Summertime Fling

by RubberDuckie

Summary

A young woman has an innocent encounter with a handsome stranger at a water-park that leads her on a wild ride and a lot more than she bargained for.
"I hate waterparks," Claire muttered to her friend under her breath, awkwardly and as discreetly as possible she tried to pick the material of her bathing suit bottoms out from between her cheeks. "Every time I go down one of these slides my bottoms turn into a thong and everyone can see my fat ass!"

"Stop it!" her friend hissed, moving an inch up as the line continued to lessen in front of them.

As Claire finished speaking a man in front of them turned to them. He heard what they were talking about, much to her dismay because his blue eyes scanned her from head to toe. He smiled lightly at her and turned back around.

Feeling flushed from embarrassment she instantly covered her front with her arms, self-conscious of how she looked in a bathing suit.

Bathing suits and waterparks were two things Claire tended to avoid because she didn't like either. Bathing suits showed off parts of her body that in her opinion should remain hidden and water only accentuated it. Especially when she goes hurling down a waterslide 20 miles an hour only to make a big obnoxious splash at the end.

Having to make sure that things stayed within the material of her bathing suit and that her bum hadn't eaten the fabric of her bottoms, while simultaneously trying to emerge from the pool as gracefully as possible, wasn't Claire's idea of fun. Her very skinny friend, however, had other plans.

"I'm serious! I have no business being in a bathing suit!" Claire snapped under her breath, trying to adjust the top that hid her breasts.

"If that was true then they wouldn't have made one in your size!" her friend bluntly replied, a little too loudly for her liking.

"You're being ridiculous!" her friend scolded further. "There's nothing wrong with the way you look. I mean, sure, you're a little chunky but a lot of women are these days. I've seen at least two other women heavier than you and wearing less."

Thanks. That made her feel better, seriously. Claire's stomach dropped into her feet as she tried not panic. They were three people away from actually going down the slide. Claire was wrestling with whether she wanted to actually go through with this. The handsome man in front of her was to go before her and that meant he'd see her emerge from the water like a lagoon monster.

The man was still listening to their conversation because Claire caught a glimpse of him making a distasteful face at her friend's declaration. Even he thought it was rude but he couldn't say anything because then he'd admit to eavesdropping.

Distracting with pulling down the material of her bathing suit top she accidentally walked into the man in front of them. Claire hadn't realised that the line didn't move as much as she assumed it had. Bouncing off hard flesh she quickly apologised.
"No problems, love," the man spoke with a smile, an unexpected British accent made his voice smooth and somewhat dreamy.

Claire noted how the sun shone off his dark ginger curls and somehow managed to make his bright blue eyes twinkle a little more. The man was like Adonis. Tall, athletic, very handsome with just a hint of darkness that made him mysterious. She also noticed her friend staring intently at his firm bum hidden under black swim shorts.

Her friend's awkward attempt at flirting going completely unnoticed. A finger twirling in a lock of her hair as she did some weird hip sway back and forth. Claire rolled her eyes at how sad her friend looked. At least wait til the man was facing you to pull the school-girl flirting routine.

Another person went down the slide leaving just her and the mystery man to stand on the waiting platform. Claire hadn't been here before and she didn't realise that it was one of those slides which required two people at a time. Much to her horror the lifeguard placed a two person floatation boat and steadied it.

"Men in the back, women in the front." the worker announced.

'Oh god no!' she thought, 'this can't be happening!'

The sexy British ginger held his hand out for her so that she was a bit more steady when getting into the device. As Claire plopped her chubby butt down onto the plush blow-up device she prayed to God that the raft wouldn't either fly out from under her or worse, automatically raise up in the back because of her weight.

The device did neither and she scooted to the front as much as possible. There was a slight bump as the man got in behind her. Much to her shock he grabbed hold of her hips and pulled her back so she was flat against him.

"Hands, arms and legs inside the raft at all times. If your raft so happens to tip mid ride get back onto the raft and continue the trip. If the raft leaves without you, slide down the rest of the slide on your butts." the man declared before pushing them down the mouth of the slide.

In the least sexy way possible, Claire squealed like a little pig as they shot down the waterslide, blackness surrounding them. Meanwhile, the man behind her was laughing and making other sounds of enjoyment.

She did appreciate that the man made sure to hold her hips tight enough so that she wouldn't fly out of the raft. A few times when they whipped around a corner Claire had a few close calls where her bum actually lifted off the raft itself. Luckily for her, the man had her and pulled her back down.

"Careful love," he'd laugh as soon as her bum touched back down onto the inflated raft.

Sunlight was peaking at the bottom indicating that they were about to be shot out of the waterslides mouth. Claire braced herself for the impact of the water and the wedgie it was sure to bring.

The objective was to land perfectly in the raft itself in the pool, without it tipping. This would only work if you were roughly the same weight, which they were not. So, of course, the moment the raft touched the pool both of them went flying out of it.

Claire hit the water, floating under the surface for a bit. She was stunned from the impact and the cold water. A strong arm looped around her waist from behind and corrected her a little. Bursting through the surface tension Claire gasped for air. Wet hair hanging in her eyes.
"Easy there, love." the man told her, steadying her and helping to guide Claire to a more shallow area of the pool. "Oh! Here, oh jeez!" he added, ducking down in front of her.

Claire pushed her hair back from her face, looking down at the crouching man. She was able to see him quickly cover her bare breast back with her bikini top. Apparently, upon impact, her breast decided to make a break for it. Leaving her bare and exposed. It was a tad presumptuous for him to take it upon himself to physically cover her but the good-natured gesture was there.

"All good," he smiled, making sure that she was modest once more.

"Thank you," Claire stated firmly, feeling the cold water against her bum cheeks.

Awkwardly she moved her hand behind her and went to fix the bottoms. The man just stood there and blocked her from the view of everyone else in the busy pool. His muscular, trim, body making the perfect protective wall.

"Bikini's can be sneaky things." the man smiled. "I'm Tom by the way."

"Claire," she smiled, her bum now covered once more.

"Are you ok now, Claire?" Tom asked her with concern, unwilling to move from in front of her until all her lovely lady bits were covered from prying eyes.

"Ya, thanks," she answered, nodding her head.

"Good, it was a nice ride, I enjoyed it." Tom winked at her with a cheeky smile.

They parted back to their respective groups of friends. From a distance, she could see Tom talking with another man, chuckling. No doubt the man was sharing that he saw her boob. Suddenly feeling self-conscious Claire pulled on her cover-up and sat down on the grass waiting for her friend, who was now flirting with the man who makes food.

Rolling her eyes she thought 'This is going to be a long day,'
Chapter 2

Claire survived the waterpark with only getting a little sunburnt. Luckily for her, and everyone else, all other waterslide rides remained accidental flash free. Every once in a while she'd spot Tom but Claire made sure to avoid him. Whenever he saw her he'd give a half-smile but never approached.

Which was probably just as well seeing how he was way out of her league.

Now it was much later in the day, the sun was setting and Claire was craving something to drink. Specifically a soda. So she grabbed her wallet and began to walk down to the marina where there was a corner store.

She was crossing the busy parking lot when a familiar voice called out to her. "Hey, bikini babe!" the British voice spoke loudly.

At first, she thought he was addressing someone else. Regardless, Claire stopped and looked around. Despite wearing sunglasses she raised her hand up to shield her eyes. Tom was sprinting towards her in a new pair of shorts and a shirt. There was a wide smile on his face.

"Are you a tourist too?" he asked, amusement on his face with having run into her at such a random place.

"Nope," Claire replied, "I live here."

Tom pointed to the marina with his thumb and stated: "I'm staying on my friend's boat with him and a couple of buddies."

"Must be a big boat then," Claire replied dumbly.

Of course, it was a big boat. She couldn't picture four or five grown men sleeping in a dingy. If it wasn't for the fact that Claire was standing in front of him, she'd smack herself upside the head.

"We have our own rooms, which is nice." Tom casually mentioned. "Hey, I was just going to the store for a drink, but, now that I've run into you, would you like to maybe grab an adult drink at the pub next door? You can drink legally, right?"

Claire was stunned. No one had asked her out before in person let alone for a drink at the pub. Happy that she actually brought her wallet with ID instead of the cash she originally planned on, Claire nodded her head.

"Ya, I have my ID on me. Thanks." she agreed, walking beside him towards the pub.

Tom held the door open for her and took command right away. He instructed that they are seated outside on the deck so they could watch the sunset over the water. Sun eventually hiding behind the mountains and lush, full islands ahead of them.

Again, he showed his English Gentlemen as he pulled out her chair and easily pushed her up to the table. "Order whatever you'd like, love," Tom informed her, sitting directly in front of her. "Have you had dinner yet?"

"No," she admitted sheepishly.

"Shall we do dinner as well? My treat. I haven't eaten as well." Tom asked.
With Tom's help, she picked a pretty pink wine to sip on as they waited for their dinner. Tom himself drank a rum and coke followed by a pint of beer she couldn't pronounce.

Up until now, they were talking about idol chit-chat. About five minutes into their dinner Tom placed his utensils down and looked at her seriously. She felt like her mother was about to address her over some issue she was having.

"I couldn't help but overhear the conversation you were having with your friend at the waterpark earlier," Tom announced, admitting to the obvious. "And I didn't like what I was hearing. I thought you were being grossly harsh on yourself, love."

Claire looked up from her plate, fork in hand with a mouthful worth of food speared onto it. Having been akin to a deer in headlights, Claire's eyes were wide as she struggled to come up with a suitable answer. Did he honestly want to have this conversation here, now?

"Oh," was all she could say in response. It sounded as dumb as she currently looked, Claire was sure of it.

"I thought you looked lovely in that bathing suit." Tom gushed, his cheeks reddening a little at his confession.

The more she was around him the more Claire realised that Tom was very bashful and a little awkward like her. At least around her anyways. With other people, he seemed to be a bit firmer.

"My friend helped pick it out. I thought I would have been better in a one piece or a tankini." Claire replied, unsure of what to make of his compliment.

"Nah," he dismissed. "I thought what you had on was just fine. I definitely liked the aftermath of her graceful water landing." Tom chuckled. "But in all honesty, you're very hard on yourself, Claire. You're an attractive young woman."

"I'm fat as hell," Claire soured bitterly, picking up her glass of wine.


"Like you?" she asked him curiously.

"I'm attracted to attractive women regardless of size." Tom played coolly, "I've dated both thin and soft, like you,"

"But you're on holidays," Claire reminded him with a small smile. "And I don't do one-night stands."

"I'm not asking to get laid," Tom chuckled into his pint of beer. "I'm just stating that you're hard on yourself for no reason. You're very attractive."

A man like Tom didn't need to ask in order to get laid. He could probably look at you just the right way and your panties would magically disappear off your body.

"Thanks," she replied, leaving out the 'I guess'

Tom summoned over their waitress and ordered her another glass of wine while he went back to rum and coke. By the end of their meal, Claire was feeling a bit tipsy but not drunk. If Tom was intoxicated he certainly didn't show it.
As they stepped out into the dusk, Tom reached over and took her hand. Surprised at the sudden affection, Claire stared down at her hand dumbly, admiring how small it looked against his.

"Do you have plans?" he asked, directing them towards the docks.

"No," she told him truthfully.

"Would you like to have a drink on the boat? We'd be alone. All my buddies went out." Tom asked.

Naturally, Claire's female intuition was heightened and she became more aware of her surroundings. Feeling comfortable that she could handle herself, she agreed. Claire would make sure that she placed herself between Tom and the dock in case she needed to make a hasty getaway.

Which, honestly, was just an extra precaution. Up until now, she had no reason to actually fear Tom. There was no weird 'vibes' coming off the guy or strange behaviours that she needed to worry about. He certainly wasn't too touchy or making any sexual advances, not that he would in the first place.

No, Claire was certain she'd be fine.

Thanking her footwear choice she delicately stepped onto the boat without falling over. The alcohol made her a little more lightheaded than she thought. Tom appeared to still be solid as he walked in a straight line towards the sliding glass door leading into a small living room area.

"What would you like to drink," Tom asked, holding a bottle of tropical flavoured rum in one hand and a bottle of plain vodka in the other. "My mates won't be back til late so we have the boat to ourselves for a few hours," he added with a smile. "The rum tastes nice with juice and club soda."

"I'll have that." Claire smiled, kicking off her flip flops and crossing her bare legs like a lady. The thin sundress she wore draping high over her upper thigh. Something that Tom noticed as he poured them drinks.

Tom handed her the drink which she accepted. "Thank you," she took a small sip of the cocktail and then another. The liquor forging a warm trail down her throat and into her belly.

"No, thank you for the lovely evening so far." Tom grinned, sitting next to her. "It's been a while since I've had attractive female company."
Chapter 3

Seeing how the day itself was rather uncharacteristic for Claire, it wasn't a shock to find herself losing count of how much she drank or becoming openly drunk. At least she wasn't obnoxious while intoxicated, or rude.

Tom was a lush. His cheeks were flushed and he giggled a lot. Every so often he'd inch closer and closer to her. Using charming English slang when addressing her. Claire, while drunk, was still well aware of her surroundings and allowed his fingertips to stroke along her thigh.

He placed his hand on the side of her face, cupping her cheek. Claire could feel hot breath fanning against her neck as Tom nuzzled her with his nose. Moaning lightly she giggled, tilting her head and allowing him to continue.

"Are you wearing that bikini under this dress?" Tom cooed, suckling on the start of her jaw.

"No," Claire sang, her own hand falling onto his thigh. "I'm wearing something nicer!"

"Oh really, can daddy have a peak?" Tom moaned lustfully into her shoulder. Wide open mouthed kisses falling along her skin.

She squeezed his bare thigh causing Tom to groan, his kisses travelling up her neck to her jaw once more. Just as he was about to cup her breast a man jumped onto the boat deck off the dock startling the two of them.

Claire physically jumped in her seat, heart skipping a beat. Tom regained his composure faster than her and sat up straight, stiff as a board. Apparently being startled by another man sobered him up rather quickly.

"Oh shit, sorry dude!" the man stated, clearly one of Tom's friends. "I didn't know you had a girl!"

She looked at Tom and watched as his eyes narrowed, he grabbed her hand and they stood. Confused as to whether he was going to escort her off the boat or take her to his room she just stood there. Suddenly being drunk wasn't as fun as it had been before.

"No it's fine," Tom muttered, "Come on, Claire," he added, leading her down a small set of steps and into the lower area.

The last door was Tom's bedroom. The room was basically a bed and not much else. She sat down on the edge, the mood significantly lost.

"Sorry about that love," he cooed, sitting down beside her.

Tom resumed where they left off and the moment his lips touched her skin she fell back under his trance. Moaning gently she leant back, catching herself with her hands. Tom smirked, kissing her pulse point before standing up, locking the door.

"No more interruptions, ya?" Tom stated.

"Yes!" she hissed lustfully, inching back onto the bed.

Tom removed his shirt, tossing it to the side and crawled between her legs seductively. She met him halfway for a kiss, lips touching each other for the first time. Claire could taste the alcohol on his
breath as he forged on possessively.

Upstairs they could hear his 'mates' loudly joking around as well as music playing. It heightened the mood a little. Claire thought it were kinky that they were about to have sex and there were people upstairs.

"Before we go any further, love, are you sure you want this?" Tom murmured into her chest, pulling back and waiting patiently for an answer.

"Yes?" she questioned, unsure of why he'd ask her that. Clearly, Claire was interested or she wouldn't have responded the way she had.

"Well, we're both a little drunk." Tom shrugged his shoulders with a nervous smile.

"I'm aware of my actions," she assured him. "Are you?"

"Yes, I think I am," Tom cooed, capturing her lips once more. "Now that we've cleared up the consent issue, this dress needs to come off."

As Tom took hold of her dresses hem, she thought 'at least he had enough foresight to ask,' Smoothly he moved the material off her legs, over her torso and finally off her completely leaving Claire in her matching pantie set.

The moment Tom saw her in the matching lacy set, he shuttered with arousal. Licking his lips he groaned, moving towards her. His hands cupped her clothed breasts, massaging rolling them.

"My god, this is better than the bikini!" he announced. "Except in this setup I have to manually take your titty out."

"Oh poor baby," Claire pouted playfully, watching carefully as he slipped his hand under the lace material, cupping her bare breast and pulling it out. It was the same breast as the one at the pool.

Licking his lips with anticipation he pinched her pert nipple between two fingers, "Ever since I saw your titty at the waterpark I wanted to do this," he groaned, placing her nipple between his lips and sucking hard.

"Fuck," she moaned under her breath, her hand coming to the back of his head.

Tom grinned into her breast and snaked his hands behind her back, unhooking her bra with ease. Impressed with his talent she allowed the man to slip her bra off leaving her bare-chested.

"You, my dear," he groaned, "Are bloody gorgeous."

Tom pushed her back down onto the mattress flatly, she lay there with her arms above her head submissively. Studying his movement as he inched down her body. Open kisses forging a trail to the waistband of her panties.

"And I can't wait to dive into your depths." he added, nipping her quim behind the fabric.

Fingers hooked into the lace material, toying with the skin hidden underneath. After she shuttered he finally started to pull them down over her hips and off her legs in one smooth movement.

"This is nice," Tom commented, running his fingers through her neat thatch of hair. "Women are shaving bare too often. Not all men prefer naked."

Claire blushed as he continued to stroke his knuckles over the top of her mound. He gave her a
seductive look before standing in front of the bed. Tom made sure that she was watching him before he shimmied out of his shorts leaving him completely nude in front of her.

She found herself licking her lips as Claire admired his strained manhood. He grabbed hold of himself at the base, pumping a few times before releasing it and allowing his cock to throb and bob between his legs.

"Damn," Claire breathed out heavily.

Tom gave her a knowing smirk and crawled back between her legs seductively, capturing her lips with his. Claire's hand moved between their bodies and grabbed hold of his manhood. Tom hissed into her mouth before playfully growling and bucking his hips into her hand. In response she squeezed him, tugging up and drawing him closer to her.

"Are you on the pill?" Tom asked her, his voice serious.

Her lover knelt between her parted legs, massaging and playing with her quim until she gave him an answer. Claire was so caught up in the moment that it never even occurred to her to use protection.

"No," she admitted truthfully, "You can just pull out?" she suggested.

Claire felt two fingers easily slip inside her aching core, thrusting and stroking. Her eyes were closed so she missed the look of disapproval from Tom. She felt him scissor her open as if he were inspecting her. Aroused and somewhat frustrated she pressed herself against his hand, rotating her hips a little. Tom chuckled and resumed where he left off, thrusting gently into her wet pussy.

"Pull out method isn't reliable," Tom informed her gently. "When was your last menstrual cycle?"

That question caught her off guard. Confused she sat up a little and looked at him oddly. "Ugh, the end of last month? Why?"

"Your last cycle combined with the slight swell of your cervix makes me believe that you're close to ovulation," Tom told her in the most unsexy way imaginable. "The pull out method would be suicide."

Claire knitted her brow, closing her thighs a bit. "What are you a gynaecologist or something?" she asked him in a joking manner.

Tom grinned like a Cheshire cat as he stood back up, yanking the discarded sheet and wrapping it around his waist. "Ya, I am. Ironically enough," he laughed, "I'm going to get a condom. I'll be back."

"Seriously?" she asked him with disbelief in her voice.

"Yes," he assured her. "I'm actually quite popular."

"I wonder why," she sarcastically replied, sticking her tongue out at him.

Tom chuckled and tightened the bedsheets around his waist before unlocking the door and leaving. He was really going to go up to the deck and ask his friends for a condom. Claire was beyond embarrassed. These men knew that this would be a one-night stand. What would they think of her?

Upstairs she could hear them all laughing and carrying on over the music. Disillusioned she lay back on the bed and grabbed hold of her hair. Perhaps this was a mistake after all?
She didn't have time to rethink her decision because Tom came back into the room with a couple of condoms in his hand. He tossed them on the bed beside her and dropped the sheet. Tom's manhood was half-hard now but quickly growing once more.

"Are they..." Claire began to ask.

"They know we're having sex? Yes." Tom answered casually. "They know how much I fancy you," he added, capturing her lips with his. "I've been obsessing over you since I saw you in line at the water park." Tom smiled into her mouth.

And here she thought he didn't like her. His confession should have been a warning but instead, she found it rather prideful. Claire's ego was boosted knowing that such a handsome and apparently established man was that attracted to her. Her, an average, chubby, anxiety-ridden woman.

"Now, where were we love?" Tom growled possessively into her mouth, grabbing hold of her wrists and repositioning her arms above her head.
Fingertips dug into her hips as he dragged her playfully down the bed and under him. His member was seethed in protective latex, bobbing and throbbing between his legs.

Tom dropped down a little lower, hovering above her with his lips inches away from hers. Awkwardly he placed a hand between their bodies and grabbed hold of his member.

"Ya," he asked once more, lining himself up to her entrance. Tom kept his hand firmly around his base as he waited for a response.

"Yes," she agreed, placing her legs around his waist and drawing him down on top of her.

Claire stretched out under him, grabbing her breasts and waiting for him to finally be inside her. She felt like they were taking forever to leap into the next step.

"Good," Tom smiled, nodding his head. "Easy, love."

His hand rested on her stomach as he pressed the inflamed head of his cock to her entrance. Her breathing became low but even as the stretch from his penis became more apparent. Tom eased his way inside her inch by inch. Stopping to look at her facial reactions before proceeding further.

If he really was a gynaecologist then he'd know that his thickness and length wasn't easily accepted into the female body unless she was accustom to it. Claire was no used to it. Not even that sex toy she had hidden in her underwear drawer was this size.

"Good girl!" Tom praised, holding her pussy lips open to observe how much he stretched her open. "You're nice and tight," he commented, "But soaking wet, I love it!"

"My last boyfriend said I got too wet and it was disgusting," Claire told him, touching his chest with her hands.

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"Fuck me!" Claire declared, digging her fingertips into his shoulders as she adjusted her legs around his waist higher, angling them upwards a little.

"Fuck you?" he played, rotating his hips and making her purr with arousal. "Dirty little mouth on such a beauty. I love it! Talk dirty to me, it turns me on!" Tom admitted, nipping at her collarbone.

Claire bit her lower lip and tried to gain the courage to actually talk dirty to Tom. Normally she was a rather silent, modest, lover with only giving the typical moans and groans. Her boyfriends were the ones that spoke dirty.
"Fuck me nice and hard!" Claire demanded with a shaky voice. "You're cock feels so good inside me!"

"I bet it does! Pretty little kitty eating my cock up!" Tom hissed back in response, "Prettiest quim I've seen in a long while, if not ever!"

"Ya?" Claire huffed, moving beneath him in rhythm. "My pussy is so tight because I save it for worthy cocks!"

Whatever alcohol that remained in her system helped Claire play along. With her confession Tom grabbed hold of her leg, hiking it up so her calf rested on his shoulder. Tom twisted his body a little until his cockhead brushed up against her sweet spot causing Claire to cry out.

Tom placed his arms around her body tightly and rutted into her hard and fast. Claire cried out, her body going rigid. Lips sucked on her earlobe, breath hard and heavy as Tom panted.

"Cum for me," Tom demanded huskily into her ear. "I want you to cum nice and hard on daddies cock!"

"Yes!" she agreed, clutching his shoulders with her hands.

Tom stopped and pulled out of her abruptly. He checked the condom before helping her to sit. Light headed she tried to regain her composure a little. He made a motion with his hand for her to turn around and she did. Reluctantly Claire bent over with her bum in the air.

Possessive hands rested on her hips as he kissed her bum cheeks, tongue tracing down to her opening. Tom lowered his face to her quim, tongue lapping at her slit, circling around her clit and then spearing her opening. Claire's hands grabbed hold of the blankets, gasping and groaning.

"Oh god!" Claire panted, her breath hitching a little in her chest. "Oh yes!"

"That nice?" Tom asked huskily, biting her left bum cheek lightly.

He smacked her bum cheek as he grabbed hold of her and drew her back to him once more. Claire felt Tom line himself up at her entrance, teasing as he stroked her slit up and down, over her clit and finally pressing just the tip in before taking it out. At least he apparently enjoyed foreplay.

"You're so lucky I didn't bend you over in that waterpark," Tom warned her, pressing more of his thick shaft into her pussy, pulling out and inserting the same amount of length as before. "I was fighting off a fucking erection since your plush bum rubbed up against my groin in that raft!"

The mental image of Tom taking her in a pool full of people turned her on a hell of a lot more than it should. A loud moan escaped her lips and she shivered, goosebumps covering her skin. Tom cooed in delight with her response, stroking his fingertips down her spine and making her shiver once more.

"But that could have invited unwanted attention, couldn't it, sweet girl?" Tom asked her. "Daddy doesn't want to share his perfect quim." possessiveness dripped off his voice just like the pre-cum off the end of his cock.

"No, not good!" she agreed, voice strained as she pushed back against him desperate for more of his manhood to fill her.

Tom leant back with his hands on her hips allowing her to take control. Confident that he's stepped back a bit Claire moved her hips back and forth, rolling them and savouring the feeling.
"No, not good at all..." Tom repeated, distracted with the view.

Fingers parted her puffy folds further as he sought out a better view. Claire could hear him moaning, licking his lips and making little "Oh" sounds. With his chosen profession it wasn't too shocking to know he had a bit of an obsession with her pussy on a deeper, personal level.

"Good girl, keep fucking me. I'm gonna cum," Tom told her hotly.

She felt his weight come crashing down on her as Tom boxed her in, hands on either side of her face as the rest of his body moulded over hers. Hard and rough he pumped into her. The sound and smell of sex filled the room and Claire was certain that they were contributing to the boat rocking.

"Oh god, yes! Tom harder!" Claire cried out, her teeth chattering as she struggled to keep herself in the same position.

"Cum on," he whispered in her ear, hot breath fanning across her skin. "Cum hard around my cock! I wanna feel your quim throbbing, begging me for my cum!"

"Yes," Claire agreed, rolling her hips against him. "Please!"

Tom placed his hand on the back of her neck and pushed down forcing Claire to collapse onto her tummy. Once she was flat he kissed down her spine, wide open mouth kisses carefully placed on her flesh until he reached her bum.

"I'm in love with your chubby little arse!" Tom confessed, smacking her bare cheeks hard enough for them to jiggle but soft enough not to hurt. "Flip over, let daddy see those lovely child-bearing hips again!" Tom demanded with a lustful growl.

Slowly she rolled onto her back folding her arms above her head and stretching out to her full length. Tom parted her thighs and crawled between them, hands possessively on her hips. He groaned, tracing her figure from with his hands. Blue eyes admired everything she hated about herself.

"How are you still hard?" Claire asked, reaching for his member.

Tom was rock hard, the condom glistening from her arousal. She could tell by the red flush that he must have been painfully aroused. Every once in a while his cock would twitch and bob.

"Tricks of the trade, my love." Tom groaned through a grin, bucking eagerly into her hand. "When you're business is basically human genitals, you learn how to maintain an erection and gain stamina."

"Oh?" she moaned a lot deeper than Claire anticipated.

"If you're a good girl Dr Hiddleston will give your little cunny a private exam!" Tom cooed, he cupped her bare breasts, massaging them. "Strapped down to my examining table, legs spread while and in stirrups. Open so wide for my exploration and pleasure."

"That's so hot!" Claire admitted,

"Ya? You'd let me do that?" Tom asked, stroking her between the folds, over her clit and spreading her arousal. "I could be a psycho," he winked with a grin, "You'd be completely and utterly defenceless."

As he said that Tom shoved two fingers back inside her body, curling them upwards and finding her g-spot right away. Panting and cooing she shuttered, pushing back against his hand.
"I trust you," she huffed lustfully,

"Good," Tom growled, adding a third finger, scissoring her open until it stung a big. "Daddy won't hurt you, don't worry."

Claire wrinkled her nose at the stinging tension and adjusted her hips against the mattress. Tom realised that she was in discomfort and removed his fingers all together. Tom looked right at her as he slipped his cum coated fingers into his mouth, tongue snaking around fingers to make sure that every drop was cleaned.

"You taste like heaven!" Tom groaned, taking hold of his hard cock and pressing it to her opening. "If you stay around I'll show you how good I am at oral,"

"I bet you like eating pussy!" Claire stated, crying out loudly as he thrust into her aching core sharply.

"I like doing lots of things to pussies," Tom admitted, falling between her legs and pinning her to the mattress again. He took hold of her wrist, drawing them above her head except for this time his fingers remained around her thin wrists. Lowering his mouth to the side of her neck he bit her lightly, "You're cunt is my new obsession! I knew it would be gorgeous the moment I saw that fat little camel toe in your bikini bottoms!"
Claire lay on her belly between Tom’s legs and anxiously watched as he peeled the somewhat used condom off his cock. Right away the fat sex organ fell onto his upper thigh and hip area. Tom was half hard, thick and gleaming from the condom's lubricant, Claire licked her lips.

Neither of them had cum yet. Claire, not used to marathon sex had begun to get sore. Instead of being mad at her Tom pulled out. Although Tom himself wasn’t completely hard he still held some blood flow leaving him thick and heavy looking. If the man really wanted he could still fuck her with it.

“Can I?” She asked seductively, reaching out to grab hold of him.

“I might finish in your mouth,” Tom warned with a grin. “And my loads are heavy. Do you swallow?”

Only a British accent can make something so crude sound elegant.

“I don’t know,” Claire replied sincerely, watching how his manhood twitched and throbbed in her hand.

“You’ve given a man head before, right?” Tom asked in alarm, bucking his hips up and forcing his cock to move in her loose fist.

“Ya,” Claire lustfully admitted. Tom's fat, pink head was leaking a heavy drop of pre-cum. The sticky clear fluid ran down the underside of his head and onto her hand. “Just not till he came.”

Bright blue eyes watched as her mouth got closer and closer to his cock. Claire could smell the musk and sex radiating off him. Moaning, she opened her mouth and touched her tongue against the soft, heated flesh. Tom gasped loudly, body jolting a little. Right away his hand came to rest on the side of her head, clutching tightly at her hair to anchor Claire in place.

Carefully Claire placed his head between her lips, sinking her mouth down upon his shaft before pulling back up. His moaning encouraged her to continue. Taking hold of Tom's cock at the base, she squeezed him before enthusiastically swallowing more of him into her mouth.

“Fuck!” Tom swore, breath ragged. “Oh shit, ya! Just like that. Use your mouth as God intended!”

Claire moaned around his shaft. The more she sucked the harder he got once more. A thick vein running along his underside throbbed on her tongue causing goosebumps to form along the surface of her body. Taking a deep inhale of breath through her nose she increased the speed of her movements causing that obscene sound often heard in pornos.

“Tom, are you still playing with that hot chubby from the water park?” They heard through the door.

Claire stopped mid-suck, Tom's cock still in her mouth. She looked up at him with a bit of panic in
her eyes. Upstairs they could still hear them talking and goofing off but because of the hour, the music was turned way down. She had no idea who was bothering them but it made her nervous.

Reassuring her, Tom rubbed her cheek and winked at her. “Yes I am,” he replied,

“Don't break her.” The man chuckled,

“She's in good hands,” Tom assured, bucking his hips lightly and prompting Claire to continue. A faint moan left his lips as his fingers tightened. “Fuck,” he muttered to her hotly. “That's it, suck daddy's cock!”

“I'll leave you two at it. Just make sure she can walk tomorrow.” The man chuckled, a hint of Australian in his voice.

Tom didn't respond. Instead, he gripped her shoulders and pulled her up and over him. Confused at this new position because she had told him her quim hurt, she stiffened.

“Turn around, love.” Tom cooed, “Straddle my face. Let me please that pussy of yours with my mouth.”

Claire had seen this done in a porn movie once. The woman was taller than her and about 30lbs lighter. Tom's request made her nervous but she still turned around and tried to manoeuvre herself as best she could without making a fool of herself.

She stretched out on top of him, well aware of how her soft stomach pressed against his strong chest. Bracing herself with her arms she awkwardly grabbed hold of his member, holding it up.

Soft lips pressed along the insides of her thighs, kissing them up to her core. Strong, masculine hands pressed against her hips, moving to cup her bum. Tom pried her cheeks apart even more and took a deep, long, lick causing her to shutter.

"Oh!" she cried, wiggling her hips a little over his tongue.

Tom growled possessively into her quim, darting his tongue into her wet opening. Becoming more comfortable with this position she relaxed and wrapped her lips around his head, smoothing them down his shaft lightly.

"Fuck!" he swore into her soft thigh, lips sucking and nipping at the flesh, admiring them.

Claire cupped his smooth sack in one hand and used the other to hold him upright. Her head bobbed up and down enthusiastically, tongue swirling around his head and lapping at his slit. She felt him grab hold of her outer thighs tighter,

Tom's single hand moved between her legs, cupping her sex and travelling down further to her tummy. Startled, Claire jolted a little, pausing with his member in her mouth. Uncomfortable with the affection she arched her back up a bit in the hopes of displacing his hand. Instead, she provided Tom with more space to touch.

"I love your tummy," he groaned into her inner thigh, sloppy open mouthed kisses placed randomly on the soft skin.

She was slightly mortified when he cupped her stomach with both hands, burying his face between her legs, tongue tracing along her slit. Tom massaged and rubbed her stomach as he continued to give her oral sex.
Lowering herself back against his strong torso she began to move her head up and down along his length. Tongue tracing down his underside and along with that vein again.

Tom kept one of his hands between her chubby stomach and his body while the other cupped her sex. Fingers probed and stroked before sliding into her throbbing opening.

He put two fingers inside her body, mindful of her soreness. Claire could feel him wiggling and thrusting lightly. Fingerpads stroking over her precious inside tissue.

"Cum on," Tom cooed, "I'm gonna cum soon! Are you ok for round two?"

"Humm," Claire murmured around his cock, the vibration of her voice causing Tom to shiver, lifting his hips a bit.

"My cock, can I place it back in your pussy or are you still too sore, little one?" Tom explained, lifting his head up and biting her pussy lip playfully.

"I don't know..." Claire told him truthfully, a bit of hesitation in her voice.

"Does Dr Hiddleston need to take a look?" he asked, stroking her womanhood with his fingertips.

"No," she replied hesitantly. "I maybe need lubricant?"

"You're wet enough," Tom assured, "Look," he added, using three fingers to spread her natural wetness up to her little pucker causing her to jolt again.

Immediately she moved her hips to the side defensively, "Nope!" she told him seriously.

"Relax," Tom cooed, kissing her bum cheek softly. "I'm just showing you how wet you are for me. Here, let's lay back on the bed. Let the doctor take a good look at your pussy-cat."

Carefully moving off Tom she sat down nervously on the bed. Her thighs shook a little as she scooted back against the pillows.

Two fingers slipped into her pussy, spreading a new batch of wetness. She felt her body easily accept the intrusion, especially when Tom scissored her open, stretching her on purpose.

"I'm good for another round!" Claire decided,

"You sure?" Tom asked her lustfully, keeping his two fingers in a steady rhythm.

She raised her hips up a bit and pushed them out towards him, rolling them and moaning. “Ya!”

Tom curtly nodded his head and reached for another condom. He rolled it out on his hard shaft, pulling it a little and making sure that it sat right.

The man fell between her legs, catching himself with strong arms. Grinning into her mouth he growled a little playfully before kissing her. Claire's arms were raised to embrace him, looped around Tom's neck while her legs rested on his hips. She could feel his hard manhood teasing, rubbing between her pussy lips. The right angle and he'd slip effortlessly inside her body.

“Your have a beautiful body,” he praised, eagerly sucking a hard nipple between his lips. A single hand cupped her breast, holding it in place for his loving assault. “And I don't want to hear yourself say degrading things about it? Understood?” He added seriously. “Every inch of you is gorgeous! Especially your soft tummy!” He moaned, tracing his knuckles from her breasts down to her stomach.
Tom raised up a bit and looked at her body and how his hand traced patterns over soft flesh. His fingertips followed old stretch marks long since turned white. A shiny tint the only indication they were once there.

Claire flushed red, uncomfortable and fighting the urge to break away from him. She knew he was being sincere but it was hard to accept he wasn't lying. Although never really the victim of bullying for her size, Claire was still self-conscious about it. She was well aware of how everyone else dubbed “attractive” looked and how she compared.

“I am utterly obsessed with you!” Tom cooed seductively, his British accent causing her to shiver.

“I'm not that great,” Claire smiled weakly.

Tom reared up onto his knees, her legs sliding down his body and onto the bed. Without warning, he grabbed her hips and yanked her easily towards him. His hand wrapped firmly around his cock. Tom pumped his manhood a few times and lined himself up to her entrance.

“No, your right. You're perfect.” Tom told her in a voice that could only be described as dangerous. Sharply he thrust forward, sinking his entire length inside her aching quim. Tom's eyes darkened a little and they became clouded with lust. “And I'm not gonna let you go.”
Chapter 6

The sound of a boat engine humming and the waves lapping at the bow woke Claire from her sleep. Smiling into the pillow she stretched lazily and adjusted her head on the pillow.

Last nights events had made her a little stiff but rather relaxed. A gentle, thick, haze settled over her brain making it hard for her to correlate that the boat was moving. The boat shouldn't be moving. It should be tied up at the dock.

Startled Claire sat up straight landing on her hands and knees. The bed sheet wrapped around her bare legs making it impossible for her to move properly without falling flat on her face. Tripping, Claire once more landed on her hands and knees beside the bed making a loud thump. The ship's floor vibrated lightly under her confirming that the boat was actually in motion.

Struggling with the damn sheet twisted around her legs she kicked the troublesome material off and stood, stark naked. Claire looked around the room for her clothing only to see that Tom must have taken it with him. Was he even on the ship anymore? For all Claire knew he got off the boat and she was trapped with his friends.

Panic started to overtake her and any form of rational thought was out the door. She remained seated on the floor as Tom entered the bedroom. He paused, looked down at her and automatically offered her his hand. The man must have thought that she fell out of bed. Which wasn't entirely untrue.

"Are you alright?" Tom asked with concern.

The fact that they were in motion on the water and not anchored at the dock was completely oblivious to him. Tom's calm, laid back nature made Claire believe that he honestly didn't care.

"We're moving!" Claire pointed out somewhat frantically, attempting to get up on her own only to stumble. Her foot was asleep and numb.

Tom took hold of her forearm and hoisted her up off the ground and made sure that she sat down on the bed. "Yes, we are," he confirmed, observing her carefully as she pulled the blanket up around her nude body defensively.

"Why are we moving?! I never consented to go anywhere like this?!!" Claire desperately pointed out.

"First; calm down love, you're not in any danger. Second; honestly? Do you have something more important to do than being with me and occasionally playing doctor?" Tom cooed, wiggling his eyebrows at her with a seductive little smile.

Claire was gobsmacked. Tom had no right to assume that she had nothing to do outside of him. A stranger. Granted, she did have an extended one night stand with him, but still, it took a lot of balls to assume that Claire wanted to pander to him.

"This could be considered kidnapping!" Claire pointed out.

"You're not a kid and you're not in any immediate danger." Tom countered emotionless. "Stay with me and on our way back we'll drop you off at the marina."

What choice did she have? Claire looked out the small window and they were surrounded by water with islands off in the distance that she couldn't swim to even if she wanted to. Claire was literally stuck in a boat with no options of escape.
"It wasn't my choice to leave," Tom told her truthfully. "We're on a tight schedule. I woke up to the boat being 15 minutes away from the marina."

"I don't," Claire started, pausing a moment to try and word her next set of questions properly, "What the hell are you doing that you couldn't have woken me up and told me you had to leave?!"

Tom kicked off his flip-flops and flopped down beside her so hard that Claire actually jolted from the momentum. He watched her haphazardly, an arm holding his head up as he stretched out on his side.

"I told you, I was asleep," Tom casually replied, dismissing her concern. "And we don't have anything spectacular planned except a vacation rental up the coast. Just a bunch of medical blokes taking a very much needed vacation."

"Why didn't they wake you up?!" Claire exasperated. She still failed to understand why no one thought it would be a good idea to tell the stranger who their friend brought over to leave.

"I don't like being woken up." Tom flatly answered. "It's really no big deal. You're freaking out for no reason. Just, sit back and relax."

"Where's my purse?" Claire asked, knitting her brows in distress.

"Why do you need your purse right now?" Tom questioned curiously, blue eyes scanning her from head to toe.

"Because I need my wallet!" she shot back. "I need to figure out if I can financially afford this little vacation."

Tom just stared at her as if she had three heads. Not everyone on this boat was in the medical field and could afford to just throw dollar bills around. It was almost as if that never even occurred him until now.

"I can afford you," Tom told her, using his free hand to touch her bare thigh.

That sounded a lot more insulting than Tom probably meant it too. Claire scoffed and shook her head. His assurance to 'look after her' didn't help squash the fears that she still had. Claire didn't know who these people were, what they did in their off time or how many of them were here. She was a lone female surrounded by a group of strange men.

This was exactly why she didn't take risks and engage in this type of behaviour. Claire knew that it was going to bite her in the ass. And honestly, if she wasn't half cut from the alcohol she probably wouldn't have done any of this. Now Claire had to live with the decisions she made and pray to God that she didn't end up dead.

"You look distressed," Tom pointed out, sitting up beside her. He brushed a lock of her hair behind her ear and trailed his fingers along her jawline, forcing her to look up at him.

Almost as if she were on autopilot Claire found herself leaning halfways to accept the kiss Tom had initiated. He lingered his lips against hers for a moment before pulling back and waiting for an answer.

"I don't know what to say or how to feel," Claire confessed, dumbfounded. "I mean...I don't know
you outside of the bedroom and even that is fleeting. I have no idea where I'm going, who your friends are and if I'm in any danger - despite your insistence that I'm not."

"I never planned for any of this to take place," Tom assured her once more. "I was asleep when Seb decided to take off. If I was awake before he left I would have woken you up. But since we're both kinda fucked we can only make the best of it, ya? I think we can find some comfortable balance with one another until I can get you home."

"Was Seb the guy that startled us both on the deck?" Claire asked him. Vaguely she remembered the well-built man with short dark hair and a five o'clock shadow.

"Yes, and Chris is the Australian pest that kept interrupting our sexy times," Tom smirked.

"Is there only the three of you?" she asked, hoping to hell that there weren't any other men.

Three men that were strange to her was way too many men for her liking.

"Nah," Tom once more brushed off her concern. "There's one more bloke, Michael,"

Great. 4 against 1. Claire's anxiety was through the roof and she found herself light-headed. Resting her elbows on her thighs she hunched forward a bit and tried to take a few deep breaths. There was more to this situation then Tom was telling her and that's what scared her.

Logically there was no way that his friends wouldn't wake him up before they left the marina. Especially since they knew Claire was with him last night and hadn't left. Well, she presumed that they knew she hadn't of left.

Tom's hand rested on her bare back, rubbing her skin softly causing Claire to jump - startled at first. "You're in good hands," Tom assured her. "Neither of us would hurt you. We're in the business of making people better."

For all Claire knew - Tom picked her up at the marina specifically so he and his friends had a little 'entertainment' while on vacation. With that grim thought, Claire lurched forward, throwing up last nights dinner and the alcohol that she had consumed.

"Oh shit, sweetheart!" Tom spoke with concern, pulling her back away from the bed so she wouldn't get any of the sickness on her feet. "Love! You shouldn't work yourself up so emotionally."

Claire stared off into space with pale cheeks as Tom stood up and grabbed a wayward towel, cleaning up the mess she had made without much complaint besides the normal look someone would have on their face.

"Everything is going to be ok," Tom cooed darkly, squeezing her bare knee with his hand. "You're in good hands, I promise, love."
"Do you need a drink, little one?" the man named Chris had asked, holding out a bottle of freshly opened beer.

Everyone was staring at her waiting for her answer and all Claire could do was sit there and gaze off into space. 4 supposedly medical professionals and not one of them realised that Claire was having a mild panic attack.

"Nah, she doesn't need a drink, mate." Michael smiled widely. "A drink was what got her into this mess in the first place."

Claire snapped her head up and glared at the red-haired Irishmen. No. Tom was what got her into this mess. The alcohol was merely a co-conspirator.

"Will you two leave her alone, Jesus. She just needs some air." Sebastian defended, looking over at her briefly from where he sat in front of the wheel.

The boat had slowed its speed to a pleasant cruising pace as they made their way up the coastline to wherever this house or cabin was. The only one besides Tom that seemed to show any sign of legitimate concern was Sebastian. Then again, Seb was the man that made the decision to leave without informing her so he should be concerned for her.

"Come here," Sebastian asked with a friendly smile, padding the spot beside his captain's seat. "Come sit next to me for a bit."

Tom had announced about a half hour ago that he needed a nap and left her on deck with his three friends. Three friends that she didn't know anything about. It wasn't very gentlemanly and Claire didn't appreciate it.

Reluctantly she got up and slowly made her way over to where Sebastian sat, sitting next to him. For a few moments, they sat there silently and just watched the water in front of them.

"Ignore them," Seb stated, leaning into her a bit. "They're a bit of jokester. Trying to get a feel for you."

"That doesn't help with my anxiety towards the situation," she replied quietly in the hopes that only Sebastian could hear her.

The Captain's seat was located on a raised platform to give Sebastian a better look over the front of the boat. This also meant that they were a bit away from Michael and Chris who were on the lower part drinking beer and goofing off.

"What do you expect from a couple of surgeon's? Their bedside manner is atrocious." Sebastian replied with a weak smile. "The people they interact with are comatose on an operating table," he added with a chuckle.

"And you are?" Claire asked, hoping to gain some information from the seemingly friendly man. Just in case Claire needed evidence if this did turn into a kidnapping situation.

"Not a surgeon," the man confirmed. "I do Emergency medicine and occasionally I'll fill in at my dad's clinic. We all work together at the same hospital."
"Is Tom really a gynaecologist?" she asked flatly,

"Yep," Sebastian chuckled, "He deals with pregnancies as well."

At least Tom told her the truth about his occupation. Although it was a bit odd being the less educated out of everyone on the boat. Claire felt a bit ashamed, to be honest.

"With the amount of pussy that man's dealt with over the years, I'm surprised it doesn't turn him off," Michael commented, standing on the bottom step of the small stairwell and using the handrail to lean forward on.

Claire stiffened a bit and sat up straight. Sebastian placed his hand on her thigh briefly, squeezing it out of reassurance. "Nah, if you're a heterosexual male you never tire of...pussy," Sebastian replied reluctantly.

She was getting the impression that Sebastian was trying hard to appear to seem like the proper gentlemen out of the group. At least around her. And him saying things that Michael or Chris would easily utter was hard because of this.

"That's true," Michael cooed, looking at her while taking a swig of his beer. "Are you seeing anyone?" he asked her.

To the best of her knowledge, she and Tom weren't together despite last night's events, which, contributed to the awkwardness of this situation. Still, that was a bit blatant.

"It's the beer, you honestly don't want me." Claire dismissed.

Usually, she didn't engage the wildlife and the behaviour that Michael had shown was something she avoided in men. In fact, Michael and Chris came across as douche bags. But for the life of her, she just had to respond with something engaging like that. If Claire was alone, she'd smack herself in the head for being so dumb.

"Why not, you're cute!" Michael replied, looking her over from head to foot.

"I'm fairly certain I'm too fat for you." Claire dismissed sarcastically.

"Hey now!" Sebastian protested, "That's not nice to say about yourself. Beauty is in the eye of the beholder. And you're not fat."

"You're chubby!" Chris called from the lower deck. "Nothing wrong with a little chub! It makes it easier for a man to pound into ya without getting bruised to shit."

If there was a moment that lightning would strike her down dead - Claire hoped that it would happen now. She was so embarrassed that a red flush started to creep up her cheeks and she ducked down a bit.

"No but seriously, you single?" Michael asked again, waiting for an answer. The man was dead serious.

"I honestly don't know," Claire replied a bit flabbergasted while shrugging her shoulders. "I don't know what the fuck is going on anymore. I don't even know why I'm here."

"Mike, you're barking up the wrong tree, mate," Chris added, coming to stand next to Michael. Because of the Australian's height, he was able to stand on the lower platform and use the first two bottom rails as an arm rest. "Tom doesn't share and I doubt he's done with her yet."
Was she even here anymore? Claire hated it when people talked over her like the three of them were doing now. Michael, Sebastian and Chris were discussing the theoretics around possession regarding a female and whether it was still appropriate in this day in age.

Sebastian was against the notion - which didn't surprise her since he appeared to be the most passive out of the four, while Michael and Chris both thought that the feral practice was proper but only if it was them and their partner. If someone else behaved that way it wasn't right. Hypocritical, she knew.

Claire was sincerely starting to regret not taking Tom up on his earlier offer to have a nap with him. Being placed in the middle of this conversation wasn't pleasant. It made her nervous.

"Look, your upsetting Claire!" Sebastian pointed out and coming to her defence, "Knock it off the both of you. She's going to think you're raging lunatics, is she doesn't already!"

"If you're interested in something other than Tom, you come see me." Michael winked, finishing off the last of his beer before turning and going back to his seat.

Chris winked at her as well presumably giving her the same offer silently before leaving with his buddy. She found herself hunching forward once more in her seat, resting her elbows on her thighs. This time she wasn't going to vomit. This time she was having a hard time breathing. Claire's lungs were constricting and her chest was tightening up.

"Breathe," Sebastian spoke from beside her, placing one hand on her back while the other steered the boat. Slowly he rubbed circles. Seb's hand slipped under the material of her dress and the skin-on-skin contact actually helped soothe her a bit. "In and out, deep breaths," he added, "If they didn't walk upright you'd think they were cavemen. Better?"

"Yes, thank you," Claire admitted, sitting upright once more.

"Don't let them bother you. I'm sure once we dock they'll find someone else to entertain them." Sebastian told her protectively, resting his arm on her shoulders and drawing her into his side a bit. "As doctors, we don't get to vacation very often let alone access to women. Our jobs are number one and relationships are on the back burner. You can imagine how that can wear on a man."
"Here's what's going to happen," Tom announced, stopping his pacing long enough to turn and face her. Using his half drunk vodka cooler as a pointer, Tom addressed her specifically.

"Where's my purse?" Claire soured, crossing her arms over her chest.

"Quiet! I'm not done talking yet, love." Tom answered. "We're stuck with one another until my vacation is over. Which means we have to make the best of it."

No, no Tom wasn't 'stuck' with her because that implied that Claire had invited herself to be part of this situation. He deliberately did this so she was technically stuck with him.

Through casual conversation with Seb, Claire had discovered that the night before - or early morning hours, Tom declared to let him and her sleep. Naturally, Sebastian assumed that this meant he was to leave in the mid-morning as scheduled.

From what Claire had heard so far, Tom hadn't gotten upset with the man for doing just that.

"Seriously, Tom. I want my purse and my underwear." Claire stated.

The slow disappearance of her personal items was highly suspicious and Claire didn't understand why Tom or anyone else in the house needed to do that.

"Why do you need your purse?" the man asked, unable to comprehend the concept in his somewhat drunken mind.

Perhaps Claire should start drinking as well so she too can understand the logic floating around with these men. Being the only legitimate sober person in the house was...trying at best.

The trip by boat was only 3 hours all together. Despite Tom waking up 40 minutes after he had left, Claire decided to stay next to Sebastian. From the lower platform, Claire could feel Tom glaring icy daggers at her because she refused to move from beside his friend.

Carefully Sebastian had pulled up to a private dock and moored the boat allowing them to get off and enjoy his father's summer cabin. There were other cabins beside them that appeared to be occupied which was a comfort. At least they weren't in the middle of nowhere.

But now Claire found herself in a bedroom she was supposed to share with Tom, arguing over the value of why she needed her purse and panties.

"I don't want to throw the word 'hostage' around, but, normally men that don't want their female companion to leave them, take their wallets and purses," Claire announced,

"You're not a hostage!" Tom snapped, his eyes narrowing. "Don't even go there with that fucking bullshit! You're not in any immediate danger then, now or the future!"

It was juvenile but Claire liked to think she formed some sort of protective alliance with Sebastian. Seb, Claire had decided, would be the mediator between her and Tom.

"Sebastian!" Claire called loudly, adjusting herself on the bed. "Seb!" she added loudly. "Come here
Tom looked perplexed and a bit offended that she was involving another man in their disagreement. Once Sebastian actually appeared in the door way and automatically came to stand between the two of them Tom became very defensive.

"He won't give me my wallet!" Claire pointed out to the Romanian.

"What?" Seb questioned, confused.

At first, Claire was worried that she misread him and he was annoyed she had dragged him into this situation.

"Give her her wallet," Sebastian dictated. "There's no need for you to hold her wallet. It's illegal," he pointed out.

For a moment the two men stared each other down in a challenge for dominance. In the end, Sebastian got her wallet back for her but what consequences would it bring? Claire had officially insulted his manhood and there was no way of telling how he'd react to that.

"Whatever issues you two have, work it out." Sebastian warned, "Because I don't want my peaceful fishing vacation to be ruined by unrequited stress." Just as he was about to leave the bedroom he turned and addressed Tom, "And don't continue to be a fucking jerk towards her either."

Awkwardly Claire sat there clutching her wallet and looking off to the side. Tom just stood there and stared at her.

"That was highly inappropriate," he announced finally in disgust. "How fucking old are you? Ten?!"

"You wouldn't give me my wallet," Claire replied sheepishly,

"You didn't give me a chance too!" Tom defended, raising his voice.

"Knock it off!" Sebastian warned in passing, "You're both acting like fucking teenagers!"

"I really want to go home," Claire told Tom,

"Tough shit!" Tom spat, turning on his heel and leaving the room. "Now you're really not going home!"

Claire stood up and followed him out of the bedroom and onto the back deck overlooking the water. Michael and Chris sat in a pair of loungers, shirtless and beers in their hands as they watched the 'lovers spat' She supposed it was free entertainment.

"You wanna be fucking difficult, you wanna be a pain in the ass?" Tom told her strongly, "See how far it'll get you!"

"Don't talk to her like that, mate," Chris warned in a friendly manner. "Claire, love, why don't you go down to the shore and see what Seb's doing, ya? Give you and Tom a bit to breather."

The blonde giant sat up on his lounger and made himself available in case he had to physically escort her away from Tom. It made her wonder why they were this protective over her in regards to Tom.

Taking the hint to leave, she did. Carefully Claire made her way down the stone steps and onto the beach shore where Sebastian appeared to be baiting crab traps. The man looked up from their brief, smiling and going back to his task.
"Dinner, hopefully," he informed her.

"Chris told me to come and bug you for a bit." Claire sighed,

"Probably for the best. Tom's a good guy but he gets into weird moods where it's best to just leave him alone, or, he'll continue to get worse." Sebastian explained.

"I'm sorry I had to get you involved..." Claire started only to be cut off by Seb.

"Don't apologize. You did the right thing. It's a man's job to protect a woman if she's in a precarious position." Sebastian informed her with a playful glint in his eye, "Someone's got to be the voice of logic around here."

Besides her, Sebastian seemed to be the only one, not hell bent on making their liver request a divorce. She saw him earlier have a beer or two but it hadn't affected him like it did the others. Seb, from what she could see, was pretty much sober.

"Grab me that bucket please?" he asked, pointing to it, "Careful you don't ruin that pretty dress though, stinky stuff."

"I have nothing else to wear," Claire sighed, handing him the crab bait.

Why the hell couldn't her one night stand be with Sebastian than Tom? At least with Sebastian, the aftermath would be pleasurable and not a tense situation.

"Since this was all Tom's idea it's his job to get you proper clothing." Seb informed her, "Until then I'm sure I can find some lounge clothes you can wear. My mother and you are about the same size. The only downside is that they're a little dated..."

She grabbed one of the baited crab traps and followed him quietly down to the dock. With his direction, she tossed the trap into the water and watched as it sunk down into the ocean water.

"Do you think Tom and I naturally hate each other?" Claire asked Seb. She thought it was a valid question seeing how they were both technically drunk at the time of meeting.

"No," Seb smiled, holding his hand out so that she could safely step onto the moored boat. "I think he's being a tit because Tom knows he allowed his cock to make a rather rash and potentially illegal decision. When he's sober, which seems impossible, he's a very...mature...almost stern man."

Sebastian explained, dragging out a box of fishing lures and other materials. "Alcohol combined with a very beautiful young woman and good sex can make a man do things that they normally won't. And unfortunately, he's taking that out on you right now. Which isn't right for obvious reasons."

Sebastian went onto inform her that he was taking the boat out onto the water a little so he could fish. So, if she wanted she could either stay with him or leave. Claire chose to stay with Sebastian and go fishing. Well, she'd watch him fish.

"I can't make decisions for you," Sebastian informed her lovingly, grabbing her hand briefly before letting it go and starting the boat engine. "But, if you want to leave after Tom's sobered up, I will personally make sure that you get back home. I promise you,"

Chapter End Notes
The cabin in question:

I'm not including pictures of the boat because quite frankly I don't like boats, and, I don't particularly want to look at boats while trying to find the one that matches my imagination.
"Why aren't you drunk?" Claire asked Seb, her feet swaying back and forth in the water.

Precariously Claire sat perched on the back of the boat with her legs in the ocean water. Sebastian stood to her side with his fishing lure in the water. So far they had caught one good sized salmon that Seb would be cooking later.

"Because I have activities that I have planned out," Sebastian replied with a smile, "And they require me to be relatively sober. Those guys don't have anything specific they want to accomplish. They just want to unwind and relax."

"And that would be?"

"Fishing, a little hunting maybe," he replied, drawing the line in as it began to go tight. Flexing his muscles Sebastian managed to reel in another good-sized fish. "None of them do anything like that. They're city boys."

"Was Tom drunk at the water park?" Claire asked him, admiring how his muscles seemed to move as he did.

Since it was hot out Sebastian had taken off his shirt and was strutting around like a male underwear model. Claire tried not to stare or drool but it was hard.

"No," he told her honestly, "But, he was tipsy when he left for some fresh air. I'm assuming that's when he met you."

Lovely. That explained the difference between attitudes between the two places. While they were in line for the waterslide he seemed rather stiff whereas he was very jovial at the marina.

"Maybe he doesn't like me sober. Beer goggles and all." Claire commented

Sebastian looked at her for a few moments before taking out a large sharp knife and gutting the fish easily. Throwing it in the icebox with the other one he leaned over the boat's side and washed both his hands and the knife off.

"Nope, he likes you just fine," he assured her. "No beer goggles are needed to come to the conclusion that you're a good looking young woman. You're far too hard on yourself,"

"It's a habit," she dismissed with defeat,

"You need to break it. It's a bit uncomfortable with you constantly putting your self down. I know it can be hard with the modern-day perception of beauty." Sebastian told her with a small smile, coming to stand behind her. His hands fell on her shoulders and Seb began to massage them gently.

"There's nothing wrong with the way you look. A lot of guys find a woman with a more curvaceous figure appealing."

"I find it hard to believe that four insanely good looking men find the same body type attractive." Claire countered, "It's a bit clique, no?"

"Attractive woman are attractive." Sebastian offered, shrugging his shoulders. "It's not that hard to believe really,"
Claire allowed herself to lean back against Sebastian. The heat from his skin radiating through her back. She knew that he was taking a glance down the front of her dress and at her cleavage. Without her bra, her boobs were uncomfortably contained in the material. Claire was worried that one of her girls would try and make an awkward run for it again.

"It actually sucks for the men that prefer curvier women because most of the time they don't believe we're actually interested," he told her, his hands smoothing to her upper arms. "They just assume we're looking for a quick and easy lay."

She knew where this was going and didn't know if she should allow it to happen. As of right now all Claire had was a one-night stand with Tom and that was it. They hadn't even kissed since the night before. In fact, all they did was argue.

"But I digress," Sebastian sighed, forcing himself to move away from her.

She turned her head and blushed when a slight tenting in Sebastian's shorts became visible.

"If I slept with you Tom would break my fucking hands and a few other choice appendages," Seb informed her seriously.

"Please, he doesn't own me," Claire scoffed, turning around and planting her wet feet on the boat deck. "And besides, since that night he hasn't touched me."

"Oh it's coming," the Romanian grinned, "Wait till tonight he'll be all over you. I don't think he can resist for that much longer, to be honest. Your treasure must be the gate to Valhalla to make a man like Tom lose his senses like this."

Cheeks flushed with red she turned her head away from him and focused on no particular point on the floor.

"Is Tom usually this possessive?" she asked bashfully,

"No, which is alarming," Sebastian stated with a bit of worry on his face. "The last night on the boat, after you had gone to bed, Tom gave us all a long speech about how you're his and if we wanted to keep our manhoods attached to our bodies - we're to leave you alone. He's never acted this way before - so none of us wants to test him on the subject. Despite it being very tempting,"

Sebastian started to reel everything in and dismantled all his equipment. She helped as best she could but was distracted by what Seb had told her. Tom's little 'speech' was probably the reason why Chris and Michael had stopped sniffing around.

"Tom's not violent, is he?"

"What do you mean, sweetheart?" Seb asked, taking his fishing rod apart.

"He's not going to hurt me, is he? Like...physically?" she asked, standing and fixing the front of her dress.

"No," Seb replied protectively, his voice lower than normal. "We won't allow it. Not that he will, but if he tries he'll be laid out flat on his ass. I won't tolerate that kind of behaviour and neither will Chris or Michael."

A bit of relief and comfort came over her at his declaration because she knew that Sebastian was telling her the truth. The man was never 10 feet away from her when she was around Tom and either was Michael or Chris. Apparently, their long time friend's new behaviour had the men rattled that
"You'll be fine. Intense emotions you haven't felt before would shake up any man. Tom will be fine in a few days. Until then, if you feel more comfortable, stick next to me." Sebastian offered, coming to embrace her. Strong arms hooked around her lower back and he boldly took hold of her bum, squeezing the plush cheeks. "You can even sleep with me in my bed if you want."

"Tom won't like that," she pointed out, pressing her forehead to his chest, Seb's chest hairs tickling her nose a little.

"It's not about what Tom likes," he pointed out right back, "Tom's not the one that's feeling threatened. If you're feeling scared or uncomfortable it's my job as a man - well, a decent man, to make that better." he pushed a lock of hair out of her face and placed it back behind her ear.

Claire paused a moment and sighed, "Why couldn't you be the one to approach me?"

"Ah, don't be like that. Tom is a really good guy. He's just emotional right now." he reassured her. "Hopefully I can sober him up long enough for the man to come to terms with what is happening."

"I don't even know what's happening," Claire admitted in defeat. "This is all so out of character for me. I don't do one night-stands or let a stranger sweet talk me into bed like this."

"I believe you," he smiled lightly, pulling away from her to gauge her emotional state. "It's out of character for Tom as well, he's just as confused as you. Come now, let's get back home and check those crab traps. It's getting late and I need to make dinner. Yes?"

"Yeah, hopefully, Tom is a bit soberer when we get back so I can talk to him," Claire announced, her tone of voice not making it sound very likely.
As soon as the boat became visible from the shoreline, Tom descended the steps and began to quickly walk towards the dock. There was a lump in her throat as Claire quickly realised that Tom had a death glare.

"Where the fuck did you go?!" Tom accused hotly, raising his finger up and pointing straight at her.

Tom had become so close to her that he was able to hook his arm around her waist and forcefully draw her away from Sebastian. Fingers dug tightly into her hip as he challenged the slightly smaller man.

"I told you to back off!" Tom warned Seb darkly, "She's mine, I don't share!"

Claire couldn't protest because Tom had them turned around and marching down the dock. His stride was long and brooding as she struggled to keep up with him. The more she tried to break free from his grip the tighter Tom held her. Claire was sure that she'd have bruises on her hip.

"You've got some fucking balls on you, little girl!" Tom told her, taking his hand off of Claire's hip and making sure that she took the steps ahead of him.

Unsure of what to do Claire stood dumbly on the grass and watched as Sebastian was hot on their trail. A twisted look of anger and irritation uglied his handsome face. Tom made a crude gesture with his hands before ushering Claire up the wooden steps and into the house.

A shove that was far too gentle for the situation at hand had Claire placed in their shared bedroom. She turned to be met with Tom's lips upon hers. Strong hands held her cheeks firmly as he placed a possessive kiss upon her lips.

Stunned Claire stiffened at first before slowly moving her lips, moaning lightly. Eyes fluttering closed while caught in the moment were quickly opened as Tom picked her up off the ground and carried her to their bed.

Tom placed her upon the bed and fell between her legs. He resumed where they left off kissing, hands travelling over her body - groping and rubbing. Claire adjusted her legs to accommodate him better, her hands flat on his back as she moaned and arched her back upwards making more contact.

Sebastian opened the door hard and fast that it slammed up against the wall. Startled Claire went to sit up only to have Tom block it by lowering his body on top of hers.

"You two have a toxic fucked up relationship!" Seb stated from the doorway once he realised that there wasn't a domestic disturbance going on.

"Close the door and get out!" Tom replied in annoyance. "I'm busy!"
He muttered something in Romanian before closing the door as requested leaving Claire alone with Tom.

"Now, where were we?" he moaned, tilting his head to the side and capturing her mouth.

Claire could feel his hard cock brushing up against the inside of her thigh. The sex organ throbbed within his pants as Tom eagerly thrust up against her.

"Were you being naughty out there on the ocean with Sebastian?" Tom asked her seductively, trailing his mouth down the side of her neck and to her chest. He adjusted himself between her legs and easily pushed the top part of her dress down to expose her bare chest. "My titties," he growled, taking hold of the fat globe and steadying it before sucking her pert nipple into his mouth.

"No," she moaned, pressing her chest up into his mouth further.

"Good," Tom cooed darkly, raising himself up so he was kneeling against the edge of the bed. Slowly he roamed his hands over her chest, "Because daddy doesn't want to have to remark his territory." he purred, lowering his lips to the valley between her breasts.

Claire felt his scruff rub against her skin as he moved down her body lovingly. Kissing, licking and sucking on her flesh and making a trail for later.

"No, all yours!" Claire told him, lightheaded with emotions and arousal.

His mouth left her feeling heated and tingly. It was a set of sensations she never had to associate with sex before. Running her fingers through his hair she waited with baited breath as Tom removed the remaining bit of her dress that had bunched at her hips.

"So fucking beautiful!" Tom told her honestly,

Open-mouthed kisses peppered the width of her hips and across her soft tummy. Tom circled her belly button with his tongue before tracing an old silvery stretch mark.

"Every inch of you!" he added, "Don't let anyone else tell you differently! I adore every curve, dip, dimple and stretch mark! They're like a gorgeous roadmap to your life!"

Claire blushed and turned her head to the side. Much to her embarrassment Tom continued to kiss her stomach and trace her old stretch marks with his fingertips. The last of her her dress was discarded onto the floor before Tom stood up completely and discarded his t-shirt.

She sat up and watched him carefully. licking her lips as he smoothed a hand down his front, grabbing hold of his trapped erection and giving himself a squeeze. Tom locked his eyes on her as he flipped open the top button of his jeans and pulled down the zipper.

Inching fingers had her crawling seductively on her hands and knees to the front of his pants. Pausing, Claire looked up and waited for his next command. He took great pleasure in slowly undoing his pants and shimmying out of them. Much to her surprise, Tom had gone commando.

In an absurdly, yet, arousing way - Tom's cock sprung out from its entrapment smacking her on the cheek. Claire giggled a little and pulled her head back a bit and opened her mouth. Despite his manhood bobbing and twitching in front of her, Claire easily caught him with her mouth. Lips encased over the solid flesh and she eased her mouth up and down his length.

Tom groaned loudly, hands gripping the side of her head as he steadied himself. With lust clouded eyes he gazed down upon her as she worshipped his cock. They made eye contact briefly and she
made sure to swirl her tongue around his head, tracing it down his underside as she moved her mouth down his cock.

"Fuck!" he growled lustfully, "Yes! I love it when your lips are wrapped around my prick!"

Claire gave him a seductive look and batted her eyelashes before steadying herself with one hand, wrapping the other around his base. Enthusiastically she bobbed her head up and down, popping his fat head from between her lips loudly and swirling her tongue around it once - tracing his leaking slit with the very tip.

"I bet," she purred, holding him up and licking the underside from tip to base and back again.

A gentle hand graced across her cheek as she continued to lazily move her mouth up and down his cock, savouring the taste of his pre-cum.

"Come on love, scoot back a bit. On your back, legs open for daddy, yeah?" Tom instructed huskily.

She moved onto her back and parted her thighs in a cheeky manner. Tom dropped down to his knees at the end of the bed, arms extended out to grab hold of her hips. Tom dragged her closer so her bottom was touching the very edge. He pushed her legs up a bit exposing her treasure a little better.

Fingers parted her wet folds and she felt hot breath graze across her quim. Tom smirked and made a groaning sound before licking her slit. His strong tongue easily slipped between her folds and teased her flesh. Flicking her swollen clit and trailing down to her opening where he traced it teasingly, darting his tongue inside for a better taste.

"You have a gorgeous pussy, the best I've ever seen. And I've seen a lot," he told her in disbelief, parting her folds and getting a good look at her sex. Probing a single digit he sunk it deep inside her body, pulling down to get a good look inside. A second digit joined him and held her open wider. "Fuck," he groaned deeply, closing his eyes briefly as he became caught in the moment. "Your little cunny is swollen. The peak of fertility - you're in heat!"

Claire moaned and placed her arms loosely at the side of her head, stretching a little and rotating her hips against Tom's hand as he expertly fingered her. Just like on the boat he curled his fingers upwards and hit her sweet spot.

"That nice?" he asked her seductively - British accent enhancing the mood, "Relax and let Dr Hiddleston take care of you." Tom scissored her open a little to get an internal look once more. "Gorgeous," he muttered, "So wet," Tom added, "Dripping little cunny for daddy. You're so aroused!"

"Fuck me!" Claire boldly complained, moving against his hand in a wanton way.

"Fuck you?" Tom replied playfully, standing up and regretfully taking his hand with him. "Move back, head on the pillows."

Claire sloppily moved back on the bed. She was light headed and in a bit of a daze from arousal. All her blood was apparently flowing solely to her pussy. Claire thought for a second before rolling over, raising her bum and placing her head down on the pillow. Tom growled lustfully, taking possession of her hips and massaging them. Hands moving to her bum cheeks, roughly squeezing and pulling them a part.

Her lover reached across and took a pillow, placing it under her stomach for added support. Once she was secure he moved behind her, one hand on her hip while the other holding his cock. Claire licked her lips and panting, moaning and anxiously anticipating his penetration. She could feel him
rubbing the fat weeping head against her slit, teasing her.

"Condom!" Claire announced loudly, moving onto all fours. She turned her hand out to stop Tom from proceeding further. It almost slipped both their minds.

"Right, right," Tom agreed, agitated that she blocked him. "Ugh," he rubbed his face as if he was trying to clear his mind. "Give me a second!"

Claire sat on her bottom and watched as he made a crude toga out of a sheet before leaving the bedroom. She could hear him in the living room speaking to Michael and Chris. Once more they had to give him some condoms. This was beyond embarrassing. Claire made mental note to go out tomorrow and buy their own damn protection.

Tom, looking like a Greek God, stepped back into the room and closed the door. "Right, where were we?" he smirked, dropping the sheet and seductively slinking back between her legs like a Jaguar. A smirk crossed her face as she seductively moved back onto her front, raising her bottom and adjusting the pillow. Just to tease him a bit more Claire wiggled her bottom out of enticement. For her efforts Claire got a sharp, pleasurable, smack to her left bum cheek. Crying out in surprise she giggled, receiving another from Tom on the right cheek.

Claire could hear the condom wrapper being torn open and there was no doubt in her mind that Tom was actually using it. Confident and relaxed she waited patiently for Tom to resume where he left off. A few moments later he began to stroke his head up and down her slit. A few playful dips inwards where he slid just the tip into her wanton sex drove Claire nuts.

"Your pussy is so soft, warm and wet!" Tom praised her, "I can't wait until I can fuck you bare. Leave a nice, big, fat, creampie between your legs as God intended."

"Oh God!" Claire shuttered, clutching the pillow her head rested on, "Please!" she begged, "Fuck me!"

She could almost feel Tom smirking as he deliberately paused and tortured her. Agitated she moved back and easily accepted him into her body.

"Good girl," Tom uttered through a heavily strained voice. Fingertips dug into her soft flesh as he regained his composure before pulling back and slamming into her.

Claire curved her back and met his thrusts halfways. The sound of sex was prevalent in the bedroom as they moved upon the bed at a good pace. She can only imagine what his friends thought about their love-making.

"Fuck, yes!" Claire spoke, teeth chattering a bit as Tom raised one of her legs and rested it against his hip. He tilted his body a bit to the side making his cock move in a different angle.

"That's it, good girl!" Tom cooed, holding her hip tightly so he wouldn't lose his balance. "Fuck me back, nice and hard!"

Concentrating on the feel of his manhood inside her body Claire licked her lips and grasped the headboard, securing herself so that she was able to push back against Tom. She could feel him stroking across her g-spot and stopping right at her cervix, brushing up against it, producing just the right amount of discomfort to balance the feel of their love making out.

"I'm gonna cum!" Claire announced.
Tom stopped, pulled out of her and moved Claire onto her back so fast that she didn't even realise it. Stunned, Claire lay there on her back while Tom hovered above her, his cock in hand. Moving between her thighs he adjusted himself, taking her other leg and draping it on his shoulder.

"Turn a little to the side," Tom instructed.

Her body twisted a little to the side and she felt one side of her pelvis being raised. Curious as to what he was doing she waited and watched. An elbow came to rest just above her shoulder. Tom's arm extended and his hand cupped her cheek. Lips pressed to hers and he began to kiss her mouth passionately.

As soon as Claire returned the affection he lowered his hips and slipped into her body. Rolling his hips skillfully Tom fucked her at a medium pace. His head was rubbing and nudging places Claire didn't know existed. The sensations caused her to shudder, goose bumps covered her skin and her nipples perked.

"Cum on!" Tom panted into her mouth, "Cum for me! Cum hard on my cock!"

Placing her arms around his back she made sure to smooth her hands up and down the smooth skin, muscles rippling under Claire's touch. Making the reach Claire's hands grabbed hold of his bum, urging him to pump faster.

The hand holding her cheek moved to her hip and down her thigh. He moved them once more, changing the position of their intimacy. Claire wasn't used to this much activity and she was beginning to tire.

Tom having placed himself behind her kissed her shoulder, his hand running up and down her front. He cupped her breast and held it for a while as he suckled and nipped at her pulse point. Playfully he moved his hips up against her plush bum.

Once more her leg was draped over his hip and he hooked his arm around her waist, drawing her flat against him. Claire dopily looked up at him, hooking her arms around his neck, nibbling on his adam's apple.

Fingers stroked up and down her folds, parting her for his entrance. Sharply he thrust up a few times hitting her clit and the area right above her entrance before making the connection. Claire gasped as Tom sank himself hilt deep inside her aching quim. Naturally, she arched away from him only to have Tom place his large hand on her tummy, holding her in place.

One of his arms rested around her shoulders, hand cupping her breast protectively as the other arm draped across her hip and holding her soft tummy.

He moved skillfully behind her, thrusting and pumping into her wanton sex as lips and teeth nibbled on the side of her neck. The hand on her stomach stroked across her soft flesh and down to her mound. Tom varied this as he massaged and pinched her nipple causing her to gasp.

This was the most intimate moment she's ever experienced before and her senses were becoming overloaded. Deep in her stomach, Claire could feel her orgasm building. Her pussy muscles clutching and dragging along his shaft.

Tom adjusted his hand on her stomach, placing her tighter against him. Both arms hugged her from behind and he increased his speed.

"Fuck!" Claire gasped, "Fuck me, so close! Please, Tom!"
"Yeah, how close?" he huffed in her ear, biting her earlobe lightly. "I'm gonna cum too!"

"Close!" she moaned deeply,

Sloppily Tom's hand travelled to the top of her mound, fingers slipping roughly between her folds and settling over her swollen bud. He strummed his fingers over her sensitive little button in rhythm with his strokes.

Claire's eyes widened, her mouth opened a bit and she could see a kaleidoscope of colours in front of her as her orgasm unexpectedly took over. She felt her body go rigid in Tom's arms, her muscles stiff.

Tom stopped behind her, his hold on her strong enough that she couldn't break it. Loudly he gasped as his body shook, she could feel her private tissues throbbing around his cock desperate to milk him for his essence. A few heavy pants ghosted across the nape of her neck before he pushed into her a few more times.

Carefully Tom disentangled them and fell onto his back, chest heaving. A thin sheet of sweat glistened across his skin, his chest hair slicked down flat as well as the light dusting of hair on his stomach.

"Come here," Tom cooed, holding his arm out.

Taking a few deep breaths herself she strummed up the energy to move into his arms. Inching slowly towards him, Claire rested her head on his chest, her arm coming to rest on his stomach.

"I don't want you thinking your anyone's but mine," Tom told her boldly, turning his head to the side so that he could acknowledge her. "Claire, you're mine and I don't share."

All she could do was close her eyes in a sleepy flutter and moan faintly. The body rush was wearing off and Claire fell into complete relaxation. Limbs, heavy and tired she couldn't even muster the energy to adjust her legs.

"Go to sleep my love," Tom murmured, reaching over his chest and pushing her damp hair back from her forehead. Fingers traced along her jawline and down to the front of her neck before moving along the tops of her breasts. "My beautiful little angel,"
There was a special kind of tired that you couldn't necessarily describe. Claire was starting to think that she was suffering from that. Tom was starting to exhaust her in a way she didn't think was possible.

"I mean, what exactly are 'we' Tom," Claire asked him seriously,

For a man that was apparently very smart and highly educated - he relied on a lot of 'I don't know' for an answer to simple questions. That is if he wasn't avoiding the questions altogether.

"Why does it need a name?" Tom asked her,

When he wore sunglasses like he was now it was impossible for Claire to judge his emotional state. Tom was able to hide behind a stone cold facade.

"It doesn't necessarily need a name but it would be nice to know that..."

"That what?" Tom interrupted,

"She wants to know if you're just fuck buddies or if you're wanting more, mate." Chris piped up from across the deck.

Tom pushed his sunglasses up his face and rested them on his head looking at her. "Fuck buddy?" he repeated in distaste. "I'd be less interested in you if it was a fuck buddy situation, no?"

"You two really need to work on your personal communication skills," Sebastian complained, handing Claire the juice that she had requested. "Look, it's none of our business what you two do as long as it's legal. But, it's very stressful to see you two so on edge all the time."

"It's a simple yes or no answer, Tom," Claire stressed, placing her glass down.

Clearly, he was uncomfortable with having an audience being present and it showed through his body language. Tom stiffened defensively and sat up straight, watching her very closely with his blue eyes.

"I'm not a bloody flake." Tom pointed out, placing his arms on the table and folding his hands before her. "I don't do fuck buddies, it's against my pedigree and moral standings. With that being said; I honestly don't think what we have has a specific label."

This sounded like they were going around in circles once more and the headache she had acquired earlier just increased.

"You're exhausting me," Claire admitted with a defeated sigh.

From across the deck, she could see that Michael and Chris were silently debating on whether they wanted to comment or not. Every once in a while the two men would exchange looks before going back to her and Tom.

"What do you want me to say, Claire? I can't give a fucking title to something I don't understand! I just know it's more than 'fuck buddies' as you call it." Tom snapped defensively. "It could be a whirlwind romance for all I know!"

"Soul mates?" Michael offered,
No, Claire didn't think it was that. It was something supernatural. Tom twitched his nose at the suggestion dismissing it politely.

"I think it's just chemistry," Sebastian said, "Very strong chemistry. Regardless, you two need to sit down and hash this out. We're on vacation to de-stress not stew in it." Realising that he might have come off as too harsh Sebastian softened his features and voice. "Look, I think the best thing for the both of you is just going slow and proceed how you usually would when trying to build a relationship. Get to know one another...outside the bedroom."

"Go out to lunch in town," Chris suggested, "Take a walk along the shore front."

"I have to go into town in a bit," Seb stated, "I'll give you two a lift."

Tom was a very confusing conundrum. He seemed rather guarded on the subject and a little cold. It made Claire not too eager to get to know the man. Tom's friends seemed more interested in their potential relationship than he was. Hell, she knew that they'd gladly take his place.

"Yeah that's fine," Tom finally spoke in a somewhat dismissive manner. "I gotta get her some clothes anyway."

"Well don't leap up with joy," Chris blanched, shaking his head. "You're going from obsessed Romeo to completely disinterested, mate. No wonder poor Claire is pushing for an answer."

Tom looked at her, his face was softer than before. "I'm interested," he confirmed finally. "Alright? I'm trying to figure this all out just like you. But I am definitely interested in you and I want it to go beyond just sex."

He sounded sincere in his declaration and Claire accepted it just as that. She reached out and grabbed his hand, a spark of energy hit her and ran down her entire body. Tom squeezed her hand back refusing to let it go as he leaned inwards and took a deep breath. Apparently, he had felt it as well.

Sinfully he gazed at her, slowly raising Claire's hand up to his mouth where he kissed every single knuckle slow and deliberate without breaking eye contact. For all Claire knew the world around them had stopped moving. Everything appeared to be in slow motion. Every kiss made her slip further into a comfortable warmth.

Claire blushed and bashfully looked away from Tom like a schoolgirl with a crush. Tom actually began to smile and drew her hand back, lingering his lips on the skin.

"No love-making on my deck, please. At least when we're not home." Seb told them playfully.

"Unless you want company," Michael smirked, wiggling his eyebrows.

Tom snapped his head to the side and glared at his friend at the mere mention of interfering with his 'territory' If the man had feathers they'd be fluffed as he sat up straight before abruptly standing and taking Claire with him.

She thought he was taking her to the bedroom once more but instead, they passed it and went out the front door and up the steps to where Sebastian's car was. Once she was standing there Tom's hands came to her face, holding her in a familiar manner as his lips crushed down upon hers possessively.

Whimpering she felt her knees buckle a little as she melted into his kiss. Small hands clutched at his shoulders as Claire kissed him back just as eagerly.

"Mine!" Tom growled, nipping at her lower lip. "I don't like sharing my lovers."
"I don't like being shared," Claire confirmed, biting his lower lip.

She had to raise up on her toes to reach him better seeing how Tom was much taller than her. Because of this, he was able to casually grab hold of her bum, possessively holding each cheek in his hand as he mashed her closer to his solid body.

"Something as delightful as you aren't meant to be shared and passed around like a common whore." Tom groaned, "My beautiful little kitten," he added, placing enthusiasm on the possession.

Claire knew it wasn't healthy for a man that barely knew her to be this possessive and jealous towards other men, but, it was hard not to find the novelty in it. Tom was tall, dark and handsome with a great career. And he was exclusively interested in her. Her - the awkward, somewhat self-loathing chubby woman.

She may as well embrace his devotion for as long as she could. Because Claire didn't know when she'd ever be in this type of situation again. Probably never with her luck.

Strong protective arms rested around her hips as he loosened his hold upon her. Claire rested her chin on his chest and looked up at him dopily. The smell of his body wash and his body heat made Claire want to climb back into bed for some serious cuddling.

"I'd rather be making love," Tom confessed, stroking her back with one of his hands. "But we have to do other things than just that."

"If you insist," she murmured,

"My baby needs some clothes and a sexy bikini," Her lover groaned, wiggling his eyebrows at her. "And whatever else will keep her happy until we leave."

His large hand came to cup her cheek taking up the good majority of her face. Claire nuzzled into his hand, moaning a little. His finger traced along the bridge of her nose, up and down, sending Claire further into a relaxed state and closer to sleep.

"Are you renting a car from town, or do I need to pick you up?" Sebastian asked, not realising that they were in an intimate embrace.

"I'll rent," Tom spoke, holding her and rocking back and forth. "Come on love, before we don't end up going anywhere."

With a reassuring pat on her bum, he broke their embrace and held open the back door of the car for her. Tom kissed her before he closed the door and got settled in the front.

"None of us is really hunting types so we can do something while you're doing your own thing," Tom explained, "That way we're not encroaching on your relaxation."
Claire rather enjoyed the water because in the water she was virtually weightless. Her partner, if she had one, was able to pick her up effortlessly and hold her in mid-suspension. Of course the sexual probabilities never even dawned on her until Tom grabbed hold of her hips and made it so she was straddling his groin while he stood.

"Pervert," Claire giggled.

They had had a lovely lunch in place along the waterfront. After that, they managed to find a store that had a few clothing items in her size - including a bikini. Tom was so delighted with the fact that they found a bathing suit for her that he bought himself a pair of swimming shorts. Tom had said that he wanted to go swimming and that was fine. But, she didn't think he meant right now.

It was so off the cuff it took her by surprise. So they changed into their bathing suits in the mall bathroom and walked hand in hand to the beach. Which lead them to their current situation.

Adjusting her legs around his waist she giggled once more and kissed him. Strong wet arms hugged around her body as he easily held her up. The water was cold but the temperature outside was hot. Slowly their bodies were starting to warm up to it but there were still things that were either poking or shrinking due to the temperature.

"I can't feel him!" Claire giggled, rubbing her crotch against his front.

"He's hiding from the bloody cold! My boys have partially retreated inside my body!" Tom chuckled, "He doesn't do well in cold."

Claire nuzzled her nose into the crook of his neck, resting her chin on his shoulder and sighing. Hands slipped into her bikini bottoms, cupping her bare, clammy cheeks. A light growl and a squeeze were given from her lover before he dipped them down lower in the water allowing Claire to lean back and allow the buoyancy of the water to hold her up. With her legs around his waist, she was able to anchor herself and float effortlessly.

Tom stood still like a sturdy oak tree and placed his hands on her hips adding some firmer support.

“You look so gorgeous right now. Like a lovely sea goddess.” Tom praised.

“A fat mermaid,” Claire corrected,

“Mermaids, as I recall, are beautiful sirens that lured men to their deaths by using their feminine charms.” Tom purred, his hands travelling up and down her sides and just up to under her breasts. “Which would be a very accurate description for you, my love. My supernatural beauty with a bewitching charm!”

A rush of happiness bubbled up inside her and settled in her stomach. Millions of butterflies fluttered at the same time leaving her feeling as if she could fly. Claire felt that he was being sincere when saying his declarations of love. Soft caresses and tender strokes along her flesh only exasperated the feeling. No man has ever touched her like this before let alone made her feel like this.

“You make me feel so good,” Claire bashfully confessed, “Your hands are like heaven.”
“Good, I’m glad,” Tom smiled, drawing her back up against him. “You, my love, make me feel good as well. I love when you come up behind me and gently touch the small of my back or massage my shoulders,”

Naturally, her arms rested around his neck loosely as her cheek was pressed against his shoulder. They stayed in that intimate embrace for a while before Tom dipped down into the water to wet them further.

“Come on sweet girl,” Tom cooed, kissing her mouth briefly, “We gotta dry off before we walk into a car rental place.”

Hand in hand Tom helped her walk out of the water and onto the pebbled shore. Claire was a little wobbly as the small rocks rolled and pressed into her bare feet. Tom placed his arm around her waist and held her against him as a support making sure that she didn’t stumble or twist her ankle. A long log basking in the sun served as their seating area as they let nature take care of their dampness.

Her lover stretched out his legs in front of her. A whole foot longer compared to her stubby little legs. Claire couldn’t help but feel like a fat little mountain goat compared to Tom who was a sleek mountain lion.

“What’s going to happen after your vacation is up?” Claire asked, watching a bunch of teenage girls set up camp close to them.

The thin beauties giggled and fawned over a shirtless Tom. She knew that they were whispering insults to one another about her. Self-conscious she reached over and grabbed her dress, pulling it on over her head and covering up her stomach and the spare tire around her middle.

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“No matter how hard they tried to catch his attention Tom ignored them. They stretched, stood provocatively and even walked by their log. None of this worked because Tom's attention was strictly on her. A sense of pride came over her at having 'won' this battle effortlessly. If Claire wasn't as mature as she was – she'd have stuck her tongue out at them.

“Where do you live, anyway?” Claire asked him curiously. It never really dawned on her that she didn't know where he was from. Tom could be visiting from England for all she knew.

“Nowhere too far away,” he answered, narrowing his brows and giving the giggling gaggle next to them a dirty look. To show his solidarity towards Claire, Tom grabbed her hand, drawing it up to his mouth and kissing the back before placing it on his thigh – protectively placing his hand on top of hers. “Bloody brats!” he complained, “Come on love, let's move somewhere more private.”

Claire just won another victory as Tom stood and offered his hand to her. With him providing a solid protective barrier they walked towards the steps leading up to a grassy area and picnic benches. He carried their shoes while she had a large beach bag stuffed with their clothes over her shoulder.

They found a nice picnic table under a tree in the shade and settled down. Sitting in front of each other Claire was able to admire her British beauty. She still didn't understand how she managed to snap him as deeply as she had. It was the great mystery of life Claire supposed.

“Where are you from?” she asked once more,

“England, originally,” he cheekily replied with a Cheshire grin. “But as of late? I take up residency in Seattle. As does Michael. Sebastian and Chris. We all work at the same hospital.”
That wasn't too far away but it would definitely be a 'long haul' for Claire. If Tom was wanting a long-distance relationship they'd never see each other except holidays. It was to her understanding that he was a very busy man and weekends wouldn't be worth the energy or money it would take for her to go there or vice-versa.

“That would mean...” she started, only to get cut off by Tom.

“You come home with me?” Tom asked her with high expectations. His voice indicated nervousness at his rather bold request.

Claire snorted rather unattractively and pulled out her bottle of water. “You don't wanna come home to me every day, trust me.”

“Oh I think I do,” Tom corrected, giving her a serious look. “I mean, coming home to anyone after a long day at the hospital would be good. But if it was you? Bloody fabulous.”

“You put a lot of stock in me, don't you?” Claire asked him,

Tom let out a shaky breath and ran his hands through his curling ginger-blond hair. “Look, Claire, I'd like you to really think about my offer. I don't want this to end when my vacation is up. I don't think I could recover emotionally if we were to be torn apart so abruptly like this.”

Chapter End Notes

I have been away dealing with family reunions (Fun) and a some-what vacation. I managed to write a little but not a lot.
There were little things Tom did that made Claire slip more and more in 'love' with the man. Tom would come up behind her and nibble on the back of her ear, hugging her from behind. Or he would draw her onto his lap as they were sitting around on the deck where possessive arms would wrap around her waist and his chin would rest on her shoulder. No matter where she was Tom was always three or four steps away from her.

Many people would think it was unhealthy and the seriousness of Tom's enchantment over her was dangerous, but, Claire didn't feel threatened. It was actually a comfort as morbid as it seemed.

"My beauty," Tom purred, placing two fingers under her chin and drawing her in for a kiss.

They were laying out on the dock in the sun after a short afternoon dip. Tom was on his side blocking her from the view of the fellas on the deck. He made a habit of placing himself in front of Claire or blocking access from other people. Claire wasn't concerned but Tom's friends were starting to question whether he had some sort of mental breakdown they weren't aware of. His behaviour was so out of character that they didn't understand him.

Sebastian stated that he thought this was a darker side to Tom that was recently triggered by her. That didn't really paint Claire in a good light. She still struggled to figure out just what Tom saw in her to make his so crazy in love.

"My gorgeous girl," he added, drawing her in for another kiss. "Never leave me?"

"No, never," Claire giggled rubbing her nose against his lovingly. The hidden meaning of his words completely going over her head.

Tom flipped onto his back, using his arms as added support as he sunned himself in the front. Like a sleek cat, he stretched out and showed off his muscular body, chest and stomach hair still matted down a little by the salty water.

She couldn't help but run her hand up and down his front affectionately as Tom closed his eyes and enjoyed the attention. His change in mood wasn't helped by her that's for sure. In a way, Claire felt guilty because she never said anything about him lingering at her side or always having at least one hand on her body as a show of dominance over other men and her. Claire didn't necessarily know how Tom would react if she piped up and said something. Subconsciously she was probably fearful that he'd respond negatively. And by negatively Claire meant that he'd begin to dismiss her completely and maybe even deem her unworthy of his constant affection.

"I love it when you touch me," Tom groaned, flexing his stomach muscles and as her palm passed over it.
Claire laid out on her tummy beside him on the dock. His hand traced the dip of her spine and over her bum. Fingers wiggled under the wet material of Claire's bikini bottoms and cupped her clammy cold bum.

“You have such a beautiful figure,” Tom praised, “You must have a body dis-morphia disorder because you're not seeing what I and everyone else does.” he added, sounding like a genuinely concerned doctor.

“I'm chubby!” Claire protested,

“True, you are softer than some women but I think you're average in general. I think your figure is beautiful. You have fluff in all the right places and gorgeous childbearing hips that make me wanna breed you.” Tom growled lustfully, grabbing hold of her bum and massaging her cheek.

“My thighs rub together.” she pouted, looking for further compliments from her lover.

“It makes it more comfortable when I'm nestled between them,” he grinned wiggling his eyebrows. “And your soft tummy makes it easier for me to move against you, your bum is added padding and your breasts could feed several infants. All admirable features, my love.” Tom answered, leaving no grounds for complaints.

“Stretch marks?” Claire questioned curiously, an eyebrow raised.

“A map that leads me to all your lovely bits.” Tom smiled fondly, “All women and men have stretch marks, I have them on the back of my legs. It's part of the human body and it's beautiful. At least in my personal and medical opinion.”

Claire smiled, blushing lightly at his sincere response before inching closer and placing her side next to his. She used his arm as a pillow while enjoying the warm sun on her back. They stayed like that until the hard wood began to become too uncomfortable under them. A particular wooden panel of the dock digging into her ribs.

“Come on, love,” Tom spoke, offering her his hand. “You never put sunscreen on and I don't want you to burn,”

Seductively she swayed her hips back and forth as Tom guided her off the dock and back to the house. Back and forth her feminine charm wove its magic as a boost of confidences in her personal appearance and sexuality settled within her. Tom's hand settled on her lower back right above the hem of her bikini bottoms as he guided her protectively up the stairs and onto the deck. Despite there being an outdoor shower to wash off Tom preferred her to wash inside. The first and last time she tried to use it there was an audience which Tom didn't like.

Chris and Michael gave her an impressed look as she confidently passed them without using her large towel as a cover. Instead, she strutted her entire chubby self into the house and towards the shared bathroom in the home.

Right on her heels, Tom closed the bathroom door, locking the door and pressing his body against it preventing her from leaving. Claire winked at him and began to slowly, seductively, untie her bikini top. Once the clasp was unhooked and the tie behind her neck was undone she allowed the material to fall at her feet. Tom groaned loudly, licking his lips and fluttering his eyes closed briefly.

He shoved off from the door and cupped her breasts, cradling the heavy orbs in his hands. Tom massaged them together, admiring her girls before awkwardly ducking his head and suckling a nipple into his mouth. Pulling and pinching the bud with his teeth while groaning loudly. Claire
stood there and used a towel rack and the bathroom sink as support. Breathing heavily she tilted her head back and moaned as he switched breasts eagerly.

“Let’s get these off, yeah?” Tom huffed lustfully.

Fingers hooked into the sides of her bottoms, pulling them down smoothly from her hips – down her thighs and to her ankles where Claire kicked them off. Completely nude she stood in front of him, waiting. Tom grabbed her ankle and raised her leg, resting her calf on his shoulder as he ducked down onto his knees. Two fingers parted her folds and an impatient tongue caressed her private flesh.

“your little cunny is cold,” Tom purred, sucking one of her smooth lips into his mouth.

“Warm her up then?” Claire asked, her hand gripping his hair for added balance while the other hand now rested on his strong shoulder.

Tom smirked and did a little playful growl before licking her from front to back, burying his tongue inside her honey-hole and making obscene wanton noises of lust. She felt her knees go weak a little and she began to fall forward into Tom. He raised his hands and grabbed hold of her hips, steadying her.

“Easy, love,” Tom told her gruffly, nipping at the top of her mound – teeth grazing through the trimmed hair and flesh. “Come on, in the tube,” he added, licking her quim once more before standing. “Take my shorts off, take him out. Dr Hiddleston wants to play with his little one,”

Claire shuddered, goose bumps covering her flesh and a rush of pleasure running down her spine right to her pussy as she stepped into the tub as instructed. Slowly she lowered herself until she was face level with his trapped erection.

Licking her lips she moaned, raising her hands up and pressing them against his front. Claire could feel his hardness through the still damp material. The heat cutting through the cold, his member throbbing anxiously. Nimble fingers worked to unravel the knot holding the board shorts up. Tom took over for her easily undoing the knot and opening the front. He placed his arms and hands loosely at his sides and allowed her to finish. Making a little ‘oh’ sound she pushed the material down where it pooled around his ankles.

Tom’s manhood sprung free with a bob, thick member throbbing with arousal and blood flow. Claire took hold of his base and held the fat organ up, lowering her mouth and allowing her tongue to trace from right above his sac to the tip and back down. Tom’s cock was flushed red with blood, solid as marble and draped in silt. At the head, a thick clear glob of precum leaked out and began to slide down his underside.

Taking his head into her mouth she moaned, sliding her tongue and lips down his heated flesh. Caught in the moment she placed her hand between her legs and stroked her wet slit, up and down with her fingers and around her clit. Boldly Claire pushed two fingers inside her body, fucking herself a little. Building arousal made Claire more eager and she increased her pressure, adding a little more shaft in her route. By chance, she moved her hand from between her legs and into her line of view.

Nearly choking on his manhood Claire abruptly stopped, looking at her hand with worry. Tom glanced down at her just in time to see her hide her hand. Narrowing his brow he reached down and grabbed hold of her forearm. Her fingers were stained with blood and it was clear that Tom was right, she had gotten her period in the time he predicted.
“I'm sorry,” she apologized profusely, scared that he'd be upset with her.

“For what?” Tom asked her, “I don't care. Stand up love, let's get the water running.” He waited for her to stand before coming into the bathtub behind her. Tom fiddled with the water knobs until the temperature was right. “Are you forgetting about what I do for a living? A little blood isn't going to deter me from that delightful cunny,” he growled, hands on her hips once more. “Bend over,” Tom instructed, “I can finally cum inside your pussy.”

Claire didn't know what to think or say about his declaration. Regardless, she bent over and spread her legs. Her hands were pressed against the shower wall in a bid to stop herself from falling forward. She felt Tom part her folds and slide his fingers against her length, dipping into her entrance a little before coming out and teasing her clit. Much to her horror, he slipped two fingers into her body, curling them as normal and finding her sweet spot. Claire knew that he was watching intently at his handy work as Tom's fingers slid in and out of her aching pussy.

“If you get sore, let me know and I'll pull out,” Tom informed her,

She couldn't believe that he was actually going to do this. “Alright,” Claire replied apprehensively, parting her legs a little more and lowering her front and presenting her back-end like a bitch in heat.

Tom steadied her with one hand wrapped around her hip while the other took hold of his cock. He stroked his inflamed head along her slit a few times before boldly pressing forward and easily slipping inside her body. They shuddered at the same time for the same reason. He waited for a few moments for Claire to adjust before pulling back and pushing in. Both of his hands possessively took hold of her hips, anchoring himself to her.

“Is there blood?” Claire asked him with worry, biting her lower lip and pushing her bum back to meet his thrusts.

He paused a moment to adjust the waters spray above them, beginning where he left off. “A little, it's not a big deal, relax,” Tom groaned, tilting his head back and closing his eyes a little. “A man is not a man unless he can worship his lover's body all the time. Menstruation,” he groaned, “Pregnancy, sick with a cold, you'll never get me off you, love.”

There was a large dose of chivalry in that dedication declaration Tom just told her. Claire had no idea if she should be impressed or worried. Right now, however, she was pushing herself back against him eagerly desperate for a release. Using her shoulder as support Claire placed her hand between their legs, ghosting her fingers over Tom's sac and her quim. The contact had her lover gasping and groaning. Smirking she grabbed hold of what little shaft wouldn't fit inside her and squeezed prompting Tom to fuck her harder.

“Yes!” He gasped, “Fuck!”

“So good!” Claire admitted, allowing lust and pleasure to take over her fears. “Oh god, fuck me hard!”

“Your pussy is swollen!” Tom gritted, fingers digging into her hips as he slammed into her hard enough to make a smacking sound. “Nice and tight around my cock. I can feel your tissues throbbing around my member!”

“I'm so horny!” Claire complained, rotating her hips against his stiff member.

“I bet you are!” Tom cooed, placing his arm around her middle and hoisting her up straight. Claire gave a squeak as she tried to balance and not ruin their connection at the same time. “Place your right leg up on the tub's ledge,” he told her – she did. “Relax” Tom whispered in her ear, adjusting his
arms so they hugged her from behind. Lips pressed right against her pulse point as he suckled and nipped at the sensitive skin. Slowly behind her, he began to rotate his hips and push forward. Whimpering Claire reached behind her and grabbed hold of her lover. “You need to calm down my lovey or you'll work yourself up into a rut. Despite you bleeding your beautiful body still thinks I can get you pregnant.” Tom explained, placing sweet kisses to the side of her neck and down to her shoulder.

Tom must have known what he was talking about, again, because Claire found the idea of him giving her a baby very appealing. Cooing in response Claire moved her hips from side to side, grinding herself down on his cock.

“Cum on,” Tom purred, a wet slick hand sliding down the front of her body and over to her quim. Fingers slipped between her folds and he easily found her clit. “Cum for me, cum hard! I wanna feel you clutch me!”

Claire felt her stomach and thigh muscles start to quiver as Tom's skilled fingers worked their magic between her legs. That pleasure was building in her pussy as Tom's hips worked them both closer to the peak. The taller man found it easy to do so in this position with Claire pressed against his front like a sex toy.

“You need to cum,” he demanded huskily in her ear, “I want you to cum nice and hard on my manhood. I'm so close I can feel it in my balls!”

“Yes!” she replied, moaning and raising her arms up to haphazardly loop around his neck. Turning her head she captured his lips and kissed him passionately. Tom paused a moment before returning to his pace. “I'm gonna cum!” she told him, nuzzling into the hand that now cupped the side of her face.

“Good girl!” Tom panted, “I can't hold out for much longer baby, I'm gonna cum!”

Fingers danced across her swollen little button faster and in an uneven rhythm. She could feel Tom falter a bit behind her as he struggled to keep his pace. A sharp bite on the side of her neck sent Claire over the edge. She cried out, loudly, and stiffened against Tom's body. He released her neck and gasped as he stopped and held her firmly in place. Claire's pussy was throbbing around his cock, tight muscles milking him for every ounce of the essence he could give.

Lightheaded and weak kneed Claire ran the very good risk of falling into the wall in front of her. Shuddering once more she revelled in the feeling of her insides being flooded with hot, thick cum. Tom's loads were heavy and it was even more apparent not just how much he could make.

“Are you ok?” Tom chuckled, reaching above her to push the shower head to the side.

Claire muttered something inaudible causing his chuckle to deepen a little as he placed her leg down carefully before pulling out of her. She went to turn and see how much of a mess she had made only to have Tom step into the water and wash himself off.

“I told you to not worry about it,” he smiled faintly, “A little blood isn't going to chase me off, love.”

Playfully falling forward Claire rested her forehead on his shoulder, her arms clutching at his sides as she tried to regain her composure. Her pussy still throbbed from the aftermath and an unfamiliar thick, warm, fluid began to leak out of her quim and down the inside of her thighs. Naturally, she went to wipe it away only to have Tom block her.

“No, you don't! I've waited for so long to cum in that cunny and I won't have you get rid of my seed. It belongs between your legs as God intended.” Tom declared possessively, grasping her chin with
two fingers and drawing her up for a kiss. Claire cooed, kissing him right back. Soft lips against lips danced and fought a little for dominance. Naturally, Tom won.
Chapter 14

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Come on,” Tom encouraged, “If you have cramps the best thing for them is exercise.”

“No, it's not!” Claire pouted, shuffling behind him grumpily, “It's to stay in bed and eat lots of chocolate.”

Tom looked over his shoulder and gave a disapproving look, “Who's the expert here? You can do that after we've gotten a good hike in.”

Deep down she knew that he was right Claire just didn't want to admit it. Trudging on behind Tom she picked up her speed so she could at least walk side-by-side with the man. After the shower last night Claire slept like a baby. She was asleep as soon as her head hit the pillow. In the morning Claire had woken with Tom wrapped around her precariously, one of his hands fanned out over her womb. The heat from his body radiating through her bare skin and helping to soothe the cramps.

“Are you OK for tampons or do we need to stop at a store on our way back?” Tom asked her so casually it was surreal.

Never in all her life had she met a man so concerned for her menstrual cycle. Claire got that it was his occupation but Tom asked her questions she never thought to actually ask. He knew how heavy her cycle was, how bad her cramps were, the swell of her stomach and even the colour of the blood. Once Tom had all this information he declared that her cycle was healthy and lectured her heavily about not getting a PAP-smear when she knew it was due.

“I'll be fine,” Claire sighed,

“you're changing them when you're supposed to, right?” Tom asked her seriously,

“Yes,” she sighed,

“Your reproductive system is a very delicate thing, Claire.” Tom lectured, “Plus I don't want you to get Toxic Shock Syndrome. That can be deadly and even affect your fertility. How are we supposed to have a child in the future if your laziness has ruined it?”

That was a bit too harsh. Claire glared at him and shook her head. He was making it out like she was a lazy pig that never changed her tampon or pad. When in reality Claire usually slept through the designated changing time at night or went a little longer than she should because there were no leaks and she was busy. A lot of women did it. It wasn't like she was sole negative.

“Look, I didn't mean for it come out that...harshly. I'm a doctor that specializes in this field. I've dealt with all kinds of nightmares stemming from that situation alone. I don't want you to go through it, alright?” Tom defended, grabbing her hand and giving her a reassuring squeeze,

Good God. If he was this anal and hovering around her during her period – what the hell was he going to do if they ever had children? Claire predicted that he'd never leave her alone. He'd call her from work every hour and check up on her.

Claire was so lost in the possible nightmare a pregnancy would bring her that she didn't even notice Tom had stopped. His hand grabbing at her t-shirt and physically pulling her back caused Claire to
raise her eyes up from the forest floor. There, in front of them was a large grey wolf – a male. Startled she quickly scurried behind Tom for protection. Instead of panicking he stood there and observed the large, powerful predator in front of them. Claire had heard of wolves being present in this part of the country but they were more inland towards the forest. He was awfully close to human population.

“Relax,” Tom reassured her, placing his arm behind him to embrace her. “He's not going to hurt us as long as we don't approach him.”

Curiously she peeked around his arm and watched as the beautiful animal sniffed around the ground, digging at the ground and looking for grubs. He raised his large powerful head and looked at them with beautiful gold eyes. The wolf sat on his bottom and looked at Tom who was gazing at the creature.

“Go on now,” Tom soothed gently, “Go back to your pups and mate. This isn't a safe spot for you, buddy,”

The wolf stood and made a motion with his head that indicated he understood what Tom was saying. Relaxed with the knowledge that the animal probably wasn't going to eat them she came out from behind Tom and watched as the wolf disappeared off into the bush and away from the trail. She was glad that the beast listened to Tom. Claire would be upset if he encountered people and became injured because of it.

“He'll be alright,” Tom told her, “Probably got a little lost while looking for food,”

Claire looked at him with wonder. Tom was the wolf whisperer. “Do you know a lot about wolves?”

“I know enough,” Tom chuckled, proceeding forward, “That wolf was looking for food for his mate and pups. Wolves normally have one to two pups around this time. He doesn't pose a threat because the task at hand is far more important to him than challenging another male for territory or dominance.”

“He's still really close to humans though,” Claire replied with worry, her eyesight strained through the woods to try and see if the wolf was still there.

They were walking in a government sanctioned park that doubled as a camping site. The park had walking trails, a sandy beach on an inlet and a rather impressive playground for children. It was very dangerous for the animal to be here.

“Ya,” Tom agreed, “I don't know why he's here except, maybe, he started tracking something and his sniffer lead him off the beaten track.” She gave him a very inquisitive look that leads him to explain, “I study wolves in my spare time. I feel that a wolf would be my spirit animal. They're very fascinating complex animals.”

“You remind me of a wolf,” Claire muttered, adjusting her shirt, “Especially with your dominance.”

Tom looked as if he were impressed with her observation. If he fancied himself a wolf at heart she supposed it would be best if he was alpha. A rustle in the bush caught their attention and they turned to see the wolf make himself appear once more. He paused a moment, a little stunned with being 'caught' by them after they had told him to go. Once more Claire clutched Tom's hand for safety and moved behind him.

Perhaps if the wild animal was hanging around them like this he was sick. The wolf didn't look like he'd have rabies but that didn't mean he didn't have some other canine virus.
“Relax” Tom assured her calmly, “He's not going to harm you, we're not a threat,”

The wolf stretched and arched his back like a domesticated animal before trotting next to them on the side of the trail. Claire pulled back a little as Tom placed some space between them and the animal. More importantly her and the animal.

“What the hell is he doing?” Claire whispered harshly,

“Go on,” Tom encouraged, “Go,”

“Maybe he doesn't have a mate and pups after all,” Claire told him, “Is there any wolf sanctuaries around here? Perhaps he escaped.”

“No,” Tom corrected, his facial expressions indicating annoyance, “He's 'feral' and not domesticated. And he really really needs to go back into the woods and go home.”

The way Tom addressed the wolf was akin to what you'd say to a neighbours dog that got into your yard. You want to be as passive as possible but you're actually quite annoyed by the creature.

The wolf sat down and cocked his head to the side. The animal and Tom were engaging in a staring competition and it made Claire extremely fearful. She was always taught, well – heard, that you're not supposed to look a potentially deadly animal in the eye because it could be interpreted as a challenge.

Loud talking off in the distance had caught the wolfs attention and he broke the stare-down and looked off in the direction. One fuzzy grey ear twitched as the animal tried to locate the noise. Just as the people were coming into view the wolf darted off into the woods rather quickly. Behind the fleeting animal, they could hear bushes rustling and the sound of twigs snapping.

“Good!” Tom muttered angrily, “Come on, we gotta get home.”

Chapter End Notes
Chapter 15

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Whatever Tom could do or say to reassure her about the incident with the wolf – Claire was still rather spooked. Hell, she'd even say she was somewhat in shock. The moment Sebastian and Chris laid eyes on her their concern for her well being immediately came to light.

“Are you OK?” Sebastian asked, kneeling before her. Soft, warm hands feel onto her cheeks and he got a good look at her pupils – tilting her head this way and that. “You look like you've seen a ghost!”

Chris stood above the both of them like an imposing Greek god. A beer in one hand and shirtless. “You alright, chickadee?” he asked her with concern.

Claire was torn if she should tell them the truth or lie. Would it really be that believable if she told them the tale of a mysteriously friendly grey wolf that behaved domestically at the park? Claire would have called bullshit if it was told to her by someone else. Without Tom around to back her up it placed her in an iffy situation.

The moment they had gotten home Tom grabbed his cell phone and locked himself in the bedroom. His excuse was that there was a pressing matter at work and he had to review important test results. Claire wasn't really sure if she believed him or not. Tom was unusually pissed off with the incident at the park. A lot more so than what a person should show. Ya, the animal placed them in potential danger but it wasn't something to rage about. The wolf never lunged, growled, showed teeth or did anything else to pose a threat. She hoped to hell that Tom wasn't calling conservation officers about the wolf and having him placed in potential danger. That was behaviour that got an animal shot and killed.

Realizing that there were two very concerned men before her waiting for an answer she decided to just tell them. If they believed her, great. If not, well, Tom will eventually emerge from the bedroom and back her up.

“At the park,” Claire began, pausing a moment to try and word her response properly, “We encountered some of the local...wildlife.”

“Ugh-huh,” Sebastian replied, waiting for her to continue.

Chris looked confused. Wildlife was oddly vague and could mean anything.

“It was a wolf,” she added, “A big male,”

“Yeah?” Chris replied, a bit more interested in her response. He and Sebastian shared a look between them that Claire completely missed, “That certainly causes for concern.”

“Did he bite you?” Seb asked her, looking her body over as best he could with what she was wearing.

“No,” Claire assured, “He just wouldn't...go away. Tom tried to shoe it away but he trotted beside us like a dog.”

Sebastian stood and tried to remain indifferent but she could see by his stance that the man was tense.
Chris just stood there and stared at her – completely lost in thought. Eventually, the Australian came out of his trance and twitched his nose, raising the beer up to his mouth and taking a slow deliberate sip. They reacted how she assumed they would – guarded.

“What colour was the wolf?” Sebastian asked casually, trying to blow off the seriousness of his question with a faint smile.

“Light grey with darker grey fur on his back and tail,” Claire described, “Grey eyes, fluffy – probably weighed about 130lbs altogether. Really tall,”

Chris cleared his throat and gave her a forced smile. “There's a wolf sanctuary around here, isn't there?” he addressed Sebastian. “Perhaps he broke free from wolf jail?”

Tom had told her there wasn't anything like that around these parts but that was neither here nor there right now. She was trying to just make sense of the situation and Tom's response.

“Right, right I remember my dad telling me about that.” Sebastian agreed, “He's probably already back in captivity. I wouldn't worry about it. It's a one-in-a-million type situation.”

Chris gave her a reassuring look and excused himself, going into the house. From where she sat on the deck, Claire could see Chris knock on their bedroom once before letting himself in – disappearing behind the closed door.

“Why are you acting weird,” Claire asked Seb seriously,

“We're not,” he smiled, “Just trying to digest what you've told us is all. It's not every day that someone you care about encounters a dangerous wild animal like that, you know? If that wolf wanted too – he couldn't have killed you.”

Michael who hadn't been present came running up the porch steps. His shirt was resting around his neck and his lean body gleamed with sweat. Claire remembered that the man was the jogger of the group and had been getting ready to do so before they left.

The man paused, looked at the both of them and grabbed a towel to wipe his face with. Once his full attention was back Sebastian cleared his throat and spoke, “Claire and Tom ran into a wolf that had escaped the local sanctuary today during their walk. That's why she's looking so upset.”

The Irishman tossed the towel down onto his designated lounger and narrowed his brows in complete confusion. “What the fuck are you talking about?! There's no wolf sanctuary around here!”

Sebastian gave him a look as if Michael just blew the worlds biggest secret. If he could have smacked the man and not started a fight Claire was sure that he would.

“Ugh, yeah there is,” Sebastian replied, staring the man down. “The university students study them for biology,”

“Well I'm not a bloody local so I wouldn't know!” Michael scoffed, dismissing his supposed ‘ignorance’ and trying to save face. “What of it though? Did the bloody critter bite you? Do I have to perform surgery for my little one?”

“No, Tom managed to chase him off into the woods before something happened to either party,” Sebastian answered for her.

Michael growled a little and gave the man a dirty look. He was asking Claire specifically and waiting for her to answer. “I'm fine, just rattled,” Claire smiled.
“It's just a big scary puppy,” Michael replied, completely downplaying the whole situation. “Probably just as scared as you.”

“He walked beside us like a domesticated animal...” Claire informed him. “Oh,” Michael replied, knitting his brow, “Well, I'm sure he's used to human contact if he's from that sanctuary...”

Chris re-emerged from inside the house with a new bottle of beer. He gave a false male bravado and stated “Are we still going on about this bloody wolf? He never hurt you, it's not a big deal – chickadee,”

Sebastian stepped up to defuse the situation before Claire took more offence to it. To her, it was a big deal because something like that didn't happen. And now, everyone around her was acting oddly because of it. It was a conspiracy that everyone with a penis was trying to cover up and in doing so – wanted to make her feel like a moron so she wouldn't continue with it.

“Hey, let's go check those crab traps?” Seb asked her, offering his hand. “It's about time we switch the bait out.”

Without arguing she stood and followed the Romanian down to the dock where their crab traps were located. Every night they had fresh crab to some degree because of his gathering skills. Last night they had captured 4 large king crabs that Seb cooked on the BBQ alongside steaks.

As Sebastian pulled up the first trap it started to dawn on her that all the men were kinda wolf like in their own way. Whether that was completely coincidental or not Claire didn't know. Sebastian would be the hunter/gatherer of the pack while Tom would be every bit the leader. Christopher, she could picture being Tom's second in command and muscle while Michael would be a general pack member that didn't have a specific role.

“Ah, nice!” Sebastian stated, drawing her out of her thoughts, “We already caught three big crabs!”

She looked down at the ugly alien-like creatures that were scurrying around in the cage. Snapping their claws and blowing bubbles at them. Seb took the creatures out of the traps and placed them in a bucket of salt water. Claire handed him the bait and watched carefully as he re-baited them.

“Where would I fit in a wolf pack?” Claire asked Sebastian curiously, not realizing that she hadn't shared her previous musings.

“What?” Sebastian asked her, taken completely off guard by her question.

“Well, I was kinda thinking that you guys are sort of like a wolf pack dynamic. I was curious as to where I would fit in?” Claire shrugged,

Sebastian stared at her like she had three heads for a moment before replying “The female? I don't know. I don't know anything about wolves. That's Tom's sort of thing,”

Claire didn't believe him when he dismissed it like that. Sebastian just didn't want to talk about the realms of ‘what if’ period. Regardless she didn't feel like arguing with the man so Claire dropped it. On the deck of the house, she could see Tom, Chris and Michael all discussing something rather fervently. Tom was leaning against the rail watching her carefully. It made her feel a little uncomfortable with how they were acting towards her.

“You'll be fine,” Seb told her, looking up and over to Tom on the deck. “No one here is gonna let anything happen to you sweetheart. Especially Tom.”
Chapter End Notes

If you look back at previous chapters this will all make sense (little clues). I didn't deliberately write it that way. It just so happened to fall in that direction.
“Would it be too inappropriate if I say ‘I love you’ or, I’m starting to feel that way?” Claire asked Tom, stretching out beside him in the hot-tub.

The other men were down at the beach around a fire while they lounged in the hot tub for so alone time. Besides Tom, she was nestled down, his arm around her as he stretched out in the hot water.

“No,” Tom replied, kissing the side of her head out of added reassurance. “That's what happens when you're with someone and your feelings start to develop.”

Tom was starting to settle down and drink far less. He was a far cry from what he was in the beginning. His logic was clear just like his thinking and their hormones as well as emotions mirrored that. Claire noticed that she fed a lot off of Tom emotionally. If he was agitated she began to feel the same and vice-versa.

“My emotions are right along the same path as yours.” Tom added, “I believe things are developing in a healthy manner.”

“Nobody is asking for marriage as of yet,” Claire chuckled, floating herself over to his lap and straddling. “Or planning out children.”

He didn't say anything but rather grabbed hold of her hips and helped re-position her so that she was directly on top of him. Claire's legs rested on either side of his and her crotch touched his groin. Arms looped around his neck to further anchor herself to him, playfully she rubbed her nose against his and smirked before kissing his mouth lightly. They had tried to make love again in the shower but she was far too sore for it. Their intimacy had been lacking for a few days now and now that Claire was all in the clear her interest was strongly growing.

Technically no one on the beach could see what they were doing but they could stumble upon them halfway through the act. Claire didn't know how Tom would respond to that – probably not very well.

“Wicked,” he murmured as she rubbed herself against him. Hands slipped into her bikini top and he drew out both breasts easily. Flushed she dipped down a bit to cover them only to have Tom cup her breasts in his hand and massage them. Sitting back up straight Claire leaned back a little and allowed Tom to suck a nipple into his mouth, tugging and pulling like a hungry infant.

“You're titties - I swear are deadly my love!” Tom praised. “They're big but they have a perky firmness,”

“One's a little bigger than the other!” Claire pointed out,

“Usually how it works. One grows before the other.” Tom replied, ignoring her baiting him into discussing supposed 'flaws'
Fingers unhooked the rest of her top and tossed it off to the side leaving her completely bare chested. Paranoid, Claire looked off to the side at the steps and strained her eyes for any indication of the company.

“Relax,” Tom chuckled, his lips between her breasts. “Even if they did stumble upon us they wouldn't do anything. But I think we should be naughty in our own private room, love.”

Claire purred and pressed her lips to his once more, savouring the sweet taste of him. “But I'm topless right now,”

“Oh I know,” Tom agreed, leaning forward and taking her nipple back into his mouth. “I prefer you topless!”

Tom placed his arms around her lower back tightly and moved forward. Instinctively Claire tightened her own legs around his waist and braced herself for his next move. Tom stood, moving his arms under her bum swiftly and holding her in place. The man waited for them to drip-dry a little before awkwardly climbing out of the hot tub without dropping her or slipping.

As they retreated into the house Claire could hear Sebastian complain about Tom dripping throughout his home. Tom grunted in response and continued to move to their bedroom. Her lover kicked the door closed behind them before placing her down onto the bed – soaking wet and all.

Giggling playfully she spread out on the bed, arms coming to rest above her head as her thighs fell open. “Now, where were we?” Tom asked her with a grin.

“Admiring my boobs,” Claire replied.

“Ah, yes. That's right. My girls.” Tom agreed. “But first, these bottoms have to go,”

Eagerly he removed his own wet swimming shorts and kicked them off to the side. Standing in front of her – completely nude and hardening he moaned lustfully before taking hold of her bottoms and pulling them down.

“You're flushed from the hot water,” Tom informed her, running the back of his fingers over her soft pussy lips. “So hot and wet,”

Tom massaged her quim with one hand while the other rested flat on her stomach. Claire moaned, closing her eyes and spreading her legs a little more – adjusting her bum flat against the mattress. The bed dipped down a bit as Tom knelt between her legs, fingers tracing her folds lazily up and down.

Unable to help herself Claire sat up and automatically grabbed hold of his hardened manhood. Fingers encircled his thick base before she tugged towards her with the flick of a wrist. Tom gasped, eyes closing for a moment before he pushed his hips forward forcing more of his manhood into the palm of her hand.

“Such a gorgeous cock,” Claire admired, tracing his underside with her fingertips.

“Ya?” Tom asked her curiously,

“Oh yes!” Claire confirmed, “The best cock I've ever had,” she admired, stroking him carefully up and down, “The biggest, thickest, and prettiest!”

“Kiss him,” Tom instructed with a hint of dominance, “Worship him with your mouth and tongue.”

Claire re-positioned her body before him, her legs tucked up under her body. Leaning forward she
pressed her lips to his thigh, playfully moving towards his manhood. Tom took a deep breath and placed a hand on her shoulder, steadying himself. Her power of seduction over the man was strong and as a result, he swayed a little in front of her. His head swimming with lust.

“I love your manhood!” she cooed, her hands touching his sides, smoothing their way up and over the plains of his toned body.

Tom was a powerful man but she never really realized just how strong and imposing her lover was. Abdominal muscles fluttered under her fingertips as she traced over them and across his hips where a faint 'V' formed.

“You're so strong and masculine,” Claire praised, cringing internally with how cheesy that sounded.

He responded well to her endearment and moved his hand up to her cheek, holding it in place as she adjusted her mouth closer to his strained manhood. Claire parted her lips and pressed them against his shaft. They both shuddered at the same time as the feeling of flesh connecting with flesh was felt. Tom gasped and bucked forward a bit allowing her lips to move along his cock.

“Open mouth,” Tom instructed, taking possession of his cock. He pumped himself a few times and waited for her to do as he said.

Wantonly, Claire opened her mouth and stuck out her tongue a little waiting eagerly for his manhood. Her lover grinned and rubbed the tip of his cock against the flat of her tongue. Seductively she closed her lips and bobbed her head forward, tilting her head upwards and looking at him lustfully as she did so. Tom looked down at her, his breathing was heavy.

“Fuck,” he growled, “You look so young like this. It's almost sinful.”

Claire moaned and re-positioned her lips around his shaft. Fingers looped around his base as she held him in place and eagerly increased her movement.

She was about to adjust herself once more before him, turning and getting into an enticing position. A short knock on the bedroom door disrupted her plans. Claire sat up straight, still holding his member in her hand.

"What?!" Tom barked in annoyance, looking over his shoulder and glaring at the door.

"We have an issue," Chris informed him through the wood, His voice was cool and devoid of panic. A trait he had mastered after years of being a surgeon.

'Issue' Claire mouthed silently, her brows knitted together as she looked up at Tom for answers.

Her lover stiffened in discontent, grimacing as he processed what Chris was saying. "I'm busy!" Tom replied starchily.

"Ya, you're gonna wanna come out for this one," Chris assured him.

Tom took a deep heavy breath and ran his hands through his messy curls. Claire could see him physically twitch in agitation as he forced himself to move away from her.

"Stay here," Tom instructed roughly, snatching a pair of sweatpants off the ground and putting them on. His manhood was slowly deflating but it was prominent. "I'll be back!"
Chapter 17

Claire could only sit and stare out the window for so long before the urge to get up and investigate became too much. Slowly she stood, inching towards the closed door. Straining her hearing she tried to determine if anyone was outside, there wasn't.

Taking a deep breath Claire placed her hand on the door handle half expecting it to be scolding hot. Instead, she found a cool metal and an unlocked door.

Never assuming that she was a prisoner of the room Claire opened the door and quickly came face to face with Sebastian. Well, face to back. The attractive Romanian was standing casually in the doorway facing the living room. When he heard her Seb turned, smiling.

"What's going on?" Claire inquired curiously, trying to look around Sebastian and out to the front deck.

"Nothing really," the man played down. "We just saw some rouge wild life outside."

"A wolf?" Claire automatically asked.

Sebastian looked at her without much emotion on his face. "No," he lied effortlessly.

Claire wrinkled her nose at his blatant lie and didn't press the issue further. It was pretty obvious that Tom hadn't of stopped their sexual encounter due to a deer in the backyard. It had to be something serious like another wolf.

Feeling bold she went to walk around Sebastian only to have the man playfully loop his arms around her waist and draw her back to him.

"Where do you think you're going?" he asked her playfully, nose pressing into the side of her neck.

Sebastian tried to play coy and rock them back and forth in a playful manner. Tom had done this a few times. The only difference is she was with Tom. Sebastian and she were merely good friends. A bit uncomfortable with the position she wiggled a bit trying to break his hold.

"Come on, Seb, let me go!" Claire complained, scowling and glaring at the open exit in front of her.

"Why do you want to go outside so badly? You know what's out there," Sebastian chuckled, loosening his hold on her enough so that she could break free.

"Because I wanna see the wolf!" Claire protested through a grunt,

"There is no wolf!" Sebastian assured, following quickly after her.

"Bullshit!" Claire snapped, angry with this game he seemed to be playing with her.

The moment her foot stepped on the deck Sebastian grabbed hold of her wrist, yanking her around and towards him. Hands cupped her cheeks, fingers digging into her skin a little. Claire squeaked and was quickly silenced by Sebastian's lips against hers. Stunned, she froze before her as Seb groaned into her mouth. His kiss slow and deliberate.

A spark of electricity slowly ran down her spine and pooled between her legs as one of his hands smoothed down the side of her neck and her body, cupping her bum cheek.
"You don't wanna go out there to see a nasty puppy-dog, do you?" Sebastian moaned into her mouth, maneuvering her into the house once more.

"No," Claire agreed, half in a daze. Her head was swimming with a sea of emotions. Some very familiar and some unknown and frightening.

"No," he agreed, "Come on, let's get back inside the house and leave the men to deal with things, yea?"

She was far too dumbstruck with lust and a bizarre sense of warmth and calm that Claire couldn't protest that sexist comment.

"Tom's going to kill you," Claire pointed out.

"Not really," Sebastian replied, sitting her down on the bed, "Not in this situation. And besides, who said anything about making love? There are other things I can do to your gorgeous body that will pre-occupy you until he returns,"

Claire wasn't entirely sure what he meant by that because to her making love was a very broad term used to cover many intimate things a man and woman did. Whether Sebastian used his penis or not to get her 'off' it was still cheating. At least in her eyes.

"I don't think we should do this," Claire told him with hesitation. "I love Tom. I don't want to ruin what we have..."

Sebastian gave her a loving look and nodded his head, agreeing with her. He motioned with his hand for her to lay down on her stomach - she did. Once she was on her back, Claire felt Seb straddle the back of her legs. Her protests were silenced as she felt his hands lightly start to knead the tight flesh of her shoulders, down her sides and across her hips.

Sebastian was massaging her body with the skills of a trained masseuse. Every ounce of her body dissolved into mush as he continued to worship her body in a non-sexual manner. Groaning, Claire lazily moved her arm out from her body allowing Seb to massage along the limb. The tops of her hands were given careful attention with his fingertips which moved to each individual finger.

"I would never do anything to jeopardize my friendship and your relationship with Tom," Seb reassured her finally. "I care too much for the both of you. Especially you, my sweet Luna."

Assuming that was just another pet name the men had given her - Claire moaned and stretched, nuzzling her face into Tom's pillow. The smell of his body-wash and shampoo a welcome scent.

He had managed to take her mind off of what was happening outside and calm her down, while not compromising what she had with Tom or causing major moral conflict within her. Every once in a while Seb would kiss her shoulder or a random spot along her spine but it was pure affection and not sexual.

Slowly he laid down beside her on the bed, his body turning on his side. A leg moved between hers and Sebastian placed half of himself on top of her. Guarding her against whatever was outside. His movements were calculated, slow and deliberate. When Sebastian was done he was not only half on top of her without crushing Claire but his arm lay out across her back and up to her own arm where his hand covered hers and their fingers interlaced.

Seb's face was resting in the crook of her neck and they fell into a comfortable snuggle on the bed. At one point Tom had actually come into the bedroom but he didn't say or do anything at the scene before him. Claire, being half asleep and far too comfortable didn't have the energy to say anything.
She half expected him to say something with Tom being so vocal before about his friend's interactions but this seemed to not count.

The only time Sebastian moved or say anything is if someone directly asked him a question and it was usually something unimportant. Tom didn't make any more appearances that she was aware of but Chris kept coming into the room, pausing and then leaving like he was on guard duty.

"Go to sleep," Seb told her, adjusting himself and moving a little off her body.

"Where's Tom?" She asked him, stretching and letting her back crack into place before rolling onto her side and nuzzling her nose affectionately into Seb's covered chest.

"He's around," Sebastian replied, "I've got you as well as Chris."

Almost like he heard his name the blonde Aussie came into the room and sat on the foot of the bed. The mattress dipped and she raised her head to acknowledge him with half-hooded eyelids. Chris hesitated for a moment before scooting back and laying down beside her on his back. Strong arms folded behind his head as he lay there.

"Go to sleep, love, it's late at night." Chris murmured. "You should be resting not worrying about outside pests."

The last thing she felt was Chris's large hand on her back. The heat sent her over the edge and Claire's eyes closed for the final time that night.
If there was ever such a thing as an actual human 'dog pile' that didn't involve violently jumping on another person - Claire woke up to find herself in the middle of one. She didn't know how four grown men could precariously balance themselves on a bed let alone why they would. Claire was confused as to why it wasn't just her and Tom in the bed.

When Claire woke up with her front and back half warm from the human contact she knew it wasn't Tom hugging her from the front - It was Sebastian. Tom lay behind her and on either side of them was Chris and Michael. Neither Chris nor Michael must have slept because their postures were too stiff and guarded. They had similar positions of their arms folded behind their heads and their ankles crossed. Long legs stretched out in front of them. Both men stared intently at the open bedroom door.

Fearing that her self-adjustment would cause one or two people to fall off the bed she continued to lay on her side, squished between two men tightly. So tightly it was hard to breathe properly.

“The bed isn't big enough,” she complained into Sebastian's chest.

“Sure it is,” Tom groaned, “Especially if you lay on top of me.”

Claire snorted at the mere suggestion. “Oh Ya,” she replied sarcastically, “And crush you with my weight? That wouldn't be comfortable for either of us!”

A sharp smack to her ass caused her to jolt a little, startled at the sudden contact. “Knock it off! I already told you to stop being hard on yourself, love.” Tom told her. “Your weight isn't going to 'crush' me as you claim. In fact, I'd barely feel it.”

To make his point Tom moved onto his back and slipped under Claire’s body, placing her on top of his body. With her stacked on him, there was more room and everybody shuffled a bit.

She was stunned and forced herself to shift as much weight as possible off of Tom. When he placed her arms on his chest and forced her to physically relax, Claire nearly had a panic attack. Tom seemed completely unaffected by this and remained calm, breathing softly with no strain.

“See? We have lots of room.” Tom smiled, raising his legs a bit to create a barrier of support.

Since it was morning now and daylight out, she didn't know why no one was actually leaving the bed. Everyone seemed rather content to be suspiciously close to one another while either resting or playing on their phones. There was far too much personal space being invaded by grown heterosexual men.

“This is like a dog pile,” Claire murmured, looking at Chris.

“More like a pack cuddle,” Chris corrected.

Fine, she got the terminology wrong. Either way, the situation was interesting. Feeling uncomfortable Claire slid off Tom and ended up between him and Michael. Without hesitation the man placed his arm around her waist and rested his chin on top of her head, tucking Claire into his loving embrace as Tom continued to lay on his back, eyes closed.
“Do you guys normally do this kind of thing?” Claire inquired through a yawn.

“Nah, had no real reason to before.” Chris answered politely, “Everything seems to center around you now,"

“I'm sorry,” she apologized, fearing that her presence was a bit of an inconvenience.

“Don't apologize, love,” Chris smiled, “You're our Luna. Everything we do is supposed to revolve around you.”

That pet name was used once more and yet it still didn't register as ‘normal’ to Claire. She had heard it being used in reference before but couldn't remember where. That bothered her a lot.

Michael sighed in content and kissed the side of her head before pressing her more tightly against him. The only person who hadn't held her was Chris and it was disappointing. Every once in a while the blonde Aussie would look over at her with an unreadable expression on his face.

Despite her best efforts, Claire fell back asleep and when she woke up it was just her and Chris on the bed. The large Aussie looked at her from across the bed carefully before reaching out and drawing her flat against his chest. She squeaked a little and adjusted herself in his arms. It was a lot harder to cuddle with a man that was solid muscle. Regardless she molded to him and found a comfortable position.

The house was eerily quiet making her think that perhaps it was just the two of them. Which was a first but definitely not a problem.

"Where's Tom?" she asked,

"Not here," he answered, "He's dealing with business in town."

That was odd. Tom wasn't a local and they had everything he needed to conduct business here at the home. Confused she pulled away from his chest and gave him a curious look.

Instead of addressing her silent concerns he smiled at her, reaching up and brushing a wayward lock of hair out of her face. Tenderly a fingertip stroked along the bridge of her nose, up and down.

"You're so beautiful," Chris smiled, a smitten look on his face. "Do you know how happy you've made Tom?" he asked.

"No," she murmured, resting the side of her face in Chris's palm.

"Well, you have, a lot more than you can comprehend right now, lovely," Chris announced sincerely,

Claire sighed and looked at him with concern, "Why do I have the feeling that you're not being honest with me. Ever since Tom and I had run into that wolf at the park everyone's been acting strangely."

Chris settled back down on his back and pulled her into his side. His head was propped up by one arm while the other draped around her body. Awkwardly Claire balanced her chin on his chest and watched him carefully, waiting for an answer.

He remained silent for a long while, trying to figure out how to respond to her observation. Finally, Chris scratched the side of his head and replied, "There are some things in this life that you may not understand." he addressed, "And I don't know if I'm the correct person to explain it to you."
"I...what?" Claire asked innocently, tilting her head to the side and looking at him with inquisitive eyes.

He smiled at her once more and drew his hand up to her cheek, stroking it softly with the back. "I think Tom is best to explain what's going on. I wish I could but it's not my place love."

She knew when to drop something so Claire grumbled and lowered her head, glaring slightly and staring at him. Chris chuckled and kept his hand between her shoulder blades.

"You're so tough," he chuckled, "Like an angry displaced koala bear!" Playfully the man tapped her cheek with his knuckles.

"Let me guess, you're not doctors after all?" She asked, "And you've all been lying to me."

"No, we're all certified." Chris confirmed, "Tom, Michael, and Seb are all mates from college and stuck with the same topic so they could attend the same classes. I met them afterward when I was hired as a surgeon at their hospital." he explained.

That made sense. Michael, Tom, and Seb had an unusual non-sexual or related attachment to one another. Although, it was still rather strange that they were that close without one of those connections.

"I see," she replied, sitting up beside him cross legged. Her hand fell on his solid stomach and for whatever reason Claire began to rub his stomach over the tight white muscle shirt he wore. "Let me guess, you're vampires?"

Chris blanched as if he were offended by her accusation until he realized that she wasn't being serious and his reaction was overblown.

"Not a vampire," Chris chuckled, his cheeks dimpling a little. "Definitely not a vampire. Knock it off love, let Tom explain it when he gets back."

"Fine!" Claire whined, wracking her brain for any possible explanation of what was being hidden from her. When she couldn't think of anything Claire flopped back dramatically onto the bed.

Chapter End Notes
Chapter 19

Argutively there were some things that Claire tended to overhear that weren't meant for her ears. This was one of those times that she so happened to eavesdrop at the most inconvenient time.

"You have to tell her, mate. Just...get it over with it. Once it's out in the open everything will fall into place." Chris had told her lover.

Statements like that made her fearful of what Tom was hiding. He certainly wasn't queer, she had first-hand confirmation of that. Perhaps he was married or engaged to someone else and Claire was the other woman?

Part of her didn't want to believe that. Not her Tom. Not the morally sound man and his equally similar friends. Sebastian alone wouldn't have allowed any of this to go on if he was seeing someone else. And he certainly hadn't of cheated on her because the man never left her side and if he did it was with one of his friends.

The prospect of infidelity out the door she pondered just what the deep dark 'secret' could be.

Leaning against the wall she closed her eyes briefly. A headache was starting to develop right in the middle of her eyes. A strong throbbing that made her eyeballs twitch.

"Oh yeah, as if it's that fucking simple!" she heard Tom reply back with disdain in his voice.

"No, it's not going to be easy but once you let it out in the open..." Michael added with a surprising amount of maturity.

There wasn't any hint of playfulness in the Irishman's voice. Which was unusual because he normally had a rather easygoing, playful personality where he could take any situation and make it funny or light-hearted despite the subject.

"I don't want to do this..." Tom sighed, "But I have to..."

"You can't keep putting it off though." Chris urged, "It's becoming impossible to manage as it is. Especially with constant...interference...She's a smart young woman. Claire is going to start to realize that something is seriously off, Tom. And at that point, it might be impossible to get her to understand."

At what point did she politely interrupt their conversation and allow Tom the opportunity to 'explain' the situation? Claire wanted to shove off from the wall but she couldn't muster the strength to do so. Knitting her brow Claire tried to push herself to move but she couldn't, it spooked her.

"You shouldn't eavesdrop," Sebastian told her gently, coming to mirror her exact position beside her. "It's rude, love."

Startled, Claire felt her heart jolt in her chest as she processed that she was no longer alone. Slowly Claire turned her head and looked at the man with wide eyes. Damn, she was caught! Swallowing heavily Claire took a deep breath and focused back on the wall in front of her.

"Sebastian," Claire addressed softly, "What the hell is going on here? Am I in danger?"

He took a moment before shaking his head, "No, Claire. I can promise you that you are not in any danger. But you need to speak with Tom. Why don't you go into the bedroom for some privacy and I'll have Tom come in and see you."
Honestly, she was terrified of learning whatever Tom and everyone else had hidden from her. Whimpering a little she tried to fight back the tears. She grabbed Sebastian's hand and looked at him with wide, glassy eyes.

"Can you...can you stay with me when we're talking?"

Sebastian had a very calming, safe energy that he projected. The man was like a comfort blanket that Claire so desperately needed right now. Just as he had promised back on the boat he agreed to be her support. Whether Tom liked it or not.

"Of course," Sebastian agreed, clutching her hand, "I'll do whatever you ask of me - my Luna. Go to the bedroom and I'll come back with Tom."

Wrinkling her nose at that name being used again, she allowed Seb to physically pull her off the wall and getting her in the right direction of their bedroom. Her butt touched the mattress and Claire sat there for all of 5 minutes before Sebastian had returned with Tom as he said he would.

Seb sat down on the bed, his back flat against the headboard and stared at Tom as he stood in the front of the now closed bedroom door. He looked terrified. His skin was pale, clammy even, pupils were dilated.

"Come here," Sebastian spoke from behind her.

She turned her body to see that his arms were outstretched in front of him. The expression on Tom's face was indifferent so against her better judgment Claire came to sit between Seb's legs, her back against his front as his arms looped around her front. Submissively Sebastian placed his chin on her shoulder and sighed.

Right away Claire felt relieved of stress and tension. Sebastian's body heat penetrated her body and his body wash calmed her nerves. Soft, warm lips pressed against her pulse point as Sebastian kissed her, taking her hand with his and rubbing the top with his thumb.

As he worked on getting her heart rate under control Tom kicked off his shoes and sat down on the bed in front of them. Both of his legs were crossed and his hands folded in his lap. Carefully he observed Sebastian's movements and took note of her response.

"Claire," Tom addressed softly, his voice even more gentle than normal. "I have something to tell you and you're going to find it hard to believe or comprehend."

"Easy, breathe," Seb whispered as if he could sense that her adrenaline had peaked. An affectionate kiss lingered on her pulse point before he nuzzled the side of her neck with his nose.

"I've never had to truly explain myself in full detail before. At least not to a human." Tom addressed, refusing to make direct eye contact with her. His body language was stiff, his voice was hesitant and made him appear uncomfortable.

'human' she repeated mentally. What the hell did he mean by 'human'? Was he a bloody alien from Mars? Sebastian repositioned his arms around her body so that he hugged her more securely to his body.

"I love you, I honestly do. You're very special to me, Claire." Tom addressed, "And this is very hard for me to admit." he added, "But," Tom paused, looking at her with a lowered gaze, "I'm not human."

Claire felt her stomach drop into her feet at the words 'I'm not human' She knew it. This was all too
good to be true. Something had to seriously be wrong with Tom and apparently being mentally unstable was it. Way to go, Claire. Once more she managed to pick the rotten pickle in the jar.

Rightfully so her shock at such a statement was written on her face. Claire stared at him completely blank-faced. No one was saying anything or moving an inch. A fly could fart and they'd hear it. That's how unbelievably silent their bedroom and the entire house was.

At that moment Claire realized that Chris and Michael were standing outside the closed door and listening into their conversation.

By the grace of God, they allowed her a few more minutes to be stunned and attempt to process what Tom had said before Chris opened the door, joining them with Michael behind him.

For one man to be insane was normal - relatively speaking. But having three other grown men following behind, was not. Even more alarmed than before she stood up straight against Sebastian and placed a protective outer barrier up.

"You're not human?" Claire repeated finally, slow and deliberate. "Then what the fuck are you, crazy?"

Michael snorted once before catching himself and reverting back to a serious face. Both men came to sit next to Tom on either side making Claire feel rather intimidating. Seb sensed this and adjusted himself so he wasn't so slumped. Sitting straight he moved them back further so that they had as much distance as possible between them. Protectively Sebastian rested his chin on her shoulder and stared down the three men, a faint growl leaving his throat, a fierce warning that wasn't lost on Claire.

"I can see how you'd assume such a claim was that of a madman," Tom addressed, "But I can assure you, I'm being honest. I'm not human."

"Stop saying that!" Claire chastised, irritated with his casual use of the phrase. "I've had sex with you. You're human! Why in gods name are you three entertaining this?!"

Michael looked at Tom and then back to her. Defensively he shrugged his shoulders and replied "Well, you know? We're not exactly human either so..."

Claire took a deep breath. She was stuck in a house with four men that were delusional. Claire was a strong girl and she could hold her own - but not against four men. Trapped. Claire was feeling trapped and rather aghast.

"Chickadee?" Chris asked, reaching out to touch her thigh. "Are you alright, love?"

Was she alright? Was she...alright? That was a loaded question considering the circumstances. All Claire could do was stare at the man in disbelief.

"Right, well this isn't going anywhere. Someone strip down and morph." Chris sighed, looking at Michael and then Tom.

"I'll do it," Tom reluctantly agreed,
With every piece of clothing Tom slowly took off, Claire concluded that the man was absolutely bat-shit insane. It was one thing to say and believe you weren't human, but - to actually take your clothes off so you're butt-naked to further the delusion was asylum territory.

Claire was starting to think that these men met at the same mental hospital instead of 'school' like Chris had claimed.

As her unease grew so did Sebastian's hold on her body to the point where Claire no longer took comfort from it. It felt like he was trying to subdue her physically so Claire couldn't get away. Shifting in his arms she looked at a naked Tom standing at the foot of the bed. Nobody seemed to mind that he was naked either.

"Watch," Tom warned with apprehension, slowly crouching down in front of the bed.

Michael and Chris shifted a little to the side so that she was able to see the man. Claire honestly didn't know what she was supposed to 'watch' exactly. All she saw was an attractive, naked man crouching at the bottom of the bed.

The way Claire could describe the next series of events would be a blur, literally. Tom became physically out of focus as if he were moving a million miles a minute while standing still. Skin color turned to gray and his body morphed into a wolf. No longer a human 'Tom' sat at the end of the bed in all his wofly glory, staring at her with bright blue eyes. His head was lowered so it rested on the mattress submissively, an ear twitched.

Claire did what anyone in her position would do - she screamed, loudly. In fact, she was sure that the neighbors would assume there was a homicide being committed. Her fight or flight instinct kicked in and rather violently Claire tried to break free from Seb's hold.

"Stop, stop!" Sebastian urged through gritted teeth as he tried hard to hold onto her without leaving marks. "It's ok!"

"No, it's not ok!" Claire yelled back. "Nothing about this is ok, let me go!"

Chris stood up as did Michael. Carefully Michael escorted the wolf out of the room. She noted the clack-clack of its claws on the floor and how it gracefully maneuvered out of the door that Michael had to open for him.

This was too surreal. They were somehow sucking her into their delusions! Were they drugging her? They were placing PCP in her drinks, right? Claire's mind couldn't process anything and it was on the brink of giving out.

"Seb, please! Let me go, let me go!" Claire begged the man.

"Calm down," Sebastian soothed, completely ignoring the fact that Claire's fingernails were digging into his forearms and her heels dug into his shines. "Take a deep breath for me, love," he added, nuzzling the side of her neck with his nose once more. He loosened his hold on her body but didn't break it. Instead, Sebastian adjusted his arms.
She didn't know how he had done it but this new embrace managed to soothe her a little. Claire found herself relaxing against the man's front. Soft, gentle words of reassurance were whispered to her as he peppered sweet kisses to the side of her neck, lips lingering on her jawline.

Tom reappeared in a pair of sweatpants and shirtless. He looked 'human' once more. The man lingered in the doorway and gave her a scared look. He actually looked more terrified than she was which was somewhat of a relief. At least she knew that Tom wasn't cocky about it.

"You hate me, don't you?" Tom asked her with worry.

Sebastian let go of her completely leaving her to sit idly in between his legs. Unready to actually break free from her safety blanket, Claire shuffled back and pressed herself against him.

"N...no." Claire stuttered, "I just...I just...don't know what you are, who you are?"

Michael and Chris returned but they were guarded in a cautious way. They knew that this was a precarious situation and didn't want to spook her.

"Everything that I told you about me is true, except the human part," Tom admitted uncomfortably, nervously rubbing the back of his neck.

"We're lycanthrope's," Chris added gently, "Or, as the modern media calls it - werewolves."

Claire had an awkward habit of laughing when she was really nervous. Slowly her chuckling built into something that would be called a nervous laughter that made everyone in the room uncomfortable.

"Fuck, yeah of course you are!" Claire anxiously stated with a forced smile. "Why wouldn't you be?" she added, throwing her arms up in the air. Dropping the smile and laugh she looked straight at Tom and deadpanned, "You're not a 100 years old - are you?"

Assuming that they were immortal - the very idea of her having sex with someone over 100 years old grossed her out a lot more than it should. Especially since Tom didn't look old.

"No, we're the ages that we've stated." Tom assured her, "Honest to god I'm 36, Michael is 40, Chris is 34 and Seb is 35 years old."

"And I'm 24," Claire admitted dumbly. "Oh shit, I need a drink. A big one with lots of alcohol."

