



Bad Boy

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Category: Erotic, Romance

Description: I'm an introvert who needs to get out of my comfort zone and I need a bad boy to help me...

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CHAPTER 1

KNK BLACK CARD

ALORA

It's another Friday night, and I'm at home again. It's not that I don't want to get out and have a social life; it's just I've been a homebody for so long that I don't know how. The few friends that I have stopped asking me to go out years ago. I only keep up with them through social media and group chats. My cousin slash best friend, or who I call my best cousin, Bianca, is the only one who hasn't completely given up on me. It's really a sad existence when I let myself think about it.

I start up another movie app and scroll through my choices. My mood really turns sour when I can't find a movie that I haven't seen yet. I really need to get out more.

I switch to another app, and I still can't find a new movie. "Lord above, I cannot be this pathetic." I roll my eyes at myself.

I finally put on my favorite paranormal show to just play in the background, so I can get up and go to the kitchen and pour myself a glass of wine. I don't drink often because, let's face it, I would be an alcoholic if I did. Nothing goes hand and hand like alcohol and self-pity. But tonight is one of those nights that I need a drink.

I guzzle down half the glass before sitting it on the counter and pushing it away. Although the wine tastes great, it isn't satisfying. I need something that's going to fill up this emptiness that I have in the pit of my stomach.

Bianca, tells me that it's sexual frustration. And the more I think about it, the more I'd have to agree. The last time I had sex was over a year ago with my ex-boyfriend. He wasn't the most gracious lover, but he got the job done...sometimes.

Before I can continue on my downward spiral of epic proportions, my phone rings. I know without looking at the screen that it's one of two people, my mother or Bianca. I plop down on my couch and pick up my phone.

"Hello?" I try to keep the boredom out of my voice but fail miserably.

"Alora! Get up and get ready. I have a surprise for you, chica!" I can feel the excitement vibrating off Bianca, even over the phone.

"Bianca, you know damn well I don't like surprises." Exasperation drips from my every word, but I can't help the smile that covers my face.

"And you know damn well, I don't care about that. I was given an exclusive invite, and it comes with a plus one. And tag, you're it!"

"Bianca, taking me to some club is like dragging a wet blanket around. Why would you want me to go?" We've had this conversation many times in the past, and she never answers.

I have no idea why she continuously insists on dragging me out, and even though the last thing I want to do at the moment is go out, I know that's probably exactly what I need to do. Maybe I just manifested this phone call without even realizing it.

"Lora," Bianca heavily sighs. "I know you think that, but I've known you my entire life. You're fun when you want to be. And tonight, you definitely want to be. So, remember that questionnaire you filled out last week?"

“Questionnaire? Bianca, I think I’d remember filling out a questionnaire.” It’s my turn to heavily sigh. Sometimes, I’m convinced that my best cousin smokes entirely too much weed.

“Well, I didn’t exactly tell you that you were filling it out. I just asked you the questions, and bam!”

I sit flabbergasted at the memory of Bianca asking me some weird questions about my sexual fantasies. As crazy as it may seem, sexual conversations between the two of us aren’t unusual. However, the questions themselves were extremely strange. Like one question she asked was if I had a choice between a muscular Werewolf or a mysterious Vampire, which would I take to be my lover? I remember laughing at the asinine questions and joking about how I would love to be ravished by a tanned muscle-bound Werewolf.

“What do you mean, bam? Are you saying you found a werewolf somewhere for me to get my freak on?” I chuckle at how crazy Bianca sounds. At this point, I think an intervention might be necessary.

When Bianca doesn’t laugh with me. I had to pull the phone away from my face to make sure the call didn’t drop. “Bianca? Are you still there?”

“Uh, yeah. So, remember that agency everyone is always talking about? KNK, the matchmaking agency?”

“Uh, yeah, I guess. Why?” I ask with a frown

“Um, I have a black card.”

I sit up from my couch so fast that I damn near end up on the floor. There have been so many rumors about the infamous KNK agency. It’s so exclusive that even people

who used the service have never divulged what exactly goes on there.

If you're single and ready to mingle, it is guaranteed that you have heard of the KNK agency. And if you're tired of being single, you'd do just about anything to get the elusive KNK black card.

"How the hell did you manage that?" I ask, my voice louder than usual.

I have to clear my throat and calm down. But my heart is racing like I just won the lottery. I mean, shit! I practically have. Nobody I've ever known has gotten such a prize as the mysterious KNK black card.

"Don't worry about all that. Just get your ass up and get ready." Bianca has the audacity to sound irritated.

Page 2

Source Creation Date: August 15, 2025, 9:50 am

“Wait a minute. What does this have to do with Werewolves? And just how long have you had the KNK card?” The questions fall out of my mouth one after the other because none of this makes sense.

“Listen, all of your questions will be answered, I promise. Just get ready,” Bianca sighs.

“So, I’m just supposed to... wham, bam, get dressed, ma’am? And without any notice! You couldn’t have given a sista a heads up?” I suck my teeth and frown. I may not go out that much, but when I do, I like to turn heads.

“Hey, I didn’t have any notice either. Put on something sexy, and the car will be there in an hour. Love ya. Byeee.” Bianca’s sing-song voice is cut short by her quickly disconnecting the call.

“KNK black card, huh? I guess I won’t be home alone again tonight!”

CHAPTER 2

OUT OF SYNC

CRAIG

“I don’t know how you convinced me to sign up for this shit,” I grumble, aggravated as hell.

As the leader of my pack, I have my pick of the females. I could’ve been somewhere

drowning in pussy. I have a pretty little thing named Nina, who could be riding my cock as we speak. I lick my lips at the thought, and my wolf growls inside of me. I sigh. My wolf, Alpha, and I haven't agreed much these days. But when it comes to my philandering, he's downright hostile.

I love a good roll in the hay with a sweet piece of pie. I mean, shit, I'm a hot-blooded wolf in my prime. I make no apologies for drowning in pussy. Sex comes with the territory as a Werewolf. It's our nature to want to fuck, and the women know that about me.

However, Alpha has been having a difference of opinion as of late. My wolf and I have never been out of sync, but lately, he has been restless, and the smallest things irritate him. As pack leader, I have always been able to control my shift; however, any small inconvenience and my wolf is pushing to the forefront, trying to take over.

Alpha is constantly whining about a mate and honestly getting on my fucking nerves about it. But being in a constant struggle to handle my wolf is not something I'm used to doing. And not being able to control my shift is definitely not something I want to experience. Because I highly doubt the human world is ready for my eight-foot wolf to show that supernaturals exist.

Not being able to make Alpha settle down is the main reason I agreed to let my best friend and Beta, Vance, set me up with the KNK matchmaking agency. Vance wasn't the first person to mention the agency to me, but he was the only one I was willing to listen to.

The KNK agency is popular in the human world as well as the supernatural world, and their parties are infamous. However, no matter how well-known they are, I never thought they would be able to find me a mate, so I put it to the back of my mind. Then out of the blue, the agency sent me an invitation to a party tonight.

“Please stop with the theatrics. You’re excited about this party. I know you; you’re just grumpy because you don’t know what to expect,” Vance says, chuckling.

“You know that I hate surprises.” I frown as I put the finishing touches on my hair.

“Whatever, just make sure your ass is prepared for everything. I know you put some freaky shit on that questionnaire. That’s probably what took so long to find your match.” Vance smirks, but I don’t answer him.

The freaky shit I put on my questionnaire is just who I am. I’m not ashamed of what I like. As a matter of fact, if it weren’t for Alpha’s bitching I would be balls deep in some pretty young thing. I’m a sexual creature who runs hot. I fuck like a maniac and spend most of my time naked. If my mate is actually for me, she’ll be just as freaky.

“Don’t worry about me being prepared. I’m always ready for everything. You know me,” I reply smugly.

Vance isn’t just my Beta or my best friend; he’s the one person I know that I can tell anything without judgment. However, even he doesn’t know about the sleepless nights and the warring with my wolf about wanting... no, needing to find my mate.

Even though I don’t particularly care to have a mate, I hope KNK comes through tonight. Their matching rate is almost one hundred percent, I don’t know how they do it, but I’m almost positive that they’re working with some kind of magic. Probably Elvin or Witches.

“I absolutely know you, so don’t go fucking around tonight. No fuckboy shit. You are most likely going to meet our Luna. What if she’s human? You can’t do the same shit you normally do to a human,” Vance says, and it gives me pause.

It isn’t unheard of that wolves have human mates. They are just turned so they can

coexist in the supernatural world. But I don't think I have ever heard of a human Luna. It's one of the highest positions in the pack besides Alpha.

"I don't think a human Luna has ever existed." I tick my head to the side, then shrug, "I would just have to turn her. If she's my true mate, then it is what it is."

"You're a cocky son-of-a-bitch," Vance says, shaking his head.

"Literally." I smirk.

"Oh, right, cause your mom was the Luna and a female... bitch." Vance nods with a goofy smile.

