



## Chapter 6 "A Grave Mistake"

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Jack stared up at those yellow high beams staring down at him, which he fell backwards and looked up at the terrifying creature speechless. He kicked his legs out scooting his butt across the floor back into his mother's legs. She had her arms crossed over her chest and shook her head at him. "Ye won't be telling anyone! Understood?" she raised her voice.

"Mom...he's a...monster! Why would you..." he muttered before she walked over to the wolfman defiantly and huddled up underneath him pressing her back up against him. Jack was horrified to see the wolfman put his paw onto his mother's shoulder claiming her as his prize.

"Ye wouldn't understand" she said before she reached over to grab her lover's paw. "I know a monster when ah see wun, and he's not a monster" she argued.

"He's killed people hasn't he?" Jack shouted.

"He only kills when he has to" She said quickly.

"Look kid, I'm tired. If I was any threat to you...I would have killed you a long time ago. You should feel lucky to be a part of my pack" he said as he walked past him and plopped back onto the bed. "You have a lot to learn kid. We all aren't about slaughtering everything we see" he said.

"Part of your pack?" Jack muttered.

His mother touched his shoulder and sighed heavily. "When you're under his roof, you are part of his pack. He's going to take care of us honey" she said as she crawled into the bed huddling up against her werewolf lover. "Are you still wanting to sleep in here?" she asked.

Jack was rather uncomfortable seeing his mother being enveloped by the wolfman and her being perfectly fine with him gnawing at her neck. "Um...no...this is just a weird dream" he muttered. Jack looked behind him at Cerberus who was looking up at him happily. "You have no problem with this either?" he asked.

"Oh careful you're going to leave a mark!" Gwen shrieked.

"Isn't that the point?" Randall said in his deep beastly tone. He bit her a little harder and she laughed shoving at his face.

"Hey quit that! You're going to freak him out" she told him.

"I'm going for your ear next" he said which Jack left the room in a rush, and he chuckled at this before he nibbled on her ear growling into it causing her to moan softly. She smiled and turned to kiss him on the lips before she locked lips with his and invaded his mouth with her tongue.

Jack had peeped in and was mortified with the disgusting sight. His mother was in a tongue battle with a beast, and she was winning. She grabbed onto him in various places and started going down south, which it was too far south for his comfort, so he left to go back into his room not sure what to make of his discovery. He most certainly wanted to hide the details about what his mother was doing, but he knew his friends were going to ask him what he saw.

He walked into his room with Cerberus following behind not at all concerned. To him this was all normal behavior for those two, and he knew this was all very new to Jack. He hopped onto Jack's bed and watched him crawl into his bed and try to get some sleep. He could hear Randall fooling around with Gwen, but he looked over at Jack seeing that he was trying to reach for his radio in an attempt to drown out his thoughts.

The next morning Jack woke up, but he spent fifteen minutes staring up at the ceiling traumatized. He could smell breakfast being made, and he did not want to go outside of his room; however, his stomach won this round. Cerberus waited at his door waiting to be let out needing to do his duty. When he opened the door, he ran into his sister. "Watch it!" he shouted.

She huffed at him. "You ran into me!" she muttered before she stomped down the hallway into the living room. "Mom! Jack is being a jerk!" She tattled on him.

There was a pause before their mother laughed. "Leave him alone. He's had a rough night" she told her.

"He had another werewolf dream?"

"It was more than just a werewolf dream"

"Did he wet the bed?"

Her mother laughed and shook her head. "No, thank goodness" she said before Jack came into the kitchen not seeing any signs of Randall anywhere, but he did see the insane amount of food that his mother was making. She never made this much food before, but now this was a normal occurrence. "Why do you have to make so much food? When did you start eating meat?" he asked.

His mother giggled to herself. "Randall gets cranky if he doesn't get enough to eat...and I started eating meat when I got pregnant. I don't have a choice. These babies crave meat all the time" she said as she rubbed her belly. Jack cringed thinking that maybe he was not dreaming everything last night.

"Where's Randall?" His sister asked.