Chris nodded his head and disappeared out of the room to fetch her what she asked for. In the meanwhile, Tom and Michael continued to stand there unsure of themselves and watching her carefully. Desperate to actually see Sebastian's face she crawled out from between his legs and protectively sat on the bed's side, her knees raised up to hide her body.

Chris came back into the room with a large glass of root beer and vodka, handing it to her. As she sipped on the drink Claire still couldn't determine if she believed any of this or if they were, in fact, drugging her with hallucinogens. There were so many questions rattling around in her brain that Claire couldn't find a point to start.

"You have questions, I know..." Seb started with a weak smile.

"Ya, just a few," she replied sarcastically, taking a good gulp of soda. The burn from the vodka was a welcome distraction.

There was an awkward silence in the room as all four men watched her drink the alcohol. They were
all waiting for her lead which left Claire to feel rather...intimidated.

"How?" she simply started off with. "I just...I don't understand...I can't even..."

Her voice was frazzled, her face mirrored one of shock and Claire's hands began to shake so badly that Sebastian took her glass before she dropped it. Of course, when she was younger Claire and her friends would fantasize about werewolves and vampires. Several teen franchises romanticising them followed by handsome actors made that easy. But that was make-believe. Never in a million years did Claire actually think they existed.

Having physical proof in front of her that they were apparently real and she managed to have one fall in love with her - was beyond overwhelming. If there were ever a time when Claire would finally have that nervous breakdown, this would be it.

"That wasn't you in the park, was it?" Claire suspiciously accused Michael, remembering the incident and then the man appearing shirtless and sweaty after a jog.

"What? No." Michael chuckled, "I'm a reddish-brown color, not gray."

Well, that would make sense the man was a dark haired ginger. Now that she thought about it - Claire was surprised that Tom wasn't a light brownish color instead of the light gray.

"Then who the fuck was that?! Is that, I mean was that a werewolf too or a normal wolf?" Claire asked, taking her drink back.

The alcohol was calming her frazzled nerves and a bout of borrowed courage had flooded her system. Taking another deep sip she rested the half drunk glass on her knee and waited for a response.

"And don't lie to me either!" she asked.

"That was a werewolf," Tom admitted, "A young one. What we would consider a 'pup' or the equivalent of a teenage human."

"He was curious as to why Tom was around," Chris added to the conversation. "Even though he wasn't turned over we can still smell one another."

"There was no threat," Michael told her. "He was just a curious young pup. But, it leads to a lot of questions that we couldn't readily answer at the time."

"And earlier?" Claire asked, digesting what she was just told slower than the vodka in her system.

"A few more members of the same pack," Tom informed her. "Again, they weren't threatening. I spoke to the leader. I explained why we were here. They left."

"We pose no threat to their territory," Sebastian spoke for the first time in a long time. "My family has been on this land for a long time as guests. However, Tom, Michael and Chris are unfamiliar faces."

"And me?" Claire asked nervously, raising the glass to her lips once more.

"Oh they won't fuck with you," Chris declared proudly, standing up straight to show off his physical power. "Luna's are off-limits unless they want a bloody war."

Luna, Luna, there it was again. That title which held significant meaning that Claire couldn't
comprehend. They kept calling or referring her to Luna as if they assumed she knew what it meant. The only Luna that Claire was aware of was Luna Lovegood from Harry Potter. Which of course made her mind race in a completely different direction with the very real possibility of Harry Potter actually existing along with several other 'mythical creatures'

"What does that even mean. I don't know what Luna means." Claire told them in a muted franticness.

They allowed Tom to explain that one, essentially backing down and leaving the 'alpha' to take charge.

"Well," he coughed nervously, clearing his throat, "As you know wolf packs have rankings. I am the alpha, or, the leader. The female that's paired off with the alpha is referred to as a Luna," Tom paused a moment to see if she was following him, Claire was. "In Greek philosophy, Luna is in reference to the moon. Everything revolves around the moon. The moon is beyond important. A pack's Luna is no different. She has, in most cases, a higher ranking than the alpha male."

"The Luna balances out a pack," Sebastian explained as well. "She is capable of reproducing for the alpha, and other members, depending on the pack set-up."

"It's beyond sexual," Michael told her. "Luna's have the ability to keep the members under her, which would be us, balanced and emotionally satisfied. The energy is even and nothing is in disarray. Not every female is a Luna. It's a special power that she's born with. A charm, if you would. They're rare."

"That's not why I approached you!" Tom loudly announced with a hint of franticness in his voice. "I didn't come to you because of that. I honest to god love you. Physically, mentally, everything. I didn't even know you were considered a Luna until a few days after we docked here."

"He's not lying," Sebastian assured her truthfully. "He really does love you. And he wouldn't shut up about you after meeting you at the water park."

With Claire's well-known self-esteem issues revolving around her body and lack of confidence in general - it would only be natural for them to think that's where her thoughts automatically went. In all honesty? Claire did go there in questioning if this elusive "Luna" status was the only reason why Tom approached her in the first place.

However, Sebastian would never lie to her and she took his word as truth.

"That's why we figure chickadee he was acting rather...erratic." Chris smiled. "It wasn't until we all sat down and discussed the possibility that perhaps you were a Luna and his wolf was picking up on that without Tom realizing it."

All Claire could do was reply warily "I need another drink. I think this is going to be a very, very long night."

Chapter End Notes

Have I jumped the "shark" yet? Because the last thing I want to do is write something completely corny. Lord knows I never meant for the story to go in this direction or even beyond a "one-shot"
Chapter 21

Claire had concluded early on that there wasn't enough alcohol in the house in order for her to calm down enough emotionally to process what the fuck was happening. She felt over crowded in the bedroom and decided that relocation to the living room was better.

So here she sat in the middle of the couch, cross legged with her head in her hands. In front of her in a neat semi circle sat all four men, watching, waiting for her to do or say something. All she could do was rub her temples and try to swallow the bile back down before she threw up, again.

Sebastian had draped a blanket loosely over her shoulders before sitting down. Claire adjusted it, leaning back and wrapping the material around her so she resembled a large burrito.

“Don't do that thing where you change into a wolf in front of me,” Claire informed them. “I just can't handle that right now. I can't physically process watching my lover turn into an animal, I just can't!” She added with exasperation, one hand clutching her hair tightly while the other was being used dramatically in front of her.

They all mumbled but the general consensus was “Alright,” now that that was addressed, they had to tackle the other ugly monkey in the room. Claire was human, therefore mortal.

Let's face it. Pondering one's eventual mortality was stressful enough. The thought of dying and when it was going to happen could shake up the strongest foundation. Realizing just how close to death you really were was exasperated tenfold when you're literally face-to-face with immortal beings.

“I'm human, I'm going to die eventually. You will not die unless someone stabs you in the heart with a wooden stake.” Claire informed them.

“That's a vampire, love.” Michael chuckled.

“Silver bullets?” She asked

“Wishful thinking,” Chris snickered. “If you chop off our heads we’ll die.”

Claire stared at him for a moment, wrinkled her nose and replied sarcastically, “Ya? Me too!”

“Theoretically you're human. Genetic wise your not enough werewolf to be considered one anymore.” Michael informed her.

Claire had gone 24 years without turning into a wolf. She didn't have superhuman strength or speed and she definitely didn't heal lightning quick. In her mind's eye that made her human. If she wasn't, she'd know by now.

Tom knew that she was confused and a little appalled by Michael's declaration. He sat up straight and gave a sympathetic look. “What Michael is trying to say, love is that one of your great great grandparents was a werewolf that so happened to marry a human. Their offspring continued to marry human which diluted the werewolf traits until...well, it's barely there. So technically your human, yes. But the Luna lingers.”
Huh. Well, you learn something new every day. The fact that they supposedly know this about her family background was an issue for another time. Claire wasn't an octopus. She couldn't tackle multiple issues at one. Right now the major issue of her mortality was still needed to be discussed.

“But if I'll eventually die and you'll continue to live...wouldn't that make me a bad 'mate' and Luna,” Claire asked Tom seriously.

He took a deep breath and shook his head. “We have a way around that.” Tom gently explained. “Upon occasion, our mates will turn out to be human. It’s very rare however for our situation because not only are you my mate but you're also a Luna. Lunas are not normally seen in humans but because of that one great, great ancestor it has managed to survive within in you.”

Her mother always said she was special. Claire always thought she meant it in a retarded kinda way. Apparently, her mother was right after all, sans the dullard bit. Motioning with her hand for her drink, she took the glass of root beer be vodka from Chris who wearily handed it to her.

“Because of rare situations like this where I need you to be immortal, we have formed an alliance with...well, magical types...that can cast spells of immortality in exchange for goods or services.” Tom continued, nervously watching her.

“Mainly services. We’re ugh, kinda like bodyguards if you will.” Chris nodded his head. “Spells and curses can only go so far. They're not much good for a physical battle happening in real time.”

“Plus their rules and regulations through the council of magic are so strict it's impossible to use black magic for protection,” Sebastian commented.

The glass was visibly shaking as it was brought to Claire's lips. Yep, this was all totally normal. The entire conversation wasn't bizarre in anyway whatsoever. Claire wedged her half drank glass of stress-reliever between her pudgy thighs and took a deep shaky breath. She was at a total loss as to what to say or do. If it wasn't for the fact that Claire had physically witnessed her lover morph into a wolf - she'd have called bullshit hours ago. Now she honestly had no choice but to believe what they were saying was true.

“So a witch…” Claire started, only to be cut off and corrected by Tom.

“Warlock,” he corrected,

“Whatsoever!” Claire hissed, “Is going to place an immortality spell on me and I'll live forever? What happens if they decide to take it off?”

“They won’t,” Chris reassured her.

“How do you know?!” Claire snapped.

Why was she even entertaining this? This was madness. Sheer and utter madness. A warlock an actual male witch was going to put a spell on her so she could live forever by Tom's side. Actual real magic that existed off the stages of a Las Vegas show.

“Because it's a legal binding contract and if they do, we’ll kill them,” Chris replied firmly.

“Yes, I kinda figured that. But, how will you actually know it's not there unless I die?!” Claire exasperated.

“It's not going to happen,” Chris repeated, glaring at her.
“That didn't answer my question!” Claire bit back just as hard.

Claire was already paranoid and it hadn't even happened yet. Did they even know a warlock? Let alone one willing to cast that spell? Where did you even find those creatures?

The glass was brought to her lips and she finished the boozy liquid in three gulps. The alcohol was starting to cause her to be lightheaded. Normally the feeling of being 'buzzed' was welcomed however it was startling right now. It was a reminder that she placed herself in a rather vulnerable position during a very unstable time. Not the smartest of moves!

“This is really a lot for me to digest right now,” Claire admitted bashfully. “I just...I need a few more days before we dive deeper into the supernatural. Let me comprehend and accept one thing at a time.”

“Yes of course,” Tom agreed,

“Anything you wish, my Luna.” Sebastian submissively agreed, bowing his head a little.

“Whatever makes you more comfortable, love,” Michael added.

Chris remained silent but gave a curt nod with his head. There were only so many ways to word the same response without repeating yourself.

“Forgive my ignorance but this has been bothering me most of the night. Well, more so than everything else.” Claire spoke softly, “Tom, are we going to have puppies?”

All four men stared at her as if Claire had three heads. She felt stupid asking the question but for all she knew they could! Michael broke the stunned silence fallen about the room with his laughter.

“N...no,” Tom stuttered, “We’ll have normal looking and acting babies. They won't morph until they're reached puberty.”

“Oh good, thank god!” Claire sighed in relief.

“Jesus Christ, could you imagine if we had litters of babies at once? Our whole species would die off.” Michael spoke with a playful smile, “Don't worry you're not the first to ask that question.”

“I need to go to bed,” Claire announced, pushing the blanket off her. “How is this going to work now? We can't pile on the same bed like last night. There's no elbow room!”

“You can go to bed with Tom. There's no need for us to guard you anymore.” Sebastian smiled. “We’re happy to sleep by ourselves.”

“Ya, the only way that's going to happen again is if you're sick, injured, threatened or pregnant,” Chris explained. “You're obviously neither right now.”

“We’ll still accompany you for a cuddle and a nap though. It just won't be a group effort.” Michael spoke,

Chapter End Notes

Thank you, thank you, thank you, for all the nice comments and encouragement to
continue. Even though I don't reply to everyone I read everything and take suggestions into consideration. I originally started writing as a form of stress relief never thinking in a million years that anyone else would enjoy (Beside my lone friend that I used to share my writing with over messenger and email) it as well. I really do appreciate you all. Thank you. - Duckie
The evening, or what was left of it, went surprisingly smooth. Claire had gone to bed with just Tom, and in that regard everything was normal. He was the big spoon while she huddled in his arms.

Exhaustion took hold of her pretty quickly and as soon as her head hit the pillow Claire was out cold. Tom, however, hadn't slept although he wouldn't admit it nor did he look it. He was still on edge - jumpy even.

Every once in awhile he'd look over in her direction with a stressed expression upon his handsome face. Chris tried to reassure him but it was falling on deaf ears. Michael and Sebastian, however, were staying rather mum about the whole thing. They were rather wary of the situation. At least that's what Claire picked up.

Sebastian, although cautious, was glued to her side. When she woke up he had slipped into the bedroom and boldly laid down on Tom's side of the bed. With the amount of lingering that man did it was hard to believe that he wasn't the alpha of the pack. Tom checked on her ever so often but it was just to make sure she was still there rather than what she was doing. He seemed to rely on Seb to be her keeper.

"Are you sure you're not the leader?" Claire yawned, "You're at my side more than Tom is."

"No," Sebastian replied, "Quite the opposite actually. I'm considered to be a beta. Which means I'm very passive and nurturing in nature."

Claire always thought ‘beta’ meant the male was the complete opposite of masculinity. They were weak and small looking. Sebastian was very strong and very masculine. He showed that when he hunted and fished.

"But I have fought before. And I will fight to protect you or someone else if I have to. I'd just rather not." Seb was quick to point out.

"What are Michael and Chris?" Claire asked curiously.

"Michael is an omega, rather neutral and common. Chris would be considered Tom's right-hand man and a second alpha. Since our pack isn't large or established he's taken up a more protective guard role than a second in command."

"And Tom as the alpha does?" She asked, genuinely curious as to where her lover fit.

"Well, the obvious thing would be that he leads. Tom makes sure everything is in order and we’re not breaking council rules. He deals with other pack leaders as well as making sure that we’re safe and protected." Sebastian told her with a hint of pride in his voice.

The bedroom door wasn't closed all the way so Claire had caught glimpses of Tom as he lingered just out of sight. She knew he was listening intently to the information being given to her. Part of Claire knew Tom was relieved that Sebastian was explaining things and he didn't have to.

"And you're a beta?" Claire inquired, brows narrowed in disbelief.

"Umm," Sebastian replied, "I know we’re given an unflattering description in popular media, but -"
we’re actually very useful. My natural instincts help to gather food, locate shelter, watch over any pups.”

“What do Michael and Chris do specifically for the pack?”

“Michael is a neutral rank which means he'll do whatever is asked of him - within reason. Chris, however, is the muscle. He's the guardian - he protects and wards off outside threats. Usually, there's more than one of Chris's ranking, but, because we aren't really a pack and we’re fairly small, we have the one.” He explained.

“And me?” Claire asked finally, intently waiting for the answer.

She felt like a bloody tit asking all these questions but she was completely in the dark. All Claire had to go by were what she saw in movies and TV. Obviously, that wasn't a realistic rendering.

“You are the glue that holds the binding together. The ying to the yang. The one that presides over everyone in the pack including Tom, although, it would work best if you're equal.”

“Of course!” Claire agreed, a sense of pride swelling up inside her. She has never been important before, ever, and now she was considered a queen.

“If we were a proper pack with multiple members under us - you'd be in charge of all the females. Much like Tom would be with the males. Your job would be to make sure they're safe, and behaving properly among other things.” Seb continued.

Tom, at this point, was still lingering outside the door. However, he had sat down with his back against the wall, hands grabbing at his short hair as he sulked forward, head lowered slightly. From where Claire laid on the bed she could see his legs.

"Tom, can you please come in here?" Claire called gently.

Slowly the man stood up with a groan and gingerly entered the room. He stood limply at the end of the bed and just looked at her. Claire felt bad for the man. He went from being 100% confident within himself to an anxious nervous mess. Tom was fearful that now his 'secret' was out in the open Claire would reject him.

"Can you please relax? If I haven't run out of the house screaming bloody murder by now it's safe to say I'm not going to. I'm not going to leave you. I just need time to digest it. Which is a very reasonable thing to request." Claire informed him.

"See, mate. That's the same thing I had told you earlier. Claire isn't going to leave you or us." Sebastian smiled, padding the bed.

Tom sat on the bed between them rather dejectedly. "I've never had to tell anyone that I'm not human, let alone someone I love," he confessed, "So I'm sorry if I'm very...skittish. This isn't something we're really allowed to announce unless the person is your mate. Not even a well known trusted friend for decades have this privilege."

Claire inched closer to him and placed her hand on his shoulder. Without prompting her chin rested beside it and she sighed. The close contact appeared to calm Tom down a bit. Last night he had tried to seduce her but due to her overworking mind and the shock of the previous events - Claire politely declined. Which, by all accounts was a first. That wouldn't have helped his self-doubt any.

"And I was tired last night and in shock. It has nothing to do with you physically." Claire told him vaguely so she wouldn't be outright announcing it to Sebastian. Although, she was sure that Tom
had told him anyway.

Because of Sebastian's nature, he was the one that everyone went to for advice. Despite only being in his 30s, Seb was an old and wise soul that offered sound advice.

"Told you," Sebastian commented, leaning into the man.

It wasn't uncommon for the men to be extremely close in a physical manner. When Chris and Michael stood next to each other on the deck looking out onto the ocean - their forearms would be pressed right up against each other. Or, if they were watching TV it wouldn't be uncommon for their knees or arms to touch.

Knowing the dynamic and situation now, made it easier for Claire to understand why grown heterosexual men were 'that' close.

"You're closeness, is that a pack thing or a werewolf thing?"

"Bit of both," Tom answered casually, "If you watch a nature documentary on wolves you'll notice that they're always close to one another. It's for protection, comfort, and warmth. As well as a sign of trusting that person. Don't be too entirely shocked if one of us is sick or injured and someone is cuddled up next to them in bed."

"And it's nothing sexual either," Chris pointed out from the doorway. "I know humans have a habit of feeling jealous when they see specific things like that. They assume it's an affair."

She was around these men to know that neither of them was remotely queer. So that thought wouldn't have even crossed her mind but someone else might assume it.

Flabbergasted she just stared at Chris trying to think of a response that wasn't offensive. Unable to find one that wouldn't open a whole new can of worms - Claire didn't reply verbally. All she did was nod her head dumbly.

An awkward silence fell over the room and she was desperate for someone to say something - anything. Realising that no one was going to, Claire cleared her throat.

"I'm hungry,"

"I think we all need some fresh air and a change of scenery. Let's go out for lunch." Tom announced. "I wanna go to that pub in town."

"Whatever you say, boss." Chris shrugged,

Oh, Claire didn't think they should be doing this so soon. There was a nagging feeling in the pit of her stomach. Women's intuition if you would. Despite her feelings, Claire politely smiled and agreed.

And so marks her first adventure outside the house with four werewolves.

Chapter End Notes

I'm pretty burnt out mentally so I'm going to be taking a few days to re-coop. This means no updates (Sorry!) Hopefully this is a good place to leave off with until I'm energized enough to pick back up,
Chapter 23

Much to the servers dismay, she ended up between Chris and Tom on one side of the table while Michael and Sebastian sat opposite. Slow and steady she picked at her food and tried to tune out the outside chit-chat.

"You're not eating," Tom pointed out, looking over at her. "Are you getting ill?"

"No," Claire sighed,

"Because if you are we have four medical professionals here that can chase the flu away." Sebastian smiled.

"I'm not sick!" she exasperated, balancing her fork down on the side of her plate and picking up her lemon water.

She had declined the offer for alcohol or soda. Claire figured that she had had enough of that lately. Her boys were drinking beers though.

"I'm just...thinking, is all," Claire added noting how her snappish response startled them.

"About?" Michael pressed, a delicate eyebrow upwards.

Claire gave him a stressed look and sighed heavily. "A lot of things. Eventually, you have to go home and I have to go with you. I need to find a job. I need to move my stuff from where I'm currently living..."

Tom grabbed her knee from under the table and squeezed it reassuringly. He gave a sympathetic look before replying; "It'll all work out. We'll help you do whatever you need in order to be comfortable."

"That's right," Seb agreed,

Claire didn't even know where they lived except in Seattle. Seattle was rather vague. Was her passport even still valid? Did Claire even have her passport on her? No. Probably not. It was at home with her other important documents. How would she even stay in the country when she didn't have any Visa's. These were issues that no one was discussing and it was stressing her out.

"I don't have my passport on me," Claire announced, picking up her fork. "I can't get into the country without one."

Tom finished chewing before replying; "We can stop and get that on our way back over the border."

"I'd like to discuss this in greater detail but we have to wait till we're home," Chris informed her.

That was her queue to shut up and change the subject. It was somewhat amusing to be around so many people and they had no idea her boys were werewolves. They thought they were humans.

"You won't have any problems relocating," Michael told her, finishing off his pint of beer.

"Where exactly do you live in Seattle?" Claire asked curiously, "Do you live altogether or...?"

"We live in the same building in separate units," Tom told her.
"We were lucky to stake claim to the units before the actual building was built," Chris informed her. "Tom and I are next to each other while Michael Sebastian is across the hall."

"And we work different schedules so you'll never be alone," Sebastian told her with a smile.

Claire gave them the same look she always did when they were being too dominant or coming off as controlling. It was the look that Claire wasn't going to tolerate that. Personally, Claire was discovering that she was a very complicated person. When it came to Tom being possessive and dominant in regards to other men - she liked it, a lot. But, when it came to her personal freedom - no. Claire wasn't going to be a bird in a gilded cage.

"Not that you need to be babysat!" Sebastian quickly corrected himself. "We're not going to keep you locked in the apartment."

"Good," Claire mused with a half smile. "Because I have things to do during the day."

Nobody but Tom seemed to be bothered by her insistence on holding onto some sort of normality. Even if the company Claire kept was mainly herself. He was clutching his fork very tightly and his shoulder muscles were tensed. What did he expect exactly? For her to go to work with him every day? And what, sit in the waiting room reading stale magazines with skinny women on the covers bitching about gaining weight? No. Claire had a home to maintain.

If Claire was the supposed 'den mother' to this brood of wolfs that meant technically she had four homes to maintain. They were all busy doctors that worked long hours. Claire had to make sure that they had food in the house, meals were prepped for when they got in and their homes were tidy. It wasn't exactly the career choice she wanted but it was in the cards that were dealt with her. Her reward? Handsome company and undivided affection.

"Knock it off!" Claire scolded, nudging Tom with her elbow. "Your acting like a child!"

"There's my little Luna." Michael grinned from ear to ear. "Good girl, don't take his shit!"

"We live just outside Seattle," Tom pointed out.

"I have a legal license to drive." Claire countered. "And I'm not arguing with you out in public. I can't stay home all day. I have things to do, people to look after."

"That's what a Luna does." Michael reminded Tom. "Claire is doing exactly what she should be doing."

"Her natural instincts are kicking in, mate." Chris added, "You can't be harsh on her for that."

The man had the same exact look she did when her mother was nagging on her. Raising her hand she rubbed his back and smoothed it down his spine to his lower back where it stayed. The physical contact seemed to lighten his mood a bit.

"I won't be out every day," Claire reassured him.

"We'll figure it out," Tom dismissed politely.

Their waitress sashayed over to them with a ridiculous smile on her face. She looked like one of those cheaply made blow-up dolls with her attempts at being 'flirty' Claire subtly rolled her eyes and ignored the scene, or tried too. Whatever she did - didn't get her very far because all of her boys ignored it. Their attention was focused on Claire. The waitress might as well have been transparent in that sense.
Their devotion made her wonder if they'd eventually find mates of their own, or if they'd take comfort with her what limited attention Claire could offer. She hoped they'd find mates.

Finally taking the hint the waitress placed their bill down on the table and glared at Claire. She could see the snooty woman scan her from head to toe before turning and scoffing. How dare a chubby woman hook four attractive men at once, oh, the travesty!

It was people like that which made Claire hate people.

"You're better than her," Tom spoke softly, leaning into Claire a little, "Don't even bother responding."

"You're a threat to other women, chickadee," Chris spoke just as softly, mirroring Tom and having her pressed between the two of them, "You're very beautiful and you have an air about you that screams power."

The more they kept praising her and reminding her of certain things - the more Claire started to believe it. She still wasn't convinced that she was as attractive as Tom and the others made her out to be though.

Under the table she could feel Michael stroking her bare calf with his foot playfully as he finished the last of his water. Sitting up straight with the contact she tried to play it cool as his foot traveled up to her thigh. Wasn't so supposed to be playing footsie with him?

When he thought no one was paying attention he winked at her seductively before retracting his foot and getting up from the table. Tom followed suit and offered her his hand. She accepted and stood. Boldly Chris smoothed down her skirt and made sure that it was in place.

"Let's go for a stroll," Tom spoke, grabbing the bill. "I'd like to get some souvenir items for our home to mark this occasion."

"That sounds nice," Sebastian agreed.

"I'm sure I can find something that will suit my decor," Chris agreed as well.

Michael would have agreed as well if he wasn't staring at the way her full hips swayed back and forth naturally. Perhaps she was flirting with the man a little too much but Claire got a kick out of it. Every once in a while she'd turn her head and look at him. Michael looked like a man tormented with lust.

Smirking, Claire continued to sway her hips and play this little seductive game. She was the vinegar to the baking soda that was Michael.

"You wicked little girl," Michael growled lustfully in her ear, matching her pace behind Chris, Tom and Seb. "Keep it up and you'll be placed in a very compromising position," he added, changing places with Tom.
“I know for a fact that no one has told you this,” Michael purred, coming to stand next to her.

Claire was browsing through a few racks of clothing outside a shop. Despite being disinterested, Michael mirrored her actions. Curious as to what he's going on about, Claire stopped temporarily and looked up at the man.

“Because of your Luna,” he started, looking around and dramatically lowering his voice, “You have the ability to sleep with whoever you want. It's your right to do so. All you have to do is ask.”

She froze and glared at a tie-dyed tee-shirt with a kitten on the front. The sales woman thought she was staring intently because she liked the monstrosity, truthfully it was the opposite. Claire was trying to determine why Michael was sniffing around the wrong tree.

"That being said; if you want to use me, use me." he purred.

"Tom would have your gonads on a silver platter and he'd leave me," Claire stated, passing the ugly tee-shirt.

“It's not up to Tom, it's ultimately up to you,” Michael replied firmly, pulling out a dress that would more than likely fit her.

“Please.” Claire scoffed, “Tom would never forgive me and I'm not a whore.”

“Good girl,” the man praised, “I was testing you,” he added. Whether that was true or not, Claire wasn't going to question him on it. She was just glad that he had dropped the topic. “I knew that you wouldn't break our Dear Leaders heart but I wanted to actually make sure.”

“Fuck off!” she muttered in irritation, “You know my loyalty to Tom is staggering.”

“Yes, I do,” Michael replied, padding her on the bottom before heading back into the store with an armful of woman's clothing.

That just pissed her off beyond belief. Claire never once indicated her eye was wandering off of Tom. Her devotion was strictly of that man and it was startling. She let him get away with a lot more than any man usually would. Nevermind the fact that Claire was behaving abnormally in regards to him. She wasn't usually this passive and submissive outside the bedroom.

Tom came strolling up the sidewalk with a small dark blue bag in his hand. Sebastian was at his side and the two men were chatting about something. The sour look on her face made them pause in front of her.

“What's wrong?” Tom asked her with concern.

“Have I ever given you any indication of my disloyalty to you?” Claire asked him seriously with a snap to her voice.

Tom was taken back by her tone of voice and general answer. Sebastian took that as a queue to leave. The Romanian quickly disappeared into the same clothing store as Chris and Michael.
"No...no! Of course not! Why, who said I was?!!" Tom asked her, offended that someone questioned it.

Not wanting to cause a scene in public Claire paused and tried to think of a believable response. "No one," she replied.

"Then why would you even think...I've never given you a reason to think differently. Honestly, love. We have to work on that self-esteem." Tom answered with concern, holding up a pretty floral shirt was far too overpriced for her taste.

Frustrated, Claire clenched her fists and tried to take a deep breath. Strong, but gentle, hands rubbed her shoulders from behind. She knew the owner of those hands right away - Sebastian.

"Breath, Michael's intentions were good but the execution was stupid," Seb whispered in her ear. "Tom means the world to us and he's been heartbroken before."

"Well so have I!" Claire snapped,

"You'll both be ok," Chris commented, rubbing the top of her hand with the palm of his hand.

Michael appeared once more with a bag holding his armful of clothing. Instead of offering it to her he held onto it and waited for her lead. Scowling, Claire turned on her heel and headed to the door. She wasn't used to people buying her things let alone expecting nothing in return. It was a bit intimidating honestly.

They browsed through a few more stores on the main strip and by the time they were done, Claire had only picked out two items on her own and paid for it herself. It took a lot of stealth to maneuver her way to the cash register without being interrupted 4 times.

The sales women were looking at her oddly. A relatively younger woman being fawned over by four separate men was suspicious. In their eyes, Claire probably looked like an expensive call girl.

"What's wrong now?" Tom asked her with a sigh, unlocking the car.

"The shop owners were looking at me like I'm a whore or something." Claire confided, getting into the front seat.

"Jealous," Tom corrected, "They're trapped in loveless marriages with unattractive spouses that don't do anything for them. I wouldn't put too much thought into it."

"How would you know that?" Claire asked curiously.

"I have a good intuition about people." Tom confessed, "We can pick up on emotions and energy. I gathered that conclusion from what they were projecting."

If Tom and the others had that ability no wonder her tendencies to be hard on herself was distressful. They could probably feel the self-loathing oozing off her. That made Claire more mindful to what she projected emotionally. Although she thought it was true - she could see how it would greatly bother someone else.

"You can't read thoughts though, can you?" Claire asked, suddenly worried about that bit of privacy she still had.

"No, love." Tom chuckled. "If we could read thoughts we'd be aware winning doctors."
"What... abilities do you have?" she carefully worded, risking a glance at her handsome lover.

"Well, that's a little complicated because it depends on whether we're in our human form or wolf," Tom explained. "Our wolf is fast, we can run and travel long distances. We can also track down anyone or anything with our noses. Human wise, we're strong, good at climbing, our balance is impeccable. Ugh, we're immortal and we can go long periods without sleep." he continued, wracking his brain for all the advantages of his kind. "If we become injured we heal quickly as well as if we're sick. Honestly, we're not that remarkable. Vampires have more impressive abilities."

Vampires? Well, of course, there's going to be vampires. Why not? There was the talk of witches and warlocks. It made sense that the other widely popular folk-lore creature was real.

"Aren't you enemies with vampires?" Claire asked, recalling the Resident Evil movie series.

"No," Tom chuckled, "We're actually fairly passive creatures. In general, we all tend to stick to our own kind when it comes to fights."

"Do you know... other species?" Claire asked eyebrow raised. "And can I meet them."

"Yes, and in due time. I'd like to make you immortal first." Tom answered, "Just to be on the safe side."

Claire sighed, she was anxious. All this talk of supernatural beings was making her nervous again. She found that when they were out, Claire was trying to determine if the people she assumed were human - was in fact human. Since Claire had determined that it was impossible, she was on edge.

"Do you know a warlock willing to do it?"

"I know a warlock, yep. And I haven't approached him about it but I'm sure we could hash out a deal." Tom confirmed.

"Does he work with you?" she asked,

"Nope," Tom replied, "He's an artist, a painter to be precise. Very popular. Some of his work has been featured in the art museum downtown and around the world. I bought several pieces off him for future investment purposes."

That was exactly what Claire expected a witch or warlock to do for a living. She always equated them to rather organic passive people that were 'hippy' in nature.

"What's his name?" Claire asked with a smile.

"Lee," Tom replied, "You'd like him a lot. He projects a beautiful relaxing energy. I can guarantee you - you'd almost fall asleep in his presence. It's happened to Michael a few times."

Chapter End Notes

Michael can save face but we all know he's trying to mark the wrong territory.
Chapter 25

Chapter Notes

*Smut* NSFW, ruined panties are not refundable. Do not read in public or around relatives unless you want to answer some really really awkward questions.

Usually, when Claire is woken up in the middle of the night she's angry. However, she could make an exception for this situation. Stretching out she turned on her stomach and muttered into her pillow.

Sharply Tom's erection poked into her in the thigh as he subconsciously tried to adjust himself. Giggling into the fluffy head rest Claire raised her head while biting her lower lip, watching him carefully. Tom was out cold, sleeping peacefully like a baby.

Did she wake him up or take full advantage of the hard cock looking for a hole to slip into? It wasn't the first time Tom had woken her up in this manner, however, it was the first time Claire thought about taking advantage of the man.

Rather carefully Claire rolled over and turned to face her sleeping lover. Slowly she pulled the blankets back and exposed the hard, bobbing cock between his legs. Claire found that he was the hardest in this state - like silk draped over marble.

Her small hand wrapped around his base and rested there loosely waiting for a response. Tom simply murmured and moved his leg a little. Raising an eyebrow Claire increased her hold and gave him a gentle tug upwards. A faint moan had fallen from Tom's lips in response prompting Claire to continue.

Tom relaxed his body and loosely placed his arms by his head, groaning. A slight smile spread across his face as she tugged his hard manhood up and down along his length, twisting her wrist and cupping his head when she reached the top.

"You're wicked," Tom moaned, opening a single eye briefly and looking at her before fluttering it closed. "Tis' nice though!" he added sleepily. "Fuck,"

Turned on, Claire raised up on her knees and bent forward, her breath fanning out along his heated flesh. Calculatedly she blew cold air against his member, taking delight in the fact that Tom was shuddering under her touch.

"Put me in your mouth love!" Tom encouraged, "Please,"

Smirking she tugged his length once more before parting her full lips and accepting his cock into her mouth. Although it shouldn't, the thought of Tom not being a human turned her on immensely. It was like a naughty taboo that wouldn't get Claire sent to jail.

Tom's hands on the side of her head helped guide Claire's mouth further down his shaft. Moaning and humming caused a faint vibration through his shaft. Gently Tom raised his hips and thrust up a little.

"I missed your mouth," Tom confessed, his fingers strumming through her hair. "I was scared you wouldn't touch me again. It would be a turn-off."
"Turn on!" Claire gasped, breaking for air and holding his member up and to the side. She looked up at him seductively as her tongue slowly traveled down his underside and to the soft, smooth sac below it. Moaning Claire made sure that Tom was watching her as she suckled the soft skin into her mouth, pulling lightly, tongue tracing the precious appendage.

"Fuck," he purred, "Oh god baby! Yes!"

"I'm so horny!" Claire mewed, grazing her teeth along his sac gently.

"I bet!" Tom cooed, gently tracing her cheek with his fingertips. "Here, let's show Dr. Hiddleston that beautiful little quim of yours," he added. padding the spot next to him on the bed.

Their roleplaying game of choice could definitely be considered 'wrong' and 'taboo' because Tom was an actual doctor and he was acting out a sexual fantasy with a 'patient' but, Claire didn't care. She never really considered herself a kinky person before but since meeting Tom, Claire was discovering a lot about herself intimately.

"Oh, like this?" she played along seductively, opening her legs and spreading her puffy pussy lips open for him.

Tom made a tisking sound of disagreement, shaking his head. Steady hands grabbed hold of her hips and dragged her down the bed a little until her head hit the pillow. Once she was laid out flat in front of her Tom spread her thighs and adjusted her legs so that her feet were flat against the bed.

"That's better!" he purred, fingers stroking up and down her wet lips. "Now I can see all of you laid out in front of me like a beautiful flower."

"Touch me!" Claire whined, impatiently grasping her breasts with both hands and massaging them.

"Touch you?" Tom teased with a lustful smirk, "You're doing a good job yourself," he made in reference to her little show before him.

"Tom!" Claire whimpered, her pussy throbbing.

In an excruciatingly slow pace, he stroked his fingers up and down the length of her quim, spreading her arousal and teasing her clit. Claire was becoming so worked up that her breathing was heavy and she was very close to panting.

Tom chuckled before easily slipping two fingers into her silky insides. A rush of relief came over her at the feeling of being filled. Like the expert he was - Tom curled both fingers and easily found her g-spot. A place Claire honestly didn't think existed until now. Gasping loudly she felt her toes curl as her back arched up off the mattress a little - pleasure coursing through her.

"Fuck!" Claire moaned loudly, her voice shaky.

"Eventually," Tom smirked, "But right now Dr. Hiddleston wants to inspect his territory. Make sure that everything is in order."

Worry started to trickle in as she debated on whether he knew about her conversation with Michael earlier or not. Swallowing heavily she looked at him with unease.

"I didn't sleep with anyone." she told him truthfully.

"Oh, I know that," Tom assured, scissoring her open easily. "If you had another man's cum inside your pussy I could smell it. Werewolf nose, and all," he lowered his head and kissed her soft
stomach, lips traveling down her womb and to the top of her quim. "And I can only smell my scent on you," he purred, tongue snaking out and licking between her folds. "All mine," Tom added possessively, nuzzling her mound.

There was something unbelievably feral and raw about his behavior and it turned her on even more. A potentially danger supernatural being was between her legs declaring her pussy his 'territory'.

Tom's tongue flicked her swollen clit while the two fingers worked their way in and out of her body. Tongue and fingers were in rhythm with one another as he pleased her. Claire found herself clutching at the sheets and using them as an anchor while she moved her hips back and forth against the bed.

"Yes! Right there, yes!" Claire panted, her mouth slightly a gap while her eyes were shut tightly.

"You're dripping honey," Tom groaned, nipping at her pussy playfully. To make his point he removed both fingers and licked her sex with her arousal. "I have honestly never seen a pussy get so wet before without the help of lube. It's impressive - gorgeous even." With that, he took a very long and rough lick between her folds. His tongue snaking down to her opening and dipping inside - lapping at her walls with vigor. Loud muffled moans turning her on.

She blushed. That was a pretty heavy statement from a man that's career revolved around female genitalia.

"Previous lovers didn't like it. Too much slickness," Claire confessed, watching as he wiped the arousal off on his hard cock and not the sheets.

"Stupid, stupid little boys," Tom cooed possessively. "Slick, wet, pussy is the best pussy. Especially if your nice and warm. It's heaven," he told her. "It tells me that you're very aroused - which means that I'm doing my job as a man and your lover. It's very validating."

True to Tom's safe fashion he reached across her to the side-table, grabbing a condom out of the box that sat on the top. He flicked it a few times and looked at her.

"The moment we get home I'm making sure that you're on the shot," Tom told her, nodding his head and agreeing with himself. "Since being inside you raw and cumming, a condom just isn't the same anymore."

"Plus it cuts down on easy access?" Claire grinned, wiggling her eyebrows at the man, "That too," he agreed, opening the condom wrapper and smoothly sliding it down his shaft, "You never know when the mood will hit you. Sit up, I'd like you to try and ride me a little."

Tom liked different positions and was very athletic in bed. Usually, Claire didn't mind but this position, in particular, bothered her. She wasn't comfortable being on top of him let alone moving and her stomach jiggle or her boobs sway.

Hesitantly she straddled his waist and tried to adjust herself in the sexiest manner possible. Reassuring hands rested on her hips and helped steady her a little. Raising up, Tom grabbed hold of his member and guided it between her folds and into her body. Together they gasped at the contact, clear whimpering with the full feeling that accompanied it.

"Lean back a little, hands on my knees," Tom instructed, bringing his legs up a little to act as a support for her.

Cautiously Claire did as he asked, feeling rather exposed in doing so. She felt fingertips graze along
her pussy and to the bit of shaft still exposed.

"Move back and forth, I promise you it's not as bad as you think." Tom encouraged. "I love this position because I can see all your sexy curves," he added with a seductive purr, smoothing his hands up her sides and to cup her breasts before tracing them back down to the flare of her hips.

This position didn't last long because Tom easily pulled himself into a sitting position, arms wrapped around her body and pressing her to him. Lips smashed aggressively in a bruising manner to hers - fighting for dominance.

"You're so sexy!" Tom panted into her mouth. "Every fucking inch of you! I never want anything to change!"

"Ya?" Claire panted right back, moving her hips seductively back and forth.

"I love your curves," he growled, thrusting right back and causing her to cry out. "Thickness in all the right places!" Tom added, grabbing hold of her bum cheeks with his fingertips to make his point. "My sexy, curvy baby. Daddies gonna fuck you nice and hard!"

She gave a squeak as Tom flipped them so she was pressed firmly onto her back. He slipped between her thighs, strong forearms boxing her in place as he hovered above her - a devious look on his face. Tom growled, showing his teeth before lowering his head and biting the side of her neck hard enough for Claire to feel the pressure but not the pain.

Expertly he adjusted himself, placing his hands on her forearms - moving them up slowly until he was able to take possession of her wrists. Fingers locked around the delicate joints and maneuvering her arms so that they were above her head and off to the side. Once Tom had her in the submissive pose he wanted he used a single hand to hold both wrists together, freeing the other.

"I wanna pin you to the bed and let my inner beast take over!" Tom growled lustfully in her ear, nipping at her earlobe. "Dominate your beautiful body until you're a quivering mess!"

Tom nosed the side of her neck before growling and biting her again. This time it was hard and he tugged a bit on the flesh. Claire cried out in pleasure and bucked up against him, her breasts pressing into his chest.

Raising her legs up she hooked them around his waist loosely allowing Tom to reposition himself between her legs and lung forward - penetrating her wet quim. Tom made sure that he was hilt deep before dominantly rotating his hips flush against hers to make sure that every available inch was nestled firmly inside her body.

"Tonight I think is the night for me to give you my mark," Tom informed her lustfully, biting her lower lip softly and pulling it away from her mouth. Testingly she pushed against the hand holding her wrists and was instantly met with resistance. Tom tightened his fingers around them and growled in a warning manner. "I'm going to mark you and make sure that everyone knows you belong to my pack! That your ours!"

"Oh God!" Claire whimpered in lust.

The weight of his body on top of hers, his hand holding her in place submissively and the words of possession falling from a honey dripped British accent was almost too much.

"Yours?" she groaned,

"Mine, sexually," Tom purred into her mouth. Sharply he pulled back his hips and thrust forward
causing her body to jolt. "This Dr doesn't share!"

"Fuck me!" Claire begged, moaning and biting her lower lip as she tried in vain to move her hips.

"Daddy has to bite you first!" Tom cooed, tracing a spot along her shoulder with his tongue. Sweet kisses peppered the spot in a careful manner before it turned into sharp teeth grazing the skin.

Claire knitted her eyebrows together and tried to comprehend what he was doing. It was a little hard with all the lust clouding her brain. Tom had her worked up into a light frenzy and her hormones were going wild.

But he was a werewolf, not a vampire. Werewolves didn't bite people like that, did they? Before she could explore that thought further Tom pulled his mouth back a little before pressing forward and piercing her skin with his teeth. Claire's eyes went wide, her mouth fell open and she expected to feel pain.

Tom held onto her and made sure that he growled possessively for prosperity. She felt her pussy tighten around his member and much to her amazement an orgasm crashed over her body. Instead of raising off her and pulling out - Tom thrust into her hard and slow prolonging her release.

His hips increased harder and faster in movement and she could feel his tongue lapping at the wound his teeth had made while still holding onto her shoulder. Tom pulled his mouth away carefully and kissed the wound once before licking his lips clean and kissing her mouth.

"Cum on!" Tom begged into her mouth. "Cum on my cock again, love! Make me flood this rubber with my cum! Once we're done I'm gonna mark you with it!” he growled with a smirk. "You know what?” he told her, pulling out of her body. She watched with baited breath as Tom pulled the condom off his cock and tossed it to the side. "I'm gonna fuck you raw and mark you properly from the inside!"
Chapter 26

Chapter Notes

*Smut smut smutty-smut smut* NSFW x10

Warnings: very very light throat play and heavy cum-play. If body fluids makes you squeamish - then why the fuck are you reading my smut?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Tom's hand wrapped gently around her throat as his hips moved feverously from behind. Slowly Claire could feel herself slip and melt into the mattress. A strained whimper left her lips as Tom's cock continued to spear her open deliciously. Her insides clutching and throbbing around his shaft.

"Oh God, yes!" Claire moaned loudly.

The bed would smack against the wall every once in a while and she knew that her boys were aware of what's happening in here. A heightened sense of arousal took over with that thought and Claire found herself clutching the sheets with her hands and curving her spine. She raised up a little and moved her head back accepting Tom's hand around her throat even more.

As a show of dominance, her lover squeezed faintly and growled, slowing his speed enough for short thrusts forward with an agonizingly slow retraction.

"Cum on," Tom panted into her ear from behind. "Cum for me, nice and hard! I want to feel that heavenly quim of yours milk my cock for its essence."

Tom draped his body over hers from behind. His hand remaining around her throat while the other rested on the mattress balancing him so they wouldn't topple over. Light nips and sucking on her shoulder near the mark he had made was felt causing goose bumps to cover her body.

The words he whispered in her ears and the accent that accompanied them helped Claire reach her peak. Sinful declarations of love and physical possession followed by naughty scenarios sent her over the edge.

His hips continued to pound into her from behind, Tom raising up onto his knees briefly was the only thing that broke the chain of movement. Claire felt herself being pressed flush against his body from behind. Strong arms placed themselves around her front securing her as Tom moved upwards into her throbbing pussy.

Carefully he smoothed a single hand up to cup her breast and cradled the fat globe as he sucked on the side of her neck. Her orgasm was so strong that Claire's entire body seized tightly before releasing and turning into a mess of goo that threatened to melt into the bed. If Tom hadn't of been holding her Claire was sure that she'd have fallen forward.

"I'm gonna cum again!" Claire warned him with a shaky voice.

He smirked into the side of her neck and increased his speed causing another powerful orgasm to take over her body. Claire cried out loud enough to feel the walls of the room shake. Her whole body shook and she went limp in Tom's arms. A small gush of arousal coated his cock and ran down to
the mattress making a mess.

Tom abruptly stopped and gasped loudly, his hold increasing tenfold on her body to the point of suffocation. She could feel his shudder against her body, his own back curving as he buried his cock as deeply as possible inside her body. Nestled tightly within her throbbing walls he adjusted her legs on either side of his hips and held her there.

"Daddies leaving a hard and heavy load inside your cunt!" he purred seductively. "So much cum for my sexy Luna!"

Claire could feel him flooding her insides with his essence. A flush of warmth spread within her womanhood and radiated to her clit and outer lips. She could honestly say this was the first time that something like this was felt during sex. If this was one of the perks of fucking a werewolf - Claire loved it.

"Do you have a knot?" Claire asked lustfully, raising an arm and cradling his head with it. She turned her head and captured his lips as they stayed in this post coital embrace.

"No," Tom panted, "Fuck I wish. If I did you'd be hooked for hours I'm sure!"

Gently Claire clutched her pussy muscles around his cock giving them both a jolt of pleasure. Tom growled into the crook of her neck and thrust up into her. With doing so, Claire could feel a little of his seed escape down the sides of his cock and spread thickly around her outer pussy.

"You keep doing that, you sexy little minks, and you're gonna get a baby in that belly!" Tom seductively hissed, nipping her shoulder. "As it is I can feel your cervix swallowing up big fat globs of my cum."

"Oh fuck!" Claire whimpered,

Her hand traveled down the front of her body and to her pussy. Fingers ghosted over her and Tom's connection. Much to her surprise, Tom was still pretty hard while wedged snugly inside her quim. Teasingly she squeezed what little cock was visible with her fingers, feeling him throb in response.

"Touch yourself, rub your clit," Tom commanded, "Make yourself cum again around my fat, juicy cock!"

Following his instructions submissively Claire found her clit and rubbed herself with a single finger. Over sensitive and still on edge she quickly came, shuddering and gasping in Tom's arms. Although she didn't hear him - Claire felt Tom rapture once more inside her. His cock throbbed hard and another wave of warmth flooded her insides. She could feel his cum leaking out of her opening and running down his cock and the inside of her thighs.

"Our Luna is marked," Tom announced through baited breath, tenderly placing a kiss on the wound he had made on her shoulder.

fluttering her eyes open Claire was startled out of her peaceful bliss by having Sebastian, Chris, and Michael standing around them on the bed. Chris reached out to touch her causing Claire to stiffen in Tom's arms. His thumb ran over the healing mark his leader made before he nodded his head and stepped back away.

"Relax," Tom whispered in her ear, "They're not going to touch you sexually. It's customary for them to physically see that I've marked you during the act itself. Pack politics."

"Beautiful mark, Tom," Michael commented, looking at the wound with surgical precision.
Sebastian took a look at the mark Tom had made before allowing his eyes to linger on her bare exposed breasts. Once they were satisfied they left and Tom lowered her carefully back to the bed. As soon as Claire's front touched the mattress she collapsed.

Tom chuckled lightly at her pathetic position, his hands rubbing over her bare hips lovingly. Hands moved from her hips to across her bum, parting her cheeks.

"Roll over," Tom asked her.

When Claire merely grunted and remained in place he took it upon himself to flip her over. Lightheaded and half asleep Claire allowed her arms to rested submissively on either side of her head like limp noodles. Tom groaned lustfully, touching her stomach and breasts before tracing her figure and cupping Claire's mound.

Fingers settled on the inside of Claire's thighs and Tom pushed them open nice and wide. Parting her folds he traced his fingertips up and down her length before dipping into her dripping entrance. Groaning and licking her lower lip Claire moved her hips against his fingers as he slipped two digits inside her quim.

Knuckle deep, Tom thrust his fingers expertly inside her body - curling them slightly and scooping out some of his cum from inside. Showing her the white thickness he smirked before placing the fat glob on her tummy. Tom repeated this until he had a nice little puddle of his seed resting on her soft stomach. Confused, yet intrigued, Claire mustered enough energy to raise her head and watch him.

Tom looked right at her, never breaking eye contact, as he took those same fingers and spread his cum over her stomach and up to her breasts. As if it was a lotion he rubbed it into her skin taking due care to coat her lower stomach where Claire's womb rested.

Aroused and a little disgusted she observed him rub the last of his essence under her breasts. Claire could smell the heavy heady scent of sperm when he was done. Instead of leaving her alone he lowered himself on his belly between her legs and spread her pussy lips once more.

"Push out for me, love," Tom moaned.

Claire pushed like he had asked and felt the remainder of his cum leak out of her pussy. Tom scooped it up in his hand and spread the stickiness over the top of her mound - massaging it into her pussy lips and her precious pinkness. Tom even went as far as to spread a bit of his essence over her tight pucker. When he went to insert his cum coated finger into her bum she turned her hips to the side.

"Nope!" Claire told him. "Leave my bum alone!"

"Fine," Tom grumbled, leaning forward and kissing the top of her mound.

Tom finally got up and laid down beside her, staring at the roof. He looked confused, perplexed a little. But more importantly, Tom appeared to be worried. Worried that whatever he had done turned her off and made her disgusted by him.

"What did you just do?" Claire asked, looking down at her nude body.

His seed was gone and the only indication was a few dried patches that started to flake. She could still smell it but it was less pronounced than before and starting to become comforting. To show that Tom's actions hadn't turned her off Claire turned on her side and curled up sleepily into his side.

"I was spreading my scent on your body. Marking my territory." Tom yawned, using his foot to grab
hold of the blankets before covering the both of them. He stretched a little and turned slightly to
embrace her lovingly. Tucking Claire's head under his chin he sighed. "If you ever encounter another
werewolf they'll be able to smell me on you. My scent is permanently imprinted on your body."

"That's nice," Claire murmured with a faint smile. "Nice and safe?" she asked.

"Very safe, love," Tom assured her. "You not only smell like me but your personal scent is
associated with our pack. Which automatically means you'll be left alone or they won't like the
consequences."

Claire liked the sound of that.

"Go to sleep, love," Tom murmured, kissing the top of her head and pressing her closer to him.
"Nothing will hurt you anymore. I've made sure of it."

Claire felt her eyes droop heavily and she no longer was able to hold them open. Surrendering to
sleep she sighed lightly and nestled down in his arms. Protectively Tom stayed on guard watching
over her as she slept peacefully.

One by one Chris, Sebastian and Michael joined them on the bed, snuggling up to the both of them
and making sure that Claire was trapped in the middle of their pack snuggle. Her loyal followers
protecting their Luna.

Chapter End Notes
“Hey, Sebastian,” she heard Tom say quietly. The man behind her started to stir out of his own peaceful sleep. “I need to step out for a bit. I have to get an anti-contraceptive pill for Claire, and, we need to go for a run,” Tom continued. “Look after Claire?”

“Umm, yeah sure!” Seb replied still half asleep. He stretched behind her and in doing so hooked his arm around her waist and curled himself around her. “Of course,”

“You went for a run yesterday, right?” Tom asked with concern.

She twitched her nose and moaned in order to make her presence known. A 'run’ could only mean turning over and being Wolfy. Something that Claire could understand would be important for their health.

“Ya, I'm good.” Sebastian answered sleepily, “Do what you gotta do, take your time,”

Tom bent down and kissed her forehead before leaving the bedroom. If she should be concerned that her lover left her to sleep in another man's arms, but, she wasn't. It was oddly familiar and left her comfortable.

“Go back to sleep, it's early love.” Sebastian told her through a yawn, “Still dark out even,"

“What time is it?” She asked,

“4 am or so,”

Oh Lord, it was early still. Grumbling, Claire buried her head under the blankets and tried to sleep. This was easier said than done, however.

“Do I smell like Tom?” Claire murmured curiously.

“Yes,”

“Does it bother you?”

Sebastian sighed heavily and rolled onto his back, releasing her waist. “I'll answer all your questions and more...when we wake back up.” He grumbled sleepily. “I'm exhausted. I haven't slept in a few days.”

She shut her mouth and moved onto her stomach beside him. One arm under the pillow and the other out beside her. Comfortable Claire closed her eyes and fell back asleep.

They both woke several hours later in the same positions as before. Seb drew a deep breath and stretched, one arm placed above his head.

“I would have thought being marked by a werewolf would mean having someone pee on me,” Claire stated naively.

Seb stiffened and stopped rubbing his eyes, turning his head slowly to look at her. “What? No. No...no!” He corrected quickly. “That's an incredibly massive insult. If any wolf pees on you it
means he's establishing dominance over you. He or she, perceives you to be below them.”

"Oh,” Claire replied, amazed by this piece of info. “I just thought that because dogs marked their territory…”

"Oh, we do that - on objects,” Sebastian informed her. “But if we were to actually apply that to a person it's a major insult. That would guarantee to start a war.” he paused a moment before adding "If anyone tries or does that - let us know. Even if it's one of us."

In her short time of knowing the man - Sebastian appeared to be the one who was able to answer her questions politely. Tom became flustered depending on the topic, Chris always redirected her to Tom and Michael was a bit of a goof. Which led to answers that didn't feel very sincere.

"What would happen if...you know, Tom dies, hypothetically!” Claire nervously asked, fidgeting with the sheet covering her body. "Would Chris take over or?"

Seb softened his brow and turned his head a bit to acknowledge her. "You'll always be the queen of the pack.” he sighed, "Usually the second in the command would take over but it's not set in stone. It's up to the Luna. You could choose...well, me if you wanted and Chris would remain in his current position. But don't worry. Tom is never going to leave you."

"Do I smell like him?" she asked sleepily, turning to rest her head on his bare chest.

"Yes," Sebastian murmured, embracing her before kissing the side of her head affectionately. "You definitely smell of Tom and the pack. It's a big relief that he'd finally gotten the courage to mark you."

"Ya?” Claire inquired, raising her head up and looking at him. She wasn't aware that Tom was nervous. He exhibited a vast amount of confidence last night.

"He's never done it before," Sebastian explained. "He didn't want to bite you because he thought it was primitive. And although he won't admit it - Tom was scared that he'd make a mistake and end up maiming you instead of marking you.” He raised his hand and touched the mark on her shoulder that was close to healing.

Claire didn't know what the healing wound looked like but it certainly wasn't what you'd expect. There were no teeth marks, bruising or uneven broken skin. Instead, it sort of represented a crescent moon.

"It kinda looks like a moon," she stated, awkwardly looking down at the mark.

"That's because it is in the shape of a moon." he confirmed, "Tom's pack is referred to as the 'Moonlight Pack' which is a small branch off of his father's much larger pack. It's customary for the second born son to go off and create his own pack while the first born son will inherit the alpha leader title from his father upon the father's death. Obviously, we don't usually die so the first born son would be the father's second in-command."

Oh, that was very interesting to learn. Claire assumed that all the offspring of the leaders stayed within the pack and they just grew it that way. Claire had no idea that they branched off and made a new limb in the family tree.

"So, Tom lucked out by being the second born son?" Claire inquired.

"Yes, ironically enough. He has more freedom than his brother does. But, it has its disadvantages. Whatever Tom does is reflective of his father's pack and family name." Seb told her, "There's a lot of
pressure there to do good and not make mistakes."

She knew what that was like. Claire was really good at messing up and bringing 'shame' to her family. Luckily for her - her family is normal and the shame isn't life-shattering. Claire settled back down beside Sebastian and observed him close his eyes once more. He looked like he was about to sleep once more.

"You'll find mates, right?"

Slowly and carefully Seb opened his eyes and stared straight at the roof. Claire knew that it was a loaded question, especially for Seb who seemed to be lingering around her the most. She didn't know the dynamics of how this whole pack thing worked in regards to sex. Tom clearly didn't want to share her and Claire weren't particularly keen on that idea either. But, for all she knew, Tom was just being possessive and not wanting to share.

"How does this work in regards to sex?" Claire asked carefully, cautious to not overstepping her boundaries with the man.

"That depends," Sebastian replied just as cautiously and far too slowly for her liking. "On the type of pack." he finished. "And if the goal is to grow large or just exist."

Her interest was spiked but she was a bit hesitant with not knowing how Tom would respond to her having this discussion without him.

"If we wanted to grow large and achieve territory and power like Tom's father's pack - we'd all go and find mates...have babies," Seb explained, "But if we wanted to just exist - ugh...well, you know."

Her handsome Romanian blushed and turned away from her. He didn't need to say it for Claire to understand what he was getting at. Taken back a bit she slowly lowered herself to the bed and joined her bedmate in staring at the roof, blinking slowly. Claire didn't know how to feel about that. Should she be excited, disgusted, curious?

"And ugh...what is this packs goal?" she asked cautiously.

"It's never been discussed, to be honest. We've all been busy guys working busy careers. We all figured that we'll eventually find someone. We just didn't expect Tom to find his Luna beforehand. Now it's a bit of precarious situation." Sebastian told her truthfully. "I think you're going to be OK, though. Because Tom doesn't seem too eager to share." he chuckled, sensing her unease. "I'm sure we'll find someone eventually,"

Chapter End Notes

I don't know where to go with this. Why is monogamy so fucking hard? Well, I know the answer to that. Chris, Sebastian, Michael and Tom. That's why.
Chapter 28

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The phrase ‘too many hens in the henhouse’ came to mind as Claire slumped over the porcelain toilet and dry heaved once more. The bathroom was small and despite the lack of space four very bossy doctors managed to cram in there, each lecturing the other on how to deal with this ‘situation’

Doctors were always the worst for taking medical advice from someone else - because they thought that they knew the answer. At this point, Claire didn't care who was correct or not. All she wanted was to throw up and be miserable in peace.

“What the hell did you give me?!” Claire slurred, using the back of her hand to wipe up the excess spit.

You’d think with four medical professionals that professed their undying loyalty to you daily, they'd offer her some form of actual help instead of bickering back and forth. Instead Claire had to hold her own hair back and pray she didn't get any splashbacks like before.

“I already told you, love - it's an anti-contraceptive pill. Unfortunately, flu like symptoms is a side effect.” Tom sympathized, shuffling past Michael and crouching down beside her.

“I feel like I'm going to die! My crotch is bleeding and I have cramps!” Claire hissed, “You should have never given her that pill.” Chris scolded from the doorway. “You of all people know how it is on a woman's system!”

“Excuse me?” Tom snapped back in defense. “Do you want to look after a pup right now? No. Neither of us is in the position for pups! We don't even know what dynamic we're going to take!”

Claire interrupted their argument by lurching forward and violently getting ill once more. At this point, it was simply bile and a bit of water. Mostly it was Claire's stomach muscles clenched and crying for mercy.

“Will you both shut the hell up and get out of here!” Sebastian scolded, “Tom. Go into town and get some ginger tea and gravol tablets for nausea. Claire needs rest and sleep.”

“Go!” Claire demanded. “Please!”

She knew that Tom wouldn't necessarily listen to Sebastian seeing his ranking in the pack. So she piped up and made sure that he took Seb’s advice and got her ginger tea and gravol. The prospect of not throwing up anymore was heavenly.

“She needs menstrual pads for the bleeding,” Michael added. He walked down the small hall and into the bedroom she shared with Tom. By him taking a spot on one side of the bed it was clear he wasn't leaving.

“Fine,” Tom simply stated in a passive manner. “Chris, you're coming with me. Seb and Mike can stay here and watch her.”

As soon as Sebastian hoisted her up Claire felt the lightheadedness come back. She swooned a bit only to have Seb grab her by the hips and keep her steady. Once she was able to they slowly
shuffled down the hall and into the bedroom.

“What did he give me?” Claire repeated, hoping that Michael or Sebastian would answer it.

She knew what the pill was called and what it was for, but, no one explained how the pill worked.

The middle of the bed looked cozy and Claire set out to lay just there. Like a big fat sunfish, she lay out on her belly and groaned into the pillow. The room was still spinning and her tummy felt sour.

“The pill is made up of a chemical solution that will basically cause your body to shed the lining of your uterus as well as the eggs. Thus preventing any potential...pups, from being formed.” Michael answered her finally. His voice was guarded and hid the anger towards Tom for giving it to her.

“The side effects are nasty,” Sebastian added, laying down beside her.

“That's awful!” Claire wailed emotionally, “He just gave me an abortion!”

Michael and Sebastian exchanged a look that stated they were on the same level of feeling. She felt hands on her back and lower back, rubbing in the hopes of offering some comfort.

“Technically an abortion is when you actually have a child in your womb. There's no way of really knowing if you had or not.” Michael explained gently.

“Still,” Sebastian blanched, “It goes against our principles! We’re not happy about Tom's actions. It could even be considered illegal in the eyes of our council.”

Michael reached over her and smacked Sebastian on the arm with the back of his hand. He could sense that Sebastian was making her anxiety increased as well as her sense of guilt. If Claire really had time to think about what this pill did, she might not have taken it.

“You were most likely not even pregnant, love. We don't have super sperm. It takes us the same amount of tries to conceive.” Michael soothed, turning slightly to kiss her bare shoulder.

“The odds of someone getting pregnant the first time they have unprotected sex isn't as high as you think. Plus, you're not exactly your most fertile.” Sebastian added, “So don't fret about being a murderer, my sweet girl.”

“I still feel bad!” Claire whined, threatening to cry once more.

She was exhausted physically and mentally. All she wanted to do was sleep but her dizziness and cramping made it hard.

As Claire raised her head and swayed a bit Sebastian moved off the bed. “I'm going to go look for some gravol. We have to have some,” he spoke, leaving her with just Michael.

“Hey,” Michael spoke, tapping her lower spine, “I know it's hard, but try not to jerk around like that. You'll only make the dizziness worse.”

“I'm so mad!” Claire stated.

“You should be.” Michael agreed sympathetically. “But I know Tom didn't deliberately make you sick. Normally the side effects aren't this bad. He feels awful.”

“I found gravol!” Seb announced cheerfully.

In one hand he held two pink pills and the other was a glass of water. Michael helped her sit up in
the bed and automatically grabbed the puke bucket. They learned the hard way that anything she consumed more than likely will come right back up again.

Cautiously Claire took the pills from Seb and dipped the lukewarm water. A wave of nausea came over her but she fought it off, holding the bucket for dear life as she swayed a little.

“Breathe, deep breaths. In and out.” Michael instructed lovingly, rubbing her back to try and soothe her strained muscles. “Good girl,”

Both men were watching her like a hawk waiting for any indication that all was not well. It was comforting to know that she was in such good care.

“Here, have a bit more water, love.” Seb suggested, “Baby sips,”

Lukewarm water was normally always disgusting but they had tried cold earlier and that automatically came back up before it reached her stomach. At least this water was staying in her stomach if not precariously.

“The gravol is fast acting,” Seb told her, helping to ease her back onto the bed. “You should be knocked out soon.”

Under Michael's watchful eyes she closed her eyes and began to fall asleep. The sickness was subsided for now affording her that break Claire’s strained muscles needed.

She heard Sebastian say something about making a nest in the living room and Michael agrees.

“We’re not birds,” Claire muttered sleepily, eyes still closed as her limbs went limp.

Michael and Sebastian chuckled at her hazy response. She vaguely felt the bed shift as someone moved from it. Claire was gently picked up by Michael and he cradled her in his arms bridal style as if she weighed nothing.

“Do you need help with the mattresses?” Michael asked.

The last thing she heard before sleep took over was; “Nah, leave the nest building to the Beta. We’re good at it after all. Keep holding her, eventually, Claire will fall completely asleep.”

Chapter End Notes

Tom, you tit!
Chapter 29

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Claire fell asleep and when she woke - she was nude except for a pair of cotton panties, wedged between two semi-naked male bodies. The TV was on indicating that they were in the living room. Before the gravol kicked in Claire vaguely remembered Michael and Sebastian talking about a nest in the living room.

Slowly Claire sat up, the various blankets falling down in her lap leaving her bare-chested. Grabbing the side of her head she closed her eyes again and tried to regain some composure. Tom went to cover her breasts only to be met by her hand smacking his away. She was not in the mood right now and her nudity was the last thing on her mind. It wasn't like they've seen boobs before.

"Don't touch me!" Claire warned lowly, turning her head and glaring at the man. Tom was taken back by her reaction and pulled away. "Don't look at me like that! You know what you did!"

Everyone was waiting for Tom to respond with tension. No one was willing to jump in the middle just yet, a wise decision. Claire felt like she was hit by a bus. Her womb and ovaries felt like they were being twisted. She didn't know if she were still bleeding or not, but, judging by the pad in her panties it was a good possibility.

"Look, I didn't think it would make you this sick, love. You know I would never intentionally hurt you!" Tom reasoned, touching her ribs. "I feel awful for the rash decision to give you that pill. But I panicked. You're not in the position to be having pups until you've got the protective spell cast over you."

Jesus Christ. How hard was it to carry and birth a half werewolf baby if she needed to be immortal to do so? That one graphic scene in Twilight where Bella gave birth flashed through her mind and a look of disgust twisted her face.

Michael chuckled lightly breaking the tense silence, "Our young isn't that bad! The baby develops at the same speed as a human child in the womb. Outside they're a bit smarter and faster at development thought. They're about a month advanced than that of human babies."

"And they won't really show any werewolf traits until puberty." Sebastian spoke, "That's when they first turn over and start to really develop their abilities."

"They're unremarkable-ness if you could call it that, is rather genius, to be honest." Chris chimed in, "It keeps them safe from human detection."

Well, thank god for that. That still didn't explain Tom's explanation for giving her that awful pill. Falling backward Claire landed on a pile of pillows, her boobs jiggling with the motion. Tom reached over to cover her with the sheet and Claire allowed it.

"I'm just paranoid that something will happen to you or the baby." Tom quickly explained. "I...finding one's mate is rare enough but for her to be a Luna? If you pass away I'll never be whole again. I'll be completely heartbroken."

Claire felt the heat start to build once more and kicked off all the covers leaving her topless once more. This time for the sake of modesty she used her arm to cover them, well, most of them. Sebastian's eyes were wandering a bit but Michael and Chris appeared to ignore her partial nudity.
Her breasts were unusually sore and Claire ended up dropping her arm all together giving up on the task.

"My boobies hurt," Claire told Tom who was eyeing her curiously.

"Tender?" he asked,

"Ya," she replied, picking up her now cold ginger tea. There was a hint of worry in her voice since she's never experienced something like this before.

"It's from the pills," Tom assured her.

Still, Claire could tell that Tom didn't like her being topless in front of the other pack mates. That possessive streak was flaring up and he fought off the urge to cover her either by the sheet or with his own hands.

"I'd still like to give you a proper examination when we get back to my home. I can schedule you in as a patient which means I can run tests easily instead of back-dooring it."

As much as that statement peaked her interest - Claire wasn't going to ask. She was barely comprehending how Tom expected her to go across the border and settle in a foreign country without a Visa and a passport that may be expired.

"Can I have some toast, please? A little butter and cinnamon?" Claire asked no one in particular. If she was capable of doing it she'd have gotten up herself.

Automatically Sebastian stood and went to make her request. Claire put her hand on his knee and prevented the beta from moving.

"Tom, can you make it for me?"

Claire wanted to know if the man would do it the first time she asked and if he was capable of cooking. Since she's known them Sebastian did all the cooking, he fetched everything and was basically a glorified mother-figure. Claire didn't like it.

Her boys looked shocked that Tom got up without protest and began to prepare her food in the kitchen. Sebastian looked at her with a raised eyebrow wondering why he was blocked.

"It has nothing to do with you personally. I appreciate everything you do for me and everyone else. I wanted Tom to make me toast because I feel it's not solely your responsibility." Claire explained.


When she woke Michael and Chris were sitting on the couch while Tom and Seb had taken up residence on either side of her. Her little nest consisted of a mattress pressed up in front of the couch with a mountain of pillows precariously piled around the mattress. When Claire was laying down no matter where she turned, it was like a big snuggle.

Blankets of various thickness were used as filler and a simple sheet under the main duvet made it snuggier.

She had to give Sebastian credit because he certainly recreated what she thought of when someone said 'nest' Claire could picture a wolf making one in a cave out grass, under fluff and other various things. There's no way that Claire herself could construct something even remotely close to this.
Tom came back with her toast, the cinnamon elegantly sprinkled on top just as she asked. For good measure, he came with a glass of water.

"Here you go, love," Tom spoke, handing her the plate. "Little bird like bites at first, ya?"

Claire managed to eat one and a half pieces of toast before her stomach started doing cartwheels once more. For fear of maybe throwing up once more, she held off on eating the rest despite her still being hungry.

Without being asked Tom took her plate and empty glass back into the kitchen. He even rinsed the plate off before putting it in the dishwasher. Everyone seemed to be completely perplexed by this behavior.

"You're the only woman in the world besides his mother that could get him to be domestic," Michael whispered while Tom's back was to them. "Tom's a good guy but he's very much so...ugh...masculine." Michael explained, "He'll go out and bring home money, chase off danger and bring home dinner. Just don't expect him to cook it."

"He doesn't clean?" Claire asked, turning her head to acknowledge the man.

Michael slid down beside her on the bed and crawled under the blankets. It was his turn on 'guard' duty it appeared. Settled down comfortably next to her Michael kissed her upper arm affectionately and rested a hand on her tummy.

"No, Tom doesn't cook or clean. He hires people to do that for him or Seb picks up after him." Michael told her.

"Tom will bend over backward to make you happy chickadee. He'll make sure that you're provided for and want for nothing. He'll even sacrifice his own health for your safety. But he won't clean the dishes or do the laundry." Chris told her from above.

"Woman and men have certain roles in the pack," Sebastian told her, massaging her shoulders. "Men go out, make money, look after his mate and pups. Woman look after the pups, do the domestic things and make sure that her mate is happy and looked after."

Claire scoffed at that primitive role bestowed upon her. They had to be off their fucking rocker if they believe she'll conform to that.

"Because I'm a Beta I do a bit of both." Seb continued.

"And because of that - that means you're a valued member of this pack," Tom spoke, well aware of what they were talking about. Supernatural hearing and all... "I don't want you thinking you're not."

Chapter End Notes

Don't mess with Claire!
Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

It was becoming blatantly obvious that despite these men being highly educated and smart within their own rights - they were lacking common logic. Claire was quickly becoming their voice of logic and reason.

Despite being still somewhat ill from the after-effects of that pill, Claire was sitting up in her nest, fully dressed now and watching the four men interact. Was this the role of the Luna? To make sure that the men weren't...well, idiots? It wouldn't surprise her. Women were often the voice of reason and logic when it comes to men. There was a reason why they lived longer than men.

"It's not going to kill you, Tom if you cut up vegetables for dinner!" Claire told him seriously, "Sebastian cannot do everything!"

"I don't cut!" Tom argued, clearly not wanting to do it. "I'm not a cutter."

"Fine. Michael, can you please chop up the vegetables for dinner?" she asked, hoping because the man was a surgeon that maybe he was a 'cutter'

"Sure," he replied without hesitation and earning a dirty glare from Tom.

Chris was doing what Chris did best - pacing back and forth on the deck and making sure that everything was in place. Every once in a while he'd come into the house, check to see that everyone and everything were ok before going back outside. He was very much so deadlocked on a specific task and took it very seriously. Claire didn't want to disrupt the man.

Because Claire hadn't asked Chris to partake in any of the domestic tasks he took offense to it. Unlike Tom, who only took care of things when things came up - which apparently were rare, Chris had a full-time job as a guard-wolf. One step up from a guard dog.

"Don't even go there. You're acting like a child." Claire sighed heavily, pinching the bridge of her nose.

"You can't get mad at her for being a Luna." Michael reminded him from the kitchen. "It's her duty to make sure that we're in order. You know we have no general direction outside of work. We can't just wing it all the time!"

Ah, so the little 'dictator' role she took on wasn't out of character. Claire didn't think she was that harsh. All she was doing was pointing out childish behavior and made sure that everyone didn't pile everything on poor Sebastian.

"And you can't just keep expecting Sebastian to do it either!" she chimed in loudly, flipping the channel on the TV. "That's ridiculous! The man is not your maid! He's your friend and your pack-mate. Don't take advantage of his sweetheart nature."

With Claire making sure that no one took advantage or abused Sebastian's kindness - the man was completely taken back. He blushed a lot and ducked his head down when Claire scolded one of the men - usually Michael and Tom, for not doing something they were quite capable of doing themselves.
There was no comment from either man because they knew she was right. Instead of talking back and getting their asses handed to them - again, Michael cut the vegetables and Tom supervised. Occasionally Tom would test the vegetables to make sure that they were alright for consumption.

Chris came into the living room, scanned her from head to toe and then looked at the two in the kitchen. "Everything alright?" he asked, amused with the scene in the kitchen.

"Yes," Tom answered with a faint, somewhat forced smile.

"Luna's do what Luna's do best," Chris spoke, nodding his head at her in approval. "Gotta get used to it mate," he added, "It could be worse, she could be a real bitch."

"All in all Claire isn't asking the world of us," Sebastian stated, coming into the house and dumping a bucket of crabs into the sink. "My mother is a nasty Luna." he informed her, "Mean as a barracuda with a toothache."

Hearing that made Claire feel a bit better. She was worried that maybe she was coming across as a bitch or overstepping her boundaries by knit-picking what they did. Tom was the only one being resistant to it but that probably had to do with him being an Alpha and not used to being bossed around by anyone. Hopefully, he'll come to realize that Claire is doing these things out of love and not because she was a bitch.

Feeling exhausted Claire found herself sink back down into the pillows and pulled the blankets up over her chest. Finally, she found something on TV to watch and relaxed knowing that dinner was taken care of.

Her look of defeat and limp posture was an excuse for Tom to leave the kitchen and settle down beside her protectively. He paused a moment, looking around before sinking down onto his stomach at her side under the blankets. Tom couldn't get any closer unless he was on top of her.

"Once you're up to it, we'll be leaving," Tom informed her, turning his head enough to speak without muttering.

"I need my passport," she yawned, "Which is probably expired. And I need some personal items from my house if that's possible. I have roommates, it's just a bedroom."

"You can take all your stuff but the furniture. No use for furniture when you have four apartments fully furnished." Michael smiled, assembling the salad and bringing out the hummus from the fridge.

Besides Sebastian, Michael was the only one that actually took it upon himself to do things if you pointed him in that direction. Claire appreciated that because if she had to physically ask them to do step A, then step B and so on, she'd lose her fucking mind.

"Babe, what are we eating with the hummus?" Michael asked,

"I believe Sebastian picked up some crackers earlier. It should be in the cupboard beside the oven." Claire replied.

"Ah, thank you. Normally we eat baby carrots and bell pepper with it. Well, that's what Seb serves with it." Michael smiled, pulling out exactly what she had told him too and opening the box.

"When we have...pups...are you going to help me?" Claire asked Tom in a whisper. Michael could hear her regardless but the illusion of privacy was still nice.

"Of course, my love. Pups are very important to me." Tom assured her quietly.
Michael, although able to hear their conversation wasn't going to respond. This wasn't his place to comment unless it addressed no one specifically.

"I love children, all children." he added, "That's one of the reasons why I went into this line of work is because I know how precious and important babies and pups alike are."

"Our fatherly instincts are very strong," Michael finally commented, "We're very hands-on when it comes to rearing pups and making sure that they're guarded. No matter who's pup you have, we'll still feel as if that pup were ours and look after it as such."

They were hinting at perhaps that her relationship with Tom wouldn't be exclusive in the future and it made her a little anxious. Tom never bothered to correct them on their comments, instead, he merely just watched for her reaction.

Was Claire supposed to say something or show anything except indifference?

Claire never signed up for being the 'community girlfriend' as you'd call it. And she didn't know if she could do it without feeling guilty on some level. Especially towards Tom. Would he even allow that to happen? Claire liked to think that with him being possessive he'd sort of protect her from that sort of thing.

"What's ugh...what's happening when it comes to the pack dynamics?" Claire asked nervously, fidgeting with her fingers.

"We're not sure. We never had to actually sit down and talk about it because we didn't have a Luna. And I wasn't interested in building any semblance of an 'official' functioning pack with someone who wasn't my mate let alone a Luna." Tom spoke. "Once we're back home and everyone is settled we have to all sit down and talk about it."

"I thought you were a pack?" Claire asked in confusion.

Chris came in from outside and sat down in a lounge chair beside them while Michael came to sit on the couch behind her.

"We are," Chris told her, "But, in order for us to be an official pack in the eyes of our council, which is the werewolf equivalent to a government, we need a Luna - or, Tom needed to find his soul mate. Then we can apply for papers stating that we are an official pack."

The look of pure confusion on her face caused the Australian to smile. Seb came in from outside where he must have been on the docks. In one hand he had a prawn trap filled with fresh prawns and in the other was a freshly gutted fish of some sort. Seb was the perfect little hunter and it made her smile.

There was a sense of comfort and relief to know that no matter what - Seb would be able to gather food for them. The man was definitely a very valuable asset to their pack.

"Papers doesn't change much on a personal level. It just means that we have more rights and entitlements." Tom explained. "Any pups that we have are guaranteed medical, educational and even financial help if they so happen to need it."

"Because we are not human there are a few things that we can't-do in the 'human' world, like seek medical help from a human doctor or send our young to a human school," Seb told her. "We have special schools that operate in human society and you'd never know they were special. You'd just presume it was a private human school."
"We want to protect our pups but we don't want them to feel ostracised by the general human population," Tom explained. "We want to encourage healthy relations with humans. It's the same thing with vampires and magical types."

Great. Now every time they passed by a private school Claire was going to wonder if it was filled with baby vampires or werewolves.

"Can our children be friends with their children?" Claire asked cautiously. A baby vampire might be a precarious little creature to look after during a playdate.

"Of course," Chris replied, "Why not? We usually get along just fine unless it's a personal beef with someone specific. Wars mean potential exposure to humans. Which is something we're not prepared for right now."

"Dinner is done," Seb called, placing the seafood on the dining room table. "Please, come and eat."

Seb sensed that she was becoming overwhelmed and stressed so he did what he does best - swooped in and saved her. They exchanged a smile as she shakily got up out of bed.

"Thank you," Claire mouthed, taking her seat at the head of the table. She got a wink in response and a loving smile.

"This looks amazing," Tom praised, "Thank you,"

"You're welcome!" Seb beamed, happy to be acknowledged verbally.

"Yes, very nice." Michael and Chris agreed,

"Thank you, love." Claire boldly praised.

Chapter End Notes

I thought I would write on the whole werewolf council/rules/customs and history, unlike what I did in "Dominance" I think it would make the story a lot more interesting and distinct from my other werewolf story.
"What are you doing, love?" Michael asked curiously, tilting his head to the side and looking at her notes.

The hum of the engine and the rockiness of the water was somewhat calming her frazzled nerves. Still not feeling 100% Claire decided to press on and not linger at the cabin because her stomach hurt a bit.

Seb was up front steering the boat with Chris at his side. Tom was napping downstairs leaving her in the company of Michael. Usually, they didn't pry into anything she did unless Claire said something first. But with her hunched over a notebook and her face scrunched with a sour expression, she couldn't blame the man for being interested in what she was doing.

"Just figuring out my final bills. I have roommates, we split the bills. Technically I'm breaking my lease and I haven't given them time to find a new roommate." Claire answered,

"I see," he replied, genuinely interested in her task at hand. He came to sit down beside her on the seat and got a better look at what she was working with. "Wow," Michael commented, "What sort of job did you do before to afford that?"

"Head cashier at a pharmacy," Claire told him. "I basically babysat a bunch of high school kids."

"I was a barista during medical school. I make a wicked coffee," Michael informed her. "The coffee shop I worked at was open late which was good because my schooling ended at 5 pm every day and it was slow - so I could do my school work between customers."

"I love coffee," Claire muttered, biting her lower lip in concentration.

"How much do you have and how much do you need?" Michael asked, not outright telling her he'd pay for it.

Out of all the men, Michael seemed to be more open to Claire paying for her own stuff - uppon occasion. If it were Tom sitting beside her he'd flat out refuse for her to use her own money.

"I have about $600 in my savings and my total is $1500 altogether," Claire replied. "I could give them less but that means I won't be parting on good terms and I really don't want that kind of karma."

"Understandable. I'm a firm believer of someone paying their debts in full. Do you have any more money besides what's in your savings?" he questioned with concern. "I don't want you with a completely negative balance."

"I have another $150 in my chequing account. But I suspect that I have to dip into it when canceling my phone contract."

"I'll make you a deal." Michael offered, looking over the piece of paper once more. "If you put that $600 towards the roommates and use your $150 for the phone, I'll pay the remaining $900 to make it even with the roommates."
"Deal," Claire agreed.

Ideally, Claire would have liked it if she were able to pay for her own bills in full but that wasn't possible with the funds that she had. At least Michael was willing to compromise and allowed her to execute some pride with handling her own affairs.

"I know you don't like people handling your affairs," Michael told her, kissing the side of her head. "I'm a lot like you in that regard."

"Yes," Claire agreed, "I'm uh...I'm too independent to rely solely on someone."

"Typical Luna," Michael muttered with a smile. "I know Tom is generally against work for Lunas or mates, but, if you'd like to maybe work part time I can find something for you to do at home. I have an office in my apartment and I always need forms or papers typed up."

"Don't I need a degree for that?" Claire asked curiously,

"You're a smart young woman and trustworthy. I'm not concerned with anything." Michael told her.

"What are we talking about?" Chris asked them, towering over the two of them and looking down at the notebook. He had a single beer in his hand that was half drunk.

"Tying loose ends," Claire spoke,

"Ah," Chris smiled, "That reminds me," he sat down beside them on the back seat and raised a single leg resting his ankle against his thigh. "We have to stop by the government office as soon as we touch land. Claire's papers are done and ready for pickup."

Claire snapped her head up from her notebook and stared at Chris trying to determine what he meant by 'papers' No one had discussed talking to any government agencies on her behalf. Claire didn't even know how they could do that without all her information, unless, someone went into her wallet without permission.

"We have people planted in human governments that are duly employed by our council to process paperwork for people like you," Chris explained.

That made a lot of sense. Why wouldn't they have something like that setup?

"We had your passport renewed as well as given you the appropriate Visa to immigrate," Chris told her.

"But, how did they?" Claire asked in confusion, still unable to comprehend everything they're able to get away with.

"Tom contacted our council and had informed them of you. He must have used your info found in your wallet and they did everything else." Michael told her.

"Everything is legal? Nothing is forged at all?" she asked, very firm on not wanting anything fake.

"Everything is completely legal," Chris told her. "We don't start breaking out the illegal documentation until you've reached past the age your face represents. For obvious reasons a wolf that's 100 years old physically but only looks 35 needs a new set of ID, ya?"

All Claire wanted to do was sit down and work out her bills. Instead, she was learning more mind-blowing information on their very complex and advanced system of operation.
"Work is tricky," Michael told her. "Most immortal beings don't really hold a long-term profession because it's hard to work with colleagues when you don't age. We'll have to leave our hospital soon enough and rotate to another hospital and pray to god we don't bump into someone we know."

"If you don't work then what the hell do you do? How do you make money?" Claire asked with scrutiny. She came from a long line of working-class people and not working wasn't even an option for her.

"Investments," Chris offered, "Since we're immortal generally our families amass a good fortune. But, each pack has to give the council a certain amount of money yearly so that we can make sure that other wolves are looked after and our hired 'help' is operational. As well as the people that work for the council itself."

"We're very community orientated." Michael boasted with pride. "Vampires and magical beings have the same type of operation."

Claire liked that, a lot. She would have never even thought that that is how they manage to keep themselves afloat and undetected. It was actually ingenious really.

"So, let me get this straight," Claire spoke, tucking the notebook between her leg and the seat's side. She turned to face both men, her legs rested on Michael's lap. "Let's say, hypothetically, a female werewolf had a pup or two with no mate. The council would help her?"

"They'd most likely find her a proper pack to join but in the meantime, yes, they'd provide her with money," Chris told her, raising the bottle to his lips. "The pack that takes her in will then resume looking after her and the pups. She'd pare off with a single male of her choosing within that pack and settle down."

Claire was starting to like werewolves more than humans. Thank god her great great grandmother was a werewolf.

"And he'd look after her pups even though they aren't his?" Claire asked in disbelief.

"Pups are pups. It doesn't matter who fathered them." Michael told her. "Unlike humans, we're not concerned about genetics. All we see is a young one that needs to be cared for. End of story."

"I think I'm going to like being an honorary werewolf," Claire smiled.

Chapter End Notes

I wish I was a werewolf.
"You're coming with me," Michael informed her, pulling out a set of keys from his pockets and unlocking a small SUV by remote. "Tom is going back with Chris and Seb to make sure that our territory is safe. While I and you deal with loose ends."

A little confused Claire paused a moment and rubbed the side of her head. She looked over her shoulder to Tom who gave a curt nod indicating that Michael was correct.

"Ok?" she replied with hesitation. "Um, that would have been nice to know sooner."

They had stopped at the same Marina she had met Tom to refuel before they crossed the border again. Claire was under the impression that they were docking for a bit and Tom was going to help her with everything she needed to do. Not that she opposed to Michael, it was just, well...she didn't have much experience with the man. Just like Chris. They were sort of always in the background.

"Well, usually it would be Tom but since I actually drove over the border and have the means to transport your stuff - I volunteered to do it," Michael told her.

"Why did you drive? I thought you were all on the boat?" Claire questioned, placing her purse in the backseat.

"That was the original plan, but, I had to work late so I told them to just go and I'd meet them here. I drove here right after work."

Claire settled in the front seat and did up her seatbelt. Before she was able to close the passenger door Tom leaned in and gave her a kiss, holding her cheeks in his hands. He nuzzled his nose against hers before resting his forehead on hers and sighed.

"Be a good girl and listen to Michael!" Tom urged, looking at her with worry.

"Always," Claire smiled deviously, kissing him again on the lips.

"Call and give me updates. If you run into any snags let me know!" Tom instructed Michael, "I love you, Claire."

"I love you too!" she blushed,

Tom stole a kiss and closed the door, forcing himself to walk away before he grabbed her and ran back to the boat. No doubt it was hard leaving her like this but he had to of known that Claire was in good hands.

"Right, where do you live, love?" Michael asked, starting the car which automatically started the in-dash GPS.

Claire told him her address and once he had punched it into the GPS Michael began to drive. Since they weren't used to being around one another, period, the drive was silent and a little awkward.

Every once in a while he'd look at her nervously before diverting his eyes back on the road. This, of course, didn't help with Claire's own apprehension.
Being alone with Michael had made Claire realize just how attractive Michael really was. He had a subtle rough manliness to him with his ginger scruff and his tussled ginger hair. His Irish accent didn't help things either. It was smooth like finely aged whiskey.

"Nice place," he commented as he pulled into the driveway.

"I live in the basement suite. The landlords live upstairs but they're out of the country most of the time," Claire replied, rummaging around in her bag for her keys. "Fuck, one of my roommates is home!" she scowled, glaring at the Toyota next to their car.

"Is that not good?" Michael asked in confusion, following her lead down the narrow walkway to her front door in a defensive manner.

"She'll try and fuck you," Claire announced, stopping just short of the door. "She's like that,"

"Lovely," Michael spoke sarcastically.

She opened the door and stepped inside. Everything was exactly where she left it, which was odd. As soon as Claire closed the door her roommate opened her door and came out.

The woman paused and looked Claire and Michael over. "Oh good, I thought you were dead," she stated, gazing at Michael.

"Did you file a missing person report?" Claire asked,

"No," the woman replied snobbishly, "Why would I do that?"

'Oh, I don't know. Maybe because I was missing for close to a fucking month!' Claire mentally replied.

Michael narrowed his brows at the smaller woman's behavior and followed her into her bedroom. He closed the door rudely in her roommate's face, blocking the door.

"Do we need boxes?" Mike asked, looking at all the stuff in her room.

"I have some in my closet from when I moved in. The furniture isn't mine but everything else is." Claire answered.

She drug out her boxes and folded them in place, putting them on her bed. Michael began to clear off her dresser tops as instructed and neatly placed everything in order like adult Tetris. They worked without really speaking to one another until loud knocking on her door interrupted their workflow.

Michael opened the door and blocked anyone from entering the room. He stood his ground and glared downwards at the annoying pest that tried so desperately to be 'seductive'

"Yes?" he asked,

"What are you doing?" her roommate snapped, realizing that no amount of flirting or showing her cleavage was going to waver Michael in her favor. "You can't just leave. You owe us a fuck load of money!"

Michael had never been anything short of a gentleman unless he was drunk. Since she was with him since they woke up - Claire knew that he wasn't drunk. The words out of his mouth in response to her roommate's rude behavior really surprised her.

"Well, aren't you a presumptuous little bitch?" Michael replied, his accent rolling off the words sweet
and giving him a bit of cheek. "I have all the money owed to you, Lass," he added. "Go away and stop bothering us."

Claire could hear her roommate stomping down the hallway. Before she disappeared back into her bedroom the woman yelled out "Fat bitch!" slamming her door behind her.

"What a cunt!" Michael stated, closing the door.

"I see her seduction isn't winning you over?" Claire mused,

"She doesn't have a snowflakes hope in hell of seducing me. I like my women thick, thank you." Michael replied, winking at her with a grin. "If I can't grab hold of something soft and plush when I hug her, what good is she?"

He then took the time to gently place down a box and move towards her. Claire stiffened a little as he placed his arms around her body. Now that they were alone Michael was able to take a few liberties that he wouldn't have with Tom around.

"Come here," he purred, placing a finger under her chin. Mike tilted her head back so she was looking up at him.

Boldly he knelt down a bit and pressed his lips against hers. His scruff scratching lightly against her skin. Claire hesitated for a moment before returning the kiss. Her lips dancing against his gracefully.

Strong hands cupped her bum and gave her a bit of a squeeze before smoothing up her back and to her front - cupping her breasts briefly.

When Michael tried to slip his tongue between her lips she pulled back. Lightheaded with flushed cheeks Claire swayed a bit and blinked. She was in shock that she actually followed his lead.

"Hey, look at me, love," Michael cooed, "Nothing wrong with a stolen kiss every once in a while." he drew her in for another kiss, lingering his lips.

She could feel Michael's erection trapped in his jeans which was firmly pressed against her upper thigh. Bashfully Claire pulled away and wagged her finger at him playfully.

"No!" she scolded, "We can't-do this! Tom will kill you, he'll kill me!"

Michael backed off right away and shrugged his shoulders, "Can't fault a man for trying." he smiled. "The kisses were good enough."

Despite his constant sexual advantages Michael always backed off and left her alone as soon as he realized that she wasn't interested. For that she was grateful. Even though Michael shouldn't be bothering her in the first place. It was wrong on so many different levels, but, Claire kinda liked the fact that a very attractive man was interested in her. It made her feel like a goddess.

"Let's start moving these boxes into the back of my car. Then we can pay the bitch and leave."

Michael smiled, showing no signs at all of any bad feelings towards her despite the fact that he was still partially hard.

Box in hand she followed him out of the bedroom and outside. With each box being stacked neatly in the back of Michael's SUV it was becoming more apparent that her life was about to change. Claire was really going to pick her passport up and move out of the country with a pack of werewolves.
No, I haven't abandoned my other story. I have writers block and can't figure out what direction to go after the last chapter posted. I'm still working it out.
There was a stark morbid irony with the fact that closing her cellphone contract was more difficult and stressful, than, picking up 'forged' documents from the government prepared by a werewolf working for a secret werewolf society - within that government.

Agitated wasn't even the word to describe how Claire was feeling as the smug salesman went over the terms and penalties of her leaving sooner than allowed. He was doing a good job at making her feel stupid.

Michael was sitting outside on a bench waiting for her to finish up. He had warily agreed to leave it up to Claire. After all, Claire was a big girl that could handle her own business. Usually, that was true but she ran into a snag. An expensive snag.

Every time she would glance in his direction he was typing on the phone. No doubt giving Tom a detailed update.

A lot of people would question why she even bothered. What difference did it make? She'd be in a different country with a different phone. But Claire was a woman of principal and having outstanding balances ruining her credit score stressed her, a lot. And that's why she was looking at a $900 bill.

Apparently the few times she did use her phone up at her cabin the service wasn't covered and therefore long distance. Combine that with her final cellphone bill and penalties for leaving the contract early, Claire was in debt.

She was going into debt to avoid being in debt. How was this even fair? This is why growing up and becoming an adult was clearly a scam!

Michael felt the tension and unease oozing off of her and got up to investigate. Protectively he came to stand behind her. One hand on her hip while he glared at the man behind the counter. With his supernatural hearing, Mike heard the whole conversation and knew exactly what was going on.

He also heard this man talk very rudely to her which he didn't like.

“What's up babe?” Michael asked, looking over her shoulder at the contract laid out on the counter.

“I owe them $900 apparently,” Claire told him. The very words felt and tasted like venom on her tongue.

“If I pay you the $900 the account will be closed and she keeps the phone?” Michael asked, reaching for his pocket.

This was not how Claire wanted things to go! She wanted to handle it on her own and not have to rely on Michael or anyone for that matter. A massive wave of embarrassment hit her hard. The influx of emotions had a little outer effect on Michael but she knew he was well aware of it.

“Yes,” the salesman replied, turning the P into an arrogant popping sound.

Michael pulled out a credit card and handed it to the man. They did their transaction and Claire
ended up signing a few pieces of paper stating that it was canceled. Michael took his card back and placed it in his wallet.

“You might want to refrain from bullying people in the future,” Michael told him, putting away his wallet. “Or their boyfriends might come into the store and knock your fucking block off, mate.” He threatened coolly, looking the man dead in the eye. It was a Mexican standoff and Michael won. Once the salesman broke eye contact and swallowed heavily he took her hand and squeezed it.

“Come on, babe,”

That was definitely not something anyone else in the pack would have spoke or behaved like. Michael was starting to show that he could be quite the rebel rouser. That one mouthy and aggressive fuck that beaked off to someone after committing a wrongdoing. Instead of the normal ‘all talk’ bravado, they usually projected - Michael really would kick their ass. Hell, he'd probably feed it to them for dinner. Something told her he got into a lot of scrapes when he was a teenager.

“You shouldn't let him talk to you like that. Next time someone starts for you - let me know. I won't stand for it.” Michael lectured. “You're too much of a beautiful soul to be subjected to that type of abuse.”

“Thanks,” Claire spoke softly, getting into the car. “I think that guy peed his pants. You scared the crap out of him.” She giggled.

“Good!” Michael replied, “I hate people like that. They think because they have a leg up on you that automatically makes them better.

“We need to go to the bank,” Claire asked, pointing to her particular bank branch.

“No, I wanna go home. We have that branch in America. We can deal with it tomorrow. I'm not in a massive hurry to accept your cash.” Michael answered.

That was the first time someone had actually told her 'No' and she liked it. Unlike the others, Michael was definitely a bit more authoritative towards her.

“Fuck, I'm tired.” He muttered, stretching while stopped at a red light. “Are you tired? You have to be exhausted.”

“I'm hungry and tired actually,” she replied.

“I can swing through a McDonald's drive-thru just don't tell Tom.” Michael offered.

“Fine, I'm buying though,” Claire answered.

Mike knew by now not to argue with her on that matter. It would just end up with Claire scurrying over the man to get to the debit machine in a mad scramble, wrestling it out of his hands and creating a big scene in front of the worker. Instead, he just nodded his head and accepted her peace offering. A literal drop in the bucket compared to what he spent today on her.

“Is Tom a food Nazi?” Claire asked, digging through her purse for her wallet.

She can't actually recall eating any junk food while at the cabin beside diet cola to mix with the occasional vodka. If he was a stickler for healthy food Claire was in trouble because she loved her sour gummy candy and potato chips.

“He can be. Chris is terrible, Seb will just look at you with a mother-like scrutiny but won't say anything. I personally don't care what you eat as long as it isn't a big amount or laced with drugs.”
Michael replied, “Despite my thin physique I like snacks and treats too.”

“I didn't even know werewolves got fat,” Claire replied with amusement. “I thought they were 'perfect' like vampires.”

“Oh yes, we can! And it transfers to our wolf.” Michael told her with a raised eyebrow. “And what exactly is perfect anyways, Claire? Perfect means different things to different people. Trust me, I've seen some ugly vampires.”

The mental image of a fat and out of shape wolf waddling around with its tongue hanging out made Claire laugh, loudly. She explained what she was thinking and got a chuckle out of Michael.

“I've seen a few of those and that's pretty accurate.” Michael smiled, “Usually they're young pups just entering wolf hood. I don't know why but some of our young tend to...um ‘fluff out’ when they hit puberty and then they lose it eventually,”

“Puppy fluff,” Claire smiled.

“Exactly, I personally think they gain the weight because it's fuel they require for the rigorous training they need to home in on their talents and skills.” Michael went on to explain. “Seb and I became chubby when we hit puberty but I do believe Chris and Tom stayed thin.”

She paused a moment and thought a bit deeper on the idea of a young werewolf turning over once they hit puberty. Usually, when the boys talked about young pups it was in reference to two parents being full-blooded werewolves. Claire was a bit fearful that because she was pretty much human perhaps their children wouldn't be...well 'correct' in that sense.

Claire started to speak “When I have pups,”

“Oh I like the sound of that,” Michael interrupted with a coo.

“Because I'm basically a human will my babies be...you know,” she continued, struggling to find the words.

“They'll be fine,” Michael assured her, grabbing her hand. He held it and continued to drive. “Hypothetically we’re all pure-blooded werewolves from strong lineages. Our genetic traits are very dominant when it comes to that aspect of the baby. Physicality like facial features and such is neutral like any other baby. That could go either way.”

“Oh, good. Good. I was scared that maybe they wouldn't be able to turn over or…” Claire began to ramble nervously.

Michael took advantage of the stopped traffic in front of them and kissed her, silencing her self-doubt. He smiled against her mouth and playfully gave her a chaste kiss leaving Claire to feel lightheaded and flushed.

“Stop,” he reassured, “Your pups are going to be perfect and gorgeous, just like you! And if for whatever reason one comes out a dud we’ll still love it no matter what.”

She smacked his upper arm playfully and scoffed. “A dud, really?”

“Just covering my ground.” Michael replied, “But in all seriousness - they'll be fine. Perfectly healthy, fat, adorable bundles of joy.”
Michael is protective in his own way. Just like the other men, his personality dictates just how that comes across.
Chapter 34

The moment they crossed the border, successfully, Claire's stomach dropped down into her feet and a mass of butterflies took up residence in the empty void. Fluttering around and doing rhythmic gymnastics.

This was it, she had done it. Claire threw caution to the wind, for the second time in her life, and she was actually going through with this.

"Will you calm down?" Michael chuckled, "You're shaking like a leaf. Bloody hell, love. I thought the border agent was going to pull us aside for fear of an abduction."

"Sorry, I'm just really nervous, you know?" Claire replied, looking around like a mad woman.

Everything was new. Everything was American. Michael didn't seem to understand that Claire had never been across the border before and even the prices listed or some of the store names were foreign to her. Combine that with going to a new home that she's never seen before in a completely unknown neighborhood and Claire was a mess.

"You'll be OK!" Michael assured her, taking Claire's hand in hers. "Do you need anything before we head home?"

"Where are we?" she asked curiously, trying to read street signs. With her phone no longer active Claire couldn't look anything up on Google Maps like she normally would.

"We've just left Burlington and heading towards Mt. Vernon," Michael told her.

"And where do we live?"

"Everett," Michael told her, "We have about another 45 minutes to an hours drive depending on traffic."

"And you work in Seattle?"

"Yep,"

"I don't need anything. I'm just tired and want to go home." Claire told him.

"Ok," he agreed and continued to drive.

On their way to the apartment, Michael would point out places and stores for her. He answered all her questions and then some making her feel at ease. At one point he had to stop for gas leaving Claire the opportunity to get out of the car and stretch.

"Would you like something to drink?" Claire asked watching him pump gas into the SUV.

"Yes, diet Coke please." Michael accepted,

She found herself taking a stupid amount of time trying to pick out a soda. There was a lot of flavors that they didn't have in Canada. The gas station attendant probably thought she was nuts.
Choosing a vanilla cherry cola and grabbing Michael's Coke she went to the counter and paid for it. Michael had offered to stop at a store and let her spend some of her own money freely before being given the impossible task of dodging Tom's kindness, but, since she was tired Claire declined.

"What are the apartments like?" Claire asked, cracking open her bottle and savoring the delicious flavor.

"Above average I suppose," Michael replied. "The building itself is fairly new. They're not massive in size. We have two bedrooms plus an office. Master bath and a regular bathroom."

Money had never really been a concern with Claire. When she first laid eyes on Tom he could have been a construction worker for all she knew. With that being said - Claire was still trying to figure that aspect of things out for her own personal worries that had been installed since childhood. It was kinda part of Claire's personality to make sure that the bills were paid and they had money for food.

Claire couldn't outright ask them about money without coming across as...well, nothing good. Michael kinda looked at her out of the corner of his eye as if he knew exactly what she was thinking.

"We make a good salary." Michael informed her, "Don't worry about that. Neither of us is hurting for money."

"I mean, I don't want to pry..." Claire defended, trying to brush off the somewhat importance of the topic.

"We don't live extravagant lives," Michael admitted, "We're simply people that like to be comfortable. I suppose we could be rather obnoxious if we wanted to."

Congratulations Claire, you just made a happy mood turn into a very awkward one.

"Seriously, Claire. You don't have to worry about money anymore." Michael added, bringing her hand up to his mouth and kissing her knuckles. "I can see how you'd worry about such things with your background."

"I'm just...I don't know. I'm sorry," she apologized fearing that maybe her prying had been overstepping her boundaries a little. "It's just that - sometimes when I was younger my parents had trouble paying bills...Don't tell Tom we had this conversation, please? I don't want him thinking I'm a gold-digger or something, or worse, a charity case."

"I won't" Michael promised. "I'll keep it between you and me. Not everyone who's a werewolf is well off. We have struggles like everyone else. Believe me when I say - speaking for Tom, Seb and I, we had to crunch numbers and work for minimum wage during our school days. Our parents paid for our school but they refused to pay our way through it. I suppose if we were really starving and had the threat of living in a box - they'd help. But unless it was something drastic they didn't. It helps build character."

"Really?" Claire asked, smiling a bit with that knowledge.

"Oh, yea. You are no way unique to us. I think that might be one of the reasons why Tom wants to look after you so badly. He knows firsthand how hard your situation can be."

Claire's unease, in general, had caused Michael to pull into a parking lot and turn the engine off. He unbuckled his seatbelt and turned to face her. Very carefully he placed his hand on top of hers and watched as she took a deep breath.

"I know that you've been questioning yourself lately on whether you're behaving like a Luna or how
"a Luna should act." Michael addressed, "I'm the only one in the pack that won't bullshit you. So, I'll tell you honestly - you're behaving exactly how a Luna should. Luna's are strong mentally and physically. They don't roll over and submit. Look at me, Claire," Michael spoke softly, drawing her chin in his direction. "You're a very good Luna and if you have any future questions about how you're acting, come to me and I will answer them. Honestly, truthfully and right when you ask me. Yes?"

"Thank you," Claire told him truthfully,

"I don't want you to hold back on anything. This is a brand new world and I know you have a lot of questions." Michael told her, leaning forward and kissing her mouth. Claire blushed a little and kissed him back, rubbing her nose against Mike's affectionately. "You're not a pain in the ass or being 'stupid' by asking us things."

"I'm not too aggressive?" Claire asked him, pressing her forehead against his. "It's out of character for me to be this...domineering. I don't like it."

"No," Michael smiled, "You'll settle down once you're comfortable in your own domain. We gotta get going before Tom has a heart attack. That man has calculated our movement to the exact time."

Feeling a bit more sure of herself she relaxed in the seat and Michael continued to drive. The rest of the trip was very quiet with the two of them lost in their own thoughts. Michael must be nervous as well with bringing her home. It was a big change for them as well.

He held her hand in his over the center console, Mike's thumb brushing over the top lovingly and making her feel all warm and fuzzy inside.

"When you touch me like that I get all warm and fuzzy inside," Claire admitted, straining her neck to see the apartment building that was coming into view.

He bashfully looked at her with reddened cheeks. "Thank you," Michael smiled. "I like being around you as well."

Once Michael parked his SUV outside the apartment building he turned off the engine and lingered a bit. Neither of them was in a big hurry to leave the car. Not because they didn't want to but because the anxiety was too strong. Those damned butterflies were back for a new gymnastic routine. This time they brought fire along with their ribbons.

"Can you answer me one thing truthfully, right now - before I walk into that apartment building," Claire questioned seriously, staring dead ahead at the finished wood paneling of the building.

"Yes of course," Michael assured,

"To the best of your knowledge...are Tom and I going to stay exclusive or...you know." Claire shakily asked, turning to actually look at the man. "Because that's the one thing which is confusing me the most right now."

Michael hesitated for a moment with finding the right words. "Personally?" he answered, "I think eventually it may progress in that direction once Tom has established primary dominance in his mind. Tom is still not sure of himself in regards to you. He's very...well, I think he's self-conscious and fearful that someone will steal you away from him."

His insight made a lot of sense as to why Tom was very squirrely when allowing her to leave with Michael.
"We," he continued, referring to himself and the other two men in her life, "Already understand and accept that you're Tom's. You're his mate, his lover, his Luna. We're not going to challenge him on that and we won't allow another male to challenge that. No matter what happens down the road in regards to pack dynamics - you will always be Tom's. We'll play second fiddle and we're alright with that. But when you have a young alpha leader that's not very confident - it takes a bit for him to truly understand that."

"Thank you for your honesty," Claire told him, smiling before kissing his cheek. "Let's go inside I'm exhausted."

Chapter End Notes

Ya'll should know by now that I avoid using specific locations at all costs. So actually naming names was hard for me. I think it's fear of accusations of writer self-insertion or someone figuring out where exactly I live. Either way, this was anxiety inducing.
As soon as Claire stopped outside of Tom's closed apartment door, the door was flung open and Tom embraced her. She found her feet coming up off the ground as he gave her a big and powerful bearhug, bringing Claire into his home.

Instantly the feeling of warmth and the smell which was distinctive 'Tom' surrounded her. Chris and Seb were sitting on the couch watching TV as Tom brought her into their apartment, placing her down on the ground.

She knew that he could smell Michael all over her from their close contact and stolen kisses because he paused and subtly sniffed at her before ignoring it and kissing her, hard.

"I missed you," Tom growled into her mouth.

"I missed you too!" Claire replied, draping her arms around his neck and resting her chin on his chest.

Claire looked around and took in the apartment layout. From what she could see the home was modest but gave off the comfort of luxury. The overall theme was organic and natural. If Claire was given a million dollars and told to purchase a home this was something she'd go for.

"Are you hungry, have you ate?" Tom asked her with concern, pulling back a little and rubbing her upper arms.

"Yes I am hungry and tired." she admitted.

Michael had kicked off his shoes and joined the other men on the couch. His sweater was off as well as his socks so Claire assumed that he was settled down for the evening. They chatted with one another as Tom took her for 'the tour'

Since the kitchen turned into the living room all she needed to see where the bedrooms, the office, and the bathrooms. The more Tom showed her their new home the more Claire began to realize that much like Tom himself - the apartments decor was very clean and orderly. Not one item was out of place.

Which could be a problem because Claire had a habit of tossing clothing onto the floor when she changes.

"All the apartments have the same layout they're just decorated differently," Tom informed her, coming up behind her and placing his arms around her middle.

Claire was admiring the various degrees he had on his office walls. The thick paper sealed with official stickers behind glass verified that he was, in fact, a doctor.

"You haven't been practicing for very long, have you?" Clare asked, noting the dates of the degrees.

"A few years," Tom admitted, "At least in this field. I have more 'experience' in the general practice of medicine. I did my residency in the ER."
She yawned and fell back against Tom. Everything was so overwhelming that it physically drained her. Their bed looked so cozy and inviting it was hard to drag herself away from it. Claire was tempted to just dive into it and fall asleep.  

"Did you have a busy day?" Tom asked, kissing the side of her head.  

Tom's chin rested on the top of her head and she assumed that his eyes were closed as well. Gently he rocked her back and forth and sighed heavily.  

"I know you gave Michael kisses," he admitted, "I can smell him on you and I know he wouldn't have the balls to do anything else but kisses."  

"Yes," Claire admitted with hesitation.  

"That's fine," Tom informed her, shocking Claire with his easiness towards the situation. "Thank you for admitting it and not lying to me."  

"I would never lie to you," she told him truthfully, her voice coming across as being worried. Claire turned in his arms and looked up at him. "I have no reason too. If I had done something that I needed to lie about - I wouldn't have done it."  

Tom knelt down a bit so he was able to reach her lips. Claire smiled, kissing him back. Their lips moved slow and deliberate together. If there weren't three people sitting in their living room she was sure that they'd make love in Tom's office.  

"Do you want a nap before dinner?" Tom asked,  

"I think I need one, yes,"  

Tom took the lead and lead her back to their bedroom, pulling back the blankets before drawing the blinds. He stood at the foot of the bed and watched as she stripped completely nude and got into bed. Once comfortable Tom tucked her in and kissed her forehead.  

"Go to sleep," he smiled, "I'll wake you in a bit for dinner."  

Claire rolled onto her stomach and nestled down. Despite her eyes being closed and her body limp, Claire couldn't sleep. Instead, Claire tried to listen in on what the men were discussing. She heard Tom ask Michael about the kisses and he freely admitted it with no consequence. Which leads Claire to believe that Tom was slowly going down the road of polygamy.  

Since Claire wasn't in the mood to speak to anyone or be bothered, whenever someone came in the check on her she played opossum. Claire didn't know if she had in fact gone to sleep by the time Tom shook her gently and informed her Dinner was ready.  

Feeling even more groggy and out of sorts than before Claire grumbled and crawled out of bed. Tom handed her a pair of his boxer shorts and an old T-shirt for her to put on. The shorts were tight but the shirt fits fine.  

"I ordered Chinese," Tom told her, "I recall you telling me it's one of your favorite foods."  

Stumbling into the living room rather comically Claire paused a moment and took stock of what was happening around her. The food was laid out on the table with the men around the table, watching her.  

"Good nap, babe?" Michael asked her with concern.
"I don't know..." Claire muttered, taking her seat on the padded bench and reaching for the crab rangoon.

"Seems to me you were just asleep," Chris spoke, grabbing the vegetables and putting some on his plate.

"I feel hung over," Claire complained.

"Definitely just fell asleep," Sebastian confirmed,

Claire placed food on her plate in a haze, accepting a glass of something fizzy. Slowly she ate her dinner and answered everyone's questions. Apparently, they were surprised she didn't take Michael's offer to do some shopping.

"I can do shopping some other time," Claire yawned, stabbing a piece of garlic chicken onto her fork.

As Claire was sleepily trying to eat Tom was watching her very carefully from across the table. His brows were knitted together as his doctor took over.

"Are you still not feeling good?" Tom asked her, grabbing her arm and stretching it out across the table. He checked her pulse via her wrist before dropping it gently on the table.

"No," Claire admitted bitterly. "I have cramps but I'm not bleeding. Sorry for the TMI,

Tom thought back to when she last had her period. Claire could see the wheels turning in his head as he made the calculations.

"You're close to your monthly," Tom informed her, "Are you usually this lethargic before your period? I need to run a few tests on you."

He was worried. Claire could see it on his face and hear it in his voice. The rest of her boys were watching her carefully trying to determine with their medical eyes if they could identify something wrong with her.

"You haven't seen anything yet," Claire smirked, picking up her soda. "Sometimes I'm fine and sometimes, like now, I don't even wanna get out of bed."

Everything inside her told Claire that that was the wrong thing to say to someone like Tom. He nearly dropped his fork with her confession.

"Ugh, huh," Seb replied with worry. "That's not good sweet girl."

"Right, well after dinner I want you to take a nice hot bath and get into bed. I'll make arrangements to nip into the office tomorrow so I can draw blood and run tests," Tom told her in an authoritative tone of voice.

"Fine," Claire muttered, not wanting to argue with him on the matter.

This was turning out to be a major failure and in typical Claire fashion, it was made awkward. Upset with herself for ruining the moment she pushed her plate off to the side.

"Fuck, sorry for ruining the night. This isn't exactly how I wanted our first night in the apartment to go," Claire apologized.

"Nothing's ruined," Tom assured her. "We're just having a conversation."
"Everything's fine," Seb added, "We're just showing mutual concern for your health in general."

"We love you," Michael told her, "And naturally we're concerned for your health. But that doesn't mean the nights ruined."

"Ok, good," Claire smiled,

Chapter End Notes

The apartment:

I took a more modest approach with this setting as opposed to the normal 'luxury' I usually go for. I wanted it to be somewhat relate-able to real life as possible. Despite being comfortable financially Tom is by no means super wealthy despite the resources he does have access to through the council and his parents wolf-pack.
"You're going to think I'm a basket case." Claire scowled, sinking into the blankets. For added effect, she hid under the covers a little with just the top of her eyes and head showing.

"For having cramps? A little dramatic aren't you, love?" Tom replied, making sure that she was all tucked in under the blankets.

They had established that Claire's spot was closest to the window while Tom slept near the door, so whatever came through that door without permission had to go through Tom first before they get to her. Which was virtually impossible.

Claire didn't feel like arguing over who slept on which side of the bed. All she wanted to do right now was curl up in a ball and go back to sleep.

"I'm never sick. This is bullshit!" Claire answered, her voice muffled by the blankets.

"It's just cramping, love." Tom sighed, "Unless something else is going on and you're not telling me."

Tom paused on the side of the bed and waited for her to respond. "No," she finally informed him. "I'm just crampy and bitchy."

He chuckled and handed her the remote for the TV in front of the bed. "Try and sleep if you can. I'll be a bit. I have to talk with the guys. I may actually leave and go into one of their apartments so if I'm not here, I haven't gone far."

Claire pushed her hand out from under the blankets and grabbed it, quickly disappearing with it under the covers once more.

"I'll bring you some Advil and water." he offered, turning and leaving.

The door was left open and the only bit of the apartment she could see was the hallway. Taking a deep breath she tried to will herself to get better. The last thing Claire wanted to do was appear sickly all the time. It was embarrassing. Claire never wanted to come across as weak and needy.

Sebastian came into the bedroom with her water and Advil. Her partially hidden status didn't move as he paused a moment to look at her. She supposed that this was rather childish.

"Are you alright?" Seb asked with concerned, holding his hand out with the pills in the palm of his hand. "You look like you're trying to hide."

For Sebastian's peace of mind she sat up and let the blankets fall from her face, grumpily holding her hand out for the pills.
"Miserable little creature!" Sebastian frowned with sympathy. "Tom needs to speak with us," Seb told her, giving Claire the pills and her water. "When we're done I'll come in for a bit of a cuddle?"

"Yes," Claire pouted, taking pity upon herself before swallowing the pills and laying back down. Just as Sebastian was about the leave the bedroom she called out for him.

"Yes?"

"What color is your wolf?"

He was taken back by the question because up until now Claire had avoided anything to do with their actual wolf.

"Umm, smoke gray," Seb replied with a lopsided smile. "With a white fur on my chest and toes."

“And Michael, Chris?” She asked, smiling at his description.

Sebastian hesitated for a moment before padding back to the bed and sitting down next to her. The man was wearing a baggy t-shirt and a pair of old sweatpants that hid his muscular yet trim physique.

Comfortably Sebastian lay next to her with his back to the headboard. Claire was a bit confused because he said they needed to talk. Perhaps it wasn’t something a beta needed to be present for. There were a few times that Seb had been off doing something else while the others held court.

Curling into his side she rested her head on his lap and closed her eyes. Fingers ran through her hair and gave her scalp a massage. Claire found herself actually making a murmuring sound mixed with a moan in response.

“Chris is a dark gray color with a splatter of black along his spine and tail. And Michael is a dark brownish red color with an off-white belly.” Seb answered.

“That sounds beautiful,” she smiled, Seb’s finger tracing the bridge of her nose.

“They are beautiful animals. Chris is massive,”

“I can well imagine,” Claire agreed. The man was massive in human form. Chris as a wolf would be terrifying.

“Go to sleep sweet girl,” Sebastian purred softly, his fingers still stroking the bridge of her nose and the side of her jaw.

Seb must have stayed with her until she fell asleep because when Claire woke up a few hours later, he was just coming back into the bedroom. She squinted at the table where the clock read 2 am. Lovely. She had gotten a full 3 hours sleep. He paused and gave her a look of worry. Almost as if he didn't want to be caught.

"Didn't you have a meeting?" she asked in confusion, sitting up in the bed and allowing the blankets to pool in her lap.

Claire grabbed the side of her head and roughly clutched her hair, eyes closed tightly as she tried to get her wits about her. She could hear Seb’s footsteps padding to the bed and then the dip of said bed when his weight was pressed to it. Sebastian placed his hand on the back of her neck, checking her temperature before checking with the back of his hand on her forehead.

"We did," he confirmed, "You were asleep."
"Where is everyone?"

"Out for a run," Seb answered, getting up and going to the master bathroom. When he came back he had a thermometer in one hand. "You feel warm, here, open your mouth."

An annoyed scoff fell from her lips as she did as he asked. There was a headache accompanying her flushed feeling. Claire honestly hoped she wasn't sick and it was just her body acting strangely due to her erratic sleeping patterns.

"I can't wait to be immortal!" Claire muttered angrily, her voice muffled by the thermometer between her lips.

"Why is that?" Seb asked her curiously.

"Because I wouldn't get sick! I hate being sick!"

"Nobody likes being sick." Sebastian replied, "And I hate to break it to you - but, we get sick. Immortal means it won't kill us. That doesn't mean we don't experience the symptoms. Although, you're less likely to get sick than a human."

"Son of a bitch!" Claire cursed, "Fuck!"

"When someone like me gets sick, we morph," Sebastian told her, hoping that this bit of new information would take her mind off of being upset. "It's easier for us to cope with the illness that way. Sort of like a comfort blanket if you will. So, if you see us turned over and in the house, we're not feeling good."

Picturing a sleeping wolf on top her bed amused Claire. She wondered if she could cuddle with them in that state, like a domesticated dog? Petting Tom's fluffy gray fur while she watched Dr. Phil seemed so bizarre to her.

"Can I pet you?" Claire asked him as soon as Seb took the thermometer out of her mouth.

"Excuse me?" Sebastian replied, not entirely sure if he had heard her properly.

"When you're turned over, can I pet you...you know, like a dog?" she bashfully asked.

Checking the temperature reading he nodded his head and put it back in the protective housing. She must not have had a temperature because he didn't act further on it.

"You can, but I don't suggest you try with someone outside your pack." Seb replied, "I wouldn't mind but Chris might take offense to it. It really has to do with personal preference."

"Offense?"

"Well, we're not domesticated dogs, love," Seb explained. "We're strong wild animals, in theory. With us being not only wolves but a werewolf it's a completely separate entity entirely."

"Ah, I see," Claire replied, laying back down. "I just thought I could give Tom a cuddle."

"And I'm sure he'd let you. I'd let you, Michael will probably let you. Chris is different. He's very much so an old-school wolf where his views on certain things aren't so liberal." he told her, "That's just how he was raised and how the pack was run. I think you should go back to sleep, love. Part of why you're not feeling good is lack of sleep and a bit of dehydration." Seb smiled, tucking her in a little.
“I'm not sick?” Claire asked curiously

“Nah, you don’t smell sick. We’re able to detect sickness on people with our noses. It’s a distinct sickly sweet smell. Think, white table sugar dissolved in a bit of water.”

“How can you stand to work in the ER if everyone smells like sugar?” She asked seriously. “I’ve gotten used to it,” Seb shrugged. “Different sicknesses have a varying smell. Sometimes something else accompanies the sugar smell. Generally, a simple cold or flu is just plain sweet smelling. More on that later. Go to sleep love. You're exhausted, I know.”

It didn't take too much to convince Claire to do as he said. She settled down next to him and closed her eyes. With the feeling of Seb embracing her protectively from behind she quickly fell asleep.

Chapter End Notes

Anyone else a little worried about this bitch-fight between President Dotard and Lil’ Kim?
“When do I get to meet Lee?” Claire asked, struggling to keep up with Tom's long strides.

“Soon,” he dismissed, scanning their surroundings as they walked. “I can't just ring him up out of the blue and request...things from him. It doesn't work that way.”

Claire had woken up feeling better than before, which meant unfortunately for her, Tom was taking her in for an ‘exam’ and not a sexy exam either. An actual legitimate medical look-over. The one thing Claire hated the most.

“Aren't they going to question why you're coming in during holidays with some strange woman to perform an exam?” Claire asked with worry, stepping inside the elevator.

Tom hit the floor button that they needed and the doors closed. The elevator took them from the parking garage to some floor in the hospital. The floor was quiet and rather office like instead of busy.

“No,” Tom replied, stopping in front of a closed door that stated his own name and the medical profession. “My secretary and staff are very friendly Betas. They don't question anything I do.”

Well, that was convenient. In that case, she could see how this would go unnoticed and dismissed. Once Tom's tie was in order he opened the door, revealing the small waiting room. Patients waiting to see Tom's working partner read magazines quietly. One or two looked up to acknowledge him before going back to their books.

“Good afternoon, Dr. Hiddleston,” His secretary smiled,

“Afternoon Marie,” he replied curtly. “I'll be in my office for a bit.”

“Alright,” she simply dismissed, eyeing Claire curiously.

Tom's office was clean, bright and neatly organized. It reflected the man who occupied it. Curiously enough there wasn't an examining room table in there. Just his work desk and two chairs for patients. A few stuffed bookcases sat against the walls with various medical posters and of course, proof of his degrees.

“I need to grab some papers and then I'll be seeing you in examining room A” Tom informed her, booting up his computer.

“you're actually serious about this,” Claire spoke, flabbergasted.

“Of course I am. Why wouldn't I be? I take your health very seriously.” Tom replied.

Although Claire had a better chance of getting struck by lightning, than to have Tom actually break the rules and fool around in his office - Claire still wanted to believe that maybe, just maybe, he’d break the rules and take their foreplay outside the bedroom. No such luck it appears.

He placed the freshly printed papers in a plain folder and escorted her out of his office and into the examining room. Tom excused himself to inform the girls up front that this room was spoken for.
“Alright,” Tom announced, “All garments removed, please. You can either lie on the table nude or use a gown.”

Instead of fighting with that awkward and uncomfortable gown Claire opted to strip down nude and get upon the examining table.

Tom stood at the end, taking both of her ankles in his hands and guiding them to the stirrups.

“Good girl, nice and relaxed. Legs opened wide,” Tom instructed, adjusting her feet and widening the space between her thighs. “That's it.”

He sat down on that little wheely stool and brought over a tray with a variety of items on it. Claire's nervousness began to increase drawing Tom's attention from the tray to her.

“Are you ok?” He asked with concern. Both of his hands rested on either side of her inner thighs. Lovingly he rubbed them up and down in an attempt to calm her. “Have you had a bad experience? I know this is a very personal examination and a lot of women are uncomfortable.”

“I...I don't know. I had one when I first got my period but it felt like the doctor was molesting me. I didn't like it so I never went back.” Claire confessed.

“I'm sorry to hear that, love.” He sympathized honestly, “I'll do my best to look after you without crossing that boundary. If you're uncomfortable just let me know and I'll stop. I'm just going to be doing the basics today. Pap smear, blood tests. I don't need to do a pelvic exam or breast exam because...well, you know.” Tom blushed.

His hands had been all over her breasts and inside her body. If Tom found something wrong she was sure he'd have said something.

“No silver thing!” Claire announced, pointing to the tray. “I hate that thing and I don't want it in me!”

“I can use the smallest speculum,” Tom offered.

“No!” Claire snapped through gritted teeth. “The doctor I saw before actually made me bleed! He gave me a phishers tear and blamed it on my 'tightness’ I couldn't pee without pain for a week!”

Tom stiffened and his shoulders were hunched. Claire could tell by the look on his face he was pissed off.

“What's this doctor's name?” Tom asked her,

Hesitantly Claire gave the doctors name to Tom. She hoped he didn't go back and kill the man because the look on his face would have her believe he would.

“I'm serious, Tom. Don't put that thing inside me or I'll kick you.” Claire informed him with her dead serious voice. The look on her face made it believable.

“Right, ok,” he agreed without question. “I'll just use my fingers to hold you open a bit.”

“That's fine,” Claire murmured, relaxing and placing her arm above her head.

Tom rubbed her tummy in soft circles as he waited for her to further calm down. “I'm so sorry you had that bad experience. It's imperative that we make the patient comfortable while not crossing the line and making them uncomfortable. Unfortunately, it's not an easy task seeing the situation.”

“I'm sure you're a good doctor,” Claire replied.
“I try to be,” Tom replied, parting her folds a little and inserting two fingers easily. He didn’t wear a
glove despite legally having too. Seeing their circumstances it would actually be offensive if he had.
“Good girl, just relax. Don’t tense up on me.” He cooed softly.

Claire took a couple of deep breaths and released whatever tension she had. She could feel a little
tension as Tom pressed down and opening her up a bit.
“I’m going to swab your cervix real quick and then I’m done.” He informed her before doing it.
“Good, all done!” Tom spoke, placing the swab stick back in the protective tubing - marking it
properly. “I just need to take blood, examine your breasts and ask a few questions and we’re done.”

Out of all the things Tom had listed off, the drawing of blood terrified her the most. Needles, in
general, were scary but having someone you love actually stick you with a needle and draw your
blood out is just...well, it’s bad. Claire can’t comprehend that.

“I’m good with a needle,” Tom assured her, bending down and kissing her mouth lightly. He paused
a moment before rubbing his nose against hers. “It’ll only be a bit of a pinch.”

She watched as he rubbed alcohol on her arm and prepped the area. Closing her eyes tightly Claire
turned her head to the side and refused to watch.

“Breath,” Tom spoke softly, “And 1, 2, 3, there we go.” He counted down before smoothly piercing
her skin.

The uncomfortable burning feeling of the needle being inside her body caused Claire to whimper a
bit, her brow narrowed.

“Ow!” Claire complained.

“Almost done, I know!” Tom sympathized, “I don't like needles either. And we’re done,”

Claire observed the needle coming out of her arm. Tom had drawn 3 vials of blood and wrote on the
bottles.

“I'll be testing for hormone levels, STD’s, iron levels, that sort of thing.”

“I don't have any STD’S!” Claire snapped defensively.

“I know that I'm not saying you do. I'm running the gambit.” Tom replied without malice. “You can
never be too careful,”

Claire still scoffed at him and crossed her arms over her chest. While she was glaring at him Tom
was busy filing paperwork and putting the tubes of blood in the ‘out’ tray.

“I do this with all my patients, love;” Tom spoke, his back still to her. “I know we do...stuff...in the
bedroom that may lead you to believe that perhaps I’d abuse a patient. But I can assure you I
wouldn't. And I won't endanger my working environment. That is why when you're in my examing
room, your strictly a patient and I'll treat you as such.”

Chapter End Notes

Holy shit. Here's the real chapter '37' for your viewing pleasure. For whatever reason
AO3 decided to duplicate chapter 35 and place one as a draft which was labelled '36'
Chapter 38

Every once in a while a bit of the jealousy bug would pop up. On their way out of the office, one of Tom's patients came into the waiting room with a somewhat new baby in a baby carrier. Tom immediately stopped and smiled broadly.

“Hello! How is little Mia doing?” Tom gushed,

The pretty petite blond placed the carrier down on stable and took the baby out, handing her to Tom. Coddled and cooed at the infant as the mother looked on with pride. Claire didn't like Tom fawning over someone else's baby. He should be reserving that sort of attention for her and their baby.

“I delivered Mia, her mother is a patient of mine.” Tom explained, bouncing the tot a bit.

Great, that means Tom had seen her nether regions. Claire tried to swallow her distaste and forced a pretty decent fake smile. Her and Tom's baby would be way cuter.

Seeing his work in front of her really drove home the fact that he's mulling around strange women's genitals, touching them...It was a point she tried not to actually acknowledge.

“Oh, I know!” Tom cooed as Mia started to fuss, “Here, let's see momma!”

Tom handed the baby back to her mother which gave Claire ample time to swoop in at Tom's side and place her arm around his waist possessively. She stared down the woman with an icy passion to the point where she adjusted herself.

“Tom is my fiancé,” Claire dryly stated firmly.

Tom stiffened by her reaction and tried to calm the situation passively. Other patients were watching the standoff between an alpha bitch and a lowly human.

“Right, yes!” He acknowledged with a smile, “This is my fiancé, Claire!”

He hugged her and kissed the side of her head. Feeling that Claire had established dominance she gave a smug look to the woman, leaning into Tom's embrace.

“Nice to meet you,” the blond spoke carefully, eyeing her dangerously “I wasn't aware Tom had one,”

“I wasn't aware he had to inform patients about his private life,” Claire sarcastically replied, taking offense to how the woman looked her over with criticism.

“Ok, I think we should be going.” Tom nervously laughed, “It was nice to see you and Mia! I'm happy she's thriving.”

Tom wisely escorted her out of the room with a protective hand on the small of her back. He waited until they were alone in the elevator before drawing Claire into his arms.

“No need to be jealous, my Luna,” Tom spoke gently, lowering his head and kissing her. “You warm my bed and you'll bare my pups. That woman is just a patient. You're my Luna, my love, my queen. No one can possibly compare.” He explained.

Claire took a deep breath and tried to comprehend the jealousy that came over her. Of course, Claire had felt it before but never this strongly.
Placing her head on his chest she got a hug in before the elevator doors opened.

“I'm head over heels in love with you,” Tom explained, taking her hand and holding it protectively in his. “My very being is locked on you.”

“I'm sorry,” Claire replied, squeezing his hand, “I've never felt that way before.”

“I can understand,” Tom sighed, “I feel that way when men outside our pack check you out or attempt to flirt. Especially if they're human men. Your affections and attention belong to me, Sebastian, Michael, and Chris. But, me above all else.”

Claire looked up at him with wide eyes. “I just don't like the way she admired you holding her baby. Like you were the father...your not the father are you?”

“What?! No! No of course not. I haven't fathered any pups. None of us have.” Tom assured her firmly, “I just looked after her mum and delivered her.” Tom paused a moment and looked at her seriously. With his hand on the door handle he lingered a bit, “No matter what path we decide, first breeding rights are mine.”

She blinked a few times and slowly got into the car, pondering what he said. First breeding rights?

“First breeding rights?” Claire asked him dryly.

“I'm the alpha leader,” Tom reminded her, “The top male. If you'll be having babies the first one is going to be mine.”

“What happens if I get pregnant by someone else?” Claire questioned seriously,

He clutched the steering wheel tight enough to make his knuckles turn white. She watched his face twist in distaste at the mere mention of someone else fathering her first born.

“It's a massive insult,” Tom told her, his teeth somewhat gritted together. “It translates to you not respecting my role in the pack or me as your mate.”

“So if I have your child and then, let's say...one by Sebastian, you're not going to be mad at Seb for sleeping with me?”

“No, because I've had you first and I'll have you last,” Tom informed her bluntly. “And you'd be sleeping in my bed at night.”

There was something oddly arousing about Tom's sudden show of male chauvinism. Him assuring that she was “his” above all else boosted her confidence despite it being unhealthy and a warning sign.

“I marked you, Claire, we’re bonded in a way that you could never be with the rest of the pack,” Tom spoke a bit more gentle. “I know that at the end of the day your loyalty to me is the strongest - as is mine with you. I'm not necessarily worried about another male coming in and swooping you off your feet because I'll always be the top male in your life, the alpha. I still don't like it when they try though,”

“Michael tries all the time…” Claire told him in disbelief.

“Michael is different, and I know he does. His father is an alpha but his mother is an omega. Despite turning out an omega there's a bit of alpha in there.” Tom explained. “It's alpha nature to try and dominate everything and make sure they're in their place. I have all of my members safely tucked
under me where they should be.”

A heavy silence fell about the car as they paused in traffic. Claire looked out the window at all the passing people wondering which was human and who was a carefully blended supernatural being.

Had Tom managed to execute some form of dominance over her that she wasn't aware of? Claire knew that everyone bowed down to Tom and did as he asked back home and in his office. But Claire wasn't necessarily bowing.

“If anyone sleeps with you it's because I've given them permission to,” Tom informed her, making the awkward tension worse. “My permission and your free will.” He corrected, “I'm still controlling the situation at hand.”

Honestly, she didn't know what to say in response. That sounded very primitive to Claire and she didn't quite know what to say or do about such a statement. Granted, he did say ‘her free will’ but it still felt like Claire was being passed around as the town bike.

“I don't…” she stuttered, “Really, Tom? I'd have thought you were the type of man to prevent someone else from sniffing around your 'territory' as you call it. Not allowed his friends to take a ride!” Claire snapped.

“Let's get something straight,” Tom calmly responded, “I know in human culture it's shunned to be active sexually with multiple partners, but, not in werewolf culture. You're a Luna - an established Luna of a pack. Do you know how rare that is? Most packs are run by an alpha male and his mate which is usually an omega, not a Luna.” he continued, looking at her with a neutral expression, “Because you are a Luna - ‘your’ boys won't wander. They won't seek a mate. They don't want anyone but you. It's physically impossible for them to break that attachment. Claire your literally the hub of everything. Everything our pack does centers around you. You have more power than I do when it comes to The Council.”

Claire was so overwhelmed that she began to feel lightheaded. She knew that she was special but didn't realize her presence in the pack prevented any of her boys from pursuing their own mates and life. Claire felt a bit guilty over that because she still wasn't sure that sleeping with men other than Tom was doable.

“Luna’s have the right to take multiple 'mates’ if she chooses. As long as she honors her alpha.” Tom informed her,

“And you honestly wouldn't care that I'd be actively sleeping with 3 other men?” Claire asked in complete disbelief.

This proclamation coming from the same man that was so possessive of her he physically took her wallet and phone, was a little hard to believe.

“No, because it would be our pack members, my friends. People that deserve your body and soul. Not some random person on the street. You'd be doing your Luna duties.” He replied,

“I liked you better when you were possessive!” Tom snapped right back in a rare show of agitation. “I'm not telling you to sleep with strangers if we even go with that type of dynamic! This is your pack we're talking about. Not a group of men you met at some orgy! Honestly, do you think I'd let some disgusting joe-blow touch you?!”
This whole conversation was starting to anger her. Claire was confused on more than one level. She didn't know what to do or think. Tom had the advantage of knowing werewolf culture and what was appropriate. All she had was Tom's word and it might not be true.

Claire didn't understand how he went from being very guarded and possessive to openly accepting that his 3 friends want sex from her. The same 3 friends he had warned rather fiercely not to touch her when they first met, or, he'd cut off their manhood.

Something had changed from point A to now and Claire needed to figure out what it was.

“We're an animal that needs a mate. We mate for life.” Tom spoke, breaking the silence once more. His voice was calm and soothing, “Because of our circumstances, they won't go out and find a mate - they just can't. It goes against our genetic code. Being mateless can drive a wolf insane. It's a miserable existence. That's why it's customary for a Luna to take on the role of mate for her pack members. Now if you were a full-blooded werewolf and raised as such it would be common knowledge. Being raised human like you have with no previous knowledge about us makes things difficult, I know. A lot of things we do goes against human society.”

“I'll think about it,” Claire murmured, closing her eyes and resting her forehead against the cool glass.

“Thank you, that's all I ask.” Tom smiled, taking her hand in his. “They don't show it, but, they love you so much and their loyalty is a lot deeper than you think.”

Claire felt like she was just manipulated into agreeing with entering a foreign lifestyle. What the fuck just happened? They started off talking about her being jealous of his patient and now she's supposedly sleeping with 3 other men. Up until now Claire only had 3 lovers including Tom. Well, technically the first two didn't count because the sex was shit and they finished before she had.

“I've never been with a lot of partners before,” Claire told him wide-eyed and with worry.

“We're your partners for life. We won't allow another male to join our pack. You're our Luna, ours.” Tom answered, placing a possessive overtone on 'ours' “And that doesn't necessarily mean you have to sleep with all of us. Just know that they won't seek out the physical release from anyone else.”

“That sounds a lot like guilt-tripping,” Claire pointed out firmly. “And I don't like it.”

“I'm sorry,” Tom sighed, taking her hand and bringing it to his mouth, kissing it lovingly. “Your right, I'm sorry,” he apologized once more, “It's just hard because of your... different and therefore not used to our customs.”

“I need time,” Claire explained, “I'm human despite my great grandmother. A lot of what you're asking of me - we're isn't normal. I'll figure it out soon, just, don't rush me or try and guilt me into anything or I'll refuse, Tom. I'm serious, pressure and guilt make me shut down.”

They were stopped at another red light and Tom was able to lean over and kiss her passionately. A warm strong hand caressed her cheek as their lips danced together.

“Duly noted,” he murmured into her mouth, “Let me know if anyone else is pressuring you and I'll put a stop to it. They shouldn't be doing that, but, sometimes...you know - sexual attraction and urges trump logic.”
Chapter 39

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

If there was a plus side to living out of the city it was the somewhat solitude it brought. Happily shoving her hands in her pockets Claire wandered down the sidewalk.

It had just finished raining and that beautiful fresh smell was in the air. A slight nip to the weather and the leaves were changing signaling the end of summer.

Claire strolled by an empty bus stop without a second thought. Out of the corner of her eye, a hint of shiny metal caught her attention. Turning her head she saw something that made her actually stop to do a double take.

There, on the bus bench where a cage that would house some small creature. With the temperature being as cold as it was and the previous rainfall, Claire prayed to God that nothing was in it.

Naturally being an animal lover her urge to go check was too hard to ignore. Cautiously she approached the cage, looking around for any potential owners. Maybe they had to pee and went off into the bush?

There was a piece of paper taped to the side of the cage. Claire snatched it off the metal and opened it.

“Hello, my name is Pepper.” The note started off, “I'm a 2-year-old female hedgehog.”

Claire lowered the paper and stared at the cage. Good God. There really was a hedgehog in the cage and it was buried in the sawdust trying to stay warm.

Grudgingly Claire continued to read the rest of the note.

“My mommy can't look after me anymore for financial reasons. I hope you can adopt me and take me home. - love, Pepper.”

Angrily she scrunched the paper up and looked at Pepper once more. The poor thing was terrified, cold and probably wet. She looked up at Claire with sawdust stuck to her little nose and big dark eyes.

“You have got to be fucking kidding me,” Claire muttered out loud. “Jesus! This is exactly why I hate people!”

There was no way in hell Claire could leave this poor creature out here. She had no idea how long Pepper as sitting out here as it was. The poor thing was a sitting duck. Some asshole could take her and do god knows what, or, a coyote could eat her.

“Don’t worry Pepper,” Claire assured her, “You're coming home with me. I'm sorry your last owner was an ass.”

Carefully she picked up the heavy cage and began to walk back home. Pepper, naturally, started to run around. Confused as to where she was going. Eventually, she went into her little hut and stayed in there.
Claire didn’t know anything about hedgehogs except for they rolled up into spiky balls or adorable. She also didn’t know how Tom or the others were going to act. Usually, when you go out for a walk you don’t bring home a pet.

“Almost there girl,” Claire spoke to the hog who was now lying right in front of her huts door, watching her carefully.

She didn’t know why they couldn’t keep her. It wasn’t like Pepper took up a lot of space. How expensive could they possibly be? Claire wasn’t buying that notes excuse. Peppers previous owner was probably too damn lazy to look after her anymore.

As soon as they got into the warm apartment building Pepper started to make squeaking noises and nose around the sawdust. Claire thought that she realized they were going ‘home’ and it was going to be ok. She was out of her hut and looking through the bars of the cage by the time Claire reached their apartment door.

Carefully she held the cage and unlocked the door. Stepping inside Claire kicked off her shoes and entered the living room where she placed Peppers cage down. First thing was first - food and water.

The poor creature had food and water bowls but the food was gone and she kicked over her water dish.

“What do you eat, huh?” She asked Pepper. Pulling out her phone she read through the list of things Pepper could eat. “Sorry sweetie, no mealworms. But I have chicken and fruit in the fridge.”

Pepper followed her making sure that Claire wasn't out of sight. With her food bowl in hand, Claire diced up some cold chicken and strawberries finely.

As soon as she placed it in Peppers cage the hog began to chow down. Just as she suspected, Pepper hadn't eaten in awhile which means she was outside for a lot longer than Claire liked.

“You need some water,” Claire told her.

Pepper looked up from her dish with mashed strawberries all over her snout. Why hadn't she owned one of these creatures sooner? Pepper licked her lips and went back to eating. Happy grunts and squeaks were heard in-between mouthfuls of food.

Claire figured if she were a critter a hedgehog best suited her. At least during the feeding area. Pepper having fresh water and food Claire was able to sit down and continue to read about hedgehogs.

She needed to clean her cage but was fearful of how Pepper would respond with being taken out of the cage, and if she would run away. Tom didn't have anything to keep her in which meant Claire had to put her on the couch or in the bathtub.

“I could put a towel down in the bathtub and put you in there…” Claire thought out loud.

Pepper grunted and continued to nose around her cage. The more Claire looked at it the more she realized that it really was filthy.

“Alright little girl, into the tub you go. We don't have sawdust but we have paper shreddings.”

She got up and made sure that the bathtub was comfortable before coming back into the living room. Hesitantly Claire placed her hand on the latch for Peppers cage. The creature stopped and looked at her. Tiny little nose moving a mile a minute like a rabbit.
“Don't bite me, ok?” Claire asked sincerely, opening the door.

Pepper came towards her and waited patiently to be picked up. Almost as if she knew that Claire was going to clean her home. Very gingerly Claire picked her up like she would a cat. Once out of the cage and in her arms Claire actually saw how large Pepper really was. She was so soft, warm and squishy. Yep, Claire was definitely a hedgehog.

“Ok, in you go little girl. I gotta clean your cage.” Claire spoke lovingly, lowering Pepper into the tub.

All was well until she got into the living room. That's when Pepper started to make this horrifying loud sound that was a cross between a baby crying and a bird screeching. Startled and a little worried Claire briskly walked back into the bathroom and looked down at Pepper.

As soon as the hog noticed she was back - she stopped, looking up at her with those same big dark eyes.

“Ok, no tub!” Claire reassured the animal. “You better not poop on my couch or run away!” She added, picking Pepper up with the towel.

Placing Pepper down on the couch, Claire bunched the towel up around her making a bit of a nest. Pepper nosed around a bit and appeared to have gone to sleep allowing Claire to clean her disgusting cage.

With her cage cleaned there wasn't much to do besides let her sleep and read more about hedgehogs. Despite being a little timid, Claire began to pet Pepper, scratching the side of her belly and stroking the underside of her jaw.

Pepper made 'happy' noises in return which made Claire smile. Pepper was such a sweet little girl and someone had the audacity to throw her away. Boldly picking the hog up Claire placed her against her chest and leaned back on the couch.

There was no protest as Pepper continued to lay on her and sleep. Her spikes felt neat under Claire's fingers as she strummed them up and down while reading about how to care for her.

Ok, Claire was wrong. They were complicated and somewhat expensive animals to own. But still, that was no excuse to do what her owner had done. There were animal shelters for fuck sakes!

“Babe, I'm home!” Tom called from the doorway.

Pepper woke up and gave a squeak, making her way down to Claire's lap where she laid out on her belly showing her true girth.

“Hedgehog!” Tom automatically stated, pointing to Pepper. “My nan had a family living in her garden. I haven't seen one since England. How did you?”

“I went for a walk and found her at a bus stop. Her name is Pepper. Her previous owner was an asshole that abandoned her.” Claire explained.

Tom picked Pepper up and held her in his hands. She went into a half ball shape and sniffed at Tom, little nose and whiskers working overtime. Tiny paws reached out for him and he smiled broadly.

“Hello, little girl!” Tom cooed, “You're so cute! Seb is going to get a kick out of you!” If hedgehogs could blush she was sure Pepper would be. He turned to Claire, still cradling pepper. “Can you believe they're considered pests in the UK? They get into rubbish bins all the time and dig up gardens.”
“She needs mealworms.” Claire told him, “Live ones,”

“We’re keeping her, huh?” Tom asked, passing her back to Claire.

Feeling confident that Pepper wasn't going to bite her, she brought the critter to her chest once more.

“I'm not getting rid of her if that's what you're asking. Someone else already did that. Pepper would be heartbroken if it happened again. They're very sensitive creatures.” Claire firmly stated.

“I guess we gotta get some mealworms, huh?” Tom answered, disappearing down the hall.

Chapter End Notes

Pepper:
“No, I think we need to go with you,” Chris stated firmly, taking a step in front of Claire. “We’re not talking about humans. We’re talking about a warlock, who within his own right can be dangerous.”

Claire adjusted Pepper in her arms before slipping her into the front pocket of her sweater. Pepper buried herself in the warm cocoon and popped her nose out of the side opening.

She found that Pepper was actually quite socialized and was easy to take with her. Mind you, she did seem to favor certain people over others.

Pepper could be quite the grumpy hog - they learned that the hard way at the pet store when she nearly bit the salesman while throwing a hedgehog style temper tantrum.

“Lee doesn't like an audience, you know this!” Tom sighed heavily, “It makes him nervous.”

“I don't...I don't really want you two going there alone with two magical types present,” Seb spoke warily.

“He's not going to do anything!” Tom scoffed, "Jesus, we've known Lee for how long now?”

“It's not Lee we’re worried about. Its that moody prick of a partner he lives with.” Michael corrected, reaching his hand into Claire's front pocket to pet Pepper. “You know Richard is unpredictable,”

Claire was finding it too awkward with having Michael's hand in her pocket so she pulled Pepper out and held her to her chest. Michael scratched her under the chin and between her ears. He was one of the people she really seemed to like besides Tom. Sebastian, she was wary about mainly because he himself was nervous around her. Chris didn't seem to even bother with her.

Pepper grunted and made hedgehog noises in response to Michael's attention. Every once in a while she'd lick and nibble on his finger while grunting.

