



Saved By the Moonlight (Spicy Teatime Shorts)

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Category: Fantasy

Description: Jackson's pack mates are finding their fated mates, but there's an order. He was skipped. This means his mate could be dead or have mated with someone else. He feels lonely and like he will never find her. At one point, he accepts that he's going to be alone for the rest of his life.

Jackson is hunting in the woods one day and smells blood. He finds a woman near death on the side of the road covered in blood. The smell hits him out of nowhere and he realizes that not only was the woman attacked and left for dead, but she's his mate. There's an intense magnetic pull that is pushing the two together, but there is also someone trying to pull them apart.

He's willing to do anything to save his mate, and those things might have long-term consequences. Read for an over-the-top hero who is willing to cross any boundary to get and keep his mate safe. This book is PNR, wolf shifters. It contains magic and fantasy elements as well as dark elements. Please check your triggers.

Total Pages (Source): 13

Page 1

Source Creation Date: August 6, 2025, 3:12 am

Chapter 1

Lily

It's late, and I'm tired. I worked a double shift at the hospital, and now my muscles ache with exhaustion. Working as an emergency room nurse is fulfilling, but after twelve-hour shifts, I'm always ready to rest. I can't wait to get home, take a nice hot shower, and go to bed.

As I round the curve, rain comes down in droves, and a thick fog blankets the landscape. These dark mountain roads are treacherous in bad weather. Taking extra care, I come around the bend and see a car on the side of the road. They have their blinkers on and the hood open.

Standing beside the car is a mysterious figure wearing a raincoat with a hood, making it hard to determine their gender. Although I hate the idea of leaving someone stranded in this weather, I'm cautious about stopping.

A split-second decision has me bringing my car to a stop. Exiting my car, I hurry towards them. The person, hidden under the hood, seems too focused on repairing their vehicle to notice me.

"Hello. I just saw you here and wanted to stop and see if I could help. Do you need a lift? I can drive you wherever you need to go."

As the person turns their face, I realize it's a man. With the hood covering his head, it's difficult to get a clear view of his face.

Walking closer to the front of his car where he's standing, I ask him again if he needs help.

"Do you need to use a phone to call someone?"

"Thank you for stopping," he murmurs in a hushed, velvety tone, his words barely audible over the sound of pouring rain, almost as if they are muffled by the pitch-black darkness that envelops us.

The strange allure of his voice has me stepping closer, too late to react when he suddenly raises his hand and propels forward. Briefly, I see the glint of a knife in his hand right before I feel the searing pain. The smell of iron fills the air, mixed with the acrid scent of fear.

Every time he raises and lowers his hand, it sends a fresh wave of agonizing pain through me. The edges of my consciousness begin to blur, and my grip on reality weakens with each passing moment, as my senses retreat into a hazy void. The smell of blood hangs heavy in the air; its suffocating presence enveloping me.

With my last fleeting moment of awareness, I hear the distinct snap of a car door opening and shutting, followed by the chugging start of an engine and the squeal of tires on tarmac.

Page 2

Source Creation Date: August 6, 2025, 3:12 am

Chapter 2

Jackson

There's nothing quite like the feeling of running through the woods, the wind rustling through my fur as I go. It's almost as if the mountains, majestic and immense, have embraced me in their splendor. As I run, the crisp morning air, carrying the scent of pine and earth, fills my senses.

With everyone paired off, I've chosen to separate myself from my pack, their chatter now a distant echo. The quiet solitude of the woods is my refuge; the rustling of leaves and chirping of birds provide a calming melody as I continue to forge a path through the dense undergrowth. I feel like a third wheel, the only unmated shifter my age, surrounded by couples. When they go out, I stay inside, alone. I know my behavior is not in line with what is expected from the Alpha of a large pack. It risks increased tension and conflict, weakening the connection within the pack, but I can't bring myself to care.

Despite the supposed order of these things, I remain unmated. The possibility that my mate is no longer alive weighs heavily on me, and the thought of them forming a bond with someone else brings a sharp and persistent pang of sorrow. It's been agonizing to watch the other shifters in my pack find their perfect mate, while I'm left with a painful emptiness, knowing I may never experience that soul-deep connection with a female. Every shared laugh, every tender touch, every stolen kiss is a painful reminder of what I can never have.

As I race up the hill, I glimpse a rabbit darting through the underbrush. Dinner.

Channeling my inner predator, my senses heighten, every muscle coiled and ready to strike as I pursue him with focused determination. The woods are my domain, especially when I'm in my wolf form. It's where I stalk my prey and curl up under the stars to sleep. The timid rabbit makes a valiant effort to escape but is no match for my agile form as I snatch him up in my jaws, snapping his neck with a single bite.

My stomach full, I opt to head into town for the night, avoiding the thought of returning to pack lands. That means I'll need to shift back into my human form, shedding the fur and claws of my animalistic state. The longer I stay out here as a wolf, the more I risk turning feral, losing my grip on humanity and succumbing to the savagery of my beast. Once a wolf goes feral, they become unpredictable and dangerous, often leaving no choice but to be put down. The lack of a mate makes it much more probable for a wolf to turn feral, especially if we lose a mate we were already bound to.

I've heard the lore; I know the moment I find my mate, I will feel an instant connection. Every day, when I'm alone, my mind drifts, haunted by the question of her whereabouts. Is she alive? Did she find someone else and want to sever the mate connection so that I would never find her? It's rare but not impossible. Some shifters find love and happiness before finding their fated mates. Others choose to create a bond with someone who won't break their heart as deeply as a fated mate could one day.

As the Alpha of the Chimney Rock Pack, my mate will have a special position. She will be the Luna. Our Queen. She will have more power over the pack than anyone aside from me. It's a position of privilege. Her position will even outweigh that of my Beta, who is my second-in-command. A Luna usually follows their Alpha's lead and deals with the females in the pack.

