



Chapter 5 "Knocked up times four"

It was the beginning of the school year, and Gwen had registered her children to a new school without either of them knowing. She had started to clear out some of the bedrooms much to Randall reluctance, but he knew that her ex was getting out of prison the next week, so everything was cleared out even down to the last strand of wolf fur. She eventually moved things around throughout the household making room for her and her children to settle in.

She had Randall show up to help move them in, but they made a trip to a buffet where she would break the news to them. Randall was busy piling up his food with copious amounts of food. People stared at him more than they did with his plate, but once he got back, she made her big announcement.

"Kids? We have decided that it would be best for all of us to move in with Randall" she said.

"Yay!" Emily shouted.

"Huh?" Jack muttered. He looked up at her confused. "But my friends!" he said.

"Don't worry; we're closer to Sam's home anyway. I thought you'd might like that" she said before she leaned in and touched his hand. "You won't have to worry about those neighborhood bullies anymore" she said.

He sighed as he looked towards the mountains. "I don't know...It's just...I've been having really bad dreams...every time it's someone being attacked by a giant werewolf...last week it was you that got attacked...and then last night it was me" he said before he looked over to see Randall lowering his glass of mountain dew and staring him down making him gulp. He subconsciously moved towards the wall as his sister looked at him worried.

"Sam's brother told us a werewolf lived in the neighborhood" she said.

"Emily!" he shouted.

Gwen looked up at Randall seeing his concern, but she smiled nudging him. "You'll be safe there...Randall's not going to let anything happen to you" she said pounding at the big guy's chest hoping to show her son that her lover was as docile as he was tough. He went back to gorging himself, but she looked up at Randall batting her eyes at him before she asked him, "Have you seen any werewolves around there?"

He gave her a funny briefly forgetting about the kids. "In the house or on the property?" he asked before she punched him in the arm. He paused before he shook his head quickly. "Uh, no, I've not seen any werewolves...unless it's like Halloween or some prankster" he said.

Jack frowned before his mother closed her eyes with a delightful smile. "There's no full moon out tonight anyway, so you don't have to worry about werewolves" she said.

"Except the Vampires!" Randall added before she punched him in the arm again. "I-I mean fleas" he corrected himself. He felt his skin crawl before he started to itch his arm.

She looked back at him. "You don't get fleas do you?" she whispered.

"No! Of course not! Why do you think I use the shampoo!?" he rose his voice defensively.

"Ah-ha! So you did use Cerberus's shampoo!" she caught him.

"Oh no...who knew he uses the same shampoo I use" he muttered sarcastically.

"Huh? Why are you two whispering?" Emily asked.

Gwen laughed and looked back at her daughter before she planted a quick smooch on Randall's cheek. "Nothing honey, we're just joking together" she said before Randall covered his mouth and coughed forcefully.

He resumed his binging, and Gwen mother watched Matt with admiration and adoration. They sat for twenty minutes waiting for the monster to eat his fill. Jack felt sick

watching the plates of bones pile up. Emily was more amazed and amused with the spectacle her new daddy made when he ate.

Randall stopped and looked at the two children with half of their second plate eaten. "What's wrong? Aren't you hungry?" he asked.

Emily shook her head with a smile as she pushed her plate towards him curious if he would eat it all. She laughed when he did just that. Jack looked up at him grossed out. "Why aren't you fat? You eat more than anyone I know" he asked.

Randall raised an eyebrow. "Why are you worried about that?" he asked before he looked at Gwen sipping her iced tea quietly smirking at him knowing his secret. He sighed heavily. "I have a hyperactive metabolism...plus I get a lot of exercise" he said.

"Metabolism? What's that?" Emily asked cutely.

"Metabolism is a process where your body breaks down calories and other stuff like that into energy" Her mother said before she touched her lover's arm. "Feel how hot his arm is...compared to mine" she said.

Jack and Emily reached for their mother's arm and then grabbed onto Randall's. They both pulled their hand away in complete shock. "Holy smokes! He's like a furnace" Jack said.

"Mommy won't get cold anymore" Emily said.

Randall and Gwen looked at each other caught off guard, but they both laughed. "Nope, not anymore" she said before leaned up against him. "He keeps my feet nice and toasty" she joked.

"I hate cold feet" Emily said.

Jack sat his elbow on the table and rolled his eyes shoving his plate Randall's way. Finally the carnage was over, and the beast sat back with a bloated belly patting his stretched out stomach. "That hit the spot" he said.