“I can't tell if Richard likes humans or not half the time. It seems to waver from day today.” Michael added seriously,

She looked from Tom to Micheal and then back to Pepper. They had been arguing back and forth about who was to go with them to see Lee. They had a specific time that they had agreed to meet with Lee and that time was quickly coming up.

“And you honestly think that by bringing in a whole wolf pack to Richard's home would help?” Tom asked seriously, “I can assure you we will be fine on our own. I'm not exactly a sitting duck. I'm quite capable of protecting Claire and myself.”

“Here, you go with Tom and I'll look after Pepper,” Michael spoke with defeat, taking the hedgehog from her.

The Irishman kissed her softly on the top of her head while protectively holding her in his arms against his chest. His charm on the ladies extended to hedgehogs apparently because Pepper squeaked and nosed at his shirt.
“Silly little critter,” he chuckled,

Despite being a bit hesitant to leave her, Claire finally agreed. She was in good hands with Michael. When they left the apartment Pepper was pushing a little plastic ball with a bell inside it around living room floor, while Michael watched her.

“She'll be fine,” Tom reassured her, hand in hand as they walked to the car. “Michael is good with animals. Almost became a veterinarian until he learned you have to sometimes euthanized animals.”

Their conversation up until this point had Claire worried. She was never told about a 'Richard’ let alone he might not like humans. A bit of apprehension came over her at the thought of entering their home.

“Does Richard honestly hate humans?” Claire asked hesitantly,

“No!” Tom dismissed in a friendly manner. “He's just...moody,”

Moody could be a variety of things. Pepper was moody and she apparently turned into the Tasmanian Devil. Moody certainly didn't help put her mind at ease.

“Moody?” Claire repeated hoping he'd elaborate.

“It's just his personality it has nothing to do with what you are.” Tom explained, “Richard is very reserved and stern. He's the type of man that watches everyone very closely from a distance. Michael and the pack translate that to 'not liking this specific person’ when it's the opposite. In fact, I don't think Richard could be half-assed to even bother with actually hating something - too much energy.”

“But, with the Salem witch trials, surely some of them dislike humans?” Claire asked, fidgeting nervously with her fingers.

When Tom noticed that she was scratching at the side of her thumb he reached over and slapped the top of her hand softly. “No!” He scolded, “Don't do that! You'll scratch yourself raw again, horrible habit! And yes, some of the elderly generation still hold some residual grudges but in general? No. If anything it's annoyed them because so many sanctions had been placed on them to prevent it from happening again.”

Huh, well ya, that made a lot of sense. If they were doing magic out in the open or not being careful about getting detected, Claire could see why they'd have so many rules. In theory, it would be easier to get detected for magic than it would be being a werewolf.

“He knows why we’re coming, right?” Claire asked nervously. This really wasn't something you should spring on someone.

“Yes,” Tom replied, “He's well aware of you,”

'Well aware of you’ made it sound like Claire was notorious. It made her wonder what Tom had said to Lee. When Tom made his phone call Claire was in Sebastian's apartment helping him with laundry.

“Lee predicted a while back that I'd eventually find a mate. I didn't believe him partially because he made his prediction by reading tea leaves on the bottom of my teacup.” Tom told her. “So he wasn't shocked that I called and requested his help.”

“Warlocks can predict things?” Claire asked with great curiosity,
“Only a certain few,” Tom answered, turning down a quiet side street aligned with large maple trees and Victorian homes. “Lee's grandmother is a somewhat famous mystic. He inherited the gift, apparently.”

When they reached Lee's home Tom turned the car off and sat there patiently, waiting for Claire to make the first move. She was trying to physically and mentally prepare herself for this introduction. Learning that her witchy friend can predict the future, apparently, made him that more intimidating.

“You'll be fine.” Tom reassured her, “Unless you piss them off - warlocks are very friendly in nature.”

“Except Richard?” She replied eyebrow raised.

“There an exception to every rule,” Tom chuckled, “Come on, Lee is expecting us. I'll be right beside you the entire time.”

The home was a charming 2 story Victorian from the early 1900s, a large covered front porch with delicately placed potted plants and a bench. They didn't have to stand at the front door for long before a very jovial, large, the man swung the door open.

“Hello!” Lee chimed in a singing type voice, “I've been expecting you little Luna!”

Instantly smell in incents, Sage and patchouli overwhelmed her. The home was warm, inviting just like the man himself. Tom closed the door and gave Lee a knowing smile.

Lee knelt down a bit before so they were closer to eye level. He was dressed exactly as she expected him to be - like a hippy. A pretty crystal of some type hung around his neck from a leather rope, dangling back and forth in front of her.

When Lee touched her cheeks, holding her face in his hands she immediately felt a calming warmth come over her and she feared that her legs would buckle.

“Beautiful girl,” Lee murmured, looking her straight in the eyes. His blue eyes sparkled and he managed to do so without coming across as threatening. Claire thought that he was searching for something. “You are pure, aren't you, little one?” he spoke, looking over her shoulder to Tom. “This one's special, her wolf is very strong spiritually. You need to guard her, Tom.”

Chapter End Notes
Whatever Lee had placed on her left Claire in a very lovely ‘sleepy’ type state. Lee guided her to an oversized armchair in his living room, seating her before placing a fluffy throw blanket over her and then handing over a cup of jasmine tea made from jasmine flowers grown in Lee's garden.

“There, nice and comfy,” Lee coddled, tucking her in loosely.

Slowly she adjusted herself and curled up a bit on the chair, eyes half droopy. Tom looked amused at her pampering and sat across from her on a love seat.

“She was terrified,” Lee explained to Tom, “I placed a very mild relaxation spell on her. It'll wear off in a few hours. By then she should be relaxed on her own.”

“I trust your judgment,” Tom answered picking up his own tea.

Lee surprised her by sitting down in front of her on the floor. His large, warm hands cupped both cheeks once more and he ran his thumb over her skin while looking her right in the eyes.

“I hope you like babies,” Lee cooed with a lopsided smile, “Because there is quite the brood in your future, little one.” he looked over his shoulder to Tom and winked.

“Yeah?” Claire murmured, yawning a little.

“6,” Lee smiled, “Give or take,”

That was the magic number that broke Claire out of her trance, well, somewhat. The smallmouth of tea she managed to take after Lee removed his hands was choked on. 6?! She couldn't even comprehend looking after 2 let alone 6! Wide-eyed she looked at Lee in shock before turning her attention to Tom, glaring. This seemed like Tom's doing!

“You'll have 3 with Thomas and one with the other pack members,” Lee informed her, chuckling lightly. “Lots of boys in your brood, 1 daughter - with Sebastian I'm assuming because she appears to be very passive and cuddly. The baby of your brood, the last born and youngest by at least 5 years.”

Tom looked impressed mainly because Lee predicted they'd have 3 sons together and he'd father the most children. 5 boys and a little girl weren't exactly in Claire's cards. At least not in her preferred deck. 5 little boys... mischievous, rambunctious, loud, little boys.

“There will be a few years between them,” Lee told her as if it made a difference in her anxiety level.

“You have a year or two before your first born with Tom.”

Well, Lee settled the internal debate on whether she'd extend her bedroom to the other pack members. A bit more awake she sat up defensively and nervously began to scratch at her thumb while staring straight ahead at Lee's carefully stacked bookcase.

“Wow, she's fighting against my spell and winning,” Lee pointed out to Tom. “Claire has almost completely diminished it. Do you mind if I apply something stronger? It may knock her out for a bit.”

“Go for it,” Tom told him.
Lee muttered something while looking her in the eyes. Despite the spelling being stronger than before it didn't knock Claire out. Instead, she slumped down the in the chair a bit and placed her head on the armrest. Lee took her tea before it spilled and stood up, brushing down his hands.

“You and I have some business to discuss,” Lee stated firmly, sitting across from Tom. “I can place your immortality spell on Claire, but, only if you can assist me in a serious personal matter.”

“You know my limitations set by council,” Tom replied, sitting up straight. “If it’s something legal, yes.”

Claire simply turned her head to acknowledge both men. She didn't feel like actually engaging them verbally. So, for now, Claire would just observe as her body was getting an invisible massage.

“As you’re aware,” Lee started, wording his sentence very carefully, “Richard and I are partner’s and have been for quite some time.”

“10 years, right?” Tom commented.

“Yes,” Lee smiled fondly, “We are wanting to start a family. And seeing how we’re both males - reproducing naturally simply isn't possible.”

Claire's interest is peaked by this and she lovingly gazed at Lee who sat comfortably on the couch. Tom looked a bit perplexed by the request not knowing what Lee needed from him. “Yes,” he replied, urging the man on with a hint of apprehension.

“We have the surrogate and we have the sperm, obviously,” Lee told them, smiling over at Claire who was entranced by the thought of helping a gay couple have a child. Lee winked at her before continuing, “But what we don't have is the proper medical care that goes with it. We need someone to look after mother and baby while she's pregnant and afterward.”

“Can't one of your special doctors do it?” Claire asked,

“No, little one,” Lee sighed, “Because Richard and I are queer our council won't help us when it comes to children. You see,” Lee explained, “Because we’re immortal we've become...lazy if you will. And our reproduction is lacking. We’re going sometimes 20 years between children which doesn't do much for our population. Although not exactly against gay couples - it's looked down upon because we definitely can't produce children.”

“Their theory is - if you can't have a baby naturally they won't help with alternatives,” Tom explained to her. "It's the same thing with werewolves. Quite the topic of debate as of late."

“And we can't go to a human doctor for obvious reasons,” Lee spoke with a weak smile.

“Tom help the men out, please?” Claire asked him.

“We’re not paying for it either.” A man with a British accent commented, standing in the doorway. He wasn't as large as Lee height wise but he was imposing. “Immortality is priceless and far exceeds any medical bills you could possibly ding us for.”

“Richard, honestly!” Lee scolded passively.

“It's true,” Richard pointed out.

“So is having a baby,” Tom replied.
“That’s the terms of the agreement,” Richard stated firmly, coming to stand behind Lee protectively. It was clear who the dominant one was in this relationship. “Immortality spells aren't something we can just throw around. We have a specific amount given to us until it won't work anymore. 2 per warlock and we need one for the future mother of our children.”

“Children?” Tom spoke, a bit confused.

“Do you honestly think we’d be content with just one?” Richard told him, “We reserve the right to have another child in the future as per the agreement. And no, we’re not paying for that one either.”

Despite coming off as rather brash, Richard did have a point. Claire thought it was a good deal seeing the circumstances. Tom, however, appeared aggravated with being bossed around. “Why don’t you have a baby with a witch? Why does it have to be a human?” Tom asked in confusion.

“Why are you questioning who we find suitable to carry our child?” Richard replied back with snark.

Lee reached up and grabbed his hand, squeezing it tightly in a bid to settle the fiery warlock down. “Yes or no, Tom?”

“Yes,” Claire agreed for him. It was a cause she felt greatly for. Lee and Richard would make lovely parents.

“Yes,” Tom answered for himself. “Just to recap - in exchange for immortality on Claire, I'll provide health care during and after pregnancy for mother and children, as well as covering said costs occurred?”

“Yes,” Richard confirmed, “And we’ll make sure that we monitor the spell to assure another warlock or witch hasn't tried to tamper with it.”

“As well as provide protection for Claire against dark magic,” Lee added,

“We'll look after your pups and Luna if you’re pack will provide physical protection against an outside threat to our children and their mother.” Richard bartered.

“Deal,” Tom agreed firmly, standing to shake their hands on it.

By the time they were done hashing out the details and actually signing contracts, Claire was nearly asleep. Richard was watching her curiously from across the living room before approaching. Claire looked up at the man passively. He gave off no indication of danger at all. Richard was all bark and no bite. He had to be or Lee wouldn't have stayed with him. It wasn't within the man's nature.

“So you're a Luna, huh?” Richard commented, “Cute little thing.”

“You haven't seen me stand up,” Claire sleepily murmured, “I'm quite fat.”

“Claire!” Tom scolded in disbelief, glaring at her from across the room. “That's unbelievably inappropriate!”

Richard chuckled and shook his head, “Nah, your still a little lady compared to us big brutes.”

Like Lee, he too touched her. Instead of placing a hand on her cheek Richard reached out and took possession of her wrist. Claire allowed the man to limply hold her hand up as he did whatever he was doing.
“She is a strong little lady,” Richard agreed with surprise. “For someone that's several generations removed from her wolf, she is rather powerful. It's a shame you can’t coax her out.”

Delicately Richard placed her arm back on her lap before going to watch over Lee once more. Tom and Lee, we're finishing up the last bit of the contract.

“Unfortunately it's not possible,” Tom spoke sadly.

“You'll be fine,” Richard assured, “Everything happens for a reason.”
“How does this work?” Tom asked,
“How does what work, exactly?” Richard asked,
“The spell. I refuse to believe its as simple as muttering a few words.” Tom spoke, running his fingers through Claire's hair.

The charm Lee had placed on her finally won. Claire found herself curled up next to go Tom with her head on his lap, eyes closed but not quite asleep.

“Your right, it's not.” Lee answered, “It's a bit more complicated than that. I need to collect several items to conduct the ceremony. It'll take me a few days to do so. In the meanwhile, if you're worried about her mortality she can stay here. Our home is charmed.”

“The pack won't like it if I come back without her,” Tom informed him softly, “Plus she recently adopted a hedgehog and Pepper is rather... well, territorial.”

“Hogs usually are,” Richard commented. “They're not exactly a communal animal like a dog. They like one particular person as their owner.”

“Their temper tantrums are awful,” Tom spoke, “I wasn't aware an animal could make that sort of noise.”

“Lee had one, grumpy little fucker that only liked Lee.” Richard scowled,

“Leave Atticus out of this, he liked you. Just...not that much.” Lee commented, scanning his bookcase for a spell book. “Plus I had him before you came into my life. He was jealous.”

Claire moaned and adjusted her head just so that they knew she was still here. Tom looked down at her with concern as he stroked her cheek with the back of his hand.

“She's not getting enough sleep,” Lee commented, pulling a book off the shelf and going to sit down with it. “I'll send you a sleep remedy that will help her sleep through the night.”

“Lack of sleep is no good for her immune system,” Richard added, sipping on a mug of tea.

“I know that,” Tom sighed, “She's under a lot of stress right now.”

“Perhaps she should stay here for a few days. Lee and I will sort her out.” Richard offered casually, “Bring the hog,” he added “We’ll sort her out as well,” he chuckled.

“Oh, I don't know about that. Our pack won't be happy.” Tom grimaced. “You know how wolves can be.”

“It's their over-agression that's causing her stress,” Lee commented, looking up from his book. “She has a lot of bad energy attached to her right now and a lot lingers from before she met you.”

Claire didn't know if they were aware that she was awake and listening to them or not. Their conversation was a bit worrisome. She didn't particularly want to be left here alone with a few strange warlocks.

“Claire needs a good cleansing,” Richard spoke, rubbing the top of her head and causing Claire to
stretch and open her eyes. “But it's up to you,” he shrugged.

“No, it's up to me.” Claire corrected, sitting up and looking around groggily.

“That too,” Richard agreed, disappearing out of the room. He came back with a steaming mug of something distinctly herbal. “Drink this, it'll help with your stomach and digestion.”

Hesitantly Claire took the mug and tried to determine how Richard could possibly know she was having stomach problems. Especially since she never bothered to tell Tom or anyone else about it. Tom never mentioned warlocks being mind readers.

“I'm a healer,” Richard explained watching her drink the earthy brew. “My specialty, if you will, is potions and tinctures that cure ailments. While Lee is good at casting advanced spells such as the immortality.”

Despite the acquired taste Claire finished everything in the mug and handed it back to Richard.

“Richard is an average spell caster if that,” Lee commented, thumbing through pages of a very old looking book. “A C+ student whereas I'm an A+,”

“Yeah? Well, you couldn't make a tincture to cure a common cold if your life depended on it.” Richard played back.

Claire giggled at their playful banter. Richard eventually settled beside Lee on the loveseat and looked at what he was reading.

“I'll send some tinctures home with you.” Richard told her, “And I want you to stay in bed and relax for a few days,” he instructed. “I'll write down the instructions for each tincture and you have to follow it. You have to be relaxed, rested and in good health for this immortality spell to work up to its full potential.”

“Pamper her,” Lee spoke, “No matter how hard she fights you on it.”

“I can do that,” Tom agreed lovingly. He looked worried that perhaps Claire was sicker than she led on.

“Bring your hedgehog next time. I can give her a look over.” Lee told her. “They're usually not that ornery. Maybe she has an upset stomach. Its common with hogs if they're fed the wrong thing.”

“Thank you,” Claire yawned, “I think she may be still upset with being abandoned. I don't think that's something you just get over. Especially since she's apparently been with her previous owner for 2 years.”

“Poor thing,” Lee sympathized, “No, you're right. They don't take things like that lightly. Spend some proper time with her, cuddle a bit. Just you two. Pepper should come around eventually,” Claire yawned once more and felt her eyes droop a bit. Unable to figure itself slumped against Tom, her head on his shoulder.

“There's a spare bedroom upstairs. You should let her sleep properly.” Richard suggested, “It'll give us time to talk about our agreement a little more.”

Despite being somewhat asleep Claire could still hear Richard urging Tom to put her to bed. Drowsy, she opened her eyes and tried to focus her vision on Tom.

“So sleepy,” Tom commented, stroking the bridge of her nose. “Come here, love,” he cooed,
standing before her.

Tom picked her up like a toddler and carried her up the stairs to a bedroom. Carefully Tom placed her down with Lee coming in after them. The same blanket as before was draped over her by Lee.

“Go to sleep little one. Let the spell do its thing.” Lee smiled,

“How strong is that spell?” Tom had asked as she turned her stomach and nestled down for a nap.

“It's as strong as the body needs.” Lee explained, “The human body needs a specific amount of sleeping hours to function it's best, if it’s behind in those hours - this spell makes them sleep until they're caught up. Claire could be asleep for 2 hours or even 18 hours. It depends on her.”

Tom crouched over her, nosing at the crook of her neck before kissing her softly, lips lingering. Claire moaned and adjusted her head giving him more access.

“Come on,” Lee coaxed, “She's safe and sound. I promise.”

“It's ok,” Claire murmured, looking at her with a half smile. “I'm ok, just tired.”

“Yeah?” Tom asked, hesitantly,

“Promise,” Claire assured, dropping her head down on the pillow. Her body was starting to become heavy and she was so close to slipping into complete darkness.

“Alright, love.” Tom sighed, kissing her cheek, “I'll be just downstairs if you need me.”
Chapter 43

*Tom's point of view*

With Claire sleeping soundly upstairs he was able to get down to business. He always knew warlocks were picky creatures but he honestly didn't think they'd be this demanding.

Tom was expecting Lee to ask him for important contacts to expand his artworks visibility or even maybe money. Babies were the last thing he thought of.

“Alright, where were we?” Tom asked, folding his hands in his lap. “Tell me about your surrogate. So I know a bit more before I proceed further.”

Richard immediately became defensive and sat up poker straight next to Lee. He honestly didn't know why. It wasn't as if Tom were insulting the woman in question.

“Well,” Lee spoke, taking the lead. His voice was gentle and even like it always was. “She's human and we've known her for a few years now.”

“I think the million dollar question here is, does she know you're not human?” Tom asked them seriously.

He wasn't getting into baby business with these warlocks if the intended surrogate had no idea they weren't human. That went against his moral code and it was bad for the unborn babies health.

“Yes,” Richard confirmed, “She's known for about a year.”

“And how are we inseminating her? Who's the father going to be? Or are you wanting to mix the two sperm samples and whoever's sperm fertilizes the egg, is the father?”

Lee blushed a little while Richard put up an 'offended' bravado once more. These were questions Tom had to ask. He needed to know if he was going to do the task artificially, which he's done before under guidance from his colleagues, or if they had a more... unconventional approach. Lee was 100% queer but he believed Richard was open to both genders.

“Can you actually do that?” Lee asked, intrigued.

“Normally? No. But since we're not doing this conventionally I can do that if you'd wish. The only thing is - I can't guarantee who the father is until the baby is born.” Tom informed them.

“We were wanting a child from both of us.” Richard explained, “And for obvious reasons, we need you to plant the semen. Lee can't-do it and I won't do it because I can't cheat on my beloved.”

That gave him pause for thought. All of this was doable and relatively easy to accomplish. Tom just needed time to schedule them in. Perhaps after hours off the books would do. He knew that his girls wouldn't say anything.

“How about you two discuss further who's going to father the first born and we'll go from there.” Tom suggested, “I need to see the mother for a complete physical before we start the process. This includes blood tests, pelvic exams - the works. I do this with all the women who come to me for fertility issues.”

“Sounds reasonable,” Lee agreed, Richard didn't look too convinced.
“My main priority is to make sure that mother and baby have a safe pregnancy and birth.” Tom added, “Especially momma, because if momma isn’t healthy that poses a risk to the baby. And we don’t want that.”

Richard and Lee agreed in unison and began to talk amongst themselves about who should father the baby. Tom started to think back to what Lee had said and Claire having 6 babies, 3 of which were his.

Lee had never been significantly wrong when it came to his predictions. This made Tom very nervous. 6 babies were relatively a small number considering how many fathers there would be, but, that was still a daunting number. Tom needed to make sure that everyone was fully committed to looking after these pups, all of them before he’d even allow Claire to have them.

“I think it would be wise for Richard to father the firstborn,” Lee spoke, jolting Tom from his train of thought. “Richard takes more of a dominant role in our relationship.”

Quickly Tom just gave a curt nod and stared out the picture window. He didn't come here for a future reading. It was nice to know what the future held in regards to offspring, but, Tom kinda wished it was still a surprise. They even knew the genders for fuck sakes.

“I informed Claire about her pending brood for a very good reason. When she walked through my door I knew that she was very stressed over the subject of babies and what is asked of her.” Lee defended carefully, sensing what was bothering Tom. “She has a lot of inner conflict with morals and what she's feeling personally. I wanted Claire to know that everything will fall into place and she needs to trust and follow her own feelings, which will eventually lead to what I had seen. I did leave out specific details to keep the magic alive.”

“Have you tested her for heart-related issues?” Richard asked him with sincere worry, leaning forward and resting his elbows on his thighs. “When she's hit peak stress levels her heart falls out of rhythm and skips several beats before correcting itself. I think she may have a bit of a birth defect.”

“No,” Tom replied in shock, wide-eyed that his wolf and none of the others picked that up.

“Immortality will help but it won't solve the issue,” Lee explained with the same amount of concern. “Claire could still have a heart attack or a stroke. She'd just survive it all.”

“How in the fuck did I miss that?!” Tom blanched loudly asking no one in particular.

“Because when she's stressed like that you tend to overlook the smaller details and focus on what's making her stressed,” Lee suggested, “You're not paying attention to what the stress is doing to her.”

“I caught it because at that particular time I was scanning her for possible issues,” Richard admitted, “It's a habit I do with all humans I come in contact with.”

Tom was struggling with not being irrational right now. It would be so easy to pick Claire up and rush her to the emergency room, demanding they look at her heart and do something about it. But what would that get him besides a bunch of questions from doctors perplexed on how he'd know this. An issue that goes relatively unnoticed unless it was too late.

He was a doctor and he knew what this type of issue could mean. Michael and Chris had operated on people like this before. Did that mean his beloved Luna needed surgery?

“Now that you brought this to my attention, I have to consult with my pack before we do the immortality spell on Claire.” Tom announced, rubbing his temples, now he was stressed, “However, I will still keep my end of the bargain and proceed with making you two father's.”
Richard and Lee sat back and just observed him as he began to panic. His wolf was starting to scratch and howl, demanding to be let out. Naturally, this made Lee and Richard very nervous because Tom's powerful jowls were stronger and quicker than any magic they were permitted to use.

“Look,” Lee bartered, trying to defuse the situation with his gentle voice. “Surgery might be avoidable. We have healing spells, although complicated, that may fix the situation.”

“I need to fill out the proper forms with our council requesting permission to use it, however,” Richard added, “But we can do it - jointly, Lee and I.”

“What will that cost me?” Tom asked them warily.

Magical beings never ever worked for free. It was always in exchange or bartered for something. What they were proposing sounded like it was going to cost him an arm and a leg.

They shrugged their shoulders, “We’ll figure that out later. I can't readily think of something offhand we need doing that isn't already being taken care of.” Richard answered.

“We can bank it away and call it a ‘favor’ for the future.” Lee agreed, “We have many human friends. I'm sure they'll need an operation or a specific service that they can't afford eventually.”

“Fine, let me consult the pack first before we do anything.” Tom agreed hesitantly, “But for now, as in right now, do you think she's safe?”

Tom looked right at Richard when he asked this question. Richard was the healer of the two can determine medical information apparently a lot better than Tom or his wolf could.

“Don't stress her out and she’ll be fine,” Richard answered, crossing his ankles. “The more pussyfooting and passive behavior you show the better. We want her calm, relaxed and well rested.”

“Send her to bed for a few days and follow the instructions for Richard's tinctures.” Lee demanded gently, “Allow the medicine to take its course and then we can see if the heartbeat has improved or not. Promise me you'll agree and out your wolfy pride on the backburner?”

“Yes,” Tom agreed, nodding his head.

The others will be cautious with her taking magical tinctures and potions but Tom knew it was safe. At least from this source anyways. He knew Richard for nearly as long as he did Lee. Although moody and a bit brutish at times - he'd never deliberately hurt anyone.

“Good, let me go get the stuff ready for you.” Richard smiled briefly, hoisting himself up off the couch and trudging into the next room.

“In the meanwhile have some more tea and relax. Claire is sleeping comfortably upstairs, she's far from danger.” Lee smiled, pouring him a steaming cup of liquid.
*Tom's point of view*

Sebastian was outside and waiting like he knew the man would be. He had some weird six sense that made it possible for him to accurately predict when someone would arrive - without being told so beforehand.

Tom could sense that he was anxious and his handsome face showed it. Firmly and in short strides, he paced back and forth in front of the side entrance until Tom pulled into his parking spot. On a sharp dime of a turn, he headed towards the car and opened the back door, kneeling inside to oversee Claire, who was still rather sleepy.

Groggily she looked at him before closing her eyes and resting her head against the glass. Seb shot him a worried look before minding over her, his fingers on her pulse point.

"She's fine," Tom assured him, getting out of the car and opening the trunk. "She's under the influence of a sleeping...pill," he cautiously told the Romanian, mindful of his neighbors.

"What, why?!" Seb snapped,

"Because she's exhausted?" Tom offered weakly, trying to hold back on the sarcasm.

The entire trip back from Lee's he tried to think of a way to tell everyone about Claire's heart without causing mass hysteria. And something like this would definitely create panic. Tom didn't need three grown wolves so distressed that they accidentally morphed. Which, in all likelihood, would make things ten times worse.

"There's something you're not telling me, isn't there?" Seb asked, boldly reaching out and pulling Claire towards him.

Despite Sebastian being the more 'petite' in the pack stature wise, he was still strong as a Brickhouse. Easily he was able to pick Claire up like a giant toddler and hold her there as if she were Featherlite. A strange scene for any human to stumble upon he was sure.

"You should probably tell me before we go in there and you have to deal with Chris and Michael," Sebastian stated, cocking an eyebrow upwards.

"Oh I should, should I?" he questioned right back.

"Michael and Chris are already not happy with you leaving without them. They're going to be pissed when they find out she's under the influence of...pills." Seb told him. "So anything else would probably break the bow of the ship at this point."

Tom resolved to not have this discussion outside where his human neighbors were curiously watching Sebastian holding a chubby young lady with ease. Nodding his head in the direction of the door he began to proceed towards the apartment building. Sebastian faked struggling with Claire, allowing her to slip a little in his firm arms. It was all for show and Tom knew that Sebastian wasn't really going to drop her but it still made him nervous.
Once they were inside and Tom had confirmed through strained ears that they were alone he took a deep breath. "Right, I don't know how to say this so I'll just spit it out. Richard had discovered today that Claire has a bit of a heart murmur that's triggered by stress. I'm talking about skipping three beats at a time."

Sebastian wasn't as suspicious towards the magical creatures like Michael and Chris were. He knew that Richard was a healer-type and his unconventional medical knowledge was reliable. Distressed he adjusted Claire in his arms and kissed the side of her forehead.

"Fuck," he swore, "How can four medical professionals miss that?"

"Richard said something about us focusing on what's making her stressed and not what the stress is doing to her," Tom answered, running his hands through his short locks. He felt guilty for placing her in that situation. A potentially deadly situation.

"I have medicine for her. She's on bedrest for at least a week with little to no excitement." Tom stressed as he took the stairs in stride.

He didn't say anything but rather concentrated on walking up the stairs without dropping Claire or stumbling. What was there to say anyway? They dropped the ball big time and now they had to deal with it.

"You need to word what you just told me a little more carefully when telling Michael and Chris," Sebastian told him. "They're surgeons with Chris studying cardiology. They're gonna wanna rush her to the OR."

That's what he was afraid of and trying to avoid. It was hard to not jump the gun and panic when it's someone you love. Although Chris doesn't show it he cares deeply for Claire and would probably overreact the most out of all of them.

"I'm gonna place Claire in your bed and make sure that she's settled before joining you in the living room," Seb informed him gently before they reached Tom's door.

He paused in the hallway and watched as Sebastian went to do exactly as he said he would. Chris and Michael were watching him from the living room carefully wondering why Sebastian was carrying a somewhat comatose Claire into the bedroom.

Before anyone had time to protest Tom raised his hands up halting all questions, "She's fine, perfectly fine. Nothing happened except the casting of a sleep spell." he explained, "Which she needed,"

"Bullshit, your face is twisted into a grimace." Chris pointed out, crossing his arms over his chest defensively. "Something was said or something happened."

"You are trying really hard not to give it away, but you're stressed to shit," Michael added.

He knew better than to try and hide anything from his pack. These men knew him just as well as Tom did himself. These were his 'running' mates, They clicked together like a puzzle piece. Hell, they were pretty much in a relationship with one another minus the sex and intimacy.

"Right," Tom awkwardly replied, rubbing the back of his neck, "We've run into a bit of a snag with the spell."

"Let me guess, they won't do it?" Chris sarcastically snapped.
"No," Tom replied calmly, "They'll do it, no problem. The problem is with Claire herself. Apparently, Richard has...well, he's noticed a bit of a defect in her heart which could become quite problematic."

Sebastian had stepped quietly into the room and sat down in a chair placing himself as a protective blocker between Tom and the other two pack members.

Hearing that Claire had a problem with her heart Chris's interest was spiked and he sat up straight with a worried look on his face. Although his specialty wasn't solely in cardiology Chris trained under one briefly during residency and had performed minor surgeries on the heart before.

"What kind of problem?" Chris asked seriously, his brows knitted together. Michael began to speak only for Chris to stop him by raising his hand and leaning forward, his elbows on his thighs. "What kind of problem, Thomas?!" he repeated aggressively.

Feeling somewhat threatened Tom stood up tall and puffed his chest out. Seb sensed that the tension was boiling over and quickly stood up, pushing past Tom carefully and heading to the bedroom. When it came to loyalties Sebastian would automatically go to Claire and protect her in a hostile situation like this.

"Under stress, her heart skips up to three beats before correcting itself," Tom explained to the man.

"So she has a cardiac dysrhythmia?!" Chris pressed, standing from the couch.

"I'm presuming so," Tom replied, stepping aside to allow the giant of a man to pass.

There was no use trying to stop Chris from seeing Claire. In the end, all Tom would accomplish was a somewhat destroyed apartment. When he finally made it into his bedroom he saw Claire sleeping in the middle of the bed with Seb on one side and Chris kneeling over her on the other protectively. The man checked her pulse and scanned her body from head to toe with his skillful eyes.

Tom felt it was best to give Chris some privacy with Claire. He nodded his head for Seb to get up and leave which he obediently did. Closing the door behind him he left the large protective wolf to guard over his sick Luna. A job that Chris took very seriously.

He was going to be sleeping on the couch for a few days until Chris had deemed it safe enough for them to go near her. The moody wolf wouldn't allow anyone, not even Tom, to approach Claire without the risk of getting attacked.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you to the reader who contacted me and offered very valuable information about IVF. The information that you gave me will be used in the story to help Lee and Richard become parents.
Waking up in Chris’s arms was unexpected but not unwelcomed. Still a bit groggy from Richard's potion she sat up a little and looked around the room. When she went to sleep they were at Richard and Lee’s, now she was in her bed with Chris.

Feeling a bit dizzy Claire laid back down and snuggled close to Chris. He tucked her under his chin protectively and wrapped both arms around her. He hadn't been this affectionate with her before and Claire was starting to think that perhaps he didn't like her.

“Where’s Pepper?” Claire asks while stretched in his arms. “I have to feed her dinner,”

“Michael is looking after her Chickadee,” Chris replied, “She's in good hands.”

Still, Claire felt guilty for not being with her. With her mind still somewhat foggy with sleep she tried to think back a bit. Hopefully, Claire hadn't of forgot what was said at the warlock's home.

“Richard has medicine for me to take,” Claire told him, moving onto her back.

Chris didn't budge as she moved beside him. Instead, he used his arm to prop up his head as he looked at her. Sparkling blue eyes with dirty blond trusses which escape his messy man-bun, stared down at her. A faint smile spread across his handsome face.

Carefully Chris traced the bridge of her nose before helping with removing blankets. Like anyone who's overslept Claire found herself overheated and sweaty.

“Where’s Tom?” She asked, her face showing confusion.

Usually, Tom was always in the same room as Chris or the very least it was Sebastian. Being alone in the bedroom with the door closed made her a bit confused. Chris hadn't overthrown their alpha while she slept, did he?

“In the living room love,” he answered, repositioning himself beside her so he mirrored her.

“I think I need that medicine…”

Chris visibly stiffened at her declaration and stared at the roof for a moment. Claire knew he didn't like Richard or Lee. Naturally, they're offering to medal in their affairs didn't sit right with him.

“If that's what you'd like, I'll go get it,” Chris replied passively.

“Why isn't anyone else around?” Claire asked warily as she watched him get up off the bed.

Her blonde Aussie paused at the closed door and turned just enough to acknowledge her, “Because you're sick and I don't want anyone around you.”

That gave pause for thought as he disappeared out of the bedroom. Claire was ill but surely an upset stomach wasn't something to be placed in quarantine over. Taking a deep breath Claire debated on whether she should get up and go out there on her own.

Chris returned with a small antique wooden crate filled with glass bottles sealed with corks. It was
safe to say any chance of escape was foiled. He placed the crate on the bed and picked up the handwritten instructions, scratching the back of his neck.

The bottles and crate almost seemed fitting. Carefully she picked up a random bottle, tilting it to the side in a bid to examine the off green tincture.

“Right, OK,” Chris commented, “Bloody complicated creatures, I swear to god!”

“What?” Claire asked curiously, reaching out for the paper.

Chris handed it to her and went about trying to locate a specific tincture. When he found it he pulled the bottle out completely and reached for a teaspoon that rested on top of some bottles.

The warlocks instructions were detailed but easy to follow. Claire admired his penmanship.

“I'm supposed to give you a teaspoon of this funny looking potion. And then an hour later chase that down with another teaspoon from a different potion.” Chris announced, uncorking the bottle and pouring it out onto the spoon.

She could smell the alcohol in the tincture as soon as Chris poured it. The tincture was a bit thicker than it appeared in the bottle.

“Open,” he spoke, carefully pouring the liquid into her mouth. “Good girl,”

Claire gagged on the bitter taste and struggled to swallow it. Something that awful had to be good for you. He looked pleased with himself as she shuddered and made a sour face.

“What the Hell is in that?!” Claire asked him seriously.

“I don't know Chickadee,” Chris chuckled, “But it's supposed to flush your system. The follow-up potion is aimed to reinstate the good bacteria in your intestinal tract. You should be running for the bathroom soon.”

Claire felt her stomach start to rumble as the potion made its way into her stomach and was absorbed by her body.

Just as Chris predicted Claire spent the better part of an hour in the bathroom. If this was Richard's idea of helping she had a few choice words for him! About every 10 minutes Chris would come into the bathroom and check on her. It was easy enough to assume that she had somehow passed out and fallen off the toilet.

“Done?” He questioned curiously,

“I honestly have nothing left in my system.” Claire sighed heavily, holding her stomach.

“Oh? Well, good. Then it worked. Time for the part two.”

“you're enjoying this, aren't you?!” Claire called to him as he walked out the room.

“You're the one that chose witchcraft over modern medicine,” Chris yelled back. “Get back into bed please,”

Feeling in no mood to argue Claire did as he asked. Once resting comfortably she waited for Chris to come back. Still not entirely sure as to why he was here in the first place.

“Here, the second part of the 'remedy' is in the tea, as per Richard's instructions. You're supposed to
slowly sip on it till it's done.” Chris handed her the mug of tea and began to disrobe.

Left only in his boxer briefs he crawled into bed next to her and grabbed the remote. The man was on guard duty. She had seen that intense facial expression before. With Chris shirtless and poised to attack at any moment, Claire was able to see just how big he was. A bit intimidating, to be honest.

Sipping the hot tea she was happy to find that it didn't taste as bad as the first tincture. Placing the mug down she snuggled into the covers and continued to observe him.

“’I'm not contagious,” she reminded him politely, “Why can't I see anyone else?”

“Because my wolf won't allow it?” He offered as an excuse. “I'm a protector, that's what I do. I protect things from what I perceive to be harmful. Right now you're not well and you need to be watched over.”

Again, Claire didn't understand what was happening. She felt fine, well, besides the after effects of Richard's tincture.

“Do you have a family history of heart problems?” Chris asked her bluntly, turning his head slightly to acknowledge her.

“My grandmother died from a heart attack.” Claire informed him, “Why?”

“Richard noticed that you have a bit of a cardiac dysrhythmia. And it's triggering when you're stressed. You're on bed rest until we can figure out how serious it is.” Chris told her gently.

She felt herself go a little pale before replying “Oh,” in a somewhat shocked voice. If that's what had Chris's wolf frazzled no wonder he won't leave her side. “Is it due to my weight?”

A little put off by the question Chris shook his head no, “If your nan died from a heart attack I'm going to have to say it's genetic. If you were heavier I'd say it might exasperate the issue but your current size is fine. I know doctors always use the “It's because you're overweight and need to exercise” excuse nowadays, but, I find it's an escape goat to actually discovering the underlying issue.” Chris grabbed her hand and brought it to his lips, kissing it tenderly, “Obviously going for a jog won't cure your ailment, will it? It'll probably kill you if you jogged hard enough.”

Stunned that she had this problem and didn't know, Claire sunk down in the bed. She was in a bit of shock and tried not to panic over all the 'what ifs' that were going through her head. Claire felt like she was a ticking time bomb ready to explode.

“You'll be ok,” Chris assured her, relaxing and turning so he was able to embrace her. Snuggled safely in his arms she pressed herself as tightly against Chris as possible, nose buried in the crook of his arm. “We’ll finish Richard's tinctures then see where we’re at. They're supposed to help heal your heart, hopefully.” He added, not too sure of his own statement. “I'll keep you nice and safe Chickadee. Rest love, and don't worry. You have four doctors at your beck and call.”

Chapter End Notes
Who needs ovaries anyways?
Chapter 46

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

There were worse things than being held 'captive' by a handsome Aussie and despite being a bit antsy Claire was trying to relax. She wasn't used to being in bed doing nothing unless she was gravely ill with the flu or cold.

"I want Pepper," Claire told Chris, "I need my grumpy little cactus,"

Chris got up and left, retrieving Pepper and the food bowl that she was currently eating out of. The animal was still munching on her insect and fruit mixture as he held her. It was adorable in a morbid sort of way. Chris handed her the gruesome chow-bowl which Claire placed down on the bed for Pepper to finish.

Carefully Chris put Pepper down and right away she waddled over to the food dish and continued to eat. Chris looked perplexed as to where he belonged on the bed until Claire padded his side of the bed and adjusted Pepper so she was closer to her.

"Funny little critter," Chris commented, stroking her back.

Pepper's quills were laying flat against her back meaning that she was happy and content. Claire had read that when she was upset her quills would be crossed. Pepper gave a good example of this at the pet store.

"Cute little girl though," he cooed, "She was chasing around her ball toys in the living room as well as a toilet paper roll. All we could hear was 'ding ding ding' and then this cute little cactus waddling after it,"

Pepper finished her lunch and began to nose around the bed. They observed her tunneling under the blankets where Pepper eventually laid down to snooze. Hidden away in a warm cocoon against Claire's side.

"Chris, if you're going to ban me to the bedroom I need something to do. I can't just lay there like a lump." Claire told him quietly not to disturb Pepper, "It's not within my nature."

"Yeah, I can understand that," Chris answered, grabbing the remote. "Write a list of things you need and I'll have someone go out and get it for you."

"Why can't I leave the bedroom?" Claire asked exasperated, slipping her hand under the blanket where she was able to stroke Pepper under her chin and chest, Pepper laid out on her side and curled a bit like a cat while making a mewing sound of pleasure.

"Bed rest means bed rest, Chickadee," he told her, "Tomorrow you can wander a bit in the apartment but for now I'd prefer for you to just rest,"

Claire didn't want to argue with him. Chris did things for a reason. He was a surgeon - the man would know more about her condition than she would. Arguing with Chris would only cause her and Pepper distress which would exasperate her heart rate.

"Can other people see me?"
It would be hard fighting against natural instinct and she knew that Chris was struggling with his wolf right now. On one hand, he wanted her protected and safe but on the other, he knew that his pack mates wouldn't hurt her.

"Maybe tomorrow," Chris told her quietly, folding his hands over his stomach. "I'm not deliberately doing this. It's my wolf that's controlling this aspect. I'm working on it."

"I know you are," Claire smiled, placing her hand on his tummy.

They could see the covers move as Pepper stood up and turned around to lay the other way, before stretching out. There were a few items that Claire needed to get for her including an exercise wheel and another litter box for the living room.

"She's not gonna poop under there, is she?" Chris asked curiously.

"No!" she dismissed, "Pepper only poops in her litter box! She's sleeping right now. You know they sleep the good majority of the day. Her nose is pressed against my side."

"Peps threw a fit when you left. She was a hissing ball of quills. Every time someone went to touch her she'd curl up, hiss and jump a bit. Mike had to bribe her with mealworms. After she'd eaten a bit Peps was more friendly." Chris told her,

Yes, Pepper was definitely 'her' animal from now on. It was sort of comical at how she and Pepper shared the same personality. Normally when Claire was grumpy you could bribe her with food and she'd be happier.

Very carefully she picked up Pepper under the blankets and placed her on her stomach before inching closer to Chris, using the man as a bit of a support for the hog. Pepper yawned and curled up between the two of them and went back to sleep.

In this position, Claire was able to cuddle up to Chris with her head on his upper arm. He turned a little to embrace both her and Pepper. A sweet kiss was placed on the side of her forehead and he murmured something.

"Thank you for being patient with my wolf." Chris sighed, bringing his arm up around her. "I'm a guard, just like my dad and brother. Our job is to primarily protect the pack territory and the members within in the pack. Unfortunately, I can't just turn that instinct off when I'm in my human form. I'm always on guard, especially when it comes to you."

Claire lifted her head and smiled up at him. She wondered if he knew about Lee's prediction and if not - if Claire should tell him. They hadn't been exactly close until now let alone intimate.

Slowly Chris lowered his head and pressed his lips to hers, pausing and waiting for Claire to make the next move. Stunned at first Claire stiffened than relaxed, melting into his kiss. Lips moved together softly, dancing and caressing. A strong masculine hand cupped her face as Chris overtook the kiss. She felt teeth graze along her lower lip as he pulled it back a bit and growled.

Noses rubbed against each other affectionately before lips trailed down the side of her jaw and to her neck. "My little Luna," he purred, biting the side of her throat lightly.

"Lee predicted that you and I will have a son eventually," Claire moaned, her eyes half closed.

"And I'll wait patiently until that time," Chris smiled into the skin he bruised a little, "I'm sure we'll a beautiful pup. Healthy and beautiful like his momma," he added, stroking the bridge of her nose and pulling back enough to rest his head on the pillow, neck exposed.
This wasn't the time or place to be exploring their sexual attraction to one another. Cooling her jets
she took a deep breath and placed her hand on his stomach, resting her head on his chest. Between
them, Pepper stretched and rolled over onto her back exposing that cute cream-colored belly.

"What a ham," Chris muttered, "Michael reckons we get her a little friend,"

"Oh, I don't know about that..." Claire replied hesitantly, "I just got her and we're getting used to one
another. I don't want Pepper to think that we've replaced her. Plus, I don't know if this little girl is
spayed. We can't have baby hogs running around."

"I just think he really wants a hedgehog himself. Michael likes her a lot."

"Maybe somewhere down the line. But right now, no. I'm still learning how to look after Pepper
properly, I don't need to hogs to worry about." Claire reasoned,

From where she lay Claire could see that Chris was fighting off a partial erection. A bit of tenting
was seen in the blankets. She felt bad but couldn't do much about it.

"Go to sleep," Chris told her, "When you wake up we can move out into the living room, ya?"

"Sounds good," she muttered, sleepy from one of Richard's tinctures that Chris had given her earlier.

"I'm going to leave for a bit," he told her, slowly moving out from under her. "Here, let's place
Pepper on my side of the bed so she doesn't get squished,"

Claire was awake long enough to see Chris place Pepper on top of Tom's pillow. Pepper looked
irritated with being moved but quickly got over it as she settled down in the soft material and
resumed her sleeping. Content that Pepper was safe she rolled over onto her stomach and fell asleep.

Chapter End Notes
Chapter 47

Chris allowed her out of the bedroom long enough for her to settle down on the couch between Michael and Sebastian. Claire's head rested on Michael's lap and her legs draped over Sebastian's lap. Unfortunately, this left no room for Chris or Tom. Not to be outdone her shadow sat down in front of the couch with his back to her, boxing Claire in.

"Good news and bad news," Tom announced as he came out of his office with a handful of paperwork.

Earlier he had an envelope that he sighed for delivered to the apartment. It looked government-like which caught everyone's attentions.

"All your tests came back negative - your hormone levels are perfect," Tom told Claire. Chris reached out for the paperwork and Tom handed it to him. "The bad news - because of your heart issues I can't place you on any form of oral or injectable contraceptive."

"Umm," Chris commented, "This is probably why you were so sick when given the Plan B pill," he spoke, turning his head up to look at her.

"What does that mean, exactly?" Claire asked Tom, placing her hand on Chris's shoulder and rubbing it.

"It means that until we get your heart issue fixed," Tom began,

"Tom's going to have to purchase stock in the condom company," Michael grinned,

"Nice, very nice," Tom chastised playfully. "Yes, we'll just have to use condoms. I can't give you something that may exasperate your condition just for my convenience."

"That reminds me," Michael spoke, "Here, raise up, medicine time;"

Michael moved off the couch which allowed Chris to swoop in and take his place. The man had taken the last of her tincture that Richard provided and placed it in capsules so it was easier to take. Mike handed her the single pill and a glass of water without commenting on Chris taking his place. Instead, he sat down where Chris was and resumed his protective watch.

"How are you feeling?" Chris asked, stroking the side of her face lovingly.

He had taken a very comfortable and close stance to Claire since she came back from Richard and Lee's. Chris's closeness had gotten to the point where he slept on one side of the bed and Tom on the other, Claire in the middle. Despite the man owning his own apartment he never left theirs and Tom wasn't interested in telling him to leave.

In fact, none of the men really left their apartment unless they had to do something specific in their homes or catch up on paperwork. Claire liked to think that it was due to her being ill but the closeness of them made her question that. Michael and Sebastian shared the spare room and the couch, switching from time to time so it was 'even'

"I'm feeling OK, just a little tired," Claire smiled.

With Chris being the second alpha and Tom's right-hand man it was safe to assume that he had a little more leeway than the other two. In fact, Chris had taken the role of Tom minus the sex and
strong intimacy when Tom wasn't here. No one seemed to question this sudden change in attitude or challenge his position.

"That's good," he smiled,

"Your package should be delivered today, love," Tom commented, scrolling through his phone.

Last night between naps and playing with Pepper Tom brought her a laptop computer and encouraged her to order some arts and crafts stuff off a hobby website. Claire really wasn't up to traveling into the city and dealing with crowds and none of her boys were interested in letting her do that.

"Remind me later to order that stuff for Pepper," Michael spoke,

Since Michael seemed to be the most interested in Pepper and Pepper taking a very strong liking to him - he took over the role of 'hog daddy' where Claire was her momma. This meant he wanted to help take care of her and make sure that she was comfortable and had everything she needed. Claire expressed that Pepper needed more toys, an exercise wheel and several litter boxes at her disposal so she won't have any accidents.

None of them knew that Pep was litter trained until she waddled over to one of Tom's potted plants in the corner and went to the bathroom. They figured that the pot itself looked similar to a litter box and Pepper just assumed that's where she went. It was hard to not get mad at her for doing it either.

"How is she doing for insects?" Mike asked, looking up at her.

"She's good for now."

"And pellet?"

"Good,"

Claire could tell that Sebastian was starting to get a little jealous with her willingness to accept Chris's affections. Finding that balance between all of her boys was still a struggle. Claire was trying to be neutral and appear to have 'favorites' To show Seb that she wasn't forgetting about him Claire stretched out and nudged his leg with her foot.

He smiled weakly at her and gently held her bare feet in his hand, massaging the soles with his free fingers. Claire gladly moaned heavily for him and fluttered her eyes closed. She swears his fingers were magic. Submitting Claire placed her arm over her head and slumped down on the couch. She felt her breath hitch a little and her heart rate increase slightly. Without warning her quim began to throb and a small rush of pleasure ran down her spine and pooled between her legs as her nipples became stiff under her shirt.

"Well then," Michael commented with a bit of lust "You managed to make her cum without touching her sexually, Seb."

"Magic fingers," Seb smirked, "And pressure points,"

"I can smell her arousal from here," Tom commented from where he was sitting in front of them.

Claire blushed and refused to open her eyes and acknowledge the four sets of eyes watching her very closely. An orgasm was the last thing in the world that Claire thought she’d have. It was a bit embarrassing. Especially since she could feel an uncomfortable slickness between her legs. She fought the urge to reach down and adjust her panties.
She could feel Chris's strained manhood trapped between his sweatpants and the back of her head. Every once in a while he'd throb. Claire felt bad because she couldn't do anything for him. She was quickly becoming a cock-tease leaving men half hard and not helping to get rid of it. They didn't complain but she was sure that it must hurt.

"You never made me cum when you rubbed my feet that one time!" Michael scoffed playfully, breaking the tension in the room.

"I don't swing that way," Sebastian cheekily replied, "Sorry buddy,"

"Well, you're no fun!" Chris commented with a smile.

"Did you fall asleep love?" Tom asked, a twinkle of mischief in his eyes. "I know you tend to go when you cum but this is a new record."

"No!" Claire curtly denied, opening her eyes. "I'm awake!"

"Just embarrassed?" Sebastian asked, "Don't be embarrassed by a normal physical reaction. Nobody here is going to judge you on that. You reacted exactly how I wanted you too. I wanted you to rapture so you could relax a lot sooner than under normal circumstances."

"Orgasms release endorphins in the brain," Tom explained, watching his packs interactions pridefully, "Endorphins is what makes the body feel good and instantly relax. Which is why you tend to fall asleep right after we've made love."

"Excuse me, I have too...well," Claire blushed. The wetness between her legs was becoming too much for her and she couldn't stand it anymore. She didn't think it was polite to shove a bunch of tissues into her pants and clean up her post orgasmic bliss.

"Yes of course," Michael spoke, moving so that she was able to stand.

As she went to the washroom Claire noticed that Chris was hiding his semi-hardon under a throw pillow like a teenage boy. Him being so secretive about his own arousal made her wonder if Chris was supposed to be getting aroused by her.

Just as she was about to close the bathroom door she heard Tom ask Chris, "Have you slept with her?" It wasn't a jealous accusation but more of a casual question. Lingering in the doorway she smiled with Chris's response. "No, and I won't unless she comes to me. I'm not a man to push myself on a woman. I don't need to. When the timing is right - it's right."

"Alright, just curious," Tom replied, "I trust Claire and you guys to tell me if you had and not keep it a secret."
Lee sat cross-legged beside her on the couch, placing her tea down in front of her. He turned his large body a bit and observed her making tightly knitted rows with a very colorful pink yarn.

"What are you making?" he asked, gingerly picking up the bit of yarn she had already knitted together, admiring it.

"I'm making a little snug-away for Pepper," Claire informed him. "Like a hedgehog sleeping bag. I'll eventually sew the sides together once I've reached the full length I need."

His eyes lit up with her explanation and picked up his tea. The earthy scent of sage and patchouli came off of his body and made Claire smile softly. Richard was at work and Tom had stepped outside to take a few phone calls leaving her alone with the warlock.

With Lee's urging Claire had brought Pepper with her for a visit. Right away he picked her up and began to examine her. After concluding that Pepper was healthy he placed her down in a shallow box with a blanket and offered the hog some fresh Kale from his garden. A vegetable she apparently liked because as of right now Pepper was still chewing on it. Her box resting on their coffee table in front of them.

"Is Pepper a little more friendly now?" Lee asked, "I didn't see any physical reasons for her to be upset."

"I only get an attitude if she's woken up from her naps or if I leave," Claire told him. "I've been spending a lot of time with her as well as the others."

"She's also a baby still too," Lee replied, reaching over to scratch the top of her head. "And I wouldn't say she's 2 years old I'd estimate that she's a little bit over 1 years old. Her previous owner probably bought Pepper from a pet store and the pet store had her age wrong."

"She's litter trained,"

"That's good," he smiled, picking the hedgehog up once she abandoned the kale in favor for attention from Lee. "Oh yes, hello little girl!" he cooed, gently flipping Pepper over onto her back and resting her on his lap.

Pepper stuck her tongue out a little and yawned before stretching. Slowly her back legs started to disappear into her squishiness.

"You should look into getting her spayed," Lee informed her, stroking Pepper's stomach with his fingers. "They're intolerable when in season," he added,

"Can I get a boy neutered?"

"I'd suggest you do," he replied, "Especially if this little girl isn't spayed. Hedgehogs have litters of up to six,"

Pep started to struggle in a bid to sit back up with Lee helping her ultimately. Once back in her box she ate a little more kale, pooped and then buried herself under the blanket in a bid to sleep.
Claire apologized for her hogs rude behavior and cleaned up the mess right away. When she got back to the couch Tom was off the phone and seated in the overstuffed chair across from the couch.

"When will Richard be back from work? I need to know if her heart has healed a bit from your tinctures," Tom spoke sincerely,

"He should be here soon, Rich never told me he was going to be late tonight. He knows that you and Claire were coming over."

"Is your, the future mother of your child...is she coming as well?" Claire asked, not too sure what exactly she should address the woman as.

Lee smiled and replied "Autumn is visiting with her family right now. She'll be back on Sunday," Well, at least they had a name for her? Richard nor Lee was really interested in giving away that much information about Autumn.

"We have to make a date and time to start the process," Tom reminded him, adjusting Pepper's blanket around her. "I'm not licensed to do fertility treatments but I have a colleague that I use as a reference who does this sort of thing. I've done it before with people I'm close with," Tom confessed, "And it's been successful, I do know what I'm doing and I have a Dr working in my office as a person to fall back on."

"Oh that's fine," Lee smiled, "We trust you. We don't need a degree but rather someone who knows what they're doing."

"I do know what I'm doing and I have actually drawn up several different courses of treatment for us to discuss."

"There's more than one?" Richard asked from the doorway. He sounded genuinely curious about the statement.

"Yes, it all depends on how easy Autumn is able to conceive and if there are any potential complications. That's why it's important for me to run all my tests and make sure she's healthy, fertile and balanced."

Richard acknowledged him before going upstairs and changing out of his work clothes. Which was business casual. The dark blue dress shirt opened a little at the top and his black dress slacks made the man look even more intimidating. Richard definitely looked like someone that worked for the government.

He came back down in a t-shirt and a pair of lounge pants heading straight for the kitchen. Unlike his partner, Richard chose a whiskey on ice in a crystal tumbler.

"I need to know if her heart has improved or not," Tom spoke as soon as Richard sat down beside Lee, observing Pepper's box carefully. He drew the tumbler up to his lips just as Pepper popped her head out from under the blankets causing Richard to choke a little.

"That's not ours, is it?!" he exasperated looking at Lee.

"No, That's Pepper," Lee assured, padding his thigh. "I wanted to make sure she was healthy which she is."

"Good, good," he replied, bringing the tumbler back to his lips. "No more hedgehogs," Richard added before taking another sip. "Now, your heart. I can't gauge anything unless your heart rate is
rapidly increased. I'm not about to harass you emotionally to achieve this, so - I suggest you go for a bit of a sprint up the sidewalk. We'll all be watching you. Come back and stand in front of me and I can do a once over to see if your heart is in rhythm." Richard explained to her firmly.

Claire looked from Tom to Richard and back to Tom once more. She wasn't sure if running was wise. Not by the way everyone had been treating her with kid gloves over the last week.

Tom didn't look like he was so sure of that request either. Richard placed the tumbler on the coffee table and spoke, "Look, you're not gravely ill. You're not well, but it's not going to kill you to do as I had suggested."

"It's alright sweetheart," Tom encouraged, standing up.

Claire followed suit and walked outside with Richard and Tom. Lee stayed behind to watch over Pepper so she wasn't alone. After a few reassuring breaths, Claire fought off the negative thoughts of actually running in front of someone and took off down the sidewalk, turning at the stop sign and returning to where Richard and Tom stood.

Richard tilted his head to the side and bent down a bit so that he was ear level with her heart. Claire felt her heart beat rapidly against her chest cavity. A few unsexy huffs and puffs showed just how out of shape she'd allowed herself to get.

"It's good," Richard informed them after a while. "She's only skipping one beat whereas it was three."

With the task completed Richard nodded his head in the direction of their home where they re-entered. His neighbors were wondering why a chubby young woman was running down the sidewalk only for their neighbor to press his ear to her chest.

Lee was holding Pepper once more and petting her back, quills laying flat and smooth as he stroked her. Raising his head up he waited for the end results.

"She's improved. Her heartbeat went from three missed beats to one." Richard informed him. "We can either do one of two things." he addressed, sitting back in his spot on the couch and picking up his somewhat watered down whiskey. "I can make you another batch of tinctures for her heart. It'll be stronger and take me a few days to make it. This should do the trick and heal the heart completely. However, it's not exactly kind in doing so. You'll feel downright miserable while taking the medicine. Or, we can leave it in the hands of Chris and Michael which means potential surgery and maybe some type of foreign device being used."

His description of the tincture made her a little worried. Judging by the look on Tom's face he wasn't so sure of that himself.

"What kind of side effects are we talking about?" Tom asked, "It's not...black magic is it?"

"No, I don't conduct black magic. It's illegal anyways. I don't intend to be in jail when I'm preparing to be a father," Richard answered, "And in general she'll have a fever, vomiting, headache, dizziness, and cramping of various muscles. You can combat that with ginger lemon tea brewed with dried sunflower leaves."

"And it's guaranteed to fix my heart completely?" Claire pressed, looking at the man.

"Yes," Richard confirmed seriously, finishing off his drink.

"How?" she asked stunned,
"Magic my dear," Richard grinned and gave a wink. "Magic and the gifts from Mother Earth,"

Chapter End Notes
Before they left Richard and Lee's home Tom left to pick something up. She had no idea that he'd return with a $1000 in a bank envelope only to hand it to Richard.

Richard explained to her that he needed to purchase ingredients for this volatile tincture that wasn't cheap or easy to acquire. Tom was willing to pay whatever amount the warlock wanted because at the end of the day it was her health and that was priceless.

"I don't...I don't know," Claire commented hesitantly while they were still driving, "I don't really wanna go for surgery."

"I don't really want you to go for surgery either, but, there are pros and cons to both solutions. And I think as a pack we need to sit down and discuss it before just jumping onto one solution." Tom replied passively, taking her hand in his.

"Ultimately it's my decision," Claire pointed out firmly, squeezing his hand.

"Yes, you're right." Tom agreed, "And in the end, we'll respect your decision and mold our schedules around it as best we can."

"Chris isn't going to like Richard's suggestion," Claire sighed,

Last night the man had slept in their bed once more with her tucked protectively against his body. Tom had no choice but to scoot in as close as he could. Eventually, she managed to get Chris onto his back and her on her stomach between the men. That way both men were able to cuddle her at the same time.

"Chris doesn't like anything that's going to harm you in some way. Unfortunately, that's something we can't avoid - immortal or not." Tom explained,

Pepper was awake and using the fact that she was on Claire's lap to look out the passenger window. Her lower half was still in the box while her front paws rested on the door rest. She was alarmingly long when stretched out. Small black nose sniffed and pressed against the glass smudging it as her whiskers twitched from the contact.

"Can you please get her down? If I have to slam on the brakes unexpectedly Pepper's going to go flying. " Tom chastised.

Claire picked her up and placed her back in the box so that she was safer than before. Pepper, being stubborn and pigheaded like Claire, decided that she was going to try and get her better view once more. Claire foiled her attempts and put her back in the box scolding the hog.

"No, no, no!" Claire scolded, wagging her finger at her. In response, Pepper gave her a verbal complaint before kicking her blanket around making a nest. "Tom," she addressed, tucking Pepper in a bit, "Why is Chris acting like he's the alpha?"

"By natural placement, Chris is an alpha male. It's common for a pack to have two alpha males in case the current leader dies. If I were to die, Chris would take over the role of active leader. That way we can assure that another alpha from an outside pack can't swoop in and steal my members." Tom
explained, turning to acknowledge her a bit, "Betas and omegas need direction, period. Although not completely defenseless they need a cap to the pyramid or things won't run smoothly. Because Chris is an alpha and my appointed second in command he has more liberties than the others. If I'm not around Michael and Seb listen to Chris."

“And all of you listen to me?” Claire asked,

“Yes, correct. You're the boss's boss. The President while I'm the CEO.”

Slowly they had been explaining how their culture worked. Claire didn't realize that they were this complicated or had that many rules to abide by either.

“Would I automatically go to Chris if you die?” She asked, her voice shaky with emotion.

“You'll go wherever you want,” Tom spoke firmly, “But Chris would make it clear that he'd like to be your mate. That doesn't mean you have to accept that. You could be with Michael or even Seb if you choose.”

“He's very fawned of me, isn't he?” She asked, petting Pepper lovingly.

“Everyone is,” Tom replied, pulling into his parking spot and turning the car off. “Look, Chris isn't cuddling up to you because he's looking to get laid. You're his Luna and using a very loose definition - his mate. Chris cares deeply for you, we all do. Because he's an alpha he's more straightforward with his affections whereas Mike and Sebastian will hold back and let you initiate it.”

Claire nodded her head accepting Tom's explanation. She leaned in and accepted his kiss. Gently Tom held her cheek in his hand as he smiled at her. Taking a deep breath she nuzzled into the palm of his hand.

“Your sick, you're weakened,” he added, “Our wolves and the everything that makes us men know this and because of that, we want to protect you, cuddle you, keep you safe. It pains us to know that you're not 100%” Tom kissed her passionately, nose rubbing against hers. His lips parted hers for a breath, forehead against forehead. “Come on, have to discuss important stuff. And Pep needs to be fed again.”

She took a moment to gather herself and exited the vehicle once Tom opened the door for her. Tom took Pepper's box and made sure she stayed in it. A few times she tried to climb out of it during transport up the stairs but Tom pushed her back into the box.

“Naughty creature! Just like your mother,” Tom told her with a half smile.

Pepper, as it turns out, is starting to show her more devious side. A few times the hedgehog had escaped from her cage and ended up knocking over all the small stuff on Tom's dresser as if she were bowling. Waking them with a startle.

Once inside their apartment, it became apparent that only Chris was present. He stood and embraced her right away, his arms folding around her middle as he placed a ginger kiss on her forehead.

“Are you alright?” He asked with concern, pulling back enough to see her face fully.

“Yeah I'll be ok,” Claire smiled,

“Can you text Mike and Sebastian? We need to have a pack meeting.” Tom spoke, eyeing them carefully. "It's important," he continued when it was clear Chris wasn't moving fast enough for him.
Reluctantly Chris pulled away from her which allowed Claire to place Pepper back in her cage and get changed into her PJ's. As she got undressed Claire could feel someone watching her, turning slowly she smiled when coming face to face with Tom. He was leaning against the doorway watching her passively. In reality he was blocking the view from Chris.

"You've lost a little weight," Tom commented, gazing at her as she stood there topless,

"I guess so. I haven't weighed myself in a while." Claire replied apprehensively. She didn't feel any lighter and her clothes still fit the same as they had before.

Tom pushed off from the doorway and came to stand directly in front of her. Hands smoothed their way up and down her sides tracing her curves before coming up and cupping her breasts, cradling them. Claire pressed her chest out encouraging him a little more.

"No more weight loss," he cooed, dipping down a bit to give her a kiss, "I don't want your luscious curves to go anywhere."

"I thought you didn't care what I looked like," she giggled, kissing him back playfully, "I'm attracted to attractive women," Claire reminded him.

"True," he grinned, looping his arms around her waist, "But my preference had always been women with curves. So sexy." Tom growled, "Especially these big breeding hips," Fingers dug into her hips as he squeezed and rocked them back and forth a little. "And your plump ass, perfect for holding when you're riding me!"

A cough from the hallway interrupted Tom's sweet talking. Warily he turned to acknowledge Chris. "Seb and Mike will be here within the hour. They stepped out to run errands and pick up their working schedules for next week."

"Right, we'll be right with you," Tom dismissed as politely as possible. He managed to hide the fact that she was topless from Chris by pressing Claire's body flush against his possessively. When Chris left he turned his attention back to her, "Right, where were we love?" he cooed.

Chapter End Notes

My current mood:
Claire was seated next to Tom with her pack members fanned out in a semi-circle in front of them. They were waiting for her to address them like the Queen would with England. A bit uncomfortable she pulled at her already loose shirt and tried to get comfortable in her seat.

“We have a problem,” Tom told them casually, “Her heart condition has improved from missing three beats to one.”

“That’s good but it’s not great,” Chris frowned, looking at her sadly.

“Correct,” Tom agreed, “We have two solutions to the problem. One, Richard has agreed to provide a very powerful tincture that will heal her heart. Or two, surgery – I’m presuming.”

Her boys sat back and thought about the two options that they laid out on the table for them. Claire couldn’t do anything and carry on as if everything were all right. What was the point of immortality if she wasn’t in the best health? Richard and Lee had told them that it would carry on through the immortality spell. Claire didn’t want to have a repeating series of mini heart attacks or strokes. The problem was – Claire didn’t know which route she should go. They were the doctors, not her.

“With surgery, we’re looking at 2-3 months recovery time,” Chris explained to everyone. “The good majority of that time will be considered ‘bed rest’ which is limited to no activity.”

“Depending on how bad it is or what’s causing it – you’ll have some type of foreign device forever in your body. Ideal for humans but not for immortality.” Michael commented with concern.

Surgery in general never sounded like fun. Claire was terrified of the aftermath. The bruising, the soreness, the scars…it was all something she wanted to avoid.

“Magical tinctures though…” Sebastian stated with concern, unsure of the very idea. “I mean, that can hurt her more in the end.”

“Well, Rich said that it wouldn’t be a cakewalk. Claire would be seriously ill for the duration of the tincture, which is supposed to be given to her consecutively for a week.” Tom clarified; he rubbed the back of his neck in uncertainty. There was a pained look on his face as he tried to figure out the situation.

“I don’t…I don’t have a problem with the tincture,” Claire spoke up hesitantly. She was scared of being dismissed despite the situation affecting her the most in the end. “I’m strong enough to handle it.”

“We don’t doubt for one second that you’re not.” Chris assured, “It’s about balancing out what’s best for you in the end. We don’t know what Richard’s definition of seriously ill really is. It’s one thing to say something but for it to actually happen? That’s a whole different ballgame.”

“You’re human,” Michael pointed out with concern, “What may be seriously ill for Chris or me, may very well kill you. And that’s what we’re struggling with right now.”

Tom squeezed her thigh and nodded his head ‘yes’ as she looked to him for confirmation. Richard knew that she was human. He wouldn’t have suggested something that may kill her. The man was
no dummy. They were just overly protective of her.

“I have to go back to work on Mondays. But, I’m working the night shift so I can look after Claire during the day until someone comes home and takes over.” Sebastian spoke up.

“Don’t you need to sleep?” Claire inquired,

“No, we don’t really get tired like humans do unless we’re overly stressed mentally. We can go long periods of time without physically sleeping.” Sebastian explained. “Recently we’ve been sleeping a lot,” he placed emphasis on ‘a lot’ “And we’re kind of banking energy for future use.”

“Charging our batteries completely,” Tom smiled, “So in the off chance we won’t get worn out.”

“It’s perfect for being a doctor,” Chris smiled, “We were never tired during residency like the other students.”

Claire wished that she didn’t have to sleep – although she did like her naps. Despite the immortality spell, she suspects that sleep would still be on the schedule of things she’ll need to function. And then it dawned on her. If they don’t really sleep because of there werewolf-hood, does that mean that whatever babies they have won’t sleep either? An infant or toddler that never slept was the very definition of exhaustion and maybe a nervous breakdown.

“Our babies,” Claire addressed wide-eyed and serious, “They’ll sleep, right?”

Once more she was laughed at despite it being a valid question. “The babies will sleep! We stop physically needing sleep after we change over for the first time.” Tom answered, “However, with us being teenagers we still sleep for the sake of being lazy.”

“We don’t need to worry about the pups not sleeping. They’ll get in a solid few hours at a time. If they’re being fussy you have four mates to fall back on so you don’t necessarily have to tend to them.” Chris explained,

“Babies and sleep aside,” Sebastian piped up with a surprising amount of authority in his voice. “We have to figure out what we’re doing here. “I want to know what exactly is in this tincture and what it’s going to physically do to Claire before I agree with it.”

“It’s my decision. I’m the Luna,” Claire reminded him weakly,

“Yes, but, it’s our duty to make sure that you’re safe and protected.” Sebastian responded, “And with that in mind we can make an executive decision to not allow you to do something.”

Well then. That didn’t sound like something Claire would welcome with open arms. Claire would know what was best for her at the end of the day – hopefully.

“Richard wouldn’t harm Claire,” Tom stepped up to defend his friend’s partner. “He’s done nothing but help her. Lee and Richard are both concerned for her health. If he didn’t care about her he wouldn’t have said anything about her heart in the first place.”

“Yeah, I mean, I don’t like really trust magic either but I have a good feeling about Richard’s intentions. I’m just scared about the implications it’ll have with Claire for that week.” Chris spoke with hesitation. It sounded like it pained him to admit it.

“I’m on call from the hours of 9 am to 9 pm starting Wednesday,” Michael stated, “If I’m called into surgery late at night I could be longer.”
They were going around in circles and Claire felt a headache coming on. Wincing a little she squinted her eyes closed and pinched the bridge of her nose. Tom knew right away that she needed Tylenol and water, which he got up and retrieved for her. Gratefully Claire accepted it and cradled the water glass to her chest as she stared straight ahead. All she could hear were the men discussing various schedules and who would be home at what part of the day. Everything was becoming a massive blur and Claire began to feel lightheaded.

“I need to go lay down,” Claire announced, standing up and swaying a little as the sudden blood rush hit her.

Tom was there to catch her before she stumbled. Firm, strong hands held onto her elbows as Claire steadied herself. Very carefully she was walked into the bedroom where she crawled into bed. It was becoming apparent that they needed to figure out a solution soon because her illness was worsening.

“We need to go with the tincture,” Claire told them as they all stood in front of her bed with various degrees of worry etched on handsome faces. “I can’t go through surgery than wait three months to recover properly. I’m sorry but I can’t. I need to become immortal as quickly as possible.”

“You need to rest,” Tom told her, “We understand what you want and we’ll discuss the medical aspect as to whether you’re physically strong enough for it. We cannot as doctors and your mates purposely place you in a dangerous situation.”

This was an argument Claire wasn’t going to win right now so she kept her mouth shut. Grudgingly she took the remote control from Sebastian and turned the TV on. With her accepting temporary defeat, her boys left the bedroom, closing the door behind them, where she presumed they’d continue to discuss her treatment in a more scientific way Claire wouldn’t have understood anyway.

Pepper was running in her wheel, her cage sitting at the foot of their bed against the wall and under the TV on Tom’s dresser. That way Claire could watch her from where she rested. Sensing that she was being watched Pepper stopped and came over to the bars, wiggling her nose and twitching her ears.

“I know girl,” Claire sympathized, “We’ll figure something out soon,” Seeing that her hog wanted attention she got out of bed and opened Pepper’s cage, picking her up.

She placed Pepper on the foot of their bed and watched as she waddled up to where her pillow was, waiting. Once Claire was laying back down and under the covers, Pepper made short work on tunneling under the covers and coming to lie against Claire’s hip. Pepper seemed to know when Claire really needed some comfort that only an animal could provide. With her arm under the blankets, Claire stroked the length of Pep’s belly and under her chin. The hedgehog turned on her side and nuzzling into her hand in response to the affection.

“My sweet girl,” Claire murmured lovingly to Pepper, “What would I ever do without you?”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you to J for emailing me to make sure I was alright. That made my day. I have written quite a few chapters that need to be edited. I’m not sure when those will be posted. I came back from my mothers to a sick bird that is way more sicker than originally. The people I was assured would look after him, didn’t. So I’ve done a lot of screaming and a lot of crying and I may have thrown an item or two. Long story short -
I'm exhausted.
Chapter 51

*Tom’s point of view*

Never in a million years did he or anyone else in this room think that they’d have to put their heads together and recall all their medical knowledge for a solution to a problem that was strictly theirs – Claire. It was one thing to call upon a colleague for help in regards to a patient occasionally but this wasn’t a patient. This was their partner, their Luna, Tom’s soul mate.

“I think we need to have Richard here so he can help monitor her,” Sebastian stated firmly. “We’re not bloody warlocks. He’s using magic on her. How are we supposed to know if something’s gone amiss with the tincture?”

“I don’t really want a strange man around Claire in an intimate manner.” Chris replied, “During her weakened state,”

Michael looked at him carefully, “I don’t like it either but it’s not as if Richard would be watching us have sex with her. He’d be making sure that his potion isn’t going haywire,”

Tom raised his hand up and silenced everyone. He needed to get a hold of the reins before they all broke out into an argument where no one got a word in edgewise. Slowly the various voices started to die down and silence took over the room. Three sets of eyes waited for him to speak making Tom a little nervous. Before Claire arrived he hadn’t really needed to execute the role of ‘leader’ except for a rare few occasions. Tom was finding that he needed to step up to the podium more and more.

“As of right now, Richard is still acquiring the ingredients for the tincture. He’s keeping me updated on the progress. I will speak to him about the effects in more detail and report back to you.” Tom informed them calmly. “Until then, we can’t argue around Claire or cause any unnecessary stress.”

“She’s probably exhausted,” Chris piped up, “That’s why she’s feeling weakened and light headed.”

“I need a copy of all your schedules. We’ll place it on my fridge so that everyone is aware of when someone’s supposed to work.” Tom informed them.

Tom’s bedroom door opened and Claire walked out in her underwear and a baggy t-shirt. Pepper was in her arms and against her chest lovingly. The little critter looked up at her as Claire cooed and gushed over her while walking into the kitchen. Everyone’s eyes were on Claire wondering what she was doing. Almost as if it was muscle memory she opened the fridge door and grabbed a can of soda and the leftover food for Pepper. Hip checking the fridge closed Claire ignored all of them and went back to the bedroom. They could still hear her cooing and ooing over the animal. Tom was a bit jealous.

Apparently, Claire didn’t know the meaning of bed rest. If she had asked any of them they’d have gladly retrieved those items for her. Oh, whom was he kidding? Tom knew that Claire was too independent to rely on anyone for a long length of time. It wasn’t within her nature and that was frustrating. It was frustrating because she was too much like Tom and Tom knew exactly what he was like…

“Pepper really loves her, huh?”
“And vice versa,” Michael smiled, “I’m glad Claire found her. Almost like it was meant to be,”

“A young woman needs an animal companion,” Tom agreed, “A hedgehog is rather unconventional but it suits Claire.”

His darling’s arms must have been burning because Claire came back out of the room without Pepper. She was still in her panties and a baggy t-shirt giving the illusion of having a bare bottom. If she moved just right a bit of bum cheek was visible from where her panties tucked in a bit causing him and the others hearts skip a beat or two.

“Are you done talking about me yet?” She asked, bending over and rummaging through the box of art supplies that came the other day.

There were still several items she hadn’t gotten around to using like coloring books and felt pens. Tom suspected that that was what she was after right now. Claire stood upright with a detailed ‘adult’ style-coloring book and a large box of 100 different colored felt pens. Back from his studying days, he had a lap pad, which she could use as a table in bed.

“We just have your best interest in mind, love. Magic is a tricky thing and we don’t know how to handle it.” Chris explained, “There’s a lot more than just herbs and flowers going in that bottle. What do you think makes it possible to fix your heart? If it were that simple we’d be using it in modern medicine and cure that issue altogether?”

Claire flipped through an insanely detailed coloring book before settling on that one and another one with flowers in it. “Oh, I understand that I’m teasing you.” She smiled faintly, “I’m going back to bed. Mike, I need help bathing Pepper later.”

“Yes of course,” he answered with a smile,

With her felts and her coloring books, Claire went back to the room leaving them to figure out whether they wanted Richard to babysit his potion or not. Tom knew Richard for as long as he had Lee and right away he knew that Rich wasn’t going to be happy with this proposal. The man worked a regular 9-5 job at a human government agency on behalf of his council. He was very anal and particular; taking days off work wasn’t in his nature. Plus, they were essentially questioning his tincture and that alone was an insult. Tom was currently on Richard’s good side and wanted to remain there.

“I think we’ll be able to handle whatever that tincture brings,” Tom told them. “Claire is very strong mentally and physically. I have faith that she’ll power through it.”

“Well,” Seb hesitated, scratching the back of his neck, “She did do remarkably well with the aftermath of that Plan B pill,”

“We don’t even know just how ‘bad’ these side effects will be,” Tom spoke, agreeing with Sebastian, “Richard might just be giving us the worst case scenario to be on the safe side.”

Chris was still hesitant like Tom knew that he would be. The man was suspicious of magical types due to upbringing. Warlocks and Witches were renowned for being tricksters and mischievous. Tom found that although a select few will cheat you the good majority of them were playful and helpful – for a small fee.

“Chris,” Tom assured looking the man dead in the eyes, “You and Michael will be with her during the day while Sebastian and I will be with her during the night. Claire is covered 24/7 by two people at all times. I can promise you nothing bad will come to her.”
“You know as well as I do that surgery alone is hard on a human and then we’re looking at a 2 to 3-month recovery. That prevents the immortality spell being cast for close to 4 or 5 months depending on when we can secure a date for the surgery alone.” Michael replied, taking Tom’s side automatically but being passive at the same time.

“I don’t want her cut open and tampered with,” Sebastian spoke warily, “I just don’t like the idea of it. I find it very intrusive,”

Chris opened his mouth to talk but quickly closed it and pondered what they were saying. Logically he should know that they were right, but they werewolves and unfortunately their wolf had an opinion that sometimes didn’t meet logic. Their wolf was hard to silence the good majority of the time never mind a situation like this.

“The doctor in me says it’s a good idea because I know first hand about the procedure and the aftermath. But, my wolf is hesitant. He’s not…he’s not happy with me. In fact, he’s pissed.” Chris apologized looking a little crestfallen.

“I know,” Tom sympathized, “Unfortunately our wolves don’t understand certain things. We can’t just keep our lover stashed in a cave and hope they’ll recover.”

“It’s frustrating because I know what I should be doing but I can’t,” Chris continued, “I don’t want to come across as overbearing or smothering.”

“Speaking for Claire I know that she doesn’t hold any animosity towards you. I think if anything she’s learning a little more about us.” Tom assured him. “We had a discussion in the car before we arrived home and I explained a few things to her.”

“Yeah, she doesn’t hate you,” Sebastian told Chris, “And I’m sure if she was upset Claire would actually go to you and say something. It isn’t within her nature to keep her mouth shut and let you get away with something.”

“I don’t hate you,” Claire scoffed, blowing off the accusation completely as she went into the kitchen for a snack. “Why the hell would I hate you?” she asked, grabbing a bag of mini carrots from the fridge. “You’re an alpha, it’s your job to sit on me and make sure I don’t get into mischief. And besides, it’s comforting that I have someone so protective of my well being.” She smiled, stopping in front of the blonde Aussie before leaning down and boldly kissing him on the mouth in front of everyone. To make sure that no one was left out Claire kissed Michael and Sebastian before finishing with Tom. “I don’t hate anyone,” Claire told them all, “I love you all equally and I appreciate the different roles you have in my life.”

Chapter End Notes
Chapter 52

Chapter Notes

*NSFW* Smutty-smutt smutt. *Not responsible for loss of employment if read at work and your caught by your boss.

Pairings: Chris/Claire

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chris layout on his belly shirtless and facing the foot of the bed awkwardly. He watched her with steely blue eyes as Claire interacted with Pepper. Tom was out running errands, Michael was napping in his apartment and Sebastian was out for a jog leaving her alone with the man.

Pepper was nose around the blankets chasing after Claire’s finger. She figured that the hog thought her finger was a grub or something else tasty to eat.

“Careful she doesn’t bite you accidentally,” Chris commented, “They have sharp little teeth and I can’t recall in your medical records that you’ve had tetanus recently.”

However, he managed it; Chris had gotten a hold of her complete medical records starting at birth and had read through it thoroughly several times. Claire wasn’t exactly happy with this but there was little she could do about it.

“She’s not going to bite me,”

There was a small stuffed animal made for a cat that Pepper seemed to favor at the moment. She liked to pick it up in her mouth and toss it around or push it by her nose. In a way, Pep was kind of like a small dog and every day she did something new to amaze them. A few days ago they filled the bathtub a few inches with warm water and allowed Pepper to paddle around. Pepper was quite the happy hog doggy-paddling around and playing with one of her plastic balls with the bell in the middle. They used a special hedgehog shampoo and now Pepper smelt like strawberries and seemed to be happier and more energetic, much like Claire after she’s had a shower.

“Do you think it’s safe to have sex?” Claire asked Chris casually.

Out of the corner of her eye, she could see the man stiffen slightly before relaxing and thinking about that question. It had been about two weeks since she’s had sex and that itch was starting to become unbearable. Both her or Tom was in the position to start anything and even if she tried he probably wouldn’t for fear of her ‘heart’ even though that never stopped them before.


“I’m horny,” she blushed, Chris just looked at her and blinked before sitting up. Loose blond locks of hair fell along the side of his face eventually causing him to take the hair tie out altogether. He looked like a male-model sitting there in all his Greek-God glory. Even slightly slouched forward he was fit and perfect. If Claire was mirroring his position she probably looked like she smuggling an inner tube around her waist.

“That’s not good,” he spoke, overlooking her body.
None of the men talked about other women or sex, not even in a joking manner. There was no photos or evidence of girlfriends in any of their apartments and none of them seemed to be the type for a meaningless one-night stand – especially Chris.

“Years,” he admitted sheepishly, “We don’t usually have a sex drive unless we’re with our mates or Luna.”

“You don’t even masturbate? Even I masturbated…still do,” Claire pressed curiously.

“No, I mean, I have but it’s not often,”

“So I guess with me around your all…horny?” she blushed, giggling a little.

“Something like that…” Chris muttered looking off to the side. “Every time you and Tom have sex we can smell the pheromones.”

Claire took hold of Pepper and placed her inside the cage with her little-stuffed animal. Locking her in safely she then turned to look at Chris who was confused. Smirking softly Claire swung her hips from side to side until she came to stop in front of him. Very lightly Claire pushed Chris back until he was laying flat on the bed.

“What?” he asked dumbly,

“Will you relax?” Claire smiled, straddling his waist.

His hands came to rest on her hips as she adjusted herself further on top of him. Claire could feel his manhood pressed against her clothed crotch. Leaning forward she kissed the middle of his chest before trailing her kisses up the side of his neck and along Chris’s jawline.

“Are you sure?” he asked, tilting his head back a little for her.

Was she sure? This itch between her legs screamed ‘yes’ and was overriding her moral dilemma. Tom had given her permission time and time again but it was one thing to actually do it. Her hesitation wasn’t lost on Chris and he started to sit back up.

“Maybe we should try this some other time, chickadee,” he offered with a small smile. “I don’t want things forced.”

“Nothing is forced,” Claire replied, allowing herself to fall back on the bed while her legs still rested around Chris’s hips. “I’ve just never done this before.”

He raised an eyebrow upwards and adjusted himself so that Claire was now the one on her back with him between her legs, hovering above Claire possessively. She could see the tenting in his sweatpants as he kept that part away from her. Submissively Claire adjusted her arms so they lay above her head enticing Chris to continue teasing her.

His attention was taken off her and to the doorway. Interested in what was so important she looked over to see Tom standing there with a faint smile on his face. He nodded his head and closed the door leaving them alone. In some morbid way, this was probably the second phase of Claire becoming the packs Luna.

Chris seeing that he had his leaders permission growled seductively and lowered his head, nipping at her pert nipple under her shirt. She gasped, pushing her chest out for him. Powerful hands traveled under the material and smoothed their way up her sides to cup her bare breasts, massaging them
briefly before letting them go long enough to push the fabric up over them and off her body. Bare breasts exposed she laid there waiting for him to take the lead.

“Fuck,” he growled, approving of what he saw.

The powerful giant loomed over her as he looked at her nude body in a sexual manner for the first time. Fingertips hooked into her panties and she felt the material slide off her hips easily, hanging around her ankles briefly until she kicked them off.

“Oh my God your gorgeous,” he praised sincerely, lust clouding her eyes. “Every beautiful inch of you!”

Hearing acceptance from another lover filled her with confidence and she reached up to touch him, small hands grabbing at his muscles and tracing Chris’s strong body. Slowly he pulled back and took a deep breath, scenting her. Chris paused when he was eye level with her quim, large hands falling on the inside of her thighs and parting them, exposing her intimately for him.

She felt him push her back a little more on the bed so he was able to move his large body into a comfortable position. Lying back on his belly he kissed the inside of her thighs, lips lingering as he inhaled her heady scent carefully – savoring the smell of her arousal.

“How does Tom make love to you, little one?” Chris asked huskily, nipping at her thighs. “Slow and steady or does he toss you around the bed?”

Claire whimpered and opened her legs wider, reaching down to clutch at his blond hair. “A little bit of both,” she told him. “He’s dominant,"

“You roll over in bed like a good Luna?” he smirked, snaking his tongue out and licking her outer folds slowly, teasing her.

Claire licked her lips and stretched a little, raising her legs and waited for him to continue. She could feel his fingers dig into her soft flesh as he braced himself, losing all abandon as he pressed his mouth against her core. Chris’s tongue graced over her clit and down to her opening before circling and coming back. She could feel him moaning and humming, the vibration sending little jolts of pleasure through her body.

“You taste delicious!” Chris cooed, taking a deep sinful swipe of his tongue from her opening and to the top of her mound.

“I love oral,” she confessed, grabbing his hair and tugging a little for him to continue. Gently her foot stroked his bicep as he tried to get control of himself.

“I wonder why with a kitty this nice,” Chris purred, rising up enough to massage her sex. “I can see why Tom kept you guarded at first,”

Fingers traced along her slit and to her honey hole, testing her as he slipped a single digit inside her body. With the contact Claire licked her lips and gasped, pressing her hips down on his hand. Slowly he moved his finger adding another until he stretched her. Chris growled and pulled his digits out, spreading her arousal over her pussy and matting the neatly groomed hair on her mound.

“You so wet,” he pointed out, “Come here, come take me out,”

Obediently Claire knelt down before him, her face level with his groin. Chris reached back and used the headboard as leverage as he waited for her to pull him out. Nervously she tugged the material down over his hips. Chris’s treasure trail turned into neatly groomed dirty blond hair above his hard
cock and smooth sac. Delightfully he sprung free and slapped his toned belly once before settling before Claire, pointing right at her. Sitting back on her heels she cooed, cocking her head to the side before taking hold of him.

Chris was big but not big enough to slam into her cervix – his girth was what worried her the most. Claire’s contact with his intimate flesh caused Chris to gasp, eyes closed tightly as he tilted his head back. He thrust his hips forward sliding his cock against the palm of her hand.

“Baby, please,” he moaned, begging for more friction…attention.

Smirking she moved her hand up and down his shaft sharply, fingers trailing along his underside until Claire came to his sac. She cupped the heavy appendage, rolling him in her hand like she did with Tom. Unlike Tom, Chris wasn’t circumcised. Every time she pulled down on his cock his head would appear fully like a delicious surprise. It seemed to suit him.

Catching her off guard Chris pushed her back a little and quickly took his pants fully off leaving him just as nude as she was. Claire found herself lying back on the bed with Chris lingering over her possessively, growling and moaning while slowly lowering himself like a predator.

“You need a condom,” Claire moaned, feeling the heat from his cock radiating against her treasure.

“Where are they?” he asked,

“Side table,” she groaned,

Chris grabbed a condom and made sure that she was watching him as he pushed it down his length – smoothing the thin sheath and making sure it was snug. Calculating, Chris pierced through her with dark blue eyes, licking his lips. Through heavy breaths, Claire patiently waited for him to continue. This was a new lover and a new alpha – she didn’t know how he ticked sexually yet. To her, it appeared like Chris was trying to calm himself down.

“You,” Chris cooed, lowering himself on top of her body, “Are the most intoxicating, beautiful woman I have ever encountered.” Dominantly Chris pressed his large body against hers, pinning Claire to the bed. She felt him run his hands up her arms; fingers encasing her wrists and placing them flush to the mattress. Applying pressure briefly he growled against her mouth, nipping at her lower lip. “And I can’t wait to be inside you,” Chris whispered seductively,

Her legs were raised and resting on his hips waiting for his penetration. Chris adjusted himself above her but not by much. The good majority of his weight pressed her comfortably against the mattress as he rocked forward looking for her entrance. The third movement saw his fat inflamed head slipping into her entrance causing them both to gasp at the same time.

Claire felt the stretch as he carefully pushed more of his length into her willing walls. Silky warm tissues stretched to accommodate the fat sex organ as Chris pulled out part way and then thrust back in slowly but steadily opening her for his full length. “Fuck,” she swore “Yes!”

Fingertips and blunt nails dug into his shoulders as she pulled up on her arms testing his hold on her. A seemingly massive hand held both wrists easily in one while the other was planted firmly on the mattress. Chris growled, nipping at her throat while squeezing her wrists and pressing them down, thrusting sharply inside her body and pulling out at a sinfully meek pace.

“You’re tight, chickadee,” he commented lustfully, “I have no idea how Tom doesn’t cum as soon as he enters your body.”
Chris’s hair draped around her face as he lowered his mouth and captured her lips dominantly, hips moving sharply back and forth. She gasped into his mouth, looping her legs around his waist to secure their bond, thrusting and pushing back against him strengthening their connection.

Her body hugged every inch of his manhood as he pressed into her with passion. Chris let go of her wrists and clutched at her hips, dragging her closer to him before rearing up onto his heels with Claire falling effortlessly on his lap. Taking a moment to adjust, she curved her spine and gasped, grasping his shoulders for support.

“Cum on,” Chris begged into her chest, nipping at a pert nipple. “Work your magic, make daddy cum!”

“Umm daddy,” Claire moaned, pushing herself up and sliding back down. Steadily she increased her motion and feel into a rhythm that they both approved of. “Oh, yes! You feel like heaven!”

A strong powerful arm settled across her lower back holding her securely to him as he captured her nipple between his lips, sucking and tugging eagerly before switching breasts. Protectively his free hand fell over her neglected breast as he thrust up to meet the roll of her hips.

Steadily she could feel her orgasm build in the pit of her stomach. A tight coil was waiting to unravel. In a seductive show of force, Chris took possession of her body and quickly pressed her back onto the mattress before pulling back and away from her completely, confused she looked at him with worry. Had she done something wrong? Were Claire’s moaning and groans too much?

“Roll over,” Chris instructed, kneeling before her.

Chris swooped down before she had a chance to do as he asked, mouth pressed against her soft stomach before trailing down to her sex. Eagerly he assaulted her pussy with his mouth once more, fingers digging hard enough to leave bruises on her thighs as he held her apart and at his mercy. She felt her breath hitch in her throat at the feel of his tongue against her heated flesh. Clutching the sheets she closed her eyes tightly and fought to prolong the orgasm that threatened to crash over her.

“You taste like wild honey,” Chris moaned heavily, pausing a moment. Hot breath fanned out against Claire’s overly sensitive flesh.

“Please,” she begged through a moan,

“Do you want your alpha’s fat cock in your tight little pussy?” Chris baited lustfully, nipping and kissing her mound. “Nice and deep, scratch that itch, gorgeous?”

“Oh yes, please!” Claire spoke with a purr, reaching down to draw him back to her body.

Chris seized her hips and pulled her under him roughly until she lined up with his throbbing arousal. Grabbing hold of his cock Chris watched her as he ran his head up and down her slit before pressing forward. Inching towards her Chris parted her folds and studied his member disappearing into her body with every thrust of his hips forward. Claire shuttered, grabbing the blankets once more, moving her self up and down.

One hand held her quim open while the other traced the length of her body, over her curves and back to her breasts. Chris panted, his head tilting back a little as he increased his speed. His need to dominate her became too strong and he dropped down over her, boxing Claire under his imposing sturdy frame. He growled in a feral manner, teeth grazing along the side of her neck leaving a faint mark. Muscular forearms settled on either side of her shoulders making it impossible for Claire to move out from under him. Carefully Claire placed her arms around his neck and adjusted her hips.
accepting him deeper inside her body.

Her orgasm was building once more and judging by Chris’s uneven movements he was close as well. Heavy lust filled panting was heard in her ear as he moved above her – hips rolling and rotating expertly.

“I want you to cum,” Chris growled, biting her earlobe lightly, “I want you to cum hard and loud. Loud enough so everyone can hear! Cum on baby, cum for me!”

Tingling began at the base of her spine as Chris’s manhood scratched that itch and finally broke the sexual tension they had for so long. Whatever hesitation she had was quickly dissolved as her orgasm approached closer.

“I’m going to cum!” Claire announced, holding her breath and tilting her head back exposing her neck.

Chris surprised her by placing his hand lightly around her throat and squeezing, mentally counting to eight before releasing and continuing. She thought only Tom would accept and do this during their lovemaking. His hold on her throat was so faint that it barely caused a restriction – scared he’d harm her, but just enough to send Claire over the edge.

The power of her orgasm caught them both off guard. Chris faltered above her and paused as her tight muscles clutched and drew his member into her body. His powerful body shuttered and he stumbled a little, lowering himself possessively on her – pinning her as Chris’s arm slipped under the small of her back and held her firmly to him. Warmth flooded her quim as he ejaculated heavily into the condom, gasping and crying into the crook of her neck. Ever so often he’d thrust his hips sharply forward causing them both to cry out as a lightning bolt of pleasure struck them.

As the body rush died down Chris still held her to him never wavering his hold on her. Claire’s chest was heavy against his, her heart beating in her ears loudly. Half dazed she went limp against Chris and waited for the giant to move off her.

Carefully Chris untangled himself from her, lingering close to her. Sweet kisses made a trail down her jaw to her neck where he paused above her heart – listening to the beat. Lovingly Chris smoothed his hands down the front of her body and to her treasure, cupping it. They were still connected intimately, Chris parting her smooth, flushed lips to view it.

“Jesus,” her Aussie spoke, running a hand through his hair and pushing it back away from his face. “I haven’t cum that hard, well, ever.” He admitted. “Granted, I haven’t been with many women.”

All Claire could do was smile lovingly at him, stroking his arm with her fingertips. She thought he was giving her far too much credit. Claire wasn’t very animated and shamefully allowed him to do all the work. She felt bad about not putting as much passion towards their intimacy as she did with Tom. Claire hadn’t even pleasured him with her mouth like she often did with Tom.

“I’m sorry,” she whispered, sitting up as soon as Chris pulled away from her.

He sat there for a moment to gather his thoughts, pulling off the used condom and tying it closed. Chris turned to her with a perplexed look on his handsome face. “What’s wrong?” he asked,

“I don’t…I don’t think I gave you everything you deserved,” she confessed sadly, coming to rest beside him - Claire’s body partially wrapped around his, her forehead resting against his arm.

“Oh, no, sweetheart,” Chris reassured her lovingly, turning to embrace her, “You were perfect, chickadee. I found it to be very satisfying both emotionally and physically. Here, let’s have a bit of a
“OK,” Claire smiled weakly, pulling away from him as he stood up and walked confidently to the washroom.

On his way back to the bed Chris opened the bedroom door a crack before crawling into bed next to her. A new kind of protective embrace was given as he engulfed her completely, tucking Claire under his body as he partially lay on top of her.

“Go to sleep my sweet Luna,” he cooed, “Your loved and protected,” Chris whispered, “More than you can comprehend.”

If her eyes were open and Claire wasn’t moments away from slipping into a comfortable bliss she’d have known that the rest of her pack stood around the bed, acknowledging and approving of the new bond forged between her and Chris.

Chapter End Notes

I reserve the right to use "Member" as a word to describe a man's ding-dong.
Chapter 53

Claire felt herself being partially raised up off the bed as Tom pulled out her arms and settled her back down in a less defensive manner. She hadn’t even realized that she had fallen asleep with her arms tucked under her like that. Wide-eyed she stared at out the window – the earlier days actions rushing back to her.

A small amount of guilt squashed any pleasure Claire would have received with the memories. Behind her Tom pressed his lips between her shoulder blades, pushing her hair to the side so he was able to nuzzle the side of her neck. It was just she and Tom in the bed, a rarity.

“Relax,” Tom soothed, “You’re alright, I’m not mad at you.”

He sounded sincere and his actions towards her were still affectionate. Tom wasn’t a man that hid his feelings and was always straightforward with Claire. Still, it bothered her that he apparently didn’t care that she had sexual intercourse with his friend, pack mate or not.

“I slept with Chris,” Claire confessed, her voice had made it sound more like a question than a statement.

“I am aware of that, yes,” Tom, confirmed, “I closed my bedroom door to give you privacy, and, Chris had told me after he woke up.”

“you're not…jealous?” she pressed, turning onto her back and looking up at him.

Tom stroked her bare belly with his fingers and shook his head, “Where are you?” he questioned lightly.

“In our bed?”

“Are we with anyone else right now?”

“No,”

“What time is it?” Tom asked, settling down beside her,

“Night?” Claire answered dumbly,

And then it dawned on her - she was in their bed alone at night. This is exactly what Tom had told her beforehand. No matter what Claire would always be exclusively his at the end of the day and that made her feel a bit better. He settled down a bit more besides her, as she seemed to realize the significance of right now. It would be the first time since they pretty much met that they’d be
sleeping alone in the same bed.

“Told you, love.” Tom spoke, drawing her into his side. “At the end of the day you’ll always be mine. I have the honors of holding you and protecting you throughout the night.”

“Where is everyone?” Claire asked. The apartment was unusually quiet - so quiet that they could hear Pepper running in her wheel.

“In their homes, I’m presuming,” Tom answered,

“Does this mean that they’ll never be around anymore?”

Worry about the previously unseen repercussions of her actions had caused Claire to sit up a little and look at Tom with panic. She didn’t want them banned from the apartment forever.

“Right now I wanted to be alone with you.” Tom declared, “That doesn’t mean the socialization won’t resume tomorrow or the next day.”

Claire felt that she needed to be beside Chris at the moment only because she’s never had sex with someone and then left. They had always been together afterward. A whole different kind of guilt took over at the thought of him being alone in his apartment. Did Chris think she rejected him? Was he regretting what they did? Did she regret what they did?

“Is Chris mad that I’m not there?” Claire asked Tom sincerely, settling back down in the bed.

“No,” Tom answered with a faint smile, “He’s bloody happy actually. A little while after he woke Chris turned over and went for a run with Michael. Apparently, he was behaving like a pup. I haven’t seen the man that relaxed in a long time.”

“Nobody is jealous, are they?”

“They know that eventually, you’ll come to them so being jealous is a useless emotion. It’s clear to us by now that you don’t have a favorite like some Luna’s do. If you did, you’d have narrowed in on one male and ignored the others.” Tom explained, lowering his head a little to give her a kiss. “You take your time and make sure that the moment is right. You don’t rush things,”

No, Claire didn’t have a particular favorite besides holding Tom closer to her heart. That was to be expected considering the circumstances and no one could blame her for that. At the end of the day, Tom would be loved just a little more. He and she shared a special sort of bond that Claire was just starting to realize after her encounter with Chris.

“A love you a little more, though,” Claire, announced, “You’ll always be my king – we have a special bond. I can feel that between us. If I had to choose my loyalties to you will always be stronger,”

“And that’s why I’m not jealous of your relationship with the rest of the pack,” Tom smiled, “Because no matter what I’ll always be your number one.”

Claire moved onto her side and curled into Tom, her head resting on his shoulder. The smell of his body wash, sweat and whatever distinctly made Tom, had her moaning, nose nuzzling into his skin. Tom groaned and stretched out to his full length, a whole foot and a few inches taller than Claire. She never realized that he was nude as well until the blankets slipped down his hips and came right above his pubic line.

“you’re in the mood,” Tom commented with a grin, “I can smell it.”
“you're in the mood I can see it,” Claire playfully cooed, a tenting in the blankets becoming more prominent as his manhood filled with blood.

“Why wouldn’t I be? You’re my gorgeous little lover. I’m always in the mood when it comes to you.” Gently Tom slipped between her legs and rubbed himself against her core. “I wanna cum inside you raw so badly,” he groaned, nipping her lower lip, “But my baby is very fertile right now and I can’t. Chris used a condom, right?” he asked, a faint hint of possession in his voice.

“Yes,” Claire replied, running her hands up and down his strong back.

“Good,” Tom growled, taking hold of her hips and bunching them below him. “I’m going to be the only male to plant his seed inside your womb anytime soon.”

She loved it when Tom talked in a feral manner. A chauvinistic charm that made her kitty purr. Groaning Claire raised her foot and rubbed his outer thigh with it. Blunt fingertips scraped down his back and fell along the tight muscles of his shoulders where she massaged him. Tom reared up a little and allowed her to touch his chest and stomach, the faint ginger hair covering his front tickling her fingers and causing her to moan.

“You’re so beautiful,” Claire admired, her digits tracing stomach muscles.

Stretching a little she reached down and cupped his heavy sac in the palm of her hand, squeezing him gently before releasing and going for his shaft. The heavy sex organ throbbed under her fingers as she gripped him tightly, tugging upwards.

Tom hissed, bucking into her hand while gazing down, “Fuck, yes!”

It felt odd having sex with a different man so soon after the last encounter yet she was oddly comfortable with it. Tom allowed himself to thrust into her hand a few more times before pulling back, resting on his heels. Familiar hands touched the inside of her thighs, running down to her knees and back up to her core. Protectively Tom covered her bare sex with one hand, holding her for a few minutes, clutching her softly.

Gently he scissors her open with two fingers observing her pink wetness. Professional eyes scanned her privates assessing any potential damage that Chris may have caused her. A fingertip traced along her slit, dipping inward a little and pressing down. Tom’s medical inspection of her sex caused her to grown loudly, stretching out before him submissively as her arms fell above her head.

“What are you looking for?” Claire cooed, slightly rotating her hips against his hand.

“Chris stretched you open nice and wide, huh?” he lustfully observed, “Daddy’s going to fit inside you more snuggly tonight.”

Tom lowered his head to her chest easily capturing her nipple easily, sucking and tugging with his mouth before releasing and blowing cool air against her. Claire shuddered, goose bumps covering her skin that caused him to smirk. He winked and captured the other nipple repeating the attention. Loudly Tom released the pert bud with a ‘pop’ and snaked his tongue between her breasts, down to her navel and the top of her mound all while repositioning himself on the bed so he was facing her quim.

“Did he worship your cunny with his mouth?” Tom asked, giving open-mouthed kisses to the top of her mound and over her smooth slick folds.

“Yeah!” Claire panted, the feeling of Tom’s warm wet tongue between her folds causing her head to swim. He circled around her clit before sucking the nub and easily sliding two fingers into her
“Good,” he groaned, removing his fingers long enough to use his tongue. Strong muscle darting into her opening and lapping at her walls before licking her roughly, tongue flicking her overly sensitive clit. “Because it needs to be worshiped,”

“I want you in my mouth,” Claire purred, sitting up a little in the bed and using her arms as support.

“Yeah? Where you a good girl and sucked Chris’s cock, worship his member with your tongue and lips.” Tom asked, straddling her hips and placing his groin at mouth level with Claire.

“I didn’t get a chance too,” she replied, eagerly taking his cock into her mouth, bobbing her head up and down while grasping Tom by the base. Claire popped his member out from between her lips, holding him up and licking his underside, nibbling on Tom’s weeping head.

His hold on her hair tightened a little as Tom pushed his hips forward gently feeding her his member. Gazing lustfully up at him with big eyes Claire moaned, bobbing her head softly and humming, sending vibrations through his prick. Tom’s cheeks were concaved a little, breathing heavy.

“Fuck,” Tom cursed, his accent heavy and heady. “You need to treat Chris…” he gasped, “As good as me,”

Claire sort of assumed that Tom would be upset with her for being so lazy and unanimated with Chris. She winked up at him, swirling her tongue around his head and flicking it lightly before allowing more of his shaft to rub against her tongue smoothly.

“I know it was your first time,” he added through a pant, sharply thrusting his hips a little so she wouldn’t gag. “But,” he huffed, “Next time…”

“Umm hum,” she hummed around his shaft, seductively popping him out of her mouth, licking her lips dramatically before taking hold of him and scraping her teeth over his leaking head, savoring the salty sweet taste of Tom’s pre-cum.

“your head game is strong,” Tom praised, “Your mouth should be a registered weapon!” He watched her a few more moments worship his manhood, “Hand me a condom, please,” he smiled.

Awkwardly Claire reached over and grabbed a condom out of the box for Tom. He took it and rolled it onto his manhood, adjusting it at the base. Once he was satisfied he was protected and there were no tears he motioned for her to kneel on the bed. Claire rested on her knees as he sat against the headboard, long legs out in front of him.

“Sit on my lap in reverse, face the TV,” Tom cooed, instructing her.

Continuing her awkwardness in typical Claire fashion she straddled his lap in reverse and tried not to lose her balance and fall forward. Tom gave a chuckle and took hold of her hips, guiding her back a little more until she was aligned with his cock.

“Raise up,” he asked, holding himself steady,

She did,

“Sit down love,”

Slowly she lowered herself onto him, her warm insides molding and stretching around him. Pausing, Claire braced her weight by placing her hands on his thighs. She regained her breath and continued
to lower herself, fingers digging into his strong flesh. Once Claire was seated fully on his lap Tom
effortlessly pulled himself into a straighter sitting position, arms encasing her waist from behind.

She felt him drag her back a little so she was flush against his chest. On her own, Claire adjusted her
legs so they were resting more evenly at her side and not stretched strenuously behind her.

Masculine, strong hands trailed up her front and to her breasts, cradling them lovingly. Kisses fell
along her the side of her neck as he nibbled and bit. Tom could always find the semi-transparent
mark he made every single time as if it were engraved in his memory.

Keeping one hand on her breast the other fell down to her stomach where he applied a little
reassuring pressure, encouraging her verbally to start moving back and forth. Slowly she began a
rhythm of back and forth, her hips rolling subtly as she mimicked riding a mechanical bull. Feeling
his cock strokes her walls and moving inside her caused Claire to cry out, her head falling on his
shoulder.

Tom touched areas inside her body that Chris wasn’t able to. He felt different and it was
phenomenal. Enjoying herself she increased her speed and curved her spine so that her hips were a
bit more jutted than before. Tom continued to hug her from behind, raising his legs a little to give her
more physical support.

She could feel him shudder under her, gasping loudly just below her ear. Every once in a while he’d
squeeze the breast that Tom still held. Claire’s pert nipple falling between two well-placed fingers
which tugged and rolled the bud.

“Fuck,” Claire moaned, “Oh my God I can feel you in my tummy!”

“Yes?” Tom purred, holding her a little more tightly and rotating his own hips below her. Claire
paused and allowed him to thrust up into her hard and fast before slowing into a sinfully dragged out
pace. “Give Chris some time,” he groaned, nipping at her shoulder, “He hasn’t had a lot of sex, he’s
new to the art of lovemaking just like you,”

That was oddly comfortable.

“Here, let’s try you leaning forward love, hold onto my shins,” Tom suggested,

With her legs still planted firmly on either side of Tom’s thighs, she carefully leaned forward until
she was laying forward with her hands on his shines. Tom’s hands possessively took hold of her hips
and he moved her back and forth. In this position, she could feel him in a completely different light.
He was touching, even more, new spots and Claire wasn’t sure if she liked it.

Tom being a gynecologist it would only be natural that he knew of a million different positions when
it came to sex. Hell, Tom was her personal karma sutra book.

“This,” he groaned, moving his body in time with her, “Is a good position for getting you pregnant.
My cock is aligned perfectly with your cervix. My sperm wouldn’t have very far to travel. It’ll be a
direct deposit!”

Claire could visually imagine what he was talking about and their reflection in the TV screen only
helped with the kink. She could see herself moving against Tom, breasts sitting heavy against her
chest and the slight jiggle of her tummy. Tom clutched Claire’s bum cheeks, roughly massaging and
pulling them apart so he was able to see their connection.

“I wanna fuck your bum so badly,” he growled, tracing her tight entrance with a single finger. “Fat
cheeks made to cushion my hips as I fuck this ass?”
Perhaps she’d allow him to try it. Claire trusted him enough to do it without pain or blood but it was still a somewhat sensitive topic.

“Yes, maybe,” Claire groaned, moving her bum up and down on his cock.

“How is your back?” Tom asked, tracing the curve of her spine halfway up her back and back down to her hips, feather-light touches across her hips.

“Strained,” she grunted, trying her hardest to increase their speed and connection. Claire was going to start practicing yoga once more so she would be more limber and easily moldable for Tom’s pleasure.

“I’m close to my release,” he told her, “Let’s place you on your tummy,”

He stopped her, padding Claire’s bum with his hand before she disentangled herself from on top of him and ended up flat on her stomach like a trout. Tom chuckled and nuzzled his nose into the back of her neck, placing open-mouthed kisses down her spine until he was kneeling between her legs. Before grabbing a pillow from the front of the bed he lowered his head and bit her left bum cheek hard enough to leave indentations. He even gave her a feral possessive growl as he did so.

“Raise up,” he instructed, British accent smooth like honey. “Love,”

A pillow was placed under her tummy and her back half was now propped up for Tom. Stretching out she made sure that her plump bum was up in the air with a seductive curve of her spine leading down to her back. Wiggling her bottom a few times Claire seductively smirked at Tom from over her shoulder, winking and licking her lips.

The bed dipped and he settled between her parted thighs, hands prying them further apart. Once Tom was situated he stroked her quim lengthwise his fingers dipping into her dripping, throbbing core easily. Cooing and moaning loudly she pushed herself against his hand savoring the feel of two fingers inside her body – thrusting and stretching her.

“No more foreplay, baby,” Tom told her with regret, “Daddy has to cum,”

“Fuck me,” Claire told him bluntly, “Hard and fast, pound me.”

Tom slammed into her hard from behind stopping an inch short of hitting her cervix with a bruising force. Once they adjusted his fingers dug into Claire’s soft hips, pushing and pulling her to him while he pounded into Claire from behind.

They both cried out loudly at the same time, her head tilting back as she felt her orgasm building. A mounting ball of pressure settled somewhere low in her belly. She felt her pussy muscles tighten around Tom’s cock, a sharp throbbing that steadily increased. Carefully she moved her hand under her body, fingers finding her swollen bud. Using her slickness Claire rubbed herself roughly, the tight ball in her stomach threatening to burst as her quim throbbed harder. A rush of heat flooded her sex and around Tom’s member.

“I’m going to cum!” Claire announced through shaky breath, her heart rate increasing.

“So am I!” Tom grunted his eyes closed tightly as his rhythm started to become uneven.

Claire’s entire body stiffened and she fell forward into the mattress, her arms collapsing under her body. She saw fireworks as a hard orgasm took her by surprise. A shiver started in her toes and made its way up her body. Her sex clutched and throbbed hard around Tom’s hard cock, a little gush of arousal leaked out around his appendage and down to the mattress.
“Oh shit!” Tom gasped, pausing against her body after one last thrust forward.

She could feel him shudder against her, his fingertips digging in deeper. Just like Chris had Tom too had fallen forward, pinning her to the mattress. Strong arms boxed her in as he buried his nose into the crook of her neck – breath heavy and heated against her flesh. Claire could feel him still rotating his hips slowly against her bottom, semi-hard member snugly inside her body. Carefully Tom adjusted himself behind her, pushing himself forward and desperate to keep their connection for as long as possible.

“I can feel you throbbing around me,” Tom murmured into her ear, kissing her shoulder and keeping his lips on her soft skin. “You made a mess of the bed,” he added, a smirk on his face. “You made a puddle, my love.”

All Claire could manage was a babbling of words as she clutched at the bed and tried to regain some level of normal. The ache between her legs was dimmed and replaced by subtle warmth. A comfortable numbness came over her as she started to mold into the bed. The weight of Tom’s body slowly started to lift off her leaving Claire feeling cold and empty. On shaky limbs, Claire started to sit upright only to fall back onto her stomach. The full extent of her orgasm’s aftermath had finally hit her.

Completely nude and utterly gorgeous Tom came to stand before her at the foot of the bed. He cocked his head to the side and looked down at her. If she had the energy Claire would have raised her head and looked at him but instead, she closed her eyes and adjusted her arms. He picked her up and turned her around so that she was lying properly in the bed. Blankets were tugged out from under her and bunched down by her feet temporarily as Tom began to fix the pillows and sheets quietly.

“Alright,” he spoke happily, overlooking her exhausted body. “I know you’re not asleep just yet.” Tom crawled in next to her and pulled up all the covers, grabbing hold of the remote and turning on the TV.

Like a sleepy newborn puppy Claire began to inch closer to his side, eyes tightly closed. She was seeking out the warmth of his body and the comfort and security his arms gave her. Tom turned slightly on his side and draped himself partially over her allowing Claire to face the window on her tummy.

“Go to sleep,” he yawned, “Everything will work out in the end like it always does.”

Chapter End Notes
Chapter 54

*Tom's point of view*

“Will you please remind me as to why we chose witchcraft over modern medicine?” Chris yellowed, stopping his pacing long enough to point to the shower stall.

Claire lay on her side, nude as the day she came into the world. Her body was turned at an uncomfortable angle with her head close to the drain in case she vomited once more. Beside her, Sebastian knelt and watched her with an intensity that rivaled a vulture waiting for an animal to die.

Very faintly you could see her body shake from the exhaustion her sick-like state has left her. Sebastian would look up from her and to Tom for answers. Tom didn't have any to give the young man.

“It'll be OK,” Tom tried to assure Chris, raising his hands defensively. “Trust me,” he pleaded, “Let the medicine run its course. Until it’s over we have to just...look after her.”

“None of this is OK, Tom,” Chris argued, grabbing his blond hair out of frustration. “She's vomiting yellow bile! That's the liver! That means she's vomited nearly all her stomach bile!”

“I know what it means! I went to med school!” Tom snapped. “She'll be alright! Richard wouldn't hurt her. He has no reason too!”

“Will you two stop arguing and get in here!” Sebastian yelled over the running water. “Now, right now!”

Clothed or not both men entered the shower stall and tried to avoid the water as much as possible. Sebastian unabashedly stripped down naked beforehand and didn't care that he was now drenched.

“Something's off, something's not right. Claire's not acting properly.” Seb spoke calmly, his hands hovering over her side. “She won't let me touch her, period. Its as if I'm hurting her with the simplest of touches.”

Claire was a little funny sometimes. Perhaps her tolerance for being manhandled in this state was limited to Tom? Carefully dropping to his knees he went to place his hand on her shoulder. Tom wanted to reposition her so that she lay normally on her belly.

Right away her breathing increased, her chest visibly rising and falling with stress. As soon as his fingers touched her flesh she raised her head slightly and growled. A deep feral growl that caught everyone off guard.

“She's growling. Claire doesn't growl, Tom!” Chris pointed out, warily looking at his young Luna.

Well, Tom couldn’t explain that and quite frankly it had him worried as well. Everyone including Michael who just came home early from work was waiting for his command. Mike had stepped into the bathroom just in time to hear Claire's very loud warning.

“Allright, Sebastian - stay here and watch her. Don't touch her. No one touches her until I say it's safe. Everyone else, out of the room.” Tom instructed.

This was easier said than done especially with Chris. His instinct was to stay and protect not walk away and ignore. Michael, although a bit confused as to what was happening still had a bit of
hesitation as Tom left his bathroom.

“Can we all agree that Claire isn't supposed to growl with the fierceness of a female wolf?” Chris snapped, hands on his hips as he subconsciously made himself larger while blocking the bathroom door.

“Well,” Michael replied, “She does have a bit of wolf in her. Maybe once she's reached her threshold it just...shows a little more?” He offered, still somewhat uncertain of what was going on.

Even with the water running and them being outside the room, they could hear Claire being sick, It was a heavy wretching sound that gave way to the mental picture of her body lunging forward as she struggled to purge whatever made her ill.

“How long since she first ingested the potion?” Mike asked.

“3 and a half hours,” Sebastian replied, “She's been physically ill for about 2 hours now. Vomited off and on for an hour of that.”

“Poor girl,” he sympathized,

“She's really warm,” Sebastian commented, “Her core temperature is about twice as high as it should be for a human.”

With that bit of information, Michael reached over and adjusted the water nozzles until a much cooler water fell down on Claire. Since they weren't human they didn't process body temperature like humans did. They had an automatic response which adjusted them right away accordingly. Tom could wear a pair of shorts and a t-shirt in -10 weather and not feel the cold where a human would suffer from hypothermia and frostbite.

“That might explain the skin sensitivity?” Michael asked, “Her nerves may be out of wack and
overly sensitive.”

Slowly Claire began to switch positions on her own. She ended up flat on her front facing the opposite direction. Tom adjusted his legs a bit wider and Claire pulled herself between them, her head on the inside of his thigh. She honestly looked like a dying animal. Her breathing hadn't improved and was still stressed and labored.

“Poor thing,” Sebastian spoke, “She looks so miserable.”

“She looks exactly how I felt when I turned for the first time.” Michael shared, taking advantage of the free space and stretching his legs a little. “The furry bastard was stubborn and wouldn't come out. I was sick as a dog for 3 days until my willpower won out and he had no choice but to show himself.”

Everyone including Chris looked at Michael making the man a bit uncomfortable. From where Tom sat it appeared that Claire had fallen asleep. Her small hand clutched at his thigh as she used him for a pillow. It was taking a lot of willpower to not touch her. Instinctively Tom was urged to cuddle her but cuddles would only make her feel bad. Tom was lucky that Claire put herself in this position, to begin with.

“Three generations removed, do you think her wolf is that powerful?” Sebastian entertained, speaking out loud what they were all thinking.

“With Claire anything is possible,” Chris piped up from the doorway, now turned to face them with Pepper in his lap.

The hedgehog lay there watching her 'momma’ with a sad look on her face. She knew something was wrong and Chris was trying his best to make her feel a bit better. Beside him was a small cup of mealworms which will hopefully cheer her up.

“But three generations is a bit of a stretch,” he continued with a sighed, a faint smile on his face. The hedgehog gingerly eating mealworms off the palm of his hand.

“If her wolf can claw her way through that many impossible roadblocks - I don't want to meet her,” Michael commented with a bit of fear. “Because she's going to be a bloody hurricane of a wolf.”
*Tom's point of view*

"Ok, she hasn't vomited in an hour. I want to move her from the shower and back to bed so she can sleep properly." He commented, stroking Claire's damp hair that still stuck to the side of her head.

She murmured and adjusted her head. Gradually Claire had curled her body up a bit defensively between his splayed legs. Her head was directly on his upper thigh while her hands clutched at his knee and hip.

Everyone knew that Claire should be moved off the damp, hard shower floor. Everyone also knew that if they tried she'd growl at them very fiercely and in their world that meant she was about ready to attack them - if Claire was actually a werewolf like them. Despite knowing she was several generations removed Claire's warning was solid enough for them to think twice.

"Well don't everyone volunteer at once!" Tom sarcastically replied,

"I think you should pick her up," Sebastian told him a bit fearfully,

Michael looked in the opposite direction and Chris stared at his feet leaving Tom the unpleasant task of physically moving Claire. Agitated that he was left with the task alone Tom carefully stood and gazed down at Claire.

This was stupid. There wasn't anything this female human could physically do to him that would hurt Tom. Shaking his head he bit the bullet and slid both arms under her body, hoisting her up. Claire growled, her fingers digging into his arms as he quickly turned and exited the shower. Tom felt like a forklift driver with a volatile load.

By the time Tom had her close to the bed Claire was spitting mad. She made a few very unexpected and sharp movements, kicking her leg out and wiggling. Accidentally Tom dropped her onto the mattress causing the Luna to bounce a bit. If looks could kill Tom would be struck down dead.

Claire moved onto her hands and knees, crawling closer to the pillows before rather dramatically laying down hard enough to bounce a bit more. Claire grumbled and aggressively pushed pillows out of her way while kicking down the blankets and sheets so they were out of her way.

No one had seen her this agitated and well...just plain nasty. Tom wanted to believe it was due to Claire not feeling well and the tincture making her body do lots of ugly things. If you looked at her arms or legs you could see the muscle contractions from the cramping.

"Cover me," Claire growled, placing one arm under her pillow and the other raised above her head.

Tom wasn't going to test her and did exactly as he had asked - covered her with the blankets and the sheets. Despite this whole ordeal poor Pepper had been out of sorts and crying out in distress with not being able to see Claire.

Sebastian had the hog in his hands and placed her on the bed. Right away the prickly critter waddled over to Claire and crawled over her arm, resting right in the nook of her neck and under her chin. Pepper yawned and closed her eyes, curling her body a bit and settling down with her momma.
They watched as Claire adjusted her hand and placed it against Pep's belly as if to say "I'm here little one, it's going to be alright."

Figuring it was safe to leave Claire and her hedgehog alone Tom inched his finger in their direction, effectively luring the other men out of the room and into the living room.

"I have to go to work in a few hours," Michael apologized sincerely, "The hospital is understaffed, they need surgeons."

"Same," Chris spoke up,

"That's fine. Seb and I have everything under control. Claire is probably going to be sleeping for the most part anyway." Tom replied, giving them his permission to leave.

They couldn't sacrifice the lives of humans because Claire was overly grumpy from a tincture. Chris and Mike's jobs were really important to them as was Seb's and his. They didn't ask him to not work during the day while they tended to Claire.

"I honestly think that bloody tincture has triggered 'the change' within Claire," Michael stated, sitting on the couch with his arms crossed loosely. "She's aggressive, her temperature is through the roof without it killing her, her skin is overly sensitive..."

"Don't say that," Tom sighed, shaking his head in denial. "I told you, she's three generations removed. It's not impossible."

"It's not impossible, it's unlikely, but not impossible." Sebastian defended Michael passively. "But then again, what are the bloody odds that we come across a true Luna? And we did..."

No, no, no! Tom didn't sign up for this. He wasn't dealing with what this meant in the long run. Claire was far too old to be starting this new. None of them needed a fully turned female wolf that was about 10 years behind everyone else her age.

"I just think it's the tincture. Richard told me it would do this." Tom denied.

"Did it ever occur to you that perhaps Richard made a potion that would deliberately set her wolf free? If her wolf is free she's fucking immortal and logically her heart would be fixed." Chris sarcastically snapped his hands on his hips. "You never told Richard not to do that! You know they're tricksters and sneaky by nature! Claire and her wolf are physically strong enough to survive something like this. They told you her wolf was powerful!"

"Her turning over isn't the worst thing in the world!" Sebastian spoke with a raised voice, "Ok, she'll be a little more work with training, but, it could be worse. She could be dead from a heart attack!"

Sebastian never yelled or raised his voice. The passive wolf was always calm and smooth so hearing him deliberately talking loud enough to talk over someone was alarming. However, he did have a point. The big picture was - Claire was safe and free from harm.

"How are we supposed to explain this to the council, exactly?" Michael asked seriously,

"Late bloomer?" Tom offered dumbly.

"By ten years?" Chris soured, "Seriously, come on! That may work if she were two or three years behind but not ten!"

"We could tell them the truth. It'll be a little far-fetched but that would make it believable, right?"
Sebastian stated. "I mean, who the hell would make something like this up?"

Anytime between now and when the tincture wears off Claire would or wouldn't turn over. All they could do was sit and wait patiently while monitoring her progress.

"What color do you think her fluff will be?" Sebastian asked curiously.

Trying to figure out what color Claire's fur may be was the last thing he ever thought he'd be thinking about. The whole concept was just bizarre seeing how Tom had grown accustomed to Claire being a human, Luna aside. Fur, four paws and sharp teeth were something that...No, Tom just couldn't wrap his mind around the concept and his pale face was an indicator of this. Lightheaded he sat down on the couch using his hands as a form of leverage.

"White," Chris actually replied calmly, "With a bit of light gray. Her physical build screams of a wolf that originally comes from a mountainous pack."

"Or a northern one," Michael offered, "Her fur will probably be thicker than ours as well,"

"Tom are you alright, mate?" Chris asked with concern, approaching him. "You're about as pale as Claire right now and just as calmy,"

"Don't tell me you're about to turn over for the first time as well," Michael joked,

Chris pressed the back of his hand to his forehead and tested his temperature. A novelty really but it was an automatic. "You should go lay down next to Claire for a bit."

Chapter End Notes
Chapter 56

*Tom's point of view*

Despite what Pepper wanted she was picked up and removed from beside Claire. With her muscles spasming the way they were her movements were spontaneous and at times violent. Neither of them wanted Pepper to be injured accidentally.

“Put her and the cage on the coffee table,” Tom instructed to Michael, “Pepper being in the room right now is upsetting her. I don't want the animal stressed,”

To prove Tom's point Claire's arm thrashed out as her muscle seized. She hissed and groaned in pain, trying to stretch the limp out for some form of relief.

Tom was beyond sympathetic because he had gone through this. Gently sitting beside her Tom picked up her arm, placing it on his legs before tenderly massaging the knot out of her bicep. Claire growled a little and grumbled but Tom ignored her. He knew she didn't mean anything bad by it.

“I know, sweet girl. There's a battle going on inside your body.” he pointed out lovingly, “I'm going to throw up!” Claire gagged, sitting upright so she wouldn't throw up on the bed awkwardly.

Tom had enough time to grab his trashcan before she did vomit once more. Desperately Claire clutched onto the trash can so tightly her knuckles were white. Distressed, all Tom could do was hold Claire's hair back and rub her bare back.

When he had asked Richard for immortality this wasn't what Tom had in mind. Looking at the situation now, it was almost cruel in not accepting the modern medical intervention such as surgery. To him, the cons outweighed the pros and he was going to have a very serious discussion with Richard in the future.

“It'll be alright, let it out,” Tom soothed, stroking her back up and down.

Chris came into the room with some of Richard's tea he had sent over. The temperature was lukewarm so Claire could guzzle it if she liked. The ginger and sunflower leaf mixture seemed to help ease her nausea. It was a wonder that Chris allowed her to drink it in the first place seeing how he's harboring a lot of disdain for Richard and his 'trickery’ at the moment.

“She needs to eat,” Chris pointed out, “She hasn't eaten in two days. If Claire is weakened physically it'll be impossible for anything to progress forward.”

“I know,” Tom sighed,

“Toast,” Claire spoke shakily, slowly sipping her tea. “Plain,”

“Yes, love,” Chris replied, leaving to bring her what she requested.

“Can you please prop me up on the headboard?” Claire asked Tom, “I want to sit up for a bit,”

You didn’t need a medical degree to see that Claire was in a bad way right now. She had roughly lost about 10lbs since the first dose of Richard's tincture and 5 of those pounds was muscle. Her every movement screamed gaunt and sickly. If Claire was to show up at his hospital as is - they'd
“Here you go love,” Tom spoke, placing a pillow behind her back.

Claire was breathing heavy just by crawling half ways across the bed. Eyes closed and her head resting on the headboard she tried to regain her bearings. Unable to help her he just stood there and watched her, mentally willing her wolf to come out or for the tincture to do its job and be over with it.

“I'm scared,” she admitted weakly, opening her eyes and looking at him. “I've never been this sick before - I'm exhausted. I know it's selfish, but, I want to be surrounded by my pack like at the cabin.”

“Yes, of course, my Luna,” Tom agreed right away. “I'll have Sebastian make you a nest in the living room.”

“Thank you,” Claire replied weakly, closing her eyes once more and tucking her head to the side a bit.

He was a little surprised that she had requested this only because it was Claire and Claire never admitted to being weak. Turning on his heel he quickly marched into the living room where his pack was doing various things.

“Until further notice, no one is leaving the apartment. Our Luna has requested for a nest to be built and to be surrounded by her members as she recovers.” Tom announced in an authoritative voice.

Clearly, that sounded just as bizarre to them as it had to Tom, because, everyone quickly stopped what they were doing and went to check on Claire.

“If anyone argues or leaves before she's ready - you'll be punished,” Tom added, standing back to observe Sebastian taking mental notes about nest placement.

He had an 'L' shaped sectional couch that was large enough to accommodate his pack. It also made a good foundation for a nest with ample room for everyone.

“What about work?” Michael inquired, grabbing a few blankets and dumping them on the couch.

“Use your sick days, quit, I don't care,” Tom told him seriously. “We cannot disobey a direct request from our Luna.” He reminded the man. “She's scared, she's sick and wants to be surrounded by the ones she trusts to protect her.”

Sebastian didn't argue because he'd gladly sacrifice his job if it meant making sure Claire was alright. Michael and Chris were more problematic because they had alpha in them and arguing was hereditary for an alpha.

“If we don't work we don't get paid,” Chris reminded Tom softly so Claire couldn't hear them. “We have bills, mortgages,”

“We have savings.” Tom replied just as softly, “It won't be a permanent thing. Give it a week tops, just until she's through with this.”

“Put the mattress in the alcove so it's boxed in on two sides,” Sebastian instructed Michael who had fetched the guest room’s mattress. “I need pillows, preferably body pillows.”

“I have two, I'll go get them,” Michael spoke, grabbing Sebastian's keys as he tossed them at him.
“I have several on my bed, please?”

“Yes, of course,”

With the nest being built underway Tom was able to go back to his room and see how Claire was doing. Very patiently Chris sat on the bed and helped her eat nibbles of dry toast. Within reaching distance was the trashcan which Chris had cleaned, in case she vomited once more.

Claire looked up at him, her left arm jumping from muscle contractions. A look of pain washed over her face and she instinctively grabbed her arm, doubling over a bit.

“I know Chickadee,” Chris soothed, rubbing her forearm.

“Soon, love, it'll be over.” Tom added, “You're very strong and brave.”

“I'm fucking terrified,” Claire cried through gritted teeth, tears streaming down her cheeks. “I am in so much pain - death would be a good solution.”

“A bit counterproductive consider, yeah?” Chris smiled weakly. He got a faint smile out of Claire but it was replaced by another grimace of pain.

“Why won't she come out?!” Claire asked Tom, raising her head.

There was a very distinct sound of defeat and self-pity in her voice that made Tom sympathize with her a lot more. “She didn't have to come out for 3 generations, love.” Tom explained, “And she's not too happy with being forced to now. She's strong and stubborn like you. Give it time. Eventually, your willpower will wear her out and you'll gain the upper hand.” Tom encouraged, stroking her cheek with the back of his hand.

As she pondered the grim truth of perhaps having to fight a little longer, Claire ate her toast slowly and in little pieces. Tom and Chris were exchanging looks of worry. To be honest? Claire wasn't the only terrified person in this apartment. They were all scared to various degrees with Michael being the least and Chris the most. Tom second to Chris and Seb fell somewhere in the middle as per usual. Never allowing rational thought to be overridden with blind panic.

Having a Luna, a true Luna like Claire regardless of whether she was human or not, was new territory for Tom and his pack. But having their Luna being thrust unexpectedly into the throes of turning over was just completely blindsiding. They didn't know how to raise a 'Pup' and they didn't even know who to turn to for help.

All they had is instinct and what they were taught growing up. Claire's unusual background made everything more challenging. She had no manners as a wolf, she'd have no discipline, no common sense. Tom had visions of his overly curious pup wandering into a heavily human populated area and interacting with them. Or worse - Claire getting into physical fights with other werewolves.

“The nest is done,” Sebastian informed them, popping his head through the open doorway.

“Thank you,” Tom replied, “We’ll be there in a second,”
Awakened from a fevered dream Claire sat upright, her chest heaving. This was the first time in a long time that Claire had a nightmare memorable enough to be jolted roughly out of her sleep.

Heavy pants left her mouth as she grabbed the side of her head shakily and tried to regain her composure. Beside her, a concerned Michael and Sebastian quickly sat up and watched her. She was sandwiched between the two men, alone. Tom and Chris were nowhere to be seen causing a bubble of frustration and anger to form in her stomach.

"You're ok," Sebastian told her gently, rubbing her bare back with his hand. "Here, lay down,"

She was eased back down on the mattress, the blankets kicked away as she rested nude between them, a thin sheet of sweat covering her body. Something was off - more off than before even. Claire couldn't put her finger on it. It made her anxious, a startling urge to just get up and bolt. A flight or fight response to an unknown danger.

Claire clutched the blankets beside her, kneading the fabric aggressively and rubbing her feet against the mattress. A pained look was upon her face as she tried to alleviate the invisible irritant.

"I don't feel good!" Claire whined, "Something is off!"

Seb and Mike exchanged a look between them as they lounged at her sides, on their sides with one arm propping their heads up.

"She's turning," Mike told Sebastian, briefly taking his eyes off her.

"And Tom isn't here," Sebastian soured, "What do we do?"

"Let nature take its course," Michael spoke softly, helping Claire to move onto her stomach.

Her muscles were tight and she began to stretch in a bid to loosen them out. An uncomfortable warmth permeated her muscles and saturated right down to the bone. Michael sat up completely and began to massage her back and leg muscles roughly which was well received.

"Good girl," Michael encouraged her as she stretched and moved in awkward positions. "I know it hurts, work it out," he added,

Claire felt like her muscles were breaking and reweaving themselves and her bones were stretching. Stress had caused her to vomit once more which Sebastian caught with a trashcan.

"Should we move her to the shower?" Sebastian asked,

"No," Michael replied wearily, still massaging and rubbing her body, "Let her work it out on her own. You can call Tom and tell him to get his fucking ass home!"

She fell face forward into the mattress, her back curved inwards. Pathetically she panted and clutched at the sheets. The world was spinning around her and Claire felt like she was burning up.

With only Michael left in the nest beside her, a new type of unease came to settle. The urge to throw herself onto of Michael and beg for his mercy was too much to ignore. Like a drunk with no control of her limbs, she swayed towards Michael and lamely fell on top of him - literally. He gave an 'umph' even though it wasn't necessary. A habit he picked up from being around humans.
"Ok, love, easy," he sympathized, helping her to straddle his strong body.

Claire clutched onto him like a baby koala, her head resting on his chest. Lightly a shiver ran down her spine and she began to shake with fear and exhaustion. Strong arms encased her body and he tucked her head under his chin as Michael tried to transfer some of his body heat to her. The inferno that had taken over her body was dulled rather unexpectedly and replaced with an Arctic chill.

"Cover her, please," Michael asked Sebastian as he scooted back a little with Claire still attached to him. With his back against the couch and pillows, Michael gained a bit more support. "Can you get in close next to me?" he asked,

"Yeah sure," Sebastian volunteered, covering all three of them with the blankets and snuggling into Michael's bare side and turning a bit so he could also hug Claire. "He's on his way,"

"Where...is...he?" Claire asked, her teeth chattering as she went into shock.

"Getting dinner, love," Michael replied, brushing her hair back away from her face before kissing the side of her forehead, "We can't have strange men delivering food to the apartment in your state. It's against council rules."

"The only ones that are allowed to be around you during A Change is your pack mates and immediate family," Sebastian explained, kissing her arm. "This is considered to be a very sacred and vulnerable time in your life. Much like the birth of a pup - no outsiders are to be present."

Claire felt Michael pat her bottom reassuringly before adjusting his legs so that they cradled her a bit better. Slowly she felt the warmth coming back to her and the need to run was lessened. Claire could physically feel herself relax against his body as her eyes started to droop.

"Go to sleep," Seb cooed,

"Your wolf is one stubborn bitch," Michael commented, resting his lips against her forehead. "One last dose of that tincture and she'll have no choice but to come and say hello,"

"I'm scared though," Claire admitted, turning her head so that she could see Sebastian's warm face. "I was told I was human and couldn't..."

"You were never really 'human' love," Sebastian smiled gently, "However it is unusual for you to be changing over at this age."

"I haven't even accepted that you turn over," Claire pointed out with a bit of panic, "How am I supposed to accept that I'm about to become a wolf?"

She knew that they were aware of how hard all of this was on her, period. There wasn't much more they could do or say to make her feel any better and that was hard on them.

"It'll be ok," Michael assured her sincerely, "Just...relax, please? None of us intended this to be the outcome and quite frankly it isn't preferred either. We know how confusing and uncomfortable letting your wolf out would be."

"Richard's intentions were wholesome," Sebastian was quick to tell her so she didn't harbor any ill feelings towards the warlock. "In hindsight, it makes a lot of sense."

"What happens if I turn over and I can't turn back?" Claire asked with worry, raising her head up off his chest and looking at him.
"That's a fear everyone has," Michael told her, stroking the bridge of her nose with his finger.

"I smell..." she sniffed, "I smell chicken korma...and fresh naan,"

Tom and Chris weren't even in the building yet and she could smell their dinner. Her startling new gift of enhanced scent caused Claire to gasp, pulling away from Michael a bit. Cocking her head to the side she tried hard to see if she could physically hear them enter the building.

"Well, that's working," Sebastian commented, detangling himself from their side, "How is your sight?"

"I don't know, I've always had OK sight," Claire replied, sliding off Michael and onto the mattress. She tried to stand but her knees wobbled and Claire found herself falling back down onto her nest with a huff. Her will was there but it didn't compute with her physical state. Frustrated she pulled her legs up and rested her chin on her knees.

"Easy there, young pup," Michael smiled, standing up and putting on his sweatpants. It never even occurred to her that they were nude until now.

Her presumption that the comfortable muscle twisting and bone stretching was gone, was shattered as it hit her hard as soon as Tom and Chris walked into the apartment. Claire clutched her stomach and slowly lowered herself face first until she resembled a frog.

Tom fell onto his knees before her, embracing her body with his. "It's OK," he murmured, "It'll be alright,"

"Her sense of smell and hearing has been enhanced," Michael informed Tom, helping the man place her on her side where Claire promptly curled into the fetal position.

She fought against Tom trying to pull her out of the position she found to be best. He used a surprising amount of force in doing so but was successful and she stretched out to her full length.

"Come on, let her out," Tom cooed, nosing at the mark he had made on her neck.

"Turn over," Chris encouraged Tom. "Your wolf should encourage hers at this point."

From where she lay Claire could see Tom's jeans and briefs drop around his ankles as he undressed. Everyone stood back and gave the man room as he crouched down before he got into a position to turn over like Tom had in the cabin.

Effortlessly her lover changed into a wolf as he had before. Tom laid out on his belly before her, nosing her face and sniffing her. Whiskers tickled her face and caused Claire to mumble, turning her head. Inching closer and closer Tom nudged her cheek with his wet nose, giving her a subtle lick of his tongue.

Tom grumbled at her and smacked his paws down on the mattress in annoyance before adjusting himself and taking a deep sigh, resting his head on her back. The soft fur of her lover's coat felt strange and so did having a large wolf snuggled up against her. This wasn't like cuddling with a dog at all.

A flash of heat hit her and Claire began to sweat profusely. Her world was spinning and out of control and she felt one last push to kick out her legs in agitation. Stretching and arching her back was the last thing Claire remembered before blacking out. When she 'came too' her vision was fuzzy and she immediately tried to jolt upwards and bolt.
Long legs and paws tangled together in an uncoordinated manner and Claire tumbled down onto the bed. Tom was standing nude before her with his hands on his hips watching her carefully. Sebastian and Chris came to stand next to him with concern etched onto their faces.

"Easy, girl," Tom cooed, holding his hand out in front of her. "Breath,"

Claire could hear and understand them but she wasn't able to talk back in a manner which would cause communication. All that left her furry lips was a series of grumbles and muted low howl like sound. Giving up Claire placed her head down on her white paws and grunted, ear twitching.

She had done it, she had turned,
Once the shock of having Claire actually turn over began to wear off they were able to start digesting it. Speaking for himself and everyone else - they were speechless. It was one thing to presume that she'd change over due to Richard's tincture but to actually see it? That was something completely different.

If anything seeing Claire laying there in her nest and finally at peace for the first time in about a week - was a major relief.

Slowly Sebastian sunk down onto his knees before her, extending a hand for her to sniff before petting her. Claire licked the top of his hand before placing her head back down on a pillow, groaning softly.

"Hello, there!" Seb smiled, petting her soft fur on the back of her neck. "You're so beautiful!" he praised, "And you match Tom's wolf;"

The good majority of Claire's fur was white as predicted with a grey dusting down her back and tail. Her fur was thick and soft giving Claire the appearance of a marshmallow. The only abnormality they could see was superficial and it was a single floppy ear while the other was poker straight like theirs.

"She's too cute!" Chris giggled, bringing his hand up to his mouth to cover the smirk. "She looks like a bloody marshmallow."

Claire raised her head up and tilted it to the side, her floppy ear moving almost comically. A short grumble and a bit of a baying sound left her lips before she placed her head back down on Seb's lap.

"Marshmallow fluff!" Michael chuckled, taking in her appearance.

"Don't listen to them," Seb smiled, speaking softly and holding her face in his hands, he leaned forward - placing his forehead against hers. "You're very beautiful!" Boldly he kissed her between the eyes, lingering his lips there for a moment before pulling back.

She was definitely affectionate. Normally they didn't like being manhandled or bothered so soon after turning over. Claire appeared to be enjoying the attention Sebastian and Michael were giving her. Strokes, pets and even scratches behind her ears made Claire's fluffy tail thumb-thump on the mattress loudly. Her soft pink tongue coming out from between her lips and getting a scent for Michael and Seb.

"Her fur is soft and dense," Michael informed Tom, "She's definitely from a Northern pack."

Tom wasn't as eager to drop down to his knees and pet his Luna. He was rather reserved and cautious about it, to be honest. Tom didn't know how to feel right now.

"I need to go make a phone call," he announced, turning on his heel quickly and retreating to his office.
Closing the door and locking it, Tom sat in his chair and glared daggers at the phone. Richard needed to come here and he needed to see firsthand what his tincture had done to his Claire. She was no longer the beautiful, human, Luna that he fell in love with. She was a beautiful, powerful wolf that rivaled his own. Tom had competition and he didn't like it.

Picking up the receiver he dialed Richard's work number, fingers strumming on the desk as he anxiously waited for the man to pick up. The phone rang maybe five times total before he heard a rough British accent say "Hello"

"You need to come here, right now!" Tom barked into the phone.

"First, I only take orders off Lee. Second, I don't need to go anywhere." Richard replied firmly.

"Oh yes, you do! Your tincture turned Claire into a wolf,"

"She was already a blood wolf, what's the problem?" Richard sarcastically replied. "You asked for immortality - I gave it to you."

Chris was right. This is exactly the scenario Chris told him probably happened and here it was. Confirmation that Richard had done exactly what Chris said he had.

It was hard to argue with Richard when Richard was right. Tom just felt like arguing for the sake of arguing. He was angry and frustrated and there was no one here to voice his frustrations on.

"You're pissed off because now you have a very plausible challenge for your leadership," Richard spoke into the phone as if he could read his thoughts. "I can guarantee she won't challenge you for anything. So you can get your nads out of a twist, buddy! But, if you insist Lee and I can come by later and marvel at my handy work."

Tom paused a moment before replying, "Couldn't you have done anything other than drawing her fucking wolf out? 3 God-damned generations buried and you had to lure her out!"

"I could have but it would have killed her," Richard snapped, "And besides - this provides you with more than a simple immortality spell could ever provide! Stop being a bloody tit and accept the fact that your Luna isn't human anymore. Claire is no longer a taboo - your dirty little secret hidden from your father's pack. Why the hell you'd prefer her to be that instead of a beautiful, healthy, wolf is beyond my logic and extremely selfish."

He didn't want to hear anymore because Tom knew Richard was right. Pinching the bridge of his nose out of agitation he tried to find a reason to abruptly end this conversation without it sounding like he was defeated. Scratching at his door drew his attention away from Richard who was still lecturing him on why he should want the best for Claire.

"I have to go, Claire is scratching at the door." Tom grimaced, hanging up on the warlock.

Tom opened his office door to see Claire sitting there, her tail wrapped around her body. She raised her paw up a little submissively and waited for Tom to acknowledge her. Here he was encouraging Claire to turn over and once she had he was cross with her. She was probably a little more than confused.

Smiling softly Tom lowered down to a crouch and placed his hands on her upper body. Soft fur fell between his fingers and he stroked her lovingly. Claire's whiskers were long and black fanning out from her muzzle.

"Look at this ear!" he smirked, taking the soft floppy appendage in his hand and stroking it with his
fingers. "Your such a good girl," Tom spoke, knowing damn well that she could understand him completely, "I'm just in shock, I'm not mad at you. But, you have to turn over sweetheart. You need to rest and you need to eat,"

Tom guided her back into the living room where everyone sat around on the couch. Chris immediately burst into giggles at seeing Claire happily trotting after him, her black claws making a click-click on the floor. She made a quick detour and went to Pepper's cage, pressing her nose against the bars and giving a sniff. Pepper froze and stared at her - confused as to what the hell was happening.

"She's got a good build on her," Michael smirked, "Very muscular and hardy under all that fluff,"

"We won't have any problems teaching her to climb, tug or dig," Seb added,

"Our mate is a bloody marshmallow," Chris smirked, "I mean, I just...That's probably the cutest thing I've ever seen,"

At being referred to as 'cute' Claire turned her attention from Pepper to Chris, raising her lip a little and showing some teeth. It was Pepper approaching her curiously that had Claire turn back over into her human form. Clearly, she was confused and taken back by the action because her footing was lost and she stumbled backward - landing on her bare bum, hard.

"Oh, sweetheart!" Tom gasped, coming to her aid and helping her stand. She swooped a little at the sudden blood rush, leaning into him.

"I think I'm going to puke!" Claire told him, her face paling a bit in color. Claire leaned forward, hands on her bare thighs as she closed her eyes and tried to get her wits about her. "I'm starving, where's my chicken korma?" she smiled.

Chapter End Notes

Because I love you all, it's a Saturday (Rejoice! unless you have to work) and I HATE cliff hangers.
Chapter 59

Claire felt her claws dig into the cool, moist ground as she stretched and arched her back. Beside her Sebastian sat, watching her. His head tilting from side to side as she sniffed at a patch of moss.

She was finding it hard to equate in her mind that she and Sebastian could communicate mentally as if they were having a normal face to face conversation.

"What are you doing?" Sebastian asked her, looking over his shoulder at Michael who trotted towards them casually.

Tom and Chris were in their human form and watching the three of them carefully - her even more so. They didn't want to let her out of the house so soon after 'turning over' but she begged and whined until Tom relented. Sebastian and Michael volunteered to escort her in their wolfy forms which sealed the deal a bit.