"I bet he's changing" Jack muttered under his breath. His mother looked back at him and raised an eyebrow.

"He's actually cleaning up a kill he made this morning" she corrected him with a slight menacing gaze, which Jack gulped. "Could you be a dear and tell Randall that breakfast is ready?" she asked.

"Why would I want to be a deer around a wolf!?" he shouted.

"I'll get him!" His sister shouted. Before she could run off, Jack grabbed her by the arm tightly. She tried to jerk her arm away, and she looked at him annoyed. "Hey! Let go!" she shouted.

"Don't go in there! Don't you know that he's a monster!?" he shouted.

"In your dreams! If he is a monster, maybe he's not a bad one" she muttered.

Their mother smirked at her, and she went back to finish cooking. "If your brother is too scared then you go get him sweetie!" she said impatiently, which Emily stuck her tongue out at Jack and ran off.

Jack took off after her, and he grabbed her shoulder before she could open the door to the shed out in the backyard. "I mean it! He's a freaking werewolf!" he shouted.

She glared at him and defiantly opened the door. She turned to see a gutted out deer carcass hung up where Randall chopped up hunks of meat and stowed them away in

Ziploc bags ready to be put in the freezer. Cerberus was on the floor gnawing at a hoof looking up at them.

"Um, Mom says that Breakfast is ready" Emily said sweetly. His stomach growled out loudly before she watched him start to stack the hundreds of pounds of meat. She took a couple steps closer looking back at her brother proud with herself at how brave she was. "Chomper? Are you a werewolf?"

Randall stopped to look back, and he smirked evilly. "Yup" he answered before he slammed his butcher knife into the wood and leaned up against the wall casually. "Your mother wanted to surprise you on howloween" he told her.

"Howl-o-ween?" She muttered before she giggled to herself. "Oh? You're going to dress up as a werewolf" Emily said as she turned to look back at Jack whose face went from smug to irritate in a nanosecond. "See, you're just crazy" she told him.

"He should stop watching werewolf movies" Randall said as he scooped up the meat in his arms and set them into the freezer.

"He's such a scaredy cat" She remarked before she walked back inside the house.

Jack followed her and stopped short of the door mumbling, "I know what you are! You ain't turning mom into a wolf too!"

Randall laughed as he shut the door to the shed. "You're too late kid. She's already a wolf" he told him with a smirk.

Jack's heart raced, and he thought about his mother eating meat. He watched Randall walk up to him and reach out. He flung his arm out, but Randall's long arms extended over, and he grabbed Jack's head with a playful squeeze. "I'm only joking kid" he told him before he ruffled his head.

Jack looked back at him annoyed as he released his head. "Are you going to turn her into a wolf?" He shrugged his shoulders and walked off. Jack was not satisfied with his response and clenched his fist with contempt.

Randall entered the kitchen through the glass door, and he got a good view of his fiancée's behind as she leaned in to set up the table. He touched her hip as he pulled out his chair, and Jack walked in on her sneaking a kiss on Randall's temple while he sat down. "You be good, Chomper" she muttered lowly into his ear as she reached in to feel up his chest.

He turned to smooch her on the lips, and Emily sat down looking at the two of them curiously. "Aren't we going to the pumpkin patch today?" she asked.

Randall and Gwen looked up at her almost forgetting the plans they made for the weekend. "Oh, that's right" he muttered.

"Of course we're going to the pumpkin patch" She told her daughter as she sat down beside her fiancé.

"I'm going to find the biggest one, and I'm going to put a werewolf on it!" Emily said before she looked over at Jack.

"Shut up!" Jack shouted at her.

Gwen giggled to herself. "Emily, that's enough" she scolded her.

Later that day, Randall drove them out of town through a bunch of farmland before they arrived at Lone Pine Farms. When they got out of the car, there were the usual stares coming at his direction. Gwen stepped out and grabbed onto his hand while proudly rubbing her ten week Quad baby bump whenever another woman drew near.

