

Werewolf and Son

CHAPTER ONE

DeMarco sunk his teeth into the young wolf. He moved so silently and so quickly that the new Werewolf never had a chance to defend himself. His blood was drawn in quickly and DeMarco instantly enthralled him under his power. He didn't like drinking the blood of a Werewolf, but there were territories to be maintained, and DeMarco was going to make them...loud and clear.

He was an ancient Vampire. Having lived over 600 years old, DeMarco had seen the rise and fall of the Werewolf clans from the time when they were just wild animals, to when they travelled in packs for safety. Not that they needed a great deal of protection, but there were far more dangerous things than humans to contend with.

Gone were the days of the stray Werewolf roaming the woods and looking for prey. Civilization had grown too big for that and the wolves were an intelligent, family minded group. Having so many strong animals fighting for dominance did have drawbacks however...and the Alpha Wolf emerged. Stronger than the others and able to cast out his power to dominate the lesser wolves, he became the pack leader. Some challenged their authority, but Alphas were rare, and usually only other Alphas stood a chance of survival.

DeMarco hated them all. He culled their groupings and left signs of his kill for them to find. They made attempts to find him and his kind in daylight, but they never succeeded. Unlike the wolf, the Vampire craved solitude. They disliked having company, but would make exceptions when survival demanded it.

DeMarco lifted the lifeless body of the young wolf and threw it to the ground. It had been a boy, no older than sixteen, now pale with empty eyes. Whatever power the child had was now gone forever...and DeMarco smiled. It had been a good week. Four wolves were now dead thanks to him...and he had only just begun.

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Chase never knew his Father. He grew up in a small town in Georgia with his mother Helen on a nice plot of land that butted up against the woods. He liked to sit outside on the porch and look out into the big trees and listen to them move softly in the wind. At fourteen he was the only boy he knew of that didn't have a Father, not counting his buddy, and best friend Jacob, who lived two houses down. Jacob's father died in an auto accident when he was only ten, but at least he had a chance to love his dad, Chase reasoned.

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Chase never knew his Father, and his mother refused to talk about him. Instead she would simply tell Chase he was gone, and not coming back. In Chase's mind his Father was a secret agent or a millionaire. Maybe he was in hiding from the mob? There had to be some reason why his Father wasn't around, and since Chase didn't know the answer himself, he simply made one up.

These dreams carried him through many years...but lately Chase could no longer fool himself. He did know that his Father was alive; his mother wouldn't lie about that anyway. His mother in fact didn't lie about much; she just refused to speak on matters. She was very religious and had a crucifix in every room of their home.

Their house was well built and sturdy, even in the most severe storms. He knew she couldn't afford it on her own, working as a bank loan officer, and no one in their family was in a position to help them out financially. Whenever Chase had asked her about how they managed, she simply changed the subject. He suspected that his real Father must have provided for them in some fashion. At least in his dreams he saw it that way.

Things changed three weeks ago.

Chase was small for his age, too small to play contact sports with the other children, who seemed to get all the growth genes that were denied him. Chase had thick black hair and blue silver eyes that got him multiple stares from the girls in school. Although he would never be a football player, there was something Chase did better than just about anyone.

He could run.

He never knew where it came from. All his life he loved to run. Run around his mother in the kitchen, in the backyard, and to and from school. Few of his friends could ever catch him, and he signed up for track as soon as he could. His mother came to his meets and praised him for his efforts and almost easy wins over the rest of the kids; but something in her eyes... something she didn't want him to see always came through. It was as if she wanted to ask him something but couldn't find the words. It didn't matter; he was happy she took so much interest in him. No one loved him more in fact.

Chase was very close to his mother. She was heavily involved in his life and when he confided in her that he was gay, she took it very well...almost too well. He remembered when he first told her, sitting her in the living room. She wrung her hands together as she waited for the news with something bordering on fear. When he told her she damn near jumped from the chair to hug him tight. The only other person he told was Jacob, and like the good friend he was, Jacob just shrugged and said he didn't care.

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For Chase life was pretty good. His biggest problem was his good looks and soulful eyes that seemed to drive the girls crazy. Big football players used to look down at him whenever he walked by, usually because their girlfriends would say hi to him. But his size was no threat to any of them so they pretty much left him alone. Being cute was great....being super cute was annoying. Chase was...well...annoying.

Three weeks ago something spectacular happened. Chase was running against a rival school and he beat their track star by a startling five seconds. The boy was bigger than he was, with sleek muscles and long legs. This boy had risen quickly at his school and was the sole reason for the multiple trophies displayed in the school's hallway for track. There was no doubt that he was destined for professional competition.

But Chase ran right past him, and kept the lead the entire race.

At the finish line Chase looked back with a smile and grinned at the others as they came passed, their faces flushed and breathing hard. Chase had already recovered. He had an extremely high tolerance for exercise, and felt his heart slip easily back down to a steady beat, not moments after he crossed the finish line.

The rival school's record had just been shattered. Chase's classmates were all over him, slapping him on the back and hollering from the stands. He reveled in the spotlight, loving the attention, even if it was short-lived.

In the parking lot after the meet, Chase saw three bigger kids. They were in their early teens and had their faces painted with the colors of the rival school. When one of them pointed to him Chase knew something was wrong. He looked around, but he was alone.

He moved toward the woods and looked back to see them following him. They were. Chase took off like a jackrabbit for the trees and began to weave between them as easily as the wind. He heard the sound of footfalls behind him crunching the ground and throwing up debris as the large boys ran after him.

He didn't know what to think. No one had ever tried to hurt him before. He couldn't explain how he knew it, but he was sure as soon as he looked into their eyes that they wanted to cause him pain. As the seconds slipped by, the sound of his pursuers drifted away as Chase ate up the ground like a wild animal. He smiled to himself at his skill....well at least for a few seconds.

A thick arm shot out as Chase ran by and clothes-lined him to the ground. He looked up to see a boy about seventeen standing over him. The boy reached down and grabbed his shirt and lifted him up, slamming him against a tree. Chase felt the hard bark bite into his skin as pain flooded his brain. He saw red even before the boy pulled back his fist and punched him

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in the jaw. The world went dark for a moment and Chase found himself on his hands and knees as the boy stood over him.

That's when things changed for Chase. It was the first time in his life he had ever been hit. Something changed inside him and Chase felt angrier than he ever had before. But there was something else. He felt cornered. The sounds of the others reached his ears and Chase knew he only moments before they caught up.

He looked at the teenager standing next to him. The boy made to kick him and Chase grabbed his leg by the ankle and shoved him with all his might.

He watched in amazement as the boy flew in the air and slammed so hard into a tree that he crumpled to the ground unconscious. When the others came into view Chase was standing over the boy, his fists balled.

"Holy Shit!" one of them said. They looked at one another in disbelief and ran forward, their faces ugly with hate. Chase turned and ducked as the first one swung his fist. He put his hands on the boy's solid chest and pushed forward, lifting him up off his feet and slamming his head on a tree branch. He fell to the ground and rolled into a ball, holding his head in pain and moaning.

One of the other's grabbed Chase from behind and held him by the arms as the last one made to punch him in the face. Chase pulled his arms forward as hard as he could and broke free. He ducked again and the punch connected with his captor's jaw instead. The boy stumbled back and grabbed his face in shock. Chase made a fist and swung it at the teenager in front of him. The red haired boy's head snapped back, his body lifted from the ground, and he landed on his back about six feet from Chase.

He turned around and faced his last attacker.

The boy looked at his friends, not having any idea how things turned so bad, so quickly. They just wanted to scare Chase, and here he was, the last man standing. **"You're just a kid!"** he said in disbelief. **"Just a fucking kid!"**

Chase couldn't explain it any better. He had no idea how he did what he did. It just seemed to flow out of him as if by instinct. He crouched, ready to fight, when the boy looked down at him. At his hands specifically. They were splayed like a cat's. Chase wasn't making fists like other kids would in a fight; he was ready to claw instead.

"Fucking freak!" the boy yelled at him. He moved out of the way and gestured for Chase to move by. **"Just get out of here!"**

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Chase didn't need another offer. He kept his eyes on the boy and ran by him and into the woods for. He had never run so fast in his life. His heart was racing as he took deep gulps of air in and his skin tingled with electricity.

Helen listened carefully to what Chase told her. He had a mark on his face where he'd gotten punched but his back was fine. She said there were just some scrapes on him but no skin was broken. He looked at his shirt and saw blood but had no explanation for where it came from. She sat near him watching intently as he told her what he did to the boys. Chase was upset but exhilarated at the same time. He had never felt so alive before.

His mother looked scared.

Before she spoke she went into the kitchen for a tall glass of water. She held her crucifix in her hand as she came back and sat on the sofa, the gold chain tugging at her neck like it usually did when she held it. For the first time she told him a story...a story about his Father.

She started by telling Chase how much she loved him, and that she would give her own life to protect him if she could, and Chase believed her wholeheartedly. His Father's name was Michael that much Chase already knew. She pulled out his picture and handed it to Chase. It was old and worn on the corners but the image was vibrant, most likely due to not being displayed in the light for so many years. He was handsome with a radiant smile that Chase could swear made the room a little brighter. The man was blonde with thick hair that flowed around his rugged face. Chase's mother was in the picture as well; her small frame hugged by a muscled arm and leaning against him.

Chase thought his mother had made a mistake.

This huge man with blonde hair couldn't be his dad? They looked nothing alike. And his size....Chase was nowhere near his way to becoming so big.

Almost to answer his silent question, Helen pointed to the man's face. **"You have his eyes"**

She was right. Chase saw the same thing every time he looked into a mirror. Crystal blue eyes that were lined with deep silver popped out of the photograph. While he studied the image, his mother put one hand on his back and started to rub it as she spoke about his Dad for the first time.

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“We were in love” she began. She was a young girl from a small town in South Carolina, and he was a handsome stranger that swept her off her feet in a passionate summer. It was straight out of a romance novel and Helen had never been happier.

Everyone loved Michael. He was the sun in her morning, and Helen found herself the envy of every girl in town as she walked with him, hand in hand. Her parents liked him a great deal and they had hopes that he would take her away from their sleepy town and give her a better life. Helen herself thought this a possibility, until months later when a man showed up at Michael’s apartment.

His name was Silas, and at first Helen thought they were related because of his eyes, but Michael told her he was just a friend of the family. As she sat in the next room the two men began to fight. She couldn’t make all of it out but it was clear that Silas didn’t approve of her and wanted Michael to move on, but he refused. Eventually the man left without saying a word to her.

She never saw Silas again, but Michael began to act differently around her. His behavior became hostile around others, and he became possessive with Helen. She argued with him, not understanding his change, and during one of their arguments, the car spun off the road and careened down a hill. She woke up to find the car upside down and Michael gone. She was still inside with her seatbelt on when she felt the entire vehicle move. It flipped itself upright with a groan of shifting metal.

Michael stood outside, his shirt ripped and his muscles thicker than she had ever seen them. She was looking right at him but not believing her eyes. There was no way he could lift the car. No one could do that! As she watched he became blurry and the blood rushing away from her head and made her pass out. The last thing she saw was Michael moving toward her door.

She woke up in the emergency room, Michael by her side, not a scratch on him. They kept her in the hospital for three days because of a concussion. It took her almost another week before she built up enough courage to ask him about what he did.

“Sometimes when I’m upset I...well, I get strong” he told her.

Chase listened carefully. This was exactly what happened to him. He wanted more but his mother didn’t offer him anything else.

“That’s all he told me”

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During the investigation of the accident some things came to light. Michael was wanted for assault in another state. And to make matters worse, he was wanted for questioning about a series of murders that occurred in Texas at the same time.

The police took him away as Helen watched, crying from the doorway of her home, her parents by her side.

The police car was found later that night, both officers cuffed and inside the trunk but otherwise unharmed. The back seat was ripped apart and the door was missing. No one ever saw Michael again.

But that wasn't the end.

...Helen was pregnant.

She only found out after Michael was gone.

She had a healthy baby boy she named Chase.

"Your Father did contact me after your birth. You were four months old when I received the first letter" She took in a deep breath and sighed. **"I have them in the attic if you want to read them. He only sent me two. The first one apologized for what happened. He said he didn't kill anyone and that the police were mistaken about him, but he couldn't prove it"** She looked around the room. **"The hospital bills were all paid and I began to find large amounts of money inside the house. I knew they were from him because there was a piece of paper with the letter 'M' on top"**

Chase smiled, happy he was right about his Dad. He really did take care of them, just like in his dreams. Something inside of his swelled with pride for the Father he never knew. But Helen wasn't finished.

"The second letter came when you were four years old" She took a moment to compose herself. **"He said....he said you might be different"** She looked at Chase with tearful eyes.

He frowned, not liking to see his mother upset.

"He said it might not happen. In fact he said it would be highly unusual if you were to turn out to be anything like him. But if you did...if you did, I was to contact him"

"You know how to get a hold of Dad?" he said with excitement.

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She shook her head. **“Not really. I never tried before, he begged me not to. I don’t know if it will work”**

She was supposed to put an ad in the Sunday edition of the New York Times in the personals section.

“What about the money?” Chase asked her. **“How does it come to us?”**

She shrugged. **“I don’t know really. It shows up about once every two years. I usually find it in one of the rooms. Even though we’ve moved twice, it still gets to us”**

“He’s watching us?” Chase asked a little excited. **“He knows about us. Maybe he’s here!”**

“No love, he isn’t here”

“But...” He began but Helen stopped him.

“I used to find your pictures missing after the money would come. I think he takes them. But he isn’t here”

Chase was confused, stunned, and elated, all at the same time.

“He told me how important it was to contact him if you ever did anything....unusual”

Chase looked down at the bloody shirt. This certainly qualified he thought.

“I’ve never been strong. Never”

She nodded. **“I know”**

“So what’s the big deal? Sometimes I’m gonna be real strong. That’s pretty cool!”

She waited for a minute before she spoke. **“He said things would get...worse for you. Worse if you started to do things”**

He looked at her dumbfounded. **“Worse? What does that mean?”**

“I don’t know. He just said that it was important I contact him. He said he was the only one that could help you”

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Helen posted the ad that day. Twenty seven hours later she received a phone call.

Chase was on a bus to Montana. Helen bought his ticket and per Michael's instruction, told no one about it. He assured her that Chase would be alright and he would take good care of him and have him back soon. He asked her if she was happy and told her how proud he was of Chase and how she cared for him.

Chase looked out the window and unfolded the second letter his Father had written.

My Love, please don't believe what's been said about me. I know it's been a long time since we've spoken face to face, and I wish I could look into your eyes and tell you in my own voice, the truth of what happened. I can't fix what's already broken and my intent was to leave you in peace. Of course with the birth of our Son I can no longer do that. Let me say first, that I can't come back. I can never return to have the family with you that I wished I had. I would bring too many problems with me if I did, and you deserve far more than I can give you.

Although I want more, the best I can do is to make sure you're provided for. I will make sure the two of you have a home and never want for anything.

Second...and this is much harder Helen. There is something I need to tell you. Something you must believe with all your heart. Chase may be different. The chance is small but it is real. As he becomes a teenager he may experience changes that alarm him. These won't be the same as puberty; they will be sudden and unexplainable. If this happens Helen, if anything remotely happens to him that frightens him, you must contact me right away. I am the only one that can help him. You remember the accident we had and what I did?

Place an ad in the Sunday edition of the New York Times. Simply say Chase needs you. I will do the rest.

Never believe I left you both for lack of love. If you believe anything, believe that. I wish things were different. I wish life would have allowed us to be together. I wish so many things.

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When he's older, tell Chase I love him and he has a Father that thinks of him always.

All my love,

Michael

Chase came off the bus and found his Father instantly in the crowd. The man was overwhelmingly handsome. His rugged face broke into a large smile when he saw Chase. He waved to him and Chase moved slowly over. He looked up at the muscled frame in front of him.

"I'm Chase" he said simply.

"Hello Chase" he said with a deep friendly voice. **"I'm...I'm your Dad. But you can call me Michael...if you want"**

He was almost too handsome. His thick neck and broad shoulders towered over Chase, and even though he was smiling Chase wondered what the man would be like if he were angry. Chase didn't want to see that. His biceps were large and his brawny forearms were covered in soft blonde hair.

He was the perfect Dad...and then it hit Chase. He became angry.

"You send us money?" he asked curtly.

Michael pulled back a little, stunned at this being the second thing out of his Son's mouth. **"Um...yeah. I send you money"** Michael looked around to see if anyone was listening. The place was busy and most people were wrapped up in their own conversations to pay them any attention. **"You know, we have a long drive and I'll be happy to answer any questions you have. That's why you're here right?"** he gave Chase another grin.

Chase didn't smile back. **"I'm here because my mom said I had to come"**

Michael looked at him for a long moment. **"Son...."**

"My name is Chase" he cut him off.

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Michael licked his lips in frustration. **“Yeah...Chase. I know. Let’s go talk in the truck”** He moved to lift up Chase’s bag but Chase blocked him.

“I can do it”

Michael nodded. **“Okay”** He waved his hand forward and Chase walked ahead. He looked him over as he passed. *He’s smaller than I thought he would be. Much smaller.* He took in a deep breath and closed his eyes as he captured Chase’s scent. The hair on his arms stood up.

They drove out of town in a large pickup truck. Chase looked around inside.

“Why do you drive this when you send us so much money?”

“I use it for work. I have a small farm about three hours from here”

“A farm?”

“Yeah, I don’t have many animals, mostly chickens and cows”

“You make lots of money doing that?”

“Not really. I do it for fun. Wendy...my wife, and our daughter Emma, like it”

Chase’s eyes shone with silver. **“You have a family?”**

Michael knew it was a mistake the moment he said it. The boy’s eyes were sharp and almost sent physical pain through him. He should have found another way to break the news to him. **“Chase there’s so much you don’t know. Give me a chance to explain. It’s gonna take time”**

Chase turned away, not wanting to talk anymore. They drove mostly in silence. Whenever Chase looked over, Michael would smile at him. He didn’t understand why he felt so angry. He was happy to see his Dad, or at least he thought he would be. He used to dream every night about meeting him, and now that he was here, all he wanted to do was leave.

What’s wrong with me? He’s perfect. He’s just like I imagined. He’s everything I thought he would be....except in my life. What’s so wrong with us that he didn’t stay? Why didn’t he just send for mom when he could? Why did he start another family when he already had me?

Michael felt the change in his Son wash over him. He didn’t think the boy could affect him so much. He wasn’t used to being on the receiving end. The eyes were the worst part. They

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connected with Michael and ripped through his defenses effortlessly. His size and strength meant nothing to the child. *If he only knew*, Michael thought.

They arrived at the farm. It was well away from the rest of the town, if you could call it that. There was nothing but hills and fields and trees all around. The farm was beautiful, all things considered. There was a large white framed home and two barns in the distance. Next to the house was a smaller barn, but the upstairs had been converted into a guest house that Michael said was for him.

Wendy greeted Chase. She was a small woman, similar to his mother. She had brown hair and blue eyes. She was very friendly and asked him if he was hungry. He wasn't. He was starving. It felt like he hadn't eaten for days. Emma bounded up to him, her brown hair waving around in the wind.

"You're my brother!" she said happily. Chase didn't know what to say but luckily Wendy intercepted the child.

"Let's go wash up for diner and you can pester Chase later" She half walked, half pulled the little girl away as she continued to make conversation with him.

"I have toys!"

Chase smiled at her and he noticed that his Dad had taken his bags from the truck and rested them on his back. His thick bicep flared out and Chase couldn't help looking at him. He was built with strong limbs and broad shoulders. He stood well over six feet tall and Chase lost track of time as he stared at him.

With his anger temporarily abated by the arrival of young Emma, Chase felt something pass between him and his Dad. It was like electricity. Like a small current moving back and forth between them. His eyes moved over the big man, capturing every detail. If he didn't see him again for a hundred years he would never forget what he looked like, now. Right then.

He blinked, and he found his Father looking at him.

"You're big" he said before he realized it. His Dad grinned.

"Yeah, I get that a lot" He motioned for the barn near the house. **"I thought you'd be more comfortable in there. I use it most of the time. It's sort of my private space, but under the circumstances I thought you would could use it more"**

The place was big. Almost the whole top of the barn was living space. It was as big as the entire first floor of Chase's house. There was a large bedroom with a huge widow that

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overlooked the field. He showed Chase the bathroom and how to work the television. They ate dinner together. The house was beautiful inside, like the type of farm you would see in a magazine. Emma talked almost nonstop until Michael literally put food in her mouth so she would chew.

“She’s excited you’re here” He told Chase. Wendy asked about his school and what kinds of things he liked to do and for the rest of the meal they had polite conversation.

After dinner Michael showed him around and Chase saw his pictures on the walls of several rooms. Pictures of him when he was a baby and when he was older were all over the home. Emma pointed them out. Many were pictures Chase had never seen before. His Dad must have taken them. So he was right, Michael did look out for him....at least sometimes.

“That’s you at track” She looked up solemnly. **“That’s where people run”** she explained to him. Chase nodded with a grin. **“That’s me!”** There was a photo of her in her crib. **“That’s when I was little”**

After a long tour...that Emma narrated, Chase went up to bed, his Father walking close by. He opened the large bay window so Chase could enjoy the cool breeze. He tapped a switch on the wall.

“This goes right to me. If you need anything just use it. Don’t worry about the time”

Chase nodded and started to unpack.

“The girls will be gone tomorrow. I thought we could spend the day together. I’d like to see how fast you run”

Chase nodded. **“Yeah sure”**

Then something happened. Chase wasn’t looking at Michael but he could feel the man looking at him....almost through him. He stopped what he was doing and slowly turned around. His Father’s eyes were shining like small light bulbs were inside them. Silver light flowed out softly. Chase felt his knees weaken.

“Everything will be alright Son” The voice was deep and seemed to vibrate through Chase’s entire body. He was standing about ten feet away but it felt like he was close enough to touch. His voice sounded so soothing Chase wanted to move forward into his arms. He didn’t know why he felt this way all of a sudden. All the anger he felt earlier seemed to melt away and now he saw things differently. His Father started to walk forward, his large body making the floorboards creek with his weight. He closed the gap between them and reached

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out with one hand, taking Chase by the back of the neck. Power moved through him where his Dad hand was.

Chase was frozen in place.

His Father bent down and kissed him on the forehead. *I can smell him. I can smell everything about him!* It intoxicated Chase, standing so near his Dad. At that moment nothing else mattered; the only thing that was important was being near his Father, right here, right now.

The kiss seemed to last for an eternity, but even then it was over too soon. Chase looked up into the man's silver blue eyes. He was so handsome, Chase wanted to run his fingers through the thick blonde hair and rest his head against his Dad's broad shoulders. He breathed in deeply, taking as much of his Father inside as he could. He felt strong fingers rub at his neck and Chase became hard.

"I'm here and I won't leave you...ever again" the voice hypnotized Chase and all he could do was nod. He watched his Father walk away and down the stairs. It was like a dream. It took a few minutes before Chase felt like he could walk again. He couldn't explain it. His body felt like it was made of air.

His cock was raging in his pants. He could still smell the man and his eyes went instantly to a large chest up against a wall on the other side of the expansive room. Chase didn't have to open it to know what was inside. He quickly walked over and pulled up the lid. Michael's clothes were there and Chase could smell the man's distinctive scent all over them. He lifted up a shirt and pressed it against his face. The odor made his dick pulse. He rubbed the fabric all over him, wanting to smell the man everywhere. What had come over him? Never in his life had he been so affected by smell before. He couldn't get enough. He pulled the clothes out and pressed them to his face.

Much later he got undressed and into bed. The moon was streaming in through the window like a massive night light and the cool breeze flowed over his body like a blanket. He held his Father's shirt to his nose and grabbed his hard cock.

Downstairs Michael listened to the sound of his Son stroking himself. He waited until the boy came, hearing him grunt in pleasure as he peaked.

Maybe he is like me. Tomorrow will tell.

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Four hours later Michael came out of his house and moved below the window to the barn. He was wearing a pair of loose shorts and nothing else. He listened to the sound of his Son's steady heartbeat. He was sleeping. He crouched down and sprung off the ground with his bare feet and landed easily on the window frame, a full story above him. He squatted there and looked around in the dark, seeing everything. Chase was asleep in his bed, breathing deeply. He moved to the ground, his big feet making no noise whatsoever.

He's so small. Does he really have the power?

Michael leaned over and breathed in Chase's smell. He stirred and Michael quickly released some of his power. The boy went still almost immediately and Michael moved closer. He could smell his Son's cum. A smile crossed his face as he saw his shirt near his Son's face. He gave the boy a soft kiss on his head.

"Sleep little one. I'm here" he whispered. He extended his power slightly to keep Chase asleep and began to kiss at his neck and face. The taste of his Son's flesh made his mouth water and Michael's prick thickened in response. He gently pulled the covers back and the scent of cum became stronger. He leaned down and lapped at the potent fluid, cleaning the boy off and sucking his small cock in his mouth. It took more willpower than he realized to keep himself in control. He felt his muscles grow larger and his teeth extend. His tongue moved around Chase's hardening cock and he sucked deeply until it began to throb inside his mouth. He heard his Son's breathing change as he devoured the engorged shaft.

He pushed down his shorts and his massive prick swelled up in the air with a beastly hunger. A deep growl escaped from his chest and Michael had to stop. He moved away from Chase for a moment and took several deep breaths. His body had become larger like it did when he changed. The boy was bringing the beast out of him literally. He remembered seeing him for the first time at the bus station. His cock had swelled then as if it already knew who he was, but Chase's attitude toward him had pushed those feelings aside. The boy was in pain and it ran through Michael tenfold. The drive home was torture for him. His Son's smell filled the cabin and he wanted nothing more than to take the boy in his arms and hug him tight. But telling him about Wendy and Emma felt like a knife in his gut as Chase's hurt feelings washed over him like an ocean wave.

He was in tune with his Son from the moment the bus approached. He could smell him first and foremost. Even through the oil and gas of the busy terminal, he knew when the boy was near. Seeing him...especially his eyes, made Michael tremble with anticipation. The beast

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knew its own and it protected it's young. The urge to pull Chase to him was almost unbearable. The beast was trying to take control and it took Michael's full will to suppress it. Usually he had no problem controlling his animal, but having Chase so near broke that. Now it took extreme effort to simply silence the beast.

He took in a deep breath and felt his teeth retract. He looked down at his big dick. It was swollen and hungry for the boy. He turned to his Son and moved closer. Chase was still rock hard and asleep under the power cast over him. He knelt down and sucked him back in his mouth. His lips gripped the boy's erection tightly while his tongue ran across the sensitive surface of his Son's flesh.

This time Michael remained in control.

Chase came in his mouth a few moments later and Michael mouth exploded with the precious fluid. He swallowed hungrily and nursed on him until the boy was fully spent and dry. Michael wanted more....a lot more. He felt the bond sealing around them. He could feel every breath the boy took; the cool night air on his skin, and the softness of the sheets on his body, and every beat of his heart. He looked up and Chase was sound asleep; even deeper than what his power could do. He was exhausted and Michael kissed his face in regret.

"I'm sorry tiger. I couldn't help it. I need you so much" he whispered to his Son. **"You sleep now. I'll see you tomorrow"** He stood up; his massive prick throbbing and rock hard. He wrapped his hand around it and stroked himself slowly as he watched the boy. He moved back to the window and let his cock burst in the cool night air. Hot white cum blasted out of his big dick and sailed through the air, spraying the ground below. He grunted in satisfaction as he finished unloading and put his shorts back on. He looked at Chase for a moment and breathed him in again.

"I'm never letting you go"

He jumped out of the window and landed with a soft thud on the ground below, his powerful legs easily taking the long fall. He stood up and looked up at the window. He reached out and pulled his power away but the bond now shared with them was much stronger than before. Michael could still taste his Son's cum and he licked his lips hungrily.

When Michael left, Chase sighed but stayed asleep. His body shuddered in exhaustion and he dreamed of his Father, the man's thick arms wrapped tightly around him.

Werewolf and Son

Neither the Father nor the Son realized they were being watched.

The next morning Chase felt like he had run a marathon. He got in the shower and let the hot water run over him for long minutes. He could have gone back to sleep right there if he didn't hear his Dad come up the stairs. No, that's not quite right, he didn't hear him at all....he felt him. Or did he? Chase turned off the water and grabbed a towel. His Dad called his name and he said he would be right out. He dried off some and wrapped the towel around his waist.

When he saw his Father it was just like the first time. Chase felt a loss for words as he looked the man over. He was wearing shorts and a tight tee shirt. His legs were powerful and covered in blonde hair that Chase knew in his soul would be as soft as silk. He had a desire to drop to his knees and run his hands over the thickly muscled legs. His large feet were wearing a pair of red and white sneakers that seemed a little out of place for a farm. His Dad's big chest threatened to rip out of his shirt, not that the sleeves were having better luck at containing the man's engorged biceps. He was smiling at Chase.

“Good morning. How did you sleep?”

Chase didn't know. He really didn't remember any of it. After he came he passed out. That's the last thing he remembered until the sun came through the window.

“Okay I guess” he replied anyway. He had a moment of panic and looked at the chest. The lid was closed but his Father's shirt would still be on his unmade bed.

As if reading his mind, Michael looked over and picked up a shirt that Chase had taken to bed with him. Chase's face felt flushed as he thought of something to say.

“If you're cold I'll shut the window for you, but help yourself to anything of mine” He looked at Chase with his blue silver eyes. God damn he was handsome. Chase nodded.

“Really” Michael continued, holding up the shirt. **“Take anything you need. I want you too”**

Chase felt his Dad's words had far more meaning than the obvious. It was as if the man were speaking about something else entirely. Or was it just his imagination?

Werewolf and Son

“Well get dressed. Wendy left us some breakfast and then we’re gonna have some fun!” He told Chase to meet him in the kitchen when he was ready and he left the boy alone to dress.

Chase ate like it was the first time he had food. He filled himself up on pancakes, toast, bacon and orange juice. Michael watched with a smile as he cleaned his plate for the second time.

“I’m a big eater too” he admitted to Chase and reached over to ruffle his hair. Surprisingly to both of them, Chase didn’t pull away.

After breakfast they went out to the field that extended for almost a half mile before a line of trees sprung up from the ground. Michael pointed to them. **“Think you can run that far?”**

Chase gave it a casual glance. **“Sure”**

“Wanna race me?”

Now it made sense. The shoes he was wearing had nothing to do with the farm. Chase looked at them. **“I usually beat bigger people. You know, ‘cause I’m so small”** His eyes ran over his Dad’s powerful legs.

“I’ll give you a head start” He nodded for Chase to go ahead.

Chase shrugged and took off like a rocket. His small legs pumped at the ground and the wind sailed through his hair as he put distance between himself and his Dad. He glanced back to see his Father watching him with a grin. Chase looked forward and poured on the speed. Everything was going fine, just like it usually did....until it didn’t.

His Father ran past him!!

Chase was so stunned he almost stopped. He couldn’t believe his eyes. He had a healthy head start on him, even if he was faster, he couldn’t be that fast....no one was! He stuck out his tongue and ran as fast as he could.

He made ground but it wasn’t enough. At this rate his Dad would easily make it to the trees before him. The man’s muscled legs seemed to lift him higher than possible. His big feet dug into the ground and propelled him like a cheetah.

Chase was going to lose. His Dad turned to him and smiled. **“You’re fast!”**

Werewolf and Son

Chase was still a good twenty yards back. He put his head down and ran as swiftly as he could. He caught up until he was side by side with his Dad but he knew the big man had slowed down for him.

“You’re like a jackrabbit!” Michael grinned at him.

“You’re faster!” Chase cried out, trying to find more speed.

“I am now, but at your age, I couldn’t run like you!”

Chase could tell it was a complement. They reached the trees together and they both looked at one another. *He isn’t out of breath!* Chase thought. *Just like me!*

Michael stood in front of him, his face slightly flushed but otherwise acted as if the run had never happened.

“You’re incredible” he said to Chase.

Chase was confused. **“I lost”**

His Father moved close to him and looked him in the eyes. **“You’re my Son Chase. You can never lose against me”**

Chase knew his face was red. He felt the blood surge into his cheeks at his Dad’s words. He was so close, Chase felt himself breaking down. And the man’s smell filled every breath. It was as if he was all around Chase, not just in front of him. There was a bubble or a circle wrapped around them. Chase didn’t know how, but it was his Father. His presence was overpowering.

“Why did you leave me?” he heard himself ask. **“Don’t you want me?”**

Chase felt tears slip out of his eyes and his vision blurred slightly, but not before he saw his Dad move forward. His small body was lifted up in the man’s muscled arms. Chase’s feet dangled in the air as he hugged his Father’s broad shoulders and buried his face in the man’s neck. His Dad’s heavy biceps pushed into his ribcage and hugged him tight against his big chest.

Chase took in a deep breath and began to cry.

“It’s okay Son” Michael said softly. **“I’ll never leave you again. I promise”**

Werewolf and Son

Chase cried more freely. His Dad's strong hands gripped his small frame and rocked him back and forth.

"Never....ever again" he continued.

Deep in the woods DeMarco watched from the shelter of the tall trees, the sunlight away from his skin. He was so old he could walk in daylight, provided it wasn't direct sun. He licked at his lips wondering how Chase was going to taste.

"How touching"

At the edge of the woods there was a large bag of supplies that Michael had left earlier. They walked through the woods and down to a lake about two miles from the house. They spread out a large blanket and Michael took off his shoes and socks. A large tree cast a great shadow over them while the lake gave them an inviting stare.

Michael turned to his Son and took off his shirt. Chase's eyes ran over him and his face flushed before he turned away. Michael grinned.

"You like to swim Son?"

Chase nodded. **"Yeah, but I'm not that good at it. I can't go real far"** The fact that his Dad had called him Son didn't seem to bother him so much.

"Well, no time like the present to find out"

Chase gave him a surprised look. **"You want me to swim way out there with you?"**

Michael nodded. **"Yeah. You think I'm gonna let anything happen to you?"**

Chase looked at the lake, now seeming bigger than it was moments ago. His Dad was big and strong, but muscle doesn't float and Chase was old enough to know that. Before he could comment his Dad was pulling at the drawstring of his shorts.

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He was taking them off!

Chase panicked. His Dad pushed them to the ground and he saw the soft blonde hair covering the man's perfect ass and thick thighs.

Don't do it Dad. Chase thought. The man turned to him and Chase's eyes were pulled down like iron to a magnet. His Father had a huge prick with large balls that hung low between his muscled legs. It was the most beautiful thing Chase had ever seen. It wasn't just his cock, but everything. He was perfectly built and Chase could stare at his handsome Father forever. The man extended his hand.

"Come on Son"

Chase was frozen for what seemed like days. There was a huge problem. He was hard from seeing his Dad naked. If he took off his shorts his Dad would see. Then what? It was bad enough he got caught with the shirt, but this? No, he couldn't risk it. Before he realized it, he looked down between his own legs and saw his shorts tented out.

No! Why did I look!?!

His Dad took a step closer, his big feet sinking into the blanket. He squatted down in front of him and Chase couldn't help but look at the man's massive prick hanging down between his legs.

"Hey" Michael said to him. **"No one's here but us. It's alright"** He took Chase by the hand and stood him up. He looked down to the bulging shorts and said with a smile, **"It's alright Son"**

And it was. Chase didn't know why, but everything was alright. He wasn't worried anymore but he couldn't explain why. He reached down and pushed his shorts off, his cock springing up into the air, fully hard and throbbing. His Dad looked at it and caught his breath.

"Your...."

What? Chase thought. *Small?*

"Beautiful" his Dad finished.

His Dad's hand came out as if to grab at his hard cock but stopped halfway. Chase looked up at him. His Dad looked lost for a moment, as if he were somewhere else. Chase's eyes widened as he saw his Father's heavy cock thicken up.

Werewolf and Son

Michael smiled. **“Let’s swim”** He held out his hand and they walked into the water together.

The lake was deep and Chase swam slowly, his Father’s eyes darting to him every few seconds and Chase noticed how he stayed close by his side at all times. Chase was still hard, the cool water doing nothing to ease his excitement. It took almost thirty minutes before Chase felt his erection go down.

His Dad was a great swimmer. Just like when he ran, the man never seemed to tire. Chase was cut from the same cloth but he didn’t possess the same skill his Dad did. If Chase seemed to have any difficulty he instantly felt his Father’s hand take hold of him and keep him up.

For the first time in his life Chase enjoyed a day with his Father.

Almost an hour later, when they walked out of the lake, Chase stole another glance at the man’s incredible body. He wasn’t shy that was for sure. He turned to Chase as if he wanted him to look and Chase accepted the opportunity gratefully. When they came to the blanket they both dried off and then his Dad reached down and lifted up Chase’s socks and pressed them to his nose.

He looked at his Son and said, **“I love the way you smell!”**

Chase was stunned. He didn’t know what to say. He felt the same way about his Dad, but there was no way in the world he would have just come out and said it. Clearly his Father had no such problems.

“I can smell myself in you” Michael explained to him. He pressed Chase’s socks to his face again for a moment. **“You belong to me....”** He struggled for the words. **“You’re a part of me”** He grinned at Chase. **“The best part!”**

Chase felt a thousand emotions run through his mind at his Dad’s words. His cock was getting full again and Chase needed desperately to change the subject.

“Are you gay?” his Dad asked.

No! Chase screamed in his mind. This pushed him far past the ability to recover gracefully.

“It’s alright if you are. I couldn’t care less” his Father continued.

Chase was up against the wall with a gun to his head. Lying seemed impossible at the moment. The way his Dad looked at him with those damn blue eyes made him weak in the

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knees. Maybe it would be easier anyway. Maybe he should just tell him and be done with it. What did he have to prove anyway?

Chase nodded his head and moved past his Dad to get dressed. He didn't look back until his shorts were on and he was pulling his shirt over his head. His Dad had put his shorts on as well but his shirt was still off.

"You have a boyfriend?"

The blood ran out of Chase's face. He shook his head. **"No"**

Michael nodded at him. **"Good. I don't want to have to kick some kid's ass for treating you bad"**

Chase laughed a little knowing his Dad was joking. He watched as his Father spread out on the blanket and turn to him.

"Come here Son"

Before Chase could respond his Dad reached out and took him by the hand, pulling him down. He felt his Father's muscled arm wrap around his body and hug him tight. Chase reached across his Dad's big chest and hugged him back. He rested his head on the man's strong shoulder and sighed, happy his shorts were back on. All his problems and questions melted.

It never dawned on him that he had received very limited information about his Dad or why he was there in the first place. Simply being in the man's presence was enough...at least for now. He closed his eyes and ran his hand across his Father's chest. He had strong hairy arms and legs but his chest was smooth like marble; until his hand found a run of hair on his Father's stomach that led right inside his shorts.

Chase's cock swelled but he didn't care. Nothing mattered at the moment but being with his Dad.

Not even the Vampire watching them from two miles away.

They played football. Chase was never any good at it but his Dad seemed to be able to throw the ball right into his arms, making the game much easier. Most of the time was spent

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getting chased by his Dad around the field. Chase knew the man could catch him if he wanted, he had already proved that. He just wanted to play and Chase was happy oblige. Most of the plays ended with Chase getting swept up in his Father's arms and spun around in the air as the boy laughed.

Wendy and Emma came home a few hours later and Emma instantly ran up and joined the game. She ran with the ball through her Dad's legs and around his body. Chase could tell it was a game they played before and watched as Michael grabbed playfully at her tiny frame each time she came near, never taking the ball from her. He growled and chased her, his arms up in the air like a monster. Emma laughed hysterically and fled for her life, the ball securely in her arms.

Before dinner Michael walked up to the loft with Chase. He kept clothes there because of the hours he kept and he didn't want to come in the house dirty, so he changed in the loft. Chase watched as the big man stripped down and pulled off his shorts. He was sweaty from running around the yard all day and Chase thought he would die from lust when he saw his Father naked. Chase felt his mouth water. Michael grinned at him and told Chase to shower first and it took the most extreme amount of effort for Chase to pull his eyes away from his Dad's hard body.

He showered and when he came out his Dad was waiting naked, leaning against a beam.

"You done tiger?" he smiled. Chase nodded and moved out of the way for his Dad. He heard the water run and the sound it makes when someone is underneath. Chase couldn't help himself. He damn near ran over and pressed his Dad's shorts against his face. He felt dizzy from the smell. It was the most masculine thing Chase had ever experienced. His Father's heavy smell was all over it and Chase found himself licking at the fabric. His senses became flooded with the delicious flavor of his Dad's sweat.

He moaned out loud before he could stop himself. His cock became instantly hard as he sucked at the cloth. He reached inside the towel and began to stroke himself as images of his Dad filled his head. It took only moments for Chase to cum. He used the towel to clean himself off, keeping the jockstrap securely in his mouth.

He lost track of time. The water wasn't running anymore. Chase was still in his towel. Where was his Dad? He pulled the shorts out of his mouth and spun around, his heart beating quickly. The door was still closed. Chase wrapped the wet shorts with his wet towel and dropped them to the floor. He grabbed for his clothes and got into his pants as fast as he could.

The door opened and his Dad came out with a smile, a towel around his waist. **"That felt good!"**

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Chase nodded. His Dad went over to the chest and pulled out some clothes while Chase put his shirt on. His Father came over and put his things on Chase's bed. He pulled off his towel and stood naked.

“Wendy made fried chicken tonight. You're gonna love it!”

Chase gazed lovingly over his Dad's incredible body as the man got dressed, not doing anything to hide himself from his Son.

“You like chicken?”

Chase nodded. **“Mom makes it too”**

Chase changed right there. He stopped looking at his Dad the same way. Thoughts of his mom came rushing into his head. Michael must have noticed because he quickly spoke up.

“She's a great woman, your mother. You're lucky to have her”

Chase looked at him blankly. **“I know”**

Michael finished dressing. His face had changed as well. He was deep in thought and to Chase he seemed frustrated.

“Come on, let's eat and then we can talk”

They went down the stairs together, Michael's big arm protectively around his Son. As he looked down Michael cast out some of his power to wrap around the boy.

But nothing happened.

DeMarco was high in the trees and watching from a safe distance. Even at night, at his full power he didn't dare move closer. The Alpha would sense his presence. He could mask what he was in public but not to a Werewolf....well, at least not an Alpha. DeMarco lost count of all the wolves he had killed in his life. It seemed like no matter how many he disposed of; four more were born in their place. But an Alpha was no mere wolf. They couldn't be enthralled like lesser beings. They were too powerful themselves. They used this power to control other wolves, sometimes packs of them at once. Even a Vampire couldn't break that kind of

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control. And Michael was strong. One of the strongest DeMarco had ever faced. He tested the boundaries of Michael's senses and knew exactly how far he needed to stay away. It would take a great deal of planning to get rid of this one. Killing Michael's wife and daughter gained no control over the wolf, it would simply enrage him. And few things were more deadly than an out of control Werewolf. DeMarco needed something different, a way to get by the Alpha's power, and Chase was the answer.

The boy shared blood with the Alpha. Not just genetically like the little girl, but wolf blood. The boy was coming into his power and the Alpha was bonding to him. That bond could be exploited and DeMarco could enthrall the Father through the Son. He would use the supernatural connection that brought them together to literally hang them. But he had to wait longer. The game had just begun. The Alpha had drunk from the Son. DeMarco had watched him. The bond wouldn't be complete until the child took from the Father. Then he would strike.

"Love your Father little boy. Love him to death" he grinned to himself. He lifted off from the tree branch and sailed effortlessly through the air. Miles of ground ran below him as he increased his speed. When he neared the city he changed, his body morphing into a giant bat.

At dinner Chase listened to Emma as she relived every minute of her day with her newfound brother to her mom. Wendy, it was clear, was used to her daughter's energy and took it all in with practiced skill.

Michael watched Chase throughout the night, his eyes rarely off the boy in fact. He cast out just a little power and Chase turned to him and blushed. Michael felt relief that he got a response. His eyes gleamed lovingly and he sensed his Son's cock thicken. His own prick responded in kind and swelled in his pants. He had a strong desire to drink the boy's cum again. It was so strong in fact that Wendy had to break his concentration by touching his arm.

"Sorry love, what did you say?"

"Are you enjoying your dinner?"

"It's fantastic" he grinned at her. **"Like everything you do"**

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Michael had to be careful. Chase was bringing out primal urges in him that were damn near impossible to control and Wendy was so small. In his current state Michael could seriously hurt her if they were to have sex. He was hungry for the boy and that hunger would have to be satisfied soon. Being a woman she would sense his heightened desire and mistake it for herself. Michael could never live with himself if she were ever hurt. Chase had to come around and soon. The bond must be complete or Michael's beast would take what it wanted by force if necessary.

Wendy ran her hand over his forearm and Michael leaned in to kiss her.

"Thanks for everything. It's delicious"

She smiled at him and turned her attention to Emma who was still talking.

"Angel, let Chase eat his dinner. You can talk to him later"

She nodded her head and turned to Chase and began to talk again, clearly disregarding her mother's words. Wendy sighed and shook her head at Michael who grinned back.

Chase enjoyed all of them more than he would have thought possible. The food was fantastic and Emma was great to be with. But when Chase looked at his Father what he felt was indescribable. He found himself getting hard from just a look and Chase could smell the man clear across the table, even more than the hot food in front of him. His mind wandered to the shorts still wrapped in his towel. And to make matters worse; whenever he looked at his Dad, his Dad was looking right back at him, as if he had been watching him the whole time. His eyes seemed to be speaking to Chase and Chase felt that he wasn't looking at his Dad at all, but someone else...something else.

Chase had an image flash in his mind of kneeling in front of his naked Father. It was so vivid he caught his breath and felt himself sweat.

Michael saw his Son's reaction and quickly pushed at the beast inside him. It was coming out again, right there in front of everyone. He leveled his will against it, not sure what it had just done to his Son. He looked down at his food and ate, his thick cock raging in his pants and demanding release.

The feeling left Chase as quickly as it came. He felt like a cool breeze blew across him and he could focus once more on what Emma was saying. Minutes later when he looked at his Dad the man mouthed the words 'I love you' to him.

Chase felt warm all over.

Werewolf and Son

DeMarco landed on the balcony of his penthouse loft. The glass door was open and he shifted back into human form and walked inside. A handsome boy with curly brown hair stood to face him.

“Patrick”

The boy nodded his head. **“Master”** The boy. He was naked from the waist up, his smooth muscled body flawlessly perfect. He was around eighteen when DeMarco had changed him. It took some time, and twice he thought he would lose the boy before his power set in. It wasn't easy to change a human into a Vampire. It took a great deal of effort and only a very powerful Vampire could enact the change successfully. An unsuccessful change would result in a deranged animal, uncontrollable; or worse, a painful death. Slow feedings back and forth over a period of months were needed and DeMarco kept his power level focused on the boy constantly.

Patrick was beautiful. He was strong, tall and handsome, with Irish blood in his veins, giving him a reddish brown complexion and smooth skin. He had light brown hair on his arms and legs and a radiant smile with green eyes. DeMarco remembered meeting him for the first time. Patrick had begged him for the change. In his whole existence DeMarco only turned six people, three of which were still around today. Patrick was still a new Vampire. He wasn't able to change form or fly at will. He could enthrall some people at a distance but his control wasn't stable yet. He was strong though. It was one gift given almost instantly to those who were changed by a Master Vampire. And he was fast, with the ability to cling and climb walls. Walking in daytime, even under shelter was impossible for the boy. It would take a good century until he would be able to do that....provided he survived that long.

DeMarco held out a photograph of Chase and handed it to him. Patrick looked at it and grinned.

“Is this my new boyfriend?”

DeMarco nodded and sat next on a large cushioned chair. Patrick came over and knelt at his feet. **“He's a wolf. His Father is the Alpha I told you about”**

“How am I supposed to get to him then?”

“The woman. The Alpha will want his Son to spend time with her. It's a family thing”
DeMarco explained to the confused teenager. **“It's then that you will have your chance”**

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“He won’t know that I’m not human?”

DeMarco shook his head. **“He’s nowhere near that level of power yet. To him you’re nothing but a beautiful boy”**

Patrick flexed one arm making his bicep flare out and he grinned. DeMarco let him have a moment to enjoy the complement and said, **“But the Father is another story. He will sense you from miles away. You’re not able to mask what you are yet and if he gets near you he’ll destroy you”**

“I’m fast”

“He’s faster, and stronger. His eyes will trap you and his claws will rip you apart”

DeMarco didn’t wait for Patrick to protest further. **“I will deal with the Alpha personally, you worry about the Son”** He looked over the boy at his feet. **“Think he’ll like you?”**

Patrick grinned and stood up. He unbuttoned his pants and pushed them to his feet, stepping out of them. His big cock hung proudly between his legs.

“Oh, I think so....”

DeMarco nodded. **“One more thing. The woman isn’t human either. Avoid her if possible”**

CHAPTER TWO

Michael sniffed in the air and moved to the bed. He leaned down and smelled the sheets. His Son’s scent was all over them. He inhaled deeply and when he moved up to the pillow he smelled something very familiar. He reached underneath and found his shorts from the day before. He lifted it up to his face. It still had his smell, but only a Werewolf would have detected it. It had been sucked almost to the point of being clean. The entire crotch had been worked over. Michael thought with a smile. He moved to put it back but then thought otherwise. He opened his pants and pushed the shorts inside, rubbing it all over his cock and balls. He wrapped it around his thick shaft and began to stroke his prick. He twisted his hand around for a moment and brought the shorts up to his face. His Son would get more use out of it now. He placed it back under his Son’s pillow and zipped up his pants.

Werewolf and Son

About forty minutes later Michael greeted Chase outside as he came back from the mall with Wendy and his daughter. Chase's face glowed with happiness at the site of him and he noticed the boy's cheeks reddened with blood. Chase's eyes ran over his bare arms as he lifted his large toolbox up from the floor and put it on his truck.

"I've got it" Wendy said when he moved forward to take the bags out of her hand. Chase gathered up as many as he could while four year old Emma pushed her stroller. **"Besides your hands are dirty"** Mike looked down at his hands and grinned, giving her a kiss on the lips. He bent down as Emma went by and gave her a kiss as well. Emma rewarded him with a big smile and a **"Hi Dad"**

"She doesn't like it when I help out too much" he said to Chase, who stopped in front of his Father. He scratched the back of his head with one hand. **"Something about independence or a woman's right to vote or something like that"**

Chase grinned up at him and as he moved by, Michael leaned down and kissed him on his forehead, letting out a little of the Alpha in him to wash over the boy. He saw Chase's body trembled from the feeling as he looked up with his haunting eyes.

"I missed you tiger"

Tiger was something he started calling Chase when they were alone. The boy had never heard his Father say it in front of anyone else. He had names for everyone in the family. Emma was princess and Wendy was angel. Although he used those names freely with others around, Chase's name was for just the two of them.

"I missed you too Dad" Chase's knees felt a little weak as his Father's muscled body leaned over him, blocking his way.

He flashed Chase a bright smile. **"I can't get enough of that you know"** Chase creased his brow in confusion so Michael finished his thought. **"Of you calling me 'Dad'"**

Chase nodded and Michael pointed to the house.

"Go put that stuff away and come back outside so we can spend some time together alright?"

Chase walked away on a cloud of complete bliss as he felt his Dad's large hand squeeze his shoulder. He moved as quickly as he could, helping Wendy put everything away while Emma tended to one of her dolls. He went up to the loft to drop off a book he bought and a shirt that Wendy insisted he have. As he passed the bed he immediately felt an overwhelming desire. He looked at the pillow and lifted it up. His Father's shorts lay there

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like a prized treasure. Chase brought the garment up to his nose, inhaling deeply. The scent of his Father hit him like a wave making the hair on his neck stand on end. His cock throbbed with desire as Chase put it in his mouth and sucked on it. He moaned at the flavor of his Dad's sweat as his mouth watered around it. Images of the handsome blonde man ran through his mind while he moaned softly.

Outside, Mike had paused near the toolbox, one ear on his Son's movements. The Werewolf in him clearly heard the sound of his Son's sucking, as if he stood right beside him. He smiled to himself and said out loud. **"That's my boy"**

DeMarco watched them from a safe distance. Wendy never left Chase's side, not that Patrick could come out in the daylight anyway. There was another opportunity coming though and DeMarco thought it would be the perfect place for a meeting between his Thrall and Chase. A carnival was coming. It came every year bringing hundreds of people to the rides, bright lights and food. With so many around the Alpha would find it more difficult to notice Patrick and DeMarco wanted to test his power against the man. He thought he could mask Patrick from him with so many others around. He himself had come within a half mile of Michael during the last State Fair and the Alpha never noticed. Of course the sixty or so people between them helped, and DeMarco, to give himself credit, was not easy to detect.

