

Sven reached a hand up towards the sky with his fingers out, measuring the space between the setting sun and the horizon beneath. From there he glanced to his watch on his other wrist, looked back to the sky, looked back to his watch, and then reached down to turn the dial just a little bit. Then, that final adjustment done, he looked back to the sky once more and stood to finish up what preparations he could in the time he had left.

For days now he had been watching the sky and, particularly, the moon from its first appearance in midafternoon to when it peaked high overhead in the middle of night. By now the so-familiar track of waning, crescent, new, waxing, and on, back and forth and back and forth, had become as routine and expected as his morning breakfast and dip in the river for a quick bath. Years ago he had overcome the need to keep calendars and notes as he still did, following the changes and variations in the lunar cycle, marking down the days in advance when that golden-white orb in the sky yet again came full circle.

Back in his cabin he sighed and looked around. The bed was made and covered, as it would remain for the coming month; what sparse furniture he kept had been similarly cleaned and stowed, set out of the way to minimize the gathering of dust; the refrigerator – it was a wonder he got electricity out here at all – dutifully emptied of all but the most resilient stores. Windows closed and locked, shutters bolted, keepsakes and few personal treasures hidden in their safest spots... all that remained was for him to nail the sign to his door, as he did with every turn of the moon.

Every *other* turn, really. The first several times he had simply taped it, though either wandering hands or the elements themselves had soon stripped it away. Even with the painted wood he used now still Sven had to remake and replace it every now and then, every... it was hard to tell. Time seemed to be an illusion to him. With another sigh rattling through his chest he stepped over to the workbench pushed up against the other wall, dug around for the tools, and then slid outside again to set it up.

*Thwock, thwock, thwock* of the nail into the door's heavy wood, also handmade, like the lid on a coffin. Sven had no vehicle, not anymore, and he lived too far away from the nearest station to transport anything himself, so he had to make do. That was the entire idea behind his migration out here to the country all those years ago, beyond the ken and call of civilization. Too many accidents, too many mistakes, too many people. It just wasn't a risk he could run anymore.

His work done – soon he would have to replace this panel on the door as well, pocked as it was with old nails and older holes – Sven tilted his head and looked over the sign. Smooth, creamy white heartwood, lettering stenciled, etched, and then stained into the surface, and then the entire thing done over in two layers of a weatherproof lacquer of his own formula:

*ABSENT BUT NOT ABANDONED.*

*DO NOT ENTER.*

*PURSUE AT OWN RISK TO HEALTH AND SELF.*

-and beneath all of that, an image of a crescent moon struck through with three jagged slash marks. A full moon would have been more proper, but the crescent was just far more easily recognized by the unknowing. Finally done, all his work for now achieved, Sven looked over his house one more time, smiled sadly, rested the hammer in against the foot of the door with his watch wrapped around its handle, and decided to go out on a walk.

It was hard to say when his affliction had begun, especially with the way his perception of time warped in and out, again and again. An apartment split between three occupants suddenly slashed down to one, with him awakening two weeks after the investigation dirty and disheveled alongside the river beneath a bridge in the city; the second floor of a hospital trashed, a wake of destruction, fear, and blood leading to the shattered window, pawprints far too large to belong to any dog or even wolf heading out into the woods; time and time again, an entire month lost to his memory, full moon to full moon.

His sign on the door, Sven knew, would be a warning to an inattentive audience. These last few years had been the most peaceful of his life, as nobody came out here to bother him – and even if they did, they would do so with fire and bullets, to tear down his little haven and put an end to the curse that had so ravaged his being. It might even be a blessing. For now, though, as the last light of the sun dribbled away beneath the distant horizon, casting the nearby woods in thickening blue-black shadow, he walked along through the tall grasses and let the chill of deepening night settle in along his bare skin. In another hour and a half, given his measurements and calculations, he would no longer be able to feel that chill both for the lack of lucid consciousness that came with the change, and for the thick leather-like pelt and dense fur that would sprout across his body.

Many times before he had awoken with wounds unknown to him and scars since healed. Around one ankle, the jagged tear and pitted flesh of a bear trap; along his inner thigh, an unidentified slash from knee to groin; at his waist a trailing trio of slashes that looked like it had come from another animal; and then across his chest and upper back both, the pinpoint silver-pink marks of bullet holes; and countless others, too small or too faded to keep note. When he had the energy and presence of mind, sometimes he liked to make a game of guessing what he would find on himself come the next full moon and the reclamation of his human body.