Jack and Emily did not stray far from their mother. Jack was somewhat mopey, while Emily was very upbeat. The farm was rather large and decked out in Halloween decorations with monsters with cut out faces for photo ops.

Behind the main building was a petting barn where the kids could interact with the farm animals. There was an elaborate catwalk system outside of the barn where the tourists could feed the goats through a cup on pulley. The food was in a gumball machine and kids begged their parents for quarters in order to feed them.

Emily grabbed Randall's hand spotting the werewolf cut out instantly. "Hey! Hey! Let's take pictures!" she shouted.

Jack glared at her, but their mother smirked. "That's a great idea!" she said before they walked past the lone pine and picnic tables. As Randall drew near, the goats in the petting zoo all looked up and the ones on the catwalk ran down the ramp into the barn along with the others on the ground behind the fencing while bleating out in fear.

Everyone watched on in confusion not sure what to think of the mass exodus to the barn, but the parents turned to look back seeing Randall, which for those who had not already seen him, they were in for a shock. Gwen looked towards the large docile apex predator amused.

"Where did all the goats go?" Emily asked.

"Chomper scared them" Jack muttered.

Emily looked back at him and rolled her eyes. "He is pretty big" she said simply.

"No...they know what he is" Jack said lowly as he grabbed her shoulder.

"You do know I can hear you right?" Randall muttered.

Gwen shook her head at him and smiled. "Animals do act differently around him, but it's his size and voice that spooks them" she corrected him.

"Hmph! I'm not falling for that!" he muttered as they got to taking pictures.

Gwen noticed that Randall started acting strangely. He was a lot more vigilant and quiet than his usual self. As they got into the barn, she used the panicked animals' cries of

terror to her advantage, where she tugged on his shoulder and looked up at him worried. "What's wrong?" she spoke loudly.

He sighed and leaned in to whisper into her ear, "Someone is stalking us"

She had a sinking feeling as if knowing who it was, and her heart sank. "No...what is he doing here?" she muttered to herself. She pulled out her phone from her shirt before he shook her head at her.

"I don't know if it's him. I don't know what he smells like. We don't have any proof that they are stalking you" he whispered into her ear.

"Randall...I don't know about this. This is so stupid" she told him.

"Hun, I don't call the police for pest control" He told her before he rubbed her back. "You're safe with me babe" he said while pulling her into him.

She felt oddly at ease, and she looked up at him happily. "I know you can protect me. I just don't want my kids see you rip their father's throat out in front of them" she said before she looked back at Jack who had overheard them. She frowned and sighed before Randall slung his arm around her, which she rubbed her arm nervously. "Jack...he's not really going to do that" she told him.

Jack was still horrified, but Emily rushed up to them and smiled. She did not notice that she nearly knocked him over during her excitement. "Can I feed 'em mum!?" she shouted.

"Sure!" Her mother said before she reached into her purse.

After Emily fed the chickens, the hay ride arrived outside the barn. Jack lagged behind his mother looking between her and Randall. He felt as if his dream had not ended, and he could not believe that his mother was in love with something that goes bump in the night.

He felt helpless and afraid about what this creature would do, and he could see just how nervous the huge draft horses got when Randall got near them. Emily stuck very close to him, which farther dumbfounded him. His younger sister was poking at one of Randall's bicep curiously, and he would flex it causing her to retract her hand in surprise.

She squealed and felt his bicep again. "You got really big muscles" she pointed out.

Her mother laughed while shaking her head, and she looked at Jack who was moping, which she nudged him playfully. "Hey...we're here to have fun" she told him.

He pulled away before Randall poked him also. "Yea, we're here to have fun!" he said. Jack looked back at him depressed, and he felt bad for the kid. "You do know your mom and I are playing with you right?"

Jack looked at him annoyed. "So you aren't a werewolf then?" he asked loudly. Some of the people looked at them strangely, but Randall was not worried.

"No, I'm still going to be a werewolf for Howloween" he answered.

Gwen giggled to herself and nodded. "Yea, you got him" she said before she gave him a wink. "He's not going to be kid friendly" she remarked which Randall and Jack both looked at her strangely.