Vampires didn't so much sense a presence the way wolves did, they could see it. An aura of supernatural light surrounded those gifted with abilities far from human. A Werewolf gave off a yellow glow that Vampires could see, so it was easier for DeMarco to track Michael than the other way around. But Michael was an animal at heart and once he locked on to Patrick, the boy was doomed. DeMarco would have to whisk his Thrall away quickly before the wolf could strike him down.

Usually in public the peace was kept, even when everyone's identity was known. No one wanted a fight when humans were around to watch, especially hundreds of them. DeMarco could wait. The Alpha was too good a prize to rush and he didn't live as long as he did by taking chances.

Werewolf and Son

Chase stood near his Dad as the big man worked on the tractor engine. He handed him tools when he asked for them and noticed his Father had no trouble lifting the massive wrenches that Chase needed all his body strength just to pass. He would call Chase over and point things out to him and Chase used the opportunity to be near his Dad and smell the incredible odor that lifted from his muscled body. If he was ever too far away, his Dad would reach out an arm and pull him closer. Chase had to fight the urge to hug the man. His mind focused on the large muscles on his Dad's strong body and the way the sweat would run slowly down his neck. As usual when he was this close he became hard and made sure to face the other way so his Dad wouldn't see.

He didn't know that Michael knew every detail of his feeling already, and even if a brick wall separated them it wouldn't have mattered.

Chase breathed deeply and felt the power of the Alpha intoxicate him.

"Dad..." Chase moaned before he realized it. Michael looked at him inquiringly for a moment and then grinned. He wiped his hands off on his jeans and moved to the back of the tractor motioning Chase to follow him.

"I want to show you something" He looked around to make sure they were alone. **"Your mom told me about what you did to those boys who were bothering you"** He put one hand on his Son's shoulder. **"Don't worry about what happens next. I'll explain everything"** He reached down, taking hold of the back of the massive farm vehicle. His huge biceps flared out and his legs stretched the fabric of his jeans.

The back of the tractor came off the ground!

Michael looked at his Son and gave him a big smile. **"Not bad huh?"**

Chase was dumbfounded. He couldn't believe his eyes. Pushing other kids around was one thing, but this shouldn't have been possible. His Father was clearly a powerful man, but the tractor's weight was measured in tons not pounds. He looked down to see his Dad's large boots sink into the soft earth from the heavy load they held.

"Pretty cool huh?" he asked him.

Chase nodded and his Dad set the huge machine down. He wiped his hands off on his dirty jeans and looked around again.

Werewolf and Son

“I was worried about you when your mom told me what you did. The truth is Chase, it was one in a hundred that you would get mygenes....so to speak” he picked his words carefully.

There was something else though. Chase could smell his Father so strongly it almost made him dizzy. He grabbed the tractor and looked at his Father. Michael answered his silent question.

“That’s a side effect. It’s a way of marking my presence. It’s not something I can really turn off but only someone.....like us.....would even notice it” He moved close to his Son and lifted his head up with one hand. **“Like it?”** He already knew the answer but waited for Chase to nod anyway. He leaned down and sniffed the boy’s face. **“I like it too”** Then he did something that broke the spell. He licked Chase on the neck.

Chase put his small hands on his Dad for support. **“How?”** He had never felt more confused in his life.

Michael swallowed his Son’s sweat. It filled his mouth with a burst of flavor that his entire body was in tune with. He would have licked the boy clean if he thought the boy would let him. He settled for what he had and stroked his Son’s hair.

“It’s where your speed comes from Chase. It’s one of the first things you get. Then the strength comes next, followed by the sense of smell and hearing” He closed the distance between the two of them and squatted down in front of Chase. **“That’s why I love the way you smell Chase....and the way you taste”** He leaned in and licked the other side of the boy’s neck. He looked at him and then tilted his head to the side, offering himself to Chase.

Chase didn’t need another invitation. He quickly leaned in and took a long lick at his Dad’s sweaty neck. His mouth exploded and his cock raged in his pants. His arms wrapped themselves around his Father’s shoulders and he licked at him hungrily over and over again.

“That’s it Son. Taste me” He pulled Chase against his chest and ran his big hands across his Son’s slender back. Chase moaned loudly and he felt the boy’s teeth sink gently into him as he alternated between licking and sucking on him.

“I know. Go ahead Son” He ran his hands lovingly across his Son and hugged him tight.

A long moment past before Wendy leaned out the front door and called for Michael. He called back from around the tractor that he would be right there. He heard the door close and he gently pulled Chase away. He looked at the boy’s blue eyes. They were shining bright, just like he knew they would be. He used his power to settle him down and after a minute

Werewolf and Son

Chase's breathing slowly came back to normal. He blinked and looked at his Dad as if from waking from a dream.

"That's me too" he explained. **"I can let it out of you, and I can calm it down"** He gripped his Son's shoulders and kissed his lips. **"Tonight, you'll know the rest, I promise"** He gave him a smile and patted him on the back. **"Let's go help out inside"**

Patrick looked at himself in the polished metal, his strong lean muscles and floppy curly brown hair made him look like a model. He picked out the clothes he would wear and set them to the side for his date with Chase. He had a pair of worn jeans with rips in the leg to show off his flesh and a tight tee shirt that outlined his chest and arms nicely. He tugged at his curly hair and smiled. *Brilliant*, he thought to himself.

It wasn't that a Vampire didn't cast an image; they just didn't cast one in a mirror. A mirror was a window to the soul, supernaturally speaking, and a Vampire didn't have one of those. Cameras and metals still captured them however, so the loft was equipped with a large, heavily polished, stainless steel plate. The image wasn't perfect, but it would do.

He lifted up his big cock and watched as it swelled in his hand. DeMarco looked on from nearby. Patrick liked it when he was watched. He didn't care so much by whom, he just like being the center of attention.

"Perfect" he heard DeMarco say. He grinned at the ancient Vampire.

"Thank you Master" He lifted up a pair of pants. **"Should I put these on?"**

DeMarco shook his head. **"No. I like you this way"**

Patrick nodded and walked to his Master, kneeling at his feet. He reached up with one hand and felt for the lump of hard flesh he knew would be there. **"Shall I pleasure you my Lord?"** He didn't wait for an answer. He never did. He unzipped DeMarco's pants and tugged out his big dick, engulfing it in his warm mouth hungrily. He heard his Master moan as he swallowed the Vampire whole.

DeMarco allowed his Thrall to enjoy himself until his cock became fully erect. Then he held the boy's head and began to fuck his throat, sawing his solid prick in and out as the teenager sucked him eagerly. The boy wanted his cum. To a Vampire it was almost as potent as blood, although it couldn't give life the way a living man did. Giving a Thrall either one made them

Werewolf and Son

more powerful, and Patrick wanted power more than anything. He didn't have a tenth of his Master's skill yet. Walking outside in daylight was not an option, not even in shadow. It wouldn't matter how much blood his Master gave him, it would take a century before he would get that ability. Casting fire about with his mind and flying were also far beyond him. Right now the only thing DeMarco could give him was more physical strength and speed, and for now it that was enough.

"Heed me well Patrick" DeMarco said to his Thrall. **"The wolf is dangerous. If you're caught by him it will mean death. Don't let the power I gave you lull you into a false sense of security. He's as powerful as I am, maybe more so. The child means everything to him and I'm counting on that. Don't fail me!"**

Patrick sucked deeply and felt the man swell inside his throat. He would prove himself worthy. The boy would fall. He would make sure of it! He reached up and gripped his Master's hands and DeMarco did exactly what he knew he would. He fucked his mouth harder.

DeMarco smiled down and raped Patrick's throat and then yanked his hair back until only the head of his cock was inside. **"DRINK!"** he commanded and then he flooded Patrick's mouth with cum.

That night Michael and Chase waited until Wendy and Emma were asleep. Michael moved to the open window in the loft dressed in his shorts, running shoes and tee shirt.

"Time to have fun" He took off his shoes and socks and set them near Chase's bed. He pulled off his shirt and pointed to the window. **"Watch this"** He took a running start and hurled himself through it while Chase ran after him.

"NO!"

Michael landed far below, his feet absorbing the impact easily. He looked up grinning. **"Well?"**

"Dad!" Chase called. **"Are you alright?"**

"I'm fine" He smiled. **"You coming?"**

Chase looked alarmed. He didn't expect him to jump out the window did he?

Werewolf and Son

“Dad?” he called again. **“I can’t....”**

“Chase. I won’t let anything happen to you. You’re safe. Trust me” He waited.

Chase moved to the edge of the window and looked down. It looked far. Like seven miles far. He felt the sweat run down his back. His Father was smiling and his eyes seemed to glow. Chase felt different when he stared into them. Everything really was alright. He just didn’t know why.

He walked off the side and fell through the air.

Wind rushed through his hair and his Father’s eyes held him steady, wrapping him in a protective blanket. At the last second his Dad quickly moved away and Chase felt his legs bend deep at the knees.

He felt nothing. No broken bones, so split tendons, no ruptured blood vessels. He looked up at the window far above him and then at his grinning Father.

“Welcome to the family Son” And then he took off like a bullet, running away and toward the field. Chase immediately ran after him, pulling off his shirt as he did. His Dad looked back and flashed his glowing blue eyes. **“Show me what you got tiger!”**

They reached the trees and Chase thought for a moment they would be stopping. His Dad wasn’t wearing any shoes after all, but the man didn’t stop, he wove around the first tree and dropped into the darkness. Chase slowed down at the tree line. He looked around and saw his Dad about twenty feet up, rounding another trunk.

He could see him!

That should have been impossible. It was dark. No moonlight reached down this far through the woods.

“Dad!”

Chase saw a pair of glowing blue eyes framed by his Dad’s handsome face.

“Chase! Come to me Son!”

Chase moved forward but his Dad didn’t wait for him. Instead he bolted away, and Chase watched with awe and some terror as his Father sprung off the ground and planted both feet on the side of a tree, launching himself at high speed. He landed far away on his hands.

Werewolf and Son

Chase could see the massive biceps flex under the weight of his body and his powerful legs came forward and met the ground again to take the brunt of the load.

He was gone!

“Oh my God!” Chase said, frozen in place. **“How the hell?”** He listened all around. He heard leaves moving in the distance, but they were too far. Surely his Dad couldn't be that far in such a short time. The sound circled and moved behind him. Chase spun around but no one was there. He heard his name called. Then he heard it again, but it was from the other direction!

“Dad!”

Now Chase was scared. The leap, his strength, it was all catching up to him.

“What are you?”

He heard a twig snap and his Father was right behind him, grinning.

“I'm your Father Chase”

He was so handsome. His big chest and hairy arms seemed to glow under the soft blue light his eyes cast off.

“Don't everever....be afraid of me” He reached out with one hand and cupped the back of his Son's head. He leaned down and kissed his lips.

“I love you”

Chase loved this moment. He had waited to hear this from his own Father all his life. There was one response, and only one.

“I love you too Dad”

Michael stepped back. He pushed his shorts down his legs and stepped out of them, standing completely nude in front of his Son.

“Get undressed and run with me”

Chase moved as if in a dream. He kicked off his shoes and pulled off his socks. He took off his shorts and threw them to the side, his eyes never leaving his Father's big cock.

Werewolf and Son

Michael looked over his Son and licked his lips. He reached down and wrapped his hand around his heavy prick and began to pull on it. Chase watched and Michael let go so his Son could look at him. His cock began to rise. Michael smiled with amusement as Chase was kept mesmerized by his prick. He used the opportunity to look over his boy. He had already sucked his Son, but the boy had been asleep then. Having him awake and in front of him made Michael throb with anticipation. Chase responded to the sight of his Father by getting hard almost instantly.

He knelt before Chase, pushed his face against the boy's dick and breathed in his smell. He felt Chase's hand on his head and Michael opened his mouth and licked at his Son's hard prick. He felt the boy tremble and he reached between his legs and held him up. He sucked his balls in his mouth and heard the boy moan loudly.

"Dad!"

Michael moved to the boy's hard cock and took the whole thing in one hungry gulp. Chase was too sensitive and Michael had to ease up or the boy would cum in his mouth within seconds. He took one hard suck and stood up in front of his Son. He brought his fingers up to Chase's mouth and watched proudly as Chase immediately sucked on them. He pulled them away and kissed his soft lips before he stepped back. He took his dick in his hand and openly stroked it in front of Chase. He let his hand fall and his large cock bounced in the cool night air.

"Come get me!"

His Father moved like lightening. Chase found himself running after his Dad before he even realized it. Something inside of him was coming out and whatever it was, it felt good.

Chase's small legs ate up the ground and his lithe body wove between the large trees with little effort. What he lacked in speed against his Dad, he made up for in agility. His Father's powerful legs were like giant springs and Chase had to keep his eyes on him for fear of losing his position. His Dad's strong body bounced off the trees more than moving around them, and the trees shook with the impact. He saw him look over his shoulder to see if he was keeping up, but Chase was doing far more than that. He was gaining ground!

"That's my boy!" Michael called out as he lifted off a large rock and sailed through the air. Chase, not as comfortable with jumping, simply ran around the boulder and reached out to grab his Father. Michael laughed and twisted away before Chase could touch him.

"Almost kid!"

Werewolf and Son

Chase put his head down and pumped his legs for all he was worth. The trees blurred for a moment and he found himself right next to his Father.

Michael blinked in surprised when Chase's hand grabbed his arm, and he actually flinched. He stopped running and faced his Son.

"My God! You shouldn't have been able to do that!"

Chase was breathing hard. His face was flush and his eyes were glowing with a soft blue light. His grip on his Dad's arm was strong.

"You're amazing!" He shook Chase off and lifted him up off the ground by his waist. **"You're my Son! Of course you're amazing!"** he grinned and his eyes glowed back at Chase. He pulled the boy against him and hugged him tight.

Chase wrapped his arms around his Dad's broad shoulders and squeezed with all his might, not caring about his stiff cock pressed against his Dad's stomach. That no longer mattered to him. His Father was the most incredible man he had ever met and any dreams he had of the man paled in comparison to the real thing.

"Dad..." he whispered in the man's ear.

Michael hugged him tighter and kissed at his Son's neck.

"You're my boy. Don't ever forget that"

Chase felt tears welling up in his eyes. **"Mom said....."** And then he stopped. The feelings he had for his Dad were still there, but they were farther from him now, as if he were somehow disconnected from his own mind. He wasn't the only one that felt it. His Dad stiffened up and set him back on the ground, but not before giving him a final kiss on the neck.

Michael looked down at Chase solemnly. **"You're love for her is strong"** he stated as if answering a question Chase didn't know he asked.

"Every time I think about her I feel different" Chase said with confusion.

Michael looked away for a moment. **"I'm sorry Chase; I thought it would be easier for you this way"**

Chase stepped back. **"What are you doing to me?"**

Michael held up his hands in surrender. **"I'm protecting you"**

Werewolf and Son

Chase gave him an angry look. **"You know what I mean"**

Michael nodded. **"Yeah, I do"** He took a deep breath. **"Chase there is so much I have to tell you but we need to do it slowly so you can accept everything"**

"I'm not a child. Just tell me!"

Michael wanted to scoop him up and hold him tight. He was so small, so fragile. He moved forward, squatted down and took hold of Chase by the lower legs.

"Okay Son. This is the truth. You're not just different. You're incredible; amazing in fact.....supernaturally speaking"

He watched for Chase's reaction. The boy simply looked at him, taking in what his Dad just said.

"Supernaturally" he repeated back to his Dad.

Michael nodded. **"Yes Son"** He looked around the woods. **"Everything you can do, everything you've seen me do, has an explanation"** He looked his Son in the eyes and waited. Chase said no more. **"How many people can jump from a second story window?"** he asked the boy. **"How many men can lift up a tractor, or run as fast as we can?"** He waved to the woods around them. **"How many of your friends can see in the dark?"**

Chase shook his head. **"None of them"**

Michael nodded. **"That's right Chase...none of them"** He ran his hands up the back sides of Chase's small legs tenderly. **"Just you, and me...and others like us"**

"Like us?"

"Yes, like us. Other Werewolves"

Chase felt like he had been slapped in the face. **"WEREWOLVES!?"**

Michael didn't answer him, he just watched. Chase tried to pull away but he held the boy in place. Chase shook his head.

"There's no such thing!"

Werewolf and Son

“There isn’t?” Michael replied. He looked down and picked a rock up in his hand. He held it up so Chase could see and then tightened his fist. The rock imploded, crushed by his strength. He slowly stood up and took one step away. He reached down and ran his hand around his big cock and balls and then waved the hand in the air.

“Smell that Son?”

He could smell it! In fact Chase couldn’t smell anything but. Not the fresh plants all around them, the lush forest trees or flowers that dripped honey. All he could smell was his Dad; his Dad’s incredible scent.

“I can smell you too Son. I can smell you miles away”

Chase trembled. **“Why?”**

“Because your body knows who I am, even if you don’t”

Chase didn’t understand.

“It’s primal; instinct” he explained further. **“Think of a lioness that gives birth in a pride. All her young know her even though other adults are around. They know who they belong to. She doesn’t have to wear a name tag, it’s her smell; her power they feel”** He reached out and put two fingers inside of Chase’s mouth. **“That’s me Son”** he continued. **“That’s your Father”** He watched as Chase moaned and blinked his eyes in hunger. He took his hand back. **“I’ve been using that same power to keep you from being afraid. I thought if you saw what we could do you would accept it easier. It’s harder to explain after the fact, believe me”**

Chase swallowed. **“You’re controlling me?”**

Michael froze in place for a moment by his Son’s accusation. **“I’m holding back all the questions you have. I’m trying to answer them by letting you come to your own conclusions”**

Chase was confused. **“How come your not doing it now?”**

Michael looked away for a moment. **“My power is great....but your love for your mother is stronger still”** He looked up at the trees. **“Every time you think of her, you break my hold over you”**

“You’re telling me the truth? I’m a Werewolf?”

Werewolf and Son

Michael shook his head. **“No Chase...we both are. You and me. You’re not alone Son”**

Chase looked up suddenly frightened. **“I’m gonna change! At the full moon?”**

Michael moved closer. **“No”** he said firmly. **“I won’t let you”**

“Won’t let me?”

Michael sighed. **“There’s all sorts of things I can do Son, and keeping your power under control is one of them”**

Things fell into place in Chase’s mind. **“That’s why I’m here isn’t it? So I won’t change?”**

Michael grinned. Chase was leaping ahead of him in logic. The boy was figuring it out on his own, even without Michael’s control.

“That’s right Son. The change can be....well, hard on a new wolf. Especially one that is alone. You’re here to make sure it goes....easy” he reached for the words.

“My mother!” Chase said with panic but Michael cut him off.

“It’s doubtful you would have hurt her. Even in another form she would still have a powerful bond with you” He assured his Son. **“But others....”**

Chase looked around, his mind racing. **“Does she know?”**

Michael shook his head. **“No. She doesn’t, at least not the way you think. She saw me once, do something out of the ordinary”**

“Lift a car?”

Michael pulled back, surprised at Chase’s knowledge. **“Yes....she did”**

“Why did you leave? How come....”

Michael put his hand on Chase’s mouth to quiet him. **“This is what I was afraid of. All your questions demanding answers at the same time”** He put his hands on the boy’s shoulders. **“I know all your questions Chase. Every one of them I fact. I promise you’ll have all your answers but let’s deal with the big one first alright?”**

Chase frowned.

Werewolf and Son

“Werewolf?” Michael replied. Chase blinked, coming back to the present.

“Oh yeah....that”

Michael moved behind Chase and put his arms around him. He leaned down and kissed the boy's neck. He pointed to the woods. **“Look out there. You see the lake?”**

It was far away, maybe a mile, but Chase knew it was there, he could feel it, smell the water. He nodded his head.

“I want you to run there. Feel the trees around you. Feel the animals in the woods. And most of all, I want you to feel me with you”

“Okay”

Michael kissed him once more and let him go. Chase moved like a gazelle. He watched the boy's small body run effortlessly through the heavy brush. His feet never slipped, his arms were never tangled up by the dipping branches. His body weaved around the foliage like a needle through fabric. Michael went after him. He released some of his power and he saw his Son's reaction. Chase turned his head slightly toward him, even though he made no sound to give away his presence; he knew the boy could feel him.

“That's it tiger” he whispered. Michael darted around the other side of him, using his skills as an adult Werewolf to increase his speed tenfold. Chase turned to his direction again. Michael grinned.

“That's my boy!”

Chase reached the water, and before he could turn around, Michael was behind him and lifting him up in the air. He felt his Dad's powerful arms hug him tight. They looked up at the moon. It wasn't quite full but Chase couldn't remember when it seemed to glow brighter. He felt the power rush into his body. His muscles felt stronger and he laughed. His Dad's mouth came down on his neck and he felt him kiss him all over.

“Should I be scared?”

Michael barely stopped kissing him to answer. **“Not with me around”**

Werewolf and Son

Silas stood in the center of the room. The news of Michael's Son came to him only hours ago. One of his wolves had spotted the boy in town, the Alpha's signature all over him.

"You're sure?" he asked the young teenager in front of him.

"He bears the mark of the Alpha, there is no question. But he is small, much smaller than any of us"

Silas looked over the teenager. He was built like all of them, strong and muscular. The boy could have been a professional football player. Athletic and powerful, was the hallmark of all Werewolves. So who was this boy?

"His Son? By who?" Silas wasn't really talking to any of them. They were nothing more than soldiers to order around, and the word democracy didn't exist for Werewolves. He went back in time, thinking of everything he knew about Michael.

"I'm sure of it sir" the boy continued. **"I almost thought the Alpha was in the room, the scent was so strong"**

Silas considered his next move carefully. An Alpha with a weak child? This made no sense. He had to see it for himself. His wolf could be wrong. There had to be another explanation for it.

Michael sat near the lake, his Son at his side.

"How did we become like this? We're you bitten?"

Michael laughed. **"No, I wasn't bitten by anything. I was born this way, same as you. Both my parents were Werewolves"**

"Mom isn't a Werewolf"

"No she isn't. That's why the chances of you becoming one were so small. Human women almost never give birth to a wolf child. It happens, but only a few every century or so" He paused. **"I guess I shouldn't be surprised. Helen is a strong woman....but I had no idea"** he drifted off.

"But you saw me. Those pictures in the house. You took them"

Werewolf and Son

Michael nodded. **"I came whenever I thought it was safe. I was there at your first track meet and your first day of school. I saw you on your birthday and on Christmas"**

"But then..."

"Chase, power like that doesn't come up at birth. It doesn't usually develop until puberty that's why...."

"What?"

"That's why even women who are Werewolves rarely give birth to one"

Chase was confused. **"I don't understand?"**

"Think about what would happen to an unborn baby every time a woman changed into a wolf. The stress on the fetus would be too great. She may get away with it once or twice, but nine times?" He shook his head. **"No it just doesn't happen"**

"But it did....at least for you"

He nodded. **"Yes but my Father was an exceptional man"** He looked at Chase. **"Remember when I told you I wouldn't let you change? Well, some wolves are strong enough that they can hold back the change in others. My Dad was like that. He stopped her from changing every month until I was born"** He put his hand on Chase's shoulder. **"He was with me when I changed for the first time just like I'm with you now"**

"But if it's so hard how are Werewolves born?"

"Most are from bites, but even then it takes a great amount of will to enact a change. The bite of a true Werewolf is deadly, like a poison. So are our claws. But to turn a human into a Werewolf is a hard thing to do. Hell, we would be swimming in Werewolves if all it took was a bite or a scratch" He looked at the moon. **"The human has to be strong enough to survive the bite in the first place. When the moon is full our power is at an all time high. The poison that runs in our bite is almost always fatal. Most wolves are made when the moon is least present in the sky"**

"So you don't have to change?"

Michael hesitated. **"Well...I don't but that isn't the case for most Werewolves. I wanted you here with me Chase because I wanted to make sure you really had the gift in the"**

Werewolf and Son

first place. It was possible that you could have just been a really good athlete, but when I saw you face to face, I knew the truth. You have your Father's blood in you for sure"

There was a moment of silence and Chase said, **"I want to see it. Show me what you look like"**

Michael replied immediately. **"NO"**

"Why?" he pleaded. **"I'm not afraid"**

Michael's eyebrows went up. **"You say that now, but trust me; you're not ready to see it for yourself"**

"Dad!"

Michael wouldn't have it. **"No! I won't have you afraid of me. You're not ready"**

Chase put his hand on his Dad's brawny arm. **"Please"**

Michael sighed. He held up one arm. **"This is all you get"**

His arm began to ripple. The muscles in the forearm swelled up and the skin darkened. The blonde hair became thicker and literally flowed out of Michael's flesh until he was completely covered in it. But it was his hand that impressed Chase the most. The fingers became thicker and massive talons formed at the ends. They looked like steel. Each joint extended until the span of the hand increased by three times. He turned it around so Chase could see it.

"You wanna touch me?"

Chase answered by reaching out and running his fingers over the new arm his Dad now possessed. The muscle was hard like stone and even relaxed Chase could feel the massive amount of power in the limb.

"My God"

Michael let him feel each finger and squeeze at his forearm. Without Michael realizing it something else began to happen. Energy from the beast moved through Chase. He saw his Son's eyes begin to glow softly. The wolf in him was trying to bond with the boy. He went to say something and noticed that Chase was rock hard. The power he was feeling was

Werewolf and Son

arousing his Son. And Chase wasn't the only one that was affected. Michael's cock was hard as well.

He had to get control of his wolf. He pushed against it with his will, and his arm changed back to human. He looked at his Son, but the boy was still entranced. His eyes were fixed on his big cock. He watched Chase's hand reach out and when it wrapped around his hard shaft he let out a loud moan.

When Chase heard his Dad's response his hands gripped the thick cock tightly. He felt the big man's face push against his neck and begin to kiss him. His face felt scratchy from stubble but the warm feel of his Father's mouth made him melt.

"I love you Chase" Michael whispered between kisses. Chase moaned and Michael started to lick his neck in response. He put his arms around his Son and pulled him closer. He lifted his head, intent on kissing the boy on the mouth when he saw his eyes.

They were glowing bright blue!

He pulled back and Chase moved to lower his head to the hard cock between Michael's legs, but Michael grabbed him by the back of the neck and held him tight.

"No Son. Not yet"

Chase looked confused but more importantly, he looked hungry. He pulled against his Father's grasp, his mouth open and ready to suck, but Michael was far too strong.

"I'm sorry Son. This is my fault. I shouldn't have changed. This was a mistake"

"Dad, let me go!" his voice was harsh and sounded different than usual; deeper.

"It's the change! It's excited you!" He looked down at his big dick, throbbing in his Son's hand. **"Well, both of us"** he corrected himself. Chase was a little too far gone and Michael knew he shouldn't have given in to him so quickly. Being near an Alpha was bad enough but having one change so close by was like catnip to a kitten. The animal in Chase was coming out and the boy wasn't even close to being ready. Michael pulled the boy against him and crushed his mouth over his Son's, sinking his thick tongue past Chase's lips for him to suck on.

Chase felt like he had a fever. His Father's big tongue was moving in his mouth and Chase sucked on it like his life depended on it. His hand felt glued to his Dad's big dick and he couldn't remember anything about his life. Not one thing. All that existed for Chase at that moment was his Father; his big, strong Father with his incredible smell and delicious taste.

Werewolf and Son

The man's massive prick was like warm stone in his hand and Chase would rather die than let go of it. He sucked and sucked at him, loving every second his Dad gave him.

Michael let out his willpower and took hold of Chase with it. The boy was pushed over the edge and Michael was responsible. He reached down and took hold of his Son's cock. It was already wet. Pre-cum had oozed out and ran down his solid shaft. He was such a small boy, Michael felt he would crush him in his arms if he hugged him too tight. He put one hand on Chase's chest and pushed him to the ground, breaking the kiss. Chase's eyes blazed with fury.

"NO!" he cried out reaching his hands for his Father, but Michael cast his power over the boy and he whimpered in response. Michael took hold of his Son's legs and knelt between them. He pulled Chase up and swallowed his Son's cock whole. Chase bucked in his hands but Michael was stronger by a hundred fold. He sucked as hard as he could and Chase cried out.

"DAD!"

Michael paid him no mind. He sucked at his Son's tender flesh and pulled his legs apart with his strong hands. He felt Chase, struggling with the intense pleasure he was getting. Michael threw more power at him.

Chase came like a bull!

Heavy waves of cum erupted out of his pulsing prick and flooded Michael's mouth. The man was more than ready, and swallowed hungrily at the honey-like fluid that Chase gave him. He sucked so hard at his Son that Chase screamed and beat the ground with his fists.

"DAD!!" he kept crying out, lost in his orgasm. **"AAAHH!!"**

Michael didn't stop until he felt Chase slump. He kept sucking on him until he was sure he got every drop the boy could produce. His large body thickened up at the taste of his Son's cum. The animal in him was alert and ready and Michael did his best to keep the change away. Never before had he had so much trouble. Since Chase's arrival he found it harder to control his animal. It was as if the beast became stronger because of the boy and overrode the human control Michael had.

He pulled his mouth off and licked the boy's prick and balls all over, cleaning him of any sweat or cum that may have escaped. He laid the boy gently on the ground, his small legs resting on his big, hairy thighs. Michael's massive prick was pointing right at Chase and demanding attention.

Werewolf and Son

His desire to fuck had never been greater. Chase was lost, spent from his cum. Michael looked over his Son and began to masturbate. The heat from his cock seemed to scold his hand but he held on tightly. He pushed his will against his Son to keep him out, and then let the change occur.

His body grew darker and blonde hair appeared over every muscle. His hands became beast-like and his teeth lengthened considerably. His cock became bigger. It raged in his hand and Michael had to use his other one just to keep it still. He twisted his hands around it and squeezed it firmly. He threw his head back and howled to the moon.

He came so hard his whole body shuddered. Thick streams of white cream blasted out of his big dick and rained down on his Son, but Michael wasn't done yet. He pumped his mighty cock and more cum shot out. Chase was wet with it. His body gleamed in the moonlight from it and the mere sight of it drove Michael past the point of no return.

He completed the change as he came!

The massive beast roared and the entire forest seemed to shrink at the cry. Any animals that were nearby ran in terror and birds awoke and flew away. The dense woods became quiet, as if acknowledging his presence.

Chase lay naked on the warm ground, his Father towering over him. Had he been able to open his eyes he would have been terrified at the sight. His Dad was no more. In his place stood a monster; thick with hair and muscle. It had powerful jaws and immense claws for hands. Its heavy feet dug into the earth and it leaned down to look at Chase.

It sniffed at him and pushed him around with its huge mussel. The boy didn't stir except to moan slightly. The beast watched the boy breathing steadily. He was covered in cum; the beast's cum. He opened his mouth and took long licks at Chase, cleaning him off. His big tongue lapped hungrily at the boy's genitals and Chase moaned again. For a moment the beast thought the boy meant to push him away and he growled in response. He would not be denied! He watched the boy for a moment and stopped growling, and then he continued to lick his smooth flesh.

Chase was lost in dream. He dreamed of his Father, all around him and holding him tight. He had visions of the man sucking on his cock and kissing his flesh. He could almost feel the tongue on his body, eating him up and bringing him off. The man's big muscles flared out at

Werewolf and Son

Chase's touch and he wanted to hold him, tell him he loved him. But he was beyond words. Chase was someplace he had never been before. He wanted his Father more than anything.

The beast watched as Chase moved his legs apart. The animal's massive prick swelled up again and he looked between the boy's legs with desire. He put his face above the child's and growled, displaying his power.

Chase remained still.

The animal became silent and watched the boy sleep. He sniffed at him and then licked the dark haired boy's face. The taste of the child made him shake. He wanted more. He licked and licked at the boy, tasting his flesh from every angle, from his chest to his feet.

Chase literally gleamed with the beast's saliva. The beast stood over him, his big cock at the same level as the boy's waist. He looked down. The child was too small. The beast was angry. It brought up its head and roared into the forest, challenging anyone to touch the boy. Huge claws dug into the ground, ready to charge at anything that presented itself.

Nothing appeared.

The beast mighty cock raged between his legs. He wanted the boy and the boy wanted him. He lowered his body until he lay on top of Chase. The big hairy beast covered the child like a blanket. It looked around searching for any intruder. There was none....at least not anymore.

DeMarco felt the change in Michael immediately. He had been watching the two of them but lost track when they started to run in the forest. As he searched for them he rested on a large branch at the top of a tree. When Michael shifted fully the power he gave off made DeMarco fall from his perch in surprise. The Vampire dropped to the ground like a brick and only at the end did he manage to stop his fall. He floated inches before he hit.

DeMarco had been unprepared. He didn't think he would change in front of the boy. It hadn't been time. The moon wasn't full. What was he doing?

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DeMarco took to the sky again as quickly as he could. He didn't dare be on the ground when the beast was roaming. He lifted away and shifted his body into a giant bat. The area was no longer safe and the beast's powers were far greater than the man's. Michael must be dealt with in his human form.

As he flew away he heard the enormous roar. It was so loud the trees actually shook. The Vampire flew faster and silently swore the beast would die.

CHAPTER THREE

Chase woke up in his bed. The light from the sun poured through the open bay window and warmed his bare skin. He couldn't remember a more perfect sleep. He felt refreshed and invigorated; his body strong. His Father's thick arm was wrapped around his waist and his powerful body was pressed against his back.

They were both naked, a thin sheet covering them up to the waist. Chase ran his hand over his Father's hairy forearm. The blonde hair felt silky under his fingers and but the muscle was hard. His Father was perfect in so many ways; the ultimate man. Of course the whole Werewolf thing was pretty cool too. He wondered what his friends would think if they saw his Dad.

He felt the warm breath from the man blowing gently on his neck. His Dad was crouched down, wrapped around him, his nose buried in his hair. Chase's memory of last night was sketchy. He remembered running. He loved to run. He remembered catching his Dad in the woods and the surprised look on his face when he did. He remembered the massive clawed hand that replaced his Father's arm when he demonstrated what a Werewolf looked like. And he remembered something else....his uncontrollable desire for his Dad.

His hand gripped his Father's arm possessively as he thought about it. The big man stirred.

"You awake tiger?" his deep voice whispered.

"Yeah"

Michael hugged his Son's small body tightly and kissed the back of his head.

"I'm starving"

Werewolf and Son

"Me too!" Chase replied.

"Side effect of the change. Makes us eat like horses"

Chase asked alarmed. **"I didn't change did I?"**

Michael nuzzled into his Son's dark hair. **"No tiger, you didn't. I told you I wouldn't let you"**

"But you changed?"

Michael took a deep breath through his Son's hair, enjoying the smell of the boy. **"After I put you to sleep I changed"**

"You can do that?" Chase remembered dropping into a deep hole right after he came. **"You can make me sleep?"**

"I can do all sorts of things. I'm a Werewolf" he kissed Chase's head and moved down to the boy's neck. Chase sighed and tilted his head back for his Dad's mouth and spread his legs apart for the man's big hand.

Silas was driving over to Michael's farm. He had to see the boy for himself, and then he would know the truth. What he was about to do was dangerous for various reasons. The Alpha was not to be toyed with, he was far too deadly an opponent. Silas was an Alpha himself though, and more was at stake than one boy. If this child was Michael's son, it could change the pack dynamic drastically.

As he drove he saw the carnival setting up a few miles away in an open field. As usual it brought hundreds of people and his pack would want to move through them. The young girls were almost too easy to manipulate. His handsome, athletic boys were oozing with sexual energy and the human girls fell like dominoes before them.

So far his pack was the largest in the area. Two women served as matrons for the pack, guiding the rest of the girls on their training. Female Werewolves were rare but coveted. Every pack had them. The men protected them with their lives if necessary. Especially the young ones. Silas had more of them than anyone. Breeding with them was essential for pack survival. It took a strong woman to survive having sex with a Werewolf, but sex was an essential thing for them. It helped to tame the beast. If it didn't have some release, people

Werewolf and Son

would get hurt. Fighting in the pack would ensue and humans could die as a result. Werewolf women were a must.

Forty minutes later, Silas drove up the long road to Michael's house and pulled his truck to the side. He climbed out and saw Chase immediately. The boy really was small. His black hair was in stark contrast to Michael's and his skin was fair, not tanned. The boy wasn't from here.

"Hello" he said.

Chase looked around, not seeing his Dad. **"My Dad's in the field. He'll be back soon"**

"You're Dad....." Silas repeated softly to himself. He approached Chase and he knew the truth instantly.

"I know your mother" He looked the boy over from head to toe. **"Her name was...Helen"** Silas sniffed the air, taking the boy's scent in. Chase took a large step back.

"Who are you?" He didn't feel right. The man's eyes were like his, but different. They were green but lined with silver. He was a wolf, Chase was sure. The man was older. He had dark hair with gray at the sides. He was built big, with thick muscles and broad shoulders. He was smaller than his Dad, but not by much. But there was something else, something mean about him. Chase felt threatened.

Silas grinned at him, an ugly twist of his mouth that hovered between a snarl and a smile. **"You change yet boy?"**

"Get away from me!"

Michael dropped from the sky between them! His heavy weight made the earth shake.

Chase jumped back in surprise and fell to the ground on his back. Silas crouched down in a fighting position, his attention completely on the Alpha.

Words came later.

A massive growl erupted out of Michael's mouth and the dirt between him and Silas blew out in a cloud. Silas took a step back. Chase saw his Father's hands. They were clawed! Not like that night in the woods though, only the hands were affected. Sharp nails gleamed in the sun and his fingers were splayed apart. The muscles in Michael's back rippled under his shirt and Chase pushed away, not wanting to be part of the fight.

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Silas's hands changed also, matching Michael's. He crouched lower though and instinctively Chase knew why. He was weaker than his Dad! Chase could feel the power! It was raw, and poured from his Dad like the ocean. Chase felt fear for the first time when he looked at him. He wouldn't have thought it possible. He moved to the side of the barn and huddled against the wall in fear.

Michael moved forward, forcing Silas to move back and away from Chase. He didn't have to look back to see where his Son was, he could feel him through his power. He growled again, his teeth coming out and his eyes blazing with blue light. Silas growled back, but it was more for show than anything else.

Chase watched intently for a long eternal minute before Silas's eyes moved to the ground in submission. He swallowed in relief. His Dad moved a step closer to Silas and the man's hands reverted back into human form. He placed them on the ground and waited. Michael gave another roar for good measure and slowly stood upright, his hands changing back as well.

"You dare approach my Son without my permission!"

Silas glanced at Chase. **"I came to see you Michael. I heard about the boy, it was simply a matter of bad timing"**

"Don't....lie....to...me!" Michael roared. **"You know perfectly well where I am, just like I know where you are Silas!"**

Silas turned up his hands in defeat. **"I only wanted to see the child. I was told he was your son...I just had to see it for myself"**

"Your sight is a gift God gave you.....and one I can take away!"

Silas nodded and bent his head. **"We are not enemies Michael. Must I remind you of that constantly?"**

Michael took a large step forward until his chest was inches from Silas. **"Your boys are spying on me now?"**

Silas shook his head. **"They saw him with your wife"** He looked over to Chase, still pressed against the wall. **"He shouldn't be out without protection. The pack should be near him"**

Werewolf and Son

“Whose pack Silas?” Michael barked out. **“Yours? Mine? I have no pack! I don’t need one. Or do you need another reminder of that?”** He looked over the scar on Silas’s neck. A wound from a fight the two of them had years ago.

“You’re not alone now Michael. A small wolf needs more attention than even you can give. I have many at my command. Let me help you”

Michael took a moment. Silas was right. Chase had already been spotted by the wolf pack and he hadn’t even changed yet. What kind of attention would he draw once he took wolf form?

Silas saw his opportunity and pressed forward. **“Two...three at most. Let him meet the pack”**

Michael looked over to Chase. He held out his hand. Chase slowly stood up and walked over to him. Michael’s arm wrapped around him. **“This is Silas. He’s a Werewolf, like us”**

Silas balked. **“Well, not like us. At least not yet. You haven’t changed have you little one?”**

Michael understood the implication even though it was lost on Chase. He flashed his glowing eyes at Silas in warning.

“His change will come when the time is right. Until then he is under my considerable protection”

“Of course” Silas bowed and looked at Chase. **“I have some boys that want to meet you. Your part of a bigger family now. Think of them as, older brothers”**

Chase looked up at his Dad but he was looking at Silas intently.

“Bring them around tonight. No more than three” He watched Silas nod and added, **“You don’t need to return. They can come alone”**

Silas didn’t look happy about that. He hesitated for a moment and then said, **“Of course you will treat them gently? They are, after all, doing you a favor”**

Michael leaned in. **“I would never threaten a child Silas”** he mocked Silas’s behavior. **“That would make me a monster”**

Werewolf and Son

A small smile creased Silas's face. **"Of course Michael, what was I thinking?"** He nodded to both of them and walked back to his truck. Michael didn't let go of Chase until the truck was out of sight.

"What was that?" Chase asked.

"Nothing good Son. Nothing good"

DeMarco saw the whole thing. Michael's power was astounding. He saw the Alpha run across the field and leap over a barn to get back to his Son. Never had any Werewolf exhibited that kind of raw power before in human form! He had no doubt Michael would have killed the other if provoked enough.

Things had now changed. More beasts were involving themselves in DeMarco's affairs and he wasn't happy about it. The lesser beasts would have to be dealt with. He couldn't focus on them and the Alpha.

He needed his own army.

Three teenaged Werewolves showed up at the farm that night.

Chase was in the loft and saw them approach on foot. They looked strong, the sort of boys that got whatever they wanted. They made it to the driveway before they stopped. A big blonde boy who could have easily passed for Michael's own son looked up at Chase. He smiled and waved for him to come down. Chase slowly nodded and moved down the stairs to the first floor. When he walked outside he noticed that the boys didn't move forward. He walked over but halted in surprise when all three began to shake. Chase felt it a moment later.

The air had become thick like a blanket was thrown over his head. He heard the front door open and turned to see his Father coming out, straight for the boys. He had nothing in his hands, no weapons, his fingers normal with no claws, and still the boys trembled.

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As Michael moved forward a low growl escaped his throat. The two boys who flanked the blonde teenager were affected most. The first was a large boy with cropped brown hair and a rough looking face. It wasn't so much that he was ugly as out of place with the others. The blonde boy was incredibly handsome and the one next to him, equally so. Regardless, all three looked down at the ground as Michael approached.

He moved up and sniffed at the first boy. Chase saw him grab the blonde boy's wrist for support. No one moved otherwise.

"Anthony's boy..." Michael said, more to himself than anyone else. **"I didn't think he was man enough to have a son"** He looked at the boy, daring him to disagree.

The teenager turned his head away from Michael and didn't rise to the bait, much to his credit. Michael moved behind them and went to the blonde boy next. He moved behind him and sniffed his neck. **"I don't recognize your scent. Half-breed?"**

The blonde swallowed and said softly. **"No sir. Full wolf. I've been here since I was little"**

Michael did know who he was. He knew all the Werewolves in the area, but he was testing the limits of their ranks. Making sure the opposite was true as well, and that they knew him.

"I'm Sean" he finished.

"I didn't ask" Michael bumped his big chest into the boy making him stumble forward. He moved down and sniffed his neck again making Sean stay bent over. **"I barely see your power. Have you even changed yet?"**

The boy said nothing, which was good because Michael had already moved to the last one. He was taller than the others but more slender. He had brown hair and the start of beard stubble that probably took him a month to grow.

"Jacob's boy" Michael said quickly. **"I'd know that stench anywhere!"**

The boy lowered his head and dropped his arms to his side, his whole body trembling in fear. Michael moved in front of him and bent down to look him in the eyes but the boy turned his face away, not daring to make contact with the big man. Michael seemed satisfied and went to the blonde next. Like his friend, the boy looked hard at the ground.

"You have something to say punk?" Michael clenched both hands into fists.

"No Sir!" the boy's voice broke apart. Then something very stupid happened. The first boy, the one built bigger than the others, made a mistake and looked up at Michael. Michael's

Werewolf and Son

arm flashed in a blur and he backhanded the boy across the face so hard, he lifted off the ground and landed on his back with a thud. Michael's eyes never left Sean, who stood perfectly still.

"Still nothing?" Michael goaded him.

"No Sir!"

Chase couldn't see it but he felt the change. The thickness in the air increased tenfold and all of them were forced to the ground to their knees. It was as if an invisible hand pressed down on their shoulders and pushed them toward the earth. The first boy stayed on his back, not bothering to get up. Sean was at eye level to Michael's crotch and the other boy right beside him.

"If anything happens to my Son, because of you....or from you....or around you....you will BEG me for death. And if you think that dog Silas or your pathetic Fathers can prevent that from happening then you don't know what a real Alpha is!" He reached down and took Sean by the back of the head and forced his face up but Sean refused to look Michael in the eyes. With speed that defied belief Michael bent down, extended his teeth and wrapped them around Sean's neck.

Sean was trembling but otherwise held still, doing nothing to provoke further anger from Michael.

Michael waited a brief moment, not breaking Sean's skin with his sharp teeth. The boy was good. Silas must be proud of him. He released him and stood up, his heavy bulge inches from Sean's face.

"You smell that?" he asked, already knowing the answer. These were Werewolves after all, but young ones with a fraction of the power that Michael had.

"Yes Sir!" Sean replied.

"And what is it you smell?"

"The Alpha!"

Michael's eyes flashed in acknowledgement of the boy's words, the glow bathing them like the sun. The three boys moaned uncomfortably at the feel of his power.

"This is your ONLY reminder!"

Werewolf and Son

Michael turned to Chase and smiled at him, holding out his hand. Whatever power was in the air evaporated. He stood up and walked over taking his Dad's strong hand.

"These boys belong to Silas. They're here to show you around. It's important they know who you are" he looked at Sean. **"So no mistakes are made that would cause a sudden drop in the Werewolf population"**

Sean didn't take the bait but the message was clear.

"Get up!" Michael barked. All three boys did as they were told but continued to look at the ground. A large red welt had appeared on the first boy's face, but he said nothing. Michael walked behind Chase and nuzzled his Son's neck, kissing it at first and then licking it. Finally he gently sucked on Chase's ear before kissing the side of his face. His big arms were wrapped around the small boy and squeezing him tenderly.

Sean was the only one who glanced up to watch but the others knew exactly what was going on. The Alpha was marking him.

Michael pulled back and patted Chase on the butt. **"Have fun and I'll be nearby if you need me"** He walked back into the house and no one but Chase watched. Once the door closed all three boys looked up at Chase at the same time.

"I'm Sean" The blonde said, somewhat out of breath. The others took a deep breath to regained their composure. The tall one put his hands on his knees and bent over like he had just run a marathon. Sean waved to the big boy next to him, the one that got hit. **"This dumb fuck is Bart"** And he nodded to the taller boy. **"This is Jason"** Sean turned his attention to Bart. **"You have a death wish all of a sudden?"** Bart looked down at the ground as he rubbed at his face. Jason reached out and shook Chase's hand.

"I'm Chase"

Sean grinned at him with a beautiful set of teeth. He was so handsome Chase almost forgot the last few minutes of sheer terror.

"Yeah, we got that part of it!" he laughed and shook Chase's hand too. **"Come on lets hit the woods before Bart pisses his pants"**

"Fuck you, you didn't do anything either!" Bart countered.

"Because he doesn't have shit for brains!" Jason answered and wrapped his arms around the boy in a big hug. **"Rock head!"**

Werewolf and Son

Chase liked them, all of them. It was easy to see how close they were with each other. Sean came forward and put one arm around Chase's shoulders.

"Bart here isn't known for his smarts" he winked at the small boy. **"Mom dropped him a few million times on his head when he was a baby"** he laughed and Chase laughed too. Even Bart laughed as he gently slapped the back of Sean's head.

They walked into the field to the woods and Chase asked why his Dad didn't know about them if they lived so close. This made Sean laugh.

"Oh, he knows us alright. He knows all of us, and believe me, WE know HIM!"

Sean looked at Chase and waited. The boy's face didn't change and it made Sean stop walking. **"Oh my God! You don't know do you?"** he asked.

Chase frowned. **"My Dad's a Werewolf"** he stated his answer. All three boys looked dumbfounded!

"Dude!" Jason said, and Bart put one hand on the back of his neck to support his head, showing his surprise.

"No...no Chase!" Sean said touching his chest. **"We are Werewolves"** He pointed at Chase. **"You are almost a Werewolf"** He waved to the house a good quarter mile away. **"Your Dad is an Alpha!"**

"An Alpha?"

Bart and Jason both opened their mouths in shock. **"DUDE!"** They both said simultaneously.

Sean blinked hard a few times. **"Chase....your Dad is like....well....like royalty. He's a prince, a king!"** Chase just looked at him, not knowing what to say. **"He's an ALPHA WOLF!"** Chase still didn't understand. Sean took in a breath. **"HE'S THE FUCKING HULK!"** Chase's eyes lit up and Sean looked at the other two boys. **"The Hulk he knows!"** he shrugged in frustration. **"Chase, your Dad can't just beat any other Werewolf; he can kick the living shit out of them! He's the ultimate Werewolf!"**

"That man that came earlier....Silas?"

Sean waved him silent. **"Yeah, yeah. He's an alpha too, but not like your Dad. Silas in an 'alpha' but your Dad is a big, dick swinging ALPHA!"** Sean grabbed his crotch and squeezed it to make his point. **"He could level Silas in human form and put him in the ground!"**

Werewolf and Son

Chase laughed.

“No one! And I mean NO ONE, wants to fuck with your Father!”

Chase looked back at the house and smiled proudly. His Dad was royalty!

“Now that that’s out of the way, let’s get something straight. We’re here to introduce you to the gang, get you acclimated to the pack. But you do what I say because if you get hurt, my head is gonna be stuck to a pole in your driveway, and I’m far too handsome for that!”

Jason and Bart coughed in mock disgust while Chase laughed. ***Cough* *Cough* “Bullshit” *Cough* *Cough***

“Hey fuck you two!” Sean said to his friends. He turned to Chase. **“You like to run?”** Chase nodded. **“Well let’s see it little brother!”** He waved to the open field and Chase took off. He heard Sean whistle. **“Not half bad. Let’s go boys!”** And with that, all three raced after him. Sean caught him first and moved alongside. He grinned and his eyes flashed green. His body seemed to stoop slightly downward as if he changed somehow and he ran off ahead with blazing speed. The other two followed, leaving Chase behind.

Chase laughed and bent his head down and poured on the speed. They made it to the woods before him, but not by much. His eyes instantly adjusted to the dark and he saw them weave around the trees. Chase was having the time of his life.

DeMarco sat high on his perch with Patrick by his side. **“Like him?”** he asked watching Chase follow the others.

Patrick nodded. **“Oh yeah, I’m gonna fuck him silly!”**

DeMarco laughed and watched Chase intently. **“He’s the key to killing the Alpha”**

“What of the other wolves?”

DeMarco shook his head. **“They’re nothing. I’ll deal with them in due time. You worry about the child”**

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Patrick ran his fingers through his curly brown hair. **“When’s the play date?”**

“Soon. The carnival will start in a few days. I want him to see you there” He looked over to Patrick. **“Wet his appetite”**

Patrick grinned. **“What about his Father? Won’t he be there?”**

DeMarco looked down at the wolves. **“I’ll deal with that. The Alpha can be nowhere near you”**

The boys could all leap. Even Bart who was bigger than the others could do it. Sean came up to Chase and told him to watch carefully. He ran a few feet away and leaped high into the air, touching a tree branch before he came back to the ground. He looked at Chase with a grin.

“Now you try it”

Chase licked his lips. The branch was way out of reach for even a grown man, but Sean had done it, so why couldn’t he. Chase mimicked the older boy’s moves and leaped into the air. His hand reached out but he began to fall back to earth right away, not coming close to the branch.

“Maybe he has to change first?” Jason asked Sean. **“Do you remember being able to jump before you changed?”** Sean and Bart looked at each other and shrugged.

“Don’t remember”

Chase tried it two more times without success.