As Sven descended into the woods he cast one more look back over his shoulder towards the moon where it climbed steadily up. Even just looking at it, feeling its cool, pale light on his bare skin, sent an electric tingle through his nerves and into the root of his skull. He closed his eyes again, let his lips part, pulled in a slow breath through his nose, let it out between his teeth... then shook himself and continued on. The tall brushes and thick brambles catching at his clothes and stinging his skin were an annoyance, but little more. They could not restrict him.

The sun slid beneath the horizon, hidden somewhere past the trees; night cinched its hold. The temperature dipped. The stories and myths showed that the change would settle in only for the duration of the moon's claim over the sky. For Sven, this could not be further from the truth: that first night covered *just* the change itself, with the time afterwards until the following full moon comprising the actual being.

The moon rose overhead, and Sven again ceased to be human. He would not remember the wracking pain of the transformation, thankfully; he never had, and nothing would change so that he might. It took its time as his complex human bone structure shifted, cracked, and resettled into one more fitting of a bipedal predator, angled legs, arched back, long muzzle, longer fangs; his skin seethed and bubbled and broke around the fur tufting up from beneath, muscles tightening, breaking, threading back again stronger, thicker, denser. Nails cracking into deadly claws, forever bared; eyes rolling, simmering, sharpening into a feral hunter's; tongue broadening, nose widening, senses growing to become almost unbearable.

Come morning, no track of Sven as a human remained other than tattered shreds of clothing caught between the brush and low-hanging branches on the far side of the river. A sharp, rich howl careened up and through the trees, announcing the return of the forest's king – with his supplicants soon joining in chorus, a hundred smaller, weaker whispers beneath his powerful call.

Time lost meaning to the forest hunter, the werewolf Sven. The sun warmed his fur and skin and stung his eyes, though still he hunted, tracked, killed, and fed. When night came it brought with it a cool, steady silence over the world, leading him to walk carefully among the trees and keep his ears perked and attention sharp – but when he found his prey and tracked it, never could it escape his reach, whether this prey ran on four legs with a heavy rack of antlers, on two with a rifle slung over its back and a hat atop its little head, or on none as it slithered and swam through the deeper sections of the river, scales glimmering like little beads of moonlight caught beneath the surface.

Sven the werewolf, rich soil-black fur ruffled and matted, chest and arms and legs rippling and bulging with tight muscle far too lean to belong to a human, far too dense to come from a regular wolf, survived. Here he was caught somewhere in between, torn and mutilated back and forth, scrabbling and clawing and gnawing his way through survival, and he succeeded each and every time. He ran through thick grasses and low bushes; he vaulted over ridges and streams and fallen logs; he clawed up slick hills and steep cliffs; he hunted, he pursued, he killed. He *survived*.

It had become much easier when he moved out to the country, far removed from the nearest semblance of established society or human contact. No longer did his days consist of hiding in shadows and creeping through abandoned buildings and tunnels, and no longer did he spend his nights prowling around streetlights, lurking through refuse and garbage, fleeing from flashing lights and gunshots when he became too hungry and risked a hunt. Out here clasped comfortably in the arms of wilderness, Sven no longer worried about his stomach going empty, or his life running at risk.

Here, though, there was a new concern that he hadn't felt before. His stomach kept full, his other needs satisfied – and something else on the king of the forest remained full as well, one final primal desire waiting, tense and tenuous, eager and urgent. Ingrained instincts and somatic memory told him that on his last cycle he had begun laying the foundations to solve this issue, so when he had settled into his proper form following about one week's passage from the full moon, the werewolf lifted his nose to the night sky, and tasted the swirling mixture of everything there.

Cool, flowing water from the nearby river threading beneath everything, from the dense and rich soil to the higher, woodier scent of rampant plantlife; the tingling musk of other forest creatures, now departed after hearing his nightly call and sensing his presence again in the woods; the putrid, clinging odor of the few humans that thought themselves suitable to stray out this far for their own "hunting", and the artificial, synthesized chemicals and taints they brought with them; and just like the old scars and wounds still webbing across his body, stretched back to their original, regular proportions, a hundred other, smaller things beneath his notice or care. Between all of this, though, faint but present... warm, inviting, *intoxicating*.