"How am I kid friendly?" Randall muttered.

"Yea! Really mom!" Jack shouted.

"Check out the costume I'm going to make" she said as she pulled out her phone.

"Oh! I like it!" Emily squealed.

Jack gasped in horror. "Mom! That's a cartoon character from Let's be heroes!" he shouted.

Randall looked up at the others in the wagon with them, and he growled at them causing them to quickly avert their gaze; although most of the parents were laughing at the conversation. The little kids however believed that Randall was a real werewolf"

"Tch, don't you dear color my fur purple!" Randall mumbled to himself.

"What's that dear? I didn't quite hear you" she teased.

"Nothing..." he said before Jack looked back between them with the gears starting to turn in his head. Randall shot him an intense glare. "Don't you be getting ideas kid!" he shouted as he crossed his arms over his chest in a huff.

Gwen laughed between the two of them bickering, and Emily looked up at him and smiled. "Your fur?" she asked.

Randall paused and blushed rubbing the back of his head. "Oh yea I did say that didn't I?" he muttered hoping to try to explain his way out of this one. "I was only joking, heh heh"

"So you want your fur purple?" she asked.

Randall growled. "Hell no!" he raised his voice.

Emily laughed. "Oh...so you weren't joking?" she teased.

Randall's eyes narrowed on her realizing she was screwing with him, but Jack was irritated with her believing her to be that dense. Gwen nudged Randall smiling and giving him a wink. He looked at her confused before she pulled him down to whisper into his ear. "She saw you hunting a while ago, dear"

He looked back at her with a raised eyebrow. "Huh, she wasn't traumatized?" he whispered back.



"She was worried at first, but she actually got pretty excited when I told her it was you. Haven't you noticed that she's gotten a lot closer to you the last few months?"

"No? I thought she was normally this close"

Gwen shook her head "She's normally shy, but after I told her that you protect me from those bad men, and you gave me a baby, she trusts you more than ever" she said before she placed a hand over her bump. "I told her it was our secret" she told him quietly.

"At least I can count on Emily" he muttered.

"Oh, by the way, it was her idea for the costume" Gwen added.

Randall snickered to himself. "I would have figured that much" he muttered.

They soon stopped and everyone got out of the wagon, and Randall quickly found two of the biggest pumpkins. He yanked a 32 inch diameter pumpkin from the ground and sat it on his shoulder. He showed off one of the pumpkins to his pack and Emily shrieked, "Wow! It's huge!"

Jack's mouth hung open, but Emily drew the attention of the other parents. Some of the fathers not wanting to be outdone tried to show off their machoness to their women. One of them wound up injuring their back trying to pick up an 18 inch pumpkin, and another wound up with a hernia. Children started to cry as the fathers winced and writhed in pain.

Randall ran out to scoop up another one while the mothers frantically dialed for paramedics for their husbands. Jack quietly walked back to the wagon as the hunt was cut short due to the medical emergencies. Randall came back with a similar sized pumpkin as the first.

Gwen was embarrassed with the looks she got from the disappointed parents, but she looked towards Randall amused with his satisfaction snagging the two biggest pumpkins in the field for her children. "Hun, the kids were supposed to pick the pumpkins not you" she said.

"But mom! I said I wanted the biggest one! I can't lift that!" Emily remarked.

"See, I got what she wanted. Look how happy she is" he told her.

Gwen bit her lip trying to not laugh at the situation, or show her approval of his actions; however, she could not hold in her arousal, and he knew she was hiding her true feelings. "Yes, but..." she said before she sighed seeing her daughter caressing the pumpkin with a devilish grin. "...oh never mind" she muttered before she cracked a smile at him.

"Bitch..." one of the mothers mumbled.

"What an asshole!" another mother muttered.



Jack looked at the pumpkin that he presumed would be his, and he looked back up to Randall not impressed but satisfied as well. "Can you lift a car? Can't you?" he asked lowly.