"The joke is always so much better when you explain it like that," I droll sarcastically.

Vance just shrugs. He has a twinkle in his brown eyes, and I know he's being an ass on purpose. It's his way of making sure I relax. Cause deep down inside, if my Luna is a human, I have no idea how to react to that.

Page 3

Source Creation Date: August 15, 2025, 9:51 am

Will I be the one who has to reveal my true nature? Will she already know about the supernatural world? Does KNK only match supernaturals to each other without human involvement? So many questions are left unanswered, but my gut is telling me to ride this out.

CHAPTER 3

ELECTRIC ATMOSPHERE

ALORA

“Is it correct that you were not coerced or under duress while completing the KNK questionnaire?” The woman who introduced herself as my KNK consultant, Michelle asks.

I cut my eyes at Bianca but answer, “Yes, ma’am. That’s correct.”

I throw another look at Bianca, and she just gives me a nervous smile. I don’t know what the hell is going on right now.

We have filled out all types of paperwork, including an NDA. It’s no wonder nobody ever talks about what goes on here. I think I just signed my life away. If I ever thought about telling anyone what I’ve witnessed, I’m pretty sure I would disappear forever.

“Good,” Michelle says, bringing my attention back to her. “We want to make sure everyone’s wildest desires are fulfilled. But we are not just for hooking up, as you

young people say. We like to make lifelong matches.” A mysterious smile forms on Michelle’s porcelain face, and I frown before I can stop myself.

First of all, the woman couldn’t be older than twenty-five, so the comment “young people” seems a little odd. And the way she’s looking at my neck gives me the creeps.

“So, what should I expect?” I ask, sitting up in my seat.

“Well, after going over your profile,” Michelle slides her finger over the screen of the tablet she’s holding, “I see here that you aren’t opposed to Elves, but Vampires might be a little much for you. However, none of that matters,” she mumbles the last part before looking up at me again. “You said you preferred Werewolves, correct?” Michelle looks at me for confirmation, and I automatically nod.

Is this woman for real right now? I hope I convey my thoughts to my so-called best cousin as I shoot daggers in her direction. Bianca’s eyes shift to me, and she confidently nods with a smile.

It’s official. Bianca has gone off the deep end, and she wants to take me with her.

“Great, because your true match is an Alpha.”

“So, you’re telling me... you found a Werewolf as my lifelong match?”

“Yes.”

“Right. Umm. Can you give me a minute? This is a lot to take in.”

“Sure. I can’t wait for you to meet your match.” Michelle flounces out of the room, shutting the door behind her.

The door has barely clicked closed before I lay into Bianca. “I should’ve never agreed to come here. I can’t believe what I just heard. You have me in a place with a bunch of crazy folks! I will never forgive you for this, Bianca,” I angrily whisper.

“Alora, you have got to relax. I told you that you needed to have an open heart and an open mind. You agreed, remember?” Bianca stares at me, and I can’t believe she’s serious.

“I don’t like being pranked. This has gone too far, even for you,” I huff in frustration.

“This isn’t a prank, Lora. Just think of it as role-playing. You...”

Before Bianca can finish her sentence, the door opens, and a petite woman with deep brown skin and bright golden eyes glides into the room. It’s almost like she’s floating, and her presence has a calming effect on me.

“Good evening, ladies. I am Lucinda. Ms. Johns, Michelle is ready for you to join the mixer,” Lucinda says to me before she looks at Bianca and finishes, “However, Ms. Ford, you need to stay for a moment. I need to go over some information with you.”

I’m not needy, and I’m a big girl who can stand alone. But this situation is weird. Why didn’t they just say it was a role-playing situation instead of making me feel like I’m here with a bunch of crazy ass people talking about Werewolves and Vampires. For a minute, it felt like somebody slipped something into my drink, and I was hallucinating. I guess they take their game of imagination seriously around here.

“This is what we’ve been waiting on. Go have fun. I’ll catch up with you later,” Bianca assures me.

I reluctantly leave the room, and instead of hightailing it out of here like my instincts tell me to, I head in the direction where I hear music playing.

“Okay, here goes nothing.” I adjust my hot pink mini dress and fluff my hair.

I felt confident when I left my house earlier tonight. My mini dress shows off my toned legs, and the color compliments my dark brown skin. I felt like a million bucks as I strutted to the SUV and slid inside. There wasn't a nerve in sight as my excitement grew the closer I got to the undisclosed party location.

Page 4

Source Creation Date: August 15, 2025, 9:51 am

Now, I feel cheated somehow. But I guess I shouldn't. I mean, the answers were true and are some of my deepest fantasies. And if I can fantasize about a Werewolf, then who am I to judge if someone wants to pretend to be one. Maybe that's what Michelle meant about finding my true match, someone who likes role-playing as a Werewolf.

I take a deep breath as I get closer to the music. When I approach the large double doors, men dressed in all black tuxedos with tails and white gloves open them. I notice they are exceptionally tall and devastatingly handsome.

As a matter of fact, all of the people who work here have been remarkably good-looking. Flawless skin, sexy bodies, not a hair out of place. Everyone seems to be a walking advertisement for sex.

"Oh Lord, I hope this isn't a sex trafficking ring with weird fetishes," I mumble as I walk into the room. I could've sworn I heard one of the men chuckle, but there's no way he heard me over the loud music playing.

The music comes from a live band on a raised stage in the front of the room. People are dancing and mingling. It looks like everyone is having a good time, so it puts me a little more at ease. Nobody looks out of place or most importantly, nobody looks like they're about to kidnap me and transport me to some random Eastern European country, so I guess I can relax and find myself a drink.

I make my way over to the bar on the far side of the room and order a fruity concoction. I don't want to get drunk because I'm still unsure of what's happening. But I will roll with it for now, especially because I promised Bianca I would keep an open mind.

The bartender gives me my Tutti Frutti, and I sip the strawberry mixture slowly as I look around the room. All of a sudden, it feels like all the hair on my body stands on end. I look around because I can feel the air in the room change. It's like someone infused electricity directly into the atmosphere, and I just breathed it in.

"I can't believe it's you..."

I can hardly decipher the words through the deep growly voice, but when I turn to see who said them, my breath catches, and my heart nearly explodes it's beating so fast. I have never laid eyes on this man ever in life, but I can tell by his glowing hazel gaze that my world will never be the same.

CHAPTER 4

TRUE MATES

CRAIG

The Vampire consultant, Michelle, leads me into the room where my true mate is supposed to be. I don't know if I'm hesitant to believe her because she's a Vamp or because I can't believe I'm finally about to meet my true mate. Maybe now Alpha can calm his ass down.

"I'm sure you can find your way to your mate from here. It's been a pleasure, Mr. Dossett," Michelle says before disappearing in a flash.

I can feel her presence as soon as the doors close behind me. My true mate is here! I don't need to be told where she is because my instincts lead me directly to her. It takes all of me to not shift. Alpha is howling so loud that I have to plead with him to shut the hell up. I can feel his excitement, and for the first time in a long time, it matches my own.

I see a woman standing at the bar wearing hot pink. Her brown skin is glowing, and I can't wait to taste every inch of it. I don't have to see her face to know she's beautiful. I don't have to see her face to know she's mine. I don't have to see her face to know she's my forever.

"I can't believe it's you," I growl.

My wolf is so close to the surface that I know my eyes are glowing. I'm glad we met in a supernatural safe environment because this is the first time since I was a pup that I don't have control over my wolf.

The beauty turns around, and her brown eyes widen before she whispers, "Ummm. Your eyes are glowing."

"I can't help that, sweetheart. You bring out the beast in me," I growl once more.

"Uh... ar-are you my match?" She questions, unsure.

"Yes, and you are mine."

I sniff the air like the animal that I am. I can smell her sweet essence and the fact that she's turned on. I can also smell something troublesome.

"You're human..."

She looks at me strangely then a wrinkle forms between her brows. She nervously looks around, then instead of stepping away in fear as I imagined she would, she steps closer to me. She's so short that she has to get on her tiptoes to whisper in my ear. It's cute as fuck, but I could hear her whisper from across the room if I wanted to.

“Those are contacts, right? That’s why your eyes look like that? This is the role-playing scenario. Is there something I should be doing? The consultant didn’t really go into detail about who I would be meeting or what to do. Well, she did say something about my Werewolf preferences, but...”

“You have a Werewolf preference, huh?”

“I know it sounds crazy, but I’ve never done anything like this. We matched, but they didn’t even tell me your name.”

She puts her hand out for me to shake, and I take it and kiss the back. When my lips touch her silky soft skin, Alpha loses his damned mind!

“Mate!” Alpha howls.

Page 5

Source Creation Date: August 15, 2025, 9:51 am

“Craig Dossett. And what’s your name, beauty?” I can barely hear myself talk because my wolf is so excited. Calm the fuck down, Alpha.

He whines at my demand but shuts up as the beauty answers my question.

“Alora Johns. Why didn’t they tell you my name if we were matched?” Alora has too many questions to be at a supernatural dating agency’s party.

