison.

"HER INSULTS TO ME WILL NOT GO UNPUNISHED! SHE WILL FEEL MY WRATH!"

Her anger washed over him like the sea and Chase wanted to run. He wanted to go anywhere SHE wasn't! The sheer anguish in her voice reverberated through everything. He felt everything SHE felt and he wanted to scream for it to stop, but his voice fell absent...leaving him in silence and terror.

"NO LONGER WILL I STAND BY AND ALLOW HER AFFRONTS!"

She pointed down at him and Chase's mind shouted, *"OH GOD NO!"*

"YOU! CHAMPION OF PHOEBE! SON OF POLUS! YOU, WHO BEAR MY MARK...WILL BRING BACK MY CHILDREN...AND KILL THE RED QUEEN!"

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The wind howled as Chase felt tears streak down his face uncontrollably. Her energy ripped into him and held him on the ground like an invisible hand. Neither Polus nor Phoebe had ever demonstrated this level of utter power and Chase was completely overwhelmed.

“AND YOU WILL DO SO IN MY NAME!” she cried and put her hand to her chest.

“SO COMMANDS...*DEMETER!*”

A mass of the largest flowers Chase had ever seen exploded at her feet and wound around her legs at just the mention of her name! There were so many, they overtook the nearby trees, until a blanket of color lay over them. Over and over they grew and clung to her, filling the air with their perfume scent as they made it to her knees, almost thirty feet off the ground!

There wasn't a conscious choice in his mind. What he did, he did from instinct. He managed to roll over and kneel before her, holding out his hands as he bowed his head low; his tears dropping to the earth.

Before the might of the powerful Goddess, Chase said the only thing he could.

“You're Majesty!”

To be continued in the third book of *Werewolf and Son*:

REIGN OF THE RED QUEEN