“Well, he can run real fast” Jason offered. He picked up a rock and hurled it as far as he could. The rock sailed like a bullet through the air and hit a tree trunk way off in the distance. **“How’s your strength?”**

Chase picked up a rock. He cocked his arm back and threw it with all his might. It went as far as expected for a fourteen year old boy. The three older boys watched it fall to the ground.

“Well, he can run real fast” Jason said again.

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Sean turned to Chase. **“It will come to you. Don’t worry. You need to change first”**

“Does it hurt?”

Sean shook his head. **“Nah. It’s scary the first time but after that it’s pretty cool”** He looked at the other boys and grinned at Chase. **“Wanna see?”**

Chase nodded excitedly. This would be the first time he would actually see a fully changed Werewolf! Sean pulled his shirt off his back, showing off his large muscles, his chest and arms were smooth. He kicked off his shoes and unbuttoned his pants, pushing them down and stood naked in front of Chase. He was beautiful. Sean belonged in a magazine with oil all over his body. He was the whole package, looks, body and brains. The other two boys watched him and Sean looked up into the sky, holding out his arms.

His body changed right before Chase’s eyes. He became thicker, bigger. Hair formed on his flesh and his fingers became thick claws. His handsome face changed too. His mouth pushed outward and became filled with teeth. It took over a full minute for the transformation to be complete. Even in this form, Sean was beautiful. He stood upright and playful growled at Chase, holding out his hands in a mock threat.

Chase couldn’t take his eyes off him. It was the most incredible thing he had ever seen. Sean was a great beast, standing tall on two powerful legs. He couldn’t imagine what his Dad must look like if these boys were this big.

Bart and Jason started to undress. Chase looked at each of them as they shed their clothes. Like Sean, they both faced Chase when they were naked. Bart especially waited for Chase to look him over, his big dick hanging low between his legs. Out of all the boys, Bart was the most powerfully built. His thick muscle was on every part of his body. Chase almost forgot the other two were there when he looked at the rugged teenager. Bart grinned at him and then changed with Jason.

Now three Werewolves faced him. Sean moved up to Chase and carefully placed a clawed hand on the small boy’s back and pulled him forward. Chase seemed to understand. He reached up and started to stroke the silky fur on Sean’s chest, loving the way it felt on his skin. Sean made a muscle and bent down, and Chase’s small hand gripped the solid bicep with awe. Bart moved forward and pushed Sean out of the way. He offered his bicep to Chase and growled when the boy squeezed it. It was far bigger than Sean’s and felt like it was made of stone. Jason moved forward but Sean blocked his way.

They were fighting for Chase’s attention.

Werewolf and Son

Bart growled in approval and snorted at Sean as Chase admired his body. He placed himself between Sean and Jason so Chase couldn't see them. Chase ran his fingers into Bart's fur and felt the hard muscle of the boy's chest. Bart pushed one of his hands down until Chase found his big dick. He growled playfully as Chase squeezed it and opened his jaws up and bit lightly as his shoulder. Chase laughed as Bart's rough tongue tickled his skin. His dick was like a baseball bat.

Bart flashed his big teeth at Chase as the boy continued to hold his cock. Sean's clawed hand came down on the back of Bart's head making him duck and pull away from Chase. Sean pushed Bart back with both hands and growled.

Jason barked and nodded to the woods. He took off in a run and Sean motioned for Bart to follow. Chase looked up at Sean. The boy's eyes were still the same he noticed. The Werewolf nodded for him to come along. He started to run slowly away, making sure Chase followed. Chase took off after them at his full speed. Sean growled happily and ran alongside him looking around for any signs of danger.

Michael sat in the loft on his Son's bed with his eyes closed. He used his power to keep track of Chase. The others had changed, that much he knew, but Chase remained human; not that he had much choice. Michael reached out and felt the joy his Son experienced with the older boys. He could tell Chase was infatuated with them. That was no surprise, the boys were sent by Silas for a reason. The trick was changing their allegiance from Silas to him. Michael didn't think that would be a problem.

He only needed one of them.

He felt a shift in his power. A crack. The boys? He wasn't sure. He rarely let any wolf on his property or even near it for that matter. They all knew to avoid him. But there was something there. He was concentrating on his Son so hard, he almost missed it. It was two miles or so away. What is it? It was near Chase and the boys. Or was it from the boys? Michael couldn't tell. He opened his eyes and realized he was standing up, fists ready and growling.

Whatever it was, the beast in him didn't like it.

Werewolf and Son

DeMarco grabbed Patrick by the arm and lifted him up. **“HE KNOWS!”**

“WHAT?” Patrick asked in surprise. **“We’re miles away!”**

DeMarco flew into the air towing Patrick behind him. He couldn’t change into a bat without dropping his Thrall. Changing into an animal had a way of masking his presence to a Werewolf. To them it was just another animal, but in human form it was another matter indeed.

Patrick clung to him tightly as the treetops fell below them. Did the Alpha truly have that much power?

Sean stopped running. He turned to make sure Chase was nearby. He looked into the woods and howled. Chase stopped with him, his face flush but happy. Sean changed back into human form and stood naked in front of him.

“Are you alright?”

Chase nodded, not understanding the question. The older boy looked over his shoulder and the others came back, still in wolf form.

“Did you two feel that?”

The wolves looked at each other and started to shake.

“No!” Sean barked out. **“Only you Jason!”**

Bart stopped shaking and moved up to Sean while Jason reverted back to human form. The change to human took longer than the one to Werewolf.

“What?” Jason asked.

“You didn’t feel that? We’re not alone” He looked to Bart who immediately began to sniff the air in all directions.

“The Alpha?” Jason asked. Sean shook his head but moved to Chase. He sniffed the boy’s upper body.

Werewolf and Son

“No, it’s not him” he turned to Bart who was starting the change back to human form. When it was complete he shook his head at Sean.

“Dude, all I can smell is the Alpha, all over him” He pointed to Chase.

Sean looked around. **“I felt his Dad’s power for a moment. Then it bounced off me and onto something else...”** He felt chills run up his spine. The others looked around and sniffed the air.

“We have the biggest pack in the area, even Daruth’s wolves don’t come here much, but even if they did they would announce themselves” Jason said.

Chase had no idea who Daruth was and before he could ask Bart said, **“Maybe they heard about Chase too and sent a scout?”** He looked at Sean in frustration. **“Fuck we’ve got three Werewolves here and the Alpha nearby. Who’s gonna fuck with us?”**

“It didn’t fell like a...” Sean’s voice trailed off. **“Let’s get him back. I don’t like it here”** He looked at the smaller boy. **“You get on my back, and you two follow behind, I want the whole area scoped out!”**

All three changed back into Werewolves and Chase climbed up on Sean’s back. His arms hugged the hairy animal as Sean began to leap and run back to the farm. Bart and Jason flanked him as they looked into the woods all around for trouble, but nothing happened.

Michael blocked their way, their clothes at his feet. Sean moved up and carefully let Chase to the ground, making sure not to look into the Alpha’s eyes. They changed back and reached for their clothes, none of them moving near Chase.

“I felt something in the woods” Sean said as he pulled on his jeans. **“I don’t know what it was; it was only for a moment”**

Michael said nothing but he looked hard at Sean. He hugged Chase and looked past the trees in thought. He motioned for them and began to walk back to the farm; the three boys quickly followed behind.

Werewolf and Son

They moved in silence until they came to the house. Chase said his goodbyes to them and Sean told him about the carnival coming up. **"We can all go, if it's alright with your Dad. We'll have a blast. You can meet the gang!"** he said happily.

Chase nodded and the boys bowed low before the Alpha. **"Sir"** Sean said and walked backwards away from the big blonde man in reverence. About a mile from the farm, safe from earshot of the Alpha, Jason turned to Sean.

"Someone should tell him. Before he meets the others"

Sean shook his head but Jason looked at Bart for support. **"You gonna volunteer?"** Sean said sarcastically. **"Maybe he'll put his arm around you and say 'Thanks Jason' I had no idea my Son was gonna cause me problems"** Sean hugged Jason in demonstration. **"Then if you smile real wide, maybe he won't rip your head off and kick it across his farm!"** He turned to Bart and pushed him. **"Here Chase, feel my big dick!"**

Bart laughed. **"Hey he wanted it! You could feel it too, that's why you flexed for him!"**

"I didn't let him play with my dick!" Sean countered.

"That's because your dick isn't as big as mine!" Bart took Sean's hand and put it between his legs. **"Is it?"** He made Sean squeeze it. **"Huh? Is it?"**

Sean grinned. **"You're an ass!"**

Bart put one arm around Sean and hugged him. He leaned in and gave Sean a kiss on his face. **"Don't be jealous. You can play with it anytime you want!"**

Sean cuffed Bart and then Jason on the back of the head gently. **"You two keep this up and old Sean here is gonna need two new friends!"**

"I'm just saying is all" Jason replied, moving his body to collide with Sean's. Sean pushed him playfully back. Bart jumped in and lifted Sean up by the waist and ran a few feet with him before throwing him in the air. Sean landed like a cat and ran away, the other two in hot pursuit.

The wind ran through his blonde hair as he heard his two best friends chasing after him. But Jason was right and Sean knew it.

Someone really should tell the boy, he thought to himself.

Werewolf and Son

Michael lifted Chase in a big hug and nuzzled his small neck with his face. It was midnight and Wendy and Emma were already asleep.

“Is everything alright Dad?”

Michael kissed his face. **“Of course it is. Did you have fun with them?”**

“Yeah, Sean is pretty cool. He says you’re the Hulk!”

Michael grinned. **“They’re just boys”** he said, trying to lessen the comment. But Chase pressed further.

“He says you’re stronger than anyone”

Michael threw Chase high in the air and caught him with both hands, holding him above his head. He turned around the room slowly so Chase spun in a circle like a propeller. He laughed with his Dad.

“I am strong!”

He dropped Chase and caught him in his arms, cradling him like a baby. He kissed at the boy’s face. **“I love you tiger”**

“I love you too Dad”

Michael trained Chase for the next few days. They ran in the woods and practiced jumps. Chase seemed to excel greatly in running and Michael knew his time was coming. The change would take hold of his Son soon.

Sean, Jason, and Bart came over each day and spent more and more time with Chase. They watched from a healthy distance as the Alpha worked with his Son and traded off with him every few hours when it was allowed. Having the powerful Alpha so nearby was having an effect on the boys, especially Sean. Bart continued to bow low whenever Michael came close, but he stopped trembling in his presence, which for Bart was a big step.

Werewolf and Son

The three boys were in wolf form while Michael remained human.

Sean seemed to swim in the Alpha's power, running close to the man in the woods and crossing playfully to the other side from behind him. Even in human form the man was more powerful than all of them together. He ran alongside his Son, easily keeping up with the teenage boys. None of them moved close to Chase or touched him unless directed by the Alpha. Michael wore only jeans and a tee shirt, his feet bare. Chase was fully dressed, not yet used to the hard ground.

They found a jutting rock in the woods and Michael told Sean to move it. Sean looked at his friends for a moment and moved forward, wrapping his clawed hands around a big section. He squatted down and heaved with all his might. The rock trembled and the ground gave up an inch or so as the bolder shifted.

Sean couldn't move it anymore.

Michael looked at Jason who quickly looked away. He wasn't as strong as either of his friends and Michael didn't embarrass him by calling him out in front of them.

"You" he said, pointing to Bart. The bigger Werewolf moved forward and knocked Sean playfully out of the way. He tilted his head back and growled and took hold of the rock in his thick hands. Much more of the stone came out of the ground but the earth held a steady grip on it refusing to give it up. Bart let it fall back in frustration. He tried two more times, growling louder each time.

Before Michael could comment, both Sean and Jason moved up and pushed at the rock with Bart. Now it ripped away a good two feet and for a moment Chase thought they had done it. But their efforts were short lived and the rock suddenly stopped and refused to move another inch.

They dropped it back to the ground and turned to Michael.

Michael smiled at Chase. **"See how strong a Werewolf can be?"** Chase nodded his head and Michael moved forward with a wink to his Son. Bart jumped away and the others moved back. All four boys watched as Michael, in human form, took hold of the rock with one hand. He squatted down and the muscles in his back rippled with power. The rock was ripped from the ground! Heavy amounts of earth poured inside the newly formed hole and Michael grunted loudly.

He flipped the rock up and it rolled on its back with a tremendous crash. He wiped his hand off on his jeans and grinned at Chase.

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“It even makes you stronger in human form” He looked at the Werewolves and all three of them became suddenly busy with other things in the area. Chase laughed and Michael made a muscle with the arm that lifted the boulder. **“Hulk smash!”** he grinned. The love Chase had for him literally oozed out of his body. The Werewolves shifted uneasily from foot to foot at the display of raw power. Bart turned his body to face the other direction so not to keep eye contact with the Alpha.

Michael pulled Chase on his back and told him to hold tight. **“You can’t hurt me, so hold me as hard as you need to”** He looked back at the teenagers. **“Keep up!”** And with Chase on his back, Michael took off in a blazing display of speed. The stunned wolves looked shocked and bolted after him.

After the boys left the farm Chase couldn’t help but stare wantonly at his Father’s big, sweaty body. The man’s jeans, as usual, were tight around his powerful legs and his shirt was wet with sweat that filled Chase’s senses.

Michael felt his Son’s desire and his beast stirred within. The boy’s gaze washed over him like heating lamps on his flesh, and the Alpha came awake. He reached out and took Chase by the hand to stand under the window to the loft. He took him by the waist and heaved him up in the air.

Chase sailed like a light stone up to the second floor window and instinctively dropped inside, landing perfectly on his feet. He was getting used to jumping. A second later his Father’s massive body flew into the room and landed beside him, the floorboards creaking with his heavy weight. As he stood up Chase’s eyes went right down between his legs to the thick bulge between them.

“You were great today” Michael said truthfully, unable to ignore what his Son was so focused on. **“You’re taking to this far quicker than I thought you would”** He made no attempt to hide his physical desire for the boy but instead pushed his hips out slightly to draw attention to his crotch.

Chase swallowed. He was close to his Dad and the heat from the man’s muscled body was getting too him. **“You were incredible”** He looked at his Father’s hard biceps. **“You really showed them up with the boulder. Even as a human you were stronger than they were”** His eyes ran down the veins on his Dad’s hairy forearm. **“With one hand no less!”** Chase felt his pulse quicken and he felt warm all over.

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Michael's big dick thickened up between his legs and throbbed before Chase's hungry eyes. The boy was doing it again. His lure was calling to the beast deep inside Michael. His Son was pulling it out like he did so many times before and Michael was losing his ability to maintain control. It was becoming harder to keep his attraction for Chase in check and he knew why. Chase was becoming stronger himself and his wolf was crying out for the Alpha's attention. The taste of his Son's cum flooded into his mind as he remembered the boy's powerful orgasm in the woods.

He became hungry for it.

He stepped forward. **"Nothing will touch you as long as I live"** It was intended to come out as protective, letting Chase know how much he loved him; but it was actually the Alpha that spoke instead. Michael meant to say 'harm' instead of 'touch'. The possessive nature of the beast was in control and it meant every word of it. Nothing would touch Chase if it had anything to say about it.....and it usually did.

Raw desire came out from the Alpha and washed over the dark haired boy.

That was it!

Chase reached out and ran his small hands up his Father's mighty chest. It felt like stone under his fingers. He couldn't fight his need for the man any longer. His lungs filled with the incredible scent that came off his Father's powerful body, and Chase wanted nothing more than to swim in it. His Dad reached down and lifted him up by the legs, wrapping him around his waist. Chase's legs clamped down and squeezed his frame as their mouths came together hungrily. He sucked deeply on the warm tongue that the man pushed roughly into his mouth and he moaned contently at finally being able to taste him.

Michael hugged Chase close to him as they kissed; his big dick raging inside his pants. He gently moved his Son down until he literally rested against it. He wanted the boy to feel it. He wanted him to think of nothing else.

The stunt with the boulder had a purpose. He wanted Chase to focus on him and not the others. There was a problem with Chase and Michael would have to deal with it sooner than later. Having Silas in the picture changed things and moved priorities around.

Werewolves were by nature, animals....very strong, hard to kill and territorial animals. For them, it was all about dominance....dominance in all things, social, political, and most importantly, sexual. From the beginning of time dominance has best been displayed through the taking of a mate; and taking a mate away from someone else; someone weaker. Werewolf packs lived on a hierarchy of command, strongest to weakest. Chase was the

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weakest wolf but the Son of the strongest. Added to that, Chase was gay. This was the biggest problem of all, and Michael knew that every Werewolf would sense it.

Having sexual attraction was a big problem for Werewolves, who usually let the animal in them decide the outcome. This was why there were few females in a pack. It took a strong Alpha to keep order so the wolves wouldn't fight to the death over the right to mate with her. Females were encouraged to have sex with multiple wolves in order to keep the peace and this was something most would do anyway. The desire for children overcame any inhibitions they had. The more sex they had, the greater the chance of bearing offspring.

Having someone like Chase, a weaker wolf, show desire would cause them to fight for his attention. It made no difference that they weren't gay themselves, that was irrelevant. It was all about the need to be desired, to show that they were wanted above other wolves. This is why Bart moved Sean out of the way and wanted Chase to feel his muscles. He wanted the boy to desire him more than Sean, to show dominance over others.

But Michael was an Alpha and he marked Chase with his scent for a reason. It was to remind the others who truly possessed the small wolf. Crossing him would mean instant death and he wanted that to be foremost in their minds when they were alone with his Son. He needed Chase to cast his desire for male contact toward him and away from the other wolves. Order must be maintained. And although that was true, there was still a deeper truth. The beast in Michael wouldn't have it any other way. He was the most dominate animal around, and if the boy wanted sex, the wolf in Michael, was only more than happy to give it to him. Michael struggled with this since the moment he saw his Son for the first time. Chase didn't have to tell him he was gay, the animal in him knew, and other wolves would know that as well.

There was a more dangerous problem though. Werewolves like Silas would see Chase as an aberration. Something to be killed. He wouldn't want Chase to infect his pack. His wolves were meant to mate and reproduce, not have mindless sex with other males. The fact that getting a Werewolf pregnant was so hard made these needs even worse. His males must mate to keep the species alive and not let a wolf like Chase distract them from that purpose.

And Silas wouldn't be the only one. Boys the same age as Bart and Sean would feel that way too and there was no way to know how things would pan out until they did. Either the male wolves would bath in Chase's desire or they would try to kill him.

Michael moved his mouth down to his Son's neck and began to kiss and lick at it as he moved to the bed. Chase was biting at his shoulder hungrily and he could feel his Son's cock pulsing against him.

"Dad" he moaned, his black hair brushing Michael's face. A deep growl escaped his throat before he could help himself. The beast was coming out. His Son was calling to it.

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“I can feel you” he said to Chase. **“I feel your eyes all over me. I can smell your sweat”** Chase bite down hard on his shoulder cap and Michael’s dick almost tore out of his jeans. With amazing strength, he ripped the boy off him and threw him on the bed. He grabbed his own shirt and tore it from his body, the thin fabric shredding apart like paper. He saw Chase’s eyes run over his bare chest.

Then the child did a bad thing. He licked his lips.

Michael’s eyes flared with bright blue light. His primal desire to mate with Chase took hold of him and he growled for attention, casting his power out toward his Son. Chase didn’t back down, he pulled off his own shirt and fumbled to remove his pants. Michael watched impatiently as his Son worked out of his clothing. He reached down and rubbed his bulging crotch as he stared intently at Chase, who finally threw the last of his garments aside. The boy crawled quickly off the bed and dropped to his knees.

He pressed his face against the thick mound between his Dad’s legs. His Father reacted with an approving growl, thrusting his hips out at his Son. He felt the boy’s mouth open and his teeth bite at his big dick. He grabbed the back of Chase’s head and pulled him against his bulge, wanting to feed it to him.

The air was thick with the sexual energy the Alpha gave off. Chase’s lust was like fuel for the fire that seemed to multiply the big man’s power tenfold.

Chase’s tongue lapped at the thick denim fabric and he tried to tear it open with his teeth. The smell from between his Father’s legs was driving him mad. He never wanted anything more in his life. The three sexy Werewolves that Chase had spent so much time with were nothing but a fleeting glimmer in the back of his memory, so far away; they may as well not have existed. He moaned against the heavy meat, so close but yet so far. He became frustrated and for the first time in his life, he growled.

Michael heard the sound and his dick jumped between his legs. Like a child’s first words, the proud Father was there to witness his Son’s beast coming to the surface. He let the boy work at his thick bulge for a moment and then pushed Chase away by his head. He sprawled on the ground and instantly moved to get back up, when the Alpha’s supernatural muscle flared.

Intense invisible power seemed to push at Chase and keep him on the ground. He looked up into his Father’s glowing eyes for a brief moment before he was compelled to look away. The incredible will of the man was too much to take in. His Dad pointed to his feet and Chase was allowed to crawl over to them and wrap his arms around his Father’s legs. His mouth began to lick at one bare foot hungrily.

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The Alpha pushed Michael's control aside and gazed down at the boy on the ground. He watched intently as he moved from one foot to the other and his dick was turning to stone at the sight.

Chase lapped at his Father's submissively. He didn't care what part of the man he touched as long as he could touch him, taste him. His tongue licked at the flesh as his hands ran up his Dad's muscles legs. Chase was almost on his stomach, the force his Father exerted on him was intense. As the long minutes past he felt the man's power shift and the weight on his shoulders left and Chase knew he was now allowed to kneel again. He lifted slowly up, just in case he was wrong, but the pressure didn't come back. He now faced his Dad's bulging crotch again.

Michael reached down and unsnapped his pants as his Son knelt before him looking like he was dying of thirst. He tugged down the zipper and pushed down his jeans until his big dick sprung out and slapped Chase in the face. The boy's mouth was already open and trying to catch the fat shaft when the Alpha once more sent out his power. Chase instantly responded and closed his mouth, hunching down with his head bent low. Michael growled as he finished pushing down his pants and stepped out of them.

He kept Chase at bay until he was ready. He stood before him completely naked and ran one hand threw the child's dark hair. It was thick and silky like he knew it would be. His big dick bobbed in the air and Chase looked up sheepishly at it. The Alpha relaxed his power and Chase moved back up to face his big prick.

The Alpha snarled once, letting the child know to settle down. The amount of lust in the room was palpable. Chase looked up at him and his eyes told the Alpha he understood.

Michael's large hand stroked his Son's face softly. He nodded and Chase opened up his mouth and took his Father's heavy dick for the first time. The beast let out such a low growl the floorboards shook.

Chase's mouth exploded with the flavor of his Father's big cock. His saliva overflowed and ran down the enormous shaft that was stuffed in his mouth. His tongue lapped at it and his lips gripped it possessively as he sucked his Dad's dick. His dream of being with his Dad was finally happening and he didn't have to look down to see his own cock, hard as steel and begging for attention.

He wanted to look up at the man but was afraid. He didn't want his power to push him away again. But as his mouth sucked at the hard flesh and satisfied his hunger, his courage built up. Chase slowly turned his eyes up to his Dad.

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The man was so powerful. Chase could feel it in everything. His massive muscles and rock hard body called out to him with desire. His Father's eyes glowed. Chase's mouth clamped down and he began to nurse on the mighty prick. His Father's eyes did something unexpected. They began to pulse in rhythm to Chase's sucking!

They were connected like never before. The Alpha felt the hard tug at his dick as the boy's mouth sucked deeply on it....submissive, and on his knees. The beast was extremely pleased. This is how it was supposed to be. The child was giving himself freely to him, like he should. When their eyes locked it was the beast that spoke.

"Suck it!"

Chase moaned at hearing his Dad's words and his cheeks sunk around the delicious meat in his mouth. He wanted to tell his Father how much he loved him and how much he wanted this, but that would mean he would have to stop sucking...and that wasn't going to happen. Instead he wrapped his hands around the massive shaft and gripped tightly. He moaned loudly and attempted to swallow his Father's sweaty cock.

The boy choked on his dick and the Alpha smiled. He nodded and let out a slight growl, wanting Chase to try again. He did. The beast felt the boy's throat attempt to open and engulf the massive prick that swelled between his legs. But like the first time, he failed. He coughed, and spit dripped from his mouth and his eyes watered with the effort. The Alpha's dick seemed to grow a little larger in response.

Chase's fingers couldn't get all the way around his Father's shaft. The man was just too big. His mouth was open to the limit, but in the end, there was only so much of it he could take, no matter how hungry he was. But his Dad was watching and Chase knew what he wanted.

He tried to swallow him again.

He coughed so hard the big dick left his mouth. Tears streamed down his cheeks as he stuffed it back inside again, still coughing.

The Alpha smiled at him.

"Just suck it boy" his deep voice commanded and just like that Chase did as he was told. He stopped trying to do the impossible and simply sucked the fat head of his Dad's big dick. The man laughed gently down at him but Chase knew he wasn't trying to be mean. His rugged face told him everything he needed to know. This was his Dad! His very own Father! Chase stopped being afraid and felt the man's love wash over him. He lifted himself a little taller than before and stroked the throbbing shaft in his hands.

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For the next ten minutes Chase stayed on his knees and sucked hungrily on his Father's meaty prick.

DeMarco watched from far away. Was the beast actually going to give in to the boy? Maybe he was weaker than he believed. More the better, he thought. He could strike earlier than expected.

The boy was small and sucking the massive dick between his Father's legs was proving to be a problem. It didn't matter, DeMarco knew. The child just needed to drink the Alpha's cum for the bond to take hold. Once complete the man would seal his life force with the boy's. For a Werewolf this meant many things, mostly it was a statement of total devotion. But for an Alpha Werewolf it was a way of marking his conquest fully. Through his seed and willpower, every other Werewolf would know who Chase belonged to. Right now that feat was accomplished by scent alone. But that wouldn't be enough; not for a weak wolf like Chase.

And DeMarco knew the Alpha had another goal, getting his Son to change for the first time. If the bond between them was made at the same time, it would be so much more powerful and the Alpha could control his Son's change fluidly. The Alpha had already drunk from the child and used the one way connection to keep track of the boy's body, assessing his condition.

But the moon would be full soon, and the power of the Werewolf would be at an all time high. That would be the perfect time to bond with the child, assure his smooth transition to beast, and mark him for eternity as the Son of the Alpha Wolf.

But as DeMarco watched he had his doubts. The man was losing control and enjoying his Son's mouth far too much. If he let the boy drink now at his heightened state the bond would take place before the change and he wouldn't have as much control. Right now Chase was still human and any bond made would be from human to human. The Alpha only had one chance to get it right.

He used his supernatural vision to watch the boy closely. The Alpha's massive prick gleamed with the boy's spit but the Vampire saw no signs of cum. The Alpha had not peaked yet, although the boy's efforts were proving difficult to ignore. The large man shifted from foot to foot as he watched the child suck on him. Even from where he sat over a mile away, DeMarco could feel the power ebbing off the Alpha Wolf.

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He never had that trouble with Patrick. The boy was a far better cocksucker than young Chase but DeMarco never lost control. He dictated when he came, when the teenager was fed and for how long he was allowed to suck on him. That was the difference between him and the beasts. To DeMarco it was a weakness, one he intended to exploit.

If the bond between Father and Son occurred during the boy's change DeMarco could use it to destroy the Alpha by enthralling his child instead. But the bond needed to be made when both were animals. If it happened earlier and DeMarco struck, it was possible the Alpha could break free by simply changing into a Werewolf. This was a risk he was willing to take because it was unlikely that the Alpha would have another child anytime soon.

If the wolf came now, so be it!

Michael looked down at his Son with clouded vision. The boy was so beautiful and the pleasure he created was travelling like waves up his body and making his mind unfocused.

"Chase" he managed to get out, as the boy's mouth worked at his well-sucked cock. He reached down and ran one hand across the child's perfect skin. It was soft to the touch and it made the hair on his forearm stand on end. He took a fistful of hair and gently pulled his Son away. Immediately he felt the change in the air. The boy's protests reached him through his power, even before his face changed at the loss. Before Chase could speak Michael pulled him back and began to rub his hard cock all over his face.

Chase breathed in the heavy scent of his Dad's big prick and balls and pressed against them, attempting to take as much of it to his own body as possible. He lapped at the large, hairy balls whenever he was able, moaning lustfully the entire time. The sweat from his Dad's body tasted like the sweetest honey and made Chase tremble.

Michael pushed the Alpha back with extreme effort. He couldn't give in. Not yet. He reached down and lifted Chase to his feet. He turned him around and pushed him to the bed, forcing him to lie on his stomach. Chase immediately lifted his ass into the air. Michael didn't know if his Son had ever been fucked, but right now that didn't matter. The boy wasn't able to make decisions for himself. The power of the beast made sure of it. That was the whole point of being an Alpha....control.

As he started to move closer he noticed a puddle of white fluid on the floor. Chase had cum! He had cum just from sucking his big dick! He reached down and ran one finger through it and brought it to his mouth. He shuddered at the flavor of the pure seed and swallowed it

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eagerly. He quickly moved behind his Son and spit in his hand. He ran it up the boy's smooth ass pushed a wet finger inside. Chase groaned in pleasure.

"Please Dad" the boy begged him. Michael put his heavy cock against his Son's ass and slowly stroked it up and down between his soft cheeks. His dick throbbed as he lined it up and began to push it in.

Chase cried out in both pleasure and pain as his Dad's massive prick began to open him up. The pressure was getting intense but he didn't want him to stop.

The Alpha felt the boy's discomfort and he cast out his power. It washed over Chase and instantly he began to relax. Michael's big dick sunk past the tight muscle and a good two inches thrust inside Chase making him groan in pleasure. With nothing more than his will, Michael shifted Chase's discomfort into sheer pleasure. He took hold of the kid's hips and began to fuck him.

"You like that Son? You like my big dick?" the beast inside him asked.

Chase moaned loudly and he pushed back against his Dad. Michael growled like a Werewolf.

And with that Chase came!

His hard dick shot for the second time in so many minutes. He couldn't get over the intense power that radiated from his Dad. He threw his head back and moaned loudly as his body shuddered in relief. He felt his Father's strong body lay on top of him and bite his shoulder gently.

"AAHH!" Chase moaned.

As soon as Chase unloaded the Alpha willed the boy down and watched as his Son slumped to the bed and closed his eyes moments later. He continued to thrust steadily inside him for a few minutes, moving his big dick in and out of Chase's ass with slow strokes. He wanted to cum so bad but he knew he couldn't. It would be so easy, just to let go, but his desire to fully bond with the boy would have to wait and mating with him now would be a mistake. Even the beast in him knew that.

He pulled out his throbbing cock and stroked it over his Son's prone body.

Werewolf and Son

DeMarco watched from his perch as the Alpha pumped his huge prick with one hand. It took only a moment before he saw huge amounts of white cream erupt from the man's heavy cock and rain down on the boy below him.

"He's stronger than I thought" He watched as the Alpha finished and shook the last of his cum on the boy. He lay on top of his Son and held him for a long while before he got up and came back with a towel. He wiped Chase clean and did the same to himself. He couldn't afford for the boy to get any of his cum yet, DeMarco knew. It wasn't the right time. He watched the big man take all his clothes, making sure the towel was with him. He couldn't leave it for Chase to find later.

He leaped naked out of the window and down to the ground, the moonlight shining down on him.

DeMarco nodded. He would wait. And he would be ready.

When the night of the carnival arrived the whole family was excited. Emma spent most of the day telling Chase what rides she was going on. She didn't remember going the year before but she pointed at the flyer, filled with images of massive rides, as if she did. Chase promised to go on any ride she wanted, much to her extreme pleasure.

They piled into the car, taking blankets and food just in case they wanted to sit outside and look at the carnival lights from the field nearby. Chase watched the trees move by as they drove. The farm was far away from everyone else and he knew it was going to take a while to get to the carnival.

About halfway there something happened.

Michael felt it run through his mind like a rake through sand. He pulled the car over and sat very still while Emma, Wendy and Chase waited. Emma was the first to speak up but her mother quickly covered her mouth and turned to Chase to motion for him to be silent as well. About three minutes past by before Michael did anything.

He turned to Wendy and then to Emma. **"I'm going to meet you at the carnival in a little while. I want you to go with your mother and brother and wait for me there"**

Emma just looked at him, not sure what to say. He turned to Chase and told him to look after his little sister and do whatever Wendy said. Then he kissed her on the mouth and told her

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to drive away. He got out and waited until she took his place in the driver's seat. He smiled to Chase and Emma and patted the top of the car until they left.

He turned toward the woods, and his eyes began to glow. It was getting late; the sun had maybe another forty minutes or so left before it dipped below the ground. He began to run past the trees, his nose sniffing at the air until he found what he was looking for....the smell of human blood.

Chase, Wendy, and Emma parked at the carnival. Light and sounds of rides and laughter filled the air. Emma squealed in delight as she bounded from the car, forgetting her Dad wasn't with them. She grabbed Chase by the hand and pulled him along. Wendy assured Chase that his Dad would be alright and it was best to do whatever he said.

Once inside they hit the first four rides in quick succession. Wendy thought it best to distract little Emma until her Father could arrive, and Chase agreed. She knew her Dad was a Werewolf but she had never seen him change. To Emma he was a superhero with a mask and cape and protecting his secret identity was a big responsibility, one she took very seriously.

Sean, Bart and Jason were there and even though Chase wasn't introduced to everyone, he knew they weren't the only Werewolves in the area. They nodded to Wendy and said hello to Emma. Wendy thought it would be a good idea if they went off on their own for a while so she could get something to eat with Emma. Chase was made to promise that he would return to take her on the Ferris Wheel in an hour and he had to cross his heart in a vow of extreme trust before little Emma would allow him to leave. Sean laughed from behind her as the ritual took place. He nodded to Wendy and some kind of silent promise moved between them.

Bart was the best at throwing baseballs at their targets. He won the biggest prize and carried it around proudly as all the girls looked on and cheered. The feeling of sex was in the air and Chase could feel it like it had a physical presence. The girls were attracted to the Werewolf boys like flies to honey. But Chase wasn't interested in them. He would rather watch Bart heave the big hammer over his head in an attempt to ring the bell at the top. The boy's heavy biceps flared out with each swing and Chase gazed at him appreciatively. This

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wasn't lost on Bart who flexed and winked at him every few minutes, soaking in the attention. There were only a few times that Bart wasn't pressing some part of his body to Chase's, be it his leg or arm, or even chest as they waited in line.

Jason and Sean meanwhile were almost beating the girls off in droves as two or three would tangle themselves up in one of the boy's arms lovingly. Sean was by far the most popular boy Chase had ever seen. Bart came over and wrapped an arm around Chase and grinned.

"Like that huh?"

Chase smiled back and Bart pulled him to a haunted tunnel ride nearby. He told Sean to wait for them and threw him his stuffed animal prize to hold. Once in the dark, Bart hugged Chase too him and pulled his hand between his legs.

"Why don't you play with that" he said in Chase's ear and grinned when the boy's fingers began to rub at his thick bulge. **"You ever think about sucking me?"** Chase didn't answer but when a light flared up Bart could see he was blushing. **"It's alright Chase. I don't mind"** The ride took a list to one side and then quickly righted itself. The small car pulled up to the end but they had to wait a moment for the car ahead of them to unload. Bart asked him again. **"You think about it?"** This time Chase nodded. The car went forward and they had to get out. Bart pulled Chase in front of him and pressed his dick against the boy's ass. He leaned down and said, **"We'll have to find some alone time. Just me and you"**

When they came out Sean immediately looked between Bart's legs. He rolled his eyes up and threw his stuffed animal at him.

"Here Romeo! Looks like you'll need this"

Bart grinned and shrugged his shoulders but used the prize to cover his condition up.

Chase left for a few minutes to grab a drink and on the way back decided he would try his hand at the baseball game as well. No one was around to see him, so he didn't feel any pressure. He paid, picked up the first ball and missed by a mile. He lifted the second and before he could throw it someone spoke behind him.

"You're doing it all wrong"

Chase turned around and saw the most handsome boy he had ever laid eyes on. No, handsome wasn't the right word. Sean was handsome, his Father was handsome; this boy was beautiful. His skin was flawless, perfect in every way. He had thick curly brown hair that framed his smiling face. His body was built to perfection, with broad shoulder and sexy arms. The Werewolf boys oozed sex with their rough exteriors and school yard bully ways,

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but this boy was untouched by violence. No scars or evidence of any fights marked his body. He was like an angel.

“Here, let me show you”

He moved behind Chase and ran one strong hand up his arm and wrapped his fingers around Chase’s. He put his other hand around his waist and pressed lightly against the boy. He pulled back Chase’s arm and slowly moved it forward.

“Like this” he leaned down and smiled at Chase.

Chase felt like he was in a dream.

“Try it now”

But Chase didn’t want to try it. He didn’t want the boy to move away or stop touching him. Before he could help himself, his head betrayed him and he nodded. The teenager moved back and Chase threw the ball, not really concentrating on anything but the boy behind him. The ball hit the target this time. Not all of the pins fell down though.

“Want me to finish it off?”

Chase turned, speechless. He didn’t understand. The boy smiled and pointed to the pins.

“Want me to knock the rest down?”

“Oh” Chase said. **“Sure”** He moved out of the way and watched as the sexy teenager took the last ball and threw it expertly at the pins. His brown curly hair waved in the air as he tossed the ball. The muscles in his arms, shoulders and back seemed to call out to Chase.

The pins fell...all of them.

The boy turned to Chase. **“Pick out your prize”**

But Chase already had. He was looking at it. Thoughts of Sean’s handsome face and blonde hair, and Bart’s big muscles and even bigger dick, were eliminated from his mind as the beautiful boy stood before him. His eyes were hypnotic. Chase felt lost as he looked into them.

He laughed at Chase and turned to the man behind the counter. He pointed to a stuffed bear.

“That one” He handed it to Chase with a bright smile.

“I’m Patrick”

Werewolf and Son

Wendy was worried about Michael. He had done this before and it never turned out well. Duties as the Alpha kept coming into their lives, and although Silas was around, it seemed like the bigger the problem, the less that man was able to deal with it. Which meant Michael was called next.

A woman walked by her as she ate with Emma. They looked in each other's eyes and Wendy knew she was a Werewolf. She hadn't seen her before, but that meant nothing. The woman nodded her head in acknowledgement. Wendy nodded back. She knew the woman would sense the Alpha's mark on her. Sometimes this led to problems, especially if the woman was new to the area, but the carnival was packed and a fight was unlikely in this setting. Still she watched the woman.

Chase had been seen.

Werewolves from another pack were at the carnival, hunting for girls, food and more girls. Three of them, in their early twenties, saw Chase with Sean, Bart and Jason.

Chase was watching Bart swing the hammer and the wolf called Quinn felt the boy's desire for Bart. He could feel it from thirty feet away. The boy was looking at Bart's muscles and getting aroused by it. Quinn reacted as did the other two with him. He breathed in the air. The boy had a Werewolf mark, but one Quinn had never seen.

He made a loud noise and the dark haired boy turned for a moment to look at him. Quinn watched the boy's eyes look him over and felt the sexual energy now directed at him, before he turned back to Bart.

Quinn growled low, his friends bumping into him from both sides, riled up by his anger. **"I don't fucking believe this!"**

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"I'm Chase"

They shook hands and Chase felt weak in the knees as Patrick took hold of his hand.

"You're new here" his voice was like song.

Chase nodded. **"I'm visiting my Dad"**

Patrick wasn't a Werewolf, Chase could tell.

"I'm new myself" Patrick said. **"I'm visiting my....Dad....as well"** He looked over his shoulder to the crowd for a moment. **"You wanna go on a ride with me?"**

Chase would have followed him anywhere on earth, but instead of admitting that he said, **"Yeah, sure!"**

They stood in line for the roller coaster. Chase had already been on it with Sean and the boys but he didn't tell that to Patrick. They climbed in the back car five minutes later and laughed as it slowly worked its way up the steep hill.

"I love this" Patrick said. **"It feels like flying!"**

He put his arm around Chase's shoulder and Chase leaned against him. The car raced down the hill with thunderous speed and both of them screamed in delight as the wind cut through their hair and took the breath from their mouths. As the car hurled around a turn Chase was pushed hard against Patrick, but the boy simply smiled at him and pulled him tighter with his arm.

Chase smiled back, totally in love.

After the ride Chase looked down at his watch. It was almost time to ride with Emma! He had to leave.

"Patrick, I'm sorry. I'm here with my....family" he hesitated, not used to thinking of them like that. **"And I promised my little sister I'd go on a ride with her"** He wished it were otherwise but he had no choice. He didn't want Patrick to leave though so he said, **"You can come too!"**

Patrick shook his head. **"It's alright. I'll be around for a while"** He took a card out with a phone number on it. **"Here, call me sometime. I'd love to see you again. I work in the day but I'm free every night"**

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Chase looked at it, stuffed it in his pocket as his mind raced with a way to keep Patrick with him.

“Are you sure you won’t come?”

“Nah. It’s cool though” He reached up and ran one hand down Chase’s arm and wove their fingers together. **“I’d rather be alone with you anyway”** Patrick gave him a deep look and a soft smile. **“If that’s cool with you?”**

Chase was partially frozen in Patrick’s lustful gaze. He blinked and nodded his head.

“Yeah!...I mean sure” he tried not to sound so desperate.

“Well, it’s a date then” Patrick grinned. He stepped back and did the most sexy thing Chase could imagine. He pulled at Chase’s hand until it bumped into his thigh...right next to the large bulge between his legs. His eyes spoke volumes. **“I’ll wait for you to call”**

Chase stood with his mouth open, unable to reply. He watched Patrick walk away and disappear into the crowd. He didn’t know how long he stood there until he heard a familiar voice.

“Chase!”

He turned and little Emma was there at his side, tugging at his arm.

“You ready to go?” she asked.

He smiled. **“Sure Emma”** His mind still on Patrick. He looked up and saw Wendy waving from a distance. She was talking to another woman and looked away after Chase saw her and waved back. **“Let’s go”**

They moved toward the Ferris wheel, hand in hand and almost made it there until Quinn stopped them. Without a word, two big boys took hold of Chase by the arms and pulled him away from Emma. Quinn followed as they carried him quickly away.

“HEY!” Emma shouted after them. They paid her no attention. She looked around for her mother but didn’t see her. There were so many people she didn’t know where she was so she ran after her brother and the other boys.

Chase pulled at them but they were far stronger than him. He tried to kick them but one of the boys punched him in the face. He knew they were Werewolves. He could smell it.

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Emma did her best to keep up but she was losing ground. She saw them punch at Chase and she ran faster.

Once in the woods and away from sight, they threw Chase to the ground and started to kick him. One of them caught Chase in the gut and drove the air from his lungs.

“Cruising the park?” Quinn asked and kicked him in his back. Chase tried to cry out but could only grunt in pain. **“We don’t like your kind here!”** He punched Chase in the face hard. Chase saw stars and felt himself pulled up to his feet. Someone punched him again and he flew through the air and landed on his back.

The beating went on for an eternity. Chase felt their heavy fists and big feet hammer at him from every angle. Whenever he tried to speak they drove the wind from his lungs in a variety of painful fashions.

Emma ran up to Quinn and kicked at his leg. He looked down at her and picked her up, tossing her aside. She landed on her feet but stumbled and fell to her back. She looked up at them, getting back to her feet and started to scream!

There had been many questions that Chase had when he first met his Father at the train station; most of which remained unanswered. Of course some of the bigger questions were no longer mysteries to him, like where his sudden strength came from, why he could run so fast, and why he needed to stay with his Dad for a while.

There was a big question that gnawed at his mind, however. Why had his Father left his mom and married Wendy?

That question had now been answered. Not by Wendy or Michael, but by a small four year old child with a stuffed teddy bear in her hand.

Emma’s voice ripped through the air in a way that only little girls could do. Her hands were on her face, holding her head in fright as she watched the boys hurt Chase.

After that, everything else happened almost at the same time.

Thick tree roots exploded from the ground!

About ten of them formed a barrier over Chase, wrapping around his supine body from both sides and weaving into a wooden cover about two feet above him.

Others shot out near the Werewolves. The biggest boy took one through his right thigh. He screamed as the sharp wooden root punctured his flesh and came out the other side. He

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reached down to pull it out but his wrists were seized by smaller roots that circled around him and yanked his arms up in the air.

The second Werewolf was thrown against a tree. The roots quickly wrapped around his whole body and tied him to the massive trunk and began to squeeze. He screamed and tried to pull away, but the roots were far stronger and were becoming thicker by the second.

Quinn attempted to run but his legs became tangled in heavy vines that sprung up all around him. They moved up his legs and pulled him down as roots took hold of his arms and snapped the bones in them. His screams drowned out the others.

Chase looked at Emma. She was still screaming but something startling happened. Heavy branches grew instantly out of the ground with sharp thorns that cut the air. There were drops of fluid that came out of them, and he could smell the intense odor; it was poison. They circled little Emma and Chase felt his heart jump in fear she would be killed.

But they didn't hurt her!

They made a perfect barrier, separating her from the others, all the thorns pointed away from her. He looked up at the roots above him. Both of them were being protected!

The Werewolves screamed in agony as Chase made his way out of the cave and moved toward Emma. He stopped about three feet in front of her, unable to touch her without getting scratched. He turned to the Werewolves and he noticed the big tree roots that had moments ago covered him, were now moving into a wall between the two parties.

Emma was doing this! She was keeping everyone separated!

"Emma!" he shouted at her, but she kept screaming. **"It's alright! Stop it!"** He held out his arms to her but she shook her head and continued to scream.

One of the wolves howled and Chase heard the sharp sound of bone breaking as one of his legs was bent unnaturally away from him.

Chase didn't know what to do! He had no powers that could combat the whole forest! He ran up to the first Werewolf and pulled at the roots, trying to free the boy. One of them snapped off, but before Chase could take hold of another, three more replaced the one he removed.

"Help!" he cried out to anyone. The Werewolves were going to die and there was nothing he could do. He spun around to Emma. Maybe if he could knock her out, all this would stop. He looked around for something to get by the thorn bushes with.

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“Emma! No!” He shouted.

And then everything did stop. Emma stopped screaming and she moved to run! Chase shouted for her to stop, holding his hand out for her to stay in place. The thorns would rip her apart!

But they didn't. Instead they flowed like water and parted, allowing her to pass freely. He watched her run out and followed her with his eyes until he saw what she saw.

Wendy!

She stood near a tree, her arms extended toward Emma. She scooped the little girl up in a hug and gripped her tight.

“It's alright Emma! I'm here now!”

Wendy looked over Chase and saw he was beaten but alright. She waved her hand in the air and the thorn bushes and wall of roots were instantly pulled back into the ground. Dirt billowed up in a cloud at the sudden movement, but otherwise....they were simply gone!

She came up to Chase and hugged Emma tight one more time. **“Take her back to the park and wait for me by the Ferris wheel. I'll be there soon!”**

Chase was stunned. Everything had happened so quickly, his mind didn't have time to process any of it. He only knew one thing for sure....Wendy and Emma weren't human!

“But...” he started, but she thrust Emma into his arms.

“Go! I'll deal with them. You have to get cleaned up before your Father finds you”

“Why?” he asked, his mind just starting to function. Wendy walked away from him toward the Werewolves.

“Because he'll kill them!” She pointed to the carnival. **“GO NOW!”**

Chase fled with Emma in his arms as Wendy made the roots halt in the torture of the three wayward wolves.

“Fools! He's the Alpha's Son! What were you thinking?” She waved her hand and the roots untangled from the wolves and disappeared into the ground. They lay at her feet, broken, bleeding and crying out in pain. Quinn passed out moments after, and Wendy

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motioned for the other two to help him. **“We have to hurry! If you want to live, you’ll do what I say!”**

Chase was breathing hard. His body hurt from the punches and kicks but he was too pumped up to care at the moment. Emma was still crying but her face was buried in his neck as he held her tight. He kept telling her that everything was alright and he was fine but she never spoke.

It was almost thirty minutes before Wendy came back. She took Emma away from him and looked him over.

“Go find a bathroom and wash up. Use as much soap as you can. Run it over your clothes and hair if you have too. Their scent must be masked”

Chase nodded and looked around until he saw a sign for the restroom. He took off and did as she asked. He came back fifteen minutes later looking disheveled and bruised. Wendy took his hand and led him away.

“Time to go. Maybe we’ll get lucky and we won’t see him.....”

She almost finished her sentence when Michael appeared in front of them. His eyes running over Chase.

“WHO DID THIS TO YOU?” his voice boomed out. Wendy grabbed Chase by the arm and squeezed tight. Chase was so surprised by his Father’s appearance he couldn’t speak. Michael bent down and began to sniff at him. He took hold of Chase’s arms and smelled the dried blood. His eyes bore into him but Chase was speechless.

Emma’s face was still buried against Wendy’s shoulder when Michael moved to her and sniffed her as well. Chase could feel the rage rippling off his Dad’s body and he took a step back in fear.

“Time to go” Wendy repeated herself. She pointed to the woods. **“In there. Go get them!”** she said to Michael. As he pushed past them and she used the opportunity to take Chase again and yank him forward. **“We’re leaving now!”**

Werewolf and Son

Chase looked back to see his Dad running toward the woods. Wendy picked up the pace and told Chase to focus on where they were. They made it to the car and she started it, driving off even before he belted Emma in.

“Why are we leaving?”

She didn't look at him as she wove the car quickly through the parked vehicles and out to the open road. **“We have to get away from your Dad. The distance to get home will buy us some time. Once we get back, you take your clothes off, get in the shower and scrub yourself raw. Use all the soap you can while I wash your things. He have to work fast before he realizes what I've done!”**

She said everything so calmly and Chase knew she had been through this before.

Michael bolted into the woods and sniffed the air. The darkness meant nothing to him, his eyes saw everything. The area was thick with foliage. He ran deeper and deeper, smelling everything. He knew his Son and Daughter had been here! There were others too...but where? The vines pulled at his legs. There were so many of them! He took in a deep breath and sneezed!

The heavy odor of flowers filled up his sensitive nose and Michael shook his head as if to make them go away. He sneezed again. He looked around and saw the cause. He was so focused on finding people he didn't notice the plants. They were everywhere! Thick heavy plants dripping with honey and nectar. Flowers that filled the ground seemed to thrive all around him. The smell was overwhelming!

This was impossible! The sunlight didn't come down this far. There was only one way these plants could grow like this. He threw his head back and howled before he shouted her name in anger.

“WENDY!!!!!!”

Werewolf and Son

Chase had been in the shower for thirty minutes. Wendy had taken his clothes along with Emma's and washed them in hot soapy water and bleach. He found her in the living room burning a few cinnamon sticks on the stove in a pot of water.

He looked at her. **"Who are you?"**

She smiled at him and smoothed out her shirt against her pants. **"Don't you mean, 'what am I'?"** Chase frowned and she motioned for him to come inside. He sat on the sofa and she brought him a hot mug of tea flavored with honey. **"Drink this, you'll feel better"**

She was right. The warm fluid was like a rich, soothing blanket to his body. His aches and pains seemed to lessen as the tea made its way to his stomach. He looked down at the cup in surprise and Wendy laughed. **"The Werewolf in you would heal almost any wound given time but nothing beat a good glass of tea"** Her eyes twinkled and then she shrugged. **"Alright, so I cheat a little"** She nodded to the mug. **"It has some plant extract that numbs pain and helps the healing process"**

Chase drank some more as she spoke. Wendy took a damp cloth and started to rub it against Chase's arms and chest lightly. It smelled of perfume.

"Chase, your Father loved your mother very much, even after I met him. But you have to understand what he is. Your Dad isn't just a Werewolf, he's an Alpha. 'The' Alpha technically" She took in a deep breath. **"Being married to a human woman would have been impossible for someone like him. Werewolves fight for mates. They kill each other in fact. Your mother would have been murdered by them to claim your Dad"**

"He's the Alpha! He could protect her!"