"I'm sniffing," she replied, nosing another batch of grass.

It was bizarre how her instinct to do wolf-like things came so naturally to her let alone didn't seem to be odd at all. Claire was physically a wolf, a werewolf, an animal with four paws and a furry coat.

"Make sure you know where you're going," Michael told her, stopping in front Claire. "Don't let your nose lead you astray,"

"Alright," she replied passively, turning to acknowledge Tom who was walking behind them slowly, hands shoved into his pockets defensively.

Claire could hear a car heading up the gravel driveway and being unsure of what to do, she did what instinct told her to do - bolt into the woods. Leaping over a log she crouched down on her belly and watched as Tom and Chris approached the car while her furry companions held back and placed distance between her and the unknowns.

"It's OK, Claire," Seb assured, "It's just Lee and Richard."

Excited she came out of the woods, shaking her fluff out so it fell back in place. Claire raised her head a little and sniffed the air getting a scent for the two warlocks. They smelt the same as before except it was stronger. Especially, Lee, he smelt like strong incents.

"Hello, gorgeous!" Lee smiled, stopping and allowing her to come to him.

Claire gave a little bark and made that same baying sound as she had before just to announce that she was there. Coming to a halt she accidentally smashed into Lee's legs sending the man back a little. The correlation between her legs, paws, and speed wasn't mastered just yet.

"Fluffy little thing, isn't she?" Lee commented, dangling his fingers in front of Claire's nose. "Like a marshmallow,"

"If she was any smaller in stature I'd swear she was a Samoyed," Richard commented, petting Claire between the ears. "Except, you know - she has the facial features of a wolf."

Tom glared at him for the 'domesticated dog' reference but bit his tongue. He wasn't very talkative since she turned over. Claire was presuming it had to do with him still adjusting. She didn't want to think it was because Tom was upset that she was one of them now.
"Don't let them pet you like a dog so much," Sebastian instructed from behind,

"Yes, that's not appropriate," Michael added,

Claire didn't know about that, she rather liked being scratched behind the ears and the attention they were giving her. It wasn't like she was going to let anyone pet her. They knew these people...

Michael must not have shared the same feelings as her because he placed himself between Claire and Richard, nudging her with his body so she had no choice but to back up. Mike showed his teeth briefly without making a growl as a passive-aggressive warning before coming to sit beside Claire.

"I told you to knock it off!" Michael snapped at her, "That's considered degrading. We're not domesticated canines - they are not your mates!"

"Whatever!" Claire scoffed, "You're overthinking things!"

To show that she was over the whole situation she stood up and wandered a bit to the side, sniffing the ground. Behind her, Claire could hear Richard discussing with Chris about her physical appearance. Tom would speak briefly but his behavior was still moody.

Sebastian was glued to her side but he didn't lecture her he merely watched and at times mirrored what she did. His wolf was adorable and also larger than she was - which surprised Claire, to be honest seeing how she could be considered larger than him when in human form.

"Michael doesn't mean to come across as rough," Seb told her, rolling a stick under his paw and encouraging her to try. "He's just passionate about certain things. Here, try and roll the stick with your paw. It'll help with your dexterity and paw-eye coordination."

Claire thought it was stupid request until she actually tried to do it. She was able to get the stick to roll frontwards but when she tried to roll it back her paw would slide and she'd fall forward a bit. Knitting her brows together Claire concentrated and tried a few more times finally getting it after the 12th attempt.

Michael came over and observed her new 'trick' up close. From a distance, she knew that Tom was also watching her, she just wished he'd give her praise instead of standing there defensively.

Her stick was pretty interesting until a noise off in the woods had caught her attention. Stopping, Claire snapped her head up and tried to home in on the sound. Turning her head to the side Claire tried to locate the noise. Whatever it was - she had an undeniable urge to chase after it.

Raising her paw she slicked her ears back and poised to dart off into the woods like a lightning bolt. Vaguely she heard Tom screaming at her to stop but her paws had other ideas and Claire found herself running off into the woods like a flash.

Branches and shrubs smacked past her as she made her way towards the sound. Whatever animal had made the disturbance decided to run. Claire's wolf thought this was the greatest game to date. Eager to win she followed it's trail effortlessly over logs and under trees, through bushes and around rocks until she managed to corner the fat rabbit.

'This would make a good gift for Tom,' Claire thought as she lowered her head and homed in on the animal.

Whether she wanted to or not Claire lunged forward and grabbed the rabbit by the neck, clamping her powerful jaws down and breaking it instantly. For good measure, Claire shook it roughly a few times - spitting it out onto the ground and studying her handiwork. Naturally, with her being an
animal lover her actions alarmed her greatly and she felt a bit of grief for the loss of innocent life.

Claire didn't want the animal to die in vain so she picked it back up with her mouth and trotted back to where she came from. There was a bit of pride in her step as she pranced past Sebastian who had gone after her. The wolf was stunned as she passed with her 'kill' and watched her carefully.

Hopefully, this was Luna behavior.

She broke through the bushes with her rabbit and promptly went to Tom who had moved to the edge of the forest after she took off. Sitting at his feet she delicately put the rabbit down in front of him as an offer and looked up for his approval - her tail thumping on the ground.

Michael gave her a perplexed look as he came over to inspect the once furry creature, sniffing it for good measure. Richard appeared to be greatly amused while Lee was horrified and Tom remained expressionless.

"What?" Claire asked curiously, "Am I...Was I supposed to do that?"

Chris came to stand next to Tom with his brows knitted. He looked at the rabbit and then Claire, who had a bit of blood on her breastplate. Once the Aussie had concluded that Claire caught the rabbit he smiled widely, kneeling down beside her and ruffling her neck fluff.

"Good girl!" he encouraged, "Good girl! Fantastic!"

Alright, so she did do a good job why wasn't anyone else acknowledging it? Surely Chris wasn't the only one here besides Richard that seemed to approve her impromptu hunting trip. This could be dinner - it was large enough.

"Good girl," Tom finally spoke, smiling very faintly. He patted her on the head with his hand before bending down and picking up the dead rabbit by the scruff of its neck. "I guess we're eating roast rabbit tonight," he commented, "Can't let it go to waste."

"Good job, Claire," Sebastian finally spoke, leaning some of his weight against her body. A gesture that Claire took to sort of be a wolf hug.

"Are they supposed to do that?" Lee asked, still a bit mortified that his vegetarian eyes were looking at a dead rabbit.

"Only the good ones!" Chris praised happy, taking the rabbit from Tom and admiring it himself, "A good Luna worth her weight in gold will be able to hunt and provide for her pack if need be. If we run into a bad situation - she'll work side by side with Sebastian and bring home dinner."
*Tom's point of view*

Despite the late hour, he was holding a very important consultation in his office. The elusive Autumn was finally present in front of him sandwiched between Richard and Lee. Nervously she kicked her feet out back and forth while fidgeting with the tassels on the end of her sweater.

"First thing we need to do is draw blood from you, my dear." Tom addressed. "I want to check your hormone levels, potential STD's - not that I think you have any but it's protocol. I also want to check for any potential genetic defects that could be passed on to the child. I'll be checking your thyroid as well as FSH and LN - estradiol and progesterone."

"Alright," she replied gently,

"I need a sperm sample from the intended father. Which is still Richard?" Tom asked, looking at the men and waiting for their response. "I need to do a sperm count as well as test your DNA."

"There's nothing wrong with my DNA! I'm not human." Richard bawked,

"Immortal or not you can still have lazy sperm." Tom bluntly replied, "It's protocol. Preferably after a week of no ejaculation would be best."

"We can do that," Lee agreed, reaching over Autumn and grabbing hold of his hand.

She was pretty in a very organic, down to earth sort of way. A strawberry blond with hazel eyes. Autumn dressed similarly to Lee - like a free-spirited hippy. Silver ethnic looking jewelry completed her outfit as well as a sage green scarf holding her long hair back out of her face.

For the most part, her body was hidden behind a top that was about one size too large. If she was connected with Richard and Lee it didn't surprise him that Autumn was conservative. They weren't exactly men attracted to 'cheap and easy'.

"I have a couple of questions for you my dear, all normal. I ask everyone the same thing." Tom informed her with a gentle, warm smile.

"Alright," Autumn replied, a little more open than before.

"First, I need your consent so I can access your previous medical histories," Tom told her, handing over the forms and a pen clipped onto a solid board. He waited patiently as all three read through the paperwork, Richard and Lee giving her the silent 'OK' to sign it with a head nod. Once that was done Autumn handed it back to him, "Thank you,"

Tom skimmed through the paperwork and made sure that everything was signed correctly before he submitted it and received the correct paperwork. Although unconventional it was still going to be legal if the medical board catches wind of it. Tom didn't want to lose his license.

Technically Tom was supposed to be writing this down by hand but he was far too lazy to be doing that. Instead, he'd type it out for quick reference later on.
"Alright," he smiled, wheeling himself back behind his desk almost comically. Autumn giggled at him and adjusted her leg, curling into Richard's side a little. "First question; are you currently sexually active? I don't need details," Tom asked - noting the unease from all three patients in front of him. He was pretty sure there was more to their relationship then what they were leading on and to be honest - Tom didn't want to know.

"Yes," Autumn hesitated, "But it's protected and safe."

"Condoms, birth control?" Tom asked, fingers poised to type out her response.

"Both," she replied.

"Any previous pregnancies? And if so, were they to full term?"

He wasn't going to bother asking about abortions because Tom just knew that that wasn't something Autumn would have done - regardless of the situation. Richard was giving him to stink eye daring him to ask that question so he could go off on him.

"No, never," Autumn replied, grabbing her necklace and rubbing it with her index finger. The smell of old English lavender filled his office indicating that the pendant was actually for essence oils. Lavender, if he recalled, was used in treating anxiety.

"Drugs, alcohol, excess caffeine consumption? Do you smoke? You don't smoke, do you?" Tom asked,

"No, no and I drink tea nightly but it's more herbal based." Autumn told him, "However...I uh...I sometimes smoke...weed, but I don't do other drugs!"

"No, she doesn't. It's used to calm her down," Lee defended,

"I don't care about weed consumption. I'm more concerned with the consumption of opioids and other hardcore drugs." Tom told them truthfully, "However, try and not chain smoke marijuana if you do."

"Alright," she agreed, a little relieved that Tom didn't wag his finger in disapproval at her.

"What form of birth control are you currently using?" Tom asked, checking his notes and making sure that everything was covered properly. After all - it was his job to type out what she had said.

"Condoms and birth control pills."

Autumn gave him the name and the dose of her birth control pills. It was a common product and a common dose. A good sign really.

"Periods," Tom asked, "Are they normal - heavy flow? Blood clots?"

"Normal," Autumn agreed, nodding her head. "Well, I have bad cramping but everything else is in order. I'm finished in about a week from start to finish."

"Good. Have you had any previous fertility tests before or feared that you may have fertility issues?"

"No,"

"And this pregnancy, it is consensual?" Tom asked her, pushing down his glasses to the tip of his nose. They were purely for aesthetics - a human accessory that he's adopted over the years.
"Fuck off!" Richard scoffed, crossing his arms over his chest, "Of course it's bloody consensual!"

He raised his eyebrows and went back to typing down his notes about her history. Out of the corner of his eye, he could see Lee lean into Autumn a little and say something in a whisper. If Tom cared he'd have eavesdropped but whatever arrangement they had among themselves was their business. The baby and the pregnancy was his business.

"When was your last PAP smear test?" Tom asked, looking at her.

"Last year as scheduled. I take my health very seriously."

"Good girl," Tom smiled, "I'm going to have to swab your cervix and give you a medical exam."

"Umm-hmm, that's ok," the pretty blond smiled,

Tom had covered most of the questions he could ask. The rest would be answered once her medical files were in hand and he had a chance to go over them. Right now he wanted to send her blood out for analysis as well as the cervix swab.

Standing he gestured for the examining table, excusing himself from the room to provide her with privacy. Seeing how neither Lee nor Richard left the room as she undressed only furthered his suspicions that they were closer than they led on.

He knocked a few times and got the all clear from Richard to enter. Autumn was laying on her back, just a paper sheet covering her naked form. See her somewhat undressed Tom was able to determine that Autumn was tall - about 5'8, a healthy body weight and frame. A little muscular, all in all, he thought she was attractive. She and Richard would have beautiful children together.

There was no use telling either man to leave because they wouldn't. So instead he placed gloves on his hands and gathered the tools that he needed. Tom explained all the procedures before he sat down on the stool and wheeled himself between her legs.

Richard stood right behind him, watching him like a hawk as he swabbed her cervix and gave her a pelvic exam. Everything from what he could see and feel was healthy and normal. A relief to him because he honestly did take the health of women's reproductive organs seriously.

"Everything looks and feels normal." Tom smiled, "Now onto the breast examination." he pulled down the paper sheet covering her from view and stood up, taking the gloves off and tossing them in the trash.

Lee shuffled behind him and he stood by her chest, drawing the sheet down and exposing her breasts. Carefully and with the same amount of attentive attention he'd give any other female patient, he examined her breasts for lumps or disfigurements.

"All healthy," he told her with a weak smile. "Any history of breast cancer in your family?"

"No," Autumn informed him, sitting up on the table and allowing the sheet to fall at her waist. Lee handed Autumn her bra - holding her hair back as she put it on.

"There isn't any major diseases in my family, on either side. We're kinda lucky that way."

"Good," Tom confirmed, "Very good,"

Tom labeled the cervix swab and placed it in the 'out' tray for his girls to send off to the lab. The next step was to prep the syringe so he could draw her blood. Autumn continued to get dressed and offered her arm out for Tom without a fuss. Her veins were healthy and strong, he didn't have to
apply any pressure to find an entry point.

Despite being a 'big girl' and taking it like a champ Lee still kissed the side of her head, lips lingering as she sat there and allowed him to draw her blood.

"Good girl, a couple more vials and we'll be done," Tom soothed, "After we get the results back we'll develop a timeline for actual pregnancy."

"Sounds good," Autumn smiled, applying pressure to the small puncture mark the needle left behind.

"Next week when her test results come back I want a semen sample from you, Richard," Tom instructed, "I can perform the test count right away so we don't have to wait after that. Until then, well, no ejaculation."

"Fine, fine," he dismissed with Lee smirking. His partner knew how hard it would for the man from reframing. With a love as powerful as theirs, it would be hard to not make love to a certain extent.

"Good, we're all done here if you want to leave." Tom excused them in a friendly manner.

"I umm, well, I'd like to meet Claire," Autumn piped up, pulling on her sweater. "Lee has told me about her and I think we'd be good friends."

Tom turned to her and nodded his head, "I think she'd benefit greatly from that. I'd love for her to meet you. Perhaps next week we can go for dinner."

A female friend that could bring Claire some normality outside their home was exactly what she needed. And seeing how it was someone close to Richard and Lee, Tom knew that they'd be safe for her to around. It was someone he knew some stranger off the street. He welcomed it with open arms.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you LadyGoodWin for your help in explaining the process of fertility treatments in this chapter and future chapters. You know I like to be as accurate as possible when writing and her knowledge has made that possible. For all the ladies (and dads) that had to go through fertility treatments: you have my awe and respect. You're a lot stronger than I am.
Chapter 61

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

*Toms point of view*

"Alright, little girl," Tom addressed, looking down at his furry brat who anxiously sat at his feet, big bright blue eyes hidden under long black eyelashes stared up at him. "This is how this is going to work," he continued, taking his shirt off and folding it neatly, "We are not going hunting - leave the animals alone. We are not socializing with humans - leave those animals alone as well. Stay beside one of us at all times. Most important - listen to us. We've been at this longer than you have."

Patiently behind her Sebastian, Chris and Michael sat in a semi-circle waiting for their leader to strip down himself and turn over. This was a secure place that they could all turn over and go for a 'run' Private property owned by their council. The only downside was running into another wolf.

The property bordered on human territory and Claire getting distracted by a scent or sound could send her off the beaten path and right towards humans. That was the very last thing they wanted to happen for a laundry list of reasons.

Claire tilted her head back and grumbled at him, her voice coming out as a low whine and plenty of cheek. Slipping out of his jeans he repeated the folding process much to the dismay of Michael who snorted and turned his head to the side showing his distaste for how long Tom was taking. Their method was to just pull their clothes off and toss them in a ball to the side. Tom liked to think he had some class.

There was a common misconception that because they were 'wolves' they lacked the ability to bark like a common domesticated canine. This was untrue. They could bark - they just didn't because it was considered below them. A few rare occasions when they're confronted with humans they'd bark to keep up the lark of being a canine and not a wolf. Most humans were stupid enough to assume they were dogs.

Claire, however, had either no pride of no shits to give about what they'd consider 'improper' Tom was willing to bet it was the latter. Claire wasn't a snobby person, therefore, her partaking in such behavior was nill.

Showing her distaste for his long, calculated ritual Claire stood up and lowered her head, barking very loudly at him. She hadn't gotten the hang of it just yet and as a result, her whole body would shake a bit as she barked in an adorable way.

"So fierce," Tom smiled, "You look like an angry powder-puff."

Chris just about had enough and stood up, stretching out his long length until his spine was aligned. The large wolf was about 5'11 when standing on his hind legs and was built like a tank. He certainly stood out from the pack and prevented a lot of wolves from attacking them just by his presence.

Unhappy with Claire's behavior Chris walked in front of her and side checked her with his body, pausing and looking at her. Claire quieted down and showed her teeth without the growl in response to being bumped by the alpha male.

"Knock it off, the both of you." Tom warned, "There will be no fights in my pack - period!"
Claire was smaller than everyone else but she was a spitfire and there was no doubt in Tom's mind that she'd certainly fight if challenged. He also noticed that she tended to be a bit aggressive which was common with Luna's but not towards her own pack members unless they were out of line. Tom thought it had to do with her being smaller, female and at times - spoken over. Which was understandable, really. Tom wouldn't like that either.

Unless they truly deserved it - no one was getting a nip. Fighting within the pack was something he refused to tolerate.

Finally, he turned over and stood before his members, who were not surprisingly - arguing. "Quiet!" Tom snapped, "Everybody just stop! If you stop trying to control Claire she won't respond in the manner she has!"

"Sorry," Chris apologized in a mutter before stepping aside.

"Claire, knock it off. Getting your fluff in a knot isn't going to do anyone any good." Tom passively sighed, coming to stand in front of her. Nose to nose he gave her 'wolf' kisses and briefly rested his head on her shoulders, embracing her. "Come on now, calm down. Let's try and have a good outing."

The purpose for this outing was to give Claire a chance to run with her full pack as well as try and give her a bit of training. She was smart, clearly, but she was stubborn which leads to a potential roadblock.

"Alright," she replied softly, "I'm not apologizing," she added.

"You don't have too," Sebastian yawned, clutching his toes into the ground and wiggling his toes. He too stretched before playfully bolting to the side hoping to engage Claire.

It took her a bit but she chased after him and playfully raised her paws, smacking his back before lowering her front half, wiggling her bottom. Sebastian was a gentle gentleman so play-fighting was executed with the utmost care. He mirrored her and jumped forward, nudging her faintly before running off - Claire chasing after him.

"Like a puppy," Chris commented coming to walk beside Tom, Michael on his other side.

"Puppy fluff for brains..." Michael sighed,

"You tried to chase a squirrel up a tree when you first turned over as well." Tom reminded him. "And if memory serves me correctly you actually managed to climb the tree a bit and got stuck!"

Off in the distance, they could see Seb and Claire playing 'tag' while he deliberately had her burn off the abundance of energy young wolves had.

"I'm worried that she's going to interact with humans. Claire's too friendly when it comes to physical attention." Chris spoke, referring to the time where Lee and Richard pet her in earnest.

"We just have to watch her," Tom replied, "Her instinct to bolt from unknown is strong. You saw her first reaction to Richard and Lee. Seb had to give her the all clear to come out,"

Tom was well aware of the exchange of looks Michael and Chris gave behind his back. Naturally, because Claire was his mate - his faith in her was higher. In reality, she really did have a high probability of getting into mischief involving humans. Unlike them, she doesn't have the discipline and the constant reminder from their parents that you were to not do 'this or that' Claire was raised a human - interacting with them came naturally to her.
"She really, really needs to not let people pet her." Chris soured,

"She doesn't know any better," Michael defended, nose down to the ground as he sniffed at a clump of grass. For good measure, he raised his leg and marked a fallen log as 'their territory' a strong scent that would help guide Claire back to their car if she got lost.

Chris took Mike's lead and found a tree, making his own mark proudly before coming back to their group. In front of them, Claire lay on her belly, panting heavily with her tongue hanging half out of her mouth. Seb sat down next to her and watched over her with mild effect from all that playing.

"I'm out of shape," Claire announced, "All this fur is hot,

"We can find a stream to dip your paws in," Michael told her.

Claire hoisted herself up off the ground, shaking out her fur before coming to stand beside Tom. Periodically he had watched her squat down and tinkle on the ground marking her 'territory' This was something no one had told her to do she just did it on her own. So there was hope that her natural instincts were stronger than they assumed.

Chapter End Notes

It's hard to write people as animals and not make it sound corny.
Chapter 62

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

*Tom's point of view*

A week and two days had passed since Tom sent away Autumn's blood for lab work and he now had the results in hand. She sat on the examining table in a pair of jeans and a hoodie sweatshirt with a colored mandala on the front.

In the seats beside the exam table were Lee and Richard. Richard looked more agitated than usual indicating that he followed Tom's instructions and hadn't cum for a week and two days.

"Evening," Tom smiled, elated that all her test results came back perfectly. "You, my dear, are perfectly healthy. Everything came back good."

"See, love. I told you-you were worrying about nothing." Lee smiled, reaching over and taking her hand.

"I read through your medical history and I can't find anything that would be a red flag," Tom told them. "Now, test results out of the way - we need to do a sperm count for Richard and discuss a possible pregnancy timeline for you three."

Tom handed Richard a plastic cup with a lid and smiled awkwardly at him. The grumpy warlock looked at the cup and back to Tom.

"How in the bloody hell am I supposed to do this, exactly?" Richard asked him.

"I'm sure you know about masturbation," Tom bluntly replied in a medical sort of way.

Richard ruffled his internal feathers and sat up straight while Autumn giggled.

"I know that! Aren't I supposed to get a dirty magazine?"

"That's sperm banks. And we don't have any material on the premises. You and Lee can be alone if you'd like." Tom suggested casually.

Richard didn't say anything he simply stared at him prompting Tom to guide Autumn out of the room leaving the men alone to do their thing. With their chemistry and lack of sex for roughly over a week, Tom would give them a good 20 minutes. Until then he can have a talk with Autumn in his private office.

The young woman sat down elegantly in the chair he pointed too. She moved gracefully like a Faerie - Tom wondered if there was any Fae in her bloodline somewhere. Warlocks and Witches were known to couple with Fae because they were similar genetically.

"I have a few basic questions to ask that aren't necessarily medical but important none the less." he smiled, pulling out his keyboard for more note taking.

"Shoot," Autumn smiled, placing her bottle of unsweetened iced tea on his desk.

"Diet," he started off, acknowledging the healthy drinking option in front of her visually.
"Vegetarian but I am willing to add fish to my diet for added protein if need be." Autumn spoke, "I eat a lot of soy and beans for protein. Richard is the only one who occasionally eats meat outside of the home."

Well, that would explain why her cholesterol and sodium levels were perfect. Tom nodded his head and jotted down her answer.

"Salmon is a good fish for you to consume - preferably not raw though. Even though sushi grade is generally parasite free I wouldn't risk it with the baby." Tom suggested, "Salmon is low in mercury and it's a very protein dense, nutritiousness fish. Have you been vegetarian all your life?"

"I've dabbled in fish and shellfish upon occasion but generally I prefer soy, beans, and lentils."

"Good, good." Tom admitted, "Activity level?"

He had noted before that Autumn appeared to be active somehow because her body was a bit muscular and she wasn't overweight for her frame and height.

"I go to the gym with Richard on Sundays and I jog. I like to hike as well."

"Good," he smiled, "As long as it's not a strenuous activity you can keep it up while pregnant. Just be careful of your tummy."

Tom scanned down all the questions that were recommended he ask. His colleague had written out a document for him as a guideline in a bid to help him with the procedure.

"I know I had asked this before but since I have the chance to be alone with you - I'll ask it again. This pregnancy is consensual and your doing it of your own free will and not because of financial gain?"

Tom didn't think they'd ever force her to do anything but he wanted to hear it from her just to be sure. Both men were present in the room at the time and the likelihood of Autumn speaking the truth is low.

"No no," she assured him in a manner that wasn't forced or practiced, "I want to be a mother and they want to be fathers. It works out."

"Co-parenting between the three of you?"

"Yes!" she smiled, "I'm not leaving my baby. The whole reason for this is because I trust Richard and Lee, they trust me. We're like lovers without the sex - if you will."

"Oh I understand," Tom reassured her.

With the way their lifestyle was, Tom had no platform to stand on and judge someone else. Hell, they could be a threesome - literally - for all he knew. Tom didn't care as long as the baby was wanted by both parties and they'd be civil in raising it via co-parenting. Tom would have been fine if Autumn did leave after having the baby leaving Richard and Lee to raise it by themselves. Which he was expecting to be honest.

A knock at his door interrupted their little interview. Richard walked into the room and placed his sperm sample on the desk in front of Tom. He looked visibly more at ease as well.

"Thank you," Tom told him, "I'm going to go do the sperm count. Autumn, if you would - I'd like to see you all back in the examining room."
Tom walked the sample to the lab to start the sperm count. This normally wasn't something he did but he had read about the process and his colleague had physically shown him how to do it. Tom committed the process to his memory and he was able to conduct it effortlessly.

He knocked once before entering the examining room, taking his seat once more. Autumn was casually lounging on the examining bed with Richard sitting at her feet and Lee by her head.

"Well," Richard asked him,

"There is going to be no problems with getting Autumn pregnant," Tom assured them. "You have very healthy sperm, strong swimmers."

Masculine pride flowed through Richard at being told his sperm was good. He grinned and crossed his arms flat against his chest while sitting up straight.

"Timelines," Tom commented, "Is there a projected time in which you'd prefer the pregnancy? How soon are you wanting to start the process? Because Autumn is already on her birth control for some time now I can inject her with Clomid which will increase her egg production - thus starting the process. After a bit, I'll inject her with an HCG shot - that will trigger ovulation. Once ovulation has started you'll bring her back in two or three days where we'll use a fresh sperm sample and inseminate her."

"I'd like to start the process next month," Autumn told Tom. "I'm not comfortable just going gun-hoe and acting on sort of 'impulse' we have a few more things to do before we actually start."

"Understandable" Tom agreed, looking at Richard and Lee,

"It's her body - her decision," Lee confirmed, "We're ready when she's ready."

"I'll schedule you in for October 5th, You'll need to come in during normal working hours because the drugs I'm going to be using is a registered agent and the medical board is anal about its use," Tom informed them.

"That's fine," Richard sighed, "Lee will more than likely take her in."

"Everything else after that, like - monitoring the baby we can do after hours. Questions?"

"What are the odds of having twins or triplets?" Autumn asked, turning on her side to look at him. "I don't really want twins..."

"Twins are somewhat common but it depends on when we inject the sperm and how high your HCG levels are after we've tested for pregnancy two weeks after the insemination. If they're higher than 25 you're more than likely to conceive twins. Anything lower than that it's usually a singular birth."

"And this doesn't affect gender?" Lee asked,

"It'll be whatever makes it to the end of the race first" Tom smiled, "I can check gender after Autumn has been pregnant for 18-20 weeks. Where are you hoping for a specific gender?"

It was a given to assume Tom wasn't going to terminate a healthy pregnancy because they were having a girl instead of a boy or vice versa. Tom wasn't God and neither were they. They get whatever is in the cards.

"No," Autumn spoke casually, "We're just curious because it's rare for girls on my side of the family and Richard comes from a long line of boys."
"Speaking from that aspect the likelihood of a boy is higher but it's not exclusive." he replied, "Let's give it a 60/40 chance for a boy."

"Don't worry dear, lots of girls on my side of the family," Lee assured her, "I'm the only boy out of seven siblings. We'll have a daughter eventually,"

Chapter End Notes

Again, thank you LadyGoodWin for the info used in this chapter.
Chapter 63

Chapter Notes

*warnings*

Extremely mild non-descriptive attempted rape.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

*Sebastian's point of view*

It was Murphy's law that if something were to happen it would happen in a big way. Neither one of them could have predicted that Claire would turn around and do what she had. Slightly panicked he stood on a rock and scanned the surrounding forest for a glimpse of white.

They should have known that when Claire woke up moody this morning allowing her wolf to go for a run wasn't exactly wise. Unfortunately, he was outvoted and had to go along with it - but not before voicing his opinion on how bad of an idea it was.

He had made Claire a promise the first time he met her that he'd protect her - that is why he was bound and determined to find her first before anyone else had. Glancing around he made sure the coast was clear before stripping down to his birthday suit, posing and turning over into his furry alter ego. Gently Seb picked up his clothes pile by his mouth and carried it to a safe spot, dropping it and kicking it between two rocks. 'Naked human' was a frowned upon look so he had to secure his cover.

Nose down to the ground he sniffed, picking up Claire's scent faintly. With a good idea as to what direction she took, he began to trot off, sniffing and following the path accordingly. Seb found himself zig-zagging a lot amongst the forest foliage indicating that Claire was in somewhat of a panic.

Panic only leads to more irrational decisions and could quite possibly make the situation worse. Pausing a moment Seb cocked his head to the side and tried to locate her via sound. When he couldn't hear her he called out for her.

"Claire," he yelled, "Claire, sweetheart - where are you? It's me, Seb. I'm not mad, I need to make sure you're alright." Nothing, except a few birds taking flight with his presence. "Claire, I know you have tender paws. You couldn't have run off that far."

He saw her limp out from behind a fallen tree, standing a few feet away from him with her left front paw raised in the hopes of giving it a bit of a break. Sebastian sighed and gently padded towards her, stopping just a few inches away. He sniffed her, Seb smelt blood and he also smelt fear.

"He bit you, didn't he?" Sebastian asked her, sniffing and nudging her with his nose - trying to locate the injury,

"A few times," Claire admitted in defeat.

Lamely she crouched down onto the ground, laying out on her side with her head flat on the forest floor. Protectively Seb sat beside her, guarding his injured mate. With Claire in this position, he could
see the puncture wound on her side as the fur parted naturally.

"Tom's not happy with you," Sebastian admitted, laying down himself and placing his large head on her side, partially pinning her to the forest floor. "In fact, no ones happy with you,"

"I know that," Claire replied bitterly, "Why are you here?"

It was more of an accusation than a question and Seb took offense to it although he'd never admit it. "Because I promised to protect you?" he offered, "And I'm not mad at you, a bit disappointed, but not mad."

Sebastian couldn't get mad at the situation despite it partially being their fault. Seeing it from her point of view it made perfect sense honestly. If some unknown male was harassing him and constantly trying to dominate him he’d have gotten into an altercation as well. It was the biting of a human that landed Claire in hot water.

Logically you weren't supposed to try and break up a 'dogfight' but this human decided to try. Unfortunately for them, it wasn't a dogfight - it was a werewolf fight, and they got attacked accordingly. Stupid humans aside Claire still made the conscious decision to turn her agitation on the human biting them several times. Before they had time to get her under control Claire bolted off into the woods leaving Tom and Chris to deal with the human repercussions of her actions.

The last thing Sebastian saw before he swooped down the man-made trail after Claire was Tom and Chris speaking to police and a SPCA agent. The human was presumably being taken to a hospital for their injuries.

"He chased me out of the safe area," Claire defended, raising her head up.

"I know that," Seb confirmed,

They had chased after them after all. Tom and Chris screaming for Claire to stop and turn around. If she had come back to them they'd have the opportunity to intervene in the assault.

"How much trouble am I in?" Claire asked,

"A good amount," Seb admitted, adjusting his head and looking at her passively.

"What are you going to do to stop it?" she asked in disbelief, untrusting of anything to do with males at this point.

A strange male attacked her and her male mates - the ones that claimed to have her back and keep her safe, failed her. Now because a human male got in the middle of her fight she was in trouble. Seb was surprised she didn't fuss with his mild show of dominance over her.

"I don't honestly know," he admitted, "We could go somewhere safe until Tom's ire has died down?"

"Wouldn't that piss him off even more? What about Pepper? You know she won't react well with me being gone..." Claire argued mildly, nosing around the ground and snorting when a piece of moss tickled her nose.

"Pepper will be fine. We're not leaving forever just a few days." Seb informed her.

Claire had paused a moment before raising her head and looking at him. "If Tom tries to attack me I'll bite him too!" she declared, "Or anyone else for that matter! None of this is my fault! You should
"Don't be cross with me, love. I wasn't there. Tom and Chris were there. I only caught wind of it after it had happened." Sebastian informed her. "I chased after Chris and Tom - darting off after you while they were distracted. They don't even know I found you let alone keeping you from them."

"Well, that other wolf tried to mount me," she told him in a shaky voice. "And I don't mean in a play fighting kind of way either!"

"Come on, you shouldn't be laying here for too long. You'll stiffen up a bit." Sebastian spoke trying to keep his own emotions in check. He wasn't told that part by Chris or Tom. Whether it was because they weren't aware of it or it was an oversight - he didn't know, regardless, Claire wasn't at fault if that truly was the case. "You need to go stay with the warlocks until this all sorts itself out. Lee will keep you sheltered and Richard will help you heal."

Once she was in the warlocks home their council couldn't interfere with her. There was a very ancient and somewhat unknown clause the magical beings had that allowed them to house others like a church would with someone seeking sanctuary. To qualify for it the person, or creature, must be a friend of the warlock (or witch) and fleeing unlawful persecution - which she was. It was put into place after the witch trials. If memory served him correctly it was called 'The Hearth' clause. And their council couldn't go against another council's sanctions without a fight.

It wasn't greatly used because not a lot of people were aware of it. Sebastian knew because he actually studied their history when he was younger and he remembered reading about it. He only hoped that Lee and Richard would honor it.

"Does Tom honestly hate me that much?" she asked, limping and panting from exhaustion beside him.

"No, Tom's mad but he doesn't hate you. I'm more worried about the council until the investigation is over." Seb told her,

"You have to stay with me," Claire demanded weakly,

"Yes, my Luna. Whatever you wish," Sebastian answered. "I did tell you I'd protect you, my love. And that doesn't mean tossing you to warlocks and wishing you luck. I may be only a beta but I'm a male representative of your pack and I have certain rights that you don't because of that."

"Typical," Claire scoffed, stopping for a moment to regain her breath.

"Says the wolf with more rights than I do," Seb chuckled.

Their first order of business was to retrieve Sebastian's clothes. In order to transport her to the warlocks home, he needed to drive and you couldn't drive naked. Steering Claire in the direction of his clothes he walked slowly, watching her step. Since she was a young wolf the pads of her paws hadn't toughened up yet and were extremely sensitive. Claire couldn't run that much or even step over certain textures without pain. Her tender paws on top of the bite marks that other wolf gave her made Claire very sore and exhausted.

"Let me get changed and I'll carry you," Sebastian informed her, stopping Claire just short of coming out of the bush.

Claire laid out on her belly and whined, placing her head down on her front paws. Hesitantly Seb walked out into the open and retrieved his clothing with his mouth, carrying it back to where Claire lay. Once turned over he got redressed quickly, stretching. Easily he picked up the medium sized
wolf in his arms and carried her. She fussed a bit but ultimately rested her head on his arm.

Michael appeared down the trail causing Seb to pause a moment. He had always been on good terms with the man and didn't know if that still meant something right now. Technically Sebastian was betraying the pack by harboring Claire and keeping her from Tom. In his hands was a blanket and on his face a worried expression.

"Is she alright?" Mike asked, looking at her carefully before dropping the blanket over her and tucking it in around Claire's body.

"She's torn to shit," Sebastian informed him seriously, "That male wolf tried to rape her," he added so that Michael knew right away the reasoning for the attack. If the council asks he can give them the reasoning behind it and their stories wouldn't differ. "I'm taking her to the warlocks and executing The Hearth clause."

"Right, I'll get the car for you." Michael agreed, stroking the top of Claire's head softly. "Poor girl," he cooed. Carefully he bent down a bit and kissed her between the ears. "You're a good girl - you did a good thing."

Chapter End Notes

I'll give Fassy and Alicia a few years of marriage before the divorce. Fassy isn't exactly a man to be tied down for long before he get's restless.
*Sebastian's point of view*

"Tom and Chris are dealing with the council," Michael informed him, looking at him through the rearview mirror.

Seb sat in the backseat with Claire's head on his lap. She whined softly, body shaking from shock. Once her adrenaline wore off Claire gave out a rather large yelp and snapped at Michael. Luckily for them, Michael had brought a blanket and Seb was able to cover her with it.

"It was self-defense." Sebastian defended, stroking her floppy ear between his fingers,

"I'll take your word for it. I was at work," Michael replied, "It doesn't surprise me though that a young male tried to mount her. She's close to being in 'season' They shouldn't have taken her out."

'Season' was a reference to that one time of the month when a female was close to ovulation. Since their reproduction was the same as humans they didn't have a cycle like a typical canine. One week a month they became even more irresistible than usual. A young male wolf had no manners, to begin with. Mounting someone else's woman let alone a Luna wasn't something outside the realms of possibilities.

What wasn't typical was for her the female to take matters into their own hands and attack the male. That was usually the alpha's job. The human was collateral damage.

"We need to address her wounds," Sebastian told him.

"I think we should take her home. Bringing her to the warlocks, in the long run, will make things worse," Michael spoke, turning in his seat as they were stopped at a red light. The council isn't going to send round someone to drag her off. We can make sure that she's safe and protected from Tom's misplaced anger, if he has any, back home."

"I don't know..." Seb replied with hesitation. "I promised her I'd take her to the warlocks,"

"And I'm telling you - despite that sounding like a good idea it'll make things worse. Tom and Chris are going to lose their minds. They'll think that you're trying to hide her from them." Michael explained, "Look, let's get her home, cleaned off and into bed. We can make sure that she's safe and protected from Tom's placed anger, if he has any, back home."

"Fine, but we're taking her to my apartment." Sebastian relented,

"If you wish," the Irishman answered,

"I do wish! I'm trying to save face for going back on what I promised Claire!" Seb stated bitterly. "At least if it's in my home I have some semblance of distance."
Neither man spoke for the rest of the trip allowing Sebastian to mentally form a line of attack. The first thing they needed to do was figure out how to get Claire into the apartment without being seen by humans. It wasn't every day that a grown man carried a medium sized white 'dog' into the building who had patches of blood on her.

Michael parked his car and turned the engine off, sitting there staring ahead. Neither Tom nor Chris were home yet so they could avoid that confrontation.

"I think you should carry her into the house under the blanket. We can make her look like an arm full of laundry," Michael suggested. At being told she resembled laundry Claire grumbled and made a baying sound, kicking out her back leg. "Mouthy," Michael tisked.

Gently Sebastian picked her up from the backseat and got another loud yelp out of her followed by a high pitched whine. Adjusting Claire in his arms he paused a moment before Mike tucked her tail in and draped the blanket over her. He made sure that her tail and her head were covered before Sebastian entered the apartment building. They could hear Claire snorting loudly under the blanket. Her way of showing massive discontent for the situation.

Mike ruffled her fluff under the blankets and hushed her. Laundry doesn't groan or grunt unless it hasn't been washed in a while.

"I'm going to place her in the tub," Seb told Michael who held the door open to his apartment.

Seb's bathroom was a bit different than Tom's. He had a bathtub and a much smaller shower instead of a spacious walk-in with no bathtub. A bathtub was better in this case because it assured that she won't escape.

"What do you need me to do?" Michael asked, rolling up the sleeves of his shirt.

"Towels," Sebastian replied, placing Claire down in the tub.

Right away she slumped down onto her belly and grumbled, her head down and her ears slicked back. She looked miserable.

"It would help greatly if you turned over," Sebastian told her, turning on the water and causing Claire to automatically scramble herself upright, slipping on the tubs slick surface she fell on her hip. Michael went to place his hands on her chest to help prop Claire upright and steady her only to be given a light nip - her teeth breaking the skin a little.

"That was not nice!" Sebastian scolded with a hiss, "We both know you're tired and sore. That doesn't give you license to take it out on us! We're trying to help you. Knock it off!"

"She's got a bloody bite to her, doesn't she?" Michael commented, looking at his forearm. He shook it off and patted Claire on the head, ruffling her fluff.

With warm water flowing out of the removable showerhead mounted to his bathtub Sebastian slowly started to go over her with it. Her fur began to mat down and stick to her body. A pinkness began to run off down the drain as he cleaned off her wounds.

"Mike, I have a notebook on my kitchen table. Can you grab it and make a note as to where she's bitten? Once Claire dries off it'll be impossible to find all the injuries again?" Seb asked, holding the shower wand off to the side and away from Claire, who lowered her head and began to lap at the lukewarm water getting a drink.
"How nasty was the fight?" Mike asked with concern, kneeling down next to the tub with the notebook and the pen.

Claire leaned over to him, sniffing his face a bit before giving Michael a lick on the cheek and the side of his neck. "Oh yes, thank you! Yes!" he smiled, accepting her apology.

"I didn't witness it. I was still back at the car when it started, by the time I got to Chris and Tom she was long gone in the woods with the male chasing her." Seb answered, wetting Claire down once more. The water parted her fur and slowly her injuries became more visible. "I arrived at the park just as Claire had bolted off down the trail."

Carefully Michael took note of where she was bitten and how bad it was. Every once in a while she'd yelp or whine but other than that her behavior was passive. The injury Claire most favored was on her hindquarters that roughly translated to her hip when human.

"6 bites," Michael read back, standing back on his feet. "Four on the left side and two on the right."

Seb turned the water off and helped Claire to stand back up. She shook out her fur and flung water all over him, Michael and his bathroom. Rather proud of herself she began to lick at her fur in an attempt to dry it. Mike handed him one towel and he took the other. Together they very carefully feather dried her fluff with the material.

"Where do you want her?" Michael asked,

Sebastian looked up to see Michael had picked up Claire and was holding her in his arms waiting for further instruction. With her ears slicked flat back against her head, Seb could tell that Claire was barely tolerating the gesture.

"On my bed," he answered,

Claire gingerly stretched out a bit on his bed, placing her head down between her paws and grumbled. She looked like a wet rat with her fur sticking up in random areas. She was definitely a bit smaller when wet. Once she began to shake a little prompting Sebastian to cover her with a blanket. tucking it in around her.

"Go to sleep," Seb told her, stroking her head a few times.

Claire yawned and placed her head back down, turning it in a little while repositioning her body into a half-moon shape. Once they were sure that she was asleep both men left to try and hash out a game plan.
*Michael's point of view*

Laying on Sebastian's bed was probably the weirdest thing he's done to date outside of the operating room. Having a fluffy white luna laying next to him partially buried under a comforter was equally weird. Slipping his hand under the blankets he found a spot on her side and began to stroke her, fingers strumming through her hair.

Off in the living room, he could hear James speaking on the phone with who he presumed to be Tom. James sounded agitated but very firm in his answers. Beside him, Claire grumbled and adjusted herself on the bed. Sooner or later she had to turn over. It was the battle of the wills and whose stubborn would win out first. The end result would be interesting.

"You have to turn over sooner or later," Michael reminded, ruffling her fluff a little. "You can't keep tinkling in Seb's shower."

Claire gave a deep sigh and tried to talk only for it sound like a series of strained whines and a very subtle drawn out bark.

"Cheeky!" Michael cooed, stretching out his arm and scratching her furry cheeks.

He knew what Chris had stated about not petting her or cuddling her but Mike couldn't help it. Claire was just too damn cuddly. Her eagerness for attention went as fast as it came. She placed her head back on the mattress and closed her eyes.

There was more going on than just the soreness of her injuries. Michael knew that the attempted sexual assault disturbed her deeply and he didn't blame her. It bothered him and he wasn't even on the receiving end. Despite what some people presume just because the man hadn't been successful, didn't mean it was any less traumatizing.

"I'm sorry Chris and Tom didn't do their jobs, lovely," Michael apologized gently, stroking her back lengthwise. "If I or Seb were there we'd have handled it correctly. I'll make sure that it won't happen again,"

Lovingly Claire raised her head up off the mattress and acknowledged him before taking a very gentle soft breath and lowering it.

"Time," Michael spoke, "In time it'll be easier, sweetheart." he sympathized,

James came back into the bedroom and paused a moment with his cell in his hand. He has emulated a distinct emotion of being 'off' It was definitely Tom on the phone and he could only imagine how the conversation went.

"Tom," Seb started, rubbing his cheek with his hand, "Is at the hospital with Chris and an appointed council investigator."

"Oh?" Mike replied a bit concerned with this information. "Were they injured in the may lay?"

"No," Sebastian answered, sitting down on the opposite side of the bed and tucking Claire in a bit
better, "It seems that our little Chomper did some serious damage to the human."

"How much damage?" Michael asked with concern, sitting up with his brows knitted. He took a few labored breaths waiting for Seb to answer.

When he arrived everyone was gone and the only indication that something had happened is a bit of blood on the gravel and the smell of adrenaline and anger.

"He needs surgery," Sebastian finally replied, his voice and body language indicating shock and disbelief. "Claire managed to literally rip out the inside of his wrist. She severed nerves, tendons, muscle..."

"Jesus," Michael gasped. Not in a million years did he think that she could do something that horrid.

"At one point they thought he was actually going to lose the hand."

Both of them were watching Claire carefully as Sebastian discussed the human male's stated. They were well aware that she could hear and understand them perfectly fine. At the moment her eyes were darting from side to side and her ears were twitching. Two indicators that Claire was very distressed and anxious. She was probably waiting for them to yell or even hit her.

"What does this mean, exactly?" Michael asked Sebastian.

"It means that Tom is in a lot of trouble," he replied. "It also means that for a bit we'll be under the constant supervision of the council investigator. He's going to be taking reports on Claire's progress and study her behavior."

"Do they...do they not know she was nearly raped?! A trauma like that would send any young female wolf into a panic!" Michael defended,

They didn't need the council up their ass for an extended period of time. 'Close supervision' meant just that. The investigator will literally be wherever Claire is and whoever accompanied them. If they did anything wrong they'd be reported and punished.

"Yeah, well, you see. That's the problem. Tom and Chris knew she was close to estrus and therefore shouldn't have allowed her outside in that form," Sebastian explained, "And that's no one's fault but theirs," he added, stroking the top of Claire's head softly. "Your OK baby, none of this is your fault."

Occasionally they made a sound that was similar to what a human would describe as crying. They could hear Claire 'crying' her lips even quivering with emotion. It was heartbreaking but they had no real way of calming her down unless she turned back over. Instead, all they could do was pet her a few times and tell her it'll be alright.

"Claire, sweetheart, it'll be alright. You're not in trouble." Michael told her, "Sometimes bad things happen because alpha's get too cocky." he explained. "You did what you had to do. No one is faulting you for that."

"Yes, love," Sebastian confirmed, "The council is more concerned with Tom's ability to make good choices in regards to you and the pack. The young wolf that tried to assault you is in trouble as well. He's young, a bit younger than you. So the council will more than likely place him in an educational class for behavior."

She stopped crying which was nice because it was agitating his own wolf. Carefully he placed himself back down on the bed - his back against the bed frame. Michael closed his eyes and tried to
digest the day's events. He did not expect to come home from work to a soap-opera.

"How much longer are Chris and Tom going to be?" Mike asked, pinching the bridge of his nose.

"I don't know," Sebastian spoke shrugging his shoulders. "They're currently in custody although no charges have been laid. I think it's mainly to make sure that they actually stay and not run?"

"So until they're released I guess Claire is in our custody?"

"And care," Sebastian stressed, "Which reminds me - we have to give this little girl some dinner. And I don't know how we're going to do that because Claire refuses to turn back over."

Usually when they wouldn't change over their mums refused to feed them. It was a means to get their way in a passive-aggressive manner. Obviously, they couldn't do that now. Their only options were to either feed her as is or wait until she turned over again, which to him sounded somewhat cruel.

"Just...feed her as is?" Mike suggested, "We've seen her drink water so clearly she's comfortable enough..."

"We're not supposed to though..." Seb hesitated,

"I think this is a bit different than a stubborn pup avoiding human responsibility." Michael answered, "I think if you cut up some meat, sweet potato and maybe carrots she'll be fine."

"Well, I'm not going to feed her dog food!" Sebastian soured, getting off the bed and heading to his kitchen. "If I feed you," he spoke directly at Claire, "Your pooping outside. I'm not having you poop in my shower. I have my limits."

Chapter End Notes

I need suggestions for who should be the "Council Investigator" A male between the ages of 24-35 ethnicity isn't important and neither is the country where he was born.
**Chapter 66**

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Sebastian's point of view*

They had gone to sleep with a furry critter between them and woke up with a furry critter still between them. Claire lay there with all four paws tucked under her with no visibility of a tail. She kind of resembled a fluffy loaf of bread.

Sleepily she yawned and looked at him with half hooded eyelids. And a dopy face that told him she was previously out cold.

“Honestly? It's going on 12 hours love. Turn back over.” Sebastian murmured.

“Are they not back yet?” Michael groaned, waking up from his own power nap.

“Do you see two overly charged alphas in here trying to take siege of Claire?” Seb sarcastically replied,

“Fair point,” he agreed. While adjusting his arm over his eyes Michael caught wind of Claire's position doing a double take. “You look like a cat. Turn over,”

“Claire, enough is enough. You really need to change back over so you can rest properly.” Sebastian encouraged. “Go on now. You're not prolonging the inevitable by staying in wolf form. Trust us, we know. We tried - it didn't work.”

“No, it didn't.” Michael agreed, “Dealing with everything is easier if your human.”

Their gentle nudging had caused Claire to stiffly unravel herself and jump off the bed with a low yelp. Neither one was really watching as she took the form of her human. When the bed dipped once more Michael cocked an eye open and witnessed Claire lay out flat on her belly.

The bite marks were generally healed besides bruising. They still looked ugly and painful in a variety of yellow, purple and shitty green.

“I'm hurting,” Claire admitted,

For the first time in about 13 hours Claire had spoken to them and it was to convey that she was in pain. That wasn't something they wanted to hear - period.

“Good thing we're doctors then, huh? Mike can you get the light. I wanna have a good look at your wounds.”

"Yep," he yawned, a bit annoyed with being bossed around by a beta.

With the light on in his bedroom, they could see the true ugliness of her healing injuries. There wasn't much that they could do right now because it was mainly superficial. Sebastian thought he had a creme that would help with the pain in his medicine cabinet.

Carefully she adjusted herself on the bed under Michael's watchful gaze. He traced over a single bite mark before shaking his head.
"What does it mean when a council investigator...." she struggled to word her question prompting Michael to answer it.

"Investigates us?" Mike answered,

"Unlike human investigators, they don't leave. Depending on how long the council hands down they'll pretty much be our roommate that rats on us if someone goofs." Sebastian replied, sitting down on the bed with his tube of medicated creme for bruises.

"So, a babysitter?" Claire asked through a hiss, the creme stinging her skin at first before settling into a mellow warmth.

"Typically with no sense of humor and completely anal," Seb told her, "They do everything by the book. Not exactly popular people..."

She gave off a deep sigh and adjusted herself so the worst injury came into view. "I'm sorry,"

"You didn't do anything," Michael reminded her, "You were defending yourself."

"Tom and Chris are grown men capable of making good decisions. What they did was just plain stupid and that's why our pack is under investigation."

"Plus I attacked a human..." Claire whimpered a little, her face crestfallen.

"Generally that is a no-no but it's understandable," Michael told her, adjusting himself so he was pressed against her back.

Seb finished up addressing her wounds before getting up off the bed and tidying his still messy bathroom. He was expecting a phone call from either Tom and Chris soon. A call that he both anticipated and feared at the same time. It was very stressful to go so long without any communication from their alphas.

Pausing a moment Seb grabbed the back of his neck and closed his eyes. With Claire's fragile mental state having her around a strange wolf, which was more than likely male, wasn't something that he wanted. They had just gotten Claire and her wolf. There was more for them to explore and learn. Having an annoying nosey wolf sniffing around was the last thing they wanted or needed.

By the time he came back to his bedroom Claire was asleep in Michael's arms. He felt a pinch of jealousy with seeing how comfortable she appeared.

"Should we call Tom?" Michael spoke very softly as to not wake Claire.

"I don't know," Seb dismissed, taking 'his' side of the bed and deliberately placing distance between him and her. "I don't want another male in our house. It's kind of hard enough to secure her attention and affection. Another man will throw her off..."

"I don't like it either." Michael confessed, "But we both know that a council investigator won't get involved personally."

"This is Claire we're talking about, Michael." Seb scoffed, "Up until a week ago we didn't even think she could turn over. And here she is - a 'human' born, third generation werewolf that shifted successfully."

Maybe he was being overly paranoid or the jealousy bug had taken a larger bite out of him than Sebastian realized. But then again - this was their magical, supernatural, Claire. She had an air about
her that attracted the unexplainable. If it could happen - it will happen.

"She's an unbelievably beautiful and a pure Luna," Sebastian spoke with a sigh, "Many wolves don't encounter a female of her caliber in their lifetime."

Michael paused a moment and thought about what Sebastian was saying. It had some merit to it. They had to protect their Luna from outside interference. There were four males and one female at the moment. That was enough males vying for her attention.

"Well, they can't send in a female because Claire will lose it." Michael pointed out. "She's possessive towards us and just as jealous. Another strange female on her territory for any length of time - never mind following her and whoever is with her - will break the camels back."

The only thing they could do was make sure that the council investigator was at arm's length away from Claire at all times. He knew that Chris nor Tom would appreciate an audience. They were far more possessive and territorial than he and Michael. Tom will really have to make sure he keeps his attitude to a minimum and execute his manners.

"Maybe he'll be ugly," Michael suggested, opening his arms so that Claire could scoot over to Sebastian's embrace.

"I doubt that," he snorted, turning to embrace her. "How many ugly wolves have you met? We're not ugly creatures."

From the living room, they could hear Seb's phone going off. Seeing how Claire was partially on top of him and out cold Michael had to get up and retrieve it. Silently he mouthed out 'answer it' to Michael and he did.

"Hello?" Michael spoke into the phone, "Yeah? Fuck." he continued after a pause. "Are you serious?"

Seb really wanted to know what they were talking about and who he was talking too. Mike looked disturbed to a certain degree and his voice read disbelief. Despite being asleep Claire could pick up on the tension subconsciously, shifting in his arms and moaning faintly.

"Alright," Michael sighed, "Well, we'll see you when you get here then." He ended the phone call and looked at Sebastian, a blank expression on his handsome face. "The human is out of surgery. They had to graph nerves from his thigh and place them on his wrist as well as perform a skin graph from his back to cover the wound."

"Huh," Seb replied, his sympathy starting to waver a bit considering their punishment for Claire defending herself far outweighed his medical woes. "Maybe next time he won't try and break up a wolf fight."

"They're coming back here, tonight. With the council investigator." Michael told him seriously. "Affective immediately we're on supervised probation for 6 months. If we're found in breach of anything we'll be brought before the senior council itself and face further action."

Chapter End Notes

After staring at photos of handsome men for about 2 hours yesterday and mentally
comparing personality points I want my character to have and them - I have decided who it's going to be. Thank you so much for all the suggestions. Some men I haven't even heard of before but I'm glad I know about them now!
Claire’s sense of smell was connected so strongly to her brain that the moment of an unknown wolf stepped into Sebastian’s apartment, she woke with a jolt in the bed. Arms and hands strained to keep her body upright – her chest was heaving and her breath was heavy. Beside her, Sebastian placed his hand on her bare belly as a form of assurance. She swallowed heavily a few times and turned to look at him.

“He’s in your apartment,” she stated dumbly.

“Yes, he is,” Seb grumbled, displeased that it was a male.

“He’s neutral like Mike,” Claire added, sniffing the air subtly to get a better feel for his scent.

Sebastian crinkled his nose and replied, “An omega, typical. They don’t usually have alphas as investigators because it’ll cause too much friction between him and the leaders. So an omega is a perfect balance.”

“I outrank him,” she reminded Sebastian protectively,

“You pretty much outrank everyone,” Seb reminded her with a half smile.

Claire’s head was spinning and she found herself slowly lay back on the bed. Her nude body was partially covered by a sheet and under Sebastian’s careful gaze. There were a lot of mixed emotions going through her head right now. On one hand, she knew it wasn’t exactly her fault they were in this mess, but Claire couldn’t help but feel somewhat responsible. She didn’t have to bite the human who stuck his hand between her and the other male but she had, on purpose, because he was blocking her way from biting the other wolf.

“I don’t want to deal with this,” Claire confided in Sebastian, “I want him to go away and not bother me. I have plans he’s going to interfere with.”

“I want him to go away as well,” Seb told her quietly, “But really, what is six months when you have eternity?”

“None of this is supposed to happen. Lee never mentioned it to me.” Claire shakily informed him.

“You can’t rely on that all the time.” Sebastian sighed, “The closer he gets to a specific person the hazier the visions are and unreliable. None of us saw this one coming. Normally Tom is a very responsible leader.”

Tom, Michael, and Chris were speaking with the council investigator in Sebastian’s living room quietly. What she really wanted right now was to cuddle Pepper, who by the sounds of it was also in the living room running in her little wheel. In order for her to retrieve Pep Claire had to get up and make an appearance. Facing the unknown man right now wasn’t what she wanted. Especially since she had no clothes to speak of in this apartment. Presenting herself wrapped in a sheet wasn’t a good first impression. Claire knew that Sebastian definitely didn’t want to go out there either so she wouldn’t even ask that of him.

“I don’t know how I feel about having some strange man in my bubble ordering me around like my
mother.”

“We don’t have any problems usually with following rules.” Sebastian told her seriously, “Tom made a mistake once and it ends up like this. Hopefully, he’ll realize that we’re not rebel rousers and close the investigation sooner.”

“I need something to wear,” Claire told him, turning her head to look at him. She boldly raised her head and kissed Seb on the mouth. “He’s asking about me…” she paused a moment before turning her entire body in the direction of Sebastian. “You do know I love you right? I don’t have a favorite amongst the four of you. I’m actually a little more protective over you because people want to walk all over you, and I hate that!”

Seb nodded his head and lowered himself to kiss her, his lips moving gently against hers. “Thank you,” he told her sincerely,

“I’m sorry we haven’t made love yet,” she told him as Seb got up off the bed and rummaged through his draws for something for her to wear. “I can’t find the right time…”

“You haven’t slept with Michael yet, have you?” he asked slowly, looking at her with darkened eyes, a bit of jealousy showing through his words.

“No,” Claire told him honestly, catching the shirt he tossed her. “No, just Tom and Chris and that was a one-time thing. I haven’t even had sex with Tom in a while. So no one is getting laid in this pack. I haven’t been in the mood…”

“And that’s your right to not be in the mood,” he assured her picking up on the bit of hesitation in her voice. “You’re going to have to wear a pair of my old boxers because I don’t think any of my pants are going to fit you, love, sorry,”

She could see the relief wash over her beta as he learned that no one was having sex at the moment. There was a tension as it was between her and the men knowing that only a few were being intimate with her while the others were left out. Since they didn’t have to tell each other if they were having sex with her no one knew for sure if the other was. Claire didn’t want anyone turning against another because they felt like there was neglect in the affection department.

“I don’t treat you any differently than I do the others, do I?” Claire asked,

“Besides being more protective and defending me more? No,” Sebastian replied, handing her the old pair of cotton boxers. “It has nothing to do with you, it’s more of a male ego pride thing. Whether you like it or not – jealousy is going to strike at least once when you have multiple males vying for the same affection from one female. Jealousy is healthy it’s when it turns into pure possessiveness that we have a problem. No one is possessive over you singularly unless it’s in regards to outside interference. And I think that’s normal.”

Claire got dressed, slowly, her injuries still hurt and the muscles where the wounds sat above were stiff and screaming for mercy. With Sebastian’s assistance, she hobbled very slowly into the living room. He guided her, a hand on her elbow and the other on her lower back to catch her if Claire’s knees gave out.

The council investigators scent hit her like a ton of bricks and her wolf didn’t like it. He smelt like the forest she retreated into after the attack. Strong pine trees after a winter’s downpour and the musky scent of moss. Stopping to catch her breath and hunched over a bit, grabbing her thighs. Seb watched her with careful doctors eyes, rubbing her lower back.
“What the hell do you want?” Claire asked the man passively, turning her head up to look at him.

The man sat in the middle of Seb’s couch with a black leather zipped notebook resting on his lap. He was dressed in business casual and appropriate for his age, which was around Tom’s. Her brutally honest approach caught him off guard to the point where he actually went slack-jawed for a moment before sitting up straight and adjusting his sweater. There was a pair of black-rimmed glasses folded neatly on top of his notebook – a decoration she was sure.

Claire supposed that he was handsome in his own right. If it weren’t for the fact that he was an invasive pest she’d probably find him a hell of a lot more attractive. But for the moment he was a pretty pain in the ass.

“What’s your name?” she asked him,

“Chris,” he smiled, nodding his head a little, “Chris Pine,”

“We already have a Chris so I’ll address you as Pine,” Claire answered shortly,

“It’s a pleasure to meet you,” Pine spoke, his voice a little too friendly for her liking seeing the circumstances.

“Yeah, I bet,” Claire sighed sarcastically,

“I’ve never met an actual luna before,”

“I guess this is your lucky day then, huh?”

Claire hobbled over to Tom’s lap and sat down, crossing her legs and leaning her head against Tom’s chest. Despite being quite angry with Tom still, Claire wanted to show Pine that her loyalties hadn’t faltered from her alpha despite it being shaky at the moment. It was a show of force if anything.

“Sassy little thing, isn’t she?” Pine commented,

Tom shrugged his shoulders, “She’s her own person,” he defended, “I’m not about to complain,”

“Right, well,” Pine, replied, clearing his throat, “Let’s get down to business shall we and discuss why I’m here?”

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Chapter 68

Pine was presenting himself to be a rather odd man. His face and body screamed masculinity but his demeanor was meek. The man wasn’t aggressive or even dominant. He was mild-mannered like Sebastian was despite being an omega. Claire got the distinct impression that she could walk all over him if her heart chose to do so – she didn’t.

“Allright,” Pine addressed, coughing a little. “I’m here mainly because of the actions your alpha took.” He looked right at her with his blue eyes. “It has been deemed by the council that his actions were irresponsible and placed the human population in danger as well as his mate.”

“Six months is a bit much, no?” Claire questioned in a passive-aggressive voice.

“It’s three months for Tom’s actions and three months for yours,” Pine replied bluntly, “If you want to get technical about it. You did attack a human and caused them serious irreversible damage.”

No one had told her that three months of this torturous babysitting session was due to her. They all made it seem like it was Tom and Chris’s fault. Feeling as if someone slapped her on the ass Claire adjusted herself beside Tom on the couch and snobbishly dismissed Pine by turning her head to the side.

Pine was thumbing through notes he must have made at the hospital. Sebastian and Michael looked completely disinterested in anything he had to say and showed it through their current physical actions. Both men were slumped down on the couch with their heads tilted back, eyes closed. Chris and Tom, however, were sitting on either side of her, glaring at Pine with no effect whatsoever. The man simply ignored them and continued to skim his notes. It must be normal for the man to be around hostility.

“You were injured?” Pine asked, looking up from the leather bound book, his glasses perched on the end of his nose.

“Yes,” Claire replied,

“How badly?”

“She had been bitten a total of six times. The puncture’s pierced the skin and muscle in some areas.” Michael spoke on her behalf. “She’s still bruised. If you need to inspect the injuries yourself we can do that,”

”No, I believe you,” Pine told them, writing down what Michael had said. “If it’s any consolation – Claire had given the young wolf a few good bites as well.”

“Good!” she snapped aggressively, “He tried to rape me! I should have bitten his dick off!”

Tom flinched at her admission and looked at her briefly before focusing on Pine. Her answer probably wasn’t the best one but it was honest. Pine’s nose twitched a little but he reframed from saying anything verbally in regards to it.

“Yes, I’m sorry that you had to suffer through that,” he sincerely spoke, “The young man will be dealt with accordingly. Obviously, that behavior isn’t acceptable in our society,”

Claire felt like she should put her two cents in on the human that she bit but didn’t. That really wouldn’t make her or Tom look good. Instead, Claire bit her tongue and continued to study the odd
man in front of her.

“Is it acceptable in any society?” Sebastian asked,

Pine looked up from his book and briefly glared at Seb before finishing his sentence in writing and looking up. Claire tucked her legs under her and leaned on Tom’s solid frame, her chin resting on his shoulder as Claire observed the man further.

“Are you just going to babysit us for six months?” Claire asked ignorantly, not realizing that there was more to it than that.

“No,” Pine corrected, “I’m here to oversee your and Tom’s interaction as well as help with training you. Since it’s become blatantly obvious you have none.”

Training? Was Claire going to join the circus? Her pack had told her about learning rules and ‘manners’ but they weren’t specific about actual ‘training’ the confused and somewhat ignorant look on her face prompted Pine to make a disapproving sound in his throat before adjusting the leg, which was resting on his thigh. Tom looked nervous when she chanced a glance at him.

“Thomas, have you done any training with your pup?” Pine addressed, seriously.

“She hasn’t been a wolf for that long.” He stammered, “I mean, we haven’t had time yet too…”

“Umm-hum,” Pine answered, not impressed at all. “How long exactly has she been able to shift successfully?”

With Pine attacking Tom she started to feel a bit defensive. It took a lot to not yell at the man in the glasses. Chris placed his hand on her thigh – massaging it in a bid to calm her down.

“Going on two weeks,” Tom explained, “But she’s had complications…so only within the last week she’s been out,”

Pine placed down his pen and looked at her with concern on his face, “How old are you, Claire? I couldn’t find a file in the council’s archives about you. Are you foreign or?”

Automatically she looked at Tom for any indication as to what she should do right now. He glanced down at her with a grimace and cleared his throat. That, to her, told Claire he was going to answer for her. Which was an odd thing to do because Claire was the Luna and outranked Tom in this situation. Luna’s didn’t rely on men to speak for them.

“She’s from Canada,” Tom told her, “And she’s 24. It’s a bit of a…well, it’s pretty complicated really.”

“Why isn’t she registered? It’s illegal,” he told him seriously, a subtle darkness washing over his handsome face.

“Well, you see…” Tom continued to stumble, desperately looking for the right words.

Chris cleared his throat and sat up straight, “Claire is a special case. She was born to humans but her great-grandmother was a Luna. She inherited that gene and through a routine immortality spell – her wolf was freed.” Chris explained, taking over for Tom.

Their investigator looked at Claire and back to Tom before settling his blue eyes on her. From head to foot Pine scanned her, memorizing all her details. His eyebrows raised and he grabbed his pen, writing something down.
“Interesting,” Pine mumbled, “Highly unlikely but apparently true,” he added. “She needs to be registered.”

“Alright,” Tom agreed,

“Tomorrow, Thomas. I’m serious.” Pine told him, “You’re lucky I’m not reporting that.”
“Thank you, I’ll get the paperwork tomorrow,”

“I have a copy in my briefcase,”

“Of course you do,” Michael sarcastically commented under his breath.

“Since I’m a Luna I have more authority than you, right?” Claire asked seriously, hoping that she could somehow figure out a way to make the good-looking pest leave sooner.

“Normally, yes,” Pine answered, “But because I work for the council I outrank you,”

“You only work for the council during working hours,” Claire reminded him snobbishly, a smug look on her face.

Pine placed his pen down and closed the notebook rather dramatically. He leaned forward and cocked a single eyebrow while taking his glasses off. “I’m not leaving, little Luna. You can give me as much attitude as you wish – it won’t help you. I’d rather not be here but it’s my job. So let’s try and make the best of it and get along, yes?”

Taken back by his demeanor, Claire sat up a little and looked to Tom to do something. He wasn’t even acknowledging the situation leaving her to deal with it.

“I guess,” Claire replied casually, brushing him off, “Tom’s not a bad alpha, he’s just new to dealing with me.” Claire defended,

“Look,” Pine addressed, “I’m a neutral party here. I’m reserving judgment until the end of my investigation. I was assigned this case like I would be any other case. I’ve already dismissed the charges against you for attacking that other wolf and judged him at fault. I’m not a bad person. In time you won’t even know I’m here.”

Somehow Claire doubted that. It was hard to not notice a strange man around them who wasn’t a friend or family member. He was just there judging them. How were Claire and the others supposed to get used to them when they couldn’t become personal or friends?

“I have more questions to ask but we can wait until tomorrow. I think everyone is tired?”

“You’ll be sleeping in my apartment in the guest room,” Tom told them, man,

“Because you’re not sleeping with us,” Claire added dumbly.

“Wouldn’t dream of it,” Pine smiled, gazing right at Claire causing her to blush a little and turn away.
It had been three days since Pine became a temporary member of their pack and so far he hadn't really been doing his job. At least not to the expectations of what Claire built up in her mind.

Pine was either in his bedroom doing paperwork for other cases he was closing up or he was on their couch reading various novels. He was pleasant and quite - engaging even with idle chit-chat with the other men. Claire kept her distance because she and her wolf were still trying to figure him out.

Now, granted they hadn't gone outside the house but you'd think he'd at least be in the room with them instead of locked away in his bedroom. Claire's wolf screamed he was enjoying this mini vacation away from the office. She wasn't so sure about that. Claire thought that Pine was watching them in a very subtle sort of way that made them believe he wasn't. It was easier to catch people breaking 'the rules' if they thought the coast was clear.

The only other person besides Claire that seemed to catch onto this was Sebastian, but then again, her Seb had always been rather observant over the others.

"What's her name?" Pine asked, coming to kneel down on the floor where Claire was laying.

Pepper was running after one of her little jingle balls and nudging it back to Claire so she could roll it away for the hog to retrieve. It was their own little game of 'fetch'

"Pepper," Claire told him,

"She's adorable! A hedgehog, yes?"

"Yep, just a baby too," Claire replied, happy to see that someone other than her and Michael appeared to be overly enthusiastic over their pet.

"I love animals," Pine stated, allowing Pepper to sniff his fingers.

Pep's quills were still flat on her back and her body language was relaxed. She seemed to be rather indifferent to this strange man in their home which spoke volumes. Animals tended to have a good sense of who's 'good or bad'

"Unfortunately with my work I can't have one," he added, scratching Pepper's cheek with his finger as she stood up, her front paws on Pine's thigh. She sniffed at him, whiskers going a mile a minute along with her small nose. "Hello, beautiful," he cooed, "You're so pretty like your momma,"

No one was in the living room except Seb who appeared to be sleeping. A powernap before his night shift in the ER later that day. Tom was at work while Chris and Michael were in their own homes sleeping and relaxing for their night shifts. It would make sense that Pine would say something like that when no one but Claire could hear it. Ignoring the gesture of praise she focused on Pepper.

"Where do you get a hedgehog?" Pine asked, sitting down properly with his legs crossed in front of him.

Pepper went back to her toys and ignored them until it was time for Claire to roll the jingle ball once
more for her. 'I don't know really. I found her, someone had abandoned her at a bus stop and I took her home."

"That's awful!" Pine snapped, waking Seb up with a startle.

"I'm still pissed off if I think about it too much. Pep is probably one of the smartest animals I've ever owned." Claire replied, giving Sebastian a reassuring look. She blew the man an air kiss and he settled back down on the couch. "Well, maybe besides a dog."

"Pepper is a mini dog," Seb grumbled from the couch, making sure that they both knew he was present and still awake.

Pepper decided to leave the both of them and go for a jaunt towards the kitchen where hopefully she could find a tasty treat someone dropped. Because of this Pine stood up and sat on a chair next to Seb's head, picking up his novel from off the coffee table.

"When is everyone going to be able to participate in a run?" Pine asked Seb, "I'm wanting to observe you as a pack and Claire's interactions."

"Probably Saturday," he answered, "Weekends are generally when we all have off,"

Tom and Sebastian had been the friendliest towards Pine while Michael and Chris actively keeping their distance. Claire would have thought for sure Tom would be the most resistant.

"I'd really like to see your wolf," Pine told her, looking at Claire's lounging form on the floor.

All her injuries were healed and disappeared leaving her to feel normal and somewhat healthy. Claire was blown away at how fast she had healed. If she was still human she'd be limping around the house.

"I bet," Claire told him, watching Pepper sniff around, "Leave daddies plants alone!" she called out loudly when it became apparent that Pepper wanted to nibble on Tom's plant once more. There were a few leaves with hog teeth marks on them.

Pepper paused only a moment before extending her neck towards the leaves. Claire scrambled to her feet and grabbed her before she had a chance to have a snack. In response to being foiled Pepper crossed her quills and hissed at her leaving Claire to put pepper on the floor of the living room. Throwing a temper tantrum Pep tucked her head and legs under her body and only presented her spiky back, hissing and jumping up a little whenever Claire tried to touch her.

Pine was fascinated by this behavior and leaned forward observing the temperamental animal curiously.

"Is she having a fit?" he asked in amusement.

"She doesn't like getting caught being naughty," Claire told him with a smirk, "Pepper will get over it eventually,"

"That's hilarious!" Pine told her, "Has she bitten anyone before?"

"No," Claire sighed, "But I wouldn't put it past her if someone tried to pick her up right now. Every hiss and lunge basically means 'fuck off - leave me alone' in hedgehog. We don't manhandle her in this state."

Sebastian wasn't going to get any sleep with them talking so he sat up and swung his legs over the
side of the couch, looking at Pepper with a head shake,

"Spoiled brat," he mumbled before getting up and heading to the bathroom,

Claire, as she often did, took Sebastian's place on the couch and tucked her legs under her somewhat protectively while gazing at Pine. He, in turn, relaxed in the chair and gazed right back at her. She had concluded that he had a very kind face and demeanor. There was very little to no alpha at all in him, unlike Michael. If anything he appeared to be more beta.

"You know, I thought you'd be literally two inches behind me at all times. I didn't expect you to be so distant." Claire told him honestly trying to get a feel for how the next six months are going to be like.

"You see, it's a bit tricky," Pine explained gently, "When your human it's not so much of a concern for us. It's when you turn over into your wolf we're concerned. Obviously being out in public and behaving in a manner that would indicate that perhaps you aren't human is a thing to watch for. I haven't seen anything you've done that would make me think you'd have that problem. What I wish to accomplish is make sure that your wolf is trained properly and you don't have any further incidents like with the human."

"Training..." Claire murmured, biting her lip lightly, "I don't understand what that means,"

Seb came back with a can of soda and sat on the very end of the couch with his phone, ignoring their interaction.

Pine placed himself in a more reserved position than before and dropped the dopey gaze from his face. "Balance," he answered, "Paw control, fighting techniques, how to tug and carry things with your mouth,"

"Homing in on your sense of smell and how to identify things," Seb told her, never looking up from his phone. "How to locate things by hearing, howling and climbing slopes - low line trees even."

Claire hadn't done any of those things. All she did so far was run around and occasionally sniffed a few things. It hadn't even occurred to her that she needed to actually learn those things. Claire thought it just came naturally to her.

"You appear to be a very intelligent young woman so training should come fast and easy for you," Pine assured her.

The sound of that plastic jingle ball indicated that Pepper was no longer mad and back to being playful. They looked down to see her push the plastic ball across the living room to where her other toys were.

"Well that ended in record timing," Sebastian commented, observing the hog pick up her small stuffed animal and carry it a bit before dropping it. "Normally she's pissed for at least a half hour."

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Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Michael, Tom, and Chris formed a formal blockade so she should undress and shift without Pine seeing her naked. Once she was shifted they made sure that she was blocked from viewing Pine nude.

However, her boys had no problem showing their naked bodies to the man as they stripped down unashamed and shifted.

Gently Pine padded over to her, stopping just a nose lengths away from her. He sniffed her subtly before standing back admiring her white fluffiness. Pine's wolf was about the same size as Michael's except his fur was jet black with no distinguishing marks besides a bit of white around his mouth. Being friendly Claire sniffed him back memorizing his scent.

Chris didn't like their closeness and pushed his way between the two of them, blocking Claire from Pine. He didn't say anything but rather stared at the man until Pine backed up a bit in defeat.

"Don't get cuddly with him," Chris warned duly, finally placing himself a bit away from her once Pine found something more interesting and less likely to kick his ass.

"Please for the love of god listen to me," Tom whispered, walking so close to her that he'd hip-check her every once in awhile. "Please, please, don't be naughty!"

Tom and everyone else besides Pine were acting as if she was the naughtiest creature in the world. Besides the rabbit incident, Claire listened to Tom. If he had been a wolf at the time of her altercation he'd have known she was telling for him to help her. It wasn't as if she were running in the opposite direction on purpose - she had no choice!

This run was a long time coming. At least with her participation. They originally planned for last Saturday but unfortunately, Claire received her monthly visitor and couldn't go out like that, well, at least not comfortably anyways.

“I don’t really have a specific plan for today I just thought I could observe you guys,” Pine told them, standing in front of everyone like he was the alpha. A move that Tom did not appreciate. “So, everyone do what you’d normally do.”

Chris took this literally and found a nice tree to mark his territory with. Once he had claimed ownership over the tall Redwood he trotted off and began to do a survey of their land - nose down to the ground as he ran the exact border of where they were at the moment. Anything that caught Chris’s interest had him stop to investigate before continuing.

Claire honestly didn’t know what to do so she laid down on the grass and placed her head down on her paws. Sebastian and Michael began roughly playfighting with one another and Tom sort of stood there and watched over everyone.

“What's wrong?” The black wolf asked her curiously, looking down from in front of her.

“I don't know,” she confessed, “I don't know what to do.”

“What do you normally do?”
“Playfighting, hunt…” Claire admitted.

“Wow,” Pine replied with surprise, “You can hunt? What have you caught so far?”

Automatically she looked over to Tom for permission to answer that question. It had become the norm since Pine joined their group and Claire hated it. She didn't like having to choose her words wisely or bite her tongue.

Curtly Tom nodded his head and turned his head the other way, observing Michael and Sebastian tumbling around on the ground with fangs and claws showing. That was definitely way more intense than what Seb and her had done.

“A couple of rabbits, that's it.”

“It's not against the rules for you to hunt,” Pine informed her passively, having picked up on her uncertainty. “Usually females don't hunt but you're a Luna so that's different. Well, I shouldn't say that it's not against the rules.” Pine added, laying down in front of her.

They were pretty much paws to paws and close enough for Chris to take pause and glare - judging whether he should leave them be or break it up.

“There's a difference between sustainability and killing for the sake of killing. A fat rabbit will feed you and your pack.” Pine explained, “Which I'm presuming it did.”

“It did,” Tom confirmed, sitting down himself.

“But if you were to mindlessly kill and leave the animal to rot, we’d take issue with it.”

“We ate both rabbits,” Claire sighed, the warm autumn sun heating her body nicely.

She rolled over and stretched, snorting as the grass tickled her nose. Perhaps this is what she'll do today. Enjoy the sun and the smell of sweetgrass as she takes a nap.

“The color of your fur and the texturing is rare,” Pine pointed out, looking at her carefully.

“We don't think she's from this region. We believe she's a northern wolf or a wolf from a higher mountain range.” Michael spoke, his tongue hanging out of his mouth as he panted out of breath.

Rather dramatically he plopped himself down behind Claire and laid there, resting himself. Seb was close to follow and laid behind her, his head resting on her side lovingly. Surrounded Claire lost the ability to stretch and roll onto her back if she wanted to expose her pink belly to the sun.

“Easy enough to find out. I can look up her great-grandmother. Her information should be in the archives.” Pine suggested, “I've never seen a wolf of your color, size and fur texture before though. And with my job, I come across a lot of wolves.”

His voice oozed dumbfounded amazement. Claire could recognize it because she's used the same tone of voice when addressing a particular dog she's come across that tickled her fancy.

“She's one in a million,” Chris commented, sniffing around their car and tracking some invisible scent line.

“Do you shift when in the house?” The black wolf inquired, adjusting himself.

“Sometimes,” Claire admitted, “Usually when I'm not feeling good, which is rare. Or if I want a cuddle,”
There was a collective sound of displeasure from her pack as Claire admitted that. Even Seb glared at her briefly before placing his head down on her side with a grumble. Well, it was true! And if the man was going to be living with them for six months he was going to find out eventually. Claire liked to be cuddled, she liked being pet and scratched and rubbed. Especially if it's from Tom or one of her boys. She liked the attention and how it made her feel all warm and fuzzy inside.

“Don't we all like a good cuddle every once in a while? I know I do if I trust the person enough,” Pine answered finally. “It's not against council rules to cuddle,” he reminded them. “But, being affectionate towards humans is a no-no. You can't allow humans to address you as a domesticated dog. We have to avoid them like a regular wolf would. And I think with you being a female you would naturally be more susceptible to that sort of thing. So we shouldn't frown upon it. If anything - embrace it because it helps strengthen your bond.”

“I thought the council looked down on that,” Chris asked, sitting down next to Tom.

“With outsiders, yes. But within your own pack? No.” Pine corrected. “It's seen as a very valuable tool for forming trust as well as bonding with your mate, or, running mate. Medically speaking our studies have shown that it's reduced anxiety and stress as well as promoted overall happiness.”

“You've done studies?” Chris asked snobbishly, unhappy with being discredited.

Pine cocked his head to the side and looked at Chris carefully, “Of course! All the time. Do you not read the annual journal the council sends out each year in December?”

“I skim it,” Chris confessed casually,

“Oh, well it's not that old of a study. Maybe two years?” Pine answered.

Claire took the opportunity Seb had given her by raising his head to roll onto her back, paws up in the air and daintily curled down. She wanted to sun her belly which was oddly not very fluffy. To be a bit more ladylike Claire used her tail to cover her 'lady bits' from view.

“How very posh of you,” Tom told her,

“My tummy was cold!” Claire scoffed,

“Just make sure that pink belly doesn't turn red,” Chris reminded her, standing on all four paws before tracing the exact same route along the territory line as he had earlier.

Michael and Sebastian slowly wandered away and resumed where they left off - playfighting. But Tom remained at her side as Claire continued to sun herself belly up. She was just about asleep when Pine suggested that they go for a walk in the woods. A gentle nudge with Tom's nose to her side had Claire standing upright and following her mate into the unknown.

Chapter End Notes
"Siberia," Pine announced, sitting down on the couch between Tom and Michael. The man had a laptop on his lap and he showed them the records that he pulled up.

"Huh," Tom replied in amazement,

"Well, the border of Russia and Siberia but that general area. We don't know if her grandmother was originally from Russia and immigrated or was born in that border town." Pine confirmed, allowing Michael to scroll down the page to continue reading.

Claire having heard confirmation from an actual government official that it was alright to be a wolf inside the home on her discretion - she was turned over and laying on the living room rug absorbing the sunshine. Pepper ran around her playfully and even crawled over her. The first time it had happened everyone watched to make sure she wouldn't actually eat Pepper.

Apparently, if your a 'hunter' like she was small animals like Pepper was ample food. Claire would never in a million years eat her sassy cactus. Her wolf never even equated her as food but rather a poisonous animal that would probably kill her if eaten. Therefore, Pepper was the perfect thing to play with.

Even in this state, Claire could nudge the jingle ball for Pepper to chase and even hit the ball with her paws. Right now as she lay here listening to her family history being discussed Pepper was laying up against her belly.

"I have to say, it's extremely rare for a wolf from that region to actually leave and immigrate here. They normally stay there from birth to death." Pine informed Tom,

"That's what I thought as well," he answered, "No wonder her fur is so thick,"

"And white to match the landscape," Michael added,

"You see the fur between her pads," Pine pointed out physically.

With Claire on her side and her paws actually facing them they were able to easily see the underside. Having her paws touched was probably the one thing she didn't like at all and made it difficult to touch them.

"That's there deliberately to help keep her paws warm and dry. Her pedigree is also why Claire's paws are a little wider than average wolves. They fan out when she steps down to evenly distribute her weight. When it snows you'll discover that her tracks are barely noticeable."

"She doesn't let anyone really touch her paws without getting mad," Tom told him, "So it's something I haven't been able to inspect too closely. But that's rather fascinating, really,"

"Her fur won't get as wet either and she'll barely feel the cold," Pine spoke, admiring the sunbathing beauty.

Four weeks had gone by and so far all Pine had done was tell them information about how to better their pack dynamics, which Tom took with a curious amount of grace. They went for runs but
because Claire wasn't a mindless killing machine with a screw loose they were uneventful and Pine didn't have to do any 'correcting'.

Mainly Pine just finished up on his previous cases, observed them from afar and read his novels. Everyone including Pine knew that he wasn't doing his job and no one wanted to say anything about it. He obviously didn't want to do it and no one here wanted to be under his rule for the next six months.

So the general mentality was - if he doesn't say anything they weren't going to say anything. Hopefully, they could do a little training in between and have a rather joyful six months.

"I'd like to start training with Claire - as a pack - sometime next week. I've drawn out a very casual plan of attack. Claire is a very smart wolf and won't need too much to get her where she should be." Pine told them as soon as Michael and Chris came into the room.

It was a very rare day off during the week and none of her boys wanted to go out and do anything. Claire didn't feel like moving from her patch of sun or turning over until dinner time. Unlike Mike and Seb, Tom refused to feed her in this state.

"What are we starting with?" Chris asked, sipping his coffee. The smell of hazelnuts and vanilla wafted through the living room and caused Claire to raise her head up.

"I think the main thing we should home in on is her paw work and coordination. I have supplies that we need to get her able to correlate those things." Pine answered. "We can play some soccer with her, have her push things with her paws - that sort of thing. I also have tools that Claire can use to garner her pushing-down and dragging-up skills."

"Basically exactly what we went through," Chris replied, placing his coffee down on the side table.

"Exactly," the man agreed, "Except I won't be really doing any of the work I'll be observing and instructing. I think it's more appropriate that her pack mates teach her."

Pepper decided that she wanted to use Claire's furry pelt as a mountain to climb and very gently the hedgehog crawled up the side of her body, claws tugging at her long white fluff as she made her way to Claire's side.

"That's adorable," Sebastian commented with a half smile as Pepper nosed around Claire's fur, sniffing and making her way to Claire's face.

Naturally, she didn't want a hedgehog with sharp nails climbing on her face so she adjusted her head up and exposed her neck for Pepper. Pepper waddled down her shoulders and onto her neck, pausing a moment to sniff at Claire's ear, which twitched in response to being tickled, before landing back down on the carpet and going after her ball once more.

"Beautiful disposition," Pine commented, "When she has pups they'll be climbing all over her."

"Hopefully," Tom replied casually, sipping his tea.

"She hasn't had any pups yet, has she?"

"Not yet," Tom confirmed, "And she's currently not expecting."

"We're hoping that within two years they'll be a pup in our pack," Chris stated firmly, looking at Claire sniff and gently lick the fur on Pepper's chest.
Periodically Tom and Pine had been filling out paperwork in regards to her for legal reasons. She didn't necessarily know what it was exactly but Claire presumed that it had to do with her registry and being able to get benefits from the council.

Pine had been very gentlemen like and not asking too many personal questions but Claire could tell that he was trying to figure out her relationship with the men in her pack.

"Do you belong to a pack?" Chris asked, interested in the supposed 'male competition,' sitting on his couch.

"Yes, I am. My father is the leader of a medium pack near the Washington - Oregon border," Pine answered, "I normally run with them in the summers,"

"Are you paired?" Chris pressed, picking up his coffee,

"Nope," he replied with a weak smile,

That obviously wasn't the answer that anyone wanted to hear besides Claire - because Claire didn't care either way. There was definitely fur ruffled with knowing that an unpaired, untethered pack wise, male sat in their living room. Especially since he appeared to have a fondness towards their Luna.

Claire and her wolf had both concluded a week ago that Pine was rather docile and pretty much harmless unless someone threatened him, and definitely if it was a female threatened. She observed him sort of play fight with Seb and Michael. Pine didn't have as much aggression as they did and actually got the brunt of it. Claire wasn't changed over at the time so she didn't know what was said between the men but it was more than likely a razzing.

"Courting?" Tom asked, finishing off his tea,

"Completely unattached," Pine replied, looking right at her.

Chapter End Notes
“What's that look for?” Sebastian asked her nervously with a half smile.

“You've had sex before, right?” Claire inquired.

Slowly Seb looked up from his magazine and stared at her. “I'm no Hugh Hefner but I've had sex a few times, why?”

“Tom sort of indicated that Chris was somewhat inexperienced in sex.”

“Nothing wrong with that,” he defended, “We're very mate driven creatures. Our sex drives are dulled unless we're around 'the one' or our Luna. Occasionally if the situation is right we'd have sex but that's rare and normally because the other person wants it.”

They were alone, finally. Even pine had stepped out to a meeting leaving Claire alone with her beloved Sebastian. The wolf seemed completely oblivious to her intentions until Claire straddled his lap, settling down flatly until her breasts were level with his mouth.

“Oh hello,” he cooed, his eyes brightening as he gazed up at her flushed face.

“We finally have the house to ourselves,” Claire purred, capturing his mouth with hers.

Sebastian wasted no time in grabbing hold of her hips, squeezing tightly before forging a path under her shirt and up her back. Like a smooth operator, Seb unhooked her bra in the first try and pushed the two parts away.

“Yes we do,” he replied in between kisses, “I think it's a perfect time,” Sebastian moaned, pulling her shirt and bra off in one smooth move, “To finish what we started on the boat!”

Claire found herself lying flat on the couch, her arms falling above her head as Sebastian knelt between her legs, hands flat against the cushion of Tom’s couch. Teeth grazed along her jaw and down to her neck - over the mark Tom had given her and to the top of her breasts with surprising dominance. Claire stretched out under him making her breasts more accessible and arched her back a little. Seb growled seductively and captured a pert nipple between his lips, applying pressure and tugging before releasing it and lapping with his tongue.

He adjusted himself and grasped her breast holding it in place and repeated his careful line of attack on the neglected one. Claire moaned, biting her lower lip and tilted her head to the side. Lips made a trail down to her chest to her stomach where Seb licked around her belly button.
“You have the cutest little stomach,” he purred, gentle kisses peppering their way across the soft flesh.

“Little?” Claire panted sarcastically, her fingers running through his hair.

In response, he bit her tummy hard enough for her to feel it but gentle enough not to leave a mark. "Hush!” Sebastian soured, inching back and hooking his fingertips in the waistband of her pants, dragging them down off her hips. Claire raised her bum up enough for Sebastian to remove them completely where he tossed them over his shoulder comically.

The look on her face gave Seb cause for pause, sitting up and removing his shirt and undoing his jeans. There was a distinct strain in the front of his jeans that urged Claire to reach up and grab him, squeezing the member and getting a feel for him. Seb groaned and pushed his hips out for her prompting Claire to sit up a little so she could massage him a bit better.

"Tom has you on that Depo-shot, right?” Seb asked, further opening the front of his jeans.

"Yeah,” Claire confirmed, "No condom needed,”

"Thank god," Seb huffed seriously, awkwardly getting off the couch and shimmying out of his jeans and briefs leaving the man completely nude. "I didn't want to use one of those. I want to mark my scent internally,” he confessed,

As clique as it was, Claire felt faint at seeing him completely nude. She had seen him in this state before but not aroused. Licking her lips Claire's eyes settled on his strained flesh pointing right at her.

"Come here,” Seb cooed, inching his finger.

Claire sat on the edge of the couch and took hold of his cock, fingers circling his base.

"Open,” Sebastian suggested,

She did,

"Good girl," he cooed, pressing forward and placing his shaft on her tongue.

Claire closed her lips around him and bobbed her head forward accepting as much of him in her mouth as possible. One had grasped her hair and he softly thrust his hips forward to meet her rhythm while the other cupped her breast, pinching her nipple and tugging.

"Yes," Sebastian hissed, "Just like that, nice and slow!”

She moaned around his shaft, her tongue coming to swirl around the flushed head before pulling back completely and nibbling on the bottom of his shaft from head to base and back.

Lazily licking him like a popsicle made it possible for her to observe his member more carefully and take in the distinct details that separate him from Tom and Chris.

Sebastian was average in size but a bit thicker and wide. Unlike her other lovers, his skin actually flushed and his head darkened. It was arousing to Claire because she could physically see what she was doing to him beyond the erection.

Carefully she cupped his smooth sac hanging a little lower than Tom's and a bit larger. A small little freckle sat on the skin tarnishing its flawlessness.

"That's nice?” Sebastian asked, unsure of himself.
"Perfect," she cooed,

"It's not too small?" he asked, allowing his confidence to falter a bit.

"He's perfect for your body and perfect for my kitty!" Claire cooed, nipping the soft skin that connected his shaft to his sac.

"Good," he smiled,

The wetness between her legs was becoming too uncomfortable and it forced Claire to pull away and sit back, opening her tighs. As soon as she did Seb closed his eyes and groaned - her arousal hitting him hard.

"Here, lay back on the couch," Seb instructed, "I've been dying to taste you,"

As daintily as possible Claire fell back into her previous position, relaxing her legs and parting her thighs for him. Seb tucked his member down and laid out flat on the couch between her legs. Teeth grazed over the smooth skin as he inched his mouth closer to her treasure.

"You smell amazing," he purred, placing the tip of his tongue at her entrance and moved it upwards tasting her arousal. "So wet, I can see the glisten,"

"I'm horny," she admitted with a blush,

"I can see that," Seb agreed seductively, parting her folds a little and licking her quim a little deeper. "Your flushed and a little swollen,"

Sebastian’s fingers dug into her thighs as he eagerly sucked and tugged on her pussy lips and clit. His tongue circled her entrance before darting inside, lapping and licking her soft tissues.

Claire felt her stomach muscles flex as her breathing increased, she reached up and grabbed hold of the backrest and braced herself as he pleasured her. Little lightning bolts of pleasure shot up her spine and right to her nipples as a warmth flushed over her quim.

Fingers slipped easily inside her, spreading and pushing down as his tongue worked on her clit. Seb was certainly more attentive than anyone else when it came to her oral needs.

A soft kiss to the top of her mound was given before he pulled back and continued to move his fingers in and out of her body. Claire whimpered and pushed back, rotating her hips and pressing down around the digits. Sebastian pulled his fingers out and spread her arousal around her flushed pussy lips, parting her and getting a better view of what he was doing.

Fingers scissored her open and he moaned deeply, hint of feral as Seb got a look at the inside of her treasure. "You have such a beautiful pussy," he praised,

"Fuck me," Claire complained, a half smile on her face as she grabbing her own breasts and eagerly massaging them for him.

"Fuck you?" he repeated with a grin, falling between her legs and boxing her in.

Claire could feel his manhood brushing up against her aching core as he playfully moved back and forth between her legs. Once Claire placed her legs around his trim waist and grabbed hold of his shoulders Sebastian dipped his hips down and slid inside her body easily.

They both gasped loudly as warm tissue wrapped themselves around his shaft snuggly. Seb
shuddered into her mouth and pulled back a little, pushing himself hilt deep, rotating his hips slow and deep. Seb buried himself inside her body and adjusted her hips so she was raised a bit up off the cushion.

Braced against him Seb began to pump into her body, rutting like she were a bitch in heat. Whimpering and moaning against his lips Claire closed her eyes and relaxed her upper body against the couch. Blunt fingernails grabbed and scraped down his back as she flexed her pussy muscles and moved against him subtly.

"You feel so good!" Sebastian groaned into the base of her neck, letting her bum fall back down so he could adjust himself better.

With her relaxed, he was able to fuck her a little harder. The sound of their sex broke the silence in the room and a rather vulgar wet slapping noise filled their ears. Sebastian's heavy sac smacked against her bum as he pumped into her.

"Cum on," he panted, "Cum for me!"

Claire took a deep breath and grabbed hold of his bum, squeezing the hard muscle and pushing him forward. She adjusted her legs higher around his waist to angle herself deeper. Seb's head hit her sweet spot and Claire found herself crying out loudly prompting her lover to hit that mark again.

"I want you to cum around my cock so fucking bad!" Seb huffed into her mouth, "I wanna feel you clutch and milk me!"

"So close!" she panted, "Harder!"

Sebastian smashed into her hard and faster than before. Claire felt herself moving against the couch, her body covered in a thin sheet of sweat. Seb reached back and grabbed hold of her ankle, raising her leg and resting it on his shoulder as he knelt upwards and curved his spine and twisting himself a little to get at a new angle.

"Fuck!" Claire stuttered loudly, her eyes closing tightly as the pleasure became too much.

Seductively she snaked her hand down her body and parted her folds giving Seb a better view of his manhood disappearing inside her willing body. His breathing was heavy as fingers stroked over her clit and what little bit of flesh was still visible. Sebastian slowed for a bit and really admired how he looked inside her.

"I look so good inside you!" he gloated, pulling out completely and rubbing his underside against her quim and between her fingers.

The sex organ was hot and wet from her arousal. Smooth silk draped over solid marble. Unable to help herself Claire grabbed him and began to stroke his cock with her hand, cooing and moaning when Seb throbbed.

Claire used her tummy muscles to pull herself up, lips settling on Sebastian's collarbone, licking and sucking the sweaty skin. His fingers graced under her chin, drawing Claire's head up so she could look at him. Seb lowered his head and captured her lips, holding her cheek his kiss was passionate and laced with dominance.

"Roll over," Seb smirked, "I wanna see that plump little ass!

Seductively she turned herself over and presented. With her front half pressed against the cushion, Claire's spine was curved downwards and her bum was up in the air waiting for Sebastian to mount
"Either join us or get out," Sebastian stated seriously, parting her quim and slipping two fingers inside her body. "But don't just stand there, Mike."

Claire snapped her head up to see a very stunned and uncertain Michael by the kitchen. His hand was hovering over his keys which were on the counter. Blue eyes were fixated on the scene before them. Who knew how much he had witnessed. A deep blush crept up her neck and her cheeks prompting Claire to lower her head and give a nervous smirk.

Regardless of Michael watching them Sebastian lined himself with her opening and entered her body once more. He paused long enough for her to adjust before grabbing hold of her hips possessively and smacking into her, hard.

She could tell that Sebastian was looking right at Michael as he took ownership of her body as a show of dominance. Claire felt her breath hitch in her throat and a tightness in her stomach. The sound of him smashing into her and the clenching of her arousal was overwhelming as well as the smell.

A pair of dress pants clad legs came to stand next to her head as Michael gazed down at them. Slowly she looked up to meet the Irishman's gaze. His eyes were clouded with lust and his bottom lip pressed down by teeth.

"Yes?" he asked curiously, arousal dripping from his voice.

Claire hadn't been intimate with Michael yet and this wasn't exactly how she wanted to execute it either. But Sebastian had made him an offer and he was asking politely for permission to accept.

"Yes," Claire moaned, raising up onto her elbows.

Mike made short work of his clothing and came to kneel in front of her on the couch, his hand taking hold of the backing for support. His half-hard manhood rested right in front of her face. The member throbbing and thickening quickly. Michael flushed a little before bobbing. Definitely larger than Seb she opened her mouth and tried to awkwardly accept him between her lips.

He chuckled and held onto himself, guiding his head between her lips and over her tongue. Behind her Sebastian slowed, rotating his hips deeply and causing her to moan and purr around Michael's shaft.

"Is this your first time?" Michael asked through baited breath, gently moving his own hips back and forth for Claire.

"With her? Yeah." Seb panted,

"Same," Michael told him. "Good girl, use your teeth!"

Claire could fit a little less of him in her mouth, unlike Sebastian. Doing her best in the position she was in Claire bobbed her head up and down with tight lips. She made sure that her teeth grazed over his flesh lightly without nicking him.

"I'm gonna cum!" Seb announced.

"Me too!" Claire replied, briefly taking Michael out of her mouth.

The other wolf used his position and easily placed his arm under Claire's body - hand finding her
pussy. Fingers moved over her swollen clit before rubbing her. Feeling the unexpected sensation Claire gasped loudly, her eyes snapping open widely.

"Fuck, yes!" she called out, "Oh right there! I'm gonna cum!"

Eagerly Claire placed Mike back in her mouth and crudely sucked on him. The obnoxious porn-like noises that were made appeared to turn both men on even more. Michael sped up his fingers while Sebastian slammed into her hard and fast from behind forcing Claire forward and further onto Michael's cock.

"Cum on," Michael cooed, "Cum nice and hard on Seb's cock! Once he's cum I'm gonna fuck that pussy nice and hard!"

"I'm not pulling out," Sebastian warned the man.

"I don't care," Michael smirked, completely indifferent about Sebastian's deposit of seed. "I'm bisexual, a little man cum isn't going to bother me any!"

Claire rose an eyebrow up at his confession. Somehow that really didn't surprise her any.

She could feel her pussy flush with heat as her orgasm began to build. That tightness in her stomach was twisting dangerously. Behind her Seb's movements were uneven and desperate, his fingers held onto her in a bruising hold.

Michael cocked his head to the side and pinched her swollen clit sending her over the edge. Claire flung her head back crying out as her orgasm hit her like a tornado. Her whole body shook and her she felt a small gush leave her quim and coat Sebastian's cock. Her lover paused, falling forward and dangerously close to Michael's torso. He held firmly against her, panting and gasping loudly in her ear as his own orgasm took hold.

Claire could feel his seed flood her insides and splash against her clutching cervix. Michael's hand remained on her quim, massaging her from underneath as Sebastian continued to release his essence.

"Oh my god," Claire murmured, her knees shaking and the threat of falling forward very possible.

"Exactly," Sebastian groaned,

He waited for a moment before slowly disentangling himself, switching places with Michael.

Exhausted Sebastian sat down in front of her, leaning back on the cushions. His chest was heavy and his body somewhat limp. Between Seb's legs, his manhood was slowly deflating still coated in their rapture. A small amount of his cum leaked out of the slit and onto his thigh where the sticky sex organ rested.

Michael wasted no time in entering her still throbbing quim. No foreplay, no pleasantries but rather a nice big cock pounding into her. The sensations of a new cock inside her body woke Claire up and she went wide-eyed. Mike's head stopped just short of smashing into her cervix and stretched her wider.

Sebastian's deposited helped glide Michael smoothly inside her while making that loud quenching noise once more. She could tell that Sebastian and Michael were watching each other by Sebastian's actions. Seb was massaging his semi-hard cock and looking past her to Michael.

"You keep teasing me like that little beta and you're gonna run into a rather precarious situation."
Michael purred,

"Oh really?" Sebastian purred, testing the omega behind her.

Claire was slowly becoming a complete puddle of mush. Her lower half was being propped by Michael, his arm under her hips as he pushed and pulled inside her body at a steady rate. Every thrust was like a mini orgasm. Her womanhood overly sensitive but happy to accept the pleasure.

"Oh my God!" Claire moaned into the couch cushion. "Please!"

"Please what?" Michael purred, falling forward over her body and boxing her in under him. Teeth bit into the side of her neck causing her to cry out in pleasure, rolling her hips under him.

"So close!" she purred, "Please,"

"I love it when you beg my little Luna," Michael moaned, rearing up and taking her with him. Sitting on his lap she sunk down on his entire length with a gasp. Strong arms encased her from behind as he adjusted himself and her legs. "Move for me," he cooed, nipping her shoulder. "Show Sebastian how beautifully you spread on my cock."

Sebastian became closer to them and stretched his legs out. His hand remained on his manhood, licking his lips and anticipating the show.

Lazily Claire bounced up and down on his lap, her head falling on Michael's shoulder. This whole experience was something she had never done before. It was exciting and Claire found that she rather did like it.

"Good girl," Sebastian praised, "Explore your sexuality, enjoy it."

"Yes," Michael urged, helping her move on his lap, her breasts bouncing in time which seemed to be hypnotizing Sebastian. "Seb, love, come and touch her."

"Please?" Claire asked, her teeth chattering together as she begged for Sebastian to touch her.

Sebastian stopped slouching against the backrest of Tom's couch to sit upright in front of her. Hands grabbed her breasts, massaging and tweaking her nipples as Michael pounded up into her. Feeling bold her beta traced a line down her body to her and Michael's connection, fingertip fluttering over her swollen clit and what little shaft Michael had shown. Michael groaned loudly and shuttered a bit with the touch of their curious beta.

"I thought you straight," Michael gasped, ejaculating inside her a little.

"I don't know anymore," Sebastian confessed with a somewhat dazed look. "I'm curious,"

"I'm gonna cum," Claire whimpered pathetically, her whole body going limp against Michael's strong body.

Her oversensitive body exploded into a ball of fireworks. Claire thought that her brain malfunctioned as every single nerve went off at the same time. Her orgasm was so powerful that Claire wasn't even sure if she did actually cum until Michael gently placed her down on the couch next to Sebastian.

"Are you alright?" He smiled, brushing hair out of her face.

Michael was still partially on top of her and twisted a little so that he could acknowledge her face to face. Somewhere in between Claire rocketing into outer space and coming back to earth on an all-
new level of zen, Michael himself had come. She could feel him leaking outside of her body and down her thighs as her pussy throbbed and clutched around him.

"Yeah," Claire whimpered, somewhat out of it and dazed.

"No!" Tom spoke animatedly, "Not on the couch! Don't do this again on my couch!" he came to stand between all three of them and shook his head. "You have to dry-clean that couch cover!"

Claire couldn't help but be blown away by the fact that he just walked in on the end of a threesome and the only thing that bothered him was where it happened.

"Yeah, of course, mate." Michael agreed without argument, lifting himself off her a bit.

"Get her up and into my bedroom. Pine will be back soon and I don't particularly want him seeing her in this state." Tom instructed, throwing his keys down onto the coffee table.

"Yes," Seb replied submissively,

"And clean her up," Tom added, "You know how important aftercare is with our Luna. Once she's cleaned tuck her into bed and cuddle her, guard her. If you're going to make love to her you have to follow proper procedure afterward. Making love to Claire is a privilege it's not a right."
October 5th was the date and that meant he was expecting to see Autumn and Lee, or both men depending on Richard's workload. Tom scanned the list of patients to see today and smiled when it was confirmed they were in room 2.

A curt knock on the door and he entered the room. Autumn was laying on the examining table, one leg resting casually on her knee. Lee was sitting in the chair beside her waiting patiently. A happy smile on his face when he saw Tom walk in.

“How are you doing?” Tom asked Autumn.

“I'm ok,” she replied.

“Good, good,” he replied placing her file down on the small desk and sitting on the infamous wheely stool. “I want to check your blood pressure,” he announced.

Autumn pulled off her baggy sweater and revealed a tight spaghetti strap shirt. The form-fitting material reminded him of something he forgot to mention previously.

“Your breast, my dear,” he told her, wheeling over to the examining table and reaching up for the blood pressure gauge. “That piercing needs to come out once you’re pregnant.”

“What, why?” Autumn questioned, stretching her arm out for him.

“Once you start producing milk your nipples will become sore. Having a piercing will make them even more sore and uncomfortable.” Tom explained, pumping up the armband and releasing it. “Plus, the baby might not like the feel of it while trying to nurse.”

Tom had caught Lee giving her a look that said 'I told you so’ before the gentle giant adjusted himself in the seat. Autumn didn't look too amused by this information especially since it probably hurt a bit getting it done and afterward during the healing process.

“Fine,” she passively replied.

“You can keep it in until it gets too uncomfortable, but, if I were you I'd take it out before it got to that point.” Tom gently suggested, writing down her end results. “120/90 that's perfect,”

It wasn't hard to not notice that Lee was watching him very carefully, reading him actually. Wherever Tom went his blue eyes followed. No doubt he could pick up on the stress Tom was emulating.

“Have we decided when we want to proceed. Do you need more time?” Tom asked, trying to ignore Lee giving him sympathetic looks.

“No, we’re right on schedule.” Autumn declared.

“Yeah, anytime now would be great,” Lee confirmed.
“Alright then. First things first - I want you to stop taking your birth control after you've finished it off - sugar pills and all. If you're actively having sex - use a condom.” Tom instructed her. “2 to 5 days after you've started your period, you need to come see me and I'll give you your first dose of Clomid. Just call the girls, they know about the situation and they'll book you in right away. But, make sure you inform us on the day you start your period for our records.”

“Alright,” Autumn answered, nodding her head.

“After your first dose of Clomid, I'll then perform a transvaginal ultrasound. This will show us all of your reproductive systems. I'll do this by inserting an ultrasound wand into your vagina.” Tom stood up and retrieved what he was talking about. The mild look of mortification slipped from Autumn's face after she saw the device.

“It's like a normal sex toy - but longer,” Autumn announced.

“I guess you can call it that.” He smiled, “The results are immediate, no need to wait. I’ll need you to continue the Clomid at home for 4 days, consecutively. After the last dose of Clomid, I'll schedule you to come in 5 days later and I'll check to see if your ovulating. If you are ovulating I'll administer the HCG shot.” Tom told them, handing autumn some books on what was to happen and general side effects of the Clomid. “Once the HCG is given I'll need Autumn and Richard back in my office so I can perform the insemination. Once Richard's sperm has been planted we wait for 2 weeks and I'll give you a blood test to see if you're pregnant. Which I can't see why you wouldn't be seeing how you have no known fertility issues.”

He patiently waited for her and Lee to finish reading what he had given them. Tom's thoughts were easily corrupted from the task at hand by Pine alone at his home with Sebastian and Claire.

“Huh, I didn't know there was that much time between when I first get the Clomid shot to Richard’s sperm,” Autumn confessed.

Tom looked up from the floor tile that he was staring at and gave a bit of a confused face until he got the meaning of her words. “It’s a simple task but we have to make sure that your body is given a chance to react.”

Lee was visibly worried about Tom's somewhat flustered state and took it upon himself to end the appointment. “Autumn, love. Why don't you go wait in the waiting room? I have to speak to Tom.”

Autumn didn't argue she merely shot Tom a warm smile on her way out the door, sweater draped over her arm. Once the two men were alone Lee leaned inwards a bit and rested his elbows on his thighs.

“I heard about Claire, how is she doing?” The warlock asked with concern.

Apparently, the young wolf she took a bite out of was the son of a somewhat powerful alpha leader. The humorousness of Claire, a female, winning a scrap with a 'powerful' male outweighed the seriousness of the actual assault. Everyone seemed to know about her kicking his butt but they didn't know that he tried to physically rape her. Lee, being Lee, obviously didn't find any humor in it at all and took the situation very seriously just like Tom and his pack did.

“Physically she's healed but mentally she's still not there,” Tom confessed.

“I can't even imagine!” He sympathized, “That has to be traumatic for anyone to go through! I'm so sorry it happened.”

“It was my fault,” Tom replied rather jaded, “I shouldn't have taken her out.”
“It's not your fault,” Lee passionately spoke, taking Tom's hands in his and holding them. “Look at me, Tom.” He continued in his soothing voice. “Just because she was close or even in season, doesn't give that punk the right to do what he did. Claire should be able to go outside in harmony whenever she chooses and not be attacked.”

He's heard that before but it was a little hard to not blame yourself when you're being punished for it by the council. Automatically that made Tom presume it was his fault.

“There's something else bothering you, isn't there? I can sense it.” Lee spoke confidently, squeezing his hands before letting Tom take them back.

“The council sent over an investigator to watch us for 6 months because of this whole mess.” Tom sighed deeply, “The council investigator is becoming smitten with Claire and she's remaining indifferent. The fact that she hasn't told him off worries me.”

“And you're scared that she'll form an affection towards him?” Lee pressed, leaning back in his chair.

“I think we all are, really,” Tom confirmed. “We have no plans on expanding our pack unless it's pups.”

Lee watched Tom fidget nervously under his watchful gaze. He was as nervous as a teenager and Tom didn't like it. Very seldom did Tom refuse to make eye contact like he did now? A lot of guilt and shame was felt and no matter how hard he tried Tom couldn't shift the blame to someone else. In the end, it all came down to him and that dumb decision to let her go out.

“He's a young fella, ya?” Lee asked,

“Not really,” Tom shrugged, “Around my age or a bit younger give or take.”

“I don't think you have to worry. His intentions are good - I can sense that. He's just very confused and out of place. Doesn't know where he fits in.” Lee explained. “Perhaps he was bullied in his pack for being too docile and as a result, he doesn't like being a member of it?”

“He is very passive for even an omega.” Tom agreed with a slight head nod.

“I can't foresee him ever initiating anything with Claire on his own. There's a good amount of restraint between him and her in that regards,” Lee predicted. “That doesn't mean he doesn't have an interest because he does. It's hard not too with her magmatism. And if Claire's still being indifferent the chances of her being interested beyond that are slim. Something very serious would have to happen in order for that arm's length friendship to shift over into something intimate.” Lee admitted, watching Tom's face for a reaction. “I've read her future to a certain extent the last time I was around her and I didn't see anything like that happening.”

“Did you see the incident in the park?” Tom asked seriously,

“No,” Lee honestly admitted, “I held back that her wolf would eventually come forward because I feel like if I hadn't it would change something very crucial, which would be the path to your little family. Every action has a consequence and every consequence sends us down different paths. It's where those paths lead us that we have to worry about.”

If anyone would know these things it would be a warlock. Lee had the ability to do a reading off residual energy from another person if that person had a strong enough presence. Feeling a bit more relieved Tom smiled weakly and relaxed.

“Leave their friendship to develop naturally. It's not a threat to you or your pack.” Lee continued
gently. “I'm getting the sense that he feels as if he fits into your pack and that's a good thing. He can be a very valuable ally. But don't you use him for that sole purpose! He's too much of a genuinely nice man for that. It happened in the past and I know it hurts your kind deeply” Lee chastised bluntly. “Embrace his friendliness and enjoy his company. Tell your pack males what I told you. Claire sort of already knows this by being around him. Ease up on ‘Pine’ as you call him, his job is tough enough.”

The fact that Lee knew the man's skewed name shocked Tom a lot more than it should. He couldn't possibly know this. That was just another reason for him to believe that Lee was spot on with his reading.

“One last thing,” Lee spoke, this time his voice was a little nervous making Tom a little nervous as well. “If you do choose so in the future - Pine would make a very good...ummm...what do you call them? A guardian? I know he's not aggressive like Chris but he's very loyal and protective, and when provoked can rival Chris. Pine would be excellent for watching over pups.” Honestly? Tom didn't think Chris made a good guardian in the traditional sense because he was always distracted with the territory and aggressively pursuing 'the enemy’ Chris would best be a guardian on the higher spectrum of things.

This gave him a lot to think about. Some good - some bad. If anything though Tom was walking out of his examining room with a better understanding of the man, and that alone was a comfort.

“Thank you,” Tom sincerely told the magical being. “And remember what I said about her starting menstruation after the birth control pills are complete. Timing is everything! Especially if we're trying to avoid multiples.”

“No thank you,” Lee countered, standing before Tom and taking his hand. He held it gently and smiled, “Your help is making it possible to live out parenthood. A chapter I never thought I'd explore with Richard or Autumn.”

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter will cover what happened to Claire's great-grandmother and a little more background on the werewolf in general. I have to really wrack my imagination for something cohesive. So bare with me.

Also, for those that have been following me. I had made mention that one of my parakeets was ill. Unfortunately last night he passed away...while cuddling with me. So I'm a little out of sorts. It's the first time something I've loved has died on me.
Chapter 74

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

*Tom's point of view*

It was early in the morning or late at night, depending on how you saw it when Pine knocked on his office door disrupting his train of thought.

"Enter," Tom spoke,

"Hey, I found out more info on Claire's paternal great-grandmother," Pine informed him, taking a seat closer to the door as not to encroach.

"Oh?" Tom turned his chair to face him, "And?"

"It turns out that her great-grandmother Galina was born in the town of Salekhard in the year 1876," Pine told Tom, reading off the document that was pulled up on his computer. "She fell in love with an English explorer named Albert in 1896 when she was 20 years old. Because he was human and an outsider her pack kicked her out. Because of it, Galina followed him back to England - where they had immigrated to America in the early 1920s."

Tom snorted at the fact that her great-grandmother fell in love with an Englishman. Apparently, that was genetic as well.

"Here's when things get interesting," Pine told him in amusement. "Since Galina was a Luna she and Albert formed their own pack - despite him being human. Despite the challenges and the unusual circumstances, it was a fairly good-sized pack. Because of the Salem Witch Trials, they couldn't locate a warlock to place an immortality spell on Albert. Despite this, they went on to have two children - Sally and Jackson. Sally being Claire's grandmother. For whatever reason, neither Sally nor Jackson inherited our genetics and because of that, they were mortal like their father."

There was always that 1% chance that a child born from a human and a wolf would turn out mortal. It was unfortunate that both of Galina's children turned out that way. Perhaps the gene was dormant for whatever reason and there was just something about Claire which brought it to life. Sometimes life was a mystery and unexplainable. Luckily for them though they babies would definitely be 100% werewolves.

"When The War broke out in 1935 Galina and Albert placed their children in the home of Albert's older brother who had immigrated to Canada the previous year," Pine told him, which explained how Claire was born in Canada and not America.

"That makes sense," Tom yawned, holding his hand in front of his mouth to not be rude. "Fuck, I can't even imagine how heartbreaking that would have been."

"I can't even process that," Pine confessed, "I'd be too distraught to even think about surviving The War."

The War was probably their only blemish to date and it was formed over the creation of The Council. Like any war, there were two sides. Those for it and those against it. Tom liked to think that Galina and Albert would be for The Council.
Before the creation of The Council, there was no direction, no rules and it was a bloody free-for-all. Wolves fought over land that was rightfully someone else, resources that didn't belong to them and in general, it was mass chaos.

The idea of a government when it was once a lawless land, sort of speak, didn't settle well with the packs that were creating the nightmare. Naturally, they rebelled. Thus forming the nay-side of things. Good versus evil if you would.

In the end, a lot of wolves and humans ended up dead but the good side managed to pull through and The Council was formed.

"Both Galina and Albert were involved in The War taking The Council's side. Sadly, both were killed but not before Galina helped forge the general direction of The Council. She and a few other wolves were able to sit down and draw out the tiar of power so it benefited everyone." Pine gloated, "Claire is pretty much council royalty."

Interesting. Tom wondered how that would benefit her in the long run or if it would bring trouble. A lot of wolves still weren't happy with the outcome of The War and would gladly kill a descendant of their enemy out of spite.

"We don't really know the history of Galina and Albert's children except that they were raised by Albert's older brother and wife in Canada. They went on to marry humans and lived average lives. Thus where Claire eventually comes into play."

"Do you have anything on Galina's wolf?" Tom asked, wondering if Claire's somewhat aggressive temperament when it came to certain things were a mirror to her great-grandmother or if that was just Claire.

"I read that she was pretty much the same as Claire except one eye was brown and the other blue," Pine answered. "Because Galina was the leader of her pack she was a little more aggressive than normal Luna's. She had to be."

"Does Claire know any of this?" Tom questioned seriously, nibbling on his thumb and anxiously twisting his chair from side to side.

"No, I thought I'd tell you first because of her council status."

"Don't tell her anything," Tom instructed. "I need to speak to my pack. Her great-grandmother being to form The Council brings a new ball to the game."

Pine showed hesitation with keeping this information away from Claire but ultimately he nodded his head and sighed. "The council is aware of her,"

"I sort of expected them too." Tom dismissed, bringing his hand up to rub his forehead.

"She's not on any watch lists." Pine slowly told him, knowing damn well he wasn't supposed to discuss this with Tom in the first place. "And to the best of my knowledge, she isn't scheduled to be interviewed anytime soon."

He supposed that it was one perk to having a council worker smitten with his Luna - insider information. Tom felt guilty thinking that way and he quickly dissolved any further thoughts that were related.

"Yes, thank you." Tom praised. "Any ideas as to why Claire shifted but Galina's children or grandchildren hadn't?"
Pine shrugged his shoulders and gave a perplexed look. "I have no idea. Genetics are fucking weird man. Maybe there's a wolf somewhere on her father's bloodline and because of that the two doses of werewolf DNA pushed her out?"

That was plausible and made a lot more sense then Claire randomly shifting over after three generations - potion aside, she still needed the actual werewolf for it to work. If that was true however there should be some record of it in the council archives.

Almost as if Pine read his mind he closed the lid of his computer and put it aside. "I uh, I took the liberty to search her father's background and I came up with no results," he admitted. Another council rule was broken for the sake of a Luna. "That either means there's really nothing there or it's sealed."

"And if it's sealed you don't have access?" Tom inquired curiously, "Thank you, by the way, for doing this."

"Your very welcome, and no. I don't have access to that type of classified information. I'm only tier 2 authorized. In order to be privileged to get a hold of sealed documents, I'd need at least a tier 4."

"What type of member has tier 4 authorization?" Tom asked him curiously, not very familiar with the various tiers himself.

"Military, normally. Or, our version of 'secret services' if you would. Typically the files that are sealed are on wolves who are...well, criminals. Or a major threat to the society itself. Anti-council extremists, serial killers, rapists...that sort of thing."

Lovely.

"Is there any way for you to check to see if there is something sealed?" Tom pushed, knowing full well that he was asking the world of him.

Pine hesitated for a moment and sat back in his chair. There was a war of morals going on in his head and he wasn't sure if he should even answer that.

"Personally...no," Pine finally answered very slowly with hesitation. "I have a friend that's tier 4 but he can't access anything unless he has permission beforehand. As soon as he opens the file it's logged in the records as being open and by who because they need their personal code to open it."

It was a no-brainer that Tom wasn't going to push the omega any further to do something like this. "Nevermind then," Tom smiled, "I don't want you to get in trouble."

There were other ways of Tom getting what he wanted without actually having someone fired from their job or maybe thrown into jail.

"Thanks," Pine replied with a smile. "I'm sure there are no bad wolves on Claire's father's side of the family," he assured. "If there was a flag would be put up the moment her registration papers came through like it had with Galina."

That was reassuring to a certain degree. The council had a habit of doing things a little backward. All they could do was sit back and wait for something to happen. Like sitting ducks during hunting season.
Girl. Power. Fuck. Yes!
Cocking her head to the side she lowered her front and wiggled her bottom waiting for the further command. Tom was holding some type of tug-a-war rope toy and instructing her to sit. A bit degrading really but she did so anyway.

Pine watched them with a surgeon like precision from a good distance. Claire was mindful of what Tom had begged her when Pine first came - 'please behave and listen to me!'

Tom was a very strong man and it filled her with pride when she managed to have him stumble forward at her tug. Teeth dug into the soft rope and her jaws locked making it possible for Claire to really give it a tug. With his own feet dig into the ground Claire could yank on it and actually have some resistance.

“Strong little thing!” Tom commented through a grunt, his muscles strained and contracting as Claire continued to yank and tug with her core strength.

“That is pretty impressive.” Chris commented, “She's nearly drugged you across the ground.”

Tom let go of the rope making her wolf believe that she had won the game. In response Claire found herself shaking the toy widely before flinging it high in the air where it landed somewhere behind her.

“Really, Claire?” Tom commented dryly, his hands on his hips.

“Ok, well, that needs no improvement. It's pretty obvious that her oral grip and strength is up to par.” Pine spoke, coming to stand beside Tom.

Chris, Tom, and Pine remained upright while Seb and Michael changed over with her. They were close by but not exactly at her side. Sitting patiently Claire waited for further instruction. Pine was explaining what he wanted Tom to do next which was set Claire to paw a soccer ball cohesively.

Let's be real here. Claire couldn't kick a soccer ball in a straight line when human. Her fluffy psychic told you right away she avoided sports or anything that made you sweat. Trying to get her to move a soccer ball with four paws while in a somewhat clunky trot was a no go. It would be comical if it weren't so sad.

“It's not that hard,” Sebastian encouraged.

“You just have to concentrate,” Michael added.

Perhaps she could do what she always did to get out of gym class - fake an injury. The faking part for the first little bit would be believable until someone who's an actual doctor figure out she's full of shit. No, Claire would just suck it up and try her best.

"If I do this, I'm going to look like a dumbass in front of everyone," Claire told Seb and Michael, turning her head to face them.

"You'll do fine," Sebastian encouraged, "Every wolf has difficulty with this at first."
"I was terrible at it," Michael confessed, "I kept tripping over my paws."

"Give it a try," Sebastian told her, padding softly over to her and giving Claire a nudge with his nose.

A reassuring lick to her cheek had Claire standing up and waiting for Tom to instruct her on what to do. He moved the soccer ball between both legs back and forth effortlessly. Claire couldn't even figure out how to do this. Should she sit down and bat the ball between two paws or should she attempt to smack it upright and chase after it like a normal game of soccer?

Confused she sat down and gave a pained whine, her brows knitted together as she stared at the ball. Tom let out a deep breath and bit his lower lip looking over at his shoulder to Pine.

"I don't know what else to say, mate.." Tom to the man. "I'm not good at explaining this and she's not understanding. I know she's capable of doing so if she's told how to properly."

"Don't sell yourself short," Pine smiled, "Claire, I want you to sit and move the ball between your paws as Tom explained. Once you've gotten the hang of that we'll do it standing."

Alright. Since that was cleared up she reached out for the ball with her right paw, hooking her claws gently over the material and dragging it to her. Once it was within moving range Claire managed to move it back and forth between her paws. The ball escaped a few times leaving Tom to gently push it back to her.

"Good girl!" Tom praised, "My smart little Luna!"

Everyone gave her praise and she received a few pets. Happy with her accomplishment Claire stood up and attempted to move the soccer ball on her own. The ball got away from her and this time she was able to chase after it to regain possession. Her dexterity was fairly good - a lot better than Claire thought it would be.

Curiously she smacked it to Seb who raised his paw and stopped it, tongue hanging half out of his mouth as he panted. This seemed to be a trait that only Sebastian had and Claire thought it was adorable. Seb pushed it back to her and they engaged in a game of back-and-forth.

"Smart as a bloody whip!" Chris praised, standing next to Pine and Tom with his hands on his hips.

"I don't really feel like I'm doing my job," Claire heard Pine speak to both men, "Because she picks up everything so fast."

Claire playfully jumped into Sebastian hoping to initiate a friendly game of 'play fighting' Seb gently touched her with his paw afraid to be aggressive with her. Claire snorted and rolled onto her back, scratching at him with her front paws. All she was doing really was combing the fur on his chest.

"You're so fierce!" Sebastian chuckled at her, trying to catch a paw with his mouth.

Sebastian laid down on top of her, pinning Claire to the ground in amusement. She was stuck under a heavy pile of fur and tried to wiggle her way out from under him to no avail.

"That's cheating!" Claire complained.

"No, that's what you do with bratty little females." Seb chuckled. "We're not supposed to be aggressive with them so we're taught to sit on you and pin you down."

"We do that with young pups too," Michael commented in amusement with seeing Claire still trying to navigate herself from under Sebastian.
"Alright, alright let me up!" Claire huffed,

Seb got up and Claire immediately jumped up and playfully darted off, shaking out her fur and panting in amusement. He won that round but she'll be back for revenge. Sniffing the ground a little Claire squatted down and marked her territory before returning to Tom. Lovingly she nudged his hand with her wet nose and grunted playfully.

"Aren't we full of piss and vinegar today, huh?" Tom smiled, ruffling her fur in a manner that would rile Claire up even more. "She's so much happier since turning over," he informed Pine.

"I bet," he replied, "She probably had a part of her that was 'void' and now that she's complete it's easier to be herself."

"She's definitely more assertive and confident," Chris confirmed. "A stark contrast to what she was when we first met her."

"I think that also has to do with who she's around," Pine commented, catching Claire's paws and helping her to stand up on her hind legs. She had jumped up on him and instead of pushing her down he gladly helped her achieve what she was after, to stretch out her spine in a certain way. "If she's around powerful men that encourage her all the time - Claire is going to pick up on that. Normally one's personality changes depending on who they're around."

Claire jumped down off of Pine and went over to Chris, nudging him with her nose and giving him head-butts in the hopes of engaging the man with her playful banter. He ruffled the fluff on her upper back and made playful growling noises at her causing Claire's wolf to go nuts. She found herself leaping and pushing into him, running away with Chris when to grab her and coming right back.

"Definitely happier," Tom smiled, observing her play with his various pack members and including Pine as well. "Happier and glowing like a Northern Star."

Chapter End Notes

I thought perhaps I'd share a personal photo with you guys. The yellow budgie is named Mango, the green fella is Romeo and that grey gremlin in the background (I'm kidding, sort of) is my step-sisters cockatiel Angle Feathers. I've had Mango since 2012. Unfortunately his partner Cloud recently passed a few days ago - and if anyone knows anything about budgies they have to be paired or they don't do well. I didn't plan on getting Romeo so soon (A day after Cloud passed) but, Mango started showing signs of emotional distress. If Mango passed we'd all witness Rubber-Duckie have a nerves break-down. Fun times. Mango and Romeo are getting along perfectly and I now have two happy, energetic brats getting into mischief and pooping on everything I love.

I also have a dog but I couldn't fit his 90lb body on top of the cage with the birds \_-(ツ)/-
Chapter 76

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

*Tom's point of view*

After a month and a week of Pine being in their home and a temporary member of their pack - Tom and everyone else had concluded that he honestly wasn’t a threat to them. Claire and Pine were developing a close relationship but it was far from sexual just as Lee had said.

Pine liked doing things with Claire that neither he nor anyone else partook in. For instance, he liked to play board games, color and even build Lego structures for Pepper to explore. Unfortunately, Tom and the rest of his pack outgrew that sort of thing a long while ago. And Tom could tell that he did those things with Claire because he genuinely liked it and not because he was looking to get on her good side.

Right now Claire was laying on the couch with her feet touching Pine's thigh innocently. He sat there and watched the TV without actually touching her, Pine was relaxed and unthreatening. Tom's wolf ignored the scene in front of him and continued on into his office.

There wasn't anything with the energy either of them projected that told Tom she'd be inappropriate. If he could describe their friendship, in a nutshell, it would be 'big protective brother,' Lord knows the man wasn't doing his job in 'watching' them like he's employed to do. Not that Tom was complaining.

Ever since Pine had told him about Claire's great-grandmother he had been trying to find more information on her. Because she was a somewhat famous werewolf and not a human - Tom couldn't just type her name into a search engine and hope to get results. He had to literally go through special books written on their history by the council and through other werewolf writers. Because they weren't human securing these books was hard and often expensive, very secretive.

Claire's father's family tree was what interested him more and of course, that was somewhat easier to research because her father was human. Whether he had a known werewolf actually listed on a tree branch or not was another thing altogether. So far all Tom found was a lot of unremarkable humans.

With the exception of Galina, Claire's family lineage was average at best, unlike Tom's family. Tom's family members on his father's side were all in the medical field and his mother's side tended to be lawyers or government workers. Tom was going to be a lawyer until he discovered that arguing all the time was very draining emotionally and he didn't really get any personal validation from it.

Tom hoped that he and Claire's children would become doctors or lawyers. But, if they wanted to dig ditches for a living he wasn't going to stop them. As long as they did something with their lives he'd support them.

Pine knocked briefly on the doorframe before entering his office, sitting down in the chair he had grown accustomed as his. Every night or so Pine would come into his office and they'd chat about random manly things. Claire was sleeping and everyone else disbursed. It was nice, Tom enjoyed it. Often they'd have tea as well.

"Claire fell asleep," he smiled with a comment, "Pepper is asleep wedged between the back cushion and Claire's side."
"Typical," Tom smiled, "That hog has a mind of her own, I swear,"

"And more information on her father's family?" Pine inquired curiously.

He knew that Tom was asking questions and snooping around and despite it being a 'warning flag' worthy note, Pine didn't write it down for his superiors. He was just as curious as Tom was.

"General laborers," Tom told him. "All human from what I can see,"

"Unless the council purposely blocked a specific person," Pine suggested with an arched eyebrow.

"They can do that, just...eliminate someone, off the face of the planet?" Tom replied in disbelief. He failed to grasp the very concept.

"Oh yeah," Pine informed him, "They have people monitoring the internet and if there's someone on their watch list bad enough they'll have their workers edit things and delete their names, history, and photos. Almost as if they've never existed in the first place."

Tom knew that they were capable of unbelievable things in the name of protecting their 'secret' but that was scary. That just goes to show that they really were under constant supervision. Tom's bewildered face must have been stronger than he thought because Pine cleared his throat and continued to speak.

"But that's only if you've done something really bad or they think you're about to." Pine told him, "I think it's the principal of 'with no audience it doesn't encourage bad behavior' Or something like that. I'm sure that there's more to it but that's one of their tactics." he explained, "Neither of us is being monitored that heavily. We're under the normal amount of watch."

Honestly, that was still rather unsettling to Tom. Pine had his faux glasses on and the man pushed them but his nose into place. He didn't look at ease either and the man worked for these people.

"The humans are watched just as much as we are with their government," Pine pointed out,

"That still doesn't make me feel any better," Tom answered, "It's unsettling,"

"Oh, I agree," Pine sighed, "If it wasn't for my father's insistence I'd be working as a human social worker and not for the council." he confessed, "I have a degree from a human university in social work and child psychology. I wanted to work with high-risk children and teenagers."

Pine would be good at that job. He wasn't threatening and had a child-like whimsy that would connect with anyone under the age of 16. Or, if they were like Claire who was child-like in the heart.

"Why don't you quit and go into that field?" Tom inquired curiously, slouching down in his chair a bit.

"If I did I'd be thrown out of my pack. I don't want to be labeled a rouge because it would be impossible to find another one."

"I'm safe to assume that your job in the council isn't making you happy, correct?" Tom asked him seriously, using his strong paternal nature to address Pine despite him being a grown man the same age as Tom - give or take.

Pine took his glasses off and let out a strained breath. Swinging his legs over the armrest he slumped down in the chair and stared at the roof. "It's starting to wear me down. I don't always like being the bad guy."
"Then leave," Tom suggested once more.

"I can't," Pine expressed dramatically, "You know how pack politics are. If I get banned from my birth pack I'll be labeled defective and I won't be accepted into any other pack."

"Look," Tom addressed, knowing full well that this may bite him in the ass in the future. "I like you, you're a good guy and you fill a void with Claire that none of us can apparently do. Despite our best wishes we simply cannot level with her the way you do. We're too mature for that or busy with more pressing matters. How about we get through the remaining 4 and a half months and after that time we'll see if you're best suited for my pack. Until then - however, I wish to still remain in a somewhat business manner. I don't want you to stop doing your job with the council."

Pine snapped his head in Tom's direction and gave him a completely perplexed look. It was almost comical if it weren't a serious proposition. One does not simply extend their hand to a complete outsider to join their pack if they didn't think it would seriously benefit them. And from Tom's careful observations from close and afar saw that Claire was more at ease now with having someone to relate too in a way they simply couldn't.

"Ugh, yeah, sure!" Pine agreed, stumbling over his words.

"There will be rules and speculations, obviously. But that's not valid right now. Right now we're going to continue on as normal and get these 4 and a half months over with, yeah?" Tom told him.

"Yes of course," he agreed adamantly,

"And keep this between you and me," Tom added before Pine left his office. "I'll deal with my pack members when the timing is right."

Pine gave a curt nod before politely dismissing himself and going back to the living room where Claire slept with Pepper. Tom thinks he's making a good decision for Claire's sake, he hopes he's right.

Chapter End Notes

Alright my duckies, from the dates of Oct 29th to November 5th or 6th I will be at Mother-Duckies duck pond. She's having knee surgery which means I get to be her complete slave for a whole week and some days. Hopefully not for 2 weeks. I will go mental.

I'll have my computer with me which means I will continue to write. Although Mother-Duck does not have internet our friend down the hall does. I just have to literally sit outside in the hallway with a laptop on my lap to use it. That's totally not weird, is it? (Nervous laughter) I think I can risk weird looks and ridicule between the hours of ugh, well, late at night.

Point being: I will try and post while I'm gone but I can't make any promises. If anything I'll have lost to post when I get back. Until then I'll continue to update regularly. Also, Holy. Shit. 17k views? Thank you. Jesus, I'm not even done yet. Anyone else remember when my stories used to be 24 Ch and then they were done? Ya, me neither.
Slowly she turned her naked body in the full-length mirror this way and that. Claire stretched, sucked in her gut a bit and tried to angle herself so that she could see her bottom. The end result was terrible. All that ended up happening is Claire becoming winded from holding her breath and her stomach finally popping back out dramatically.

“What are you doing, love?” Tom asked from the bed, his medical journal lowered enough for him to really see her.

“My stretch marks are red,” Claire pouted, grabbing her soft tummy and massaging it. “I hope I don't get any more. Wait, are werewolves even supposed to get stretch marks?”

It would be just her luck that Claire was the only werewolf in the history of wolves to get stretch marks.

“Yes, love,” Tom answered going back to his reading. “I have stretch marks on my hips and behind my knees.”

“But why are mine red and ugly?” Claire soured, thumping into the bedroom and throwing herself onto the bed, arms crossed over her chest.

“It's a form of scar tissue and they get sensitive if rubbed. You've been very active lately and wearing clothing tight enough to irritate them.” Tom answered passively. “And they're not ugly - they're beautiful. They're like a brush stroke on a painter's canvas. I love holding you in my arms and tracing your pattern. I have all your marks memorized.”

Claire blushed and instantly dropped her aggressive attitude, snuggling into Tom's side as he continued to read his medical journal. Apparently, the medical board released these things three times a year and Tom made a point to read it front to back. Claire sort of skimmed it earlier and found it to be boring with too many big words she didn't know the meaning of.

Off in her cage Pepper had buried herself under a mountain of sawdust. The only thing you could see was her little nose sticking out. According to Lee, hedgehogs usually hibernate in the wild around this time. It was a huge relief because Claire thought Pep was sick or dying. Lee had even come over and checked on Pepper. Apparently, Pep was not only in good health but overweight. Like mother like hedgehog.

“Honestly though, do you think I'm too fat?” Claire hesitated in asking.

She had never outright asked Tom that question before and she feared because she hadn't, he may be holding back for fear of hurting her.

“No,” he dismissed, “If anything I think you're getting too thin,” Tom spoke, looking at her naked body curled up next to his. “You were ill for a bit and now your wolf has you running around like a mad woman...let's try not to lose any more weight, yeah? I love the feel of you in my arms or on me. I've always admired women in general but I'm particularly fawned of the classic fuller feminine figure one would see in an ancient painting or the statue of Venus. Plus, skinny wouldn't suit your frame.”
Alright, so he felt that way but what about the others? There were 3 other men in her pack and although erections were easily had it didn't mean it was solely her. It could be because they weren't getting any and they were horny.

“What about the others though?” Claire asked bashfully, a bit of rare self-doubt in her voice that prompted Tom to place his magazine completely down.

“I can't speak for them per say but I'm presuming they feel the same way I do. I can smell and see the sexual attraction the moment you walk into the room. You can't fake something like that. Infatuation beyond lust is a genuine emotion. Especially with us because we don't tend to feel lust.” Tom soothed, tucking his head down enough to kiss the side of her head, lips lingering.

A bit of warmth bubbled up in her tummy and she snuggled herself down even closer at his side. Tucked in and comfortable Claire closed her eyes and tried to sleep. It was an impossible task. Slowly she was losing her ability to sleep at will like she could in the beginning.

"Are you going to sleep your immortality away?" Tom played with her, rubbing her upper arm.

"I'm sleepy," Claire pouted, yawning a little.

"That's because you're just a pup," Tom cooed, kissing her forehead. "Your wolf isn't very old despite your human age. Pups sleep a lot,"

It was so strange to be referred to as a 'pup' Claire was a grown woman of 24. Pups to her were something she gave birth too or, well, her children in general. That probably had to do with everyone referring to their future children as 'pups'

"A want a pup." Claire murmured,

"I know love, so do I. But right now isn't the proper timing." Tom sympathized. "Despite having so many helping hands and surrogate fathers, having a pup is a huge life changer."

Claire turned her head up and rested her chin on his chest. Dopey eyes gazed lovingly at him. "Chris, Mike and Seb would treat the baby as their own?"

"Yes, of course, love." Tom smiled, "There's no distinction to us genetic wise as to whether the child is ours or not. Pack instinct takes over and we assume a fatherly role over the child. Of course, whoever actually fathered the child will make the serious decisions alongside the mother."

"If I had a child with Chris you wouldn't hate the baby?" Claire inquired seriously.

"Hating a baby is fairly impossible, to be honest," Tom chuckled, "And no, I wouldn't because that baby is still a part of you and you're a part of me. I'd love that baby like I loved the one I fathered genetically."

That was very reassuring because according to Lee's predictions sooner or later she was going to father a child with someone else in their pack. Secretly Claire feared that Tom might hold some resentment towards her and there would be tension between him and the fathers.

"When was the last time you had sex with Chris?" Tom asked with little to no emotion.

Claire stiffened a bit in his arms at the way he delivered that question. It felt like he was baiting her to say something wrong. "Two days ago?" she answered finally.

"And Mike, Seb?"
"Not together but one the same day, that was 3 days ago." That one was hard to admit because it sounded awful. She had sex with two different men on the same day. But it was OK because it wasn't at the same time! Fuck, she sounded terrible.

"Good," Tom told her, clearing his throat and picking up his magazine once more. "I know it's hard to balance that sometimes especially with so many lovers. Just know that you're not obligated to have sex with anyone unless you're in the mood." He assured her truthfully. "We'll gladly make love with you whenever you want it and we enjoy it, but, it's not something that we'd die without. And if they haven't made that clear to you before I'm correcting the assumption."

"Is it normal to have threesomes?" Claire smirked, thinking back to the time on Tom's couch.

"I don't know about other packs for sure but I'm presuming it'll happen occasionally. It's sort of hard to not engage in that behavior." Tom smirked, bunching her closer to him. "Michael, I can see being that kinky but Sebastian was a shock. He's normally very reserved and blushes when the topic of sex comes up."

Was it appropriate to discuss her sexual exploits with Tom if it didn't involve Tom? Did he talk to his pack mates about her when she wasn't around? Before Claire had a chance to ask those questions her eyelids dropped and she found herself falling asleep.
*Sebastian's point of view*

Usually, whatever Claire tells him that doesn't involve Tom he doesn't share with Tom, but this was different. This was something that Tom needed to know about. Knocking gently on Tom's closed office door he entered once he was given the all-clear.

“What's up?” Tom asked, spinning himself in his chair to face Seb.

“I need to speak to you about something involving Claire,” he informed the man.

Tom motioned for his door to be closed and Sebastian obliged. In the privacy of the room alone he sat down opposite to Tom and tried to word what he needed to say. It wasn't something shocking or distressing but it was important.

“Claire has stressed several times that she'd like for us to go off charted council territory and 'explore' the surrounding mountains.” Sebastian informed Tom, “She wants to do a week-long trek in the mountain wilderness solely in our wolf form.”

Tom pursed his lips together and tented his fingers, his brain moving a mile a minute. They both knew what Claire's sudden urge to wander meant. Their Luna was looking to establish pack territory she just didn't know it. It was a subconscious instinct that all Lunas possessed. Naturally, she'd want to secure her own territory to start her pack and expand it.

That wasn't necessarily the problem. The problem being is that Claire wasn't wise to how territory worked and the threat of her wandering off and into unfriendly territory was very real. Her urge to go off and 'explore' may become too hard to ignore and she could just run off without telling them.

“That's a problem, yep.” Tom finally spoke heavily.

They shared this apartment building with other humans and that suited their needs until now. Despite Tom being the Alpha, without his Luna or mate, an actual parcel of land established for his pack wasn't that important. With the arrival of Claire, it was becoming a bit different.

Being spaced out in different apartments was becoming hectic and inconvenient. They all congregated round Claire and Claire was in Tom's apartment.

“She's getting restless,” Sebastian pointed out with concern.

“I know,” he agreed,

“What do you suggest we do?” Seb questioned seriously, an eyebrow half raised as he slumped forward a bit.

His leader paused for a moment and stared at the wall. “I can place a request for the council to provide us several acres of land. Technically, with Claire being a recognized Luna it's automatic.”

Back in the 'ancient times' before the council if you wanted several acres of land or any land, you had to go out and find it. If it was already claimed by someone else you moved on or fought them for it. It was a subject of much discontent so when the council took over they acquired various land and divided it amongst new packs.
The problem was is that they didn't give land to all packs and you had to meet certain requirements. With Claire being a Luna and Tom, an alpha and her mate, the council would give them land in the hopes of them breeding and possibly making more Lunas or Alphas. A Luna is best accommodated and happy with her own territory. A happy Luna is a wolf that will make babies. Lots of babies.

“Will they help with the cost of building a home for all of us?”

“Yes and no. Some funding might be given but generally, I'd assume that's our responsibility. We have 4 apartments worth half a million each, all our mortgages are nearly paid off. This is a highly sought after area for humans. They'd sell fast.”

“2 million dollars isn't a lot in terms of what we need. We have a little lady and four men plus future pups.” Sebastian told him.

“The home would be built by council contractors so it'll be greatly discounted. Plus I have an inheritance from my great great grandparents I haven't touched.” Tom informed him.

Sebastian wasn't attached to his home because he knew deep down this wasn't his final resting spot. Selling his apartment wouldn't be an issue. It would be trying to convince the others that this was a good idea. Chris was particularly hard to budge at times. Once he was 'settled' somewhere his stubborn ass didn't like to move.

"I think this is something we need to discuss with the rest of the pack," Tom told him, "Claire will gladly go wherever we go as long as Pepper is coming. I don't want to provoke her any more than she is right now. I don't want a wandering little one,"

"What about Pine?"

"What about him? The home should be done after his investigation is through," Tom replied dumbly.

Sebastian had known Tom long enough to know the man was a terrible liar. His left eye twitched subconsciously. There was something more to his leader's passiveness towards the council investigator then just 'making the best of it' for the next four months.

"Don't bullshit me. I know your plotting something ever since you came home and repeated what Lee had told you, and telling us to be 'nice' which we already were." Seb bluntly told him.

Despite Seb being mostly a beta he had his assertive moments that Tom had grown accustomed to over the years. The man's never corrected him on it and he's never pulled the ranking card unless it was for a very good reason. So it didn't surprise him when a coy smile spread on Tom's handsome face and he leaned back in his chair.

"You better not be using him," Sebastian added seriously,

"I don't use people Seb, you should know this by now." Tom corrected, "I'm thinking about adding him to our pack once the investigation is done. Claire has taken a liking to him and he's able to provide for her emotionally in a way we can't."

There were no holes punched in the walls out of anger so Seb was going to presume that Chris didn't know about this just yet. "Chris is going to kill you," he pointed out seriously, slouching down in his chair and raising his hand so that Seb's index finger rested on his cheek.

Tom shook his head dismissing Seb's claims, "He's not an alpha,"

"Does that really matter? This is Chris we're talking about. Pine has a penis and that's enough for the
man to assume he's a threat in some capacity." he pointed out, "Any form of new competition is going to start a war. Hell, Chris tolerates me and Michael because he presumes he's got us under control."

The wolf pack leader scratched the back of his head and began to think. "Right, well, I'll have Chris far away from Pine when I tell him. That way if he blows up he won't have the man readily at hand."

"That's very reassuring," Sebastian sarcastically told him.

"What exactly do you want from me Seb? Pine is a good fit. He 'plays' with Claire and feeds her creativity. He talks to her in a way that allows Claire to open up and in doing so she's less stressed. We can't do that for whatever reason. We've tried, she got defensive and it was uncomfortable." Tom expressed dramatically with his hands.

"Is she sleeping with him?" Sebastian asked with a bit of possession in his voice, handsome features darkening as he waited for an answer.

"No," Tom told him truthfully, "And I don't foresee her doing so anytime soon. Their relationship is more of a protective big brother-little sister type."

"Will she be sleeping with him?" he snapped jealously.

His wolf didn't like the idea of more competition. Even though he knew it wasn't true sometimes Seb thought it beta status had him at the bottom of the totem pole in regards to sex. To the best of his knowledge, he's getting the same amount of physical love from Claire as everyone else with the exception of Tom who'd naturally get more.

