



## Chapter 2 "Date night"

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A week passed and Gwen wanted to go out on another date with Randall. This time they went out to a real nice restaurant in the middle of Eugene. At her home, Gwen made sure she made herself look spectacular. She got herself a perm and put on the most red lipstick you could imagine, which it matched the color of her sequin dress that accentuated her curves. She decided to wear her push-up bra, and those red high heels that she always wanted to wear.

She wanted everything to be perfect, and she put on a necklace with the largest pearls you could ever see. She looked herself in the mirror and smiled taking a deep breath feeling great about her looks and very eager to go out with a man like Randall. She heard her German Shepard sit at her feet whimpering with fear. She looked at him oddly. "What's gotten into you, Cerberus?" she asked before she heard him knock on the door, and she had a moment of panic. "Oop! Coming!" she shouted.

Her heels clacked through the floors of the tiny house, which she slid a lock, turned the deadbolt lock, and the regular lock on the door. She flung the door open and gasped forgetting just how large her new boyfriend was. She looked up at him very impressed, but she was most impressed how he could fit in that blazer or rather how that thing had not managed to burst.

"Oh! Come in!" she said as she stepped aside. Her dog stood by the sliding glass door with his tail tucked between his legs whimpering as he looked up at him with terror. She looked at her dog oddly never seeing him behave this way towards anyone, but she just assumed that it was because Randall was such a big scary man that all the bark and bite left her guard dog.

Randall looked at the pup and laughed. "I didn't know you had a dog" he lied.

She laughed nervously. "Yea, Cerberus is normally not this much of a coward. He's pretty protective over me" she said.

He chuckled evilly. "Dogs are normally like this around me, but Cats are even worse" he said.

She adjusted the collar of his button up shirt and smiled at him. "You look good" she said.

He sat down on her couch and gazed at her. "You look even better" he replied.

"Why, Thank you" she said before she snickered at how tiny he made her couch look. She grabbed her purse from the counter and the phone from its charging dock. "Well, shall we go handsome?" she asked as she started putting in the code to arm her security alarm.

He glanced over at her procedures not remembering her going to these lengths before. "I thought you said that I make you feel safe?" he asked while he struggled to get up off the couch.

She looked back at him and smiled. "I do...all of this is for when you aren't around. This isn't the most quiet of neighborhoods, Randall" she said as the alarm started counting down.

They left the house, and she locked both the deadlock and the regular lock. "My house has been broken into a couple of times. I really want to move out to someplace safer for my babies" she said.

He nodded and began to see why she clung onto him so quickly. "I see what you mean" he said as he opened the door for her to his black Passat. She looked up at him deeply waiting for him to look back, but she only smiled with content before she sat down in his car. Once he got in and shut the door he sighed wearily. "My place is a lot more secluded, but I would not say that it's safer. There's wildlife out there" he said.

She snickered at this and she touched his warm hand. "What are you the wildlife?" she asked recalling how animalistic he behaved sometimes.

He looked at her and smirked. "Most of it" he admitted, which she grinned at him.

"I think I could get a little more in tune with nature" She said with a lustful tone.

She was so happy being around him that she could not stop gazing at him with infatuation. He focused on driving, but every time they had to stop he would make eye contact with her and give her a satisfied smirk.

Once they got to the restaurant, the waiter's eyes nearly popped out of his head at the sight of Randall. Gwen was most satisfied with the heads that turned loving the attention drawn to them. She hoped that she was as good looking as he was, but she caught some looks going her way. The waiter did not even bother to ask for a reservation, and he quietly gave them a window seat, which it was at the front.

The men in the restaurant stared at her huge boobs and her big hips, and their dates were distracted by Randall not to pay notice. Gwen grew excited seeing them being showcased in the restaurant. She never got this much positive attention ever. She was always being frowned upon with her two rowdy kids terrorizing everyone with their fighting and misbehavior. She forgot that she was a truly beautiful woman, and it really came out tonight she felt.

"This is a really nice place, Randall" She said happily. She brushed her foot up against his leg and batted her eye lids at him. He blushed awkwardly, but he still smiled. He was not sure what he was going to.

"So, you never told me what you do for a living" he asked as he skimmed the menu.

She thought back and laughed a little. "Oh, I'm a 5<sup>th</sup> grade teacher at Centennial. I really love children" she said.

He looked at her surprised. "Oh wow, where did you go to college at?" he asked.

