



Chapter 10 "Fangsgiving"

It was beginning to snow outside, and I was snowing a lot. I was getting worried about my mother and sister being out in the cold barn. I know that Randall was a huge werewolf and they had a lot of blankets, but there was no way that he could keep them comfortable. I wanted to go and check on them, but then I heard someone go outside. When I looked outside through my window, I saw that it was not my grandparents going outside, it was Selene.

I put on a coat and boots before I followed her into the barn. I crawled up the steps to the top where I saw her staring at my mom and sister all over Randall. "What are you doing!?"

She looked back at me and whimpered. "I'm cold"

I could not believe how stupid she was. "So you went outside!?"

"Your dad is so warm...You're lucky your dad is a werewolf" she said before my button was pushed.

"He's not my dad! He's just some werewolf that got my mom pregnant!" I shouted.

She flinched and backed up. "I-I-I...I didn't know..." she said timidly.

"Do I look like a werewolf to you!? How can that monster be my dad!" I shouted.

"Monster huh?" that werewolf spoke. His voice was so big and beastly that it always scared me. I did not like being scared or looking like a wuss, but I never heard him sneak up behind us that was the scariest thing about him. He could kill me and my family and no one would know.

Selene looked up at him and smiled. "You're the nicest monster I've met" she said before she glared at me.

I do not know why she is now mad at me, but I was not going to get my throat slashed out from her. For some reason, when I backed away, it really got them mad. "Where are you going!?" Randall shouted at me.

I froze right where I was and looked up at him snarling showing his fangs. His ears were pointed back and his hair stood up on his back. I knew I was in some big shit with him, but I could hear my mother calling him, "Honey! Come back! The bed's getting cold!"

"You better stop shaming her! Got it!" he shouted.

"Or what!? You'll kill me!?" I shouted back at him.

"I'll smash that xbox of yours into pieces!" he said quickly.

I should have remembered this guy was smart, I thought I could expose him by making him snap, but instead he hit me low below the belt. You just do not threaten to smash a kid's xbox. "You can't!"

"I can!" he said gruffly. He then growled lowly and turned his back. "Just remember that you live in my den under werewolf rules! Understood?" he said without looking at me. I think he was trying to look badass or something, but I was not going to call him out on it.

Selene walked up in front of him shyly making herself visible, and he stopped looking down at her. She looked up at him mesmerized and admired him. "Um...I'm cold"

My mother sat up and looked at her like her heart melted. "Aw, you can sleep with us tonight" she said before she looked towards Randall with a smile. "You won't mind would you?"

He looked up at her then at Selene sighing deeply. "It's fine. I don't care" he muttered as crawled back into the bed where my mother glomped onto him buried deep into the beast's chest. I could not stand seeing her being so foolish, but then again she was slowly becoming one of them.

I could not believe that Selene transformed after I told her not to, but I guess young werewolves do not grow as big as Randall does. She was so tiny compared to him;

although, I guess she was not very different from the other humans, Randall and his family seemed to be the freaks.

I left to go back inside the house while everyone slept with Randall. When I woke up the next morning, Randall had left for work. Selene, Emily and I played board games and watched cartoons. Mom kept looking out the window anxiously like she was expecting someone except she had transformed some, so I guess she just needed Randall to come back and do whatever he does to reset her to normal form. My grandparents did not know what to do or say to her, but they did seem to adore Selene. I do not know why they would be so welcoming of her after she ate their chickens.

We started a game of Monopoly and I could have sworn I heard my mom whimper like a dog. Selene looked up and felt uneasy, and my grandmother turned back looking at her. "Why don't ye sit down for a bit...ye no that he'll be back" she called out.

My mother looked back at her and shook her head. "No...I'm waiting for his cousins to come over. They are bringing over his mother, and..." she said before she looked back outside. "They're here" she said quickly turning towards the door. I got up and followed her out onto the snow covered patio, but I ended up slipping on the slick wood and falling back onto the slush. I landed on my butt, and I think I broke something. It felt like it; however, no one seemed to care.

Kyle and Liam both crawled out from the back of the van, and a young woman a little older than my mom came out. She was beautiful and had wavy brown hair a little taller than my mom. She gazed at her belly and was elated quickly getting up close to her and giving her hugs. "Aw, you look so pregnant!" she told her before she placed a hand over her belly. "How are you feeling? Is he keeping you fed?"