Gwen noticed him dozing off, and she shook his arm. "Dear? You can't fall into a food coma yet! You have to help move us out first!" she said.

He yawned and nodded. "I know babe...caffeine should...so full" he said before he closed his eyes licking his chops like any canine would. She nudged him, and he jerked his head up. "I'm awake!" he shouted.

She rubbed the bridge of her nose vigorously and shook her head. "What am I going to do with you..." she mumbled. Deep down she was enjoying this as it got her thinking about all the holiday snuggling she was going to have with a comatose werewolf. She knew she would be furious with any other person, but she knew that he would be doing all the hard work.

"You think you can drive the U-Haul truck being all food drunk?" she asked.

Randall laughed and reached around her back to grip her hip on the other side pulling her up close to his body. "Sure I can babe" he said confidently.

After he paid the tab, he tripped over a chair leg, and he nearly fell on top of a waitress. Luckily, he caught himself saving her from being body slammed by 350 lbs of muscle...well maybe he weighed 400 lbs now. Gwen gasped grabbing onto her boyfriend's arm knowing full well that it was a fool's errand trying to stop all that man from falling. "Sorry! He gets clumsy after a big meal" she said before she looked back at him sternly. "That's it! You're taking a nap when we get home" she said.

Emily giggled. "He's funny"

Jack was quite pleased to see how sluggish and drowsy the big guy got. "Heh, heh, nap time" he muttered. Gwen nearly dragged Randall into the car where he passed out in the passenger seat. Jack found it less funny because she had to adjust the seat so far back that it banged up against his knees. "Mom!? Why can't I switch places with Emily?" he whined.

Gwen sighed under her breath. "We aren't going far, and I'm not going to mess with Emily's booster seat just to go several blocks down the road!" she grumbled.

Randall reclined his seat back, and Gwen's lip quivered watching Jack feebly push back against the seat. "Okay, I know you aren't sleeping" she said before she started laughing. "You can sleep on the couch when we get there" she said.

Randall snored obnoxiously obviously faking, and Jack slapped at seat. "You're crushing me!" he shouted.

Gwen shook her head and drove them back to the house. Emily took delight in seeing Jack get his comeuppance from the abuse he's been giving her and Cerberus. Gwen did not feel too bad either, and she ignored Jack's suffering. When they arrived, some of Randall's cousins sat on the curb drinking Slurpees next to a U-Haul truck. She did not need to ask who they were noticing they were pretty endowed with muscle; however, one looked to be in their late mid with developing muscle, and the other looked college aged just big and buff as Randall was.

Gwen got out of the car and crossed her arms over her chest. "How am I not surprised that you two aren't related to Randall?" she asked.

"Wow, a Scottish chick! And she has some nice huge..." the younger one said before he got brutally smacked in the chest by the elder one.

"I'm Fang and he's Shred. Randall asked us to help you out because he found and all you can eat buffet" he introduced themselves. He looked at Randall unconscious in the car and smirked. "Sounds about right" he muttered.

Gwen looked towards her kids in the car then back at them. "Can you keep the W-e-r-e-w-o-l-f stuff dialed down? My kids aren't in the know" she whispered to them.

Fang nodded. "Yes, ma'am" he said

"Are those your real names?" Gwen asked.

"Do you want to know Randall's werewolf name is?" Shred asked.

Fang smacked him in the back of the head. "I swear to Fenrir, if you don't knock that shit off I'm going to dump that Slurpee down your shorts!" he warned him.

Gwen was intrigued to see what accustoms her lover had been hiding from her, but she saw them as family. "Is he always like that?" she asked.

Fang shook his head. "After 3 red bulls, yea. I'll make sure to keep him busy" he said before he stood up. "You can call me Liam and this runt is Kyle" he said.

"I'm pleased to meet you. My name is Gwen" She said.

Kyle snapped a picture of Gwen with his phone, and he already sent it to someone before Liam snatched it from his hands. He looked at who it was sent to, and he shook his head at him seeing that it was sent to grandma. "Why?" he asked.

"Grandma said she wanted to see what Chomper's mate looked like, so I sent her a pic" he said.

"Randall's werewolf name is Chomper?" Gwen asked.

Kyle nodded before Liam flung the door open. Kyle's phone vibrated and he read the message. "Grandma says that she hopes Chomper marries you" he read off his phone.