"I've thrown a smart car once" Randall said to him quietly.

"How far?" Jack shrieked.

Randall paused and rubbed the back of his head. "Pretty far"

"A better question is...why did you throw a smart car?" Gwen asked softly.

"Got drunk" he said with an awkward grin.

"Tch, figures..." She scoffed before she bit her lip remembering what happened last time she got drunk. She rubbed her belly reminded of how she wound up pregnant with werewolf pups. "You know...I'm glad you don't drink much. I'd hate to see you drunk, honey" she said.

"I'm weird when I'm drunk" He muttered.

"You already know what I'm like" she whispered to him.

"Heh, I most certainly do" he laughed nervously.

Later, they arrived at the main building, and Randall got way too excited and lifted both pumpkins onto his shoulders making another spectacle of himself. The mothers saw him as some kind of freak of nature, and the fathers only envied him.

When they got the pumpkins weighed and paid for, they turned out to weigh 131 lbs for the 24 inch, and 273 lbs for the 32 inch. The lady at the scale was gob smacked to see him carry all that weight, and Gwen grinned at all the attention. She hoped that whoever was stalking them had second thoughts seeing her fiancé/strongman/bodyguard carrying a little over 400 lbs on his shoulders comfortably without fatigue as they walked to the car.

Gwen opened the trunk for him, which he set the two gourds down causing the car's rear to sink a couple inches. "Wow, are you the strongest werewolf ever?" Emily asked.

Randall looked back at her and laughed. "No, there's stronger werewolves in my family. My Uncle Bernie is the strongest, and then there's Steele...he's like the strongest werewolf ever" he answered.

"No way...just how much stronger can they be?" Jack muttered as he tried to comprehend something stronger than Randall.

"Let's just say that my Uncle can flip a boxcar no problem" Randall said as flung the trunk shut.

"Jesus! How huge is he?" Gwen asked.

"He's around the same height as me only he weighs nearly 500 pounds...and that's not transformed" he said.

"Wow, could you pack on more weight?" she asked as they got in the car.

"Why? I'm plenty strong as it is. I'm already stronger than most the werewolves out there" he muttered.

She fidgeted with her fingers and thought about her catch then about the size of his family. "Well, I didn't know...the only other werewolves I've seen are your parents you're your cousins. I didn't know that they were considered large in werewolf standards"

"Heh, are you worried about the supernatural attacking our pack?" he asked.

"A little..." she said meekly.

"Heh heh, don't you worry. Our world isn't like that" he said as he reached over to rub her shoulder.

"Hey! Can we get something to eat?" Emily asked sweetly.

"Where do you want to go?"

"Dairy Queen!" She shouted out instantly.

"Of course you do" he said as he looked at her through the rearview mirror. He looked up noticing a white Cadillac following them. Gwen looked in the side mirror and grew very nervous.

"It's him..." she spoke softly. She looked up at him and gulped. "What are we going to do?" she asked.

His eyes narrowed onto the figure driving the vehicle behind them, and his eyes started to turn yellow. "Just let me handle it" he said in an intimidating tone.

Jack was reminded that Randall was a werewolf hearing his voice change to a deeper threatening tone just like the night before. He began to panic while Emily looked up at him worried. "Why is Chomper angry?" she asked.

"Don't worry about it. I'm not angry with you" he informed her.

Emily looked behind to where Jack was looking. "What?"

"I think that's our dad..." he muttered.

"That's our dad?" she asked in dismay. She studied the man in the car, and she was quick to dislike him all the while having all of the stories and comments from her mother and grandparents run through her head. He was pretty much what she pictured in her head; however, to her, Randall was much scarier than this man whom she never knew.

As pulled into the Dairy Queen drive thru, the kid's father waited in the parking lot. Gwen pulled out her phone quietly filming proof that they were being stalked by this man. After they pulled back out onto the main road, they were continued being followed. Randall avoided driving directly to his home and instead drove to a park where the confrontation began.