Did they tell her anything?

“There was no need for them to tell me your name because they knew I would know who you were as soon as we were in the same room,” I answer her as vaguely as possible.

Something tells me if I come right out and tell my mate that I’m an actual Werewolf and not just role-playing, she’ll probably freak the fuck out on me. No, I have to handle this with care. I have to handle her with care. Alora Johns is my true mate, and she doesn’t even know it.

“Oh, well, I wish they would’ve told me more about you. Hell, the process, in general, would’ve been nice. I hate surprises.”

She really is perfect for me!

“How about we go somewhere and talk? There are small rooms we can go to over there.” I point to the little sound-proof rooms they have off to the side of the massive ballroom.

It isn't like I can't hear everything she is saying, even over the loud ass band playing, but I can feel the nervous excitement coming off my mate in waves. I want to have her alone so I can touch her.

"Lead the way, handsome." Alora smiles.

Michelle took me on a tour when I got here, and it is definitely a place where you can make any and all fantasies come true. These specialty rooms are for mating because, as supernaturals, when we meet our true mates, there will be no stopping the instantaneous fucking.

My need for Alora is ridiculous. And as the room gets more and more packed, I can sense the other supernaturals looking for their mates. The private rooms will be full if I don't secure one now. Besides, I want to stay clear of the pheromones being released into the air. I have enough to deal with trying to hold Alpha back. The last thing I need is to get caught up in anyone else's mating.

I grab Alora's hand and intertwine our fingers together. The movement is so natural that it's like I've been doing it my whole life. This woman will have my heart, soul, and wolf, and she doesn't have a clue.

It takes a minute to find an empty room, but when we do, I pull Alora in quickly and shut the door behind us. The atmosphere is charged with sexual energy, and it's taking all my willpower to not act on it. She's human, Craig, don't scare her.

I'm so out of it that I don't know if the thought is mine or Alpha's. But it doesn't matter because the sentiment is correct. Alora is human, and I can't make any wrong moves because the last thing I want to do is lose my true mate.

I don't know much about mating with non-supernaturals, so I will have to follow my instincts. Alora Johns is mine, and because she's my match, I know just the way to

win her over.

It's time I fulfill her every dirty fantasy.

CHAPTER 5

ROLE-PLAYING

ALORA

When the door closes behind us, it's like we are in another world. The loud music and voices from the party are nonexistent inside this lavish room. It has the biggest bed I've ever seen pushed against a black wall. It's decorated with a silky black and gold duvet with matching pillows. It definitely looks like a place for sin. I can feel my face heat at the thought. Michelle said the matches weren't just about hooking up, but they sure make it convenient as hell.

When I turn back to Craig, he's watching me with those glowing hazel eyes. I'm not sure what type of contacts he's wearing, but I have to say I love his commitment. I've never given any real thought into role-playing, but if this sexy bad boy in front of me can play, so can I.

Craig prowls toward me, and I feel like prey. I nervously lick my lips, and my heart beats so hard that I'm almost positive he can hear it. On instinct, I take a step back as he gets closer. Craig doesn't stop, but the smile that graces his handsome face is mesmerizing. It's almost taunting as if he wants me to run.

Craig runs his hand over his chiseled clean-shaven jaw before stopping right in front of me. His gaze runs along every inch of my body. And although he doesn't touch me, it's like his hands are caressing me from head to toe.

“You know we’re here to fulfill each other’s fantasies. Are you ready for that? For me?” Craig questions. His deep gravelly voice and country twang have my nipples hard. Being turned on by someone’s voice is new to me, but I damn sure can’t hide it. My soaked panties would call me a liar if I tried to deny it anyway.

“Are you ready for me?” The bold question comes out of nowhere.

It’s like a lusty pod person has taken over and is speaking for me. I can’t say that I disagree with what she’s saying. Still, the thought definitely wouldn’t have left my brain under normal circumstances.

“I’ve been ready for you my entire life, darlin’.”

There’s that sexy ass country boy accent again. A shiver runs through me at the thought of all the nasty things Craig can say to me... hell, the nasty shit he can do to me!

Page 6

Source Creation Date: August 15, 2025, 9:51 am

Before I can think, I pull Craig by his shirt and smash my lips into his. When our mouths connect, I feel like I have been dropped inside an inferno.

Craig growls and pushes his large hands into my hair. I'm too turned on to care that he's likely messing up my hairstyle, but shit, I wanted to look good for him, and by the way his tongue is sexing my mouth, I can say the job has been done already.

"Fuck, mate. You taste beyond good, darlin'. Where have you been all my life?" Craig's question goes unanswered because his tongue is back probing and massaging mine.

His kiss is so thorough that I'm moaning and grinding myself against him like a bitch in heat. Again, a foreign entity has taken over my senses, and I can't seem to stop myself. I want this man like I've never wanted anyone before. I can't even begin to think about the morality of the situation. I can't think about how wrong it is to jump into bed with a complete stranger. The only thing on my mind is how good Craig's lean body feels pressed against mine.

"Mate, you better stop if you don't want me to mark you." Craig is fervently kissing the spot where my shoulder and neck meet. I had no idea that was an erogenous zone, but it abso-fucking-lutely is!

"Please don't stop. It feels so good...mate," I moan the last word, trying out the role-playing.

My moan causes Craig to snatch the thin hot pink straps off my shoulder and down my body. I'm not wearing a bra, so my breasts jiggle when the material is removed.

My panties follow my dress to pool at my feet on the beautiful black marble floor.

Craig lifts me up, and I wrap my legs around his trim waist. My stiletto-clad feet lock at the base of his back as he continues to kiss me breathlessly. It probably looks obscene with me butt ass naked, wearing nothing but hot pink heels while he is completely dressed in his button-down shirt tucked into his dark-washed jeans. His cowboy boots make a clonking sound as he walks us to the bed.

I'm pressed so tightly against him that I can feel the rapid beating of his heart. It may sound crazy, but it beats in time with mine, and I can't help the smile that curves my lips. Maybe he really is my true match.

My back softly hits the bed, and Craig's lips trail down my body until he reaches the apex of my thighs. His eyes are glowing brighter, and I try my hardest to reconcile what I see with what I believe is actually happening. However, before I can ask what's going on, Craig's thick pink tongue swipes up the center of my pussy, and all thoughts instantly rush from my brain.

I almost orgasm from one lick, but I hold onto what little dignity I have by breathing deeply. My fingers find the neatly styled hair on my lover's head, and I tug. However, Craig doesn't stop his attack. As a matter of fact, he sucks hard on my engorged clit while stroking my tight core with two large fingers.

"Oooouuuuu!" A sound I have never heard leaves my lips, and I begin to convulse in pleasure.

I'm not sure if I black out, but when I'm able to open my heavy eyelids, and my vision clears, Craig is completely nude. His phenomenal naked body takes my breath away. His even tan skin is decorated with an intricate tattoo that covers his left peck and runs all the way down his arm to his wrist. His six-pack looks like it was carved by an artist, but it's his dick that deserves the praise.

It is a masterpiece. It's so thick and long that my mouth begins to water. I lick my lips to have something to do with the moisture gathering, but when my eyes connect with Craig's, I know I'm in for a long night.

Craig crawls up my body, and that beautiful dick is pushed inside me with one glorious stroke.

"Fuuuuuck!"

My heavens! Role-playing is my new favorite thing to do!

CHAPTER 6

INTRODUCING ALPHA

CRAIG

"Fuuuuuck!" Alora screams out, and my control snaps.

Her sweet pussy gushes and squeezes the life out of my cock. I can't say I wanted our first time to be soft and sweet because that just isn't my way. But I've never been this out of control before.

Alpha is so close to the surface that I'm surprised I haven't shifted. But he knows that's not how we do things, especially because our mate is human. Alpha will have to wait his turn after Alora's first full moon.

When Alora's nails dig into the skin on my back, I'm brought out of my thoughts and back into the pleasure. The connection is otherworldly, and I'm thankful I found my true mate. I'm thankful to the KNK agency for finding my forever.

I palm Alora's beautiful round breasts and slow down my strokes. I bend my head to get a taste of her dark pebbled nipples. I run my tongue around the chocolate tip before grazing my teeth over it. Alora arches her back, showing me with her deep moans that she likes what I'm doing.

We're so in tune that I almost forget it's our first time. I'm so glad I will never be without this feeling again. I can enjoy the rush and excitement of this connection forever.

"Fuck, darlin', you feel so fuckin' good!" I grunt as I continue to move at a leisurely pace.

"Harder, please, Craig... I-I need more," Alora softly groans as she writhes her sexy ass beneath me.

"No, darlin', you're gonna take this cock exactly how I give it to you. Slow and steady." I pump my hips in time with my words.

Alora sticks her plump bottom lip out in a pout, and I can't help but lean down and tug it into my mouth. I suck on her lip like I did her nipple, and she groans in my mouth and starts to wind her hips.