As I run out along the main road, I catch the scent of something metallic and tangy in the air. The scent intensifies as I approach a small lump lying by the roadside. I feel a

cool breeze brush against my fur, carrying a faint smell of peaches. There's an energy pulsing around the lump that tells me it's human. As I get closer, the peach scent intensifies, but so does the scent of blood.

Shifting to my human form, I approach the body and gently flip the person over. One glance at the pale face with petite features and I'm hit by an electrical charge.

MATE.

She's my fucking mate, and she has lost so much blood she's close to death. In a panic, I lift the small woman into my arms and run to the edge of the woods where my naked body is hidden from anyone driving down the road.

Unable to shift back into my wolf form, I race through the woods as fast as I can, until I reach pack grounds. The second I hit the boundary line, I fall to my knees, still cradling my mate in my arms, and start shouting, "Help. My mate, she's hurt. Help her. Please save her."

Quickly, my fellow shifters gather around us, only parting when the pack witch approaches. The witch is our healer. When Ester gets closer and examines my mate, I swallow the warning growl bubbling in my throat. The reasoned part of me knows she's only trying to help.

"Hurry, bring her to my cottage." She turns on her heel, her cloak flapping in the breeze as she rushes back to her property on the edge of the pack lands. I follow, holding my pale mate close to my bare chest.

Once inside the cottage, Ester instructs me to lay my mate down on a table she has set up for emergencies. The walls are covered in shelves with small bottles of potions and medications. She pulls out several bottles and sets about inserting an IV into my mate.

“Jackson, she’s in terrible shape.”

“Please, do whatever it takes to save her.”

Looking at me and holding my gaze, she asks, “Anything?”

“Anything. I can’t lose her. I’ve only just found her.”

With that, Ester gives me a sharp nod and starts working frantically on my mate. I step away from the table to give her space to work, my body immediately mourning the lack of closeness to my mate.

“She’ll need blood. We will hook you up and do a body-to-body transfusion, since we don’t have time for anything else.” She glances over her shoulder and pins me with a stare. “Are you sure, Jackson? Anything?”

“Just do it,” I scream.

Pressing a palm to my chest, I try to calm my racing heart. I can’t lose her.

Ester ushers me to the nearby bed, and as I lay down, she hooks up tubing for the blood transfusion. My stomach is in knots, and my skin is covered in sweat. Ester brings a sheet over and covers my naked body. Witches don’t walk around nude like we do. It’s natural for me, and I don’t even notice I have no clothes on.

“Ester, move her bed closer to me. I want to hold her hand. If my mate dies, she’s not dying alone.”

“Jackson, her body seems to be rejecting your blood. We’re fast running out of options.” She pauses and seems to consider her next words carefully. “I only know one thing that might save her now. However, I need you to understand that if I use

dark magic, then there might be consequences.”

“I don’t give a fuck. Do whatever you need to do to save her. NOW!”

Page 3

Source Creation Date: August 6, 2025, 3:12 am

Chapter 3

Lily

My sense of awareness returns, along with pain. An intense throbbing agony that pulsates through my body, causing every nerve to scream in protest. My limbs feel like lead, and every breath I take is labored and sharp, as if I'm inhaling shards of glass.

The world around me seems distant and hazy; it feels like I'm trapped in a suffocating nightmare. Every attempt to open my eyes or speak is met with resistance.

As I lay there, immobilized, I try to remember where I am. The smell of antiseptic and blood is strong, but the scent of cinnamon lingers around me as well. Oddly enough, it soothes me. The smell of cinnamon becomes stronger, then a second later, I feel a warm hand engulf my own.

Who is that?

A voice speaks to me, and it's low, rumbling, but just as soothing as the scent. "Please wake up. Come back to me. I promise to give you everything you've ever wanted in life. There's no way I can survive if I lose you so soon after finding you. Mate, please come back to me."

Mate? Who is he talking to, and why is he calling me mate?

Blinking, I open my eyes a sliver and immediately regret it. They feel like someone has thrown sand in them. There's a blurry shape of a person—a man, I think— in front of me. He's holding my hand and leaning over me.

“Hi, darling.”

With a quick motion, he grabs a glass of water and brings it to my lips, inserting the straw so that I can take a sip. As I drink, my vision begins to clear enough to be able to take in my surroundings. In fact, it becomes so clear that I can see the smallest speck of dust from across the room.

“Where am I?” As I form the words, my mouth feels like it's full of cotton wool.

“You are safe. You're on my land. In our pack's witch's house, to be exact. She's our healer. She saved your life. Now, tell me, who did this to you?”

Furrowing my brows, I ask, “What happened?”

“I found you on the side of the road, and you had been stabbed repeatedly. Do you remember anything?”

As I try to recall my journey home from work, my head aches. “I remember finishing work and driving home in the pouring rain.” I pause, trying to gather my thoughts. Everything feels jumbled. Finally, flashes of the night before come back to me. “There was a man on the side of the road. He had car trouble. I stopped and asked if he needed to call anyone or if I could help. He had a knife. Oh God, he... he stabbed me.” A single tear flows down my cheek at the memory.

The man's hand tightens against mine, and I can see emotion warring in his eyes. There's an urgency in his voice when he asks, “Do you remember anything else? Anything that could help identify him?”

“I remember laying on the cold hard pavement and hearing him open my car door. It sounded like mine because of the direction it was coming from, but I couldn’t move or lift my head to look.” My words come out panicked, and I start to fidget.

He reaches up and places his hand on my cheek, warmth radiating through his fingers. “Shh. You’re okay. You are safe here. What’s your name?”