Tom sighed heavily, grabbing his short ginger locks loosely, "I'm not a mind reader." he told him, a bit distressed with the probability himself, "At this point, I want to say no. Will Claire somewhere down the line? Who knows? That's not really for us to say, either way it's her choice. You're not happy about this, are you?"

"Why would I be?" Seb snapped in a rare show of bad emotion.

"If you're jealous, I wouldn't be. Claire is very fawned of you. If she had to choose a favorite besides me it would be you." Tom informed him. "So try and not be mad at her. Of course, you can be upset all you want just don't take it out on her because Claire hasn't done anything 'wrong' yet." Tom smiled, "Don't tell anyone else what we discussed. It's the privilege between you and me."

"Yes of course," Sebastian promised,

"If you notice her behavior getting more erratic come and tell me. No one seems to be as observant as you. I can always depend on you to notice the important little things."
Chapter 79

Chapter Notes

*Smut, smut smut-smut-smut* NSFW, or life.

Pairings: Tom/Claire

See the end of the chapter for more notes

*Tom's point of view*

"What's the matter, sweetheart?" Tom asked her softly, leaning back in his office chair.

Claire gave a pained almost dejected whine and crawled onto his lap, her legs slipping on either side of his. Her nose nuzzled into the side of his neck.

"I want a baby," Claire sighed, "So badly!"

For a while now she had been moping around with the urgency to have a baby. Claire was on birth control but her wolf didn't understand that. It didn't help that the woman down the hall just had a baby and they could hear the little darling crying through the walls.

"I know sweetheart," he sympathized, rubbing her upper arms.

Claire pulled back and kissed his mouth slowly. Tom could feel her rubbing herself against his groin in a bid to get him aroused. He felt bad but there was nothing he could really do besides make love to Claire and hopefully trick her wolf into being satisfied with that.

She wore a knee-high night shirt with no panties. Easily Claire took hold of the material and dragged it up to her hips exposing her bare lower half. Tom's hands cupped her plush bottom pulling her up closer to him. His lips grazed over the front of her throat, teeth nipping and causing his lover to moan.

Small hands worked at the front of his sweatpants in a bid to untie the front and pull him out. Sex in his office wasn't exactly something Tom wanted to participate in. Pressing his hands against her back he hiked her around his waist and stood up. Claire gave a squeak and looped her arms around his neck as he walked them into his bedroom, a hearty smirk on his face as he passed by his pack.

Tom shut the door with his foot and deposited his precious bounty on the bed, smirking with schoolboy gusto into her mouth as he adjusted himself between her legs. Claire cooed, drawing up her leg and resting it against his side as her hands roamed the plains of his strong body.

"Please," Claire whimpered with flushed cheeks, her eyes fogged over with lust as she looked up at him.

"Please?" he cooed back, nipping her lip.

His lover bucked up against him and clawed at his back, awkwardly removing his shirt. Tom chuckled and helped her by taking off the offending material and tossing it the side. The feel of Claire's hands on his body caused Tom to close his eyes and tilt his head back, moaning.
shot through him with every fingertip brushing in delicate even lines.

"Oh yes," Claire moaned,

Stiff nipples strained against the material of her nightshirt begging for his attention. Her arousal strengthening with every teasing kiss of Tom's mouth. Having his lover right where he wanted her he took the hem of her nightshirt and pulled it up over her head leaving Claire completely nude.

Her full breasts rested on her chest like a delicious dessert, a fat Christmas pudding. Growling possessively Tom lowered his head and captured a nipple, sucking like a hungry infant. Tugging and rolling the rosy nub between his lips and tracing the stubby nub with his teeth. Eagerly she pushed her chest up into his mouth forcing Tom to hold onto the vulnerable globe so he didn't have to chase her nipple comically.

"Such beautiful titties," Tom gloated, "I love them!" he declared, kissing them lovingly.

"Yeah?" she asked lustfully,

"Oh yes!" Tom purred, slowly, seductively inching down the bed while holding eye contact with her.

Claire moved back on the bed a little and widened her thighs for him. Her scent hit him hard and Tom felt his mouth start to drool. Lips traced around her belly button taking particular care with worshiping her womb. Placing his hands on her hips he smoothed his thumbs over the skin as he sunk down a bit more and reached the top of her mound.

Teasing her he lingered, blowing hot air over her aching core. Claire shifted uncomfortable, her fingers gripping his hair and a pathetic whine leaving her lips. She pleaded once more prompting Tom to bite the inside of her thigh playfully. The softness of them making his spine tingle.

Unable to help himself and prolong his own torture Tom inched down the last little bit and pressed his mouth to her smooth lips. The flesh was heated and a bit inflamed from arousal, her taste lingering on his lips already as Claire's arousal seeped through her puffy lips.

Claire's taste and scent sent him and his wolf wild. With a lot less grace then Tom intended he licked her from the bottom to the top of her clit and back down. Parting her folds with two fingers he found more of her precious pinkness to worship. Taking careful attention towards her clit he flicked her with the tip of his tongue, sucking and tugging gently with his lips.

His lover cried up, raising her hips up off the bed and further into his mouth. Holding her down possessively Tom smirked as his tongue made its way down to her opening. Expertly he darted the muscle into the entrance and explored her sweet soft tissues, lapping up her honey and savoring the taste of Claire aroused.

The fingers threaded through his hair tightened and tugged as encouragement. Claire's haphazard abandon with being vocal broke the silence and it became very clear that his pack mates could hear what they were doing. Fueled by her verbal confirmation of pleasure Tom slipped a single finger into her clutching opening, demanding that whatever had penetrated her go in further and stay that way.

One finger wasn't enough and he added a second. The warmth of her insides and the sweet slickness of Claire's arousal turned him on even more. Tom forced himself to release her clit from between her lips and take a breather. Lustfully watching his lover he moved his fingers in and out. Tom could do this all day but Claire's body craved more. More of what Tom could definitely provide for her.

"Of God, Tom! Please!" she groaned, sitting up, tugging somewhat violently at the waistband of his
Amused greatly by Claire he sat up on his knees and waited for her to undo the tie. She got frustrated making Tom have to take over and loosen out the material. Not wanting to make her wait any longer he got off the bed and shimmied out of his sweats and stood before her naked.

Tom grabbed hold of his strained manhood, squeezing his shaft and stroking his length before her. Claire’s eyes traced his movements, licking her lips and moaning lustfully. To him, she appeared hypnotized and furthered his own arousal.

His assumptions of her next move were shattered as Claire rolled over onto her tummy and raised her bottom, wiggling the plush cheeks seductively and giving him a sinful look over her shoulder. Knowing exactly what she wanted he grabbed hold of her hips and drew her back, reaching over to their pillows and placing one under her stomach for back support.

Tom rubbed her left bum cheek with his hand and used the other to further widen her thighs. Once she was open enough to his liking he traced her moist slit with his fingers, finding her clit and rubbing the little bundle in circles. Claire panted and whimpered, pressed herself back further onto his hand and bit onto the material of her pillow that she was hugging.

"Please!" she cried, "Stop teasing me!"

"But I like it," he played, parting her folds that were stuck together a bit with arousal.

He kept his hand on her bum cheek and used the other to grab his cock. Squeezing himself a little roughly he inched forward, pressing his weeping head to her opening. Feeling Claire shutter before him and witnessing goosebumps peppering her skin caused Tom to stroke himself up and down her slit, teasing his poor frustrated Luna further.

Just as Claire was about to complain he pressed forward sliding the good majority of his length inside her body. Claire cried out and her head immediately shot up off the pillow. In the glass he could see her facial expression and smirked, gently tapping her bottom.

In his mind, he counted to 15 so Claire could adjust around his thickness. Pulling back slowly he used her reflection to judge how fast he should move. Under his body she relaxed and began to pant heavily, pushing back to meet his thrust.

The feel of her warm tightness around his shaft as he pushed and pulled inside her body caused Tom to pant loudly, groaning and dig his fingers into her hips. Every push forward he gave her soft tightness squeezed him as nature intended sending warm jolts of pleasure down through his cock and to his core.

"Fuck!" Tom growled, "You're so fucking tight!"

Claire glanced at him over her shoulder and gave a devious smirk before flexing her quim muscles around his shaft - clamping down hard and forcing Tom to stumble a bit. Just as deviously she released him enough for his cock to travel forward before flexing down once more.

"You feel so fucking good!" Claire praised, curving her spine downwards and pushing back harder against him.

Tom stopped his movement and just knelt behind her allowing Claire to do all the work for once. Eagerly she moved back and forth, rotating her hips circularly as well as up and down. From where he stood Tom could see his member disappearing inside her body only to reappear a bit. Placing a hand between them he parted her bum a little to get a better look, leaning back.
There was just something so unbelievably arousing with watching your manhood disappearing physically inside your lover's body. The thought of being intimately connected in such a way caused a lightning strike of pleasure to rush through his body.

"I'm gonna cum!" Claire announced through a moan, "Fuck!"

"Yeah? Cum for me! Cum nice and hard on my cock." Tom urged, "Make daddy cum!"

"I want your seed!" she cooed, tightening herself a little more and forcing Tom to pause, shuddering. "I want a baby!"

All he could do was encourage her quest verbally while trying to push his lover over the edge. Tom can't cum until his lover cums first.

"Cum for me so I can plant my seed inside your body!" he cooed, tracing her spine with his fingertips.

Goosebumps covered her body as he continued to meet her thrusts while moving his fingers up and down her back. His own orgasm was starting to build, Tom could feel it in his sac - his boys starting to tighten in anticipation of their release.

Claire's hand moved under her body and he knew where it was headed. She jolted forward and gasped, her hips rising, even more, angling Tom a bit more than he was before. Mindful of her cervix he held back on pounding his full length inside her and concentrated on the pleasure.

"Fuck, I'm gonna cum!" Tom announced, his breathing heavy.

A thin layer of sweat coated his body as he pushed forward. The smell of Claire's arousal becoming stronger than before and the sound of where their bodies connected as well as the occasional feel of her fingers on his cock caused Tom to cum a little.

Claire fell forward and gasped loudly, her reflection showing complete bliss as her rapture hit. Around his shaft, Tom could feel her muscles tightly constricting and clutching at him begging for his seed. It was enough to send him over the edge and he found himself falling forward as well, catching himself with his arms on either side of Claire's head.

Nuzzling his nose into the side of her neck he panted heavily and tried to regain some form of composure. His cock still twitched inside her body and he could feel the last little bit of cum leaving his member. Pressing forward Tom made sure that he was buried deep inside her body, maneuvering one arm around her waist and propping Claire's spent body upright to mimic the 'knotting' their wolves would have done.

Claire instantly relaxed under him, her hands clutching at the blankets. At one point he thought she had fallen asleep until Claire adjusted her head for him. Feeling it was safe to do so Tom slowly disentangled himself from her body. His softening member falling out of her womanhood with a trail of his seed following. The thick white substance leaking out of her spent opening and down the front of her pussy.

"Here love, get into bed properly and I'll clean you up, yes?" he suggested gently, helping her mess of shaky limbs into the proper resting position at the front of the bed. Dopily Claire observed him as he went to get a warm washcloth.

Tom made it a point to clean her off every time they had sex and driven home that rule for the others. Lovingly he parted her folds and wiped the washcloth over her sex, replacing the sticky wetness of his orgasm with the cleanness of the warm water.
"Thank you," she purred, widening her legs a little more.

"Of course, my love," Tom smiled lovingly, checking her privates for signs of injury. Happy that she was clean and intact he pulled out the blankets from under her and crawled into the bed, snuggling her in his arms.

Claire let out one last heady sigh and fell asleep in his arms, nose buried in the crook of his arm. Hopefully, her wolf would be calm from the next little while and Claire's emotions had a chance to settle down. He knew it was hard on her hearing and knowing there was a newborn down the hall while battling her natural urges to conceive herself. He wished her peace as she slept in his arms. Tom on a mission to protect what his wolf would perceive as a vulnerable mate from danger.

Satisfied with his release Tom felt his own eyes droop and for the first time in about two weeks he fell into a blissful sleep along with his Luna.

Chapter End Notes

Sometime it's good to have the male's POV when writing a love-making scene. It shows the different perspectives I'm assume the other gender holds.
Authors Note

Hey, just a quick reminder that I'll be gone from today till probably the 7-8th of November (?) I'll try my hardest to keep updating. If nothing else I'll find time to do a bit of writing so I have something to post when I get back.

In the meantime here's some hedgehogs
I'm not dead. Mother Duckie is doing fine. I however, will be staying at her duck pond for another week. So there won't be any new chapters until next weekend (hopefully) I've written quite a few.

In the meanwhile, hedge hog gifs;
Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

*Michael’s point of view*

The nagging feeling of having someone staring at him was too hard to ignore. Slowly Mike folded his newspaper a little to reveal Claire, sitting there in front of him. Her long fluffy tail wrapped around her body delicately. Bright blue eyes watched him obsessively as the rest of her remained emotionless. It was unsettling.

“If you want out, forget it.” Michael playfully scolded. “Because I’m not letting you out!”

In response, she stretched her neck and head upwards and flicked her head a little to the side. That was essentially his or her way of flipping someone the bird. Grumbling at her immature behavior Michael went back to reading his newspaper. At least he was trying too. Claire continuing to stare at him through his paper still made Mike uncomfortable.

“Forget it!” he spoke through the paper, “I’m not allowed to take you out even if I wanted too!”

Claire pursed her lips together and made a loud drawn out mixture of grumbles and various other vocals. Now she was arguing with him. Unbelievable. The last straw was when she actually raised her paws and smacked it down taking his newspaper with it leaving Mike to hold two shredded pieces of newspaper in his hands.

“Are you fucking kidding me? You’re acting like a child!” Michael scolded.

She had been unusually hormonal as of late and it was making her behave quite badly. That combined with her obsessive urge to wander made Claire somewhat intolerable. As of two days ago she had turned over and refused to switch back over. This made things very difficult for them.

Everyone was at work except him who was currently ‘On call.’ That pretty much meant he could get a call from the hospital at any time to come in. His options of going anywhere were extremely limited and with Claire being a bratty wolf he couldn’t really leave anyways.

Claire sat back down and continued to keep her ears slicked back as she refused to look him in the eye. Frustrated with her constant bothering he stood up and went into the kitchen. Claire followed him wherever he went, glaring at him. She was underfoot so bad that Mike nearly tripped over her.

“What do you want me to do, Claire? Slip a bloody collar around your neck and leash you?” Michael asked her frustrated. “Turn back over this is ridiculous!”

Michael wasn’t going to let her outside because the moment her paws touched grass she’d take off into the woods to God knows where. Claire isn’t exactly thinking rationally right now so her loose upon the world in this state was a nightmare.

“Go find something to do,” Michael dismissed passively. “Chew on your rawhide stick,”

They got her rawhide sticks because it allowed Claire to work on her paw dexterity and her oral skills. Usually, she liked doing this because rawhide was like a big hunk of beef jerky to them. It was delicious and it cleaned their teeth.
“Do you want cuddles?” Mike asked her, hands on his hips.

It was difficult to try and communicate with her when she was in this state. He could shift over and talk to her wolf-to-wolf but Mike wasn’t sure if he wanted to get yelled at by her. Something had to be bothering her or she wanted something. There was a list of possibilities and Mike just had to do the process of elimination.

“Would you like it if we cuddled together on the couch?” he asked her.

Claire cocked her head to the side and perked her ears up. Eyes brightened and her glare finally went away. The thumping of her tail on the kitchen floor was the final hint that yes; she would like to be cuddled.

“Ok, come on,”

Michael padded to the couch and lay down on his side. His back was pressed against the backrest of the couch leaving a good amount of space in front of him. Claire gingerly jumped up onto the couch and stretched out in front of him, her head resting on his bicep. With Claire in place, Mike was able to place his arms around her body and bring his legs up a bit to spoon her. It was like hugging a large stuffed animal that occasionally licked his forearm.

Lovingly he kissed the back of her head and lazily stroked her side with the back of his hand. “You’re such a beautiful girl,” he cooed, Claire groaning in response and letting out a deep sigh. “Go to sleep sweetheart. I know you’re having a hard time but you can’t take it out on us,” he spoke gently, kissing her behind the ear.

Claire stretched and curled herself a little, tucking her head in the crook of his arm. He could see through the reflection in the TV that Claire had her eyes closed. Michael had made the decision that no matter how long she took he was going to lay here and hold her.

Very quietly Pine entered the apartment and placed his keys down on the counter. Claire cocked a single eye open briefly before closing it and tucking her head in a little tighter, turning a bit more on her side and exposing a bit of her belly. Pine smiled at them and sat down on the opposite side of the couch with his computer. The council worker knew all about her issues and he was the one that told them not to let her out - even if they had slipped a collar and leash on her. Neither man in the pack was going to argue with a council worker.

“How is she doing?” Pine asked with concern, a smile on his face as he watched Michael stroking the underside of her upper body.

“Frustrated,” Michael sighed, “Emotionally upset,”

“Poor thing,” he sympathized, “She’ll work through it. We just have to be patient. Claire is starting to come into her wolf more strongly and because of that her Luna is stepping up and demanding more from her.”

“That little one down the hall isn’t helping either,” Michael pointed out, “Every time the little darling cries it sets her off.”

Before she had decided that turning over into her wolf was the best bet Claire had spent a few days crying off and on. At one point Tom had to give her a shot in the bum when she became somewhat hysterical. It was a combination of her body screaming for a baby and emotions that her wolf was projecting that Claire didn’t understand. It was distressing to them because there wasn’t much they could do for her besides give Claire a bit of a cuddle and hold her while she cried.
“That should settle down too,” Pine assured him, “Normally wolves her age have a pup or two by now.”

“She’s close to her time of the month as well,” Michael, informed him, “Her body is screaming for one last attempt at making a baby before it’s too late.”

Claire stretched and briefly rolled onto her back fully, staying that way for a few seconds before allowing herself to roll over completely so she faced Michael. With her legs folded against her body, she snuggled up to Michael’s front, forehead pressed along his chest. It never ceased to amaze him with how Claire could compress herself or stretch out so she’s long and lean.

What she was going through he wished that she’d finish rather soon. Michael hated seeing her in distress. Pulling back a bit Michael stroked the spot between her eyes causing Claire to make a content mewing nose. The tip of her soft pink tongue would become somewhat visible between her fuzzy back lips.

“Sweet girl,” he smiled, lowering his head and kissing the top of her head before adjusting his arms and embracing her protectively. “Just go to sleep and hopefully it’ll be a bit better when you wake.”

Chapter End Notes

Current mood:
“Come here little darling,” Chris sympathetically spoke, pulling her into his lap.

She had gone into the shower in a bid to cry without being detected. Claire felt like a basket case and her emotional breakdowns were painting her in a disgusting light. Chris being Chris came to find her after not seeing her for a while.

Instead of scolding her for being emotional he stripped down and joined her. Sitting his large body down on the shower floor where he ultimately pulled her into his lap. Strong arms came to embrace her as he rested his chin on her head.

“It’s ok,” he told her, “I know you're going through one hell of an emotional roller coaster.”

Claire pressed her cheek to his chest and tried to calm herself down a little. She felt like the walls were closing in on her, she needed fresh air. Claire needed to let her wolf out and run.

“I need to go outside,” she shakily told Chris. “Please?”

“When Tom gets in we’ll go for a wander. I trust you to not run off.”

The urge to go off running was strong but Claire was certain she could fight it off. If Claire really wanted too she could change over and jump off Tom’s deck. Cats were supposed to land on their feet, not wolves but she was immortal.

“Thank you,” she mumbled weakly, turning herself into his arms to straddle his waist.

“Are you still wanting a baby?” Chris asked cautiously, his hands on her hips.

Claire stiffened a little and slowly raised her head up to look at him. His blue eyes were softened; long wet, blonde hair was pushed back on his head giving him a very exotic and Viking like look despite his Australian birthplace. Claire vaguely remembered Chris telling her his lineage was Scandinavian.

Her fingers ran through his hair loosening out the locks and allowing them to fan around his face. Smiling softly Claire leaned forward, kissing him gently. “I’d love to practice making one,” she blushed,

Alright,” she smirked, leaning back on the shower’s wall.

Claire ran the palms of her hands down his chest and stomach to the apex between his thighs. Cupping his manhood as best she could Claire massaged him a few times, leaning forward and nibbling on the side of his neck. Chris’s manhood began to grow in the palm of her hand forcing Claire to release him.
“Yes?” he asked her, pulling away to get a good look at her face. “Are you wanting to do this? We don’t have too.”

Fingertips brushed up and down the tops of her bare arms as he searched for an answer in her eyes. Claire smiled a little and nodded her head ‘yes’ Happy that he was asking her for permission to go forward. With her current erratic emotional state, it was wise to ask.

“I’m alright,” she verbally confirmed,

“I didn’t come in here for this,” Chris told her, making sure that she understood his intentions. “But having you naked and…horny…is well,”

“Hush,” Claire groaned, grabbing hold of his hard shaft and giving him a squeeze.

Chris moaned and pushed his hips a little forcing more of him into her snug palm. His hand fell between her legs, cupping her sex gently and giving her a massage. Despite the water still beating down on Claire’s back and bouncing between their bodies her arousal was still thick and inviting. Fingers ghosted between her folds and over her clit, down to her entrance. Gingerly Chris slipped a finger inside her body, inching it up and down causing her to purr.

Rotating her hips against his hand Claire raised up hoping for another finger to fill the void of being somewhat empty. Claire had discovered that she rather liked the feeling of being stuffed full. Chris obliged and added another finger while he captured her nipple with his mouth, sucking and pulling at the stiff peak.

“I love our sex!” he confessed through a seductive growl into her breast. “Your cunny feels so beautiful from the inside!”

Two strong hands grabbed hold of her bottom, squeezing and parting her a bit as he raised her up a little and pressed her to his chest. Chris’s teeth grazed along the under the curve of her breast and down a bit to the valley in-between. Those same two hands forged a trail up her back and Claire found herself very carefully lowered to the shower floor with Chris moving between her legs. Chris’s arm hooked under her leg and raised it up so her calm rested on his shoulder. Adjusting herself she stretched out under him and grabbed hold of her breasts, massaging them for both of their pleasure.

“Is the water hitting you in the face?” Chris asked, lowering his mouth and eagerly capturing a nipple.

“No,” she told him. Since stretching out the water was now hitting her stomach or Chris’s back when he was on top of her.

Keeping possession of her leg Chris lunged forward and found her willing entrance the second time. Sinking hilt deep they both gasped, Claire, shuttering with the feeling of being stuffed – the thing she seemed to crave lately. Above her, she could see Chris’s chest heaving with strain as he struggled to not pound into her. His teeth were gritted together and he was looking off to the side.

Lovingly Claire placed her hands on his shoulders and gave them a squeeze, fingertips tracing down to his bicep and then his forearms before coming back. The water matted down the very slight smattering of blonde chest hair found between his peck muscles and she was able to brush her fingers through it, loosening the hair. Right below Chris’s belly button was a bit of dark blonde hair leading to his pubic line. Claire loved to lie in his arms and play with the thin carpet of hair.

Feeling that he had waited long enough Chris pulled back and pushed into her more than willing body. Claire’s soft insides accommodated her lover and gave the feel of a tight warm friction
between her legs. Claire arched her back off the shower floor and moved her hips forcing herself up and down his cock. Chris paused, parting her folds with his free hand and watched as his member disappeared inside her snug body.

“Gorgeous!” he praised, “So hot!”

Chris had confided in her that Claire was pretty much his ‘first’ apart from a very fumbled experience when he was a teenager he hadn’t had real sex before. It was beyond arousing to know that this gorgeous creature between her legs was innocent and Claire had corrupted him.

“You fit me like a puzzle piece!”

“As God intended!” Claire moaned, using her strong stomach muscles to pull herself up and onto his lap, sinking herself down hard onto his member and causing Chris to cry out loudly.

He held her possessively by the hips as she eagerly moved back and forth on his lap. Feeling confident Claire raised herself upwards and slid back down, bouncing up and down on his cock with Chris’s hands helping her stay in place. Latching onto his strong shoulders she fell into a rhythm of up and down, clutching her private muscles as she went to give her lover a sharp jolt of pleasure.

Chris’s eyes closed and a strained gasp left his swollen lips. “Fuck!” he swore, his accent heavy with lust. Growing smart to her tricks he bucked up when she clutched down causing her to cry out. The warm water falling between them was added magic.

“Cum on love!” Chris encouraged roughly, claiming her nipple as his. “Cum nice and hard for me! I wanna feel it!”

“I’m close!” she confessed, leaning back with the support of his arms pressed flat against her back.

In this position, Claire could see Chris’s muscles flexed and rippling. It was a good reminder that her lover nearly doubled her in size and was quite the impressive Viking. To have someone so attractive and powerful crumble under her because of the pleasure Claire was providing helped push her a little closer to her orgasm. Closing her eyes Claire licked her lips and concentrated on the feelings bubbling up between her legs.

Carefully her lover juggled her body and slipped a hand between her legs, fingers finding her swollen clit. Chris brushed his fingers over the nub causing Claire to cry out loudly, fingers digging into his shoulders. Their slicked arousal caused his fingers to move easily across her quim. She could feel it in her belly – that box of fireworks about to be set off.

With her teeth chattering her movements against Chris’s sturdy body where becoming uneven and sloppy. That spark was lit and any moment fireworks would go off behind tightly closed eyes. In one swift move, Chris took dominance over her and captured both her wrists in his hand, pushing her back down on the bottom of the shower while pounding hard and fast into her body.

“Oh fuck!” Claire cried,

Every time she went to move her arms even a little he would growl and squeeze her wrists within his hand. Legs wrapped around his trim waist as she angled herself a bit better. Hard and fast Chris pumped into her like a wolf during a hard rut.

“I can’t wait for you to be fat with my pup!” Chris growled into her ear, nipping at her earlobe. “Even when you’re plump with our babe you’re not going to get me off you!” he warned lustfully, sharply thrusting into her slow and calculated. “I’m going to continue making love to you until you’re in labor. Would you like that?”
“Yes!” she stuttered, the inside of her thighs twitching and her muscles straining.

Her orgasm was building, the knot was becoming tighter and Claire felt like she was about to come undone. Chris pushed into her once more and that spark finally reached the fireworks. Every nerve in her body was on fire, her muscles clutched and dragged at him deep inside her body. Lightheaded with the sudden rush of pleasure she closed her eyes and arched her back, Chris’s hands capturing her lower back and supporting her as he possessively pumped into her two more times. She could hear him cum, head tilted back as a somewhat feral yell left his lips.

Thick warmth flooded her quim and coated her womb. She could feel rope after rope of Chris’s cum enter her body only to slowly trickle out around his shaft where they were still connected. In typical male fashion, he held himself firmly against her and refused to budge. Every time Claire tried to adjust herself he would bite the side of her neck, holding onto her flesh with his teeth lightly. When Chris thought that it was safe he’d release her neck and hover his mouth a few inches above the mark he had made. Any sign of defiance and he lowered his mouth, biting and growling possessively.

Pleased with his show of alpha dominance Claire fixed her legs so that they were higher around his waist while lovingly running her blunt fingernails up and down his back. Chris’s lips caressed the mark he had made on her neck, kissing and licking the wound to sooth the slight sting. For the moment her wolf was pleased with the coupling. The nagging urge to breed and make a baby was dulled to where it was manageable.

“Are you ok?” he asked her with concern, pulling back from her a little.

Her lover rubbing his nose against hers, trailing it across her cheek and to her jaw where lips sucked and kissed the sensitive flesh lovingly. Claire felt warm and fuzzy all over as he kissed a trail across her jaw and to the other side of her neck.

“Yes,” she shuddered, goosebumps peppering her skin and causing her nipples to perk against his chest.

“Do you want me to get off?” he asked with a half smile.

“The water’s getting cold,” Claire pointed out sleepily, yawning a little

“Yes, it is,” he agreed, slowly untangling himself from on top of her body.

Chris gently placed her spent legs back down on the shower floor and rested on his heel, hands moving up and down her body. He used this position to part her folds and allow the water to clean her off as well as check for injury. Once he was satisfied that she was all right he grabbed hold of her upper arms and pulled Claire up into a sitting position. The sudden rush of blood to her head had caused Claire to sway a little and Chris to chuckle. Strong hands holding her firm assured that she wasn’t going to fall backward.

”Feel the same way,” Chris smirked, pushing his long blonde hair back out of his face. “Come on, let’s get out of this cold water,’”

“Uh-huh,” she mindlessly replied, concentrating on standing up. Her legs shook a little and Claire had to brace herself against the wall while Chris turned off the water. Once more her lover towered over Claire making her feel a wee bit small.

“Tom should be home now, love. Let’s go and see if we can go for a stroll.” Chris smiled, opening the door and stepping out first. He offered her his hand, which she accepted. He toweled her off with extra care and attention. When finished he took both of her cheeks in his hands and drew her head
forward. A tender kiss was given between her eyes, lips lingering. “I love you,” Chris confessed sincerely, “I honestly do, my Luna.”
Chapter 84

*Tom’s point of view*

Against his better judgment and with Pine’s reassurance he allowed Claire to shift over and go for a run. In front of them, she’d dart off into the woods, testing them, only to come back out right away a few minutes later. A zigzag of in and out, her timing was predictable and precise each time. So when she disappeared into the forest and didn’t come back out once more it was a reason for concern.

Even Pine had a look of concern on his face as he questioned whether he had made a grave mistake.

“Claire!” Tom called, looking down at Seb and Michael who were turned over, “Go get her!” he instructed seriously.

Seb and Michael darted off into the woods and a few minutes later reemerged with Claire. Seeing her was a great relief because it told him she hadn’t run off after all. His happiness was turned to worry and confusion as it became apparent she held something small, furry and orange in her mouth. Claire was carrying the tiny animal the exact same way a mother wolf would carry her pup – by the back of the neck with ginger like tension.

Hesitantly she approached Tom and allowed him to lovingly retrieve whatever she held. It had become apparent that the tiny creature was a kitten and if he had to guess the baby was about a week old at that. His little eyes weren’t even open yet. Stunned he clutched the creature to his chest and turned to Pine who was just as confused as him.

“Give me your sweater please,” Tom demanded, “This poor creature is shaking like a leaf.”

Pine took off his sweater right away and Tom was able to wrap the defenseless creature in its warmth. Claire changed back over and stood there, bare naked, in all her glory. She demanded he turns the animal over which Tom did. Distressed she held the creature to her chest and adjusted the material so its little face was visible. Beside her, Sebastian and Michael sat looking up at the bundle in her arms. There was distinct sadness on their faces as they waited for word as to whether the kitten was alive.

“There are three litter mates that didn’t make it.” Claire sobbed, stroking the kitten with her finger. “Go bury them!” she demanded, “Now!” Her tone of voice was so strong that it could rival Tom’s. “I fucking hate humans!” Claire screamed,

Michael and Sebastian scattered back off into the woods rather quickly to do as she had instructed leaving Tom, Pine and Chris with a very visibly upset Claire. Her strong motherly instinct refused to let anyone but her close to the creature. To her wolf that was a baby pup and it was in a grave situation.

Honestly, Tom didn’t even know how to care for something that young. By all means, he should be with his mother. Their location and the three dead kittens meant that some human threw them away. How in the hell this little one survived is beyond Tom. The only way he could think of is that the kitten was the strongest – the alpha. Either that or it was fate.

“Oh please don’t die!” Claire cried, bundling the tiny animal even closer to her. “We need to feed him! He’s skin and bones!”
The only person who he could think of that would know what to do is Lee. Warlocks and witches were great with cats and animals in general. For all he knew Lee has looked after a little creature like this. Michael and Seb walked out of the woods naked and upright. There was a grim look on their faces as they approached Claire. Burying three innocent creatures would make any man distressed.

“We need to call Lee and have him come and help,” Tom informed them, stealing a glance at the tiny orange tabby.

“I’ll run to the store and get an eyedropper and some goats milk! I’ll meet you back at the home. Keep him warm and stimulated!” Pine volunteered, turning on his heel and running lightning quick to his car.

“Mike, Seb, get dressed and get in the car. We have to leave now!” Tom barked with a bit of franticness. “Claire, hand him to me so you can get dressed.” Claire looked at the kitten and back to Tom, hesitant and refusing to budge. “I’ll give him right back. You can’t go into the apartment naked,” Tom reasoned.

“Come on love, Tom would never hurt him,” Michael assured, “Claire, love, please,” Chris stressed, “That wee little creature needs to be fed as soon as possible. We can’t do that unless you get dressed,”

She handed him the tiny kitten that was now a bit more active than before. He moved his head side to side and let out a very faint squeak, which was supposed to be a meow. Claire got dressed forgoing her underwear and bra, demanding the baby back. Tom didn’t want to let him go either. His own wolf was screaming that he protects the ‘baby’ but he was able to do as she requested.

Settled in the SUV Claire placed the kitten on her lap and carefully stroked his spine with her finger under the material of the sweater. From where he sat beside Claire Tom could see kitten stumbling around a bit trying to find a nipple.

“Speed,” Tom demanded Michael, “I don’t care, run red lights if you have too.”

He’d never demand such a thing in other circumstances but this was literally life and death. Tom didn’t want to see this kitten pass away because they obeyed the traffic laws. Between the time that they had left at and their travel back to his apartment Tom called and spoke to Lee, who was on his way to the apartment as well. As they pulled into Michael’s parking space Pine was waiting anxiously with a bag of items. How the hell he managed to pull that off so fast Tom didn’t know but he was grateful nonetheless.

“I’ve got the goats milk and the eyedropper,” Pine told them, holding the door open for Claire.

Goat’s milk was something Lee had suggested on the phone. Apparently, it was the closest thing to mother’s milk available. Tom was happy that they had the milk and didn’t have to wait any longer. This little orange fuzz-ball was a ticking bomb. Claire immediately ran into the bedroom and placed the kitten down on the bed, watching him with worry.

“Here,” Pine spoke, sitting down beside her with the eyedropper and the milk. He sucked up a bit of the liquid life. “Come here little guy!” he cooed lovingly,

Everyone stood around the bed and watched as the wolf gently took hold of the tiny creatures head and pressed the tip of the dropper to its mouth. Automatically the kitten began to suckle and Pine was able to slowly release the milk into his mouth where it reached his belly. Eagerly the kitten accepted four droppers full of milk before settling down and seemingly falling asleep. His breathing appeared
to be even and you could see the kitten's tiny lips moving every once in a while. Saved by goat’s milk and a man that knew what he was doing.

“‘My pack has farm animals,’” Pine explained, “‘A few times we’ve had to hand feed an infant animal but never this small.’”

The impossibly small animal sneezed causing his whole body to shake. If Tom had to guess he’d say the creature would fit perfectly in the palm of his hand with space to spare. Lovingly Claire covered the baby up with Pine’s sweater and the creature settled down right away.

“As soon as he wakes back up we have to feed him,” Pine stated to no one in particular. “It’ll be a constant pattern of sleep, eat, sleep, eat,”

“I’m prepared,” Claire stated protectively, curling her body around the sleeping kitten and making sure that the creature wouldn’t be smothered or crushed.

There was an exchanging of looks between Tom and all of his pack mates. She didn’t seem to understand how hard this task would be. This little creature wasn’t like Pepper where they didn’t have to do much at all except spends time with her. Deciding it wasn’t time to argue with her Tom smiled and nodded his head while Pine boldly laid down on the other side of the bed waiting for the animal to wake back up, He was the only one comfortable enough to feed the tiny kitten. Tom, although soft handed, was fearful that he’d hurt the fragile animal.

“I’ll direct Lee to you once he arrives.” Tom spoke, “I’ll leave you be for now.”

Chapter End Notes
Sheer panic and anxiety hit her hard as Lee gently picked up the small orange tabby, cradling the tiny creature in the palm of his hand. Carefully the warlock overlooked the animal from head to tail.

“He’s a boy,” Lee spoke, “Domestic orange tabby – possibly long haired. Not very old,” he added as if he could read the kittens genetic report, “About a week or so,”

Just as gently as he picked him up, Lee placed him back down in the little nest Claire had made for him. She was worried that the kitten would stumble around too much and hurt himself. Creating this barrier around him prevented him from going anywhere.

“My cat, Eleanor, just had a litter of kittens.” Lee informed them like a proud father, “I’m confident that she’d adopt this little one and care for him.”

“No!” Claire snapped dramatically, “That’s my baby, I found him!”

“Oh I’ll give him back once he’s weaned, sweetheart,” Lee assured her, dropping down to his knees so that he was eye level with her. “He’s extremely young, he needs the special care and attention only a mother cat can give.”

“It’ll be very hard and exhausting Claire to look after him like we have been. He has a better chance of survival if Ellie looks after him.” Pine encouraged sympathetically.

“We can see him every day if you’d like,” Tom added from the doorway with a worried look on his face. “And when he’s old enough we’ll take him home and he’ll never leave again.”

As they were trying to convince her to let the kitten go with Lee the tiny creature began to make noises and move around looking for food once more. This time Lee took it upon himself to feed the small animal with just as much care as Pine had. The kitten was only consuming about a dropper full of milk at a time now.

“Poor thing,” Lee sighed sadly, “That cry you hear is him calling for his mother. I’m to presume that he was abandoned by the mother’s owners?”

“He had 3 siblings but they had passed,” Claire sadly confessed, willing herself to not cry once more. Her eyes were already red and burning from the shedding of tears before Lee arrived.

“I’m sorry you had to come across that,” Lee sympathized, reaching out to touch her hand. “I’m glad this little guy survived, however. Claire, I know you love the kitten very much and I know it’s hard. But I’m in the position to provide this little baby with what he needs – which is a mother cat.”

Claire didn’t want the kitten to die. Keeping him alive is why she rescued him in the first place. If she put so much time and emotion into hand feeding him herself and as a result, he passed away – Claire would never forgive herself. Pensively she looked to Lee and then to Tom before settling on the tiny orange tabby sleeping peacefully.

“How many litters has Eleanor had?” Claire asked,

“She’s had a few,” Lee admitted, “She’s never lost a kitten to date. Very good attentive mum.”
Tom had told her that warlocks and witches were crazy about cats for some reason and it was rare to see them without multiple furry companions. Kittens always had good homes to go to and the demand was strong in their community so it wasn’t uncommon for their animals to be unaltered.

“Fine,” Claire replied in defeat, “But I need to go with you and see first hand that she’s accepted him!”

“That’s fine,” Lee smiled lightly, “You can stay and watch them interact for as long as you want.”

From the doorway, Tom had shot Lee a look that Claire translated to ‘She’s never going to leave your home now!’ Claire would stay for a little while but eventually, she’d leave no matter how hard. A new mother cat can only take so much foreign company before she’d start to get stressed. And Claire wasn’t going to cause distress on Ellie and her kittens because of her own insecurities.

“How many kittens does Ellie have?”

Perhaps Eleanor had a large brood and couldn’t look after Claire’s fuzz-ball. Mentally she scolded herself for trying to think up excuses as to why he shouldn’t go with Lee. Even though she knew in her heart that it was the best thing for him.

“5” Lee smiled proudly, “And she has 6 nipples for nursing.”

Oh, how convenient.

For the first time since they brought him home, the kitten went to the washroom on the towel, subconsciously crawling away from the mess. Lee looked at the tiny poop and nodded his head.

“Well, that’s healthy and normal. Thank god,” Lee informed them, taking a tissue and cleaning it up for Claire. “If a kitten that tiny and in his circumstances developed a runny stool it could kill him. We have to worry about dehydration as well as starvation. Another reason why he needs Eleanor’s care is that there are certain vitamins and antibodies he’ll get from her milk that’s not in goats milk he… what’s his name?”

Name? Claire didn’t want to name him because she didn’t know if he’d survive. It would be easier to say goodbye if it wasn’t too personal. She set eyes on the squeaky little fluff ball and tried to think of a name.

“Milo,” she finally spoke. It was the first thing that came to her mind upon looking at him.

“Little Milo will have his immune system strengthened by Ellie’s nursing,” Lee informed her, picking the kitten back up very carefully. He scanned the baby once more trying to assess his health, cradling Milo to his chest. “Come on,” Lee encouraged gently, “Get your shoes on. The sooner Milo is with Eleanor the sooner he’ll come home.”

Tom appeared to be impressed with Lee as she followed behind the tall man and slipped on her shoes. Pine hesitated for a moment before trailing behind her. It was clear by how comfortable Seb and Michael were on the couch that neither man was coming with them. Chris still didn’t really want anything to do with magical folks and removed himself from the situation altogether leaving Tom and Pine to accompany her back to Lee’s home. Which, honestly, is something Pine was supposed to do anyways pending the investigation.

“I know it’s hard but you made the right decision,” Pine encouraged her, rubbing her back.

Lee had given her back Milo and she was able to rest the tiny kitten on her lap in a blanket that he had brought from home. Apparently, it was one of Ellie’s and its purpose was to accustom Milo to
her scent before he was placed in the resting spot with the other kittens. Milo accepting Ellie was also very important. If he didn’t recognize the mother cat he might not even nurse at all.

“Eleanor, I’m sure, will accept Milo as her own,” Lee reassured her through the rearview mirror of his car. “And in a month or so you can take little Milo back.”

“I’m scared he’s not going to know that I’m the one who rescued him!” Claire confessed with anxiety.

“Milo will recognize your scent,” Lee told her, “Cats are very smart creatures. He’ll know who you are. Especially if you visit him.”

“Will we be close like Pepper and me?”

“And then some,” Lee smiled, nodding his head, “You two will be great friends,”

Milo stretched a little and yawned, nuzzling around the blanket for physical contact. Placing her hand in front of him he inched forward resting his head on her palm. Slowly Milo managed to pull his whole body into the palm of her hand where he curled up and fell back asleep. It was so humbling to see something so tiny and fragile. Claire had never seen a kitten this small or young before in person. How could anyone throw him and his poor siblings away? If she thought too much about it Claire would cry. Humans could be so heartless.

“Everything is going to be alright,” Tom spoke from the front seat, turning in his seat to address her. He reached out and covered her hand with the blanket leaving just Milo’s head exposed.

Milo was so young he didn’t even really look like a cat or a kitten. His ears were so tiny they were pretty much folded down flat on the side of his head and there wasn’t a whisker to speak of. If it weren’t for the tiny tail attached to his bum you wouldn’t even think he was a cat.

“I’ll personally make sure that you see him daily if you wish,” Pine promised. “You’re a good little momma. But sometimes even the best mothers need help.”

Chapter End Notes

If you've been around for a while you'll know that I do everything for a reason and eventually it will all tie together. I don't doubt Claire's mothering instincts for one moment and I originally wanted her to look after the kitten at first on her own, but, I had key points that I needed to address and this is the way I had managed to do so.
With baited breath, Claire watched as Lee gently placed Milo in the corner of the crate. A medium sized black cat with golden eyes minded over 5 little black jellybeans that were making adorable little noises. It became apparent when Claire compared Milo to Ellie’s kittens that he was painfully young. There was no distinction between the two. Hell, if no one knew better it looked like Ellie had one orange kitten in her litter.

Ellie sat up partially and extended her neck so that she could sniff at Milo. Sniffing turned into her bopping him with her nose gently. A tender lick to the length of his body sealed his acceptance and the mother cat gingerly picked him up with her mouth – placing Milo in the pile with the rest of her kittens before lying back down.

“Eleanor has accepted Milo as part of her litter,” Lee confirmed,

Claire let out a breath she was holding and sat down on the floor of Lee and Richard’s bedroom. He had made a nest for Ellie out of a large wooden crate with a cushion on the bottom and a blanket over that. Ellie had a lot of room to stretch out and it was deep enough so that the kittens couldn’t stumble out. The crate itself was at the foot of Lee’s bed on an ottoman. Curiously enough there was a spot next to the crate instead of having it centered like Claire would have done.

“Where is the father?” Claire asked curiously, looking over to see Lee sit down next to her.

“He’s around here somewhere,” he smiled, “The father ironically enough is Richard’s cat, Arthur. This is his and Ellie’s third litter together.”

She was fearful that perhaps daddy cat wouldn’t be so open to having an orange jellybean in the box.

“Arthur and Ellie fell in love around the same time we did,” Lee told her fondly, reaching out and petting Ellie.

Her purring was so loud that Claire had no problems hearing it. Cheekily the new mum curled herself a bit and showed off her tummy. The kittens took this as a sign for dinnertime and crawled over to her. Six little babies lined up and began to nurse. Milo was on top of the pile in the middle. It warmed her heart to see that Eleanor had accepted him into her brood and there was a real possibility that he’d survive.

As they were watching the kittens nurse a large black tomcat jumped up onto the free space next to the crate. He looked at Claire and then to his kittens. Unlike Ellie, he had long fur and a long fluffy tail that curled around his body as he sat down. He sort of resembled a lion or what she’d presume Richard would look like if he were a cat. Claire could have sworn that her heart stopped beating when Arthur began to sniff at Milo.

“He’s probably confused as to where this little baby came from,” Lee informed her with a chuckle,

“He’s not going to hurt him, is he?” Claire asked with worry, anxiously fidgeting with her fingers.

“Oh no,” Lee replied, padding Claire’s thigh, “He’s a very good dad. He’s here to take over for Eleanor so she can get a break. Arthur will sit here and watch his babies until she comes back from doing whatever she needs to do. At night he sleeps beside the crate next to them.”

Arthur sniffed at Milo a few more times and nudged the kitten with his nose before giving him a little lick on top of his head. As if it was business as usual Arthur sat back up and watched his litter.
proudly. It was official – her little orange jellybean was no longer an orphan.

“If you’re wanting after the weaning period is over you can leave him here for a bit longer. That way Milo can be taught some pussycat manners from Arthur and Eleanor. When the kittens are old enough to be running around Arthur watches them and makes sure that they’re not getting into mischief.”

“I’ll try,” she wearily replied,

Once the kittens were finished and sleeping in a pile Ellie sat up, stretched and padded over to Arthur. The two cats touched noses a few times with Eleanor rubbing her nose against Arthur’s cheek and hoping down, walking casually out of the bedroom and around the corner. Daddy cat surprisingly laid down where Ellie was and cuddled his kittens. One of them had separated from the pile and Arthur had to grab hold of him and place it back where the kitten settled between Milo and one of his new siblings.

Lee had been watching her very carefully ever since she sat down in front of the crate. He had a look of great concern on his face. “You’re sad,” he commented softly, “What’s wrong little Luna? Tell me, what’s bothering you.”

“Do you think it’s possible for werewolves to get depression?” Claire asked him seriously, facing him a bit. “I had depression before when I was ‘human’ and I hoped that it would go away with my mortality. I don’t think it has.”

“Oh sweet girl,” Lee sighed sympathetically, “I don’t think we’re immune to things like that. Immortality is only a physical thing – not a mental thing. You need to speak to Tom about this. He’s a doctor he’ll understand.”

“I just want to sleep or cry all the time,” Claire admitted in defeat. “Or go off into the woods and hide in a cave never to come out again. What I’m struggling with is that there’s no reason for me to feel this way. Everyone I’m around is wonderful and my life is incredibly easy.”

“That’s the problem with depression. It happens and there’s no reason for it. You become depressed because you are depressed. A vicious cycle.” The warlock told her sadly, “Unfortunately we don’t have a tincture for that sort of thing that will be long term. I honestly think you need to speak to someone in your pack about it. You’re not the only werewolf in the world that suffers from depression.”

“It’s hard because I don’t want them to think I’m weak,” Claire confessed, turning her attention back to the kitten pile.

It was hard to not pick one of them up and give them a snuggling or a bunch of kisses. She knew better though and although Arthur and Ellie seemed to be tolerant they wouldn’t appreciate their babies manhandled like that. Even Lee didn’t pick the kittens up.

“Admitting you need help doesn’t make you weak it makes you quite brave. Not a lot of people can step up and admit that there’s something wrong and you can’t fix it.” Lee reasoned lovingly, “I’m sure they’d be happy to know there’s a cure for your current situation. Your emotional upset is hard on them as well especially since they don’t know how to make it better.”

Claire took a shaky breath and fought back an emotional floodgate from opening and tears leaving her eyes. Lee turned his head to the side and looked at her sadly. Before she knew it Claire was pulled into his lap as he held and rocked her back for fourth. Arthur had raised his head to see why this strange human was crying. He gave a soft mew of concern and stood up, gingerly stepping over
his babies and stretching out to give Claire kitty kisses. Long whiskers tickled her cheeks and she couldn’t help but laugh a little.

“I’m ok,” she told the feline.

Once he was positive that she was in fact all right he lay back down behind his kittens and resumed the position. Milo boldly crawled over his siblings and managed to snuggle right up to Arthur’s chest and tucking himself under the cat’s jaw. Arthur in response licked the kitten a few times down the length of his spine and made sure that he was snuggly tucked up against him before lowering his head and shielding the orange tabby.

“He knows,” Lee told her softly with a smile, his chin resting on the top of Claire’s head. “Cats are very intelligent and have a way of knowing when something is in need of special care. Especially when it’s a baby.”

Tom popped his head in just long enough to see Lee holding before quickly leaving as if not to disturb them. Despite her not crying anymore Lee didn’t make a move to push her off him. Instead, he continued to hold her as they watched the kittens sleep.

“Back in the ancient days, we used to use cats as a form of communication.” Lee informed her, “There was a little cylinder we could attach to their collars that had a bell on it. The top screwed off and we could roll up secret notes to other warlocks or witches and the humans thought it was merely a bell.” He continued with a smile. “We’d train the cats to go to a specific person and once the message was delivered they’d be rewarded with a treat. Usually, it was a saucer of crème or a piece of meat. We also still use cats to keep rats and mice away from our potion materials. Back in the ancient times' rodents ran ramped and it was very hard and expensive to buy certain things.”

That explained a little bit as to why they liked cats so much. “No doggies?”

“We like dogs just fine, all animals really. Cats are very inconspicuous,” Lee smiled, “It’s a little hard to have a large size dog deliver a message when a cat can sneakily maneuver through things and under them.”

“I suppose that makes sense.” Claire agreed.

Eleanor came back into the room and stretched, meowing softly before coming over to Lee, headbutting Claire’s leg and purring loudly and catching the attention of Arthur who popped his head up in the crate. Their kittens started mewing loudly looking for their mother and the next meal. Ellie used Claire as a springboard to get back to her crate and switched positioned with her partner. As soon as the poor feline lay down hungry kittens commandeered her. Daddy cat hung around long enough to make sure that his partner was settled before leaving.

“Where does he go?” Claire asked curiously,

“Probably downstairs to find Richard. Because the kittens are so new we won’t let him out of the house. We can’t risk him going for a wander and not coming back to relieve Ellie.” Lee continued to rock her back and forth gently while embracing her.

A pretty blonde haired woman around Claire’s age came into the room with a gentle smile. She was calm and grabbed a book off the side table before excusing herself out of the room. That must have been the Autumn, Tom had told her about.

“You need to meet with her,” Lee told her, “She can help you mentally by being a good friend. Autumn is very friendly and a good person. You two would get along perfectly.”
“Sweet girl,” Tom spoke gently, “If you were struggling with something like depression you should have told us sooner. Here we thought that there was something more serious going on. Not that your sadness isn’t serious but we thought it was a situation where it wasn’t easily fixed.”

Claire was still uncomfortable with having this conversation but it had to be discussed. After a bit gentler nudging Lee had convinced her to actually open up and tell Tom she had a problem. Unfortunately for her, she had an audience of Tom, Pine, and Sebastian. Michael and Chris were at work until 7 am the next morning.

“It’s not exclusive to you,” Pine told her, “Many wolves suffer from depression.”

“I don’t understand that. You’d think we’d be better than this.” Claire grumbled, pulling Sebastian’s over-sized sweater over her a body better.

“We have the same emotions as humans and thought process.” Pine told her, “Our supernatural strengths lie in physical attributes as well as other things like vision.”

That didn’t seem like a fair deal to her. She thought to be this super awesome supernatural being would automatically forfeit everything ‘bad about you’ Just like she presumed that becoming supernatural would make you thin and beautiful. The Hollywood version of her dreams and the reality was completely different.

“Let me guess,” she sarcastically replied, “If a vampire bites you it doesn’t turn you thin and beautiful either, right?”

“Claire, love, if a vampire bites you in the first place for any other reason beyond food he or she already thinks your perfect,” Tom told her seriously, annoyed with her snobby behavior.

“And to answer your next stupid statement,” Sebastian added, “You’re very beautiful and there’s nothing wrong with your body.”

“No, your quite good looking,” Pine agreed, looking at her in the rear-view mirror. “And we’re not just telling you that to make you feel better. Other men outside your bubble feel the same way. You just don’t realize how many heads you turn.”

No, Claire didn’t realize because usually her eyes were downcast and she was lost in her own world. Pine had no reason to lie to her and nothing to really gain besides perhaps a strong talking to by Tom for overstepping boundaries.

“You turn to many damn heads,” Tom muttered under his breath. “Good looks aside we need to get you on proper medication so you’re no longer depressed.”

“Does that mean I have to see a werewolf doctor or can I see a general human doctor?” Claire asked with a sigh.

All Claire wanted to do was go to bed with Pepper and cuddle her grumpy cactus while watching
her precious Dr. Phil on Demand. Maybe she’d eat something bad for her like cheese puffs and drink a cherry Pepsi, or three. Most of all Claire didn’t want to think about how Milo was back at Lee’s house and not beside her.

“Council rules dictate that a shifted werewolf needs to be seen by a certified council doctor.” Pine answered, “Unless you’re not in the position to do so then it would be permitted to see a human doctor.”

Why would a werewolf even need to see a doctor? They didn’t get sick and whatever injuries they acquired healed themselves eventually. Maybe if they lost a limb the doctor could sew it back on and they could heal it.

“I’m exhausted, I want my hog and my bed.” Claire yawned, curling her body in a defensive manner on the seat.

“We’re going to continue to discuss you not sharing your emotions with us, Claire,” Tom told her firmly. “If there’s something wrong you need to tell us. You can’t keep it locked away so it can fester and become some nasty monster.”

Claire grumbled in response and placed her head on Seb’s shoulder. She had better things to think about like whether Pepper would get along with Milo, or if she’d be angry at her for ‘replacing’ her. Claire had asked Lee that question and he said because Milo was a baby Pepper would be gentle with him. Apparently, even hedgehogs know what baby cats are.

“Do you guys even like cats?” Claire asked.

“Of course we like cats,” Sebastian replied, “What? Because we’re wolves that makes us mortal enemies with cats?”

“Stranger things have happened,” Claire shrugged,

“We like animals, a lot, actually.” Pine told her, turning to face her as they were stopped at a red light. “When we have our own pack territory we make sure that the animals who live in the woods and land are protected. We have a rule that if an uninvited guest like a hunter comes on our land we’re allowed to chase them off.”

Well, that just proved she was an idiot. Feeling stupid she kept her mouth shut and closed her eyes. Hopefully, she could will everything away until they got home and Claire could hide in her bedroom with her hog. Something told her it wouldn’t be that simple. Now that they knew she was depressed someone was going to be with her all the time. Not that Claire was suicidal or could even commit suicide. She was immortal after all and whatever attempts she made would end in an even more disastrous result. Claire would be stuck in an infinite loop of pain and sorrow.

“I just want to crawl into bed,” Claire murmured grumpily.

“Which you can do,” Tom assured her,

As if Claire really needed permission to sleep in her bed.

“I’ll make an appointment with my doctor so we can get you on the right track, love,” Tom added, exchanging a worried look with Seb.

The moment the car was parked Claire got out and marched into her apartment. She began to strip off her clothing leaving a messy trail leading to the bedroom. Standing there nude in front of her bed she glanced at Pepper who was waiting for her to open the cage. A few pieces of sawdust stuck to
her wet little nose as she sniffed at Claire, whiskers fluttering rapidly.

“Hello baby,” Claire cooed, opening the latch and grabbing hold of her hog. Cradling the creature to her chest and giving her a kiss. Pepper raised her head up and licked the side of Claire’s mouth before making a squeak of happiness. “I'm sorry I've been a terrible mamma!”

With Pepper in her arms, Claire crawled into bed and placed her hog on the pillow so she could get under the covers. Pepper immediately crawled over onto her chest and settled down between the pillow and the crook of Claire's neck. Pep's warm soft belly leaving her skin heated.

“Silly girl!” she smiled, stroking Peppers back with her fingers. “You smell like sawdust!”

Pepper grunted happily and nuzzled her nose into Claire's neck while wiggling her bottom happily. Her hedgehog could always make her feel better. If Claire was really sad all she had to do was look at Pep and the hog would do something cute and funny just to make her laugh. Or, if she needed a good cuddle like right now Pepper was willing to do so.

Picking Pepper up she re-positioned the creature so she was laying on her chest between her boobs. Having better access to Pepper's more pet-able spots she was able to give Pep cheek and chest scratches as well as stroke the sides of her fat belly. Pepper once more wiggled her bottom and buried her nose in the blankets. A sign of bashfulness and happiness.

“I've got a little friend for you. He's a kitty but he'll be your size for a bit.” Claire spoke, knowing full well that Pepper was smart enough to understand what she was saying. “You two can play together, and snuggle together,” she cooed, stroking Pep's cheek lovingly.

Pepper in response made happy hedgehog noises and decided to take a wander on the bed showing Claire her spiky back as she waddled away. Nose down on the blanket she sniffed out what she suspected would be the lingering smell of Milo. The area in which Milo was laying Pepper found and took a deep sniff. She snorted and made the motion as if she were looking for the tiny kitten.

“She's looking for the baby,” Pine spoke, smiling from the open door. “If she were nursing herself I don't doubt Pepper would look after Milo. Pepper's a mammal. Mammals have a tendency to accept other babies if they're nursing and look after it.”

“Well, Pep is spayed so...” Claire sighed, playing with the hedgehog by moving her hand under the blankets.

“Pepper will look after little Milo in different ways when he comes home. A baby is a baby no matter how much larger it is to the 'adult' animal.” Pine smiled, sitting down beside her on the bed that quickly turned into him laying next to her in a relaxing manner.

Pepper crawled over Claire to get to Pine where she hopped onto his belly and waddled up to his chest and to his face, sniffing at his well-groomed bearded jaw. Pepper seemed to like the hair on her boy's faces. With Pine being the only one that really sported facial hair beyond a few days scruff, his face seemed to interest her the most.

She sneezed on him and began to waddle across the expanse of his chest to get back over to Claire where she ended up exactly where she started – wedged in the crook of Claire's neck and the pillow.

“Silly creature!” Pine smiled, “Hand me the remote. Dr. Phil is on in 5 minutes.”

Chapter End Notes
It's a good thing I don't have to exclusively shop at Whole Foods because I'd be starving and broke. $50 for 3 pieces of steak is no good. No. Good.
Chapter 88

Claire woke up between a Chris and a Chris. They hadn’t realized that she was awake so Claire decided to play opossum and keep her eyes closed. It was rare for Chris to be in bed beside her with anyone, period, let alone the council leader assigned to watch them. He didn’t even share a space with Tom now since they became intimate.

“I’m not sleeping with anyone,” Pine stated, “And I don’t have to go anywhere. It’s not my fault you’re insecure.”

Interesting, this must be the part of the conversation Claire was asleep for. Pine sounded passive aggressive with his voice low enough not to wake her. Stealing a glance she could see both men on either side of her with their arms crossed over their chests. They looked like an old married couple that argues in bed before they go to sleep.

“I’m not insecure, you’re stepping on my toes.” Chris hissed under his breath, glaring at the wall.

“That would imply she’s solely yours. You know as well as I do that the Luna is the one who possesses us.” Pine corrected firmly. “I’ll leave when Claire tells me to leave.” He added,

She could physically hear Chris take a deep breath as he tried to calm himself a bit. He knew that Pine was correct and if he wanted to pull the ‘I own you!’ card Claire had one to counter it. In the bedroom, they could be as possessive as they wanted but she wasn’t one to roll over outside. Claire had made that clear the very first time.

“Don’t be jealous of me. I’m at the bottom of the totem pole.” Pine added,

That made her sad. Claire tried her very hardest to treat everyone equal and even though Pine wasn’t part of her pack officially Claire still tried to treat him as an equal. Hopefully, she had accomplished that and Pine was just trying to appease Chris.

“Bullshit!” Chris argued, “Claire doesn’t place people above others. You have just as much of a chance with her as we had.”

“I very much doubt that.” Pine soured, “I’m an omega that works for the council. Why the hell would she want me, of all wolves?”

“Well, Sebastian’s a beta,” Chris snickered,

All right, her rouse was over. Claire stretched out and kicked Chris hard in the calf for his stupid statement. He knew that that sort of talk towards her Sebby pissed Claire off. “Will you stop fighting? Jesus. Where is my hog?”

“In her cage,” Chris grumbled, rubbing his leg.

She kept forgetting that with her immortality came to strength and Claire hitting them actually hurt unlike before. “Sorry,” she apologized, stretching out between the Chris’s. Claire was still nude but she was under the covers, unlike Chris and Pine. There was no way in hell Chris would allow Pine under the covers with her if she were clothed let alone naked.
“You’re not addressing the issue,” Chris spoke,

“What issue?” Claire asked curiously. “And Pine, there is nothing wrong with being an omega and a council worker.”

“See, that’s what I mean.” Chris snapped,

“Don’t you snap at me!” Claire firmly told him, “There shouldn’t be any jealousy between anyone. I enjoy Pine’s company that doesn’t mean I’m sleeping with him because I’m not. I’m allowed to like other people besides you!”

“All right, and we’re done here. Chris, in my office.” Tom announced firmly, “Now!”

He had been hearing the budding argument outside in the living room and decided to finally step in when things were becoming heated. Something that Claire was grateful for. Although assertive she still didn’t like arguing with people especially intimidating wolves like Chris. As instructed Chris got up off the bed and stomped after Tom rather dramatically.

Pine had his arms still crossed over his chest but he refused to look at her. Claire could sense the tension and it wasn’t towards him. Pine, despite being very attractive and physically appealing appeared to be rather unsure of himself as a man and a wolf. If Claire had to describe him hypothetically she’d say Pine was the ‘runt of the litter’ in his family and because of that, she suspected he was bullied a lot by the rest of his pack.

“Whatever happens happens.” Claire yawned. “I’m not a mind reader, I wish I was,” she turned on her side to face him. “But I do like you. I get along a lot better than I thought I would when I first met you. I want things to develop naturally however that may be.”

“Alpha’s don’t see things that way. They want to know who their ‘competition’ is right away so they can either eliminate it or adjust.” Pine explained. “That’s just their nature. Obviously, I’ve managed to ruffle some fur.”

“Chris is just…he’s insanely protective of me.” Claire tried to explain, “He wants to make sure that I won’t be harmed.”

It was a poor attempt at excusing his brutish behavior and Pine looked over at her, eyebrow raised in questioning, the moment she said it. Feeling somewhat embarrassed Claire sat up on the bed and made sure that the blankets were covering her properly. Pepper was asleep once more under her sawdust pile, little nose sticking out like a black gumdrop.

“Ok! He’s possessive, so is Tom and Michael.” Claire told him.

“And Sebastian,” Pine added, “Look, I get it. If you were my Luna I’d be possessive as well. You’re sexy, smart, powerful and most of all a Luna. I’m not sure if Tom has told you before but Luna’s like you are rare – very rare. The council had concluded that for every 100,000 females born only 1 would be a Luna. We don’t breed that much, Claire. There is only 5,000 Luna’s worldwide.”

Wow. That put things into perspective. When Tom had told her that she was rare Claire thought he was blowing smoke up her ass. Pines giving her an actual number made her realize the importance of her role.

“I’m the lone wolf out,” Pine continued, relaxing his posture. “And I just so happen to be a male that their Luna is showing attention towards. You weren’t supposed to like me,” he chuckled. “Normally Luna’s are a lot more territorial and defensive than you are. You’re naturally supposed to keep me at an arm’s length.”
“But you’re just so loveable!” Claire played, checking him on her shoulder. “In all seriousness though, what would happen to you if you became ‘involved’ with a person you’re assigned to investigate?”

Pine took a deep breath and lowered his brows pensively. Claire felt bad putting him in this situation but it wasn’t exactly planned. When Claire first learned that a council investigator was going to be staying with them for six months she vowed to remain just under friendly with the man. But as time progressed and she realized that he wasn’t so bad after all that changed, dramatically. Claire didn’t know where that would lead in the future but right now she knew that she liked him a hell of a lot more than was appropriate for his job and maybe even for someone inside a pack.

“Well, first of all, my license would be pulled and I’d be a massive disappointment to my family and pack. Not that I’m not already…” he grumbled bitterly. “And I have the very real risk of being thrown in jail for a few months.”

“Oh, wow!” Claire replied with surprise. She didn’t think it would be that bad.

To make him feel better she snuggled into his side and placed her head on his chest. That seemed to make everyone else in her pack better. Pine stiffened at first but placed his arm around her body strengthening their embrace. He slumped down a bit and lightly rested his chin on the top of her head.

“Why does your pack not like you?”

“Mainly because I was supposed to be an alpha but when I presented as an omega that leaned severely to the beta side, that broke the camels back. You see, my mother and father had only produced alpha’s until I was born so they banked on me being one as well.”

“That’s awful,” Claire sympathized, “My parents weren’t very happy with how I turned out either.”

“Because of your schooling, your job?” he asked innocently,

“No, because I was fat.” She bluntly told him. “Everyone in my family is tall and thin.”

“That’s a horrible reason to not be happy with your child.” Pine snapped,

“If it makes you feel any better I think you’re very masculine just like Seb. I think being labeled a specific thing and expected to fit within those confines is stupid. That’s why I treat everyone equally.”

“You’re a Saint and the world doesn’t deserve you,” Pine mumbled, tucking her in closer to him.

Chapter End Notes

Jason Momoa is Auqaman, huh? I feel...I feel a cramp! I went in the water right after I ate. Aquaman save me! Seriously, he's so gorgeous I just can't. I need to write something with him in it. In all honesty when I think of a werewolf I immediately picture Jason in all his long haired glory.
“I would like to try something different,” Claire smiled sneakily, running her fingers up and down Michael’s bare stomach. “The next time we’re out for a run…I want you and I to wander off into the woods and turn over…”

“I like where this is going,” Michael grinned, “And we’d make wild passionate love in the middle of the forest?”

“Yes,” she blushed,

“You’ve got a kinky side, huh?” Michael asked curiously, tracing the dip of her hips with his fingertips.

“I’m curious to try new things,” she admitted,

“That’s good,” he agreed, nodding his head in approval.

They had just finished making love and her body was still on fire. Every stroke her lover gave sent shivers down her spine and settled in her quim. Content and happy with his affection she settled down into Mike’s side and moaned, closing her eyes. Somehow they managed to make love in Michael’s apartment, in his bed, leaving them alone and in peace. The apartment was eerily quiet and she was able to enjoy Michael’s company.

“I’m a bit of a bedroom explorer as well,” Mike spoke, rubbing her back and maneuvering the blankets with his foot. Once they were both covered in the lush feather duvet he kissed the side of her head. “Even though we’re not supposed to be,”

Michael’s apartment had a view of the mountains behind their apartment and the owners of the property were nice enough to keep the trees trimmed so their view wasn’t distorted. From the bed, they snuggled up and gazed out onto the mountains with Claire’s imagination running wild with what’s on the other side of that mountain. Her wolf was growing restless with the urge to wander right now. Although not exactly the most athletic person, or wolf, Claire was positive that she could definitely run up that mountain with her nose down taking in all her surrounding scents.

“I wanna run up that mountain and explore the other side,” Claire stated boldly, adjusting herself under his body.

Her lover had decided that pushing Claire under him as he partially lied on top of her was best. Mike’s leg was between her and the top of her head was tucked under his chin. A strong arm hugged her from behind and his hand clutched her forearm. In response to her bold statement, Michael squeezed her forearm.

“I bet,” he replied, nuzzling his nose into her hair. “Your starting to come into your wolf a bit more and your natural instinct is taking over.”

“I just think to find our own patch of land isolated somewhat from everyone else would be best for having pups.” She tried to explain, “I don’t mean in the middle of nowhere with no electricity or running water.”
“But you want a good barrier of the forest as a buffer between us and the rest of the world?” Michael spoke, seemingly understanding what she was wanting. “What you are describing is what we’d call ‘nesting’ to a certain degree. You and your wolf are subconsciously looking for a safe and secure place to settle down and have pups, raise your young and strengthen your pack. It’s a healthy new chapter in your werewolf journey. If you weren’t interested in that I’d be concerned.”

There was comfort in knowing that the urges she felt were normal. Claire was fearful that there was something wrong and she couldn’t quite place her finger on it. Why else would she constantly think about ‘running’ away? Now the question is, what were they going to do about it exactly?

“I feel like I’m beating the same dead horse but, I really want a baby,” Claire sighed in defeat, her sadness written on her face and visible through the reflection of the window.

Michael adjusted himself to her, pulling back a little to kiss her shoulder. “I know, love. And I’d love to give you that baby but we can’t right now.” He sympathized, “Or you wouldn’t be leaving this bed until your womb is occupied. You better believe me when I say that.”

Claire felt like she was running around in circles. She’d declare her wanting a baby to whoever was around and they’d answer the exact same way, more or less. She wasn’t getting her baby and they weren’t moving forward. Sighing heavily she moved under Michael and dislodged him a bit as she turned to press her nose into his chest. He padded her bottom lovingly and remained quiet. Normally Claire would be asleep by now but she couldn’t manage to do so.

“Do you wanna run away with me?” Claire asked him cautiously and in a weak voice. “Just our wolves. We can go exploring.”

He stiffened a bit and bundled her even closer than before. “I don’t think that’s wise.” Mike told her just as cautiously, “We both could get in a lot of trouble with the council and Tom.”

“I’m the queen bee,” Claire dismissed,

“That only excuses you from so much, lovely.” Michael reminded her, “It’s not a get out of jail free card and if you use it as such you’d be a pretty big asshole.”

Well, there goes her spur of the moment dream of running off into the sunset with one of her princes. Any form of verbal argument was halted by the sound of a text message on her phone. She pulled her arm out and grabbed the phone, smiling when it was from Lee. Michael viewed the photo of Milo lying on his back wedged between two of his siblings, fat little belly showing. Periodically Lee would give her photos of the kitten and it was amazing how much he had grown in a week.

“What a ham,” Michael chuckled, “You find all the animals with a personality I swear.”

All of Milo’s siblings were sleeping normally on their tummies except her fuzzball. She didn’t even know how he managed to get into that position. Her little baby just opened his eyes yesterday when she was visiting him. Much to Claire’s delight Milo mewed at her and began to crawl towards her. Still unable to really hold him all she could do was gently stroking his back with her finger.

Next week Lee told her she could cuddle Milo and his siblings all she wanted, and at the end of the month he was clear to go home. Unless she wanted Ellie and Arthur to teach him a bit more kitty cat manners.

“Look at his fat little tummy! He’s doubled in size!” Claire gushed,

“And his fur has gotten a bit longer.” Mike pointed out,
Milo was a beautiful distraction but her sadness was beginning to seep back in causing Claire’s body to go limp against Michael’s. Like an emotional vacuum, Claire managed to suck the happiness from him as well. Once he realized that her sadness was back his smile dropped and he held her more protectively.

“It’ll be ok. Everything happens in due time.” Michael reminded her, kissing her temple. “We have that appointment to see a doctor in a few days. I went to school with him. He’s a good chap. A lot of your jumbled emotions will be fixed as well and you’ll feel more grounded. We’re working on the territory thing, sweet girl.” He admitted, knowing full well that Tom hadn’t spoken to Claire about it just yet. “We need to keep this between you and I but we are looking for our own land. Tom has a request to the council. He didn’t want to say anything until we have the land but I think it’s appropriate to inform you. It’ll help ease your wolf.”

“Yes, thank you,” Claire sighed in relief. A bit of the rock she was carrying on her back had fallen off and her wolf didn’t feel so bogged down. “I won’t say anything,”

“I know you won’t,” he smiled, “Try and rest a bit.”

Chapter End Notes

Its boring but necessary, sorry folks :/
Chapter 90

Claire dug her claws into the moist ground savoring the feel of wind and rain ruffling her fur. It was a miserable and cold day out, it may even snow, but her and her wolf were ecstatic for being outside in general. Feeling a rush of energy Claire took off ahead of everyone else and darted into the woods, leaves flying past her off the bushes as her momentum caused them to flee. Pausing a moment she shook her fluff out and continued to wander – nose pressed to the ground.

Pine and Sebastian joined her rather quickly while Tom, Chris, and Michael lingered behind. She paid them little attention as the smell of something foreign caught her attention. Her boys followed behind her picking up the scent as well. It must not have been threatening because neither man said anything.

Claire decided that the trail scent leads to a rabbit. Leaving it alone she turned and dismissed the innocent animal. Seb and Pine left it alone as well and happily followed her lead. Claire paused a moment and looked over her shoulder. It was still so strange to have grown men sitting there waiting for her future instruction.

“We should wait for the others,” Claire told them, sitting herself down in front of them so they could take face to face.

“Good girl with leaving that rabbit alone.” Pine praised,

“I didn’t need to kill it. It was a baby,” she replied, happy that she could control her wolf a lot better than she could at first.

“Baby or not,” Seb replied, “I’m proud of you for leaving him alone.”

That was a bit offensive. Claire wasn’t some bloodthirsty killing machine that terrorized the forest. There were plenty of animals that she’d tracked before that survived. Deciding against arguing she kept her mouth shut and waited for the last three to join them. A short time later all of her boys were with her and they proceeded into the forest with Tom and Chris taking the lead leaving her to walk with Michael and Seb at her side and Pine taking up the rear. They were actually in a somewhat triangular formation.

“Where are we going?” Claire asked curiously as they passed by the marker that they turned back at all the time.

“For a wander,” Tom answered,

“That doesn’t help,” she scowled,

“It’s a surprise,” Chris added, briefly looking at her over his shoulder.

Michael and she caught eyes at the same time and shrugged as if he didn’t know what was happening either. The general energy she picked up from everyone wasn’t negative if anything she had a bit of anxiety coming off of Tom but that was normal when they were turned over.

Claire hesitated and stopped when they reached the territory line that separated council property from the rest of the world. Raising her paw she looked at Pine and waited for permission to actually cross over. Ever since Claire could turn over she was repeatedly told not to go past this line.

“It’s alright,” Pine spoke, “It’s not a trick or anything. You can follow your pack mates.”
To show that he was serious Pine stepped over that invisible line and joined the others waiting for her. She was still hesitant and cautious as one dainty paw stepped over the line and then the next. Claire was half expecting them to tell her she failed the test of listening to their instructions. Instead, they continued their journey into the woods in a tighter formation than before. Tom and Chris’s heads moved side to side as they surveyed the land before them looking for any signs of danger.

When approached what looked to be a logging road they all halted for a moment, looking for signs of humans. Claire felt like they were leading her into the abyss. Her wolf was excited about being able to explore outside the previous area but Claire herself was nervous because she didn’t know where they were going.

“Not that long now,” Tom told her happily, trotting alongside Chris.

They followed the logging road at a pace above a leisurely stroll. Everyone seemed to be relaxed as they did so. It was nice that someone was relaxed with this unscheduled exploration quest. Every once in a while Seb or Michael would hip check her to make sure his presence was still known. A few times the pack stopped as Chris and Tom surveyed the scene. Pine would boldly place his black head on her back, resting it there lightly. Claire took this as a show of protection and apparently so did everyone else because no one pushed him off her.

The further they ran down this road the more apparent it’s become that the land slowly began to become developed. A sneaking suspicion in the back of her mind told Claire that they were heading to their new pack land but she couldn’t blurt that out without breaking her promise to Michael. Taking extra care to notice little details of her new land Claire began to get a pep in her step and eventually trotted alongside Chris and Tom.

One of the first things Claire could smell was the steam from heated water. Curious, she cocked her head to the side and gave Tom an inquisitive look. Her one floppy ear was turned straight into doing so causing Chris to chuckle.

Tom came to sit down in front of her with Chris, Sebastian, and Michael at his sides. Pine, of course, sat next to Claire for support. “Claire, my love. This is our new pack territory.” Tom told her happily. “We were walking along our driveway.”

There was no trace of an actual home, not even a foundation. All they had was a sparsely developed lot and a lot of lands covered in forest. Having been told that this was ‘their’ land Claire did what came naturally to her. She trotted off to the middle of the plot and lowered her hindquarters, tinkling and marking her territory. Satisfied that her wolf had ‘claimed’ ownership of the land she came back to Tom and licked the side of his muzzle, giving him a headbutt. Claire in return got kisses as well from him, Tom’s tongue smoothing down her fluffy cheeks and whiskers.

“I smell water,” Claire excitedly exclaimed, taking off in the direction of where the steam was coming from.

Down the slope at the edge of their cleared lot looked to be a hot spring. Of course, it wasn’t built up to really hold the water in a natural pool just yet but you could clearly see that the water was steaming and flowing down in a river type situation. Without waiting Claire gingerly maneuvered her way down the slope and into the water. Testing it with her paw she dipped the white limb into the water and got a feel for the temperature. It was definitely above bathtub warm but below the temperature of a hot tub.

Her wolf was screaming for Claire to go in further and she did. Paw deep ended up mid leg and then to her elbows. Once Claire was in the middle of the shallow pool she laid down fully until her full body was covered.
“I guess her wolf isn’t scared of water,” Tom spoke in amusement, watching her paddle around in the shallow warm water from the shore.

Sebastian came out and joined her, dunking himself and finding a nice spot to lie down in. Pine shrugged his shoulders and waded into the water as well leaving Tom and Chris. Chris sat down planting his bottom on the ground and refusing to budge while Tom sort of walked around in the water making sure that he too was on guard while the rest of his pack played and lounged in the water. Michael was the last one into the water and he promptly moved to Seb, laying down right next to the man. They had been unusually close to one another since their sexual encounter. At least Michael was trying to get cozy with Sebastian and Sebastian was hesitant.

“We need to build the walls up so the water is deeper in some spots!” Claire panted, trying desperately to get her paws under control. Swimming was a lot harder then her previous dog made it appear. She was doing the dog paddle but her paws were coming out of the water and splashing everyone around her.

“Keep your paws in the water like this,” Tom showed her, closing his eyes to keep the water out of them. He made a motion with sort of combing the water while keeping his paw movements short and sharp.

It took her a bit but Claire eventually got the hang of it with only her front paws coming up out of the water a few times. She found the action quite enjoyable, honestly.

“There, much better.” Tom smiled, wading out a bit more until he was chest deep. “And that’s the plan,” he added, “We’re going to hire an architecture to come in and make us a hot springs pool for the adult and a shallow area for our pups to sit in.”

“We should get going,” Chris firmly stated, “It’s getting to be dusk, the temperature will drop and your fur is all wet.”

“Come on guys, out,” Tom instructed them, turning and exiting the water himself. Once he was on the shore Tom shook out his fur and deliberately got Chris wet. “I’d like to go over our land territory before it gets dark.”
Chapter 91

*Chris’s point of view*

With loving care he fluffed Claire with the towel. Their vicarious young Luna had decided that after going for a swim in their new hot springs she’d roll around in the mud a little leaving her white fluff matted down and a dirt brown. Instead of turning over she decided to stay a wolf and have them physically give her a bath in Tom’s shower. It took two of them to figure out how to bathe her. Apparently Claire didn’t really like shampoo too much.

Sebastian had to hold onto her while Chris massaged the shampoo into her fur from head to toe. In the midst of this Claire was fighting them by pulling away and rearing up a little. Thankfully Tom had an extendable showerhead option and he was able to wash her off that way.

Now she was lying on the couch with a large towel underneath her and Chris sitting next to, her drying her off with another one. The more he rubbed the fluffier Claire became and she slowly started to resemble that marshmallow he loved so much. He took extra care with her head and face, Claire cheekily sticking her pink tongue out at him.

“You smell like strawberries,” Chris cooed, kissing the top of her head while holding her cheeks in his hand.

Claire replied with a strained baying sound and a grumble, rubbing the top of her head on Chris’s thigh lovingly. He responded by scratching her behind the ears and making a loving kissing motion with his lips. For now he was alone with Claire and able to show her more outwardly affectionate then he would outside the bedroom. Claire groaned a little and placed her chin on his thigh, her ears twitching. Stroking her fluff between her ears he smiled.

His sweet, rambunctious, Luna - so much mentally and physically stronger than when they first met her. Chris knew that the best was yet to come as well. As her wolf got older and she started to travel down the path of a Luna she’d become unstoppable.

“Silly girl! You can’t keep playing in the mud though!” he smiled, ruffling the fur on her back a little. “And not expect to get a bath! Do you really think Tom would let you on his couch if you were a muddy mess?”

Claire gave off a low tempered bark and snorted – her way of protest.

“Are you going to be a wolf all night or are you going to turn over for us?” Chris asked, openly stroking her back and across her shoulders.

He had tried to fight petting Claire and cuddling her while she was turned over. It wasn’t proper behavior because they weren’t domesticated animals. But the more he saw the others do it after Pine said it was all right, the more he slowly gave in. Now he was doing it somewhat openly - especially if she came specifically to him for affection. Chris felt that it was more damaging to push her away than to embrace something she was clearly comfortable with. The last thing he wanted to do is drive a wedge between him and her.

Although Pine wasn’t much of a threat to him personally or his role in their pack it was still another man with a penis that she was interested in. What scared him the most is that Claire admired Pine and
took his advice. Chris was fearful that she might not take his advice and instead go with someone else’s. Advice is something Chris prided himself upon giving because in his opinion it was good advice. Claire also not coming to him with her fears or problems was another sore spot. She seemed to be favoring other members with that sort of thing and rarely came to him.

“I love you, little Luna.” Chris spoke, holding her head up with his palm – the underside of her jaw resting nicely on it. “And you need to come to me if you have problems or questions, yes? I’d love to have conversations with you. I’m not just a pretty face with a sexy body,” he smirked, hoping to appear playful and not so serious.

Claire curled herself up next to his body; her head resting on his thigh while the rest resembled a loose fetal position. She sighed a few times and licked her lips, slicking her whiskers down before closing her eyes. Reaching behind him he took hold of a blanket and covered her with it making sure that only her head was exposed. Protectively Chris placed his arm under the blanket and settled his hand on her side, rubbing her gently.

He knew that in order for her to actually fall asleep in this state beside him meant that Claire was comfortable with him. She trusted him enough to know that he wasn’t going to hurt her and he’d keep her safe.

Using his free hand he stroked the little patch between her eyes gingerly, up and down. A soothing pressure point for them. Within moments her breathing became softer and her tongue would dart out from her lips a little. Under the blankets the toes on the front of her paws were kneading at the material of the couch like a cat would if content.

When the rest of the pack as well as Pine came into the living room they were quiet and careful not to disturb Claire. It was rare for her to actually sleep now since her wolf was getting older. Her puppy-hood was slowly coming to an end leaving Claire with a juvenile wolf, which, in human years would translate to an 18-20 year old depending on the wolf itself. The older Claire’s wolf gets the less sleep she’ll need. Which is a shame really because she was so cute when dozing. Her ears would twitch as well as her paws and Claire would make adorable little noises.

“The land is secured,” Tom spoke, sitting down on the ground in front of the couch to get as close to Claire without bothering her. “Claire and I need to sign the paperwork on Tuesday.”

“And then what?” Sebastian asked, Michael seated next to him rather closely. “Well, we need to find someone to draw up the design for the home. Once the home is designed we can set into motion phase 2, which is to start building the home. Hopefully by the time the house is finished our apartments are sold. If the apartments go before the house is built we’ll have to rent something.” Tom replied softly,

“I owe close to 100k in mortgage still,” Sebastian stated nervously, using his hands to further stress his point.

“So we can sell the apartment for what it’s worth and then take 100k out of the selling amount and pay off the mortgage.” Pine suggested, “It’ll leave you with less than what you originally obtained but at least the bank is off your ass. You can go and explain what your doing to the bank and they should hold off on mortgage feels.”

Chris wasn’t going to comment because that’s what he’d suggest Seb do. He was lucky to owe less than that on his apartment but only because he chose not to purchase a flashy car like the others and he managed his money wisely. Still, Chris owed the bank roughly 45k in mortgage.

“Because of the paperwork Pine filled out Claire is being given back benefits from the council as
well as a housing grant.” Tom informed them. “She’s going to be receiving a significant amount of money which will help to establish our home.”

“I have a trust account from my grandparents tucked away somewhere.” Chris offered, “They’re still alive but periodically they’ve been putting money into the account for me as well as my siblings. I never inquired because I didn’t really need it. I can use some of that for the development of our home.”

Of course everyone looked to Pine to see what he was bringing to the table. Although it was unspoken it wasn’t a fucking secret Claire fancied him enough to invite him into their pack. If he wanted into their pack he had to be a productive member of the pack and help take care of business. Chris wasn’t going to allow him to just hang around and not contribute or look after Claire and their pups. They were men – it was their duty as men to look after their women and children - a duty that Chris took very seriously.

“Well,” Pine spoke, clearing his throat, “There are a lot of forms that the council requires for us to fill out. A lot of different request forms for workers, certified contractors., that sort of thing. I’ll be filling those out.” He offered, “And I’ll make sure that everything is in order. Of course I have savings as well. A trust account from my great-grand parents with a couple hundred thousand in it.”

“Good, good. Because we’re going to need a big home to accommodate all of us plus our children.” Tom admitted, rubbing the side of his cheek. “I don’t think we can do much more tonight so let’s take it easy, yeah?”

Chapter End Notes

Can we all stop and take a moment to think about how beautiful River Phoenix would be right now if he hadn't of died?
Chapter 92

It was unusually cold out when Claire pulled Pine aside. Hidden by the shadows of nightfall and tall trees she stepped up on her toes and placed a quick kiss on his lips, lingering a moment to see if he'd respond. He froze, his arms stiff at his side as Pine stared at her in confusion. Once he figured out that she had just kissed him he slowly raised his hand and placed it on her cheek, holding her in place before kissing Claire back.

“Oh wow,” he moaned, still a bit stunned as he kissed her, a faint smile on his face.

The feel of his beard tickling her face and the smell of his cologne made her moan. Seeing her struggle with their height difference Pine bent down a bit and she was able to deepen the intimate embrace, cold small hands clutching at his shoulders for stability.

“I wasn’t expecting this,” he added, placing a shaky hand on her bottom in an attempt to pull her closer to him.

“Neither was I,” Claire confessed, giving him a bit of a lip peck, her lips lingering just over his. “It just felt right,” she added,

“Thank you,” Pine grinned, pressing his forehead against hers before slipping his hand into hers. Their fingers were interlocked and he gave her hand a squeeze. “Come on, it’s getting chillier,”

Pine continued to hold her hand as they walked down the side of the road. He raised her hand up to his mouth and kissed the top like Tom does. She blushed a little, a tingling coming from her body bringing goosebumps. This was the same reaction all her boys elected out of her when in this position. She was relieved to know that Pine made her feel the same as everyone else and he wasn’t somehow more special than the others.

She had known the man for close to five months now and this was the first ‘intimate’ contact that they had. Claire felt like everything was progressing smoothly and things were happening at the right time. She certainly didn’t leave their apartment with the idea of stealing a kiss from Pine it just sort of happened. The urge was too hard to ignore and the moment seemed right.

“Only one more month and your investigation is over.” Claire pointed out,

“I know. I’ve been forging reports for 2 months now.” Pine admitted grimly. “I’ve been so personally involved with you guys that I’ve completely disregarded what I’m supposed to be observing.”

That was a bit alarming because Claire assumed that Pine was still doing what he should be doing – which was to teach her how to be a better wolf and make weekly reports on what they were doing and how they were progressing. For such a well-uniformed man like Pine to admit that he was actively breaking the law was mind-blowing. She was scared for him now in case he was discovered. That was definitely something that would have him thrown in jail.

“From now on I don’t want you doing that - even if it means I have to physically do work or something. I’m scared that you’ll get thrown in jail or something.” Claire stated with worry. “I need you with us.”

Pine blushed a little and nodded his head a little. “Fine,” he agreed,

“I need you to tell Tom what to teach me,” Claire added, squeezing his hand.
“You actually don’t really need physical training. You just need to be given a breakdown of our rules and regulations.” He replied, “Your natural instincts are spot on. Very bright, no puppy fluff for brains at all like so many of our youth have.”

Claire thought about that statement for a bit. Perhaps it was due to her being a bit older physically and more mentally mature than a 15 or 16-year-old would be. Everyone kept praising Claire for being smart and getting things the ‘first time.’ At first, she took pride in it but now she was wondering just how stupid young wolves really were. It didn’t take a genius to figure out how to bite down on a piece of rope and tug until the object was off the ground or to pass a soccer ball to a pack mate. How dumb were their children going to be exactly? According to Lee, Claire would have quite the brood to look after and having a bunch of dumb wolves getting into mischief was a rather daunting thought.

“Are our pups going to be dumb?” Claire gasped, looking up at him with wide eyes.

Pine glanced down at her after visibly jolting a little. “Umm, if we have pups? Because…”

“Because of what?” Claire asked gently, “If you’re going to be part of our pack eventually I want a baby with you.” She told him seriously, “Why wouldn’t I?”

“Well,” Pine coughed, clearing his throat, “I just thought that…I don’t know. I’m not exactly on the top part of the totem pole. I’m labeled an omega but honestly, I’m closer to a beta. Omega just looks better on a job application…”

She found herself pinching the bridge of her nose in agitation as she often did when they discussed the labels given to them. Claire thought they were far better than what the council labeled them. Despite Sebastian being a ‘beta’ he was very masculine and did masculine things. Sure, Sebastian didn’t have the urge to fight people like Chris did all the time but that didn’t mean he wasn’t a ‘man’

“There’s nothing wrong with you or your masculinity.” Claire assured him strongly, “You’re a fine man and a fine wolf. Any woman with half a brain would be happy to have you. Not everyone has to be an overly territorial, muscle man like Chris to be thought of as a ‘Man’ I need men like you and Sebastian in my pack because I need partners that are compassionate and caring. Who will help me rear the pups in a way I know Tom, Chris and maybe Michael can’t.”

“Well, I never thought I’d find my own pack let alone settle down and have a pup of my own.” Pine admitted with a small grin, “With my family’s pack I’d often get left in charge of the little ones while the others went for a run.”

“That’s because you’re very patient and soft-spoken,” Claire told him with a smile. “Very nurturing. Perfect for rearing little ones. Pups need more than to just be taught how to fight.”

Pine nodded his head and bit his lower lip. “There are a lot of boys in my family.” He told her grimly, “A lot of alpha’s,”

Of course, it would be a boy. Why wouldn’t she be gifted with a daughter outside the one she was supposed to have with Sebastian? That left the potential future total at 6 boys and 1 poor lonely little girl. Her body was going to be ruined by the time they’re done with her. Well, more ruined than it already was.

First thing was first, more kisses. Claire stopped Pine once more and dragged him down to her level. Pressing her lips to his she giggled with being tickled by his beard and kissed him, her own hand coming to touch his cheek. Pine moaned and returned the affectionate gesture deepening the kiss.
“I won’t kiss you in front of the others just yet,” Pine told her,

“No, you can kiss me in front of the others,” Claire informed him. “I’m not ashamed for you to kiss me and they can’t do anything anyways.”

“I don’t want to cause any trouble.” He reasoned, “Just for now anyway.”

“Alright,” she agreed hesitantly.

It was more for his peace of mind than hers at this point. Claire wasn’t ashamed of her feelings but Pine was probably scared of Chris and Tom’s reactions. As they approached the apartment building still hand in hand Michael came out of the lobby and stopped in front of Claire.

“Oh good, I have to talk to you about something important – privately.” He smiled when looking at Pine gently dismissing him.

“Alright,” he agreed, hesitant to leave her but doing so nonetheless.

Once he was inside the apartment building Michael gestured with his head to go for a walk. Claire had no idea why the man wanted to speak to her so badly but Claire was up for the conversation.
Chapter 93

There were very few things that rendered Claire speechless and she can honestly say this was one of those things. Unable to even comprehend what Michael was asking of her she raised her index finger in a bid to respond only to drop her hand back down in her lap and give the man a perplexed look.

Her response was making Michael nervous and he shifted uncomfortably in his seat, darting his eyes away from her and trying to focus them on anything else. Claire knew that she had to answer him eventually and because of that she forced herself to come up with one.

“Excuse me, can you repeat that once more?” Claire replied dumbly,

“Ugh, I’m asking you…if I have your permission to maybe court Sebastian?” Michael repeated nervously, his breathing heavy with stress.

Claire had never seen the man this so unsure of himself, ever. Usually, he oozed cockiness and confidence. Now he was literally clawing at the walls in a bid to escape her somewhat scrutinizing gaze.

Court Sebastian? Those two words didn’t compute in her brain together but separate she knew the meaning to them. Was that even normal behavior amongst wolves or in wolf packs? Claire thought homosexuality was somewhat frowned upon by the council. Was Seb even interested in being courted? Claire wasn’t aware that the man swung that way because he certainly didn’t have any problems getting erect with her.

“Did you ask Tom?” Claire asked him.

Going to Tom who was the acting leader was naturally her first thought. He’d been in charge of them a lot longer than she was and unlike Claire, he actually ruled over them and made sure they did everything they were supposed to. Claire didn’t do anything unless it was something stupid that needed correcting.

“He told me to ask you because you’re the Luna,” Michael answered bluntly. “And that it was ultimately your decision, not his.”

Ah, yes. The old ‘go ask mom’ when the question made dad a little too uncomfortable. That totally didn’t place any pressure on her, did it? If she said ‘no’ Claire would be the bad guy. If she said ‘yes’ it would look like she’s allowing a free for all to happen. Honestly, she didn’t even know what to say or how to think. Obviously, Claire didn’t have a problem with same-sex couples she just wasn’t sure if they should allow that much-complicated dynamic into the pack. As it was there were she and five men in a Picasso style love-triangle without the violence or drama…yet. But throwing a monkey wrench of Michael and Sebastian may tip the scales.

“Does Sebastian want to be courted?” Claire finally asked.

Her best interest was in Sebastian at this point. She already knew by his own admission that Michael was interested in both sexes. Sebastian to her knowledge was very much a virgin to the other sex let alone what she and he did in private. Claire didn’t want to place her sweet beta in a position that made him vulnerable or maybe even feeling violated.

“He’s shown interest.” Michael admitted, “Seb’s curious and courting will tell us if it’s actually something he’s attracted to or it’s just a fleeting curiosity.”
What the hell was ‘courting’ in werewolf exactly? In the human world, it meant dating. So Michael wanted to date Sebastian?

“Courting is like dating, right?” Claire inquired, turning on the bench and facing him.

“Yes, dating with the intentions of eventually developing an intimate relationship and accepting the other as a partner – a mate, if you would.” Michael explained, “It’s a long and slow process but the end results are usually immortal.”

“But, you’ll still be with me or…” she asked seriously, a bit of jealousy bubbling up and not allowing them to actually ‘leave’ her.

“Yes, of course! It would just be me and him, hopefully, together on the side as well.”

Ah. Now she knows why Tom deferred Michael to her. This had the potential to make things a little complicated.

“I had my eye on him for a while. We’ve playfully flirted back and forth for years but Sebastian has always been too shy to take it further. That little impromptu threesome we had brought more of him to the surface. Since then the flirting has intensified a bit and he’s playfully teasing me.” Michael explained, showing her that this wasn’t some spur of the moment thing brought on by hormones.

Claire took a deep breath and pursed her lips together, moving them from side to side as she thought of an appropriate answer. “And Seb is aware of what you’re doing now? This isn’t one-sided?”

“No, he knows,” Michael answered, “And because I’m the more dominant of the two I took it upon myself to ask permission to court him. He could do the same but he’s very bashful with the subject. I don’t think he’s accepted that he may like men as well.”

“Hasn’t come out of the closet yet?” Claire asked with a soft smile. “I mean… I don’t care who you sleep with. Wait!” she corrected as Michael raised a curious eyebrow “I don’t want you sleeping with another woman or anyone outside the pack…” Claire didn’t know why she was feeling this possessive towards Michael but it was there and her feelings were firm. “I… I don’t know how to even explain what I’m feeling right now.”

“Neither Sebastian nor I will stray from outside the pack. It would be he and I together when you’re busy with someone else.”

“Like a relationship within a relationship?” Claire asked,

“Yes, he’d be my male partner. If, he chooses that it’s something he’s interested in. If not, things will go back to normal. Not that they won’t be normal if we were together. I understand that he’s curious and interested in exploring a different aspect of his sexuality. I also understand that it might not be for him and he has a right to decline. It won’t make me upset or jealous. In fact, this may very well of happened even if you hadn’t of come into our pack. As I said earlier – we’ve been flirting and playful for a while now.”

What he and Sebastian did in private wouldn’t really affect her per say. At least not when they were actually with her. With that being said – Claire was still worried that their relationship would cause tension between the others. She was failing to see how a relationship inside a relationship would work without it being based solely on sex. Claire didn’t want Michael to have something with Sebastian if it was only going to be sex-related. If he wanted to be with her sweet beta he needed to do the things that he did with her – with Seb.

“And you’ll go out on dates and do things together? Like what you do with me? You’ll take him out
on romantic weekends where you’ll make love and talk?” Claire baited seriously. “If you’re going to court Sebastian with the hopes of him becoming akin to a mate – you need to make sure it isn’t just sexual. You need to treat him as you treat me and build it on other things as well.”

“Yes, Luna, of course!” Michael promised sincerely, “This is why I would like to court him. So we can build the foundations and progress to what I have with you. I’ve quite fawned of the little beta.”

“I will grant you permission to court Sebastian but I’ll be watching from a distance and periodically I’ll ask the both of you separately how things are going. If I think it’s not healthy for either of you I’ll state so.” Claire declared seriously. “Furthermore, Tom will also know how you’re progressing and I’ll make it a point to make sure he’s involved as well. I’m not trying to be a bitch but we have a very fragile dynamic here as it is and we can’t risk having something tip it over.”

“Yes, my Luna,” Michael smiled, “You clearly care about your pack members to place such stipulations on things like this.”

Claire couldn’t tell if he was being serious or sarcastic. Either way – yes, she did care deeply about her pack members and it was to her understanding that as their Luna it was her job to make sure that everyone was happy, safe and in their place. This new request from Michael made her job a little more challenging because now she had to take a special interest in their outside happenings where before she sort of gave them some leeway.

“I don’t want either one of you becoming hurt if things go sour. I’m hoping that what you’re saying is true and there won’t be any jealousy and bitterness if it doesn’t work out for whatever reason.” Claire spoke passively, “I want our pack strengthened and not destroyed.”

“Yes, my love.” Michael accepted bowing his head a little in submission. “In courting Sebastian I will promise to maintain honor towards him and this pack.”

Claire gave a little half smile and allowed Michael to kiss the top of her hand lovingly. “You have my blessing. Don’t let me down, Mike,”
Chapter 94

Closing her bedroom door she stood there and watched Tom unravel the rough draft of the house design on their bed. Slowly she approached the bed still taken aback by the conversation they just had and the fact that Tom had deferred such a serious thing to her.

“Michael,” she began, trying to word what she wanted to say properly so it would sound smart.

“Uh-huh,” Tom answered, his tongue squished between his lips as he tried to keep the edges of the paper from rolling back up.

Pepper heard her voice and immediately woke, making noises and demanding that she be held. Claire temporarily left her mission with Tom for Pepper, opening the front of her cage and picking the hedgehog up. Snuggling her to her chest she held Pepper and gave her kisses. A cold wet little nose brushed up against the side of her neck causing Claire to get goosebumps, shuddering a little with a giggle.

He looked up from the large paper and observed her and Pepper. Claire sat cross-legged and placed Pepper in her lap so she was able to look out and see her daddy. Tom gave a half smile and pet the hog a few times causing Pep to make a happy noise in response.

“That’s a bit of a gray area so I referred him to you. I thought if anything you’d know what to make of it.” Tom admitted, tracing a supposed support beam with his finger. “What did you decide?” he asked, looking up from the paper.

The look on his face made Claire rethink her decision and she was hesitant to answer. “Umm, I ugh, I said he could with strict stipulations.”

“Good,” Tom answered with relief, “Very good.”

Pepper decided that right now would be a good time to waddle out from Claire’s lap and right to Tom. The hedgehog waddled across the paper and straight to Tom. Her movements were loud against the paper and Claire was worried that her tiny claws would rip the paper. Tom picked the hedgehog up and held her in his arms making cooing noises at the animal. Much to Claire’s delight, Tom kept his arm raised flat against his chest so Pepper could rest on his forearm like a little platform.

“That sort of thing…isn’t common but it happens. Although, not when a Luna is present in the pack.” Tom explained somewhat strained. “As I said, it’s a gray area and since you’re the Luna and intimate with both parties I felt it was your decision to make – not mine.”

“Thanks,” Claire muttered, still not sure if what she had decided was for the best. With Tom not really encouraging her over the decision, it left room for pause. “So, gayness in wolves isn’t common?”

“I don’t know really. Pine would know more about the numbers. I’ve never really experienced it before. I mean I knew Michael swung both ways but he usually accosted human men. His affections weren’t directed to another wolf let alone a pack member.” Tom admitted, “I would think claiming another male wolf as a ‘mate’ would be rare. Especially since technically he has a mate already, you.”

“So I made a mistake?” Claire asked seriously, her heart rate increasing.
The discussion over the home design was void for the moment so Tom rolled the paper back up with his free hand. Once the bed was cleared he placed Pepper down in front of them where she sniffed the blankets a few times before leaping back and running around a bit burning off excess energy. She capped off her excitement for freedom by burying herself under the blankets, waddling around under there and makes it appear that a lump was traveling around their bed before settling close to the corner.

“I don’t think so,” Tom answered, “I think there’s an exception to every rule. If their relationship causes them happiness when not with you, why not? Their relationship doesn’t cause any harm to me, or, the rest of our pack. If anything, it’ll provide some form of relief from the constant pressure you feel.”

Well, yes, she supposed that was true. Claire never really thought of it that way. With Michael and Sebastian busy courting one another she only had to worry about keeping Pine, Tom, and Chris happy. Three was a better number than five.

“So, I’m aware you kissed Pine, several times actually,” Tom stated casually, playing with Pepper under the covers by moving his fingers around above the blankets. “And no, he didn’t tell me. I’m your alpha – I know these things my dear, you smell like him.”

“I uh, we didn’t do anything else though,” Claire stuttered nervously,

“I already accepted the very real possibility of him joining out the pact, we all have. Well, except Chris but that’s to be expected. It’s unspoken because no one wants to admit it out loud that we all went back against our word and accepted another member when we swore we wouldn’t.” Tom informed her, chuckling when Pepper actually caught his fingers from under the blankets and lightly bite them. “Packs are tight-knit sub-communities that normally branch off from the main pack. Although Chris, Mike, and Seb didn’t come from my pack originally we’ve known each other, with the exception of Chris, since childhood. Chris and Mike were mates since they were teens. I think they met during summer vacation or something. Point being – it’s extremely rare for a pack to accept an outside male with no previous deep-rooted ties.”

“I’m sorry,” she sighed,

“For what? You’re not in control of fate. No one could have predicted that the person sent to investigate us would have such an impact on you and our pack. Just like how I met you at that water park so many months back on a whim. Originally I wasn’t even planning on riding that slide. But at the last minute, I turned left instead of walking straight. That sent me right to you.” Tom admitted with a happy smile, “And now here we are. Planning out our forever home on our own piece of pack territory, and in a year or so we’ll have our first baby.”

Pepper crawled out from under the blankets, stretching her long squishy body until she sort of resembled a mini baguette. Yawning once, her hedgehog plopped down flat against the blankets still stretched out with her back legs sticking straight back. Pepper yawned once more and placed her head down between her front paws, closing her eyes and going back to sleep. Claire couldn’t say that she’s seen Pep take this position before. It mirrored something Milo had done after nursing.

“That’s new,” Tom commented in amusement, reaching out to stroke Pepper along her back with his fingers. “She must be really comfortable.” Tom paused a moment admiring the beautiful little creature, “And if you hadn’t of gone for your walk when you had – you’d never have found Pepper or Milo for that matter - two beautiful little creatures that would have perished otherwise.”

“Everything happens for a reason…” Claire smiled,
“Exactly, everything happens for a reason.” Tom smiled back, “You haven’t done anything that made me question your decisions. It seems like you’re able to explore the proper paths in life without taking a wrong turn. I feel that as a Luna coming into her own more and more every day it’s proper to allow you the right to make decisions for the pack. It can’t solely fall on me anymore.”

Pepper rolled onto her side, stretched a little more before curling up a bit like a cat exposing her tummy and four little paws. Her little girl had grown a bit more since she first came here and was now large enough that Claire had to use two hands when holding her and she weighed around 10lbs. Lee said it was a bit unusual for a female hog to get this large but it must be something in her genetics because she was healthy.

Claire stroked her belly with her fingers and Pepper made a sound comparable to a purring. Hedgehogs were such amazing little animals. Her personality and general mannerisms never ceased to amuse her or anyone else for that matter.

“I love you,” Claire told him, looking up from Pepper.

“I love you too, love.” Tom replied, “Now, let’s try and go over the plans for the floor plan before we have hedgehog interruptus once more.”
Chapter 95

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

*Tom’s point of view*

Normally holding his excitement back when holding the positive results to a pregnancy test was hard enough, but seeing how he was connected to Autumn, Lee, and Richard on a personal level – it made his task to remain neutral upon entering the room even harder.

A month ago they tested to see if Autumn was pregnant and much to his surprise – she wasn’t. Not to be deterred they tried the process once more and it had stuck. Sitting down on his stool he placed the folder down on his desk and tried to suppress a smile.

“Well, get on with it!” Richard barked excitedly, trying to mask his own eagerness.

“Richard, honestly!” Lee scolded. “Patience is a virtue.”

“I’m not religious,” Richard replied bluntly.

Autumn chuckled at his response and lightly padded his thigh trying to calm the warlock a little.

Tom cleared his throat once more and opened the top of the file, quickly snatching it up when Richard went to grab the top sheet. He gave a mock offended look and pressed the open file protectively to his chest blocking the results from the dad-to-be.

“Well, I’m here to inform you that you are 100% pregnant.” Tom finally smiled widely, placing the file down and turning it so that the new parents could see for themselves.

Autumn burst into a sea of ‘Oh my gods’ while fanning herself excitedly, bouncing a little in her seat. It was a dance that he’s seen many times before. Richard looked stunned that he managed to actually get her pregnant after all and Lee was just…well, Lee was Lee. The man always appeared to be in a state of happy and awe.

“Are you serious?” Autumn asked him, reaching out to the desk and grabbing his hand, squeezing it. “Yes, for real?”

Her voice was filled with whimsy as well as excitement. Hazel eyes searched his for any hint of falseness only to not find it. “Yes, momma. I’m 100% sure that you’re 3 weeks pregnant.”

Lee and Richard looked at each other behind Autumn’s slightly slouched form and exchanged a series of facial expressions that Tom couldn’t read. It had to be some form of insider information that he wasn’t privy too. Tom didn’t care if she got pregnant in a way that perhaps didn’t involve him and an injector. That honestly wasn’t any of his business and he wasn’t going to inquire. All he cared about now was Autumn and her baby.

“I need to draw blood from you for the usual tests before you leave, dear.” Tom smiled, “When’s the due date projected?” Lee asked,

“According to the hormone levels, Autumn conceived 3 weeks ago which is exactly the 9th of October. Which means your little one will be here the end of May – the first week of July.” Tom informed them. “For the first few months, I want to see you once a month to check blood pressure,
weight gain, babies development as well as certain things in your blood itself. During our first official visit, I’ll be testing for certain diseases that may be present to the baby. Once you reach the second trimester we’ll increase it to every 2 weeks and in the third trimester, I need to see you every week. I want you to start with prenatal vitamins right away.

“When can we find out gender?” Autumn asked, leaning back in her seat once more and smiling at Richard.

“I can give you a solid answer towards gender around the 18-22 week mark. I could check at around 14 weeks but it’s not a guarantee and I don’t want to accidentally give you the wrong gender. That’s also when I’ll give you your first ultrasound and I’ll be able to confirm my guestimation on the due date.” Tom answered. “Right now though I want you to go home and relax a bit.”

“Thank you, thank you so much!” Lee excitedly stated, big wide smile, holding Tom’s hand and firmly shaking it.

Richard smiled and nodded his head silently thanking Tom for his help in getting Autumn to conceive. To Tom, Richard wasn’t as excited as he should be for a new father-to-be. Lee, who to the best of his knowledge wasn’t the father, shared more excitement with Autumn. Richard was somewhat reserved but this was ridiculous. He just had to ask whether it bit him in the ass or not.

“I…don’t…know,” Autumn finally spoke slowly, her voice shaky and hesitant.

Tom definitely injected Autumn with Richard’s sperm two appointments ago. The previous appointment was to draw blood and test if she was pregnant. That meant somewhere between her receiving Richard’s seed from Tom and the blood test Autumn must have had sexual contact with Lee to some degree. Which was a rather odd concept considering Lee was gay, well, apparently. But, things change sometimes. Hell, he didn’t think Seb was bisexual but apparently he is if the budding relationship with Michael is anything to go by.

“I guess it’s safe to assume you two have had sex?” he asked casually, pointing from Lee to Autumn.

“We both have,” Richard spoke up defensively, his internal feathers ruffling as he sat up straight – glaring hellfire and begging Tom to say something negative so he could tear a strip off him.

Autumn placed her hand up to cover her face as she hid her blush from Tom’s view.

“Alright, well, that’s ok. We’ll just have to wait until the little one is born to see who’s the father.” Tom smiled, hoping to hell to lighten the mood. “I’m safe to assume that neither one of you have any diseases or conditions in your family tree?”

It wouldn’t be the first time he encountered a soon-to-be mum that didn’t know how the father was. This was a bit different because it could be one of two people that Tom and Autumn knew. Usually the unknown dads weren’t in the picture.

“We’re bloody warlocks. We don’t have illnesses like humans.” Richard spoke a bit more calmly.
“We’re a very healthy bunch.” Lee smiled weakly.

“I’m presuming that your genetics would cancel out anything that could possibly be on Autumn’s side of the family?” Tom asked them, “Regardless I still have to test for it to satisfy the human medical board. Any other questions?”

“How would you test for paternity?” Autumn wearily asked.

“Well, we can go by when the last time you had sex with a specific partner or we can do a blood test upon birth,” Tom suggested. “Babies don’t really look like either parent when they’re first born. It isn’t until the first month that they develop their facial features a bit more.”

“It’ll have to be the blood test, mate,” Lee admitted grimly, “Because of we ugh…well, it was literally at the same time within minutes of each other.”

“Oh my god!” Autumn sighed with stress, ducking her head back down and hiding her face. “This is so embarrassing.”

“Don’t be,” Tom assured, “I don’t have room to judge and I wouldn’t. I don’t care who the father is or how they got to be a father. I’m more interested in your health as well as the babies. Now, let’s get you booked in for your first official prenatal visit, momma. And don’t fret about your relationship. Different things work for different people.” He smiled warmly, padding her hand softly. “You have two very supportive partners and you’re a lucky young woman.”

Chapter End Notes

I never bitch and complain about myself, but, unfortunately you have to suffice on one update a day. I have "The Lupus" and it's acting up - which means all my joints are wanting a divorce and typing anything for a significant time is...difficult. I have a stash left from Mother Duckies but I'm running thin! Hopefully by the time my stash runs out my body is cooperating better.

On a happier note: Hedgehog tail!
“Yeah, we’ve run into a bit of a snag,” Lee told them, rubbing the back of his neck nervously. Between their legs, rambunctious kittens ran around playing tag and pretending to be fierce. They posed arching their backs and raising their tails before giving a little hiss that was more like a spit, running off. Claire bent down and picked up Milo, the scrappy kitten wiggling a little in her hands not willing to give up his game of chase just yet. Giggling she placed him down to see him disappear with his siblings into the living room.

“I’m taking my cat home, tonight,” Claire told the warlock seriously. “I’ve patiently waited for a month and a week.”

“Yeah, no problem with that. But, you see, Milo seems to have taken a liking to his sister who is also the runt of the litter. You can’t take Milo without the other. Their a bonded pair now.” Lee explained, looking at Tom and trying to judge his reaction to the knowledge of now having two cats instead of one.

Just as Lee finished speaking Milo and a little black fur ball a bit smaller then him tumbled into the room. He corrected himself and began to clean her, licking her ears and her cheek. She replied with a faint murping sound, licking his cheek as well.

“I don’t want to break them up because she won’t do well on her own,” Lee spoke, bending down to pick her up. He handed Claire the black kitten that still had blue eyes. She extended her neck and sniffed at Claire, long whiskers tickling her. “I won’t cause any of my cat's stress.”

Milo in a bid for attention clawed his way up Tom’s pant leg until Tom reached down and pried him off, holding the animal in his arms. “You’re a far cry from what you were a month ago. You went from a cheese puff to a bloody grapefruit with claws!”

“All the other kittens have homes and will be leaving within the week,” Lee informed them, “Fine!” Tom relented, putting Milo back down on the carpet.

Claire gently placed their black beauty down next to Milo and smiled as the two began to play by themselves. Seeing them next to the other kittens it was apparent they were runts of the litter. They only anticipated on taking Milo home not the other one. Tom didn’t look too amused by this but what were they supposed to do? Having two kittens was the opposite of a problem to Claire.

“What should we name her?” Claire asked,

“Otis,” Richard commented as he descended the stairs. “Get it, Milo and Otis,”
“But she's a girl,” Claire pointed out,

“Blackberry than,” He shrugged,

“How about Sage or Thyme?” Autumn suggested, holding Eleanor in her arms.

Richard looked at Autumn and nodded his head to the side telling her silently to leave the room. Claire thought it was rude and went to yell at him until Tom piped up. “Girls, we have to talk shop.
Claire, why don’t you help Autumn in the kitchen with dinner?”

Autumn took her hand and gently led her out of the foyer and into their kitchen. There were fresh herbs drying from the ceiling and what appeared to be various herbs and dried fruit, vegetables and things she didn’t even know the name of in random jars on a floor to roof shelf. The kitchen had a very rustic cottage feel to it with modern cooking amenities.

On the island, counter-top was a variety of vegetables waiting to be peeled and chopped. Fancy carrots of various colors, zucchini, green leafy stuff that definitely wasn’t lettuce and even tomatoes still on the vine awaited their attention.

Autumn was wearing a pair of yoga pants with a form fitting tank top showing off her alarmingly round belly for someone close to one month pregnant. Claire couldn’t help but admire her tummy. She fought off the urge to rub it.

“You're tummy is adorable,” Claire, commented bashfully, unsure of whether she was supposed to point those things out or not.

“Thank you!” Autumn gushed happily, handing her a zucchini to chop up as well as a bunch of carrots. “We think its twins,” she added a bit grimly with a forced smile. “Wasn’t planning for two.”

Oh lord. Claire could sympathize with her as a woman. Twins weren’t exactly something Claire wanted to go through either. One was enough. Especially if it was the first time you’ve gone through pregnancy. She pitied the woman to a certain degree. But then again, if she has two and their different genders at least she doesn’t have to have any more children for a while or, you know, ever.

“Are you hoping for a boy and a girl?”

“That’s what I’m wishing for,” Autumn replied, handing her a metal bowl for the vegetables she was cutting.

“What are the odds that one is from Lee and the other is from Richard,” Claire asked in her best ‘conspiracy voice’

Autumn stiffened a bit and pursed her lips together, “Well,” she replied passively, “According to your husband it is possible because I was really, really fertile at the time.”

“Then here’s hoping that’s what happened!” Claire smiled, holding her glass of sparkling water up for Autumn to toast.

She raised her glass and they clinked them together before taking a celebratory sip. Arthur ran into the kitchen, stopping for a moment. His tail was flicking back and forth sharply and his ears were slicked back. The feline looked up at them and meowed loudly.

“What’s wrong buddy, lose one of your kittens again?” Autumn sympathized, “They’re not in here,” As if the cat could understand her he turned and left them once more as if he were on a mission. “He wrangles the babies.” She explained. “I swear he does hourly counts to make sure all the kittens are where they’re supposed to be. If one is missing he goes and finds it – bringing it back to Eleanor.”

“Aw! Such a good daddy!” Claire gushed. “What are we cooking for dinner?”

“Vegetable ragu over fresh fettuccine noodle.” Autumn smiled, “The carrots and zucchini are from our garden but the greens and tomatoes are from the farmers market.

“We need to eat more healthy,” Claire frowned, dicing the tomatoes as instructed.
“I have a few cookbooks you can borrow. They’re vegetable based but you can always add meat as a side dish. I normally go to the farmers market every Thursday and Sunday if you’d like to join me.” Autumn offered, “I have my license so I can drive if someone is busy. It’ll be just us girl maneuvering our way through the produce stalls of the downtown core. I’m quite good friends with some of the suppliers and can get good deals.”

“That sounds lovely!” Claire accepted, “Thank you!”

“No, thank you for all your help. Despite not being quite one month I’m exhausted. Richard thinks it’s psychosomatic but I swear they’re sucking the life out of me.” She giggled.

“Supernatural babies,” Claire commented with a smirk, “I’m sure that has something to do with it. Plus, you’re probably carrying two.”

Autumn stretched and grabbed her lower back before taking a deep breath and attempting to get herself centered once more. Claire was a bit jealous of the blonde haired beauty. She could see why Richard and Lee would be interested in her. When comparing herself to Autumn it was even hard to see why Tom liked her let alone the troupe of men back at home.

“I’m so happy that little Milo has thrived,” Autumn commented, starting one of the burners on the stove. “We were worried for a bit because he was away from his mother for a while before you found him.”

“I’m just hoping my hedgehog will get along with them,” Claire confessed while pouring some olive oil over the mixture, adding cracked pepper and fresh garlic. Autumn was simmering her diced tomatoes in the pan.

“I’d ask Lee about introducing them. He’s the hog expert, not me.” Autumn offered, “I’m good with birds and good with dogs. I’m learning about cats. My mother was seriously allergic so I never had one growing up. How about Midnight for your little girl kitten? It’s a bit corny and overplayed for a black cat but she was born exactly at midnight. You can call her Middy or Mids for short.”

“That will probably work.” Claire agreed nodding her head, smiling as she watched Milo and Midnight play fighting in the foyer. “Yeah, I like that – Midnight and Milo, my Halloween kitties.”

Chapter End Notes
“Autumn is very pretty!” Claire stated, kneeling on the bed next to Tom in only her underwear and a loose shirt.

Tom put his magazine down and pulled himself up, grabbing hold of her playfully and pushing her back down onto the bed. “Yes she is but she’s not you!” he smiled, nuzzling his nose into her neck. Claire adjusted her legs and allowed him to slip between them. Light kisses tickled her as he traveled up and down the side of her neck and to the top of her chest. Strong hands grabbed hold of her wrists and placed her arms above her head before coming back to cup her breasts under her shirt.

There was a large grin on Tom’s face as he playfully moved down her front, nipping her nipple through the fabric. Just as he was about to take the hem of her shirt and lift it up over her head a flash of Orange jumped up onto the bed and ran across Claire’s chest followed by a flash of black. Both kittens settled on the other side of the bed away from them and began to play fight with one another.

“Seriously, guys?” Tom asked them with a half smile. “Daddies trying to work here!”

Claire couldn’t help but laugh at how innocent this interruption was. They had just presumed that both kittens were too small to get onto the bed themselves so they left them to play around on the floor. Apparently, those little claws are stronger than they gave credit too.

“Hold on!” Tom smiled brightly, holding his finger up. He reached over and grabbed both squirming fur balls, holding them to his bare chest. “I’m giving you guys an eviction notice. Daddy wants to play fight with mommy for a bit.” She watched as he opened the bedroom door and called for Sebastian. Once Sebastian came he handed him the kittens and instructed the man to watch them until they were done. “Now, where were we?” Tom cooed, closing the door and getting back onto the bed.

“I don’t know, somewhere close to getting naked?” Claire cooed right back, looping her arms around his neck and pushing him down on top of her.

“Ah, yes! Now I remember!” he smiled, sucking on the side of her neck, smoothly working his way down the front of her body. “Seeing Autumn’s tummy has made me realize how much I can’t wait for your tummy to be swollen with my baby!” Tom purred, taking hold of her shirt and lifting it up over her head.

“She’s having twins, isn’t she?” Claire purred, grabbing hold of his hair as he sucked and nipped the flesh around her belly button and over her hipbones.

“Oh without a doubt! Lucky bastards. Twins are like an alpha trophy in our world. Not only did they manage to get their lover pregnant once, they did it twice. Most impressive - I’m a bit jealous!” he
admitted, biting her mound through her panties. Claire raised her hips up and allowed him to slip her panties off her body where he comically chucked them over his shoulder.

“Lee said you were to have three with me? Perhaps two of those will be twins?” Tom grinned, She hoped not!

“Your briefs need to come off,” Claire reminded him. “No baby making, pretend or not, can happen if Dr. Hiddleston is contained!” She raised her foot and rubbed his groin, massaging his trapped erection gingerly.

Tom moved off the bed and removed his briefs allowing Dr. Hiddleston some freedom. His manhood sprung free and bobbed in front of her, Claire licked her lips eagerly and reached out for it, taking hold of him and wrapping her fingers around his base. Tom hissed and bucked forward forcing more of him into her hand.

“Dr. Hiddleston, huh?” he asked with a curious smile.

“That’s what you called him on the boat!” Claire reminded him, using her free hand and cupping his smooth sac.

“I honestly don’t remember,” he confessed, strumming his fingers through the thatch of hair on her mound. “It kind of sounds dirty, considering…”

“His name is Dr. Hiddleston!” Claire purred firmly, “And he’s the only doctor that can scratch that itch between my legs!”

“Is that why you keep coming back to me?” Tom smirked, grabbing hold of her hips and dragging her closer to him.

She hooked her legs around his waist and casually stretched herself out on the bed waiting for him to continue. Tom always loved a bit of foreplay and so did Claire. He sneakily smiled and parted her wet folds with two fingers, looking at her glistening quim. The pads of his fingers ghosted over her clit and down to her opening. With a doctor like precision Tom slipped two fingers into her aching core as deeply as possible. Taking a deep breath Claire bit her lower lip and moaned, rotating her hips against his hand in a bid for him to move.

“So tight,” he purred, wiggling his fingers inside her body.

The friction of his movements caused Claire to cry out. He smirked, pressing down and opening her a little to his lust filled gaze.

“You have the cutest little kitty I’ve ever seen my dear. I love looking at you from the inside. So sexy, so kinky!” Tom moaned deeply, That lovely fullness Claire was craving slowly started to dissipate as Tom pressed his fingers this way and that inside her body. Her muscles were loosening a bit and it felt like her body could take more.

“Can you put another finger in me?” Claire asked bashfully, grabbing hold of her breasts.

“I can try,” he agreed, gently adding a third finger.

Claire felt the sting of being stuffed full but she pushed past it and forced herself to move in his hand. Pushing herself up and down the mattress and onto his hand with a moan, her tongue slightly visible.
“Yes? That feels nice? Three of my fingers stuffing you fully. I can feel your hungry pussy clutching at my fingers.” Tom purred, “So hot and wet for daddy! Three fingers is a good number for you love. Anything more is just obscene!” he added, pulling his three fingers out of her and spreading the collected arousal over her outer pussy lips.

Sitting up with surprising speed Claire caught him off guard and pushed Tom back so he landed on his back. Curious and playful he submitted right away and placed his arms above his head - a gesture that only Claire would receive for the strong alpha male. Cooing her appreciation she crawled on top of him and smoothed her hands up and down his chest, kissing the middle plain and tracing her tongue up to his nipples, tracing them lovingly and giving each a nip.

Testing her power over Tom, Claire encased both wrists with her fingers and pinned his arms down above his head. Tom resisted a little, a playful gesture, prompting Claire to growl just as playfully and press down a bit firmer. Her teeth grazed alongside his neck and the urge to actually bite him, hard, took over her. Pausing a moment she pulled her lips back and hesitated.

“Go on, mark me,” Tom urged her, “You’re not going to hurt me. It’s a long time coming, love.”

Swallowing her apprehension Claire pressed her teeth against his flesh before inching down a bit more to the spot where his neck connected to his shoulders. Feeling that this was appropriate and close to Claire’s marking she widened her jaw a bit more and pinched a bit of his flesh between her sharp teeth. Biting down Claire forced herself to really grind her teeth down and possibly hurt him. Tom hissed and he stiffened a bit under her. His hand came up to the back of her head and held her in place while encouraging her to continue.

“So good!” He moaned, “Fuck!”

Claire remembered it feeling pleasurable after he had broken the skin a bit so his assurance that she had done it right made her wolf happy.

Possessively she held Tom by the neck, growling whenever he’d shift under her or adjust his hand. Swallowing a few times she tasted the unfamiliar but distinct taste of blood. A little put off by it Claire pulled back enough to release his neck but kept her lips around the wound. Patiently she waited for Tom to instruct her further.

“Clean me off like I had with you.” Tom told her, “Your saliva will enter the bite and it’ll seal the wound marking me yours. A permanent patch of your scent will remain and it’ll inform outsiders to back off or they’ll have to deal with you.” He smiled broadly.

Slowly she cleaned the wounds with her lips and tongue. Claire was turned off at first but the further she went the more comfortable she became. Her wolf felt like she was cleaning Tom’s, matting down his fluff with her tongue and making sure that her mate was presentable.

Finally, Claire pulled back and admired her handy work. A mark similar to hers was present on the side of his neck and slowly starting to fade. It would eventually match the one that she wore - a mark very faint to the human eye but definitely present to the supernatural.

“I hate to ruin the moment but if I don’t get any release soon, love, I’m going to burst,” Tom told her bluntly.

Turning a bit she looked over her shoulder and could see Tom’s strained member bobbing and throbbing just below her bum. His shaft was flushed red and he looked impossibly hard. Taking pity on the wolf she scooted down a bit more and raised her hips enough so that his cock was trapped in front of her. Tom took hold of his self and held it firmly for her. Positioning herself Claire sunk down
onto his manhood, taking him hilt deep. Once firmly seated on her lover she adjusted herself making sure that every inch was snugly inside her body.

They moaned deeply in unison as she slowly rotated her hips side clockwise, the thickness of his shaft spreading her soft walls wide. Feeling that she was adjusted enough Claire begun to roll her hips while rocking back and forth on top of his beautiful body. Tom reached up and took seize of her hips, fingers digging into her soft flesh as she sat up straight and curved her spine a bit moving a little harder and faster. Tom placed his feet down on the bed and brought his thighs up to support her a bit further as she worked him over.

“you’re so gorgeous!” Tom praised through strained breath. Strong hands trailed up and down her sides and came to cup her heavy breasts, massaging them a few times before coming back down to her soft stomach and tracing the width of her hips. “Oh, my sexy little Luna!”

Despite the logic behind it, Claire had gained back most of the weight she had lost. Curiously enough all of her boys had encouraged it, even Pine. Her curves had filled back out giving her that plush hourglass look with a bit of a smaller tummy.

“Oh, I just love your body!” Tom growled lustfully, sitting up and wrapping his arms around her back tightly. He pushed her flush against him and helped her move up and down on his shaft a few times before placing her down on the bed gently and turning them to the side, Tom hooked her leg with his arm and drew it up so it rested on his hip. Skillfully Tom pumped into her from behind while embracing her in a hug. “Cum on love, cum for me! I’m about to explode!”

Tom’s fingers slipped between her slick folds and found Claire’s swollen clit. They danced across the nerve endings and added to her pleasure. With this angle, he was able to hit her sweet spot every time. Shuddering in pleasure Claire tilted her head back and turned it a bit to capture his lips. Her own arms came up above her head and embrace Tom’s, fingers clutching at hair and holding her lover in place. Out of all the positions, they do she felt this was the most intimate.

The pressure in her tummy began to bubble over and she felt her pussy start to tighten. A heat between her legs began to increase and Claire knew that her rapture would be soon. Moaning into Tom’s mouth she clutched her intimate muscles around his moving shaft tightening her entrance for him.

“Cum on, I feel that you’re close!” Tom panted in her ear as he struggled to remain in control. “I can feel your pussy spasm against me.”

“Oh god, so close!” Claire agreed, “Harder, faster! Pound me daddy!” she purred, “Fuck me nice and hard Dr. Hiddleston!”

Claire found herself on her hands and knees after Tom unexpectedly flipped her. The weight of his body pressed her down on the bed and he growled in a feral manner, biting the back of her neck as he mounted her from behind. A strong forearm came around her waist to support her weight as he lined her up for his penetration. Teeth firmly holding the base of her neck he thrust forward slamming his member into her heated core in one smooth move. Claire cried out and fell forward a little taking Tom with her, his weight pinning her further to the bed.

“Stay!” He growled dominantly, using his hand to press down between her shoulder blades and holding her in place. “Don’t fucking move!” he added with a lust filled growl.

“Fuck!” Claire panted, her bottom raised high into the air as Tom pumped into her feverously from behind.

The sound of their connect made an obscene sound in the room cutting through their panting and
gasping. Claire could smell the sex; she could feel their combined arousals running down the inside of her thighs. Most importantly Claire could feel her sex clutching desperately at Tom ready to release and with it bringing a powerful orgasm. Managing to slip her arm under her pinned body Claire found her swollen sex and massaged her clit in a bid to send her over the edge.

She had to touch herself a few times before nudging open the floodgates. Claire didn’t even realize that she was crying out loudly as her entire body seized, nerves on fire and her head light. All of her muscles contracted at the same time and released leaving Claire a pile of mush under her rutting lover. Tom pounded into her hard and fast, his breathing heavy and fanning out around her ear.

He released a feral growl as Tom pushed into her one last time and held himself firmly against her. Thick ropes of cum splashed up against her cervix and coated her throbbing quim. Claire could feel his cock contracting and throb as the semen left his penis. For good measure, Tom pushed himself forward and ground his hips making sure that their connection was solid.

Behind closed eyes, Claire still saw fireworks as mini jolts of pleasure ran down her spine and disburse to her nerve endings. A cold shiver washed over her causing goose bumps to pepper her skin. Sensual lips pressed themselves to the nape of her neck as Tom lingered protectively above her. Slowly he lowered her bottom half to the mattress but remained on top of her dominantly – even as his softening member slipped out of her body.

Strong arms were placed on either side of her head allowing Claire to use Tom’s forearm as a pillow. Sighing sleepily she yawned and kissed his arm, the muscle twitching under her lips. Her heart began to slow and her breathing was becoming normal once more. Tom knelt back between her limp legs; fingers stroked her bum cheeks seductively before dipping down to her leaking sex. Tom moaned deeply as he parted her and watched a thick glob of his essence slip out of her opening and falling onto the blankets.

Curious fingers were easily inserted inside her, parting her open for an even more intimate view. Claire placed her head down on the pillow and closed her eyes – enjoying the feel of him playing with her. Parting her legs a bit wider she moaned and wiggled her bum lightly. Tom smirked, moving his digits in and out of her opening – deliberately dragging his cum out with him and smearing it on her sex, massaging it like he had before to ‘mark his territory’

“Your cunny is dripping with my seed,” he purred, “Pretty pinkness with a pure white. My favorite color combination!”

“Feels good!” she cooed, “You know I love pussy massages!”

“You know I love to massage your pussy,” Tom replied with a smile. “Let’s get you cleaned up and daddy will play with your pussy until you cum nice and hard for him.”

Chapter End Notes

I'm posting tomorrows chapter today - because, Mother Duckie needs my help and therefore I'll put myself on the back burner and go help her. Because my mother is more important (at least I think so)
The moment of truth had arrived and they were finally going to officially introduce Pepper to the ‘the twins’ Or, as Michael liked to call them ‘Butthead’ and ‘Snodgrass” Pepper sort of knew that they were in the home because whenever Claire took her out of the cage and placed her on their bed, she’d sniff the blankets and then raise her head and sniff the air.

Since it was getting colder out Claire had started covering Peppers cage at night and that was when the kittens were in their room. So despite them being in the same room together technically neither have seen one another.

Right away Claire knew that Milo and Middy would presume Pepper was a toy to play with. Something her grumpy hog wouldn’t like too much. Usually when Pep was angry she’d pull herself in tightly and buries her face against her chest and whatever surface she was resting on. Claire could only hope that Pepper did that this time and didn’t actually go after one of the kittens. She was quite fast when she wanted to be and Pepper’s little teeth were like needles.

According to Lee’s instructions, Claire was supposed to physically hold onto Pepper and keep her in her lap while the kittens gradually came close to her. That way Pep would feel safe with Claire present and she had control over the larger and more aggressive animal.

Sitting down on the living room floor Claire crossed her legs and placed the fat hedgehog on her lap, using one hand to brace the animal by the back. Pepper’s little nose was raised in the air and she watched Milo from a distance passively. Once Milo caught wind of Pep it became some sort of Mexican standoff between the two. Milo, having never seen such a creature before, automatically arched his back and puffed out his tail. Middy, ironically enough, was the braver of the two and she cautiously stepped forward a bit and paused – moving her head like an owl back and forth to try and determine who or what this strange thing was.

“Milo, honestly,” Tom chuckled from the couch.

Everyone was present to see the introduction of animals leaving Claire feeling a bit stressed. She didn’t want to bung this up. Once Milo saw that his female partner in crime wasn’t as freaked out at him, he went back to normal and followed behind her. After watching the two interact it’s become apparent that Midnight was the one in charge. Middy paused just out of biting reach from Pepper.

Claire had learned the social queues from her hedgehog with owning her for several months. Pepper made a growling sound before she lashed out whenever displeased and so far she was just ‘on guard’ with her posture but there were no verbal noises that would indicate she was about to attack. Middy and Pep met about half ways, noses touching, as they sniffed one another. Really, you have to look at it from the animal’s perspective.

Here was Pepper, a creature that kind of looked like a cat but was spiky like the brush they used on the kittens. Whereas to Pepper, these were little fluff balls that were smaller than her. Neither one of them have seen something quite like this before and because of that, they were hesitant. Claire still thought that Pepper must have known that these were babies regardless of what they were. She certainly wasn’t the hissing spiky potato Claire thought she’d be.

“Good critters,” Claire praised, stroking both Pepper and Middy at the same time. Milo sat behind Middy not too sure if he wanted anything to do with this strange animal. Middy sat on her bottom
and turned her head to the side, no doubt having a conversation with Pepper about something.

“Try putting Pep on the ground and let’s see what she does. If she gets hissy we can grab her quick.” Tom suggested.

“I don’t know,” Claire replied with hesitation. She still didn’t completely trust Pepper not to hurt one of the kittens if they decided to touch her with their paw or even jump over her.

“Sooner or later they’ll be playing with one another.” Michael spoke, “I think it’s pretty apparent by her lack of response that she’s not going to be cross with them.”

Carefully Claire unraveled her legs and in doing so allowed Pepper to move onto the ground before Middy. Once she was in all her fat glory Midnight stepped back a bit and came to sit down beside Milo. It was almost comically to see something smaller than Pepper. Normally Pepper would be the one overshadowed. Pep was pretty much Godzilla compared to her kittens.

Pepper waddled slowly over to the two kittens that remained seated but visibly leaned back, their eyes wide as saucers. Stopping in front of both felines she merely sniffed them, raising her nose up into the air. Pepper nudged Milo’s chest with her nose before losing interest altogether and wandering over to her toys.

“Well, that was anticlimactic,” Chris muttered,

The sound of Pepper pushing her jingle ball across the floor broke the silence and caught the kitten’s attention. It never even occurred to her that Pepper was trying to play with them. Her hedgehog nudged the ball with her nose the direction of Milo and Middy waiting in the distance for them to do something. Naturally, they had put Pepper’s toys away so that the kittens wouldn’t get into them but apparently, Pep didn’t mind sharing.

The plastic jingle ball stopped at Milo’s feet where it rested briefly before the kitten began to bat it around. Middy chased after him and the ball where the two rolled and tumbled playfully after the ball.

“She’s smart,” Sebastian commented, tucking his legs up under him so they were safe from kitten claws. “By distracting the kittens Pep’s making sure they don’t bother her.”

With Milo and Midnight playing with the ball on the other side of the living room Pepper was free to pick up her favorite stuffed animal and toss it around, bringing it to Claire and dropping it for them to play a game of ‘fetch’ This of course only lasted for so long before the kittens were distracted by Pepper herself. Casually Milo and Middy approached Pepper, sitting down and watching this funny spiky creature waddling around before them.

Milo raised his paw and gently tapped Pepper on the back pulling it back the moment he felt the somewhat harsh texture. Her hog seemed to know that he was curious and didn’t mean her any harm because she just stood there and watched the kitten. Middy came up close and sniffed her, raising her own black paw and touching Peppers back. Mid seemed to be more interested in a fascinated sort of way than Milo who was genuinely still confused as to what Pepper was.

Milo went to smack Pepper a bit more aggressively and the hedgehog raised her lip and growled a little but didn’t lunge or hiss. The kitten decided not to continue with that sort of behavior and dropped his paw back down.

“She must know they’re babies,” Claire commented, grabbing hold of Pepper and drawing her back to her lap.
“They’re getting along a lot better than I thought they would,” Pine commented with a smile.

Milo climbed his way up the side of the couch followed by Midnight. Together they walked along the backrest and stopped just behind Chris where Milo began to bat at his man-bun playfully until the Australian turned and grabbed hold of him, placing the bratty feline on his lap.

“Cheeky little bugger!” Chris playfully scolded.

Middy shook her little bottom back and forth before playfully leaping down between Chris and Michael. Despite being smaller than Milo she was definitely the scrappier of the two. Sebastian pointed out that she was rather like Midnight while Tom was pretty much Milo. At night the kittens slept with them and they usually always ended up above their heads on the pillows pressed up against the headboard. Milo always slept above or beside Tom’s head while Middy was either curled up next to him in the middle or above Claire’s head.

Pepper, not happy with being ‘ignored’ took it upon herself to crawl onto Claire’s lap and lay there. She pulled and tugged at the material of her sweatpants until Claire began to stroke Pepper’s back while observing her felines play fighting behind Chris, Michael, and Sebastian. So far they had managed to not injure any innocent bystanders. There wasn’t anyone in this house who walked upright that didn’t have a scratch or two in various stages of healing from the kittens. She honestly had no clue as to how they possessed this much energy; Claire became exhausted just by watching them.

“I’m still not comfortable leaving the kittens and Pep unattended,” Claire announced, picking her hedgehog up and holding her belly flat against her chest like a baby.

“No, and I wouldn’t,” Tom agreed, “She did technically growl at Milo despite not acting further on it. But she did growl.”

“After a few more play dates I think it would be safe to give them a bit more freedom,” Pine suggested,

Pepper grunted and shifted against Claire’s chest. Still, the big baby she always was the hedgehog nuzzled her nose against Claire’s neck and sucked up all the attention she was getting. “Momma’s big baby!” Claire told the hog, “My special little hoggy. Momma loves you so much, yes she does!”

Chapter End Notes

Pepper’s actually the Queen Bee of the group. Everyone else is merely her minions, including Claire.
Chapter 99

Claire grabbed her two fuzz balls and indicated to Sebastian that they needed to have a talk in the bedroom. He obediently got up from the couch and followed her, taking Milo from her arms and holding the baby feline to his chest – kissing his ginger head.

“Close the door,” Claire asked, lying out on the bed with Midnight in front of her.

Sebastian placed Milo down on the bed as well and both kittens toddled over to the pillows where they got comfortable and fell asleep practically on top of one another. For a moment they admired how cute the kittens looked sleeping.

“Mike and you have been courting for a few weeks now, yes?” Claire asked him curiously, “How is it going?”

Sebastian hesitated for a moment before shrugging his shoulders and smiling softly, “It’s different,” he admitted, “He’s very…ugh…dotting. He treats me like he treats you. Which is nice but I’m not used to it.”

“Good, good I’m glad,” Claire told him sincerely. “I just wanted to check in and make sure he’s not being aggressive with you. Seb, I want you to know just because you labeled a beta doesn’t mean you have to accept whatever Michael wants. You do have the right to tell him to fuck off.”

He chuckled and nodded his head. “Honestly? So far the only thing he’s done is hold my hand and we’ve cuddled a few times in bed while watching the news.”

“Nobody else in the pack is giving you a hard time, are they?” she asked, unsure of how a generally masculine heterosexual pack of men would handle a queer relationship between two of their members.

“No,” Sebastian casually replied, reaching up to stroke Midnight. “I’m presuming they all know by now but no ones said anything. Michael is very protective and prideful of himself, so, if someone started harassing me or us he’d stop it.”

“That’s fine just don’t go having fistfights, OK?” Claire reminded him. “Go to Tom and he’ll deal with it. I don’t know much about punishments and pack politics.”

Seb turned onto his stomach and gazed at her lovingly. His blue eyes were sparkling from the sunlight and he almost looked supernatural. Pepper had woken up from her own little nap and began to kick her back legs against the side of the metal cage as a way of alerting Claire she wanted out. It sounded like an old school prisoner banging on his metal bars with a tin cup. This was a new trick she had learned as of recently. At first, they couldn’t figure out what the hell that sound was. Every time they’d come into the bedroom she’d stop and as soon as they left she’d start again.

“You’re inmates woken,” Sebastian smiled,

The kittens raised their heads and looked at her cage, eyes half-hooded. Deciding that it wasn’t worth their investigation they went back to sleep. Claire moved off the bed and opened the cage, reaching in and grabbing her fat hedgehog, depositing her on the bed. Middy raised her head up once more and simply watched Pepper from her pillow perch. Pepper realized that the kittens were on the bed as
well and waddled over to them cautiously, sniffing at them.

They were both nervous as Pepper began to climb the pillows towards the babies. Once she was close enough to actually bury her nose in their fluff she did so, taking a deep sniff of Milo. Claire was getting ready to grab the hog until they witnessed Pepper actually start to groom Milo. Very gently the older animal licked his fur into place and began to nose around his body like she would if they were her own babies. Milo was traded for Midnight and Pepper began to process as well, licking and nudging the kitten.

Loud purring was heard from both kittens as the hedgehog ‘mother’ crawled between the two of them and settled down a bit. Midnight surprisingly adjusted herself to give Pep more room and she turned her head to give the hedgehog a lick across the cheek, grooming the hog a little bit before placing her head back down and falling asleep.

“That,” Sebastian stated, “Would be a mother hedgehog looking after her babies.”

Pepper, to the best of her knowledge, never had a litter of babies before she was spayed. But, apparently the instinct to be a mother still lingered and she had seemingly adopted the two kittens.

“We may have had a bigger problem if the cats were older. But they’re pretty much the equivalent to infants. At least to Pepper, I’m presuming.” Sebastian added,

Regardless Claire pulled out her phone and began to take a few photos of the adorable scene before them. She needed proof that this actually happened. There were about six people she needed to send this too. One of them being Lee.

“Mammals apparently adopt other mammals regardless of species,” Claire repeated to Sebastian.

“That’s what Lee had said.”

“A baby is a baby,” Sebastian smiled, stroking Pepper between the ears. “There was a story of a mother lion who had adopted a baby gazelle and raised it. She wouldn’t allow the other lions near it and protected it. Even when it was an adult that was still her baby,”

Lee had text her back stating how adorable that was but to still be watchful of their interactions regardless. With all of the animals, a sleep Claire inched closer to Sebastian and pressed her self up against him. It was rare to get the beta to her self in a quiet home. Everyone who wasn’t working had gone to the building site with a contractor to start laying out the markers. Claire declined going out in the cold and rainy weather and because she was going to be alone Sebastian stayed behind as well.

“You look exhausted,” he commented, brushing some of her hair out of her face.

“I can’t sleep like I did before,” Claire pouted, “I’m awake more often than not and because of that I’m constantly doing things.”

“You need to find a balance.” Seb sympathized, “Learn to mimic being tired and just not doing anything. We have copious amounts of energy after we get home from work but we’ve trained our bodies to mimic exhaustion.”

Claire was finding it increasingly difficult to be awake all the time. At first, it was great because she got a lot accomplished. All the apartments were cleaned, she baked, Pepper’s cage was cleaned and spotless – the litter boxes were practically shining. But you can only clean and do other things before it’s no longer pleasurable. By the time she ‘got bored,’ it was early in the morning and nothing was open anymore. So Claire couldn’t go out even if she wanted too besides maybe the local 7-11. Even Slurpees and candy becomes unappealing after doing to for so long.
“You’re lucky. You have a job to break up the monotony. I have nothing but my knitting and coloring books.” Claire scowled. “Every time I ask Tom about going to school or getting a job he either blows me off or changes the subject.”

“I, unfortunately, do all my paperwork in the ER between patients so I can’t help you that way. Chris and Mike, however, because they’re surgeons and actually have ongoing patients always have paperwork that needs to be done.” Sebastian informed her, “I’ve seen you on the computer. You could definitely help them with the less serious paperwork if you’d ask them.”

This is one of the things that she loved about Seb. The man never wanted to shelter her from the world and instead encouraged her to explore it. Tom was old school and preferred Claire to stay at home happy and pampered – preferably barefoot and pregnant. Chris was pretty much the same way with Michael being more flexible. Pine would agree with whatever she wanted to do as long as it wasn’t illegal or going to hurt her.

“Pine probably has paperwork or reports you could write up for him. He could talk and you type down what he says.” Sebastian suggested further. “That man is always typing out something and I know it must be exhausting. If you want to do something more independent – I know that you’re very good with knitting and you could sell your stuff online. We can help you get started.”

Those were all good suggestions and she would have to explore them further. Claire had too for the sake of her own sanity. At least if she had a baby or a toddler – or both, it would give her something to do.

“If I had a baby I wouldn’t be bored,” Claire commented, rolling over onto her back with a huff.

“That’s a horrible reason to have a baby!” Sebastian chastised,

“I wouldn’t have one solely for that reason!” Claire defended, “But it would keep me busy.”

“Not really,” Sebastian corrected, “You’d have five father-types also looking after the baby so it would be evenly distributed around the home.”

Father-types. That reminded her of a question she had been mulling over mentally for a while. “If the toddler calls out ‘daddy’ who is going to answer?” Claire asked Sebastian.

“Whoever is around?” he offered, shrugging his shoulders a little, “Of course when they’re older they’ll know who their real ‘father’ is but for the most part we’d answer their cries. Our young will naturally associate any male figure since birth constantly in their lives as ‘dad’ it wouldn’t even occur to them that one specific person is their biological father. Mind you,” he sighed with a bit of hesitation, “It’s not very common nowadays for this sort of pack to exist. Older more reclusive packs have this type of dynamic so when it comes to their schooling and outside functions around other packs and children we’ll have to explain a few things.”

Oh great. Claire couldn’t wait for this subject to be brought up at the schools PAC function or to try and explain the situation while her children attended a birthday party. Hopefully, she’d have one of their ‘dads’ around as a backup.

“If anything it’ll make having multiple children in the home easy to care for.” Sebastian smiled, “Which I’m assuming will eventually happen if Lee’s predictions are as accurate as he claims.”

Chapter End Notes
I couldn't find a hedgehog who adopted two kittens, but I managed to find a mother cat who adopted baby hedgehogs.
Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

*Sebastian's point of view*

Over-eagerness often lead to stupid mistakes. Stupid mistakes that brought unnecessary pain and injury. Unfortunately for them, and Claire, she was prone to being rather gung-ho and doing something without actually thinking about it.

They all watched it and they were all powerless to stop it. Almost as if in slow motion they witnessed Claire tumble down the embankment near their home. She had done a barrel roll a few times before landing flat on her chest with a loud yelp.

Before her not so graceful landing Claire was running around the property at an alarming speed and jumping over logs and rocks. She was burning off pent-up energy but she wasn't watching what she was doing. What she presumed to be solid earth on the other side of a log she had jumped was actually dead air leading to the sharp incline littered with random forest brush and rocks.