Wendy shook her head. **"Chase, for a Werewolf to give birth to a healthy baby takes a great deal of willpower and luck. A female will mate with as many wolves as she can in the hopes of having a child. That desire overrides anything else. Even the fear of retaliation by your Dad. Your mother would have been killed just for the chance for others to mate with him. The animal in them would take the risk. This this way, female wolves are far more aggressive than males"**

"But you're not a Werewolf"

She shook her head. **"No I'm not. I'm a Druid Priestess"** She let that sink in for a moment. **"My people are creatures of nature. We can control it, speak to it and in times of stress..."** she looked up the stairs to Emma's room. **"...we can make it kill for us"**

His eyes followed Wendy's. **"Emma?"**

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Wendy nodded. **"In my time with your Father, I've had three attacks from female wolves. Two by the same woman"** She looked away from Chase. **"I finally had to kill her. She left me no choice. I was pregnant with Emma and she could smell it on me. I wish there was another way but believe me, I couldn't find one"** She waved her hand around. **"That's one of the reasons we live out here. No one can sneak up on us, not as long as I'm here. The plants won't allow it"**

Chase was dumbfounded.

"Of course they still come by to ask him to mate with them"

Chase's eyes went wide. **"What?"**

She nodded. **"Chase you have to understand who your Father is. He is the most powerful Werewolf in this area. The others flock to him for protection and the women come to him for children. If he doesn't comply things can get violent and he would have to kill them when the fever to breed takes them over"**

She patted his leg reassuringly. **"He's mated with several female wolves that live here. Some come from very far away to beg for his..."** she hesitated. **"...seed"** She smiled. **"Having a child by an Alpha wolf would multiply the chance to take a baby to term and maybe even produce a very powerful child in the process"**

"So I have other brothers and sisters?"

"No, I don't think so. Having a child as a female Werewolf is very hard. Having a child as powerful as Michael is so rare, it's almost impossible. That doesn't stop them from trying though. You see only an exceptionally strong woman can stop the change on her own. It takes an Alpha to keep the change at bay; but even then he has to be very powerful. Like your Dad"

"So why doesn't he do it?" Chase asked.

"Because he isn't their mate; I am"

Chase took another drink. **"So he tries to impregnate them and then it's up to them to have the baby on their own?"**

She rocked her head from shoulder to shoulder. **"Well, it's a little more complicated than that but in a nutshell, yes. The local wolves have Silas and it's up to him to stop the change. I don't think he's been successful yet"**

Werewolf and Son

Before Chase could ask anything else the door opened with a bang and Michael stood in the frame, his anger evident on his face.

“Hi honey” Wendy said with a soothing voice. **“Want some tea?”**

His eyes flared at her. He said nothing but came up to Chase and pulled him to his feet. He sniffed at the boy, lifting up his arms and breathing through his black hair. Chase allowed him to move him around until as he looked at Wendy in fear. She nodded her head and gave him a reassuring smile.

Michael let him go suddenly. **“Did you use all the soap in the house?”**

Chase didn't answer; he just stared at the big man.

“Where are your clothes?” As if on cue, a bell sounded and Wendy spoke up.

“Coming out of the dryer now” she replied. Michael turned to her and closed the distance until they were inches apart. His eyes flared with power and his chest swelled out in dominance. She reached up and stroked his handsome face with one small, soft hand. **“Oh love, save your powerI'm immune”** She walked past him and patted his back. **“Did you forget?”**

Michael didn't turn to her or make any attempt to stop her. **“I'll leave you two to talk. Please don't wake Emma, she's had a rough day”** And with that, she walked up the stairs leaving Chase and Michael alone.

“Who hurt you?”

Chase shook his head slowly. **“I don't know Dad; I've never seen them before”**

Michael lifted Chase up and studied his wounds before hugging him tight. He continued to smell him.

Chase felt his Dad's muscled arms hold him possessively. He hugged him back. The powerful aura of the man was overwhelming and it was making Chase hard. His Father began to carry him toward the front door and a short while later they were in the loft; Chase still wrapped up in Michael's arms. He was pulled back until Father and Son were face to face, and then his Dad kissed his mouth fully. Chase took the man's warm tongue inside and sucked it hungrily. He felt so safe in his arms and he also felt....sleepy.

Werewolf and Son

Never in his life had he felt so suddenly tired. Before he could even say anything his head rested on his Father's broad shoulders and his arms slumped to their sides.

Michael waited until his Son was out. He carefully lay the small boy down on the bed and covered him up. He kissed his face several times as he stroked his dark hair with one hand. He put Chase to sleep with his power. He could feel the boy's desire for him rising to the surface but he didn't have time to that now. His mind was on something else tonight.

He stood up and went to the loft window, peering out into the darkness. A deep growl rolled out of his throat toward the trees, the animal in him daring anyone to approach.

No one did.

He looked back once more to his sleeping Son and turned off the lights before leaping out of the window and down to the ground. He moved back into the house to deal with Wendy.

"Cute stunt you pulled in the woods tonight" He stood at the foot of the bed as Wendy looked at him innocently from under the covers. She creased her brow in mock ignorance.

"Stunt? I don't know what you're talking about"

He threw his shoulders back. **"My hairy Werewolf ass!"**

Wendy laughed. **"I like your hairy ass"**

Michael's eyes flashed with light. **"You think because you can make a few plants grow you have the right to interfere with my Son?"**

Wendy pouted sweetly and lifted up on her elbows to look at him. The covers came down and revealed her naked breasts. **"Oh Michael, I can make more than just plants grow"**

He reached down and pulled off the covers. She watched as he kicked off his shoes and pulled off his shirt. He was so big, so handsome. He pushed his pants down and threw them to the side, his massive prick jutting out from between his legs. He climbed on the bed, towering over her.

Wendy wasn't scared. She had been through this before. She lay back down as he took hold of her shoulders and pushed her down. He roughly pulled apart her legs and moved to penetrate her. She reached up and ran her hands over his muscled chest as he sunk his big dick inside her cunt.

Werewolf and Son

She cried out in pleasure and tried to pull him down to her but he resisted. He grabbed her wrists and pinned them above her head with one hand as he began to pump into her.

“Look at me!” he growled at her.

She looked at his incredible body above her. He wanted to dominate her. Remind her who was in charge. She looked at his beautiful eyes and moaned. He had an angry look on his face but it didn't make any difference to her. She had what she wanted and she knew he would never hurt her. It was the threat that was important to him and she knew how to play the game better than anyone. She wrapped her legs around his waist as he opened her up with his heavy dick.

“Michael!” she cried out.

Michael growled in her face and sunk into her, the bed creaking under his weight. His power washed over her as he let his dominant nature out. If any other wolves had been in the area, they would have lay on the ground in submission. But Wendy really was immune. Her Druid nature blocked his power, although she could feel what he was trying to do. Her head rocked from side to side as he plowed into her body. She cried out in pleasure, rousing the beast in him.

“You will obey me!”

She nodded. **“Of course my love! Of course!”** she lied.

Wendy came three times before he let her sleep. He made her look at him each time she came. She finally passed out in exhaustive pleasure as she felt her well-fucked pussy filled with his warm cum. The last thing she remembered was hearing him growl arrogantly.

He sat on the edge of the bed and looked back at his wife. She was out. Michael had pushed her over the edge and taken out his aggressions on her. Her small body was spent and it would be a few days before she would have her full strength back again. He stood up and pulled on some shorts and checked on Emma. She was asleep still, so small and so fragile. He kissed her head and she stirred, turning to the other side. He covered her up and patted her shoulder.

Chase was still asleep as well. He could feel the boy no matter where he was. The bond that Michael had with him allowed him to sense his Son's state when he was close like this. If he

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was farther away, Michael would have to reach out and find him, but that was just a matter of concentration if nothing else. His big fingers ran lightly over the bruises on his Son's face. Already they were healing. When Chase started to change, wounds like these would heal within minutes instead of days. Some Werewolves would change to speed that up even more, altering their bodies until the injuries were healed and then reverting back to human. He left his Son to sleep in peace and went back inside.

Michael walked to the window under the loft. It wasn't quite morning yet. The sun hadn't come up but the darkness was moving away. He looked up and leaped.

Chase was sleeping soundly in his bed, in the same position Michael left him in. He kissed the beautiful boy once and smiled when Chase rolled toward him. He put one arm around him and hugged him, letting his Son smell his body. The boy moaned contently in his embrace and Michael stroked his hair lovingly.

Michael was upset for a number of reasons. Wendy's actions saved the lives of some stupid Werewolves but the truth was Michael was more upset about something else.

He felt it when they drove to the carnival. The Alpha in him felt the great disturbance and he had no choice but to follow his instincts. There was only so much control that he had over his beast. There were some things that Michael just wasn't powerful enough to contain. Innocent children were one of them.

He smelled the blood as soon as he hit the woods. He ran deeper, following the smell for about a mile, until he found an open area with six homes. It was a small community and Michael could tell instantly that Werewolves lived here. He sniffed the air and let out his power as he let his body change.

The Werewolf in him was out. His heavy, hairy limbs moved easily around the homes, searching for others. There had been a fight here. A great battle and the beast in him was ready to kill.

He found the first four bodies on the side of the house. Four adult men were dead, blood everywhere. He sniffed at them and knew they were wolves. He didn't know them personally but he had felt their presence around town.

There was a pile of ash nearby that confused him. The side of the house was scorched and Michael didn't have an explanation for it. Whatever it was burned quickly, because the

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ground was untouched by flame. He used his power to call out any wolves in the area. A lesser wolf would be compelled to answer him. No one came.

In total seven men, two women and four children were dead. The strange scorch marks were randomly placed on trees and homes, wherever there was blood. Some of the people were so badly injured the he couldn't tell who they had been in life. He searched everywhere, sniffing the air for any clues. There were so many scents and so much blood that he had a hard time separating them. The Alpha in him knew its own kind however, and his mind locked on to the other scents, filing them away for future recall.

He lifted his head and growled loudly, challenging anyone to come out. He looked around, his supernatural eyes seeing everything. He turned slowly. Nothing.

Or was there?

His ears picked it up first. A whimper. Small, afraid. He sniffed quickly; discarding the scents he knew didn't belong. He moved toward the sound. A house at the end of the circle called to him. He ripped the door off and looked around. Nothing moved. He sniffed and felt the terror wash over him.

Someone was here!

He bellowed a great roar and banged his fists against the walls in fury. Someone started to cry. He leaped forward and bounded up the stairs until he came to a room at the end of the hall. The floor creaked with his tremendous weight and he crashed through the weak wooden door like a freight train.

A little boy, no more than Emma's age was huddled in the corner, a blanket over his tiny body. Tears ran down his face as he looked at Michael. The animal looked around and felt with his power. They were alone.

Michael couldn't stand up all the way, the room didn't permit it. He pulled back his power and changed back into a man.

"It's alright son. I won't hurt you" He reached out his hand and smiled at the terrified boy. It took a moment before the child responded but he wiped his face and pushed the blanket off. He reached out and let Michael lift him up in the air and hug him to his muscled frame. **"I won't let anything hurt you. You're safe, I promise"**

The boy buried his face in Michael's thick neck and hugged him with his tiny arms.

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“My name is Michael and I’m a Werewolf, like your parents were. You know what that means don’t you?”

The boy nodded his head but didn’t say anything. He kept his face against Michael’s neck.

He held the child tight and rocked him in his big arms. **“What did this? Who hurt everyone?”**

The little boy sniffed and Michael felt moist tears run down his neck as the child began to cry again.

“It’s alright. You can tell me. I’m here to help you”

The boy slowly lifted up and put his mouth to Michael’s ear. His voice was small and broken with fear. He said one word.

“Vampires”

CHAPTER FOUR

Silas paced back and forth in his lavish home. His primary mate stood nearby watching his movements carefully. Adding to the temper of an Alpha was dangerous at the best of times, especially when the cause of anger was unknown.

“They’re dead” he said quietly, not looking at her. She waited patiently for him to finish.
“David’s pack are all dead, save one boy”

She was stunned. The local packs were well known and David’s was newer but respected for their peaceful nature.

“How?”

He looked out the window. **“Vampires. I’m waiting for the others to get here so we can investigate ourselves”**

She spoke fearfully. **“Vampires? They don’t attack whole packs at one time. Are you sure?”**

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He nodded. **“Michael believes so. This is the first time in ages they’ve struck when we were grouped together. Which is why I want to see it for myself”**

“The Alpha...” she began but his look cut her off.

“Knows only what a small child told him. I’m Alpha here!” his eyes blazed at her.

“Of course my lord” she bowed, already regretting her last statement.

“I’m calling a meeting of pack leaders” he said. In truth only Silas and Michael and were true Alphas. The others were strong Werewolves but hardly more than the usual fare. One other lived near, a man named Daruth, but he rarely involved himself in the affairs of other packs, preferring to keep to himself. He was most likely near the same strength as Silas, but had no desire to increase his fold or steal from the rival Alpha. Of course Michael had no pack to steal from and Daruth would be foolish to try, even if he did.

“The children?” she asked solemnly. He nodded, confirming her worst fears. **“So many at one time, I can’t believe it. There had to be several Vampires to kill so many”**

“Michael said there were burn marks nearby. It could indicate the death of them. The child he found couldn’t give him any numbers”

“Where is the child?”

“With Marcus. Michael dropped the boy off with him. Marcus has a strong pack. We are all on alert now”

There was a rap at the door. A large man, balding with big muscles around thirty five came in.

“News?” Silas asked.

“We’re ready. The men you wanted are in the truck”

Silas nodded and looked at the woman. **“All females and children should stay in this house. The men will circle until I return”**

She bowed and moved out of the room to collect the others. Silas walked outside to the large truck, the back was filled with five big men all of them had angry looks. He looked at one in particular, Ryan, a renowned tracker.

“You’re ready?” he asked.

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Ryan nodded. **"If there's a scent I'll find it"**

And he would. Ryan was the best tracker in the entire area, save the Alpha Michael.

The drive to David's commune was for the most part, driven in silence. The death of so many had had implications for the others. Packs by nature stayed in one spot and defended their territory; the death of a whole community was devastating.

The blood was still there as were the ashes and burn marks. Ryan and the others scouted the area, no one moving into a new spot until Ryan had a chance to pick up a scent first.

"Vampires alright" he said. He pointed to scorched wood. **"That's one of them there"** A pile of ash sat just below. **"But there are other marks that mean something else"** He pointed to a tree trunk blackened with fire. **"This was mind cast"**

Silas's eyes grew. **"Mind cast? That takes an exceptionally powerful Vampire!"**

Ryan nodded. **"Only an ancient could do it"** he thought for a moment. **"500 years old at least, give or take"** his eyes met Silas's, the implication clear.

"Dammit!" he spun around to the others. **"I want the entire area searched. Check the trees, a strong Vampire could survive in daylight provided they had cover. Watch yourselves. Travel in packs of three and report to Ryan or myself. We meet back here in one hour regardless!"** He looked back to the tracker. **"I want to know about every Vampire in the area, be it myth, rumor, or fact!"**

Ryan nodded and began to file every scent in his mind.

"Vampires?" Wendy said. **"Are you sure?"**

"That's what the boy said. The area confirmed it for the most part. I have no idea how many, but it had to be close to seven. A changed Werewolf is stronger than a Vampire, provided they were able to change at all of course"

Wendy closed her eyes for a moment. They both knew of David and his pack, some of his women had even mated with Michael before. At first he thought she was saying a prayer but

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when he watched her face he realized the truth, she was using her powers. He waited for a long minute until she finished.

“Nothing for two miles” she stated. Her abilities were incredible. When she concentrated she could communicate with passive plants from a great distance. It didn’t quite work like an alarm, but no one could come within a half mile of the farm without her knowing about it. An active search took effort though. Michael had planted four big oak trees near the house for protection just in case. Even if she were asleep they would respond to danger, waking her and striking out in her name.

“It’s daytime” he said. **“For the next few days I want you to scan the area, especially if I’m not here...and of course at night”**

She looked alarmed. **“You really think they would come here, knowing who you are?”**

He shrugged. **“I don’t know what they’re thinking. But between my four year old daughter and unchanged Son, I’m not taking chances. I want the kids inside at night unless one of us is with them”** He looked at her and smiled trying to lighten the subject. **“Speaking of which what are we going to do about Emma?”**

“She was scared. Her powers shouldn’t have manifest until she’s was older. Maybe you have an effect on her after all? I don’t think we have anything to worry about though”

Michael balked. **“Until I punish her for being bad and she makes a tree strangle me in my sleep!”**

Wendy laughed. **“Don’t be ridiculous. She wouldn’t break one of my windows”** Her eyes gleamed mischievously at him.

“That’s ONE!” He held up a finger at her in mock warning.

“Oh, she’s Daddy’s little girl and you know it!”

Just then Chase came into the house. Wendy went into the kitchen to get breakfast for them and on hearing her brother enter, little Emma ran down the stairs and into his arms. He still looked beat up, but he was in far better condition than yesterday. Between his changing body, the power of the Alpha, and Wendy’s Druid medicine, it would only be a day or so before all evidence of a fight would disappear.

Michael put both his kids in a massive hug and lifted them up in the air. He sat near Chase during breakfast, his big leg pressing against his Son. Throughout the meal his arm would

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come around and rest against the back of Chase's chair in a protective, if not possessive manner.

As usual being close to his Father brought feelings of strong emotion from him and his body betrayed his desire in a way he couldn't hide from his Dad.

The Alpha felt everything. He kissed at Chase every few minutes and did the same to Emma who giggled at the feel of his scruffy beard.

Afterward Wendy took Emma to town to do some shopping. She had some ideas of her own that she wanted to try out in daylight, and she felt there was little danger since the road to town was filled with every manner of plant for her to command. Regardless, she agreed to call him every few hours.

Chase waited until they were gone before he spoke about what was on his mind.

"You put me to sleep again?" he asked.

Michael nodded. **"Yeah. You needed it"** He could see Chase was uneasy. **"Is that alright?"**

Chase shrugged. **"Sometimes I don't know if what I'm feeling is real or not"**

Michael came closer and rubbed the boy's neck. **"Oh"** he took in a deep breath. **"I'm connected to you Chase on a very deep level. You're my Son. The Son of an Alpha Werewolf. I told you I wouldn't use my power to make you stop asking questions or think for yourself. But I did put you to sleep because you really needed it. Is there something you need to know?"**

Chase nodded. **"I want to be with you all the time"**

"I want the same tiger" Michael grinned and lifted the small boy up in his arms and hugged him tight and took him outside near the barn. He breathed in his Son's smell and Chase rested his head on his Father's broad shoulders.

"I can't get enough of you Dad" he admitted. **"But it's not just you"**

Michael looked at him. **"I have a rival?"** he asked playfully.

"I can't help thinking about..." he hesitated.

"Sex?" Michael finished. **"Chase that's not something even I can control in you. The drive of a Werewolf is great. For someone like you who hasn't changed yet, it's one of**

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the new things you'll have to deal with. You're hyper sensitive to it. You're gonna want it all the time and the truth is, you should have it. Pushing it down is like setting a time bomb to explode. An aroused Werewolf is bad, but a frustrated one is deadly" He set Chase down on his feet. **"Who is it?"**

Chase frowned.

"Silas's boys were fighting for your attention right?" Michael stated and Chase nodded. **"So which one do you like?"**

Chase paused; unsure if his Dad would be mad, but then admitted it was Bart.

"If he wants you back then it's alright Chase, but you have to be careful right now. Showing desire for a male Werewolf while others are around can cause serious problems. That's why I keep you so close to me. You need to change, take control of your animal first, before you socialize with them"

"Then why did you let them come here?"

"Because they already knew you were here. I couldn't risk one of them mistaking you for a lone wolf. At least this way I was able to control it and mark you as mine. If it happened another way, it could have been bad...for everyone"

"Bart said he could smell you on me"

"That's no accident and he's not a stupid as he looks" Michael grunted. **"Until you change and bond with me I want them to identify us together"** With that he pushed his face against Chase's and rubbed against him like a cat. Chase laughed and kissed at his Father's cheeks.

"How come the others didn't? The ones that beat me up"

Michael shrugged. **"Probably because of the carnival. Too many people, too many smells. Maybe they're not as developed as other wolves"** He looked at his Son with longing. **"They hurt you because they sensed you were weaker...and gay"** he added.

Chase frowned. **"I haven't even changed yet. Why would they even care?"**

"We're hyper males. Everything about us is in excess. We're big, strong, and virile. Most Werewolves are separated by strength alone, but a gay male doesn't compete for a mate the same way as most males; and it throws everything out of balance. A wolf doesn't know how to respond to that" He rubbed at his Son's neck. **"You have to be**

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very careful Chase. **It may be hard for you to suppress your desire for the boys you see, but if they're Werewolves they'll feel your emotion and react. A wolf outside the pack may even try to kill you"**

"Bart and Sean don't mind" Chase threw in.

"That's because I'll rip them apart if they so much as pulled one of your hairs out" He grinned back at the boy. **"Actually, it's because they want to be in your pack. Pack mates have a very different relationship than with wolves from different families"**

"My pack?"

Michael tapped his chest. **"Me"** he smiled. **"You're currently the second member of the strongest pack in the United States"** He put an arm around his Son as they walked. **"And they want in"**

"The Hulk huh?" Chase said with a grin.

"The Incredible Hulk" Michael corrected, and showed off a fat bicep to his Son's delight. He picked up a rock and threw it so far it disappeared from sight. **"Werewolves are always trying to dominate each other. Any weakness is exploited by those that seek more power. Having a pack is tricky business. Other wolves try to take mates away and kill weaker males in order to break them apart to make themselves stronger by default"**

"But you don't have a real pack....." Chase's voice broke off as he realized what his Father had just said. **"You mean ME!"** He put his hand on his chest as Michael looked at him. **"I'm your weakness! That's why they beat me up to get to you?"**

Michael kissed his Son again. **"Chase, there is a chance they sensed me on you and realized how vulnerable you are. The animal in them might have seen a chance to harm you when you had no protection. But that's a long shot"**

"But you're an Alpha...the' Alpha"

Michael nodded. **"Yes, but I have a young Son now who hasn't changed, and even when you do, the chances of you being as strong as most Werewolves is.....remote"**

"Then why hurt me at all?"

"Because right now, it's the only way they can hurt me. My power runs through you. Taking you from me will weaken my hold on other wolves by striking at where I'm most vulnerable"

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"I don't understand?" Chase said confused, his mind lost.

"Hey. I'm not trying to worry you Chase. I just want you to understand how a pack works. It's why Silas wanted the boys over here. By having them around, it makes you stronger and less of a target for others. But I don't want you to worry about any of that. I'll deal with the monsters and Werewolves and anything else that might harm you" He smiled at Chase. **"It's my job"**

Chase looked into his Dad's bright eyes. **"Because you're the Alpha?"**

Michael pulled back, struck by his Son's words. **"No Chase...because I'm your Father"**

DeMarco lost three Vampires in the attack. It was an acceptable risk. He needed to throw them off and cause chaos throughout the area. Chaos, he was good at.

Patrick was asleep in the darkness. His beautiful face completely still, as if in death. He was so new; his powers were just coming to the surface. Having DeMarco as a sire had its benefits to be sure, the boy was stronger than others his same age. Having the ancient Vampires blood flow through him gave the handsome boy a leapfrog head start in his transformation. It would take decades for another Vampire to catch up to him in power, all because DeMarco was his maker.

"He's handsome" Vera said. Like DeMarco, she was an ancient. Standing next to her was Cornelius, a five hundred year old blood sucker.

"I have no need of Thralls" Cornelius added with disdain.

"They have their purpose" DeMarco replied. **"Right now he's the key to killing the Alpha"**

"The wolf's child hasn't changed yet?" she asked.

"No, but he will soon. I believe the wolf will allow it on the next full moon, when conditions are prime. Until that time both of them will be untouched. The bonding has to occur before he can be used against his Father"

"This is a dangerous game you play" Cornelius said.

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“True” Vera answered. **“But one we must risk. If the Alpha continues to mate with females and have offspring, things will get out of hand. This is the best chance to kill him once and for all”**

“He’s mortal. Death will claim him” Cornelius said.

“I won’t wait for a litter of Alphas to replace him!” DeMarco barked out. **“The man’s power is unprecedented. He’s like no other animal we’ve faced. If others follow in his footsteps they will destroy us”**

Unable to disagree, Cornelius was silent. Vera fingered her silver sword and stroked Patrick’s curly brown hair.

“We stick to the plan. We kill the Alpha first, then his Son” She looked at DeMarco. **“The wife?”**

“I will deal with her personally”

“We need to replace our fallen brothers” Cornelius added.

DeMarco shook his head. **“I have a better idea”** he grinned.

Wendy stepped out of the car and pulled a leather pack over her shoulder. She didn’t have it on when she left so Michael thought it must have been in the car already. She smiled and popped open the trunk full of groceries. The sun was going down but hadn’t set just yet.

He lifted out four bags at once, his nose crinkling up in disgust as he did. **“I hope you’re not planning on cooking any of my meals with that!”**

Wendy laughed and patted his back affectionately. **“Oh honey, I thought you liked my cooking!”**

Chase and Emma had no idea what they were talking about. Wendy touched two of the four bags Michael carried. **“Leave them at the front door. I thought I’d put out some additions to the windows outside”**

He nodded with understanding. **“Thank God for small favors!”**

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She laughed and took some bags herself. Chase moved up and grabbed as many as he could, handing Emma a bag of very big, but light, potato chips. She smiled at him, happy to do her part.

Once the bags were unpacked Michael gave her a kiss and hugged her tight.

“I’m taking Chase to see some of Silas’s pack. I want to talk with him anyway”

Wendy looked down at Emma. **“Honey, you think you could take her with you?”** She looked to the front door. **“I want to do some planting and it’s getting late outside”**

He turned to the front door where the brown bags still stood and nodded. **“Of course. I think we can stop for some ice cream on the way back”** He looked down at Emma, who was already jumping up and down at the news and searching for her jacket.

Wendy listened to them move outside as she put the remaining groceries away. The truck started up and drove away as she stocked the refrigerator. Once she was done she lifted up her pack and slung it over her shoulder, ready to work outside. She had a plan in her mind and she wanted to put it to the test. Michael was powerful, with his big muscles and hunters cunning, but Wendy lived in the world of magic, and as such, saw life through different eyes than he did. She had an idea of how to protect not only her family but other packs as well. Her powers over plants gave her an edge that normal human women didn’t have and she decided to put her plan into action at her own home first.

She gathered her things up and moved outside. She had several bags of garlic that she wanted to plant and in her mind she was moving around the large home, thinking of the best places to put them. Under each window to be sure, that was a given. She put everything in place, save the pack slung over her shoulders. That would wait till the end. She went back inside and looked around for any vulnerable spots that she may have missed when she heard the sound.

She froze, having no idea what it was. It struck her deep in her soul. It had nothing to do with her powers or being a Druid, it was something far deeper. Was it a voice, or an animal? She looked out the window. Michael’s truck was still gone.

“Mommy...”

She heard it again. It was a voice. It was Emma! But she was with her Father, what was she doing back? Wendy threw the front door open as she heard her child scream! She ran outside and looked around. There was a rustling in the trees about fifty feet from the house.

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“EMMA!” she cried out in fear. She ran toward the woods and looked around for any sign of trouble; a shoe, torn clothing, anything.

“MOMMY!!!” the shrill voice filled the air.

Wendy was beside herself. Her daughter was everything to her and worth more than even her own life. She ran into the dense woods toward the sound, calling out to her only child. Sweat poured down her forehead as her eyes scanned the area and her head spun from side to side.

Then she saw him.

DeMarco stepped out from behind a tree, a large grin on his face. **“Mommy...”** he said in a voice that perfectly mimicked her daughter. **“Save me...”** he laughed.

Wendy stopped dead in her tracks. She was alone with a Vampire! Michael was gone, thankfully with her daughter. The creature that stood before her was only an imitation of the living. Wendy was connected to life on a primal level. She knew death when she saw it. The thing before her oozed evil. Cold eyes stared at her, unblinking. Her heart raced.

DeMarco’s body lifted up slowly and floated before her, six feet in the air. No wind or breeze lifted him up; it was under his own power. He stretched out his arms as if to embrace her. **“Come mommy...give me a hug”** he said in his own undead voice, showing his mouthful of sharp teeth. He sent out his power and flooded the area in fear. Had Wendy been human, she would have fallen to her knees in terror.

But Wendy wasn’t human, and like her Alpha husband’s, DeMarco’s willpower was wasted on her.

“Save it monster! I’m not some helpless female that bows to your perverted control!” She said, but in truth had never been more afraid in her life.

“Woman, you have no idea what I am!” He hissed and waved his hand, making a rock lift up and hurtle toward her. She waved her hand as well, and a large tree branch batted it back down to the ground with a thump.

“I know exactly what you are! You’re dead!”

Wendy raised her arms up and summoned her full power. The entire forest came alive and turned on the Vampire. Heavy vines wrapped around his arms and legs and pulled him down. Grass grew with alarming speed and tangled his ankles tightly. DeMarco’s

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supernatural strength was immense however, and he yanked the vines out of the ground to free himself.

But Wendy wasn't her four year old daughter, and she also knew power. The forest didn't respond to just her fears; she commanded it with deadly precision. For every vine that DeMarco pulled free, thick roots replaced them. It was easier for her to summon vines quickly and in the numbers that she needed; but now that he was tied up, she had time to generate tree roots to deal with him. Exotic flowers grew from above and her power changed the sweet smelling nectar into an acid that began to drip savagely on his flesh.

"It was a mistake to lure me here Vampire" her voice boomed out. She waved her hands around at the dense plants. **"Here....MY power is supreme!"**

DeMarco was tied tight by the massive roots that even his immense strength couldn't break. His flesh was marked by the acidic drops and he shook his head to keep his eyes clear as his flesh burned away. As he pulled and snapped at the restrictive plants, Wendy sent out more to replace them.

But then he did something that caused her to take a step back. He stopped fighting and let the roots overcome him completely.

And then he smiled!

A chill ripped up her spine like lightning. She knew something was wrong. She had the upper hand. There was no way he could harm her here in the dense woods. Could he? She looked around quickly for more Vampires but saw none. Her brow furrowed in confusion...and then it happened.

His body exploded into a thick cloud of black smoke!

"Damn" she whispered to herself and backed away. The cloud hung in the air where his body used to be and the vines and roots waved frantically for something to grab! But there was nothing but smoke. She watched the cloud swirl and she started to panic. This wasn't supposed to happen. How could she fight an enemy who had no body?

The blackness began to move toward her!

Wendy ran and clutched at her pack. She searched for a moment before her hand came out with a large bottle. She only had one chance and if it failed, she was dead. She unscrewed the cap and turned to face the deathly cloud that had moments ago been an ancient Vampire. Her hands trembled as she poured the contents to the ground between them and cast out

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her power. The moisture was instantly pulled down and the earth became dry. She threw the bottle down and raised her arms in a high flourish, crossing her hands at the wrists.

A massive rose bush burst from the ground and wove itself into a shell around her. The branches grew so tightly together that a human finger would be hard pressed to find space to slip between them. Heavy thorns pointed outward. The cloud descended on her and Wendy crouched down not sure if she was about to die where she stood. She prayed.

“Please God, let this work!”

If DeMarco could have screamed he would have!

When the thick, black smoke hit the rose bush it burst apart into thin tendrils that shot out in every direction...every direction away from her that is. Pain like he had never experienced before flooded his ethereal body and he lost his ability to solidify!

On closer examination, the rose bush had a very unique, but otherwise harmless addition. On each thorn was a tiny, almost indivisible, drop of water...holy water to be exact!

Wendy watched, cheeks flushed with blood, and terror running through her mind. This creature defied everything she knew of life. She willed herself to stay focused and fight in any way she could.

The cloud shuddered and trembled as it moved slowly away, each thin line trying to come back to the main body of smoke.

“Thank you God!” she said out loud. The cloud pulled back as far as it could in an attempt to become whole. Wendy couldn't afford to wait for the next trick from the Vampire. She stood up and pushed her hands outward. The rose bush broke apart and started to whip at the cloud in front of her. Smoke flew everywhere and a fine mist of holy water filled the air between them.

DeMarco was in agony. He flew as quickly as he could but the Druid was killing him! He sought for elevation; to move higher than the trees. He called for the rest of his form to rejoin him, but the woman beat at him, and tore through his remaining body as he called to it, a piece at a time.

He drifted away, unable to change into anything. His mind was numb with pain and all he could think of was getting away from her.

She watched him drift away realizing how much pain she caused.

“FUCK YOU VLAD!” she called after, her heart beating faster than she could ever remember.

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The battle between Druid and Vampire had ended in a stalemate.

By the time he returned Wendy had already worked her way around the house completely. The truck tires kicked up a large cloud of dust as it rumbled into the driveway. Michael jumped out and pulled Emma into his arms as he looked all around. He handed her to Chase and told him to take her into the house and close the door.

“You alright?” he asked, taking Wendy into his arms. She nodded and smiled at the kids as they came near, not wanting to upset either of them.

They waited until the children were inside. Michael looked around the outside of the house. **“Is it done?”**

“I just finished”

“They can’t come in anyway, unless they’re invited, but I want all the protection we can get. I had holy water for them to drink but I had to use it” she smiled, and looked at the plants around the house. **“All of it!”**

Michael hugged her close. **“Thank God you’re alright. I can’t believe he would attack you like this. You of all people!”**

She pulled back. **“Michael, if it hadn’t been for the garlic I just planted, I wouldn’t have even had the holy water. The attack on David’s pack got me thinking about how to kill a Vampire. If I didn’t have it on me I would be dead for sure! His power was unbelievable”**

“Smoke?” Michael asked. **“I’ve never seen a Vampire that could do that”**

“Yeah, imagine my surprise!” She rolled her eyes in humor, trying to ease his fears. **“I remember thinking what a neat trick it was as I ran for my life!”**

Michael’s thickly muscled arms pulled her into him and he kissed at her neck. She patted his shoulders. **“I’m fine, really. I don’t even know why I thought of it. It just sort of came to me all of a sudden. I figured I could protect myself until you came back but I really didn’t know if it would work at all. He could have just as easily slipped past and moved inside me”**

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His grip on her body didn't ease up at all. **"But he didn't, and now we know. I'm going to see Silas and bring back more water for you. I want you to carry it with you at all times when you're outside"**

"Michael how can you kill him? If there are more like him they'll butcher the wolves with ease. The sun wasn't even set"

He smiled at her. **"You leave that to me"** His bright eyes bore into her with power. **"You're not the only one they need to fear you know"**

She smiled. **"My hero. Where's your shining armor?"**

"The cleaners" he grinned.

"SMOKE!" Silas shouted. **"Are you fucking kidding me?"**

Michael shook his head. He had filled the man in on what happened to Wendy after Silas told him about David's compound. The other pack leaders were present, all except Daruth, who was coming the next day. He turned to Ryan. **"How many were there?"**

The man looked up briefly. **"I counted eight distinct smells my lord"** His eyes fell back to the ground again. **"But I'm sure some of them died. At least three that I could detect"**

DeMarco stepped forward in an attempt to inflate his own presence in the company of the Alpha. **"I think they took some children first. It forced the others to leave their homes and fight outside. It explains why the boy was left to live. They couldn't get to him in the house"**

Michael raised his eyebrows. **"Yes they could. They could have burned it to the ground"** He looked around the room at the pack leaders, none of whom looked back. **"He was left as a message for us"**

"Why alert us" Ryan asked and then quickly added, **"....my lord?"**

"I can think of a reason" the muscular grey haired man who served as Silas's messenger spoke up. **"To get us together to slaughter. Why hunt for us when one act can bring us all in one place"**

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Michael nodded in agreement. **“Daylight is our strength”**

One of the younger wolves was looking at Chase. He had been doing it since they arrived. He smelled the wolf on the boy. Being in a room with so many strong males was intoxicating to him. His eyes moved to Chase's in challenge.

Michael felt the change instantly as did Silas. He turned to the older boy and pushed his will against him. The boy faltered as if made out of paper and dropped his eyes to the ground in regret. Silas faced him as well but it was Bart who took charge. The muscled teenager moved directly in the boy's path and blocked the others from view. He growled. The boy sunk lower and pressed against the wall. Both Sean and Jason flanked Bart and added their power to his own, not that he needed it.

Bart moved down, daring the boy to look at him. He didn't. Bart reached out and took a fistful of the boy's hair and tugged it hard. His head was pulled back but his eyes were looking away. After a challenging moment that Bart won completely, he let the boy go and ruffled his hair affectionately.

Peace remained.

Michael glanced at Chase. He saw it in his Son's face. He knew he was seeing the problem firsthand. Even boys in Silas's pack were reacting to his presence. Chase began to step back but Michael shook his head and motioned for him to stop. Backing down now would cause more problems. Chase needed to hold his ground.

Bart moved over to Chase, as did Sean and Jason, and rubbed against him. He stood between Chase and the rest of the pack and looked around the room. Sean and Jason did the same. None of the other boys looked up.

To end any possibility of a fight; Michael put his hand on the back of a metal chair and bent it forward with one human hand. The metal screamed in protest as it folded under the man's strength. His power rolled out and across the room and even Silas took a step back. Bart looked down but didn't move away from Chase, who was the only one apparently immune to the Alpha's will.

Silas cleared his throat. **“We need to hunt them down in the daytime”** He lifted up a large bag and handed it to one of the wolves. **“Give this to Mara. Tell her to plant these under every window and around each doorway. There should be enough for everyone”**

It was a bag of garlic that Wendy bought. She cleaned the local stores out and already buried them around the farm. She intended to come by in the daytime and make them grow to full

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bloom. This would hamper the Werewolves sensitive smell somewhat but it would stop the Vampires cold. At least she hoped it would. Having DeMarco display his range of powers in daylight caused doubt in her mind but she had no other weapons, and plants were her specialty.

Silas broke up the men in parties of six. In total there were five groups that were strong enough to hold their own if a battle ensued. Each one had a tracker to help with the hunt. Michael, Chase, Bart, Sean, and Jason were one party.

“Take Barton with you” Silas said to Michael. He looked over the boys. **“They’re good but not full grown yet”** Barton was the muscular grey haired man. Michael nodded and they left for his truck. Bart stood taller and stuck his chest out at the idea of him not being enough. Silas took a large step forward. It was clear to him that having Michael so near was giving the boy delusions of grandeur. A problem associated with so much concentrated power in one room. This was how war began.

“Something you need to say?” he asked Bart, not really expecting an answer. The next moments for Bart were very hard. He was the strongest of the boys but now he was challenged by a full grown Werewolf male... an Alpha at that. If Michael were his leader he would have stood his ground. But Michael wasn’t. He bowed his head and opened his hands up to show they were empty. He hoped it was enough.

Silas saw Chase still behind Bart and he decided to let the boy go with no further warning. Michael took hold of Chase’s arm and pulled him away from Bart. He knew the older boy wouldn’t want any sympathy from his Son; it would be an insult and a sign of weakness. Knowing how Chase felt about the teenager, it was best to separate the two for the next few minutes.

The first nest of Vampires were found by the second group of men. Four were destroyed, dragged from the ground and into the deadly rays of the sun to burn to ash from exposure.

In total, eight were destroyed that day before everyone regrouped. Michael’s group found none of them. The pack leaders were not happy.

“None of them were strong enough to kill David’s pack” Silas said. Ryan moved from site to site to verify the scents. None matched the battle at the compound where so many Werewolves died. **“These were little more than a decade old if that and we travelled**

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almost twenty miles just to find them. These Vampires would have never challenged a Werewolf let alone a pack of them”

The powerful Vampires remained at large.

“There was no way this was going to be finished in one day” Michael said. **“We know about them and for now that will have to be enough. It’s getting late. Remember one of them moves in the daylight. Take no chances and keep in touch”** He looked around and his eyes focused on his Son. **“Watch over your children”**

The next day Chase and Bart ran through the woods side by side. Bart’s shirt was off and sweat moved between the large muscles of his chest. Sean was at the farm with Michael, much to the boy’s distress. Having a private audience with the Alpha could spell disaster, and Bart was in no position to assist him so far away. Wendy was out at the various homes, making garlic plants grow, Emma safe by her side at all times.

“We’re gonna find them Chase, I promise” Bart said as they wove through the trees, speaking about the wolves that hurt Chase at the carnival. The older boy leaped forward and sailed ten feet through the air to land on a fallen trunk. He turned and waited for Chase to catch up.

“I don’t want you to get hurt because of me and besides, we have other problems” Chase said. Bart jumped down to stand in front of the boy.

“You worried about me?” he said with a slick smile. Chase blushed and didn’t reply. Bart lifted up his large arms and flexed. **“You’ve got nothing to worry about little brother, trust me!”**

Chase looked hungrily over the teenager’s well developed body. Bart caught the look and stepped forward. **“Wanna feel ‘em?”**

Chase reached up and began to run his hands all over the smooth, warm flesh. Bart muscles were hard and covered his body generously.

He smiled at Chase. **“I’m bigger than the others”** Chase looked up at him and Bart rolled his eyes in surrender, **“Not counting your Dad of course. He’s...”**

“The Hulk?” Chase finished.

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Bart laughed. **"Yeah....on Werewolf steroids!"**

They laughed and Chase couldn't help but notice the large bulge between Bart's legs. The teenager's eyes smoldered at him.

"Go ahead little brother, that's what I'm here for. Have at it!"

Chase reached down with one hand and ran it across the fat mound between Bart's legs. He could feel the hot, hard prick beneath the denim fabric.

"You might need both hands for that" Bart bragged arrogantly. Chase smiled and squeezed the big dick eagerly.

"You're huge"

Bart nodded. **"In every way that counts"**

"My Dad says pack brothers are...different with each other than with other wolves"

Bart grinned. **"You mean sex?"** When Chase nodded Bart asked. **"Then the answer is yes. And if you wanna know, Sean and Jason have both had the privilege"** Bart eyebrows rose and fell amusingly. **"I'm the strongest of the younger males. They appreciate it"** He leaned forward and added. **"...every inch"**

Chase knew his Dad was right. Bart wanted him to come into the fold and be part of them. Getting him would mean getting closer to Michael, the strongest Wolf anyone knew. Bart was intense and his smell was intoxicating to Chase. Not nearly as strong as his Dad's though, and he knew the difference in power between them must be enormous.

The Alpha, Chase still had a hard time with it. The man was revered among the wolves but to Chase he was just 'Dad'. Yeah he was big but so were a lot of guys. The way everyone submitted to his Father was still surprising. No one wanted to challenge the man in any way. Not even Silas.

Barton was one of the sexiest men he had seen and during the hunt, Chase had to keep looking away whenever the man moved close to him. Barton had broad shoulders and hairy bulging arms and legs. He literally dripped of masculinity and Chase felt thirsty whenever the man moved close. Luckily the spell was broken by his Father most of the time, who seemed to appear, as if by magic, whenever Chase's feeling boiled over. The way Barton looked at him, he could tell the man felt the attraction he was giving off, as did Bart, who took great pains to remain right by Chase during the trip.

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“Dad says sex is good when you’re a Werewolf. He says I shouldn’t hold it in”

Bart grinned at Chase’s words. **“Well then....”** He reached down and unbuttoned his jeans. **“Allow me”** He unzipped his pants and pushed them down to his knees. His huge prick came up and bobbed in the air before Chase could wrap his hands around it. It was hot and throbbed between his fingers as he stroked it. **“That’s it”** Bart grinned at him. **“Knock yourself out!”**

Chase’s hands moved excitedly over Bart’s big dick. The boy’s shaft was thick and his balls hung low between his hairy legs. Bart moved one of his own hands down and ran it across the base of his shaft and put his fingers under Chase’s nose.

“Like that smell?” he asked as he watched Chase breath it in deeply. He laughed. **“Yeah you do!”** He pushed the fingers into Chase’s mouth for him to taste and Chase moaned gratefully. **“Nothing like it little brother”** He took his hand away and pulled Chase in by the back of the neck. He sunk his tongue into his mouth and both boys kissed at each other fanatically. Chase never let go of Bart’s big dick.

Bart pulled back, breaking the kiss and began to lick at Chase’s neck. Chase tugged at his cock and gripped it tightly. **“You want it?”** he asked between licks. Chase moaned his reply. Bart reached down and quickly pulled Chase’s shirt off his slender body. He pulled at his pants and they opened with little effort. Chase pushed them down, his own cock rock hard and ready. Bart grabbed the back of Chase’s head, raised up one muscled arm and pulled the boy’s face in. **“Eat me up!”**

Chase was lost between licking at the boy’s sweaty body, and inhaling his intoxicating scent. In the end he managed both, taking turns first tasting his hairy armpit and then breathing the boy’s smell deep into his lungs.

“That’s it buddy. Take me in” Bart coached him. He reached down and took hold of Chase’s hard cock. It was already dripping in anticipation. He smiled with approval at the young wolf’s desire for him.

Back at the farm Sean was having a similar, if more intense interaction with the Alpha. Michael was wearing a pair of denim overalls with no shirt and his thick chest and broad shoulders bulged out powerfully with every moment. Sean did his best not to stare but found himself losing the battle more times than not. Michael walked to the back of a tractor

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and with one hand lifted the rear tires off the ground. Sean felt the sweat run down his back at the sight of raw strength.

The Alpha pointed to the ground. **“Go get that for me”**

There was a tool, a wrench sitting underneath the massive vehicle. Sean looked up for a moment feeling terror wash over him. This was an act of extreme trust. If the Alpha let go, he would be crushed. If he didn't comply, it was an act of defiance.

“Sir...” his voice came out weakly. He didn't want to go, but he couldn't refuse. He felt cold even under the sun. He looked over to the Alpha's massive bicep, flared out and rippled with strength. Even with the immense weight it held, the arm didn't shake. The Alpha just stared at him, saying nothing.

He swallowed his mouthful of spit and went to his knees. The ground felt hard on his hands. Too hard, he thought. It would hardly give once the tons of steel dropped down on him. His body trembled as he crawled under the machine and willed himself to move as quickly as he could, although his mind cried out for him to do otherwise.

Michael watched Sean with amusement. The boy was scared witless. He had no intention of letting Sean come to harm, but this was a necessary step into getting the boy to yield to his will. Now he was allowed to decide for himself, but later Michael may have to force him to obey. Breaking down the boy's resolve now would hasten that transition down the road.

Sean crawled out with the speed of a rabbit and held the wrench tightly in his hands. He handed it to Michael who tossed it in the air over and over as he let the massive tractor drop to the ground. The earth shook under Sean's feet as the weight came down all at once. Even in wolf form it would take all his strength to lift it the way the big blonde man did.

“Thanks” he said simply and placed the wrench on top of the tractor. His hand was dirty from where he lifted the end up. He held it out to Sean. **“Clean that off”**

Sean looked around for a rag or towel but found none. He moved forward and took hold of the man's thick wrist and lifted his own shirt to wipe off the dirt. He spit on the fabric and moved it across each finger and the palm of the Alpha's strong hand until it was clean. He could feel the man's eyes boring into him, but he refused to look up. He didn't know what would happen if he did, and he was all alone. Fucking Bart!

Michael looked down at his hand in inspection. Sean had missed the slightest bit. He spit on it and rubbed it with his thumb until the dirt lifted off. He rubbed his hand dry between the inside of Sean's leg, right next to the boy's crotch. He could feel the boy's tense muscles as he did but Sean stayed still. He walked around until he was directly behind Sean, less than an

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inch of space separating them. Sean was more than a head shorter and Michael couldn't help but notice the resemblance between them. He knew of Sean's real Father and since Michael had never mated with his mother, he knew he wasn't the boy's Sire.

"You look like me"

The compliment was extreme and Sean knew it. He felt the Alpha's hot breath on his head as the man sniffed at him.

"That's not my smell" The Alpha added. He walked in front until they were face to face. He reached a hand inside his overalls and ran it against his sweaty chest. He rubbed the same hand across Sean's face and neck. He leaned down and sniffed him again.

"That's better"

Sean almost, but not quite, suppressed his moan. The Alpha had just marked him! His skin absorbed it like a sponge and he felt his body tremble at being so close to the powerful man.

Michael let his hand drop to his side and he simply stood in front of Sean, waiting. The blonde teenager lasted almost five seconds before he dropped fully to his knees.

Once more, Michael waited.

Sean was face to face with the Alpha's bulging crotch. He could smell the incredible scent that filled the air from between the man's muscled legs. Very slowly Sean reached up with both hands and lightly put them on the Alpha's thighs. His fingers found the marble like muscle and he waited for the man's reaction before he moved further.

This was a dance. And it was already decided who would lead. The Alpha was in charge of everything, but it was up to Sean to prove it through submission. Every act must be allowed or the boy risked mortal injury.

He lifted his head up to look at the mound before him and the Alpha growled low. Sean dropped his head down immediately. That was not allowed yet. Instead he slowly ran his hands slightly up and down the man's strong legs, his fingers lightly rubbing the muscle underneath.

No growl. This was allowed. Sean gripped the muscles more forcibly. They were thick and even under the denim he could tell they were hairy. There were no words. There was no need for them. Sean kept his eyes to the ground as he rubbed at the Alpha, ever alert to any action that would bring aggression.

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After two minutes Sean tried something else. He sniffed carefully at the Alpha's bulge. This was also allowed. He didn't look up but he slowly began to increase the speed and depth of his breathing as he took the powerful wolf's smell into his lungs.

After another minute, Sean slowly looked up. No growl. He was bit by bit gaining ground, but it would be at the Alpha's pace or not at all. It looked like a baseball had been stuffed down the man's pants and Sean had no doubt that the cock inside was every bit the size of the rest of him. He gripped at the bulging thighs with more strength than he intended but the Alpha didn't protest. Not that he could have ever hurt the towering man, but Sean had to be careful not to overstep his bounds.

He leaned in slightly and took a long drag at the air between the man's legs. The smell made his head dizzy and before he waited, like common sense dictated, he did it again. It was the most incredible, masculine smell he had ever experienced. Thoughts of Bart and Silas drifted off as if they lived on another planet. All Sean could think of was being here with the Alpha.

He moved in and his nose bumped into the rock like mound.

The Alpha growled!

Sean dropped his head down offering his exposed neck in submission. He waited, keeping his hands firmly on the man's legs. He squeezed at the muscled thighs while he looked at the ground, waiting for permission. After an eternal minute he felt the Alpha bump into him with his crotch. He knew it was done on purpose, words were beyond them now. Sean accepted the invitation and nuzzled his face between the man's legs. He groaned with pleasure at the feel of the throbbing meat against his cheeks. He took his time, careful not to move to fast, all the while fighting his intense desire to rip open the denim with his bare teeth.

Michael watched as Sean rubbed his face between his legs. The boy was completely submissive to him now. Not that he expected otherwise, but Sean learned quickly. He would make a fine addition to the pack. He reached down and pulled the boy's head into his bulge. He held him firmly in place. Sean didn't move a muscle. He simply allowed it and breathed as deeply as he could, trying to draw air through Michael's pants. The kid's hot breath made Michael's dick swell up in anticipation. He slowly took his hand away and as Sean moved back he growled.

The boy stopped and pushed his face back against the mound, afraid to move away. Michael just looked down, waiting to see what he would do. Sean stayed where he was, breathing deep and holding onto his legs for support. The boy's eyes never came up.

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Good!

Michael reached up and gently stroked the soft blonde hair on Sean's head. The teenager moved slightly back and began to rub at the throbbing bulge with his nose and face. Michael watched him breathing in deeply as he nuzzled, lost in his own world.

The boy began to lick. Sean wrapped his hands around the back of Michael's thighs as he lapped at the Alpha's raging bulge. At first he had taken only one lick and waited for permission. When no growl came, Sean licked at it again. And then again.

Michael stroked his hair as he watched the boy. **"Tell me young one"** he spoke for the first time. Sean didn't look up or stop what he was doing. **"If I have a disagreement with your Master, with whom will you side?"**

Sean moaned and opened his mouth and began to lightly bite at the massive prick inside Michael's pants, as the Alpha continued to stroke his blonde hair. The man's power was amazing.

"Speak little wolf" he added. Sean looked up, his eyes full of lust and hunger.

"With YOU my Lord!" he said breathlessly, his words harsh and begging to be allowed to continue.

Michael stroked one of Sean's cheeks affectionately. **"Swear your loyalty to me.....and I'll let you drink"**

A loud moan escaped Sean's mouth and his eyes fluttered at the suggestion of swallowing the Alpha Wolf's cum! Spit ran out of the side of his mouth as the mere idea made him salivate. He pressed his face as hard as he could between Michael's legs and his hands gripped the back of the powerful legs with a primal urgency.

Michael nodded, realizing Sean's inability to speak. The animal in him was all that was there. The boy known as Sean was no more.