"Well, I started at LCC. That's where I met my ex. Then I went to U of O. I got pregnant during my senior year. Things kind of spiraled out of control after that. My ex doesn't pay child support, and I'm stuck living in that dump he left me. I'm still trying to pay off my loans" she said.

He thought about it some more. "Well, I do a lot of odd jobs on top of my other job. I think that you're a great mother. I can't believe that a woman like you got dealt such a shitty hand, yet you still worked the most with what you had" he said. He did not know where he was going with this, but he felt he was still taking himself into continuing to date her. "I promise I can provide you things that you need most" he said.

She looked at him gratefully. "I know you will. I've already told my parents about you. They think that you're the right man for me" she told him.

"Heh, I'm glad they think so. I just hope they don't freak out once they see me" he said nervously.

"I think they might just a little bit...but it's going to be the good kind" she admitted.

The date went along splendidly, or they thought it did. When they arrived back to her home, there was a car parked at the end of the street that she kept her eye on. She pulled her phone out and quietly dialed 911. "Please don't stop!" she begged him.

He looked at her confused. "Why what's wrong?" he asked as he parked in her driveway.

The car sped up to them with their lights turned off, and they blocked him off. "Hello! I have a restraining order placed against my ex-boyfriend. He's violating it right now" she said on the phone before Randall stepped out of the car. "No! Stay in the car!!" she shouted frantically. She began to panic. "Please send someone!" she told the dispatcher.

Outside, Randall stood outside towering over their small blue Honda civic. Four white men were inside not sure whether to confront him or not, but one did. He was shirtless and covered in tattoos. "Hey! You don't be messing with my friend's girl!" he shouted from the other side of the car.

Randall crossed his arms over his chest. "What's that? I can't hear you when you're so far away!" he raised his voice.

The man walked around and got up close to him pulling out a knife. "I said! You better not be messing with my friend's girl! Or I'll cut you to pieces!" he shouted waving it around to intimidate him.

Randall looked at the knife and laughed. "I've been doing more than messing with her. I've been fucking her with my fat foot long, and I'm gunna keep on pounding her over and over again" he said.

The man laughed at him before he jabbed his knife at him. Randall grabbed him by the forehead and started squeezing it like a stress ball and tossed him over the car like he was throwing a shotput. To everyone's horror, the man flew across the pavement cracking his skull on the curb knocking him out. The driver rolled down their window and pointed a gun at him. Randall threw his hands up and puffed his chest out. "What? Are you going to shoot me from the car like a pussy? You're scared aren't you!? Don't think I can't fuck you up from here!" he shouted.

The others dragged the other man into the car bleeding from his head badly. The driver shot Randall in the abdomen, which it caused him to go into a blind rage. He charged at the car getting shot a second and third time in the arm and shoulder before he rammed his whole body into the driver side passenger door smashing it in. They sped off, but the force he put into the car made it fish tail, and they lost control hitting a telephone pole. There was a bright blue flash and an electrical explosion knocking the power out.

"Let's get the fuck out of here!" the driver shouted as he jumped out of the car. The rest of them climbed out but hesitated.

"What about Dan?" one of them shouted looking back at their friend slumped back bleeding out.

"Leave him! That guy ain't human!" the driver shouted pointing towards Randall.

Randall was about to chase after them when Gwen's hysteric screaming broke through his blind rage. He was bleeding, and she sat in his car over the phone shouting. "They shot my boyfriend! They shot my boyfriend!"

His adrenaline was pumping, and he was not feeling the pain, but he knew he was in bigger trouble. "Aw, shit!" he mumbled. Everyone in the neighborhood was looking out their window at him then at the car. He started to feel the pain, so he walked over to the curb and sat down trying to act more hurt than he was.

As the police and paramedics arrived, they all knew who he was. The paramedics checked his wounds and advised him to go to the hospital, which he refused. Just like usual, but Gwen grew absolutely irate with him when she found out.

"What!? Why aren't you going to the hospital!? You got shot three times!" she shouted at him.

He looked up at her coldly. "It's through-and-through...I'll be fine" he said.

"The fuck you ain't! What if you're bleeding to death!? What if it gets infected!?" she screamed at him.

He stared at the pavement, and bit his tongue. "I don't like doctors" he lied.

Some of the paramedics laughed at him. "That's a new one" one muttered before they came up to her. "Don't even bother. He didn't go to the hospital the first time he's been shot...or any other times" he said.

She stared at him in shock. "First time? What do you mean other times?" she shrieked.