Sebastian knew that Claire was a tough young Luna so when she didn't get up and shake it off like they all thought she would - they began to realize that something was seriously wrong.

Flat on her bell she lay on the wet ground with her left front leg tucked under her body and her chin flat on the ground. Claire's breathing was heavy and it was clear she was in distress.

"I think she's in shock," Tom told them all dumbly.

"She hurt her leg," Pine pointed out, "She's protecting it,"

Sebastian didn't doubt it with the way she tumbled down the slop. Because it was such an unexpected thing Claire didn't have time to protect herself and ended up a mass of limbs flying everywhere.

"Come here sweet girl," Seb soothed, dropping down to his knees before her.

Slowly he smoothed his hand down her side and to the front of her chest, watching her sharply for any signs of further distress. Once he presumed she was alright he slipped his hand flatly under her chest and to the top of her left leg.

It was only him, Tom and Pine present. Tom - although a doctor didn't really practice outside the field of gynecology and his general medical skills weren't the greatest. Any injuries to the body itself were left for him, Michael and Chris to attend to. Even the surgeons weren't that great at treating general issues like Seb was.

"Let me see this leg, yes?" he asked, keeping his hand on top of her leg." Very slowly and under the watchful eyes of Tom and Pine, he slowly started to stretch her protected leg out from under her.

By the time Sebastian had reached the part of her leg which required her to extend the join Claire's tolerance for being manhandled diminished greatly. She raised her upper lip and showed her teeth, growling lightly in her throat.

Sebastian backed off and dropped his hands to his sides and allowed his Luna to adjusted herself on
her own terms. He's injured himself when turned over and he knew that it was rather painful. Seb didn't feel like being bitten so he waited until Claire painfully maneuvered herself on her side and exposed the injured leg.

"What do you think it is?" Tom asked, looking down at her with medical eyes.

"I think she dislocated her elbow," Sebastian told them. "I have to pop it back into place, which is going to be...fun," he added with a heavy sigh. "You're going to have to hold her mouth closed because I don't want to be bitten."

It sounded cruel to hold her snout shut but they occasionally had to do it in cases like this. A bite from a wolf was very painful and Sebastian had the real possibility of losing a chunk of flesh. If he was hurt he couldn't help her.

Pine didn't volunteer to do that and left it for Tom to do. It was only really appropriate for Tom to manhandle her in that way anyways and he was the least likely to get any real repercussions from her.

Even Tom didn't want to touch her but he had too. As soon as Tom's fingers were firmly around her snout keeping her jaws shut Sebastian grabbed hold of her lower leg and upper, pushing up and in popping the joint back into place. They could still hear her yelp loudly even through her shut mouth.

Claire shook her head and struggled to shake Tom off her while growling loudly deep in her throat. Tom made sure that Seb was out of the way before releasing her snout and jumping up and back, out of the line of fire.

Claire leaped up on all four paws right away and bolted back away from them, shaking her head. She showed her teeth and growled, upper lip quivering with emotion. Claire lunged forward trying to intimidate. It didn't get her very far and Claire ended up having her legs buckle from under her as she fell forward landing hard on the ground once more.

Tom saw her in motion and partially caught her but it was hard because of the way she stumbled. Once she was laying down on the ground Claire lowered her head and rested it on Tom's lap, her eyes closing as she whined loudly in pain.

"Poor girl," Tom sympathized, stroking the top of her head. "The adrenaline must have worn off."

"Leave her be for a bit," Sebastian suggested, gently stroking the soft fur on her back. "Once she's more at peace I want you to pick her up and carry her to the car."

"Beside the sore leg, what else do you think is wrong?" Pine asked, standing guard over their wounded Luna,

"Bruised," Sebastian answered, "I don't see any blood because if she were lacerated or punctured the blood would show through her white fur right away, She might have pulled a few muscles. I know her dislocated elbow is the worst. It will swell and she won't be able to place weight on it for a week or so. Don't expect her to be turned over anytime soon."

"Fuck," Pine cursed, "Poor sweet girl,"

Sebastian sat back on his heel and placed his hand up to his mouth, covering it, while thinking about their next step. Their systems were very fragile when turned over in their wolf. They couldn't take human medications because it would damage their livers and other organs. Seb now had to go about a holistic way of treating Claire.
It was a good thing that he had studied werewolf medicine when he was a junior in med-school.

"I need essential oils, pure - not mixed with anything else," Sebastian informed them. "I'll write a list. I also need medical grade pads and gauze. A good tenser bandage."

"Wouldn't it be best to get it from Lee and Richard?" Pine asked them seriously, "I'm pretty sure that they can get a hold of the items directly from the source."

"Yeah, that would be a plan," Seb agreed with a smile.

Claire grumbled and turned herself a little on the side, tucking her head into Tom's lap protectively and showing off the pads of her paws. It appears that she had managed to lacerate the major pad of her right paw leaving a very visible gap.

Their pads were covered in nerve endings and blood vessels. They were extremely sensitive and a cut to the soft, precious tissue was very - very hard on them.

"With this development - we need to get her home and make sure that paw doesn't get dirty or infected.

The blood was matting down the fur between her pads and the tops of her toes. A heavy iron smell had hit them hard once she raised it up off the ground and showed them gingerly.

Tom moved her head off his lap and gently tucked her paws up under her before picking the white wolf up in his arms. She whimpered a few times and closed her eyes, tucking her head down against her chest and Tom's bicep. He kissed the top of her head and began to carry her up to their car.

Sebastian led the way finding the easiest path up the rough terrain while Pine made sure that her tail and all limbs remained tucked in and safe.

"This is what you get for being a crazy pup!" Tom scolded lovingly, kissing her floppy ear. "You're immortal my sweet but we're not excluded from injury and pain. We can't be a crazy ball of fluff running around."

Claire raised her head a little and grumbled, making a baying sound through a series of long drawn out barks.

"Oh I know," Sebastian spoke softly, opening the car door. "You'll be alright, you're well looked after."

Chapter End Notes

On a brighter note:
Chapter 101

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

*Sebastian's point of view*

Without much thought he watched as Richard sat down on the bed next to Claire, crossing his legs casually Indian style and observing their moody fluff ball. She lay at a rather odd angle in an attempt to be belly down but not place pressure on her wounded leg.

"Thomas tells me you're a grumpy fluff ball," Richard smiled, stroking the back of her head. Claire in response moved her head back and arched her neck to look at him a bit better. She grumbled at the warlock playfully and rested her chin on his knee while painfully adjusting herself so her spine wasn't so strained.

From where he placed the medical ingredients that Richard had brought, including the dressing, he smiled at their interaction. The man could be a downright bear but he was a sweet pussycat to Claire. The way he looked at her with genuine affection while stroking her floppy ear was priceless.

"I know you're in pain sweet Luna - but, you can't be cross with those who are here to help you," he spoke gently, moving on from her ear to the bridge of her nose. "It's not nice to snap at helping hands." Claire sighed and placed her chin on his leg, closing her eyes and enjoying the calming motion of his fingers. "You do know you're going to have to shave the area, right?"

The moment Richard mentioned 'shaved' Claire snapped her eyes open and narrowed her brows. She looked from Richard to him and back again. Sebastian was hoping to inform Claire of that little bit of info at the very last of everything he had to do.

In order for the essential oil to work, it had to touch skin. Claire had skin but it was buried under the fluff which meant the fur had to go.

"It's for your benefit," Seb told her, approaching with the electric clippers. "The area is swollen my sweet, I need to place the arnica and cedarwood oil directly to the area in order for the pain and swelling to go away," he explained gently.

Once he had told her exactly why he needed to give her a bit of a haircut Claire didn't appear to be that mad about it.

Richard placed two hands on her upper area to brace the young wolf as Sebastian very skillfully maneuvered her leg and began to shave over the injury. Unlike before she didn't lash out at them but rather made a whimpering, and crying sound - her upper lips quivering as she sobbed.

"I know honey," Seb sympathized,

Tom and Chris walked into the room right when the patch of uprooted white fluff fell onto the bed leaving Claire with a pretty sizeable bare spot revealing that Claire had pink skin under her fluff - much like her bare tummy.

"What the fuck, mate!" Chris soured,

"I need access to her skin. If I place the oils on her fur it won't work and it'll matt her fur down." he
defended, ignoring his aggressiveness.

Seeing him shave Claire and witnessing Richard petting her was sending the Aussie into a frenzy. He already became extremely protective the moment Claire was sick or injured. His agitation was through the roof and it was visible on his face and through his tense muscles.

"It'll grow back...eventually," Tom grumbled, annoyed with the situation in general and not exactly Sebastian.

He picked up the fur-ball that sort of resembled a snowball and for whatever reason placed it in Pepper's cage. The sleep hedgehog woke up and sniffed at the fluff, which was completely clean and dry - her little nose rummaging around in it. Much to their surprise Pepper started to break it down and drag it to her little nest she had made inside the plastic house. Slowly but surely the animal aligned her home with Claire's fur and made it extra cozy and warm for her ever-growing winter snoozes.

"Hedgehogs are nesting animals," Tom explained, "They gather warm things to align their nests in nature all the time. I thought Pepper would appreciate the added warmth."

Right away Claire began to lick the new exposed patch of skin. It was her wolf’s way to try and tend to her wounds. Sebastian hadn't shoed her away and neither did anyone else. They wanted her Luna to be a bit more intuned with her natural instincts. Once she figured the area was clean enough she sighed and plopped her head back down on the bed between Chris and Richard.

"What are you putting on her?" Chris asked suspiciously, glaring at Richard from out of the corner of his eye.

Very tenderly he touched the swollen joint and moved it around to try and get a feel. Claire's head snapped up and she instantly began to lick at his hand - her passive aggressive way of telling Chris to leave her alone.

"I'm placing a mixture of arnica and cedarwood oil. The arnica will provide relief from pain, bruising, inflammation and joint discomfort. The cedarwood is also an anti-inflammatory but it will provide her with comfort too." Sebastian explained, expertly mixing the two together in a bowl before dipping the gauze pad, soaking it thoroughly. "I also have peppermint, camomile and lavender oils to creature a tincture that will soothe any aches once the swelling is done as well as help keep her at peace."

"That's right," Richard confirmed, rather impressed with his knowledge.

He placed the gauze on her arm and made sure that it wrapped around her elbow. Once it was in place and sticking to her skin he gently took hold of the limb and allowed Chris to wrap the medical bandage around her arm and securing it with medical tape. The tensor bandage was left for last and once she was all wrapped up Claire stretched out fully without being able to extend her leg, therefore hurting it. She looked at ease as her soft pink tongue came out from between her lips, licking her whiskers down.

"Hopefully she'll sleep now." Sebastian commented, nodding his head to usher Tom and Richard out of the room.

There wasn't a hope in hell that they'd get Chris out of the room so no one bothered. The blonde alpha made himself comfortable on the bed, his long body stretched out beside her with his back on the headboard.
Once they were out of the room Milo and Middy came running up to Sebastian's feet, meowing and stretching with their little claws sticking into his skin. Bending down he picked up the two animals one by one. Milo had learned how to balance on people's shoulders while Midnight preferred to be cuddled in your arms. It made juggling the felines a lot easier since they were very people friendly and craved copious amounts of attention.

"How long do you think she'll be turned over for?" Richard asked curiously, taking Midnight from Sebastian as he walked into the kitchen with Milo perched on his shoulder.

"Until her leg is much better. I'd give it maybe a week or so," Sebastian replied, pulling out the wet food for the kittens and placing it in a dish. "It more or less has to do with stubbornness. She can turn over, it's uncomfortable, but it can be done. Claire just doesn't want too. And we don't want to argue with her over it."

Milo curled himself around Sebastian's neck like a morbid fur shawl as he took both bowls and placed it down on their mat. Gingerly he took hold of the baby and placed him down on the ground but not before kissing him once. Midnight was soon to join them and the sound of eager kittens eating had disrupted the silence. If they could physically grunt - Seb was sure that they would.

"They're growing nicely," Richard commented, "Midnight looks like her mother. Lee is going to be thrilled." he pulled out his phone and snapped a picture of the two hungry kittens for Lee to see. "How did they react to Claire being a wolf?"

"A lot of puffed up fluff and running away," Tom smirked, "Milo even hissed at her once before backing up and hiding in my office. They're used to her now, still not entirely sure what to make of it. I'm sure in time they'll cuddle up with her like Pepper."

Chapter End Notes
Chapter 102

*Tom's point of view*

By the time everyone had gone or settled the hour was late. Yawning he shuffled into his bedroom, pausing at his door in shock and amusement. Claire was still turned over, which didn't surprise him in the least, but Chris was also now his Wolfy self-snuggled up next to her. The two animals were so close that their fur mashed together.

Sleepily Chris raised his large head and acknowledged him, eyes half-hooded and a small yawn leaving his mouth. Establishing that it was just him and no threat was to be had, he placed his head back down to rest on her shoulders.

It was extremely rare to see his incredibly large wolf inside the home. Tom knew that he wasn't sick or injured so the man must have been truly upset with Claire's physical state.

“Nice of you to leave me some room on my own bed,” Tom commented, closing the door and heading to Claire's side of the bed. Chris merely looked at him with green eyes - never bothering to raise his head up. Between the two men, Claire was sleeping, snoring faintly. Her elbow was still swollen but the natural tincture was helping.

Laying down on his sliver of bed he stretched and place a protective hand on Claire's back. In doing so Tom accidentally brushed Chris causing him to assume that Tom had attempted to 'pet' him. The large grey wolf raised his head and cocked it to the side.

“Relax! I accidentally brushed you. I meant to pet Claire.” Tom defended.

Off in the bathroom, he could hear the kittens digging around in their litter box. They had a schedule and went to bed at a specific time. As soon as Tom opened their bedroom door the kittens ran in to get settled. Since encountering Claire the first-time Milo and Midnight were getting used to having a large dog that vaguely smelt like their human mother.

Milo came out of the bathroom once, cleaning his paws, waiting for his partner in crime. With both kittens together they began to run, leaping up onto the bed and coming face to face with Chris. Tom watched the scene with amusement as both kittens came to a very abrupt halt, smacking into Chris’s furry body. Chris grumbled and placed his head down submissively - paying them no mind. Since Chris ignored them the kittens proceeded with their journey to the pillows.

Much to Tom's amusement and Chris's irritation, Milo and Middy climbed on top of the towering lycanthropy, sitting down on his broad back. Purring was heard in the room followed by the kneading of claws in soft fur. It appeared that the kittens were getting ready to nestle down on top of Chris.

“They think you're a giant cat bed,” Tom mused with a smile.

Chris raised his head and looked back at the furballs. He sniffed them both carefully, nuzzling his nose into them before giving a gentle wolf kiss. Claire raised her head, a sleepy look on her face, she looked somewhat dazed. Tom cupped the underside of her jaw with his hand, fingers curling up to rub her cheeks lovingly. In response, Claire used his hand as a headrest, a mewing of content coming
from her.

“My poor girl,” Tom sympathized, “I wish I could do more but I'm not a wolf doctor,”

There was no denying that she was miserable. Although the tinctures helped they weren't as good as human pain medicine. Claire was comfortable at best.

Beside them, Chris attempted to adjust himself would fling the kittens across the room. Luckily the kittens moved with him and ended up laying flat on his side, grooming his fur with their little tongues as they continued to our loudly in unison. They definitely thought Chris was a giant cat bed. This amused Tom a lot more than it should.

Chris, a giant powerful wolf was reduced to a puddle of mush by two kittens. It reminded him of that old cartoon with Marc Antony the bulldog and Pussyfoot the kitten.

Tom noticed that Claire was staring straight at Peppers cage. The wolf picked her lips sleepily and yawned, placing her head down. Not being able to cuddle and spend time with the hog bothered her. Truth be told - Tom didn't think Pep wanted to be bothered right now anyways.

With the beginning of winter upon them, the hedgehog had gone into a semi-hibernation mode. If she wasn't sleeping she was eating then went back to bed in her little house that they draped with material to make it darker for her. Peppers mood was grumpy at best and manhandling her was a great grievous offence. Lee had said it wouldn’t last the entire hibernation season which was pretty much the three months of winter they encountered - thank god. Tom couldn't even imagine living that nightmare.

Chris raised his head up and gave him a look that made tom.presume he wanted the kittens off him for whatever reason. Gently he reached across the two wolves, and one by one h licked up a semi-comatose cat and put them in their proper place, the pillows about their heads. Once he was feline free Chris rolled onto his other side, stretching out his entire length and taking up most of Tom's side of the bed. Chris’s back paws touched the headboard and his nose reached the bottom of the mattress - front paws hanging off the mattress a little. While their smaller Luna was tucked into a French loaf of bread once more, all four paws under her body and her tail curled around.

“Why are you shaking sweetheart?” Tom cooed with concern, noting how Claire was vibrating as if she were cold. “Hey, hey it's alright, come here.” Tom soothed.

Chris rose his head and looked at her with concern. He sat up properly and stretched before turning his body and partially curling himself around her. Chris’s head rested on her back and he groomed her a little in a bid to calm her down.

Tom stretched out on the other side, resting on his side and allowing Claire to place her chin on his hip as she whimpered, licking her lips. Gently up and down he rubbed her back and between her shoulders. Claire wouldn't admit but she was under a lot of stress. That urge to have a pup was nagging at her, badly. Tom felt awful because he refused to take her off the birth control so they could have a baby.

Autumn being pregnant with twins and that sweet little one down the hall was driving her hormones and nesting instincts to go into overdrive. This injury was just the icing on the cake. Her ever mounting feelings of being 'useless' couldn't have been soothed with being bedridden. No matter how many times he tried to tell her she was very useful and not a burden on anyone.

“You'll be alright,” Tom eased, “They poured the foundation for the home today,” he told his bed-bound baby, “Soon all the rebar and the outer foundation will go up. By the end of January, our
home will be done and you'll have your own territory. Once we’re more in and settled we can think about having babies.”

Chris grumbled at the mention of offspring. Despite him being second in command Chris would love to make the first baby with Claire. He actually almost came to blows with the Aussie over the issue. Chris actually wanted to challenge him for breeding rights right around the time Claire was really pushing for a baby. When it became apparent that Tom would back down like a lot of wolves would - he bitterly dropped the issue but it was still something he was worried about for the future.

Claire took a deep breath and closed her eyes. In front of them, their grumpy hoggy had woke up and sleepily waddled to the food dish, eating the soft kibble on offer as well as the dried fruit and sunflower seeds. A bit of water and a stretch was next on the menu before she trudged back to her little cubby hole - various bits of sawdust and a small tuff of Claire's fluff stuck to her spikes making her look very scruffy.

Both of his girls were in 'rough' shape and he was powerless to help them. At least Midnight was content at the moment, passed out cold and entangled with Milo. Praise small miracles.

Chapter End Notes
Trying to understand women was tough enough but trying to understand one who currently couldn't speak or write was a nightmare. He found himself standing there a lot while rubbing the back of his neck, attempting to understand what Claire was wanting.

Oh, she was very verbal and somewhat animated but Pine didn't speak canine. Her grunts, grumbles and various other verbalization only made him a bit nervous. It wasn't very often that he was left home alone with Claire while the others were at work or running their own errands. With Claire being injured and still in her wolf form it was an even bigger unexpected turn of events for him, and Pine didn't want to fuck this up.

“Do you have to tinkle?” Pine asked her,

Claire grumbled deeply and kicked out her back leg as she laid on Tom's bed. That would more than likely be a solid ‘no’ answer.

“Do you want me to move you into the living room? Turn the TV on so you can watch Dr Phil?”

Her head tilted to the side and Claire's floppy ear perked up a bit with the mention of her favourite TV Dr It truly was the weirdest thing to see a white wolf laying on a bed with her, eyes glued to the TV in front of her. Claire's attention was solely on that TV and she even gave the appropriate grumbles at the right time.

Once her show of choice was on the TV he went off into his bedroom and grabbed a large fluffy throw blanket. It was bad enough Pine had to lay on Tom's side of the bed, but - crawling under the blankets was a line of disrespect he couldn't commit.

Taking his spot next to Claire, Pine covered them both in the blanket careful not to cover her head and turned a little on his side, spooning up to Claire. With his hand under the blankets, he could stroke her soft fur or rub that special area Claire fancied, the area right in the crease of where her upper back leg connected to her body.

“I'd love to cuddle you in my arms,” Pine told her. “As a young woman, not a furry critter. We haven't gotten the chance to do that yet.”

Claire looked back at him, acknowledging that she heard him.

“Today is the perfect weather to cuddle as well,” he added,

Pine had been reading through some of Seb's medical books in regards to their kind and it said that after the discomfort period, which would be the swelling leaving her body, it was encouraged for them to turn over. The healing process would be increased and things would go back to normal.

No one here seemed to be pushing Claire the way she needed to be. It was getting to be ridiculous that they had a permanent canine in the home and not the typical young woman they were used to. If they wanted a pet dog they'd adopt one.

He was starting to get uncomfortable catering to her in this way. There honestly had to be a separation from their wolf to their daily human lives. A few days turned over this way was fine but
"You couldn't impose human activities as a wolf and the council member within him was screaming about this.

"You need to turn over, take a shower and eat a proper meal," Pine encouraged further, ruffling her fluff a little. "Come on, you haven't done so in about a week and I'm pretty sure your human isn't too happy about this."

Human-type functions like hygiene were placed on pause when they shifted over but Claire didn't know this. Pine was hoping that he could play on the fact that Claire was quite anal about personal hygiene and typically showered daily.

Claire turned herself around a little and looked at him. She appeared to be somewhat offended by him pushing her to turn over. Pine didn't mind though because he knew it was for the best. They were coming up to the Christmas season and she needed to participate with them as well as visit the build site and help with the finer details.

"Pepper needs to get a bath and she won't allow anyone but you to do it," Pine added, petting the top of her head a little rougher than normal in an attempt to rile her up a bit.

In response she opened her mouth and playfully nipped at his hand while grumbling loudly, smacking the bed with her 'good paw'.

"The kittens miss playing with you," he smiled, "Everyone needs you, including Tom. He's about to lose his mind - he can't handle everything without his Luna. Even I need you, I miss hugging and kissing you."

With being told that she was 'needed' which was the understatement of the century, she turned over. Awkwardly she sat before him with the blanket hanging off of her hips, her upper area exposed.

Claire looked dazed as she tried to regain her composure. With turning back overcame a rush of blood to the head and a bit of dizziness. Sometimes their limbs were even limp like noodles depending on how long they were a wolf for. Claire's arms began to shake a little and she placed herself carefully down on the bed.

Pine stretched out his arm and allowed her to use it as a pillow while she tucked herself up a bit and adjusted the blanket around her.

"I feel like butt!" Claire grumbled, shaking a little.

Pepper upon actually hearing her hedgehog 'mother's' voice woke up and trudged to the bars of the cage crying and making a fuss. When Claire was slow to react she kicked at the bars with her back feet until Claire had no choice but to get up and attend to her.

"Hello, stinky girl," Claire smiled softly, opening the front of the cage and picking up the hedgehog.

Nobody was able to pick Pepper up without her getting spitting mad. Cleaning her cage was next to impossible and they had to literally shoo her to the other side of the cage to clean it and then shoo her to the other and do that side.

"Come help me," Claire asked him with a smile - her nudity completely oblivious to her and very visible to Pine.

He followed her naked plush bum as she walked into the master bathroom with Pepper in her arms. Every step she takes her bum cheeks with rising and fall in a seductive jiggle. Claire's hips swayed beautifully from side to side in a natural seductive dance trying to entice any male suitors.
Claire crawled into the tub with Pepper and held the animal while working the water temperatures. Once it was safe to put Pep down, she did so.

"There's hog shampoo in that cupboard," Claire told him, watching the previous grumpy hedgehog waddle around in the shallow water.

Pine was convinced that hedgehogs were made out of nothing but squish and quills so it didn't surprise him when the creature curled up in a ball and floated in a ball, a very faint smile on her face.

He placed the shampoo on the little hanging rack on the tub before sitting down next to her, watching Pepper float around the warm water on her back. The water was deep enough so it covered just below Claire's hips.

"I also need her toothbrush to scrub her quills with." Claire told him, "I should have told you before you got comfortable."

"Where is it?"

"Next to where her shampoo was,"

They had never actually witnessed Claire giving Pepper a bath before they've just seen her float around a bit or the aftermath of a very rambunctious wet hog doing 90mph around their apartment floor. Pine found it rather interesting how Claire took hold of the animal gently and made her unravel herself.

Pepper was supported in the palm of her hand belly down in the water a little while Claire placed some shampoo on her back - taking the toothbrush and scrubbing at her quills softly. Pepper made a mewling noise as the bubbles began to build on the animal - little pink tongue coming out from between her lips as she licked her whiskers down.

"She seems to be enjoying it," Pine commented with a smile, reaching out and touching her little paw that was floating in the water. Her paw was the same size as the pad of his pinky if not a bit smaller.

"It's like a message for them. Because her quills are so dense we have to use a soft toothbrush to get rid of all the dirt and clean her quills right down to the skin." Claire explained, cupping some water in her hand and lovingly washing the hedgehog off.

She repeated the process once more before gingerly turning the animal over onto her back. Pepper looked like she was in complete heaven as she lay there with the warm water saturating her back. Even her little head was laying flat on Claire's fingers.

"Some people use the brush on their tummies but I don't like too. I use my fingers and gently massage the shampoo into her fur." Claire told him, demonstrating her method.

An even larger smile spread across Pepper's face as her fat tummy and chest area was washed by her momma.

"She's pretty much all squish," Pine gushed, "If it wasn't for the fact that I've seen her walk I'd refuse to believe she had bones,"

Claire, who was normally rather protective about certain aspects in regards to Pepper, allowed Pine to actually wash her a little. He took over with rubbing the soap into her belly and of course her delicate little limbs.

As they were washing Pepper both kittens came into the bathroom. Midnight placed her front paws
on the edge of the tub and curiously looked into the tub while Milo jumped up onto the counter and to a more aerial view.

"Don't you dare!" Claire warned the black kitten, wagging her finger at her.

Pine could see Middy's little bottom wiggling as she got ready to jump up onto the edge of the tub which would summon Milo to do the same damn thing!

He reached over and grabbed the feline, holding her up and telling her 'no!' before rubbing his nose against hers and placing her off to the side. "Bathtubs are not for kitties!"

"Can you please wash off her tummy for me?" Claire asked,

"Yeah, sure," he smiled, "It's like washing a newborn, ya?"

"Exactly," Claire grinned, "Lots of care and attention is needed to get Pep's clean. Until I have an actual baby these four-legged babies are my children,"

"Even after you have a baby of your own they'd always be your babies," Pine smiled, "You'll always be their momma. They look to you more than anyone else for care and affection."

"Yeah, I guess your right!" she happily smiled, dunking Pepper into the water fully and making sure that her head was above the water. "Here, take Pepper and place her in a towel, wrap her up and place her down on the bed. Gently rub her dry within the blanket. Usually, she'll bury herself in the towel afterwards and go to sleep. I'm going to take a shower and join you back in the bedroom,"

Chapter End Notes

I will be continuing Cous Connaitre soon. My lupus affects short term memory and I have to literally re-read what I've written so far just to refresh my memory. I actually have to usually re-read several chapters back before writing anything new. So if anyone sees any small inconsistencies in my writing - that's why. I simply forgot. It sucks but I work with it :)
*Pines point of view*

Tom summoning with a serious face and a stiff finger was a bit nerve-wracking. Instantly he tried to think of any serious offences he's committed against the pack or boundaries that he's overstepped. Nothing came to mind as he cautiously sat down in the spare chair in Tom's office.

"Close the door," the man spoke, sitting down in his own seat and tenting his fingers in front of his face in a brooding type of way.

Pine closed the door, locking it for good measure and loosening his body to try and seem as less threatening as possible.

Tom took a deep breath and slowly lowered his hands so they rested in his lap. He tilted his head back and rested it on the headrest while mindlessly spinning himself partially back and forth,

"It has come to my observations that Claire is getting ready to take things with you more...intimately," Tom stated, "And I want to set down a few guideline rules before the act itself comes to light. I've gone through this same song and dance with every other male in this house."

"Alright?" Pine replied with a bit of confusion. He never thought that this was the issue mainly because Claire's interest towards him was oblivious to him - as per usual when it's the opposite sex.

"Being intimate and making love with Claire is a privilege - it's not an entitlement," Tom told him sternly, "If I find that you're being too aggressive and pushing your self on her when it's not wanted, I will personally block you from her. Is that understood? Claire is running the show - not us."

"Yes, definitely," Pine agreed, offended that Tom would assume less than gentlemanly behaviour from him.

"Once you're done being intimate you will provide aftercare for her." Tom informed him, "That requires you to clean her off with a warm washcloth, make sure that she's alright and comfortable. Once clean you are to stay by her side until she wakes back up and it's appropriate to leave. Claire has a habit of coming then immediately going," he grinned,

Again, he was confused by this lecture because Pine wasn't exactly the type of man to behave in this type of behaviour.

"This isn't an attack on you personally," Tom assured him, "As I stated in the beginning, I have gone through this with every male in the house. I hold the same set of rules for myself as well. Do you have any questions for me?"

Some alpha's required them to report every single time they had sex. Pine thought it was a bit intrusive but it was a way of keeping track of who fathered what child. Personally, Pine was rather shy when it came to intimacy and wasn't very comfortable about doing this.

"I don't...I don't have to report...to you, do I?" Pine asked him nervously,

"No," Tom assured him, "I'd like to know when you two first do 'it' but after that, I honestly don't care - that's none of my business,"

Well, that was good to know and he thought that he could manage with the one time. He had never
really given the process behind Claire being intimate too much thought before. Clearly, he knew that she was because it was unavoidable when Claire disappeared with a member of the pack and returned a few hours later.

"Are you a virgin?" Tom asked curiously,

Pine cleared his throat and adjusted himself uncomfortable in the chair, "No, not exactly. I mean I have a few times." he admitted, "But I've never really had an active 'sex life' despite human females being very attractive to me,"

"Nothing wrong with that," Tom confirmed, "Without naming names for the sake of privacy between an alpha and his members, your not the only one whos been in that position. One of my members was a virgin. With that being said - Claire doesn't operate on a schedule. She doesn't have any favourites. Claire very much so acts on the principle of 'right time - right moment,' Even I've gone a week or two without sex. Sometimes she's not interested - period. And that's alright because it's her right to do that. Eventually, an intimate moment will come around. Remember, we have an immortal amount of time with her."

It was clear that Thomas was very protective of his Luna and had set out these guidelines for a reason. No man could ever measure up to the amount of respect and love an alpha could give, but, they could try their hardest to measure up to it. Pine had a lot of big shoes to fill out when approaching this part of his relationship.

So everything the man had said Pine agreed with and he wasn't going to cause a fuss or question anything. His own pack had a sort of similar operation to this one except reversed. His mother was the head female and his father's actual 'wife' but she wasn't a Luna and there were several other females below her that had produced children with his father - leaving Pine with several step-siblings.

"Much like Claire I don't believe in hierarchy and I acknowledge that everyone is useful in their own way as well as hold a power that the other doesn't," Tom informed him, breaking Pine's train of thought, "With that being said, being the alpha I am the leader of the pack and I wish that Claire's firstborn will be fathered by me."

"Understandable," he agreed,

Hell, Pine never expected to father a child period let alone Claire's so if he had to 'wait' his turn so be it. They had practically forever and if he had to wait till forever, well, that was better than never.

"Your investigation should be coming to a close," Tom pointed out, "Where are we with this and what are you planning on doing once you're too 'move' on from our pack?"

Ah yes, the elephant in the room. Pine had actually set off to the side and thought about his future plan of action. Periodically he had been going back to his own apartment and packing it up while checking on things. He couldn't simply hand in his report and then quit the same day. That would harbour suspicion and lead to an investigation which would uncover his inappropriate involvement with this pack and Claire.

"All the reports have been 'good' without being suspiciously too good," Pine answered, "I'm going to submit my final report and close the case as scheduled - however, I can't quite right away. I have to continue to work for a few more months, then I can walk away."

"Right, right," Tom muttered, rubbing the side of his jaw, "And what do you plan to do after that? Everyone has to pull their own weight to a certain degree. Claire looks after us, the household and
the pets while we go out and work to provide for her, the house and the pets."

"I have that degree in human social work I've shown you," Pine told him, "I'd like to work with at-risk youth and young adults. Maybe further that degree and get a degree in child psychology?"

"If that's what you want to do I can see about looking into an intern position that would eventually lead to full time. However, the connection that I have is a warlock. I don't know how you feel about working with a magical being,"

Pine shrugged his shoulders. His father and mother were suspicious of magical types but he had no issues with them. They had never done anything particularly grim or threatening to him or anyone he knows before. And unless you really piss them off or threaten them - the likelihood of them reacting negatively with magic is nil.

"I'll be fine,"

"Good, good talk," Tom smiled, nodding his head, "Remember what I said and be a little more vigilant when it comes to Claire cosying up to you. I've seen her try very hard to be affectionate with you and you seem oblivious or confused. Just let things come naturally. No one here is going to be upset with you if you touch or kiss her in front of us."
"I really need a smaller set of stairs to be built into the main staircase going to the upstairs floor and downstairs into the basement area," Claire informed them, adjusting Pepper in her lap.

Since no one seemed to understand what she was talking about Claire took a pen and drew a diagram of a hedgehog sized set of steps that led all the way upstairs.

Pepper usually wasn't in her cage unless she was in a bad mood, they weren't home or it was bedtime. Claire still wanted her hog to have the freedom to wander in her new home and not be limited by something. There was no way with her stubby little legs Pepper could climb the stairs safely in either direction. Claire had visions of her hedgehog falling down the stairs like a spikey bouncy ball.

"Don't give me that look!" Claire scoffed, picking Pepper up and holding her against her chest. "The cats have free range to the house why can't Pep? She can't get up and down the stairs safely. Do you want her to break her neck or a leg?!

There was a collective muttering of 'no' as they all agreed with her. In reality, Pepper probably wouldn't use it that often but she still needed a safe passage if they were to add several levels to the home.

Milo and Midnight tumbled and ran after each other in the kitchen. Their loud thumping and playful spitting caused Sebastian to chuckle, turning around a little and summoning a cat. It appeared that they were growing like weeds, well - there legs were anyways. They looked to be walking on stilts.

Midnight came first, trotting towards Seb and crawling into his lap, plopping herself down rather unladylike. Milo ignored Seb all together and disappeared under the living room table. Feet were tucked in right away so that the furry brat wouldn't attack them. Milo was very mischievous and often got into trouble by knocking something over, attacking something or simply getting into things like the kitchen cupboards. Midnight somewhat more behaved at the moment but she did break from peer pressure time to time and followed Milo's lead.

"We are still getting them spayed and neutered, right?" Sebastian asked, rubbing Midnight's cheek with his hands.

"Bloody hell, yes!" Chris pipped up, grabbing Milo from under the table and holding the feline on his lap. "We can't deal with a litter of Milo. And you know how affectionate they are with one another they'd definitely have a litter or two."

"They have an appointment to get their second set of shots next week. I'll ask the vet about that when we're there." Claire answered, thumbing through a design magazine.

Pepper was starting to wiggle in her embrace indicating that she wanted to be put down. Claire placed the hedgehog down on the ground and watched her waddle over to her toys where she entertained herself.

So far their home was starting to have a modern cabin type of look to it with lots of stone and wood on the inside and out. Tom, as well as Michael, was hoping to build a large fireplace in the living room so they could all gather there in the winter as the children played comfortably. Like a picture-
perfect hallmark moment but most definitely not Christian or wholesome.

"We need to get their nails snipped as well," Chris spoke as Milo climbed his way down the side of Tom's couch like a mini spiderman.

When the cats were literally clinging on the side of the furniture and you had to pry them off - they needed their nails snipped. Clipped but definitely not de-clawed. That was never an option in the first place but they still discussed it. Besides the fact that it was cruel they couldn't risk the fact that the cats would eventually get out of the house and they needed claws for protection.

Once Milo touched his paws down onto the ground he stretched and yawned, giving his best 'Tom cat cocky walk' to Claire. The animal crawled into her lap and began to clean his paws. With being close enough to Midnight he was able to allow himself a quick cat-nap.

Stroking the soft ginger fur with her hand she listened to the men talking back and forth as to what should be built where and how large the certain rooms were going to be. Even Pine was taking part in the conversation which was refreshing.

The bedrooms seemed to be the biggest headache right now because it was becoming apparent not everyone wanted to be on the same floor. Bedrooms, from what she gathered, like in any situation was that persons 'private' space and it was somewhat sacred. Not everyone wanted to be around someone else when they retreat to their private room.

For instants, Chris wanted to be on the basement floor furthest away from everyone but close enough to come running if he was needed. Michael and Sebastian, whose relationship was blossoming in a very healthy manner, wanted their shared bedroom on the main floor. Pine wanted to be upstairs where her and Tom's bedroom would be located which was fine. Claire wasn't entirely shocked by that announcement.

Until any future children were old enough to be on their 'own' they wanted to have a large bedroom connected to her and Tom's room where the children could be safe and close by. In the basement level and the main floor, there would be a few empty guest rooms that would eventually fill out with older children - or Sebastian if he wanted a break from Michael.

Hopefully, there would be a main washroom on every floor with a master bath in her and Tom's room. At first, they were playing around with the idea of maybe an in-law suite type set on the basement floor but that would require sealing off part of the floor which would make it useless so a small half-kitchen would be installed in the game room/family room so that Claire or whoever could make their energetic brood snacks between lego building or movie watching.

"I don't want the cats to be outside animals because I'm terrified that they'd get eaten," Claire stated for the umpteenth time. "I want a catio built so I can let them out but not invite bears or coyotes in. I also think we should build them a cat climbing...thing...in the living room,"

"What the hell is a catio?!" Michael asked her seriously, placing his beer down on the side table and trading it for a very sleepy Middy. Holding the feline to his chest protectively he watched as Seb got up and disappeared down the hall.

"Fancy outdoor cat jail," Pine smiled, looking up from his phone.

"Ah, I see! We can toss Pepper out there too when she's being a brat." Michael smirked, holding Midnight high in front of him while playfully kissing her chest before tucking her in beside him and the chairs side.
"No, we can't!" Claire spoke with a mock offence in her voice.

"What are we doing with our furniture?" Tom asked, biting his lower lip and flipping through the book which held various room plans.

"I think we could honestly use it in our new home. We all have an organic cohesive type of style. I can use what we have and arrange it so it's pretty," Claire answered. "Even my bedroom set is pretty much new including the mattress. We can place it in a spare room and eventually someone will use it.

The thought of her children using her bed in the future made her a little light headed. Speaking about babies and nurseries made Claire sad that all her baby clothes and heirlooms were back in Canada with her parents and she couldn't pass them down to them.

"We can send you with Pine across the border to retrieve that," Tom told her softly, nudging her a little with his shoulder. "Don't stress about it,"

Chapter End Notes

I don't want to really get into too much detail about the home in general right now - because, I have to get off my lazy fat arse and look for a home on the internet like I always do. I have a specific thing in mind and when I find it - I'll include the photos at the end notes as per usual.
“I have a problem,” Claire told Michael and Seb grimly once they were seated on Michael's bed. Despite Tom being her lover and the alpha Claire always had a special sort of bond with Sebastian and Michael for various reasons. With the two men together now it was bound that one would tell the other, so Claire may as well tell both of them at the same time.

“Your not pregnant, are you?” Sebastian asked, knowing full well that the last person she had sex with was him.

“No,” Claire told them truthfully, “No babies, I'm on my period right now.”

“What's wrong then? You know many months ago I promised to keep your secrets safe, you can tell me and Seb anything and we'll try our hardest to help.” Michael told her gently, holding her hand.

Claire hesitated for a moment before pursing her lips together. If she were human it wouldn't be such a big deal but because she was a wolf and a Luna somehow there was a gut instinct to keep this knowledge secure. As it was, Claire had mulled over telling anyone for close to two weeks now but seeing how it wasn't getting any better - she had to address it.

“I can't see...well,” Claire finally admitted weakly, a crestfallen expression on her face. “My vision is the same as it was when I wore glasses as a human. Everything is blurry...I'm getting headaches, my eyes hurt. When I'm turned over I can see perfectly fine.”

The moment she finished speaking there were four sets of hands on her face in various spots, and two very concerned doctors looking at her eyes. Claire felt nervous and boxed in a bit. Shaking off their hands she adjusted her shirt and stepped back a few inches.

“How many fingers am I holding up?” Seb asked, placing his fingers uncomfortably close to her face.

Gently Claire took hold of his wrist and pushed his hand off to the side and away from her face. “Two, and when your hand is that close I don't have any problems. Its when you're further away I have problems. I found my glasses in my stuff but they don't work anymore,” she sighed.

“Tom doesn't know, does he?” Mike asked with concern.

“No! And I don't want him to either. If he finds out I can't fucking see I'll never be let out if the house on my own!” Claire told them with excitement in her voice. “We have to fix this without him knowing!”

Seb and Mike looked at each other with hesitation. She was asking a lot of them with keeping this secret but for her future freedom - they couldn't let him know, or anyone else for that matter because Chris and Pine would definitely tell him with non-malicious intentions.

“Look,” Michael reasoned with her as Sebastian went back to checking her eyes with a doctor's precision, “We understand where you're coming from. And I can take you back to James on the down low but we have to tell Tom eventually.”
“Hopefully it’s a problem that is easily fixable,” Sebastian added, tilting her head back so he could see her eyes in the light a bit better. “And if it is, we won't tell Tom. We’ll…” he hesitated,

“Act as if it never happened,” Michael finished, “But if it's something serious we have to tell him. It's not affecting your wolf right now but it might in the future. Our vision is very very important to us and without it, we're considered significantly crippled.”

Claire scowled with hearing this. Right away her dreams of leaving the house on her own were shattered. As it was Tom was hesitant to let her out of the home on her own and as far as he knew - she was perfectly fine.

“I was perfectly fine until my accident and I was a wolf for much longer than usual. When I turned back my eyesight was alright except my eyes hurt.” Claire told them in detail, her hands on her hips. After all - they were doctors, “I figured I was just tired. My eyes began to water a lot more and I found that I was rubbing them a bit too much. Slowly my eyes started to revert back to his they were before.”

“You weren’t wearing glasses when we met you,” Sebastian stated, “Or any time after that.”

“I was wearing contacts,” Claire confessed, “I had the lens case in my bag. Tom knows about it because he riffled through my purse when we were at your cabin to get a hold of my wallet.”

“Oh, ok,” Michael spoke, “I honestly had no idea you had eye problems,”

“But that should be cured with turning over - right? Especially since I had literally the perfect fucking vision from the time I turned over until like, two weeks ago!”

Michael pinched the bridge of his nose in agitation with learning how much time has passed. “I'm going to pretend I didn't hear that you kept up a very convincing charades for two weeks,” he told her seriously, “I don't care what ails you-you cannot hide something like that for that long! You have to tell someone, anyone! What would have happened if you went blind because you didn't say something sooner and we could have prevented it earlier on?”

Sebastian took a less lecturer type approach and gave her a weak smile. “Claire, love. Our hearing, smell and vision are three of the most important things we have. It's not typical for us to have problems with these simply due to genetics. When they do arise we have to address it right away, love.”

None of this was making her feel any better. She was hoping that they'd tell her it was some type of eye infection common to their kind and with antibiotic drops it'll clear up. Now they were telling her she was essentially fucked genetically. Well, of course, she's be the only fucking one with eye problems, why not? It seemed like she was the only wolf with bloody depression when Claire went to James the first time. The wolf doctor was surprised to hear of her mental issues.

“you're not having any other problems, are you?” Mike asked,

“What?! No, no I'm not! I'm just pretty much blind right now. Everything's fuzzy or in doubles!” Claire stressed, pacing a bit in front of the bed. “James is going to think I'm a genetic fuck-up!” She scowled, “First mental issues, now eyes? I shouldn't even have pups! Lord knows what I'd give them.”

“I know your upset and scared, but, you're being ridiculous.” Michael told her, “I'm not an expert in the medical health of our kind. If you were human I'd say you just needed a minor corrective surgery or a stronger eyeglass prescription. But we’re not human and it's complicated because of it.”
“I have some knowledge and I think it may be a fault in transition. When you switch from wolf to human everything has to transfer back again. Sometimes we don't transfer things correctly and there's...oh let's say 'a corrupted file' in the system that needs to be fixed. James would know how to correct this error.” Sebastian offered, getting a nod in agreement from Mike.

“I'm going to try and get us an appointment for tomorrow on an emergency basis. It's really late now and if we go now Tom would be suspicious nevermind, Chris.” Michael assured her. “I have the day off, I can take you under the guise of shopping. Tom will be at work and everyone else would accept that as an answer.”

Claire felt like she was being sneaky but there was just no way Tom could know about this. Tom would blow a fuse and then break into a mad scramble to 'fix it’ Mass chaos would ensue and Claire's Luna really really didn't want her household in shambles like that.

“Thank you,” Claire sighed in relief, bowing slightly to show respect and submission. “If Tom finds out between now and then I'll make sure to keep you out of it.”

“Thanks,” they spoke in unison.

“I don't particularly want my ass kicked,” Mike chuckled, “Because Tom would kick my ass - literally. And he's really vicious and nasty when he wants to be.”

Chapter End Notes
Chapter 107

Claire had only walked into their bedroom for a moment before Tom turned to her, called her name and promptly tossed something at her. Luckily it was soft because she completely missed the mark due to her vision and the item hit her square in the face.

“Thought so,” Tom muttered under his breath, “So, when were you going to tell me exactly that you’re having vision problems?” He asked, cupping her cheeks in his hands and getting a good look at her eyes.

“You know?” She admitted, confirming the issue either way.

“You my soul,” Tom told her, drawing her up for a kiss. “It’s my job to be observant. I’ve noticed that your dropping things, your squinting and refusing to read things off in the distance. I didn’t say anything because I was waiting for you to do so. I’m a bit disappointed that you hadn’t to be honest.”

“I’m just... I’m scared and my Luna is hesitant to admit that we have a problem. I’m scared that I’ll be outcasted and labelled sick.” Claire admitted honestly, her voice faulting a bit.

He gave her a sympathetic look and stroked her cheek with his thumb. Strong arms placed themselves around her and Tom gave her a reassuring hug.

“You’ll be alright. You have me and our pack. No one here is going to kick you out or think less of you.” Tom told her.

“You kinda can’t because I am the Luna...” she giggled nervously,

“Well, that too!” He playfully smiled, “But in all seriousness, we have to get you checked out. I can’t have you being impaired, period. Whether you’re a pure human or one of us. The doctor inside me is screaming while my wolf is literally clawing at the walls.”

A cat was weaving between her bare legs and she was able to look down and see a blurry mass of orange. The kittens were easy to distinguish between - Pepper? Not so much. The various shades of brown and creme that her hedgehog had on her body blended in nicely with the sawdust. Claire really had to squint her eyes to make out Peps shape just so she could pick her up and not get a handful of sawdust and an offended hedgehog.

“Who else knows?” Claire asked, carefully bending down to pick up Milo.

“Everyone pretty much knows we just hadn’t said anything because it’s a sensitive situation and we figured you were struggling with it. Naturally, our instincts tell us to hide any sickness. We share the exact same instincts as a wolf you’d find in the wild. We’re distance cousins actually. We share some of their DNA.” Tom explained to her, “In a real wolf pack out in the wild - a sick or injured wolf, depending on how bad it is, is cast to the side for fear of it bringing sickness or harm to the pack. We retain that fear ourselves and that’s what makes you not want to be forthcoming with that ails you.”

Claire laid down on the bed and placed Milo next to Midnight, who was sleeping on her own above the pillows. With them growing a bit older every day they were starting to become more independent and did things on their own. It wasn’t uncommon to see them sleeping in separate rooms at the same time of day.

“Tom,” Claire asked with hesitation,
“Yes?” He answered, turning to her.

“How exactly did werewolves come to be? No one's explained that to me. We couldn't of just magically appeared under God's creation, did we?” Claire asked, ashamed that she hadn't asked sooner.

“Lots of theories behind that but no one knows for sure because no one bothered to write it down when it first happened. Or, if they had it would be lost in translation.” Tom told her, taking off his briefs and exchanging them for loose fitting boxers.

Annoyance came over her with not being able to make out Tom’s nudity. All Claire saw was a bit of dark red hair and a misshapen appendage that could either be his penis or his upper thigh.

“Personally I tend to believe the theory that a warlock or witch had cast a spell on a wolf and turned it into a human. Why? I don't know, perhaps the wolf was their best friend and they wanted a companion the wolf couldn't provide while an animal? Either way, they cast the spell and for whatever reason, it wasn't taken off. That wolf then went on to mate and the spell was passed down to their heirs.”

That was plausible but then that opened the can of worms regarding magical beings. A can that Claire couldn't even comprehend right now.

“There are other theories by wolves who refuse to believe that we were created by magic. Theories that make no sense because we physically predate it.” Tom continued, lovingly adjusting Peppers thin blanket over her cage so that the light wouldn't disturb the animal. “Genetic modification, cross DNA, other crackpot bullshit involving the government. In hindsight, I think magic would be our best bet. Warlocks and witches do have the ability to turn people into animals as a curse, so why can't they turn an animal into a person? If I remember correctly - there is an ancient spell that's no longer in use because of unreliability due to age and multiple translations, that roughly translates to something that you'd use to create us. The spell is from the late 1500s I believe. That's the time we have confirmed to first exist.”

Claire pondered for a moment before asking the somewhat taboo question, “Could the witch or warlock turn their wolf into a human because they loved them and was lonely? And they then...ugh, made love and had children?”

“Most likely,” Tom agreed,

“And we're the product of those children but because we're currently so removed from our origins the magic part is bred out?”

“That's what I think but I can't go saying it out loud. Wolves like Chris who are very mistrusting of magical beings would go insane if they heard that theory.” Tom told her, “It scares them to think that the thing they're quite fearful of is really a part of them - no matter how much it's removed.”

“Is this why your such good friends with Richard and Lee?” Claire yawned,

“Nah, I'm friends with them because they're good people, plus, I wasn't raised the way Chris was. Our family had always been friendly with magical types as well as other supernatural beings. You take the good with the bad. Just like humans, there's decent members and terrible ones.” Tom told her, kissing her forehead, “You can't paint a whole group with one paint brush. You should ask Pine how our council works with other supernatural councils to assure that we stay protected from human detection. If one group gets discovered we'll all eventually get discovered and nothing good can come from that for anyone.”
She knew it! There had to have been a mass conspiracy to keep themselves protected or they'd have 'found' them by now. She wondered how many 'crackpot' theories regarding the human government were actually real. For all, she knew that crazy person with the tinfoil hat could be right all along and the government was using the idea that they'd think the person was simply nuts to get away with it. All this thinking was making her head hurt.

“I'll call in the morning and book you an appointment with James. I want your eyes looked at as soon as possible. Too much time has passed as it is and he's going to chew my ass off.” Tom sighed, “Can we promise that the next time something is wrong you come and tell me?”

“Yes,” she sheepishly agreed, embarrassed at her own insecurities.
*Tom's point of view*

There was tension between him and Michael as they waited for James to enter the room. He kept looking at the Irishman expecting him to admit that he made this appointment because Claire had gone to him before Tom. But the man remained stoic and upright in his seat never cracking.

Claire sat on the same examining bed as before - kicking her feet back and forth nervously. For the first time, Claire actually clung to his arm for guidance as he walked her into the medical building.

“You're going to be fine,” Tom assured her, reaching out and patting her thigh lightly.

“I'm sure it's nothing serious,” Michael added with a gentle smile.

James knocked on the door a few times before letting himself in. Claire's file was tucked up under his arm and he bypassed them all to his desk, sitting down behind it and opening the file.

“Eyes,” he spoke with a smooth Scottish accent, “I think I want to do a full physical of Claire today as she's turned over.” He informed them, looking up at the file - shaggy dark red hair falling into his eyes a bit. “I didn't get a chance to see her wolf last time.” James added. "First things first - your medication, are they working? Do they need adjusting?"

“I'm good,” Claire admitted happily, “I take them daily every morning with my coffee.”

“Good, good. I'm glad to hear that. Do you need a refill?"

“Yes please,”

“I'll write you a 3-month prescription this time,” James told her, visibly happy that his previous doctoring was working. “Claire, how about you tell me what's going on?”

Claire took a deep breath and told him exactly what was happening. James listened and nodded his head, coming to stand before her and taking possession of Claire's cheeks with his hands. He tilted her head up and got a good look at her irises, pulling her eyelids open gently to see more of her eyeball.

“I'm going to leave the room and you're going to turn over for me. When you're ready, one of you pop your head out the door and call for me,” James told them.

“I'm ugh…I'm on my period so…” Claire told him nervously,

“Oh, ok. Nevermind then. When you're done your monthly I want you to come back so I can examine your wolf.” James agreed, he leaned against the examination table beside Claire casually and turned a bit, addressing all three, “What Claire has is a genetic disorder caused 'Dysplasia' which literally means 'Displaced’ it’s slowly starting to show in more and more younger wolves and generally inherited from the female side of the family.”

“Is it serious?” Tom asked, heartbroken that there was an actual name for her problem.

“No,” James answered, “It's tricky though because it doesn't happen every time she turns over. Claire
could turn over a hundred times and not have an issue - and yet, she could turn over several times in a row and experience an issue every single time.”

“Is it a loss in translation type of things?” Claire asked anxiously,

“Pretty much,” James agreed, “You could have a problem with your vision, hearing, sense of smell or even your joints. It just depends on what doesn't go smoothly. The good news is - it's relatively easy to cure. Normally if you shift back over for a day or two and then back to human form it'll correct itself.”

“Well that's a relief.” Tom sighed heavily, rubbing the back of his neck.

“Can I...my babies can't get it...will they?” Claire asked with fear, James hesitated for a moment which made everyone nervous for the answer. No one wanted to hear that their children were pre-dispositioned for a medical condition, period. Let alone when they were supposed to be 100% healthy from birth by genetic traits.

“We don't know much about it just yet because it is relatively new. As it stands there's about a 25% chance of passing it to your offspring. So let's say, hypothetically - if you have 8 children one of them is bound to have it or at the very least a grandchild.” a crestfallen look upon Claire's face caused James to sympathize, “It’s not your fault and it doesn't make you a bad momma. It's more of an inconvenience than a life-threatening disorder.”

“How does it affect her joints exactly?” Michael asked with concern,

“Dislocations that are easily put back into place. Painful but not hindering.” James answered, “Your hearing may go in one ear, or both. Perhaps it's fuzzy and you feel like there's water in your ear. With your sense of smell, we found that you'll feel stuffed-up as if you have a cold.”

“What are the odds of it happening again though?” Claire asked hoping for a more detailed answer.

“It’s unpredictable. You could go months upon months with no issues and then turn back and have an issue. How many times have you turned over with no problems?” James asked her, fingers examining her lymph nodes and behind her ears.

“Oh geez, at least a 100 times,” Claire answered, turning her head to allow James to continue massaging her flesh.

Tom swallowed his alpha possessiveness and watched as James smoothed his hands down her rib cage and back up under her breasts and over her tummy. He knew that he was looking for abnormalities but it appeared to be intimate. Even Michael was struggling with sitting down and watching it. Especially since Claire seemed to be enjoying it.

“I was told that you dislocated your elbow a few weeks ago due to an accident?” James asked, gently taking hold of her forearm and upper arm, manoeuvring her arm back and forth to see the joint move. “How is that doing?”

“Fine,” she told him. “Seb treated me holistically, he did a good job.”

“Best thing for that type of injury,” James agreed, “When you're finished your cycle and turn over, I want to know the end results if it's corrected itself. If it hasn't I'll come and look at you.” James asked them seriously, “The next time you turn back and experience any sort of issue I want to be called. I would like to monitor Claire and take notes. As I said, it's new and we doctors want to gather as much info as possible so we can find a cure or learn how to treat it better.”
“That's fine,” Claire sighed in defeat, allowing James to extend her leg and push it back - viewing her knee movement.

This was a lot of things for Tom to process right now and he was fighting the instinct to not grab Claire and run. Regardless of whether her condition was serious or not Tom didn't want Claire to have it. He was upset that she was befallen with this and knew it would lower her self-esteem even more now. This combined with her depression and anxiety couldn't be good.

“I guess this just makes you even more special?” Michael commented hopeful, trying to lighten the mood.

“Very much so,” James agreed. “I understand that it's a lot to take in, but, think of it this way - with me studying you and taking notes we could potentially find a cure to help other wolves.”

“My eyes hurt,” Claire told them dejected, raising her hands up to rub them.

“I have a medication for that but it'll make your eyeballs go numb,” James told her.

“Excuse me?!” Claire blurted out, taken back completely by that statement.

“We use it for surgery,” Michael explained to her. “The drops numb the eyes so we can perform surgery. It's not as gruesome as you'd think. It'll just take away the pain.”

“I want to go home and I want to go to bed,” Claire sulked, “I feel like butt.”

Claire hopped off the table and excused herself leaving Tom and Michael alone with James. Her subtle temper-tantrum afforded them the opportunity to speak to James man to man.

“Let her pout, let her sulk for a few days,” James told them once the door was closed. “After she's through with her monthly, have her turn over. Keep her that way for a few days then shift back. All the problems that dysplasia brings are when they turn back to human - not the other way so the transition that way should be smooth.”

“Alright,” Tom agreed, taking mental notes,

“Once she's shifted back to a human let me know the results. I won't need to see her until her next appointment unless she's shifted back and for whatever reason, the problem persists.” He added, “Any questions?”

When Tom and Pine read through Claire's great great grandmother's files they never came across any mention of issues. In fact, they all assumed because Galina was such hardy stock Claire would have good genes.

“What causes the dysplasia?” Tom asked, slightly stressed,

“We're not entirely on an agreement with one specific cause, but, personally I think it has to do with...well, you and I share the same theory of creation.” James spoke, side-eyeing Mike nervously, “And I think it's a glitch in the underlining spell, a missing part that doesn't allow us to shift smoothly all the time. Think of a CD with a scratch on it. Sometimes the music skips and sometimes it doesn't.”

“What about her organs?” Michael asked seriously, leaning forward and allowing his elbows to rest on his thighs, “We know things internally change as well. What are the odds of her intestines getting knotted or stretched?”
“No known cases reported so far.” James answered, “You’re a surgeon, you’d know what to look for. If she does so happen to run into that issue, which I doubt, proceed with surgery and fix the issue as protocol calls. She’d recover as normal.”

“That's utterly terrifying,” Tom confessed,

“As I said,” James defended, “It's not reported in a known 10 thousand cases as of date. It's most likely to affect her senses and joints,”

“Yeah,” Michael snickered sarcastically, “This is Claire we’re talking about. If there's a first for anything she'll do it.”

“Then I guess it's a good thing she's got two amazing surgeons and a handful of Drs to look after her,” James told them. “She’ll be fine, trust me.”

Chapter End Notes

I promise you there will be drama with Claire in regards to her great-great grandmother. I've just been dragging my ass, like your dog (or cat) with an itchy butt across your carpet, in writing it down. I'm building up to it (Essentially) You know everything fits in place with everything like a puzzle piece.
*Sebastian's point of view*

Michael had told him in text what was going on and because he already knew this knowledge, he was tasked with watching Claire while Tom and Mike tried to explain this situation to Pine and Chris. Chris even more so than Pine because of his possessive nature towards Claire.

“What are you looking for?” Seb asked her, observing Claire squinting as she rooted around the cupboards for something.

“Wine, alcohol, anything that will get me drunk,” Claire replied seriously, slamming the cupboard door with frustration when she couldn't find any.

Sebastian had never seen Claire in throws of a 'Crisis’ before and he was alarmed to see how easily she crumbled. He stepped back and watched her move to the other side of the kitchen and riffle through the cupboards once more. He didn't know if he should tell Claire that all the booze was locked in Tom's locked liquor cabinet.

“I really, really need a drink!” Claire pleaded through stress, her hands clutching her hair as she stood up and looked at him.

“I don't think you should do that,” Seb told her apprehensively.

Technically Claire outranked him and he couldn't deny anything she asked of him, but, there had to be a limit to that rule. Him not allowing her to self-medicate with something somewhat toxic.

“Well, I think I do! I just learnt I'm a genetic freak. I need something to calm my nerves.” Claire sassed, completely out of character and throwing Seb off a little.

Now Claire was a very strong young woman and whether she realized that or not. She could easily rip the lock off the cabinet with her fingertips if she wanted. Claire found the thigh-high cabinet and slid down to her shines before fanning out her legs and jiggling the lock.

Seb shuffled to the cabinet and looked down at her and waited for her next move. Claire eyed the lock and tugged on it a bit more with force.

“I wouldn't do that,” Seb warned, “That's an antique and if you rip the locking mechanism off Tom will tan your hide.”

Claire looked up at him, glaring in an attempt to physically see him.

“If you get up I'll give you a shot of vodka from my own stash.” Seb bartered,

Slowly Claire got up off the ground and followed him out Tom's apartment, down the hall and into his suite. He could feel her holding onto the back of his t-shirt for guidance as they moved. Once inside he closed the door and reached up to the cabinet above his fridge, pulling out a bottle of cherry flavoured vodka and a shot glass.

As he promised he poured her a shot glass full of vodka and pushed it to her. Without much thought Claire picked it up and downed the liquor, demanding another like an irritated bar patron. Rolling his eyes he poured her another and held the bottle away from her.
“Give me the bottle,” Claire demanded,

“Not on your best day,” Sebastian replied, “your upset, I get that. It’s hard News to process but getting drunk isn’t going to help.”

“Yes, it is!” Claire whined, making a grab for the bottle once more.

“If you get drunk Tom and Chris will kick my butt and they’ll make your hangover a living nightmare,” Sebastian told her seriously. “Now come, let’s try and be adults here…”

She soured and slammed her hands down on the countertop in frustration. Seb jumped a little, startled at her aggression and stood up straight. His brows narrowed a bit in the middle.

“You have got to get yourself under control and stop acting like a bloody train wreck!” Sebastian lectured, pointing his finger at her. “It's tough, we'll get through it - we always do. You can't crumble now, Claire, please.”

He had never addressed her in such a manner before and Claire was stunned. Dramatically she leaned back a little and blinked.

“What? Excuse me?!” Seb asked, unsure of whether he had heard her correctly,

“Medical marijuana, pot, weed, dope, whacky tobacky…” she listed casually, waving a hand around.

Clearly, the two shots of straight vodka had gone to her head.

“No,” Sebastian told her completely stunned and a bit confused,

“You know who would have weed?” Claire asked, wagging her index finger at Seb from across the kitchen island, “Lee, Lee would have weed. They seem the type to smoke it. I can get some off of them.”

Claire turned on her heel and attempted to leave his apartment. Seb caught her wrist with his free hand and prevented her from doing so.

“Baby, don’t be this way, please?” Seb pleaded, “We know you're scared - we’re all scared. But we’ll get through this. It's especially hard right now because it's so raw but tomorrow after a good long sleep it won't seem so bad.”

“Just wanted it to be a simple infection so badly!” Claire broke down, going somewhat limp in front of him.

Sebastian put the bottle down and embraced her. Claire's knees buckled and he eased them both to the kitchen floor where she collapsed into his lap. Arms securely around her body he tucked Claire's head in under his chin and rocked her. Slow and steady Claire sobbed as the realization of her genetic boo-boo finally hit her fully.

“It’s alright, my sweet Luna we all love and care for you.” Sebastian murmured, kissing the side of her head while rubbing his hand on her upper arm.

“But what about babies? No one is going to have babies with me because I can give this to them!” Claire sobbed, the alcohol playing heavily in her emotional state.
“That's not true at all!” Sebastian assured her, pulling back so he could look at her, “I'll have children with you as well as everyone else in the pack. We love you - we know it's not your fault. Our pups probably won't even be affected at all.”

“I'm a horrible pain in the ass!” She cried, burying her face in his shirt. Her tears were creating a wet spot on his shirt. “I don't work, I can't fucking see and I'm practically sickly! What good am I!”

Above him, Tom stood listening to Claire wail in a fit of self-pity. All they could do was stare at one another as she went off on her emotional roller coaster. They'd let her cry it out for now. The alcohol combined with her new health condition had made Claire overly emotional which meant she was speaking nonsense. Hopefully, after she's slept for a bit Claire would feel better and not be so harsh on herself.

“Oh Claire, you'll be alright,” Tom spoke finally, “Come on love, let's get you to bed for a bit of a rest.”

“I want my animals!” She stated, sniffling as Tom helped ease her up off of Seb and onto her feet.

“Yes, love, of course.” Tom agreed, exchanging a knowing look with Sebastian.

Quite frankly Claire was a mess. Her eyes were bloodshot from the crying, eye strain and alcohol while her hair was dishevelled and her shirt was twisted. She looked like a mini drunk hobo stumbling around the back streets. It was disturbing to see her in such a vulnerable state.

Tom held onto one arm and he held the other. The moment they entered Tom's apartment three sets of eyes turned to fixate on her. For the most part, Claire's head was down and her hair obscured her eyes making her vision even more disrupted.

Sebastian had read Tom mutely say 'Sedate her' to Chris as they passed by the living room and entered the bedroom. Sebastian agreed that she needed to be sedated at this point. It was clear that she was very impulsive and not making good decisions at the moment.

Chris, him or Michael was licensed to give anyone a shot of sedation but Sebastian would prefer if Chris or Mike did it. He didn't have much experience with administering something that powerful like they did. The drugs that Chris and Michael used, rarely mind you, were registered to them - not Sebastian. Mike and Chris were very 'by the book' surgeons and wouldn't do anything to risk their licenses.

The way Claire fell on the bed was sort of perfect because Chris could pull down her pants and give her a shot in the bum. The lumbering giant came into the room with a syringe and a very small amount of clear liquid. It was so small that Seb wasn't sure if it would really do much.

Mentally the blonde counted to three before grabbing hold of her pants, pulling them down and stabbing her plush cheek gingerly. He shot the medication into her body and pulled the needle back - covering her bum. In lean of protesting verbally, Claire grunted loudly.

Sebastian looked at Tom and then to Chris, back to Claire and then to Tom. Cautiously he stripped down to his boxer briefs and crawled into bed defensively, bundling a sleeping Claire up into his arms protectively and lowering his head, glaring and challenging anyone to mess with him. His sweet Luna was in a bad spot and Sebastian vowed to protect her in her time of need and he wasn't about to go back on that now.

Tom must have understood where he was coming from because he covered them with the folded blanket and left the room, closing the door partially.
“I've got you, my sweet girl. You can still trust me to protect you when you need it,” he soothed lovingly. “I promised you I would when we first met, and I'll promise you for eternity.” Sebastian sealed his statement with a gentle kiss on her forehead - settling himself down for a long rest with a sleeping Claire wrapped in his embrace. The perfect place for her right now.
*Tom's point of view*

'This is ridiculous' Tom thought while adjusting Claire on top of his body. Yes, on top of his body. When you have four men that want to hold her at the same time and another comfortable with staying by the door on 'guard' duty, you had to come up with an interesting compromise.

Above all else, Claire was his mate and he had the sole rights to hold her in her hour of need. That wasn't going to fly in a wolf pack and Tom had to place Claire on top of his body so that Chris and Sebastian had access to her at the same time as him.

Claire was still asleep and doing her best frog impression as her legs rested on either side of his hips on the mattress and her arms were around his back - hugging him. Her nose was pressed into the crook of Tom's neck and the hot air of her breath fanned out over his skin. His own arms draped around her bum keeping the blankets in place and giving her some modesty in this tricky state.

Chris was uncomfortably close to his side with a large hand on her back while Sebastian gave Tom some space but he was close enough to press his leg against Claire's and keep a hand on her shoulders. Michael curled up behind Sebastian and Pine was stretched out in the chase lounge by his door.

It had surprised him greatly that the usually very passive omega chose to take a more aggressive role. Every time he looked over at the man he couldn't help but chuckle because of the setup.

Poor Pine had two sleeping kittens on his lap and a sleeping hedgehog on his upper chest - flat on her belly with her nose pointing toward. One of Pines' hands were resting on the cats and the other cupped Peppers backside so she won't slide down his body.

"Animals love me," Pine spoke softly, addressing Tom, "I can see that," Tom answered just as softly, "It's because of your gentle soul."

Chris turned his head back to look at Pine, an amused look on his face as it appeared the man was outcasted from the rest of the pack. Tom wasn't going to correct him because he needed time to stand up for himself.

"I can be aggressive when I want to be." Pine snapped at the blonde, "I'm guarding the door because I choose to. Not because I'm not part of this pack! Someone has to do it while your sleeping on the job!"

Chris was stunned at getting his ass chewed out by Pine and promptly turned back around, defeated and unwilling to get into a verbal match of wits. Which, honestly was probably a good idea to get now. Pine appeared to be on edge with being on watch duty.

"Are you writing down in her file about this illness?" Tom asked him.

Pine looked up from Pep who was starting to stir a little. "Do you want me too?"

Tom thought about that for a second. Technically he should report it seeing the circumstances behind
the actual disorder itself, but, he felt that Claire would be very upset if the whole world had the knowledge of this.

“No,” Tom replied sincerely, “James knows about it as well as the board of doctors. I don't think anyone else needs to know.”

“I agree,” Pine replied, stroking Pepper who had curled herself a little against his chest. “I never knew Pepper had a little tail,” he smirked, holding the pink nub on his finger. Pepper wiggled her little tail a bit in response.

“It's like a little hamster tail,” Tom chuckled, “She must not like it touched,” he noted, taking his hand away as Pepper began to get grumpy.

“Sensitive I think,” Tom answered. “In all seriousness, while sleeping beauty is still sleeping - what are we going to do about her issue?”

“We can't really do anything,” Michael mumbled, stretching out behind Sebastian before hooking his arm around the man's waist and tucking himself in close. “And that's what's hard. With other...issues...we can at least prevent it from medication or a procedure. This is literally a shot in the dark.”

“We can't limit her,” Chris spoke with a sigh, “If we try we’ll hit a brick wall.”

“We have to limit her to a certain degree,” Tom argued.

“How exactly?” Michael countered, “We can't limit her unless something is wrong and we don't know if something is wrong until she turns back to human.”

“All we really can do is watch her after she's turned back and make sure she's alright,” pine piped up, both kittens awake now and sleepily looking at the bed. “If she has an issue - we deal with it. I'm now thinking about going back to school for werewolf medicine because of this problem. I want to be able to help more than guarding the door.”

“You're perfectly fine with what you do now,” Sebastian assured him. “You don't need a medical degree. It’s not a pack policy. The only reason why we’re in this occupation is that that's what our fathers do and we sort of have to do it.”

“Well, that's one reason,” Chris muttered, “But no, you don't need to jump ship and spend the next 6 years obtaining a degree when you have a perfectly fine one.”

“Let's get back to discussing Claire while we can safely do so,” Tom spoke, defusing the situation. “There isn't much we can do before it happens but we can certainly handle it after it happens.”

“We should probably call James as he requested,” Michael spoke, raising his legs up a bit to spoon behind Seb.

There was a long silent pause in the room as each man thought about their own fears in regards to Claire's little...hiccup. Tom knew that it was partially unspoken because of the topic but children was a problem they all thought of. Personally - he didn't see the disorder to be 'that' serious. He'd certainly risk having children with Claire, but, wolves like Chris who were used to being a very strong and pure bloodline may be hesitant.

“What about...babies?” Chris asked with hesitation, almost as if he heard Tom’s mental thoughts.
“The risk of passing it on to children is apparently low.” Michael defended her, “I mean - look at Galina. How many he stations passed before Claire ended up with it?”

“Claire is the only wolf to proceed Galina out of how many?” Chris countered passively,

“I don't think it'll be a problem either way. It's an inconvenient condition but it's not life-threatening. With the way we heal and our pain tolerance, it'll be a mild annoyance.” Sebastian offered.

“I don't mind taking that risk with Claire,” Pine told them - which was mighty bold considering his current standing. “I know that one of her biggest fears is not being able to have babies because you'd all reject the notion.”

“That's true,” Seb agreed, “That's one of the problems she was crying over.”

“I'm certainly not denying her,” Mike agreed, “Especially since I know the odds are low of any offspring inheriting it. And hopefully, when grandbabies come around they'd have found a cure.”

“Grandbabies,” Tom muttered, his mind blown that eventually he'll be a grandfather despite probably only physically looking to be in his 40s.

“I'm not ready to even comprehend grandchildren,” Sebastian grimaced, “Having a baby in the house - period, is a massive mind fuck.”

“That first one is going to be a special one, that's for sure.” Chris agreed,

Milo and Middy jumped down from Pine and stretched before wandering off casually into the living room. Pepper was awake but she was grooming herself while Pine provided her with a solid platform with his forearm.

Claire started to stir and he could feel her heartbeat increase. Brushing all the foreign hands off her Tom cupped her bum and pushed her up while sitting up himself.

“I'm gonna barf,” she whispered dryly, burping a few times and making the gagging motion.

Chris grabbed the wastebasket just in time for Claire to vomit into it. The sound of her being sick was a bit alarming and had everyone on alert.

“Alright little one,” Tom told her, “Let's get into the shower. Your running a fever,”

“It’s from the medicine leaving her body. They all barf when it runs out,” Chris groaned, rolling onto his stomach and stretching. “Take her to the shower, let the cold water hit her for a bit and she’ll be fine.”

"It's not from combining drugs and alcohol?" Pine asked curiously,

"Nah, the dose I gave her really did fuck-all in the grand scheme of things. It was just enough for her wolf to lay down and go to sleep for a bit," Chris replied, looking at the man.

“Ok, I know I'm just a gynaecologist but I'd like to use my other medical knowledge and treat her only own,” Tom asked, stopping Mike and Sebastian from entering the bathroom. “It’s nothing personal, I just never get a chance to tend to her nowadays,”

“Oh no, I understand,” Mike told him followed by Sebastian,

“I won't interfere,” Chris yelled from the bed,

“I wouldn't know how even if I wanted too,” Pine sulked.
“I have some medical textbooks from school you could read,” Sebastian offered, “If anything it'll give you a heightened knowledge of first aid.”

“Yes, thank you!” Tom heard Pine agree before putting on the water.

'thank god they're all getting along,' he thought, “Alright little lady, let's get you all better.” He smiled as Claire placed herself on the shower floor.

Chapter End Notes

Itty bitty tail!
With her legs draped over his Claire revelled in the feeling of cold water hitting her dizzy and overheated body. Eyes tightly closed she mentally traced Tom's hand as it slid up and down her wet thigh and calf, stopping at her ankle and working itself back to her hip.

“I feel so terrible,” Claire groaned, opening her mouth to get some of that cool water. Her mouth was dry and Claire felt like she had eaten a bowl of cotton balls.

The last thing she remembered was taking two shots of vodka and sobbing in an emotional heap on Sebastian's floor. The cringe caused her to grimace physically. Hopefully, he wouldn't think she was a massive disaster.

“It’s the medicine we used to sedate you.” Tom informed, “You were like a tornado about to collide with a volcano.”

“I don't remember,” Claire bashfully replied, “My eyes are still messed up,”

“You asked Sebastian for weed,” Tom chuckled, padding her thigh, “I swear to god he nearly died from shock!”

Claire chuckled with a bit of nervousness and rubbed the back of her neck. “We don't...have any, do we?”

Tom stopped chuckling and looked at her curiously. He was trying to see if she was joking or not. “No,” Tom answered slowly, “But I could find some easily if you want it. No one else smokes it due to...work related issues. But, I'd be a liar if we didn't pass a joint around when we were teenagers.”

“Even Chris?” Claire asked in disbelief,

“No, he's always had a bit of a stick up his ass,” Tom laughed softly before switching back to serious, “If I get you some pot you have to promise me you'll only use it to relax or to combat pain. I'm not getting you something for you to abuse and use as a crutch to deal with difficult things you don't want to address.”

“How did you expect me to react?” Claire snapped, closing her eyes again to block out the fuzzy vision.

“Not like a panicked child,” Tom spoke gently, “You really, really scared Sebastian and when your feeling better you have to go tell him that your alright.”

“But I'm not!” She growled aggressively, “I can't see worth shit and I have this rare fucking disorder that prevents me from shifting smoothly!”
“Only sometimes and that’s a low percentage,” Tom countered calmly, “Your very blessed, Claire. There are people that are literally dying of incurable painful diseases daily. You have an inconvenience that probably won’t affect you nearly as much as you think. You can still have babies, frolic around in your wolf or as a human with virtually no limitations - period. I know you’re scared, I know you weren’t expecting it to actually be a disorder - none of us was. We’re unsettled as well. You’re not the only one displaced emotionally because of this. You’re allowed to throw yourself a pity party but it can’t last a week. You cry, you scream, maybe throw a pillow. And then you accept it, get over it and look for a game plan on how to deal with it in the future when it rears its ugly head.”

He was right. She had a blowout and now she was trying to accept it. Claire had never been ‘normal’ since the day that she was born. Being given a new lease at life with having her wolf, Claire thought that now she could be perfectly fine and ‘normal’. Learning that she was a rare exception to the rules, once more, was devastating. The rug was pulled out from under her and the breath was taken from her lungs.

“I’m not normal anymore,” Claire told him in disbelief,

“Claire, love, we’re werewolves. Nothing about us is normal - period.” Tom grinned a little, “Especially you, my love. You’re the exception to every rule and I fucking love you for it! I knew my mate would be special. You certainly make life a little more interesting and adventure is never too far away.”

She rolled her head to the side and looked at him with opened eyes, misty from emotion. Claire reached out and took hold of his hand, interlacing her fingers with his. Tom squeezed it affectionately and pulled her closer to him, forcing Claire to straddle his hips.

Subconsciously she rubbed herself against his limp package. His manhood falling between her folds and creating the perfect snug fit.

“Are you…?“ Tom asked, kissing her breasts,

“Well, I mean...I am on my…” Claire told him hesitantly,

“Never stopped me before,” Tom grinned, capturing her nipple between his lips and causing her to moan, “Easy love, raise your hips up a bit,”

Carefully she did as he asked and sunk down on his member, her tight womanhood clutching down around him. Tom hugged her possessively and buried his nose into her neck as he tried to gain composure. Carefully he adjusted his legs and opened them a bit more while sitting up straight.

With her eyes closed, she clutched at his shoulders and took a steady breath, heated cheek resting on his shoulder as Claire moved back and forth. Strong, powerful hands smoothed their way up and down her back and across her hips.

“Cum on,” Tom urged, looking at her, “My sweet Luna,”

The cramping had eased and was replaced by her slickness, her movements becoming easier as she pushed forward. Those same comforting hands cupped her bum and pushed her up and down, her lovers head falling back against the wall, eyes closed and his lips slightly parted.

She hadn’t been with him for what seemed like forever. Unable to fight temptation anymore Claire leaned forward and pressed her mouth to his, cupping Tom’s cheek. This seemed like the oddest time to make love seeing the circumstances and the seriousness of the conversation. When it came to Tom their lovemaking made no sense, they always seemed to let their hormones take over and give in to
Tom fought for dominance, winning. His hand gripped her jaw possessively as his tongue sought entrance. Claire pulled back a little before relenting and opening her lips allowing him access.

Moaning deeply into his mouth she hummed, working her hips harder and deeper against him. Claire had noticed that each man felt different inside her and she loved that difference. Tom filled her perfectly in every way. Thickness, a perfect stretch and a firm wedge made sure that every inch of him stroked her soft tissues.

“Oh god, you feel so good!” Claire moaned, rotating her hips,

“So do you!” Tom groaned, placing her flat on the shower floor. “You're not hurting, are you?”

“No, I'm good!” Claire moaned and stretched out underneath him, her arms coming up above her head as Tom repositioned himself between her legs.

Protectively he lowered himself on top of her and adjusted his strong arms so that they boxed her in. Claire raised her and hooked them around his waist, drawing him down further on top of her snugly. Arms fell around his neck and her nose nuzzled into the side of his neck - teeth grazing over the skin.

"I love you," Claire told him bashfully, sucking and nipping at the skin of Tom's neck.

Tom's movements were slow and deliberate. His hips moved in time with hers. Their lovemaking wasn't rushed, instead, it was passionate.

"I love you too," Tom replied, nuzzling his nose against hers before capturing Claire's lips. "I'd make love to you in our bed, but, it's occupied by our pack and quite frankly my love - I don't want to share," he growled a bit possessively, rotating his hips deeply,

Claire felt her eyes roll slightly in the back of her head as he adjusted her leg to rest on his shoulder, angling himself just right to hit her sweet spot. It was nice to know that Tom would still be intimate with her so effortlessly with just as much passion. A part of her was fearful that after learning of her 'issues' Tom would be a bit resentful towards her. Why couldn't she give him healthy babies - sort of situation.

"I love you to the moon and back," Tom gushed, "As corny as that sounds," he added with a huff a little half-smirk- increasing his speed a little. "And no matter what," Tom told her, wrapping his arms around her body and hoisting her back up onto his lap. "And at the end of the day - no matter what, we always have each other."

Comfort sex was always the best sex and as Tom hugged her lovingly to his body and pushed up into her she felt the unconditional love this man had for her. Hands roamed up and down her back, cupping her bum and massaging the cheeks while pushing her up and down on top of him. Claire boldly placed her hands on his wet chest and gently pushed him back, having Tom fall before her. Smiling she adjusted her legs and was able to ride him properly.

Possessive, yet kind, hands took hold of her full hips and guided her back and forth as they both took pleasure from their intimacy. Claire licked her lips once before biting her lower lip, curving her back and grabbing hold of her breasts.

"Cum on," Tom encouraged lustfully, "Cum for me, love. If we're not quick someones going to come looking for us,"

No, Claire didn't want to be interrupted in the heat of their moment. Not so close to her own rapture.
With that in mind, she ground her hips down and worked herself harder and faster. With every movement of her hips, she could feel his manhood stroking her soft insides, stroking her sweet spots and causing her body to become even more alive than before.

"I'm gonna cum," Claire told him gently, clutching his chest with her fingers as she moved her hips sweetly back and forth against his hips.

Claire felt Tom parting her folds with his fingers and easily found her swollen clit, rubbing it and sending her over the edge. She gasped as her body stiffened and shook, chest tight with her heart skipping a beat. Tom placed his hands on her bum and pressed her down on top of his body before embracing her lovingly.

She could feel his essence flooding her insides and against her womb as his hips jutted upwards ever so slightly to ride out his own release. It wasn't very animated, exciting or even drawn out as before but it was what she needed right now.

Effortlessly Tom pulled himself up into sitting position - careful to keep his member inside her body as the last of his release was given. With a free hand, he turned the water off and embraced her once more. One hand pressed to the back of her head as she tucked her nose into the crook while his free arm wrapped around her hips.

"Sweet Luna," Tom murmured, kissing the side of her head lightly, "You'll be alright," he assured her, rubbing his hand up and down her wet back. Someone must have come into the bathroom because Tom stiffened defensively and growled "Out!" sending them away so their moment wouldn't be ruined.

Tom brought up his legs and boxed her against him more firmly as he adjusted her - the steam of the previous warm water staying trapped in the shower stall and keeping them nice and warm. Claire felt her eyes droop and the lure of a peaceful sleep was starting to affect her,

"Go to sleep," Tom instructed lovingly, "You'll be fine asleep on top of me. You're as a light as a feather,"

Claire felt a few more passionate kisses on the side of her forehead and cheek as Tom nuzzled his nose against her pulse point and the mark he had given her so many months ago.

"I love you so much, Claire." Tom murmured, "You're my soul,"

Chapter End Notes

I kind of struggled going back and forth with whether I wanted to actually go in 'this' direction with this chapter. On one hand I think it's appropriate that Tom show Claire extra affection and they have a moment, but, on the other - I'm not sure if right NOW was the greatest time to be doing it.
Babies were always a welcomed distraction when it comes to issues at home or issues in general - at least for Tom anyway. Knocking once he let himself into the examining room and sat behind his little desk.

Autumn was perched on the examination table with both warlocks protectively beside her. Since finding out that she was pregnant this was their second visit. No one bothered to tell him that magical beings offspring were much like theirs and that they developed roughly a month ahead of human babies.

That meant that although technically Autumn was 2 months pregnant but it would show in the ultrasound that the baby or babies were really 3 months old. Physically, Autumn looked 3 months pregnant. She had quite the round little tummy developing and her breasts were starting to grow larger as well.

“Alright momma,” Tom addressed, “Blood is fine, everything is healthy and within the expected range. I have to check blood pressure and take your weight - then we can move on to the ultrasound and see what's cooking in there.”

Autumn giggled at his lame joke, stretching her arm out for his test. “I think it's twins,”

“Or just a really fat baby,” Richard spoke sarcastically,

“Honestly?” Tom spoke, looking at the gauge on the wall, “If it was just one baby I'd be a tad bit concerned,”

“Yeah, just a little,” Lee smiled, pushing a stray lock of blonde hair back out of Autumn’s face.

“Blood pressure is normal,” Tom told them, jotting down the numbers on her file, “Now I have to check your weight. How has your diet been?”

Autumn followed him down the hallway to where they kept the scale. Richard and Lee stayed behind knowing she was probably sensitive to her weight gain. Hesitantly autumn stood on the scale and turned her head so she wouldn't have to look at the number that pops up. Tom has seen this too many times - it was sad.

“You honestly haven't gained that much physical weight,” Tom informed her sincerely, holding her hand so she could step off the scale safely. “I know you think you have because your body has changed to accompany the baby or babies,”

“How much?” Autumn asked finally,

“6 lbs which is the norm. Your physical size is proper to the amount of development in the pregnancy. I've seen far larger women than you with the same stats.” Tom reassured her, placing his hands on her shoulders and giving them a squeeze. “You look pregnant but your still quite petite and with your physical stature and healthy lifestyle, from what I see now - I doubt you'll gain anything more than 35 lbs all together. Only 15 lbs of that are actually the baby. The rest is amniotic fluid and placenta.”

There was still a bit of uncertainty but ultimately Autumn accepted what he had told her and slipped
her flats back on.

“It looks so…” she struggled to explain, “I don't know, I think I look big.”

“Nah,” Tom dismissed, opening the examining room door for her, “You look fine. She's gained 6 lbs which are healthy and expected. From here on out until labour Autumn should gain about 1 ½ lbs per week. I read over your food diary and it's perfect. You don't have to modify anything just keep doing what you are. Now, let's see if we can see a baby...or two,”

Besides the actual birth itself, the first ultrasound was always the best thing in the word. The look of pure joy on his patient's face as they see their little one for the first time was pure magic. Not a lot of people had a job where you physically saw someone fall deeply in love with someone.

He waited patiently as Lee helped her down on the examining table and pulled her shirt up till it rested under her breasts. Once the man was out of the way Tom turned on the machine and began to prep her stomach.

“Oh, that's cold!” Autumn gasped with a giggle.

Richard took it upon himself to spread the gel around her stomach with his fingers. Once he was out of the way Tom could press the examination wand over her womb. Richard wasn't so quick to move and rather smugly looked at him as he wiped his hands off with a towel. The warlock always had to show his dominance towards other men every once in awhile when it comes to Autumn.

“Richard, honestly,” Lee scolded, “Move! I want to see our babies!”

Richard turned and gave a half-hearted glare at Lee before taking his seat next to Lee and allowing Tom to do his thing.

“Alright, let's see if the baby, or, babies are cooperating today.” He spoke slowly, moving the wand around to try and get a glimpse of the little one. “Now this is a 3D ultrasound so the picture will be very clear,”

Their eyes were glued to the screen as a baby became visible. Autumn squealed with joy at seeing the little marvel. They could see a head and a spine that eventually turned into a bum meaning the baby had its back turned to them. Beside that baby was another, just as everyone suspected. Once more that baby had its back to them.

“Cheeky buggers have their backs to us.” Tom smirked, “I can't tell gender right now until they turn around. Hopefully next ultrasound they'll be in a better position.”

“They get that from you,” Lee smiled as he addressed Richard.

“Are they seriously hugging?” Autumn gushed,

“Sort of,” he replied, concentrating on the screen, “Your babies are in separate placentas, meaning, they aren't identical and there's a good probability that you became pregnant at separate times.”

“Are you serious?! I read about that online but they said the statistics of it happening isn’t that great!” Autumn gushed,

“It’s increased with fertility treatment like you’ve undergone. One of your eggs was most likely fertilized here when I inseminated you with Richard’s sperm and then later on in the evening you may have had another egg fertilized by Lee or Richard. You did have several eggs available when I inseminated you,” Tom explained, “But they’re definitely not identical,”
Richard and Lee exchanged very proud looks as if they knew for sure that each baby was fathered by one another.

“I wouldn’t plan on that happening again, however,” Tom added, printing them off a few more photos. “I wish one of these little ones would turn over so I can get a look at their front,”

“Richards baby is probably telling the other one not too,” Autumn scowled,

“Why would my baby be the leader?” Richard countered,

“Because your head of the house, naturally, and dominant...sometimes bossy,” Autumn explained,

“My baby will do as it pleases,” Lee replied with mock offence, “It just doesn’t want too,”

“I don’t think they’re going to be budging right now,” Tom spoke, breaking up the bickering before it became an actual argument.

Tom tossed Richard a towel so he could clean her stomach off while he cleaned the wand off and retrieved the photos for them. Once Autumn was upright he handed her the photos and went back to his desk, writing down his notes. From what he could see the babies looked healthy and well developed. They weren’t usually in that position, or at least, not at the same time. Mentally he chuckled at the scenario of Richard’s baby being the boss and Lee’s baby sort of going with whatever Richard’s had said. If that were somewhat true in real life seeing them after birth and through toddlerhood should be interesting.

“From what I could see, they look healthy and well developed. They’re the exact size they’re supposed to be.” Tom told them, closing her file. “Hopefully one or both won’t be so shy next time and we can try and see gender. I know you were wanting that information beforehand so that you can start planning. Any questions, momma - daddies?” Tom asked, looking up from his files.

Lee cleared his throat and sat up straight, a somewhat serious look on his face, "I know the babies are barely 3 months, but, we were discussing possibly having a home birth. Is that going to be possible?"

Personally, Tom thought that having a baby at home and in your own controlled territory was best, but, being a medical professional he knew that it simply wasn't possible all the time. When Claire becomes pregnant he was going to try and convince her to have the babies at home.

"I don't see why not," Tom replied, folding his arms behind his head while leaning back comfortably in his chair. "I only suggest a hospital birth if it's a high-risk pregnancy. So far I haven't seen any red-flags that would make me personally nervous,"

"Have you done a home delivery before?" Richard asked seriously,

"Once," Tom admitted, "With me helping to deliver the baby you'll pretty much get the same thing as you would in the hospital. The only difference is - if something were to happen that required special treatment like oxygen or machine monitoring I'll have to call an ambulance. But I can't forsee Autumn or the babies needing that right now."

"Where in the home can I have them?" Autumn asked,

"Shower, bathtub, in the bed?" Tom offered, "I'd strongly suggest you use the bed. Labour is long and painful. You're going to want somewhere comfortable to rest. Closer to your due date I'll give you a list of things you'll need for the birth that is non-medical."
They talked amongst themselves as Tom re-read his notes and waited for the next round of questions. It was at the end of the day and they were the last 'patients' for the evening.

"I know an epidural is normal but would it be alright if we used more alternative medicine?" Autumn asked him, "Richard wants to make me some tinctures and teas,"

"As long as it won’t cause distress to you or the babies I don’t care what you take," Tom smiled, "When it comes to the birth itself my job is to physically help you have the babies and guide you without overstepping my boundaries. Modern pain medication isn’t exactly necessary besides providing relief from some pain for the mum. I am however going to ask that there not be very many people in the room when she's in labour."

"It'll just me, Lee and possibly Lee's mother."

"She's a midwife," Lee smiled, "She'll basically help Autumn and attend to her non-medical needs like bringing tea, dry her brow, massages - that sort of thing. She's also going to be staying and helping with the babies for a bit."

"That sounds lovely," Tom smiled, "I'm sure she'll be a great asset to Autumn and the babies,"
Chapter 113

*Tom's point of view*

“You're stressed,” Richard commented, lingering behind Lee and Autumn.

The moody warlock had ushered his two loves out of the room so he could speak to Tom privately. Tom and Richard were friends before Lee came into the picture so it only made sense that their friendship was strong.

“I haven't seen you this stressed in forever,” Richard continued, “Claire isn't pregnant, is she?”

“No, no not yet,” Tom replied, taking his glasses off and letting out a deep sigh - brushing his hair a bit aggressively, “I'm worried about her ties to Galina. We're on borrowed time until someone realizes that she had a successful successor after all.”

Richard leaned back against the examining room and crossed his arms. Tom had told him and Lee about Claire’s grandmother and they all decided it was very much so a legitimate threat. Just like Tom had developed with Autumn - Richard had a certain type of protectiveness he felt over Claire. Naturally, he didn't want to hear that there was danger marching towards her.

“Are you worried about the council or a rogue wolf pack?”

“The council probably thinks she's a golden child. Rogues are akin to bloody terrorists.” Tom told him bluntly, “I don't even want to comprehend the very thought of those fucking heathens getting a hold of Claire.”

“Wouldn't the council place a protective blocker up around her?” Richard asked, “With her background, I'm sure they're watching her from a distance. I know you guys have some serious muscle on the protective front.”

“Rogue groups rarely make their plans known. They're secretive and tight-knit. The council can only prevent something if they know about it.” Tom explained, “Even Pine is worried and has his ears out for any signs of activities.”

Once the little gem of Claire's great-great-grandmother was discovered everyone but Claire knew it was only a matter of time before someone came around looking to start shit. Unfortunately what Claire knew about Galina was limited for her own sanity and right now Tom couldn't very well sit down and discuss the finer details. His poor Luna was under so much stress she was a walking timebomb.

“She has dysplasia.” Tom told Richard in complete confidence, “It's a genetic disorder that affects her shifting. It leads to very real human medical issues.”

“Fuck,” Richard swore, “I'm sorry to hear that. Is it really serious?”

“It can be,” Tom sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose, “I'm honestly scared someone nasty and bad is going to take her...and the disorder is going to kick in leaving her even more vulnerable.”

Richard softened his expression a bit, “I've placed a protection charm on her like I said I would. But, I don't know if it'll stop what you're describing. There's what, 5 of you now? You're all very strong wolves - especially Chris. I've seen you fight, Tom, you're no lightweight. I'm confident that you can protect her properly if someone comes to start trouble.” Richard reassured him.
Oh if it were really that easy. They weren't all around at the same time and even Chris could become overpowered if there's a group of 6 or more storming their home. Just like Claire's disorder, it could literally happen at any time and that's what stressed Tom out the most.

Claire wanted her independence and Tom wanted to honour that, but, a crafty wolf could easily snatch her when she was away from them shopping at the mall. Tom never wanted to come across as a shrewd, possessive, asshole and preventing Claire from doing normal things was making him appear that way.

“I don't know what I'm supposed to do, Richard.” Tom asked, “She wants to work, complete her driver's license, run errands on her own...and I can't let her do it. I feel like I'm being a controlling asshole - Claire is starting to push back in her own stubborn way. We have tension when there shouldn't be.”

“Teach her to fight,” Richard suggested firmly, “She's a strong, powerful and independent young woman. I'm sure she wouldn't be offended by the opportunity to learn how to physically defend herself. I know you're females wolves can be very deadly when they have to be. With Claire's spitfire nature and determination, I'm sure she could kick someone's ass if they tried to grab her. That's what I’d do. Hell, Autumn knows some Brazilian jiu-jitsu, Lee and I have been teaching her before she fell pregnant and once she's capable we’ll start back up. I'm confident she could ward off an attack. We can't be there all the time so we may as well provide them with the chance to defend themselves - and in a way by doing that we kind of are with them.”

Claire had surprised them all with her eagerness to play fight with various members of her pack. Of course, each man was hesitant to engage her back for fear of hurting her but they still did - only it was dumbed down than what they'd do with each other. Chris was the hurdle when it came to Claire learning to fight because it meant Claire would actually have to give and receive full forced blows from them.

Tom could swallow his pride and maybe fight with her properly because he knew it was for the greater good and it wasn't malicious. With his willingness Michael, Sebastian and Pine would probably join in as well. But Chris was a different breed. He was very much old school and in this world, you don't fight with a female - period, despite the reasoning. In his eyes, although it would be a massive detriment to Claire's safety it was still ‘Abusive’ and he'd physically prevent them from doing so as well as defending her.

They'd have to teach Claire to fight when Chris was at work or Tom would have Chris getting into a bloody altercation with his other pack members. Their safety was his top priority as well and Tom couldn't place them in that position. Their fights were brutal and messy. People had chunks of flesh ripped off, sharp teeth mashed and tore limbs leaving deep bruises and gaping wounds. No, Tom would definitely have to do it when Chris wasn't around.

“I'm sure Pine can help with training her. He's from the council after all. He's supposed to be teaching her stuff.” Tom finally answered, tenting his fingers together in a thinking fashion.

“Pine, he's the new one right? The quiet guy who observes from the side?” Richard asked, “I've never gotten much aggression off of him whenever I've read his emotional projection.”

“Not normally, no,” Tom agreed, “It's always the quiet ones you have to worry about. I'm sure when provoked Pine can be rather aggressive and defensive.”

Instantly Tom was brought back to the memory of Pine actually telling Chris off and defending himself rather firmly. He never bothered to step in or scold the man because quite frankly Tom thinks he's capable of more than Pine thinks. Sure, he rests more towards the beta side of things but any
wolf can hold their own when push came to shove. They already had one Chris and he served his purpose and he did it well. They didn't need two or even three.

“I'm sure once the babies are born his mood will shift a bit. He has a rather...mother duck type personality much like Claire. If there's interference with the pups they'll be poised to attack.” Tom smiled, “And you know a duck can deliver a rather nasty bite if it has too - and it's relentless.”

“Sort of like Lee. I keep telling him he's going to become more protective when the babies come. Right now he's a bit aloof with the whole thing.” Richard sighed in distaste. “I wish he'd take a more...manly approach to the pregnancy rather than a feminine one.”

“You're manly enough for the both of you right now. He'll come around. A lot of first-time dad's don't really seem to 'get it' until they actually hold their child and look into their eyes. Then that 'Oh, I should protect this!' instinct kicks in. You can almost physically see it set in. Their whole posture changes to a defensive one and they hold the baby just a little more protectively to their body.” Tom explained.

They thought about their separate problems for a few moments. Richard looking down at his feet rather pensively. His hands were gripping the examining table and Tom knew that he was struggling to ask something.

“What are the odds of both babies actually being mine?” Richard asked,

“I take it you're wanting both of them to be yours?” Tom asked him curiously.

Honestly? Tom wouldn't know how to feel if Claire was carrying twins and only one of them was Tom's. There's a bit of feral male pride left over from the stone age that prevents them from accepting they hadn't 'completed the task' fully themselves.

“I came into this thinking that I would be the sole father this time around.” Richard answered, “I'm not mad I'm just a bit jealous that I have to potentially share my 'moment' with Lee - which was unexpected but not regretted,”

“It's about a 50/50, I can't tell you for sure until after they're born. I could do an in-utero DNA test but I don't like it. I feel it causes the babies unnecessary stress and too much tension between parents,” Tom told him. “Medically speaking you have a good chance that they're both yours. Autumn was very fertile when I inseminated her here.”

Richard thought about his answer before smiling weakly, “Right, thanks. It's getting late I should go. Do you need any more advice?”

“Nah, I'm alright,” Tom nodded, “I should start packing it in as well I have to pick up Pepper some mealworms. She ran out this morning.”

“Lovely,” Richard sarcastically replied, “It always grossed me out when Lee’s hog ate them. Then again he'd look right at me and deliberately munch them in an obnoxious manner.”

“It's not pretty, no,” Tom agreed, “But just like everyone else I'm a slave to that hedgehog and I gotta get what she likes. Pepper is my little girl after all,”
“Does the name Ember or Aspen mean anything to you?” Claire asked Chris curiously.

Claire was laying beside Chris on his bed in his apartment which was a rarity in itself. Despite her being his Luna and lover the man was very protective about his personal space. Claire had only been in here twice before since coming here.


This is going to sound stupid, but - every time I look at you those names pop up into my head.” Claire admitted,

“Perhaps that's what our sons will be called?” Chris offered, “I wouldn't object to that name if you suggested it,” he smiled, tracing the bridge of her nose with his finger.

“What would happen if we had a baby before Tom, hypothetically of course?”

Chris took a moment before replying, “Well, for one thing, he'd never forgiven you for that insult. The greatest gift in the world a Luna can give her Alpha is the firstborn. To deny that is basically stating you don't give a shit about him and he's not important to you.” He explained, “I'd be kicked out of the pack regardless of whether you stayed or not and if you did stay the likelihood of me seeing my child is in the negatives.”

“That sounds a bit harsh,” Claire replied slowly

“It would be as if I kicked him in the face.” Chris told her, “Huge, huge insult to him, the pack and Tom's bloodline. It's tempting because I'm an alpha as well but I'm not an active leader. I know in my heart I'd be the next one to have your child so I'm not worried.”

Claire sighed, inching closer to him. She was currently on her tummy with her legs up behind her, feet moving up and down. Chris was watching her out of the corner of his eye wondering what she was playing at.

“I'm restless and bored,” Claire admitted, “I want to do something, go somewhere,”

“And you're wanting to do that with me?” Chris asked her curiously, “Just you and I?”

“Yes, going out with just you and me.” She confirmed, “I think it would be fun,”

It was rare for Claire to deliberately go out with one single person for the purpose of spending time with them. They always ended up in a threesome of the particular person who she wanted to spend time with was working.

Like the other night, Claire wanted to go out with Pine and do some late night Christmas shopping. Unfortunately, the man had an early morning meeting and was resting. He apologized profusely and they made arrangements for later.

Nothing ever seemed to be done on impulse and Claire missed her spur of the moment outings.
There was a Walmart that was now open 24/7 for the holiday season and Claire wanted to go at some insane time like 3 am,

“Where?” Chris asked, closing his book,

“I want to go wander Walmart and do something spontaneous.” Claire huffed, “Something completely unscheduled and random,”

In all honesty, if Claire wanted to do this she should have chosen Michael. Chris was the least spontaneous person of the pack. In fact, he was rather meticulous with everything he does.

“Ok,” he hesitated, clearly uncomfortable with the word 'random' “Right now? It's 2:30 am,”

“Yes right now! Let's go!” Claire ushered, trying to subconsciously push her protector to be more relaxed and open. “I need to get some gifts still,”

It had taken him a few moments of probably going over all the 'pros and cons' in his head before putting the book down and sitting up. Chris wrinkled his nose a few times and stood up, "Let's go," he told her,

Happy that Chris actually decided to take her up on that offer Claire squealed and stood up, "Can I drive?" she asked excitedly,

As of right now, Claire had her learners license which meant that she could drive a car with someone who had experience in the passenger seat. Sebastian and Michael were allowing her to do a bit of driving when they went out in order to give Claire more experience for her full license. Chris was cautious about anything he perceived to be a threat and her.

"Yeah, I guess if the roads aren't too icy," Chris agreed, "We have to tell Tom before we leave,"

Claire got the distinct impression that Chris wasn't exactly happy with being uprooted and hopefully he'd get over it once they were actually shopping. Patiently Claire waited as Chris took his loose hair and pulled it back into a man-bun, tying it up. The more exotic hair look suited him a lot and she talked him out of cutting it. Apparently, his bosses were on-the-fence with it because Chris was a surgeon and they were worried about his locks getting in the way.

Sometimes she honestly had to question why the strapping blonde Aussie fancied her and if it was due to her being a Luna or if it was genuinely because she was Claire.

"If I wasn't a Luna would you still find me attractive?" she asked him curiously, following Chris out into the hallway,

"What kind of nonsense question is that?" Chris scoffed, "Luna or not - if I didn't find you attractive physically and personality wise I wouldn't engage you sexually."

"I thought it was an automatic?" Claire asked him in amusement at his blunt response,

"No," Chris told her, opening Tom's apartment door with a key, "It's natural for me to hold some type of loyalty towards a Luna but that doesn't mean I have to find them attractive. Thank god you turned out attractive," Chris added with a mutter, "Or I'd be really fucked, wouldn't I? Tom, I'm taking Claire out for a bit of shopping," Chris called out, waiting for Tom to emerge from his office.

"Now? It's nearing 3," He asked with curiosity,

"She's bored and wanting to be spontaneous," Chris answered, giving Tom a 'Yes, seriously,' look
"Oh, well, ok then. Have fun," Tom spoke - giving his permission for them to actually leave. "Do you need money?" he asked Claire,

"I have cash from doing paperwork for Michael," Claire smiled, "I'm ok,"

Claire could see Tom hand Chris some cash with the hopes of her not seeing it. Instead of causing an argument she pretended that it never happened and pulled on her sweater waiting for Chris to escort her out of the apartment.

"You honestly want to go to Walmart at 3 am on a Saturday?" Chris asked her, eyebrow raised. "What kind of drunken ruffians are we going to encounter I wonder?"

"Only the most entertaining," Claire answered, snatching his keys from Chris's hand.

"I'm glad you think so," Chris muttered, walking to the passenger side. He hesitated for a moment looking her over warily before getting into the car.

Having to adjust the seat and mirrors was almost a comical sketch. Chris was literally leaning back away from her in his seat as dusty blue eyes watched cautiously.

"I know what I'm doing!" Claire told him, "I've been driving off and on since 16. And besides, if we crash - it's not like we can die." She chuckled dryly,

"Your hilarious," Chris sassed, "Just be careful the roads are bit icy," he reached across her and hit the 'traction control' button she wasn't aware existed,

With everything in place and order, Claire took the car out of park and began to drive expertly to Walmart. Chris was an irrational ball of nerves, his hands clutching tightly at his thighs when another car cut in front of them or when Claire went to slow for a yellow light. Michael and Seb reacted the same the first time as well. They all thought because it was taking her longer to get a full license she must be a bad driver. When in fact Claire was a decent driver just short on time and funds.

"What's taken you so long to get your full license?" Chris asked as if he read her mind.

Claire looked in both directions before switching on the left blinker and making her turn smoothly. Once her concentration was only needed as a minimal she replied, "Money and time. I was either working or didn't have the fees that my license needed."

"Ah," Chris replied, "I know it can be quite pricey,"

"Couple hundred bucks I think," Claire replied, stopping and allowing another car to pull out in front of her at the 4-way, "When your making minimum wage and have an arm's length of other bills things like licenses are luxuries. Plus, you know, I didn't have a car of my own so I couldn't practice nor did I know anyone who had a full license with 5 years experience already,"

"Well, I definitely think it's something you should pursue. Maybe Santa will book you a driving test for Christmas?" Chris smiled, relaxing his hands and body.

"That would be lovely," Claire nodded her head, pulling into an empty parking spot nicely.

Chapter End Notes
I personally like the name Ember and Aspen. I know it's played out and sounds hokey but I think it would suit their future babies.
Six kisses, two bear hugs and a permanently looped around Claire’s waist made her realize that Chris was extremely jealous. “Mine,” he grumbled, pressing his nose into the nape of her neck. Strong arms hooked around her waist from behind and Chris pressed her to him.

Chris had always been green with envy when it came to outside men and even new additions like Pine. He had never behaved in this manner before when Tom or someone else was with them. Being alone with the man really made her realize that Chris was a man you shouldn’t play with.

At one point when she was looking for holiday wax warmers Chris was physically standing at the mouth of the aisle and blocking it from being used by anyone but women. Because it was so late at night women were a rarity and it appeared that drunken men around her age were stumbling around.

“There’s an annoying little pratt swooping around,” Chris complained, crossing his arms over his chest and taking a defensive stance. “He’s literally not gone away since seeing you,”

“I doubt he’s a threat,” Claire dismissed, “He’s a twig of a man - “ she grimaced internally at the name calling and usually refrained from doing so but Claire thought it would help ease Chris a bit.

“I'm not talking about him. I'm talking about the stocky guy with tattoos,”

“I didn't even notice,” Claire replied honestly, picking up a pack of cat toys.

Milo and Middy have taken a liking to tearing off the tails and feathers on catnip mice before gutting them with sharp nails. After the second mouse massacre, Claire had decided to get them something with no stuffing or dangly bits to pull off.

“He's eye-fucking you and I don't like,” Chris complained, standing in her way as he scanned the area for this apparent threat,

“You're over analysing things,” she smiled, pulling his shirt a little from behind in order to get his attention. “We’re fine,” Claire told him, standing on her tippy toes and capturing his lips.

Chris was distracted as she kissed him. His mouth was moving with hers but his eyes were off to the side, glaring at someone or something.

“So knock it off,” Claire groaned into his mouth, “Come on, one last thing to look at before we can leave.”

As much as she hated comparing them to dogs - Chris was sort of like an overactive guard dog. You tell him to shut up and stop barking, everything is fine, but instead, they continue to grumble and growl lowly in the hopes you won't hear them. Except Claire could definitely hear him as well as the other people around them.

Chris looked and sounded like a knucklehead wanting to start 'shit' for the sake of starting something. He didn't know it but Chris was behaving like the men he was worried about running into.

Taking hold of his hand she led him away from the fancy scented candles and towards the holiday candy aisle. Chris followed but there was a visible tension between their bodies.
"Do I need to have neuter you? Jesus, knock it off! You're going to get into a fight with someone and we'll be banned from Walmart!" Claire scolded seriously, glaring up at the golden giant. She scanned the chocolate and once locating what she was looking for threw it in the cart. "If we get banned from Walmart do you know what that makes us? It makes us white trash. I don't want to be labelled white trash, Chris,"

Chris refused to answer her and instead reached up onto the top shelf and handed her the bag of jelly-beans that were previously out of Claire's reach.

"Tom likes peppermint bark and Seb loves anything with peanut butter." Chris offered, trying to calm himself a bit.

"What about Michael?" Claire asked, locating the items that Chris had suggested,

"He likes sour things," he answered, "Gummies I think. I like liquorice,"

She honestly didn't know what Pine liked for treats because she never saw the man actually eat anything outside of three meals. Obviously for a man of 6'2 with a decent athletic build he had to eat something other than the meals she prepared.

There was unsweetened coconut shavings as well as cranberries for Pepper and they managed to find some cat treats that had the ingredients you could pronounce.

"I think," Chris spoke, reaching up to grab a box with various nut mixes in it, "Pine would enjoy this, I see him nibbling on nuts and dried fruit at night when he's working."

It amused her greatly how everyone seemed to vary significantly in what they liked. She'd have never known that Chris liked assorted liquorice while Mike preferred sour gummies.

"Are we done?" Chris asked, "I'm getting hungry - I'd like to grab a bite to eat at that restaurant across the street. I want to spend some more time with you before I have to give you up to everyone."

The man that Chris was worried about didn't make another appearance as they walked out of the store and towards the car. Claire paid for what was in the cart but Chris was covering the check at the restaurant. Apparently, a woman isn't supposed to pay to feed herself that was a man's responsibility regardless of where they were.

Since the mood had changed significantly outside of the store Claire wasn't going to argue and ruin it. Hand in hand they entered the somewhat busy restaurant and were seated in a private spot in the back. She sat in front of him in the booth with her feet up on his lap. Under the table, Chris massaged her socked feet and smiled at her.

"I missed you," he confessed, "With work and everything else I never get time to spend with just you,"

"I have a lot to juggle, yep," Claire confessed with a sigh, "Hopefully when the house is built and everyone is actually settled I can come up with some sort of off-handed schedule."

"I think we should have a plan worked out that everyone gets to spend a weekend with just you every other week." Chris suggested, "That way everyone gets to see you as a group and during the week but each individual has an actual weekend of just your attention."

It was such a strange concept to have to schedule time around several different men so that you could continue the relationship. Even more, so that each man knew about this and Claire wasn't two-timing
"What would we do?" Claire asked, skimming the menu.

"I don't know about anyone else but we could stay in my apartment all weekend and do...things..." he smirked not wanting to say it out loud for others to hear, "Or we can go and have a mini-vacation somewhere on the ocean."

"I miss the ocean," Claire sighed,

She could see that Chris was looking up over his menu at her with mischief in his eyes. There was a sparkle in those dusty blues that she had never seen before and Claire was more than intrigued. Politely she folded her menu down in front of her and cocked an eyebrow at him.

"Are you still feeling spontaneous?" Chris asked,

If he wanted to have sex in the bathroom Claire was going to half to pass. She's been in there earlier and there was no way they could manoeuvre without something breaking or someone knowing what they were doing.

"That depends," she purred,

"It is a Saturday," Chris smiled, wiggling his eyebrows, "I don't have to be at work until Tuesday. We don't necessarily have to go home tonight."

Chapter End Notes

Sorry if this chapter is a bit lack-lustered. I have a nasty/cold flu and I'm dealing with a company that thinks it's slick as glitter covered cat shit - double billing me for an order after it's already left their facility. Luckily Duckie has a pooper-scooper and a limited bullshit tolerance. I would not want to be that company right now.
"I don't even have clothes," Claire told him as she sat down in the passenger seat.

They had just finished speaking with Tom and telling him what was happening. Claire insisted on telling the alpha before he got worried and assumed Chris kidnapped her. Chris didn't think it was really none of Tom's business since he was technically second in command and had his own version of 'alpha' rights.

"With what I have planned for you...you don't need clothes," Chris grinned, glancing at her briefly.

"Oh?" Claire purred, suddenly even more in the mood than before. "Where are we going?" she asked curiously as Chris went to get onto the highway.

"Don't know, somewhere in Seattle by the water. We can find a hotel easily,"

It would be far too unrealistic to assume that they could find something more intimate right now like a Bed and Breakfast or even a little rental. A hotel would do for now even though Claire didn't particularly like them.

"Why the sudden spontaneity?" she questioned, pulling out her phone from her purse and checking the text messages. There was one from Autumn, one from Seb and one from Tom.

"Why not?" Chris shrugged his shoulders, "It's a change of pace - you need a break from the normal schedule you have built up,"

"And your horny," Claire pointed out with a smirk,

Chris stopped at a red light and turned to her - amused with statement "I'm always horny for you," he admitted, "Your the only person that can give me an erection almost instantly,"

That made Claire oddly proud of herself that she held so much power over him. Claire took his hand in hers and relaxed in the seat, casually reading the text messages that were sent to her. From Claire's understanding of Tom's text message is that he was early of her going off like this. She could just smell the insecurity and worry coming off those digital words.

"Tom wasn't too impressed, was he?" Claire finally asked, looking over at the Aussie.

"He wasn't jumping for joy, no." Chris confirmed, "But there's not a lot he can do. Tom knows I'd never hurt you or put you in a position where you would become harmed."

"Are we going to get in trouble though?" She pushed hesitantly,

He didn't even need to actually think about her question before stating "No, I have every right in the world to do this. I'm giving you back to him...eventually,"

"What would happen if you didn't?"

"Anarchy, pretty much. 4 very pissed off men hunting me down to take you back," Chris bluntly replied, "No sane man would steal a Luna and expect the acting alpha to not react poorly."
“Even if I didn't mind being stolen?” Claire pressed, squeezing his hand.

“That doesn't matter,” He answered, “You can't take a massive building block out of a foundation and expect the statue to remain solid. Trust me, everything will literally crumble if you left the pack.”

Claire understood that but she still didn't see why she couldn't leave if she wanted too. The very thought of being 'trapped’ was frightening and a bit infuriating. Claire already told them before she wasn't going to be sat upon.

“But I can leave when I want too, right?” Claire replied placing heavy enthusiasm on some keywords. “I'm supposedly the Luna after all,”

“Well - yeah, you can leave but don't be shocked if people follow you.” Chris spoke sincerely, “You’ll never break that bond we share and feel for you - especially Tom. He’d never leave you.”

If that was the truth than it was a good thing Claire actually liked everyone. The thought of maybe moving halfway across the country only to find out the pest you're trying to ditch has followed you, scared her.

“That mark Tom gave you on the side of your neck - it's not only there to ward off unwanted male attention but it's a physical mark indicating that you belong to our pack.” Chris explained, “The mark you gave Tom is to indicate you two belong together.”

This conversation was turning a lot darker than she thought it would. Subconsciously Claire rubbed her neck where Tom had bit her back at Sebastian's cabin. A mark that apparently indicated she was his physical possession.

“So what you're saying is that Tom owns me?” Claire asked darkly, narrowing her eyes and taking her hand back.

“No,” Chris corrected, “Not at all. What I'm saying is that the bite on your neck tells every wolf that you belong to our pack. And they should leave you alone or they'll get their fucking ass kicked. The mark you and Tom share indicates that he is the Alpha and you are the Luna and you belong to his pack. Together you make up the head of the pack.”

That sounded far less dramatic than Claire originally concluded and she felt herself calming down a bit. Relaxing in the set she stretched and yawned, retaking Chris’s hand and squeezing it.

“Do you and the others have a mark?”

“No,” Chris slowly replied, “In order for me to get an Alpha’s mark like the one you bare we’d have to be lovers. Tom chose you to be his mate and vice versa. That mark is an indicator to outsiders that you two are the leading, bonded pair of this pack.”

“Then how do they know you belong to this pack?” Claire asked curiously,

“Association and scent. You’ve become accustomed to the smell so it's not noticeable to you, but - we all smell the same. We’re also around each other all the time. If someone isn’t a member of a pack or a relative to a pack member they're not constantly around us. We don't normally allow outside wolves to hang around with us.”

“Except Pine,” She muttered nervously,

“He's different,” Chris answered, “We sort of had no choice in that matter. I'm not particularly enthusiastic about it but I can't do anything about it. I'm learning to live with it.”
This conversation was leaving Claire with more questions than answers. It made her question just what type of 'relationship' she had with the others and whether they viewed it the same as she does. Deep inside she knew that they loved her and clearly had some sexual attraction but to what extent really?

“If Tom and I are bonded mates what does that make us exactly?” Claire asked dryly, a little fearful of the answer.

Chris pulled into the parking lot of the first decent hotel they came across. Turning off the engine he unbuckled himself and turned to face her. “Lovers,” he answered, taking her hand in his and bringing it to his lips. “Friends, future parents. There are a connection and a bond between us. But you have to acknowledge it's not as powerful as what you have with Tom. What's between you two is different. That's the kind of magnetic pull that neither of us can replicate. But that doesn't mean we don't feel deeply about you - because we do. Come on, let's go and get a room so we can start our weekend and strengthen the bond that we already share, my love.”

Chapter End Notes

Current mood - Gerald

On a serious note (not that serious) I encourage questions and comments. I've never deleted a comment and I promise you I've never responded negatively to a 'bad comment' everyone is entitled to their own opinion. And no one else is going to attack you for your opinion either.

With that being said someone left a question but deleted it before I had a chance to answer. To answer your question - I used the 'friend' angle at the beginning of the story because quite frankly I'm lazy and it's hard to get the ball rolling. I didn't even realize that I had done that until you pointed it out lol. I can't speak for most authors but I'm presuming that using a 'friend' is a very easy way to start a story. Or, they're just lazy like me and never really intended for the story to go past a few chapters :)
Chapter 117

Chapter Notes

*Smut smut smutty-smut* I am not responsible for loss or ruined panties that may occur during the reading of this chapter. NSFW or life. A bit of kink, a bit of dominance and Chris finally coming out of his shell.

Pairings: Chris/Claire

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

At her request, they got a room on the top floor despite a nice suite available on the main floor. A room that had a sliding glass door which leads to a flat patio and a path to the beach. Chris didn't question her but the women behind the front desk thought she was nuts.

The first thing both of them noticed about the room was the bed. It was large and inviting. Big enough for Chris to toss her around in their adventures of exploring each other's bodies. Once the door was closed and locked Chris picked her up and carried her to the bed.

Gently Chris put her down in the middle and playfully fell between her legs, growling into her mouth as his full lips hovered - playfully nipping and biting. His nose nuzzled and brushed against her jaw and neck before lips sucked on her skin, Chris forging a trail down to the tops of her breasts.

“Tom tells me you quite like oral,” Chris purred, massaging her breasts through her shirt.

Claire flushed bright red with the curious Aussies statement. She had given him oral sex as a bit of foreplay but Chris always seemed to push her off a lot sooner than anyone else did. She thought that since he was pretty much a virgin before they met Chris’s stamina wasn't the greatest or he wasn't very confident.

“I would love to try and please you with my mouth,” he cooed, capturing her mouth possessively,

“I know,” he smirked, kneeling between her splayed thighs. Chris took hold of her shirt and pulled it off her, tossing it to the side, “But I want too. Tom and I have been talking about techniques and he’s given me some pointers. He told me how to eat you out properly.”

Hearing this made Claire think it was a bit intrusive for Tom to be giving anyone sex tips like that let alone discuss their intimacy. Claire didn't tell Tom what she did with the others. But then again, with Chris being as awkward as he is with this subject the discussion at hand must have been hilarious.

“Oh?” Claire purred, intrigued with what Tom had told Chris.

She raised her hips upwards and allowed Chris to unclasped the button of her jeans and undo the zipper. Slowly her pants were slid down her legs and for the first time in her life, Claire was extremely grateful that she had shaved her legs earlier on in the day.

Her pants went flying across the room as Chris eagerly ran his hands up and down her legs, cupping her sex through her panties and massaging the soft mound.
“I can smell your arousal!” Chris growled, lunging forward and biting her through the cotton material,

Chris discarded his shirt and quickly moved off the bed- shimmying out of jeans but keeping his briefs on. She took the opportunity to unclasp her bra and push it off to the side, cupping her now exposed breasts and admiring the strained bulge trapped in Chris’s briefs.

Naturally, Claire partially sat up and grabbed hold of him, squeezing lightly and running the palm of her hand up and down the deliciously thick length. Chris returned the favour and reached down to grab her breast, cradling it in his hand as he pinched her nipple between two fingers causing Claire to moan and push her chest out for more attention.

"These things need to come off," Chris informed her, taking hold of the waistband of her panties and tugging lightly.

She took the hint and raised her bum up off the mattress once more for his undressing. Completely bare she laid down and stretched out before him, turning her body a little to show off more of her figure. A possessive growl left Chris’s lips as he slunk down upon her body like a sexy predator - his heated mouth falling upon her pert nipple where he eagerly sucked and bit it.

"Yes," Claire moaned, running her hands through his messy blond hair.

Her encouragement encouraged him to continue, masculine hands holding her breast protectively as he switched breasts, moaning and licking the pert bud before capturing her lips and moving down - forging a trail down her body to her soft stomach. Chris paused a moment and traced her belly button with his tongue before following the smooth line across the length of her hips just above her pubic line.

Chris was teasing her in the manner that Tom does. Apparently, Tom really did teach him the 'ropes' of how to please her orally. The smirk on his face as she whined and tugged lightly on his hair in a bid for him to hurry up was one she had seen on Tom many times before.

Hoping to entice him more she opened her thighs wider and adjusted her body, bunching her hips a bit and allowing Chris more space on the bed for his large body. Her tactics worked and he laid out on his belly between her legs, his hand massaging her bare sex a few times as Chris worked out where to place his hands on her body.

"Do the others do this?" Chris asked, nipping the inside of her thighs with his teeth,

"Yes," she admitted, a little uncomfortable with this conversation.

With his tendency to be possessive this wasn't a good thing to talk about right now. Chris didn't inquire any further and instead mouthed carefully placed kisses on the top of her mound and down towards her opening.

Chris hesitated for a moment, parting her wet folds and looking at her intimately. Nervously Claire rubbed her foot against the dishevelled blankets and clutched at the blankets.

“Relax” he eased, ghosting hot air over her sensitive flesh. “I've been waiting forever to do this,”

His tongue faintly licked the length of her quim, circling around her clit and back down to her opening. Once he had done the act itself he deepened his tongue stroke and began to eagerly move his mouth. Claire could feel his fingers digging into the sides of her hips as he hummed and moaned his approval.
“Is this good?” He asked, sucking one of her smooth lips into his mouth and making sure that it was flushed with blood before letting it go with an obnoxious pop - doing the same on the other side.

“Yes!” Claire purred, raising her bum up a bit for his offering.

“You taste delicious,” Chris confessed, using a single hand to part her for better access. He used a single hard swipe of his tongue to travel the length of her sex before dipping it down into her opening.

Beside his working tongue, she could feel a finger working its way inside her body followed by another. Chris pulled back for a moment and slide his fingers in deeper - curling them and brushing upwards over her sweet spot.

Chris groaned lustfully as he watched his digits move within her easily - the smell and sound of her arousal taking over the room. “Move up a bit more love,”

She did as he asked and placed her head actually on the pillows, her legs falling open widely as Claire patiently watched Chris strip off the last remaining piece of clothing. His erection was strained and flushed red from arousal, throbbing and twitching in front of his body. Claire licked her lips and felt her pussy throb at the sight of him.

“Come here,” Claire cooed, sitting up and tucking her legs under her body.

Chris fell to his knees before her and reached out for the headboard steadying himself. Adjusting herself Claire took hold of his manhood, pumping the sex organ a few times before opening her mouth and swallowing as much as she could. They both gasped at the same time as her lips smoothed up and down his shaft - tongue swirling around his inflamed head.

A bead of pre-cum leaked out of his slit and smeared across her tongue. The salty musk causing her mouth to water. Moaning deeply Claire grasped his base and gave him a squeeze, bobbing her head up and down his length as Chris ran his fingers through her hair with his free hand.

“Fuck, yes!” Chris praised lustfully, “Your so talented with your mouth! Worship my cock!” He added dominantly, watching her pleasure him.

Boldly her second alpha jutted his hips back and forth helping her movements. Slow but steady Chris gained the courage to fuck her mouth while moaning deeply. What she couldn't fit in her mouth she used her hand.

Claire dramatically popped him out of her mouth and made direct eye contact as she moved her tongue up the underside of his cock from base to tip and back down. Chris groaned loudly and grasped the headboard tightly, eyes closed and his head tilted back. Holding him up with her hand Claire lowered her mouth back to his shaft, nibbling and sucking the soft skin of his smooth sack.

“Your gonna make me cum!” Chris puffed, voice filled with arousal.

“And what would you like me to do about that?” Claire asked seductively, licking his length once more and lapping at his leaking head - a sticky clear trail of cum stuck between her bottom lip and his cock head.

“I want you to cum sit on my face,” Chris replied crudely with a crooked smirk, “I'm not done eating your pussy. I want you to keep sucking me off while you rub that wet cunny of your against my mouth.”

Well then. Claire certainly wasn't expecting her uptight Aussie gentleman to be so dirtymouthed
with his request. He really was taking notes from Tom's playbook because Tom himself had asked her to do just that several times.

Her aroused giant laid down beside her, grabbing hold of his cock and stroking it roughly while eyeing her. Without hesitation she crawled over to him, swaying her hips. Teasing him a bit Claire leaned forward and snaked her tongue out - licking the entire length of his body and flicking each nipple with her tongue. Chris moaned and bit his lower lip as she sucked and flicked his nipples. Moving onwards her lips ghosted over Chris’s Adam's apple and up along his chin before reaching his mouth.

Holding his cheek firmly Claire pressed a dominant kiss to his swollen lips, moaning as their lips and tongues fought for control. She could still taste herself on his lips and tongue turning her on even more.

“Come on baby,” Chris begged lustfully, “Let me play with that perfect kitty between your legs!”

Since first doing this with Tom, Claire had felt a little more confident in this position. She straddled Chris's chest and allowed him to guide her back with his hands on her hips. Once Claire was over his face she carefully lowered herself and stretched out on top of him - her mouth reaching the first few inches of his cock.

Fingers dug into her bum cheeks as Chris blew warm air over her quim and teased her with the tip of his tongue. Goosebumps ghosted along her spine and spread out across her body causing Claire to shudder. Balancing herself with one firm arm Claire got into the right position and began to gently rub herself against his mouth as he had asked.

"Yes!" Chris growled lustfully, digging his fingers harder into her hips as he pulled her down further on his face,

The feel of his tongue lapping between her swollen lips caused Claire to cry out and moan, grabbing hold of his manhood and squeezing him. She released her hand and repeated the action before moving it up and down his shaft - Chris's foreskin covering his weeping head only for her to uncover it spreading his pre-cum further down his shaft.

Unable to help herself she finally lowered her head and engulfed his member within her mouth, lips tightly locking around the throbbing flesh as she bobbed her head up and down. Her moans were loud and deep sending vibrations down his shaft and straight to his sack. Chris would push his hips up every once in a while causing Claire to roll her hips in a bid to stay on top of the man - riding the waves of passion.

"You're so swollen and dripping with honey!" Chris lustfully announced, biting the inside of her thigh hard enough for it to sting.

Chris's lips settled on her swollen clit as he carefully manoeuvred an arm under her belly so that he could cup her quim. He parted her folds and increased the sucking on her clit causing Claire to cry out and roll her hips over his mouth. The people in the rooms next to them must be wondering what was happening in here. Or maybe they did know.

"Fuck," she purred, sloppily accepting his manhood back into her mouth and making obscene sounds that turned him on even more.

His tongue darted inside her opening, lapping and licking her soft walls as he moaned. Chris pulled away and thrust 2 fingers into her dripping opening moving them up and down while awkwardly sucking her clit. Claire raised her bottom a little and pressed her front down onto his chest - rolling
her hips back and forth over his mouth like a wanton whore.

"I need to fuck you!" Chris announced loudly, smacking her bum cheek hard and sharply.

"Oh!" Claire growled playfully, wiggling her bum a little as she eyed her lover over her shoulder. "How do you want me?" Claire asked him as she untangled herself from his body and sitting down on the bed.

"Loaded question," Chris confessed with a smirk, sitting up himself.

There was a glistening shine to his chin and across his lips as he lunged forward - dominantly grabbing hold of her cheek and forcing her to kiss him with bruising movements. Claire growled playfully and pressed right back, fighting him back. He bit her lower lip and pulled the soft tissue away before releasing it and kissing her once more.

Chris's hand rested on her chest and he shoved her back onto the bed. Eager for a little roughness Claire played along and submitted, her arms falling above her head as she waited for her lover to mount. Sensing that she was willing to play fight Chris possessively took hold of her hips and aggressively yanked her to him. Right away Claire wrapped her legs around his waist and stretched out - grabbing hold of the mattress and raising her hips while he palmed his cock a few times.

"I want you in every fucking way possible," Chris warned her, his dusty blue eyes filled to the brim with lust. "By the time I'm done with you-you sexy little minks you're going to be walking with a limp!" he smirked, winking at her.

"Umm, bring it on!" Claire cooed, cocking her head to the side and looking right into his eyes.

Her lover looked around the room once to make sure that they were truly alone. Chris's hands travelled across her chest sensually, tracing up the length of her arms and to her hands - interlacing his fingers with hers and giving her hands a squeeze before smoothing back to her wrists and taking siege of both. With both of her wrists in Chris's possession, he manoeuvred her arms above her head where he wanted them and pressed himself firmly against her body.

Chris gripped her wrists hard as he pulled back his hips and thrust forward - penetrating her hard and deep. They both cried out at the contact with Claire adjusting her hips around his waist desperate to fit his entire fat length inside her body. He waited until she was snuggly around him, nuzzling the side of her neck with his nose.

"Move," Claire instructed, testing his grip on her wrists by pressing against his hold.

He growled a warning growl that was only on the cusp of sexual and very much so dangerous. Stunned that he gave her such a feral response she turned her head to the side and submitted to him subconsciously.

"I am calling the shots little Luna," Chris purred, biting the side of her neck where Tom had marked her.

Short, sharp thrusts of his hips caused his member to move smoothly in and out of her body. Hard silk stroking her insides and just kissing her cervix giving a small amount of pain to counter the immense pleasure. Crying out loud Claire panted and pushed back against his hips joining a smooth movement of passion.

"Cum on!" Chris told her, squeezing her wrists once and awkwardly moving his head to the side so he was able to capture a nipple between his lips.
"Fuck me," Claire whined, desperate to touch Chris except he wasn't letting up on his dominance.

He reared up on his knees and took her with him, pulling Claire up by her wrists until she straddled his lap with a squeak. Stunned that he had pulled that off without hurting her she allowed him to hold both arms off to the side with one large hand - Chris's other arm wrapping around her back and holding her in place.

"Move," he huffed into her mouth.

"Really?" Claire smiled, amused by his sudden change in demeanour.

"Yes, really!" Chris replied, releasing her wrists and allowing the blood to flow back to them - her hands tingling in response.

Fingertips held her bum cheeks firmly as she moved her body up and down on his lap. Chris smashed her against his front, pausing her for a moment as he adjusted his legs out in front of him. Once he was done Chris released her she was able to move against him once more.

Claire could feel the tip of his cock somewhere in her lower belly as she ground down her hips and rotated them slow and deliberate. Masculine hands cupped her breasts, massaging and squeezing them between pinching and pulling her nipples.

"I feel stuffed," Claire moaned against his mouth - one hand holding his shoulder while the other gripped his hair tightly. "Such a big cock inside my tight pussy!"

"That's right!" Chris agreed with a lustful growl, "Daddies going to fuck his little one nice and hard! Do you want to flip over for me? Show me that plump little ass I love so much?"

"Yes!" Claire agreed, allowing him to push her back onto the mattress like he had before.

She bounced a little from the force causing them both to chuckle. Once she was settled Claire turned her body seductively, swaying her hips from side to side and looking at him over her shoulder.

"Cheeky little minks!" Chris told her, smacking her ass hard and causing her to cry out in pleasure.

"Fuck me," she whined, wiggling her bum once more at him. "I'm so horny!"

"The neighbours are going to think we're a couple of lushes!" Chris smirked, taking possession of her hips and yanking her back unexpectedly.

Claire lost her balance and fell forward causing Chris to drag her back to him like a horny caveman. He propped her up the way Chris wanted her, front down - ass up like a bitch in heat. Behind her he lowered his head and bit her bum cheek once, soothing the mark he made with his tongue and sweet kisses.

Chris cupped her sex from behind - covering it easily with the palm of his hand before positioning himself behind her. Fingertips ghosted over the skin of her lower back lovingly right before Chris thrust forward and penetrated her once more.

The feeling of being stuffed hit her hard and she gasped - crying out loud and shuddering. This time Chris didn't wait for her to adjust. He pumped into her at a furious pace. The bed smacked against the wall obscenely and her knees slid against the blankets causing her to get fabric burns.

Throwing her head back Claire closed her eyes and allowed the pleasure to overtake her body. Every stroke of his manhood inside her body caused pleasure to pool in her pussy. A heated tension that
was steadily building as he claimed dominance over her body with his.

He fell down over her, boxing Claire in with his strong arms and making sure that she was firmly pressed to the mattress and unable to move. Cooing she turned her head and rested her forehead against his strained forearm. Lips fell onto her pulse point and danced across her heated flesh. Turning herself a little more Claire captured Chris's mouth.

"Cum for me!" he demanded hotly, gasping into her mouth as she clutched her pussy muscles down around his steadily moving shaft. "I want you to cum nice and hard for me! I wanna feel you clenching around me. I want you to rapture so hard that Tom can feel it back home!"

"Oh god!" Claire replied, shuddering at the image of Tom laying in bed and suddenly overcome with an orgasm.

Claire's orgasm was slowly building as Chris thrust into her from behind. A tight spring was starting to wind and threatened to burst at any moment. Snaking her hand under her body she found her swollen clit, nimble fingers playing with the button in rhythm with Chris's thrusts.

"I'm gonna cum," Chris announced through a strained voice.

His movements were uneven and sloppy as he pumped into her from behind while his hands desperately clung to hers. Hot, short pants of passion left his mouth and fanned across her skin as he buried his nose into the crook of her neck. Without warning, Chris stiffened on top of her - his entire body frozen in time until his brain was able to process the orgasm and a loud cry left his mouth.

Hot, thick ropes of cum splattered the inside of her quim causing a noticeable flushed feeling. The throb of his member inside her body pushed her over the edge. Claire grabbed hold of the blankets, her legs giving way and causing her to collapse on the bed fully. Chris fell on top of her refusing to budge as a tidal wave of pleasure washed over her and carried Claire away from the shoreline of reality.

Claire honestly felt like her brain had malfunctioned as she tried to process the orgasm that overtook her. On top of her, Chris raised up a little but still maintained a firm dominant position, adjusting his forearms to lay flat against hers.

"That's it," he gently encouraged, rotating his hips a little, "Ride it out slow and steady."

Her pussy clutched and throbbed around his member begging for more seed to fill her. A small dribble of Chris's essence was leaking out of their connection and down the inside of her thigh making Claire question just how much he came inside her.

Slowly the functions of her brain started to reboot and her nerve endings were no longer frazzled. Exhaustion was slowly starting to take over and she doubted Chris would get off her anytime soon. The man seemed to be 'knotted' to her as he too recovered from his release.

"I'm pretty sure the whole hotel heard us," he chuckled softly into the side of her neck, shakily kissing her lovingly.

"I was that loud?" Claire blushed.

At one point her sense of hearing had completely diminished with the malfunction of her mental capacity. She felt her mouth open but nothing registered after that.

"Oh yeah," he purred, pushing himself closer to her so his somewhat flaccid member couldn't slip out of her just yet. "There's a wet spot on the bed as well - you gushed all over me,"
"Oh god," Claire groaned, adjusting herself as best she could. Her lower back was starting to ache having been pressed down by Chris's weight at such an awkward position.

"That too," he laughed, painfully disentangling himself from her.

Claire felt him part her swollen folds with two fingers sort of crudely to get a good look at her spent sex. A thick stickiness was felt slipping out of her body and uncomfortable sliding down the length of her womanhood and onto the mattress. Chris purred lustfully, inserting one finger and presssing down to get a good look at her. Happy with the view he added another and thrust a few times in a slow rhythm, scissoring them open and spreading her entrance open for his gaze.

"Fuck, push down," he asked her, manoeuvring a pillow under her hips for added support.

Sighing with complete bliss she did as he asked, pressing her private muscles down and feeling another glob of hot cum leave her body. Claire could hear Chris licking his lips and moaning as he continued to massage and finger her pussy.

"You better rest up my love because I'm not done with you," he warned her seductively, "Let's uh...let's get you to the bathroom," Chris added, distracted by the last of his seed leaving her body and now soiling the pillow, "And get you cleaned off a bit."

Chapter End Notes

When that cold medication finally kicks in;

This is really super long. Seriously. I'm pretty much under the influence of cold medicine (Alot) and Scottish shortbread cookies (I imagine this is what James McAvoy tastes like). Needless to say my imagination is a bit askewed at the moment. Hopefully ya'll enjoy this smut that is so akin to my original roots!
Chapter Notes

*Warnings* Brief talk about rape and attempted sexual assault.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The warmth of Chris’s body as she lay snuggly in his arms was a comfort and relief at the same time. Chris was her protector - and in some ways even more so than Tom. Slowly she turned his arms and embraced him. Taking sanctuary in the protective walls they provided.

“What’s wrong,” Chris asked softly, gazing down at her lovingly. He stroked the bridge of her nose up and down. “You're still upset over the incident a few months ago, huh?”

“Every once in awhile I replay it mentally,” Claire confessed closing her eyes and tucking her head into the crook of his arm.

“My sister was assaulted,” Chris told her in confidence, “I know first hand how traumatic that is. I can't tell you it'll be alright or you'll be ok because it's more complicated than that, lovely Luna. But, I can assure you that I'll be here for you whenever you need me.”

“Thank you,” Claire replied weakly, her hand coming up to clutch his forearm.

“You don’t know this but Tom and I actually got into a fistfight outside the hospital. I was so mad he put you in that position. And if it wasn't for Pine stepping in right away I would have physically killed that young male, literally.”

“You got into a fight with Tom?” Claire asked, her voice shaky.

Slowly she sat up and looked at him with concern. Besides a few minor disagreements, Chris and Tom seemed pretty compatible in regards to friends and pack mates. The whole idea of them throwing punches at each other was terrifying.

“Who won?” She inquired curiously,

“Me,” Chris smirked, “Tom got a few good punches but I ultimately won. I was so upset that you were assaulted and I was upset with myself for not overriding Tom's decision.”

Claire felt like she was being overly dramatic when it came to the assault 6 months ago. The young wolf hadn’t physically assaulted her sexually but she still felt the full weight of his body on hers when he tried to mount. In a way, Claire considered herself selfish for comparing herself to someone like Chris’s sister.

“I feel guilty about still being upset.” Claire confessed sadly, “He didn't rape me…”

“Claire, love,” Chris corrected lovingly, stroking her upper chest back and forth with his fingertips, “You were still attacked and it was traumatizing. You have every right in the world to still be shaken up by it.”

Chris had to stop and get himself collected emotionally before continuing. Claire could see that he
was emotional and angry about the incident still and it was a sore spot.

“Rape or attempted rape is a horrible, terrible thing to commit to another person regardless of gender. It’s the highest violation of one’s person you could possibly commit.” Chris explained, “That young wolf had no respect for you or other females - period. I’ll personally make sure that all of our sons, sired by me or not, will respect women to the fullest capacity possible. You shouldn’t feel ashamed of yourself because your upset. You have the right to be upset.”

“I just think I’m being overly dramatic and sensitive.” Claire disagreed weakly,

“I don't and neither does anyone else. Your attacker was punished by his pack and the council for a reason.” Chris reassured her, kissing the side of her head. “I'm proud of you for fighting back too. You got in a few good bites from what Pine told me.”

“I bit a human…” Claire grumbled feeling a tinge of guilt.

“You should never stick your hand between two fighting canines. That's common knowledge even to a moron.” Chris snorted, “Casualty of war,” he added. “There's a lot of people at fault but none of them is you. Tom, I and that male mainly. Tom for letting you go to such a highly populated area and not paying attention to you and me for not reacting quick enough even though I was right on your heels. The main culprit is the piece of shit that hurt you. It was a common area. There were other males there of various ages and ranks. They had the self-control and respect to leave you alone. Being in season or close to it is no excuse to behave like a fucking pig and that's why he was punished so badly for it. As a female, it's your god given right to be outside and in public during your season and not be attacked for it.” Chris went on to explain. “Any man worth his weight in gold understands and accepts that concept and in turn would rather protective you from being potentially attacked - not attacking you.”

Nobody had actually taken the time to explain the situation to her like that. Everyone was supportive towards her but they hadn't actually talked about it. Since the wolf hadn't gone through with the assaulted Claire didn't know if how she was feeling was proper or not. Pine being sent to their home as a form of punishment for 6 months furthered her confusion and made her wonder if it was actually her fault somehow.

Almost as if Chris had read her thoughts he rolled onto his back and took Claire with him. A strong arm looped around her waist as he dragged her into his side. “No one discussed it with you because we didn't know how to respond. We knew it was a very sensitive situation and decided it was best to let you come to us. That way it wouldn't seem like we were pestering you.” Chris explained, “In hindsight, it wasn't the greatest choice but everyone was frazzled and a lot of emotions were going through us - mainly the anger was towards the culprit and a bit towards Tom and I. Seb and Michael both chewed our asses out. I thought I was going to get into another fist fight. And let me tell you - Sebby is smaller but he's a nasty son of a bitch when provoked.”

“I thought I was blowing everything out of proportion because how I felt inside wasn't translating to around me.” Claire admitted, “And being punished by the council made me feel at fault.”

“Pine was assigned to our pack because of Tom and me’s decision to let you outside and not watch you properly. It's our duty to make sure our females in season are safe and not in danger. Because, unfortunately, there are a few males that assume it's their birthright to mount any female in heat regardless of consent or pack position. And the result from that is you getting into a scuffle and biting a human. It has nothing to do with you actually being in season or you being attacked. It was the chain reaction part after the attack that we were being punished for as well as the personal neglect towards you and not stopping the situation right away.” Chris told her, “If that makes sense.
“I wasn't being punished for biting the human?” Claire asked curiously, raising her head to look at Chris - a bit of relief showing on her face.

“No,” he replied, “That was considered an accident. Tom is the appointed leader of our pack and I'm the second in command. We were punished for being stupid and allowing this series of events to happen. Pine was assigned to make sure Tom and I knew what we were doing and you were getting the proper training you needed as well as the proper attention. Pine coming to our pack has nothing to do with you whatsoever.” He ducked his head down to kiss her mouth softly, “And I'm sorry that you thought it was for so long. I assumed someone had told you this before or I'd have spoken to you sooner. Claire, my love - you did absolutely nothing wrong.” another carefully placed kiss was felt on her forehead that made her smile, “You have every right in the world to feel the way you do. It was a traumatic situation that never should have happened and I'm sorry you were placed in it. I will do everything in my power to make sure you and our daughters will be protected from that experience, I promise you.”

“I know you will,” Claire smiled, turning on her side away from Chris and to take his arm with her. She draped the strong limb over her body like a blanket and clutched onto it for dear life. Chris moved behind her, mirroring the position and tucking her up against st his body. Both arms embraced her in a protective snug, his chin resting on the top of her head.

“Rest now my sweet Luna.” Chris cooed, kissing her temple and rubbing his hand up and down her bare arm under the blankets.”Noone is going to make that mistake again and you can trust us to keep you safe - I promise.”

Chapter End Notes

I felt that the original incident wasn't discussed or acknowledged enough. I wanted to give Claire some piece of mind because it would be a hard thing to live with in reality.

Also, I won. The company gave me a full refund.
It was the last night they'd have together before having to go home and Claire was determined to make it 'special.' Thankfully for them the bathtub in their hotel suite was large enough for both of them to use it and feel intimate without it being overbearing.

Carefully Claire straddled his thighs for a very different reason than sex. In her hand was a tub of the black charcoal facial mask and she was about to smear it on Chris's face. The masculine wolf wasn't too sure about getting a beauty treatment and watched her hesitantly as Claire dipped two fingers into the tub and mixed it around.

"Do you and Tom do this all the time?" Chris asked suspicious, flinching a bit as the cold gritty cream was smeared onto his cheeks and into his stubbly beard.

"Oh, ya all the time," Claire confessed, "He says it helps with ingrown hairs and blemishes he gets from shaving."

"Huh," he replied, not really believing her.

It was hard to believe that Tom actually allowed her to 'groom' him quite a bit. At first much like Chris, he wasn't so keen on the idea of getting the 'feminine' treatment but once she had done it and the results were quite favourable he was willing.

"I'll give you a manicure after we're done. The skin around your fingernails seem to be really dry and agitated," Claire commented, massaging the mask into his face and under his chin towards his neck.

"Smells nice," Chris agreed, "Oh that actually feels quite nice,"

"It has tea-tree oil in it so I figure it'll be good for your facial whiskers," Claire told him.

Once she was done Claire washed off her hands in the tub water and admired her handiwork. This particular brand had a cooling effect on it making your skin feel tingly than warm. Her big male was lounging in the tub with his head tipped back on the tub rim - eye closed and his breathing soft.

The water was filled with lavender bubble bath that probably contributed to his sleepy state. Chris's upper body was partially exposed and she took it upon herself to place some soap on his body and worked it into his muscles. Chris moaned and groaned as she moved her hands across his body in an attempt to wash off all the stress he was under.

"Grooming is normal for our kind," Chris told her after he finally opened his eyes, lowering his body and allowing the water to wash off all her hard effort revealing his clean skin, "So it doesn't really surprise me that you enjoy pampering us like this."

"Tom always washes me during our morning showers," Claire informed him. Chris gave her a jealous "umph" in return. "I was thinking about what you had said a few days ago. You know, with Tom and the mark he gave me."

"Umm," he answered, "What about it?"

"Are we married or do we still have to get married?" Claire asked him in confusion.
The charcoal had to come off his face and she instructed Chris to close his eyes as she washed it off with water and a face cloth. Claire took extra care in making sure it was completely out of his beard. His skin looked rejuvenated and his beard was soft and shiny. Chris ran his hands over his cheeks and his fingers through his whiskers - smiling his approval.

"We don't believe in marriage like humans do," Chris told her, sitting up straight and allowing her to rest back on the other side of the tub. "Marriage to us is more of a spiritual bond between two people rather than a physical piece of paper indicating that we're together. Technically, you and Tom are already married in werewolf culture and the council would consider you such as well."