Charlie stepped out of his car holding onto an L shaped lug wrench in an attempt to intimidate them. He was covered from head to toe in tattoos and his head shaved. He was a tall well-built brute, but not even close to Randall's extreme stature. "So! You think you can leave me on the streets, bitch?"

Gwen quietly clung onto Randall's arm and gulped. Randall crossed his arms over his chest not at all scared of this man, and Charlie growled at him. "What are you going to protect her? Don't you know what she is do you?"

Gwen glared at Charlie with intense hatred clearly not wanting him to be giving away parts of her life that she would rather forget. Randall rolled his eyes at him. "Well of course I am" he muttered as he wrapped an arm around her.

"Tch, I can believe that my most prized show girl got knocked up again!" he shouted before he pointed the lug wrench at them. "That's right! Gwen is no angel! She's the sluttiest stripper from Ten Gallon Jugs! We even had a cam girl show online. All the guys came to spend big money on her! Then she had to go and get knocked up! Looks like she got knocked up again! Tch, man you let yourself go. He I thought you wanted to get your debt paid off, you stupid fat cow" he told them.

She gritted her teeth and growled lowly, but she felt guilty knowing that there was video of her doing sexual acts online. He always said mean things to bring her down, and he got to her this time. Her anger and disgust with herself welled up inside, and she began to cry. Randall squeezed her hand and took in a deep breath and sighed heavily. "You think I give a damn about her past? You don't own her. What is it to you that I knocked my fiancée up?" he said sternly.

"Tch, she's damaged goods! She's no longer that young hot fiery red head! Now's she just a fat mother with fucking saggy udders!" he said.

"If she's that repulsive to you, then what do you want with her?" Randall shouted.

Charlie smirked. "She's my cash cow, and you're going to give her to me!" he said.

Jack stepped out of the car and saw his mother crying in Randall's arms. "Dad?" he muttered.

Charlie looked towards his son and put up a fake smile. "Buddy! How's it going champ? Would you like to come stay at daddy's place for a while?"

Randall glared at him. "Jack, get back in the car...now!" he spoke harshly to him. Jack looked up at him confused, but his mother shot him a very cold leer as if telling him to do as Randall said. "I mean it! He's trying to manipulate you"

"You mean like what you're doing?" Jack said defiantly.

Randall's eyes flashed yellow at him causing him to back up and gulp. "Don't you test me boy! You have no understanding what's going on. Don't make me ask you again, or I'm dragging your ass back into the car" He spoke harshly.

Charlie glared at Randall. "How dare you speak to my son that way!" he shouted.

Randall snorted and shook his head. "How dare you speak to my fiancée that way. I would suggest you leave before we call the cops" he said.

"Jack get inside!" Emily pleaded.

Charlie motioned for Jack to come to his side, but Randall growled at him lowly. His mother remained quiet in Randall's arms sick to her stomach, and Emily screamed at Jack to get back inside the car once more. Charlie took a step towards Jack, and Randall stepped in his way.

Randall growled at him, and Gwen grabbed Jack's hand pulling him towards the car. Charlie grew desperate and raised the lug wrench over his head. "Dad no!" Jack shouted in horror. Gwen looked back at saw Charlie about to swing the iron down, and Randall grabbed Charlie's wrist and overpowered him twisting his arm around snapping his radius bone like a twig.

Charlie let out a horrific scream dropping the wrench to the ground before Randall grabbed him by the face muffing his screams with his palm. "If you ever touch Gwen or her kids, I will rip your beating heart out from your body and make you eat it!" he told him in a slightly morphed voice.

"That's enough!" Gwen yelled as she grabbed Randall.

Some of the neighborhood kids were watching from the playground equipment and fields. They saw the whole thing, and Randall looked back at them causing them to look away out of fear. Jack's father quickly got into his car to drive to the hospital before Randall walked past Jack not saying a word; however, he slammed the door shut.

Emily looked up at the overly stressed out werewolf and watched him grab his forehead and knead it intensely. "Thank you...Chomper" she said softly.