As his fingertips glide across my skin, I feel a tantalizing tingle, like a surge of electricity, and I breathe out a single word, “Lily.”

Suddenly, exhaustion washes over me. Unable to hold my eyes open any longer, I allow sleep to pull me under, and I dream of the handsome stranger whose touch is like a balm to my soul.

Page 4

Source Creation Date: August 6, 2025, 3:12 am

Chapter 4

Jackson

Over the next three days, I stay close to my mate and monitor her recovery. Every time I check Lily's wounds, I note how they are healing abnormally fast. She's also able to move around with considerable ease, despite what her body has been through. As soon as I get Ester alone, I ask her what's happening.

"You said you wanted me to save her no matter what. I warned you there might be consequences to using dark magic. Lily's human, and we did a shifter-to-human blood transfusion. I don't know if the shifter qualities she's exhibiting are permanent or not, but you were warned, Jackson. The dark magic I used has even darker consequences."

With Esther's words lingering in the air, I ponder over our actions. Using shifter blood and dark magic to save Lily could have changed her forever. The consequences of delving into the realm of dark magic are unpredictable, and now I have to explain to Lily what is happening to her body.

Her once delicate features are now marred with a peculiar radiance—an otherworldly glow that seems to emanate from within. The color of her eyes has transformed to an iridescent silver. It is as if her very essence has been altered, infused with the raw power of the supernatural. Lily is even more beautiful than she was before, but she definitely looks different, and anyone who knew her before would notice the changes. That means Lily will have to cut all ties with any family or friends she had before the attack.

But it's her body that bears the most striking changes. The wounds that once adorned her skin, a consequence of a life-threatening attack, are now nothing more than faint scars.

Her healing abilities have surpassed the limitations of mere mortals. Every injury she sustained, no matter how severe, is now mended, as if time itself has slowed to restore her to a state of perfect health. It's a gift, albeit a gift tainted by the darkness that has brought it forth.

It's plausible that it's not just her physicality that has been affected. Her senses, once limited to those of a human, will have likely expanded beyond her comprehension. If she has the capabilities of a shifter, she will now be attuned to the world in a way that no human could fathom, her senses heightened to an almost overwhelming degree.

We've saved her, but we have also forever changed her. Only time will reveal the true extent of these alterations, and whether they are temporary or permanent. For now, we can only hope that the sacrifice is worth it and that her newfound abilities will not consume her soul. When dark magic is used to save someone, they can become dark, turn evil, and lose all humanity. Having trouble controlling one's temper isn't uncommon after using dark magic.

As I sit and think about what's happening to Lily, I feel fingernails rake across my chest. Looking down, I see it's Ester touching me. It gives me a nauseous feeling in the pit of my stomach. Once we find our mate, the touch of another becomes physically repulsive.

Stepping out of Ester's reach, I notice her eyes flare with anger.

"So, am I not good enough for you, now that your little human is here?"

"Ester, you know, we were never a couple. I didn't even think I had a mate out there,

and the one time we slept together meant nothing. We were just scratching an itch. Now that my mate is here, you will never touch me again.”

“Fuck you, Jackson. I saved your little human, and I can just as easily take her out of this world if you fuck with me,” she snaps angrily.

Stepping forward, I grab Ester by the throat and squeeze hard, watching the color drain from her face. Using all my Alpha strength, I lift her body off the ground. “Don’t you ever threaten my mate again, WITCH. You do, and I’ll kill you and boil you in your own cauldron.”

Dropping the witch to the floor, I turn and leave. I have a council meeting to attend.

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Being the Alpha of the pack, it is my responsibility to make sure my people and our lands are kept safe. We have a rival pack trying to move in on our territory. Going to the council meetings and seeing all the pack members in the audience with their mates used to make me anxious, but now knowing that my mate is here and safe, I feel much more confident and in control.

As I stride through the corridors of the pack house where we hold meetings, my attention focuses on our present threat. As the rival pack’s relentless attempts to encroach upon our territory escalate, it falls upon me to ensure the safety and security of our pack. The council meetings are crucial in devising strategic plans and making collective decisions to protect our land. It fills me with pride to know that soon I’ll be accompanied to these meetings by Lily, my Luna.

The pack Alpha shares telepathic bond with his pack and his Luna. Through this connection, he perceives the thoughts and emotions of his pack members as if they were his own. The pack bond, like an invisible thread woven through the air, allows

the Alpha to see their intentions and sentiments, unveiling even the most concealed conflicts within the pack.

There is only one exception to that rule: The pack witch. Pack Alphas don't have the ability to read their mind or their intentions. Unfortunately, that's why I missed Ester's attachment to me. I never led her to believe we would pair up. It's always been my intention to find my fated mate and, with her, have true happiness, including as many cubs as possible.

I was born a handsome gray wolf, from a prestigious lineage of pack leaders. From the moment I opened my piercing amber eyes, I possessed an innate sense of authority and wisdom beyond my tender age. My parents, both esteemed Alphas, led their pack with unwavering strength and unwritten honor. It was not surprising that I was destined to carry on their legacy as the next pack leader. The weight of leadership rested on my broad shoulders, and when my time came, I embraced it with a mix of determination and humility. As I grew older, my natural charisma and commanding presence further solidified my position as the chosen one to guide the pack through the ever-changing wilderness.

Hitting the gavel on the table to start the council meeting, I call the room to order.

"Today we're meeting about the Brighton River Pack. Their Alpha, Ryker Bray, is trying to move in on our territory. As a council, we need to decide how far we are willing to go to protect our land."

I'm certain my pack will fight, no matter the cost, to protect what is ours. Our territory will not be sacrificed in the name of peace. After taking over from his father, Ryker Bray made it clear that he wanted to expand, and that expansion would inevitably include our territory.