Page 7

Source Creation Date: August 15, 2025, 9:51 am

Before I can help myself, I speed up my thrusts. I pound into Alora like a madman. The feel of her slick walls tightly gripping me and the sweet sound of her moaning my name almost sends me over the edge.

The tingling in my spine tells me I'm closer than I should be this soon. Even with my slow strokes, I can't stop the orgasm from bubbling up. Logically, I know I should have a serious conversation with my mate about my true nature. I should tell her this isn't some role-playing exercise. I should tell her that mating with an Alpha as a true mate means she will never have a normal human life again. I should tell her a lot of things. However, the only words that I manage are, "Turnover. Put your ass in the air and your face in the pillow."

I slide out of heaven and allow Alora to do as she's told. Without any hesitation, my beautiful mate rolls over and gets on all fours. Her curvy round ass looks delectable as it jiggles from the slap I land on her cheek.

Alora seductively peers over her shoulder at me, biting her juicy bottom lip again. Her dark brown eyes shine with an unnamed emotion, and her skin is slick with a light sheen of sweat. I marvel at the magnificence of my mate's gorgeous body as I glide my hard as steel cock back inside my personal heaven.

"Claim. Mark. Bite!" Alpha is insistent, but I do my best to ignore him.

Alora isn't ready for me to claim her just yet. She has to know my true nature first. But as she begins to throw her ass back to meet my frantic pumps, I forget about everything except the way her body feels beneath mine. She fits perfectly like the missing piece of my puzzle.

I lean down, covering Alora's back and placing my hands on her shoulders. I pull her back against me as she moans my name. "Say my name, mate."

"Craaiiig," Alora breathlessly groans.

"That's it! Darlin' you're so fuckin' tight," I choke the words out, almost losing my rhythm when Alora's sweet pussy flutters.

I pull Alora up so that her back is to my front. Our fingers are interlocked as I continue to stroke into her. Alora leans her head to the side, and her gorgeous brown skin beckons me.

"I need to mark you, mate. Everyone needs to know you're mine." They are Alpha's words that come out of my mouth, but I can't disagree with them.

"Bite me, mate! Make me yours!" Alora passionately screams.

I couldn't stop myself if I tried, and may the Gods forgive me, I didn't try at all. My canines elongate, and I sink them into the deliciously soft part of my mate's neck.

I can taste the tangy metallic sweetness of Alora's blood as it fills my mouth and slips down my throat. I growl and suck as our orgasms crest and crash over us. Our bodies jerk in sync as we become one the pack way.

We are both spent and breathing hard as I lick the tender spot on Alora's neck. It will be slightly sore in the morning, and there will be slight bruising. But the mate mark won't appear until we complete the ritual on the night of the full moon when Alora has her first change.

"I can't believe you actually bit me."

“You screamed for me to claim you, mate. So I claimed.”

Alora quickly sits up and stares at me with wide brown eyes. “I didn’t say anything out loud, and somebody answered me in my head.”

“That was Alpha. He’s my wolf.”

“I-I... Am I hallucinating right now? Did you fuck me into a coma, and this is some kind of dream? Please tell me I’m not crazy.” Alora places her head in her hands and starts to take deep breaths.

I remove her hands from her face and pull her into my chest. We should’ve had a conversation, but it’s too late for that now.

“Darlin’, you’re far from crazy. But I am a Werewolf. And after the next full moon, you will be too.”

CHAPTER 7

MARKED

ALORA

“Darlin’, you’re far from crazy. But I am a Werewolf. And after the next full moon, you will be too.”

“Say what now?” I laugh out loud.

“You agreed to my mark, darlin’. That sorta thing is forever.” Craig relaxes back on the bed with his hands behind his head and closes his eyes.

Meanwhile, I'm freaking the fuck out because I'm going to turn into a dog when the moon turns full.

“Dog is a derogatory term for our species, darlin’. Don’t ever let my mama hear you say such nonsense.”

Page 8

Source Creation Date: August 15, 2025, 9:51 am

“First of all, I didn’t even say that out loud.” I put my face in my hands as I start to hyperventilate.

Lord have mercy! I should’ve read instead of skimming over the paperwork. How was I supposed to know that Werewolves exist? That my match was a Werewolf...

“Isa Werewolf,” Craig says, staring at me.

“What?” I question. My brows furrow, and my lips draw downwards.

“You said your match was a Werewolf. You used past tense. I am a Werewolf, and you are my match. Present tense. I’ll cut you some slack because it’s my fault for not explaining everything before we mated, and I apologize for that. But you’ve accepted me as your mate, which comes with a lot of responsibilities.”

The seriousness in Craig’s voice makes me realize that I have offended him. That wasn’t my intention, and I instantly feel shame.

“You’re right. And I apologize for showing my ignorance. But... and this isn’t an excuse, but until now, I really thought Werewolves were make-believe.”

Craig’s face softens, and he pulls me against his chest. I automatically melt within his embrace, and the comfort that I feel is unreal. Hell, everything about tonight has been unreal.

“There’s no need for apologies, sweetheart. I’ll teach you everything you need to know. Besides, we’re mated now, so you’ll know everything that I do, at least after

your first shift, you will.”

“Right. My first shift,” I dumbly repeat.

The words are true, but they hit me hard. What the hell did I get myself into? And why am I not scared and running out of here like my ass is on fire? But I know why; it’s because I can feel our connection. I know as sure as the spot on my shoulder throbbing with Craig’s bite that he was made for me, and I for him.

“It will be just fine, darlin’. Trust me.” Craig kisses me on top of my head, and I sigh with contentment.

I do trust him. A man that I didn’t know existed before tonight, I trust with my life. It’s like a fairytale, and I can’t say that I was ever the main character in any childhood fantasies. As I’m cocooned inside Craig’s tan, muscular arms, I know deep inside my soul that I’m right where I’m supposed to be.

“Although I would love to stay here all night, I don’t think Michelle would allow that.”

I sit up and look Craig in the face with eyes wide at the thought of my strange consultation and Michelle. “Is Michelle a Vampire?” I whisper the word like it’s dirty.

“Yes, ma’am, she is. You don’t know shit about the supernatural world, huh?” Craig chuckles as he traces the side of my face with his finger.

“Only what I’ve read in books and seen in movies.” I shrug because who in their right mind would assume that any of that stuff was real. It’s called paranormal fiction for a reason.

“Oh, darlin’, you got a lot to learn. It’s alright, though. I’ll teach ya everything you need to know.” Craig licks his juicy pink lips, and his hazel eyes glow again.

I’m not in any danger, but my blood starts to gallop through my veins, and my pulse begins to thump. My skin feels tight, and the temperature in the room has risen exponentially. At first, I thought Craig’s big body hovering over me, and my horniness was making me hot. But this fire is coming from the inside out.

“Is it hot in here to you? I feel like my skin is on fire,” I breathe in an almost incoherent mumble.

What the hell is wrong with me?

I shake my head and fan myself with my hand, but it’s not enough. The air is stifling, and I’m starting to sweat like I’m sitting in a sauna.

Craig still hovers over me, but his gaze turns from lustful to assessing. He takes a deep inhale of the air then a growl rumbles from deep within. All of the hairs that I have on my body stand on end at the sound. Craig’s low groaning hardens my nipples and makes my pussy throb.

I’m sure my clothes would melt off my body if I weren’t already naked. This man... no, beast has me so hot and slick that he could do anything he wanted to me, and I wouldn’t even think to protest.

“I want to fuck you so bad right now, but...”

Craig doesn’t finish his sentence before I feel a gush of fluid between my legs. I have no idea what just happened, but I hear howling right outside the door when I couldn’t hear anything before.

There's a commotion outside and then pounding on the door. It's like every little noise is amplified. I can hear everything.

"We need to get out of here. I think you're in heat, and your pheromones are driving the other wolves crazy."

"There are other wolves here?" I question, but Craig is already moving from the bed.

"Come on, darlin', we'll go out the back way. I don't want to have to let Alpha loose tonight."

Page 9

Source Creation Date: August 15, 2025, 9:51 am

Craig reaches out his hand to me, and I go without hesitation or clothes. What is happening right now?

“I need something to wear. I can’t go trapesing around showing my everything to everybody.” I look around for my dress, but Craig wraps the sheet around me and picks me up.

“We don’t have time for that, darlin’. We gotta move!”

Craig moves through a back door that I hadn’t noticed before, and as soon as the door shuts behind us, I hear a loud crash like somebody just broke down a wall.

“Good Lord! What was that?!”

CHAPTER 8

MATED

CRAIG

Alora passes out before I can get her into my truck. The adrenalin of my mate marking has worn her little ass out. I must say my expectations for tonight were exceeded. I never thought a little human woman could take a bite from an Alpha, but Alora not only took my mark but also begged me for more. Just the thought is making me hard as a rock which isn’t really a great idea at the moment since I’m dick slinging naked and driving like a bat out of hell to get to my pack’s ranch.