Gwen smiled. "My mom said the same thing" she said before she beckoned him to follow. "Come in, I'll show you what's ready to go" she said as she looked to Jack struggling to get out. Emily was trying to shake Randall awake. "How long will he be out for?" she asked.

Kyle looked back and shrugged. "I don't know...my dad slept the whole day during Fangsgiving" he said.

Gwen started laughing at him finding his pun cute. He looked at her confused. "What?" he muttered. She laughed even harder, which he scratched the back of his head. "What's so funny?" he asked.

"You said Fangsgiving instead of Thanksgiving" she said.

Kyle forced an awkward laughed. "Oh, yeah...heh heh...It kind a slipped" he said.

Gwen put the pin into her security alarm and sighed happily. "I think it's adorable. Randall, err, I mean Chomper says things like that all the time. Tell me do you call it howloween?" she asked.

Kyle looked at her confused. "Uh...Fang!?" he shouted for help.

"By the way, how do you know when you use werewolf names?" she asked.

"It must be in the presence of a werewolf and not around uninitiated humans" he said as he walked through the door. He had been listening in on their conversation from outside, and he could tell why his cousin chose to pair with her. "Does Chomper tell you what werewolves are like?" he asked.

She nodded and blushed rubbing her arm. "He does, but...I've been reading up on werewolf care, but it doesn't really go into detail about werewolf cultures. I thought I'd ask questions when I notice something *different*, but since my children came back, it's been harder to find opportunity's to ask them, and then I just forget" she said. Kyle sat down in a chair and slurped through his straw while watching them.

"At least you are open minded..." Liam said before he looked around her house. "Are you taking everything or..." he asked, but she answered before he finished.

"Oh, no, I'm going to sell most of this stuff. Just focus on getting the kids bedrooms done please" she said before she heard Emily and Jack walk inside with Randall staggering into the house behind them. He tripped over a step, and she crossed her arms over her chest. "You're not in any condition to be moving around, mister" she said sternly.

She waltzed up to him with a light giggle. "You know you aren't in any condition to be moving anything. You're nothing but a huge bull in a china shop" she said.

He raised an eyebrow. "Is that right?" he asked.

Jack and Emily watched Kyle and Liam carry a four hundred pound dresser over their shoulders it weighed a pound. Gwen saw her kids' reaction and cleared her throat growling at them, "Hey, you two aren't acting normal!"

They stopped at the front door and looked at her confused, and Randall laughed at her. "It's normal for us" he said.

"Shut up Chomper" Gwen mumbled to him. He went silent and jerked his head back in surprise. She smirked and jabbed her finger into his chest. "Ahaha! I bet you didn't think I knew your nickname huh?" she said proudly.

Kyle and Liam both sniggered and went back to work. Jack looked up at his mother curiously. "Mom...what should I do?" he asked.

Gwen looked at both her children and grinned. "Why don't you help me make boxes and put your clothes in them while Randall and his cousins get all the heavy stuff" she told them.

Randall blocked the doorway and glared at Kyle with his arms crossed over his huge chest. "You just couldn't keep your maw shut could ya, Shred?" he said in a low intimidating voice.

"Well, that's not all he did" Liam muttered.

Kyle closed his eyes and stuck his tongue out, and Randall thwacked him under his chin causing him to grab his mouth and yelp in pain. "Ha! I hope ya get the biggest canker sore ya dumbass!" Liam shouted.

"So what he do?" Randall asked.

"He sent a pic of Gwen to Grandma" Liam answered.

"Oh...I thought you might have shown some fur to the kids or something" Randall muttered as he stepped out of the way. Liam laughed, but Kyle was in no mood.

The kids' bedroom stuff and Gwen's essential stuff got moved into the empty bedrooms. He was sad to see his weight lifting room and game room turn into kids' rooms, but it was for the best. He had already built extensions to his house, and he was waiting to get an electrician to thread wires in before he put the drywall in. As they set everything up, Jack and Emily went off to play.

Randall got a text message from his mother teasing him, "You better marry that poor woman you knocked up. You can't expect her to raise a teen wolf all by herself" she said.

Randall glanced at his teenage cousin sucking on the sore in his mouth. They both made eye contact and stared at each other awkwardly. "What!?" Kyle muttered.

"Teenagers..." he muttered.