My mother nodded and smiled at her. "Oh, he's been a wonderful father...I've just been...needing him a lot more often. The pups are not as fussy with him around"

The woman looked down at her belly feeling the movements, and she laughed at her. "You're anxious...is it because they are your first werewolves or just that you have so many? You know they can sense your emotions" she said.

My mother shook her head. "I've accepted my fate when it comes to that, but...I just feel...vulnerable" she said while rubbing the back of her neck. "I already told you what happened between Randall and my ex"

The woman nodded before she looked at me and shielded whatever she had to say. I was pretty sure they were talking about my father, and it was probably not anything good. I did overhear Randall's cousins talking about something I was not sure about what, so I got closer.

"Dude, dude! Hey! Doesn't she looked like that one chick you fap to?" One of his cousins asked. I did not recognize him, but he looked like he was the same age as Kyle and Liam.

Liam looked at him annoyed and crossed his arms over his chest. "I don't know what you're talking about" he shouted dismissively.

"What are you talking about?" Kyle asked.

"That chick! She's a porn star. She goes by the name Red Ridding Hhood, with two h's. Yea! Her tits are way bigger now than several years ago. She looks good though as a milf" His cousin said.

"How do you know about this?" Kyle asked.

"Liam does not clear his internet search history"

"You seem to know way more about her than I do, Jason. You sure you haven't been fapping to her?" Liam retorted.

I grew annoyed and jumped out from around the corner. "Hey! That's my mom! She's not a whore!" I informed them.

"You better not tell Randall about this! Twerp!" Kyle shouted in a panic.

Liam glared at Kyle and growled. "Kid, your mom isn't a whore. I'm sorry my dumbass brother brought up the porn thing. I stopped looking when I found out Randall is going planning to marry her"

I was more horrified at this news. "Marry her!?"

Liam looked at me annoyed. "Well duh! He's already got her pregnant...You're already living in his den. Only thing left is going to be them tying the knot"

"He's already done that...how do you think she got pregnant in the first place?" Jason said.

Liam punched him in the arm, and Kyle rubbed the back of his head nervously. "Yea, sorry kid, but your mom has already said yes to marrying him. They were planning to marry in the spring"

"Oh ya!? Then what? Does he turn her into a werewolf once they marry?" I spat acid at them.

They all looked at me and rolled their eyes. "Kid, that's not how any of this works. Your mom will become a werewolf...but not for a while" Liam said.

"What are you talking about!?" My mother's voice erupted from behind my back. We all flinched, and I turned to look back at her approaching me from behind with her arms crossed over her bosom. "It's not any of your business what if I turn into a werewolf or not" she said.

I smirked and looked up at her. "He isn't going to turn you into one is he?" I asked hoping she would show them that she would resist temptation.

She glared at me and shook her head. "It's none of your business either"

I was devastated that she was even considering it, and I rushed over grabbing her arm. "But mom! You can't!"

"Jack...get over it. I couldn't be bothered about being a werewolf or not. I have a million other things to be concerned about. You wouldn't understand. At least Randall has given you a future" she mumbled before she turned her back.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

She glared back at me. "Do you know how close I was to losing you to CPS? Do you? Do you know what eviction and foreclosure mean? Well do you!?" she screamed at me. I snapped out of my rage, but I could not tell if she slapped me or not she was very far away from me at this point. "Your father has done nothing but ruin my life. My dream to be a teacher just went up in smoke! So, I'm sorry that I'm going to marry a werewolf. If it weren't for him, you and Emily would be taken away from me!" she shouted as she started to transform again.

The woman came over to her and reached over to touch her shoulder. I think I made my mother cry, but I could only hear her sob. By this time my grandmother came out with Emily looking at her worried, and now I looked like the bad guy. I had nowhere to run, not with those three teen wolves under the patio. I thought I was going to have my ass kicked for sure, but my grandmother brought my mom inside.

The woman turned back and looked at me closely. "So you're the little troublemaker" she said with deadpan delivery. She cracked a smile at me and knelt down. "I'm Randall's mother" she said.