Randall stopped to look back at the little girl, and he reached back to ruffle her hair. "Thank you for staying in the car"

Emily looked back at Gwen getting into Jack's face chastising him for his disobedience, and she frowned. "What happened?" she asked.

"Don't worry about it. When we get home, we are going to carve our pumpkins and pretend none of this ever happened" he said sternly which then Jack got inside the car and slammed the door shut. Gwen came in and leaned over burying her face into his chest clutching his shirt tightly as she wept quietly.

Randall leaned his head up against hers and rubbed her side gently in an attempt to console her. She withdrew farther into him as much as the car would allow before he drove them back home. Jack looked out the window with tears in his eyes, and Randall looked up at him in the rearview mirror closely and sighed seeing the poor boy being torn up on the inside. "Jack?" he called out lowly.

Jack's mind drifted back from his internal monologue, and his puffy eyes wondered over to the rearview mirror making eye contact with Randall's weary eyes which he suddenly broke it looking ahead. "You're a good kid..." he said.

Jack stared at him in confusion not sure what he meant when all he could see was the trouble he had caused. His mother was quietly pulling back some as she held onto Randall's hand tightly. "What do you mean?" he asked him.

"You're loyal kid...I respect that" Randall said.

Jack went quiet and looked back outside hoping this was all just a really bad dream. When they got home, Jack quietly went to his room while his mother remained close and somber feeling like lowly. Randall kept her close as he walked them into the living room. Emily sat on Randall's chair as he sat with her mother not aware of the horrible domestic violence her mother endured.

"Mama? Are you okay?" Emily asked.

Gwen shook her head slowly and pulled her face deeper into Randall's chest. Cerberus whimpered softly sensing her breakdown. She listened to his heart beats and his breathing and was lulled into a light sleep. Emily watched quietly for half an hour as Randall transformed slightly due to his pent up stress.

He grew fangs and claws, while end of his nose blackened and morphed into a canine nose. His lips and border of his eyelids turned black while his skin darkened. Fur sprouted all over his body, and he kicked off his shoes allowing his feet to grow and lengthen into a cross between plantigrade and digitigrade. His ears became pointed and grew fur, and finally his shirt ripped at his chest. Emily was nervous and kept her distance never being this close to him when he wolfed out.

She watched her mother's hand wonder up to the patch of fur on his chest and felt him up. When she awoke, she looked up at him and smiled giving him a big smooch on the nose. "I love you so much" she told him. She looked towards her daughter and smiled letting her know that she was okay now, which Emily jumped out of her chair running up to them.

"Can we carve our pumpkins?" she asked.

Gwen looked towards the wolfman and smiled while scratching at his chest. "Well big bad? You aren't going to tell that cute face 'no', are you?" she asked.

He looked between them quietly, which Emily back up cautiously, but her mother reached up to caress his jawline before scratching behind his ear. "You don't need to turn back into a human. I know you're stressed out, honey" she said.

He closed his eyes and murred to her scratching behind his ear, which he turned his head bearing more of his neck and ear towards her. "What about, Jack?"

Gwen paused before she let out a noise then hesitated once more. "Uh...Jack can come out when he's ready" she said as she watched Emily creep up and reached out to touch his hand.

She quickly pulled it away before she looked up at him and giggled as she went in to touch his hand again. He flexed his fingers making them pop causing the little girl to flinch. "This is so weird? Does it hurt?" she asked.

He chuckled to himself and ruffled her head as he stood up. Gwen slid off to the side and smiled up at him then at her daughter who was grabbing at his paw. "What do you think about having a werewolf daddy?"

"This is so cool!" she shouted.

Randall glanced over at Jack who was peeking his head out from the corner. "Are you coming?" he asked.

Jack took a step out into the living room staring him down before he looked towards his sister who was hanging off the arm of this dangerous man eater posing as their family member. He pushed those thoughts back as he was the only one who had a problem with a werewolf in the family, but he did see how much happier his mother was.

"Um...you're really a werewolf aren't you? Not something else?" he muttered.

His sister got really annoyed with him and huffed. "You aren't scared of him are you!?" she shouted.