When they Jack got back home from playing at his friend's house, he found that his room was the same arrangement as it were in his old home. He noticed his mother at the door smiling at him. "So what do you think?" she asked.

"Uh, it's fine" he muttered.

She looked back at Randall sleeping on the couch, and Emily ran up and down the hallway and living room as hyper as can be while Cerberus chased after her. "Hey! Randall's trying to sleep" she said.

"Don't you mean Chomper?" Emily remarked.

Randall opened up one eye and looked up at Gwen. She laughed and ruffled her dear daughter's head. "Shush! You weren't supposed to hear that" she said before she went into the kitchen to make dinner, which Jack followed her.

"Mom?" he asked while she hummed to herself. She stopped and looked back at him curiously. "There's a girl at the park. She kept following me around and she wouldn't leave me alone" he said. Randall burst out with laughter in the living room. Jack got annoyed and glared off at him, and he heard his mother giggle also. "Why is he laughing at me? Why are you laughing at me?" he asked before the laughing became uncontrollable from the living room. His mother went back to making dinner and continued. "MOM!?" he shrieked.

"It's okay, she has a crush on you" she told him.

"A crush!? But why!?" he shrieked trying to speak over Randall's hyena laugh.

"Honey...you're a good looking kid. I'm not surprised that you have a fan" she said as she flipped the steak.

"Ew, she better not kiss me" he remarked.

A month later, Gwen had been experiencing the worst bouts of morning sickness, but what was most alarming was how much her belly had grown and her breasts ballooned in size. She went to the gynecologist hoping that this was just all a part of having a huge baby. Her heart sank when the doctor started counting. Her mother's words echoed in her ear about multiple births running in the family. "Well, Mrs. Ferguson it's a litter" she said with a giggle.

Gwen was not too pleased with the joke, but she rubbed her belly biting her lip. "Just how many did you say?" she asked.

"It's Quads...It's too early to tell what their genders are, but one of them are a set of identical twins" she told her as she printed off the pictures.

Gwen took a deep breath feeling like a baby machine, and these were no ordinary babies. She knew they would grow into enormous monsters like her boyfriend. Her biggest fear was if her insurance would cover much of the medical bills. She did not fear that they would grow hungry with four extra mouths to feed, but she did fear what would happen when they reached puberty and their werewolf powers started manifesting.

The doctor could see Gwen's troubled look. "Is everything okay?" she asked.

Gwen nodded and sighed starting to cry. "I was just hoping that this was one big baby. I don't know. I just...I just need to call my boyfriend" she said before she sat up and reached for her purse. The doctor did not know what to say, but she gulped remembering Gwen's ex all too well.

"Are you still with..." she asked before Gwen shook her head.

"No, I'm with someone who takes care of me and doesn't use me!" she said before she lifted the phone to her ear. She heard him pick up, and she sobbed. "Randall? I have some...bad news" she said quickly. There was a pause on his, and she gulped. "Babe, I'm carrying 4 pups!" she shouted.

Randall started chuckling. "Is that all? I thought you have a miscarriage or there was a birth defect" he said before he sighed heavily. "Don't worry babe, everything will turn out fine. Tell your mom about the good news. I bet she'll be very pleased to hear I'm giving her more hands to help on the farm" he teased.

Gwen gritted her teeth. "You don't understand! You won't be around to help me all the time! I can't take care of four on my own!" she growled.

"Now wait a minute! Both our moms want grandbabies; don't you think they'll be eager to come help out? Are families are huge...someone will be available to help. Trust me, the females in my family go crazy when they find out one of us is having a litter" he said.

Gwen went quiet feeling awkward about this situation. She knew he had a very tight knit family, and she did not want to be a burden to them thinking it would make her a horrible mother to ask for help. "You don't think they would be disappointed in me for not being able to handle them?" she asked.

"Haha! No, babe, they know one pup is hard work, but four is very stressful and draining. They wouldn't think lesser of you. Why would your family think that?" he asked.

"Hun, a lot of my siblings think that I'm an unfit mother. They are always quick to find something to scorn at" she said.

"Oh yea? What do they think of me?" he asked.

"Well they like you. You have your shit together...also that you're fecking huge" she said. She was starting to feel better hearing his voice, and deep down she was grateful that she had an extended family of werewolves eager to help her.

The doctor saw the shift in Gwen's mood, and she smiled handing her the sonograms. "Just how huge is the father?" she asked.