My Beta, Asher, stands and addresses the room, "All who are prepared to go to war,

vote yay. If you aren't, vote nay."

When the votes have been counted and the decision announced, everyone at the table cheers. It looks like we're going to war.

Holding my hand up to quieten the room, I say, "There's one more piece of business I'd like to discuss. I've found my mate. Your Luna isn't aware of what we are or that she's going to be part of our pack yet. She was badly injured when I found her and scented that she was my mate. She is human, so I'll need to ease her into knowing we are shifters."

The room erupts in cheers again. Finding a pack mate and especially the Luna is a reason to celebrate.

Asher steps beside me and asks, "When are you going to claim our Luna, Alpha?"

"Soon."

Page 5

Source Creation Date: August 6, 2025, 3:12 am

Chapter 5

Ester

Jackson is mine, and that human took him from me. I thought if I saved her, he would finally love me the way I love him. Instead, he chose her. For that, he and the rest of his pack will pay.

I'm leaving the pack and going to their rivals. Nothing will stop me from informing them that the Chimney Rock Pack have a human with special powers in their midst, and that if they take her, the pack Alpha will relinquish the territory they've been trying to take from him. He will do anything to save his mate.

For extra insurance, I throw more potions into my cauldron, boiling the ingredients for a curse. My parting gift for the new Luna.

Jackson belongs to me, and I will stop at nothing to ensure that he is mine for eternity.

Page 6

Source Creation Date: August 6, 2025, 3:12 am

Chapter 6

Lily

On the third day after I was attacked on the roadside, I wake and notice that all of my stab wounds have healed. They haven't just improved but healed completely.

I can see, smell, and hear everything from miles away. When I move, I can move faster than I should. Not knowing what is wrong with me, I panic and try to talk to Jackson about it.

He explains that he and the pack witch, Ester, used dark magic and shifter blood to save me, and the consequences were unknown until now. They don't know for certain if the effects will wear off.

Jackson's hiding something from me, I can tell. It may sound odd, but I can hear his thoughts. He doesn't think I'm human anymore. And what worries me the most is, he doesn't seem the least bit bothered by this. I am, though. I have a home and a family and a job to return to.

"Jackson, I have to call the hospital and let them know when I'm coming back to work."

"You can't, Lily. You no longer belong in that world, and you are mine."

I shake my head, stunned at his declaration. "Yours? Look, I appreciate you helping me and all, but I have a life, Jackson. I can't stay here."

Jackson walks up to me, grabbing me by the back of my neck. “I know you feel the connection we have. The only reason I waited to tell you this was because you were critically injured. You are my mate, Lily. That means you are mine. Mine to fuck, mine to put my baby into. Mine to keep by my side forever.”

Jackson bends forward and crashes his lips into mine, forcefully invading my mouth with his tongue.

“You will stay here,” he growls before he turns and walks away from me, leaving my mouth hanging open.

He doesn’t know it yet, but I will not be staying here. I have a life to get back to.

“Asshole,” I mutter at his retreating form.

As soon as I’m certain Jackson is far enough away not to hear, I leap from the bed and sprint across the room, experiencing a surreal transformation as my clothes dissolve and my bones twist and snap. The moment I touch the ground, a sharp pain shoots through my legs, leaving me momentarily paralyzed. Glancing downward, my heart pounds as I notice the glimmering white fur coat tightly hugging my body, the sharp claws extending from my fingertips, and an unexpected presence that fills me with unease.

I’m not human anymore.

My heart races and my breath catches in my throat as I stare down in disbelief, my hands trembling. Well, my paws to be exact, since I don’t have hands at the moment.

Overwhelmed by the urge to run, my mind races in a panic, desperately searching for an outlet to sate the feeling of restlessness that consumes me.

A sound behind me has me turning. There Jackson stands with his mouth open and his eyes wide. “Lily, look at you, my beautiful girl. Your wolf is magnificent.”

He walks in circles around me, eyeing my new form with an expression akin to awe.

My heart thumps a staccato beat in my chest, and my breaths come in quick, shallow pants, as my thoughts whirl like a tornado. It’s impossible that I just morphed into an animal . Impossible, right?

Am I losing my mind?

Unable to resist the urge to move any longer, I burst through the door of the cottage and out into the woods, leaving a stunned Jackson in my wake.

Racing through the trees, with the moon shining overhead, I feel the leaves crunch beneath my paws. I quickly become attuned to the sounds of movement within the undergrowth—insects and woodland creatures scurrying around in the otherwise stillness of the night. Soon these sounds become amplified, and I realize I’m not alone out here.

Turning to see who is following me, I spot an enormous wolf keeping pace with me. A male, standing far taller than me, whose eyes sparkle with a beautiful amber color and whose coat is a magnificent gray.

As I watch him, mesmerized, a faint, unidentifiable whisper echoes in my mind. My head swivels, scanning the surroundings, searching for the source of the unusual sound. But then, a realization washes over me— the source is inside me . Suddenly, I feel powerful, like my body and mind are embracing whatever magic is at work here.

“Calm down, my baby wolf. I’m here for you.”

Despite Jackson's attempt to soothe me, I release a sound similar to a chuff in derision. I'm not scared, just confused. I feel overwhelmed, and I can't seem to grasp what's going on.

Regardless of how I feel, I start to run again, and Jackson follows me like an ever-present shadow. Soon, I find myself doubling back and playfully nipping at his legs and flank, as we chase through the undergrowth.

With a warning tone, Jackson barks, "Mate," and my ears perk up.

How the hell is he talking to me? He's a goddamn wolf.

How is this possible?

"You turned me into a fucking dog, what do you expect?" My mind sasses back to his as I continue to nip and needle him.