Jack glared at her. "You're so stupid! You should be scared of him! He can kill us all if he wanted to!" he shouted at her.

"But he gave mom babies!" she argued.

"Oh yea? You know what happens when a human gets pregnant with a werewolf baby?" he shouted. Gwen's eyes widened in horror as she did not want for her daughter to panic for her sake.

Randall glanced over at him annoyed. "Oh, do tell" he said sarcastically.

"Jack, that's enough!" Gwen raised her voice as she gave him a cold look.

"The babies will eat her from the inside out! They'll kill her!" Jack shouted. Emily gasped and looked up between her mother and Randall worried. Her mother's head sank low and touched her hand to her bump.

Randall growled at him. "She's not going to die you fool! Feh, you understand that regular human pregnancies and childbirth can kill the mother just as much as being pregnant with a werewolf pup right?" he said before he crossed his arms over his chest. "Just who have you been talking to?" he asked.

Jack gulped and backed up. "Um, no one..." he muttered.

"They know I know where they live, right!? I swear if any hunters start popping up in the neighborhood, I'm going to find those friends of yours!" Randall said in an intimidating tone.

"Chomper! Stop! They are just children" Gwen mumbled.

"You aren't going to die are you mommy?" Emily asked.

Gwen shook her head and sighed heavily. "No, Chomper has been making sure mommy gets enough nutrients for the babies, so they aren't sucking me dry" she told her daughter.

"Yea, that's because mom is turning into a werewolf!" Jack blurted out.

"Just keep running your mouth boy and see what happens!" Randall shouted.

"Are you going to turn into a werewolf?" Emily asked as she grabbed onto her skirt.

Her mother looked down at her and frowned. "I don't know. If I do it's only temporary honey..." she said.

"She's not full blown werewolf. She's just flooded with werewolf steroids and hormones from the pups. She will she transform...err at least not into anything like this" Randall explained as he motioned to himself.

Gwen bit her lip and nodded. "Everything is going to be alright honey" she told her daughter before she glared over at Jack. "I don't want your friends causing us any trouble. Maybe Randall and I should have a talk with them" she said.

"Mom! Don't!" Jack shouted.

Randall looked at her worried. "You think that's such a good idea?"

"Randall, they already suspect you. Wouldn't it just be better to show them that you aren't a threat to them?" She asked. He looked at her apprehensively before she smiled at him weakly. "Let me handle this. I work with children every day" she told him with optimism.

She gave him a peck on the cheek before she grabbed her coat. "I'll be back. You get everything set up, okay?" she told him sweetly. She walked out the door and got into her car and drove off.

Randall looked back over at Jack disappointed and sighed. "You didn't tell anyone else did you?" he asked. Jack shook his head quickly before Randall headed for the door.



"You know if a hunter found out your mother was pregnant with my pups...they'll kill her" he informed him.

He went outside, and Jack's gut tied itself into knots as he began to realize that he might have made a grave mistake. "Kill her?" he murmured. He ran outside to where Randall was unloading the pumpkins from the trunk of his car. "Why would they kill my mom?" he asked.

Randall paused and stared at him coldly. "Hunters will not discriminate between good or bad werewolves. They don't even care if they are en utero. They see a woman pregnant with a werewolf pup as being a werewolf themselves. They are a hate group, Jack. You don't want to get involved with them" he told him lowly.

Jack clenched his fist and gritted his teeth. Randall could tell when Jack did, but he gently grabbed his head. "Why don't you get the newspaper and spread them out?" he told him before he lifted the other pumpkin over his shoulder. Jack looked up at him hoping that Randall had not figured out that his friends had been solicited by a hunter already.

He quickly nodded his head and went into the garage to pull out some newspapers. After Randall sat the pumpkins down, Emily came out into the garage with Cerberus. She looked up at him and smiled cutely. "You think I'll get married to a werewolf too?" she asked.

He looked over at her and snickered a bit. "You gotta find the right one first. I'm sure they'll make you very happy" he told her.