A big smitten grin crept upon her lips as she pulled out a picture of her standing next to her boyfriend at her daughter's birthday party. "He's about 7'6, and 350 lbs" she said.

Her eyes widened in shock and awe staring at the muscular hair monstrosity. "Holy crap! No wonder why you were thinking you had a big baby. Wow!" she muttered.

"Yea...now I'm going to have 4 huge babies no thanks to him" She joked.

"Well actually...the size of the baby decreases when the number of babies increases during a pregnancy. The baby is biggest when you only have one in other words. Judging by both yours and his stature, I would guess they will be about 5-6 pounds when they are born" she declared.

"Only? That's 24 pounds of baby! I can't carry that for 9 months!" She shrieked before the doctor laughed.

"If it makes you feel better, you'll probably give birth 9 weeks sooner" she added.

"That don't make me feel much better" Gwen muttered before she stowed away her phone. "Um...I have a question to ask...about making love?" she asked.

The doctor smiled. "You can still have intercourse while you're pregnant" she said happily.

"Even being this pregnant and my boyfriend being very well endowed?" she asked.

The cringed a little trying to get the image of Randall's bulge in his swimming trunks out of her head. "Uh sure...just do it in a way that's most comfortable with you. Don't try a position that has him bear his weight or your own on your tummy, and...be reasonable" she said.

Gwen smiled. "Whew, that's good" she said relieved.

When she got home from her appointment, she had the urge to make cupcakes, and her hand sat on her tummy very often. As her kids got home, Jack looked at her surprised. "Mom? Why are you home so early?" he said before she turned towards him.

"I went to the doctor today...You remember I've been getting sick, and you remember asking me why my tummy has been getting big Emily?" she asked. They both stared at her before she grabbed the sonograms off the coffee table. "I'm having quadruplets" she said.

"Quadru...plets? What's that?" Emily asked.

"It means mommy has four babies in her tummy" Her mother answered with a blush.

Jack dropped the sonograms to the ground and stared at her. "Four?" he muttered. She nodded slowly before he fell back against the couch. "Why?" he muttered.

Emily squealed and jumped up and down for joy. "Oh wow! I bet Chomper is the daddy huh?" she said.

Gwen giggled at her. "You're right...and you're going to be a big sister" she told her.

Jack ran off into his room and shut the door quickly. Emily looked at the sonograms and giggled. "They look weird. They kind of look like beans. Where are their arms and legs? Where's their head?" she asked.

"Well, this is only a cross section, this isn't a three dimensional picture. I saw their little paws" she said before she pointed out the head. "That's the head, and if you look closely you can see the feet. See those dots?" she said before she was interrupted by Jack screaming.

"This is not happening!"

Randall got home two hours later, and Emily ran up to him. "Guess what! Mommy is having 4 babies! Neat huh!?" she shouted before he smiled at her ruffling her head as he walked into the kitchen. Gwen was on her phone reading an eBook while she cooked a huge meatloaf.

"So, I take it that Jack didn't take it too well, did he?" he asked.

She grinned and looked up at him amused. "Not one bit" Gwen remarked. She walked up to him and threw her arms onto his chest grabbing him by the shoulders to pull him in for a smooch. "It's that time of the month tonight isn't it?" she asked. He nodded,

which she looked towards the oven. "I'm making a whole meatloaf for you with all the trimmings too. I hope it'll be enough" she asked.

He embraced her and murred softly. "It'll be plenty, babe. I am truly blessed to have you as my mate" he said.

She let out a sigh of satisfaction as she reached up to stroke his jawline. "You have no idea how much of a godsend you are to me and my kids. I want to show to you every day just how much you mean to me" she said while she trailed her hand down his chest. "You know, you'd make a great husband too...just saying" she said.

His head jerked up remembering something. "Speaking of which, stay there for a moment, I just remembered something" he said before he ran off. When he came back, he hid something behind his back, although she knew what it was. She pretended to be surprised when he presented her a 2.4 carat red diamond with a platinum band. "Will you be my wife?" he asked.

She actually started to cry finding this way better than what she had imagined. "Yes! Yes!" she said before he slid the ring on her finger. "Is this a ruby?" she asked.

He shook his head amused. "Nope, it's a Blood...er a Red Diamond. It's a family heirloom and super rare. I think it's worth ten million dollars or something around that range" he said.