I keep a change of clothes in my truck, but I didn't want to risk stopping outside of the KNK party with everything that was happening. If Alora went into heat as I suspect she did, then any single male wolf could challenge me for my mate. I have to be careful of those wolves not in my pack because I don't have control over them, and until Alora's first shift, technically she's up for grabs. I'm an Alpha, and I could've taken every shifter in the place, especially to keep my mate safe, but I'm not stupid. I don't fight armies by myself unless I have to.

It doesn't take long for me to pull up to the ranch, and although Alora is knocked out, she keeps moaning in her sleep. She is feverish, and I know exactly what's happening, but the need to protect her at all costs outweighed my need to mate until now. Now that she's safe, Alpha won't rest.

"Mate. Mate, now!" Alpha is insistent.

"Alpha, I have to get her inside. She's human and won't like me taking her on the front steps."

I grab Alora and rush inside. It's not as late as I thought it was, so when I barge in, the pack members are still in the common room.

"Craig, what..." Vance's eyes land on Alora, and I growl.

"Everybody out! Now!" Alpha's voice comes through, and all of my pack members rush to do my bidding. It's not like they can help but obey me. As pack members, they have to submit to their leader.

"Craig, honey, what's all the commotion?" My mother comes out of the kitchen, wiping her hands on a towel.

"Can't talk right now, Mama." I keep moving towards the stairs.

“Craig Dossett! You stop right there. Is that our... Luna?” Mama sniffs the air, and her hazel eyes, so much like my own, widen. “She’s human. And she’s in heat!”

“Mama, I can’t do this right now. I’m fighting for my life here.”

Alpha is roaring inside for me to mate with Alora, and her heat is getting stronger by the second. It is extremely rare for a female to go into heat in the first mating, but Alora is human, so I’m learning as I go. There’s also a chance she could send the she-wolves in the pack into heat.

“Go, go. I’ll get your Daddy and close the house for your mating.” Mama rushes back toward the kitchen.

I keep moving until I’m up the stairs and in my bedroom. The sheet is still wrapped around Alora’s body, and a thick sheen of sweat makes her skin glisten. I can’t wait to lick every inch of her body and taste the sweet saltiness of her on my tongue.

“Craig. Mate... please! I’m burning up. Help,” Alora helplessly whimpers.

Bless her heart, she’s completely out of it, but the only cure for a heated female is fucking. Alora didn’t know all of the ins and outs of our mating, and I didn’t want to take advantage of her. But it goes against my nature to leave my mate in a heated state and not help her.

“Forgive me, darlin’. But I promise I won’t hurt you,” I whisper as I take the sheet from Alora’s body and gently place her on the bed.

I slowly push into her plush body, and I moan. All the kinky filthy shit I wanted to do in my fantasies will wait until another day. Today is about protecting Alora and getting her through her first heat.

“Right there. I have never felt so fucking good! Harder! Harder!” Alora’s brown eyes are brighter than before. As a matter of fact, they’re glowing.

“Fuck, darlin’, your pussy is so tight!” I moan as our bodies slap violently against one another.

I’m naturally hot, it comes with being a shifter, but the heat of Alora’s body is engulfing me. It feels like we’re inside a blaze. But it doesn’t matter how hot we are, I can’t stop. My body is moving on its own accord, and finally, Alpha has settled down.

Page 10

Source Creation Date: August 15, 2025, 9:51 am

I feel myself building up to an orgasm, so I flip Alora over and pull her up on her knees. I push all the way in and hold myself completely still. However, my mate doesn't get the memo because she's throwing her ass back on me like she's in a contest.

"Fuck me,mate.Don't stop! I love your dick!" Alora's passionate pleas are driving me insane.

"I'll never stop,mate.Fucking never!" I roughly slam into Alora, but she smiles and keeps bouncing her ass.

I never thought a woman's words could turn me on as much as hers does. It's crazy to think that I just met her tonight. Our connection is so strong that I feel as if I've known her my entire life.She really is my true mate.

Alora's pussy starts to grip me tighter, and I rub her clit. She bucks back against me, and I rub faster and harder as I pound my hips. We're moaning and sweating, and it feels like we broke my California King, but who gives a fuck when sex is this good. I'll make another bed with my bare fucking hands if I have to. I'll do whatever it takes to make sure my darlin' is comfortable.

"I'm about to cum. Please, don't... oh Gawwwwwd!" Alora's moans turn into loud howls of pleasure.

I tug her head back and fuck her mouth with my tongue. She's so damned sexy that my cock grows harder with each sound she makes. When her body shakes with an orgasm, I follow her over the edge.

“Mate!” The voice in my head is sultry and raspy. It’s much deeper than Alora’s, and it definitely isn’t Alpha.

“Who the fuck are you!?”

CHAPTER 9

SHIFTER QUEEN

ALORA

“Who the fuck are you!?”

“Luna. Mate.”

I can hear the two voices in my head like I’m streaming one of my shows. It’s a weird sensation to be the third wheel inside your own mind. I know that I’m not crazy, or at least I hope this isn’t some weird dream that I’m having, but I know who Luna was as soon as Craig bit me.

It’s like a part of me that was asleep was finally awakened. I’m not sure if she’s always been there or if she was manifested through our mating, but I definitely have an inner wolf.

Instead of pulling out of me, Craig maneuvers us into a spooning position. He’s so tall that he can see my entire face from above me. His thick brows furrow, and his gorgeous eyes twinkle with bewilderment as he studies my face.

“Darlin’, I don’t know much about mating with humans, but one thing’s for sure, and two thing’s for certain, you ain’t supposed to have a wolf yet.”

It's my turn to furrow my brows. "Uh... that can't be right, cause I have one."

I try to sit up, but Craig is still inside me, making moving a little hard. "Sir, we need to have a conversation, and I can't do that with your dick inside my vaj-jay."

"Now, don't go using fancy names. You were just yelling pussy loud enough for the world to hear."

I flush from the sweated out roots of the hair on my head down to the pink polished nails on my toes. I can't believe he just said that out loud.

"That was Luna, not me." I don't know how true that is, but it was worth a shot.

Craig's deep chuckle vibrates his muscular chest, "If you say so, darlin'."

"Anyway, I still can't move," I huff, wiggling my ass on him.

Craig chuckles again, but he doesn't slide out of me. Instead, he shifts us so I'm more comfortable. I can't say that being connected intimately with this gorgeous beast is a hassle, but I can feel that Craig isn't telling me something. I'll let it go for now because there are more pressing matters at hand.

"Darlin', we share a connection now. Our bond will get stronger over time, but I can feel how anxious you are. Go ahead and ask me anything, and I'll do my best to answer your questions." Craig's soothing words help me relax, and I settle back against his chest.

"Okay, you said I shouldn't have a wolf yet. Why not?" I question, feeling my anxiety rise once more.

"Well, in the past, humans who have been bitten only turn after the first full moon

after their bite. They don't hear their wolves until after their first shift. Both of us hearing Luna already is unprecedented."

"Should I be worried? Is there something wrong with me?" I bite my bottom lip and squirm at the idea that I could somehow mess up meeting my perfect match.

Page 11

Source Creation Date: August 15, 2025, 9:51 am

“Darlin’, I’ve never seen anybody worry about something being wrong after being told their Werewolf showed up sooner than expected. Especially since a few hours ago, you didn’t know we existed.” I can hear the smile in Craig’s voice, and I appreciate his light-heartedness in this situation.

“Sorry, I don’t know what to expect,” I say, a little embarrassed.

“No need for apologies, sweetie. There’s a lot to learn, and I’m here to teach you.”

I relax again and start my round of questions, “I should feel freaked out, right? I don’t though. Is that because you bit me?”

“Yes, your acceptance of everything comes easy after the mating. Nature’s way of balance, I guess.”

“Hmmm. Okay, so I’m not well-versed when it comes to full moons, so when is the next one? And will it hurt when I... shift?”

“It’s in a few months. The first time will be uncomfortable, but it will get easier with time.”

“Last question,” I say, yawning and snuggling into the warmth of Craig’s body. “Why was I so horny? I’ve never felt like that before. My body was on fire, and it felt like you were the only thing that could cool me down. It was a blinding sort of lust that made my whole body ache.”

I will never forget that feeling as long as I live. It was all-consuming, and it felt

dangerous for some reason.

“You are in heat, darlin’. That means you...”

“I know what being in heat means, Craig.” I cut him off because I’m not a complete idiot. I’ve had pets before. “What I mean is, how was I in heat already? We were mated when the feeling came over me. And why did everyone lose their shit back at the party?”

“Long answer short, you’re a Luna or Queen. Which means you’re the true mate of the most powerful Alpha in Texas. When we mated, it changed your body chemistry. Going into heat will make every shifter female within child bearing years in your radius go into heat. You started a frenzy that only a true Alpha mate could start.”

At Craig’s explanation, I lay here dumbfounded. That’s a lot of power for someone like me. I can literally send shifters into a flaming lust? Well, I’ll be damned!

“You have no idea the power you and Luna hold, darlin’. And from the looks of it, you will be the most powerful Luna this pack has ever seen.”