He lets out a frustrated huff, and I watch the warmth of his breath mist in the cool night air.

"Not a dog, Lily, a wolf."

"Same fucking thing, Jackson. I'm a fucking furry animal all the same. How can I show up at the hospital to work as a nurse with fur?"

"Baby girl," he cautions, and I can sense the emotional strain in his tone, "I tried to tell you that chapter of your life is closed. You're mine now, and it's time I claimed you."

Page 7

Source Creation Date: August 6, 2025, 3:12 am

Chapter 7

Jackson

I've waited long enough; it's time to claim my mate. For the first time in my life, I feel anxious. Time seems to stand still as I watch my mate, stunning in her wolf form, race out of the cottage and into the woods. I desperately hope that Lily will understand and not reject me. Nature chose her for me and made her a shifter.

The thought of her becoming mine and carrying my cubs sends shivers down my spine, as I imagine filling her with my hard, pulsing cock and coating her insides with my thick cum. My knot will ensure my cum is kept deep inside her, where it belongs, until it can take root. I can't wait to see her hips fill out, her tits swell with sweet milk, and her stomach become large with my cubs. My dick is throbbing in tune with my heartbeat. The urge to fuck her and claim her is becoming harder to resist by the minute, and it compels me to shift on the move and chase after her.

When I find her, she's surprisingly calm, albeit confused. It takes everything in me not to whine in concern, instead, I gentle her with my words of reassurance.

Her reaction surprises me, more so, her playfulness, which has my wolf desperate to claim her. I allow her a few moments to chase me, tolerating her nipping at my heels and my flank, before I can take no more and bark out an Alpha command, forcing an immediate shift from wolf to human. I can't wait any longer to claim my mate.

As she shifts back to her human form, laying on the cold ground, naked and vulnerable, I transform, too, and carry my mate back inside the cottage, depositing

her on the bed. She doesn't know it yet, but there's no reason to wait to claim her. Lily is mine, and she'll become my wife, the mother of my cubs, and my everything.

As I lay Lily down, I grab her throat and meet her questioning gaze. "You are mine, and I'm going to claim you now."

"Wait, what? Claim? Are you a caveman?"

"No, I'm a fucking shifter and my wolf wants you for his own. You are my mate. I knew it when I first scented you on the side of the road."

"You knew I was going to turn into an animal the whole time?"

"No, I had no idea about that, but I knew you were destined to be my mate, and I asked the pack witch to go to any lengths to save you. I don't regret my decision."

Bending forward, I place my lips on hers, kissing her passionately. My body throbs with a desperate ache, a yearning for release that grows with every passing second. I pull away from her mouth and kiss my way down her neck.

Sensing Lily's distraction, I open my mouth and graze my teeth on her delicate skin. As the urge to claim rises within me, I bite down on her neck, marking her as mine. The immediate rush of sensations makes my eyes roll back in my head. Her resulting moan has my cock twitching. I've heard stories of how the mating bite brings immeasurable pleasure to the recipient, like having an orgasm but ten times stronger, and suddenly, I long to hear her moan like that for me, over and over again.

Kneeling between her legs, I line my cock up with her pussy. No preparation. I can't wait any longer. I need to claim her, right now. Rolling my hips back, then surging forward, I fill her in one long, hard stroke. The skin of her neck is still between my teeth, but it's then that I realize my mistake.

Releasing her neck from my teeth, I lick the blood from my lips and look into the eyes of my mate. She's wincing in pain, and there are tears rolling down her flushed cheeks.

"You were a virgin?"

"Yes, I didn't expect you to take me so suddenly, with no warning," she replies stiffly.

Leaning closer, I desperately press my lips against her forehead, hoping this simple gesture will bring solace to the chaos consuming my soul. "I'm sorry, baby, but you don't know how glad I am that I'm the only man who will ever be inside this pussy. You are mine."

Pulling my hips back, I fuck Lily, but more gently this time, her pussy getting wetter with each stroke. I wish I had prepared her, but I didn't realize she was a virgin. It was an asshole move either way, but all I could think about was claiming her. Making her mine. Now I want to give her pleasure and coat her with my cum. I want her to get pregnant as soon as possible.

My mate is now immersed in pleasure as her body embraces and welcomes my firmness. The sounds of wetness accompany every thrust, as her delicate folds caress me with gentle flutters. Her moans of pleasure fill the air, urging me to quicken my pace and intensify our connection. Despite my intention to savor the moment, the urgency to possess her completely propels me forward. "You belong to me, Lily. Do you hear me?" I assert, a low growl escaping from my lips.

Amid her pleasure, she responds, her voice filled with desire, "Yours, Jackson, only yours."

As the intense emotions surge through our bodies, a palpable heat radiates between

us. Our heartbeats quicken, echoing in our ears like a primal drumbeat. The air feels charged, crackling with the electricity of our desires.

With every word spoken, a shiver runs down my spine, causing my muscles to tense and my breath to hitch. Goose bumps cascade across my skin, evidence of the raw intensity coursing through my veins. My fingertips tingle, yearning to explore every inch of Lily's body, and to leave a trail of fire in their wake.

As our connection deepens, the world around us seems to blur into insignificance. Time slows, elongating each moment, allowing us to savor the intoxicating cocktail of pleasure and possession. The room seems to shrink, and the walls close in on our intimate embrace, amplifying our connection and heightening our senses.

My growl resonates deep within my chest, vibrating through my vocal cords and filling the room. The sound sends a jolt of primal energy through Lily, her body arching instinctively towards mine. Our breaths mingle in the air, heavy and desperate, as if trying to consume one another.