Her eyes widened and her jaw dropped. "Ten...Million!? Jesus! Your family must be super rich!" she shouted.

He nodded. "Yup...just a bit" he said before he scratched at his nose. "My family used to be one of the best fur trappers in these parts before the settlers came. My parents live in a mansion in Blue River. They have investments all over the place along the McKenzie. I..." he said before he got interrupted.

"Well, why didn't you say that you were *that* well off?! I've been stressing out about how we were going to manage raising that many kids!" she shouted.

He chuckled to himself. "I did tell you that my family loves pups, and they'd do anything to help" he said.

"You said nothing about them being rich!" she added.

"We're modest people. We aren't into flaunting our wealth. You see we don't need much to be satisfied in life" he muttered before he cleared his throat. "I need my clothes custom fit. This house was built with my stature in mind" he said.

She shook her head at him and laughed happily. "Well honey, I think we should start making a nursery for your litter" she said.

Later that evening after finishing his meal, he retired to his bedroom where he took his clothes off. Gwen followed him in and smiled. "How much are you going to turn tonight?" she asked curiously.

He got onto his knees and leaned forward onto his huge bed anticipating his transformation. His nose flared, and he tensed up. "I'm going to leave that as a surprise for you" he said before his back snapped back and his chest exploded out making very loud crackling and popping sounds. Gwen smiled as she turned on some slow sensual music, which while this was going on, there was a knock on the door. Randall growled out ferociously. "Damn it! I don't need this now!" he said while his voice changed into something inhuman.

Gwen rubbed his bulging trapezius muscles on his shoulder as his fur started growing. "Just finish up, and get into bed" she told him before she went back to open the door a crack. It was Jack, and he seemed to be looking around her. She slid out the door blocked his view. "What is it Jack?" she asked impatiently.

Jack gulped. "Where's Randall?" he asked.

Gwen paused a moment and raised an eyebrow. "He's changing, why? What do you want with him?" she asked.

Jack shook his head at her. "Nothing, I just thought I heard something" he said.

Gwen looked at him amused before she feigned an angry look at him. "Just go to bed, honey. I'm really tired and sore all over. I'm not in the mood for this!" she raised her voice faking her frustration. She looked down at Cerberus sitting next to Jack, and she sighed heavily. "Why don't you have Cerberus sleep with you for the night?" she told him.

"Okay..." Jack said lowly before he walked back to his room with his head down low.

Cerberus scampered off with him, and Gwen sighed heavily to go back into her lover's lair. Her eyes widened in shock taking in the sight of a new werewolf form. She bit her lip staring at his human like torso and arms ripped with muscle even with a coat of fur covering it. "Oh my...aren't you the handsome one" she said in a sultry voice.

She crawled into bed and sat between his legs leaning back against his frame, which she turned back feeling up the large tuft of fur that rested in the valley of his very broad massive chest. "I really like this form though. This is a very pleasant surprise" she told him as her hand wondered down giving him a belly rub.

He chuckled deeply before his arms enveloped her, and he leaned in to nibble into her neck with his gigantic maw. She moaned feeling her nipples tingling. "Hold on Big bad. I want to show you something. I want you to dress up as this character for Halloween" she said before she typed in, "were" and autocomplete pulled up, "Werewolf Dad".



He watched her skim through images, and she finally pulled up one that bore a similar likeness to him especially in his current form. She enlarged the picture and showed him. "Since you can turn at will...could you please use this form when you dress up as him" she asked.

He stared at the picture and gulped. "You aren't going to die my fur purple are you?" he asked.

She giggled at him and shook her head. "I think you'll be just fine as you are. I think that you look good in plaid anyway. I can make you that number one dad cup too" she teased him.

He snickered to himself. "That's going to have to be a gallon mug" he said before he lay back against the head board relaxing with his mate. "Well who are you going to dress up as?" he asked.

She laughed. "I'm going to be a pregnant princess Merida. My daughter loves that movie, she thought I was her for a while" she said before she got a phone call from her mother.

"Hey Mum" She said before she heard her mother squeal.

"Yer having Quads are ye? Wow, and he proposed to ye did he?" she asked with jubilation.

"Yes and double yes!" Gwen said with the same enthusiasm.

"Congratulations dearie Ah am so proud of ye!" her mother said.

"Oh, and guess what? Randall's family is super rich!" She shouted.

