



Chapter 9 "You're Lucky You Have a Werewolf Dad"

There were a couple of loud yelps, which curiosity got the better of me, and I grabbed Randall's massive shirt and put it on before walking down the steps. "What's going on hun?" I asked as I got to the bottom. All I could hear was his persistent deep growling.

I saw him pinning down a much smaller werewolf to the ground by holding them by the scruff of their neck baring his razor sharp fangs at them. The werewolf looked up at him dazed and scared whimpering with their tail between their legs. I could not tell what gender they were but I approached them to get a better look, and I looked over his shoulder. This one looked very small, almost as if they were a pup.

"Honey?" I called to him as I squeezed his shoulder. The little one stared at me surprised. He looked over at me sternly, which the little one squirmed, and Randall twisted their scruff causing them to yelp out in great pain. I began to fear for the little one's safety and I gripped him a little tighter. "Please! Don't kill 'em" I cried out.

He relaxed his grip, and he got off them. The poor thing had urinated on the floor and remained catatonic not moving a muscle. I saw Jack and Emily's shadow out of the

corner of my eye; however, I kept the little one in the center of my attention. Randall stood up towering over them with his arms crossed over his massive chest staring them down in intimidation. My Father stood at the front of the barn door with his shotgun drawn, and my mother grabbed the barrel forcing it down. "Look at the size of that one compared to him. That has to be a child" she told him.

My father lowered his gun reluctantly before the little one reverted into human form turning into a little girl around Jack's age. Blood stained her lips and hands as she withdrew into a ball crying and sniveling. Jack and Emily left their hiding spots and drew near. My family stared at the nude girl cowering and trembling at my fiancé's feet.

"Why are you attacking my family's farm animals?" I asked her calmly.

"I-I-I was h-h-hungry" she said meekly.

"No shit! Why are you attacking them!?" Randall shouted at her. She flinched and whimpered.

"Chomper please...she's a little girl" I lectured him rolling my eyes. I took a deep breath and shook my head with a sigh. "Don't your parents feed you well?" I asked.

"My parents are dead!" She muttered lowly before she whimpered. "Ever since I've started turning into this form, I've always been hungry. I got scared my new parents would find out, so I ran away. I didn't want to hurt them. I don't know what's happening to me! I don't even know what I am!"

Randall's eye twitched and growled lowly. "I think you know what you are at this point" he grumbled.

"Selene's werewolf!?" Jack shouted.

The girl looked at her hands, and her lip quivered. "I'm a w-w-werewolf?" she mumbled in disappointment. She looked up at us worried; although, she kept eyeing my pregnant belly, and how close I was to Randall. "What's going to happen to me?"

"I think my fiancé here is going to have to teach you how to be a proper werewolf before you end up getting yourself killed" I told her before Randall snorted.

My parents ventured in farther into the barn, and my mother had her heartstrings tugged. "Aw, ya poor lass" she muttered before she picked up Selene and hugged her nearly suffocating her with her huge boobs. She glanced over at Randall and pointed out the door. "Why dinnae ye catch her something to eat? She looks like she's wasting away" she instructed him.

He grumbled to himself as he left the barn, which my mother touched the girl's shoulder. "Let's get ye cleaned up. Ah think we can get ye some clothes, how's that sound?" she said compassionately.

"Okay" Selene murmured.

We took her into the house, and while she took a shower, we tried to find her some clothes, which the only ones we could find that fit her were Jack's clothes. I intentionally kept him out of the loop until she got dressed. I brought the clothes in and sat on the lid of the toilet seat resting the clothes on my lap. My parents were out in the living room watching my kids.

I pulled out my phone and started to text with Randall's mother. "We found a werewolf orphan in our ranch. What do you think I should do?" I asked. The message took an eternity to send with the crappy reception, but it sent after three minutes.

"Why aren't you afraid of him?" she asked while she scrubbed the blood away.

"I've been with him long enough to know what he's really like" I told her as I sat my phone on the counter.

"No...why did you not freak out when you found out? Didn't you think he was going to rip you up?" She asked.