Something he himself had never smelled before, yet still rang in rich harmony with these feral instincts driving his being for the period of this lunar cycle. The tantalizing, demanding, *urgent* aroma of one, two, three... *several* females, she-wolves, in heat. Seeking a mate and a litter. And who would be better suited to the task?

It began as an impulse more than anything, a deep, thrumming sensation inside of him, a tension in his abdomen and tingling in the back of his head. It shrank back during his hunts and pursuits, but when he slept, when he lazed about, when the predator let his thoughts and aims wander, it came back in full force, each passing day stronger than before. Sometimes it came as an obstacle and an aggravation, the beast sprawled on his back beneath the night sky, clawing at the earth with his lips curled back in a needy snarl, and hips thrusting upwards into the cold air, red-fleshed shaft glistening, throbbing, bouncing with pent-up need, spraying and spurting that eagerness across the already-matted fur of his belly and chest.

That need became a part of his daily routine, the werewolf constantly seeking and tracking and following the hazy scent of those she-wolves in heat, drawing him closer. As he prowled and climbed through the forest he realized he was suddenly aware of this heat and weight dangling and jiggling between his hindlegs, hot and heavy and so, *so* full; every now and then his own scent wafted up to him, thick and heady, rich and masculine. The werewolf would straighten up, sniff at the air, feel his own musk trickle up his nose and back into his throat, and he'd look down and see that tapered point of wet reddish-pink flesh peeking out from his sheath, itself thick, plump, dense.

After a week he finally found the pack of she-wolves, if what they had could even be called a *pack*. There in mid-evening, the sun already beneath the horizon and newly waxing moon rising overhead, Sven pushed himself through the line of trees and in towards the cave where they had made their den, imposing his presence on the area as though it were *his* territory – as, really, it *was* already. Here he walked on four legs, the gait just as easy and comfortable as the two-legged, man-like stance.

The head of the pack noticed him first and immediately straightened up, ears forward, muzzle curling back in a silent snarl, back arching and stance broadening. The matriarch, Sven could tell: tattered and weathered pelt, torn ear, visible age. On top of all of this, though, she bore a certain weight and confidence about her, an undeniable air that set her apart from the others. Sven, with his superior size, musculature, and bearing, prowled into the den and crept around as she faced and growled at him, quite easily putting himself between her and the other, younger members of the pack. He knew that they could feel his want, his *need*, as potently as he felt their own: he knew they wanted him, as he did them. All of this was just a matter of tradition, and if they saw otherwise...

Judging his approach too bold and forward, the matriarch lunged – and Sven easily dodged and adjusted, sending her skidding away towards the wall of the cave. As swiftly as she had jumped towards him did she do so again, turning her momentum around and bounding forward towards the still half-turned werewolf. This time she connected with him, sharp teeth grazing along and sinking into his shoulder.

That was nothing. Sven reared up, a snarl in his own throat, and quite easily tossed the matriarch over his body and down against the ground where she skidded across on her side. Her energy carried her back upright, but her body and age started to fail her: she stumbled as she approached, though rebellion still shone strong on her muzzle.

So the werewolf leaned in close as well, knowing that he could overcome her in strength, in volume, and in presence. He bore down dangerously close, daring her to snap at his nose; he flicked his tongue over his chops, let his hot breath waft down across her face, watched her short whisker twitch and flick back... and then his desire and drive redoubled when she finally backed off and gave in to his superiority,

the matriarch standing up straight and turning to the side with a sweep of her head to show the field of snow-white fur along her throat.

Satisfied, Sven swung around to look at the others in the pack. Seven others, younger females: it had been so hard to concentrate with the richness of their heat clouding the air, some in greater need than others, one on her first cycle, one having already borne a litter. Family, perhaps. That would account for the markings, the eye colors... the similar spice and taste of those scents. Where they had originally regarded the peculiar, terrifying stranger with fear and apprehension, after seeing their pack leader's submission now their perked ears, ready stances, lifted tails showed interest, curiosity... arousal, as the youngest strode forward to sniff at him.

She started at his muzzle and shoulders, learning his scent, bringing him into her awareness. Sven tilted his head down and turned it to the side, and soon felt her tongue lapping out behind his ear and down the back of his neck. Then there was another breath against his shoulder, and a third at his belly, and then one more sneaking between his hind legs, all with their mother, the matriarch, watching from her corner.