I thought this was some kind of joke, but I looked back at the other three and they just kept straight faces. When I looked back as was smiling at me curious about my reaction, I was surprised, but I remembered she was just as much of a wolf as Randall was. She was a lot younger than I expected though. "How old are you?"

She laughed at me and covered her mouth. "What a shrewd boy you are. Don't you know it's rude to ask a woman's age?" she said before she got very proud of herself. "I'm a hundred and twenty eight"

"Are you serious? Why do you look so young? Are you immortal?"

She shook her head. "Nothing is immortal. Everything you see has an expiration date. Even the sun and all the stars will one day cease to exist. As for looking so young...our aging process tapers off in our twenties. I've just been blessed with good genetics to look this young"

"Doesn't living that long bother you?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "It certainly wears on you, but I love seeing my babies grow and help our community. I taught them to make use of their gifts and..." she said before I glared at her.

"Gifts!? How can you call them gifts? You all are spawns of satan!" I shouted.

"Really dude? You're fucking stupid kid!" Kyle shouted.

She shot him a glare, and he whimpered diving behind Liam. She looked back over at me seriously and took in a deep breath. She looked like she was holding something back. They were a lot better at controlling their anger than I was lead on to believe, and she looked like she wanted to smash me through the guard rail on the patio.

"Jack what do you know about genocide?" she asked.

"Genocide?"

"It's a horrible word. I would suggest you look up the Holocaust as well. It means to kill off all of a people group. What you just said is what the same propaganda that the Catholic Church spread about Heretics and Pagans during the crusades. We are pagans just like the wiccans are. We do not believe in satan or one god. We do believe to be children of Fenrir..." she explained.

"Fenrir?" I interrupted. I did remember Randall muttering that a couple of times in passing, but I just thought it was just some weird werewolf quirk he had.

"Yes, Fenrir is a great wolf born from a shapeshifting god of mischief and incredibly beautiful jotunn giantess. I have plenty of stories about him" she said beginning

"So Fenrir is some kind of god of werewolves then?"

She shook her head quickly before she glanced over spotting Emily and Selene poking their heads out from the door. "Maybe we should go inside. You all are going to need to sit down with this one" she said before she started walking over to them stopping just short in order to stare down at them with her arms crossed. "Well aren't you a bunch of snoopers!" she teased.

"What are ye doing! Ye letting the cold air in!" my grandmother scolded them.

They both backed inside timidly, and my step-grandmother followed them inside. I looked back at the group of teen wolves scowling at me. I gulped and walked back into the house nearly falling on my butt again. I was so scared I guess that I did not notice that I was shivering uncontrollably.

I sat in front of the wood pellet stove in the living room to heat my cold wet bottom. Emily and Selene both sat on the couch with my step-grandmother sitting on a chair. My mother and grandparents were in the kitchen looking in as it was story time apparently. I looked at her listening to whatever she had to say.

"Well then, I suppose I shall start with the beginning with Odin and the Aesir. They are the pantheon. Odin is a god of many things, and is the father of Thor, Baldr, Loki, and others. Loki was a bored and jaded god. He would cause chaos and turmoil just to give himself amusement and joy. His father did not appreciate his pranks and would prefer him to be a more strong like Thor or brave like Baldr. What Odin did not understand was Loki's cunning, and how corrupt and irresponsible his son perceived him and the others as"

"Wait...what do you mean by that? How were they corrupt and irresponsible?" I interrupted her.

"Well...in Loki's eyes, gods should be more attentive and active in managing humans. He himself did not have much jurisdiction over them and seeing the others loaf around and not do much left him dissatisfied. There were already a lot of war, disease, and famine...back then. The only ones who did their job were his daughter Hel and she was forced to stay in the underworld. All he could do was teach the humans about knots and making fishnets, Simple tricks and life hacks really. His other son was seen as a great terrifying serpent. They didn't know about his other son Fenrir, for Odin was deathly afraid of wolves. He feared of being devoured by one. Loki taught his children to never trust the gods and question everything they do, but he made sure Fenrir would need to learn to pick off the weakest and get into their heads.

Loki showed this to him by testing his father's logic and sabotaged a game of throwing junk at Baldr, which he thought was a waste of time and magic. Freya had placed a spell on him that no object on earth could harm him. Loki knew this and gave their blind brother, Hoder, a spear with a tip made from a meteorite and fatally wounded Baldr. Odin blamed Hoder and ordered for his execution.