"Well...I thought he was joking when he told me. I guess the more I was with him, the more I began to believe him. I was surprised when I first saw him transform, but I did not feel like his prey. I felt like his mate" I told her honestly before I touched my belly. "I'm very open minded. I'm not afraid to try new things" I finished.

"He's really mean and scary" she muttered.

"Most of the werewolf males are scary. He's actually really nice when you get to know him. He just doesn't like it when someone threatens his pack" I told her.

She turned off the water and stared at the drain. "I'm sorry. I hope he doesn't hate me" she muttered.

"Cheer up! He's got a soft spot for pups" I said before I whispered, "Just don't tell him that!"

My phone vibrated and startled us both before I picked it up quickly. "I would have her stay put. I can make some arrangements to have someone meet you in the morning. Just treat her as your own" his mother texted.

"She's afraid of Randall. He nearly killed her" I replied.

Selene got out of the shower feeling a little better before I helped her get dressed. Her stomach growled loudly as I brushed her hair. She murred softly and leaned into me. It reminded me a lot of Randall whenever I groom him. "Does that feel good?"

She nodded quickly and blushed. "Yea..." she pulled herself away feeling embarrassed that she was not behaving like a human. "Sorry..." she mumbled.

I snickered at her self-consciousness. "Don't be. Randall acts the same way. It's normal...I think" I told her. If you speak of the devil, he shall appear. Randall opened the door and stared at me.

"Are you only wearing a shirt...or do you got shorts on?" He muttered.

I stared at him blankly before I shifted on the seat uncomfortably remembering that I was only in his huge XXX-large t-shirt. "Did you fetch her something to eat?" I changed the subject. Luckily for me, his shirt went down to my mid-thigh.

The girl gulped and hid behind me a little. "He's even huge in human form?!" she shrieked.

Randall looked at her amused and crossed his arms over his chest. "Well of course I did. What kind of werewolf would I be if I didn't" He said arrogantly. I stood up and rolled my eyes at him.

My phone vibrated again, and this time his mother sent, "Randall wouldn't kill a pup. I take it that he's the first werewolf he has ever seen then?"

"Yes, he's putting up the tough guy act with her" I texted her. Selene looked at my phone while she dried off before she looked up at him a little less afraid. I caught her and smiled at her handing her the outfit I picked out.

I looked up at Randall and waved him off. "Shoo! Shoo! Go prepare her a proper werewolf meal!" I raised my voice as I pushed him out the door.

"Alright, alright, alright! I'm going!" he grumbled.

Selene laughed at my treatment of the big scary werewolf, and I looked back grinning at her as I closed the door behind him. "See, he's not that mean. He's just a big lug" I told her.

My phone went off again, "Tell him to tone it down. I don't want her scared of her own kind"

"I've got it taken care of. I'm being the dominant one now XD" It texted back.

After Selene got dressed, I grabbed her hand and escorted her through the house, which Jack intercepted us glaring at me intensely. "Why does she have to wear my clothes?!" He shouted.

"Jack please...not now" I spoke lowly. I gave him the look, but he persisted.

"What if she transforms? She'll ruin them!" He continued.

Randall had snuck up behind him and swatted him upside the head. I was about to do the same thing to him, but he smacked him a lot lighter than I would have. "Ow!" He shouted as he rubbed the back of his head.

"Knock that shit off! It's just stupid cloth! We can always buy you a new set. Bickering is only going to stress her out and make her more likely to transform!" He lectured him.

I nodded at this before I sighed heavily. "Just go back to bed"

Randall looked towards Selene sympathetically. "Come! I caught you a rabbit to snack on" he said before he walked her into the kitchen.

"Oh uh...thank you" she said nervously. He picked up the plate with raw rabbit meat, and she stared at it with a big cringe.

He laughed at her and sat it down. "What's wrong? It's still warm. Eat it! Your stomach can handle it"

Selene gulped and poked at it. I could not blame her for reacting this way, but I sat beside her and touched her back. "Is it because it's a bunny rabbit?" She nodded at this, and I rubbed her back some. "It's okay the bunny rabbit gave its life to feed you. You wouldn't want it to go to waste would you?" I asked her calmly.