"Anno! Why do ye think ah have been pressing ye to marry him? He's a member of the Fenris family. Ye mean ye didn't know about 'em?" her mother stated.

"No, Mum. I only found out when he gave me a 10 million dollar red diamond ring. Don't tell me you wanted me to marry him because of his money 'cause you been pushing me to marry him before you knew what his surname was" she said.

"Like ye didn't think he'd be an asset. He's arms are fecken thicker than a log. Ah heard ye telling me how much safer he makes ye feel. When ah saw him, anew he's got a good pedigree to breed with ye. Ah only want the best seeds planted in yer garden. We have always been farmers, and ye know how ah feel about weeds being in wur family tree. Ah am glad Jack and Emily took after ye, ah dah have to worry for ye anymore" her mother backtracked before she paused for a moment. "What is the stud doing now?" she asked.

Gwen looked back at her towering werewolf fiancé looking down at her with hungry eyes. "He's in bed waiting" she said.

"Oh! Well ah dah want to keep him waiting. G'night dearie! I love ye" her mother said.

"Love ya too mum!" Gwen said before she hung up. She got out of bed and set her phone on the charging dock then She turned back to face her lover. "Don't think I've forgotten about you, Big bad" she said as she started to strip herself down slowly. She blushed as she saw his member saluting her as big as ever.

She bit her lip as he reached for the lube on the nightstand waving it to her. He knew what she wanted, and she knew he was going to give it to her. She shut the light off and opened the blinds up enough for the moonlight to filter in. She blushed as he reached over to feel up her hip with his padded hands. "Come make love to me" he said in an inviting tone.

Her spine tingled to his deep powerful voice, and her body moved without her input. This was not particularly new to her at this point, but it always came to her as a shock when she caught herself doing this. She looked down where the moonlight filtered through onto the very large werewolf in her bed, and she climbed on top and straddled him while leaning in to kiss him on the nose.

He raised his paw and ran his claws over her back growling seductively. She reached up to stroke his fur on the side of his face staring into his eyes deeply. "I'm proud to bear your pups, Chomper" she said softly before she began to massage his pectorals.

He puffed his chest out and rubbed her buttocks. "I'll be glad to give you more" he said with a low chuckle.

She laughed at him and playfully shoved him. "No! No more! I think you've overdone it with four all in one go. Six kids is enough for now you silly wolf!" she raised her voice.

He only chuckled and nipped at her neck before wrapped his maw around her neck holding on firmly as his tongue lapped at her throat. She gasped and held her breath before grabbing him by the scruff of his neck giving it a gentle tug. "What are you doing you dork!" she shouted.

He released her and growled lowly. "What's wrong? Aren't you turned on?" he asked.

"Of course I'm turned on stupid! I was turned on once you started changing!" she raised her voice before she took the lube from him and squirted it along his shaft watching it trickle down. "Jesus, I forget just how enormous you really are" she muttered before she slathered all over.

"Is there a problem? I can always slip in something more comfortable" he said before he took in a deep breath and relaxed. She smiled at his tranquil demeanor never before would she imagine giving a hand job to a werewolf during the full moon, but she laughed to herself remembering how she got pregnant in the first place.

He looked down at her, and she looked up at him happily. "Don't worry. I'm just thinking about all the fun I'm going to have with you. It's a good thing for lube though" she said.

He gave her a look and gestured towards the door. She huffed and jumped out of bed putting on her bathrobe rather hastily before she flung the door open to see her son having had his ear pressed up against the door fall face first into her leg. She crossed her arms over her chest and glared at him. "I thought I told ye to go to bed?" she said as her Scottish accent was out in full force and Jack knew when she spoke like this then he was in deep trouble.

"Um, uh..." Jack muttered before tried standing up to run away, but he fell forward and crawled off in a panic.

She growled and slammed the door shut locking it. "Heh, Persistent isn't he?" he asked.

She huffed and tugged at the string on her silk bathrobe and let it drop to her feet. "That little shit is going to find out that I'm way more scary than any werewolf!" she raised her voice.

"Well I'm just going to have to protect him from you aren't I?" He teased before he grabbed her by the rear and started rubbing it. She rolled her eyes and crawled back on top of him.

"Shut up and act more like a damn wolf! You're ruining it!" She demanded.

He gulped. "Err, okay...just be careful. I've had blue balls for three days now...I'm all plugged up" he said.