We kiss, our tongues battling for domination; a battle she has no chance of winning. An Alpha never submits. I'm in a frenzy, and my wolf is screaming at me to make her ours. To take what belongs to us and kill anyone who tries to stop us.

Adrenaline surges through our bodies, heightening our senses and sharpening our focus. Our pulses race in sync, our bodies moving in perfect harmony, guided by an unspoken understanding of each other's desires. I should feel guilty because Lily doesn't understand how mating or the bond works. She has no idea she's not going anywhere, ever, and I'm not offering any information before we solidify our bond.

In the midst of our pleasure, her skin flushes with a rosy hue. Sweat glistens on our bodies, and the sound of skin slapping against skin fills the air.

In this moment, I feel the mate bond click into place. Our emotions pour out of our souls, running along the mating bond like electricity running through a live wire. We belong to each other, forever bound.

I can now hear Lily's thoughts through our bond. She's confused, and the intensity of our connection is more than she's capable of comprehending.

Her pussy tightens and flutters around my cock as it swells and locks inside her. Crashing over the edge in pleasure, I spray her insides with my seed. My knot will guarantee my seed takes root and Lily grows round with my cubs. It will take around thirty minutes for my knot to subside, but in this moment, I can't think of anywhere else I'd rather be.

Page 8

Source Creation Date: August 6, 2025, 3:12 am

Chapter 8

Lily

Unable to believe what just happened, anger surges inside me. Anger at him and myself. The fucking asshole took my virginity with no warning and no preparation, and I allowed him. I should have fought him off, but something feels different now. Like an invisible string running between the two of us. The magnetic pull and electric buzz feels like it's pulling him and I together.

"Get back, don't touch me." Anger blazes through my veins, burning a path of rage as I glare at Jackson, warning him not to come near me again. Ignoring my demand, Jackson starts to walk toward me with the intention to touch me and my mind flies through the motions. Before I know it, he's picked up off the ground and thrown backwards.

My eyes widen as I realize I did that with my mind. I threw someone across a room without even touching them.

"Oh my God, Jackson, I didn't mean to hurt you. Are you okay?"

He looks at me with furrowed brows, his mouth hanging wide open in shock. His expression makes my fear even worse. If he doesn't know what is happening to me then how do I even begin to deal with this?

With tears streaming down both cheeks, I back away from him, shaking my head. "I can't stay here. If I stay, someone will get hurt, and I can't live with that."

Jackson steps closer and says, “Baby, don’t run from me. We are going to figure this out. I promise. Lily, let me help you.”

“I feel like I’m going crazy and sinking into madness. It’s like I can’t control my body, or my actions.”

“Let me go talk to Ester. She has to know more. The witch used dark magic to save your life, and we think that, mixed with the shifter blood, is what is causing all of your side effects.” Jackson gently and slowly moves his hands towards my chin. Holding my face until our eyes lock, he whispers, “Promise me you won’t leave me, Lily. We can do this together.”

“Okay, Jackson, I’ll give you a chance to figure this out. I can’t exactly go home like this.”

Jackson brings his mouth to mine and sweeps his tongue along my bottom lip, kissing me. The electric buzz flows through us.

We both get dressed and go to Ester’s cottage across the field from where Jackson lives. As we approach, there’s a heavy feeling of dread in the air.

Jackson steps up and knocks on the door, and moments later, a beautiful blonde woman greets us. She has a smile on her face when she reaches out and rubs her hand down Jackson’s arm. It sends chills through my body and burning fire through my mind.

Page 9

Source Creation Date: August 6, 2025, 3:12 am

Chapter 9

Jackson

This fucking witch is really pushing her luck with the way she's rubbing my arm seductively and pushing her tits up against my shoulder. Trying to untangle her from me, I snap in frustration, "Stop it. I've warned you about putting your fucking hands on me. You are disrespecting my mate."

Reaching out and grabbing Ester by the throat I push her away from me. Then, I turn to Lily and reach my hand out to her, hoping she will take it and show Ester a united front.

"Why are you choosing her, why, Jackson? You and I are so good together. Remember how good I was to you in bed?"

"Ester, stop, don't speak of that again in front of my mate." I can feel the electric current traveling through my mate bond with Lily, and she's enraged, hurt, and jealous. Nausea sits in my knotted stomach. "We are only here to ask you if you know why Lily is getting other powers, powers that even shifters don't have."

Ester's face turns into an ugly scowl, her brows furrowing and her lips twisting into a snarl. The room fills with tension as her anger radiates, suffocating the air. The sound of her heavy breathing replaces the silence, and the smell of bitterness and resentment lingers, intertwining with the stench of unresolved conflicts.

"You stole Jackson from me, so I placed a curse of madness on you, human. The

more you use your power, the crazier you will become until you are left a mere shell of a person. Then, Jackson won't have any choice but to come back to me."

This delusional bitch. She had the nerve to put a curse on my mate. My wolf is fighting to get out, and unable to stop him, I transform. My wolf's entire demeanor shifts the instant it sees its prey, its body stiffening and its fur bristling, and a low snarl escaping its throat.

With a swift and deadly leap, my wolf lunges forward, jaws snapping shut

around Ester's throat. Blood sprays through the air, painting the room in a macabre masterpiece. The wolf's primal howl echoes through the night. My human side feels relief. The danger to my mate has been taken care of. However, rage still pulses through my wolf, his breaths coming in ragged huffs, and his teeth bared in a silent snarl. The taste of violence sent a thrill through him, and his eyes gleam with a savage hunger.

I'm afraid to look at Lily, afraid of how she'll react to this monster I've become. The thought has me shifting back immediately, and as soon as my human form solidifies, I steal a quick glance at her before averting my gaze in shame.

"I'm sorry you had to see that. There was no way I was going to let the witch hurt you any more than she already has."