Randall looked to find this ridiculous, but Emily distracted him by grabbing him by his shorts. "Randall? Can I sleep with you and mommy tonight?" she asked.

I thought about it, but then I remembered that the Selene was going to need a place to sleep anyway. "Yes you may" I told her with a little giggle. I looked towards Randall, who was shaking his head at me, and I rolled my eyes at him. "You knew this was going to happen anyway" I said lowly

"Yay!" She squealed.

Selene slowly grabbed a piece of meat and daintily brought it to her lips. I watched quietly as she popped it into her mouth and ate it. I took it that she liked the taste as she went for another bite and then on. "Atta a girl...eat up" I told her before I stood up out of my chair and yawning repeatedly.

"I'm getting tired...why don't you go warm up the bed honey" I told my giant fiancé.

He looked at me strangely while Emily tugged on his arm. "Turn into the big bad wolf and protect me from the cold!" She shouted.

"Ya! I second that!" I said snickering at the sad pathetic man wolf being dragged away by a small girl all the while whimpering and looking at me as if I would save him. "That bed better be warm when I get there!" I warned him with a sadistic smile.

I looked back towards Selene, and she had already finished her meal. My mother was at the table watching her closely; although, she was a bit shocked to see how quickly a child could eat. "Oh my lord! Ya must have been starving!" she remarked.

Selene yawned, and I could tell she was about to go into a food coma. It was a little strange for one rabbit to do any werewolf in. Hell, I have seen Randall eat the damned turkey for thanksgiving and did not fall asleep. "Jez, How many rabbits did he catch?" I asked.

"About three and a half" My mom answered.

"and a half?"

My mother fidgeted with her fingers and looked away. "He's a good cook. Your Da and Ah had some"

"I thought it was raw"

"Not the bit we had"

"He caught everything and cooked that quick?"

"Hun, Ye were in the bathroom for a little over two hours. Ah sent Randall over to see if ye two were okay"

My father chuckled to himself as he sat down a building he had been painting onto scrap paper. "He said that ye were fine. Said his hearing was so good that he would have intervened if necessary, but yer mother wouldn't be satisfied unless he looked"

"Ah amen't used to werewolves" My mother protested.

"Speaking of which, My pups want to spend time with their wolf daddy" I told them as I held onto my belly. I felt like a kickboxer's punching bag, and I was starting to transform. My mother's eyes grew wide, and she gasped.

"Are ye a werewolf!?" she shrieked.

"It's not permanent...this is all from being exposed to werewolf hormones" I told her. I looked down at my belly, which it looked to be bubbling with life. Selene was in shock, but I flashed her a toothy grin. "Do you want to feel them?"

She nodded quickly, and I got up close to her. She reached up and touched my tummy then pressed her ear up against where one of them were kicking, and I was not surprised when she got popped in the jaw startling her. I laughed at her a little. "Are you okay? They are pretty rowdy right now" I told her.

"They're strong...really strong. Are you worried about them fighting with Jack and Emily?"

"I am a little, but that's what having a big scary wolf daddy is for" I told her before I looked at my claws. I noticed that I was growing thin hair on my arms. "Oh man, it's getting worse" I muttered before I shuffled my feet back. "Um, I gotta go..."

I hurried off to the barn where my beloved fiancé was in his big giant werewolf form relaxing on the air mattress with my daughter on top of him face down into the fur on his chest, which that was partly my spot. He glanced over at me and lifted the blanket up. "Cold?" he asked with his very sexy werewolf voice.

I shook my head, and I drew his attention to my belly. "They are acting up again" I complained to him. They were really bothering me, but I liked having him to be a part of this moment. This was just so foreign to me having someone this attentive to my needs. Though, I could see that Emily has exploited all the benefits of having werewolf father. He had definitely spoiled her rotten.

I pulled my daughter off from him much to her protest; although, I guess my appearance was intimidating to her since she moved to the edge of the bed. I felt kind of bad for her, but I have told her many times that were my spot. I crawled into bed holding onto my lower back, which he reached over giving it support when I sat down. "My back is killing me"

"You mean your feet don't hurt today?"