"My Son will be protected at all times"

Sean nodded quickly and licked at Michael's bulge again, his eyes on the Alpha's face. His mouth opened and he gnawed at the mound with his teeth.

"And your loyalty will be rewarded"

Sean let out a yelp and his eyes rolled up, dizzy with hunger.

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Chase was on his knees in front of Bart. The boy's fat meat was bobbing in the air for attention and framed beautifully by the muscled teenager's hairy thighs. He opened his mouth up but Bart grabbed his head and pulled him in, rubbing his cock against Chase's face instead.

"Like that little brother?" he asked. **"Like my big dick?"**

Chase moaned and lapped at Bart's hairy balls hungrily. The taste of sweat from the boy made him shudder in delight as the hard cock rubbed him all over.

"You're my little brother right?" Bart asked as he ground his hips forward. Chase moaned yes but it wasn't enough. Bart pulled him back by his hair and looked down. **"Are you my little brother?"**

Chase nodded and said, **"YES!"**

Bart grabbed his dick with the other hand and held it for Chase. **"SUCK IT!"**

Chase's lips gripped at the juicy prick and he sucked the bulging head as hard as he could. Bart held him steady, not letting go of his hair so Chase was unable to move down and take more in his mouth.

Bart tugged at his dick with the other hand and tried to pull it away from Chase but Chase's hands wrapped around his thighs and held firm. He looked down and laughed.

"That a boy! Suck that big dick!" He pulled Chase forward and another two inches of his thick shaft disappeared inside the hungry mouth. He could feel Chase's tongue lapping and swirling around his sensitive cockhead. He pulled back his hips and took the inches back. Chase looked up at him with pleading eyes.

"You gonna suck it right?" he asked, his own eyes glowing with soft green light. The beast was out! **"You gonna take care of your big brother?"**

Chase's words were unrecognizable due to the fat cockhead lodged in his mouth but the answer was clear to Bart. He let go of Chase's hair and put his hands on his hips as he watched.

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“Make me proud!”

Chase attacked the throbbing prick between Bart’s legs like an animal in heat. Which wasn’t far from the truth. He twisted his head around the fat shaft and sunk his cheeks around the pulsing beef as he pulled forward. Bart had a thick eight inch cock, four inches of which were soundly inside Chase’s mouth.

“That’s it Chase!” Bart encouraged him. **“Eat my big dick! Suck your big brother!”**

Chase felt the fat head bump into the back of his throat but he didn’t care. Unlike his Father’s enormous prick Bart’s was at least human sized. He pulled himself closer and Bart’s large cock head sunk deeply in his mouth. Tears filled Chase’s eyes but the boy’s prick tasted so good he ignored them.

“That’s what I want! That’s what I fucking want!” Bart growled from above, feeling the young boy’s throat open for him. He couldn’t help himself; he took hold of the back of Chase’s head and pulled him in until his dick pushed completely inside. He threw his head back and moaned loudly as the Alpha’s Son deep throated his first cock.

Chase was beside himself. The taste of Bart’s heavy cock made his mouth water and saliva dripped freely down his chin as the muscled boy began to fuck his throat. Bart’s strong hand held him tight, not that he was going anywhere. In fact Chase forgot everything except the solid prick Bart was feeding him. This wasn’t the first time this happened to him. More and more Chase was losing control of his ability to regulate his sex drive. When he was with Bart, Sean, or any other good looking man, Chase found himself wandering away from the world and into a lust filled frenzy. His Father especially had this effect on him and whenever they were alone, Chase would think about nothing but sex.

Even now with Bart, Chase lost sight of all the other men in his life. He had a fleeting memory of Patrick, Sean and Barton but in a flash they too were gone. His Father was last to leave his mind as Bart sunk more than half his big dick down his throat.

Chase sucked as hard as he could and Bart’s moans of delight were hypnotic to him. The final time he managed to look up, Bart was grinning down at him. Three minutes later Chase felt the boy’s big dick pulse quickly and warm cream began to run down his hungry throat.

Chase had cum too but he didn’t remember when. Bart watched as he sucked out every drop, taking long minutes to do so. Then he had him up on his feet with his muscled arms around him while Chase licked at his thick neck.

“That’s was great buddy. Just the way I wanted it” Bart’s deep voice whispered in his ear. He felt himself pulled off his feet and the big boy slowly swung him around. When Bart set

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him down he felt dizzy from coming off his lust filled high. Bart held onto his waist and waited until he settled down.

“Have fun?” Bart asked him with a grin. He looked down and Chase followed his eyes until he saw the large wet spot on his jeans.

“I came” Chase said with surprise. Bart laughed.

“I’d hope so! The way you sucked me off I would have thought you were a Were Rabbit instead of a Wolf”

Chase didn’t know what Bart was talking about. He remembered the taste of the teenager’s big prick but the fine details were leaving his memory. Bart looked at him for a moment and laughed.

“It’s the animal in you Chase” he said. **“You’re bonding with your pack brothers. You’re taking your place in the family”**

Chase frowned. **“Pack? I’m not in your pack. My Father is Alpha. You belong to Silas”**

Bart took a small step back before he realized it. The mention of the powerful Alpha made him regret his actions for a quick second.

“Yeah...but” he started. **“You’re not a wolf yet. You’re still free to do whatever you want...until then at least”**

“I can pick my pack?”

Bart looked uneasy. **“Well...no, but...”**

“Can you leave your pack?” Chase asked him.

Bart didn’t have to think about that one. **“No. Not really. Not unless...”** his voice trailed off without finishing.

Chase had a question he was dying to ask and Bart was the only one available at the time. **“My Dad said I could be used to hurt him. Those other wolves would try to get to him through me”**

Bart looked around for a moment and took in a deep breath. **“Yeah, well, that’s not gonna happen. I won’t let it”**

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But Chase wasn't going to be dismissed so easily. **"But can that happen?"**

Bart looked at Chase for a long time and slowly nodded his head. He saw Chase's face changed into worry. Bart reached out and pulled him into a strong embrace. **"Who's your big brother?"** he asked playfully. Chase didn't answer. He hugged him tighter. **"Come on Chase. Who's your big brother?"**

Chase looked into Bart's handsome face and grinned. **"You are Bart"**

Bart crushed his mouth against Chase's. He sunk his tongue deep into the boy's mouth and Chase sucked on it hungrily. He pulled back after he gave Chase a final tender kiss on his lips.

"Don't you fucking forget it!"

Sean's interaction with the Alpha was far different than Chase's had been with Bart. For one thing Sean had no real choice in his submission to Michael. The animal in the powerful man would have it no other way. Sean's place was on his knees and nowhere else.

Michael's hand was on the back of Sean's head as the boy moaned into his crotch. The fabric was wet with the teenager's spit and indented from his teeth.

"You can't go back after this Sean. You know that don't you?"

Sean looked up with frustration. The Alpha kept interrupting him when all he wanted was the massive prick inside the man's jeans. His tongue lolled out as he met the Alpha's eyes. He nodded his head.

Michael pulled the handsome blonde boy back by the hair until his head was tilted straight up.

"My power will be in you. I will know you better than anyone. No wolf can ever claim you as long as I live, whether we are together or not"

Sean nodded again but Michael could tell he was drunk with lust.

"You will have no secrets from me little wolf. You will belong to me body and soul" He ran his other hand across Sean's handsome face. He thought for a moment as he pushed a

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finger into the boy's mouth for him to suck on. **"Sean, I'm going to give you time to think about this. You need to be away from me to do that properly. I want you to take a day and then let me know"** Sean was still lost, but he heard Michael's words.

The Alpha took a step back and Sean gave him a desperate expression. Michael grabbed his bulge and began to squeeze it with one hand.

"Now...I'm asking a lot from you and I think it's only fair I give you something to think about"

He reached up and unbuttoned his overalls and let them fall to his knees. His massive prick sprung up in the air and the only thing bigger was Sean's eyes which locked immediately on the throbbing meat.

"You just gonna kneel there and salivate or are you gonna crawl over here and suck it?"

Sean needed no more encouragement. He moved like lightening and had Michael's heavy prick stuffed in his mouth before the Alpha's words evaporated in the air. It took both hands to hold the solid shaft in place as he attempted to swallow the big dick in one gulp. There was no chance of that happening however, but it didn't stop the hungry teenager from trying.

Michael watched with his hands at his side as Sean sucked him with an animalistic frenzy.

"That a boy! Eat that big dick!"

Sean moaned loudly at Michael's words.

"Look at me Sean. I want to see your eyes!"

Sean's bright eyes locked on the Alpha's. Michael could see they were clouded over with a lustful haze.

"You've got three minutes boy. Show me what you've got"

Sean groaned with the knowledge that his time with the Alpha was coming to a close. He used each second like it was his last and never took his eyes away from Michael's.

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Daruth stood in the main house in the compound of his pack. He met with Silas earlier that day. The news of David was disturbing on many levels. The sun had set and everyone was together save some males patrolling outside.

“We stay in groups until this is settled” He said to everyone. The male wolves nodded in agreement while the women stood near the children. **“David wasn’t the strongest leader I’ve met but the death of so many at one time is troublesome. This Vampire is ancient. All precautions must be followed. No one leaves at night. They can’t enter unless invited. The children stay inside regardless”**

Daruth went over the facts about Vampires that he knew, to include some rumors that had not been proven. One of the men spoke up. He was heavily muscled and bald, save for some hair at the sides of his head.

“We’re strong. We’ve met Vampires before. They don’t travel in packs the way we do. We outnumber them easily”

Daruth nodded. **“True on all counts Andreas. How many have we met that walk in daylight?”**

Silence filled the room.

“How many change forms?” He looked around and waited. No one spoke. **“How many cast mind fire?”**

The weight of his words fell upon them all. Daruth was right. This was not something any of them had ever faced.

“Why us? Why now? The Alpha Michael is strong and there are far weaker packs to kill. It seems foolish in the attempt”

Daruth thought about what Andreas said. **“I don’t have answers for you. But as of now, no Vampire has attacked Michael”**

It was a woman named Trina that spoke next. **“It’s said he has a Son”**

Everyone looked at Daruth. News like this was massive. An Alpha like Michael having a child was of great interest to all, especially the women. Having the baby of an Alpha wolf brought hope to them. Daruth chose his words carefully.

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“It’s true” The confirmation brought gasps from some. **“The boy hasn’t changed yet”** He looked around at the women. **“He’s small”**

“The mother?” Trina asked. The size of the child was irrelevant to them. The survival of a child through birth was another matter entirely. If any wolf could prevent a woman from transforming into a wolf during pregnancy, it would be Michael.

“Human” Daruth replied. The women all looked away, struck by the words. It was hard for a human female to give birth to a Werewolf child, but for a female Werewolf it was even harder still.

“But he’s a wolf?” She asked. Daruth nodded.

“The Alpha has a Son” Trina added. **“A new pack is formed”**

Alec stood perfectly still. He was on guard at Daruth’s home. His nose sniffed at the air, ready for any intrusion. He had served the Alpha for many years and never failed to protect the pack from danger. Under any other circumstances his experience would have been enough.

But Vera was far too powerful.

She moved silently. The air seemed to move through her instead of around her. She stood behind him before he realized he wasn’t alone. With speed that made her arm disappear in a blur, her silver sword came up and severed Alec’s head clean off his shoulders. It fell to the ground before he felt any pain. The rest of him dropped like a puppet with its strings cut off.

Vera slowly put her sword away as she looked around, her dead eyes seeing everything. Alec was the third wolf she killed. There were no more outside. She looked into the woods and nodded her head.

They came out.

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The women talked of the child's birth while the men discussed David's pack but all of them stopped what they were doing when the first sound came. They looked up in unison at the door. The men sniffed the air.

Daruth turned. **"They can't come in unless invited. Stay inside"**

His words bounced off the walls as the women began to ripple with the effects of the change. They circled the children like all mothers would; ready to kill anything that dared come close. He watched as thick claws formed on the older women. They changed quicker and were more powerful than the younger ones.

Windows exploded from all around and thick arms moved inside. Daruth looked shocked and stepped between them and his pack as boards were ripped away from the house.

"They shouldn't be able to do that! They're not invited!" Andreas said as he began to change.

Any trace of humanity was quickly leaving Daruth's body as he shifted into the animal inside him. Andreas met his eyes as he looked at him solemnly, and before the transformation was complete, he spoke his final words.

"My friend....those are not Vampires!"

CHAPTER FIVE

Patrick watched the black cloud come into the room. He stood up and waited for his Master to form, but that didn't happen. The cloud shimmered as if it were about to solidify but then relaxed back into a smoky state. Patrick watched closely, never having seen this before. He thought maybe DeMarco was trying something new, some other form to take and possibly changed his mind.

The cloud consolidated and almost took the form of a man before breaking apart again. Patrick took a step back. He cast out his limited power. Was this his Master after all? The sensation was unmistakable. It was DeMarco....but something was wrong.

With extreme effort the smoke pulled together, shimmered, and the Master Vampire finally formed. Black tendrils still trailed behind him, trying to join the rest of the body. DeMarco

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looked right past Patrick as if he wasn't there, and before the Thrall could respond, his Master screamed!

DeMarco fell to the floor in agony, rolling to his back. Patrick looked on with horrified fascination from several feet away. The ancient one clawed at the floor and spit ran out of his mouth as he sobbed into the carpet. His words were a jumble of incoherent speech from an old language that Patrick didn't recognize.

The Thrall suddenly pulled back...afraid for his life!

A wounded Vampire was deadly and unpredictable, but an ancient Vampire was a nightmare. Survival was everything. No matter what the cost, the Vampire would fight to live. Everything else was secondary. One thing, and only one thing, healed a Vampire.

Blood.

And at that moment there was only once source of the precious fluid present. Unfortunately it was currently being used by Patrick. This realization hit the young Thrall like a brick! He moved to the window as he spoke.

“Master! I'll get you what you need! I won't fail you! Trust me!”

And with that, he leaped outside and dropped through the air until he hit the ground, running away as fast as he could. He had to put distance between himself and DeMarco before the Vampire could call him back to fulfill his final duty. A Thrall was nothing if not disposable, and Patrick knew this rule far better than any other DeMarco ever taught him. Patrick's curly brown hair flowed around his face as he desperately searched for food. Food, other than himself that is.

DeMarco could barely see. Almost two days had passed since he battled the Druid. Escaping her and traveling back to the loft proved more agonizing than DeMarco would have ever thought possible. He had lived so long he had forgotten what true pain really was.

He had been unable to change after the fight and was forced to wait out the sunlight in whatever shelter he could find. In his weakened state his usual immunities could not be trusted. He tried over and over to change back into human form, but with each effort he used up precious strength, that in smoke form, he had no way of getting back.

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He hovered on the ceilings of barns or garages when the sun was out, slowly working his way back to the loft. The Holy Water had made him too vulnerable and he now paid the price for his arrogance. The Druid had baited him perfectly and had DeMarco been less of a Vampire than he was, he would have been destroyed.

As his body finally solidified it took him a moment to realize the sound he heard was his own screaming. His red tears dropped on the carpet as his body sagged with exhaustion. Every movement sent ripping pain through him. He couldn't ever remember being so weak before.

BLOOD! He needed to drink before someone found him. Even a human could kill him in this state. He needed help.

Where was Patrick?

Daruth faced the first four Ghouls that burst through the wall. They were the scourge of the underworld, the unclean, the diseased, and the mistakes of the Supernatural community. A Ghoul was deadly on many fronts. One, it was unbelievably strong, matching that of an angry Werewolf. Two, its bite was poison, even to other supernatural creatures. Three, they could walk in daylight without harm.

But by far the worst thing a Ghoul possessed that set them apart from all others.....they felt no pain....ever! Only one thing could destroy a Ghoul.

Fire.

Daruth backhanded the first Ghoul that shambled into his path. As an Alpha he was far stronger than his brothers and the Ghoul crashed into the wall with a bone snapping thud. He didn't need to watch to know the foul creature would get back up again. He understood what he faced, even if the others didn't.

The next one lunged at him but he lifted it up and used it like a bat against the other two. He vaulted past them and out through the hole they opened in the wall. He looked from left to right, taking everything in. His brothers joined the fray and pulled the four Ghouls outside with them.

They were everywhere! At least twenty of them shambled across the ground toward him. Daruth raked his heavy claws at the closest one and decapitated it. The heavy body dropped

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to the ground as its head rolled away. He watched the sightless hands search for the missing part, still living even without a brain! He kicked it far away and jumped into the air to the roof and began to search.

Werewolves flowed out of the building and engaged the Ghouls one on one if possible. The Ghouls were strong but far slower, giving the Werewolves a tactical advantage. Claws opened up flesh but no blood flowed out. The foul creatures simply oozed a puss like substance that seemed to clot up right away. The skin pulled back over itself until it knitted back together until the wound was no more.

One Ghoul grabbed the arm of a young Werewolf and bit down hard. The Wolf cried out in pain and yanked his arm back. He swung his claw at the Ghoul and ripped open his face. He made as if to attack the creature with the wounded arm but it wouldn't move. The poison in the bite had made it numb. He grabbed the shoulder of his useless limb and howled in anger. The Ghoul moved forward, its mouth wide open.

Daruth wasn't watching the battle, he already knew the outcome. They would lose. But he wasn't fighting the battle the same as his pack mates. Daruth knew something they didn't. Ghouls were mindless creatures. They were true animals in every sense of the word. They didn't need to eat; they just hovered in a state between life and death, unable to cross either line. They were the result of failed attempts to create Vampires, Werewolves and others species in the supernatural. They had no real weakness, save fire. Holy water, sunlight, garlic....none of it bothered them. In many ways they were far superior to others but they served no purpose, except to remind everyone else how lucky they really were. Ghouls didn't even congregate together. They wandered aimlessly, usually digging themselves in the ground as if by instinct, knowing they shouldn't be alive. They avoided contact with others, choosing to be alone and rarely attacked anyone, human or not.

All this Daruth knew, which meant someone was controlling these mindless animals...someone powerful...someone with massive amounts of willpower, like an Alpha Werewolf...or a Master Vampire.

The Werewolves were pushing the Ghouls as far from the main house as possible. If any Ghoul got too close it would be pulled away or thrown behind the others, if only to shamle back in line. The children were to be protected at all times and the female Werewolves formed a savage line of their own, clawing at the ground and walls, daring anything to get close to them.

The Ghouls had bitten several Werewolves and it began to take its toll on them. Many lost the ability to move and had to be dragged away. They began to group together back to back, protecting each other from the never ending progression.

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The Ghouls were taking the brunt of the beatings, but broken bones that resulted in the massive blows the Werewolves doled out, snapped back together, mending as if never apart. Clawed skin, ripped open to the bone, re-stitched with ease, as if never harmed. They were tanks with an inexhaustible supply of energy that surged forward, angry and intent on killing.

Daruth used his vision to scan the whole area. The foul smell the Ghouls gave off hampered his scent. He jumped from the roof and landed on top of two of them, crushing them into the ground with his heavy paws. His nails raked across them in spite of their healing ability. It felt good regardless. He bolted into the woods and looked into the trees.

Andreas began to tire. His body was untouched by the bite of the Ghouls, unlike many of his brothers. So far only a few had gotten past them and into the house, but the women proved just as formidable as the men. Ghoul parts flew over their heads as the women ripped the creatures apart and sent them back to reform anew. He clawed them and snapped bones but he refused to bite them, not wanting their foul ooze inside his mouth.

Where was Daruth? He looked everywhere for his leader. A Ghoul blocked his vision and Andreas ripped its arm off and used the limb to bat the rest of the diseased creature away.

Daruth? Where are you? He thought.

Daruth found his target but it wasn't what he expected. Silas told him the Vampire was male, but this was a woman, Asian by the looks of her. He took a running start and leaped into the air, dropping directly in front of her. She looked up at him but if she was afraid, it certainly didn't show. A flash of silver blurred past his supernatural vision and Daruth barely moved back in time before losing his head to her sword. He lifted his claws and they began to spar. Claws met her silver and white smoke began to fill the air. Werewolf flesh reacted to silver by burning. But Daruth was no mere wolf, and pain was not enough reason to halt his attack. His people were counting on him to protect them, so he pressed forward.

He could heal later.

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Vera wasn't as ancient as DeMarco but her powers were great nonetheless. Her arm moved with unnatural speed and she managed to block the Alpha Werewolves claws for several moments before one swipe got through. She didn't cry out in pain. She knew from centuries of existence that her wounds healed fully. The beast pressed the attack but she cut his thigh open with her own barrage. Unlike her, he howled at the pain, and she allowed herself a smile.

Patrick found a girl about fifteen. Under normal circumstances she would fit the bill just fine. But DeMarco would need more than her to regain his strength, and if Patrick came back with less food than required, he had no doubt his Master would have him make up the difference. The girl looked at him with obvious attraction but he moved right by her.

"It's your lucky day angel" he said as he walked by. **"Maybe next time"**

It took him almost five more minutes before he found what he was looking for and not a moment too soon. His Master was calling. Patrick's body responded to the command like a puppet. He only had minutes left before he would be forced to attend the wounded Vampire.

The homeless man was big. Maybe he had been a veteran of some kind. He looked built but not fat. Most likely the endless days and nights spent moving around hardened his body. Patrick moved up to him quickly while no one was around.

The man was in his forties with a reddish beard closely cropped to his face. He wore a green army fatigue jacket and dirty jeans. He looked Patrick up and down as he came near.

"Hello" Patrick said with a smile. **"You looking to make a little cash?"**

The man stood up and he towered over Patrick. His powerful chest stuck out and his legs filled his jeans nicely.

"If you think I'll be getting on my knees for you I can tell you now; you don't have enough cash in your pocket for that"

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Patrick looked him up and down and grinned. **“Actually Sir....I thought I could get on my knees for you”** Patrick knew the game better than anyone. **“That is if you have what I need?”**

The man grunted at the thought and grabbed his crotch, giving it a shake. It was heavy and he was clearly proud of it.

“You mind?” Patrick asked. The man waved to his crotch and Patrick reached out and squeezed the large mound. **“Wow”** he said truthfully.

“Still wanna stuff that in your mouth pretty boy?”

“Yes Sir!” And he meant every word of it. **“I have a place nearby. Does two hundred sound good to you?”**

The man’s eyebrows rose. **“You’re gonna give me two hundred to suck my dick?”**

Patrick’s fingers ran across the outline of the heavy cock. **“Oh I think it’s worth every penny. I guy like you could make a lot of money”**

The man snorted. **“I’m not into boys”**

“Which is why I want you” Patrick countered. **“There’s nothing like a REAL man! So, how ‘bout it?”**

The big man shrugged. **“It’s your money. Hope you’re thirsty. I cum like a bull”**

Patrick smiled. **“Don’t worry. I’m gonna take every drop”** he said truthfully.

Daruth and Vera traded blows. Both were cut and bleeding as the circled each other for a superior position. Daruth pressed his attack and swung his heavily muscled arms at her with blazing speed, but Vera matched him and met his sharp claws with the blade of her silver sword. The Alpha wolf’s wounds smoked at the objection to the silver, but Daruth ignored the pain, refusing to let up. He watched her carefully, knowing this was the real battle. He began to see breaks in her facial expressions and knew she was starting to falter under his attack.

Werewolf and Son

It happened so quickly that Andreas almost missed it.

The Ghouls were no longer fighting!

Some began to look around, confused at where they were, while others disengaged themselves from whichever Werewolf they were tangled with. Andreas slashed open a Ghoul's stomach but it simply looked at him, in no pain and with no aggression. It moved away and turned around giving its back to big wolf.

The Werewolves met no resistance. They regrouped around the wounded and let the Ghouls pass by.

Vera had lost her control!

There was no way she could fight an Alpha Werewolf and control so many Ghouls at the same time. Her power had reached its limit and now the released Ghouls were resisting her control and trying to get away. She dropped her willpower completely and set them free. There was a plus and a minus with this action. The good part was she was now able to focus all her attention on the Alpha in front of her. The bad part was, in a short time...he would no longer be alone.

She moved her arm in a wide arc, forcing Daruth to step back and then she cast out her will against him, supercharging the air with heat. Under most circumstances her opponent would burst into flames from this, but he wasn't her usual opponent, and Vera knew this would only stall him at best. Waves of heat rippled between them as a wall of flame separated them for a long moment.

Vera used the time to move back, sheath her sword, and fly into the air.

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By the time Andreas arrived with three others, the battle was over and the Vampire was gone. Daruth transformed back into a human and Andreas did the same. The others remained in wolf form.

“The pack?” Daruth asked.

Andreas was panting. **“Several have been bitten deeply. We lost two in battle”**

“Make sure the bitten don’t change”

Andreas nodded, knowing Werewolves healed much faster than their human counterparts.

“The women, children?”

Andreas shook his head. **“Untouched”**

A man ran up to them as they walked out of the woods. It was a young wolf, new to adulthood and Daruth was amazed that he didn’t get bit himself.

“Daruth! We found the bodies. She killed all three of them”

Daruth nodded without comment. He felt the death after the Ghouls attacked. When his will didn’t reach Alec and the others, he knew the truth.

“Bring the bodies in. No one is left outside”

The man nodded and ran off as Andreas faced Daruth.

“We’ve lived here for decades with no problems. Now all of a sudden we’re being attacked?”

Daruth looked away in thought. **“There’s something very wrong about all of this my friend. Beyond the obvious that is”**

They moved to the house. The women were human again, but kept the children away. They did their best to tend to the wounded wolves. Daruth took a deep breath.

“The Alpha Michael must get involved. All packs must unite under him. Then we will be our strongest”

Andreas raised his eyebrows. **“Michael has no desire to lead and Silas will be reluctant to bend to his will”**

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“That time has passed. No longer do we have the luxury of being separate families. Silas will bend, because he must. And Michael needs to live up to his birthright, whether he wants to or not. Too many are dead already. How many more must we lose?”

Michael walked in the store with a list of supplies Wendy needed. His mind was filled with thoughts of her, the local packs, and of course, Chase. His Son seemed to defy the odds at every turn. Michael would have to watch him carefully over the next few weeks, especially after he transformed for the first time. Just thinking about it made him sigh. What would Chase do with raw Alpha fuel during his first change?

He only had one chance at this and Michael knew the stakes. Chase must take as much power from him as possible to be the strongest he could be. If he changed without it, he would be weak, far weaker than any other wolf if his current size meant anything.

As he was mulling this over he rounded the corner of an aisle and his leg struck a large metal beer keg. From the thud it made it was clear it was full, but he hit it with such force that it rolled quickly out of reach.

A young blonde boy wearing headphones was standing in its path and didn't hear the noise. Michael dropped the items in his hand and began to surge forward to protect the boy. Before he took two full steps, a thick leg came out and stopped the rouge keg in its tracks. Michael looked up to find a very large man standing between him the child.

The man was big, by any standards, having full legs and huge bulging biceps. He stepped over the keg and squared himself off against Michael. This wasn't the first time this had ever happened mind you, but it usually came from another Werewolf. Most normal guys wouldn't dream of picking a fight with him.

The man looked him dead in the eyes without fear of any kind. People, especially men, could sense the animal in him, and it caused a sort of primal fear on an unconscious level.

This man seemed immune.

Michael looked him over. He was human, there was no doubt. He had to give him credit. Had he been wolf he would have been Alpha.

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“You should watch your step” the large man said.

Michael was at his full height and he was about to step forward to put the man in his place when he caught his scent. His eyes went from the man to the boy behind him. There was no mistake, they were related. It was almost unbelievable. The boy was small, slight of stature and blonde, but his Father was tall, with thick muscles and dark hair. If not for the Werewolf in him Michael wouldn't have believed it.

The man pointed to the keg. **“This belong to you?”**

Michael shook his head. The man looked as if he didn't believe him but before he could answer further a teenage boy stepped out and stood beside him. He was well built, with strong muscles and black hair. He wore a shirt with the sleeves missing to show off his arms. The similarities between the two were strong and most would see them as Father and Son, but these two were not related. Michael was sure. He knew blood. The ties of family were strong and these two men had no such bond.

He breathed in the air.

The scents were different, but there was a marking. The man's scent was on the teenager. Michael could smell it. For wolves it was a sign of possession.

“Everything alright?” the teenager asked the man, although he was looking right at Michael. The challenge was obvious. The man thumbed to the small boy behind them, who was still oblivious to anything.

“Go take care of your little brother. Get him to the truck”

Brother? These boys were no more related than two strangers on the street. Michael frowned at the comment.

“No problem Dad” the teenager said, still looking Michael in the eyes. He moved away and took the blonde boy's hand and led him away. **“Time to go buddy”**

The boy pulled out a headphone and grinned affectionately. **“Alright Max”**

As they walked by Michael caught the child's scent. He was covered in the smell of the man and the teenager. He must spend a great deal of his time with these two to carry such a marking. As they moved, the small boy unconsciously reached out his hand and ran it across the back of his Father's thigh, as if to tell him that he was there. Michael had no doubt this was a wasted effort. This man was aware of every movement the child made.

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The boy flashed Michael a brilliant smile and he thought the only thing the kid was missing was a halo and wings. He was absolutely beautiful. And as he passed from sight, Michael realized where the man's true willpower came from. Protecting his child overrode everything else, hence his seeming immunity from fear.

"Good looking kid" Michael said. **"Son?"**

"If he had been hurt, we would be having a very different conversation right now" the man said and clenched one thick fist.

Michael grinned. **"Luckily that didn't happen"** And then he made his point. **"For both of us"** He held out his hand and after a moment the big man took it. The Alpha's power flowed through him and into the man. He absorbed his primal feelings. And Michael felt it.

This man had killed.

The stain of death was on him and the wolf in him knew the truth as if it had been written on his flesh. Something had happened, something involving the boy that led to death. This man had taken extreme measures to protect his Son.

Michael took his hand back and thought of Chase. Would he do any less? How many would die before he felt the boy was safe? He nodded to the big man and left him in peace. He paid for his things and watched as the man did the same. They walked out of the store at near the same time and Michael watched him climb into his truck. The teenager was sitting beside him and the blonde boy was in the back. The boy moved up and kissed his Dad's cheek and wrapped his small arms around him. The man didn't pull away or protest at all. In fact, as the boy moved back the man turned and said something and the child came back and kissed his Dad full on the lips. They shared a smile as the teenager turned around and said something to make the kid laugh. The man acted as if he ignored them but Michael could tell he was enjoying it too. The boy hugged the handsome teenager as a big arm reached back affectionately and squeezed the child's neck. He kissed the older boy on the cheek before he sat back.

Michael understood now where the heavy markings came from. These three were intimate on a regular basis. He looked at the blonde boy and probed his mind with his power. There were no signs of classic abuse. The boy was one of the happiest children he had ever seen. If anything, it was the teenager who bore scars of childhood.

As his mind ran through all of this, he watched the pickup truck drive away and he thought of Chase, and what it would have been like if he had never left.

Werewolf and Son

Patrick unzipped the man's pants and reached inside. They were in an alley far away from the public eye and safe from any interruptions. His hand pulled forth a thick shaft of meat with a full head that filled his palm nicely.

"Wow. What do you feed this beast?"

The big man had his hands on his hips as he looked down with Patrick. **"I don't get many complaints"**

And Patrick believed every word of it. He stroked the thick shaft with his hand until it grew to its full nine inches. The man looked around every so often but Patrick had no need. He would know if anyone came close to them, just by sensing their blood. When he was fully hard Patrick began to sink to his knees before the man stopped him.

"Not so fast princess. Let's see the money first"

Patrick grinned and reached into his back pocket and handed the man two crisp hundred dollar bills. He watched as they disappeared inside the man's coat.

"Start sucking pretty boy" he said with a snarl. He was obviously disgusted at what Patrick wanted to do, but two hundred bucks was two hundred bucks, and if the kid wanted to blow him, then so be it.

Patrick opened his mouth and took the full cock inside. His lips gripped around the fat shaft and he started to suck on the juicy meat. The blood that surged through the man's big prick made the young Vampire's mouth water. He twisted his head and began to swallow as much of it as he could. The man was big and got bigger the deeper Patrick went. The base of his prick flared out thickly and even Patrick couldn't take it all the way in.

"Hungry little cocksucker aren't you?"

Patrick didn't answer his question. That would involve taking the meaty prick out of his mouth and that wasn't going to happen anytime soon. He put both hands on the man's muscled thighs and pulled himself forward. His jaw opened to the limit as his spit ran out of his mouth by the sheer girth of the throbbing cock.

"That's it" The man said patiently, as if he was used to this. **"Eat that fat dick you fucking punk"**

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Patrick did his best. He was hungry. Far more than the man knew. He took more than five inches in his mouth before he had to stop. The man's big dick was rock hard and barely gave itself to bend down Patrick's throat. DeMarco was big as well, but Patrick sucked him for different reasons.

DeMarco's power could be absorbed through bodily fluids, and every time Patrick swallowed the Vampire's cum, he gained a little of that power. Only once had the Master allowed Patrick to take his blood, and that was when Patrick was first turned. The Master doled out a drop or two every few weeks, just enough to keep the Thrall peaked, but a full feeding would give the boy too much power too soon...and DeMarco wasn't one to share.

Patrick sucked this big man for sheer lust. He would have loved to spend hours feasting on the throbbing prick between the muscled man's legs, but time wasn't on his side. He sucked hard and slowly moved his head around from side to side so his mouth twisted on the swollen shaft. The man moaned in appreciation and pushed his hips forward to feed more of his dick into Patrick's mouth. His hand came around and curled in the Thrall's soft brown hair and tugged him forward.

If Patrick could have swallowed him whole, he would have.

The man's strong legs began to tremble and Patrick knew he was going to cum. He longed to make it last, to stop sucking and let the man calm down, but he could already feel the pull of DeMarco's power. He was being called, and soon he would have no choice but to obey...with or without food. He gripped the pulsing prick with his lips and gave the man the best blowjob he could. With his Vampire strength, the man would be in extreme pleasure.

The groans changed into loud moans and the big dick in Patrick's mouth swelled up to its full thickness. Patrick pulled back until just the head was in his mouth and within a few seconds he felt the warm cream flood out as the man began to cum.

Now both of them were moaning, and for a brief moment DeMarco's waned as Patrick drank deeply from the man's big prick. Four large swallows later, Patrick opened his eyes and came to his senses.

It felt as if DeMarco was right next to him. His power, even when wounded, was incredible. He looked up to see the man still delirious with his head thrown back, his fist laced through Patrick's hair. He wished more than anything he could enjoy this man all night, but that wasn't possible.

With deep regret Patrick let the still swollen cock out of his mouth and stood up. The man's hand came free and before he could respond, Patrick was behind him with his arm around his throat. It took a moment for the man to realize what was happening, but by then it was

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too late. He tried to use his superior size and strength on the teenager but was shocked to find himself powerless. Within a minute he was out and dropping to the floor.

Patrick lifted the big man up on his shoulders and looked around. He kept to the shadows on the way home and used his Vampire speed to eat up the distance. When he made it to the loft he found his Master on the floor in almost the same position he had left him. His eyes burned with fury at Patrick.

“Master!” Patrick cried out before the ancient Vampire could say anything. **“I have what you need!”** He dropped the man on the floor and waved to him. **“See, I told you I wouldn’t fail you. Drink!”**

DeMarco crawled across the floor, screaming in pain. He lay over the unconscious man, tilted the head back, and sunk his teeth into the thick neck. The warm blood filled his mouth and he drank with a hunger he hadn’t had in a long time. As the life giving fluid moved in him, DeMarco felt the effects of the holy water dissipate, and as his strength returned.

He opened his eyes and looked at Patrick.

The door behind Patrick closed with a loud crash and the heavy deadbolts latched into place on their own. The windows followed.

Patrick looked back at the sight and knew his time had come. This man had better be enough or his Master would feed on him next. He silently prayed he would live to see another night.

“I didn’t fail you Master, you will be whole again” His voice sounded more hopeful than certain.

It was almost midnight and Wendy and Emma were already asleep. Michael pulled Chase on his lap and hugged him tight. Chase was facing him, his legs on either side of the chair. He leaned in and kissed him on the mouth as Chase moaned, and wrapped his arms around his broad shoulders.

“I love you tiger” he told the small boy.

“I love you too Dad”

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Michael kissed at his Son, tasting his full lips with his own. His strong hands ran up and down Chase's small back and his big cock thickened between his legs. Chase noticed it and smiled at him, rubbing his ass across Michael's large bulge. He grinned at the boy and took him by the hips and started to move him around his lap. He leaned in and sunk his tongue into his mouth for Chase to suck on.

It had taken great effort for Michael to hold his desire in check when he came home. Meeting the man and his two kids at the store made him hunger for his own Son. It took all his Alpha power to keep himself in control. Eating dinner so near Chase was excruciating. In his mind he kept seeing that big man from the store and his blonde Son kissing over and over again. He would occasionally dart his eyes over to Chase... young, beautiful Chase.

His heavy dick threatened to rip out of his pants and Michael was afraid the chair would break from all the shifting he was doing. Chase and the boy shared much. Both didn't look like they belonged to their Dads, but both were deeply loved and protected by powerful men.

Chase pulled at his shirt and crushed his mouth against him. He reached down and lifted it off his body and threw it to the ground. Chase's hands immediately ran over his big chest and muscled arms. He felt his Son's hands move around, testing his strength. Michael lifted up his arm and made a thick muscle for the boy to play with. He stuck out his tongue and managed to push it into Chase's mouth as the boy squeezed his hard flesh.

"They're like rocks" the boy said with his soft voice and hypnotic eyes.

"That's not the only thing" Michael countered. As Chase grinned Michael sat back, lifted up both arms and stuck out his chest. All his muscles flared out at the same time. Chase's eyes were as big as saucers. His small hands were lost in a sea of thick muscle and blonde hair. He moved rapidly over each bicep and across the massive chest and up the thick neck and around the broad shoulders. Finally his eyes found Michael's and the boy sighed with utter contentment.

Michael laughed and wrapped his powerful arms around his Son and pulled him close. Their mouths crushed against each other and they moaned at the same time, both having exactly what they wanted...and the world melted away.

"Is there some reason you still have your clothes on?" he whispered to the boy.

It took Chase a moment to leave the wave of pleasure he was riding as his mind grappled with what he heard. He blinked a few times and then pulled his shirt over his head and tossed it to the side. He moved off Michael's lap and pushed at his jeans but his fingers kept fumbling with the button. Michael watched for what seemed like a year, as the struggle

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continued and showed no sign of a winner. He couldn't take it anymore. He reached out and grabbed Chase's pants with both hands and ripped them away with one powerful tug. Chase looked at him with surprise, and it seemed as if were about to say something, when the boy's eyes changed.

Any display of power from Michael had that effect on him. The animal in Chase was aroused by the least any show of strength that his Father exhibited.

Chase grabbed his underwear and shoved them roughly down until he was completely naked. Michael watched like the hungry wolf he was and pulled him back on his lap. He grabbed the boy's legs and pulled them around his waist as his massive prick threatened to rip his own jeans apart.

Michael kissed his Son deeply while the boy attempted to feel every inch of his body with his small hands. Chase's eyes were glowing, as the Alpha knew they would be. His time was coming, and the change would take place soon. He had to be prepared. Coupling with another wolf would ease the change but as an Alpha, and more importantly his Father, Michael could control it completely. He had already drunk from Chase but his Son wasn't quite ready to take his cum yet. That bond would come soon enough; but right now the boy was in heat!

Chase pushed against his big chest, and for a moment Michael was lost as to why. As the space opened between them, the boy's hands ran down his stomach and grabbed the thick bulge between his legs and Michael smiled.

Ten small fingers probed frantically at the throbbing mound for a way in, as Michael stabbed his tongue in and out of the boy's mouth, teasing him into a fever. Chase tried to suck on him but could only do it for a brief moment before Michael took his tongue back. To add to the boy's problems, the jeans surrounding the large cock the child craved proved as strong as a prison of steel bars.

Chase moaned in deep frustration at both torments.

Michael kept it up for only a few moments, amused at his Son's persistence. He stuck his tongue deep inside Chase's mouth and left it there for him to suck on as he moved his whole body forward making Chase lean far back. He held his Son's small hips with both hands and suddenly sat back, breaking the kiss.

Chase's eyes were pulsing with Supernatural power, his mouth open and panting. Michael looked down and his Son followed his gaze until they both watched Chase's frantic hands. The boy's lithe fingers were practically clawing to get his big cock. Michael smiled at his Son

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but Chase didn't smile back...he was too far gone. Instead he did something that almost made Michael cum right there....he said one word.

"Daddy"

Involuntarily Michael's eyelids fluttered and his eyes rolled a little as the wave of desire ripped out from Chase and flowed over him like the ocean. He lifted Chase up as he stood from the chair and threw the small boy over his shoulder. His Son's hard cock pressed against his chest as he moved them over to the bed.

Michael tossed him down on the soft mattress with a thud. The instant he let go, his hands were reaching for his zipper and opening his pants up for the boy. Chase wasted no time in righting himself and getting into position to accept his Father's cock. His small hands found his Dad's wrists and he pulled at them as if to assist taking out the considerable gift.

Michael's huge prick sprung out like a baseball bat and it bounced in the air. A small amount of spit actually ran out of Chase's mouth as the sight of his Dad's big cock. Chase pushed away his Dad's hands and grabbed the fat shaft and engulfed the swollen head, all at the same time.

The feel of his Son's velvet mouth made the muscle man throw his head back and growl, the beast in him clearly taking over. Only the growl that rumbled out of his chest could drown out the sound of Chase's moan that vibrated up his hard cock. He felt his Son's small fingers squeeze his prick with almost supernatural strength, but it made no difference to Michael, he was a full grown wolf and an Alpha at that.

He took a deep breath and looked down at his Son. Chase was lost and Michael wasn't even sure he would hear him if he spoke. The boy's mouth was sucking so hard his cheeks were red. His hands were pulling at the massive shaft and feeding it into the hungry mouth like his life depended on it.

Michael's eyes glazed over in pure lust as he watched his Son give him head, and they began to glow.

"Suck me Chase" he said deeply, not really realizing he had said it until it came out. One powerful hand took hold of his Son's head and he helped the boy move around in his struggle to swallow the mammoth prick. His big nuts churned with cum as they worked over time with excitement. The amount of cream he would shoot was going to be considerable, thanks no less to the angelic blonde boy he saw at the store earlier.

"Eat it Son. Eat it up!" Michael said hastily. But Chase didn't hear him. Or if he did, he didn't acknowledge it. His head moved from side to side, twisting around the throbbing prick and

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sucking at the full head, eager for cum. After the longest moment in the adult Werewolf's life, his hands came forward to push the boy away but Chase seemed to sense the action, and his glowing eyes looked up, stopping the man cold.

Michael blinked. He put both hands behind his back, laced his fingers together and growled. *Let the boy suck*, he thought to himself, not really sure who's idea it was to let that happen. He was an Alpha, his authority was complete...or so he told himself.

Chase's mouth worked at his big dick as his hands pulled down the jeans. He took hold of the large, hairy nuts that hung like golf balls between and pulled on them. He tugged at the sack and felt their considerable weight. His lips gripped at the throbbing shaft and his tongue ran circles around the swollen flesh as he attempted to take it down his throat.

Michael felt his thighs tremble as his boy worked him over. He tried to spread his legs apart more, but his jeans held him in place. A part of him was afraid to move, not wanting to make Chase stop, while another part struggled to push the boy away. It wasn't time yet after all.

The tie was broken by what Michael did next...he looked out the window, and saw the moon.

The bright white light washed over him and renewed his immense power. He had a duty to fulfill and the source of his strength reminded him of that. He looked down at the handsome boy he was proud to call Son, and gently took his head in both his hands and pushed him away. The child struggled against him, but there simply was no contest. He moved on top of Chase and pulled his legs up and around his waist. He aimed his wet prick at the boy's small hole and gently began to push inside.

Chase moaned loudly as the big cock demanded entry. Michael watched his Son carefully so not to hurt him. He knew the boy was too far gone to resist, but the fact remained, Chase was still a little boy, and Michael was a full grown man. When the head of his cock sunk into his Son, Michael rolled his eyes up and groaned in pleasure.

"Oh Chase!" his deep voice cried out. His big hands found the boy's small waist and he began to fuck him.

Chase was lost in pleasure as he usually was when his Father was around. He found it more difficult to hide his desires for the men in his life, and if it not for his Father's power, he might very well have gone insane. The man tamed the beast inside of him and kept him

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quiet so Chase could continue to function as close to normal as possible. But the night before the full moon would be a hard one for Chase, and over the last few nights his Dad had to use his power just to put him to sleep.

The moon was calling, and tomorrow the boy would answer.

Michael had to feed the beast in his Son in another way. His big cock sunk into the child and he twisted his hips around with each gentle thrust until Chase cried out in pleasure. His tiny hands clawed at his broad shoulders and he strained up to bite his thick neck. Michael was relentless and never stopped pumping himself into Chase. He pushed his heavy weight down on the boy and Chase groaned loudly in approval. It wasn't long before Michael felt his Son explode against his stomach. The boy's warm cum splashed across the Alpha's bronzed skin and his eyes rolled back in his head as he came. Chase shuddered in his big arms and Michael hugged him close and whispered in his ear how much he loved him.

When he was fully spent Michael cast out his power and pushed the boy's conscious mind down to sleep. He very carefully pulled his mighty prick out and knelt over his Son as the boy slept. With one hand he pumped his thick shaft, still wet with saliva while he watched the child sleep. Before he was about to cum, Michael slowly moved away and went to the window to shoot his heavy load out into the cool night air.

For a moment the sky was filled with the sight of the Alpha's white cum as it rained from the top floor of the barn and down to the earth below. He felt weak in his knees and held the frame for support as he finished his orgasm. He looked over to his Son to see Chase breathing deeply, fast asleep.

It seemed like every orgasm he had with his Son was taking more and more out of him. Tomorrow would be the ultimate test. The immense power that the Alpha had would be offered to his Son during his transformation. How much the child could take was up to him of course, but Michael was determined to supply a banquet to feed the hungry beast.

He walked over to Chase and very carefully climbed in bed with him. He wrapped his thick muscled arms around the sleeping child and pulled him close. Chase moaned slightly at the sudden warmth pressed against him but quickly settled down again as Michael held him.

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Vera and Cornelius stood near DeMarco as he planned out their next and final moves against Michael. Patrick was in the room but stood far away from the ancient ones, not wanting to be noticed by any of them.

“Tomorrow is the full moon. He will give the boy his power when it is highest in the sky” He began to say more but Cornelius stopped him.

“They will be at the height of their power then”

DeMarco nodded. **“And he will also be his most vulnerable”**

“Agreed” Vera joined in. **“But YOU won’t be facing two Alphas and their armies”**

DeMarco dismissed her response. **“I have every confidence in you. The Beast must be distracted until I can get to his Son”** He looked over at Patrick in thought. **“You two will hold the line until I can summon the Alpha to me. By then it will be too late”**

“What of the Druid?” Vera asked and DeMarco’s face paled. Just the thought of the woman made him feel ill all over again. He took a moment to gather his willpower.

“No one touches her. I will deal with her after the Alpha is dead”

Vera frowned; she did not know what happened to DeMarco when he fought the woman. The ancient told them nothing about his near destruction at the hands of the magic user. It would have shown weakness and DeMarco was anything but weak.

They continued to discuss the fine details of the assault while Patrick stood far away and looked out the tinted window, wondering if he would survive through next week.

Long hours later and miles away, the Werewolves were also meeting. Michael, Silas, and Daruth stood with several lieutenants in Silas’s mansion. They had been speaking for hours as Daruth filled them in on what happened at his compound. Michael listened intently and Silas mostly paced back and forth, eager for a fight.

“This still makes no sense to me” Silas growled. **“These attacks are without merit. Why allows us to regroup at all? Why haven’t they hit you yet?”** he said looking at Michael. Michael shook his head, not knowing the answer to give, when Andreas spoke up.

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“They have” he simple said. Everyone turned to him. He took one step forward without actually joining the circle of Alpha wolves before him. He looked at Michael. **“Your wife was attacked was she not?”**

The large blonde man nodded but didn't speak, Silas did that for him. **“So what?”** he sounded somewhat put off that Andreas would even think himself worthy to speak to three Alphas.

“So...” Andreas spoke slowly and carefully, not wanting to anger the dangerous leader. Silas was known for his bad temper and quick punishment and even with Daruth standing so near, Silas was formidable. **“If I were a Master Vampire and wanted to kill all Werewolves in the area I would need a powerful army, other Vampires to be sure. That didn't work out so well though, so they brought in Ghouls next”**

Silas was losing his patients with Andreas and his eyes started to glare at the man in anger, but Daruth and Michael were listening intently to what he was saying.

“With each and every attack they have increased their assault with stronger weapons against us” To Andreas this train of thought was easy to follow, but only Daruth understood where he was going with it. Michael was still confused and Silas began to growl. Andreas put his hand up in surrender at the large wolf and nodded his head. **“My lords, Werewolves spend all their time in the woods, fighting, living, and reproducing. It's our home”**

“And this is news to us how?” Silas demanding voice bellowed as he stepped forward. Daruth lifted up his arm, putting it between Silas and Andreas.

“Silas!” Daruth barked. **“Listen for a change at what he's saying. We live in the woods! Michael's wife is a Druid!”**

It took another moment for Michael to understand, but when he did, he breathed out a long sigh. **“Oh my God”** he spoke mostly to himself, his eyes on Daruth and then Andreas.

“So what?” Silas continued. **“What does that have to do with anything?”**

Daruth turned until he was fully facing Silas. **“How much damage do you think a Vampire army could do to us if they had a Druid on their side?”** He looked around the room and raised his arms up in a flourish. **“If the whole forest came alive to kill us? Every tree...every plant?”**

Silas looked blankly at him and turned to Michael. **“Is that even possible?”**

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Michael shook his head. **“I don’t know. Technically she’s not human”**

That was all he needed to hear. **“Werewolves don’t turn into Vampires when we’re bitten”** Silas argued. **“And she’s not human either!”**

Daruth nodded. **“Yes, all that is true. But tell me my friend, how many Vampires have you met that change into smoke?”** He looked to Michael. **“This is an Ancient with incredible powers; if she can be turned it will be by him”**

Michael felt lost but managed to respond. **“Making Vampires isn’t easy but...”** his mind wandered. **“She said he was moving toward her in smoke form, as if to get inside her body”**

“To possess her” Andreas stated, not quite a question.

Silas barked. **“You don’t know that!”**

“Which is the point he’s making Silas” Daruth interceded. **“We don’t know”**

Michael moved away. **“I have to speak to my wife. I’ll be back later. Everyone stay together. Keep the children safe”**

Daruth moved with him. **“Should you be apart from us? Bring your family here. We’re stronger with you”**

Michael didn’t want anyone to know that Chase was about to change. He had to be there for his Son when this happened and if the Vampires chose to attack, then the others would have to deal with it until he was free. He couldn’t allow Chase to have his first change around so many other wolves, it was far too dangerous. Daruth moved in front of Michael and Michael put a large hand on his shoulder in friendship.

“I have my reasons Daruth. You and Silas are powerful and I will be here when you need me I promise” He caught Sean’s eye. The boy was looking at him with a longing that Michael could feel clear across the room. Without bothering to turn Michael said, **“Silas, I need Sean for a while. I’ll bring him back when I can”**

Silas was deep in thought and although Sean was an intelligent boy, for a Werewolf soldier, he was average at best, and Silas thought in terms of strength not mental abilities. He waved his hand in the air and gave his permission without even looking at them. Sean was already moving before Silas gave him his leave, which was lucky for the young wolf on many levels. Bart moved forward as well, wanting to see Chase again, and after all, what would the Alpha need of Sean that a stronger wolf wouldn’t offer?

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But Michael shook his head and motioned for Bart to stay where he was.

“I only need him” he stated and moved out of the room, pushing the blonde wolf in front of him out the door.

Bart watched with confusion and a little jealousy. Chase wanted him, not Sean, why wasn't he needed?

When they were in the truck moving off the compound and out of the range of sensitive Werewolf hearing, Michael turned to Sean and asked him if he thought about his future and what he wanted to do. With a quickness that almost prevented Michael from getting out his sentence fully, he answered that he wanted to be a part of his pack and was ready to take the next step. His eyes moved between Michael's strong legs and rested on the heavy bulge that always seemed to be there whenever he looked. Michael's large hand came up and rested on the back of Sean's neck and started to rub him tenderly.