"Does that mean I can 'marry' several people?" Claire asked him, turning her body so that Chris could wash her back and hair for her.

"You could consider yourself married to different people but the council would only recognize you and Tom," Chris answered,

"Why would Tom and I be married though, because of the bite he gave me?" Claire questioned,

"No, because you're soul mates," Chris corrected, "Your souls are literally bonded together as one. If you don't believe me - leave for longer than a few days and you'll start to feel the heartache,"

That didn't feel very 'fair' to Claire and she resented that the decision for marriage between her and Tom was already made without her input. Maybe she didn't want to marry Tom. Maybe Claire didn't want to marry anyone. Her radio silence had alerted Chris that something was clearly wrong with her. His hands came to rest on her shoulders and gently drew her back to his body - adjusting his legs out around her so that she could lay on him properly.

"You're not happy about this," Chris asked,

Her hands came up to rest on his forearms - Chris's arms wrapped around her body from behind in a reverse hug. Claire sighed heavily and shook her head, "I don't like the idea of being told that I'm married rather than actually being asked. I don't like the idea of marriage to begin with."

"I can understand that," Chris sympathized, kissing the side of her head as he guided her back to rest fully against him. "It's a pretty scary concept and you don't like being sat upon."

"No, I don't," Claire agreed, "Does Tom consider us married?"

Chris paused a moment and rubbed her wet tummy that was sort of poking out from under the water and bubbles. "I don't know really," he told her honestly - resting his chin on top of her head, "He's never made mention of it and that's typically something an alpha would brag about. That doesn't mean he doesn't love you or Considers it himself - he may consider you married but has enough respect to keep that to himself and allow you to decide whether you want to officially call yourselves married."

Well, that did make a bit of sense but Claire still didn't know how she felt about the situation as a whole. Her time with Chris was turning out to be more confusing than anything else at this moment and she has yet to decide if it was just due to Chris or because of the current situation.

There was definitely a certain kind of connection between her and Chris that she simply didn't have with Tom and that actually scared her a little.

"There's something bothering you," Chris pointed out gently, reaching around her to add more hot water to the tub. "You're very quiet," he added,
"I'm just a little confused right now," Claire admitted without much detail, "I think I'm just overly emotional."

"Confused about what?" Chris asked with worry,

"Do you think my wolf possibly made a mistake in choosing Tom?" Claire asked him, turning a little and looking up at him.

"Our wolves don't usually make mistakes that large. Tom's wolf was smitten and obsessed the moment he saw you. I could feel the powerful connection between you. You're just confused right now because you and I are alone and you're experiencing the bond we share full force for once." Chris explained giving her a lopsided smile - stroking the bridge of her nose, "When we get home you'll realize that Tom is your mate and everything will go back to normal, yes? You'll feel this way with everyone once you're isolated like this. It's a good thing but it can be hard at first until you adjust. I love you, Claire, I love you a lot but your heart and soul belongs to Tom."

Claire smiled at him and truly appreciated his wholesome answer. If Chris had any malice in his heart he'd have taken this opportunity to sway her away from Tom. Claire now had absolutely no doubt that she can trust Chris and his heart was pure towards her.

"Come on, let's get out of this tub before we get wrinkly like prunes. I made dinner reservations down by the water." Chris smiled, drawing her in and kissing her on the mouth.

"Alright," she agreed, allowing Chris to help her up and out of the tub. "I miss my animals,"

"And I'm sure they miss you too," he agreed,

Chapter End Notes

Alright my Ducklings - I will be gone from December 22 to the 28th (?) Because apparently you HAVE to celebrate Xmas with your family and not hide in the darkness of your room - eating Christmas candy and boxed stuffing. Who knew? I'll be writing some while I'm away but I won't be posting until I come back. I'll probably be posting up until the 22.

Also; Here's a hedgehog getting belly rubs. Because Hedgehogs are life. I like to pretend it's Tom giving Pepper belly rubs while Claire is away.
“Where's Tom?” Claire asked with worry, placing the lone bag she was able to grab down on the kitchen floor.

Chris and Sebastian had carried the Walmart shopping into the house and refused to let her carry anything. Claire just so happened to snag a bag while their hands were full.

“Sleeping,” Michael replied with a smile, “How was your weekend? You look refreshed.”

“Good, thank you. Is he sick? Tom never actually sleeps.” Claire replied,

“No, I think he just had some zzz’s to catch up on. Pepper missed you - she's been attached to Tom the entire time.” Pine answered from beside Michael on the couch. “The cats are sleeping with Tom I think?”

As if she heard her name being called Midnight weaved out of her bedroom, paused and stretched before coming up to her. The feline looked like she grew while Claire was away. Politely Middy sat down at her feet and meowed up at her. Bright green eyes staring up at her as the feline patiently waited for pets.

Bending down she picked the cat up and cradled her to Claire's chest, kissing the tip of her furry head. Deep purring immediately started as well as kitty kisses.

“Did you miss me?” Claire cooed, petting the soft black fur of Midnight's side.

“She's been a good girl while you were gone. Milo? Not so much.” Sebastian chuckled, “He's a little escape artist so make sure if you go to leave the apartment Milo isn't around or he'll dart out the door.”

“And don't let him on the deck,” Michael added, “He almost jumped off the deck railing onto a tree.”

“Was he looking for me?” Claire asked them, gently placing Midnight down when she began to squirm in her arms.

“Don't know, Pep was thought. She was not happy the first day but got over it when Tom fed her mealworms and dried fruit.” Michael told her, “He's been spending a lot of time with her actually.”

Hearing Pepper's reaction to her leaving was very disheartening. She didn't want to cause her any stress. Pep already was abandoned once by her owner and the last thing Claire wanted was for the hog to think she was leaving her for good. It almost made Claire not want to do any more weekend getaways without maybe bringing Pepper along. But that wouldn't be fair to Tom or the others who loved Pepper as well.

“What should I do then?” Claire asked no one in particular, shrugging off her sweater.

“Nothing,” Pine replied, “She’ll get used to it eventually. Once Pepper realizes that you'll come back it shouldn't be so hard on her. She's in her cage right now but Tom is sleeping…”

No, Claire couldn't wake Tom up just to see Pepper. Tom hardly ever actually slept and if he was
sleeping there was a reason for it. Claire was going to let him rest until he woke up and came out of
the room.

By the sounds of it, Tom got a bit of vacation as well with her and Chris went. He was able to relax
and get what he needed to get done - done. Things he had been putting off because he was too
preoccupied with her. That made Claire smile. Perhaps a weekend separation every other week in the
month was beneficial to everyone.

“I submitted my final report,” Pine announced, “I finished it over the weekend. I should be hearing
from my superiors soon about the results. But for all intensive purposes - your case is officially
closed.”

“The framework in the new house was complete on Sunday. They'll be installing plumbing and
drywall over the next week as well as flooring and rock fixtures.” Michael informed her, “We should
be moved in by the end of January.”

It seemed like a lot of things got accomplished while she was away. Claire didn't know why she
assumed that the whole pack would have a meltdown, but she had. The reality behind it made her a
little unsettled. Maybe they didn't need her as much as she thought they did.

“So, you guys were alright?” Claire asked them seriously,

“Yeah, we were alright. We all stayed pretty busy doing our own thing.” Sebastian answered,
“I got called in for emergency surgery on Saturday evening and didn't leave until early Sunday
morning. Then I came home and had a nap, did a little online shopping - played with the cats and
Pepper for a bit.” Michael told her. “Sebastian and I went and picked up some groceries - Pine
cooked dinner for everyone. It was quite relaxing really.”

Was she a distracting burden that kept them from accomplishing certain things? Claire didn't think
she demanded a lot of their time in general or a lot of them. They weren't supposed to be happy that
she was! They were supposed to be sad and she was supposed to come home and find validation in
the guilt she sort of felt for leaving.

“They were distracting themselves with menial tasks so they wouldn't miss you so much,” Chris
spoke from behind her, “With you being gone for the weekend it gives us a chance to complete tasks
that would otherwise be deemed not important over you. Tasks that have to get done eventually.”

“Yeah, no. We weren't happy you were gone - we missed you. But, we were able to get little errands
done which is fine.” Pine assured her.

“Nobody was happy that you were gone because we do love being around you. We just understand
that you need isolated time with us all and in turn, we are able to focus on other things that are not
you. A task nearly impossible to commit when you are home.” Sebastian told her, “Now come here
and give me a hug!”

Claire playfully fell onto Sebastian's lap and placed her arms around his neck, nudging his neck with
her nose. He placed a very passionate kiss on the side of her head and then her lips. Behind them,
Midnight jumped up onto the couch and walked along the backrest until she was close to them -
laying down and hitting Claire with her fluffy tail. Middy's fluff was fairly short on her body but she
had inherited a feather-duster worth tail from her mother.

As Claire was embracing Sebastian her second favourite ginger Milo came out into the living room
followed by her number one ginger - Tom. Milo leapt up onto the couch and headbutted Claire in the
back before weaving himself awkwardly between her and Sebastian, plopping himself on Claire's
"Well hello!" Claire smiled, stroking the purring feline.

"Hey baby," Tom yawned with a smile, shuffling off into the kitchen with an empty mug in his hand. "How long have you been home?"

Claire was expecting him to be more excited or even frantic that she was home. His cool and calm demeanour was appreciated greatly. One of her main fears besides the pack going into anarchy without her around is Tom being very upset and flustered. None of the emotions he projected indicated that he was upset at all.

"Less than an hour," Claire replied, "Chris will be back soon he's in his apartment reading through some mail."

"When your done here you need to go see Pepper," Tom informed her, "She missed you a lot,"

Seb gave her another kiss and released her from his hold so that Claire could get up and go to Tom. Milo refused to budge off her lap forcing Claire to pick the animal up and place him on her shoulders where he laid like a fur rug.

"What a ham," Tom chuckled, opening his arms to meet her hug halfways.

Claire's heart swelled the moment she touched her lover. His scent, the warmth of his body and the energy he gave off all helped engulf her in a protective embrace. Chris was right - she did feel that special alpha and Luna bond between them that Claire feared had been broken.

"I'm so happy your home! Did you have a good time though? I hope you did!" he told her sincerely, kissing her mouth softly before nuzzling her nose with his.

"Yes, I did actually!" Claire told him,

"Good, I'm glad. You deserve a break from everything that you do and I'm happy that Chris had suggested this to me." Tom told her, "Tea?" he asked, pulling out another mug.

"Yes please, love,"

Her voice must have finally travelled to a sleepy hedgehog because from inside the bedroom they heard Pepper kicking the side of the cage and making excited hedgehog noises. A series of squeals, grunts and other vocals carried loudly into the main room.

"Go to your little girl," Michael told her, stealing a kiss before taking Milo from around her neck. "She missed her momma."

Chapter End Notes

Me, going through the list of family members I have to still buy Christmas gifts for;
“You need to renew your birth control sometime this week,” Tom informed her, pulling off his briefs and crawling into bed nude. He settled down beside Claire with the covers draped over his lap.

Pepper had fallen asleep on Claire's chest between her boobs and was snoring softly - her body turned on its side to expose her fat white underside. Lovingly Claire stroked her fingers up and down her tummy and side. It was late but Claire didn't have the heart to disrupt her.

The moment Claire had picked her up out of Peppers cage the hedgehog had been nudging her and rubbing her nose against Claire. The hog would yank on her clothing with her teeth trying to get Claire's attention before pouncing away and running back - burying her head bashfully against Claire's thigh.

“I was thinking about skipping that dose actually,” Claire told him, drawing the blankets up so they covered Pepper's body, “I'd like to start trying for a baby,”

Tom took a deep breath and turned on his side to face her. A single finger traced Pepper's cheek before rubbing over her little chin causing the hedgehog to stick her tongue out a bit and adjust it for more rubbings.

“That means you'll have to start using condoms with everyone else from now on.” Tom replied seriously, “I'm a lenient alpha but I refuse to allow someone else to impregnate you before me.”

There was an heir of possession in his voice as he spoke and looked at her, waiting for an answer from her. Claire thought that his statement was a no-brainer. Everyone had told her what would happen if someone other than Tom got her pregnant first.

“Yes, that's the plan,” Claire replied, trying to hide her sarcasm. “I think I'll plan all my pregnancies around a specific time and a specific person.”

“Well, that's how your supposed to do it.” Tom agreed, happy that his male dominance had been executed and well received by Claire, “I'd actually like for you to not sleep with anyone until I have gotten you pregnant.” He informed her, “Less room for complication and it assured that my seed is the one that wins.”

“How long is it going to take you to knock me up?” Claire asked, a bit irritated that he was becoming demanding.

Tom scowled and glared at her, “Knocked up? Could we be a little less crude? We’re not some scummy trailer park trash trying for a baby for welfare money! We’re trying to make an heir to my thrown. A little prince that we’ll love and adore.”

Sighing she rubbed her temple. Their argument was starting to wake Pepper and that was the last thing she wanted. The cats having outgrown their pillows had taken to sleeping at the bottom of their bed. Furry heads were raised as they watched their owners bicker.

“What happens if it's a girl?” Claire asked him curiously,

“I've studied my families gender pattern and I can guarantee it'll be a boy. Girls don't show up until after the third boy is born.” Tom gloated,

His preference for boys being firstborns and even second borns was a bit shocking. It made Claire
fearful of having a girl.

“What about my gender pattern? Girls are born first in my family.” Claire pointed out,

“My sperm is very strong and I can guarantee you that my genetics would be more prominent than yours.” Tom bluntly spoke.

Claire actually pulled back from him and felt her mouth drop open. She couldn't believe how much of a dick he was being with the topic of actually getting her pregnant. If he kept it up Claire wouldn't have a baby with him - period. At the end of the day, it was her body and she didn't have to have a baby with Tom.

There were other men in this pack who were less chauvinistic and happy to have whatever nature gave them. Men like Pine or even Sebastian.

“Your being a real prick, you know that?” Claire informed him. “Stop acting like a chauvinistic pig and be humbled with the fact that want to have a baby with you and if we have a girl - we have a girl. There are other people that wouldn't mind stepping up and being the 'father' to her!”

“Whoa, slow down. I never said wouldn't be her father if we had a girl. I said the probability of having a girl is extremely low.” Tom defended, fluffing his internal fur, “If we did have a girl she'd probably turn out to be a Luna. To answer your previous question - a few days of lovemaking at your most fertile should have you pregnant. Now the birth control drug will be completely out of your system in 2 to 3 months after you stop taking it due to drug build up. Which means you still have a very small percentage of getting pregnant at that time. So you need to use condoms unless your with me.”

“I don't like condoms,” Claire pouted, adjusting Pepper on her chest.

“Too bad, I'm the leader and I get first dibs on your womb,” Tom smirked, rubbing her tummy under the blankets. “And I plan on occupying it at least twice, maybe three if you'll let me.”

“I should charge you rent,” Claire snorted, “9-month lease,”

“Maybe 8,” Tom corrected, “Our babies have a habit of coming early. They developed a month ahead of human infants.”

Joking aside Claire didn't want to have a baby with Tom if he was going to treat the child differently because it was a girl and not a boy. His previous statements still came off as very male-egotistical. Knowing Claire's luck she'd have a girl instead of a boy because that's how she operated.

"You're pissed off, I can see the steam coming out of your ears. And that sour look on your face only adds to it." Tom pointed out,

Claire picked up Pepper and tucked her in the crook of her neck - her hand holding her bottom so the animal wouldn't slip. Pepper yawned and licked the side of her neck - whiskers tickling her skin.

"I want you to promise me that you'll love and appreciate a daughter if that's what we have first. I don't want you to be distant or pissed off because she's not your little boy." Claire told him seriously.

"Claire, love," Tom spoke, his hand protectively on her tummy, "I will love whoever you give me and whoever you have with someone else. A little girl isn't going to sway me from adoring them with all my heart. I was just trying to tell you not to get your hopes up with having a little girl because we're more than likely having a boy."
"That's not what it sounded like. It sounded that you were wanting a boy or you'd be offended," she pointed out, patting Pepper on the bum went she began to fuss a little.

Claire found that Pepper was only able to sleep outside of her cage at night for a specific amount of time before she had to be put into her own space. When shopping for more hedgehog pellets they found some synthetic fluff for Pepper to line her nest with. Claire noticed that she was re-doing her home and trying to re-align her nest that she made inside the plastic home. Pepper had made her home extra cosy to the point where it looked like a fluffy igloo inside the plastic shell.

"Ok sweetheart," Claire sympathized, "I'll place you back in your cage for night-nights,"

Very carefully she got out of bed without disrupting their lounging felines and placed Pepper back in her cage - latching it closed for safety. Right away Pepper stretched and trudged to her litter box before heading over to her nest.

"No, no. Further from the truth!" Tom reassured her, "We don't get the chance to actually breed very often because the urge to do so is muted unless we have a mate or a Luna. Any baby is a blessing to a wolf let alone a wolf pack."

"Good," Claire proudly assured herself, nodding her head and crawling back into bed. "Because knowing our luck we'll have a girl,"

"And I'll help you chose pink onesies with pride!" Tom declared.
Merry Christmas
“Are you sure?” Pine asked, stroking her spine up and down with his fingertips.

“Why wouldn't I be? You deserve my undivided attention as much as anyone else.” Claire smiled,

“Ok, where are we going?” He asked, a bit happier than before,

“I don't know,”

It was a bit trickier with Pine to schedule any type of intimacy because of his job. He couldn't risk having another council worker spotting him with her, period, let alone being intimate. On top of that, she didn't really know his money situation. The man had an income but probably not like Chris does. Claire didn't want to put him in the awkward position of suggesting something he couldn't afford. She's been through that personally and it didn't feel good.

“I can't really be seen with you outside until I quit my job and some time has passed - strictly for legal reasons of course!” Pine explained, “So that limits us to less populated areas. There's a spot closer to Washington itself that has mini cabins we could rent for the weekend. Its winter so it's offseason. I've vacationed there before during the winter season. I snowboard, do you snowboard? I could teach you.”

“I'd love to learn!” Claire happily agreed, “I always watch the snowboarding when it's on TV and I've wanted to do it for years!”

“Do I need to pick anything up special?” Pine asked,

“Condoms,” Claire blushed, looking away from the equally blushing man.

Their sexual contact was limited to cuddling and touching each other a little over their clothes. Claire wished to go further with him but the timing was always off. Hopefully, once they're by themselves they can perhaps reach 3rd base.

“Right, right,” Pine agreed, licking his lips nervously, “Tom gave us the speech of how your no longer on birth control and we need to use condoms because he isn't letting anyone else get you pregnant first - or Hellfire will rain down upon us. I'll uh, I'll get us a box of condoms.”

Claire was embarrassed that Tom had given them the 'lecture' on not getting her pregnant. As it was he walked around like Tom was the head cock in the hen house. There was an egotistical step in his stride as he walked about the apartment knowing that he was about to get the Luna pregnant.

“He hasn't chased anyone off, has he?” Claire warily asked,

“I'm going to buy a box of condoms so we can make love over the weekend - what do you think?” Pine smirked, raising his eyebrow at her. “If he tried - it didn't work.”

“True,” Claire agreed, turning in his arms and snuggling down close.

Pine hugged her to him and kissed her cheek, nose nuzzling into her skin. Soft, gentle hands smoothed their way up and down her as he rested his lips at her temple.

“How are you feeling?” Pine asked her, “I mean..Chris had told us that your upset over the attack still, which is rightfully so.”
“Oh,” Claire responded with gritted teeth.

She didn't necessarily expect Chris to tell the entire pack about how she's feeling but he probably did it for a good reason. No one wanted to have their weaknesses exposed especially when Claire fought so hard to put on a brave front.

“Don't be upset with him,” Pine soothed, “He did it so we’re all aware of how your struggling. We can each offer a different kind of support - which is what you need. Do you have any questions for me in regards to the punishment handed out?”

“I don't even know his name,” Claire told him.

“I can give you his first name and it's Alec.” Pine cautiously spoke, “And he's 22,”

“Why didn't you tell me this sooner?” Claire inquired sharply, pulling back enough to look at him.

“It's not my position to tell you such things. It's up to Tom and I suppose Tom wanted to protect you from it. You were already traumatized, my dear, he simply didn't want to stress you out with too many unnecessary details.” Pine defended.

Hearing things like that really pissed Claire off. She understood that Tom thought he was helping her but in the long run, it made things harder for her. Claire thought that they weren't telling her anything because she wasn't important or it wasn't any of her business.

What good was it being labelled a Luna when people still hid things from you or treated you like fine china?

“What punishments did Alec get, exactly?” Claire dryly spat, anger visible in her voice.

“He was reprimanded and so was his father. Alec was also required to take special courses to combat that type of behaviour. A permanent black mark was given on his file and he's under 2 years supervision.” Pine explained.

“Like parole?”

“Sort of, yes.” He replied, “He has to check in weekly with an assigned case manager where the agent will then make a weekly report. We have agents watching him all the time and reporting back to Alec’s case manager. If Alec breaks the terms of his supervision he could actually be placed in custody. And that's not fun. The council takes sexual assault or attempted sexual assault very seriously. An attempt is just a practice run until he can commit the deed itself and we like to nip that behaviour in the ass before they get a chance to follow through completely.”

Hearing that Alec would have someone's nose up his ass for the next 24 months made her feel better. Learning that he had a tight guideline of rules to follow or he'd be placed in jail made Claire feel even better. At this point it wasn't even about her it was about the other young women out there that could have been affected by him or have in the past. Claire fought back and perhaps that prevented him from hurting anyone else.

“We take all criminal acts seriously. Murder, drunk driving, drugs charges, assaults - just like humans we have a set of laws in place to keep everyone in order. There are punishments and they're not nice. Our jails are rough, they're not like human jails. And trust me - we’ll find out if you were naughty. A human police officer might arrest you but I can guarantee we have a werewolf working in that department who's there to monitor our kind and report to us if something comes up.” Pine told her proudly - forever the government man. “We have our kind in every police agency known to man and in the court system. 'Human’ police,” Pine continued, using air quotes, “Turn our kind over to us and
our council agents take over from there.”

That didn't surprise her since Tom and everyone else told her how there were werewolves in the human government and all throughout the medical field. Just like the vampires and the magical folks had. Pine was a council agent and it made her wonder if he had a badge or what his role within their government was.

“Are you a cop? Like, do you have the ability to arrest people?” Claire questioned,

“Legally? I could, I have a badge and went through what you'd call 'police school’ but I don't have much field experience. I chose to pursue a more 'parole agent’ type role where I monitor people like I had with you.” Pine told her, clutching her chin lightly and drawing her up for a kiss. “I'm a lover, not a fighter. Police work in our world tends to be violent. Werewolves are strong and we’re fighters. They don't go down without a struggle. Plus, I think with my job I'm helping people and giving them the chance to get better.”

That sounded like her Pine. She couldn't see him waving around a gun and kicking in doors looking for rouge werewolves. It was still sort of sexy though to know he had a badge and was a cop. Claire always had a thing for law enforcement.

“Can I see your badge?” Claire purred, wiggling her eyebrows at him,

“That depends,” Pine smirked - his voice smooth and seductive. “Have you been a naughty girl?”

“I can be!” Claire cooed,

“Then I guess I have to bring my badge this weekend, huh?” He answered, kissing her deeply on the mouth. “Because naughty girls need to be punished!”
“You look nervous,” Claire spoke as they stopped at a red light.

Pine turned and looked at her, “I'm not, maybe a little anxious but not nervous. I'm excited to get to know you one on one without prying eyes.” He confessed, grabbing hold of her hand.

The place Pine had rented for them was near Mount Baker by the border. It was an adorable little cabin that was pretty much one room beside the bathroom. It had a lovely rustic look and was about 10 minutes away from the ski slopes. Pine had brought his own snowboarding gear from home but Claire would have to rent hers. Tucked away safely were two ski passes giving them access to the mountain.

Tom wasn't entirely thrilled with learning that she was going snowboarding and neither was Chris. They were worried she'd hurt herself and Claire had to remind them that she's immortal - they heal very quickly. Unless she literally fell off the side of the highest peak and bounced on every rocky ledge - Claire wasn't going to die.

Sebastian and Michael took a more wary approach seeing how Claire hadn't spent much time with Pine alone. She thought they were fearful that he'd somehow flip a switch and turn into a monster when no one was looking. Claire could sense that he was anxious and scared of messing this up. His self-esteem wasn't the greatest and the man didn't have much faith in himself.

“We'll be fine,” Claire assured him, squeezing his hand, “I'm looking forward to learning more about you and spending time with you. I'm trying to get as much time in with everyone as I can because when the baby comes I don't think I can just leave for a weekend anymore…” Claire sighed, a little resentful that her life would change a bit more than she intended.

“Not at first - no. But I don't see why you can't when the child is a bit older. You'd need a break, especially from a toddler. That's understandable.” Pine assured, “We're not females but our parenting instincts are strong. We could manage a baby or a small child on our own provided it's no longer being breastfed. If your nursing then you can't go away.”

“I just can't picture any of you getting up and changing a poopy diaper,” Claire told him.

“I've done it before, I have younger siblings, nieces and nephews. Because I was written off as a beta by my pack I was often left to watch over the little ones while the pack was away or I'd be tasked with helping a mum.”

“That sounds very very sexist,” Claire told him with concern. “It's like because your not aggressive they've decided your better suited for 'women's work' which is entirely wrong on its own.”

“That's how it works though. Betas are tasked with the more feminine duties because they don't show a lot of masculinity.” Pine told her,

“Masculinity,” Claire countered, “Can be many different things and it doesn't ways include being an aggressive macho jerk. I think your very masculine and I don't think your really a beta. Just like I don't think Sebastian is a beta. I don't like 'ranks' period because I think people are useful to various degrees with everything.”
“Oh?” Pine inquired, curious about her forward thinking and reasoning.

“I just think you and Seb are very laid back, passive and caring people. It just means you have a level-headed way of dealing with things. I totally trust you and Sebastian to protect me and our children if you had too. I know your capable of doing everything a man is capable of and then some. You just evaluate situations differently and choose to address the often overlooked details that someone like Chris would either not see entirely or refuse to deal with because he felt it was below him.” Claire explained, “With that being said though Chris has his place and he's pretty much 100% a ‘guard dog’ if you would. He's taken on the role of protector and muscle, and that's what he's comfortable with. He does it well because that's just him. That's how he thinks and it's in his blood. Does that make sense?”

“I honestly never looked at it that way,” Pine confessed, mystified that Claire was able to explain a lifelong problem he's had. “That makes a lot of sense really,”

“That's why I don't go by 'rankings' in our pack and I treat everyone equal because in my eyes they are equal - they just have different styles of doing things but that doesn't mean someone's better than the other. There's no way in hell I could manage a brood of pups if everyone was the same personality wise. Our pups need a strong masculine figure to look up too and they also need to know it's alright to be gentle and kind. I want them to be well rounded and healthy. I don't want to give birth to an Alec.”

“No, none of our brood would turn out like Alec. We have too many makes that believe in female rights to let that happen.” Pine informed her, ‘Alec was raised in a pack that is more 'old school' and believes that females have their place which is below a man. Obviously, the council doesn't agree with that theology but we can't tell them how to think. We can only punish them if their prehistoric thinking breaks the law - which we did. You're lucky. Luna aside, Tom absolutely worships the ground you walk on and would gladly step back and let you lead. I haven't seen an alpha so submissive to his lover like this in a very long time. Nevermind the rest of the pack. Guys like Chris don't normally allow anyone to tell them what to do and in turn actually do it.”

That was true. Claire was very blessed with having a good pack around her. She felt that because her 'rule' wasn't harsh or demanding they were more willing to do as she said. Claire treated them with respect and never held her title above their heads. In return, they gave her respect right back and gladly complied with whatever task she asked of them.

“You give respect to get respect,” Claire replied, bringing Pine’s hand up to her mouth and kissing the top gently.

“True,” he agreed, blushing a bit with her affection gesture. “But Lunas aren’t usually your brand of nice. They're pretty entitled and mean. Any male regardless of ranking would consider joining your pack a windfall. I've pretty much hit the lotto.”

“Well, if you grow up being treated like a spoilt princess you become a nasty queen.” Claire reasoned, “I suppose Lunas that are aware of themselves since birth are held with high regard and treated special - I wasn't. If I have a daughter that turns out to be a Luna I'm going to treat her the same as any other child.”

“I agree,” Pine smiled, “That's what makes you a fair, yet powerful leader. It's enduring and seductive at the same time, I love it!”

Now it was time for Claire to blush at his remarks. She had never been so openly praised for being her stubborn, opinionated self before. Usually, Claire was being scolded because she was being viewed as too cynical or aggressive. Of course, mainly the ones wagging their fingers in her face
were teachers and Claire's parents.

“Thank you,” Claire gushed,

“You're a beautiful person inside and out. You deserve all the praise and respect you get and more.” He told her, kissing her on the mouth passionately after pulling up to their cabin. “And I'm proud to call you mine. Now, let's get this weekend started? Yes? I brought my police badge and a few boxes of condoms. I'm looking forward to giving you a full cavity search as well as a frisking.”

“Oh?” Claire giggled, “I wouldn't want to hinder an investigation!”

Chapter End Notes

After this chapter it's pretty much 3 chapters of smut.
Laughing Claire allowed herself to fall forward and straight into Pines' arms. He was trying to teach her how to snowboard and unfortunately, her balance wasn't that great. Claire was spending more time on her bum than the slopes themselves.

He caught her in his arms and stole a kiss. Their cheeks and noses were flushed bright red from the cold. Air coming out from their lips in a visible huff.

“Careful there!” Pine smile, “Don't want you to bruise your bum!”

“My butts already bruised!” Claire giggled, correcting herself. “And cold, and wet,”

“That's not good!” He told her, taking hold of Claire's hands once more and helping her balance before guiding her a little down the slope.

Currently, they were on 'The Bunny’ slope so Pine was able to hold onto her as she slowly slides down the slight incline. Patiently he guided her and released his hold once he thought her balance was steady. Claire moved on her own a few feet before coming to a stop.

“Good girl!” Pine praised, “Do you want to try again or go get some hot chocolate?”

“I'm getting cold,” Claire told him.

Despite being able to adjust to this subzero temperature of the mountain Claire still found herself a little cold. The Frist still nipped at her fingers causing Claire to use gloves and she lost the feeling in her nose.

This almost change to primitive surroundings had her wolf howling. She anxiously ran back and forth begging to romp in the snow and explore the mountains and its peaks. Claire knew that Pine’s black beauty was just as anxious as she was.

“I want to go for a run,” Claire announced, looking up at her lover. “I really wanna stretch my legs.”

Pine glanced down at her nervously. They were surrounded by happy humans and a handful of wolves minding their business. Nervously he licked his lips and gave a curt nod. Under his arm where both of their snowboards as they trudged to the ski cabin restaurant.

“Maybe later, yep,” Pine agreed not wanting to speak more about it around so many humans.

He held the door open for her and waited until Claire was inside, taking her side and escorting her like a gentleman to the front of the cafe where they looked over the menu.

“Tell me what you'd like and I'll order while you get us a seat?” Pine suggested

“I'll have the wild mushroom soup, a hot chocolate and a grilled cheese,” Claire told him with a smile, standing up on her toes to give him a kiss on the cheek before turning to find a seat.

The lodge was busy and there weren't too many seats available. Scanning the dining area she saw a recently unoccupied table and walked towards it. Ignoring the dirty dishes that lingered Claire pushed them to the side and waited for a worker to come and get them. When your hungry, tired and
cold you didn't have time to be snobby about crumbs on a table.

“Thank you,” Claire smiled as a worker came to clean up the previous mess. Once she was gone Claire made eye contact with Pine who was next in line to make his order. She presumed they'd be given a number and when the food was done someone would deliver it to the table.

Curiously Claire raised her nose slightly and tried to distinguish whether they had other werewolves close to them. So far all she smelt were humans but her sense of distinguishing smells wasn't that good. Claire found that unless they were close to her she couldn't pick out a werewolf in the crowd. Pine assured her it would take time but Claire thought that she should be able to do this a bit better.

“There's no one else here,” Pine told her, sitting across from her and placed a numbered plaque on the table. “Your deduction is right,” he confirmed,

“Oh, ok.” Claire smiled, happy that her sniffer seemed to be in order.

“There's a couple on the slopes but they're not a threat,” he added. The background noise of about 100 happy chatty humans drowned out their conversation making it possible to speak about certain things. “We generally mind our own business in common areas. It's rare to find someone starts something.”

“Well, I'd presume it would be frowned upon if they did,” Claire replied, reaching across the table and taking Lines hand in hers. She interlaced her fingers with his and squeezed, keeping their hands intertwined. “I love you,”

“I love you two my sweet pea,” he beamed, giving her a new nickname. “Are you wanting to go back on the slopes after lunch?”

“I think so,” she agreed, “I want to try and stay upright the entire bunny slope.”

Their food arrived and they ate slowly. Ironically enough Claire seemed to have opted for the more fatty food while Pine enjoyed his Chicken and spinach salad. It made her a little self-conscious and she began to pick at her food rather than fully enjoy it.

“Stop it,” Pine scolded, picking up half of her sandwich and taking a small bite, “Just because I opted for rabbit food doesn't mean you can't eat a soup and sandwich. I'm lactose intolerant and if I ate that deliciousness in front of me - my stomach would hurt and we couldn't go back out on the mountains.” Pine explained,

Claire never knew that they had were able to get food allergies. She just assumed that because they were supernatural they'd have good digestion. Then again - Claire was a werewolf with depression and anxiety. So maybe they could have specific food allergies.

“What about colds and flu?” She asked, dunking her sandwich in her soup and eating a bit more eagerly now.

“We can get sick but it's rare,” Pine informed her, “It wouldn't last long though. Maybe one day tops?” He continued, letting Claire taste his salad. “Our children are more susceptible to sickness, however, which could linger a bit longer than a day.”

Lovely. That's just what Claire wanted to hear - her toddler could get a cold or the flu.

“Oh, I know. You'd think all things considering you'd be immune to throwing up or a stuffy nose but sadly - nope. We all get sick at least a few times in our lifetime. Normally we...well, you know. So it's not so hard on us.”
Honestly? Claire didn't think she wanted to be a wolf when she had the flu. Somehow throwing up while a canine seemed very unpleasant and awkward. Claire's witness the family dog barf one too many times to know it's not exactly a graceful action. At least when she's human Claire could be somewhat dainty about it.

“I think I'd like to cook in tonight,” Claire told him, finishing up her sandwich.

“We can hunt,” he suggested bluntly, “Or rather you could. I'm not good at that. I can prep it, however.”

She was shocked that he'd suggest such a thing seeing how they were supposed to be inconspicuous. The rental cabin wasn't exactly secluded and they had no idea who else was using it. Tracking down some dinner as a fluffy white wolf would be tricky. Perhaps this was a test and Pine was trying to see if she'd take the bait.

“I don't know...there are a lot of people around,” Claire replied apprehensively. “It's a bit risky…”

“I didn't mean on the cabin site itself. There are back roads we can go down and have a run. I'm quite familiar with the area. I'd really like to see you execute some more basic instincts. I admire that side of you.” Pine defended, sipping his tea.

“I don't think that's something Tom would approve of. He doesn't like me hunting unless it's a dire situation.” Claire explained, her uneasiness coming through in her words. “Going for a run is one thing, but, no - I can't do that. Sorry.”

“Good girl!” Pine smirked, nodding his head, “That's exactly what I wanted you to say.”

“Alright,” she cautiously replied, still not sure if it was a test or if Pine was trying to lessen the blow of his rejection. “Yeah, I mean. I just have this feeling in my gut that tells me it's not a good idea.”

“That's because it's not,” Pine agreed, “Let's hurry up and hit the slopes before the sun sets.”

Chapter End Notes

Fuck, I forgot I wrote this chapter. So I'll just post it and get it out of the way before the smut tomorrow.
They hadn’t made love the first night in the cabin as they planned. Claire was tired and Pine had some work-related stuff he needed to read. They settled in bed with her napping peacefully and Pine right beside her reading away.

It was becoming painfully obvious that if Claire wished to proceed further she’d have to take that step herself because Pine won’t. Inching closer to him on the bed she stared at the man until he lowered his magazine and acknowledged her.

“Hi,” she smiled cheekily,

“Hello,” he replied just as cheerfully, “Can I help you?”

“Maybe?” Claire played, walking two fingers down his bare stomach and to the beginning of the blankets. “You’ve had sex before, right?” She asked awkwardly.

It simply blew her mind that Claire would even have to ask this question to a man as handsome and desirable like Pine. But then again - Chris was a virgin and he’s pretty much Thor.

“What?” Pine chuckled, “I’m not innocent, no. I’ve had partners in the past when the urge has struck me. I’m waiting for you to approach because I feel it’s proper for the female lover to pursue at first. I'm still learning your social queues when it comes to sex and intimacy. I don't want to overstep my boundaries and create a bad impression.”

“I can touch you though, right?” Claire asked him sincerely, rubbing his bare stomach. “Consent goes both ways…”

“You can touch me all you want,” Pine smiled, adjusting himself on the bed. “I'd love for you to touch me,”

Claire sat up awkwardly and adjusted her legs before slowly trailing her hand down his stomach to between his legs. She massaged his groin gently, getting a feel for the manhood between his legs.

“I like a little roughness, but not too rough where it's abusive.” Claire informed him, rubbing his member through the material of his briefs, “Dominance is good, I'm a bit dominant at times!”

“That's good!” Pine cooed, raising his hips a little, “I love a beautiful, powerful, female holding me down and taking pleasure.”

Claire sat up on her knees and pulled her shirt off, tossing it to the side and exposing her chest. Pine
sat up and took hold of her breasts, massaging them and admiring the size in his hands.

“Yummy,” he groaned, licking his lips. “You have a beautiful set of...boobs,” he grinned bashfully.

This was proof that any mature man resorted back to a teenager at the sight of breasts. Smiling she thrust her chest out into his hands and moaned.

Claire straddled his lap and sunk down trapping his erection between their tummies. With her in front of him, Pine eagerly latched onto her nipple, holding her breast with one hand steadily as he sucked and pulled on the bud with his lips.

“I like foreplay,” Claire continued, running her fingers through his short hair, “And having sex in places where we could get caught!”

“Naughty little minks!” Pine cooed lustfully, “I like the sound of that! I too enjoyed being naughty!”

It was funny how the more people on the shy side turned out to be the freest and the more open-minded when it came to sex. Tom was a good example of this. He was very social and vocal but refused to do anything that would risk him getting caught and effect his medical license. Their lovemaking was left to the bedroom or the bathroom.

“Role-playing?” Pine asked curiously, his hands smoothly down her sides and to her hips. Gripping them tightly he growled and dipped her back so Claire rested flat on the mattress.

“Yes!” Claire groaned, massaging his shoulders and stretching out before him.

Once he was certain that she was willing he took a surprising charge forward and moved down her body, lips and tongue smoothing a trail down the length of her body and to the waistband of her panties. Helping him she raised her hips up and allowed him to remove the material.

“I've waited patiently for too long!” Pine confessed, “I'm so aroused I feel like I could bust!”

“So am I!” Claire confessed

Claire could feel her slickness sticking to her lips as Pine massaged and rubbed her sex, his eyes completely glued to her womanhood. Fingers stroked her slit and admired her arousal - spreading it around for his future penetration.

“You're drenched!” Pine announced, awkwardly shuffling out of his briefs and exposing himself to her.

Having never seen him naked before Claire sat up and boldly grabbed hold of his solid manhood. Pine growled and pushed himself into her hands, admiring how large he was in her palm.

“You're hung like a horse!” Claire cooed, mesmerized by the hardened sex organ in her hand. A trail of clear, thick pre-cum leaked out of his slit and down the underside.

“I've had no complaints,” he smiled, brushing his fingertips across her chin. “The irony in it, I know.”

Size wise he was the same as Tom but perhaps a bit thicker. Claire had seen him in his briefs while flaccid and there was no indication that he was packing this much. Pine was definitely a grower and not a shower. A delicious surprise she enjoyed a lot.

“Do you think he'll fit?” Pine asked with a sly smile, pushing himself into her hand and leaving a
sticky mess behind on her palm.

“Might be a tight stretch but I'm sure we’ll manage!” Claire played back. “I never expected you to be this bold when it came to sex,” she confessed, closing her hand around his length and pumping him a few times.

Pine hollowed his cheeks and let out a strained moan, enjoying the feel of her affection. “It’s easy to let go and enjoy yourself when you’re comfortable with the one your with.” He explained, “I know I'm safe and you won't criticize me. I trust you,”

“I trust you too,” Claire replied sincerely,

She could hear that fault of apprehension in his voice as he explained the sudden confidence boost. Claire had to keep reminding herself that beautiful people who appeared nearly perfect also had insecurities, and have been through situations that hindered their confidence.

“That's good,” he agreed,

Claire turned herself around so that her head rested on the pillows, widening her legs and inviting him between them. He didn't need much encouragement to fall between her legs. Pine grinned and playfully landed between her legs and captured her mouth with his.

“You have a beautiful body,” he purred, smoothing his hand up and down her body and across her soft tummy. “Soft in all the right places, curve, delectable like a goddess!”

“I'm glad you like all my fluff!” Claire giggled, relief coming over her as the uncertainty of her naked body was dissolved. A fear she had with all new partners.

“Can I tell you a secret?” Pine purred seductively in her ear, giving open-mouthed kisses to the side of her neck and her jaw, “I love my chubbies!” He told her, “I always have - So you, my dear, are a delight to be had!”

A moan escaped her lips as she ran her hands down his back and to her bottom, massaging the strong bum cheeks and dragging him closer to her. Pine dipped down and rubbed himself against her, his bare manhood slipping between her wet folds and stroking her clit in a teasing manner.

Instinctively Claire raised her legs and repositioned them around his middle, angling her hips and waiting for his thrust. In doing so Pine slipped inside her raw, pumping himself hard and fast a few times before pulling out and resting on his knees.

“Dangerous game!” Pine growled lustfully, “Russian Roulette!”

“Oh, but it felt so nice!” Claire cooed, the heated tightness of his cock pushing into her soft walls immediately missed. Her body ached and craved for that feeling once more.

“Baby, if I go back in without a condom I'm not going to be able to pull out,” Pine informed her, reaching across her and grabbing the box. “It took so much willpower to stop and pull out as it is.”

“But I love playing dangerous games!” Claire moaned, grabbing hold of his strained manhood, slick with her wetness.

“There's dangerous and suicidal,” Pine reminded her, “I too love to fuck dangerously but I don't feel like actually dying,” he added, unravelling the condom on his stiff length. “And getting you pregnant before Tom has a go is signing my death warrant.”
“Get back inside me!” Claire whined in response, anxiously wiggling her hips against the bed.

Pine smirked and cupped her cheek, holding her in place as he kissed her possessively. He moaned into her mouth as he got into position between her legs. A strong arm looped around her leg hoisting it up and depositing it on his shoulder before he lunged forward and buried himself hilt deep.

They both cried out and held onto one another as their bodies adjusted. Pine stiffened and curved his back, shuddering into the side of her neck as he waited for her tight tissues to relax around his member.

“Yeah, there's no way I could pull out if I hadn't of already,” Pine told her through baited breath rotating his hips and parting her folds to get a view of their connection. “Your so fucking tight, sweet pea!”

“I've had no complaints!” Claire cheekily replied, taking hold of his hips and helping him move above her.

“Brat!” He purred, pulling away from her slowly and slamming back inside her with a sharp thrust.

Claire cried out and dug her blunt fingernails into his hips, the calf of her free leg ran up and down his upper thigh. Steadily he pushed into her only pausing to rotate his hips.

“I want you to roll over for me,” Pine instructed, forcing himself to disconnect from her body much to Claire's anguish.

Pouting she turned over onto her tummy and spread her legs. Pine took hold of her hips and raised them up, dragging her back to him. Several pillows helped prop her up to relieve the pressure on Claire's back. As she lay there waiting for his next move Pine repositioned himself behind her.

Strong, powerful hands started on her hips and moved up along her sides and to her shoulders, across the length of them and back down her spine. A sharp, unexpected smack to her bum cheek had Claire crying out in shock and jolting forward - startled by the contact rather than in actual pain.

“You have been a very wicked little wolf!” Pine purred seductively from somewhere close to her ear. His hands continued to smooth their way over her body in unknown patterns causing goosebumps to form on her skin. “And officer Pine might have to arrest you!” He added, lips falling between her shoulder blades as he kissed her flesh.

“Oh no, don't do that!” Claire played back, rubbing her bare bum against his groin - Pine’s body partially moulded on top of hers. “Please!”

“I don't know,” he growled, teeth biting her left bum cheek. “Exposing this pussy is a fuckable offence!”

Claire felt his fingers strumming the length of her swollen quim. She was throbbing, dripping wet even, and the ache for him to be inside her was starting to hurt. Licking her lips she moaned and adjusted her arms to rest better on the side of her head. Teasingly he stroked between her puffy pussy lips - up and down, around her clit and stopping just before dipping inside her hot entrance.

“If the punishment fits the crime!” Claire groaned, “Please?” she added, begging him for some form of mercy.

“Oh yes, you've been a very bad girl indeed!” He played with her, “Does officer Pine have to break out the handcuffs? I'm sensing some resistance from you!”
The thought of being tied up and fucked excited her greatly and a visible shiver ran down Claire’s spine sending goosebumps to cover her skin. Behind her, Claire could hear Pine chuckle before getting off the bed. When she turned to look over her shoulder all Claire could see was his strong, well-toned back and his delicious ass.

Pine turned around with a set of handcuffs in one hand and an actual police badge hanging around his neck. Pines handsome face was dead set on her. Blue eyes smokey with lust and his lips slightly swollen from arousal. His step was like a graceful panther stalking its prey. Every muscle contorted and moved like god intended and between his legs was a very erect cock, flushed red with increased blood flow. It was probably one of the hottest things she’s seen in her life and a very faint orgasm hit her.

“The council has been getting reports about you, naughty Luna!” Pine continued, stroking her side with his hand. For added stimulation Pine placed the handcuffs on her lower back - the cold, hard metal causing Claire to gasp. “Do you honestly think you can expose a pussy this beautiful and not expect recourse?” He asked, scissoring her wanton cunny open for his view. “Are you ok with where this is going?” Pine asked her in a surprisingly serious tone of voice - breaking character for a moment.

“Yeah, I'm fine. I trust you. I know it’s just a sex game and not real.” Claire told him honestly. Happy that he actually stopped to check on her seeing the previous circumstances.

“Alright, good, I'd never actually hurt you.” Pine told her, kissing her hip lovingly, “If you want to stop just say so and I'll stop immediately.”

“Ok, thank you.” She smiled, wiggling her bum and signalling for him to continue.

“Beautiful little cunny, so swollen and flushed from arousal. Your dripping honey my dear - I may even say your in heat!” Pine told her in an authoritative voice. He massaged her pussy, squeezing her lips together before releasing them.

“Fuck me!” Claire moaned, raising her bottom up even more. “Please, officer Pine! I've been naughty!

“Fuck you? Your lack of fucking is what's got you into this mess!” He groaned, “Teasing all the men with this delicious cunt and refusing to let them breed you!”

Oh god, he was going to make her cum without actually touching her. Gentle hands travelled up her sides once more until he reached her shoulders. Tenderly Pine pulled her back and held her flush against his strong body. Arms encasing themselves around her body as he kissed the side of her neck. Claire could feel his badge pressing into her back.

Awkwardly she felt him widening her thighs, a hand flat on her belly pushed Claire up his thighs until her quim was right above his member. Her hands grabbed hold of the headboard and steadied herself as he kept one arm around her body and the other hand gripped her hip.

“Raise up a bit!” Pine instructed, “Your horny pussy needs to be fucked as dictated by your crime!” He growled seductively, biting the side of her neck.

“And your just the man to do it?” She baited, turning her head slightly to view him, capturing his mouth eagerly.

“I am an officer of the law, am I not?” Pine replied, breaking their kiss with a huff. Removing his hand from her hip and slapping the handcuffs loosely around her wrist, then the other until she was
As soon as his hand grabbed hold of her hip he thrust upwards and penetrated her snugly. Claire gasped loudly, her hands clutching the wooden headboard. Behind her Pine yelled out, swearing and growling.

“You better cum for me sweet Luna! If you don’t it’s failure to comply. You don’t want to punished further, do you?” Pine cooed, slamming into her from behind.

With every thrust forward by his hips, she found herself bouncing a little in a morbid game of ‘horsey’ Claire decided to move up and down to meet her lovers thrusts. The list and arousal were starting to overcome her and she found herself responding rather animalistic.

Teeth chattering Claire worked herself hard and fast against Pine. At one point her liver had actually stopped moving and allowed her to do the work. His helpful hands helped guide her body up and down by taking a possessive hold of her full hips. The sound and smell of sex dominated the room and she could feel her arousal running down his shaft and onto their thighs.

“That’s it, fuck me!” Pine encouraged, “Fuck me nice and hard little Luna!”

He reached around with one hand and cupped her breast, cradling it from the rapid movements of her body in motion. Pine massaged and squeezed the orb, twisting her nipple and pulling it. The added spark was sending her over the edge.

“I’m gonna cum!” Claire announced loudly in a huff, “Oh god I’m gonna cum I can feel it!”

“Cum on!” Pine groaned, “Cum nice and hard on officer Pine’s cock. Ride out your punishment like a good little Luna! Let me breed that cunt as nature intended!”

“Oh fuck, yes!” Claire grunted, closing her eyes and tilting her head back to rest on his shoulder.

Pine released her breasts and lightly wrapped his hand around the front of her exposed throat. Very gently he squeezed her neck in time with the thrusting of his hips. Their rhythm was so frantic and powerful Claire was worried they’d break the bed.

Balanced perfectly on his thighs Claire was able to keep up their frantic lovemaking as Pine let go of her completely. His hand remained around her throat causing Claire to curve her back submissively against him. Skilled fingers traced down her sweaty skin to the top of her mound and where her precious quim was fanned out around Pine’s thick and solid shaft. Easily he found her swollen clit and ran two fingers over the bud, teasing her and sending jolts of pleasure from her brain straight to her quim.

“I’m going to cum!” Pine growled, squeezing her throat a little tighter than before and burying his nose in the crook of her neck. “Cum for me Claire! I want to feel your pussy clutching and begging for seed. I want you to milk my cock for cum!”

Claire’s orgasm hit her harder than any other had before. She felt like she was standing on railroad tracks and hit by the morning express. Pine caught her as her body crumbled forward in a serious of spasms. A hot gush of arousal left her body and coated his latex-sheathed member - leaving an undeniable wet patch on the mattress below them.

Her nipples were pert, her pussy throbbed and she felt every hair on her body stand on edge. Claire’s nerve endings were on fire with electric energy, her breath hitched in her throat and for the first time, Claire thought she might pass out.
Behind her, Pine stiffened suddenly, his hand around her throat tightening just a little as his powerful forearm wrapped around her middle - holding her steady. Loudly he cried out unabashedly, a feral cry of a man that's accomplished his task. Below Claire, where they remained connected, he continued to rotate his hips.

Pine released her and Claire fell forward into the pillows. He yanked her back to him, holding her by the hips possessively so that their connection would be severed. Every time she tried to move or adjust he'd give a feral growl and dug his fingertips into her flesh.

“Stay!” Pine warned her, “My wolf is quite dominant and he's demanding I stay tethered to you for as long as possible. Fuck! Your pussy feels so good!” He praised, parting her spent folds and viewing himself still inside her. “Can you feel it clenching around me?”

“Yeah!” Claire panted, relaxing into the pillows. For added pleasure, she purposely clutched her pussy muscles down and clamped around his slowly deflating member.

“Do you normally go that hard?” He asked sincerely, his arousal built confidence slowly starting to lessen.

“No,” Claire told him, “Well, Tom works himself up into a rut when I'm in season. But generally - no.”

“I wasn't too rough on you, was I?” He asked, stroking his fingers up and down her spine a few times before leaning forward and taking the handcuffs off her.

“No,” she replied,

“Tom had told me you fancied your neck held,” Pine confessed, “Or I'd have never grabbed you there. It's common for our females to like that though,” he continued, slowly untangling himself from her. “In nature when a male wolf mounts his bitch, he holds onto her neck for dominance and to keep her in place.”

Since he used a condom and it hadn't broken, there was no mess to clean up. Claire lay awkwardly on the bed trying to avoid the wet spot as best she could. Pine had reluctantly left for the washroom to dispose of the spent condom. He came back with several towels and a wet washcloth.

“Come, let me cover that spot for you,” he told her.

Claire didn't have the energy to blink fully let alone actually move. After waiting several minutes for her to do so Pine chuckled and began to place the towels under her while she lay there like a flounder. The wet spot was no longer touching her skin and a relief washed over her.

Gently from behind her Pine opened her thighs and lovingly cleaned up the inside of her thighs and over her privates. Having looked after her properly he was able to finally crawl into bed with her. Blankets were brought up from the base of the bed and draped over the both of them. She felt Pine's weight partially on top of hers as he positioned himself to lay a little on top of her. Pine's leg resting between hers as he tucked his little Luna under him protectively. Strong arms hugged her from behind and the top of Claire's head was resting under his chin.

Tom had gotten into this position several times as well as Chris. Claire liked it, she enjoyed the intimacy of the embrace. It made her feel safe when left in this vulnerable state.

“Rest,” Pine told her softly, “When you wake up nice and refreshed you and I will make love. Just us, no roleplaying.” He told her. “Slow and gentle,”
A moan escaped her lips and she nuzzled her nose into his forearm, tilting her head down submissively and resting her forehead on the muscle. This was Claire giving in to Pine after so many months of built up sexual tension. The final chapter in her journey was finally open and she felt complete - she felt she could proceed to the next level.

Chapter End Notes

Alright fine, I fucking lied. I won't make you wait till tomorrow for smut. Why is there no good Chris Pine smut that you DON'T have to search through the bowels of Tumblr for? If anyone can point me in the direction of something good, please do so. Until then - here's my contribution to a grimly underdeveloped supply of Chris Pine smut.
“I think last night was the result of a few months of pent up sexual frustration,” Pine told her, slipping between her thighs while under the covers. He smiled down at her and rubbed his nose against hers, kissing Claire's lips gently. “Making love is what we need to do,”

She felt his hand on her cheek and as he held her protectively in place, lowering his nude body over hers. Purring, Claire adjusted her legs around his waist and placed her arms around his neck, sucking on the skin of his neck.

“I think so,” Claire agreed, kissing his jawbone and trailing her fingers softly down his back as he returned the soft kisses.

Between their bodies, Claire could feel his erection pressing against her soft tummy. Pine grinned and rubbed himself against her playfully, teasing her with the heated length. He reached between them and grabbed hold of himself, pumping it a few times before reaching over and grabbing a condom.

They shared a knowing look as he unravelled the latex sheath over his member. Once he was protected Pine dipped down a little and penetrated her. They gasped and whimpered, Claire, fixing her legs around him and drawing Pine down further on her.

“Easy, little Luna,” Pine soothed, running his hands down her sides and to her hips - taking hold of them and bunching them up so that he could slip deeper inside her. “Nice and easy,”

Claire too his advice and kept one leg on his lower back and placed the other against his thigh, holding his shoulders and moving with his thrusts. Kneading softly Claire held his shoulders and moaned lightly.

“That's lovely,” Claire purred, “Oh, yes!”

She could feel his thickness stretching her open nicely - slow and steady as he drew his member against her soft tissues. Every thrust, every turn of his hips - she felt. Pine was actually making love to her slow and steady.

Letting out a deep breath she tilted her head back a little exposing her neck. Soft lips caressed her pulse point and along her jaw until he reached her mouth. Claire raised her hand and gently touched his cheek, moving her lips with his.

Claire broke their kiss long enough to request that she go on top. Pine adjusted his arms around her body and rolled them so Claire was straddling his body. Smiling softly she leaned forward a bit and adjusted her legs, sinking back down fully on top of him. Pine reached around her and drew the covers back up around them allowing Claire to lay flat on top of him.
He hugged her lovingly as Claire lazily moved her hips back and forth on top of Pine. Under the covers, he touched her sides, back and across her chest. Eventually, Pine’s hands settled on her plush bum, each hand held onto her cheeks and he pushed her up and down to help with the speed.

“Fuck,” Pine huffed under his breath, “This is perfect!”

“Yes, it is!” Claire agreed, extending her neck and reaching the bit of flesh that connected his neck to his upper body. Gently she kissed and grazed her teeth on the skin causing Pine to purr and growl lowly.

Pine raised his legs a little and pushed her up a little further, taking over for a bit. A little faster - Pine moved his hips up and down spearing into her harder. Claire gasped and shuddered in his arms, her lips pressed against his pulse point.

“Raise your chest up a bit,” Pine requested, she did.

With her chest accessible he moved a hand to her breasts, smoothing the palm over them before cupping the heavy orb - holding it in place and capturing a nipple in his mouth. Line suckled the sensitive bud and kissed her nipple, nuzzling his nose against the soft flesh.

None of her other men was this sensitive to make love this passionately and this gently. If Claire was to get pregnant ideally this is how she'd want to do it. What better way to make a baby than from pure emotion and love?

“Take the condom off,” Claire purred, stroking his strong chest.

“What?” Pine asked her, unsure of whether he had heard her correctly,

“Take the condom off, I want a baby.” Claire whined, kissing him between the peck muscles.

“Oh I can't do that,” Pine denied boldly, pressing his hand to her chest to create a subconscious barrier between them. “We can't do that. The smooth waters that are our current life will become hurricane grade bad,”

“But I'm your Luna.” Claire told him firmly, clutching her private muscles around his stiff shaft, “And I'm ordering you to take the condom off.”

“And I'm rejecting that order!” Pine told her calmly. “Come here,” he added, encasing her in a strong embrace and manoeuvring them so that they lay on their sides facing each other. “There's a time and a place for our own baby - now is not it.”

Claire grumbled and adjusted her arms around him. It was pretty safe to say she had ruined the moment and whatever they were achieving was gone. Sighing heavily she took a deep breath and tried not to actually cry.

“I love my time with you and our pack. If we make a baby I'll be kicked out and you'll have to deal with Tom's secret resentment.” Pine explained. “If we were human - I would make a baby with you no problem. We could even fuck off just me and you - but we can't do it. Not with our pack not with our council. This isn't a rejection - this is me trying to save our current life. We will have a baby, eventually. We have immortality if we play our cards right.”

“You're right,” Claire agreed, “I just thought the moment was...right,”

“And it was - and when it's time to create our little one we'll be making love just as passionately as we are now.”
“Can you really reject my order?” Claire asked, “I thought only an alpha could do that.”

“I can because I’m a council agent and I have the authority to do so,” Pine told her with a smile. “I won't do anything that would place you, I or our pack in any danger. Council agent or not.

“What's the point of being a Luna when no one takes your orders,” Claire pouted, stretching in Pines' arms.

Her lover chuckled and adjusted himself, removing the used condom from his softening member. “You should be glad you don't have a bunch of psychopaths under your charge willing to do reckless things. A few wolves have questionable characters and would break the law or place their pack in danger. Those are men you don't want around you let alone be the father of your children. I'm not sure if anyone explained to you,” Pine continued, rolling onto his back and pressing Claire into his side. “But, any pack member has the right to refuse a Lunas orders if it involves breaking the law or going against council rules.”

“And making a baby with me before Tom does is against council rules?” Claire asked him a bit miffed by that.

“Tom is the established alpha - you're the established Luna. The council rule since it was established is that the alpha has first rights to a baby or he can kick out the offending member from the pack if he chooses. If there's an active Luna in a pack an alpha has virtually no right to kick a member out - that's the Lunas decision. Tom could override you and get rid of someone if they commit a serious offence like homicide, sexual assault or...getting you pregnant before him.”

The fact that the council, and everyone else, compares her getting pregnant by another man first before Tom, to homicide or rape, was disgusting and overwhelming. There was very little about their lifestyle that Claire would actually consider primitive but this was that rare instance.

“In general you still have the majority of power over me and everyone else,” Pine told her in a bid to make her feel a bit better.

“That doesn't make me feel any better.” Claire grumped, rolling onto her back and crossing her arms over her chest.

“It’s not for power - it's for protection. A wolf that's so willing to disrespect his alpha isn't a wolf you want around. That tells everyone he's a very dishonest person that's willing to backstab anyone to get what he wants. It leads to unstable behaviour and problems in the future.” Pine explained to her, “In order for a pack to stay healthy and strong you need solid wolves of good character. We’re a smooth running machine where everyone has its place and with us, in our places, we operate at peak performance.”

“That makes sense,” Claire yawned.

Frustrated with the lack of communication between her and Tom she continued to frown. She's learned a lot from Pine and Chris in regards to their general Council makeup. In a way, she thinks Tom is just allowing other people to do it for him so he doesn't have too. Tom always was awkward when it came to explaining pack issues.

“Why can't Tom tell me these things?!” Claire asked him.

“It's not his fault - Tom is new to this just like you. He was always the leader but he never actually had to take the role head-on until he found you. From what he told me they were just assuming the roles without question and doing everything they had to do. With a Luna - Tom actually has to place
his foot down and take an active, solid role.” Pine told her sincerely. “I think Tom forgets that you’re not born into this like we are. Your situation is very unique and has never happened before - ever. Or if it had no one’s reported it to the council. I know when Tom had the council was in an uproar with how interesting you were. Therefore you don’t know what we do or why we do it. We have to actually teach you.”

“And Seb, Michael?” Claire asked,

“They’d answer your questions if you asked them.” Pine defended, “Members like Chris and I take a more forward role because that’s our job. Chris is an alpha and he takes lead naturally. I work for the council and it’s my job - plus I’m a helpful person. Michael and Sebastian assume we will explain things to you and won’t risk insulting you by approaching you and perhaps telling you something you already knew.”

Well, wasn’t she the presumptuous idiot? Claire was going to stop talking before she made herself look worse. Taking a page from her mother’s playbook - Claire was going to change the subject altogether.

“I’m tired,” Claire yawned,

“You did a lot of snowboarding earlier.” Pine agreed, “And a lot of bedroom gymnastics last night,” he smirked, “I don’t blame you for being tired. Especially since your not napping as you should be. Take a snooze and when you wake up we’ll start off where we left off.”

Chapter End Notes

I wasn't sure if I was supposed to post this today or not. So why not? Also, remember when my stories actually ended at 30+ chapters? Yeah. Me neither.
“You know what would be really, really hot right now?” Pine asked her, stepping off the side of the walking trail.

“What?” Claire asked, curious as to why he was looking around with paranoid fashion when they were the only ones here.

“If we stepped off the trail and you gave me head?” He replied bluntly with a half smirk.

“Seriously? It's like -2 out. Won't he get cold?” Claire asked, allowing him to lead her off the trail and into the bushes.

Pine found a nice tree to press his back against that blocked the two of them from the view of passers-by.

“Nah, he's fine,” Pine assured her, placing his back against the tree trunk and jolting his hips out a bit for Claire to take over. Trapped in his jeans was the outline of his ever growing erection. “The heat from your mouth will keep him nice and warm.”

“Cheeky bugger!” Claire giggled.

Pine took off his jacket and laid it down on the wet ground for her so that her pants wouldn't become wet and dirty. What a true gentleman. Sinking down to her knees she came face to face with his jean-clad groin. Raising her hand Claire massaged his manhood, tracing the hard length in a teasing manner.

“There's a group of bird watchers who'll walk past us in about 10 minutes or so. If we time this right you can be blowing me while they're a few feet away looking at birds,” pine informed her, moaning heavily as she grazed her teeth over his cock through his jeans.

How in the world he knew that - Claire didn't know. She was far more concentrated with the task at hand to give it that much thought. Unfastening his jeans she opened the material and let them fall down his thighs a bit. A quick massage of his bulge was all she gave before slipping her hand in and eagerly taking him out.

“We haven't done oral sex yet,” Pine cooed, strumming his fingers through her hair, “And I want to get a naughty adventure in before we leave. I don't know about Sebby or Mike but I know Tom and Chris won't do this sort of thing.”

Pines manhood bobbed in front of her, throbbing and begging for attention. Claire smirked and grabbed him at the base - holding him up and running her hand along the length. When she reached his leaking head Claire cupped her hand over the top, squeezing gently. Feeling like she teased him enough Claire moved forward and opened her mouth - accepting the heated organ into her mouth. Each moaned at the same time as Claire closed her soft lips around his
shaft, holding him firmly at the base and bobbing her head back and forth. Claire made sure that her tongue trailed along the underside - over the thick vein that stood out from the pink flesh.

“Fuck yes!” Pine groaned, moving his hips back and forth to feed Claire even more of his length.

A deep groan vibrated through his member as she eagerly moved her head. Popping Pine out of her mouth dramatically she winked at him and snaked her tongue along his underside and back to his head, flicking the head with the very tip. A thick drop of pre-cum landed on her tongue giving a savoury salty taste.

“Such a yummy cock!” Claire cooed, her quim throbbing with arousal. “So fat and big!”

A slickness was building between her legs and wetting her panties. Claire wanted to adjust herself but couldn't so she widened her legs a little.

“I can smell your pussy,” Pine told her crudely with a smirk, cheeks flushed with arousal and lust. “You're so aroused!”

“I am horny!” Claire admitted, peppering his thickness with kisses.

Claire nibbled her way down to his smooth sack placing open mouth kisses to the appendage before working her way back up. Just as Pine had said a group of roughly 10 people wandered up the trail talking softly with their cameras in hand. They were looking for birds completely oblivious to the obscene show of lust going on in the bushes.

Pine placed himself back in her mouth and thrust his hips forward causing Claire to choke a little. Half hooded eyes looked up at him affectionately as she happily moved her mouth up and down his length - cupping and massaging his sack in her hand.

Her lover moaned, groaned and panted. Cheeks hollowed a little and his cheeks flushed. Pines breath was coming out in short pants - little puffs of thick white air escaping his lips and disappearing into the cold winter air.

“Touch yourself,” Pine instructed through a whisper, turning his head to the side and watching the ground of people with a bit of voyeuristic intent. “Put your hand down your pants and play with your swollen clit! I want to hear that sloppy wetness if your pussy lips sticking together!”

Claire was wearing sweatpants and she awkwardly untied the drawstring before slipping her hand down the front and to the crotch of her panties. Two fingers easily moved under the crotch and over her slick folds. Finding her clit easily Claire began to rub the swollen nub with two fingers. Her own wetness making the movement smooth and effortless.

“Fuck!” Pine groaned, watching her hand moving under her pants. “Are you going to swallow Officer Pine's load? I want you to eat my cum so fucking bad!”

“Umm Humm!” Claire moaned in agreement. Her ever-increasing pleasure causing Claire to eagerly increase her head movements.

“Officer Pine is going to cum down your throat in thick, hot, streams!” He whispered seductively, the group of people on the trail only moving a few feet away. “Do you swallow for everyone little Luna? A tasty little intimate snack?”

“Umm,” she moaned around his cock, her lips starting to tingle.

Claire could feel her orgasm building in the pit of her stomach. Pine was so good at talking dirty to
“I’m gonna cum!” Claire told him, swirling her tongue around his swollen head and making sure that he was watching her. Claire stuck her tongue out and ran his cock over the top while groaning like a wanton whore.

“Cum for me!” Pine demanded through a low growl, “Cum on, cum for Officer Pine!”

“Cum for me! Cum on my tongue!” She countered seductively, encasing her lips around his shaft once more.

Claire closed her eyes and tried to focus on the movement of her hand and the task before her. She could tell that he was close because the vein along his underside had begun to throb. Pines thrusts were irregular and his fingers gripped the bark of the tree hard enough to break bits off.

Her pussy began to throb and a flush of heat started to take over. Claire was close to cumming, she could feel it. Fingers gripped her hair roughly and held her in place and she looked up with his cock still shoved deep in her mouth, just in time to see Pine bite his lower lip to suppress an earth-shattering yell.

The taste and feel of hot, thick cum flooding her mouth and coating her tongue sent Claire over the edge. She fell forward a bit as her pussy throbbed and clutched. Her own orgasm taking her hard. Swallowing as much as she could Claire aggressively squeezed his base and moved her head - desperate to milk him for every last drop.

“That's it, eat it. Every last drop, baby. Drink it down!” Pine groaned lustfully,

Claire pulled him out of her mouth and trailed her mouth up and down his shaft, tongue lapping and cleaning his still throbbing cock. A small dribble of white cum leaked out of his slit and Claire made sure that he was watching as she lapped it up with the tip of her tongue - retracting the muscle and moaning wantonly.

“Good girl!” He cooed, brushing her cheek with his knuckles as Claire opened her mouth and showed him that she did indeed swallow all of his release.

Even as he leaned back against the tree in a peaceful bliss Claire remained kneeling, holding his softening member in her hand. She kissed the sex organ, nibbling and sucking the head. Claire only stopped worshipping him when Pine had gone completely flaccid once more. Tucking him back into his briefs she leaned back.

At some time the group of people left without knowing what was happening. Claire was sort of hoping that at least one person figured out Pine was receiving a ‘happy ending’ but they appeared to be more interested in birds than cock.

“You have a very talented mouth!” Pine praised, helping her to stand.

As soon as Claire stood upright before him Pine captured her cheeks and kissed her, hard. His tongue slipped past her lips and stroked her tongue and the inside of her cheeks. Stunned at first she pulled back a bit so she could return the notion.

“I can taste myself on your tongue!” He growled in approval,

“I wish you could taste yourself on my cunt.” Claire purred back, biting his lower lip with her teeth before releasing it with a pop.
“You and me both!” He purred right back. “Let's get back to the cabin and make that possible, yes?”

“Oh fuck yes!” Claire groaned, her quim throbbing with want. “You're so kinky!”

“Only for you, my dear!” Pine admitted, leading her out of the bush by her hand. “You bring out my inner pervert.” he smirked deviously. “And I love it.”
Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

*Tom's point of view*

This was a phone call that Tom dreaded to make but he had to do it. For the life of him, he couldn't figure out where Peppers paperwork was from her last vet visit.

Claire's phone only rang a few times before she answered it which didn't really prepare Tom to actually speak to her.

“Hey babe,” he started off casually, “Do you remember where we placed Peppers paperwork from her last vet visit?”

Right away panic began to flood his cellphone as she asked a serious of questions pertaining to the hedgehog. Between frantic questions of if she was alright, Claire did manage to tell him where she placed her paperwork. It was in her underwear drawer of all places.

“Pepper is fine,” Tom told her finally once the papers were in hand. “I need her papers because she bit Milo on the leg and I need to take him to a vet. The vet is Lee’s friend and he’s meeting me there - but, I have to still prove Pep is up to date on all her shots.”

“What?!” Claire asked, completely confused and a little shocked by his statement. “Why, how?!! How bad is it?!”

In the background, Tom could hear traffic whizzing by. He knew that tonight she was coming home and Claire was probably in the car with Pine. In front of him, he witnessed Sebastian place Milo in the cat carrier and zipping it up for him. Right after Pepper had bitten him he took off in a flash and hid under the bed - startled that she actually managed to snag him.

“Ah, well...she got him. I mean - Pepper managed to puncture Milo’s front forearm on his right side and you can see two holes. Milo deserved it though, he was being a jerk.” Tom explained, showing Sebastian the paperwork as the other man placed the cat carrier strap over his shoulder. He and Seb were the only ones home right now. “He kept smacking Pepper with his paw and pouncing at her. We told him to knock it off and we even intervened but he kept at it. Finally, I guess Pep had enough and lunged.”

The two made their way out of the apartment and to Tom's car. Carefully Sebastian placed Milo in the back seat and climbed into the passengers. A bit of worry etched on the Romanian's face as he pondered over the state of their cat.

“It was a quick draw at the OK Corral,” Sebastian piped up, taking advantage of the fact that Tom had her on speaker phone while they sat in his car. “Unfortunately for our feline Pepper was faster this time and got him.”

“Fuck,” Claire swore, “Ok,” They pretty much visually see Claire pinching the bridge of her nose in frustration as they told her this. “What does this mean, exactly? We don't have to get rid of anyone, do we?” She stressed.

“Hopefully it means he'll leave her the fuck alone and realize she's not a squeak toy,” Tom replied, looking at the carrier through his rearview mirror.
“They'll be fine.” Sebastian added, “Milo just learnt a very painful lesson on boundaries. Midnight doesn't mess with Pepper since Pep hissed at her when Middy was a kitten - Milo apparently isn't that smart.”

“How bad is it though? I know her teeth are like little needles.” Claire stressed,

Tom placed his phone down on the centre console and started to drive the car. As soon as they realized that Pep managed to bite Milo they called Lee. Despite it being late he had a friend that was an emergency vet, a fellow warlock, and managed to get them an appointment. Since Milo was part of Eleanor's brood of kittens he wanted to see the cat himself.

“I don't think he needs stitches but they're gonna have to shave the area to keep it clean,” Tom told her,

“Antibiotics I would assume seeing how Pepper is a hedgehog and they have germs in their mouth,” Sebastian added.

“Oh Jesus, ok. My poor babies! Pepper must feel awful!” Claire gushed sadly into the phone. “She didn't mean to hurt him - she just has a low bullshit tolerance like me!”

“I'm sure she didn't mean to hurt him she was just frustrated, as hedgehogs get, and you know they act out when they're upset.” Tom assured her, “It's a lesson for Milo if anything else. Pepper is not a toy, you don't hit her with your paw or fake lunge at her.”

Claire gave them a brief update on where she and Pine were. They were on track to come home still tonight, Tom was anticipating this. Once she had hung up Sebastian ended the call and turned his phone off for him.

There was absolute silence coming from the back seat. By the looks of it, Milo was still stunned that he had gotten bit. After a while of his shenanigans, Pepper would normally lunge back at him, spitting and giving a hiss, but their rambunctious teenage feline thought she was playing.

Personally, Tom had to side with their hedgehog on this one. Midnight seemed to understand that despite being smaller than them Pepper was still an animal you shouldn't mess with. She was definitely not a squeaky toy. Of course, Midnight still approached Pepper but it was to give a harmless kitty kiss to Peps nose or to just check on her with a reassuring sniff.

“Do you think the vet is going to be pissed?” Seb asked, an eyebrow raised.

“Probably,” Tom replied casually, “He won't say anything because of professional obligation but I can see where this accident could be labelled preventable.”

“Milo understands English. He knows we told him to leave her alone because he's stopped and walked away right after we’ve said it.” Sebastian defended gently, “He kept going back to harass her.”

“I'm sure Pepper isn't too happy with having bitten one of her 'babies' but she was frustrated and upset with Claire's disappearance. Milo picked a bad day to mess with her.” Tom told him,

Milo finally made a soft meow sound as they pulled up to the vet's office. They could see through the mesh siding that Milo was favouring his right leg and holding it up as he lay crouched down in the blankets. Lee didn't look too happy when they got out of the car and approached him.

“Seriously?” He asked in disbelief, looking at Milo through the carrier.
“Yes, seriously,” Tom replied, walking past the man and into the office.

No one but them and the warlocks were in the office leaving it eerily quiet. Sebastian placed the carrier on the examining table and stepped back to let the dark-haired warlock do his thing.

“Paperwork for the offending party? I need to make sure that she's up to date on her vaccination.” Ben, the vet spoke, holding his hand out. After scanning the paper he announced “Peppercorn seems to be in order. She's not here, is she?”

“No, no. She's at home.” Tom assured him.

“Alright, let's get a look at this kitty, shall we?”

Tom noted that Ben had a sort of melodic tone to his voice. He was trying to place mentally where Ben might be from the UK.

“Peppercorn hasn't bitten anyone else, has she? Human or animal.”

“It’s Pepper for short,” Tom informed him, “And no. This is the first time. However, Milo had been harassing her for quite some time until this point.”

Lee was leaning against the wall across the room with his arms over his chest listening to this whole situation. Tom felt bad because the man trusted one of his beloved kittens to them and they allowed Pepper to bit him. If the roles were reversed Tom would be just as upset. It was like allowing your child to go play at someone else's house and that person’s parents allowed your kid to get hurt.

Milo, for the most part, remained a passive lump as Ben took him out of the carrier and inspected him from head to tail. As soon as he touched the examining table the feline laid down and placed his head on his paws, staring at Tom with big green eyes.

“I can see he's still intact,” Ben mentioned, picking up the electric hair clippers. “Are you planning on having a litter of kittens or are you going to get him neutered? If you're not interested in kittens I suggest you get him snipped sooner than later. It'll calm him down if nothing else. He's at the age where he's essentially a teenage boy and you know how they are…”

“They're both getting fixed.” Tom told Ben, watching as the man gently began to shave their kitten once the sedation kicked in. “We honestly can't deal with a litter of kittens. We wouldn't even know how.”

With the orange fur shaved away, they could see the extent of Peppers bite. Bruising was already starting to form around the punctures and once the dried blood was washed off you could see the two even puncture marks. Peppers teeth aren't large but they're sharp as hell and basically sunk right into Milo’s leg like a hot knife through butter.

“No need for stitches,” Ben announced much to the relief of everyone there - especially Lee. “His leg is moving nicely on its own and I can't see any significant bruising or swelling to indicate she bit through a tendon.” He continued. “We need to make sure we keep it clean and I'll give you some antibiotics for him as well. I already know that he's up to date on his shots because I administered them. Before we leave we can set up an appointment for Milo to be neutered. Once he's had time to heal I'll spay Midnight.*

Judging by the stern look on Ben's face and the way he deadpan delivered his verdict - that wasn't a suggestion that was an order. Tom didn't want to piss off two warlocks in one night so he simply nodded his head agreeing with the man.
“Now, why is your Peppercorn so upset?” Ben asked, placing a medicated pad over the small wound and wrapping it in gauze. “I know hogs can be temperamental at times but usually there's a reason.”

“Her main owner is away,” Sebastian chimed in for the first time since they got here. “Claire found Pepper abandoned at a bus stop and I guess because of that Pep has abandonment issues.”

“Is she spayed?” Ben asked curiously, gently picking up the dopey feline. Before he placed him back in the carrier Ben held the animal to his chest and kissed the top of his head. “The hedgehog I mean,” he added, putting Milo back in the carrier.

“Yes she is,” Tom answered.

“Get her a male hedgehog for the company. Preferably around the same age and neutered. The companion will provide her with a welcomed distraction and it's not so stressful for her. I have a name of a person that deals with smaller animals like hedgehogs, rats, guinea pigs. They foster until adoption. I'm sure she has a male hedgehog.”

That honestly wasn't something that Tom thought was best. They had so much going on right now that adding another little critter to the mix would be chaotic. Perhaps once they’re settled in the new house they could look into it.

“Until then, spend time with her at night. If you work at home, buy a small cat bed and place it on your desk. Peppercorn will gladly stay in the bed and just your physical presence will be good enough for her.” Ben suggested as option number two while zipping up the carrier, “Hedgehogs like a bit of quiet time where there isn't so much going on. Especially when they get older. The winter months are tricky because usually, she'd be hibernating if she wasn't domesticated. This means Peppercorn will be extra tired and grumpy. I presume you're covering her cage at night? Allow her 2 extra hours of sleep in the morning. Only raise the front part of the blanket leaving her cage in dim lighting. This will give Peppercorn a chance to wake up gradually on her own. If you take my advice this should cut down on her grumpiness.’”

“Yes, thank you,” Tom replied - taking mental notes of what the man had suggested.

“Come, I'll get you his medicine and we can schedule Milo's neutering.” Ben dismissed, turning on his heel and leaving the room.

The man left no option for argument and they were forced to follow suit. Lee lingered behind with Sebastian to strike up a conversation presumably about the state of their animals back home.

Chapter End Notes

Do you honestly think I would take Pepper away from Claire? Also, a wild Benedict Cumberbatch appears!
*Tom's point of view*

"Do we really have to get him altered?" Sebastian asked sincerely, "It just feels so wrong."

"I don't like it either but I'm not dealing with kittens. And you know damn well Claire wouldn't be able to part with them, we'll have 8 to 10 cats running around our house." Tom reasoned, "The moment Middy goes into heat Milo will be all over her. Even if Middy gets sprayed and Milo stays intact he'll be all over her and I can assume that would be pleasant for her. The only solution to keep both felines happy is for them to both go under the knife."

"I don't know, it just feels like we're betraying the little bugger by having his gonads cut off." Sebastian countered, playing with his phone.

"It'll help calm our heathen cat down. He won't be so bloody wild. I can't keep having a 6lb cat climbing up my living room drapes or chasing him down the hallway because he's decided to go for a wander."

In the back, they could hear Milo meowing in protest quite loudly. The sedative was probably wearing off and he was once more feeling pain in his leg. Ben had given them pain pills for the animal but they couldn't really give them to him until they were back home.

"I know buddy," Tom sympathized, "We'll be home soon and I'll give you a special treat. Do you still have that pill grinder?" He asked Sebastian. "I'm going to grind his pills up and mix it with wet cat food."

"I do," he confirmed,

Milo continued to meow at them and scratch at the top of the carrier with his good paw. Furry little jerk or not they still loved the cat unconditionally and neither man wanted to see him in pain. While stopped at a red light Sebastian awkwardly opened the cat carrier and picked Milo up, placing him on his lap.

Milo laid down right away and placed his chin on Sebastian's hand, pinning it down. Protectively the animal had his sore leg tucked up under him.

"How long do you think we should keep him and Pep separated?" Sebastian asked, stroking the soft orange tabby.

"We shouldn't," Tom replied. "I don't want them to think there's this big animosity between them. I want them to work it out in their own. We'll just have to watch them a little more carefully. I bet Pepper won't even be crossed with him anymore when we get home."

"I just don't want them to be skittish around each other."

"They'll be fine;"

"I wasn't aware Pepper's full name was Peppercorn Holly-Berries Hiddleston," Sebastian chuckled,

"No? Claire thought it was suiting. Pepper is the name given in the letter from her previous owner. I'm assuming it's because her quills look like freshly ground pepper with a bit of salt," Tom explained, reaching over to pet the sleeping cat in Sebastian's lap. "I don't know where Holly Berries
came from beside it's reference to the plant, not the actress. Midnight's full name is apparently Midnight Starburst Hiddleston and Milo’s is Milo Sassafras Hiddleston.”

Upon hearing his name Milo raised his head and meowed at them - stretching on Seb’s lap before turning on his side and exposing his tummy.

“Jesus,” Sebastian laughed, “I wonder what she's going to name our kids?”

“I think something organic and natural sounding. She was looking through baby name books and the ones highlighted so far are things like Autumn, Aspen, Rosemary, Sage and I think there was a Canyon and an Everett.”

Tom parked the car in his spot and shut it off. After waiting a bit he unbuckled his seatbelt and sighed heavily. He was exhausted from finding things to do while Claire was away. Tom really needed some off work hobbies.

Carefully Sebastian picked Milo up and cradled the sleepy feline to his chest. The sedative was still active after all. Milo just wanted out of the carrier and be held. If he wasn't sedated Tom would tell Seb to place the creature back in the carrier because this would a prime opportunity for Milo Sassafras to make his great escape.

“Middy must be worried about her buddy being gone.” Seb frowned, kissing the cat on his head.

“Hopefully she slept while we were gone,” Tom replied, opening the door for him.

Their hopes of Midnight sleeping away Milo's absents were dashed when they heard the young cat calling out for him through the apartment door. Milo upon hearing her distress began to meow right back which only added to Middy’s stress.

“Oh, it's alright!” Sebastian spoke gently, rubbing Milo’s cheek, “She's ok, I promise!”

The moment Tom opened the front door Midnight dashed out into the hallway, stretching up on Sebastian's leg and meowing at Milo. Midnight never left the apartment, ever, even if the doors left open - she was too chicken shit. So to see her dart out into the unknown was really telling as to how much she loves Milo.

“Midnight, in,” Tom called, “Come on girl!”

With Midnight back in the apartment, Tom closed the door and instructed Seb to place Milo on his bed so that Midnight can inspect her lost companion.

“How bad is it?” Michael asked once he stepped through the door.

The man was still dressed in scrubs and carrying his briefcase. Normally Michael always had a shower and got changed after work before coming over to Tom's apartment.

“Antibiotics for a week,” Tom replied, “He's in the bedroom.”

“Peps got him good huh?” Michael asked, dropping his suitcase and kicking off his shoes.

“Yes she did indeed,” Tom answered,

Michael disappeared after Sebastian while Tom stayed behind and carefully prepared a small dish of wet cat food for Midnight and one for Milo - pain medication included. Both dishes in hand he entered his bedroom to see Milo laying in the middle of his bed with Midnight cuddled up to him,
purring and leaning Milo's fur.

Off to the side, Mike lovingly held Pepper to his chest and gave her chin scratches. Every once in a while he'd kiss the top of her head. “That’s not a very nice little girl,” Michael told her in a lovey-dovey voice he reserved strictly for hedgehogs or infants. “We can't have you biting the children no matter how much they frustrate you, no we can't!”

Tom was glad that it appeared no one was overly upset at Pepper for reacting to instinct. The last thing he wanted was for Pepper to be shunned for defending herself and making her feel rejected.

Pepper gave Michael kisses right back and curled into a partial ball in the palm of his hand as he continued to coo at the animal. He'd never outright admit it but that man loved Pepper probably just as much as Claire did, maybe more. When Claire was gone with Chris and now Pine, Mike would have Pepper sleep on his chest as he read or sleeping inside his hooded sweater when he was on the computer. Of course, it would take him longer seeing how one hand was in the front pouch petting her.

“Come on my grumpy little cactus, let's get you some nummies!” Michael told her, leaving the room.

Despite probably having a slightly bitter taste Milo ate everything on his plate, and, being the gentleman he was with Midnight allowed her to eat what she wanted only to gobble up the leftovers. Their feline was definitely not 'sick' in the conventional sense.

“He’ll be out cold soon,” Tom told Sebastian, “Hopefully he’ll sleep and not try to hobble around on three legs - high out of his mind.”

“Tripod cat,” Sebastian snorted, “Oh lord I can just picture it like in the cartoons. Milo is trying to walk, hobbling on three legs, and his injured leg is spinning like a windmill.”

“That's so fucking morbid, mate!” Tom laughed, clearing picturing the same thing. “Let's leave them be. Both cats have equally been traumatized enough without us laughing at them.”
Chapter 131

*Tom's point of view*

Claire had been back in their home for over a week now and in that time he had seen a significant change in her personality. She was sleepy, snappish and somewhat irrational. Her behaviour was such a change that he personally took Pine aside and asked him what had happened while they were away.

Tom couldn't make the man crack and he never once changed his story so Tom could only assume that the man was speaking the truth. Still, Tom watched him very carefully especially when it came to Claire.

She stood beside him with Pepper in her arms, a little pink harness around the hedgehog's body followed by a thin leash wrapped around Claire's hand. She pensively looked over their nearly finished home, a twisted expression on her face. Tom could tell that something was wrong.

True, Claire hadn't really been involved with the construction but that was by her choice alone. They had told her what was happening and given her the blueprints for everything including the outside landscape that they had to change in order to make the home...friendly. Chris stood on the other side of Claire - watching her sharply out of the corner of his eye. He too could tell that she was, well, pissed off.

Claire's chest was heaving and her lips were twisting. Pepper was even at unease with the tension coming from her mother. Softly Claire rubbed the fur on Pepper's chest and stared right at the home.

"Somethings wrong, isn't it?" Tom asked her softly,

They still had several workers on site taking care of some last minute landscaping details as well as inside the home. So far they had only made it outside the car a few feet and Claire was about to go off.

"You cut down my fucking trees!" Claire seethed under her breath, "You cut down my fucking trees!" she repeated a bit more aggressively.

"They had to sweetheart in order to make the home more esthetic in the front." Tom reasoned, "It was only a few trees, we have thousands!"

Claire tensed and even scuffed her foot onto the gravel driveway. Her anger had alerted Chris and he instantly stood up straight ready to correct whatever was bothering her.

"You cut down my fucking trees!" Claire yelled, startling everyone.

Tom didn't have time to reply because Claire gave off a loud "ugh!" and stomped towards the house like a brat. Chris was close behind her and glaring at the landscape workers.

"You better start planting some fucking trees!" Chris yelled at them aggressively, pointing at the foreman.

Tom was left standing in the driveway with a bunch of men uncertain as to what they should do.
After all - Tom had given them permission in the first place to cut the damn trees down. He rubbed his cheek and tried to overcome his embarrassment and addressed them.

"Yeah, plant a few trees please," Tom replied a lot more passively with a forced smile. "Along the flower bed over there and maybe on the side of the house?"

He entered the home to see Pepper wandering around the baren livingroom still in her harness but sans the leash which was still in Claire's hand - a scary thought considering her mood. Tom was starting to wonder if she was demon possessed and was pondering on whether he should have Lee and Richard look her over.

"Is everything else to your liking so far?" Tom asked her curiously, sharing a look with Chris.

"That balcony thing - won't the babies fall from it?" Claire asked them in annoyance, rubbing her temples.

"Not unless they're 6 feet tall, love." Chris assured her, "The wooden beam comes above my waist and there's nothing for them to climb on. The wood is too thick for them to hold onto."

Having her concerns dismissed in a simple explanation Claire merely Glared at Chris and adjusted herself against the countertop.

"It's too large, we can't afford it." Claire complained, "I never expected something this large or extravagant."

That was the oddest thing to complain about but Tom would give her that complaint. He never expected for the home to be what it was but it had come to fruition when the council decided to give Claire a very, very nice grant as well as back dues. Apparently, Galina being her great-grandmother has its perks after all.

They had decided that it was better to have a nice, large, sturdy home where their family can flourish and grow. A home where they didn't have to move out of.

"The bunk beds where genius," Chris told Tom, "It never even occurred to me to go that route."

"Pepper!" Claire yelled from across the room. The vast open space made everything louder and echo. The poor creature was so startled that she actually jumped a little. "Do not chew on the bloody wall!"

That does it. When Claire starts actually yelling at the animals Tom knows that there's something seriously wrong with her. Even Chris was stunned and looked at her wide-eyed. Cautiously he backed up a bit still under Claire's challenging glare and retrieved the hedgehog, holding her in his arms and leaving the room.

"You have got to stop. You're like a bear with his foot in a trap!" Tom scolded her.

"I don't feel good!" Claire snapped, rubbing her temples. "I feel off! I feel sick!"

"I understand that - but, you cannot be a nasty brat! Because that's what you're being - nasty." Tom explained lovingly, "Come, let's look at the rest of the home and then we can leave."

Slowly Tom explained to her where everyone was going to be settled and what room was which. She was generally quiet during the entire tour and Tom was a bit disappointed because he thought she'd like it more than she appeared to be.
"I don't know how I'm going to clean this place and look after a brood of children!" Claire told him firmly, placing a protective hand on her stomach subconsciously. Something that Tom definitely noticed.

Even when Claire had the flu she never grabbed her stomach the way she had been doing off and on for the last few days. Seeing his lover holding her stomach and making calculations as to where she wanted the furniture in the bedroom made him wonder if she was expecting.

Chris entered the bedroom with Pepper and handed her off to Claire. Claire seemed to be a lot calmer than before and her affection for the animal had increased once more. She left the two men in the unfurnished room - her footsteps padding down the hallway echoing through the home.

Tom made sure that Claire was out of earshot before leaning into Chris and stating lowly, "I think she's pregnant."

He looked stunned at the revelation and stared blankly at the man, blinking a few times. It was one thing to actually speak about getting Claire pregnant but when it came down to it - the realization of Claire actually being pregnant was shocking. Tom's knees even buckled a little and he fell forward only for Chris to catch him.

"Easy mate," Chris assured him, strong hands resting on his upper arms to help him stand. "I can guarantee that pup if she is carrying one, is yours." he continued, "Pine would never, ever disrespect you like that."

"Oh, I know that," Tom replied, "If she's pregnant she's barely pregnant because I can't smell my own pup just yet. We've been making love every night pretty much since she came home. Don't tell Claire or the other's just yet, ya? I don't want to jinx anything."

"I promise mate, alpha's rights, ya?" Chris replied with a small smirk, padding him on the back as they retreated out of the bedroom and after Claire.

Chapter End Notes

I actually found a house that fits what I envisioned and I'm going to be trying something new by posting the images in their own chapter as well as where which photo is located in the home itself. Also; Hedgehog in a harness and on a leash, ya'll!
*Tom’s point of view*

“Go to bed,” Tom instructed with a heavy, defeated sigh.

He held the door open for a grumpy Claire and an overly tired, equally grumpy hedgehog. If it wasn't such a serious situation Tom would chuckle that they had the same look on their faces.

“Fuck you!” Claire snapped right back at him, kicking her shoes off and thumping towards the bedroom with her hedgehog.

Chris looked at him stunned with the amount of disrespect she just showed him. The wide-eyed Aussie was silent but observant - waiting for her to slam the bedroom door closed so he could speak with Tom.

As predicted Claire slammed the door shut startling the cats who were asleep on the couch in a loving snuggle. Milo yawned and shook his head before lowering it back down and going to sleep.

“I heard her complain she's not feeling well,” Chris cautiously addressed softly, “Can our...we can't have miscarriages - can we?”

Tom softened his brow and gave a shaky heavy breath. “No, not usually but we can. The baby while in utero is just as vulnerable as a human baby. I don't think she's in the early stages of a miscarriage, thank god! I think she's ill because her body is adjusting to the new addition.”

“What are the signs though, so I know what to look for?” Chris asked with worry.

“Fever, extreme abdominal cramping, unexpected bleeding, vomiting,” Tom listed off with his hands on his hips. “Which she's had none of. Claire isn't exactly one to hide being sick and we'd know if she was.”

“I've been around women that were just pregnant and they've never acted this way,”

“Claire's wolf is rather feisty,” Tom defended gently, “She's probably upset because Claire hasn't queued into her natural instinct telling her she's pregnant just yet. There's that critical miscommunication between Claire, herself, and her wolf. I'm going to give her a few days to settle down before investigating our theory of pregnancy further. I honestly don't want to stress her for fear that maybe she will miscarry the pup.”

“No, no,” Chris agreed, “We can't have that happen. Claire would be shattered,”

“The whole pack would be devastated,” Tom corrected, “The loss of any baby on any species is hard because they're so innocent.”

“We should probably feed her. Should I go out and get some of her favourite food?” Chris asked, glancing at the closed door.

The best thing to do in his opinion right now was to give Claire a bit of space and make sure she's comfortable. They really shouldn't be rewarding this type of behaviour but Tom felt guilt and obligation to make her 'happy’ He understood that Claire was potentially a first time mum and carrying a wolf pup is different than a human baby.
The pregnancies were similar but different at the same time. Claire's body would be responding to it differently. Her hormones are all over the place and previously untapped instincts were bubbling up to the surface confusing her.

"Yeah, that would be good. Here - let me write you a list." Tom agreed,

Tom's list-making was temporarily halted by the sound of thumping and Claire literally throwing things around in his bedroom. The only thing readily available for her to grab would be stuff in their closet. Chris stood there with a confused look on his face, head tilted slightly the side in an attempt to identify the sound properly.

They didn't have to wonder for long because Claire opened the bedroom door and stood in the mouth of the hallway, her chest slightly heaving. Tom noted how she appeared to be frustrated.

"Someone has to come help me make a nest! I can't make one on my own and I want to cry!" Claire declared full of emotion. "Please!" she added,

Neither one of them were nest builders that were generally something Sebastian or even Pine would do. Tom could make something resembling one but it wouldn't be 'good enough' in her eyes. He was a bit fearful to volunteer because Tom didn't want to disappoint her.

"I'll do it," Chris volunteered, "You keep making that list,"

Chris was an even worse nest builder than he was. The protector volunteered to help her simply so that he could be near her. Even at her worst, literally, his wolf was still hellbent on making sure she was safe and comfortable. Sometimes Tom had to stop and marvel at how deep their loyalty really went into the grand scheme of things.

After about 40 minutes Chris emerged from the bedroom looking defeated. "Your mattress is in the walk-in as well as all your bedding, the pillows and Pepper's cage."

Tom saw him enter the living room a few times to get an arm full of couch cushions. Now he had to figure out where he was going to sleep because he doubted Claire wanted him in their for the first few days.

"Peppers cage?" Tom asked curiously,

"It's on the ground next to the bed. Her front door is open and the hog can literally come and go as she wishes. Claire is currently cuddling the hedgehog." Chris explained, "We need to place a small flat screen in there or something so she can watch TV."

"I think Seb has an extra one that will fit in there," Tom replied.

He stood up, rubbed the back of his neck and released a good stress sigh. Nesting like that in a closet typesetting was another sure fire sign that Claire was pregnant. A closet represented a cave to them and a pregnant wolf would often find a cave or a cave-like shelter to rest and keeping herself safe while expecting.

"She's ugh, definitely expecting mate," Chris smirked, "Congratulations daddy,"

His knees went week once more and Tom had to grab hold of the counter to prevent himself from falling down. A rush of blood ran to his head and Tom found himself lightheaded. Working with babies and expectant mothers was delightful but having your own expected mother to be sleeping in your closet was undescrribably. He had been longing to be a father himself for so long and at one point it appeared unobtainable. All he wanted to do was go into his bedroom and smother her in...
"You have to tell the others. They're going to know that something is off." Chris reasoned, "I will stay here and watch over her and you can take them out somewhere and explain the situation."

Every instinct in his body told him not to say anything to anyone. Chris was obviously different because he was his right-hand man, his partner in crime, his vice-president of this operation. When their partners were 'sick' or injured they didn't announce it to the world. They tried to keep it safe, keep it secret.

The rest of his pack were already starting to notice that something was off with Claire. She was never upset or grumpy let alone rude. It was an inconvenient irony that it started to happen after her weekend get-away with Pine because Sebastian and Michael were suspecting him of being the guilty party. Even Chris was about ready to pin the man to the wall and interrogate him like the classic 'bad cop' until Tom took him aside and told him to just relax,

"Sebastian and Michael are about ready to drive Pine out to a wooded area and kick the shit out of him," Chris reminded him seriously, "You are aware of this, right? They're convinced that he had done something to her while on their weekend get-away. With Michael's protectiveness over Claire and Sebastian's eagerness to follow Michael I don't doubt they'd do it."

"Right, ya, I don't have much of a choice - do I?" Tom replied, sliding him the list of preferred foods of their Luna.

Chris picked up the list and widened his eyes a little at the 'junk' Tom had listed. "This is the weirdest mix-match of processed junk I've ever seen, but, I'll run to the store and get it before the boys return home."

"Thank you," Claire spoke as she entered the living room. She made a b-line right for the cats. Claire picked up Milo and placed him on her shoulders while Midnight was carted off in her arms.

Nesting in a closet while cuddling a hedgehog and two cats, yes, she was definitely pregnant.
There were 6 eyes on him and with each blink Tom's anxiety increased. They were on land outside their new home but off into the bush a bit in the undeveloped part of the forest. There was a bit of tension between the three men in front of him and it was aimed at Pine.

“Alright,” Tom spoke, clearing his throat. “As you are aware - Claire is a little off.”

In their own way Pine, Mike and Sebastian acknowledged his statement with facial expressions.

“Despite popular belief, it has nothing to do with Pine,” Tom added, “In fact, well...fuck,” he sighed, nervously rubbing the back of his neck. Tom didn't think it would be this hard to tell them she was expecting. “It has come to my attention that Claire may very well be pregnant. And no, it's not Pine's. The pup is mine according to how newly pregnant she is.”

“How newly pregnant are we talking?” Michael asked with concern, shaking off his shock and trading it for concern.

“Oh god, I'd say probably less than a week? Maybe 5 days tops?” Tom answered, “Her bad attitude is due to her hormones going haywire as well as her wolf going...well, nuts. Her wolf knows she's expecting a pup but her human doesn't and this is a problem for her wolf.”

“Holy shit, ok,” Sebastian spoke, wide-eyed and in shock. He grabbed hold of his long brown hair and held it away from his face. “A baby,”

Apparently, Tom wasn't the only man in their pack not taking this very well. Michael appeared to be carefully processing the information while Pine seemed to be stunned into silence.

“A baby, huh,” Mike finally spoke slowly, “And I take it Claire honestly isn't aware of this?”

“No, and we're going to let her figure it out on her own. Soon her wolf and her human will be on the same page.”

“And you're positive it's not mine? I made sure that all condoms were intact after we were done.” Pine stuttered,

Tom shook his head lightly dismissing his concerns. “If it was yours I'd have been able to smell the pup by now. After about 2 weeks we can pick up the faint smell of the baby.

Being in the baby business, naturally, Tom knew about human and werewolf pregnancies. He was able to work in both categories smoothly and knew more than anyone else in their pack. Little things like scent identification was a lost concept on a pack of previous bachelor's.

“Oh thank god,” Pine sighed in relief getting a dirty look from Sebastian. “The last thing I wanted to do is piss you off,” he added,

“So, come September we'll have a little one,” Sebastian pointed out still wide-eyed.

“Late August to mid-September.” Tom agreed, “Our pups have a tendency to come a month earlier than human babies.” thinking for a moment he paused, bringing his thumb up to his mouth and nibbling on it. “Claire is currently nesting in my closet. She's very...aggressive and easily upset. I'm
personally going to give her a few days of personal space and let her sort herself out. I wish that you do as well, even though it's hard.”

“With her expecting are we going to be moving into the home sooner?” Michael asked him,

“I think sticking to the schedule is best. I don't want to rattle her any more than she already is.” Tom answered, “As you know her viewing the house in near completion didn't go over too well. I'm wanting her to move into the home when she's in a better frame of mind and attitude. I'd hate for Claire to move into the house hating it at the time and ruining the happiness that enjoying it would bring. Bad karma, bad energy.”

Having discussed what needed to be discussed - they all slowly started to make their way back to the house. Pine and Sebastian hadn't really seen the home at this stage and they wanted to do a walkthrough. Michael deliberately stayed back to walk alongside Tom as Seb and Pine had a friendly conversation.

Once they were out of earshot Michael spoke to him, “Your scared, I can tell by the look on your face.” He pointed out softly.

“It hasn't really sunk in fully. I'm used to telling people they're going to be parents but when I'm on the other side of the desk it's different.” Tom examined,

“Understandable,” Mike agreed, “But you were pretty much made for fatherhood. It was only a matter of time Mate before you had a pup of your own.”

“Claire's young,” Tom confessed warily, “And we never actually discussed a baby in-depth before. I'm not sure if she really-really wants a child. And you know I won't permit the ending of a healthy pregnancy.”

Michael nodded his head curtly understanding his fears. They walked beside one another silently, thinking no doubt about the baby. This was a huge change for everyone and definitely something they had to get used to. It was as if someone turned their snow globe upside down and shook it violently. The arrival of a baby brought changes to everyone in some way.

“Do you think it'll be a boy or a girl?” Mike asked him finally, a sly smile on his face and a playful gleam in his eye.

“I think it'll be a boy. I can guarantee Claire will deny this and claim it's a girl until the first ultrasound.” Tom chuckled. “What do you think?”

“I want a daughter,” Michael answered, “I think a little girl would be a lot easier to look after as they tend to be more passive.”

“Really? I always found little girls to be very fussy and feisty.” Tom chuckled, “Surprisingly enough it's the boys that tend to be more laid back and passive. Of course, they have times where they're full of piss and vinegar too.”

“I'd be happy with whatever Claire gives us, honestly.” Michael smiled, “And your positive it's yours?”

“Yep,” Tom confirmed, “Since she came back we’ve had sex at least twice a day. Claire was at her most fertile for the month. I'm 99% positive that babies mine.”

“I thought you said she couldn't get pregnant because of the built-up birth control in her system?” Michael questioned curiously, kicking off his shoes so he wouldn't dirty the brand new floor.
“No, I said it would be hard to do but not impossible. That's why I had everyone but me use condoms. Even on birth control, there's still a sliver of a chance at conceiving.” Tom explained. “I once had a teenage patient I prescribed an oral contraceptive to fall pregnant despite taking it accordingly. I told her to still use condoms with her boyfriend and she didn't because she believed that she was 100% covered. Her mother was not amused.”

Michael gave him a stunned look and blinked a few times. It was apparent that the man fell under the same delusion as a lot of people - which was slightly alarming seeing how he's a medical doctor. When you think of contraceptive you automatically equate it to 100% no baby. They failed to realize that it only takes one sperm to swim through that tiny crack birth control still provided. That's why Tom always told his patients to use condoms on top of their oral or injected contraceptive. Especially if they weren't really in a stable relationship where a surprise baby would be easily accepted.

“Jesus, ok.” Michael finally replied, standing next to Tom and viewing the large rock fireplace in the middle of their living room. “Do you have Superman's sperm or something?”

“More like Loki's actually,” Tom chuckled, “My count is high, my boys are healthy and good swimmers.”

“Clearly if you managed to get Claire pregnant like this,” Michael agreed, “I want to get my guys tested to see how they're doing. Especially since we’re apparently now adding to our pack.”

“I can do it for you,” Tom offered, “You'd just have to come into my office after a week of no orgasms.”

“A week?” He warily replied, “I could try,” Mike added, “If it's not Claire, Sebastian keeps me...content.”

“Offer still stands. Just let me know when you're ready,” Tom replied with a smirk.
Chapter 134

There was a very distinct amount of distance that Chris was placed between her and him. Even though it was meant for her benefit Claire was finding it to be rather irritating. Very carefully Claire rolled over onto her stomach and looked at the lingering male.

Chris sat outside the closet doors, his legs crossed in front of him with his phone in his hands. The man wouldn't venture any further towards her and he wouldn't leave either. In a way, Chris reminded her of a dog begging for scraps. So close but hesitant to get too close for fear of rejection.

“Will you either leave or get in here?!” Claire finally spoke, agitation dripping from her voice. “Your lingering is making me nervous!”

Chris looked up at her wearily, unsure of what he was to do. She gave him a choice and he had to make it. Slowly he started to sort of crawl towards her and the mattress that Chris had placed on the closet floor. Scooting a bit to the side she allowed him space next to her on the bed.

“Close the door halfway,” Claire asked him, “And take your clothes off. I don't want the scratchy feel of clothing near me right now.”

Currently, she was butt naked under the three duvet blankets and the top sheet. Sometimes she could get away with wearing clothing to bed if they were loose enough but not now. The feel just made her feel unreasonably agitated.

“Ok,” Chris agreed, taking his clothing off in the darkness.

Carefully the Aussie slid under the blankets nude and only hesitated for a moment before curling up behind her, his large hand immediately falling over her womb protectively. Claire gave a sigh of relief and pressed herself firmly behind him, enjoying the warm skin on skin contact between them.

“I don't feel good. I'm in a house full of doctors and no one can tell me why I'm sick!” Claire complained. “Apparently being ‘off’ isn't a symptom of anything!”

Chris kissed her temple and tucked the top of her head under his chin. “I know, lovely Luna,” he sympathized, “You're all mixed up and unsure of what's happening. Sometimes modern medicine isn't the answer to everything. Perhaps we don't know what's wrong with you either?” Chris offered, completely refusing to actually answer her question.

Soothingly Chris rubbed her tummy in calming circles - something her wolf approved of greatly. Claire’s wolf was anxious. She was doing that tap-tappy dance her dog used to do when she really, really had to pee and you were taking to long to open a door. Claire could even hear the white wolves long black nails clacking against the hard floor.

“I want Tom,” Claire confessed, turning in Chris’s arms. “Not that I'm not enjoying you because I am. But, I want Tom to cuddle me. I want his wolf and wrapped around me protectively and I don't know why. I can't change over. I tried earlier and my wolf refused to budge.”

“Tom will be back soon and when he gets in I'll redirect him to you.” Chris smiled, brushing some of her hair with his fingers.

“I can't figure out what she fucking wants!” Claire complained, referring to her wolf. “She's not hungry, her fur isn't wet or dirty, she's not injured!” She listed off, pausing for a moment. “We're not in an immediate danger.”
"You're pregnant," Chris muttered quietly.

Even in the dark Claire knew that Chris had a look on his face that told her he wasn't supposed to have told her that.

"Your wolf is ugh...frazzled because you're expecting a pup. We think your just barely pregnant and your human hasn't realized just yet. That's why your nesting at the moment."

Claire thought about that for a moment before sitting up straight, her chest heavy with adrenaline. She never even thought about being pregnant, that never even crossed her mind.

"I need a pregnancy test!" Claire told him loudly, clutching the blankets, "Holy shit, I can't be! I am, aren't I!"

Chris placed his hand on her side and eased her back down onto the mattress. Flat on her back with her belly exposed he placed his hand over her womb, rubbing it softly. Now all of a sudden the show of affection had a whole different meaning to it.

"Pregnancy tests only recognize if your 2+ weeks pregnant." Chris explained to her, "We figure you're less than a week."

"I can't have a baby! I'm too young!" Claire confided, her voice evident in shock and disbelief. "Can I actually do this? I'm scared," she added truthfully.

"I can well imagine you would be. Tom's scared as well." Chris replied, pulling the covers off her naked body.

She watched him as he lay flat on his belly across the mattress, his upper body near her hips. With careful precision, he extended his neck and kissed her tummy, right over her womb - lips lingering. Chris was definitely a man guarding her stomach.

"You'll be a fine mother. You have lots of support." Chris informed her, placing an affectionate kiss where her pup was growing. "This little one is more loved than you can even imagine."

"I don't...I haven't even dealt with my parents at the retrieving of my baby items yet. I'm supposed to go home and get them. I can't go now. They already hate me - I can well imagine what they'd say if I showed up pregnant with a strange man...or two!" Claire fretted anxiously.

"Fuck your parents!" Chris spat with a surprising amount of venom in his voice. "They didn't even bother to make a police report to inquire where you had gone let alone call you until recently. Your number hasn't changed, you have social media!"

Only recently had Claire's mother gotten into contact with her and it went about as pleasant as you'd expect. She accused Claire of being a naive, dumb, and insecure little girl that ran away from home because an attractive man showed her attention. The bleak correspondence didn't go over well with anyone in her pack because her mother made it out like they were all sexual predators praying on a naive, insecure young woman.

Chris, in particular, was rather spitting mad with her mother and threatened to go up there on his day off and confront her.

"I don't want you going there! Not when you're so vulnerable with our pup. We can have council agents take care of that issue." Chris told her protectively. "I don't want that vile woman anywhere near you or our pup." He ended his statement with another soft kiss on her stomach.
She had visions of Chris kissing and rubbing her swollen belly while murmuring sweet nothings to their baby. In fact, she was sure all of them were going to be doing that, especially Tom.

“Does this mean I can't have sex anymore?” Claire huffed, crossing her arms over her chest.

“No,” Chris replied, “I mean, I don't know what Tom wants but your still able to make love...just be careful about positions.”

“I have this upcoming weekend scheduled for Seb and Mike.” She informed him. “I don't even know if they'd be interested in sex anymore. Oh god!” Claire whined, “I'm going to get fatter and my old stretch marks are going to stretch again and get red!”

“That's typically what motherhood brings, yep,” Chris confirmed,

Claire could feel the tears welling up in her eyes at the bitter idea of becoming unattractive while naked. It took her a good long while as it was to accept that she was sexy and desirable because she just was - not because her boys were using her for sex and simply appeased her low self-esteem. Now Claire had to try and wrap her head around being pregnant and having all those fun little things that go with it like weight gain, stretch marks and making milk.

“Fuck, you can be 9 months pregnant and your not gonna turn me off unless you're not in the mood,” Chris informed, winking. “If anyone else besides Tom isn't interested that just means I get more time with you.”

“My boobies are going to be making milk,” Claire told him dumbly, grabbing hold of her hair and staring at the ceiling with wide eyes.

“That's typically how mammals feed their young, yep. Be glad your not a pregnant wolf because if you were you'd have six boobies making milk.” Chris chuckled.

“That doesn't gross you out?!” Claire asked him seriously, “What happens if we’re having sex and my boobs start to leak?!”

“No,” Chris told her bluntly, “Nothing about you being pregnant grosses me out, lovely Luna. There’s a certain sexiness about an expectant mother, I can't explain it really. It's like you're a walking reminder of how powerful and amazing your gender is. Sure, we give you the sperm but you actually make the child and give birth to it. Then you look after that new human and make sure it grows and thrives in a way only a mother could.” Chris lowered his head protectively to her stomach and lingered his lips above her womb, kissing her soft tummy. “You'll be fine, nothing will change in regards to attraction and affection. I promise you that if nothing it'll increase. Everyone will become more protective, attentive to your needs. Even possessive if the situation calls for it.”
Chapter 135

After speaking with Chris a bit more and being put to ease Claire must have fallen asleep. When she woke Tom was lying beside her, his large head resting on her covered tummy. Even though it was dark Claire knew the wolf was Tom. The softness of his fur and affectionate little noises he made while she stroked his ear gave it away.

Gently she pets the top of Tom's head as it rested effortlessly on her tummy. Every once in a while she'd hear his tongue come out from between his lips, wetting down his whiskers.

“I'm scared,” she confided to Tom. “Being pregnant is alright, but, actually giving birth and then being responsible for that baby? That's what scares me.”

Tom replied by licking the top of her hand softly, groaning and adjusting his head a bit. Her lover was protecting her stomach from potential danger. Gently back and forth Claire stroked her fingers through his thick coat while she thought about the prospect of actually being pregnant.

Off to the side, Pepper ran in her exercise wheel burning off some steam after waking from a nap. The hedgehog's cage was still pressed up against at the mattress with the door left open. Pepper came and went when she chose too. It was a comfort to have her animals close by. The cats would weave their way into her little nest a few times a day to check on her and stay for a cuddle. Pepper was the solid companion though besides perhaps Tom right now.

“What if I'm not good at being a mom? I didn't exactly have the best example growing up and I'm not exactly patient.” Claire asked him, “I know I have other people to fall back on, but, I'm overwhelmed already and I'm not even 2 weeks pregnant for fuck sakes! What is your family going to say? They don't even know you're the head of a pack like this. They're going to think I'm a whore or something.”

Claire had only been told about Tom's family in passing. She knew they lived in England and his father was head of a pack there, but, it was a more a-typical pack where Tom’s mother and father where the head couple and they had other paired couples under them. Tom's mother didn't have multiple lovers.

The birth of a grandchild is something you couldn't exactly hide, now was it? Especially since Tom appeared to be on speaking terms with his parents. They did know about her but they didn't know the details and from what Claire gathered they weren't exactly leaping with joy at the prospect of meeting her either.

Seeing how their simple cuddle was turning into serious life questions Tom had to change back over. She couldn't keep asking him questions and not getting a response. One-sided conversations rarely work unless you answer the questions yourself.

“My parents don't need to step foot in our home. When the baby is born we can fly back to England.” Tom explained, stretching and lying back out beside her on his stomach, “Just us three. After we’re through with the visit we’ll come home.”

“I take it your parents would be pissed if they found out our dynamics?” Claire sighed, rubbing her tummy subconsciously,

“My parents are very old school and don't approve of a lot of things I do, never have. It wouldn't surprise them in the least to find out this is how I prefer things to work.” Tom replied, snaking his
hand under the covers and covering Claire's hand with his, holding it steady over her womb. “To spare them the 'embarrassment' and us a headache - it's better to just go there with the baby and get it over with.”

Sighing, Claire used her free hand to rub her forehead. “They won't like me, will they? Even though I'm a Luna…”

“My parents won't like anyone I bring home unless it's a female they approved of and arranged to be with me.” Tom told her honestly, “They tried to do arranged marriages but I refused. I knew those wolves weren't my Luna. It felt wrong, I didn't love them and I wasn't attracted to them physically or mentally - so I left. I packed up all my stuff and moved to America to attend medical school. It just so happened that Michael and Sebastian decided to follow me. Michael by chance had the same classes as Chris. They were summer buddies while growing up. I vaguely remember him.”

Pepper’s little feet dug into the blankets as she walked up onto Claire's upper stomach and trudged over the Tom, extending her little neck and sniffing his nose. Once she was satisfied that it was him the hedgehog began to kick around on the blankets and fluff herself a nest, plopping down rather dramatically and yawning.

How exactly is Pepper going to react to the baby? She easily gets jealous if someone was paying the cats more attention than her. Obviously, a lot of attention would be on the baby and not her.

“You're going to be a good mommy and I'm going to be a good daddy,” Tom assured her, raising his hand to pet Pepper’s side. “The moment you hold our little bundle in your arms any apprehension will melt away.”

“What happens if it's a girl? Your parents are really going to hate me then…” she stressed.

“Who cares what my parents think? The only opinions that matter are yours, mine and our packs - and I can guarantee no one's going to be pissed that we had a girl,” Tom defended, turning on his side to face her. "A girl would be a welcomed surprise actually. We’re not exactly known for making girls in the first place let alone breeding a lot. That's why Lee predicted you'd probably only have 2 girls out of eight, or whatever the final number was. Little girls are rare, Lunas are incredibly rare. Who was supposed to father a girl again?” Tom asked curiously.

“Seb and Chris,” Claire replied her thoughts elsewhere. She was trying to process this whole situation and not doing too well.

She was soon to be 25 and although a lot of women her age already have a child, or two, Claire still thought it was still fairly young. Mentally she was trying to figure out what they could and couldn't do anymore with the addition of a baby. Foreign travel would be any more as well as long distance. Her special weekends with her boys would be put on hold until the child was at least 1 years old.

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“Can I still have my weekend with Seb and Mike?” Claire asked him reluctantly,

“If your feeling up to it I don't see why not.” Tom told her, “The only thing I ask of you is to be careful of your tummy. We’re not usually susceptible to miscarriages but that doesn't mean you can jump onto the bed belly first.”

“I think it'll take me a bit to get used to the idea of having sex while pregnant,” Claire told him, picking up Pepper with one hand and kissing her cheek before placing the hog on the top of their pillows.

“I can understand that,” Tom agreed, rolling onto his back so Claire could cuddle up in his arms. “It
might take a few people to get used to it. I think Sebastian is still in shock.” He chuckled, “I know Pine is,”

“I'm an only child. I don't have any experience with babies. I haven't even babysat before.” Claire stressed, “Do I need to go off my medication now?”

There was heavy stress in her voice as she confided her fears to Tom. He rubbed her back in soothing circles and bundled her up closer to him. Above her head, she heard Pepper snoring softly. Her hedgehog had tucked herself into a semi-ball with her nose buried in her chest fluff.

“No, no,” Tom told her seriously, “The meds you're on is safe enough to take while pregnant. You're already fragile with this situation as it is. Stopping the antidepressants and antianxiety drugs would exacerbate the situation to a dangerous level. And we can teach you everything you need to know about taking care of a baby. Between the five us were practically pros. Try and get some rest now. Everything is going to be alright, I promise.” He told her gently, kissing her forehead.
Chapter 136

*Sebastian's point of view*

He stood at the mouth of the closet with both hands on his hips, tongue sticking out from between his lips as he surveyed the ‘nest’ in front of him. Naturally, since Seb hadn't built it, it wasn't up to his standards and he was trying to find a way to make Claire’s temporarily home cosier.

Michael had convinced Claire that she needed a good soak in the tub and as a result managed to get the Luna to budge. While he was tending to her and pampering the soon to be mum, Seb took it upon himself to transform Tom’s closet into a proper nest.

“Rope,” he stated out loud, “Bed sheets, fairy lights and some push pins!”

As he listed off what he needed Pepper occasionally looked up from her food dish and looked at him chewing with a mouth full of food. Hedgehogs were cute but their table manners were terrible. Chuckling he shook his head and went about retrieving what he needed. Luckily Sebastian owned everything he needed.

Tom, Chris and Pine didn't move off the couch as he came and went with armfuls of stuff he needed to make a nest. Piling the stuff on the ground outside the closet Seb started to rope off what he needed, tying the thin nylon rope around expensive wooden features and clothing hooks. It looked like a bloody jungle maze right now but once he was done it would be impressive.

“I'm doing this for Claire and our baby,” Sebastian reminded himself mentally,

Despite Tom fathering the baby biologically everyone in this pack was about to become a father. Claire was surrounded by 5 nervous first-time dads who were still somewhat in shock. From what Sebastian gathered by the energy Claire gave off and from what Tom's told them, she wasn't exactly in a good frame of mind mentally. Her fear and anxiety overrode any sense of joy and Seb blamed her mother.

“Oi!” Tom yelled softly behind him, stunned at what Sebastian was constructing. “How the hell am I supposed to get dressed for work if you have my closet draped off like that?! At least before I could awkwardly step over the bed and dodge a hedgehog, now I literally have no access to anything!” He complained,

Sebastian had no sympathy for his plight because he was doing exactly what his natural instinct told him to do.

“I laid out a few sets of scrubs for you beside the bed,” Sebastian informed him, kneeling on the neatly made bed and stringing up the coloured fairy lights in the centre of this structure.

“I don't wear scrubs outside the delivery room!” Tom scowled in annoyance, “I wear business casual, you know this!”

Sebastian shrugged his shoulders and cleared a spot for Peppers cage beside the bed furthest from the open door. The last thing he needed to bring was that small flat screen so Claire had some form of entertainment while nesting through her insecurities.
"But you work in a hospital so technically you can wear scrubs. I wear scrubs, Mike wears scrubs as well as Chris. It's not going to kill you,"

"Where am I supposed to rest exactly? My mattress is now a permanent fixture in my closet. Since you've made it better Claire is never going to leave!"

"You can rest beside her," Seb offered, "And the goal is to get her settled - Tom. We want her as comfortable and stress-free as possible. This cozy little nook I made will do just that. You too need to calm down and adjust, papa. Your emotional upset isn't helping Claire. May I suggest something?"

"Sure," Tom sighed, defeated and exhausted.

"Take a few days off if you can, have a long weekend. I know it's supposed to be Mike and I's weekend with her but we understand the situation." Sebastian explained, "Cuddle and bond in the nest I have built, just the two of you. She's scared, she's worried that she won't be a good mother. I'll make sure that no one bothers the two of you. I think it's very crucial for the two of you right now to really bond and connect further. Mike and I will even take Pepper for the weekend and look after her."

Tom pondered what he had suggested and left Sebastian alone to finish the final touches of Claire's nest. Once Seb was completed and standing next to him Tom finally answered him, "Look, I'll stay with her tonight and maybe tomorrow depending on how she's feeling. I don't think it's fair for you to cancel your weekend. Claire was worried that she'd have to do that and disappoint you. I want you two to proceed even if that means staying here with everyone leaving the three of you alone."

Seb didn't want to impose on Tom and Claire. This was a very special and critical time for both of them and sometimes it wasn't appropriate for a man who wasn't the father to be hanging around. If Sebastian was the father-to-be he'd want to be alone with Claire for a few days or at least a week.

Nervously he scratched the back of his head and gave Tom an anxious look. "No, I don't think you really get it, Mate. Claire was asking for you while she was here with Chris and even asking for you now. She really needs you a lot more than you think. Mike and I are happy to hang out in the apartment this weekend and play with the animals. You, Claire and the baby in her tummy need to bond. You need to hold her and reassure her. We need Claire to become confident and strong for her sake and the babies."

Michael came into the bedroom with a hand-towel, drying his hands a little. He had heard what Sebastian had said. "I agree, Tom, Claire is very upset. We can't give her the reassurance that you can. I'd stay bunkered down with her for a few days until she's on firmer ground." Mike grabbed Claire's clean pyjama's and looked at the nest Seb had made, "Good nest, babe," he praised with a smile.

Tom nodded his head and carefully dropped down to his knees, crawling forward into the freshly made nest while waiting for Claire to return. As soon as he laid out on his back Pepper came out of her cage, stretched and climbed up onto Tom's chest. Pep playfully tugged on his shirt with her little teeth and gave a bashful look, nudging his chest and rubbing her cheek on his hand as Tom pet her.

Seb thought it was time to take his leave. He gave Tom a submissive bow and left his leader to absorb the realization that he was about to become a father.

As he entered the bathroom Michael was sitting on the floor next to the tub and rubbing the bit of Claire's stomach that stuck out from the water. It wasn't anywhere near her womb but it was the thought that counted. Sitting next to Michael he crossed his legs and began to give Claire a shoulder massage.
The entire room smelt like vanilla and English roses. A silky oil gleam covered her skin as it was apparent Michael had placed some sort of oil in her bath water.

"I fixed your nest, lovely Luna." Sebastian told her with a smile, "And Tom is waiting for you when you come out,"

"Oh?" she cooed, raising her delicate foot up out of the water. Clearly, she enjoyed being pampered just as much as they enjoyed pampering her.

"We've decided that it would be best for you to spend some time with Tom this weekend. We'll be here looking after the animals for you." Michael smiled, trailing his fingers up her middle and towards her breasts, around the swollen orbs. "We can do it some other time,"

"I'm sorry," Claire told them heartfelt with disappointment,

"There's no need to be sorry!" Michael hushed her, his hand dipping into the water to cup her stomach where the baby would be growing. "We love this little peanut! Don't you ever think your an inconvenience or should feel guilty about becoming a mother!"

"There's nothing selfish about wanting to rest and enjoy this moment with Tom." Seb assured her, "The only thing you need to focus on is relaxing and enjoying yourself."

"Alright," she smiled, sinking deeper into the water and tilting her head forward to let Seb massage her neck. "But you don't have to pamper me too much, I'm not breakable. Although, this is nice!"

Chapter End Notes

I wish Sebastian would come over and build me a nest! Also, there will be a weekend. They've just left it completely up to Claire's discretion.

Claire's nest:
“How big is our baby right now?” Claire asked, her face buried in Tom's bare chest.

“Oh about the size of a jelly bean.” Tom smirked, brushing her hair with his fingers, “Maybe a bit bigger.”

Tom's hand was planted firmly, but gently, on her stomach where it remained since she crawled into their nest. Every once in awhile he'd rub her soft tummy but generally, his hand stayed in place - protecting their jelly bean.

“In about a months time they'll be larger than a softball,” Tom smiled,

“He,” Claire groaned, stretching, “I think we're having a boy. I have a very strange feeling that it'll be a son. Whenever I ponder the thought of what gender I keep going back to male.”

“Regardless,” Tom smiled, stretching himself and laying out on his back. “Our little one will be slightly less little in a month. Our babies grow faster than human babies. It's a biological advantage our species has developed. It's designed to assure our young will thrive and make it to an age where they're not so vulnerable.”

“I feel bloated,” Claire complained, rubbing her own stomach while absorbing the information Tom had given her.

“That's because your womb is slowly filling with embryonic fluid to keep our son comfortable and happy,” Tom told her with a little too much happiness in his voice.

Claire remained on her back but Tom turned into his side, his arm and hand propping up his head as the other hand fell tenderly into her chubby tummy. Slowly he traced patterns over her stomach and smiled at the growing babe within it.

For the first time, he inched down her body and turned, his lips falling on the soft flesh. Lingering, Tom kept his lips on her skin and muttered something she wasn't meant to hear.

“Are you telling our son sweet nothin’s?” Claire asked, running her fingers through his hair.

“Well, I figure if his mother likes it…” Tom cheekily replied, kissing her tummy once more.

“Ass!” Claire chucked,

For the first time since they met Tom placed himself in her arms. His head rested on her chest as his body turned towards her and a leg slipping between hers. With her arms around his body protectively she watched him slip into a very light sleep. Tom looked so beautiful, so peaceful.

The warmth of his hand on her stomach was a reminder that he was guarding something very valuable even in his sleep. As Tom slept Chris came into the room quietly. He kept his distance for fear of intruding and sat down outside the closet doors, his side profile visible as he tilted his head back against the wall, eyes closed.

Claire couldn't fault the man for being there. His loyalty was staggering and it would hurt him deeply
if she turned him away. If Claire was able to move she'd probably see the other three men on the single mattress that remained on Tom's bed. Silently guarding her, the baby and of course their leader as he slept peacefully in her arms - defences down.

All was going smoothly, Tom didn't move from her embrace even when she began to stroke his bare back with her hand lazily. She honestly thought that her usually restless lover would actually surrender to a deep sleep. But that was shattered when Milo and Middy snaked their way into the closet and rather rudely stomped over the two of them. Milo standing uncomfortably on top of Tom and her.

“What the fuck are we feeding you, rocks? Come on buddy, off,” Tom complained sleepily, nudging the creature off them.

It wouldn't have been so bad if the feline hadn't concentrated his entire weight on each paw. Midnight was far more graceful and weaved herself between Claire and Tom, purring and sniffing them before joining Milo above their heads on the pillows. There was a small gap between the wall of the closet and where their pillows ended up making a good spot for kitties to sink into for a nightly snooze.

Tom turned slightly to acknowledge Chris and the others, nodding his head before resuming his previous position. Arms embraced her in a hug as they laid somewhat intertwined with one another in their nest.

As Tom slumbered in her arms she heard Chris and Sebastian talking about hunting. The blonde Aussie had turned his back to them and was facing the three men lounging on the bed. Claire herself drifted in and out of a sleepy unconsciousness. A warm bubbly feeling settled in her tummy at the thought of holding her alpha when he needed too and doing such a good job he let his defences down and slept. Pride - she thought was the emotion Claire felt.

“Once we’re in the house we can have a hunting expedition on our land. There's a lot of elk in the area as well as deer.” Sebastian had spoken. “I'm confident if we work together we can easily take down a large elk for our Luna.”

Sebastian was far from aggressive but he was a hunter and gathered by nature, as evident with his fishing skills at the cabin. It would surprise Claire in the least of the spunky beta went out and managed to bag a deer or a small elk on his nevermind with the help of someone else. With her being pregnant his wolf would be telling him to go father food - which is why she thought they were so keen on hunting. An activity that was rarely ever done.

“Guys, honestly? We’re fine,” Tom yawned, politely dismissing everyone and allowing more time for just him and her. “Thank you for the concern but I'd like to be alone with Claire for the time being. We’ll come out for dinner a little later.”

Chris stood up and ushered everyone out of the room including him. He closed their bedroom door but not before Sebastian declared he'd make them a very hearty meal which would be done in a few hours. Apparently with Claire expecting she needed to eat a more wholesome well-rounded meal than before.

“Come here, my pretty momma!” Tom smiled, stretching beside her. He gathered her up into his arms protectively and covered them with blankets. “I'm excited to go through this pregnancy. It's one thing to monitor someone else's happiness but being able to live it every day and witness the little milestones that happen outside my office - it's remarkable!”

“I'm still in shock,” Claire told him, her nose pressed firmly against Tom's bare chest. “I honestly
haven't digested the reality that I'm pregnant."

“And you will be for awhile. We didn't exactly plan it even though we haphazardly tried.” Tom answered. “If I’m going to be truthful - I didn't exactly expect you to get pregnant this soon. I know we had the possibility but... I don't think anyone in this house expected you to conceive so early on either. Everyone's in various stages of shock. I have one important appointment I have to keep this week and that's with Autumn, Lee and Richard. Autumn is about 3 months pregnant - would you like to come into the office with me so you can see Autumn?”

“Yeah,” Claire agreed, a bit comforted knowing that she wasn't the only one in the house in some state of shock.

Her wolf had calmed down but Claire still felt restless and disturbed. She was upset with herself for not being able to accept that she was pregnant and just get on with life. There was that roadblock of what’s going to happen once she has the actual baby. Being tasked with looking after another human being, supernatural or not terrified her to no end.

Their every need would be dependent on her and the boys to fulfil. What if she wasn't any good? What if she did something out of mistake and the baby gets injured or dies? Can their young get Sudden Infant Death Syndrome? If they could Claire would be a bloody basket case - refusing to sleep and just constantly watching the baby through the night so they wouldn't stop breathing until they're past the age of SIDS.

“I don't even know how to change a diaper or when to start feeding the baby something other than breast milk. I don't even know how to breastfeeding!” Claire confessed anxiously, nervously kneading the blankets with her hand.

“Claire, love, you have the same fears and questions that all new moms have. I've been told those same fears hundreds of times before.” Tom smiled gently, “I'm here to help you with whatever questions you have and to help ease your fears. I'm scared as well, love. I have my own fears towards the baby. An infant that's your own biologically is different than let's say a baby sibling or a friend's baby. This is your baby,” he confessed, placing enthusiasm on the possession. “This beautiful little creature is part of you and depends on you to care for it. I understand what your feeling because I'm feeling the same way. You're not alone my love and I'm not ashamed to admit that.”

“No, I know your not.” Claire sighed, kissing him gently, “Thank you for telling me that. It's a comfort to know I'm not the only parent that’s scared.”

“I'm always honest when it comes to my feelings with you. You're the keeper of my heart and soul. I know I can trust you to no judge me on how I'm feeling. It's not typical for an alpha to admit he's weak or scared even to his mate or Luna.” Tom spoke, “I think we’ll be fine though. We’ll be good parents and we have a lot of support. Even though they don't know about your pregnancy I can assure you even Richard, Autumn and Lee will lend a hand. They'll cast a protection spell over our little one that will keep the darkness at bay.”

Chapter End Notes

Even daddy wolves get scared sometimes ;)}
Despite his insistence that Claire wasn't as fragile as they thought she was - Tom had his laptop and about a handful of test results to go over. Beside him was Claire who had her back to him as she watched some adult style cartoon on the small screen Sebastian had installed.

Tom was bound and determined to stay beside her for as long as she needed - which in his opinion wouldn't be too long. He knew that she was very strong and independent. It was the shock of being told she was to become a mother that rocked her foundation. But, like most earthquakes, her structure would become stable once more and she wouldn't 'need' him as much as she did right now.

Gently he placed his hand on her hip and massaged the bone, enjoying the soft warm flesh under his hand. It was ridiculous for him to think that magically overnight her belly would swell a bit and he could really see her bump, but alas, Tom kept checking out of the corner of his eye and he couldn't see anything but her usual softness.

Every once in a while someone would pop in to check on them and quickly leave when Tom politely dismissed them. The only constant company they had was Pepper who was laying in front of Claire right now receiving belly rubs. Honestly, that's how he prefered it at the moment anyway.

"Are you hungry?" Tom asked her, looking over at his lounging beauty, "You haven't eaten in about 6 hours,"

"I don't eat a lot, you know this - unless I'm on my period," Claire replied while looking over her shoulder.

"You need to start eating more now, love." Tom sighed, "We've been through this. You have to increase your calorie count because of your eating for two."

There was a nagging in the back of his head that told Tom the reason why Claire wasn't eating when he knew that she was hungry was due to her fear of gaining weight. It was no big secret that Claire was a lovely curvy creature with all the soft features you'd think she'd possess. Was she the heaviest person in the world? No. But she was definitely no shrinking violet and sometimes it was hard to find clothing that she liked which fit her. Did Tom care? Obviously not and neither did anyone else in this house, but, Claire was insecure about her figure outside their home.

Almost as if Sebastian knew that Tom wished Claire would eat he came into the room with a plate for food for Claire. Celery stuffed with cream cheese, baby carrots and some lunch meat.

"Eat!" Sebastian told her while pointing at the plate he had prepared,

With the smell of food Pepper was roused from her lazy stupor and immediately went nosing around on Claire's plate. The critter managed to make off with a carrot, carrying it off a bit to eat it. She knew full well that grabbing food off someone's plate wasn't allowed and it was punishable by a time out in her cage and a stern talking too.

"Don't let her have the cream cheese." Seb told her before he left, "I thought dog farts were deadly until Pepper farted. Hedgehog farts are literally the worst thing - ever!"
Claire giggled and began to slowly eat the food on her plate much to Tom's happiness. He went back to tending to his documents and only looked up from the screen as Michael popped in and handed Claire a can of Dr Pepper. That got the man a glare and an annoyed sound. Tom didn't exactly want his son addicted to caffeine.

"You know I don't razz you over your diet but can we please try and keep the caffeine to a minimum? It's not good for the baby," Tom asked her gently, brushing his fingers through her hair lovingly. "I found a website that sells flavoured decaf coffee that I think you'd like. And instead of soda, you can have the flavoured soda water."

Claire stuck her tongue out at him picked up a piece of celery and placed some lunch meat on it. She had told him that it was the carbonation she liked and not so much the soda itself. He had been trying to get her to drink club soda and Claire was liking it so far which was a win in his books.

"Besides I think you were over caffeinating yourself anyways," he added hoping to not come off as nagging her. "That could account for your migraines and sluggish behaviour."

"You sound like my mother," Claire chuckled,

"I nag because I care," Tom told her seriously, "I've dealt with so many people that had horrible diets while pregnant not to mention smoking, drinking or taking drugs."

"Can I still smoke weed?" she asked curiously, raising an eyebrow and tossing a baby carrot into her mouth.

Tom rubbed the back of his neck and toyed with the idea. He liked to think of himself as an open-minded, progressive medicine, sort of man. There were studies that showed smoking marijuana helped with morning sickness. That didn't necessarily mean he wanted her to do it.

Part of Tom wanted her to be comfortable but the other worry-wart part of him didn't want anything 'illegal' near his baby.

"If you get morning sickness I can't see why not. Just don't do it a lot." he offered with hesitation.

"Nevermind I just won't do it," Claire grumbled, crossing her arms over her chest.

"With the medication, James has prescribed you I'd think you wouldn't really need the weed anymore." Tom asked her, "Which reminds me, once your pregnancy is actually registering with an over-the-counter test I want to take you to see James. We need to make sure that the council knows. Plus, legally, I can't treat you like I am with Autumn. I need an outside party to do the primaries."

"You can still deliver the baby, right?" Claire asked him with deep concern.

"Yes, of course. Don't be entirely shocked if James is around when you're in labour to make sure you're alright. But I'll be physically delivering our son. He'll also have to examine the baby and fill out all the paperwork so our little one is a recognized citizen in our world."

"So basically he'll be in the house but not in the room?"

"Exactly. The only ones that will actually be in the room while your physically giving birth would be me and various members of our pack. Outsiders are not permitted near you. When you're giving birth you're considered at your most vulnerable and weakest - ironically enough." Tom scowled, knowing damn well that a woman giving birth is the strongest person in the world.

"I can handle that," Claire declared finishing the last little bit of food on her plate.
Pepper had returned and took it upon herself to clean up the crumbs left over as well as accepting her piece of lunch meat that Claire saved for her. The animal seemed to know that there was something off with Claire because she had been more affectionate than usual and careful not to tread on her stomach.

Tom knew that when the baby was here Pepper would volunteer her services at distracting the baby or even trying to get their son to crawl. He had visions of Pepper scampering forward a bit in their living room only to stop and wait, their son crawling after her happily.

"Oh, my baby!" Claire cooed, picking the fat prickly cactus up and holding her flat against her chest. "I love you so much, yes I do!" his lover gushed, nuzzling her with her nose and giving Pepper kisses to her cheek.

He could see Pep's nub of a tail wagging a little with the attention Claire was giving her. Her and Milo had made up after two days of cautiousness. Milo was laying on the couch, half drugged from painkillers next to Middy and Pepper managed to waddle over to him - sniffing the bandaged leg before grooming the feline. Tom heard purring and noticed that Milo's ears were slicked back passively and he appeared to be smiling. After that everything was back to normal with the exception of Milo leaving her alone.

Pepper yawned widely showing off all her teeth and fluffing out her quills and closing her eyes. Tom smiled and petted her a few times admiring the feel of her quills on his palm.

"She'll be alright with the baby, right?" Claire asked, leaning back on her pillow stack so that Pepper laid on her chest sleeping - Claire's hand cupping Pepper's bum to hold her in place.

"Oh yeah, she'll probably adopt the baby as a surrogate of her own. Mammals have a tendency to do that sometimes especially with her personality." Tom assured her, "Look how she was with the kittens,"

"She also bit Milo..." Claire pointed out,

"Unless our baby smacks her on the back with his hand or fake lunges at her - I can't forsee Pepper biting the baby," he answered, "From the very start we're going to teach him to be gentle with the animals so hopefully by the time he's able to actually play with or handle Pepper, or the cats, he won't be harsh with them. And to be honest - if any of our children are jerks to the animals and as a result, they get bitten, they probably deserved it."

Chapter End Notes

A bit of an explanation as to why Tom isn't "there" for Claire like everyone else thinks he should be. Tom knows that Claire is strong and very stubborn - not exactly willing to accept help and preferring to work things out on her own, or, trying to until she admits she can't. He knows she doesn't necessarily like being crowded either.

Also; when my parakeets fart their entire bodies puff out briefly like a fluffy tennis ball.
"We're going to be doing something outside the norm," Tom told Richard, Lee and Autumn, "I have Claire with me today because, well - love, would you like to tell them or shall I?"

"You can do it," Claire muttered, chewing on the side of her thumb nervously. These are the only people outside of her pack that was about to know she was pregnant and Claire was nervous as hell.

"We're expecting," Tom beamed, "Claire is a little scared and I thought this would help ease her fears a bit!"

"Oh my god!" Autumn squealed, hopping off the examining table and giving Claire a big hug. "Our little ones are going to grow up together!"

She could see Richard smirk and shake his head at witnessing her stunned appearance. Carefully Claire placed her arms around the bubbly blonde and returned the affectionate gesture.

"Congratulations you two!" Lee beamed,

"Yes, good show old man!" Richard praised,

"I can leave now..." Claire told them not wanting to impose.

"Don't be silly," Autumn told her, waddling back to the examining table. She looked very pregnant for 4 months but then again - she was carrying two.

"Let's see if we can get a gender reveal today," Tom spoke, getting in his chair and wheeling himself over to where Autumn lay.

Claire sat down behind Tom's desk and watched from a distance. She understood what he was trying to do but it made her a bit uncomfortable. Autumn must have sensed her nervousness because she turned her head and smiled at her warmly.

"How along are you, sweetheart?" Autumn asked as Richard was spreading the ultrasound jelly onto her belly.

"About a week," she admitted

"Wow, and you can feel it? I know it takes a bit before tests pick that sort of thing up,"

Her statement wasn't meant to be rude and Claire just nodded her head with a small smile. Autumn was human and although she was currently pregnant with the babies of warlocks - certain feelings and instincts weren't readily available to her like they were with Claire.

"Yes, at first my wolf was very confused and I was...well, sick." Claire told her, "But now I recognize that I'm expecting - a bit terrifying honestly,"

"Oh I get that," Autumn told her as she was watching to screen before her. "They started kicking the other day and really moving around. I nearly pissed myself it startled me so badly."

"She did," Richard confirmed with a chuckle, "We were in the middle of a grocery store and one of
the twins must have rolled over and kicked. She screamed, people looked at us in shock."

Tom moved the wand around her lower abdomen and slowly the view of both babies came into focus. A collective "Ah!" was given from everyone as you could see their little faces and bodies came into view. It was a wonder how the technology made it so that you could view details.

"We're in luck folks," Tom gushed happily, "I can definitely identify genders for you,"

"I see a penis!" Richard announced, "That's a penis right?"

"That would be correct!" Tom confirmed, "It looks like you have one little boy and one little girl!"

That was what she and Autumn were hoping for a few months back in her kitchen - a little boy and a little girl. Claire was happy that her friend had lucked out like that. Judging by the look of ecstatic on her face as well as her hubbies - Autumn was happy as well.

"A boy and a girl?! One of each?!!" Autumn asked Tom excitedly.

"That is correct! A son and a daughter - lucky you. It normally doesn't go that way. I've dealt with twins probably 5 times before you and only one set turned out to be both genders." he told them, printing out photos of their little ones for them.

Claire was looking forward to the time when she could see their baby on the screen and Claire can get photos of his little face! She was definitely warming up to the idea of motherhood.

"Does this change the probability of fathers?" Lee asked curiously.

Every once in a while the warlock would shoot her a reassuring look from across the room and wink. Richard would smile at her but his main focus was on Autumn and their babies.

"No," he told him truthfully, "When you look at it - at the end of the day, gender is irrelevant when it comes to who fathered or mothered who. You can have 10 boys in a row and bam! a little girl comes around, you know? I'm still going to have to do a DNA test when they're born."

"What about trying to identify it by their facial features?" Autumn asked, admiring the photo of her twins faces.

Tom shrugged his shoulders, glancing at Claire from his station. "You could try but babies don't really develop their distinguishing features until they're a little older once born."

Claire hadn't been around Tom when he was at work and normally he never discussed baby business at home because he had no real need to. Listening and seeing him actually being a doctor was mind-blowing. It made her feel a little stupid honestly. Here he was - knowing everything you needed to know about babies and Claire couldn't even change a diaper.

"Claire do you want to get a drink with me?" Autumn asked, sitting up with a little help.

The older woman looked a bit concerned for her. Claire agreed to go for a 'drink' even though she didn't really want to. Apple juice was probably better than brooding over her own bitter thoughts.

"We're going to the cafeteria," Autumn told no one in particular.

"Hold up!" Tom announced, "Before you leave I want to go over your results of the blood tests as well as the urine sample." Autumn was already standing at this point and asking a 4-month pregnant woman with twins to sit back down on an examining table was a tall order - so she leaned against the
"I found proteins in your urine. Are you having pain when you pee?"

"No," Autumn informed him, "Although it has hurt where my bladder would be. I just assumed it was one of the twins kicking it."

"You have a very mild urinary tract infection. I can either give you antibiotics or your hubby can brew you some cranberry tea." Tom offered, "Other than that you're looking good."

"Tea," Autumn naturally replied, grabbing her purse and throwing it over her shoulder. "Come on Claire," she smiled.

Hesitantly she left the examining room behind Autumn and sort of trailed behind the woman until they reached the front door. Instead of asking questions Autumn just looked at her and continued to walk, waiting for Claire to start the conversation.

"Were you scared?" Claire finally asked,

"Still a bit," Autumn replied, summoning the elevator. "Probably not as much as you though because I actually planned on this. You got a good surprise;"

Tom had briefed them on the more finer details much to her destain. Personally, Claire thought it made her look bad. It made her and Tom look irresponsible.

"Well, we were trying but we weren't expecting anything to happen this soon," Claire replied hesitantly,

Autumn grabbed her hand and held it as they waited for the elevator to deliver them to their destination. "I know your scared momma but you have Tom and all those lovely men to look after you. I'd be a complete basket case if it wasn't for Richard and Lee." she sympathized, squeezing her hand. "With me being 4 months ahead of you I can help, you know? I know Tom is a baby doctor but he's never been pregnant. You've got the support at home and of course I and my boys will help as well. Richard makes a lovely tincture that helps with morning sickness that you wouldn't even believe!"

The elevator stopped moving and opened to the cafeteria. Right next to the cafeteria was the morgue - lovely, how appropriate. Autumn finally dropped her hand to allow Claire the opportunity to grab something to eat as well as her juice. There was a Dr Pepper sitting there, staring at her, mocking her, but Claire resisted. She had promised Tom that she'd cut down drastically on all the caffeine she consumed.

Claire didn't know what to eat so she literally just mirrored what Autumn grabbed. Autumn was probably the healthiest woman she knew right now.

"I've never even babysat before. How the hell am I supposed to look after a baby? I'm clueless!"

"You and a lot of women who fall pregnant!" Autumn replied cheekily, paying for their meals before Claire had a chance to see the cashier. "I have books that I've finished that I think you should read. I didn't really know anything about babies either at first. Fuck, I still don't know everything I probably should know and neither does my hubbies." Autumn was already chewing on her hunk of bread before she sat down awkwardly at a table. Swallowing her mouthful she grabbed her carrot juice and took a sip, "I can guarantee that even with all his medical degrees and knowledge, Tom is just as flustered as you are. It's one thing to tell other people what to do but when it actually comes down to your child - that's different. It's like a foreign concept. Kinda like how a doctor often faulters with
treated a family member. They've done the procedure a million times before on strangers but there's just something different about doing it to someone you know and love."

"Your right," Claire sighed, "I'm being selfish,"

"No," Autumn corrected, stabbing a bunch of spinach onto her fork violently in her haste to eat. "I think you're being honest. A lot of people won't admit they don't know what they're doing," she told her, shoving the fork full of salad into her mouth. "There's a massive misconception out there that women are supposed to know what they're doing when it comes to babies because we're females - and that's sort of our thing. Because of that, I think a lot of women are shamed into not saying anything then becoming completely overwhelmed when the baby does come because no one knows they're struggling. When I got home after learning I was pregnant with twins I had a complete breakdown - I cried for two days. I was terrified. Having one baby is stressful enough if you've never had one, but two?"