How easy it was to enforce his presence and dominance over this pack – he *was*, after all, the king of this forest. Sven half-lifted that hind leg to allow the she-wolf easier access at the point of her interest, her eager tongue smoothly, swiftly drawing his masculinity further out of his sheath. The sensation and awareness kicked his instincts into gear, and before he could stop himself he was thrusting in against her muzzle, smearing her fur in his sticky scent. Worked up, hungry, *eager*, the werewolf dismounted from the others sniffing and tending to him, and made his move in against the youngest here close to his muzzle.

It was easy to get her prepared, too, as receptive and willing as she was. A sharp look, a little rumble, and she turned, flagged her tail, and put herself on display for him – and the werewolf leaned in, touched his nose to her tailhole, and drew down from there, drawing in the rich, spicy scent of her heat from its source, the feral's already plump spade swollen and dripping, blushing with the warmth of her arousal and need. Drool dripping from his maw just like the evidence of her arousal from her sex here before him, Sven lapped his tongue up between those plump lips, drawing her taste into his mouth, letting her anticipation and desire spread out and slick back.

He swallowed her down, tilted his head back, relished the fire that it ignited in his loins... and then he stepped forward, his huge, roughly bipedal form easily encompassing her smaller, purely feral one underneath him, and started to drive his hips forward. The grip, the squeeze, the fit... it was all unlike anything Sven had ever felt before, and here in his more monstrous form it just further fueled that same fire.

The beast tossed his head back and let out a rumbling growl of desire and satisfaction as he plunged deep into the youngest she-wolf here, the slickness of her heat and sex slipping back across his length, her muscles and body gladly and eagerly receiving him. His paws squeezed down on her shoulders near her neck, then grazed along her slim sides towards her back, and finally gripped her haunches to tug her back into his lap – and with a slight whine and bark she tossed her head, but still took him deep.

This primal urge, this inborn desire and need... Sven wrapped in around the much smaller feral and pistoned his hips in against her, the wetness of her arousal gripping and sucking tight along his girth, heavy balls swinging forward and against her. The scent of sex and dripping femininity filled the cave

and swirled around even more than it had before, nearly blinding the werewolf with its power and intoxicating spice; through eyes almost fully lidded, body bouncing and lurching as he sated his need on this she-wolf, he saw the others pad around to watch, and wait their turns.

This first time went fast and hard and easy, the pulsing pleasure simmering, bubbling, boiling up into an urgent need – until with a toss of the head and a panting snarl, Sven shuddered, straightened up, yanked the young she-wolf back, and thrust deep into her until the plump flesh of her spade slid back, squeezed against his sheath, and popped into place around the base of his knot as it swelled swiftly up, throbbing and jerking in time with his spurts. Each one roped out of him and deep inside of the she-wolf, forceful enough that Sven found himself curling around her with each one, again and again and again – until she crouched down and rumbled softly, haunches locked tight between his legs, her body rhythmically, reflexively squeezing and clenching around him.

Panting, body shivering with remnant pleasure and arousal, breeding desire cooled for now yet far from satisfied, Sven pricked his claws out of the she-wolf's haunches – she squirmed with that sensation – and then looked up to the others. The matriarch had stood back up and come around to keep an eye on her pack, the set of her ears and shoulders still showing her attempt at dominance and strength. Sven held her gaze, unblinking, until she looked away again; still he held there, heart thumping in rhythm with the bitch's clenching around the root of his cock buried deep inside of her, until one of the other packmates stood up, leaving a slick spade-shaped imprint on the earthy floor of the cave, and padded over.

He could smell the desire on her as she approached, ignited and spiked after watching her sister serve her use to him. Sven looked down at this new one, his sharp halfbreed eyes seizing hers, warm honey, pure feral predator. The she-wolf tilted her head, lapped her chops, sniffed in at him, then licked at his shoulder – and then started her way back along his body, sniffing as she went. The scent strengthened and heightened, and when she poked her nose underneath him so that he felt those searching, investigative breaths at the base of his sheath and balls, heavy with his own scent as well as the dripping, cloying juices of his first partner.

First of *eight*, the matriarch included. He would save her for last. The second she-wolf's nosing and sniffing soon turned to licking, her broad, smooth tongue lapping up around his wet sheath, curling in along her sister's heat- and sex-swollen spade, and slurping the dripping liquids off of his hanging, pulsing sack. Sven rolled his head back and rumbled again at that, the sensation forcing him to churn his hips forward and back, forward and back – and within another moment he had leaned over as well to sniff and taste the presented sex of this second female, her tail ready and hiked, her body on full display for him and the rest of the pack to watch.