“You know you can't go back if we do this. Once I'm in you, my mark will be clear. Everyone will know”

Sean nodded and told Michael he had thought of nothing else since he was made the offer. He told the Alpha he knew almost every wolf in the area and he would be a great asset to him, but Michael only laughed.

“Sean I appreciate your enthusiasm but the truth is I picked you above all others because of your mind, not your connections. Chase...” He paused for a moment. **“Chase likes Bart far too much, and I don't trust someone who is muscle first and brains later”**

“Bart and Chase?” Sean said in some surprise. It wasn't out of the realm of possibility that was sure. Bart was a strong and virile boy, with big muscles and an easy smile. He himself had spent more than one night in the teenager's arms. Usually after a heavy workout it ended in sucking Bart's big cock and getting fucked by him. And Bart, being the budding Alpha that he was, usually took on not just Sean, but Jason as well. For a gay wolf like Chase, Bart would be irresistible.

“Yeah, but I need someone who will do what I need without Chase getting in the way. I don't trust Bart. Not like I trust you” His strong hand kneaded the blonde teenager's neck and Sean felt a little dizzy at the intimacy. They were a few miles away from Silas's compound and no other cars were on the sleepy road. **“So Sean...are you ready to join my family?”**

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“Yes Sir!” Sean said, never more sure of anything in his whole life. Michael pulled the truck over and started to undo his pants.

“We’ll finish this at the farm but we might as well enjoy the trip” He tugged out his massive prick and fisted it in one strong hand. He pulled Sean’s head down to his lap and felt the blonde boy’s mouth wrap hungrily around his big cockhead. He looked in the mirror, no one was around. He slowly pulled the truck back on the road while Sean sucked at his heavy prick. **“You like that Son?”** But Sean didn’t pull his mouth off, he sucked at him as hard as he could, stuffing as much of the beastly shaft in his mouth as possible. Michael smiled and stroked the boy’s soft blonde hair as they drove down the road.

There was a difference between Sean and Chase and what Michael was doing for them. Chase hadn’t changed yet. His animal would use whatever power it had at the time of the first change and become whatever it would be for all time.

If Michael gave his Son the raw fuel to power up this first change then it would be permanent. Sean had already changed several years ago, and his beast was set in stone, so to speak. The benefit of having an Alpha like Michael was that his power could be loaned out to the teenager, much like having a car suddenly fueled with Nitro. Michael’s Alpha power would move into Sean and power him up considerably. He wouldn’t tire nearly as fast, and his strength would be vastly improved, as would his healing ability and stamina.

The drawback with this was that it wasn’t permanent. Sean would need regular feeding from the Alpha to maintain his new power. But that power would be noticeable by all other wolves, which was really the point. His new strength would be a beacon to others to stay away from him. Being under the Alpha’s protection, like Chase currently was, was one thing. But sharing in the Alpha’s power base was another.

Being the Alpha’s Son didn’t stop Chase from getting beaten up, and it certainly didn’t deter the boys doing it, but had they sensed his birthright active in his system, they would have kept a wide berth, to avoid the Alpha offspring. Chase had not changed and with everything going on he needed a protector if the Alpha couldn’t be around. Sean was by far the best applicant.

Chase would take what he needed during his wolf’s birth and the change would be forever, whether Michael stayed alive or not. This was why so many Werewolf packs had a leadership legacy that ran deeply in the same families. Father’s giving Son’s the power they needed to rule was traditional, and expected. It would be foolhardy to give that power to someone with no allegiance. That’s how dynasties fell.

“Chase will change tonight. I need you to guard us both” It was now or never. Sean must be ready and committed; there would be no more chances. **“I want you to kill anything**

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that comes near us” His big fingers ran through the thick blonde hair. **“I’m going to give you all the power you need to do this. And remember Sean...I picked you over all of them”**

The teenager pushed his head deeper into the Alpha’s lap and Michael felt the head of his big dick push at the boy’s throat. His hand ran down Sean’s back and he squeezed the handsome teenager’s firm ass as he lifted up his hips, feeding the boy more of his cock.

“I’m gonna show you what it’s like to be with a real Alpha” His voice growled. **“And Sean...I really hope you’re hungry”**

DeMarco stood near Patrick. The others left the loft, their tasks clear before them. It was daytime but the ancients travelled in dark cars with human drivers, and DeMarco had a large underground parking garage.

“You have an important job. In fact everything rests on you”

Patrick shifted uneasily from foot to foot.

“Just lead the boy away. The Father will be gone, he’ll be alone”

“The mother?” Patrick asked.

DeMarco sneered at the thought of the woman. **“I will deal with her, just get the boy out”** He put his arm around Patrick and pulled him in close. Patrick leaned against his Master and sighed. **“And before you go, I want you to drink from me. I need you at your best”**

This was a great honor and Patrick knew it. Usually he was given no more blood than was needed. DeMarco’s power flowed through his veins like molten lava and Patrick loved the way it felt, even if it faded after a few weeks. But with every feeding Patrick kept a fraction of the power and this wasn’t lost on DeMarco. He had made Thralls in the past and usually destroyed them before they became a problem. Patrick had a long way to go before that happened. He was already stronger by decades than he should be for his age, due to the blood the Ancient gave him. But tonight...at least for tonight...he must be a little stronger.

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Sean was naked and on his knees while he sucked at Michael's huge prick. The Alpha stood before him and watched while the boy devoured his cock. There was a barn at the end of Michael's property that stood empty. Wendy was with Emma getting more holy water and safe in town while Chase was inside kept asleep by Michael's power.

Today would be a bad day for him, and Michael spared the boy by making him sleep through most of it. The beast was stirring and it would come out be it hell or high water. He had his mind locked on his Son the whole time, knowing his child's every move. Since it was daytime he knew the boy would be safe, especially since Wendy laced all the plants with holy water and planted garlic.

Michael's cupped the back of Sean's head and he steadied the boy with the other hand. **"Look at me Sean"** The boy's eyes moved up to his. **"From now on you'll answer only to me. My power will be yours. I'll know your thoughts, your desires, and your fears. You will come to me when I call and kneel before me to drink"** He pulled the boy toward him and fed him another solid inch of his mighty prick before putting his hands behind his back.

"Now...who's your Master Sean?"

If Sean could have unhinged his jaw he would have. As it was, Michael's considerable girth was pushing into his throat and making his eyes water. He twisted his head around the big man's prick and sucked on it as hard as he could. It was by far the biggest dick Sean had ever had. When he thought he couldn't take anymore, the wolf in him began to stir in hunger. The power the Alpha was offering him was like a steak to a starving man. The Wolf simply had to have it.

Michael looked down in approval as Sean began to take his heavy cock deeper and deeper into his throat. The boy tried to look up at him in submission, but his struggles were too great, and he eventually gave up. The boy's strong hands gripped at his rock like calves and ran up and down the backs of his furry legs as he engorged himself on the big prick.

The Alpha being the ultimate male, simple stood there and watched. This job was for Sean and Sean alone. He made no effort to help the boy or encourage him further. If Sean wanted it badly enough he would find a way to manage on his own. Lucky for him he was a true Alpha, and making cum to feed the pack was a gift he possessed in spades. Chase would be taking most of it tonight and Michael was ready to give him as much as he could handle.

He knew Sean had drank from Silas already, he could smell the rival Alpha's power in all three boys the first time they met. He must have fueled them up before they came to the farm...as if it would have made any difference. Even Silas at the height of his power was no

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match for Michael in human form...let alone wolf. It was more of a power play, to show him who owned the boys.

For a wolf like Sean taking power from his Father wasn't needed. The man wasn't an Alpha and had no power to give. When they were brought into Silas's pack each would be marked with the Master's power so everyone would know who they belonged too. This simple marking would last for life, or at least until another, more powerful Alpha took them. And Michael knew that Silas wouldn't be happy when he saw change in Sean. His marking would be erased and replaced with a far more powerful one.

Silas would take this as a direct threat to his leadership. But Michael would deal with his rival later. Right now his Son was the most important thing, and if Silas objected too much, he would be rewarded with yet another scar to show off.

Sean's head was slowly moving from side to side as he attempted to corkscrew the Alpha's huge prick right into his throat. The boy's spit ran heavily down Michael's shaft and the barn filled with the sound of the teenager's sucking mouth. His hands gripped and squeezed at the muscle man's big legs until the Alpha's cock swelled up even larger in his mouth. Sean gagged and tears ran out of his eyes as he struggled with the new girth between Michael's legs. He pulled back until just the head of the man's big dick was in his mouth and that's when it happened.

He tasted the first offering from the Alpha!

His mind exploded with the flavor of Michael's pre cum. He sucked hard at the fat head and pulled as much of it out as he could. He growled in hunger and pushed his face between the man's legs until the large cock made him gag again.

Michael watched Sean's struggle with interest. He was pleased with the teenager's effort. When his big cock leaked out the first of its fluid, he knew the boy would be replaced by the beast inside him. He felt the strong hands grip at the back of his legs and Sean literally impaled himself on the massive, jutting cock.

Sean gagged again and when he sucked, more of the Alpha's power laced fluid seeped into his mouth. Sean's cheeks hollowed out in effort, and when the cum was gone, he pushed down and began to eat at the heavy shaft again.

The swollen head lodged in the opening of his throat but the wolf now took over. Before Sean could gag again, his throat opened up in welcome to the Alpha's mighty prick, and the enormous meat began to work its way inside. Inch after inch began to disappear in front of Sean as the base of Michael's cock came closer and closer. He felt the fluid drip down his throat like hot milk and his muscles surged with power.

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The Alpha was giving it to him and Sean wanted it all!

Michael watched closely as he felt his big dick sink into the handsome teenager's throat. He was almost ready to feed the boy, and Sean must have felt it too, because he began to growl in anticipation.

In moments Sean would forever leave Silas's pack and become greater than he could ever imagine. Michael's cock began to pulse and throb and Sean sucked harder than ever. His spit had run down his chin and down the fat shaft to soak into the man's jeans. His fingers became claws as the change in his power began to shift, and he held onto the powerful legs of the Alpha, as the true marking was upon him.

And then it happened.

Michael came!

Sean felt the cream flow up the man's massive shaft and splash against his throat. The moment the pure cum touched his skin, every muscle in his body flared out! The power in the man surged into the boy and charged him up like a battery. Only death would make Sean stop sucking.

He drank hungrily as the Alpha came like a bull inside his throat.

Michael saw the change in Sean immediately. He felt the claws on his legs as Sean held him in a death grip. The muscles on the boy's back shifted and swelled up, his shoulders thickened and his biceps inflated. He felt his big balls empty into the boy and knew most of it would be wasted. Sean was just too seasoned a wolf to take what the Alpha had to offer. It was like trying to charge a car battery with a lightning bolt.

Sean was outmatched but by God if he wasn't hungry. Even after Michael stopped coming, Sean continued to suck. Long minutes rolled by as the blonde teenager nursed deeply on the head of Michael's immense prick. His growls of lust were replaced by a long content moan that filled the barn like song.

Finally, Michael pulled his big dick out and ran his hand through Sean's blonde hair. "**Look at me boy**" he commanded and Sean slowly obeyed by tilting his head up and opening his eyes.

They were no longer green, but blue. And they were glowing!

Werewolf and Son

Several hours later, Patrick sat in the woods several miles from Michael's farm. DeMarco was watching for Chase from a much closer distance, but his abilities could mask his own presence.

Everything counted on keeping the Alpha busy and giving him a reason to leave Chase alone. It took DeMarco almost two hours to plant the suggestion in Chase's mind that Patrick was his friend. He had to be careful not to alert the Alpha with his Vampiric sending. The man was alert and powerful but his abilities of telepathy paled in comparison to DeMarco's. Still, everything was in place, and aside from the Druid's refusal to turn, the Vampire's plan was working perfectly. After the passing of power, the connection from the Alpha to his young Son would be complete, and for the first time in his life, Michael would finally have a weakness.

DeMarco looked up at the sky. The moon would be full tonight, and shortly after, the Alpha would die. He let his mind wander as he thought of the various ways he was going to torture the Druid for the anguish she caused him. Her death wouldn't come for a long time, but her pain would be great. Or so he told himself.

His focus was so intent on the Alpha and his mate that he never noticed the young blonde Werewolf, moving slowly through the woods, miles away...and heading right toward Patrick.

The moon reached its height in the sky. Its full white circle shined down on Michael's farm like a star, as if to herald in a new birth. The Alpha felt the power wash over him and the beast in him wanted to roam free. Chase paced around the room for the last hour. There was an impatience that Michael knew all too well. The animal in his Son was about to enter the world for the first time, and Michael couldn't help but think how this young boy...this dark haired beauty, had defied the odds at every turn.

He shouldn't even be alive, but through some miracle here he was. Michael had no answers to give. Chase's life seemed impossible, but tonight something wonderful was going to happen, and Michael would be with his Son for every second of it. He kept his distance from the boy. Chase's desire for him ran an all time high. The animal in the child wanted the power the Alpha had to offer, and Michael knew it. He counted on it in fact.

Werewolf and Son

Every time Chase looked at him he could feel the hunger roll over him. The boy's eyes were focused on the bulge between Michael's legs as if he knew instinctively what it meant for him. Michael used his willpower to keep Chase at bay and he eventually sat behind a desk hide his bulging crotch.

He spoke softly to his Son to keep him calm, but touching the boy now was out of the question. They were both in heat, and the Alpha wanted his Son even more than the boy wanted him...if that were possible.

Every minute crawled by like an eternity, and as the moonlight crept into the room and landed on Michael's arm; his heavy cock began to throb. It strained to be free and engage the new animal in the room. Chase stopped moving and looked at the moon through the large bay window, the light from the celestial object casting a shadow of him across the floor.

"Chase" Michael called softly. Chase hadn't been this still for hours and now he was like a statue.

"Son?" he called again, but the boy didn't answer.

He got up and moved to his Son but didn't touch him.

"My love" he called with concern.

He moved slowly around until he could look at his face. The moon was shining right on it and Michael couldn't help but gasp at what he saw.

Chase's eyes were burning with blue fire.

CHAPTER SIX

Michael froze.

Tendrils of wispy blue energy flowed out of his Son's eyes like smoke, and Michael didn't know if this was to be expected or not. He had never given birth to a wolf before.

Michael knew what to do by instinct. He knew that he had to offer his Son his power at the right time; much like a mother knows how to feed her young. But Michael had shunned his

Werewolf and Son

duties as an Alpha his whole life, and although the wolf in him knew what to do, the man had actually never been through this. Chase was the first offspring he ever had that would become a Werewolf.

He stood there, frozen in place, not sure what to do.

Chase turned to him suddenly.

With supernatural speed the boy's hands reached out and ripped apart Michael's shirt, baring his strong chest to the moon. He stepped forward and felt the muscles of Michael's stomach and moved up to his large pecs, gripping them with a strength that he had never before possessed.

Michael made no move to stop him.

"Chase" he said very softly. **"How do you feel?"**

But his Son didn't answer him. He moved his hands all over the muscled torso as if he was seeing it for the first time. And as Michael watched, he realized this was exactly what was happening. Chase was seeing him for the first time.

At least the animal in the child was.

"Chase" he said again, but the boy ignored him. His hands reached up to grip Michael's strong shoulders and squeezed them to test their strength.

My God, he thought to himself. He's summing me up!

He stood still while his Son inspected his body. The child moved up and down each arm, gripping the biceps at each pass. He ran his hands around his Father's waist and pulled at him as if to pick him up. Michael of course didn't move an inch and this seemed to please his Son to no end.

The Alpha was slightly insulted that he had to go through this test. He was THE Alpha after all, not some run of the mill wolf! The beast in Michael began to emerge. A thick rumble boiled in his chest and ran up his throat, filling the room with a bass like sound.

Chase looked up and his eyes actually flashed with approval. He felt his large muscles swell up, daring the small boy to test him further. Before he could stop himself, he leaned forward, towering over his Son. He glared down at the boy in challenge, and Chase didn't disappoint.

Werewolf and Son

He put one hand between Michael's legs and squeezed the heavy bulge between them.

Now the wolf in Michael responded fully, and a loud growl erupted out of the big man's throat.

Chase stared back, still not speaking, and openly gripped his Father's mound.

The Alpha growled in challenge, his big shoulders bunching up, his thick neck flaring out, and Michael knew why being alone with Chase so important.

Had another wolf been present, he would have killed them!

There could only be one choice for Chase. The Alpha would have destroyed any other competitors for Chase to pick from. This was as primal as it came. The right of mating would be determined not by the human in him but by the animal. Sean, Bart, and especially Silas, would have fallen quickly under Michael's sharp claws. There would be no dispute to his authority.

The beast wouldn't allow it and the contest would have ended in death.

Chase's hand ran around the thick bulge between his Father's legs and Michael's cock swelled up in response. His fingers sunk into the mound with all his strength but the big dick pushed back with equal power.

Michael snarled with smug confidence. Chase's other hand moved to join the first one and he leaned forward and began to lick at the center of his Father's muscled chest. Michael watched his Son take long laps between his pecs as the beast in the boy tasted him for the first time. He bent his neck down and began to sniff at the new animal inside his Son, getting the scent memorized for all time.

Chase ignored him and ran his tongue over each large nipple of his Father's chest, stopping briefly to suck on each one. His small hands never left the warmth of his Dad's bulging crotch even as his mouth tasted the power of the Alpha.

Chase nudged at one of his arms with his face and Michael lifted it up to allow his Son to move underneath. Chase's tongue swiped at his furry armpit and a groan of pure lust escaped the small child's mouth. Michael put his mouth next to his Son's ear and growled in approval as the boy lapped hungrily at him. Once the hair under his Dad's arm was matted with spit, Chase moved back to the man's chest and sucked hard at his nipple in an attempt to feed the beast growing inside him. He moved his head slowly to the other side, licking first at the center of Michael's chest again and then at his other nipple. Finally he worked his

Werewolf and Son

way to the other arm and Michael raised it without any prompting from his Son. Once more Chase licked and lathered his Father's pit and Michael found himself moaning.

Chase's fingers began to squeeze with increasing urgency. He went from simply enjoying the weight of Michael's crotch to almost clawing at it frantically. When he pulled himself away from his Father's armpit he looked down at his busy hands and gave them all his attention.

Michael watched as well, letting his Son take the lead in the most important day of his life. His petite hands cupped the massive swelling and Michael saw with satisfaction that Chase was overwhelmed by the sheer size of his big cock.

He growled with arrogance.

Chase's fingers pulled at the fly of Michael's jeans and tugged from side to side trying to get them to open. The Alpha knew the beast was present and his Son was gone. The confusion of the boy's angelic face was clear. Chase's human mind was gone and the beast didn't understand how zippers worked.

Michael watched with interest as his Son's wolf attempted to get to his throbbing dick and after a long while, looked up at him, blue energy pulsing in his eyes in frustration. Michael growled once in taunt and Chase did something unexpected, he pulled back one arm and struck the Alpha with the back of his hand...right across the face!

Michael was unaffected by the blow. If anything, the strike seemed to pull at the beast inside him and he felt the muscles in his back roll under his skin in change. Michael splayed both hands in a threatening posture and bellowed right in his Son's face. The force of his roar made the boy's hair fly back on his head and his eyes blinked closed.

Chase stepped back, snarled and struck him again.

Michael bent down in front of his Son and roared like a lion.

Chase looked him over from head to foot once and then did the impossible. He ignored the Alpha's rage and leaped up to hug the big man with his arms and legs. Chase pushed his mouth against his Father's neck and he started to frantically lick him.

Michael was still angry but unwilling to push the boy off him. No matter how riled the beast was, it wanted the boy's hunger even more than anything. Nevertheless, he growled into his Son's ear, letting the child know his rage. But Chase was relentless, and with every lick, the beast in Michael changed from anger to raw lust for the boy. His warm tongue lapped at the red spot on Michael's face and then moved to the other side to do the same thing to the other cheek.

Werewolf and Son

Michael couldn't take it any longer. He reached under the boy's shirt until one hand was firmly on his Son's bare skin, and then he took hold of the shirt with his other hand and ripped it off his small back, throwing it to the ground. The Alpha took a handful of his Son's black hair and pulled him back with one strong tug. He opened his mouth and began to lick at the boy's smooth face over and over again. Chase kept still and allowed it, and when the thick tongue moved in front of him, Chase eagerly took it in his mouth and started to suck on it.

Michael held him still and pushed as far into his Son's mouth as he could while Chase snaked his own tongue around the surface of his Father's in response.

It took long minutes before either wanted to break the kiss, but the night was young and there was much to do. It was the Alpha that pushed away first. He pulled Chase's head back with a tug of his hand and took hold of his small shoulders, peeling him off his strong body with his massive strength.

Chase protested as his Father dropped him to the ground. He landed squarely on his feet and crouched down to leap on the man once more. Michael put one hand on his head and kept him grounded. He stepped forward and pulled his Son's head between his legs, grinding his heavy mound against the boy's face.

Chase growled!

He pressed the kid's face into his crotch and ground his hips around so his hefty mass rubbed him all over. Chase opened his mouth and began to lick at his bulge madly. His hands wrapped around Michael's strong thighs and his fingers dug into his jeans to hold him still. He began to alternate from licking the mound to biting it in frustration. Michael carefully took his hand away and watched as the thirst for his cum took Chase over.

Sean felt the wave of lust hit him like a truck. He grabbed the trunk of a tree and leaned against it in support. There was no build up, no tingling of change. One moment he felt fine, and then the next, he felt like he was about to cum. He looked down at his crotch to see his big cock swelling up and stretching down his leg for room. He grabbed it in a vain attempt to stop what was happening, but the touch of his hand only made it worse. He tugged the button on his jeans and unzipped his pants as quickly as he could. His big cock sprung out and bounced in the air in relief. Sean took in a deep breath and held himself up with both hands braced against the tree as his prick throbbed madly.

Werewolf and Son

The lust of the Alpha was flooding into him, and Sean was totally unprepared. His nose filled with the smell of the large blonde man. It was as if he stood right next to him, his face pressed between the man's powerful legs. His tongue came out and began to lick eagerly at his lips, as if the Alpha were about to feed him his beastly prick. Sean could almost feel the man's powerful hand taking him by the back of the head. A moan escaped and his cock swelled up painfully. Never in his life had he felt this way, even when he took his Master's power down his throat.

The bond they now had was causing this change in him. He knew there would be a price to pay for servitude to a true Alpha, but Sean had no idea the power would affect him like this. It was his mistake to weigh Michael's power against Silas's. Silas was nowhere near the same level that Michael was, and Sean only now appreciated the real difference.

He turned his back to the tree and leaned against it taking hold of his hard cock. He ran both hands up and down the solid shaft and tilted his head back in ecstasy. It took only moments for his prick to reach its full girth and his large balls churned urgently between his legs. He looked down and groaned as his body trembled with lust. His big cock shot out the largest load of cum that Sean had ever produced and rained down on the forest floor like a summer shower. He leaned heavily against the tree and breathed deeply at the instant relief he felt. His mouth felt painfully empty and it seemed as if his whole body was tuned to the Alpha's lust.

He did his best to calm himself down, but the adrenaline was still running high in his limbs. His hands trembled against the tree and when he looked down he was numb with disbelief.

His cock was still hard!

Michael pushed Chase's head away with one hand and the boy immediately moved back to lapped at his heavy crotch. He waited for a moment and then did it again. This time Chase growled and wrapped his arms firmly around Michael's thighs as if anticipating another assault. He wet his Father's jeans with his spit and moaned as the big cock throbbed through the fabric at him.

The Alpha watched with extreme satisfaction as his small Son mouthed him with renewed vigor. He stood in the room, his arms at his side like the true Alpha he was. He wanted to help the beast in his Son emerge as fully as possible, but at the same time the Wolf in him wanted respect above all else.

Werewolf and Son

He let the groveling go on until a change in Chase occurred. The light in the boy's eyes became brighter and the pressure of the child's grip on his legs increased exponentially. The animal was going to enter the world very soon and Michael had to be ready.

He took hold of his belt and his Son's eyes locked onto his hands with some inherent knowledge of what was about to happen. The licking increased in speed but Chase's eyes never left his hands. Michael slowly tugged the belt open, taking his time to unhinge the metal spike from the leather, purposely making his Son's hunger increase with anticipation.

He let it fall against his thighs and as he popped the button of his jeans. Chase's hands moved up and squeezed at his ass before they found the back pockets and began to pull them down. Michael slowly pulled the flap apart, making the zipper move down on its own.

Chase's eyes were riveted on his Father's crotch and as the zipper lowered. As the base of Michael's shaft appeared he let out a rumbling of irritation.

It was clear to Michael that the whole process was taking far too long for the budding Werewolf. Regardless, the Alpha was in charge and he would feed the boy when he was ready. He reached in his pants with one hand and tugged out his heavy prick. Chase's eyes flashed brightly but he did something unexpected...he did nothing at all.

Chase's mouth was slightly open and he looked mesmerized as his Father's huge prick throbbed in the air in front of him. Michael stroked his fat shaft slowly with one hand for a moment and then moved his hand back to his side and let his cock hang free. He looked down at his Son but Chase stayed still as if he didn't know what to do with it. Michael was confused. He thought his Son would attack his big prick as soon as he saw it. In fact he counted on it. Chase needed to drink his cum but that wouldn't happen until he sucked it. Everything in fact depended on it.

Michael glanced at the moon through the window. It was high in the sky and glowed so brightly he could have changed on the spot. It took extreme effort on his part to stay in human form, especially when another beast was drawing him into sex. He looked down at his Son and growled to get his attention. Chase ignored him, lost in his own world. He slowly reached around and cupped the back of his Son's head and pulled him in gently. Chase wet his lips with his tongue and when he was close enough, he gave the head of his Father's cock a tender kiss.

Michael was beside himself. Chase should be in a frenzy to suck at him, especially with the moon bright and shining right on him. But here he was taking his time, as if he had all night and intended to make every minute last. Michael let his hand drop back down when his dick

Werewolf and Son

responded on its own. The moment Chase moved back Michael's huge cock swelled up in answer and Chase moved back and kissed it again.

The Alpha watched in awe as his cock seemed to control the boy's actions. Every time it pulsed his Son would kiss it again, each time, wetting his lips for every kiss. Over and over Chase kissed at his prick reverently, the time between them decreasing with each one.

Michael couldn't remember ever being so hard. His cock seemed impossibly solid and the beast in him was going to come out, it was just a matter of time. Chase was covering the swollen head with a light coating of saliva. He felt his claws come out on his hands and Michael pushed down his pants and stepped out of them, standing fully naked in front of his Son. Chase resumed his worship of Michael's big dick but now took hold of his heavy balls with both hands.

The moon seemed to call to Michael and he tore his gaze away from the boy to look at it.

It was time.

His eyes bore into his Son, lost in his own world as he continued to kiss at his Father's enormous prick.

"Suck it!" The Alpha commanded!

Chase heard it. He looked up and blinked his eyes at his Dad, the blue energy still seeping off them. Chase looked at the moon and stared for a long moment. When he turned his head and faced his Father's cock, the change in his face was immediate. His eyes flashed and he opened his mouth and engulfed the head of his Dad's heavy prick in one swift motion. Michael watched him struggle with his big cock, but this wasn't a competition, and Chase had no need to take it down his small throat.

He just needed to drink.

The boy's mouth tugged and Michael felt his heavy balls work overtime to fill with cum. Instinctively, one clawed hand came up to hold the child's head still so he could fuck his mouth, but Michael forced it back down before it made contact. He must control his beast no matter what. Everything depended on that!

Chase sucked hard, keeping his Father's big dick in his mouth the whole time. It throbbed and pulsed against his stroking tongue as he nursed on it like a baby bottle.

Werewolf and Son

The beast in Michael was just under the surface. He looked down at the small boy and growled loudly, his hands open and claws extended. His power began to fill the room and when it hit Chase the boy began to change.

The muscles in Chase's back swelled up and thickened under his skin. He twisted his head around his Father's beastly prick and sucked as hard as he could. He closed his eyes and concentrated on the Alpha's mighty cock.

Michael felt himself coming close. As soon as the change in his Son broke through the surface he needed to cum. His balls were full and ready to unload when the first covering of fur sprung up on Chase's back. Michael took hold of his Son's head with both hands and bellowed out a massive growl.

He came like a river in Chase's mouth!

Sean lay on the forest floor, his strong body vibrating with the Alpha power running through him. He lost count of the times he came. He was powerless to stop the lust ripping through his body. He kept stroking his big prick, hoping things would calm down and he could relax. His torso was gleaming with his white cum and his hands were slick with the fluid. His mind was focused on nothing but the Alpha desires. Everything he was, became the will of his Master.

It happened again. This one was by far the strongest yet. Sean's back arched high in the air and his big prick swelled up again. He gripped it with both hands and pumped it up and down. Moments later a tower of cum shot from his overworked cock and rained down on his face as the biggest orgasm of his life struck out of nowhere.

He lay trembling on the floor. The power inside him was too great to contain. He didn't know it would be like this. He waited in anticipation for yet another assault, but it didn't come. He took in several deep breaths and looked up at the night sky. The moon was high overhead and called to him. He growled in respect and dared himself to look down.

His cock was no longer hard.

"Thank God" he whispered to himself over and over again. **"Thank God"**

Werewolf and Son

Michael was amazed at how quickly Chase managed to drink his cum. This was the first time he had been allowed to receive his seed and Michael was sure most of it would spill past his lips. But that didn't happen. Every drop was consumed and the Alpha cast out his full power toward the new wolf, hoping to supercharge the change.

He watched a covering of black fur rip out from his Son's smooth skin and cover him like a dark blanket. He heard a loud tearing and saw the boy's pants fall to the floor in shreds as his legs became too big for them. The Alpha felt the last of his cum flow into Chase's mouth and he stepped back to see his Son completed the transformation.

Chase curled up on the floor, his body remolding itself into its new shape. The Alpha's power made things easier for him. Finally, after a few long minutes the change was complete.

Michael looked down at the new animal before him. He was small. Too small to be the Son of an Alpha. Michael didn't know what to expect, but he secretly hoped the wolf would be large.

Chase began to rise. His paws found their footing for the very first time.

Everything was wrong!

Michael watched carefully and looked the new wolf over. Chase was black...completely black. His fur was unbroken by any other color. This wasn't normal. Most wolves had a mix of color to camouflage them in the woods, favoring the grey and brown colors more.

And his size....he was too small. He was the size of a human adult male, but no bigger. Even the youngest Werewolves were bigger than him. His limbs were sleek and muscular, more like a runners than a predatory hunter.

His mussel was smaller than a wolf, shorter. And then it hit Michael....Chase looked like a panther! His ears were short and thick, his fur slicked down to his skin. He had never seen anything like it.

Chase was absolutely beautiful!

And then new animal opened his eyes.

Michael stepped back, stunned at what he saw.

Werewolf and Son

Chase's eyes were green!

Michael's mind reeled. This wasn't possible! All Werewolves, either marked by an Alpha or charged up by one, had the same eyes as the lead male. Chase started out with the same eyes as Michael, what happened?

Chase looked him over with curious regard. He tilted his head slightly, confused at what he was seeing and then he turned to the moon. He began to move toward the window and Michael quickly moved beside him. He was a new animal, with new legs and he wanted to make sure Chase didn't fall. But that didn't happen. Chase moved like he had always been this way, as if he had changed every night for years.

He went to the edge and raised his head and stared at the moon. He studied it for a long time as Michael stood nearby and watched. Chase's newly clawed hands ran slowly up his sleek body until they reached his head. He looked down at his hands, turning them over and then back at the moon. His jaws parted and Michael saw brilliant white teeth with sharp points at the ends. He made a loud noise that surprised the Alpha. It wasn't a growl or even a bark. It was a long tone that Michael found mesmerizing. And then he realized what it was.

Chase was singing!

Sean was fully dressed. He cleaned himself off moved slowly through the woods. He had never felt anything like that in his life. His body felt supercharged by the Alpha's immense power, even now after his body had gone through such a taxing ordeal, he could feel the Alpha Werewolf's will. Sean stopped in his tracks and took in a deep breath to steady his nerve when he sensed the presence.

There was a Vampire nearby!

Chase suddenly went silent and jumped out of the window before Michael could stop him. The boy moved so fast that the Alpha barely had time to lean outside to see Chase already running away.

Werewolf and Son

He looked up at the moon and drew his will up through his body and changed into a massive Werewolf. For someone like Michael, the change was fast, almost instantaneous. A real Alpha could alter his form on command no matter where the moon was. He leaped out the window, his heavy paws hitting the ground with his great weight, and he ran after his Son.

Chase was fast!

Even in human form the boy was quick. Michael expected tremendous power from the boy, considering what he gave him during his first change; but like with everything Chase did, nothing worked out as planned. Michael saw him far in the distance heading toward the woods. He dug his thick paws into the earth and felt his massive muscles surge and propel his body forward with blinding speed. The new wolf could not be left on his own. Tonight was far too important, and in truth, Michael wasn't sure exactly what Chase had become.

He ran up to the first tree only moments after Chase disappeared behind them. He used his supernatural vision and scanned the area for the boy. He thought he would see broken limbs and clear prints in the earth, but there was nothing! His ears lifted up and he listened for the sound of his Son, but there was only silence. Finally he breathed in the air and he found the black wolf, his scent sweet and earthy. He should have known where Chase would go. To the one place he loved on at farm more than any other...the lake.

He moved like a truck down a crowded street. Branches snapped off and the ground was crushed under his massive feet as he ran after his Son. He finally caught sight of the wolf and surged ahead. Chase was moving like a ghost. He barely made a sound as his body seemed to mold itself to the surroundings. He was jumping in the air and using the trees to springboard himself forward. When he did hit the ground it was as if the forest itself helped to conceal his presence. No twigs snapped and no bushes rustled. The new Werewolf never stumbled or crashed into anything, making it just one more thing that Chase shouldn't be able to do.

No Werewolf learned to move like that on their first transformation!

His coat was so black it seemed to absorb all the light. Even moonlight refused to shine off him, as if protecting its most precious child from sight. If Michael hadn't been bonded to the boy, he would have lost him. He ran and ran, covering miles with his great speed, but still the black wolf beat him.

When he made it to the clearing Chase was already there looking up at the moon in silent communication. It shined so brightly Michael had to fight the urge to growl. The beast in him in was ruled by the moon, and he wanted to speak to her as well. But his Son was more important. He moved up to the black wolf and something happened that had never happened to the Alpha before.

Werewolf and Son

He was ignored!

Chase leaned down and drank deeply from the lake, his thick tongue snaking out and lapping up the cool water with obvious thirst. Michael watched as he lifted up his paws and struck the water with a splash. He did it again and again and Michael would have smiled had he been human.

Chase was playing.

He moved around his Son and growled out every so often, letting his Son know he was there, but the black wolf seemed lost in his own world, with only the moon for company. For the black wolf, no one else existed.

Even in human form Sean was silent, as if the animal in him wouldn't allow something as straightforward as noise to give away his approach. His bare feet found the right spots to step in, even without looking down. When he saw Patrick from a quarter mile away he took in a slow deep breath and marked him immediately as a Vampire. Not THE Vampire though. He knew the Ancient one was not some boy with curly brown hair, and with some effort, he managed to suppress a growl that threatened to erupt from his throat.

It was time to hunt.

He moved around the trees to get behind the young Vampire. He took his time as the brown haired boy didn't seem to hear him. The Vampire seemed to be waiting for something, so Sean felt sure he had the advantage of surprise.

He had never seen the boy before. Vampires took great care to avoid Werewolves even in public settings as a Wolf was just far too unpredictable to count on to be civil. He moved carefully, shedding his shirt as he did. And when he was close enough to charge the unexpected happened. The Vampire spoke to him!

"You think you can sneak up on me dog?" he turned and faced Sean, his eyes running over the teenager's body. **"I'll give you credit. You got closer than anyone else has"**

Sean turned his palms up in defeat and smiled. **"What's a nice dead boy like you doing in a place like this?"**

Werewolf and Son

The Vampire smirked. **"I love blondes! I'm going to enjoy eating you!"**

"Usually I make guys at least buy me dinner first" Sean chided and threw out one of his brilliant smiles.

Patrick grinned. **"But handsome...you are dinner"**

Sean felt the change in the air but he wasn't ready for Patrick's speed. The Vampire was in front of him before he could prepare himself and shoved at him with both hands. Sean flew back through the air and landed on his back with a loud crash.

Patrick grinned.

It hurt. Sean wasn't ready for this. The boy shouldn't be that strong. A Vampire like him should be an even match for a normal Werewolf at best, and Sean was no longer normal. Patrick leaped in the air and landed on top of Sean driving him into the ground. He straddled his waist and leaned down, taking a long lick at Sean's face.

"God I love wolf!"

Sean looked up without missing a beat and replied, **"Yeah, I get that a lot!"** He shoved back at the Vampire and threw him off his body. Patrick looked surprised as he sailed into the air, but managed to land on his feet unharmed.

He charged as Sean began to get to his feet, and slammed into his stomach, grabbing Sean by the arms and swinging him in the air. He tossed him away like he was made of paper and Patrick glowered with superiority.

"I have the blood of an Ancient Vampire in me!" He sneered. **"How 'bout you?"**

Sean slowly got up and wiped the blood from his lips with the back of his hand. He looked at Patrick through a tussle of blonde hair and tossed it back with a snap of his head. He brushed off his dirty jeans, stood tall and grinned.

"Well...actually..."

Screams filled the air, followed by growls and the snapping of jaws. The compound where all the wolf packs were congregating was under attack!

Werewolf and Son

Silas felt it first, quickly followed by Daruth and Andreas. The men didn't even have to speak; they simply transformed and moved outside.

War was upon them.

Vera, Cornelius and several other Vampires flanked by ghouls, spilled out of the woods. Their numbers were staggering but the wolves surged forward to meet their ranks, hungry for a kill. The female Vampire drew out a silver sword.

Silas, the biggest of them all, boldly strode forward and met her!

The fight between Patrick and Sean was savage. Both boys were fueled by their respective Masters and they matched each other blow for blow. Sean raked his hand across Patrick's face and the boy glared with fury, even as his wounds healed before Sean's disappointed eyes.

Patrick swung and Sean ducked far too quickly for such a young wolf. He was like no other Patrick had seen. This should have been an easy fight, but instead the boy was holding his own, and recovering from each hit with startling speed. Patrick couldn't afford defeat. Any moment his Master may call for him to act. Everything depended on it in fact. Which meant the wolf must die.

Sean punched him in the face and blood gushed from Patrick's nose but he jumped in the air and clung to a tree in retreat. Sean jumped up after him and kicked him back to the ground. He landed on the handsome boy's chest and tried to strangle him but Patrick grabbed his arms and pulled him down, sinking his sharp white teeth into Sean's shoulder.

Sean cried out and punched over and over until Patrick let go. They rolled around the ground and traded blows as Sean moved his head from side to side to avoid the Vampire's teeth. He got his knee between them and used it to push the blood sucker up and kick him away. Patrick landed on his feet and hissed at Sean, who now stood tall, ready to fight.

Werewolf and Son

Patrick used all his supernatural speed and launched himself in the air at the blonde teenager. He couldn't fly, not like DeMarco, but the strength of his legs made it appear so. As he flew through the air he bared his teeth at the boy in hunger, prepared to kill; but the wolf in front of him had different plans.

As he flew in, glaring at the boy, the blonde teenager completely transformed into a Werewolf!

"NO!" Patrick cried, unable to change his course. The large beast pulled back a massive arm and batted the Vampire out of the sky, raking his heavy claws across Patrick's face and chest.

Patrick screamed and crashed into the earth!

Sean moved quickly, counting on his surprise to take the Vampire out. He landed on the boy's chest and raked his heavy foot across the alabaster torso, spraying blood everywhere.

Patrick screamed like a wild animal and clawed at Sean with all his might. He was faster than the wolf and bit the beast's foot as hard as he could. Sean cried out and yanked the large paw back and arched his massive hand to crush Patrick's skull. But Patrick rolled away with blinding speed. He moved to his feet and held his hand over his neck until the wounds could heal on their own. DeMarco's power would see to that. But Patrick couldn't take another major wound like that. He already felt his power drop at the loss of so much blood.

The Vampire punched at Sean over and over, landing almost every blow.

The Werewolf held its ground however, and fought back like the predator he was. He was slower than the Vampire but his strikes hit with painful precision, hurting the boy at his weakest points; the inside of the thigh, the armpit, and the neck. Blood coated his fur but it wasn't his own. The Alpha had given him great gifts. He was resilient and didn't seem to tire. He may not have been as fast as the Vampire, or maybe as strong, but his hits hurt the boy more, while his massive Werewolf body absorbed the attacking blows like a sponge.

Chase ran up and down the grassy area that separated the lake from the woods. His black paws dipped happily into the cool water and he splashed around like a puppy in a wading pool. The Alpha watched him closely, his massive head swinging to the woods every so often to threaten any animal that dared approach. But like before, Chase seemed oblivious to his presence. The black wolf would jump around and suddenly stop and look up at the moon.

Werewolf and Son

Michael watched, but felt he was intruding on some private moment that his Son shared with the bright globe. Chase sang again and Michael swore the moon pulsed back at him in reply.

What was happening to his Son? Why did he look like this? The power of the Alpha should have given the boy everything thing he needed to be one of the largest Werewolves alive. But here he was, small, jet black, and with green eyes. That bothered Michael more than anything. The mark of a Werewolf, especially an Alpha was manifest through the eyes. But Chase's were now green instead of the blue ones he was born with.

Suddenly Chase stopped singing and snapped his head around looking right at his Father. He reacted as if the massive wolf had only just arrived.

What changed? Michael thought. He looked up at the moon as if to ask her what she said to make his Son glare at him so. Chase moved forward, his bright green eyes cutting through him. Michael shifted from foot to foot, marking his area and he growled.

Chase, as usual, seemed not to care, as if the whole Werewolf culture meant nothing to him. He boldly came up to his Father and began to sniff at him. Michael continued to growl softly but let the black wolf approach as close as he wanted.

Whatever Chase was looking for he seemed to find. He raised his head and looked at Michael, and very slowly licked his face. Michael's growls died in his chest and he bent lower so Chase to get to him more easily. Chase took the opportunity and lathered his Father's huge snout and broad forehead with his tongue.

The Alpha did not reciprocate. He was after all...the Alpha. He was built to be served. He was quite simply...a King.

Chase became more frantic in his lapping and he began to nudge his face against this Father's. He worked his small body inside the Alpha's arms and turned his frame until his back was pressed against the Werewolf's strong chest. He lifted up his head as he rubbed himself against the massive chest until his Father understood his meaning.

Chase wanted to have sex.

The Alpha's mighty prick began to swell in response, and the scent of mating filled the air. He knew Chase smelled it because the small wolf pushed against him with his hips in offer to him...an offer that the Alpha readily accepted.

Werewolf and Son

He pushed his weight against his Son and drove the boy down on all four paws. His heavy body was like a blanket that covered the small animal completely. His huge prick moved between Chase's furry legs and he found, with no surprise, that Chase was already hard. His beastly cock rubbed against his Son's and he growled in the little wolf's ear with a lustful rumble that Chase returned. Michael opened his mouth and fully engulfed Chase's neck with his razor sharp teeth.

Chase held still and made no move to get away. It was an act of trust on both sides. The Alpha could easily kill the smaller animal with his powerful jaws, but the black wolf showed submission and offered his life, if the Alpha truly wanted it.

Michael's great arms beat the earth on either side of the small wolf, his strong muscles flexing against the lithe body of his Son. Every thrust against the ground rubbed his hairy biceps across Chase's slender frame in demonstration of his strength. Chunks of dirt sailed through the air as deep indents formed from the Alpha's pounding fists.

Chase pushed himself back against his Dad as the massive Werewolf pummeled the earth. He squeezed his legs around his Father's beefy prick in acknowledgement of the animal's impressive strength.

Michael took his mouth away and licked at his Son's face, bathing his furry ears and silky head with his great tongue. Having the Alpha bath any wolf was no small gesture. Chase was being marked by the massive animal as a possession, and Chase responded by doing something no other Werewolf could do...

He began to purr!

The sound drove Michael over the edge. His massive body lifted up and he growled down at Chase so loudly he could be heard for almost a mile. The black fur was so smooth it sent electricity up his huge body wherever they touched. Michael moved back and guided his heavy prick to the small wolf's ass, and Chase raised himself up to meet it. His Son's sleek arms wrapped around his thick limbs for support, and his paws gripped the massive biceps.

Their eyes locked, and on the makeshift beach, the Alpha began to fuck the new wolf.

Sean was wining. If the battle lasted much longer the Vampire would lose. His strength was being drained by his blood loss and this didn't go unnoticed by the Werewolf. Patrick's face still bore scars from the heavy claws that ripped it open, but no more blood flowed from

Werewolf and Son

them. The Vampire that fueled the brown haired boy must be powerful indeed Sean thought. He thrust his massive paws out and pushed the Vampire against a tree. He moved up and slammed both hands on the wide trunk meaning to bite the neck of the Vampire...but instead; his huge tongue came out and licked him!

It was happening again!

Sean felt the wave of intense desire rip through his body, but now amplified by the beast form he now held. He grabbed the Vampire and pushed him to the ground, his big prick growing with every second. The boy moved to stand up but Sean slapped him back to the ground and moved above him, his huge feet on either side of the boy prone body.

The Vampire turned his head and surprise washed over his face as he saw the huge cock between the Werewolf's hairy, muscled legs.

Chase kept his hips raised so Michael could sink his heavy shaft inside him. His tight ass milked at his Father's prick hungrily and the big wolf seemed only too happy to feed it.

Michael looked down as he thrust in and out of the black animal who hung to his thick arms for constant support. The Alpha made no move to help him hold still, if Chase wanted this then he had to show it. He pushed deeply in one continuous thrust and the boy gripped him with supernatural strength to maintain his position. Inch after inch of his mighty prick sunk into his Son's ass until his large, hairy balls slapped against the boy's silky shaft. Michael pulled back and Chase attempted to prevent it by backing his body up as much as he could. The Alpha watched with interest as his Son all but begged to be impaled. With satisfied regard Michael rotated his hips forward, rewarding his lust filled wolf boy with several inches of his big dick.

Long minutes later, after Michael's cum filled balls banged against the beautiful black wolf for the umpteenth time, he felt himself on the edge of a massive orgasm. A massive bellow filled the air as the Alpha Werewolf let out an ear splitting roar and came like the enormous beast he was, flooding Chase's warm ass.

Chase threw his head back and joined his cry, but as Michael felt the last of his cum ebb out, the most startling thing happened...

He started to revert back to human form!

Werewolf and Son

The thick pelt of fur that covered Michael's body melted away, quickly followed by the massive muscles that covered his already big frame. His snout pulled back, as did his teeth, and his long claws shrunk into large human fingers.

Michael pulled out of Chase and fell to the ground, all his strength leaving him. He landed on his back and looked up at the moon in confusion.

"What's happening!" he cried out. Never had he unwillingly turned back into a human. His mind reeled with possibilities in an attempt to explain it to himself, but nothing surfaced.

"Chase!" he shouted and turned to look at his Son.

Chase was still in wolf form, his back to him. He was kneeling down and shaking his head slowly from side to side like he was trying to clear water from his ears. He didn't respond to Michael's voice.

"Chase!" Michael tried again, and the black wolf stood up. Michael felt his strength begin to return to at least human levels, but the wolf in him seemed fast asleep and deep inside his body. He rolled over and managed the work his way to his knees as he looked at his Son.

"It's alright Chase. I just need a few minutes. Don't be afraid" he tried to reassure him. He reached out and touched the silky black fur of his Son's back and the beast responded by spinning around to look at him.

Michael gasped and fell back on his hands as the black wolf met his gaze.

Chase's eyes were completely gold!

Sean tugged at the fabric of the handsome Vampire's jeans, trying to get his thick claws inside the denim without hurting the boy. His huge prick throbbed for attention and Sean meant to rape the curly haired teenager right there in the woods to satisfy his lust. He licked his lips in anticipation of sex when something ripped through his hairy body.

All the muscles in Sean's animal frame shuddered in frustration as they fought to retain their strength. He threw his head back and growled but his strength left abruptly. He slumped forward and fell on top of the Vampire, his huge wolf form covering the boy completely. He was so drained he felt as if he could change to human form any second.

Werewolf and Son

"PATRICK!" DeMarco called with his mind.

Patrick stiffened immediately. It was time!

He summoned all his power and heaved the huge beast off of him. The wolf flew back and landed on its side several feet away. Something was wrong with him. Patrick picked up a rock the size of a football and advanced on the Werewolf, who was struggling to get to its knees. He swung his arm and smashed the rock on the side of the animal's large head. It went down with a moan and fell to its stomach.

"PATRICK!" DeMarco filled his mind again.

He wanted to kill the wolf. Twist its head. But a Werewolf had a massive amount of thickly strung muscle around the shoulders and neck. Breaking it could be done, but it would take leverage, and more importantly...time. That was something the Vampire had none of.

"YES MASTER!" Patrick called back with his mind. He threw the rock against a tree in frustration and it exploded to dust from the impact. He ran for the woods in the direction his Master commanded. The wolf boy would die later.

There was no white orb, or black circle in the center. The eyes were fully gone and replaced with a liquid gold that filled the entire orbit. It was both beautiful and frightening at the same time. Against the jet black fur the animal looked more exotic than any creature had the right to. But without a center, it was impossible to tell where the wolf was looking, which sent a shiver of fear up Michael's human spine. The eyes seemed to be looking everywhere at once.

Michael called out his name again. **"Chase, are you all right?"**

It looked as if he were about to answer, when he suddenly looked straight up at the moon. One front paw on the ground, the other close to his side, Chase looked like some ancient statue found at the foot of a Pharaoh, instead of a Wolf. It lasted only a moment and then Chase snapped his head to the woods and focused his eyes elsewhere. He bolted into the trees and out of sight.

Werewolf and Son

Michael got to his feet, still a little unsteady and looked up at the moon. He held open his arms and cried. **“WHY?”** He shook his head. **“What have you done to him?”**

But there was no answer.

It took almost five minutes before Michael felt the power of the beast awake in his body. He took in a deep breath and set it loose, until once more the massive body of the Alpha Werewolf came alive!

Andreas saw it first. It slithered out of the woods as the last combatant. It only made sense in a way. Each time the Vampires attacked a new soldier was added to their ranks. Here on what was to be the last battle, he couldn't help but wonder how he would die. Would it come from one of the Vampires? From one of the many Ghouls? Or from this, long forgotten, rarely seen creature.

The man was powerfully muscled. His arms were thick, like his neck and shoulders. Instead of fingers he had long spikes that extended in varying lengths after the first knuckle. His chest was big and his waist tapered off until it disappeared altogether into the body of a massive snake. He was covered entirely in green scales. He had no hair of any kind and his eyes were a poisonous shade of yellow.

He was a Naga!

Andreas scanned the battlefield quickly. Thankfully he only saw one of them. The Naga were not known for taking prisoners. They were highly intelligent but extremely violent, even more so than the average Werewolf. How the Vampires drew this being into battle was beyond Andreas, but now was not the time to think of such things. The Naga must not be allowed to bite anyone. Unlike the Ghouls, Vampires, Werewolves or other supernatural beings, the Naga had a very unique gift when it came to their bite.

It drove the victim insane!

There were dozens of Werewolves, and even more Vampires. Introducing insanity in even one Werewolf could end the battle within minutes, as Wolf attacked Wolf in a frenzy of venomous violence. If Silas or Daruth were bitten...

Werewolf and Son

Andreas shook his head and turned to warn them, but Daruth had already altered his course to take the Naga.

“NO!” he screamed in his mind, and moved to block his Master.

Michael caught up to Chase back at the farm. The boy was looking up at the barn and sniffing in the air. Michael thought he sensed some change but was too far away to smell what Chase did.

As he came closer a cry of epic proportions filled his mind.

“MICHAEL!!!” the scream hammered in his skull. The connection was solid. Both Silas and Daruth were calling him. His mind filled with their thoughts and for a moment he saw what they did. It was war!

He turned toward his Son and ran over to him as fast as he could. He had no more time to wait. He took hold of the black animal by the waist and threw him over one broad shoulder, leaping into the air. He cleared the window easily but had to crouch to get both bodies inside. Chase struggled for freedom but Michael cast his will down on the boy with its full force, and right before his eyes, Chase began to contract.