Lily walks over, wrapping her arms around my neck, and brings me close to her.

"Be careful, my wolf is still enraged," I warn, still breathing hard as my nostrils flare with anger.

"I know you won't hurt me, Jackson. My wolf is telling me the same. She's grateful for your protection. Our wolves are as bonded as we are," she assures me as she

brings her lips to mine and takes control of the kiss. She's never initiated a kiss before.

I bring my hands up and grasp her hair, controlling her movements so I can dominate the kiss. She submits willingly, and it makes me want to lay her out and fuck her right here and now. Somehow, I don't think Lily will find that very romantic. However, the thought of fucking her in a puddle of our enemy's blood makes my dick jerk and pulse, aching with need.

Knowing I have to stop kissing her before I lose control and fuck her right here, I pull away.

Picking up my cell phone I call my Beta, Asher. "Get an emergency council meeting set up for this afternoon. I want all the elders present."

###

After talking to Asher and the elders in the pack, they suggest that we find another witch to undo the curse. Our intel has revealed that the Brighton River Pack is holding a witch against her will, forcing her to work for the pack.

"Asher, can you get a group of men together? We go after Ryker and his pack today. We rescue the witch and bring her back here. She can help Lily in exchange for her freedom."

"Alpha, I've seen the witch around town and know what she looks like. I've got information on where her cottage is located on their pack lands. If you lead the fight, it will distract Ryker and his men, and I can grab the witch from her cottage. They will never know what's happened."

Now that we have a plan, we get all the wolves together that are young and strong

enough to fight.

Page 10

Source Creation Date: August 6, 2025, 3:12 am

Chapter 10

Lily

Watching Jackson's wolf go feral and rip apart the witch who put the curse on me didn't scare me like it should have. I can feel the wolf inside of me now and it helps guide me. She enjoyed watching Jackson's wolf kill the witch and was even proud.

"Lily, I want you to stay on pack lands with the elders, where you're safe."

"I want to come with you, Jackson. You say you want me to live this life with you, but you won't allow me to help."

He grabs my chin and locks eyes with me. "No, I won't, because if you try to help, you'll use your magic, and we don't know what that could do. Ester said it will make you go mad. I know you aren't from our world and don't understand it all yet, but that's not something I'm prepared to risk. You are my world, my life, my everything."

My heart melts. How can I argue with that? This man is well and truly under my skin, and I can't resist him anymore. Begrudgingly, I agree to stay within the pack house, knowing Jackson will have me surrounded by other wolves for protection while he, Asher, and a handful of his men head out to find this witch. This Brighton River Pack has apparently been a thorn in their side for a long time, so their plan should kill two birds with one stone.

A thought comes to mind and makes me ashamed of myself. I know Jackson slept

with Ester before meeting me. That's not something I can hold against him, but it does my heart good to see that bitch gone. My wolf is furiously jealous. Jackson is mine, and I am going to make sure nothing takes him away from me. Now that I'm a shifter wolf, I can't go back into the human world and live like I did before. The world I live in now is what I need to assimilate into. I refuse to do that without Jackson. There's an ache in my chest when I think of him. A need to be close to him and for him to hold me tight.

Upon entering the pack house that the pack uses to commune and meet, pack members start coming up and bowing their head to me. They all bow and then say, "My Luna."

Jackson explains it's them pledging their loyalty to me and acknowledging that I'm their Luna. The female Alpha of their pack that ranks just below Jackson. It makes my wolf happy to socialize with others of her kind, and I feel more comfortable about staying here permanently.

Not being able to stop myself, I start pacing the floor once the group leaves to go to the Brighton River Pack. If their plan fails, I will stay cursed and descend into madness. Plus, Jackson could be hurt. From what I've been told, their Alpha is dangerous and ready and willing to fight. The plan to attack his pack without notice will hopefully catch them off guard and allow Asher to kidnap their witch.

What we know about her is that she's young and powerful. She's not loyal to Ryker or his pack and is in fact miserable with them. They don't treat her well, and she wants to leave but is being held captive. Her name is Lyrica.

An older gentleman approaches me as I pace the floor, my hands trembling nervously.

"They will find a way to uncure you. Don't worry, Luna. Jackson won't allow

anything to happen to his mate.”

“I’m not worried about myself; it’s him and the others I’m worried about. If it weren’t for me, they wouldn’t have to do this. They could be injured or worse while trying to help save me.”

The man smiles wide, and his eyes sparkle with warmth. “You are going to make a great Luna for our pack. Worrying about our other members instead of yourself shows you are ready for the responsibilities.”

“What’s your name, sir?” I ask.

“I’m Asher’s father, Boris. This over here is my mate, Astrid.”

He points to a sweet looking older lady who smiles warmly. “My son will bring that witch back and save you from the curse. Don’t worry,” Astrid assures.

Suddenly, sounds start to erupt in my head through the mate and pack bonds, and I can hear war break out. Terror runs down my spine as I tremble in horror at what I hear.

Astrid and Boris come over and put their arms on my shoulders, trying to calm me, but with the sounds of fighting in my head, I don’t dare stop worrying.

Page 11

Source Creation Date: August 6, 2025, 3:12 am

Chapter 11

Jackson

When we arrive at the Brighton River Pack territory, Asher takes a team of men with him to the other side of the lands, closer to the witch's cottage. Once I alert him through a text that we are entering on the other side, he is going to make his move. We leave our clothes and phones on the outskirts of the woods to come back and retrieve later.

We transform into our wolf forms, ready to fight our way to Ryker. The Alpha is the one who continues to push us towards war, so he is our priority to remove from power. I send commands through our pack bond, and we charge forward.