Randall shot him a very murderous look, and the paramedic froze. "Uh...I got to go check on that guy's head. Someone said it's cracked like an egg" he said before he ran off.

She felt like the cops and paramedics were covering up something as none of them seemed to care about Randall being injured. Was she the only one who cared about him? She glared at him with her arms crossed. "I can't believe you Randall! You're really stupid!" she chastised him before he stood up.

When he lifted his shirt to show his wound, she became speechless. His wound was already clotted up. "My body is a lot more durable than other people" he said. She covered her hand over her mouth and shook. They were covering something up, and she her perception of reality was being tested again.

"But, you're still hurt" she muttered. She felt bad for yelling at him, but she took his hand and tugged on it. "Come inside. At least let me take care of you...please?" she asked with concern.

To her surprise, he did not protest her. He followed her inside, where she flicked the light switch then toggled it. "Shit! I forgot the power is out" she muttered before she went to go disarm her alarm. He closed the door and walked around inside. She felt around the house while he started rummaging through the drawers. "What are you doing?" she asked.

"Looking for a flashlight for you" he said.

She thought for a moment. "You mean you can see in the dark?" she asked.

"I can see a little bit" he said modestly. He finally found a flashlight and turned it on. "Boo!" he said sarcastically. She shook her head at him as she took the flashlight from him and looked for a lighter to light some candles.

"You know you could have stayed in the car" she told him as she lit the place up. Her dog sat by Randall knowing that he was injured. As she took him into her bathroom, her dog followed them. She made him remove his clothes as she took out her first aid kit. Part of her was skeptical that this was all she needed to treat gunshot wounds, another part was curious about his healing ability, and the other part told her that he was dangerous.

Randall did not mind the extra attention from his girlfriend; in fact he found it sweet that she was concerned for him. She wiped away the dried blood and touched around the wound, which he roared out in pain. "Argh! That's tender!" he shouted.

She was amazed that his wound scabbed over and was already at the inflammation stage. "H-how long does it usually take you to heal from a wound like this?" she asked.

He shrugged and rubbed his arm trying to guess based what his body was telling him. "A couple days...if I get some good rest" he said honestly.

She started wrapping up his shoulder and abdomen with bandage gauze. "If you aren't going to the hospital, then I'm not letting you go anywhere for the rest of the night" she said before she leaned in to smooch him on the cheek. "Thank you for protecting me, big guy" she told him as she rubbed the good side of his back.

He stood up and sighed heavily. "As long as the grub is good, I don't mind sticking around for the rest of the weekend" he said as he walked through the halls in the dark.

"Where are you going?" she asked as she flashed the light down the empty hallway. She heard him try to open the front door, and she about came unglued. "Argh! What did I just tell you!? You're staying here!" she shouted as she stomped across the living room. She grabbed the door and was about to slam it shut before she noticed an officer walking up. She blushed and retreated into her boyfriend's side. How did he know someone was coming? She pondered.

The officer was a tall black man with a gold bar on his collar indicating he was a police lieutenant, and his name tag said Lt. N. Fitzgerald. He looked up at Randall grimly. "That man is in real bad shape. They don't think he's going to make it through the night" he said lowly before took a deep breath. "Just what happened exactly?" he asked.

Randall leaned against the threshold of the door and wrapped an arm around Gwen protectively. "We came back after a date, and these guys pulled up, blocked her driveway. I got out and that man you spoke of got out, pulled a knife out on me telling me, and threatened to cut me into pieces if I messed with his friend's girl. I told him I was going to pound her as much as I like. He tried to stab me, and I threw him over the car. The driver shot me three times, tried to flee, so I tackled his car..." he said before the lieutenant raised an eyebrow.

"You tackled the car?" he muttered. Randall nodded, and he stared at him oddly not sure why someone would do that. "Okay..." he mumbled as he tried to write everything down, but he took a good look at Gwen. "Was Charles in the car, Ma'am?" he asked. She shook her head while clutching onto Randall's arm tighter. "Then what happened?" he asked.

"Well, after I tackled the car, they lost control, hit the power pole and left their friend for dead. Gwendolyn here held me back from chasing them down, and you know I would" Randall said.

The Lieutenant looked over his notes and tapped his pen cap against the paper. "How many occupants were in the vehicle?" he asked.

"Four..." he said before Gwen interrupted.

"They were all Charlie's friends! They came here to scare Randall off so he can come back to me" she shouted.