Smaller and smaller he became, until the black fur was gone and the golden eyes disappeared. It took a long moment and in truth should have taken longer, but Michael did not have the luxury of time. The boy must change and stay human while he went to battle.

Chase looked up at him with his familiar silver blue eyes, his naked body being held up in the massive hands of his Father the Werewolf. There was a brief flash of clarity and then Chase lobbed his head to the side and was completely asleep!

Michael lifted his Son up and carried him to the bed and laid him down gently. He leaned over and licked the boy softly on the face, his large tongue swiping the entire left side. He moved back to the window and jumped out. He ran towards the battle, calling for Sean through the bond they shared. His new soldier would protect Chase with the power the Alpha had given him. With the bizarre changes in Chase, and the constant Vampire attacks, not to mention Wendy and Emma; Michael didn't wait to feel Sean respond, nor did he bother to figure out what the new smell was Chase was so intent on finding.

Had he done either, Michael would have never left...

Werewolf and Son

CHAPTER SEVEN

“CHASE!!”

He wasn't what he was supposed to be. He knew it from the first time he saw his Father, with those big muscles, broad shoulders, and wavy blond hair. Everything was wrong about him. He was too short, too small and too...well...Chase. He was the Son of an Alpha...THE Alpha. He should have been bigger, bigger like Bart or even Sean. Even his Animal was different, with its black fur, spun out of midnight, and those mystic golden eyes.

Maybe he wasn't supposed to be a Werewolf. Maybe he was supposed to be a normal boy who never knew his Father. Maybe...this was all a mistake.

Or...maybe he was EXACTLY what he was supposed to be. Maybe he took what he needed; to become what he WAS...and everyone's expectations of him...could go to hell.

“CHASE!!”

Chase sat bolt upright!

He was fully awake but disoriented. Changing back and forth from wolf to boy had taken its toll on him. He had vague memories of his time as a Werewolf. His strongest was running. He had never run so fast in his life. Everything seemed to slow down for him and let him pass, as if HE were most important thing in the forest.

He remembered his Father, the massive wolf that chased after him. He could almost feel the hot breath of the Alpha Wolf on his neck; the huge arms that hugged his body carefully. The strength of his Dad was so great, he had no doubt the man could kill him if he wasn't careful.

He remembered the warm tongue moving across his face and the sharp teeth gently biting him. But it was the man's smell that burned into Chase's mind. It was the same smell he noticed when he first met his Father. It was so completely male that Chase felt dizzy when he took it in. But now, as a wolf, it was dozens of times stronger. It was like a drug to him. The scent of power, strength and virility all rolled into one.

He couldn't get enough of it.

Werewolf and Son

He remembered how he felt right before he changed. At first it was the moon that called to him. It was so bright, so big. It spoke to him; told him things he didn't know. His animal was about to be born, but it needed something, something from the man in the room. When Chase looked at him, he didn't so much as see his Father, but the Alpha Wolf just beneath the surface. When the smell of the Alpha hit him, he knew it was everything he needed. The memory was vivid. He was dying of thirst, and the man was an ocean of pure water.

He never wanted anything more in his life.

They danced back and forth. It was a dance of power, of one who had it, and one who needed it. The Alpha Male was in charge; that much was clear. He made Chase work for it, keeping it from him until he craved it the most. And when he drank from his Father for the first time he understood the true power of an Alpha. It was raw masculine energy, raging and growling for attention...and Chase drank every drop of it.

With the consumption of the potent fluid, somewhere deep in his body, the dark wolf awoke.

His memory faded at that point. The change wasn't painful, but he wasn't really there. Something else took over, something feral. The smell of his Father intensified and his vision shifted into a different spectrum. The rest was a haze of moans and hunger that he couldn't put to order.

He remembered standing for the first time and seeing the moon. She was so beautiful! He could still feel the wind on his fur as he ran for the lake. When he made it to the lake and felt the water on his new skin, he was reborn. She shined down on him like the sun as he played and splashed in the cool night.

When SHE spoke to him again he realized he wasn't alone. He turned and faced his Father. It was no longer the Man, it was the Werewolf!

The animal was massive. It had huge shoulders and a thick neck, holding up a beastly head of sharp teeth. Its arms were wrapped in heavy muscle, ending in huge hands with long dark claws. A heavy coat of brown fur made it blend into the night and as it stood up on two legs it towered over Chase like a tree. The smell was intense. Pure power radiated off the beast and drove the new wolf into a lustful frenzy.

It was the moon that told him what to do.

The beast had something he needed.

Something the Man could not provide.

Werewolf and Son

Chase moved over and offered himself to the Alpha by rubbing against his strong body and licking at his face. The Alpha eagerly accepted and thrust himself into him with vigorous abandon.

Again they mated, this time both as wolves, both under the gaze of the moon. And once more the Son took from the Father, and the black wolf with golden eyes was born.

It took a few moments for Chase to control the flood of new power his Father had given him. The light of the moon glowed in satisfaction as she looked upon her new Son.

And that's when Chase felt something.

It was so overpowering it pulled at him like a rope around his neck. He sniffed the air and locked on, focusing his new abilities on the scent. He ran into the woods with blinding speed, never noticing the naked man laying on his back and reaching out to him.

He made it back and searched the farm for it. The smell was so powerful it made him forget everything else. When the Alpha Wolf approached, he was so busy trying to find the source of the scent he didn't have a chance to stop the big Wolf.

Then time unraveled. It wound back months, and for a few seconds Chase was no longer a wolf. He no longer had a Father, a half sister, or a destiny.

He was just Chase.

The Alpha was everywhere. His presence wrapped around Chase like a blanket and the power...an ocean of power, fell upon him like an anvil. The new animal, born only that night, broke down and fell deep inside, leaving the boy in its place.

He remembered the massive hairy arms holding him up. He looked on the Alpha with his human eyes, and he could see him, the man under the surface...his Father. Was this a new power? Did all Werewolves see the human inside? Or was this something only he could do? Was it because he was the man's Son?

Chase the human, had never seen his Father fully changed before. He was so handsome...so completely male. For the brief moment he saw him, and before the darkness washed over, Chase knew he was in love.

"CHASE!!"

Chase jumped.

Werewolf and Son

He looked around the familiar room. He was alone. No...he wasn't. He breathed in deeply and smelled it again. It was there, underneath the scent of his Dad. There was so much more to everything now that he changed. He could tell when his Dad was here last. He could still smell the man all over him.

He took in a deep breath to steady himself. The scent of his Father was overpowering and arousing and it masked everything.

Almost.

"CHASE!!"

There it was again! He moved from the bed and looked out the window.

"Patrick!?"

The handsome boy was looking up at him from the driveway. Something was wrong. Patrick looked like he had been badly beaten. Chase threw on some clothes and ran down the stairs and across the dirt pathway to him.

"What happened to you?" he asked, reaching out and lightly touching his face. Patrick's arms snaked around him for a moment in a strong hug. His muscles were well developed. Not like Bart's brute frame, but like a high school quarterback in his prime. He was lifted off his feet and spun in the air.

"Chase" Patrick said breathlessly, holding him away, his face changing from a smile into fear. **"We have to go! They're coming!"** He grabbed his arm and started to run, pulling Chase behind. Chase kept up easily and continued to ask questions, but Patrick kept interrupting him and telling him to keep moving. He could smell something different about Patrick. It made him afraid. They hit the trees and moved directly into the dark forest. Chase moved in front and took Patrick's hand instead.

"I can see, follow me!" he insisted. They ran for a long time, Patrick telling him to turn right or left when appropriate.

It never dawned on Chase to ask how the boy could see.

Werewolf and Son

Michael felt the battle before he saw it. The emotions of the wolves rolled over him as he came near. He ran as fast as his powerful legs could carry him, eating the ground up and leaving ripped earth in his wake. He sent his will out to Daruth and Silas but they didn't respond.

Either they were too busy in battle or something was wrong.

The light increased in front of him after a few more miles. He saw shapes moving around in battle. Michael growled in anger and dipped his head low to gain more speed. He came up on the backside of a large house leaping high into the air, and did something that only a few Alphas in history have ever done.

He transformed again.

Sean was lost. He didn't know where he was. Time seemed to have disappeared. He moved to his feet and instantly began to stagger. He touched his head and pulled his hand back from the pain. His eyes were out of focus as he felt for the ground with his clawed feet. He stumbled to a tree and held himself still as his body tried to heal. He searched for the Alpha power deep inside. It was back, wherever it had gone before, he had it again. He pulled at it and made it surface. Immediately his mind cleared and his eyes began to focus. His head didn't pound so much and he carefully looked around.

The Vampire!

He remembered. They had been fighting right here. He tried to replay the battle in his head but his memory dropped when that wave of lust ripped through him. In his animal state his human mind was all but driven away by the intense desire. He had to talk to Michael about it. He couldn't take much more of that without forewarning. The Alpha never told him about these side effects. He looked around. He was alone, no trace of the Vampire.

This meant two things: 1)...Sean hadn't killed him, and 2)...the Vampire wasn't able, or was unwilling, to kill him.

"Chase!" He said out loud, although it came out as a rough bark. He sniffed at the air, got his bearings and found the direction to Adam's farm. His strong legs flexed and he ran through the trees to his Master's home. Michael had to be warned of the danger.

Werewolf and Son

The Alpha's power was like having an unlimited supply of fuel at his disposal. And Sean thought that if he felt this way, with just a fraction of that power, what must it be like to be Michael? What would happen if he truly became angry? Could Silas, Daruth, the whole Werewolf clan stop him?

He thought of Bart that first day when they went to meet Chase. Silas thought it would be better to send young wolves, boys that Chase could relate to. But Sean had to wonder if it wasn't something more. Did an adult wolf know more about the Alpha than they did? Is that the reason they were sent, because they were young and stupid?

He remembered the way Michael slapped down Bart with one hand. It took no effort at all. Bart was the pseudo 'alpha' of their three man pack, and yet he fell like a house of cards. Even as wolves they couldn't compete with Michael's strength when he was in human form. He thought of Michael standing there, holding the end of a tractor up with one hand, watching him, and making him crawl underneath.

What about Chase? Would he be like his Dad? Would his Wolf be massive, powerful and feared? He's the man's direct Son. What else would he be?

He ran as fast as he could for the farm, the thought of protecting Chase foremost on his mind. He couldn't wait to see his new Werewolf brother, radiating the power of his Alpha Father.

He had no idea how wrong he would be.

The thing that dropped into the courtyard was nothing short of monstrous! Four times larger than the biggest Werewolf, it had huge jaws with rows of sharp teeth and long muscled limbs that crashed against the earth like a tank. Heavy fur covered its beastly frame and dark red eyes glowed from its angry face. Two ghouls were crushed in the landing and the BEAST dug its feet into their bodies, ripping them apart in the process. Everyone turned to see it, Ghoul, Vampire, Werewolf, and Naga.

Vera was stunned. The oldest of the present Vampires, even she had not seen his like before. She had killed countless wolves and humans, but nothing like this beast had ever crossed her path. She remembered what DeMarco said. All the things he warned against were now coming true. This BEAST had to die. It could not be allowed to reproduce. She leveled her sword at it and nodded to Cornelius, who was throwing a small Wolf against another. This was something they had to do together.

Werewolf and Son

But the BEAST didn't heed her; it had other matters to attend. Werewolves were strung everywhere, most still fighting, some with each other, others lying wounded on the ground while their brothers defended them. The massive animal raked his claws in the earth, sending the remains of the Ghouls flying away. He looked around and roared so loudly everyone flinched and even the trees shuddered!

The effect was immediate.

Pain from broken bones faded as the breaks knitted back together. Bleeding wounds coagulated, and torn skin began to stitch up with impossible speed. Fallen soldiers began to stir, standing on their own feet at the BEAST'S command.

The Vampires pulled back with surprise at the sudden increase in enemy numbers.

The BEAST leveled a glowing gaze at Daruth and Andreas who were in combat against each other. It could smell the poison running through Andreas's body as the wolf clawed and bit at his former Master.

While the animal watched his brothers fight, the Naga moved swiftly and took the BEAST from the side. He raked his heavy clawed hands against the massive body and moved in to bite Michael's flank. But the thick fur was like armor and the skin underneath even worse. The Naga found no purchase.

The BEAST turned swiftly and confronted the snake man. It weaved and coiled while it slashed at him. It spit venom in his face but the BEAST was unaffected. He clawed at the Naga but it was too fast and the nails found nothing but air.

Vera watched hopeful as the two sparred. She moved up, sword in the air; ready to slay the BEAST while the Naga distracted it. She moved without sound and was stunned when the

Werewolf and Son

BEAST kicked out with its hind leg and hit her in the chest, throwing her so hard against a tree she dropped to her knees and fell face forward into the ground. She never saw the laughter in the BEAST'S eyes, or the shocked gaze of Cornelius, as he watched her fall.

The Naga's flesh oozed oil, making it impossible to grab. They circled each other over and over. The Naga was unable to harm the BEAST but the BEAST could not move fast enough to rip it apart. It seemed like a stalemate of speed versus strength, until Silas reminded the BEAST that he was not alone. The large wolf moved quickly behind the snake man and kicked it in the back, right into the BEAST'S arms.

The lidless eyes gleamed in terror as the snake man realized the long battle was finally over.

Michael stepped on the writhing tail, trapping the snake in place. With one mighty lunge he extended his neck and bit the Naga in half at the waist. The tail thrashed and thumped against the earth while the thick green blood of the abomination sprayed everywhere. Michael tossed his head back and threw the torso away like garbage as the remaining half continued to move.

Silas was already gone, facing another group of Ghouls.

A wave of silver light flashed in the corner of the BEAST's eyes and it pulled back just as Vera's sword came down. He faced her as Cornelius moved to her side and formed a unified front against him. She looked hurt. It showed on her face just under the anger, but Michael didn't care. What were two Vampires against him?

The Naga blood was having an effect on whichever Wolf it touched and more in-fighting would soon commence. The two Vampires attacked the BEAST from every angle while trying to avoid his massive jaws. They were far stronger than the Naga and together they could defeat almost anything. Had DeMarco been present they would be an unstoppable force.

At least that's what Vera believed.

Werewolf and Son

She could withstand almost as much as DeMarco, but she was unwilling to test her invulnerability against the BEAST'S sharp fangs. He was as far removed from a normal Werewolf as she was from a Human. This was no time to take chances and she had barely recovered from the first blow she took from him. She summoned Ghouls to protect them from unwanted competition.

This fight was between the three of them.

The BEAST swiped at Cornelius and fell back, as the Vampire almost lost an arm. He clawed at Vera but her sword blocked his blackened nails with supernatural speed. Her face showed surprise as he pushed her physically back with each blow and his intelligent red eyes glared at her with hunger. Weakness was blood in the water for a Werewolf, and soon her sword would break or she would be forced to flee. The BEAST could sense his superiority and Vera saw the thick muscles in his body swell up as he lunged forward yet again.

Sean made it to the farm and jumped up into the loft through the open bay window. He looked around for Chase or any member of the family...but found none. He dropped back to the ground and moved to the main house. No heartbeats for his sensitive ears, no movement for his sharp eyes.

He walked back to the barn and began to sniff. Chase was here recently, there was no question. But there was something else, another smell unfamiliar to him. It lingered around the barn, very near where he was standing. His supernatural senses went into overdrive.

The smell was...

He was suddenly overpowered by the intense odor of the undead! A Vampire had been here. He spun around and looked at the tree line. A pathway of scents was as clear to a Werewolf as a paved stone trail to human eyes. He began to run forward in pursuit, but after a bounding stride he stopped and looked back.

He took another sniff.

Werewolf and Son

The smell....it was still there, unattached to the trail he now followed.

What was it?

Patrick pulled at Chase to stop him. They had been running for a long time and Chase no longer knew where they were. He thought at first that the older boy was tired from the fast pace, but when he looked at him, Patrick seemed the same.

“Are you alright?” he asked the curly haired teenager. Patrick nodded his head and smiled, his bruises still visible even in the dark light. Patrick had taken a severe beating, it was a wonder he was still standing.

“Almost there” He pointed ahead of them. **“Just past these trees”** He moved forward pulling Chase with him.

“Wait!” He yanked back. **“Where are we going? What happened to you?”**

“Chase, I’m alright. I was attacked. They’re coming for us. All of them” he tried to move them both forward again.

“Who?”

Patrick leaned in close to Chase. **“The Vampires”**

Chase’s eyes went wide and then he understood. He smelled Vampire on Patrick. It was a new smell. Since he changed into the wolf smells became so much more important to him. They had color, texture. Patrick reeked of it. It was the smell of the undead.

“Who did this to you?” His small hand came out and ran lightly across Patrick’s handsome face. He assumed the smell came from Patrick’s attacker.

“I don’t know. I’ve never seen him before” He looked around the forest and back at Chase. **“I saw them...they were fighting large animals in the woods”**

Chase looked surprised but unafraid. **“Patrick, it’s alright. The wolves won’t hurt us”**

Werewolf and Son

Patrick gave him a soft smile. He was so handsome, even beat up and bruised he looked like he dropped out of a romance novel. His strong arms came around Chase's waist until they stood inches apart.

"I know"

His lips touched softly and they kissed for a long moment.

Chase was captivated. Patrick was too alluring, and all Chase wanted was to get lost in the boy's eyes. He let Patrick lead him forward as he spoke hypnotically to him. Chase felt himself swim in the boy's words, strong arms around him. Time passed unnoticed until they walked into a clearing.

They were not alone.

Vera and Cornelius pushed back at the great BEAST with little success. Even with their combined strength they were no match for his sheer muscle. It would take another ancient like DeMarco to hold this animal at bay. But the Mastermind was occupied elsewhere and this fight was essential to his plan. She looked at Cornelius for a fleeting moment. They had done this before, although not against a foe like this. They attacked in unison. Each raised a hand and their power wove together to supercharge the air with violent energy.

They pushed against it with their will and sent it forward as fast as they could, hoping to burn the Wolf alive.

For a Vampire, supernatural abilities flowed from willpower. DeMarco had taken this to new heights by performing feats that could be classified as sorcery. Vampires far older than any of them had achieved naturally what DeMarco could do centuries before his time. Vera had no idea how he managed it. For a Vampire, power was everything, and giving secrets away only resulted in overthrow. For now she would have to be content to study her partner and come up with her own answers.

Fire was used chiefly to burn an enemy alive. Vera had used it more skillfully, to retreat from Daruth on their previous encounter. But Michael was not an ordinary Alpha, and as a last defense the two of them combined their talents to cook the Wolf if possible, but to wound it to be sure. Together their powers were exponentially stronger, and they struck with all their might.

Werewolf and Son

When the cloud of flame stopped on its own, she was speechless.

It hung still for a long moment, building up and up as the Vampires folded more energy into it, trying to force it forward.

But Michael could see it for what it was.

Several Werewolves were healed by his power. Bone rethreaded, skin stitched back up at his command, and THIS was no different. While although he couldn't create fire, it was based on supernatural will...and willpower was something he knew about. It was the foundation of everything Wolf. It controlled them, bound them, made them fight, and even made them love.

The one who had the strongest will was leader, lover, and Alpha.

And in that contest...Michael was King.

He pulled back, took in a deep breath and roared at the cloud of energy. His tremendous will flowed into the fold and made the cloud swell out of proportion. It twisted, swirled and finally flew right back at the shocked Vampires!

Vera turned her body and barely made it behind Cornelius as the wave of fire flowed over them. Her hair burst into flame and she rolled to the ground batting it with both her hands, her sword discarded on the ground.

Cornelius wasn't so lucky. His screams filled the air and she saw his entire left side engulfed in flame. The BEAST pulled one monstrous arm back and batted Cornelius into the sky like an absurd flaming arrow.

The tide had turned drastically, and Vera no longer counted on DeMarco's plan. Not when her life was on the line. He was advancing and she had to decide. Stay and fight, and risk destruction, or flee and live to fight another day?

She called the Ghouls to her and they swarmed all over the BEAST as she turned to the woods and ran as fast as she could. She began to lift up into the air just as the body of a Ghoul crashed right beside her.

He was using them like stones against her!

Werewolf and Son

As she took to the sky more and more of them flew past and she shifted in the air to avoid them. If nothing else, Vera proved one thing...she was a survivor!

With both Vera and Cornelius gone the Ghouls began to lose direction. The Vampires were still present in large numbers but the real problem was the Naga blood, still altering the Werewolves allegiance.

The BEAST bellowed, his tremendous will crashing down behind it.

Those affected by the Naga regained their control, as the thick green poison boiled out of their blood. The wolves moved back but watched with caution as their brothers slowly rejoined the pack. Then the BEAST cast out his power as he stood up to his full height. He held out his massive arms and roared.

The eyes of every Werewolf changed to red.

Only Silas and Daruth kept human thoughts. Whatever part of humanity remained in the wolves was gone, pushed so far down that only the animal remained. The residual Vampires now faced a blood thirsty pack of Werewolves with no human morals, no boundaries, and no fear.

The sound of battle was deafening and now the BEAST commanded all!

It was a man. His back was turned to them and he was hunched over, looking at something in his arms. The smell was what hit Chase first. It was overpowering and like nothing he smelled before. It was similar to Patrick, but many times more intense. He looked at the handsome teenager.

“Did he do this to you?”

Patrick slowly shook his head and took his arm away. He moved toward the man.

“I’ve brought him Master”

Werewolf and Son

“Master!?!” Chase cried out.

The man turned his head around and looked at Patrick. His eyes widened in surprise as Patrick tried to hide his condition. **“I’ll deal with you later”** the man’s voice was like death, low and deep. It sent chills up Chase’s spine. He fully turned. He had a child in his arms.

“EMMA!”

She wasn’t moving. Chase leaped out to her with open arms. He tried to take her but the man wouldn’t let her go.

“GIVE HER TO ME!”

He glared at Chase with dark eyes. **“NO!”**

Something hit Chase, something supernatural. His limbs felt heavy, like lead had been poured over them. He couldn’t turn his head away. He couldn’t even talk. The man held his gaze and passed off Emma to Patrick.

“Now that I have your attention” the man said. He looked Chase up and down. He held out one hand and moved it over the boy but didn’t touch him. There was silence for a moment as DeMarco circled around Chase. **“Interesting. I can see it in you”** His brow creased. **“The magic”** he clarified. **“So much like your Father, and yet...”** his eyes narrowed. **“What is that?”**

“The Druid?” Patrick asked. DeMarco cut his eyes at Patrick, annoyed at the interruption.

“It’s amazing really” he said to Patrick, but continued to look at Chase. **“Did you know that a Druid is connected to the plant life around them? And when said life is, well, let’s say, burst into flame suddenly, there’s an unpleasant side effect”** he grinned. He stepped back and looked Chase up and down. **“Something wrong boy? Cat got your tongue?”** he grinned.

Chase was immobile. He couldn’t speak, couldn’t walk, or even raise his hands. He simply stood there and looked at the Vampire. Patrick stood behind the big man, Emma in his arms.

“All this fuss, over a child” the man continued. **“You would think your Father would know better than to let you live”** He looked over his shoulder at Emma. **“He should have stopped with her”**

Werewolf and Son

Patrick said nothing, it wasn't his place. He had fulfilled his mission and brought the boy there before Chase could sense his Master's presence.

“Now, let's deal with your Father”

His movement was so fast Chase didn't even see it. He felt hands like steel grab his shoulders and pull him off the ground. Sharp pain flared in his neck as the Vampire's teeth sunk into him. It was like a dream. Like he was somewhere else. Was it venom? Was he dying? It moved through him and made him numb. Chase couldn't even feel the hands on him anymore. He felt pulled inside his body. Lower and lower he dropped, alone in the dark.

But then he felt it.

He wasn't alone.

Something, someone, was coming in after him.

The Vampires were being slaughtered. Heads, arms and legs were pulled off, chewed and ripped apart by massive claws and iron jaws. Even the ones who were already down were being mauled by two or three Werewolves at a time. The bloodlust made them drunk with fury and they were out to kill.

Silas had never seen anything like it. The BEAST had willed the wounded back to health, dissolved the Naga venom from the bloodstreams of the wolves, and now rallied them all around his command. The entire pack was reduced to pure animal. There were no more foot soldiers and Generals. No more Captains or Lieutenants. There were only Werewolves, ready to die for HIM. Ready to do whatever HE commanded.

He had watched Michael confront not just the Naga, but both ancient Vampires at the same time. Even with their speed and combined powers they were no match for him. His physical shape was beyond anything Silas had seen before. Never had he witnessed such a pure being as the BEAST that now towered over the pack. His claws were longer than most Werewolves hands and his teeth were like tempered steel. The waves of power that rippled from him were unbelievable and every wolf was connected to him, ready to die if he so commanded.

Michael truly was King.

Werewolf and Son

Daruth looked at Silas. Only a few Vampires remained. The wolves were running into the woods after any who fled. The Ghouls were no longer fighting but the wolves refused to let them go. They were ripped apart as they stood there, oblivious to the damage being caused. Even the women were out, fighting alongside the men. Daruth's mind was still there, but just barely. He was having a hard time keeping his own control. The power of the BEAST was enormous and even an Alpha proved pliable. The desire to give in, to allow the massive animal to command him was almost unbearable. The feral part of Daruth wanted to join the pack, to recognize the true leader.

He wanted to kneel.

He looked Silas in the eyes and saw, just barely, the man inside the beast. It was clear he was the only other one that wasn't washed away by Michael's will. All the other wolves had red eyes, save the two of them. He felt for his power and Silas in turn reached out for him. As they connected Daruth felt more in control and was able to think more clearly. He watched the bloodlust sweep through the pack. They were savage and out of control. Even the children that watched through the windows seemed enthralled.

He looked closer at them, thinking the light was playing tricks with his mind. A shiver ran up his spine...the children all had red eyes!

He spun toward Silas. This had to stop!

Daruth slowly moved to confront the huge BEAST. The battle was over, the wolves had won and Michael needed to release them while he still could. The BEAST swung its mighty head at him and pulled back his lips, showing off his teeth. Daruth halted in fear and held out his hands in surrender. He was about to revert, to speak to him as a man when he felt the change.

The BEAST stopped moving.

Its eyes were unfocused as if it were looking at something invisible, or far, far away. Daruth held his ground, watching. He looked around but saw no danger. The air was filled with wolf and blood, the Vampires and Ghouls all but destroyed. There was nothing left to kill.

The BEAST threw its head back and screamed!

Werewolf and Son

Every Werewolf began to howl. Daruth dropped to his knees and lost control of his wolf. His mouth opened and he joined the chorus of the packs, screaming into the sky with the BEAST.

He saw her in the distance. She had black hair and a long flowing white gown. She was smiling at him, her arms folded in front of her. He felt safe as she watched him, like a child at the park under the watchful gaze of his mother. He knew they weren't alone, but she made him feel as if it were alright.

There was no pain, no fear of death.

The presence moved through him, reaching out to grab something, but Chase didn't care. He kept his eyes on the woman and let the force move by. He heard a growl. It sounded so familiar, like the voice of an old friend.

Then he heard the ripping and then the eating.

He wanted to look and see what was happening, but the woman smiled at him and shook her head.

Alright, he thought. Whatever you say.

Heavy tears fell from the BEAST'S eyes. They streamed out and soaked into his fur. His massive body trembled and shook. He dug his large paws into the ground and then leaped into the sky.

Silas and Daruth watched him leave. His massive frame was swallowed up by the night sky. The wolves had won. The Vampires were dead. The Ghouls were strewn about everywhere; pieces of them scattered about and crushed under the heavy feet of the Werewolves. Silas faced Daruth and his intent was clear.

Werewolf and Son

They had to combine their will and take hold of the packs.

It took long minutes. Even after the BEAST had left the Werewolves still had red eyes. They thrashed and growled, jaws snapping at nothing but air. Some ripped off heavy limbs of trees while others beat at the ground.

Silas felt his will thread with Daruth. They confronted the first group of wolves and sent out their power. The effort was extreme. The first two wolves refused to settle down. Silas moved up and glared down at them, forcing his will upon them. They growled and snapped at him until Daruth also approached. Slowly, the red left their eyes.

The two Alpha's moved to the next group and then the next. By the time they came to the women the remaining wolves began to revert on their own. Some were already changing to human and dropping to their knees in exhaustion. Daruth found the children last, curled up on the floor and sleeping soundly. Whatever the BEAST had done to them had left them spent. He nodded to the women who began to shift and scoop the young up in their arms.

Finally Daruth reverted to his human form. He directed as many changed men as he could to gather all the body parts up for burning, especially the Naga. Silas remained wolf and continued to work on the others until they submitted to his will again.

Daruth felt the shift in power. Silas was back in control of his men...at least most of them. He couldn't help but shudder. Being separated from his pack was unnerving. Never had his control been rested from him before. It was humbling at best and insulting at worst. Feeling his pack fall back under his command made Daruth feel whole again. It was clear Silas was having the same revelation.

Daruth looked back to the sky, and for the first time in his adult life, he felt small.

Patrick heard it first. It was deep in the woods but coming closer with thunderous speed. When the BEAST broke through the trees Patrick stumbled back with huge eyes.

"OH MY GOD!" He pressed against the nearest tree for cover. **"MASTER!!"** he cried in fear, but DeMarco was still drinking from Chase. **"HE'S HERE!"**

DeMarco opened his eyes and cast out his power through the boy.

Werewolf and Son

The BEAST stopped and glowered at the old Vampire. There was an eternal pause, a standoff as each summed the other up. And then the BEAST bellowed an ear splitting roar. As he stepped forward DeMarco lifted up his hand and the BEAST cried out in pain. He shook his massive head and shrieked in agony as DeMarco continued to watch.

Patrick was terrified. There was no way even DeMarco could stop this thing. This was no Werewolf! He glanced around to determine his best route of escape. He could drop the girl right here and run as fast as he could. Let them fight it out. This was no way to die!

But something odd happened...the enormous animal began to shrink.

The body shook as the BEAST began to dissolve and take the form of a traditional Werewolf; still big by any standard, but nowhere near the size of the monster that preceded it. It had been a slow change and it was clear the BEAST was fighting it, but still the animal shrank.

A heavily built blond man formed in place of the Werewolf. He was naked, with thick muscles all over his body. He was looking at DeMarco and Chase, his eyes glazed over.

Patrick waited, not sure what was going on. DeMarco hadn't moved and yet the BEAST was gone, as was the Werewolf. Now this blond man was there, human in every way. As he watched, the man fell to his knees and clutched his head in his hands. He screamed again and dropped on his side in the fetal position.

Now DeMarco moved.

He pulled off the boy, the neck dripping with blood. The boy didn't fall, which surprised Patrick. He simply stood there, unmoving.

"Well, that's better" DeMarco said, confronting Michael. **"With whom do you think you're dealing with dog?"** He lifted his hand and made a fist in the air and Michael cried out in agony. DeMarco laughed. **"Yes! I like that indeed"** He knelt down and watched the blond man writhe in pain. **"You should have taken him away. Far away from me. You think I would pass this opportunity up? That I would simply allow you to have children!"** He spit on the ground near Michael's head and waved to Chase. **"Bear witness to your Son"**

Chase didn't move; his back still to his Father.

Werewolf and Son

“Your weakness!” He walked around the small boy once. **“You think it was coincidence that made him this way? The wolf was dormant in him, never to wake. It took considerable skill to call it forth. If you hadn’t called him back I would have dragged him here and fed him to you!”**

DeMarco bathed in the truth. Chase was the Son of Michael but his wolf was never meant to be. It was the Vampire that brought him forth.

“An Alpha with no pack. I’ve never heard of such a thing. Maybe if you had actually led anyone, you would know what this boy could be used for”

He waved at Michael and made him scream again. He knelt down and glared at him in satisfaction. **“But you know now...don’t you?”**

Through blurred vision Michael saw Patrick holding Emma. He reached for her as DeMarco watched. **“Don’t worry. We’re not done yet. We still have your wife to deal with”** DeMarco floated slowly about a foot off the ground and simply hovered there.

“I can wait”

Sean was running fast. He had the trail. The scent of the Vampire was strong and he had no trouble tracking it. He had gone miles when it hit him. A pain, like nothing he had ever felt before. He rolled on the ground and hit a tree, barely feeling it. It was a distant second from the blinding wave of pain that ripped apart his senses. His strong body seized up, and he clawed at the earth, as the agony ripped through him and drove him unconscious.

An owl looked down from above with interest.

A boy, with long blond hair, lay naked in the woods, unmoving.

Wendy finally made it. Her clothes were torn and blood streaked down her face. She saw DeMarco first, Chase standing near him but his back to her. He wasn’t moving. Michael was on the ground and moaning with pain. But it was Patrick that she stared at last. He had Emma, her only daughter, still as death, in his vampiric arms.

Werewolf and Son

“Welcome” DeMarco greeted her, but Wendy didn't look, she only had eyes for Patrick. **“She lives”** he answered her unspoken question. **“I couldn't risk her powers acting on their own. She is after all, just a child”** His last word felt like a knife in her chest. Emma was just four years old. There was no point in harming her, she could do nothing to the Vampire.

“Let them go. You don't know who he is” she said.

DeMarco looked down at Michael. **“Him?”** he laughed. **“Oh, I know exactly who he is. He's the reason I'm here”**

Wendy moved toward Patrick but DeMarco shouted. **“If she comes near you, snap that bitch's neck!”**

Wendy stopped. She looked at her daughter intently. She saw the small chest move up and down, her own heart racing, her power boiling to the surface.

“If so much as a leaf hits me, she'll die” DeMarco stepped between them. **“Move back!”**

She did as he said, but never took her eyes off Patrick.

“Your power is wasted on me Vampire” she said. **“You have no control over my will. We've been through this before. And yet here we are, back in the woods, where my powers are strongest”**

“True. All true. Unfortunately, you're husband and his bastard Son, can't say the same” He waved his hand and Michael cried out, clutching his sides. **“Anytime you'd like to exercise your Druid abilities, I'd be happy to, once again, make you single”**

Wendy was at odds. Her power was tremendous, and they were surrounded by plant life, but Emma was too far away. She couldn't protect everyone at the same time. The Vampire was far too strong for her and she was still recovering from her earlier battle with him.

DeMarco had stopped them on the road. A massive boulder slammed into the hood of the car and crushed it like tin. Before she could react all forest around them burst into flame! Wendy screamed as her connection to them made the pain wash through her mind. The door was ripped off and Emma was pulled out, seat and all. Wendy struggled to get out and fight but the car caught fire next. By the time she managed to free herself it had exploded not fifteen feet from her.

She lived, bruised and battered, but Emma was gone!

Werewolf and Son

She traced her daughter here. It had taken a long time but the forest aided her all it could. She was prepared to die for her daughter. To face the Vampire one on one...but now there were two of them!

She felt the forest around her, every tree, every root and vine, ready for her command. It took all her will just to keep them from moving. She could only stall so long. She was afraid the moment would come when she would have to choose who would live and who would die. Michael was closest to her and Emma the farthest. It was the mother in her that struggled to answer. It was HER voice that Wendy heard the loudest.

DeMarco moved back to Chase.

“It was a simple matter really. To use the boy to funnel my power into the Wolf. This child, this small insignificant child, was the key to finally killing him. His will was so strong; none of my abilities would work on him. Imagine my surprise when he handed me the weapon I needed. He had a Son”

Patrick wanted to gloat too, but the woman kept staring at him. He had never met a Druid before. He tried to stare back at her but her magic pulsed and forced him to look away. He watched the trees and looked at anything with a hint of movement. Was it her or was it the wind? How would he know?

Michael trembled, his large body at the whim of the Vampire. DeMarco held Chase by the head and observed the change in the Werewolf. He made a few adjustments until the man began to scream.

“Yes, that’s it” DeMarco said to himself, satisfied he was ready to begin. **“Now let’s rip that BEAST right out of you”**

Wendy felt like screaming herself. The man she loved was being slowly killed in front of her while her daughter was in the supernaturally strong arms of a Vampire. And Chase was out of it, his neck wet with blood. He seemed to be completely hypnotized by the monster. Maybe his death would be quick and painless, she thought. At least the children would go easy.

Werewolf and Son

Everyone was too busy to notice. No one heard her come in.

“GET AWAY FROM MY SON!”

The sound ripped through the night air and pulled everyone to her voice. She stood there, hands bunched in fists and fury in her eyes.

Michael felt the pain wash away for a moment and he managed to tilt his head up. **“NO!!”** he cried out.

Chase turned his head, DeMarco’s power ebbing enough to allow it, and everyone looked at her.

“Human” DeMarco stated. **“Who the hell are you?”** his voice rumbled out.

“I’m his Mother you monster!”

DeMarco looked at her and then at Patrick as if to see if he was witnessing the same thing. He started to laugh. **“Mother?”** He looked at Michael. **“I would have thought you had higher standards. She’s not even a Wolf!”**

“Helen” Michael cried out. **“RUN!”**

“I’ll never leave him!”

She walked slowly toward DeMarco. She reached up and took hold of her necklace and pulled it from her neck. The chain hung broken in her hand as she boldly advanced.

DeMarco moved toward her as well.

If Michael hadn’t been watching Chase at that exact moment, he would have never seen it.

The air around his Son seemed to thicken and fold away as if it could no longer contain him. Multiple images of Chase formed, slightly out of sync with the other.

And then....he was gone!

There was no after image, no streak; the boy had literally blinked out of existence. He heard the collision before he actually saw it. Chase was now standing in front of the Vampire, his

Werewolf and Son

arms outstretched and DeMarco was flying through the air, his face in shock. His body struck a tree with thunderous impact and dropped to the ground.

“LEAVE HER ALONE!” Chase screamed. His fists were balled up and his body began to shift.

DeMarco extended his hand and cast out his power. Michael felt it happen and tried to move his will into Chase at the same time. But there was a wall! A wall of invisible steel between him and his Son.

His connection to his Son was dead!

“NO” he screamed.

Wendy was watching Patrick, but he was watching her as well. Her hands were up, ready to cast out her magic but his were at Emma’s throat, ready to snap her neck.

Stalemate.

DeMarco pushed at Chase with supernatural force. There was a struggle. The two were locked in combat, each pushing back at the other. Chase’s body continued to ripple, trying to bring the wolf out.

DeMarco screamed, his eyes black.

Chase vibrated and then dropped to his knees in defeat.

“I don’t know how you managed that boy, but I assure you, no little wolf is going to defy my will!”

He rose up and brushed himself off. Chase was again immobile but his mind remained free.

“Leave him alone!” Helen shouted, blocking Chase. **“You won’t touch him again!”**

“PLEASE!” DeMarco cried out with amusement. He looked over the tiny woman before him. He moved close enough to smell her. Her fear was like perfume to him. He leveled his eyes and said, **“I’m going to EAT you!”**

Helen held her ground.

DeMarco looked at her with cold dead eyes. **“What are you going to do?”** He waved in the air. **“The Wolf is at my mercy. The Druid is trapped, and your Son is my puppet. No one**

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can help you” He sneered at her and flashed his sharp teeth. **You’re all alone...with me...in the dark”**

Helen looked back at him, standing between the undead thing and her only Son. **“Haven’t you heard?”** she asked, tears running down her face.

The Vampire frowned.

“God is everywhere!”

She pulled back her arm and punched him with her fist. DeMarco didn’t move...there was no need to. She was nothing to him.

Her hand broke through his breastbone!

His face changed to one of complete horror. Pain flooded through him and his control over Michael and Chase fell away.

She was inches from him as she spoke in a whisper, as if telling him a secret that he had long been denied.

“...even in YOU!”

Inside his chest her hand opened and the tiny silver crucifix she always wore, dropped away and landed on the Vampire’s dead heart.

DeMarco threw his head back to scream, but a solid pillar of pure white light came out, shooting toward the heavens and lighting up the clouds!

His eyes were next, exploding with light that flowed out of them like water and bathed the forest in light.

Finally the pores of his skin began to glow brightly and his whole body broke apart in white fire.

Helen didn’t move...there was no need to. He was nothing to her.

Patrick screamed!

Werewolf and Son

The psychic backlash hit him like a train. He dropped Emma and sailed back into the bushes in a blur. Wendy, who had never taken her eyes off her child, brought up her hands and cast out her power. Heavy vines instantly erupted from the ground and caught Emma before she hit the floor. The lush plants moved with incredible speed and rolled across the ground to deliver the little girl to the safety of her mother's arms. She snatched her daughter up and hugged her tight, looking back at where the young Vampire had been seconds before. She summoned her magic and the forest exploded with violence. Thick roots ripped from the ground and stabbed in the air hoping to land a lucky strike. Large limbs moved from the sky to protect her family, lifting heavy rocks up to crush anything that moved.

Chase blinked; the control the Vampire had over him was gone.

Michael felt numb. His body was on the verge of collapse but he couldn't take his eyes off Helen. White ash floated in the air. It swirled like a cloud around her, bright sparks of light blinking out as the embers faded into dust.

DeMarco had seen the rise and fall of human civilizations. He had murdered hundreds of men, women and children, and enslaved even more. Over four dozen Werewolves had died at his hand and sixteen Vampires were created in his name. He spent hundreds of years mastering the powers he now had, defying Vampires of greater age in the process.

In the end, he wasn't destroyed by Werewolves, Alpha or otherwise...by rival Vampires, or Thralls seeking power.

His destruction came at the hands of a single mother, with a tiny silver crucifix, and a lifetime of faith.

Augustus Vincent DeMarco had been six hundred and twelve years old.

Michael was stunned. He couldn't believe it. His mouth was open as he looked at the sight of burning ash in front of the woman who had borne him his only Son. Wendy clutched Emma in her arms, keeping the girl's face pressed against her shoulder. She was still unconscious but breathing and safe.

Werewolf and Son

It was Chase who was the first to react. He slowly turned his head and faced the others.

“That’s my Mom!”

Patrick was gone.

Whatever happened to him after his Master was destroyed remained a mystery. Wendy was unable to search for him; her powers were the only thing left to protect everyone. By the time other wolves showed up, the Vampire Thrall had disappeared.

Michael was in bad shape. DeMarco had nearly killed him and only time would allow him to recover. He shifted into a wolf and Bart, Jason, and Andreas helped him back to the farm as Chase and Helen followed, walking arm in arm. Wendy and Emma brought up the rear, the woman’s magic ever alert for danger. Over four dozen Werewolves patrolled the forest and circled around them, hungry to kill.

Sean was found shortly afterward by Bart. He didn’t have to speak to his friend to realize the change in him, he sensed it immediately. He sniffed the naked frame of the blond teenager, but all he could smell was the Alpha who marked him. When Sean woke up and looked at his friend they didn’t bother to speak about the obvious. Bart didn’t ask for a reason, he simply shook his head at Sean and said, **“So much for the Three Musketeers”**

Sean grinned at him as Bart helped him to his feet. He brushed himself off and looked around to get his bearings. It was more of a stall tactic than anything else. When he looked back at his brawny friend, Bart was already turned away from him. Sean reached out, grabbed his arm and pulled him back. He pressed his chest against Bart’s and rubbed the side of his face against his best friend’s.

Bart didn’t pull away.

Sean took the initiative to throw his arms around his friend and hug him tight. A long moment past while Sean waited, thinking things would never be the same, when at last he felt the strong arms of his childhood friend snake around his waist and pull him close.

Bart lifted him up in the air and said, **“I’m still gonna fuck you”**

Sean laughed. **“We can wrestle for it”**

Werewolf and Son

Bart dropped him to the ground. **“You think a little Alpha juice is gonna frighten me? You may be the brainy boy of the group...”** He flexed one thick bicep. **“...but I’m the muscle”**

Sean grinned and ran one hand over the big arm. He leaned in and kissed Bart on the lips and took the rugged teenager’s tongue in his mouth for a moment. **“Yeah, but I’m the best looking”**

Bart laughed and slapped Sean on his bare butt. **“Hell, I’ll give you that one”** They walked side by side back toward the farm, still best friends.

“Silas is gonna be pissed”

Michael stayed in the barn below the loft. It took six adult wolves to keep him in place. Even in his weakened state the animal in him was deadly. Michael was pushed deep inside his wolf so he could speed up his healing, and seeing others near his family while he was fully animal, could cause serious problems.

Once he was in the barn only Chase could come near him. The boy wrapped his arms around his Father and hugged him tight, as the man lay on the floor distressed. It was the only thing that lessened the pain. No other Werewolf could stay in the room while Chase was present.

The others wisely left them alone.

Chase snuggled in his Dad’s hairy, muscled arms for hours each day while the great beast licked at his face and playfully bit at his tiny body. Chase laughed and rubbed at his Father’s massive chest and more than once found himself fast asleep against the warm, furry torso while his Father’s powerful heartbeat lulled him to dream.

Several times Chase changed into his wolf at the Alpha’s silent command. It wasn’t something he could stop or avoid. The Alpha power was far too great to ignore and Chase didn’t resist. He thought his wolf was a better physical match for the his Werewolf Father anyway.

Four days would go by before Michael could change back into a man.

Werewolf and Son

Bart stayed away from Chase during those days. When he came near, the Alpha would growl so loudly that some of the adult wolves became agitated. Chase spent his time either with his Mother or pressed against his Father in the barn. Only Sean was allowed to stay in the loft with Chase for protection, but even he gave them a wide berth, keeping to the rafters or deep in the shadows while Father and Son slept entwined. The Alpha power in him wanted to care for his Master too, but he couldn't risk a violent reaction from Michael in his wounded state. Instead he watched, keeping himself in human form to pose as little perceived danger to the Alpha as possible.

Helen stayed in the main house during the week and spent most of her time with Wendy or Chase. She met with Daruth who was a far better choice than Silas, to answer all her questions. When he asked her why she was there she said she had an overwhelming dream that Chase was in danger and she had to see for herself if he was alright. Chase hovered close to her at all times unless Wendy was around to keep her company.

It was Andreas who had the biggest impact on her.

Chase was watching the first time they spoke and he could see his mother's attraction to the brawny man immediately, attraction that Andreas returned in spades.

It was how he spoke to her that Chase liked. It was soothing and gentle, much like the way his Dad would speak to her. And to top it off, he liked the big man. Andreas always made Chase feel welcome, unlike most of the wolves in the various packs. Andreas looked at him differently, not like a wolf, but like the kind man he was. There was never competition with him, not like with Silas or the teenage Werewolves. Andreas seemed very comfortable with Chase regardless of who the boy's Father may be. He saw something in him that most of the aggressive animals didn't.

Whatever it was, he made Chase feel comfortable, comfortable enough that he would leave his mother in the man's care while he tended to his Father.

"What the fuck is that?" Silas said, looking the black wolf over.

Chase was in wolf form.

Werewolf and Son

Silas, Daruth, Andreas, Bart, and him, were deep in the forest, far away from the wounded Alpha. Silas wouldn't allow Sean to come. He was still angry with the boy aligning himself with Michael.

Bart knew better than to defend him to his Master. Silas had a right to feel the way he did, but if he wanted to push the issue he needed to take it up with Michael, and everyone knew that wasn't going to happen anytime soon.

They formed a large semi circle around Chase as the boy changed. Initially, he couldn't do it. It took a great effort and his skin did ripple for a moment, but in the end Chase couldn't summon the beast himself. His power was still too new and he was unable to command it the way the others around him could.

Daruth eased Chase's fears and told him he would help, but when the Alpha Wolf cast out his will he felt a brick wall between them. He frowned and pushed harder and the wall began to move. He looked over to Silas and shook his head in silent communication. The larger man stretched out his hand and applied his will to that of the other Alpha. The wall held for a brief moment and then collapsed. The beast in Chase surfaced and replaced the boy after a few minutes, much to the dismay of Silas.

"He's..." Silas's voice trailed off, and as if on cue, each man spoke at the same time to finish the sentence.

"Unique" from Daruth, in amazement.

"Fast" from Andreas with wide eyes.

"Awesome" from Bart, with a big grin.

And finally Silas's voice louder than the others, **"Small!"**

The new wolf tilted its head in the big man's direction while the others cast a baleful look at him, but Silas spoke like the true Alpha he was. For him, everything was measured in terms of size and strength. Seeing Chase in this form only brought out the beast in him. And it also gave him a reason to vent, if not against Michael, then his Son. The pain of losing Sean was going to take a while for him to get over.

"My God, his eyes..." Daruth said. **"I've never seen anything like them"**

Silas didn't care for them. He was trying to figure out what part of Chase was Werewolf and what part wasn't. The eyes were completely gold and it was as if he were looking directly at all of them at the same time.

Werewolf and Son

“Look at his muscle” Andreas said. **“Sleek and wrapped around the bone. He must be incredibly fast”**

“So he can run from a fight, big fucking deal”

Daruth sighed. **“Silas, there has never been a wolf like him. We need to find out all we can”**

“Fine” He pointed to the woods. **“Run to the lake as fast as you can. We’ll follow once everyone has changed”** He turned to Bart. **“That means you boy!”**

Bart and the others were already pulling off their shirts. Andreas dropped his pants as the change began to take.

Silas looked back to Chase, but the black wolf had disappeared!

There had been no noise, no rustle of leaves or whisper of air. One moment Chase was there and the next he was gone. Silas gasped slightly before he caught himself. He pushed down his pants until he stood naked with the others. It would only take him and Daruth moments to change fully, while Andreas needed longer and Bart a long minute.

Daruth turned to him. **“Did you feel it?”** he said in a whisper. **“I couldn’t change him. A new wolf and he resisted me?”** his said with disbelief.

Silas grunted and he glanced over to see Bart shift. **“You’re out of practice Daruth. Perhaps if you had more men to lead you wouldn’t find it so hard to control a fledgling beast”**

His words bit but they were not unexpected. In truth Silas did feel it, but it was something he would never admit, at least not in front of all of them. Andreas was formed, Bart was halfway there.

“Hurry fool! My grandmother could shift faster than you!”

Bart looked at him, but was unable to speak because of the change. Andreas moved around and Daruth shifted within moments while Silas glared at Bart. Once the transformation was done Silas stepped away from the others.

“Finally!”

Werewolf and Son

He arched his back and bulged out into a huge Werewolf. He bolted for the lake as fast as he could while the others followed.

Silas ran faster than any of them, his powerful legs eating up the distance to the lake as his big body knocked over the foliage and broke off small tree branches. He was sniffing the air as he ran, trying to find Chase...but he smelled nothing.

Did the boy run the wrong direction?

He couldn't avoid the detection for long. Silas growled, his huge chest bellowing out in anger. The effect should have been immediate. He used to it flush out lesser wolves who would give away their position from fear of hearing his approach. It was the sound of a true Alpha coming.

But the forest was silent.

He growled deeply and began to run faster. It took him almost fifteen minutes of running before he reached the lake. When he did, he wasn't happy.

Chase was there, in human form and swimming in the lake.

Silas shifted back into a man and stood at the edge of the water fully naked while Chase looked him over. Like most wolves, Silas had a big cock, thick and heavy between his legs. Under any other circumstances he would have been a sight for any gay male, but Chase knew the man didn't care for him so he didn't have much problem holding his desires in check.

"How long have you been here?"

Chase shrugged. **"About five minutes"**

"Five? How long did it take you to change?"

"I dunno" he said softly. **"I just did it and took a swim while I waited"** Instantly he knew that last part was a mistake.

Silas snorted in irritation but before he could say anything more a large Werewolf broke through the tree line. It ran up to Silas and looked at Chase, letting out a bark. Then it changed into the form of Daruth. Like Silas, he was naked and built in similar fashion, but he seemed more civil, more human, than the larger man beside him.

"Chase...you beat all of us" he said with surprise.

Werewolf and Son

Chase didn't say anything, mostly because of the glare Silas cast at him.

"You're probably the fastest Werewolf alive" he smiled and then looked at Silas, who refused to look back.

Another wolf came out. It was Andreas. He ran right into the water and splashed Chase in the face with a sweep of his heavy arm. Chase held up his hands as the water flowed over him and moments later the handsome form of Daruth's second was with him. His hairy muscled body was in the water up to the waist a few feet away.

"Wow. You're fast" Andrea's grinned.

"Thanks" Chase said meekly.

"Yes, he's simply amazing" Silas said acerbically. **"There's far more to a Werewolf than simple speed"** he continued, trying to minimize Chase's accomplishment. **"How strong is he for instance? Can he hunt...track...find prey?"**

But Andrea's didn't take the bait. He just smiled at Chase.