During the funeral, Hel was promised to resurrect the two if all wept for them. Loki disguised himself as Thok and did not shed a tear, thus keeping them with hell. He did not see the point in killing another god if they could just resurrect the slain one. Death should be a permanent regardless if you were a mortal or not.

Odin eventually found out it were Loki who did it, but he also found out about Fenrir, so they tried to cage and bind him. Through their attempts to trick him, Tyr wound up getting his hand bitten clean off"

"Tiew?" Emily muttered.

My step-grandmother nodded. "Yes, he's the god of justice, but there was no justice for Fenrir. He knew they were all against him. After they bound him, they gaged him with a sword keeping him from closing his mouth. They buried him under a rock the size of mountain, and his saliva flowed forth forming the mythical river Van. He was truly an enormous wolf.

After finding out what happened to Fenrir, Loki became enraged and confronted them about it during Aegir's great feast. Odin scold him for being a coward and breaking Taboo. Loki then points out how much of a hypocrite Odin was for using all the gods to gang up at his young son, and also going around manipulating time which was supposed to be

forbidden. Frigg, told the two to stop bringing up the past, and Loki was only talking tough because Baldr was not there. Loki reminded them that he killed Baldr. Freyja, the goddess of Beauty and Fertility told him that he was too drunk. He then calls her a whore, then they all point out all the children that he had with other women.

Loki pointed out they had no room to talk due to their inbreeding. Tyr tried to defend them, but Loki interrupted telling him that his missing hand is proof that he's not a good liar. It wasn't that soon after when Thor showed up and they eventually tied Loki up to rocks and was rigged up to have snake venom to drip into his eyes. Every time he writhed in pain an earthquake would occur.

Once they broke free from their restraints, the end of the world would occur, but Fenrir found a way around it. He bestowed any mortal who would drink from the river Van the powers and prowess of a wolf and a god. Only one would drink from it, Managarmr. He was told he would chase the moon, and the transformative properties of the river would forever flow from his lips. This was when the first werewolf was born although the humans would call him and whoever was in his army, ulfhednar. Things began to get better with the werewolves although some of the gods were not too happy with mortals being given the power of gods, but it were too late to do anything about it, for they had spread their roots to the four corners of the earth. Ultimately, Loki had the last laugh as even though the gods could not help mortals well, at least werewolves would be there to bring order to the world"

"But...how will they bring order to the world?" I inquired.

She smirked at me and cleared her throat. "Well, we are really good at fighting and population control. Though, we don't need to do that last part thanks to the invention of guns. Now humans are all killing each other much more efficiently than we ever could. Just keep in mind that human technology is very fragile. You may never know when you may have to rely on Randall to keep you alive. One big solar wind or a high altitude nuclear blast and you'll be back in the dark ages. No power, no internet, no cars, no electronics...just candles, paper, bicycles, and crank machines. It can all go away in an instant, but I won't lose any sleep. In fact I sleep quite well without the luxuries you take for granted" she said before my mother came in.

"You don't need to make him worry about the world ending"

"Well...just showing him the bright side. He won't starve or freeze to death if that were to be the case" she said laughing cheerfully.

"I can see where Randall gets his morbid sense of humor" my mother muttered.

I gave them all as scary look as I could but they all laughed at me having a good time. I was not having any of it, but I knew everyone was against me. I looked towards my grandfather who seemed not sure what to make of it. I bet he was pissed about losing some of his animals. "Granda, you don't believe anything that they are saying, do you?" I whispered to him.

He stuffed his pipe with cannabis and headed for the door. "Ah deh care..." he muttered. I followed him out as he looked out at the farm leaning up against the railing as

he lit up. He looked back at me as he took in a puff. "There's nothing ye and ah can do to stop it. Yer mum chose to be with a werewolf, and ah can see why she chose him"

"Why?" I asked.

"Ye wouldn't understand, but ah can see it. Ye'll understand once ye have seen who the real monster is" he mumbled.

"You're talking about my dad aren't you?"

My grandfather gave me a look, and I knew he was. He looked like he was about to spit out fire and bees from his mouth, so I backed away from him. "Yer da is a shite. Ah goat notin else to say about him"