I don’t know what to say to that. I’m an introvert who hardly ever leaves her house. Now I’m some sort of shifter queen. Even though it seems completely asinine, the words sink into acceptance with very little pushback. It seems almost familiar.

“If you’re an Alpha, then so was your dad. And your mom was the pack’s Luna. Could she make others go into lust? And is her wolf called Luna too?”

“Yes, when she went into heat, so did others in our pack. And her wolf is Celeste; my father’s wolf is Chief.”

“I wonder what my mom will think about all of this.”

Those are the last words I manage before I slip into the deepest sleep that I have ever had.

CHAPTER 10

MATE PROTECTION

CRAIG

“So, taking a break already, huh? Your Mama didn’t let me out of her sight for even a second on our first mating,” my Dad says with pride in his voice, and his chest poked out.

“Yeah, well, mating with Alora hasn’t exactly been normal.” I run my fingers through my short hair and take a deep breath.

“Well, your mate is human, son. I don’t think you should count on anything being normal,” Dad explains with a shrug of his burly shoulders.

“Yeah, I thought that too. But...” I nervously scratch the back of my neck.

“But what?”

“She has a wolf already,” I say with my brow raised.

“There’s no fucking way! Her wolf won’t be here until the first full moon. How the hell could that happen?” My Dad’s eyes are wide as he stares at me in disbelief.

“I don’t have any idea. But her name is Luna, and she talked to me directly. And there’s the fact that she went into heat after our first mating. Do humans usually do that?”

Page 12

Source Creation Date: August 15, 2025, 9:51 am

Out of all the human matings we've had in our pack, I've never heard of any going into heat until after their first shift. I knew Alora was special, but our mating is defying all of the norms. Not that turning into a supernatural being is normal, but...

"Alora is your true mate indeed. Well, son, maybe it's different when a human mates with an Alpha. As far back as I can remember, it's never happened in our bloodline. But what I suspect is..." My Dad stops talking and ticks his head to the side.

I know that he's talking to my Mama through their mind link. I really used to hate that about them. Our conversations were never just one on one. It was always the three of us, no matter which parent I was alone with. Now, being mated myself, no matter how new the situation is, I can appreciate the bond my parents share.

"Why doesn't Mama just come in here? I don't know why y'all even try to pretend anymore," I say, shaking my head.

"Your Mama is busy tending to something. But she still wants to support you. Stop being so short before I whoop your ass."

I'm the Alpha and leader of the largest pack in Texas, and my strength is unmatched. However, my daddy is a crazy son-of-a-bitch that I wouldn't dare cross.

"Anyway, what were you saying about Alora? Why do you think she has a wolf already?" I question changing the subject. I'm a leader, and I know when to pick my battles, and fighting my cuckoo ass daddy is not high on my priority list right now.

"I think she may have had a shifter in her bloodline somewhere. That's the only

explanation for why she smells like a human but has a wolf so early. If you think we're in the shadows nowadays, just imagine what it was like for our ancestors. There's a reason we live the way we do, son."

My Dad is right. Alora's family probably doesn't even realize they have a shifter in their bloodline. It was probably the family secret until, eventually, nobody alive knew anything at all.

"Well, I guess that can explain why Luna popped up out of nowhere and why Alora went into heat."

"It also explains why your true mate is a human. She's giving you trouble already. Only my son..." Dad shrugs his massive shoulders again and chuckles.

He has always said that one day I would meet my match. However, I'm pretty sure he meant it as a negative but whatever. I can admit that I was hardheaded and a troublemaker as a teen. Hell, my nickname was bad boy.

"Whatever, Dad. Besides, Alora isn't any trouble at all. I'd die for her." My conviction is clear.

My mate will never cause me any trouble. The fact that our mating is different than any other should've been expected. I'm the Alpha of all Alphas, and she is my Luna. I'll give her the world on a silver platter. Well, not actually silver because... Werewolf, but the meaning is the same.

"I know, son. And if I didn't say it before, I'm proud of you. You lead this pack better than I ever did, and I'm glad you found your mate." Dad pulls me into one of his infamous hugs and slaps me on the back.

I have only ever aspired to be like my Dad. As far as I'm concerned, he is the greatest

Alpha this pack has ever seen, and he ruled with compassion and fairness. When I finally became of age, he wasn't hesitant to hand over the reins. He has always been in my corner, but it hits me right in the feels to hear him say he's proud.

"Thanks, Dad. I..." I cut my sentence short when Alpha growls, and my hair stands on end.

"There's somebody in the woods!" A pack member yells through our pack link.

I go on high alert. Someone who shouldn't be on pack land is here. And with my mate not being able to shift and non-pack males being able to challenge me for her has my overprotectiveness turned up to a million.

"Who the fuck would dare come on our land?" Chief questions through the same link.

My Dad and his wolf would be considered ancestors in human years, so Chief is much more of a talker than Alpha. My wolf has a one-track mind which was always on debauchery and pussy before we found Alora, so his speech is much more primitive.

"Protect, mate!" Alpha is close to the surface, and I don't stop my fingers from elongating or retracting the sharpened claws from coming out.

Alpha isn't in complete control, but he and I are on one accord. I am much stronger when I shift, and although I know it's a threat, I don't know who or what it is just yet. If I have to fully shift, then it will be a massacre.

Before my brain even has time to register, my feet are on the move to get to my mate. Protecting my mate is the only thing on my mind.

CHAPTER 11

FEAR

ALORA

Logically, I know this is a dream, but it feels more like a memory. The purple and orange lit sky and the green grass are brightly colored. I've never been in this field before, or at least I don't think I have. I hear rustling behind me and see the largest wolf I've ever seen. I'm talking bigger than Jacob in Twilight. The fluffy midnight fur sways in the cool breeze as it prowls in my direction. I'm mesmerized by the poise and grace of this magnificent creature.

"I've finally found a suitable host. It only took four hundred years, but who's counting?" The voice is raspy with a hint of danger.

"Luna," I breathe out.

Page 13

Source Creation Date: August 15, 2025, 9:51 am

I instantly know that this isn't just my wolf but an ancestor. She chose me. But why?

"Of course, I chose you, Alora. You are powerful. You just hadn't realized just how powerful you can be. But don't worry, I'm here now to guide you every step of the way."

I feel comfort in her words, and I know without a doubt they're true. Luna is the part of me that I always felt was missing, but she's here now.

"Does my mama know?"

It would hurt me tremendously if my mama kept something like this a secret. Not only do Werewolves exist, but we have them in our family. How could she not tell me?

"Your mother doesn't know. I was a secret that was kept."

I am relieved by the answer. But there is another question that causes my heart rate to speed up and panic start to rise.

"Luna, why are you here before my first full moon?"

"Like I said, you are a powerful being. Our Alpha found you, and he called to me. All I needed was the mate bite to awaken."

"I went into heat. Am I pregnant?" I question, feeling the quivers of nerves rise up in my belly.

I know we are connected for life, but I don't know if I'm ready to be a mom. It wasn't something that was even on my radar. What if I suck at it? What if my introverted ways are stifling to my new mate? What if we're only compatible sexually and nowhere else? What if...

"Calm down. You worry for nothing, and no, you are not pregnant yet. My awakening caused your heat. You will return to normal until it is time for your actual heat. I will be your guide through all things to come, and there will be a lot."

Before I can ask what she means by that, I hear someone calling my name. It sounds like it's coming from inside a tunnel, yet I instantly know it's a worried Craig.

My eyes slowly open, but I instantly know something is wrong. I sit up, disoriented. My entire body is sore, and my throat is raw from yelling and other vigorous activities with my mate.

"What's wrong?"

"There's a threat on our land. I don't know who it is, but nobody comes on our land without permission. It's against our laws," Craig gruffly replies.

When I look down, I notice his hands are huge ass claws and they are scary as fuck. I go to hop out of bed, but my knees give out, and I stumble. Well, that was embarrassing.

"No embarrassed. Protect mate," Alpha's voice pops into my head, and I smile, my fear subsiding.

Craig visibly takes a deep breath, and his hands are back to normal, but his eyes glow an eerie yellow. Whatever is happening, Alpha is on high alert.

“Come with me. I need to get you to the safe room.” Craig gathers me up in his arm like I’m a helpless maiden. I almost start to swoon, but then I remember that once again, he is whisking me out of the room, butt ass naked.

“Hold on, I need clothes!” I yell, squirming to get out of his stronghold.

“No, we don’t have time for that. We live differently from humans, darlin’. Nobody will bat a lash at you being naked. Even with such a great ass,” Craig says, striding toward the door.

“Please. I-I’m uncomfortable.” I know it’s urgent to get me to safety, but there’s no way I can leave this room in all of my naked glory. Absolutely not!

“Fine, take my shirt.” Craig stops, puts me down, and rips his shirt over his head and onto my body in one smooth motion. Before I can even blink, I’m back in his arms and wrapped in his shirt as he hustles down the stairs.