Bart burst through next. He hurled himself into the water like a massive furry cannonball splashing the others in his wake. He changed to human form in the water.

Daruth and Silas spoke to each other out of earshot while Bart wrapped his arms around Chase, lifting him up in a hug.

"Dude! You're awesome! You disappeared!"

"He's right" Andreas said. **"You were nearly impossible to find. You blended into the forest like a shadow with no scent. I know of no Werewolf that can do that, not even your Father"**

Chase just looked at him, not knowing what to say. Bart's thick arms wrapped around him tighter and he grinned at them. Chase couldn't help but become infected with Bart's easy going personality and the boy's hard muscles against him didn't hurt either. Andreas came up closer to them.

"Did you see how dark his fur is?" he said to Bart. **"I bet he literally disappears when the Sun goes down"**

Werewolf and Son

“Except for those golden eyes of his” Bart grinned lustfully at Chase, who couldn’t help but blush. They continued to talk, the three of them in the water and Daruth and Silas on the ground.

“He has to be tested more” Daruth was saying to Silas. **“He’s far too different to be left on his own”**

Silas shrugged his shoulders. **“His Father is the real problem. Once he recovers he won’t allow anyone to test the boy. Strange isn’t it? That the first Werewolf aberration is gay”**

Daruth frowned. **“I don’t understand. Chase isn’t the first”**

Silas looked at him for a moment. **“He’s the first that looks like that!”** He pointed to them in the water. **“And...he won’t reproduce”**

Daruth’s eyes lit up in understanding. **“Oh, I see what you mean”**

“This may be no accident” Silas continued. **“Michael is nothing short of concentrated power. He healed an army of Werewolves, took on two ancient Vampires and through willpower alone, overcame Naga venom, not just for himself but for everyone”** He looked over to Chase. **“And now this”**

Daruth nodded. **“Not to mention his ‘second’ change”** He paused. **“You think Michael did this on purpose?”**

Silas didn’t answer right away, he simply watched Chase interact with the others. **“It wouldn’t surprise me if he did. Not after that display of power he showed all of us”**

After a while Daruth yelled for them to make it back to the farm. He told Andreas to go with Chase while the rest would go back to Silas’s compound. Chase watched the Alphas shift and right after they left Bart gave him a quick kiss on the lips.

“See you soon buddy” he said as he moved out of the water and transformed.

Once he was gone Andreas nodded for them to get out as well. The big man moved first and Chase watched as the cool water ran off the man’s powerful back, down his hairy ass and off

Werewolf and Son

his thick legs. He couldn't help but get hard at the sight. When Andreas was on land he turned to Chase, showing off his big dick and heavy balls framed by his strong thighs.

"I'm not ready to get out yet" Chase said, afraid to show his arousal, but the big man only smiled and faced him completely.

Andreas was impressive. Like all Werewolf men, he had big muscles, but he was older, aged perfectly. He had brown hair all over his solid body and a thick neck to hold his balding head in place. He had some hair but it was cropped very close to his skull, gray and brown throughout, with a scruffy face that looked like it could grow a full beard in hours. He was ruggedly handsome, not like Sean's male model looks, or his Father's almost too beautiful features. Andreas was the kind of man that looked like he'd been happy all his life. The creases on his face only made him look wiser.

He smiled at Chase.

"It's alright Son. You don't have to hide from me. I'm a Werewolf. We smell sex like we smell everything else. It's why most male wolves get agitated when you're around. The whole competition for attention thing. Goes way back" he grinned and held out his hand.

Chase moved slowly out of the water, his cock hard and throbbing. Andreas looked him over. **"You're a good looking boy"**

Chase didn't say anything. As he moved up the big man walked with him to land.

"It's not really fair you know. Being a Werewolf makes us the height of male superiority. And being gay must be almost unbearable for you?"

"Yeah, it's been hard"

"Well I'll be honest with you Chase, if you were any other wolf I would have no problem helping you out, but your Dad..." He shook his head and rubbed his neck with one hand.

Chase couldn't help but stare at his thick bicep when he did.

"If he caught me having sex with you...well let's just say Daruth would be looking for another second in command"

"Bart has sex with me" Chase added hopefully.

Werewolf and Son

"I like Bart too Chase, but he's just a boy. He's no threat to your Father, especially now that you've changed and he's marked you. But I'm next in line to an Alpha and that would be crossing a line that your Dad wouldn't like at all"

"Oh"

"Yeah oh, as in 'Oh, Andreas looks good with no head' " He grinned at Chase who laughed at the joke. "Don't worry about it. I'm sure there are plenty of guys around that would be happy to mate with you. Now that Sean has been claimed by your Dad, he's technically in your pack too. And of course there's Bart"

"Yeah, it's just sometimes I can't help how I feel"

"Sometimes?" the big man smiled.

"Okay, all the time" Chase surrendered.

"Chase you can't help it. You've been a Werewolf for like five minutes. Everything about you is enhanced, especially your sex drive. It's something you're going to have to deal with. You need to find an outlet or it's gonna drive you crazy"

"What I mean is even though I love being with Bart I can't help thinking about older men, especially my Dad"

Andreas nodded. **"I thought your Father would have talked to you about this already. Chase you're a Werewolf now. Werewolves are predatory animals. The one thing we do better than any other animal, is detecting weakness in others. You can't compare Bart to me, Daruth, Silas, or above all the biggest Alpha alive; namely you're Dad"**

He put his arm around Chase as they walked into the woods.

"There is nothing more attractive to a Werewolf than power. It's like a drug to us. It's why we follow the strongest, fight for mating rights and have packs. The older wolves are more powerful than the younger ones, no matter how pretty they may be"

Chase thought of Sean. **"I didn't know that. I mean it makes sense when you say it out loud, but I never thought about it before"**

"Hell I'm surprised you can keep it in your pants when your Dad's around"

"It's his smell. I can't get enough of it" Chase said, talking more to himself than to Andreas. **"I think about him all the time"**

Werewolf and Son

Andreas let Chase vent for a moment and said, **“Chase I wanted to talk with you”** he faced the boy. **“About your mother”**

In a way Chase knew this was coming. The attraction he felt between them was clear as day. **“You like her?”**

The big man nodded. **“Yeah, I like her a great deal. How do you feel about that?”**

“I think it’s great! I’m surprised you don’t want a female Werewolf though”

Andreas took in a breath. **“Well, the truth is, your mother killed an ancient Vampire all on her own. Not to mention the fact that she gave birth to an Alpha Werewolf’s Son. I think that’s...well, pretty hot”** he grinned. **“Now be honest, you think she likes me too?”**

Chase looked at Andreas’s hairy body, with his big muscles, not to mention his heavy cock. **“I think she likes you a lot”**

Andreas looked down, running a hand up his hairy chest. **“You’re just saying that because you’re worked up over me”**

“Maybe” Chase said in agreement. **“But we have the same taste in men”** he grinned. Andreas put an arm around Chase as they walked again. Chase leaned into him. **“Besides, if you start dating my mom, I’ll get to see you naked”**

Andreas looked down. **“I think that can be arranged”**

“You might want to take it easy on her” Chase said, nodding down to Andreas’s big cock. **“You know she’s only human”**

Andreas looked down at his heavy dick swinging between his legs. **“Yeah, I get that a lot”** he laughed.

He felt lost in space, drifting around with no direction. He was unable to focus on anything for a long time...until a soft light formed...slowly becoming brighter and brighter. Shape took form, and the most beautiful woman he had ever seen stepped out. She had long black hair and skin so white, it could have been ivory. Flowing white robes with shimmering light covered her body while a soft breeze seemed to continuously blow against her.

Werewolf and Son

The beast in Michael wanted to kneel.

“All the power I’ve given you...” Her voice was like music. **“...and look what you’ve done with it”**

Michael was confused at her words.

Power? Was it really her? Could this be real?

He tried to speak but his wolf refused to face her. He looked down at the ground and forced the words from his mouth. **“I protect my family”**

“The Druids? Who speak to my Mother The Earth?” She moved her head to the side. **“Or the wolves, who cry to me for a leader?”**

Michael said nothing. Her words stung deeply. He was slowly shaking his head in reply as she stood regally before him...the highest power he had ever faced.

“They pray to me you know...” Her voice was warm. **“The women....”** She clarified. **“They pray for the children they have and the ones they can’t”** She paused. **“They pray for me to help them”** Her shoulders shrugged. **“...but I already have”** He felt the shame build inside as she finished.

“I’ve given them you”

Michael didn’t speak. There were no words.

“They need you. And not just the women...the men, and the children. You are the greatest among them. I’ve seen to that. And yet here you are, secluded and alone, with no one to rule”

Michael’s voice fumbled. **“I’m not a leader”**

She smiled, **“Few men who lead would say they are. Maybe that’s why they’re so loved”** She studied him and said, **“Oh — I see”**

She opened her hands face up and light poured from them forming images of several people. He saw his whole family, Silas and the wolves; even the Vampires. She pointed to Wendy, Emma and Chase.

Werewolf and Son

“Isn’t it amazing that the weakest among you, was in fact, the strongest?” Her gentle smile warmed him and she spoke the way a mother does to a young child, guiding him to see the truth. **“And all the people you try to protect...don’t really need your help at all”**

The weakest? Of course everyone needed me! **“Chase!”** he cried out in defense.

“Was never in any danger” she finished.

“The Vampire...” he challenged, but she waved him off.

“Had something I needed. His involvement was...necessary”

“He could have been killed! And Helen!” he beseeched, but she laughed at him. Her voice filled his head with soothing calm.

“The daughter of Adam was never in any danger. That type of evil could never harm one such as her. Her protection...” she looked up for a moment **“...is far greater than even I could provide”**

Michael struggled with her words. She was talking in biblical terms. She meant Helen’s faith in God. And then he saw it in his mind. He knew the truth.

“You! You sent her after Chase!”

Her eyes twinkled. **“As I said, my favored Son was never in any danger”**

It was Helen! It was HER smell at the barn, her willpower that gave life to Chase. She was the weakest the Goddess referred to, the only human in the group. And with nothing more than her faith, she had killed the Vampire.

“While you were held down by his power” she finished his thoughts for him out loud.

“While your wife was protecting your daughter, and your Son was in fear for his Mother. Of all of you, it was the one with NO power who beat him” She smiled softly again. **“Or...maybe she is the strongest of you all”**

Her smile faded and her face became dark. **“And you, with all your strength. How many lives have you changed? Do you protect the wolves? Do you help the children grow or to be born? Do you teach them how to survive, give them order? It took one Woman, with nothing more than devotion, to quite literally destroy the greatest evil you’ve ever faced”** She looked solemnly at him.

“Imagine what YOU could do”

Werewolf and Son

She began to step back, the glow around her started to envelope her body and Michael cried out.

“What’s happening to my Son?”

She cast him a knowing smile. **“Bitterness...anger...frustration”** She sighed. **“All things associated with not knowing”** She cocked her head to the side. **“It’s alright not to know the answers to everything Michael...you’re not supposed to”**

The things Michael didn’t know about his Son could fill a book. There were many things that happened during Chase’s first transformation. Michael and the other Alphas were all so preoccupied with the battle, no one stopped to really think about the new wolf.

It took an Alpha Male to give to his Son the power needed to form his beast. But his change wasn’t complete. The Goddess spoke to her new child and told him what he needed. When the black wolf mated with his Sire, another change took place, but Michael only knew this in passing because his Son’s eyes turned gold. In truth, something far deeper occurred. Michael unknowingly gave the new creature a special gift; something the Man could not provide, but the Wolf could. Although the gift would have been given freely, it was in fact taken from the great beast without his knowledge. What he provided Chase was something no other wolf had, and would not be revealed for some time, although hints of it were already in evidence.

The last and final changes happened to Chase when DeMarco cast his power through the boy. With his first transformation still boiling in his blood, Chase was seemingly at the mercy of the Ancient Vampire, although the beast in him was not.

It lay deep inside, waiting as the Goddess told it to. As DeMarco sent his power flowing through the human child, the wolf inside literally tore away what it needed. DeMarco, so intent on killing the Alpha, didn’t realize what actually happened, and since his destruction by the human woman came shortly afterward...he would never know what he lost.

Now, Chase’s beast was complete.

Werewolf and Son

“What is he?” Michael pleaded with her.

She looked slightly bewildered that she would need to answer his question. Her voice echoed in his head like a drum.

“A Prince”

Her face went still as she looked away. **“You must get him ready”**

Her voice made a chill run up Michael’s spine. It changed just enough to show concern. Whatever could bother a being with her power would most likely be terrifying to everyone else.

“Ready for what?” not really wanting to hear the answer.

She voice was soft as she spoke.

“As a Werewolf, you must think that a Vampire is the greatest evil walking the earth”
She smoothed her robes with her elegant hands.

“You would be wrong”

His desire to look away was so intense he almost did. It was her eyes that he couldn’t look at. They held so much power and they made him feel so small, but it was the thought of his Son that overcame his fear.

She moved in front of him and knelt down until they were face to face. **“She’s coming”**

Michael didn’t move. He couldn’t. His body, whatever it was made out of, refused to do anything but sit there. Instead his face showed the question he could not ask. A shadow cast over him as she leaned in and whispered in his ear.

Terror ripped through him at her words and he opened his mouth to her, but she moved before him and put her finger to his mouth.

“Shh...”

Michael sat up completely awake and in human form!

Werewolf and Son

He was naked in the barn, his body still hot from the change. Sweat covered his muscles and he felt something in his hand. It was wood, or at least what was left of it. A two by four had been crushed in his fist, splinters of wood piled on the ground next to him. He still felt the fear. It had been so intense he was numb from her words. The sun was against his body, warming him up, but a chill still worked itself into his bones.

He looked around and saw Sean staring at him hopefully.

"Is everyone alright?" he asked the handsome blonde boy, who nodded and came to him.

"We were worried about you. No one knew what to do"

Michael looked around. **"How long have I been...gone?"**

"Four days, give her take" Sean reached out to help him up. **"Only Chase could come near you"** He supported the big man as he stood. **"Well, except for Emma"**

"WHAT?" Michael bellowed. **"EMMA? She was here when I was...was..."** His voice filled with fear.

"A big snarling Werewolf? Yeah!" Sean finished. **"You did nothing. She went right up to you before anyone even realized she was here. She sat down in your lap and started talking. You put your arms around her and she started to sing you a song. I got Chase and he came in after a few minutes and took her away. She was fine"**

"She wasn't scared of me?"

Sean looked confused. **"No...she, well...the way she acted, I thought she'd seen you like that a lot"**

"No!" He looked down at himself, checking for wounds. He was fully healed. **"I can't believe she didn't scream out when she saw me"**

Sean held on to one of Michael's huge arms as they walked a few steps, making sure he was alright. He shrugged, **"She, uh, she wanted to braid your hair"**

Michael stopped and laughed. **"I swear that girl! I wonder if she sees Goddesses too?"**

Sean didn't know what he meant but Michael put his arm around the boy and pulled him close. Sean immediately took the opportunity to be near the Alpha, and hugged him back fiercely.

Werewolf and Son

“I was...worried about you” the teenager said softly. Michael squeezed him in one thick arm.

“It takes more than a Vampire army, a Naga, a bunch of Ghouls and the kidnapping of my daughter to bring me down”

Sean couldn't help but laugh.

They spent the next thirty minutes going over everything that happened. Sean told him about the waves of lust and then pain he went through, about not finding Chase, about the scent of Helen at the barn, and of the state of the packs. Michael was still exhausted from his time healing and the meeting with the Goddess. He didn't reveal to Sean that he saw her. He doubted anyone would believe him anyway.

He put on the clothes that Sean had brought in for him, and as he got dressed he asked about his family, most importantly Helen. When Sean told him Andreas had been helping her through, he nodded his head in satisfaction. Andreas was a good man and a better choice than either Daruth or Silas. Boundaries had to be maintained and Helen, like Chase, Wendy, and Emma, were off limits to them.

When he saw Helen for the first time he couldn't help but scoop her up in his arms and hug her tight. Wendy smiled at him and walked upstairs to give them time. Hours would pass as they spoke about the past, about the present and of course, about the future. Chase came in first and put his arms around his Father and for a brief moment, his original family was complete.

Emma bounded down the stairs later and threw herself into her Dad's heavy arms. She kissed at his face and whispered in his ear how she wanted to sleep with him in the barn the next time he turned into a Werewolf. When he asked her how her mother felt about that, Emma wisely shook her head as if she didn't know, and Michael couldn't help but laugh at her obvious white lie.

Wendy acted as if she didn't already know what Emma was up to. The tiny girl spoke nonstop about moving into the barn with her Dad, and the Druid sorceress, being so happy that her only daughter was unharmed by the Vampire, let the girl have her time with her Father.

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“And I can brush your hair out too! Your shaggy!” little Emma was saying to her Dad in very serious tones. She continued to go on and only halted momentarily when her Father leaned in to kiss her face, which happened several times. He looked up at his Son and Helen as his daughter elaborated on their next adventure together.

As he watched them interact, away from danger, he realized he had been right before.

It was Helen.

It was always her that made Chase special. She gave him what he needed to survive, just as she always had. It was her bond with their Son that broke all others, be it Werewolf or Vampire. And although he was happy to see her reunited with Chase, he couldn't help feel sad. In his heart he knew that Chase could never truly be in his pack, because he was already in one. What that would mean for the future, only time would tell.

There were some decisions to be made however. Chase was a Werewolf, plain and simple. He couldn't be allowed to live so far away from Michael until he matured in age and power and since Michael was still wanted by the police he couldn't go back to Georgia with them.

He found a home for them in the city and Helen agreed to relocate for her Son's sake. Michael insisted on buying the house for her and sent Bart, Sean and Jason to help her move. Chase had to stay because of his recent change. It was too dangerous to be away from his Father during this time.

Everything didn't go as smooth as that though.

Silas had to be dealt with.

They eventually stood facing each other at the edge of Michael's farm. Silas wanted answers about Sean and Michael needed to reestablish his power over the others. He told Silas why he took Sean and his concern for his Son's safety. Silas made some obligatory moans that he didn't care about Chase, only his own pack, and after allowing him to vent for a moment, Michael stepped forward until they were inches apart.

“I've told you my reasons, and if you were anyone else we wouldn't be speaking at all” his voice was deep and commanding. **“Now, if your still that upset, and want to pursue this, I suggest we go far into the mountains where we can settle this once and for all”** A low growl rumbled in his massive chest. **“Where you can have time to heal, and where no one can hear you scream”**

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The point was made and Silas, after a tense standoff, shook his head. **“That won’t be necessary Michael. I just don’t want you thinking you can take any wolf you want without permission”**

“Permission?” Michael repeated slowly, as if he didn’t know what the word meant.

Silas took in a breath and stepped back. **“I mean, things need to be discussed first. Packs are weak when broken apart without thought and planning”**

Michael slowly nodded his head, his silver blue eyes burning into Silas. **“Of course”**

Silas looked away. **“I didn’t need him anyway. He was far too unmanageable. Always getting in my way and questioning my orders. I’m glad to be rid of him”**

Michael allowed Silas the impromptu speech. The man was an Alpha after all.

Things changed in the local packs. Daruth still ran his community but other non Alphas decided to move closer to Silas and Michael. The loss of Werewolves from the battle made all of them weaker as a whole. They needed to regroup.

Bart and Jason found it very hard to stay away from Sean. Bart was very attached to Chase and Sean was now bonded to the stronger Alpha, the death of his own Father pushing him even closer to Michael.

Within days of the battle, Sean packed up and left the community to live with Michael full time. Bart could not go. His own Father was part of Silas’s pack and if he left with Sean he would lose his status in the fold. Jason gravitated toward Bart although he missed his blonde friend deeply.

Sean’s power had grown. Bonding with the Michael had added to his strength, speed and the quickness with which he changed. His allegiance was now forever with the Alpha Michael and he had the blue eyes to prove it.

Chase too found far more control as a Werewolf now that his bond with his Father was sealed. They worked together on changing back and forth from boy to wolf, and Chase became able to leap while in human form. His speed was an anomaly. Now that he changed he was even faster than his Dad. No other wolf could keep up with him. As a human, the

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Alphas could all match Chase's speed, but his Father, Silas, and Daruth, were the only ones that fast.

Once Chase changed to his beast, no one could catch him.

Michael let Bart teach Chase how to track and use the woods to his advantage. Not every wolf had the sheer strength and power as the Alpha, so Bart taught him tricks that Michael would have found...unnecessary.

He watched the three work together as Sean protectively interacted with the black wolf and his best friend. He knew it wouldn't be long before the three of them would be having sex together. Right now Bart was odd man out, but his former status as 'alpha' would be hard to shake off, and Michael knew the rugged boy would test the limits of Sean's new authority.

Chase, he grinned, could have cared less. His Son was just happy both boys were with him and eager to mate with anyone. He could see the boy in his mind, tugging at the belts of both teenagers as they flexed muscles at each other in competition. Michael grinned to himself as the boy's continued to bump into each other for a place at Chase's side.

Emma was growing flowers within weeks. She showed off her new talents to her Dad and Chase by making a rose fully bloom in minutes. They both praised her skill and it wasn't long before the house was filled with color and smells of exotic plants and flowers, all at the hands of little Emma.

But Emma's story wasn't quite complete.

The little girl almost killed them.

She would have too, if it weren't for the woman. It had taken many days in wolf form for the most severe wounds to heal, but still, there was pain. They traveled far away in hopes that

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the Alpha would not find them. At hearing of the Vampire attacks however, they were sure they were all but forgotten. Maybe they got lucky, and the Alpha was dead? Regardless, a few more weeks and they would be good as new and ready to travel. Africa? Europe?

They could go anywhere.

It started as a tremor, and then hit each of them with cold fear.

All three boys looked at each other and knew their time had just run out.

The knob broke off and the door swung open with a scream. A large man filled the entire frame, his face cast in shadow. They didn't have to see it to know who it was. They knew before the door opened. They knew because HE wanted them too. His large feet covered in work boots, while his strong legs were hugged by worn out denim. The veins on his brawny arms stuck out having no more room to burrow because of the thick muscle underneath.

"My wife..." He began, seemingly lost for words. **"See she can grow these..."** Again he drifted off as if he started wrong. He waved at them as if to dismiss what he said. **"The point I'm trying to make is; I couldn't be there when you were with my Son, and I wanted to rectify that. For him. For me"** he touched his chest. He looked at them angrily. **"And most importantly...for YOU!"**

The three shook in terror and one began to whimper, silently clawing at the wall. Michael walked into the room, the boards groaning under his weight, and pointed to the floor in front of him. The trembling boys slowly moved from where they were and came to kneel at his feet, heads bowed low to the ground. Michael took hold of the broken door and closed it shut.

"Someone reminded me how important it is to give you young wolves order" He reached up and began to unbuckle his belt. He moved slowly, his big fingers taking their time with the heavy leather. It creaked as he pulled at it.

"Consider this your first lesson"

When he took out his heavy prick the mouths of the three young wolves began to salivate. He stroked it with one hand long enough for each of them to smell it, their bodies shaking in response. He took a step forward, towering over them, his mighty cock jutting out like stone. He snapped his fingers and immediately all three teenagers lifted up their heads and pressed their mouths to his throbbing prick.

Three warm tongues snaked out and wrapped hungrily around his fat shaft, eager for the taste of his Alpha sweat. He watched carefully, waiting for them to step out of line. It was

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only a matter of time before one of them became brave enough to look up. And like clockwork, it happened.

Michael's eyes flashed in anger and he grabbed the boy by the back of the neck and threw him clear across the room, his terrified body slamming into the wall with a thud. The others kept to themselves and made no move to help their friend, but they did offer a whimper in answer to the Alpha's anger.

They continued to lick.

The boy rolled to his knees and crawled slowly back over, listening for any hint of rage from the massive man. Instead of moving back to his original place, the boy began to lick at Michael's boots reverently. Michael's eye bore into the groveling teenager and dared him to challenge him further.

It never happened.

"Is there a reason why the three of you are still dressed?"

Like lightening, all three pulled at their shirts, pants shoes, shedding their clothes like skin. He lifted one boy and threw him on the bed and pointed to the floor nearby for the others. He moved the teenager until he was propped up on his knees, ass in the air. He slapped at the firm white cheeks with his strong hand until the boy's flesh was red. He pointed to one of the others on the floor.

"Get him ready"

The boy moved behind his friend and pulled the sore cheeks apart until he could bury his face between them. The sound of his licking filled the room. Michael faced the last boy, his big dick swinging toward him.

"Suck it!"

The frightened teenager rose up and engulfed Michael's huge cockhead and sucked on it as hard as he could. His small hands wrapped around the solid shaft as he slobbered over the bloated baby maker. Michael grabbed him by the hair and forced his meat inside his throat.

"Are we on a fucking date? Did I forget to bring you flowers and candy?" He yanked the boy's hair painfully. **"Suck...my...dick!"**

Werewolf and Son

He thrust forward and made the boy gag. He let him choke for a moment and when he saw tears run out of the teenager's eyes he pulled it out and slapped the boy across the face with one big hand.

"Do it!" He pointed to his hard dick. The teenager got the message and attacked the heavy meat without regard to his own pleasure. Michael felt his cockhead slip inside the tight throat as the trembling child tried to swallow him whole. The boy's hands wrapped around Michael's legs for leverage and he pulled himself forward, forcing the big slab down his own throat.

"Each of you will get a turn on the bed" Michael said firmly. **"I strongly suggest you help each other out"** And he meant every word of it.

He moved the boys away and rubbed his big dick against the wet hole of his first conquest. With one thrust he impaled the disobedient wolf with his heavy cock. The size of Michael's pecker was immense and the young Werewolf cried out as he raped him. He held the boy down with his strong hands, gripping the child's waist, his fingers leaving prints in the warm flesh.

He began to fuck the boy's ass.

Moans of agony were replaced by animal yelps as Michael drove into the boy's tight hole over and over again.

"You boys will learn who I am" He raised a hand and slapped the child's burning ass, making him cry out louder. Then he took back hold of his hips and fucked him as hard as he could.

Minutes later, in what seemed like an eternity to the boy, Michael pulled himself out and swept the teenager off the bed with one arm. The kid flew away and landed on the ground across the room, still moaning and curling into the fetal position.

Michael grabbed another to replace him.

Without being told, the last boy quickly lapped at his friend's ass before Michael could move in. He was allowed almost a full minute before being pushed back as the man lined himself up.

"You boys wanna fuck with me?" Michael slapped at the kid's ass, leaving a red welt. **"You wanted my attention, now her it is!"**

The second boy's cries were louder than the first. Michael was relentless.

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Over and over he fucked the teenager until the boy pleaded with him to stop. Michael slapped him hard and told him to shut up and gave him another few minutes under the thrusts of his heavy meat.

Again he swept the bed free.

The last boy clung to his thigh in fear. He licked at the hairy leg and moaned in submission.

“What’s your name son?”

“Quinn” said a trembling voice.

Michael looked at the others, still on the floor and curled up in fear.

“Well Quinn...”

He took hold of his dick and began to slap Quinn’s face with it. Quinn, to his credit, did not move away.

“I don’t like it when people fuck with my Son, especially people who should know better. People like Werewolves”

Quinn’s face was red with the beating.

Michael looked at the others, clearly unable to help their friend.

“I’ll give you a choice Quinn. You can either get fucked up the ass with this big dick”
He slapped Quinn’s face with it again. **“Or, I can rip the beast right out of you. You’ll never be wolf again”**

“You can do that?”

Michael’s eyes glowed red.

“You better fucking believe it!”

Quinn cried out in fear and kissed at Michael’s leg. He slowly moved up on the bed and raised his ass in the air.

Michael was nice enough to spit on his own hand, seeing as the first two boys were still unavailable.

Werewolf and Son

“There will be order!”

Quinn screamed into the mattress as Michael’s beastly prick impaled him.

Long agonizing minutes went by as Quinn paid for what he did to Chase. He clawed at the sheets tried to will himself to relax. But Michael was too big, and this was meant to be a lesson, not a date.

“You know who I am?” he asked the boy, who nodded and cried out yes. Michael sunk himself fully inside the teenager. After the scream died down he said, **“If I ever have to remind you again, I’m gonna change”** He thrust in hard a few times. **“I’m gonna change while I’m fucking you!”**

“NOOOO!” Quinn yelled.

Michael turned to the others. **“How ‘bout you?”**

“NO!” They both said in unison, coming to their senses just in time.

“Now then...where was I?” he grabbed the boy’s hips and thrust himself inside even harder.

Two hours later...after fucking each a second time, Michael left.

He never came, his cum was not for them. He had his own pack to feed and he wasn’t about to waste it on thugs. He did make them cum though. As he impaled each wolf a second time he told them he wouldn’t stop until each of them had peaked.

The boys quickly helped each other by sucking on the cock of the unlucky wolf the Alpha had on the bed at the time. As the last boy came, it was so intense a young wolf tried to suck the head of Michael’s big dick, but the Alpha took him by the neck and flung him away.

“No one gave you permission!” he told him. He stood naked, his heavy bull cock hard and throbbing. They crouched on the floor and looked up at him in fear.

“I’ll be back in three months to see if you boys have learned your lesson. Make me hunt you down; I’ll fuck you even harder!” The boys moaned in anguish at his words.

“Only death will take you from me”

Werewolf and Son

With that he put on his jeans and pulled the tee shirt over his massive chest. As he buckled his belt back up he looked them over, each delirious with fear. He grinned to himself, proud of his own stamina.

Maybe he was cut out for leadership after all.

If these boys needed a strong hand, he was more than happy to comply. He adjusted his cock in his pants and gave it a pat with his big hand.

“I hope Chase is hungry”

He left them trembling.

It was dark when Michael drove up to the farm. Even though Helen was now here Chase stayed with him most of the week and especially at night. He needed more control before he could stay with his mother full time. Sean was looking out for her though, and Michael had a strong suspicion that Andreas was as well.

He parked away from the driveway so no one would hear him. He cast out his power and found his Son, in the loft above the barn.

“Chase, come to me” he commanded through his will.

He saw a shadow form in the bay window. It was Chase. The small boy jumped down to the ground and began running toward him. Michael’s big cock throbbed at the mere sight of his Son.

There were no words.

The boy jumped into his Father’s arms and Michael hugged him tight, grabbing his head and pressing his mouth against his Son’s. Chase gave no resistance as the Alpha shoved his thick tongue deep inside for Chase to suck on.

Chase felt his Dad’s stony arms hold him tight, locking him in position for the eternal kiss. Chase sucked on his Dad’s tongue for as long as he was allowed, until the man pulled him away and flashed a brilliant smile at him. He almost couldn’t speak. There was no way to describe what he felt for the powerful man.

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“Daddy” he whispered, summing up everything he was thinking into one word. The big blonde man grinned at him, the message was received.

“Run with me angel. Run to the lake” He set the boy on the ground and Chase immediately looked at the large lump between his legs. His small hand came out to stroke the heavy mound but Michael stopped him. **“Run first”** Chase turned to the woods but Michael grabbed his arm and turned him back.

“Take your clothes off. You won’t need them”

Chase pulled off his shirt and pushed down his pants while Michael looked him over. His Son was already getting hard and he couldn’t help but lick his lips in anticipation of what was to come. When Chase was fully naked in front of him Michael pointed to the woods.

“Change and run”

Chase concentrated. Seeing his Father’s bulging crotch made it almost impossible to think of anything else. Andreas was right. He could smell sex and right now his Dad reeked of it. He tried to summon his power but all he could think of kneeling in front of his Father, sucking on his heavy prick.

The beast remained silent in him.

“I can’t” he said meekly.

Michael looked over the smooth body and painfully beautiful features of his Son. He smiled at the boy’s frustration before he cast out his power and called to the new wolf. Immediately Chase began to shift, first his arms and legs and then his face and torso. It took far less time when the Alpha called for the change.

Clearly there were priorities in transformations and as the black wolf stood before his Alpha Michael smiled in approval.

“There’s my boy” He nodded toward the woods. **“Go, run for Daddy”**

The black wolf turned and seemed to be swallowed by the night almost immediately. When the golden eyes were out of sight all that was left was blackness. Little sound was made as the sleek paws glided over the hard earth. It was amazing to see, especially for a Werewolf like Michael. Chase was different from every Were in almost every way.

He watched as his Son sprinted for the woods and he began to undress, ready for pursuit.

Werewolf and Son

The Alpha burst out of the forest and confronted the small black Werewolf. Chase's golden eyes looked at him, hungry for mating. The Alpha ran around him, sniffing his scent and rubbing his great head against the small animal to mark him. He moved behind and opened his massive mouth and bit down gently on Chase's slender shoulder. His Son responded by licking at his muzzle and furry ears. He forced his weight down on the boy and dropped him on to the ground to stand on four paws. He towered over him, pressing down with his heavy body, his big dick moving between the black wolf's hind legs.

The wolf was eager to mate and quickly dropped the rest of the way until his belly was on the ground. He raised his rump into the air and offered himself willingly to his Dad. The Alpha lowered his hips and rubbed his furry cock back and forth against his Son's silky ass.

The black wolf began to purr.

The Alpha teased him for long minutes, making the animal rotate its hips to line up with his big cock. But he never let him have it. The Alpha kept it just out of reach. When the wolf looked back at him he pulled back his lips and showed his sharp white teeth. Then he rose up and growled so loudly that Chase closed his eyes, the golden orbs receding away for protection.

Something unexpected happened.

Chase began to revert to human form.

He tried to fight it but the Alpha power was too great and he would have had better luck at stopping the tide of the ocean than ignoring his Father's power. He shrunk and became smooth as the black fur was replaced with perfect white skin. His teeth rounded out and his face realigned itself into the handsome face Michael loved so much.

He lay there fully human, underneath the most powerful and biggest Werewolf on the entire continent. He didn't understand. Why did this happen? When he looked up at his Dad there was no surprise in his eyes.

Once again the great beast seemed to smile at him.

Michael leaned down and took a long lick at his Son's human form. His mouth watered at the taste of his angelic flesh, his honey like sweat and his teenage hormones. He moved to

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Chase's chest, his throbbing cock, and sleek legs. Michael literally lapped at every inch of his Son's body, turning the boy over with a nudge of his powerful muzzle.

He worked on the boy's neck and back and Chase lifted up his hips in anticipation of what was to come. Michael's massive tongue snaked out and licked at the boy's soft ass over and over as Chase moaned and pushed against him.

He wanted to open the boy up but he had to be careful how he used his hands. Chase was fully human. Any injury could be fatal and Michael's nails were sharp enough to slice wood, let alone his Son's tender flesh. Luckily Chase solved his problem and reached back to pull apart his soft white cheeks.

Michael needed no more invitation. His tongue moved rapidly back and forth against the boy's smooth hole. Chase was moaning loudly and Michael felt his cock throbbing against his warm tongue with each long swipe. His Son would cum in moments if he continued. He lifted up slowly, letting the boy recover and waited for the child to look at him.

Chase's beautiful eyes looked back in confusion. It was clear he wanted him to continue but Michael had other plans. He rose up on his back two legs and stood like a monument over his naked Son.

When the boy gasped at him Michael couldn't help but feel smug.

With his human eyes Chase saw the Alpha's massive prick for the first time. It was like a baseball bat. Thick, with a furry shaft that stretched out for a good fourteen inches. His big balls hung low, filled no doubt with cum, potent with Alpha power.

Chase was dumb struck. Lying on the ground as his Alpha Father towered over him, his massive legs on either side of his tiny frame; the biggest dick he would ever see was now before him. His Dad's cock was so large; the great animal had to move its head to the side just to look around it.

The beast's eyes said it all.

He was giving himself to the boy, if he wanted.

But Chase was too small, far too small. He could never take his Father in this form. Why didn't he let him stay a wolf? Why force him to be human when he knew his size would make coupling impossible. Chase breathed in to speak when the intoxicating smell of the Alpha hit him.

Werewolf and Son

His eyes swam for a moment and then, like magic, Chase felt like he was starving. No meal would satisfy his hunger, no steak, no banquet. Only one thing would feed the boy's appetite tonight.

He moved to his knees and took hold of the massive beast prick before him. He opened his mouth and began to lick at it! His mind exploded with the taste of the powerful Werewolf. He moaned loudly as he tried to devour the massive slab of meat with his human mouth. He more hugged the big dick than held it. It was so thick it was easier to wrap his slender arms around it than use his hands. He rubbed his face all over the throbbing shaft, the fur tickling his soft skin. He reached down with one hand and stroked at his Dad's enormous hairy balls.

They were heavy and lifted only slightly when he tried to move them. His tongue came out and he began to circle the full head over and over. It was too big to actually take in his mouth but Chase didn't care, and by the action of the beast, he didn't either.

The heavily muscled legs moved apart inches at a time in an attempt to give the boy better access to the swollen prick. Not that it really mattered. The Werewolf's size dwarfed the boy. This was more an act of sexual satisfaction for Chase. To give him an opportunity to release all the pent up lust he had for his Father. And for Michael it was the ultimate display of submission.

He couldn't fuck his Son in this form, but having the boy lick at his mighty prick was the next best thing.

Chase's mouth watered profusely as he lapped at his Father's beastly prick. The swollen head was dark like the animal's skin but shaped like his human Father's, only much larger. A Werewolf was far more than just an animal. It shared characteristics with its human counterpart, some equally, some not at all. For a Werewolf male this entailed having an overly large cock and the ability to produce a heavy amount of cum. Their male organs resembled a human's more than a real wolf's with the exception of a light coating of silky fur that began halfway down the shaft and extended to the base of the prick.

Right now Chase was having an impossible time trying to get the enormous head into his mouth. No matter how he turned his head the gigantic cock was just too big. His tongue lapped hungrily at it and coated the throbbing prick with his spit. He dipped it deep into the hole at the top, trying desperately to coax out his Dad's potent cum. Even his stomach growled angrily, hungry for the cream that was just out of reach.

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The Werewolf looked down at his small Son, so much smaller in human form, so fragile. His heavily clawed hands had to be careful to stay away from the naked boy lest they rip the skin from his body. It took great effort not to touch his Son. He wanted to stroke the child's soft black hair, hold him close to his pulsing prick, but any of these things could harm the boy, and that wasn't something the Alpha would do.

He shifted from foot to foot, the ground indented with his heavy weight. Chase was so eager to suck him, to take him in his mouth, that the beastly wolf growled with content. He slowly thrust out his hips, making his lust filled cock rub up the side of the kid's angelic face. Chase quickly moved back to regain his place and once more suck at the head of his hard cock. He felt the small boy's tongue lap at the tip, stimulating his big balls to make cum.

Long minutes past as Chase lapped and sucked at the Werewolf's pounding prick. He was in a dream state, not caring if the world exploded around him. All he wanted, all he ever wanted, was to be here, loving his Father's big dick. The taste was like nothing he could ever imagine, so much better than in his dreams. And the smell was even more intoxicating. It drove any thoughts clear out of his mind. Even in human form the smell of his Dad's cock brought out the beast in him.

He cared for nothing, wanted nothing.

It was as if this was all he was ever meant to do. His arms coiled around the lengthy shaft and his hands gripped it possessively. He would never let it go, never give it back. He sucked as hard as he could at it. His tongue pushed deep inside and he moaned uncontrollably as he devoured the mighty prick between his Werewolf Father's hairy, muscled legs.

All his efforts were rewarded.

A slow ebb of cum escaped from the beast's big dick and Chase's mouth exploded with the taste! Pure Alpha power ripped through his body and made him dizzy. It was like nothing else on earth. Chase clung to the big cock for support as he sucked deeply on the solid rod, throbbing between his Father's legs.

Had he been able to look up, he would have seen the Werewolf smiling at him.

Werewolf and Son

Michael knew Chase was having the time of his life. The changes going through his Son over the last few months all came down to this. Finally after weeks and weeks of building up, at changing into a wolf for the first time, after meeting his Father at the station, Chase was able to release his desires fully, with no fear of Vampires, or distractions. Chase wanted and needed to be near power. It was what his wolf craved, what it hungered for. And on this side of the world at least, there was no one more powerful than the Alpha in front of him.

Michael watched as Chase drank from his heavy prick for the first time. He knew the taste of his cum in Werewolf form would drive the boy over the edge. He saw the kid's aching cock throb in the air violently and spit out a large stream of white cream. But Chase kept sucking him, unaware that he just had an orgasm without even touching his own cock.

As proud as he was of his boy Michael knew something else as well. Chase could never be satisfied with anyone else but him. He would be able to release, to gratify himself with others, but never on the level that he would do tonight. Michael would spoil him for all time. He was after all, the biggest...the strongest...the most dominate.

He was Alpha.

The great beast threw his head back and roared like the King he was. He extended his mighty arms, thick with hairy muscle and challenged anyone to face him.

Of course no one did.

The boy was his, his for all time.

Chase didn't know when it happened. Time was something lost to him now. He lived only to drink from his Dad. His mouth hurt, his jaw ached. He tried to open it wider, take the impossible in, as eternity slipped by; when it happened. His lips wrapped around the throbbing head of his Dad's dick and his mouth was finally full! Chase couldn't believe it. He was doing it, sucking at his Father's cock!

His eyes opened and looked up. His Dad, his flesh and blood Dad stood there before him, looking back down at him, with his handsome face and thick blonde hair. A strong hand came forward and cupped the back of his neck.

"Daddy's here" the man grinned.

Werewolf and Son

Chase's eyes rolled back in his head. His Father had changed back and he didn't even realize it. He was so lost in the taste of the Werewolf's thick pre-cum that he completely missed it.

He moaned with hunger.

Michael smiled at his Son's reaction. He watched the boy carefully, nursing on him like his life depended on it. He knew that if he actually came in his Son's mouth while in the form of the beast, he would likely injure the boy. Michael had more control as a wolf than anyone, but this wasn't any conquest, this was his Son, and his desire for the boy was overpowering.

Even loving the boy as much as he did, he wasn't sure the beast could control its drive to mate in the heat of the moment. Better to give the boy a taste and then put the wolf away for a while.

"Suck me baby. Suck Daddy" he soothed Chase.

But Chase was beyond coaching at this point. He was running on nothing more than instinct and primal desire. His mouth twisted on the head of his Dad's big dick while his warm tongue lapped at the throbbing flesh. His small hands gripped the pulsing shaft and pumped the silky skin back and forth with a building urgency.

Michael could no longer stand idly by while his Son practically begged for his cum. He took hold of Chase's head with both hands and started to fuck the boy's mouth with his large cock. His balls swung between his legs, heavy with cream and more than willing to do their part.

"That's it baby, nice and easy; open your throat for me"

Chase's spit coated Michael's thick bone and it moved down an inch at a time, as the two of them did their best to quench the boy's appetite.

"You ready baby?" he asked the black haired boy. He received no answer except the tight grip of the child's fingers on his solid shaft. Michael pushed forward and felt his Son's throat open up. He gripped the boy's head and tilted it upward.

"Look at me!"

Chase opened his eyes, and when Father and Son saw one another the connection was complete. Michael pushed his hips out and his big dick pushed deep inside.

He never took his eyes off the boy. He couldn't. He needed to see it.

Werewolf and Son

Michael's huge cock thickened up for just a moment, and a massive wave of thick cum shot up the shaft and right down his Son's throat!

He watched the boy's eyes glaze over and shut as the powerful Alpha cum flooded his senses.

"DRINK!"

His muscled body shook as he came. It took extreme effort to hold himself steady and not shove the rest of his cock inside. After the first few eruptions he was able to pull back until the flared head was resting comfortably in the boy's sucking mouth. He held Chase in his big hands and watched.

The boy's throat began to move up and down. Chase was drinking!

"Suck me! Suck me dry!"

His fingers moved through the soft black hair as the boy nursed on the head of his dick and when Chase finally did open his eyes again Michael grinned.

Blue fire burned inside them.

"Like that huh?"

Chase's eyes fluttered in response and Michael saw the puddle of cum on the ground in front of his Son. The boy had had another orgasm or two...all while he drank. The man shook his head in awe of the boy and enjoyed the next few minutes as Chase drew out the last of his cum.

"Take your time Son. Daddy's not going anywhere"

The lids of his Son's eyes slowly came down and hid the blue fire within them. Chase moaned with content and continued to suck.

Two hours went by. The boy was exhausted from the ordeal and overwhelmed by the flood of raw Alpha power through his young body. Michael held him in his arms and kissed at his face as the boy recovered his senses. Their tongues snaked leisurely back and forth as each

Werewolf and Son

sucked gently on the others. Chase rubbed at Michael's muscled chest and sighed as he rested his head on one of his Dad's broad shoulders.

"We're gonna have to come here more often" Michael said playfully.

Chase groaned. **"I hurt all over. I think I came a dozen times"**

"So another blowjob's out of the question?" Michael laughed.

Chase moaned loudly. **"I need a new jaw"**

"What you need is lots and lots of practice" Michael's strong hand caressed Chase's cheek and then his finger circled the boy's soft mouth until he gently pushed it past his lips. Chase sucked on it and Michael grinned.

"That's my boy"

Michael wanted to test something. He had a suspicion about his Son that he needed an answer to. They moved away from the lake on harder ground and Michael stood in front of Chase.

"I'm going to try and change you. I want you to resist as hard as you can, alright?"

Chase nodded his head, not happy with going against his Dad's power. When Michael looked at him with his silver blue eyes Chase felt nothing but love. But the boy could also feel the wave of the Alpha Wolf's will coming at him.

It started slowly and built up with each second. Chase only lasted about ten of those, as his body shifted and grew into the black wolf.

He commanded himself to return to human.

In fact it should have been easy. The moon wasn't full and he had practiced this with both his Dad and Sean. Reverting to human form was always easier than shifting into a Werewolf.

But nothing happened.

It was as if he had lost all control of his own body.

Werewolf and Son

Michael smiled at his Son. He nodded his head and let the change settle before he helped Chase change back.

“Wow” Chase said. **“I couldn’t do anything to stop!”**

Michael laughed and made a big muscle with one arm.

“But you can do that to everyone Dad. Why test me?”

Michael shrugged untruthfully. **“I’ll tell you later”** He leaned in and gave his Son a tender kiss on the lips.

“Hey, tell me about your Mom’s place. I hear she has a new man in her life”

Chase knew this talk was coming. He was so happy that both his Mother and Father were living near each other, he could barely contain himself. He quickly rattled off about the house and what she had done to it. He went on and on, describing every room and what she had done to it. He talked about Andreas and how nice he was to her and especially to him.

While Chase talked, Michael smiled at him and nodded his head every now and then, as he slowly released his power. It washed over Chase, commanding the boy to change again, first just as a suggestion and then as a fully fledged order.

Chase simply continued to talk.

Michael cast out a healthy dose of will, but if it had any effect on his Son it certainly didn’t show. He pulled the power back and let it rest once more in his body. He now had his answer.

It was Helen!

As usual, anything connected to the woman seemed to give Chase abilities no other wolf had. The boy had not only resisted his call to change, but flat out ignored it, as if the power never touched him. Michael doubted that any wolf, even Silas, could refuse his command at this distance. But here he was, with his thick black hair and bright eyes, acting as if the Alpha had no more control over him than a blade of grass.

Michael moved over to Chase and interrupted him by lifting him off the ground and kissing him deeply.

“I love you tiger” he said to his Son. **“You have no idea how special you are”**

Werewolf and Son

"I love you too Dad" he replied and wrapped his arms around the man's thick neck for another kiss.

Minutes later they walked hand in hand through the woods. They had taken their usual dip in the lake and felt refreshed after the intense release of lust.

"I'm glad you're helping the other packs now Dad"

Michael nodded. **"I think it's time I took my place. I've got things to protect now"** He glanced at the small boy.

"I'm a Werewolf too you know" Chase added. **"Even if I'm different"** he finished, looking away.

Michael wasn't about to let that slip by. **"Chase, there are hundreds of Werewolves like Bart and Sean. There's only one of you. You can do things no other wolf can. You were built different for a reason"**

"How do you know? Maybe I'm just a small runt of a wolf. Maybe I didn't develop like the others because I'm so small"

Michael sighed. **"Chase, I have it on good authority that just the opposite is true. In fact, you may be the most important Werewolf to have ever lived"**

Chase looked up at his Father with big eyes. **"Ah, you're just saying that"**

"You think I would lie to you?"

"I think you'd do anything for me" Chase said truthfully.

Michael leaned down and kissed the top of Chase's head. **"Well, you got me there buddy. You got me there"** He looked up in the air in thought.

"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" He looked down at Chase. **"Think I'd look good in tights?"**

Chase laughed. **"I like you better like this"** he said, looking over his Father's naked body.

"Too bad Superman's already taken"

Werewolf and Son

“Superman’s not hairy Dad”

“Well he doesn’t have my muscles either!” He flexed one massive bicep at Chase.

“You can just pass out cards to people who need them. Just your phone number and your name at the top”

“The Hulk?”

Chase shook his head. **“Too commercial”** He cocked his head to the side. **“How ‘bout just ‘Werewolf?’”**

Michael gazed at him. He was so beautiful he ached when Chase wasn’t around. Thick black hair and silver blue eyes, his Son was stunning. He could look at him forever and it wouldn’t be long enough. He pulled the boy close and smiled. He was here with him, his own child, walking side by side.

They would never be apart...ever again.

“...and Son?” Chase added timidly. He buried his face against his Father’s side as the man’s thick arm held him tight. They had come such a long way from their first meeting at the bus stop, and Michael could still remember when Chase didn’t even want to look at him, let alone refer to himself as his Son.

“Werewolf and Son” Michael said in agreement. **“Sounds perfect”**

EPILOG

Three Months Later...

Ukraine, Eastern Europe

She had been hard to find.

Werewolf and Son

Michael had searched everywhere for any sign of her presence. In the end he had to shift into a Werewolf to track her down. In this country the legend of man wolves were great, and he moved easily through the immense forests, local Werewolves shifting out of his way. She lived in an old shack, deep in the woods, away from towns and villages. She was old by anyone's standards, the kind of person that was born old, lived old and would most certainly die that way.

He remembered the first time he saw her.

He was only six.

His Father presented him to her like a prized treasure. Her old eyes scanned him from head to foot. She poked at him and lifted up his arms, searching for something. Her voice was unnerving and made him want to leave. She was the only person he had ever met that wasn't intimidated by his Father.

When she took his hand and pulled his fingers apart, she peered deeply into his palm and began to chant. She spoke in a language he didn't understand but one his Father had no problem with. He didn't know what they said, but as the minutes past his Dad began to smile. And when they finally left his Father patted him on the back and told him all was well.

Years later he would understand who the woman was and why she had no fear of the supernatural. And now, like his Father before him, he had need of her council.

Her clothes were torn and worn out, hanging off her aged body. Her back was to him as he entered. When she turned she had two cups of hot tea in her hands. If she was surprised to see him, it didn't show.

"Lots of sugar if I remember" she crooned.

"I was six then" he said. **"You knew I was coming"** Michael said, more of a statement than a question.

"I wouldn't be a very good gypsy if I didn't"

He sat down and took the tea. They drank in silence for a moment while her fiery black eyes looked him over.

"You look like your Father. He was commanding as well. Your beast is even bigger than I foresaw it would be"

He nodded. **"You were right. He said you're always right"** He took another sip.

Werewolf and Son

"I have a Son"

She nodded her head. **"You need a reading?"**

"No. I need...knowledge"

Her brow furrowed and Michael told her about his vision of the Goddess.

"Phoebe. She marked you." The old woman said. "I could see it the first time your Father brought you to me. The beast in you would be terrifying indeed"

She lit a pipe and took a long toke of it. It gave off an earthy smell that Michael found pleasing. **"So what is it you need? The Son of the Alpha takes the place of the Father. It is how it's always been"**

Michael shook his head. **"Not this time. She told me he was a Prince, but he's so different from me. He's small, black, with golden eyes. I'm not even sure he's fully a Werewolf. His abilities are not common. Not for one so new...not for any wolf"**

She squinted at him. **"Unusual. You're bloodline is so strong, something must have changed to produce such a beast. So what do you want from me, if not a reading?"**

He took a deep breath. **"Phoebe said she was coming. I was to get him ready. Prepare him." He looked to the side to avoid her eyes. "I need to know everything you know..."**

"About what?"

He hesitated.

"Witches"

To be continued in Werewolf and Son:

THE BOOK OF LIES

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