His knot would take some time to go down. The repeated rhythmic tugs against the first she-wolf, each one pulling a tense whimper out from her exhausted body, showed that much; with one large, half-human paw Sven reached over, angled the second's rump closer to him, and slid his muzzle into place, pressing and squishing in against the thick, supple flesh of her protruding sex. Her scent stung so powerfully into his nose and just continued to fuel and spark the flame still burning in his loins, drawing him in deeper so that he nuzzled and dug and nosed in, those thick lips parting, sucking, sticking around his nose and lips, until he started to lick and slurp and suck back.

Never could he forget about this first bitch squeezing tight around his masculinity, holding him firm and hot inside of her, but for a moment his main focus shifted to this new scent and taste, dripping along his

lips and chin, slicking his tongue, sticking to the back of his throat. She shivered and whimpered with the pleasure from his attention, her own ministrations against the root of his cock faltering for a moment; Sven had to lower down and squeeze his current tie closer to the floor of the cave as the second she-wolf spread her legs and squatted down, lower back tense with shaking pleasure, tail hiked far up to allow him access. When he did finally pull back, several thick, sticky strands of saliva and arousal hung between his lips and hers; he lapped over his chops, swallowed, lapped again, then leaned in to repeat the same across her swollen, quivering self, black exterior flesh tinting to warm, inviting pink towards the center folds.

One of the others came forward too, and then a third, and a fourth, resuming their original positions and tasks of smelling and tasting him – as well as one another, he noticed, their shared heat stirred to a, irresistible peak from his presence. Himself as the *new* leader of the pack; the father of their litters. *His* scent would dominate in this den, and in every other to follow. They would learn it and recognize it, as they ran their noses up and down his body, along the taut muscles of his belly, into the buried base of his shaft, and against the folded skin of his sheath beneath. One started lapping at a footpaw; one continued slurping up the drips along his balls; one twitched up under his tail, touched against the wrinkled skin of his pucker, and started there as well, the rhythm of her licking freshening and reinvigorating his pulse inside this one he had tied.

So Sven enjoyed it, and reveled in the attention and *worship*, if that was the word. He straightened up, spread his legs, stood up a little bit – the she-wolf between his legs let out another noise, still tied against him – and leaned in to the attention, grinding his rump back against the one attending to his tail, half-lifting that leg so the other could lap at the pad of his footpaw, and so on.

Eventually his knot *did* loosen, and with a wet, slick sucking sound he tugged free of the first bitch. Sven had to take a step and a half back to fully unsheathe his length from her body, and as he did a thick, milky stream of his sticky load dripped and oozed out of her, hanging in heavy ropes towards the ground while she, with some effort, tried to stand upright on shaky legs. Even as all of that dripped and splattered out of her, Sven still knew that it was just the last fraction of his load, and that the result of their breeding had already taken root.

Energy starting to spike again, the werewolf let out a rumbling growl, wiped his wet, sticky mouth across the back of his wrist, and then rolled fully over onto his back. The she-wolves attending to him took a step back to allow him this: he closed his eyes against the small puff of dust when he settled on the cave floor, and once there he spread himself out again, head up, legs spread, thick shaft twitching against his lower belly, still hard. His knot had fully returned to its original unswollen size, the slight bulge nosing out along the rim of his sheath, and now slick and glistening with a coating of his own cum mixed with the first bitch's arousal.

Without needing any other sign or command, as they already knew their places, the others came back in from where they had begun to work at one another, sniffing and licking at plump, dripping spades, flagging one another down, rumbling and yipping and huffing. The one with her belly now full of the seed that would lead to his pups turned around, settled in against the ground between his legs, and dug her nose up underneath his sack to continue the other's work at lapping at his tailhole; one peered down at him, licked at his muzzle, and then stepped over, and with one huge paw he angled her body and pulled her down so he could get a taste of *her* as well. Then another licked and lapped at his cock, drawing it back up to its full size and strength – and within another moment and another guiding paw, Sven had begun thrusting into another plump, supple spade, ready and eager for his blessing.

One she-wolf dripped down against his sheath and sack; another dribbled along his nose and chin; with his paw reaching out and seeking, soon his fingers teased and touched and slipped up into another. One by one; one at a time. The moon had just begun waxing again: he had time. All eight, from youngest to matriarch, breathless and panting, powerful muscles of his legs bunching and tightening and straining come dawn, balls still heavy as always yet thoroughly emptied, she-wolves exhausted, satisfied, full of his seed.