The lieutenant looked at her sternly. "I wouldn't be trying to make enemies with Randall. I've played football with him in high school. If he's gotta grudge on you, he'll make you know it. He's a great friend to have around though" he said before he patted Randall on his wounded arm.

Randall tensed up and growled grabbing his arm. "Ow! Motherfucker!" he hissed.

"Sorry" The lieutenant muttered although deep down he was trying to keep himself from bursting into laughter. "I can't believe you'd make such a scene over someone pulling a knife on you" he muttered.

"Sir? Will this keep Charlie from being released?" Gwen asked.

The lieutenant shook his head. "I'm sorry ma'am, but I can't answer that question" he said before he slid the pen into the spiral of the notepad. "You shouldn't have to worry about Charles. You've got the Wolfman to worry about now" he said.

Randall closed his eyes, while Gwen stared at him. "Okay, what's going on here? Is this some sort of joke that you and Randall have?" she asked.

The lieutenant snickered to himself. "You could say that. It's his nickname we gave him in high school after all" he said proudly.



Gwen looked up at her boyfriend and nudged him. "Hun? What's going on?" she asked sternly.

"I'm going to leave you two alone now...good luck wolfman!" The lieutenant said as he backed up. He turned away chuckling to himself, which Gwen closed the door and locked it. She stared at him with her arms crossed over her chest.

Randall walked to the couch and sensed her frustration with him. She wanted an explanation from him. "Honey!? What the hell is going on?" she asked.

He sat down slowly and tried to relax. "I thought you figured it out on our first date...you asked me if I was a werewolf, remember?" he asked.

She paused and thought back before she gulped. "You mean the kind that turns into a wolf on full moons? That kind of werewolf?" she shrieked. He nodded slowly before she shuttered and her eyes went wide. "But...I thought you were just playing. I mean what kind of werewolf tells someone that they are a werewolf on their first date?" she asked.

He chuckled to himself. "One that is serious about a long term relationship" he retorted, which she blushed at this. She gulped and bit her lip hoping that he did not know she was falling for his sweet words. He knew, and he was going to lay it on thick with her. "Can you handle having a werewolf for a boyfriend?" he asked with a deep low seductive growl.

She walked up to him and perched herself on his leg gazing into his eyes warmly. "I think I can handle it, Mr. Fenris. No, I *know* I can handle it" she said before she closed her eyes and puckered her lips inviting him to smooch her. When he partook in a kiss, she reached up and caressed his jawline losing herself to his exotic scent. He had a firm grip on her hip as he allowed himself to let a little of his wolf slip out.

She placed her hand firmly against his chest pushing him away after he started gnawing her lip. He looked at her confused, but she was doing her best to hold herself back. "Um, you're still hurt. Maybe it should be best if we put of sex for a little bit" she said.

He chuckled evilly. "Why? You only like it rough?" he asked.

She shook her head quickly and gulped. "No, I like it different ways. You mean you don't mind taking it slow?" she asked feeling a little embarrassed that she assumed he was just going to go all out on her like he did before.

He smiled at her warmly and pressed his forehead into hers. "Babe, I don't mind you taking over. Heh, to be honest, slow sex helps us heal much quicker. Nothing is more relaxing than a woman" he said before she put a finger over his lips to shush him.

"I get it. Don't ruin the mood" She said before she reached down to pet his crotch. "I wanna make you feel better" she said as she unbuttoned his pants and pulled down his zipper. She watched him closely as she felt his anaconda wake up. She got up and tugged at his good arm. "Take me to my bedroom" she asked.



She walked around blowing out the candles as he got up, and he found her without difficulty in the dark. She moaned to him wrapping his arm around her. He shook his head and leaned into her ear. "It's not good to tease a wolf, you hear?" he said with a deep low growl that would send shivers down your spine.

She was exhilarated that she was having a supernatural encounter, but unlike in her book porn, he was not a vampire. After he guided her into the bedroom, she tried to reach for the zipper on the back of her dress, but she had other ideas. "Oh, can you help me with my dress, big guy?" she asked.

He came over and freed her from her dress. She was a little disappointed with him being injured, but she was glad his special powers prevented the whole night from being spoiled. "Why don't you undress and get comfortable. I got to get something real quick" she said as she dropped her dress to the floor and unhooked her bra.

He untied his dress shoes and stripped himself before he watched her fumble around her dresser in the dark before she found a plastic sack. She pulled out a bottle, which he cocked his head cutely as she crawled into bed on top of him where she placed her hand on his chest. "Lay back...you said I was taking over didn't you?" she asked.