When we get to the main room, there are about twenty men pacing around. I can smell the testosterone in the air. It’s like I just walked into a locker room after a championship game. Emotions are high, and it feels like electricity is flowing through my body. My senses are overwhelmed, and I have to squeeze my eyes shut to turn off the chaos inside of my head.

“There’s someone on the perimeter of the land. We don’t have a count on how many,” a man with long reddish brown hair says.

“Luna.” The man bows at me, and I blush with a nod.

I don’t know why I’m blushing. It’s an automatic response to all the fine-ass men in the room. They are all in various stages of undress, and every single one of them looks like they could model for the country boy edition of GQ.

“Gotdamn!”

“Easy mate, don’t get anybody killed tonight.” Craig looks at me with a raised brow, and I grimace and duck my head.

Page 14

Source Creation Date: August 15, 2025, 9:51 am

“Sorry, baby. This is all new to me.” I shrug my shoulders and give Craig the most innocent look I can muster.

He buys it because he just chuckles and kisses the top of my head.

“Oh my goodness! Isn’t she a beauty! Craig, I knew you would have a beautiful mate.” An older woman comes out of nowhere and grabs me by the hand.

She’s beautiful with tanned skin and long dark hair with streaks of silver throughout. Her eyes are the same hazel color as Craig’s, and I can tell she’s his mother by her smell. Wait, do I have super smell now? I guess the movies were right.

“Alora, this is my mama, Martha. She’ll take you into the safe room and stay with you. I don’t know what’s happening, and I want to know you’re safe so I can concentrate on eliminating the threat.”

I don’t argue. Craig gives me a chaste kiss on the lips, and I feel a zap of love coming through our link. I follow Martha out of the room, but love wasn’t the only emotion I felt coming through. I also felt fear.

CHAPTER 12

CONFESSIONS

CRAIG

I’ve never really been one to fear much in my life, but an unknown enemy when I just

got my new mate gives me pause. The fear of losing Alora before we can really start our life together is a new unlocked fear.

I pace back and forth, trying not to shift before I give out directions on what I want my pack to do. I open my pack link and give instructions, “Alright, everyone, we have an unknown threat on pack lands. Stay alert and cautious. We won’t lose a member of this pack being stupid. Kill anything that makes a threat!”

I direct Vance, Dutton, and Silas to lead their teams. Vance is my only Beta, but Dutton and Silas are like my brothers. We grew up together, and without them, I wouldn’t be the leader that I am.

We head out in the early morning light. The sun hasn’t even kissed the horizon, and we are about to go to war. I let Alpha take over as my bones contort and I shift into my eight-foot wolf. My senses are heightened and as soon as I hit the front porch of the ranch house, I smell something familiar. The scent is close to Alora’s, but not quite hers.

I proceed cautiously as my nose leads me to the dense forest surrounding our land. We keep the trees thick and lush for our privacy, but I realized that our enemies could try to use them as a cover to invade our land. Our pack doesn’t need high-tech security systems because as shifters our abilities far surpass any cameras that could be invented. However, we make sure the forest is guarded at all times. That’s why the pack member was able to alert me as soon as someone was on our land.

My pack is spread out as we creep up on the invaders. When I get closer to where I know someone is hiding, I stop.

Alpha and I growl loudly in warning. The familiar scent of Alora lingers in the air. Smelling someone that’s related to my mate in my woods is shocking. Especially because, unlike my mate, they are not human. No, I’m definitely dealing with a

Werewolf.

I shift back into my human form to confront the intruders. “Come out and show yourself, or I will kill you. This is your only chance to explain,” I call out.

My pack members have closed in, and I can tell that we are dealing with a small group of individuals. They have to be insane to come to our land uninvited with such a small number.

“I’m here for Alora Johns. I know she’s here,” a woman with dark brown skin and long jet-black hair walks forward.

If I wasn’t sure before that she was a shifter, I am now as I watch her unabashedly walk forward in all of her naked glory. She’s absolutely gorgeous, but she’s not my mate. And although I can smell the similarities, physically, the woman only mildly resembles Alora.

The woman and Alora are probably the same height and build, and they have the same color complexion, but where Alora’s eyes are wide and deep brown, this woman has almond-shaped light color eyes that stand out from her melanated skin.

“Who are you?” I ask without confirming Alora’s whereabouts.

It doesn’t matter if she’s related to my mate. She could still be a threat. I will kill her before she even thinks about shifting if she means Alora any harm.

“I’m Bianca, Alora’s cousin and best friend. I was with her at the party last night. But I saw you leave with her screaming,” she challenges with a tick of her head.

Three other large she-wolves come out and stand protectively at each of Bianca’s sides as if they are ready to take on the entire pack to make sure Alora is safe. I

respect the hell outta them for that.

“First of all, she wasn’t screaming. I hauled her little ass outta there cause she went into heat, and everybody lost their fucking minds. I’m assuming you know what can happen when a Luna goes into heat...”

Bianca’s eyes go wide, and she inhales deeply. “Alora’s a Luna! You’re an Alpha... Oh my God!”

“I would love to stand here all day and discuss my mate with you, but I need to get back. Y’all took a chance comin’ up on our land like this. It was brave... stupid, but brave.”

“Right. Sorry about that. It’s only us four because shifters run in our line, but not everyone has the gift. I knew Alora had it, but she needed a little push.”

“It was you. You brought her to KNK. Well, I guess I should say thank you for that. Alora is my true mate,” I respond proudly, puffing my chest out.

Page 15

Source Creation Date: August 15, 2025, 9:51 am

“True mate. Wow. Some girls get all the luck.”

“If y’all could shift into your human form, I’ll show you to the main house, and you can talk to Alora.”

Bianca nods at the other three wolves, and they all shift. They are all various shades of brown, and they all have similar curvy body types. I have a feeling that if they aren’t mated already, a few members of my pack will be very excited to make their acquaintances.

“This is Mary, Renee, and Elaina,” Bianca introduces, and I nod.

I send an all-clear message to my Dad and the pack through my Alpha link and lead the way back to the main house.

I hope my mate accepts her cousin’s confession as easily as she accepted me being a Werewolf. But we shall see.

CHAPTER 13

FAMILY

ALORA

“So why do y’all have a safe room if you have super strength? Can’t you just, I don’t know, kill any threat?” I question Martha, who doesn’t seem to mind all my mindless nervous babble.

“We have pack members that are too young to change, and although we’ve never had a human Luna, we have other pack mates who were human. We like to keep them in the safe room if anything happens before they can shift,” Martha answers calmly.

She’s been patient with me, answering all of my unorthodox questions. But when I’m this nervous, I tend to talk a lot. Honestly, I contain myself pretty well, considering all I do is read books and watch movies in the paranormal genre. I have a million questions I want to ask about what’s real and what’s Hollywood contrived.

“That makes sense. How long do you think it will be? Do people often come on your land like this?”

“No. But sweetheart, you don’t have to worry. Craig ain’t gone let nothin’ happen to his mate.” Martha’s sweet voice is calming, but I continue to pace.

“I’m not worried about me. He’s out there fighting something unknown. I mean, it could be anything. I just found out that Vampires and Werewolves exist. What else is out there? Lord have mercy.” I sit down and place my head in my hands.

All of this supernatural shit is stressing me out. I don’t know the rules on how all of this works. Hell, I don’t even know how I’m going to tell my mama about this. And what about Bianca? Did she know about the supernatural world? After all, she signed me up for KNK.

The thought of my best cousin makes me frown. Although we didn’t plan to leave together, we were still supposed to check in with one another. And here it is the next day, and I have no idea where my cell even is.

“Martha, is there a phone in here? I need to make a few calls. Especially with everything going on, I want my mama to know that I love her.” A little of my bravado leaves me for a second, and my voice wavers.

I have all the faith in the world in my mate, but what if he doesn't make it back. What if he is blindsided by some unknown...

"Mate, please stop worrying. I'm fine. Come out of the room." Craig's voice breaks into my spiraling thoughts, and I almost cry in relief when I hear him.

That deep growly country accent is my new favorite sound that I didn't realize I needed to hear. I run to the safe room door with Martha on my heels. She reaches around me and types in a code, and the door slides open.

I rush out, and the moment I see Craig, I run into his open arms and wrap myself around him like we've been separated for months instead of a few hours. So much has happened in so little time, but the feeling I have for this man is like no other I have ever felt before.

"Are you alright? I was so worried." I snuggle into his neck, inhaling his woodsy scent.

"I'm fine, darlin'. There's people here to see you." Craig rocks me side to side and rubs my back soothingly.

I welcome his comfort so much I almost miss what he said. "Wait. People are here? To see me?"

I lift my head up to look around, and my eyes connect with Bianca's. I jump down and race to my best cousin, happy as hell to see her. I grab and hug her tightly, but when I step back, I notice she's wearing a large t-shirt like me.

I frown as I look her over, and then I notice our other cousins. They're older than me and Bianca, and we don't really hang out much, but I'm happy to see them. I greet them and give them hugs before I notice that they are wearing only large t-shirts as

well.