He hunted for them, and the following night slept atop a bed of fur and flesh and warm, pulsing bodies, wrapped protectively around him. Then the next night it began all over again. This time, though, the matriarch offered herself up first from where one of the others was attending to her with muzzle beneath her lifted tail. She approached him with head bowed and hind end hiked, her brood watching. Sven was glad to indulge her.

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With a shock Sven jerked awake, but just as quickly closed his eyes and settled back down again: by now he knew that it would be quite some time before he had full agency over his body again, as it usually took a full day for the changes to properly revert. Some of the heightened senses of his other, wild form still remained, mainly in that he could feel the tickle of warm air against his lower back, and the air felt thick and heavy with the distinct cloying scent of wild wolf, and...

And the human, fully naked, stirred again and lifted his head. He was lying on his belly with something thick and dense and *hot* underneath him, but as he came more to his senses he realized with a shock that it stirred, too. It was *breathing*. Slowly, silently, he pulled himself up, swallowed, swallowed again, half-successfully stifled a deep, throaty cough – and then shuddered with sudden unexpected pleasure, a wet, sucking sensation issuing up from his lower abdomen and sending a sweet shiver through his back.

With a thick *slurp* he felt a warm, humid grip along his bare shaft, and the human looked down just in time to see himself, his half-hard shaft, tug free from the plump, black-fleshed spade of this feral she-wolf underneath him.

*Oh*, he thought for a moment. Sven reached down and slid his fingers over himself, feeling the thick, sticky slime of the she-wolf's body around him, and letting the strand of cum slip free and drip down. *I'm dreaming. This is what the other half of me thinks about...* but when he lifted that hand to his nose it smelled sharply of the same aroma flooding his house and awareness, with his own familiar musk inextricably threaded throughout.

*House? My...* Still squinting, he lifted his head and looked around, and saw that – frankly, he had no idea where he was. Warm and humid, smelling so strongly of wolf and sex and himself, but no wooden walls rose up in a box shape, no windows other than the wide mouth of the cave, no furniture or bed other than this one wolf underneath him. Or – two, three, four... as he counted Sven's heartbeat steadily picked up, and confusion turned to terror. He had no idea *what* his other self had done in this past month, but he *needed* to get out of here before this wild pack awoke and tore him apart. The sex he could forget or ignore, and as long as this curse had plagued him, it likely wasn't the first time anyway. Slowly, carefully, the very naked, very vulnerable human extricated himself from the pile, took a step

away – and then froze in place at a soft stirring, a gentle rumble, and the sound of one of the wolves yawning.

Heart pounding in his throat, Sven swallowed, murmured a prayer, and turned to come face to face with the wolf upon which, and *inside* of which, he had slept. She looked to be the oldest of the group, tall and strong like a boulder streaked and weathered from age, still resolute in its presence. Her tail swayed as she looked upon him, nose flaring in testing the scent of this assumedly unknown individual; Sven held still where he stood, hands at his side, avoiding those eyes at all costs. She came forward, sniffed at his feet, at his legs – and then between his thighs, again sending his heart into a frenzy.

And then, suddenly, she started *licking*, broad tongue dragging up and underneath his sack, caressing his sex-slickened shaft, making him twitch and shiver and shake at the legs. The sound of her lapping underneath his suppressed gasps and grunts soon stirred a few others from the pack, and before long Sven found himself swarmed with she-wolves, all wagging their tails as they sniffed and nosed at him, and... all a bit heavy around the belly, he noticed. More so than just a good meal the previous night. Heavy, *swollen* – and all attending to and waiting on him, as though they expected something.

Sven could put two and two together. Still unsure, he reached out with that still slightly-slick hand, spread his fingers, and... after a moment settled it in along the matriarch's lifted head, right between her ears. She chuffed softly and lifted up into the touch, tail wagging a bit faster.

That was that, then. If human society would not accept him, then – he had built his house with his own hands; he could add on a section to take care of a pack and their puppies. Still though, Sven cursed his other self, as always: as a human he was nowhere near as efficient a hunter. But then again, this *was* a pack of wild, feral wolves. Hunting might not be an issue. Another of the she-wolves nosed up into his other hand; he looked to her, let a little smile touch his lips, and scritchd into her fur.

Perhaps he could even reward those among his pack that performed best.