Claire carefully thought about what Autumn was telling her while eating her own salad - a bit less frantically, however. She supposed around the 4 months mark her hunger would be heavier than it was now.

"I think I'll be alright. I'm just not used to having any support." Claire told her, sipping on some freshly pressed green concoction that vaguely tasted like kiwis and lettuce. "I never thought I'd have kids, period, let alone with someone like Tom.

"You'll be fine, kid," Autumn informed her firmly with a smile, reaching across the table and patting the top of her hand. "I'll send those baby books with Lee. He's wanting to check up on Milo anyways."

Chapter End Notes

Claire and Autumn will be hanging out more together because I think it's important for her to be around another woman - plus they're both expecting and Autumn, although roughly 27 and Claire 24, is a wiser - older mother figure to Claire and helps her where a man simply couldn't.
*Tom's point of view*

With Claire showing Autumn around their new home, it gave the men an opportunity to sit around in the empty living room and talk. Sebastian had bought these folding camping chairs as a form of seating until they actually move in.

In a semi-circle, there was Tom, Pine, Richard, Lee, Chris, Mike and of course Seb. Their main topic of discussion was babies and moving into this 'monster' of a house.

"What I gather is that she's nervous about babies?" Richard stated, "And has never been around babies? Maybe you can borrow someone's infant and let her look after it for a day."

Tom leaned back in his seat. He was sure that Pine could find them an infant 'to borrow' through the council but that was a morbid thought and Tom didn't think Claire would take that too well.

"Oh yeah, sure. Claire would never give that baby back." Mike replied, taking a sip of his beer. "You don't give a female wolf an infant then takes it away again. Not without starting a fucking war."

"Yeah, good suggestion and I'd follow through with it if we weren't talking about a female wolf," Pine replied,

"Possessive?" Richard asked curiously, taking a drink of his own beer - Lee was his designated driver tonight.

"Protective," Tom told him, "Think of an actual female wolf protecting her pups. That's why I know she's scared now but that motherly instinct will kick in the moment she holds that baby - I'm not worried about her abilities to be a mother."

The gas wasn't connected to their stove yet and they recently got the electricity hooked up. Unfortunately, they weren't able to cook here just yet so Tom had ordered them pizza and wings. It wasn't usually his normal food of take-out choice but that's what their women wanted and no one here was going to argue with pregnant women.

"I understand that but you still take her feelings into consideration and treat it as a valid fear," Lee sympathized, "I dropped a bunch of baby books off at your apartment before we left so Claire has some reading material."

"No no, I do take them seriously and I'm helping to ease them. I'm just not too concerned with the overall ending," Tom politely replied, "Because I know she'll be a good mum."

Claire had recently discovered that Pepper liked wearing clothing - particularly tutus and little sweaters. Not only was Pepper wearing her pink harness she was also dawning a pink tutu which looked ridiculously adorable. Claire must have put Pepper down because the hog ran into the living room and straight to Michael - who picked her up right away.

"That's bloody ridiculous!" Richard commented, taking a swig of his beer,

"You should see Pep in her little sweater," Tom chuckled, "I think she looks cute,"

"Ok, Ok!" Mike smiled, kissing her cheek before placing her back down on the floor.
They could hear her little claws clicking against the hardwood floor and witnessed her waddling towards the large glass doors - pink tutu moving with the rest of her.

"I think it's adorable," Lee smiled, "I mean - come on, she's so stinking cute!"

"Don't you make fun of our daughter!" Claire playfully called out drawing Pepper's attention back to her, "She looks so stinking cute in her little tutu!"

Pepper stopped and sniffed at the glass before turning and running alongside the wall with her nose down, disappearing into the kitchen. Immediately Richard stood up and unfolded a chair for Autumn - helping the pregnant mum to sit down comfortably. When seated you could really see the roundness of her tummy.

Claire unfolded her own chair despite Tom offering to do the same thing. Seated next to Tom she sighed and looked around the large empty room. They were trying to figure out how to clean this mass of wood. Besides the final price that was the only thing she and Tom bickered about. With a new baby coming cleaning would become overwhelming.

"I'm hungry," Claire complained, "And tired,"

"Same," Autumn stated, yawning.

Having not seen or heard Pepper in a while Claire called out for the animal, digging around in her purse and rattling around a small stuffed animal that had a bell in it. The toy was meant for a baby but it was hedgehog approved. Her toy didn't get the nosey hedgehog out of the kitchen area prompting Claire to actually get up and retrieve her.

Tom kind of wished that the girls took longer in their inspecting because he still had things he wanted to discuss with the guys. Shooing Claire and Autumn out of the room wouldn't be a very wise mood so he had to bite his tongue and wait.

"I can't wait for you to be that pregnant," Michael commented, nodding his head in Autumn's direction.

Autumn was lounging back in her seat with her hands on her tummy, "Sadist," she commented sarcastically which got a laugh out of everyone.

"Are you having a baby shower?" Pine inquired,

"Eventually," Lee answered, "I don't know when we'll be doing it though. Before or after the twins come along,"

"Probably after," Autumn told him, "But you can buy me presents whenever you want," she winked, "Christmas is a week away after all!"

Tom stood up and stretched, looking at Lee hard and long enough for the warlock to presume he was needed. "I'll be back," Tom announced, calmly exiting the room and heading down the hall.

"Right, I have to pee," Lee lied, getting up and following after Tom.

Of course, no one believed that excuse but there wasn't a soul who wanted to question him on it. Behind Tom, he could feel footsteps as they descended the stairs and headed down to the family room. Once in the quiet, baren room, Tom turned to Lee.

"You can see into the future," Tom addressed, leaning against the same fireplace that they had
upstairs.

"To a degree, what's bothering you?" Lee asked, submissively placing his hands into his jeans pocket.

"The pregnancy is going to go smoothly - yes? You know of Claire's...medical issues." Tom stressed,

"Baby will be fine and healthy," Lee confirmed, "Nothing out of the ordinary is going to happen either. I didn't see any problems with any of her pregnancies or the babies."

Relief came over him upon hearing that his natural instincts were correct in assuming Claire and their son would be alright. Tom gave a visible sigh of relief.

"You're worried, aren't you?" Lee smiled, "First-time jitters? I feel ya, I've got two coming my way!"

"I could handle twins if it's after the first one," Tom smiled, "I'm trying to wrap my head around a child and trying to keep my possessive nature at bay. It's hard to ignore your basic instinct and allow other men around your pregnant mate - pack members or not. It's something that doesn't necessarily sit right in your gut for fear of her or the baby becoming injured. I'm dreading when she actually leaves for a weekend,"

"Richard was the same way when we learnt Autumn was first pregnant. I promise you it'll calm down once you've gotten used to the idea. I suggest you keep her close to home until you're comfortable enough to let her go - but, give her space. Don't crowd her. Richard tried to box Autumn in and that ended poorly."

Tom wanted to keep her close but he didn't want to push her away. He took Lee's advice and nodded his head. Someone called from the top of the stairs that their dinner was here signalling that this was the end of his conversation with Lee.

"Also, yes - you are having a boy," Lee smirked, "I know you were questioning Claire's deductions. I'd trust her instincts. They're usually right - Autumn was right in predicting what our babies will be despite Richard insisting they're both going to be boys."

A beam of pride caused a big grin to fall on his face as they ascended the stairs. He was getting his baby boy after all! If their Gods and Goddesses favoured him as much as he thought they did their firstborn son would also be an Alpha!
Chapter 141

Chapter Notes

The text in Bold is meant to be spoken in Romanian. I don't have the brain capacity to actually translate something roughly into Romanian and then figure out how to place the same translation in English and not make it look messy.

*Smut*

Claire/Sebastian

See the end of the chapter for more notes

By the end of the week, Claire was feeling a bit better and more confident. Her weekend with Sebastian and Michael was still on, however, their original plans had to rapidly change seeing how Tom didn't want her to wander too far from home. The place that they were originally going to was near the Oregon border which was a few hours away from their home. Instead, she had Seb and Mike find something closer - an hour away to be precise.

The last Claire heard they were going to some casino and resort type deal despite the fact that no one gambled. Michael said the atmosphere was more luxurious and relaxed than that of Great Wolf amusement resort which is crawling with children. Claire had never heard of the place and when she googled it - she wishes she hadn't. Waterslides looked amazingly fun but apparently when your barely pregnant, hurling yourself down a slipper tube of water only to land in a pool of water like a bloody cannonball - isn't healthy for the baby.

"They have a great buffet apparently," Sebastian smiled, throwing himself down on the bed dramatically.

As nice as it was to hide away in the closet Claire begrudgingly had Sebastian dismantle the nest and put Tom's bed back together. The poor man wasn't getting in his nightly cat naps and as a result was grumpy and a bit stiff. The more comfortable Claire became the less she needed to rely on the comforts of a closed off space.

"I'm not going on an eating vacation!" Claire giggled,

"No, right," Seb muttered, looking at the colourful brochure, "Somewhere we have to fit in some sex,

Christmas had come and passed with Claire scoring a disgusting amount of gifts. The highlight, however, was a very large and tall cat tree for the cats that would be set up once they've moved into the home. It was a collaboration gift from Michael and Sebastian. Tom gifted her with a larger cage for Pepper that needed to sit on a table. There were different levels for the hog to explore and play around on and the top was open so Claire could grab Pepper a lot easier as well as clean her cage. He had it custom made through a friend of Ben's. Once more - it would come to use when they moved.

Pine and Chris gave her art supplies and colouring books - something she appreciated seeing how Claire would be doing a lot of colouring when she's in the later stages of pregnancy. Bath sets were
also given by various lovers as well as a hefty gift card to a craft store so Claire could purchase her yarn. Counting her baby and the two Autumn was having - she had a lot of blankets to knit.

Sebastian ran his hand up and down her bare back as Claire carefully laid next to him on the bed. The other night she had finally made love to Tom after learning she was pregnant. It was a lot slower than she was used too and it took a bit longer to orgasm but she was proud of herself for getting over that fear and engaging her lover.

"I'm looking forward to our weekend," Sebastian cooed, walking his fingers up and down her spine. "Mike and I have a lot planned for you, little Luna," he added with a purr,

"I haven't had a threesome until the first time we've done that." Claire blushed,

"Not just threesomes," Sebastian smirked, "We have it worked out so we both will have private time with you."

"So someone goes down the casino floor to get fucked while another person stays in the room and gets fucked?" Claire smirked, rolling onto her back submissively.

"Something like that," Seb murmured with a smirk, lowering his head and kissing her mouth.

The shirt Claire was wearing had risen up above her navel showing off her stomach. Upon noticing this Seb crawled between her legs and inched downwards until his face was level with her tummy. Carefully he kissed her womb a few times and rubbed the area.

"I can't wait for this little guy to be born," Seb lovingly told her, a twinkle in his eye.

"Yeah?" Claire asked him, running her hands through his hair.

"Umm-hmm, he's going to be pretty much my son as well. I know you've fathered him by Tom but you're giving all of us the gift of fatherhood! Which, honestly, I wouldn't have been able to experience without you. I know for a fact that Tom would never have mated or settled down without you by his side. He was celibate since his teens until you came around and tickled his fancy."

Claire’s pheromones told Seb that she was interested in an encounter prompting the man to pull her loose shirt off her body and tossing it to the side. Growling lustfully he raised up carefully between her thighs and kissed each nipple delicately before sucking each into his mouth.

"Are you in the mood?" Sebastian asked her just to make sure,

"Yes," Claire purred, kneading at his shoulders with her fingers.

Anxiously she tugged on his shirt until Seb raised up and pulled the shirt off his body, exposing his chest and a rather curious bite mark on his chest. Raising an eyebrow she questioned him silently. Sebastian winked and smirked in response making Claire's fears diminish. He had received that mark from Michael no doubt.

"Daddies gotta be careful with you, little Luna," Sebastian purred, covering her body with his. Soft lips forged a trail down the side of her neck and in between her breasts. He paused a moment, nuzzling her with his nose before inching down a little more until he was able to kiss and suck his way down to the top of her pants. "We've got a son growing, after all,"

Claire rose her hips up and allowed him to pull them down revealing that Claire wasn't wearing any panties. Seb chuckled and playfully bit her mound - growling.
"Completely bare, huh?" he commented, massaging her quim, parting her folds to view her arousal. "Is Tom aware of this?"

Her blush deepened heavily at his questioning and curious looks. Ever since she's known these men, Claire wasn't completely smooth between the legs. The top of her mound always had hair and Tom had told her numerous times that he appreciated that.

"No," she confessed, having shaved this morning while in the shower.

"Well, I like it," Seb continued, kissing her smooth skin while laying flat on his belly between her legs.

Without hesitation he parted her with his fingers and snaked his tongue between her folds, licking her lengthwise before settling on her swollen clit. Digging her toes into the blankets, Claire moaned, arching her back and grabbing hold of Sebastian's hair lightly.

Her moaning and wanton pants of pleasure caused Seb to deepen his actions, tongue slipping inside her quim - lapping and darting into her soft insides.

"Fuck," she moaned,

"We're working on that," he chuckled,

"I see you've picked up some of Michael's cheek," Claire smirked, sitting up and groping his groin.

Sebastian groaned loudly and pushed himself further into her hand prompting Claire to unfasten the drawstring on his sweatpants, loosening out the elastic and pulling them down comically around his knees. He took the initiative to kick them off leaving him bare for her.

She grabbed hold of him at the base and squeezed - keeping her hand firmly in place as she inched closer to him. Cooing at the feeling of his member throbbing in her hand, Claire leaned forward and placed a kiss on his shaft.

With one hand on the headboard, Seb braced himself as she slowly slipped him into her mouth, head bobbing up and down. Claire traced his underside with her tongue and moaned lightly while moving her mouth along his cock.

"Fuck, yes!" Seb moaned, eyes closed tightly as his fingers gripped her messy hair lightly.

Gently Sebastian pushed his hips towards her mouth helping Claire a bit. With his movement, Claire grabbed hold of his hip and steadied him setting the pace. Seductively she popped him out of her mouth and winked at him before holding his manhood up and licking him from head to base and back again. tongue swirling around his leaking head.

"You keep that up and we're not going to get any action," Seb warned,

"Do you speak Romanian?" Claire questioned, nibbling on the soft bit of skin right where his head connected to the shaft.

"What?" he huffed, taken back with her question.

"You were born in Romania, do you speak the language still? You don't have an accent anymore..." Claire frowned, slipping him back into her mouth.

"Yes, I speak Romanian" Sebastian cooed seductively in his native tongue, his previously void
"Do you want me to fuck you?" he asked, pushing her head back a little so he could take himself out of her mouth.

Claire didn't really know what he had said but she knew it was a question and whatever he was asking her she'd gladly do. Nodding her head Claire spread her legs a laid down waiting for him to mount her.

Seb smirked and moved off the bed, kicking off his sweatpants and briefs. Once he was bare he took possession of himself and pumped himself a few times before dropping it and clawing seductively between her legs, hovering his body over hers and making sure that he didn't apply any pressure to her stomach.

Claire raised her head enough and captured his lips, her hand falling on his cheek - beard stubble scratching the soft skin just the way she liked it.

"I do indeed speak Romanian," Sebastian mumbled into her mouth in English. "Michael likes it when I speak Romanian in bed as well. He speaks German in response. Neither of us knows what the other's saying but orgasm is fantastic,"

She laughed into his mouth, playfully raising her leg up and resting it on his hip, dragging him down further on top of her.

"Are we positive that I'm pregnant?" Claire asked him, doubting her own natural instincts.

The last thing she wanted was to have sex with Sebastian unprotected and have him get her pregnant instead of Tom. He knelt between her legs and very gingerly spread her thighs so Claire was nice and open for him.

"Yes, sweet Luna," Sebastian reassured her truthfully, spreading her sticky wet pussy lips open before taking hold of himself and pumping a few times. "I can smell the pup and it smells like Tom and you combined. You're definitely expecting. We don't have to do this if you don't want too," he added, waiting for a definite answer to continue.

"No, it's ok," Claire encouraged, "I'm horny and willing," she added, spreading out below him submissively with her arms above her head.

"If you want to stop at any time just let me know and I'll get off you!" Sebastian told her seriously, falling between her legs and placing his arms on either side of her shoulders to hold himself up,

Claire hooked her legs around his waist and bunched her hips up anxiously anticipating his penetration. Tom was being this cautious as well when it came to sex after learning she was pregnant. None of her boys was this cautious after she was attacked by that other wolf and it was starting to tick her off.

With them skirting around their lovemaking it was starting to make Claire lose confidence in what she was doing, especially since the idea alone took a bit to get used too. Only after actually speaking to Autumn about having sex while pregnant did Claire decided that she'd still like to do it.

"Stop it!" Claire scoffed, "I'm pregnant, that doesn't change how I feel about sex. You're actually starting to turn me off,"
"Alright, sorry," Seb replied bashfully, lowering his lips to her pert nipple.

Claire moaned and raised her back a little pushing her breast further into his mouth. Growling seductively he grasped her breast and eagerly bit the pert nipple. Thrusting his hips forward he slid into her silky depths, sinking down to the hilt. Gasping she grasped his shoulders with her fingertips and cooed.

“Fuck,” Seb purred, nipping the side of her neck. “Oh, I'll never get used to how fantastic you feel!!”

“Yes, your heaven!” Claire agreed, rotating her hips a little and creating that lovely friction. Seb raised himself up a little and pumped into her, rolling his hips in motion as they moved together on the bed. Raising her hand Claire placed her hand on the side of his head and drew Seb down for a kiss. Delicately their lips moved in rhythm.

“Cum on, cum for me!” Seb panted into her mouth. “I wanna feel you!”

Her hand slipped between their bodies and found her clit, rubbing herself softly and adding to her pleasure. Claire's free arm was raised above her head, Seb's fingers encasing her wrist as he increased his speed - an audible sound of their connection getting louder.

“I'm gonna cum!” Seb announced, lowering his head and sucking on the side of her neck, lips trailing down across her collarbone.

Claire moved her fingers faster than before, her own orgasm building in the pit of her stomach. Seb scooped her up into his arms and rolled them so that she was on top of him. Allowing herself to get used to the new position she lingered on top of him, lowering her head and kissing the but if skin between his chest muscles.

Comfortable, she allowed Sebastian to take hold of her hips and help guide her back and forth. Riding him Claire moaned, tilting her head back and feeling her orgasm build once more. Feeling stable she curved her back a little and placed her hands on Sebastian's thighs, flicking her hips back and forth eagerly.

Licking her lips Claire moaned and gasped, her breath hitching in her chest a little. She could feel that Seb was nearing his orgasm with his erratic movements below her. His fingers kneaded roughly into her hips and his bucked up frantically in the hopes of pushing himself further.

Claire sat up properly, grabbing her breasts and tightening her private muscles pushing them both to the edge. She felt her quim clutch and throb around Sebastian as a rush of pleasure travelled up her spine and right back down to her pussy. Sebastian gasped, sitting up effortlessly and embracing her to his body as his seed flooded her womb, thick, hot ropes of essence pained her clutching softness.

They both shuttered at the same time in each other's arms, Sebastian's lips falling on her pulse point as he gave one last gasp and thrust upwards.

"Thank you," he smirked into her chest, kissing the tops of her flushed breasts. "That was beautiful," he gushed, trailing his hands up and down her back and across her hips.

Still stunned she gave him a half-smile and rested her forehead against his shoulder. Sebastian continued to hold her to his body protectively, adjusting his legs a little to make them both more comfortable. Sensing that she was being watched Claire slowly opened her eyes and looked up at the door to see Tom standing there. He smiled, winked and closed the door a bit to give them privacy.
Chapter End Notes

Sorry for the late posting but it normally takes me 2-3 days to write smut. Also, I've been re-reading and editing 'Vous Connaitre' in the hopes of actually picking back up on that as well as updating this story. Once these two stories are done I'll pick back up on 'Genetic Flaw' If anyone's still interested. Again, I'll be reading what I have done so far as well as edit before picking back up on it.
"Are you two still picking up the package from Ben on your way back to the house?" Tom asked him, Sebastian looked up from the bed a bit confused and narrowed his brow while he tried to figure out what Tom was talking about. "The package?"

"Gus," Tom replied, looking at Michael.

"Yes, Gus will still be picked up," Mike assured him.

After much convincing Michael had talked Tom into getting Claire another hedgehog. Well, Gus was really a friend for Pepper but even more so for him. He had found that he liked the small animal so much that adding another was a good idea.

"I honestly don't think that's a good idea," Sebastian commented, flipping through his magazine, "Claire doesn't know about this and we all know how Pepper is."

"She'll be fine with it. He's adorable," Michael commented, showing Seb a photo of Gus, half curled up in a ball with a very grumpy look on his face. "How can you not fall in love with that face!"

Unlike Pepper, Gus was white in colour with a bit of red and light brown. Ben had told them he was somewhat albino. It was that grumpy, miserable look on his face that had Michael swooning. Despite looking pissed off he was a very affectionate little boy that liked to be held.

"What a miserable looking creature. He has the same scowl as Richard!" Seb chuckled, "Grumpy Gus," Michael chuckled. "He was handed over because a little girl couldn't look after him properly."

"Poor little bugger," Seb sympathized

"Also, I want to remind you two that while you three are away we're going to be moving into the house. I've hired movers and packers from the council to come and help us. So you'll be coming to the house - not the apartment. Claire doesn't know, I don't want her to be stressed." Tom added before leaving. "I'll have Pepper and Gus's cage set up so that the hogs can get used to one another right away."

Tom took his leave leaving Sebastian and Michael alone. As soon as they were alone he turned to his partner and pressed his forehead lovingly to the man's shoulder. Taking a deep breath he was trying to digest the dramatic change of events about to take place.

"Are you ready for this next chapter?" Mike asked him curiously, moving his head just enough to kind of look at Seb.

"No," he replied honestly, "But it's starting soon so I may as well get comfortable."

"We're going to be dads," Michael spoke in a forbidding tone of voice. "Dirty nappies, crying
sweethearts in the middle of the night - teething...

Only recently had he digested the fact that Claire was actually pregnant and they were really going to have a little one in their home. Chris was still a bloody basket case with the very idea and as a result he spent a lot of time at the gym and 'patrolling' their territory in his furry alter ego. Chris had a lot of pent-up aggression and hormones raging with the idea of having a pup and his more feral instincts were coming to life.

Michael was taking a more cautious approach to the whole fatherhood situation. On one hand, he didn't want to smother Claire, Tom or the baby with unnecessary worry and fret - but, on the other, he didn't necessarily want strangers near Claire or his son. Mike wanted to monitor the outside interaction very carefully.

"We're having a boy apparently," Sebastian smiled, "That's what Claire is insisting and Lee confirmed,"

"Figured as much," Mike agreed, "He's probably going to be the mirror image of Tom with Claire's gentle personality."

"An alpha,"

"Or a very strong omega at the very least,"

They sat there and just thought in silence for a bit pondering the future and what it holds for them. Michael honestly didn't know how Sebastian felt about the baby or becoming a father. He was happy, obviously - they all were. But there were no great details regarding the subject.

"Are you worried?" Mike asked,

"No, not really. I know everything will fall into place eventually. I'm a bit concerned that Claire hasn't really fully understood that she's about to be a mother. The reality hasn't hit her just yet."

Personally, Michael thought she was slowly accepting the reality that she was about to be in charge of another life. Slow and steady which was pretty much Claire's natural pace. Once she peed on that little stick and it came out positive the circle would be complete.

"I'm more concerned for Chris. He was high-strung before and raging with masculine hormones...but now? He's a bloody beast." Michael confessed, rubbing Sebastian's shoulder lovingly.

If he was this territorial and over-excited before the baby was actually born what was he going to do when the baby was here? Ideally, they'd like to go out with Claire individually and spend time with her and their son. Everyone would be able to do this and conduct themselves in a civilized manner. Chris may not be civil. The last thing they wanted him to do was literally throw someone across the road because they looked at his baby son the wrong way or he perceived them to be a threat.

"We're going to have to let Chris get accustomed to the baby inside the home before we let him out in the wild." Sebastian agreed, "His nature is so protective that it won't allow him to let outsiders from the pack interact with the baby right away."

"Pine is aware of this, right?" Michael asked seriously, knowing full well that Seb was more talkative with the man than Mike was at this point.

"He's aware and watching him," Sebastian assured, stretching out and placing his arm on Michael's shoulder - drawing the man into his side.
Pine was still employed by the council and Michael was glad that he was. Personally, he didn't want the man to change jobs and enter the human workforce because if they had a pack member in the council it gave them a leg up on the rest. Claire's great-great-grandmother meant that Claire herself had quite a bit of favouritism in the council and a lot of leeways.

With Claire's tendency to be stubborn and curious as well as Chris's short temper to outside interference - they need as much 'favouritism' as they could get. He was also under the impression that the only reason why the council hadn't cracked down on Pine's interference with them outside of work is that of Galinda and her heavy influence in the council despite her premature demise.

They'd all be a pack of morons, no pun intended, if they thought the council wasn't aware of Pine living with them let alone sleeping with Claire. They knew - they just didn't care.

"I'm going to talk to Tom about Chris," Sebastian informed him, "I know it's unlikely he'll take me seriously but at least I said something before an incident happens."

"He'll listen to you. Tom is good at that - I don't think he's ever ignored anyone in this pack because of their status." Michael assured his lover, lowering his head and kissing his mouth gently.

Sebastian smiled and kissed him right back, lips pressed against his. "Did you book the room I told you to book?"

"Of course, my love." Michael confirmed, "And I made sure it had the best buffet in all the casinos around that area!"

"Our lovely Luna does need to eat, after all!" Sebastian defended, "She's eating for two!"

Gus's glamour shot:

Chapter End Notes

I am aware that Luna is capitalized but Alpha, Beta and Omega is not as well as The Council. Honestly, the reason why I haven't capitalized them is because 1) I'm too lazy to manually correct the auto-correct. And 2) I have OCD so in order for me to start capitalizing those words now I'd have to go back to the beginning and Capitalize them from the start. And honestly, I don't have the time, brain capacity or energy to do that.

So yes, I am aware. Also, I have a tendency to go back and re-read the chapter that I have recently posted and in that time I do make the odd correction if I see it. Chances are, if you spotted the small flaw by the next time you skim over that same chapter I'd have fixed it.

*PS - yes, the baby is Tom's biologically - but, everyone else in the back still considers that baby to be their son as well hence the references. Tom will still have the final say in regards to the baby and 'officially' he'll be recognized at the biological father - as well as that specific child knowing that Tom actually fathered them (I'll get into that later). But to their pack biological is somewhat irrelevant.
*Tom's point of view*

"I'm proposing to Claire," Tom announced to Chris firmly, nodding his head as if he were assuring himself of the final decision. "I ordered the ring custom. I couldn't find anything that screamed Claire," he added, "I have to go pick it up - do you want to come with me?"

Chris looked a little taken back by the statement but smiled and nodded his head. "Congrats man!"

"No one besides you knows of this," Tom informed him lowly to keep the secret so. "I figure if she's pregnant with my baby I may as well make an honest woman out of her."

"There are other reasons too, mate!" Chris chuckled, grabbing his jacket. "We'll be back," he announced to everyone in the apartment.

Claire was in the process of packing for her two or three-day adventure with Sebastian and Michael. With her distracted, it gave him ample opportunity to go into Seattle and actually pick up her ring.

He had tried very hard to find something online that would be suited for her and then maybe have it mailed to him. That wasn't very classy but with their busy life, it made the task a bit easier. That was until Tom realized that no website was going to provide him with what he specifically wanted.

Tom found that everything was either too shiny, too large, too commercial or too corny. What jewellery Claire did own was very organic, minimal and had a homemade sort of appearance. That left Tom with either hiring someone to make the ring custom, or, look on a free-trade website like Etsy for a wedding ring. If this wasn't an actual marriage proposal Tom would be happy with shopping on Etsy but this was his love, his soul...his future wife and Tom wanted something that was still expensive and brag-worthy.

"It's still a diamond but it's uncut," Tom told Chris, fiddling with his phone for a picture of the final product sent to him by the jeweller, "It has a real organic feel to it. I figure it was right up her alley,"

"It's beautiful," Chris gushed, "I've never seen a ring quite like that before."

"The jeweller nearly keeled over when I told him I wanted a rough uncut diamond and I wanted the gold band unpolished." Tom laughed, pocketing his phone.

"Where are you popping the question?"

"Seattle waterfront. I have a hotel room booked for the third week in January. Before I go through with it I'll be telling the other members of course but for now, it's a secret."

"Do you have a box or are you using the one provided? I have a buddy that does wood-working. He can make you a rustic looking ring box." Chris offered, adjusting one of his own rings on his finger.

"That would be nice, thanks. Tell him I can pay whatever he wants." Tom offered, "But I want it to be really organic and rough looking."

Having Chris accompany him to pick up the ring because he was his best friend and second in command was only one reason. Tom had a lot of questions to ask the man in regards to his current mindset and behaviour. More than one member had come to him in confidence and expressed their concerns that perhaps Chris was becoming too aggressive and too alpha.
It was hard to try and deal with this when it was simply his nature to be this way. Chris was a warrior, he was a protector - a guardian. It's in his blood to do property patrols and make sure that everything is in order. He's a wolf that growls first, asks questions last. Tom was honestly surprised when the man went into medicine because he'd be best suited for law enforcement or even the military. Their council had their own version of cops, special agents, military and even 'guards' that protected specific important people like Claire or her late great-great-grandmother. Chris had been approached on more than one occasion by the council because of his remarkably good ability to serve and protect.

This is also why they decided that it would be a good idea to place Chris's bedroom on the basement floor because that's where their older children will eventually go after they've outgrown the nursery. Chris downstairs guarding their brood was a match made in heaven. No one will get into the house and no one will be able to sneak out.

Naturally for a man with that sort of nature having what he'd consider a mate that was pregnant was stressful - extremely stressful. Tom had his own reserves about the situation and he was feeling a bit more protective than he had been before but that was expected. He tried to calm his wolf down a bit and get on with his day. Chris didn't have that luxury. There was no 'calming' the 180lb feral canine-lupus.

"How are you doing with the idea of Claire being pregnant?" Tom asked curiously, glancing at the man from across the car.

The look Chris gave him told Tom everything he needed to know about that situation. It was a very slow, deliberate look of distress mixed with irritation. At one point there was sort of war between Tom and Chris as to who could get Claire pregnant first. They agreed in the middle that if Claire went to either one of them they'd gladly oblige. Obviously, Claire's loyalty to Tom was a lot stronger then it was to Chris because she specifically went to Tom.

"My wolf is just ecstatic!" Chris confirmed dryly, "I'm trying to keep everything contained and burning off all the excess aggression at the gym or around the track. I'm not a threat to anyone,"

"I know that," Tom told him, "I just know that with your nature it's hard to let Claire wander amongst strange humans without you."

"I don't own Claire," Chris reminded him, "And neither do you. In fact, I'm pretty sure she owns us. I can't tie her to the bed and not allow her to move until the baby is born. I have to get over it, and I will - eventually. Until then - I'm dealing with it the best way I can and I think I've done a pretty good job so far. Now, when the baby comes? I don't know, mate. I'll have to nest down with Claire and our son for a few days."

"You have my permission to do whatever you need to after my bonding period. Once my son has my scent imprinted in his brain we'll be alright." Tom offered,

With their pack and most packs, if the head bitch or the Luna has a pup all the males consider that baby their 'son' or 'daughter' regardless of who actually fathered it. This doesn't bother the mother or the father of the child because it assures that their child is always loved, looked after, guided and protected. It instills confidence, respect, foundation, boundaries and a bunch of other things young men and women need to grow up strong and decent.

However, there had to be away for that child to know instinctively who their real 'father' was and that was accomplished during the bonding period. The first 48 hours of the infant being born are strictly reserved for the mother and father. In that time their child will memorize the scent of each parent and recognize their voice, touch and associate those people as their guardian - their parents.
This will assure that their son will know subconsciously and instinctively that Claire and himself created them and that they were their true 'parents'.

This will be a challenge for Chris because his wolf would be begging for him to go into the room and stand guard over the smallest and most vulnerable member of the pack. Tom actually wouldn't be too surprised if the man forces himself to physically be away from the home for that period of time. He's going to have to explain that to Claire.

"If you need a break and take off just let me know," Tom told him, "You don't have to explain where you're going or how long you'll be away either. You have my permission to have some space."

"Thanks, mate." Chris smiled, reaching out and grabbing his hand - squeezing it affectionately in a loving gesture.

The ring:

The ring box:
Chapter 144

Claire pulled back the drapes to show off the beautiful surroundings. They were oceanfront on the 7th floor of the casino hotel. Below them in the casino part, Sebastian was mulling around doing god knows what leaving her alone with Michael.

Through the reflection of the glass, Claire could see Michael walk up behind her. Loving he embraced her from behind - hands falling on her tummy under the loose shirt to embrace their son. Mike took a deep breath and rested his chin on top of her head while enjoying their view as well.

"How are you feeling?" he asked her,

Claire had gotten car-sick on the way here which was rather unexpected forcing Michael to pull over at a gas station and purchase some gravol for her. Which took away her nausea but caused Claire to become a bit sleepy instead.

"I know it's only been a week and a half but I wanna try and pee on a stick," Claire announced, "After dinner, I'll run out back and fetch a stick for you." Michael joked.

"Ass," Claire chuckled, "That's not what I meant!"

"I know what you mean and I think you should wait until you're with Tom to do that," he smiled, "How are you feeling though?" he repeated waiting for an answer this time.

"Tired," she yawned, "Gravol always knocks me out."

"If you need a nap, take a nap."

Claire seemed to be doing a lot of sleeping lately or 'resting' and it was starting to make her feel rather useless. She wanted desperately to turn over and go for a run but apparently, that was forbidden until she had her son. Turning over into her wolf was dangerous to the baby and normally they wouldn't do it unless it was a serious situation and Claire needed to get away from danger rather quickly.

Her wolf wasn't aware of that because that ungodly itch in the pit of her stomach was present - nagging her. Uneasy she shifted in Michael's arms and brought her hands up resting them on his.

"I know, love, you're restless," he sympathized,

Before they left the pack had gone to their new home and turned over. Claire was stuck walking on two legs glumly as she was surrounded by wolves. Tom and Chris, of course, walked on either side of her while Mike, Seb and Pine took up the rear in formation leaving Claire in the middle of the wolfy triangle.

"What's the point of being a pregnant supernatural being when I can't do anything. I thought I would be immune to certain things." Claire pouted, once more seeing that immortality wasn't what it was cracked up to be.

"It doesn't seem fair, does it?" he sympathized once more, rubbing her tummy. "If there was a way for you to turn over and go for a run without stressing the baby - we'd do it. But you can't love. The transformation is hard on the pup, you have to remember that your human anatomy isn't in the same spot as your wolves and even though she has a healthy womb the baby isn't going to like the change in
As it was Claire was roughly pregnant with something the size of a tennis ball. They weren’t talking about trying to fit a 6-month baby into a wolf’s womb here. There should be a lot of room for her son - but still, Claire didn’t want to argue with Mike and ruin the moment. At least he felt her pain in being restless.

"If you really need to burn off energy you can still go for a run or a jog." he suggested, "That’s not going to hurt him,"

The click of the door told them that Sebastian was entering the hotel room. The reflection in the glass confirmed it. He has a bag in his hand from some little shop located within the casino which made Claire rather curious. Turning in Michael’s arms slightly she looked at Seb who placed the bag on the bed before kicking off his shoes.

"How are you feeling?" Seb asked, padding gently towards them.

His hands fell on her stomach as well making Claire move her hands and allow his to replace them. In unison, Michael and Sebastian rubbed her tummy making Claire’s skin feel pleasantly warm.

"I bought our son something while I was wandering around," he announced,

This would be her second ‘baby’ gift and Claire was excited. The first would be the knowledge that Autumn had shared with her so far.

"Oh?" she asked with a big smile.

They released her so she could grab the bag and pull out the gift. When Claire saw it she couldn’t help but laugh - hard. Michael was confused until she turned it around and showed him what it was.

Sebastian had bought her a white baby onesie that had a howling wolf on it with the words ‘Baby Wolf’ engraved on it. It was the perfect piece of clothing because it was the greatest inside joke - ever.

"This is perfect!" Claire gushed, "I’m going to keep it forever and re-use it as much as I can."

"I’m glad you like it. The saleswoman thought I was nuts because I started laughing in the store."
Sebastian told her. "They also had a onesie that said ‘Wolfpacks 2018 newest member’ but I think that was pushing our luck a bit too much."

"That’s beautiful," Michael commented, "Tom is going to love it."

"Does this mean I can officially start shopping for our little man?" Claire asked, unsure of when she was supposed to be gathering things. Autumn was four months pregnant and she hadn’t really gotten anything for her twins.

She knew that most human women didn’t buy anything for their babies until they were past the ‘miscarriage’ period of the pregnancy. From what Claire was told unless she was hit by a car at full force the chances of her losing her baby was low. That didn’t really give her much comfort. If anything that just made her sad for other women not in her situation.

"Yeah, I think you can start to gather things for the pup," Michael agreed, "We’ll all be gathering things for the baby,"

"There were a few more stores down there that I didn’t go into and a few I had. If you’d like after
dinner we can check them out." Seb spoke,

Claire yawned, handing Michael the onesie. She was unable to fight off the graval any more and slowly Claire was feeling her eyes droop. "I need to take a nap," Claire told them sadly, "Graval always kicks my butt,"

"Go to sleep love," Seb smiled, pulling back the blankets.

Mike folded the onesie and placed it on the small table before pulling the drapes shut leaving the room in darkness. As Claire crawled into the bed Mike turned the tv on for some light and entertainment. Nestled in the middle of the king-sized bed - both men laid down beside her and began to watch tv.

The last thing Claire felt was a solid hand of each man on her lower back as they stood guard - watching over her and the baby.
Chapter Notes

*Smut* You know the drills and the disclaimers.

Pairings: Michael/Claire

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Claire easily moved up and down on his lap. Strong hands travelled the length of her back and across her hips until they reached her front - skimming up her stomach to cup her breasts. With her hands firmly on his strong shoulders, Claire continued to push herself up and down - her orgasm building in the pit of her tummy.

"Cum on, love!" Michael cooed into her chest. "I'm going to cum soon,"

"Cum inside me!" Claire moaned, rotating her hips seductively and clutching her private muscles down around his hard shaft.

Michael wrapped his arms around her body securely and picked her up effortlessly. Instinctively she wrapped her legs around his waist and let out a squeak. Claire wasn't expecting to be carried over towards the darkened window. The drapes were open revealing the outside view highlighted only by the colour of lights below. People from the ground if they looked up could see them easily.

Nervously she dug her fingertips into his strong shoulders and tried to control her breathing. Cockily Michael smiled and nuzzled his nose into the crook of her neck. He placed her down on the small table against the window and gently pushed her back so that Claire's shoulders were pressed awkwardly to the cool glass.

With her, in position, he adjusted her hips and took possession of her body - hands firmly on each hip as he pushed forward. Michael's fascination with their connection was strong as fingers ghosted over her smooth mound and across her swollen clit. Delicately he parted her folds a bit better to view his member moving in and out of her body.

Playfully he slipped his cock out of her body and rubbed the leaking head up and down her slit. Slapping her pussy lightly and moving his weeping head in invisible patterns until Claire moaned out of frustration with their lost connection. Smirking he pushed forward and re-entered her body, following forward with his hands slapping loudly against the table as his arms caught Mike's weight.

"Cum on!" Mike purred, brushing his nose against hers.

Claire smirked playfully, biting her lower lip. She moved her arms around his body - hands grabbing hold of his bum as a way of encouragement. Pushing him forward Claire adjusted her legs drawing Michael in deeper. He buried himself to the hilt and rotated his hips slowly.

Her rapture was slowly building once more and she could feel the tension becoming harder to ignore. Relaxing she allowed more of her weight to press against the glass as she kneaded her fingers into Michael's firm ass. Slowly her foot was rubbing his upper thigh awkwardly.

"I'm gonna cum!" Claire announced, her breathing heavy.
Mike rose an eyebrow up and slipped two fingers between her parted folds, easily finding her clit. Slow and calculating he rubbed her bundle of nerves while ducking his head down and capturing her nipple between his lips.

As soon as Claire arched her back and pushed her breast further into his mouth his pace increased and that fire in her belly was ignited harder than before. The flood walls of pleasure were about to break and Claire found her inner thighs starting to quiver.

Her lover must have sensed that she was right on the brink capturing her mouth with his for a heated, dominant kiss. Their lips moved together with a bruising aftermath. Claire felt the fireworks go off and the rapid rush of pleasure travelling up her spine and down to her clenching quim.

Crying loudly into Michael's mouth her whole body lurched forward, muscles tight, nerve endings on fire and goosebumps covering her skin from head to toes. Claire felt her teeth chatter together and her toes curl as her orgasm settled solely between her legs. A warmth spread within her pussy as it clutched tightly around Michael's manhood - holding him in place and drawing him further into her body.

Michael fell forward and braced himself partially on top of her. He cried passionately into the side of her neck followed by strained panting. She was sure that the neighbours hard heard them leaving a blush on her cheeks and across her chest. Inside Claire could feel her lover releasing his seed - flooding her insides with rope after rope of thick white cum.

Once Michael had regained his composure he slowly pulled himself up off her and used his arms once more to brace himself. His eyes were closed and the look of pure bliss spread across his face as he revelled in the feeling of release.

"Fuck," he muttered, Irish accent deep and heady. "Are you ok? I thought you passed out for a moment there?"

"I'm fine," she smirked, swallowing heavily.

Michael straightened between her legs, careful to keep himself still buried inside her body. Gentle hands traced down her back and to where her bum rested before slipping under her bum cheeks and holding them firmly. Claire placed her legs back around his waist and locked her ankles together in a bid to get ready for him to pick her up. With her arms around his neck, he easily lifted her up and walked them to the bathroom where Claire was placed down gingerly on the shower floor.

She was still finding it hard to get used to her men picking her up as if she weighed nothing. It made her realize just how strong they actually were.

Once seated on the tile floor Michael stood up straight and fiddled with the taps until a nice warm water cascaded over the two of them. Her lover dropped down onto his knees between her splayed thighs, lunging forward and capturing her lips with his. A hand cupped the side of her face possessively holding Claire in place as he deepened the affection.

"I've been waiting to get my hands on you," Michael confessed, adjusting his legs but remaining between hers. "All to my self!" he added possessively,

"Yes?" Claire cooed,

"Oh, yes!" he agreed, hand coming to cup her belly lovingly. "Eventually I'll place a baby in that belly myself and I can't wait for my own moment."

Claire cooed, brushing her feet against his thigh and sucking on the skin of his neck. It was evident
that Michael was starting to become erect once more. She could feel his essence leaking out of her folds. The strong smell of Michael's seed overpowering the smell of running water. It attracted Mike to her quim - fingers sliding between her folds to possessively spread his leaking cum from her pussy and her stomach.

"Just for now any wolves near us will think you're mine as well as that pup," Michael told her in a gruff voice. "My precious little Luna,"

"Oh?" Claire purred, running her fingers up and down his slick back and straight down to his bum - pushing him forward and closer to Claire. "Is that so? Tom will kick your ass if he finds you swooping in on his girl,"

"Tom's not here, is he?" Mike smirked, kissing her once more. "And Sebastian isn't going to challenge my rule."

"Do you spread your cum over him as well?" Claire asked curiously, biting his shoulder lightly.

"Spread it? I use my cum as lube to jack him off!" Michael shared, "Just like I do with you!"

Claire felt another shot of pleasure shoot to her quim and her submissive side took over. Slowly Claire lowered herself to the shower floor, legs wide with her arms above her head. She turned her body just a little to show off her figure the way Michael liked it and made a cooing noise - enticing her lover for round 2.

"I think we can fit another round in before Sebby comes back," Michael complied, slipping further between her legs and boxing Claire in dominantly - both forearms on either side of her head where they stretched out into his hands grasped her wrists. "I know I'm ready for another round!"

"Fuck me!" Claire begged passionately.

"Yeah, I think I can do that!" Michael replied with a smirk, descending down upon her body just the way Claire liked it.

Chapter End Notes

Can we all just revel in the fact that after this February - 50 Shades of Bullshit will FINALLY be OVER and won't rear it's ugly head to mock us ever again? I'm being harassed by repeat commercials for this garbage constantly. No. I'm not bitter because the author is a hack and managed to fool some Big-Wigs into turning her Twilight Fan-fiction into a movie franchise. I'm pissed because her writing is garbage and the entire plot is unbelievably clique and unimaginative. EL James is one of the reasons why I don't tell people in my real life (Besides my best friend) that I write. They automatically think I do what she does.

- End Rant -
10 minutes tucked into 20 minutes and that turned to 30. A half hour and Sebastian was late from getting back to the hotel room. Nervously Claire adjusted herself against the headboard, Mike tucked up at her side with his head resting on her bare chest. Lovingly she held his hands as they rested above her womb - Claire's thumb tracing a bit of Michael’s soft skin up and down.

“He’s late,” Claire commented, staring at the TV.

The news lady was talking but she didn't catch a word of it. Her thoughts were strictly on her normally always punctual Beta. Claire could even tell that Michael was starting to become nervous as well. His breathing was a lot heavier indicating anxiety.

“I know,” he replied finally, closing his eyes. “Let's give him 10 more minutes until we form a search party.”

Their thoughts were so focused that neither of them heard the click of the hotel room door. They didn't even know the door was open until Sebastian burst through it. In his arms were a very expensive bottle of champagne, a dozen roses and a bunch of paperwork.

It was the look on his face that tipped them off that perhaps Sebastian had a good reason to be late. Utterly confused as to why he had a bottle Moet champagne when she was pregnant, Claire looked at him inquisitively and sat up completely.

Michael went to speak, equally confused Asher, but was stopped by Sebastian. “I won a hundred grand!” He told them, eyes wide and bright. He appeared to be in shock. Fuck, Claire was going into shock!

“What, how?! You're terrible at cards!” Michael questioned in disbelief, taking the papers from his lover.

“Slot machine! I was feeling daring so I put a $100 bill into the ‘mega jackpot’ slot machine and three sacks of gold came up in a row. I won the jackpot!”

That seemed far-fetched and out of National Lampoon's movie. Claire didn't believe him because their luck wasn't the great. Michael.paled a little and ran his hand through his hair, handing Claire the confirmation that Sebastian was, in fact, holding a check for $100K.

“They handed me a check, a bottle of champagne, flowers and now strange women won't leave me alone!” He proudly declared.

“Holy shit,” Claire bluntly swore, blinking rapidly a few times. “You really did win. What are you going to spend your money on?”

It was an honest and innocent question on her behalf, but, judging by the looks on Mike and Seb’s faces it was much more than that. Unsure of what she did wrong Claire gave a look of worry.

“What?” Claire asked them, uncertainty in her voice.

“Usually in situations like this, the alpha and Luna automatically take possession of the cash and
“disburse it as they see fit,” Sebastian explained.

“But it’s your money, not mine. Neither Tom nor I need the cash and neither does the pack. I went over the finances with Tom before we left.” Claire explained, “You keep it and do as you see fit.” She added, placing emphasis on you.

Sebastian still looked stunned that she had given him ‘permission’ to keep and use his own money the way he wanted. If they were in dire financial distress she could see it being used for something less trivial. In fact, Claire assumed that would be an automatic for anyone in their pack including her.

“Umm, ok,” Sebastian finally replied, looking at Mike for confirmation that he wasn’t hearing things. “I’d like to pay off the last of my student loans and maybe purchase an ATV. The rest will go to trust for our pups.”

“Whatever you want, it's your windfall!” Claire smiled, “I'm happy you won - you deserve it!”

She and Mike looked at each other happily as Seb paced back and forth in their room listing off all the things he wanted to buy. If anyone in the pack deserved a big break in life it was Sebastian. Not only did that man work 12 hours in the ER he came home and picked up Claire's slack when she wasn't feeling well.

Sebastian always made sure everyone was fed, the apartment was somewhat tidy and of course, all the animals were looked after.

“I want to purchase some new hunting equipment and fishing gear,” Sebastian announced, looking at the check once more in disbelief. “I've been meaning to get a new hunting rifle and deep sea fishing rod.”

She and Mike were going to make sure that no one in the pack disrupted Sebastian's happiness. If Claire had too she’ll pull the rarely used ‘Luna card’ and use Pine as a backup for her cause.

“Whatever you’d like, love.” Michael smiled, eyeing the champagne. “What are we going to do with that bottle exactly?”

“Well, I can’t drink and I know you guys can - so, maybe wait till your with the others and open it then?” Claire suggested.

They agreed that it was probably best. Someone knocked on the door in a very strong manner. Claire was startled and pulled the blankets up over her. Michael growled under his breath and narrowed his eyes - pacing aggressively to the door. He opened it with his chest puffed out, blocking the view inside the room.

“Seb,” he called shortly, “Someone is at the door for you!”

Mike always got defensive when Claire became uncomfortable. Now was no different and he made sure that his male dominance was asserted over the human male.

Sebastian came to the door a little more passively and behaved in a pleasant manner. Michael scowled at the hotel worker and stepped aside to let him wheel in a tray of food.

Apparently when you hit 'the big time’ they also feed you steak and lobster - on the house. They had steadily eaten dinner but her boys were always hungry it seemed and her ever-growing son made her more hungry than usual. The smell of rare beef seasoned to perfection caused Claire's mouth to water and she sat up on the bed eagerly.
Seb signed for the food and closed the door - locking it, turning to look at the food and back to his lovers. “Second dinners on me I guess?”

“Can the little man eat lobster?” Claire asked, accepting her plate and tray from Michael.

“Yes,” Sebastian answered, “As long as you don't eat a whole tank.”

“You're hungry,” Mike commented as she shoved mashed potatoes in her face.

“Starving!” Claire agreed, reaching over and grabbing a bottle of Dr Pepper.

How in the world they knew that was her favourite Claire wondered. Seb and Mike got beers with their dinners. She looked at him curiously, uncapping the bottle and pouring it into a glass of ice.

“I told them my wife was expecting a baby.” Sebastian smirked, “The soda is a good guess I think.”

Despite Claire having her own steak she found Michael placing pieces of his steak on her plate making sure that she had the most out of everyone. It was a somewhat primal act of you thought about it. The male wolf was feeding his pregnant mate to make sure she and the baby were looked after.

Sebastian started to take Michael's lead cutting a piece of his large steak off and putting it in her plate. “You and the baby need protein,” he simply explained, “Please - eat,”

“Yes, eat.” Michael encouraged, giving her half of his warm bun. “The more you eat the more that pup will grow. We want a big, healthy baby boy.”

A big baby wasn't translating well with her lady bits. Despite what Tom assured her Claire wasn't sure if a baby could actually come out of her vagina naturally. Claire was big hipped, and her birth canal was wide - apparently, but that didn't make her feel any better.

“Not too big though,” Claire worried,

Michael chuckled and gave her a kiss, “You’ll be fine.”

Chapter End Notes

Grumpy Gus-Gus will be making an official appearance in the next chapter.
“We have to pick up an item for Pepper’s new cage,” Michael told her, signalling to turn into a vet’s office.

“It wasn't available before,” Sebastian added with a smile.

Claire didn’t think anything of it as they walked into the animal hospital. A tall man with a memorable gaze looked up from behind the counter. He stood to his full height showing off a somewhat lanky yet fit body. The white lab coat and the business casual dress underneath told her this must be Ben.

“Gus is all ready to go,” he spoke, surprising Claire with his accent.

Upon hearing that this 'cage part' had a physical name Claire looked up at Michael with confusion. They followed Ben into a small room where a medium sized travel cage sat on the examining table. Upon inspection there appeared to be a white cactus similar in size to Pepper sleeping in the corner.

Hedgehog!

“This ain’t as bad as I thought,” Claire cooed with excitement,

Her new little boy untucked his head from his body and looked at her sleepily. Gus’s pink nose was going a mile a minute as he sniffed the air in an attempt to identify her.

“He’s so adorable! Oh my god!” Claire found herself gushing like a school girl. “I need to hold him!”

Ben smiled and opened the cage causing Gus to get up and stretch, yawning widely to show off his little teeth. Slowly the white hedgehog trudged over to her - sniffing her hand before giving it a few licks. Very carefully Claire picked up Gus and held him to her chest like she would with Pepper.

Gus sniffed her neck his little nose tickling her. The hedgehog affectionately nuzzled his nose into her neck like Pepper does - bashfully hiding his face as she stroked his quills. To get a better look at the creature Claire held him in a way that would cause Gus to sit in a half-ball. He looked the complete opposite of Pepper.

Little pink ears and a little pink nose, his quills were white with ginger highlights. Gus was the equivalent to Tom where Pepper was pretty much Claire! Claire was now complete. She had two cats that were basically her and Tom in feline form and now she had them immortalized as hedgehogs!

As Claire gushed over the affectionate little boy she rubbed his cheeks and chest. In response, Gus gave her hand kisses. The interaction between her and the animal caused Ben to finalize the adoption leaving Claire with a new, and very unexpected, hedgehog.

“He's litter trained, likes baths and isn't a picky eater.” Ben told them, “Gus-Gus is up to date on all his shots and is roughly a year and a half old, he's also neutered so you'll have no tension between him and Peppercorn. He won't get any larger than he is now which is normal size for his species.” Ben reached out and rubbed under his chin lovingly, “He's playful, smart and loves to snuggle. However, I'm told Gus-Gus has a tendency to be mischievous so don't leave any crackers, cookies,
chips or hedgehog treats out because he will break into them. He's a snack bandit," The tall Brit chuckled.

"Just like your new momma! Pepper is going to just love you!" She cooed, holding him against her chest again protectively. "You and Pep are going to be best buddies, yes you are!"

As Claire got into the backseat with Gus on her lap she couldn't help but notice he looked rather...grumpy. Pepper looked annoyed half the time because of her facial markings and her droopy brow but Gus's expression was more pronounced. The way Gus's brows drooped naturally and his markings gave him a rather sour look.

"He looks like Richard!" Claire laughed, feeling awful that she made the comparison to the warlock.

"That's what I thought! Especially when he scowls in disapproval!" Sebastian commented, turning in his seat to look at the creature. "Do you think Pep is going to like him?"

"She should," Claire replied hopefully, "If it was a girl I'd be a bit concerned."

"Ben said that because Gus is a little boy Pepper should be alright with him," Mike commented, looking at them through the rearview mirror. "I'm still curious to see how their meeting will turn out. Peppercorn has been the queen of the house for so long, now she has to share her throne."

"She might hiss at him," Claire told them, picking up Gus and gently placing the animal in her front sweater pocket. "Or growl to assert her dominance. But I can't see him actually hurting him."

Claire could feel Gus stretch onto his belly as he settled down to sleep using her hand as a pillow. She found herself gingerly scratching the side of his neck as Gus-Gus made little hedgehog noise of pleasure. The same noises Pepper made when she was soaking up the love and attention.

"Is he grunting?" Michael asked with a smirk,

"Yeah!" Claire smiled widely while nodding her head. She was overcome with awe at how affectionate this little guy was and couldn't even imagine why someone would give him up just like Pepper.

"We're going to have to introduce Pepper to Gus the same way we did with the cats," Michael told them. "I'll hold Gus and you can hold Pepper since she seems to listen to you the best."

Michael's precautions made her question whether Pepper would be as friendly as she assumed she'd be. After all, she did bite Milo. Her nervousness was somewhat shattered by the feeling of Gus stretching out on his side. Her one hand was still inside the pocket acting as a pillow while her free arm was resting against the outline of his body keeping him tucked in snuggly and secure.

"I really hope she likes him and doesn't start acting out again," Claire spoke with worry.

"I think she'll be happy to have a little friend," Sebastian smiled at her. "There's only so much that you and I can do with her. Just like Milo. He needed a little kitty friend to do kitty-cat things with. Pep needed a boyfriend to do hoggy things with."

"Ben had assured us that her mood would pick up with a little friend. He suggested it when he treated Milo." Mike informed her. "We all held back on actually adopting him because the timing was bad. Since things have calmed down and we've moved into the new house it's safe to bring him home."

That made her feel better and she continued to lightly stroke Gus's cheek and neck. "Moved into the
house huh?" she asked, "I thought we were doing that in a few weeks."

"Nope," Sebastian told her, "We thought it would be less stressful to take care of the moving when you're away from the house and relaxed."

"We didn't want you moving things around and stressing out over the actual transfer of items," Michael added sincerely, "Tom had movers through the council help them move and pack up. Everything is pretty much in place all you have to do is just relax."

Chapter End Notes

Here's a nifty idea - why don't we STOP telling people to NOT eat Tide Pods! Its called 'Thinning the herd' Do you honestly want someone who thinks it's Ok to eat laundry detergent to walk amongst you? No. I didn't think so.
Claire held Pepper in her hands as Michael held Gus. So far the introduction wasn't going too smoothly. Claire had innocently walked into their bedroom with Gus in her arms and placed him down on their bed. The new hedgehog had startled Pepper who was also on the bed and she responded by letting out a hiss and immediately curling into a ball - face buried down flat against the mattress and her chest. All her quills were sticking upwards and crossed indicating a serious disliking for the situation.

Now that the two hedgehogs have physically seen one another and were able to check each other out, albeit, from a distance, the energy didn't seem so tense.

Slowly they were inching closer and closer with the hogs in their hands. Pepper appeared to be relaxed and her quills were now flat against her back. She appeared to be more curious than anything else. Gus was definitely receptive to his new lady hog and stretched his little neck out in the hopes of getting a better sniff.

Sebastian, Pine, Chris and Tom all watched this unfolding love story from on the couch with baited breath. It was funny how a small fortune was placed on the sidelines with the introduction of a new animal. No one was interested in anything but Pepper and Gus.

“Should we let them go?” Claire asked nervously,

“I think so, Gus seems to be really relaxed and Pepper hasn't hissed at him again,” Michael replied, slowly placing Gus-Gus down on the rug.

Claire nervously followed suit and placed Pepper down, removing her hands but keeping them in mid-air in case she had to grab Pepper. The two hedgehogs nervously walked up to one another until their noses were touching. Pepper turned her head a little showing Gus her cheek and neck. In response, Gus licked her cheek giving her a kiss.

Much to everyone's amusement Pepper literally hopped back and did this giddy little prance like you'd see a baby goat do. No one had seen her move that quickly or in such a graceful manner - ever. Gus-Gus mirrored her prancing and the two hedgehogs began to chase one another around on the rug. Each hog playing coy with the other, bashfully tucking their heads in a little before leaping into another round of 'tag’

“I think it's a match made in heaven!” Tom gushed, watching the two spikey balls waddling around and checking out Peppers toys scattered about the rug.

The cats were curious yet amused at the same time. Both felines watched the two small animals from on the couch, tails flicking in unison. Milo meowed at Tom a few times presumably asking where Gus came from.

“Yeah?” Tom answered the feline, petting his large head, “I know. That's Gus-Gus - he's Peppers new friend.”

Milo and Middy meowed in response, getting up and stretching before lying down on the same couch cushion watching the two hedgehogs nose around their jingle balls.
“I’ve never seen Pep move that fast before, ever not even for mealworms!” Chris commented with a smile, reaching down and picking up Gus. Gus relaxed in the Aussie's palm and sniffed at him. Little pink nose and white whiskers moving with every sniff. “Cute little bugger!” He commented,

Pepper waddled over to Chris and bit onto his pant leg, tugging on it to get his attention. She wanted her boyfriend back!

Chris gave Gus a kiss on top of his head before putting him back down on the ground before Pepper ripped his leg off. Once Gus was back on the ground Pepper playfully pounced on him before running off. Gus chased after her and the two trudged towards the sliding glass door.

With Pepper showing Gus the new layout of their kingdom they could address Sebastian's windfall. They hadn't given much detail except that he had won a sum of money from a slot machine.

"Before we get into great detail I have decided that Sebastian will keep his winnings to himself and will treat himself with what he feels is necessary," Claire announced, cramming her neck to the side to watch both nosey hedgehogs go into the kitchen in a pursuit to look for crumbs and scraps.

Tom narrowed his brow briefly at her for making that statement but he couldn't very well argue with her or decline her decision. Pine nodded his head in agreement that what she said was appropriate. Chris was curious as to how much money the beta was permitted to keep for himself and warily looked him over.

"I won 100k," Sebastian announced with hesitation, "So far I've decided that I want to purchase a new ATV, fishing gear and some hunting rifles. Whatever is left over will go to trust for the children."

Upon hearing that the rest would go into a trust to benefit their future children a lot of tension was disbursed in the home. Their pondering of Seb's windfall was disrupted by a scratching sound in the kitchen. Scratching turned into the sound of a cupboard being opened and it was quickly realized that one of the hedgehogs, probably Gus, was trying to break into a lower cupboard that housed food of some sort. Ben had said that Gus-Gus was a snack thief.

"I'll go check," Claire volunteered, standing up from sitting on the ground and going to the kitchen.

Claire saw two hedgehog butts sticking out of a ground-level cupboard with the wood closing partially resting against Gus's side. Pepper was already somewhat mischievous and could be naughty when she wanted to be so it wasn't as if Gus was corrupting her hedgehog. If anything Peppercorn now had a little partner in crime.

"Excuse me!" Claire playfully scolded, placing her hands on her hips and looking for at the two very unapologetic creatures.

Gus and Pep backed out of the cupboard closing it and looked up at her wondering what Claire was going to do. Sometimes when the cats are being naughty, mainly Milo, they used a water spray bottle to try and discourage him. That only worked for so long until the bloody cat decided that he rather liked being misted by water. Tom told her that Milo thinks it's a spa treatment or something.

"No, no, no!" Claire scolded wagging her finger at them. "Come on, move."

Very gingerly she nudged their little butts with her socked foot starting their descent from the kitchen and back into the living room. Michael shook a container of hedgehog treats that sent both hogs into a slow gallop into the living room and right to him.

It was funny to see a hedgehog standing up on either side of his crossed legs, little paws digging into
his hands as they steadied themselves waiting for Mike to give them treats. Two tiny little stubs wiggled happily as he did, in fact, give them the dried fruit and mealworm bites.

"That is sickeningly adorable." Chris murmured, "Unbelievable,"

Milo and Midnight took this as a sign that they should seek someone out for attention as well. Milo stretched and placed himself partially on top of Tom's lap and began to purr - her alpha petting him lovingly. While Midnight went to Pine and rubbed up against his side until the man picked the feline up and gave her kisses - holding her to his chest and rubbing her cheek.

"Yes of course!" Pine cooed, receiving kitty kisses from Middy, "We can't forget about you, can we? You two are still loved and adored don't worry!"

As Mike tended to the hedgehogs and probably gave them way too many treats she went over to where her cats were and pet them. Claire didn't want any of her animals to think that they were being neglected because a new hedgehog had joined their growing family.

"Hopefully when the baby comes Pepper won't be so jealous now because she has Gus," Claire commented, petting both cats awkwardly at the same time.

Grumpy Gus-Gus and Peppercorn:

Chapter End Notes

I went to a Dr's appointment last night as scheduled and received some startling (Well, at least to me) news. So, for the next couple of weeks to month my updates may be fleeting. I have to go through some invasive tests - and by invasive I mean they really really fuck with you mentally. I have to see specialists I thought I'd never have to see again as well as a whole slew of new specialists with names that I can barely pronounce let alone spell. So - long story short, if I'm slacking in the updates that's why. I'm still going to try my hardest to update at least a few times a week if anything. Probably during the weekend. *No, I'm not dying although at this point it would probably be a better outcome than what they're testing for*
"I know that you're nearing 2 weeks pregnant now so I got us a couple of pee tests. I would like for you to see James as soon as possible." Tom told her, looking over at her from across the bed.

It was after midnight and Claire had finally settled down in their new bedroom. Both cats lay above their heads blissfully asleep and unaware of dangers lurking outside. On Tom's chest, Gus slept peacefully, his little head tucked down innocently while Pepper slept in the crook of her neck against the pillow. She could feel the small animal breathing softly against her skin making her smile. Protectively Tom placed his hand behind Gus's bum holding the animal in place and assuring him that his 'daddy' was there.

Tom already had a great affection for Pepper but with Gus, it seemed to be a little different. Claire thought it was due to the animal being a boy and technically a baby still. Every once in a while Tom would stroke his back softly which normally caused the hog to stick his tongue out passively and lick his lips.

"I still wish you could do it," Claire sighed, unhappy with the idea of someone else looking at her private parts and essentially taking care of her pregnancy.

"I know but I can't do it for legal reasons. Everyone in that hospital who knows me is aware of our relationship. The council knows we're a pair. We have the same rules and guidelines as humans. It's a conflict of interest." Tom explained, taking a deep breath but managing to not disturb Gus.

The two hedgehogs had played themselves to sleep. They ran around the living room playing tag, tumbling over each other and nosing around their toys. By the time it was bedtime they had to carry the little critters. Pepper and Gus's cage wasn't set up entirely just yet so they had to spend the night with them.

"I'll be right beside you the entire time," Tom assured her, "I won't allow him to examine your intimate parts without me guarding you. Not that I think James would be inappropriate."

"I know it's just that...I'd like to keep it in the pack. I'm surrounded by doctors and yet none of you can monitor the babies growth legally? That doesn't seem right." Claire pouted, "I'm the only one that's technically qualified to do it. Even if you needed a cesarian section Michael or Chris can't necessarily do it because they wouldn't know where to cut without my guidance. They specialize in trauma and general surgery."

Tom gingerly adjusted Gus so that he was laying in the palm of his hand. He turned on his side and rested the same hand against the mattress. Gus slowly opened his eyes and yawned, sniffing the air a few times before getting up, circling around Tom's hand like a cat and plopping himself back down-face buried up against Tom's bare chest. Pepper, however, was less graceful as she rolled onto her back to expose that fat, furry tummy of hers.

"I don't know, I'd still rather you do it," Claire told him, "I can check up on our son in-between visits with James," Tom assured her. "All I have to do is go into the office after hours and use my equipment. It's not as if I'm leaving it solely in James's hands. I'm going to be keeping track of our son's information myself. I just can't submit any paperwork or
write anything down in 'official' files like James can. As you've been told before - we don't breed a lot and when we do it's not usually with a Luna. Our pup will have his check-up reports submitted to the council after every visit. All babies no matter who created it until it reaches the age of adulthood have that happen. It's a way for us to create statistics for our new generation."

"We're not going to have council members poking around after the baby is born - are we? I don't want someone coming here and harassing our baby."

"Just James," Tom smiled, allowing Gus to get up and trudge to Pepper. He yawned once, winking at them before settling down beside her, partially cuddling up to one another.

Milo was watching them sleepily from above, curious as to why these grumpy cacti were encroaching on his sleeping territory. After the feline had decided that it wasn't worth his further investigation he went back to sleep - head resting on Midnight's side. All their animals were snuggled up together leaving Claire feeling left out.

Very carefully she fluffed her pillow in such a way that it would support Pepper's current position before slipping into Tom's arms. Claire rested her bum in his lap, being the little spoon. His arm draped across her middle and came around Claire's front -holding her tummy where their son slept.

"Did you have a good weekend?" he asked sincerely curious, "Next weekend you and I will go do something special."

"Yes," Claire told him, "I got some really cute things for the baby. I'll show you them in the morning."

"Have you noticed any changes?" Tom asked, rubbing her tummy under the blankets. "Biologically I mean,"

"I'm getting motion sickness," Claire informed him, "And I'm a lot more hungry than I was before. I'm also more tired than usual."

"Good," Tom smiled, "Well, not the motion sickness but everything is normal. It takes a lot to grow a healthy human baby let alone one of ours. You have to remember, our young are about a month or two ahead of a human baby. Your body is working extra hard on meeting that demand."

At this point, Claire was already starting to feel mighty miserable and she was barely pregnant. She didn't care if her system had to work extra-extra overtime to make the baby come two months early. Although it was probably in her head she felt that her usually soft stomach with a normal bit of a fat bump was starting to look more round and pronounced like Autumn's.

"How big is our baby right now?" Claire asked him, turning her head upwards a little to see Pepper roll back onto her belly so that the two hogs could cuddle side by side.

"I'd say he's about the size of a tennis ball. By the end of the month, he'll be the size of a large hardball." Tom answered. "Two month's he'll be the size of a bread plate."

"That's terrifying." Claire told him seriously, "And three month's he'll be a basketball?"

"Now that would be truly terrifying. No, love." Tom chuckled, "More like a small melon."

"I don't think I'm ready for motherhood this soon," she told him truthfully.

The babies development was a thing of awe in her eyes. A small melon whereas he was supposed to be a bread plate was a mind fuck. Rapid growth meant stretchmarks or the darkening of the marks
that she finally got to turn shiny white. That thought caused Claire to stiffen in Tom's arms.

"What's wrong?" Tom asked her,

"Stretch marks," she grumbled, "Well, more stretch marks."

"I'll tell you the same thing I tell every other mother or woman that walks through my door - those aren't stretch marks their tiger stripes. Tigers are strong and powerful creatures. It means you've gone through a war and came out alive. I love your stretch marks and your body - everyone here does. It's what set's you apart from other women. I know exactly every shape and trail they make on your body. I trace them when you're sleeping." Tom confessed, "And besides, how else are you going to guilt trip our children into doing their chores?" he chuckled into the crook of her neck.

"Ass!" she giggled, trying to still sound upset.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you to K for pointing out that I posted this chapter in Vous Connaitre. My brain is literally Swiss cheese right now.
"What's wrong?" Tom asked Claire, as they walked hand in hand into Pike Place Market.

It was a place that she had wanted to visit but Claire was now starting to regret this. The influx of people around her was making Claire nervous and the smell of raw fish was making her nauseous. Tom had proposed to her yesterday and the ring sat perfectly on her wedding finger. Claire, of course, said 'yes' even though she didn't necessarily like the idea of marriage.

"Nothing," Claire replied, eyeing the salted caramel topped brownies.

"Bullshit," Tom smiled, he could see the lust in her eyes at the baked goodie and summoned the woman behind the counter - picking up one of the delicious treats for her as well as some chocolate and caramel dipped pretzel sticks. "I know something is bothering you. You're not saying much - you're normally very chatty."

Claire accepted the bags of goodies and placed them in the reusable tote bag she had brought with them. There was a kitchen in their hotel room and Claire wanted to cook Tom something special for dinner.

"I'm just pondering life," Claire replied finally, stopping in front of some stand selling exotic looking fruit. "I think the realization of me actually being pregnant has finally hit me."

Nervously she played with the ring on her finger - pushing it back and forth around the digit. Tom watched her carefully and internally pondered if she was having regrets prompting Claire to reassure him that she wasn't.

"It's the marriage proposal, isn't it? I know you expressed your dislike towards marriage and liking it to a contract, but - I proposed so you had an actual solid, physical reassurance of my commitment to you. I don't expect to actually walk down the aisle with you. Unless that's what you want," Tom explained,

That was part of her displaced mood but his explanation had erased all of that. "No, it has nothing to do with that. I'm just having an 'oh my god I'm pregnant' moment. In 8 months we're going to be parents of an actual, physical thing that expects us to keep him alive. It's a mind fuck," Claire explained to him.

She had peed on approximately 6 separate tests from 6 different brands including one found at a well-known dollar store chain. All 6 tests came back positive. Claire didn't know what she expected to find other than one plus sign and one positive sign inked in a watery blue dye. Despite having physically peed on them Tom insisted on keeping at least one Asa reminder for their first born. Won't that be an interesting artefact to pull out at their son's 16th birthday party?

"I had mine when we were moving into the house. Chris found me standing in the empty nursery just staring at the walls." Tom told her, picking a small bunch of spinach and some asparagus. "It hasn't fully clicked that I was going to be changing nappies in there until I actually started moving our stuff into the room."

Tom paid for the vegetables and they moved towards a butchers type stand for protein. The only meat Claire could stomach taste or smell wise was either beef or pork. Chicken and fish made her
want to vomit. Which was odd seeing how she was just 2 weeks pregnant. Morning sickness was also affecting her making Claire's early mornings even more hellish than before.

"The oven isn't very big. I suggest a steak that we can grill." Tom spoke, looking at his wife with pride.

Claire’s hand had settled under her sweater on her stomach as she pretended that she knew what she was doing. All Claire saw was prices and she judged by how good the meat was by the dollar sign. She could be looking at the cow's back-end for all she knew.

"Can I help you, folks?" The young man asked,

Someone had bumped into Claire from behind sending her jolting slightly forward. Tom snapped his head around and glared at the retreating stranger. Protectively he placed an arm around her shoulders and drug her in close, symbolically tucking Claire under his wing.

"Two of your Top Sirloin steaks please," Tom answered, pushing his faux glasses up the bridge of his nose.

"Any particular size?" The man asked, eyeing Claire in a rather provocative manner.

He definitely liked what he saw which was the complete opposite of Tom's current perspective. Ever since she became pregnant Tom's not so fun possessive side was making an appearance. Although he's behaving himself - sort of, he was starting to mirror how he was back when they first met.

"Large," Tom answered in a cold and calculating voice, never taking his eyes off the man.

That was a challenging look a mere mortal man could never live up to. Wisely he nodded his head and went back to the dead cow in his display case, pulling out two large steaks and weighing them before wrapping them up and presenting them to Tom after he paid.

There were far too many humans here, so, Claire bit her tongue and allowed Tom to guide her through the maze of people. If she had said anything it would have started a scene and she didn't want to deal with that right now. As it was her hormones were all over the place and Claire couldn't guarantee that she’d behave.

"I'm sorry but your my mate," Tom spoke under his breath so that only she could hear him. Head placed a rather dominant enthusiasm on the 'my' part of that sentence, "And you're expecting our babe. I won't allow a common mortal man to disrespect you like that or our baby."

He must have seen something that she hadn't because all Claire saw was a decent looking man around her age checking her out. The man wasn't going to leap over the counter and confess his undying love for her. He was doing what all young men - check the opposite sex out.

"Are you a mind reader? Because I barely noticed him." Claire dismissed, squeezing his hand reassuringly. "Can we get back to the hotel and make dinner without you killing someone?"

"I can't make any promises," Tom growled under his breath as he navigated them back to the hotel sternly.

His eyes were glaring down anyone that got in their way and he sort of resembled a mad bear stomping around after not getting the trash can open. It was going to be an interesting night.

"Don't do anything to get yourself arrested, please," Claire told him, "I don't think another blemish on our group is going to look good."
As they were stopped at a green light and waiting for the correct sign to cross - Tom turned to look at her. He was completely expressionless "Love if I had to unleash my full alpha there wouldn't be a person left to interview. What little would be left we could probably bury in a shoe box outback,"

Claire believed him.

Chapter End Notes
“I wasn't aware that your this possessive,” Claire stated, raising her brow a little.

Across the table Tom ate delicately, savouring the somewhat undercooked steak. If she'd let him he'd probably eat it raw. A homage to his wolf side.

“I'd call it more protective,” Tom answered with a heavy breath, “- if anything. If I was possessive I'd never let you around the rest of our pack the way I do,” he added, examining the piece of rare steak stabbed onto his fork. “You're pregnant - Claire, your already precious to me but you carrying my son? Beyond priceless. My wolf's fur is fluffed at the very littlest of things right now. It's within my nature of a protective alpha male who's been raised to look after his mate and pups.”

Claire smiled softly at him and began to slowly eat her own steak. Tom had grilled it so it was nearly double dead. Something about parasitic worms. She had drowned the meat in BBQ sauce and butter of all things. It made the meat edible.

“It’s naturally instilled in us to be that way since birth. But I was raised in a way that strengthened those instincts as I will with our son. You'll realize how strong it is when our sons are protectively watching over our daughters and making sure they don't get into mischief.”

She didn't know how to feel about that statement. One on hand she didn't want her son's undermining and controlling their sisters. But in the other, she understood the noble intentions.

“We have to teach them that women aren't property and they have the right to come and go freely,” Claire told him, stabbing a piece of asparagus. “You know I'm a feminist and won't stand for that type of behaviour.”

“Oh of course!” Tom agreed, “We’ll teach them all the best gentlemanly manners written as well as when it's appropriate to defend their honour using physical methods and when to just appear menacing until the threat leaves.”

“Like you exhibited in the marketplace?” Claire was quick to point out.

“Exactly,” Tom agreed, “I assured my dominance and I made it known I wasn't going to back down. My point came across very clearly and no one got injured.”

He was rather proud of himself for that somewhat embarrassing scene of male bravado. Claire had to keep reminding herself that they weren't human and certain things were done differently. Whether she liked it or not her children were going to be werewolves like her and Tom. They'd look like normal babies, toddlers and teenagers but they'd think and act differently.

Because Claire had been raised human all her life up until this point there was still some things she found difficult to accept and comprehend. Whenever she was around babies or small people they were human - they were normal. There were still certain things she had been taught as to how they should behave and going against that was tough. To Tom and the rest of the pack this was all normal - to Claire it was foreign and no one seemed to understand that.

“You're going to have to excuse my hesitation but I was raised a human.” Claire apologized for a head of time. “Some of the things our babies will do is not what I was taught they should be doing. It's a foreign concept. I sometimes still have a hard time accepting that I do the things I do.”

Tom gave her a sympathetic look, put his fork down and took hold of her hand. His thumb rubbed
the top soothingly. “I know sweetheart, I can't even imagine how hard that aspect of things is.” He told her, “I know it must be tough. We’re trying to be as accommodating as possible and give you ample time to adjust. We’re here to answer your questions and help guide you if need be.”

“Thanks,” Claire smiled softly, “We have an appointment with James next week. His office confirmed earlier. My pregnancy brain must have forgotten to tell you.”

Tom smirked at her excuse and nodded his head, going back to eating his dinner. Before they were leaving tomorrow afternoon Claire wanted to go back to the market. They had found a stand that sold bags of ‘Bits and ends’ specifically intended for vegetable-eating animals like hedgehogs and rabbits. Maybe a very frugal person looking to make a cheap vegetable soup. She didn't want to get it now because it wouldn't be 'fresh' anymore.

“I miss our animals. I wonder how the hogs are doing?” Claire asked moppy.

“I bet they're fine,” Tom assured her,

Earlier Chris had sent her a photo of their new cage completely set up as well as video of Pepper and Gus running around excitedly checking it out. She was glad that they got along and liked their cage.

The last she heard Chris and Pine were working on the cat tree in the living room for her other furbabies.

“I still miss them. I feel bad because I didn't get to spend a lot of time with Gus before we left.” Claire informed him, mixing her bizarre concoction of butter and BBQ sauce together. “I'm scared I didn't bond with him properly.”

“Claire, love, he fell asleep in your sweater pocket and used your hand as a pillow when you first met. He's already bonded to you.” Tom assured,

Once their dinner was done Claire took care of the dishes while Tom drank a glass of wine he ordered from room service and watched the soccer game on tv. It was an odd sort of domestic situation only it was just them in a tiny apartment.

It was haunting and made her paused a moment. This is what life would be like if they were human and together exclusively. Just Claire, a small but modern apartment and a happy well-fed husband watching soccer after a long day at the office.

“Babe,” Tom called, looking up from the TV. “Are you ok? You're just staring out into space.”

“Yeah, I'm fine,” Claire replied, “Just thinking,”

“How right now would pretty much mirror what it would be like if it was just you and I. If we were human…”

“There's no advantage in life if we were human that we don't have now.” Tom told her calmly, “I've often thought what it would be like if I were human as well. At the end of the day, we have the advantage.”

“But I'll outlive everyone I love,” Claire told him emotionally, her lip shaking a bit. “My family...well, the ones I actually like. My friends...my animals…”

Tom placed his glass of wine down and got up from the small couch. He held his arms out and
encased her in a hug right when she fell to pieces. Claire began to cry on Tom's shoulders as he rubbed her back and rocked her back and forth a little.

“IT's ok sweetheart,” Tom sympathized, “We have all gone through this pivotal time in life where the realization of our own immortality and what it really means.”

Claire simply couldn't go through her long life without the animals she had at home. There had to be a way to convince Lee or Ben to place an immortality spell on them. She didn't even care if she had to bribe them with a small fortune. With everything and everyone she was set to lose in the future - her fur babies weren't one of them.

“We have to make the animals immortal,” Claire whimpered into Tom's chest.

“Yes dear,” he agreed to appease her, “I will speak to Ben when we get home. I'm sure we can work something out.”
Chapter 152

Ben stood across the small examining room. His long sleek body leaned against the counter with his legs crossed in front of him. Ben looked at them very carefully, one hand raised up, fingers strumming alongside his cheek as he thought.

Claire had very meekly asked him to go against his Council's rules and commit essentially an 'illegal offence' It was a tricky request because they didn't even know Ben that much outside of their animals. It was virtually asking a stranger to save your life.

She couldn't go to Richard or Lee because Claire knew how serious they were about not breaking any rules. For all Claire and Tom knew Ben could just be that anal as well. Lord knows the man oozed off an air of authority and responsibility.

“My girlfriend works for a non-profit animal rescue. It's charity based on donations from the public. I volunteer my services when needed - but,” Ben spoke coolly, “They always need...cash donations as well.”

“Alright,” Claire answered cautiously,

Tom looked at Claire and back to Ben unsure of this whole situation. At her insistence, they came here instead of home. Usually, this would be a subject to talk over amongst the pack before proceeding. They could get in a lot of trouble for fucking with nature like this.

“If you were to make a very... generous donation, anonymously - of course, I can make your pets immortal.” Ben bartered.

“Isn't this illegal?” Tom asked warily,

“Technically, yes. But it's one of those rules that everyone breaks and no one says anything about unless it's brought up by a very... malicious twat.” Ben answered smoothly, his voice smooth like a warmed rum on a cold winter's night. “There isn't a warlock or witch who hasn't charmed their animals.” He added, “Including Lee and Richard,” looking right at her as if he knew she was questioning that mentally.

“But he…” Claire went to complain,

“We know it happens, we don't admit it happens out loud because it's automatic.” Ben explained, “I'm willing to do it because I'm quite fond of your animals and my girlfriend is quite fond of her job. If that rescue shut down she'd be devastated. Gus came from her rescue. I think you're a very good animal keeper and they'll be treated lovingly and correctly for the amount of time eternity leads. If I had any doubts - I'd never agreed to this.”

Claire felt tears well up in her eyes as Ben confided that he approved of her mothering skills. Ben wasn't the type of man to sugar coat anything and she was sure if he didn't approve of something - he'd tell her.

“Your girlfriend, is she a witch or?”

“Mortal,” Ben told her possessively, “Respectively, for now.”

That surprised her a little. She didn't think he'd stray from the herd.
“How much are you wanting?” Tom asked curiously,

“How much are you wanting?” Tom asked curiously,

Ben dryly told them, “I think 40 grand would be appropriate.”

Claire physically felt her eyes go wide with that figure. It was about 4 times as much as she thought it

“I'm not gaining anything from this.” He reminded them. “Except my girlfriend’s happiness and the comfort for abandoned animals.”

Well, Jesus! When he put it that way how could they possibly argue with him? Claire couldn't and she wouldn't allow Tom to either. Somewhere they had to have that money laying around. This wasn't like buying another car. It was assuring the life of their beloved pets. Claire wanted Pepper, Gus, Milo and Midnight to be around so all her children and grandbabies could enjoy their presence.

“Ok,” Tom agreed, “Let me go home, I'll see what I can do and I'll get back to you.”

“Milo’s appointment to be neutered is in a week.” Ben told him, “I can assure that you're still keeping it?”

“Yes, of course,” Tom assured him.

The two men shared a look of understanding before Tom politely dismissed them from Ben. The man said he had some animals to attend to anyways so he left at the same time. A hand fell on the small of her back as Tom escorted her protectively to their car. Once inside they sat there for a few minutes in silence.

“Where are we going to get that kind of money?” Claire asked him weakly, scared of Tom's answer.

“It'll happen,” Tom bluntly replied, starting the car, “We'll find a way. It's not entirely unobtainable.”

“I don't...we just built a large home...we have a baby coming…” Claire hesitated.

Tom turned to her and smiled weakly, “Claire, love, these animals are like children to the pact, you and I. And we’ll do anything to keep our children safe and happy - won't we? We're getting a great deal on so etching that would otherwise be priceless. Please - let me organize this.”

She had faith that Tom would figure it all out, in the end, it just seemed rather daunting seeing the price amount. Before Claire met Tom she made half of that amount in a year by working. They were literally handing over 2 years worth of full-time wages in one single go. The idea of disposal income was still very much foreign to her.

“Do you really think the rest of the pack would go for it,” Claire asked, interlacing her fingers with his free hand.

“Yes,” Tom told her honestly, “They all share the same affection as we do for the animals.”

The world didn't seem so bleak now knowing that her children, her lovers and her animals weren't going anywhere. If anything Claire had one solid friend in Autumn who wasn't going anywhere either.

“You’ll always have your ups and downs in life, Claire. There will be moments when you'll feel despair and helplessness. There will also be moments of joy and euphoria. I go through it, Lee goes
through it. Anyone with the prospect of immortality goes through it.” Tom explained, raising her hand up to his mouth before kissing the back. “And that's ok, that's normal. The trick is to remember that you have loved ones around you that aren't going anywhere.”

“Yeah?” Claire asked weakly with a smile.

“Yes, I promise,” Tom reassured her. “I've lost a few human friends I held dear to mortal casualties. It hurts but it's one of those things that we can't do anything about. It's ok to cry and mope around a bit but you can't let the sadness linger. If you do it'll destroy you. You have so much to be happy about, love,”

It always felt nice when Tom took the time to explain things to her like this. He normally didn't unless he felt it was important for her to hear it directly from him.

“We’re going to be having a baby. We just moved into our dream home and were engaged to be married. That's a lot more than most people have.” Tom added rather prideful.

“And we have the cutest critters ever!” Claire smirked, anxiously awaiting her hedgehog and kitty cuddles.

“That too!” Tom agreed, “As well as a healthy and active sex life. Endless affection, copious amounts of love. Your very blessed my little Luna - and I'd never had it any other way because you deserve it.”
“Come here, my chubby little momma!” Tom cooed, grabbing hold of the pillow that Claire playfully held in front of her. Once he had tossed it aside he growled lustfully and captured her mouth with his, a firm but gentle hand on her cheek held Claire in place. “I can see your belly starting to form between those lush full hips of yours!”

“Ummm, you pervert!” Claire giggled, brushing her nose against his affectionately while opening her legs to accommodate her love.

She had an appointment with James tomorrow and it seemed that Tom was gunning his hardest to stake claim to every single inch of her body. Tom was always affectionate with her but he appeared to be more ‘hands-on’ than usual. Especially when it came to her belly. Which, in her opinion wasn’t showing anything but the normal chubby softness.

He’d come up behind her and place his hands on her tummy, burying his nose into the crook of her neck and whispering sweet nothings.

“Always!” Tom smirked, kissing the side of her chin. “You know I love your chubby tummy on the best of days! But a chubby tummy that’s protecting our baby? Perfect!”

“You just want your scent all over me for tomorrow's appointment.” Claire purred, grabbing hold of his shoulders and pulling him down on top of her.

“You know me so well!” Tom smiled, inching down her body and capturing a pert nipple in his mouth - sucking on the sensitive bud. His hand cradled the fat globe as his attention intensified. “I can't wait for these to start making milk!”

“I only breastfed infants!” Claire moaned from his skilled tongue, pleasure sending a throbbing to her quim.

“Mean!” Tom complained playfully, switching breasts, “You wouldn't even let me have a taste?”

“Maybe a little,” Claire smiled, rubbing her foot against at his leg as he moved down the front of her body - kissing and sucking on her skin passionately.

Everything was going as planned until they heard Pepper start to complain from across the room in their cage. The only squabbles Pepper and Gus seemed to have is Gus wanting to snuggle with Pep a little too much. Apparently, the hog really was a lot like Claire and didn't like being smothered. Every once in a while when Gus wanted to curl up next to Pepper or on top of her she'd start to complain and you'd definitely know her destain.

But most of the time Claire would find both hedgehogs literally holding each other belly to belly as
they slept together in a snuggle. Tom suspects it's the only way two spiky cactuses could cuddle without getting poked.

"Guys, seriously?" Tom complained playfully, looking over his shoulder and to the cage. "Daddies trying to work here!"

Claire giggled and gently tapped his upper arm with her foot drawing his attention back to her. Tom grinned, lightly biting her smooth calf muscle and growling playfully. She felt lips on her stomach once more, tongue tracing around her belly button and down to the top of her mound.

Since shaving herself bare Claire hadn't done it again except on her labia, the sides and along the top of her pubic line. Tom hadn't said per-say that he didn't like it but he was hesitant and gave her a 'funny' look. She knew that Chris was rather bewildered by it and Pine laughed.

"Open your legs a bit wider, love," Tom asked, his fingers running along the inside her thighs and helping her adjust her footing.

Curiously he parted her damp folds and overlooked his 'territory' as he called it. Claire moaned, tilting her head back a bit on her pillow as Tom began to massage circles on her labia and the surrounding area. One of Claire's favourite things in the entire world besides Dr Pepper and Dr Phil was when someone played with her womanhood. Luckily for her, Tom could spend hours between her legs stroking, touching, massaging and faintly pinking her labia.

"Fuck," she swore under her breath, pressing her sex into his hand and wiggling her hips a little. "Yes!"

Claire took hold of her breasts in each hand and pinched her nipples between her fingers, tugging and rolling the sensitive buds.

"Your lips are flushed," Tom purred, tugging on the smooth lips. "And a bit swollen,"

"I wonder why?" Claire huffed lustfully,

Tom kissed the inside of her thigh before crawling between them, thrusting forward and rubbing himself against her wet core. Claire raised her legs a little and hooked her ankle around his lower back, hands falling on his strong shoulders while waiting for him to thrust forward.

He adjusted himself between her legs, taking hold of his manhood and plunging forward - penetrating Claire in one smooth move. She felt her body shudder under him at the feeling of being full. Fingers digging into his shoulders and dragging him down on top of her better.

"You don't have to put so much space between us. I and baby aren't that fragile!" Claire cooed, moving against the mattress up and down starting their coupling.

Tom lowered himself down a bit more on top of her, planting his arms on either side of her body while adjusting his legs. He took over and pushed into her - capturing Claire's lips with his own and kissing her passionately. Fingers ran through his hair as she nipped and sucked on his jaw and chin, nose nuzzling into his as Claire purred and growled.

"I love you so much!" he told her,

"I love you too!" Claire mewed, "Now fuck me!"

He chuckled into her mouth and increased the speed of his thrusting. Claire could feel every inch of his member as he pressed forward. There was a noticeable difference between all her lovers and how
they felt inside her but Claire always thought Tom felt the best. Her eyes fluttered closed as she fell into the rhythm of their lovemaking.

Reaching up Claire took hold of the headboard and helped to propel herself up and down on his shaft. Tom paused, kneeling there and watching as his manhood disappeared into her silky depths before reappearing covered in Claire's arousal.

Strong, protective hands ran their way up her body, over her breasts and back down to her tummy. Tom rubbed her stomach a few times before running his hands up her torso and across her nipples. Claire took hold of his hands and brought it to her mouth - kissing the back of his knuckles passionately before placing it on her chest over her heart.

"Cum on sweetheart, cum for me," Tom asked her,

With his free hand, Tom touched her quim, fingers finding her swollen clit easily and rubbing the bundle of nerves. With every stroke of his fingers, Claire cried out softly, her breath heavy and shaky.

"Oh please!" Claire whined, "Harder!"

Tom crudely spat into his hand and placed the slickened digits back on her swollen clit, quickened speed causing tingles of pleasure to run down her spine and pool in her pussy. She felt her womanhood start to throb as it flushed with heat. A twisted knot began to form in her tummy. Tom's own movements were becoming rather uneven and his breathing was hard.

He lowered himself and placed his hands on either side of her head boxing Claire under him dominantly as his thrusting increased. Claire felt her teeth begin to chatter as that knot threatened to unravel. Blunt fingernails ran up and down Tom's spine until she grabbed his firm bum, pushing him deeper inside her.

Tom curved his back and buried himself deep inside her body. He rotated his hips and looked at her, winking before capturing her lips possessively. An awkward hand took hold of her hair and held Claire in place as he pounded hard and sharply inside her willing body.

Claire arched her back and used her strength to push Tom up off her until he settled into a kneeling position between her legs. Strong hands grasped her hips and held her in place - his hips thrusting upwards and spearing into her wanton core. Smirking at her own power Claire tightened her legs around his waist and sunk down on his lap, arms looped around his neck as she bit the side of his neck possessively, teeth grazing over the mark she had left on him.

Tom surrendered to her and allowed Claire to work herself up and down his manhood, her fingers digging into his shoulders as her hips worked furiously between them. She made sure that her lips trailed across his shoulder and to his collarbone, licking and sucking on the bone. Tom raised a shaky hand and cupped the back of her head as he held her face in place.

"Cum for me!" Claire cooed, catching Tom off guard for a moment, "I want you to cum inside me so hard I'm still leaking cum tomorrow!"

"Tables have turned, hmm!" Tom groaned, turning his head and allowing Claire to continue giving him a love mark. "That's it, fuck me nice and hard!"

"How hard?" Claire growled, aggressively biting his lower lip.

"Hard enough that daddy feels it tomorrow!" Tom growled back, capturing Claire's lower lip between his teeth as well - mashing it a little before releasing it.
She liked being in power for once between the sheets and kneaded his shoulders as Claire moved hard, deep and fast on his lap. Tom's stiff cock buried deep inside her soft tissues and moving with her. Fingers grabbed hold of her bum cheeks helping to guide her up and down his stiffness. There will be fingertip bruises tomorrow and Claire will wear them with pride.

Bouncing breasts at face level caused Tom to moan lustfully and lick his lips, a shaky hand grasping the fat globe and steadying it while capturing a stiff nipple. Lips encased the rosy pink bud and tugged like a hungry infant.

Clamping her private muscles down firmly around Tom's member she smirked into his mouth as her lover shuddered - eyes closed in pure bliss. Claire clutched onto him tightly once more and forced herself to move up and down snagging Tom in a vice-like grip that forced her lover to cum.

Tom came undone under her body, his nose buried in the crook of his neck as his seed flooded her body. Placing her arms around him lovingly Claire held her sweaty lover as he came down from his rapture.

"You didn't cum," Tom told her breathlessly, "Shit, I'm sorry baby!"

"That's alright," Claire assured him, kissing his forehead, "I don't need to cum every time to enjoy our lovemaking. I got pleasure out of it - trust me."

"Yes?" Tom questioned weakly, looking up at her,

"I enjoyed myself," Claire replied, kissing his forehead lovingly. "Don't worry about me finishing. Sometimes I do things because I think you deserve the attention." she tried to explain with a weak smile. "You always make sure that my pleasure comes before yours and that's not right. We're a couple - we're supposed to make sure that we're equal."

Tom gave her a smile and his eyes brightened at her little speech. He rested his forehead against hers briefly before kissing her lips lovingly. "You're perfect, thank you!" Tom praised, "I've never felt more loved or powerful until I met you."

"I love you too. You're my soul and I can't wait to have our son and start the next chapter of our journey together." Claire replied, "Now let's go have a shower. Seb and I are cooking dinner tonight on the BBQ for you and the other's."

Pepper and Gus's new cage - minus a few toys and a couple of hedge-house houses that are implied :) 

Two hogs a hugg'n

Chapter End Notes

I've been feeling pretty burnt out lately and haven't had the motivation to do anything
but sleep or color (Praise Jeebus for adult coloring books!). I have a partial chapter written for Vous Connaitre that I have to complete and I have written out the plot for 'Lessons in Claiming' - which will eventually tie into the second part of this story. Which reminds me - I'll be finishing up this story pretty soon so I can start the second part. No one wants a story that's 300+ chapters long, do they? I don't because it shows just how neurotic I can be. Lessons in Claiming was supposed to be a one-shot but a very good friend (LadyGoodwin) had so lovingly sat down with me and helped develop the plot after seeing the potential in it. She also managed to help me actually give Summertime Fling part 1 and 2 a solid direction. Thank you LadyGoodwin! I don't deserve you! <3 And for everyone else; Thank you for all the comments, views, kudos, questions and suggestions. I don't deserve you guys either.
Claire smiled and adjusted herself on the examining table, her arm casually coming up above her head as she submitted to James's touch. Before the exam Tom had given her a back and shoulder massage in order to help calm her nerves - it worked.

Gentle, tender fingers massaged along her tummy between her hips and up along her sides a little. According to the blood test that James had run Claire was around 4 weeks pregnant which lined up perfectly with Tom's prediction that he was the father. She wasn't pregnant enough for an ultrasound just yet but the next appointment they should be able to see the developing baby.

"James," Claire asked,

"Yes?" he replied, pulling up her examining gowned and moving between her legs.

Out of the corner of her eye should see Tom get up in a flash only to come stand beside James to personally monitor this sensitive part of the exam. Apparently, James needed to give her a medical examination between her legs to check and see how her cervix was doing as well as the tissues. Besides that one exam a few months ago that Tom gave her Claire hadn't seen anyone.

"What does it mean to be immortal? I mean really mean in the physical sense?" she asked, hoping that because James was a doctor that specialized in werewolves he'd be able to explain this better than Tom.

Tom looked at her and narrowed his eyes before fluffing his fur internally. Clearly, he was offended by her asking James instead of him. Claire would have asked Tom except, Tom always looked like he didn't want to explain it or he didn't know how too.

"That's a good question!" James replied, "Deep breath I'm going to have a bit of an internal feel."

Claire held her breath a little as two gloved fingers entered her body. Carefully James had a hand on her tummy and simultaneously pressed down lightly as he pressed from the inside. Tom relaxed when he realized that the man wasn't going to be fresh. In fact, Tom squeezed her kneel reassuringly and went to sit back down beside her allowing James to do as he wished.

"Ow!" Claire complained, a bit of a hiss in her voice.

Tom's head shot up and his eyes filled with worry at her response. James strummed over the same spot as before and nodded his head when Claire gave the same reaction.

"Small cyst," James told Tom and Claire, "It's resting on the upper layer of tissue. I suspect it'll pop on its own. It's a little bigger than a pea. You have another small cyst on your inner labia. It happens sometimes from a change of hormones. If it's bothering you - I suggest taking a nice hot bath with some Epson salts. Usually, the body will burst it on its own."

"Yeah that's right," Tom confirmed, nodding his head at Claire as she looked to him for confirmation. After all - Tom was her lover and she trusted his impute.

"And to answer your question about the immortality," James spoke, covering her back up and taking the glove off - tossing it in the trash, "You'll notice that you'll continue to age and mature, nicely I
might add, until the age of about 40. Sometimes men age up until 45 or 50. You'll still look incredibly good for your age and will often get mistaken for someone younger. In regards to the physical aspect that age takes on a body - you'll still be strong, healthy and active. But you'll find yourself changing mentally - maturing if you will. Things that you'd do when your younger you'd no longer want to do and instead you'll be a bit more 'settled' in at home. You can continue to have children way past the age of 40. In fact, you and your partners can continue to have babies until you die - hypothetically. Your body will still maintain that ability and we don't go through menopause."

"Alright," Claire replied, happy to hear that she will look older than her children eventually.

The last thing Claire wanted was for her to mirror her 24-year-old son. Claire wanted to age gracefully and reflect what she built with her pack physically.

"If there's a time period where you're not interested in having pups and would like to not experience your period - we can place hormone blockers on you and for the time being you won't have children or go through any heats," James told her, wheeling in front of both Tom and Claire. "But, because you're so young and healthy we prefer not do it now. Of course - if you didn't have a mate or a pack that you're interested in reproducing with we could go through with it."

"How about...animals..." Claire asked cautiously, sitting up and taking her panties from Tom and slipping them on daintily.

Tom really glared at her for that question and James looked confused. He looked from Tom to Claire and back again before adjusting himself on the stool and clearing his throat.

"In regards to your wolf - she'll be a little slower than in your youth. The urge to do stupid puppy things will be gone and your actions will be very mature and calculating. Physically you can still run, play, climb...fight." When James realized that wasn't exactly what Claire meant he continued, "But in terms of a cat...or a hedgehog, I'd say they won't age physically but they'll show their age mentally. They might reach a stage where they're lazier and their tolerance for certain things is somewhat diminished." he winked,

"The baby," Tom asked, changing the subject altogether,

"Healthy from what I can tell. Healthy and growing like a weed. I'll be able to predict how large and how much weight he'll likely be around the 8-month mark through the first ultrasound. I wouldn't be surprised if he'd be a chunky monkey." James beamed,

"Oh lord," Claire shuddered a little. The idea of pushing a chubby large baby out of her body was terrifying. Especially if it's going to be a home birth. "I'm having a home birth," Claire told James, "What happens if I'd need a 'surprise' c-section will I be transported to the hospital or can Tom do it at home?"

Tom had confessed to her that the idea of cutting her open - medical or not, terrified him and he'd rather not do it. He explained how that piece of membrane on the bottom of her opening needed to be cut in order to make it easier for her and the baby. Tom didn't want to do that and was going to pass the task onto Michael or Chris. If they couldn't do it either he'd allow James to do it - who by all means was a neutral party. Apparently, the mere thought of hurting her made his gut twist in knots and tears well up in his eyes.

Seeing him visibly flinch and turn a little on his chair at the thought of performing actual surgery on her wasn't a surprise. James seemed to understand his reaction and took over for the father-to-be.

"If you're required to have a c-section I will be calling for an ambulance and we'll be going to the
hospital. I'll perform the surgery myself under Tom's watchful eye. I know we're immortal and our babies are tough, but, I can't risk physically cutting you open in an unsterile environment. You can still get an infection although your body will battle it and win. That's not something I want a new mum to be going through." James explained to her. "But hopefully everything will go as expected and you can have your little one in the safety of your home."

Chapter End Notes

I explained some questions that a reader had asked me. I was going to get around to it eventually but I'm lazy. So no better time than the present, right? Also, thank you for all the lovely comments. I've adjusted my sleep schedule and I'm taking a new line of 'pain management' which seems to be working.
Claire had made it a point that after 10 pm unless it was an emergency or she was with someone that weekend - no one was to disturb her or Tom. They’d retreat to the bedroom where just she, Tom and the animals would stay until Tom had to get ready for work. This way she was able to spend some private time with her hubby.

Tonight was no different and as the two cats sleep above their heads and both hedgehogs played at the foot, jumping at each other playfully between a game of hiding and seek, they watched a documentary on wolves of all things.

The narrator was explaining that the female wolf was in heat and her potential male suitor was trying to catch her attention. Seeing this very feral show of foreplay made Claire question a few things. Mainly about their own wolves and what was appropriate or not.

“Tom,” Claire asked, her cheeks red with embarrassment, “Can we do that?”

Tom looked at the TV and back to her with a look of mortification and confusion. “Are you asking me if we can make love while turned over or in general?”

Apparently, the male wolf had won the heart of his beloved because the camera showed him mounted from behind. It was a very awkward timing for that question and somewhat ironic.

“What?! No! No, I meant if it was done by other couples or werewolves, not us!” Claire scrambled to assure him somewhat excitedly. “I’m not interested, I mean...I love you but no.”

“Well good!” Tom bluntly replied, adjusting the blankets. “I’m not into that either.” Gus waddled up between them and sniffed at Tom before plumping himself down. Pepper was soon to follow. The two hedgehogs curled up together like a Ying Yang ball. “It happens but it’s considered taboo in our world and those that have done it keep it to themselves for a reason.”

“So everything works?” Claire questioned him, probing for an underlying answer.

“Claire, love,” Tom replied trying to be as blunt but gentle as possible. Clearly, she approached the wrong pack member. Michael or Pine would have been a better choice. “You’ve seen me pee and do my business. Everything works like it would with a real wolf. I could...get an erection while turned over but I won’t and I haven’t.”

When that wolf tried to rape her Claire never actually saw or felt his penis. All she registered was the weight of his body as he tried to push her down and mount. As morbid as it sounded because Claire had never actually seen their penises outside of what you'd normally see with a male canine she assumed they were limited when it came to male anatomy.

“It would seem normal seeing how we do everything else as a natural wolf would, but, it’s a topic that garners a lot of controversies.” Tom explained, watching a few newborn wolf pups running
around and tumbling over themselves with a smile, “I won’t do it because I have no desire to sexually. I'm personally attracted to you physically as a human. I'm attracted to human bodies and prefer to make love in my human body. When you're turned over I still acknowledge you as my mate but sexual urges are diminished.” he tried to explain.

Claire understood what he was trying to say because the urge to have sex while in her wolf wasn't there either. She never once looked at any of her wolf pack while they were turned over and thought 'Fuck I'm horny!' even when she was really horny.

“There's no one in our pack that would do it either.” Tom told her, picking up Gus and then Pepper. Even though it separated them they placed a pillow between their bodies and put the hedgehogs on it so they were at a better petting angle. “I think at the end of the day no matter what it depends on the individual couple. And quite frankly that's their business alone.”

“So that guy who tried to rape me could have actually...you know - gotten inside me?” Claire asked him in shock as the realization hit her.

Her eyes were wide as she thought about how worse it could have really been. Her only saving grace from dwelling too much on the traumatic event was the understanding of him not being able to penetrate her. What she had gone through was traumatic. Having it be that much more she couldn't even fathom. It made her sick to her stomach.

Tom gave her a sympathetic look and tried to think of the right words to say. What was there to say besides what he's already told her a hundred times? Claire knew that she and Chris were still very upset with themselves for placing her in that position. That was probably something they'd never get over even if she did. Claire's realization was also tough on Tom because now she knew how bad it could have been as well.

“Holy shit!” Claire blanched, “I thought he couldn't get...you know - aroused! Fuck, am I ever stupid!”

“You're not stupid, love!” Tom spoke sadly. He picked the pillow up with both hedgehogs and placed it behind him. With access to here embraced her against him protectively, “I can't even imagine how hard this is for you. It breaks my heart every time it comes to your mind.”

Tom never downplayed what happened to her or made excuses. He always gave her sympathy when needed as well as some and words of encouragement. In fact, no one chastised her for being ‘overdramatic’ or told her to 'just get over it!' in a way Claire was grateful for that. It gave her stress and fear validation despite it not being a full sexual assault. As it is being around strange and unfamiliar men without a partner around caused her anxiety now. Something that was observed by everyone in her pack.

“Are you alright? I mean right now,” Tom asked, kissing the side of her head lovingly. “I'm not ever going to tell you to 'get over it' but I think you need to try and not dwell on the 'what ifs’ and just focus on healing. I had a lot of what ifs as well, love, and it took me to a very dark place that I didn't want to be.” He confessed, “Instead I decided to focus on what happened and tried to come to terms with it and figure out how to prevent it from happening in the future. I'm still not over it fully and I never will be. I was terrified when I saw him mount you.”

Tom hadn't really spoken about how he felt until now. It had always been implied by his actions and the look on his face as she told him her thoughts or feelings. Hearing Tom actually admits that he was still struggling with certain aspects of the attack was a comfort.

“But you are correct - it could have been a lot worse than what it was. Let's be grateful that I wasn't.
As a doctor that specializes in women’s sexual reproduction parts I've unfortunately had to treat assault victims and I wouldn't wish that kind of nightmare on my worst enemy. It breaks my heart that they had to endure such a personal violation. And then what did I do? I ignored logic and placed you in a vulnerable position. Yes, the young man that attacked you was a piece of shit with no manners or impulse control - but, not every male at that shared space was like that. It’s a 50/50 chance in that type of situation and I didn't take that seriously. And I'm sorry for it.”

Claire curled up a little into his side and wondered how a simple documentary about wolves had gotten them to this point? Lovingly Tom let her think in silence as he patiently ran his fingers through her hair. Sometimes a man knows when words of endearment will turn into nagging or frustration. Tom had said all he could without upsetting Claire.

“I'll be alright,” Claire murmured, closing her eyes. “It's just a mind-blowing fact that I never actually thought of before.”

“There's no harm acknowledging it or even thinking about it. But we shouldn't obsess over the what ifs. It's a very dangerous road to travel, love. I want to see you healed mentally from this ordeal as much as humanly possible. I don't want that disgusting pervert to have any control over your life.” Tom sighed, lowering himself down on the bed and holding her close to him.

Pepper always seemed to sense when Claire was upset and now was no different. A very wet and warm nose was felt against her hand as Pepper nudged at her in a bid to gain attention. Her soft pink tongue licked the top of her hand - Peppers way of giving Claire kisses.

“Come here!” Claire purred to the animal, picking her up and placing her down in the crook of her neck. “My sweet little girl!”

The hedgehog nuzzled her neck with her nose causing Claire to giggle a bit before laying down on her chest and relaxing. Gus, fearing that he's left out climbed up on Tom and made his way towards the cats, weaselling his way between the two of them. Milo in term raised his head and meowed at the spiky intrusion before placing his head back down on Gus’s back.

“Momma needs to give you a bath. Your starting to smell like a stinky cactus.” Claire told Pepper, “Gus needs one too!”

Pepper had done what she set out to accomplish - distract Claire from her dreadfully dark thoughts and replace them with the adorable idea of hedgehogs doing the doggy paddle.
Their sweet baby boy had been draining the energy out of her causing Claire to adopt the unusual habit of sleeping a bit at night. Normally when she woke up Tom was off at work but today was different. Her hubby sat on the couch, legs crossed casually in front of him with a cup of coffee and two hedgehogs on his lap. He wasn't even close to being dressed for work...or life.

"Morning love," Tom smiled, looking up from the two hogs play fighting on him.

"You're not at work?" Claire inquired curiously, raising her eyebrow and sitting down beside him on the couch.

Immediately Midnight jumped up onto the couch and meowed, sitting beside her and waiting patiently for pets. Milo, never one to be left out leapt up after his little lover in the hopes of wooing the feline. They were reaching the age of when Midnight went into heat and Milo would gladly reciprocate. Middy, however, was not interested in the least and had smacked him a few times with her paw when his harassment got unbearable. Luckily for their black beauty, Milo had an appointment in a few days to get neutered.

"I didn't think it was appropriate to leave you after last night's turn of events," Tom confessed, "I didn't have anything serious scheduled except pretty much paperwork. I'd feel like an asshole if I sacrificed your wellbeing for paperwork."

Claire smiled warmly and nodded her head. No one else was home except her and Tom. Sebastian and Pine were working, Michael was out running errands and Chris was getting groceries after his gym workout. Usually, the silence of being alone didn't bother Claire but she was feeling a bit vulnerable after last nights realization.

"Since it's confirmed that you really are pregnant and it's starting to show - I thought that we could try and think of some names as well as plan out a nursery theme," Tom suggested. "You're positive we're having a boy?"

"Oh yeah," Claire confirmed, rubbing her stomach reassuringly. "Our first born is definitely going to be a boy,"

Honestly, Claire didn't need ultrasounds or family statistics to know that the baby she carried was a boy. It was just instinct that told her as well as her wolf. Even though she was pretty much one month pregnant Claire was very intuned to their child.

"Would it be more appropriate to include the rest of the pack when choosing names?" Claire asked him curiously.

She felt that since they were going to be raising the child beside them it was polite to include them in the naming. Whether that was proper or not Claire didn't know which brought about her question.

"You and I can come up with a list of names that we'd prefer and then ask them about the names we've chosen." Tom suggested, "That way we hold the majority in power while not excluding anyone. However, our son is going to take my last name and I'd like for his middle name to be Thomas."

They were interrupted by a subtle thumping sound of Midnight's unclawed paw hitting Milo on the head. Her ears were slicked back and she growled at him. Milo submitted and sort of laid there with his head turned a bit giving Midnight goo-goo eyes.
"Milo, leave her alone!" Tom scolded, "I'm glad you're getting your nads cut off you sex pest! Eventually, she's going to use her claws and it'll be your own damn fault!"

Pepper looked up from where she was laying next to Gus and sniffed at the air - her neck extended up towards where the cats were lounging on the back of the couch. It looked as if Pepper were scolding them like the surrogate mother she was. Milo turned over onto his side with his back facing Pepper and Midnight, his own ears slicked back in irritation for being told off by mother hog.

Even though Gus was a 'male' he didn't even mess with Pepper. Pepper was the reigning queen of the furry brood in this household and forever will be. She kept everyone in line and made sure that there was harmony amongst them. Just like Claire did with their pack. Claire wondered what Pepper would be like with their babies, especially their toddlers.

"Well then - the Queen has spoken," Tom smirked, picking Pepper up and kissing her chest before placing the animal on the floor with Gus.

The two hedgehogs ran towards the sliding glass door where most of their jingle-balls had gathered. In the summer Claire was going to let them out of the deck but not before placing some form of netting on the very bottom of their rail to keep them safe.

"How is my little man doing this morning?" Tom smiled, slipping his hand under her shirt and over her stomach - rubbing it affectionately. "No morning sickness?"

Claire shrugged her shoulders. She found that there wasn't really any 'morning sickness' but rather sickness triggered by the smell of certain foods like roasted chicken or worse - the smell of any animal fat being cooked. Her food issues weren't exclusive to meat but rather other things as well. A walk through the mall's food court was rather interesting. She supposed that Claire looked like a mad woman running through the crowded space with her hand covering her mouth. By the time she actually made it to the bathroom Claire had thrown up.

"No, thank god." Claire sighed, "I would like some spearmint tea though,"

"Yes love, of course. I'll make you some sourdough toast with margarine as well." Tom volunteered without a fuss, getting up off the couch.

"Thank you!" Claire called out as her sexy husband got up off the couch and went to make her some breakfast.

With Milo more curious about what Tom was doing in the kitchen she was able to pet Midnight uninterrupted. The black cat laid down on her lap gently, kneading her claws lightly into her thigh as she purred with her eyes closed. Midnight had long fluff on her tail like her father and when she moved it behind her it looked like a broom.

"Yes, my pretty girl!" Claire smiled, stroking her lengthwise. "Mommy's little purrfect baby!" she giggled at her own pun. "Such a good girl! Milo will be fixed soon and he won't be bothering you anymore."

Middy rubbed the side of her mouth against Claire's hand marking her with Midnight's scent before head-butting her hand and stretching. Until she discovered little Milo when he was nothing but a fluffy jelly-bean - Claire never really considered herself a cat person. She had always owned dogs which were ironic considering the situation. To be honest, Claire wouldn't really be a cat person still if it wasn't for the fact that both her animals balanced themselves out perfectly.

"Here, love," Tom cooed happily, handing her the plate of toast buttered with margarine and
strawberry jam just how she liked it. Her tea was placed on the coffee table because it was much too hot to drink right now.

"Pretty girl," Tom commented, petting the feline on the head. Milo jumped up onto the couch and crawled onto Tom's lap. Tom showing no favouritism or hard feelings towards the frustrated cat, stroked his 'boy' lightly. "You need to leave Midnight alone buddy," Milo meowed and bumped his head against Tom's hand. "I know, I know," Tom answered his meow, "Give her a break though, ya?"

"This is delicious!" Claire gloated, biting a rather unladylike piece of her toast. "Once I and the little man are fed we can make a name list,"

"Sounds good," Tom agreed, picking Milo up and holding him against his chest as he slouched down relaxed. "Take your time though, we're not in a rush."
“We’re supposed to be making a baby name list!” Claire giggled, opening her legs and allowing Tom to slip between them.

“But I’d rather make a baby!” He played back, kissing the front of her throat, sucking and nipping.

“We already made one!” Claire smirked, kissing his mouth. “You’re too late!”

“We can still practice for the next time around?” He playfully purred, sucking her pert nipple.

Claire’s hormones were all over the place and more often than not she wasn’t in the mood. But when that itch does come up she lept at the chance to scratch it. Tom was only too happy to be her relief.

“You are in the mood aren’t you?” Tom asked, running his fingers through her slick folds and spreading her wetness over her clit. “Your drenched my love!”

“I think…” Claire purred, sitting up and pressing her lover back down to the bed. “I’d love to have you in my mouth!”

“I think I’d love that too!” Tom moaned, licking his lips and rudely opening his legs wide for her, slapping the inside of his thigh while winking. “Come here, come get it!”

Claire looked at him with a smirk, slinking down between his legs smoothly and ending up on her belly. “Don’t be crude!” she told him, kissing the inside of his knee. “God you’re so sexy! I don’t suck you off enough!”

He gave her a questioning look seeing how Claire herself was rather crude. Knowing that she just contradicted herself she leaned forward, kissing the base of his hard cock. The lazy thick member rested flatly against his belly, slightly curved to the side and dripping sticky pre-cum.

Tom reached behind him and took a pillow, placing it on her tummy for added padding. Secure and settled she inched forward a few more inches and licked the side of his cock. Moaning Claire took hold of his member in her hand and stroked him up and down a few times - repositioning him so that his head faced her.

Opening her lips she eagerly accepted him into her mouth, applying pressure and bobbing her head up and down his length. Tom moaned, interlacing his fingers in her hair and lightly bucking his hips up - forcing more of his member into her eager mouth. Moaning she hummed and sent vibrations down his prick to the base and into his balls. Tom's cries of pleasure encouraged her to increase the pressure, head bobbing up and down a little faster than before.

Delicate fingers wrapped themselves around his base, squeezing in unison with her head movements. Claire popped his throbbing member out of her mouth and licked the underside from base to tip and
back down again. Lips delicately nibbled on the soft, smooth flesh of his sack - teeth nipping the inside of his thigh as she growled seductively.

"You keep that up and I'm gonna cum before you once again." Tom warned her, "Come on, straddle my lap."

Claire hesitated for a moment deliberately playing with him before slowly making her way up and over his straining erection. Tom took hold of himself and steadied the organ for her to slip down onto. They had been discussing sex while pregnant and he explained the different positions they could still use the further along she was.

At first, the idea was a little uncomfortable but Autumn had assured her that a good orgasm was a blessing when you're over being pregnant. Knowing that her best friend was enjoying her sex life and she was the size of a small house was rather reassuring.

Placing her hands on his shoulders she squeezed the solid muscle and held onto him as Claire moved her hips back and forth. That instant relief of having her lover buried deep inside her body - scratching that itch with her full consent and power was amazing. As Tom's hands fell onto her soft hips she increased her speed, rolling her hips seductively and making sure that he could feel her softness moving around him.

"Fuck," Claire moaned, biting her lower lip and closing her eyes - head tilted back a little as she absorbed the pleasure. "Oh my god this feels so good!"

"I bet!" Tom purred, moving on hand to rub over her stomach, cupping it protectively as if to reassure the baby he'll be fine. "You feel amazing, so sexy!" he added, "Cum on love, cum for me!"

"Oh, I intend on it!" Claire assured him, increasing her speed and moving hard against him.

Carefully Claire balanced herself on top of him while slowing her speed a little. Hands roamed along the plains of his strong body admiring the physic that he kept so effortlessly. Lowering her front she pressed a kiss to his chest, lips sucking and tasting the salty taste of sweat on his skin.

"Yes!" Tom cooed, "Touch me like that!"

Even though it was outside the norm Claire liked to touch and worship Tom's body in the same way he worshipped hers. Claire did this with all her lovers and none of them had complained.

Raising her hips slightly she slid down on his length while grabbing hold of his hair, pressing her lips to his and kissing Tom passionately. His hands fell back to her hips supporting her weight and helping her move up and down. He returned her oral affection, teeth nipping at her lips and his tongue tracing the length seeking entrance. Claire opened her mouth and allowed his tongue to dance across hers.

Her lover became a bit impatient with her teasing and gingerly rolled them so she was on the bottom. Adjusting her legs Tom placed one calf on his shoulder while turning his body and thrusting into her at an angle causing Claire to purr and moan. He, of course, had mentally mapped out where all her sweet spots were located and hit them every time.

Licking her lips she tilted her head back and closed her eyes, gasping loudly. Fingers gripped her hips and dragged her back and forth to him. She could feel every inch of his member sliding into her body and back out. The delicious stretch of his thickness as he speared into her at a controlled speed.

"Cum on love, cum for me!" Tom urged, moaning and using a single hand to part her folds while the other rested on her elevated calf. He let out a feral growl at seeing his member pierce her in such a
Claire licked her fingers seductively and smoothed them down her front to her quim. Her parted folds exposed her swollen clit. For her pleasure and Tom's Claire rubbed the sensitive bud in a circular manner to increase her pleasure.

"Here, let's try a new position," Tom regretted, tenderly placing her leg down. "Roll over onto your side," he instructed,

She did as he asked and felt him spoon up behind her. A leg was draped over his hip as he tilted his hips and lined himself up with her entrance. Thrusting forward he entered her body once more and buried himself to the hilt. Holding her steady Tom's arms enveloped her from behind, hands holding her breasts lovingly as he began to move inside her, pushing himself in and out.

Claire arched her back a little and moaned, moving back to meet his rhythm. His nose buried in the crook of her neck and his hot breath fanned out against her skin causing Claire to get goosebumps. This new position was so intimate it increased her pleasure and arousal. Claire felt loved, cherished even. Wetting her lower lip she lowered her head a bit and kissed his hand that covered her breast.

Deep inside her body, she could feel the tightening of her orgasm. Flexing her inner muscles she held herself tight for is strokes causing Tom to cry out loudly.

A hand smoothed down her front and to her tummy where held over her womb protectively, increasing his speed as she held sturdy in her flexed muscles. Feeling light headed she relaxed a bit and shuttered in his arms.

"Cum on," Tom cooed, "I'm gonna cum and I want you too as well!"

Claire relaxed into his touch and allowed that pressure damn to build up in her tummy and radiating down to her quim. Her breathing was heavy and coming in short pants - her body shuttering against his. 'Relax and let go,' she told herself as he continued to push into her expertly.

"Oh god I'm gonna cum!" she announced, the muscles on her lower back cramping and causing Claire to curve her back a bit.

The motion had Tom's inflamed head hit right against her g-spot causing Claire to cry out in unexpected pleasure. She held herself in that position and felt her body rocketing towards release. His hand remained on her tummy why his other arm curled around her front holding Claire in place.

Tom whispered sweet nothing's in her ear, breathe hot and heavy as Tom's hips pushed in and out of her body at a shaky pace. His own release was quickly upon him.

The dam inside her broke and the waves of pleasure crashed down upon her. Claire felt her mouth drop open a little, her eyes wide and her breath hitched in her chest. Tom Thrust into her once more from behind - holding her in place and releasing his seed deep inside her body.

Claire could feel her pussy clutching and throb around his member sending shockwaves of pleasure down her spine and to her quim. Goosebumps covered her skin and she shivered harshly - one last burst of euphoria rushing up to her spine and straight to the part of her brain that processes the pleasure. There was no mistaking that Claire had raptured right along with her lover.

Tom tried to calm his breathing - nose still buried in her neck as he lessened his hold upon her body. Reluctantly he disconnected with her body and rolled Claire so that she was on her back. A somewhat stunned look was on her face followed by a smile faintly on her lips. She blinked a few times feeling the aftershocks of her orgasm - womanhood still throbbing and clutching despite her manner.
lover no longer attached to her.

"You came," Tom pointed out proudly, stroking his knuckles up and down her front and across her breasts. "Are you ok?" he asked, looking at his lover's body.

A tender hand rubbed over her tummy and up between her breasts back down to her womanhood where he cupped her lovingly. He parted her folds and took a look to make sure she wasn't injured. Naturally Claire opened her legs and allowed him to clean her up with a warm cloth he had gotten up to retrieve.

"Tired," she smiled, drawing the blankets up over her.

"I bet," he smirked, "We were making love for close to 40 minutes. Fuck, I'm tired,"

"Come take a nap with me, daddy," Claire asked, folding the blankets back for him.

It was more of a request than a question. She wanted to be held right now by her lover. A rather uneasy vulnerable feeling was coming over her at being exhausted and weakened from her sexual release. Tom didn't argue or question her - instead he crawled into bed beside her and spooned up behind Claire. Tucked safely in his arms she closed her eyes and yawned lightly.

"We really have to make a list of names," Claire yawned once more, "Or we'll accomplish nothing today."

Tom laughed lightly, "Right," he agreed, "You take a nap and we'll see where our good intentions lead us. I make no apologies for falling back between your legs." Tom added, kissing the side of her head - his hand on her tummy lovingly.
Chapter 158

Due to the circumstances, Ben was hand delivering Milo to them after he's recovered from the surgery. Claire didn't think it was the norm but the man was rather particular when it came to the animals he looked after.

Nervously she paced waiting for the orange hellion to come home. Every once in a while Midnight would meow at her and tilt her head to the side a bit. She was asking ‘mommy’ where Milo was. Even Pepper had noticed that her furry charge was absent from the house. With a personality like Milo’s, it wasn't easy to miss.

“Will you stop?” Tom eased, “He’ll be fine! Ben is an amazing vet. He'd never let anything happen to Milo.”

“He’ll be fine, love,” Chris added, petting Midnight as she came to settle on his lap.

“Ben won't allow anything to happen to him. He's in good hands.” Pine added, sitting down on the couch with his tea.

“But he's my baby! I've had him since he was a jelly bean!” Claire whined, carefully sitting down on a chair.

“Now he's having his jelly beans removed!” Michael chuckled, handing her something to drink.

“Oh, really!” Claire scolded, playfully smacking his arm. “I just feel bad! He's probably scared and confused. Not to mention in pain!”

“Pain? No. Ben probably charmed our bloody cat so he's walking on sunshine.” Chris muttered, “He's definitely not in pain.”

Still. Charms or not Claire worried about her cat greatly. The feline was like a child to her and she was very attached to him. Just like she was with all her animals. They had to be or she wouldn't have approached Ben with the insane idea of immortality for them.

“Ben will be here in 15 minutes with Milo.” Tom read off his phone screen. “Is the bed ready for him?”

She had made a comfortable bed for Milo while under the watchful eye of Midnight. Once Claire had finished the black cat inspected the bed herself, kneading at the blankets and fluffing them in a way that only a cat could do. After her final touches were given Midnight meowed and jumped down.

“Yes,” she confirmed

The bed was on the floor so her baby wouldn't have to jump up and down. Claire wished she could cuddle him but Ben had told her when they dropped him off that it was best to give him space and let Midnight comfort him. If Claire really wanted she supposed that taking a seat next to the bed would suffice.

She heard Ben's car pull into their driveway and with lightning speed Claire ran to the front door, throwing it open. Ben, startled by the sudden bang jumped a little and gave her a mild glare. Milo was in the cat carrier which was being held by Ben protectively.
“He's still under the last bit of anaesthesia,” Ben told her, holding the carrier down so Claire could see Milo. “Where am I putting him?”

“In my bedroom,” Tom answered.

Midnight weaved in between Claire's legs meowing and jumping up at her hoping to see Milo for herself. Bending down Claire picked the animal up and held her in her arms. Middy extended her neck and sniffed at Milo. The sleepy feline hadn't even raised his head to acknowledge her.

“The surgery went without a hitch. I did the procedure laparoscopically, he doesn't even have any stitches - I used surgical glue. Watch him and Midnight to make sure they don't do any excess licking.”

“No cone of shame?” Claire asked, kneeling beside Ben on the floor.

He looked over at her and to her stomach. “Careful, momma,” he told her gently, “No - no cone unless he's very interested in cleaning the surgical incision. Make sure he doesn't do any jumping, playing or rapid movements for at least a week.”

Ya, ok. Claire would try her hardest to prevent a rambunctious, mischievous cat from not being a cat. They'd have better luck if they tied him down for that time period. Everyone came into the bedroom to watch Ben tenderly pick the feline up and place him on the bed. Milo's tongue was sticking out and his head loped to the side. There was a spaced out look on his sweet little face as he laid out on the cat mattress.

Midnight, of course, immediately ran to him - sniffing her partner in crime and meowing. She knew that something was off with him but couldn't understand what. Protectively she curled up beside him blocking Milo from any interference. Ben went to adjust Milo a bit better on the bed only to have Midnight growl ferally at him with her ears slicked back. It was the first time Claire had actually heard the animal be aggressive.

“Ok, sweet girl. I know.” Ben smiled, standing up and leaving the cats alone. “Don't be too alarmed if neither she or Milo leaves the bed for a few days. It's not uncommon if they don't eat or drink. Although, I would keep it on hand for them. The drugs are going to wear off soon and Milo will be somewhat more mobile. Right now he's dizzy and tired.”

“What do I do for pain?” Claire asked.

“I charmed him for pain so he won't be feeling any for the first few days,” Ben explained, watching Midnight clean Milo's face before she turned around rested her head on his shoulders. Milo murped and lowered his head, burying his nose in her fluff and going back to sleep. “I also placed the immortality spell on him,” Ben added, taking Claire by shock. They hadn't discussed this since a few weeks ago. “When Midnight comes in to be spayed I'll cast her immortal as well. After that, I'll do the hedgehogs.”

“Thank you,” Sebastian told him. “I really appreciate that. These animals mean a lot to us.”

“No, thank you for the donation. My lovely came home ecstatic because they received a generous donation. Because of it, they've already scheduled two surgeries for animals that need it.” Ben replied.

Claire looked to Sebastian in confused only to have the Romanian smile and wink at her. He had paid the 40k to make their animals immortal!

“Milo is Midnight's mate - like any mate she's protective. Don't harass her or try to interfere with her
and Milo for the first 48 hours. Midnight may attack you out of instinct even though she doesn't want
too. To her, he's sick or injured and she doesn't understand why. Her mate is vulnerable and she's
going to protect him. The roles will be reversed when Midnight goes under.” Ben explained.

Midnight growled once more clearing the room away from the two. Ben closed the bedroom door
and nodded his head for them to go into the living room. Hopefully, he'd explain to them what the
immortality charm actually is.

“Now, as you can guess by the name the animals will not age physically or die. They are still
susceptible to injury or in extreme cases - sickness. However, their bodies will heal but they still have
to endure the healing process. The process is faster than that of a normal animal.” Ben explained to
them. “Point being, be careful with them. They can still feel pain and they're not 100% invincible.”

“What about behaviour at a later age?” Tom asked curiously, picking up Pepper from the living-
room floor and making her turn into a semi-ball in his hand. With her cradled up he gave her kisses
and held her to his chest.

“Animals aren't intended to live long. As you know they tended to become rather 'elderly' after a
certain point. They won't age physically but they'll start to show it mentally.”

Just as James had predicted.

“These guys,” Ben smiled, picking up Gus and rubbing his nose against the hogs. “Will become less
rambunctious and more at ease. They'll still play but not to the extent that they are now. The cats will
become lazier, less inclined to be curious and get into mischief. They'll establish a daily routine.”

Everyone nodded their heads in understanding. Claire banked every single piece of information that
Ben told them. The interaction between Ben and Gus was adorable. The hedgehog clearly
remembered the warlock because he was bumping his face with his little pink nose and making
happy noises. Ben in response boldly gave the hedgehog kisses and pet his chest.

“This little guy looks fabulous!” Ben praised. “Is Peppercorn less irritable now that Gus has
arrived?”

“Yes! She's much happier!” Claire beamed, “These two play all the time or they'll snuggle up and
nap.”

“Pepper has taught Gus some manners and curbed his mischievous behaviour.” Tom added, “He’s
no longer getting into cupboards or trying to tear into things.”

“Good!” Ben smiled, holding Gus out a bit to see him better. “I've left a print out of instructions and
frequently asked questions. If you're really unsure of something - call me and I'll come and check on
him. No matter the time. Also, don't be too shocked to see Lee over here to check on the feline.”

Ben handed Gus to Chris and allowed Tom to walk him out of the home with Pepper still in his
arms. Claire got up and followed them, hugging the warlock and thanking him profusely for that he's
done.

Before Ben left he stroked the bridge of Peppers' nose and smiled, “Blessed little creature!” He
purred softly, “May the Goddess Mother Nature care for your precious little soul.”

That, Claire, was certain, was a warlock charming her beloved animal. Pepper made a cooing, purr
like sound that she had never heard before came from the hedgehog. Bashfully she buried her head
in her daddy's chest.
“Good luck you too!” Ben told them, “And blessings to your little one!” He added, briefly touching her tummy.

A warmth and a tingle spread through her body with the blessing. Something that Lee had done before so she was expecting the after effects. Smiling Claire leaned into Tom and watched as the warlock drove off.

“Come on momma, it's getting chilly out.” Tom cooed, kissing the side of her head before ushering Claire back into the home.

HAPPY VALENTINE'S DAY
Chapter 159

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

After the drugs had worn out Milo wanted back on their bed. He meowed and meowed until Tom picked him up and placed him on the bed. Midnight was close behind and gave them a rather pissy look - ears slicked back as she waited for Milo to lay down beside Claire. Her poor boy licked his lips and placed his head down flat on the mattress. The anaesthesia was out of his system but it was clear he still wasn't exactly all 'there'

Tired herself and relieved that her feline was showing more of his personality Claire laid there, stroking his back lengthwise while Midnight laid between her slightly splayed legs - front paws hanging over her leg and her head resting on them.

Periodically Tom had been coming in and out of the room retrieving random things. She had no idea what exactly he was doing and she was too tired herself to inquire. Pepper and Gus were in their little-caged area rummaging around for dried mealworms and grubs that Michael had hidden in the sawdust. They were happy, entertained and occupied to the extent that neither hog would be bothering Claire to be set free to roam the home.

Milo stretched a little and turned on his side, tilting his head up to look at Midnight. He had eaten a little earlier - some wet food and some water. The animal certainly wasn't going to perish because he skipped dinner. With his tummy slightly exposed Claire could see where Ben had made the tiny incisions - fluff shaved away from the area. It was barely visible with minimal bruising.

Since the hour was late, 3 am to be precise, it was somewhat alarming to see Chris come into her bedroom after one knock. He never bothered her after Claire imposed the 10 pm rule and instantly Claire knew that there was something wrong. Sitting up slightly she placed a hand on Middy's back holding her in place so she wouldn't dart away.

"Richard is here," Chris told her in a serious voice. "I'd prefer if you stay in the bedroom until he leaves."

Prefer or not Claire was the Luna and the head of this pack - she could go and do what she pleased. Giving Chris a dirty look she summoned him into the bedroom further.

"Close the door," Claire told him politely, "What's going on exactly? It's 3 in the morning and Richard is here? Is something wrong with Autumn and the babies?"

"No," Chris told her truthfully. "It's dealing with matters that only...and excuse my dogmatist reasoning, but, it's something that only the males in the pack need to deal with. You are physically incapable of taking care of this situation on this level."

"What the fuck are you talking about?" Claire asked him in annoyance, sitting up fully and allowing Midnight to finally move. She leapt over her legs and landed on the other side of Milo where she crouched down next to her partner.

Chris really didn't look like he wanted to stand here and explain the situation fully while Tom and the rest where downstairs dealing with it. Because of his protective nature, he had to be in the lead when it came to 'issues' or at the very least present. His anxiety was so strong that the Aussie actually started to fidget with his hands and shuffle back and forth on his feet.
"Just spit it out so you can leave!" Claire told him frustrated.

Tom came into the room and relieved Chris of his stressful duties of explaining everything to her. Annoyed more than ever she huffed and crossed her arms over her chest. What was the point of being the Luna when no one took her seriously? Scowling at Tom as he approached the bed she kept her feet firmly in place and forced him to push them over a bit for him to sit.

"We have a bit of a situation," Tom explained slowly and calmly. "Richard has been given a bit of information that will ultimately affect us if it comes to fruition. Because we are good friends he has decided that it is proper to inform us sooner rather than later."

That sounded serious because Richard was probably one of the most level-headed men she knew. He’d never ‘jump the gun’ like this unless he honestly thought it posed a threat to them.

"I don't understand," Claire answered, stroking Milo who still laid beside her like a stuffed animal. "What exactly is the problem? Rouge wolves or something? Does it have to do with my relation to Galinda?"

"No," Tom answered, "It has nothing to do with werewolves but rather magical beings. There's talk of a magical coven gearing up to start a war against anything that isn't magical. This includes humans, werewolves and vampires. It's a somewhat large but contained unit. If they do declare war we're all in danger."

Yes, that wasn't stressful at all for her or the little man resting in her womb. Instinctively she held her tummy and rubbed the area where their son's back was pressed against her womb wall. Taking a deep breathe Claire tried to work out what exactly Tom meant by war.

"Like World War 2? Some crazy contained military sect that's declared anarchy against society?" Claire inquired, removing her hand so that Tom could rest his own on her tummy protectively.

When she was laying down like this you could see the baby bump forming in-between her hips. Tom thought it was beautiful and adorable but Claire thought she looked awkward and bloated.

"I don't know," Tom sighed with worry. "Richard is going to be taking the issue to the council on Monday. But for right now he's simply informing us of the pending threat. It might not even affect us directly but we have to protect ourselves. Magical beings can be very dangerous and do a lot of damage with the flick of a wrist."

"No, no, no," Claire corrected boldly. "Richard would never come to us because something 'might' happen. He wouldn't risk placing that much stress on me or the baby. Don't pussyfoot around here, Tom. I'm the Luna - I'm a lot stronger than you think I am."

"I don't doubt that," Tom agreed gently. "But this isn't a dispute who gets what bedroom or whether someone is spending more time with you or not. This is something that requires a physical...violent...response. You could fight to a certain degree but not to the standard that Chris and I can. And besides - you're expecting. We can't risk harm to the baby."

That told Claire that she was pretty much useless and literally had to sit here and allow everyone else to protect her. What was Claire supposed to do to contribute to the pack? Give them back massages when they come back from the battlefield? What kind of injuries does magic inflict anyways? What little Claire had seen so far was in the form of tinctures. There was no way the magical beings were going to win a war if they attempted to shove charmed liquid down their opponent's throats. She'd pity the fool that tried to approach a wolf in full form and try to touch its mouth. You wouldn't have a bloody hand!
"You need to bring Richard in here because I am the Luna, I am in charge alongside you and I'm entitled to know specific things even though you and Chris think I'm not!" Claire stated firmly.

Tom was going to argue with her only to stop by her raised hand. He swallowed his ego and nodded his head. "Of course, my Luna." he addressed. "I was a fool to think you'd let us take care of it on our own."

"Not happening!" Claire countered as he slowly walked towards the door to retrieve Richard. "I have a pup due in a few months and I have five individuals under my care that I love dearly. I'm not going to stick my head in the sand and pretend nothing is happening. That type of behaviour places people in harm's way."

"You're completely right." Tom agreed, pausing in the doorway. "I was being ignorant of your rule. I'll go and get Richard for you right now."

"I love you," Claire smiled slyly, ecstatic that she had gotten her way finally after actually asserting herself firmly.

Tom smiled and nodded his head before leaving the bedroom and Claire alone to her thoughts. Milo meowed at her, looking up from the bed with his big glassy eyes. Midnight had jumped back up on the bed and settled once more between her legs, purring. The feline looked to be in a better mood. Claire wondered if someone had given her treats while she was out of the room.

"It'll be alright guys," Claire assured her animals, petting them in unison. "Momma's not going to let anything happen to her critters."

Chapter End Notes

Alright. After this I'll be uploading one more chapter then this part of the saga is over. I will start a part 2 and link it to this one like I had with The Stranger. The second part will correspond to Lessons In Claiming. No. You don't have to read either story to figure out what the hell is going on. I promise.
Hello duckies!

I'm in a bit of a pickle. I can't for the life of me think of a story title for the second part to this story. Seriously. I've been pondering for two weeks now and nothing. If anyone has a suggestion for a story title please leave it in the comments below! Thank you!

Hedgehog tax:
“My Luna,” Richard addressed softly, closing the door behind him.

Tom sat back down on the bed beside her as Richard approached - stopping at the foot of the bed. He passively placed his hands in front of him and folded them loosely. Richard looked worried and stressed. Having never seen the warlock this flustered before it definitely struck her interest.

“What is going on? And don't sugar coat anything either. I'm not an idiot and I can handle it. I'm a lot stronger than people give me credit for.” Claire told him firmly.

Tom's hand padded her thigh lightly in a bid to calm her down. The tension was high between Tom, Richard and now Claire. The warlock relaxed a bit and nodded his head submissively.

“I have come to your pack today out of great respect. It has come to my attention that there is a pending war that may indirectly affect you and your pack.” Richard explained grimly, sighing heavily.

Claire wiggled her nose a bit and padded the bed for Richard to sit down near her feet. Having his stand there shuffling side to side anxiously was causing her to become uncomfortable. With Tom's permission to do so, Richard sat down on the bottom of the bed.

“War between who, exactly?” Claire asked - keeping her head level and her body calm.

Instinctively she rubbed her tummy, eventually settling it over their son protectively. Claire was close to 5 months pregnant and up until now, they're hadn't been much stress in her life. Tom, the protective papa that he was leaned in a bit more towards her, resting his own hand on the covers and on top of her hidden hand.

“Magical types and anything that isn't magic,” Richard answered. “This may not affect you at all but it is a slim probability because you are werewolves.”

“I want the full story. I have a feeling this is a bit more complicated than what you make it out to be.” Claire replied, watching as Midnight jumped off the bed and weaved herself in-between the small crack in the door, disappearing out into the hallway. Milo, of course, was still laying between her and Tom like an orange furry sausage.

Richard reached out and pet the feline, Milo opening his eyes a bit and making a loud merping sound in response. He stretched and closed his eyes going back to sleep while purring very softly.

“A fellow warlock and I have a friend in common. This warlock had brought it to my attention that his friend needs advice. I agreed to give it him and that's when I was informed that his coven may be planning on starting a war between them and anything not magical.” Richard began to explain. “I, of course, took this very seriously and went to investigate. My findings are that the threat is very credible and in order for me and the council to take further action I need the complaining warlock to gather more evidence. He has agreed to do this.”

“And” Claire pressed curiously, eyebrow raised as she urged the warlock on.

“Well, this particular warlock has a human as a mate. She has agreed to accompany him to his coven
for this...journey... however, due to the circumstances behind it, he has asked me to seek permission from you and your pack to shelter his mate if need be. Much like you will with Autumn.” Richard asked with hesitation.

Naturally, in order for them to take on such a serious role as guardian, Claire needed Tom’s agreement and the rest of the packs. She didn't know how Tom felt about harbouring a strange human during the threat of war. Claire was hesitant without more information on this person. Especially when she was expecting a baby and so would Autumn.

“First of all - if I am correct, this warlock is going back to his coven...which I presume to be like a community, to spy and report on his family to the council. With his reports, you will what, exactly? Arrest the people?” Claire asked in confusion.

“That is correct.” Richard confirmed, “The council of magical beings takes threats if violence against humans and outsiders very seriously. I, myself, work in a branch of the council that deals with threats against humans and dealing with illegal activities. However, in-between the time our warlock is submitting his reports we can't guarantee that the coven won't start a war suddenly.”

She understood that Richard was trying to keep a level of anonymous with these people because of the sensitivity behind it - but, he was asking them to shelter this woman. Claire needed to at least know their names!

“What is her name and his old is she?” Claire asked him, stretching and adjusting her legs.

Richard hesitated for a moment before saying, “Her name is Aurora and she's only 18.”

“Oh, Jesus!” Claire gasped, looking at Tom. “Just a baby!”

With Claire bearing 25 she felt it was appropriate to refer to someone in their late teens a 'baby’ She definitely wasn't expecting Aurora to be that young.

“And his name?”

“Jason”

“Of course we have to talk amongst the pack in regards to this situation,” Tom told Richard. “We may need to meet with Aurora and Jason before we make any firm decisions. We have to think about the baby in Claire's tummy as well as yours.”

“Oh, I understand that - they understand that as well. This is hard for the two of them I can assure you that.” Richard informed them passively. “I'm here to simply give you the heads up about what I feel is a very credible threat. Especially since your expecting a pup.”

“Ok, so let's just say the threat of war comes to fruition and we’re faced with a bad situation. What are we supposed to physically do about it? Are we to fight against the magical beings or are we not going to do anything because the werewolf 'military' will deal with it like the human world does.” Claire asked, still a bit confused as to where this all leafed them exactly.

Milo sleepily sat up, swaying a bit before sloppily turning around and plopping back down - his face in Claire's direction. Her poor kitty must be feeling a bit better because Milo was curled into a tight ball, letting us it a deep breath and twitching his ears.

“We have departments for this sort of thing like you had said.” Richard assured her, “However, like any other war, we can't guarantee that the danger won't branch out and affect innocent civilians. And that's what I'm worried about. My Autumn would be a target because of my council position - just
like Aurora will be a target because Jason is the coven leaders son and essentially betrayed them.”

This definitely gave her a lot to think about but she greatly appreciated Richard’s honesty in the matter. Slowly she laid back and looked up at the ceiling. There was a wayward piece of cobweb hanging off the wooden support beam that bothered Claire. Not because Claire wanted to clean it but because she knew eventually it'll fall on her and probably startle the fuck out of her while doing so.

“I definitely have a lot to think about right now,” Claire spoke. “Thank you for coming to speak with me and the pack. You can leave now if you want.” Claire dismissed politely, scratching Milo’s cheek.

Tom stood up and escorted Richard out if the room. Middy ran back into the bedroom quickly, meowing loudly and licking her lips. Padding the bed Claire summoned the critter up onto the bed. A moment later Midnight jumped up and laid down next to Milo who became less defensive in his posture. The orange feline loosened out a bit and leaned back against Midnight.

“Kitties,” Claire cooed, stroking the both of them in one long movement. “My poor little guy!”

Tom returned alone and closed the door. He looked a little defeated and exhausted as he laid out beside her on his side. Blue eyes blinked a few times slowly as Tom observed her.

“What are we going to do?” Claire asked,

“That depends on what happens,” Tom answered seriously. “I don't have a problem sheltering a human if she's in grave danger but that brings the threat of danger to us. Just like Autumn would.”

“Autumn would come with Lee.” Claire pointed out. “So we'd have a magical backup I think. Are we capable of physically defending ourselves if push comes to shove?”

“Oh yes,” Tom assured her. “Well, you can't because your pregnant or would be a new mum. I and the rest of the pack are capable of physically fighting if we had too. We’re all trained in doing so since we first turned over, plus our natural instinct is strong. We have a natural fighting ability like wolves in the wild.”

“So we have any physical weapons in the home?” Claire asked unsure of where Seb kept his hunting rifles.

Claire hadn't physically seen them but she heard Sebastian speak about hunting with guns in the past. The idea of actually having weapons in the house didn't bother her and wouldn't until their pup started to walk on his own and get into mischief.

“Sebastian is a registered gun owner. I believe in his bedroom closet he has a gun safe and there are a single handgun and two hunting rifles.” Tom told her. “Despite him being the only one to legally own them we all know how to use them. Pine may have a handgun seeing his police background. We don't normally use physical weapons because it won't do much to an immortal being so it's not worth the effort. You could shoot a werewolf in the head and it'll just give us a nasty migraine.”

“Unless it's a shotgun.” Claire pointed out, remembering a particular YouTube video of a man shooting a watermelon with a shotgun. The end result was the watermelon physically exploding.

“True,” Tom agreed, “But shotguns of that calibration isn't something you typically fight a war with. You want something fast and sleek like a sniper rifle or a handgun.”

This was such a weird conversation to have but Claire was glad to have it. Tom rarely ever discussed serious matters with her unless the event had already happened or was about too.
“All we can do is hope for the best and prepare for the worst.” Tom sighed heavily, holding her tummy lovingly. “That's all we can do.”

Chapter End Notes

This is the end of this chapter of their story. I will be posting the second half and linking it with this story like I had with The Stranger/Vous Connaitre. Good news: I actually have about 6 chapters of the new story written so you won't have to wait long to enjoy that. I also have multiple updates for Lessons as well. I've been busy. Excuse my MIA but I was looking after Mother Duck and she has no internet (I know. I the horror!)

Thank you for reading this story and giving me all your beautiful, wonderful comments. I'm absolutely speechless as to how well received this has been and I appreciate every last one of you. Thank you.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!