She laughed. "I never would have expected you of all people to be asking for it slow and gentle" she said before she looked away. "I'm sorry about neglecting your needs. It's not that I didn't want to have sex with you, I was just worried that...well...you know I wanted to protect my babies, but the doctor said that if we're careful, we can have as much sex as we like" she said.

"Even when I'm in this form?" he asked.

"Well, that part I didn't discuss with her, but I know what you like" She said nervously.

He ran his paws up and down her side looking into her eyes deeply. "I'm not mad at you...just...confused...very confused" he mumbled.

"Don't be...I've been too tired and my boobs hurt. You know pregnant stuff. Trust me honey, sex with you is the best. I want to be the best fiancée to you" she said.

He looked at her oddly. "You are the best fiancée. I'm just letting you know not to be so rough on me the first couple of rounds" he said not sure why she's feeling bad for him, but he did not want her to have another mood swing.

She laughed. "Oh, well, I kind of figured you were in pain just how you been walking and sitting...but you do look like you have a pair of boulders for testicles" she said before she started to slide his member between the cleavage of her swollen udders. "Don't worry...I'll see to it that you're feeling better in no time, big bad" she said cheerfully.

He was always amazed with how well she massaged his member with her boobs. It was not just both sides moving up and down, she would also move them independently and switch things up. "Mmm, you're right. You really do know just what I like" he muttered.

Later in early morning, and Randall cuddled with his pregnant fiancée in the bed nude. She was trapped inside a mass of fur and muscles. Her legs were tangled up with his as she rubbed the bottoms of her cold feet against his toasty calf. She laid her head on his chest snoozing happily satisfied with his performance.

He started reverting partially resembling a traditional wolfman appearance at first, but he was awoken to Jack screaming. Gwen got up out of bed putting her robe on. Matt watched her run out the room and sat up still feeling half asleep and groggy. "The fuck's going on?" he muttered not wanting to move.

Gwen ran into Jack's room and grabbed him by the shoulders as he flailed about. "Jack! Jack! It's okay!" she yelled. Jack reached out clutching her arm and gasping for breath looking disoriented and scared.

Randall sat up in his bed and rubbed his forehead trying to wake himself up before he listened in on the conversation in the other room.

"Mom! It was horrible!" Jack cried.

"Was it another werewolf, honey?" She asked him as she touched the side of his face.

"It was a werewolf baby!" Jack yelled.

"A werewolf baby?" she asked, which Randall began to snicker to himself.

"Ya! You had your babies, and I went to the crib, and they were all werewolves! One jumped out and attacked me! Then the rest of them got to me" he shouted. Randall could no longer restrain himself, and he laughed hysterically.

Jack looked out the door and frowned, which she scowled. She rubbed her forehead vigorously. "Jack honey...I don't think babies could do that...not even werewolf babies. They are pretty helpless" she said before she grabbed his arm to shake it. "Babies need their daddies to protect them" she said.

Jack sniveled. "Can I sleep with you tonight?" he asked, which Randall groaned getting out of bed to find his boxers.

Gwen rubbed that back of her head. "You can sleep on the floor, but don't bother Randall" she said before she left him to go check on her fiancé.

He was still in his wolfman form putting his boxers on. "This isn't really helping him! You know this is a ploy! He's fucking almost a teenager. I don't want some stupid human child fucking around with my face and getting their finger nicked" he protested.

"Hmph, if it's that much of a problem. Ye can kip outwith" she said pointing to the backyard as her angry Scottish accent came out again.

"I'm gunna have to" he muttered before he hid behind the door hearing Jack's feet traveling down the hallway. She looked at the door seeing Jack's head poking in.

"What are you guys talking about?" he asked rubbing his eyes.

"Oh well, Randall is going to sleep outside" she told him.

His eyes widened in horror knowing that it was a full moon out. "He's what!?" he shouted.

She thought about what she said for a moment before she looked at him strangely. "Honey? What's wrong?" she asked.

"Are you really going to make him sleep outside? On a full moon?" he asked.

She ran her fingers through her hair and growled lowly. "Wit do ye want me to do? He deh want ye to be bugging him, so ah let him sleep outside..."

"Can't he sleep on the couch?" he muttered.

"Ye better not go in the living room if he does" she snapped.

"Why are you hiding him? I know he's a werewolf!" he shouted before Randall slammed the door behind him. His eyes were glowing in the darkness in the corner. He growled lowly at him.