“Okay, what the hell is going on?”

“We might need a drink for this conversation,” Bianca replies with a grimace.

“Ladies, why don’t you follow me to the study. Mama, can you start breakfast for everybody.” Craig takes charge, and I’m happy he’s here to keep me from freaking the hell out.

Page 16

Source Creation Date: August 15, 2025, 9:51 am

Everybody moves around to do his bidding as he takes my hand and leads me and my cousins to the study. The guy with the reddish-brown hair also follows us. Martha said his name is Vance, and he's the pack's Beta.

Once everyone is in the study, I feel a sense of anxiousness take over. At first, it feels weird, but then I realize it's not me that feels nervous; it's Bianca.

"I can feel other people's emotions? Not just yours?" I ask Craig, baffled by this new discovery.

"You're a Luna, darlin'. There's no limit to what you can do." Craig kisses the top of my head, and I nod.

I mentally put that on the list of things to ask Martha about, but for the time being, I just accept his words at face value.

"Why are you nervous, Bianca?" I question, taking her hand in mine.

"I'm a Werewolf. So are they," Bianca rushes out.

I sit in stunned silence at the revelation. What in the fuck!

"Girl! You've been a wolf this whole time? Since we were kids? You just left me out like that? Damn, sis, that's foul..." I shake my head in disbelief.

"Were those rhetorical oorr..." Bianca's arched brows are high on her forehead as she blinks in confusion.

“I mean mostly, but... how did you hide this from me all this time?” I’m more than a little hurt, but I can understand keeping this huge secret.

“It wasn’t easy to hide, especially because I wasn’t sure if your gift would stay dormant. My wolf sensed something in you, so I took a chance by going to KNK.”

“That’s a lot to process,” I say, rubbing my temples. “I’m sure you guys are hungry and tired. So let’s get something to eat and get some rest. We can leave all these revelations for another day.”

I feel the relief of everyone in the room, and I begin to relax. There’s no sense in getting worked up about things that happened in the past. Bianca had her reasons for not telling me, and I can understand them. Dwelling on what could have been is a waste of everyone’s time.

Now is the time that I enjoy my new mate and the new aspects of my family. I can say that I’m glad that I have some guidance and that I don’t have to go through all of this alone.

CHAPTER 14

INSTA-LOVE

ALORA

“You have managed a lot in the past few weeks, Alora. You make me very proud,” Luna says in that stoic way that shows she is a queen.

Every time we talk like this, it’s in dream form. I don’t know why, but I’ve learned a lot from Luna. She also revealed to me that Bianca is here to help and guide me. And Luna was right; Bianca has been with me every step of the way. It’s been hard

keeping this secret from my Mama, but the supernatural world has rules. Rules that I'm still learning.

"Thank you, Luna. I'm nervous about the upcoming full moon." I haven't had my first shift yet, and although I'm getting acclimated to pack life, I'm nervous as hell about my first change.

"It will be fine. You know in your heart of hearts that all of this was meant to be. You will be prepared; make no mistake." Luna bows her large head, and I mirror her.

My dream always ends the same way, a royal bow when it is completed. And like clockwork...

"Darlin', you need to wake up now. It's been too long since I've seen your pretty brown eyes. Wake up and tell me what you need," Craig's soothing deep voice leads me out of my slumber.

I slowly open my eyes, and his fiery hazel gaze greets me. I will never get tired of looking into his loving gaze. Just the look alone that he's giving me will have me pregnant in no time. As a matter of fact, I know exactly what I need...

"I need you," I moan, pulling Craig down on top of me.

"You just woke up, darlin'. I'm sure you need something to eat." Craig's words and his actions don't match.

He's saying no, but his arms are pulling me towards him. We've only been together for a short time, but his lust is more than evident in his eyes. I've prayed many nights to have a man like this come into my life and sweep me off my feet, and now I have just that.

“The only thing I want in my mouth right now is that big juicy dick of yours. So, why don’t you stop being so bossy and give me what I want,” I challenge.

The voice that comes from me is closer to Luna’s than mine, but we agree. I need him. It feels like my body is once again on fire, and the necessity for Craig to take me hard, fast, and recklessly like the bad boy he is makes my pussy purr.

Page 17

Source Creation Date: August 15, 2025, 9:51 am

“I will give you the world,mate,” Craig growls.

He strips out of his cowboy boots, boot-cut jeans, and t-shirt without taking his eyes off mine. The heated glare turns my nipples into little rocks on my chest. I begin to pinch and roll them around. I need a release in the worst way, and touching my sensitive nipples is a sure-fire way to get me there. I bite my lip to keep from screaming out my pleasure. And it feels so good that I have to stop touching them.

“You look so sexy touching yourself like that, darlin’. Don’t stop,” Craig pants.

I have never in my thirty years made a man pant. It’s like he sees me naked for the first time every time.

“You still haven’t given me what I want,mate.I said I wanted to taste your beautiful cock. Sogive me what I want,” I growl.

This time I know for sure that it’s Luna’s voice that comes out of my mouth. There is nothing but desire that will have me begging for cock. I don’t even think I’ve ever used cock in a sentence, at least without referring to farm animals. I blush at the thought.

“Why are you blushing, darlin’?”It’s Craig’s voice that pops into my head, and when I smile, he gives me a wicked smirk in return.

“Don’t worry about all that. Give me what I want. You’re stalling,”I push my voice into Craig’s mind, and his smirk turns into a glorious smile that lights up his entire face.

Craig growls, but he pulls me into a sitting position and rubs his hardened dick in my face.

“If you want me, come and get me.”

It’s my turn to wickedly smile. I lean forward and engulf his dick with my hot mouth. Craig moans and slowly pushes forward until he reaches the back of my throat.

“Mmmm,” I moan, victoriously.

This man gave me exactly what I needed. Insta-love is definitely part of my vocabulary now.

CHAPTER 15

SWEET THING

CRAIG

My dick reaches the back of Alora’s throat, and my knees almost give out. Her warm mouth swallows me whole, and I can’t stop my hips when they begin to wildly thrust. Alora’s slurping and gagging with tears clinging to her long eyelashes are the sexiest, most pornographic thing I have ever seen.

I’ve taken it easy on my mate up until now, but my bad boy tendencies are creeping out. If I’m being honest, finding my true mate wasn’t the only reason I went to KNK. I went to find someone who could match my nasty.

I grab hold of the sides of Alora’s face and slow down my pumps. Alora sticks out her tongue as I slide my dick in and out of her sweet mouth.

“Shit, darlin’. You look so fucking beautiful.”

I lean down to play with her pussy without pulling from her glorious mouth. It’s an awkward position, but my arms are long enough to reach heaven. My movements falter as soon as my fingertips touch her soft wet center, and I pull completely out.

I push Alora back on the bed and dive face first to taste the sweet nectar between her legs. We moan in unison when my tongue connects with her sweet little bundle of nerves. I lap at her pussy, starving for more with each stroke of my tongue.

“You’re the sweetest thing I’ve ever had in my mouth, darlin’,” I push the words into her head because I don’t want to take my mouth from her sweetness.

“Please, Craig. I can’t—” Alora’s words are cut off when I slide two fingers inside her.

She screams out her pleasure as her legs begin to shake. I hoist her up, pulling her legs over my head, so I can taste her tight bud. I lick her from ass to clit and back again. Alora is soaking wet and moaning when I crawl up her body.

“You begged for this, darlin’! Now take this dick!” I push myself all the way in and without pausing. I pound into my mate like the beast I am, and Alora loves every minute of it.

“Oh, my God! Oh, shiiiiiiiit!” Alora screams.

“Take it! Yes, darlin’, you take this cock so good. You’re such a good girl,” I groan, slowing my strokes.

When I look into Alora’s eyes, they are glowing. I know mine are also because our beasts are close to the surface. We’re connected in every way, so much so that our

wolves are in sync.

I pull Alora's legs over my shoulders, making a wide V shape, then I slap her pussy with my hand. Alora yells out and thrusts her hips up for more. Being the southern bad boy that I am, I oblige.

Page 18

Source Creation Date: August 15, 2025, 9:51 am

I slap and thrusts in a rhythm that has Alora's glowing eyes rolling to the back of her head. I growl at the erotic sight, and before I know it, I'm unleashing an ungodly amount of sperm.

"Fuuuuck!" I cry out, exhausted.

We lay panting and clinging to each other. Before Alora begged me for cock, I had an agenda. We needed to talk about a multitude of things, and I needed to feed my mate. We've been held up in the main ranch house for over forty-eight hours without a real meal. My need to take care of Alora is overwhelming my senses.

"You need to eat something, darlin'. We have a long day ahead of us," I say, finally catching my breath.

We still need to prepare for our official ceremony for Alora's first shift. The full moon is only a few weeks away, and she's been nervous about shifting, but I have all the confidence in the world that she will be just fine.

After all, she's the true mate of a bad boy.

THE END.