He stared at the bottle as she popped it open and squirted the contents into her hand. He knew that smell, and he spread his legs out upon her slathering the slippery liquid all over his growing member. She poured more than a generous amount on him until she felt that it was enough. She leaned in to set the lube onto the headboard, which she intentionally motorboating him with her 32 HH cup breasts.

He reached up to grope her breasts, and she looked down at him smirking as a new idea crept into her mind. She leaned into his ear and moaned. "You know...I really love breastfeeding" she suggested. She grabbed his head and guided it over a nipple where he started to suckle. "Oh, baby, not so rough! You're going to make mama sore" she said with a twisted grin.

He reached down and lifted his erection to her slick folds, which she slapped his hands away. "No! I'm in charge now! You just relax and let mama take care of you" she scolded him, which she heard an adorable whimper that come from him. "It's a good thing you're a big boy" she said before she reached down to guide herself onto his staff.

She bit her lip and moaned this time it was a lot less painful and a lot more delightful. "Mmmm, so big" she muttered. She started to ride him while he had her teat in his mouth. She felt a strong bond building between them as she rocked back and forth. Her toes curled, and she threw her head back when he played with her nipples with his tongue, teeth, and fingers. "Oh, baby! You're going to make mama cum if you do that too much!" she warned him.

It did not take her long to start gasping and moaning. She could never grow tired with how much he stretched her out and filled her being, but most importantly he was hers. He felt up her body, and she felt the pleasure wash over her. She pulled away and sat up to take a breather. He reached up to touch her face as she pulled her hair back.

After about thirty minutes of riding him, she toes went numb and her knees and wrists started hurting. She stopped and looked down at him worried. "I'm getting sore" she said before she blushed. "Is it good for you? I've never been on top before" she said timidly.

He took in a deep breath and rubbed her shoulder. "I don't need to orgasm to enjoy it. You can switch to something more comfortable if doing this way bothers you" he said encouragingly.

She laughed nervously. "I don't know how else to do it. You're hurt so I can't exactly lay on you" she said before she resumed her position. The power came back on and she laughed seeing her breasts smacked up against his face, and he was leaning into them. "You love big boobs don't you babe?" she asked.

He nodded and smiled. "Don't tell me you don't love big dicks" he joked.

She rolled her eyes and leaned into him. "Just yours" she said before she gave him a smooch on the lips as she petted his chest. "Silly" she said.

They spent a good two hours making love before they both fell asleep mid coitus like before. The next morning she woke up to him sprawled out taking most of the bed, which she reached over in an attempt to wake him, but she hesitated thinking that it would be best for him to rest.

As she got out of bed, she looked at her dog lying on the floor moping. "Aw, I'm sorry Cerberus, he's just such a big guy" she said as she put on her robe and went to feed the pup. She started her coffee maker and looked at her dog eating slowly. "What do you think of him?" she asked. Her dog kept eating oblivious to her trying to make a conversation.

She pulled her mug from the coffee maker and looked down into the cup soaking in everything that happened last night. He killed a man last night. Was she a bad person for not caring that the man died? Was she a bad person for wanting her boyfriend to kill of them? She mused before she took a sip of her coffee and looked took in a deep breath.

No, they had no business coming here. Randall had a right to defend himself and protect me, she thought to herself. She smiled at the premise of her boyfriend being a werewolf. "I just have to see him transform" she muttered as she imagined what it would look like.

Her dog looked back at her and whimpered feeling uneasy. She glanced back into the living room hearing her boyfriend's movements across the floors. She bit her lip and hid her face in her cup watching the naked man walk into her kitchen and open the fridge. "I thought you needed rest?" she asked.

He looked back at her strangely before he remembered that he got shot the night before. "I'm fine...I just need something to eat" he said before she shook her head and approached him unwrapping his bandages. She stared at his scab and surrounded by fresh pink skin.

"You're almost healed completely? That's fucking crazy!" she muttered.

He laughed nervously and rubbed the back of his head. "Yea, you took good care of me. I'm already a day ahead what it would normally take me" he said humbly.

"You got shot three times not even twelve hours ago, and your scabs are about ready to fall off" she continued.

He turned back to the fridge, she touched his shoulder. "Why don't you go take a shower, and I'll fix you something nice" she asked.

After he left the room, she shook her head and laughed. "Jesus Christ...what did I get myself into this time?" she mumbled.