I shook my head at him, but then I had to laugh at something. "No, I can't feel my legs since we got out of the hay no thanks to you" I told him before I leaned in for a smooch.

He stared at me for a moment before he caught on as he let out a low chuckle bopping his snout into my lips. My kiss turned into a series of kisses before I just plain grabbed tufts of thick fur at the back of either side of his jaw and made out with him. He murred softly and I closed my eyes moaning to his tongue invading my mouth. I scooted closer to him so he could touch me, and our pups settled down whenever we did this.

My daughter was at the foot of the bed observing what I could imagine was a strange sight for a little girl. Normally I would not be this way, but I really needed him. After about a minute or two, I released him and went to my spot resting my head on his bicep facing him. I started raking my claws over his chest, and he laid back down exposing his belly to me and dozed off. It was really cute when he did this, so I started to include it in my scratching. My daughter crawled up the bed and looked up at me with intrigue.

"Mommy, do werewolves have more than two nipples?" I looked over at her confused before she pointed to a spot on his belly. "I think I found bumps on his tummy"

I buried a finger underneath his fur, and I found them. Why did I not notice them before? They were pretty thick too. He looked down at me weird when I started playing with it. "What are you doing?" he asked.

"Uh, babe how many nipples do you have?"

"Um...I have ten in this form" he muttered.

"That means that female werewolves have ten boobs" I commented.

"Well, mothers do...females who haven't been pregnant just have two" he spoke up.

"Is this why my boobs got so big? Hormones for ten boobs consolidated into two?" I asked him.

"I guess? I don't know...I'm not a doctor" he said.

I scowled at him. "I doubt that. You are EMS certified! You know a thing or two about anatomy!"

"Well, I do with human anatomy. I don't know how werewolf hormones affect a human. You need to speak to a specialist about this. I'm not that smart" he mumbled.

"You're pretty smart Chomper" Emily remarked.

I pinched his belly nipple and his leg twitched. He reached down brushing my hand away. "Ow! Watch it! Don't twist it!"

"I didn't twist them!" I grumbled.

My daughter was laughing at the foot of the bed wrapped up in the blanket. "Chomper has great big nipples!"

"No I don't!" he said defensively.

"You kinda do hun" I told him as I rolled his grape sized nipple in my fingers causing him to squirm around in the bed. I was thinking about how this might look to some people. A human tickle torturing a werewolf in bed was a sight to behold. I was glad he was so relaxed and not uptight like so many other guys whenever I did this to him.

After fifteen minutes of my petting ritual with him, and like usual, I reverted to my human form; consequently, I noticed that it was getting really cold outside. When I looked up, the rain had transitioned into snow, and I looked towards the foot of the bed hearing my daughter's teeth clattering as she looked back at me with puppy dog eyes.

"Mommy...I'm cold" she complained, but it was still very cute how she said it. I looked back outside and saw Great big snowflakes the size of quarters growing bigger as it piled on outside. We could see steam off our breaths, which I glanced over at my soon-to-be werewolf husband sound asleep in what his natural climate. His breathes made the biggest plume I have ever seen, which he looked very comfortable and at ease without a care about the freezing cold.

Naturally, my daughter and I huddled up to him. It was plenty warm under the blanket especially the closer we got to him. There was something nice about being cuddled up to a big strong furry beast like him during a snowstorm was so romantic. I let out a soft contented sigh accepting my fate of this not being the last pregnancy I will have with him. I knew I would want more, but I was not going to tell him that. I knew I was going to have my hands full with this batch. My daughter drifted into a deep slumber, and I kept petting him.

My attention was turned towards the steps, which I thought I could hear someone talking, but my senses were not as good as Randall's. He was roused, and I looked up at him still raking my fingers over his chest. I really hoped he was not going to jump out of bed and rip someone's head off this time, but I guess he could sense that. "Is it Jack?" I whispered to him.

He nodded looked towards the stairway. "It appears that someone envies Jack" he told me.

I snickered to this and looked to my daughter curled up against him with her head poking out of the blanket as happy as a clam. "You know you always have been an

awesome dad" I told him after I smooched him on the tip of his nose. "I would be jealous too if I didn't have you"