As the moon hangs low in the ink-black sky, our pack surges through the woods, a thunderous wave of fur and fangs. Teeth bared, muscles rippling, we tear through the desolate battlefield, eager for the slash of claws and the scent of blood.

The ground rumbles beneath our paws, echoing the pounding of our hearts. The air crackles with anticipation, each breath fueling our relentless charge. Shadows dance around us, and the trees bend mercilessly in the wind. We can smell their fear.

The night becomes our domain, our battleground, as we sprint towards the heart of the enemy's ranks. Only attacking the members that attack us, we don't touch women or children. We've caught our enemies off guard. Their feeble attempts to stop our advance are futile as we fight them one by one. Blood sprays through the air, a macabre symphony of crimson. The clash of teeth and claws reverberate through the

air, each strike a testament to our unyielding resolve. We fight with the ferocity of a hurricane, tearing through the enemy lines with merciless precision.

When we come upon Ryker, he charges towards me. “I’m gong to kill you for this, Jackson, and take your pack for my own. Your new Luna will become mine to fuck and torture just for sport.”

That’s all he needs to say to send me into a frenzy. My mind only sees red, and my rage consumes me. Charging forward, I grab Ryker by the throat and sink my teeth in, and I am immediately rewarded with the copper taste of blood.

With a primal growl, I unleash a torrent of fury upon Ryker, my claws raining down on him, ripping his flesh with each swipe. The taste of blood fuels my hunger for vengeance, and I refuse to let go of his throat, clenching my jaw tighter, relishing in his desperate gasps for air. The world around us blurs into a chaotic whirlwind as I unleash the beast within, my eyes burning with an unholy fire.

Soon, his body goes limp. I stand tall, proud in the knowledge that I have defeated Ryker, the Alpha of the Brighton River Pack. All of his pack members that are left stop in their tracks and bow in recognition of their conquering Alpha.

The innocents start to come out of their homes and hiding places now that the battle is over. Addressing them, I explain, “I don’t intend to keep your land. Ryker kept pushing to take what didn’t belong to him. All we want is to keep our land and pack members safe. Your responsibility now is to pick an Alpha to lead, and we will leave you in peace. The only thing I demand is that your witch is now ours to keep.” I glance over and see Asher standing off to the side with the witch tied in rope, holding her close to him. “I hope that in the future our packs can be peaceful, maybe even become allies.”

With that, we leave the Brighton River Pack to rebuild their pack hierarchy. We have

what we came for.

Page 12

Source Creation Date: August 6, 2025, 3:12 am

Chapter 12

Lily

Our fighters arrive back with Jackson leading the pack, and I run and jump into his arms, wrapping my legs around his hips. With my arms wrapped around his neck, I grab handfuls of his hair as I kiss him forcefully.

Knowing I could have lost the other half of my soul has made me realize I can't go back to my old life, no matter what. My place is here, with my mate. The mate that I can't live without.

Once Jackson and I are able to pull away from each other and catch our breath, I see Asher walking towards us, accompanied by a struggling woman who is tied in rope and yelling at him to let her go. My lips twitch as I hear her call him an asshole.

Asher and the woman stop in front of Jackson. She's so beautiful she almost glows. Her blonde hair is long, cascading down her back. Her eyes sparkle and are as green as an emerald. She's small but clearly strong as she fights hard to resist Asher's dominance.

"Stop, Witch!" Jackson commands.

"Let me go, please. I don't want to be in a pack and was being held captive by Ryker. I swear, I had nothing to do with any of the trouble the Brighton River Pack caused your pack."

“Listen to what I have to say. You can earn your freedom. In payment for us rescuing you from Ryker and his pack, we need your help.”

Jackson proceeds to explain how I was saved with shifter blood and dark magic, but the witch also placed a curse of madness on me.

“So you want me to save your Luna from going mad? You do understand the consequences of her being saved by dark magic and shifter blood cannot be undone. I can only help you lift the curse. She will retain the powers she has received.”

“Stop her from losing her mind, please,” Jackson begs.

The young witch gasps. It’s almost unheard of for an Alpha to beg someone of lesser standing.

“I will help you, but it will take me a few days, and I need access to herbs and potions.”

“We have a cottage our previous pack witch used, and it has all the potions and ingredients you might need. You can stay there until we set you free, but my Beta must be able to stay with you to make sure you don’t run.”

Stepping forward I put my hand out for her to shake. “My name is Lily. I appreciate your help. What is your name?”

This makes her relax and stops her struggling against Asher.

“My name is Lyrica. Promise they won’t hurt me.”

“Lyrica, I give you my word you will not be hurt.”

After talking to the witch some more and getting her take on the situation, Asher takes her to the cottage.

With a mix of weariness and pride, Jackson describes the battle to the elders and other pack members, sharing every detail of the harrowing encounter. Most of what happened was transmitted through pack bonds, but the scene seemed so chaotic, it was hard to make out any detail.

###

The path to our cottage is quiet, and the only sounds are the rustling leaves under our feet as we walk. The scent of freshly cut grass lingers in the air, mingling with the earthy aroma of the forest.

Entering the cottage, Jackson turns to me. “Take a shower with me?”

Jackson sets the water to a comfortable warm temperature and pulls me into the shower. His tongue forces its way into my mouth, and he kisses me until we are both gasping for air.

As he pulls his face away from mine, he grips a handful of my hair and instructs, “On the floor, little wolf.”

My knees fold as I go down to the shower floor, and he tugs on his cock from root to tip a few times. He’s hard, and my mouth waters as I eye the liquid leaking from the tip.

“Open your mouth and suck, Lily.”

Opening my mouth, I submit and am immediately rewarded with his salty taste. Initially, I suckle, and then, emboldened, I take more of his hard dick into my mouth,

licking him from the root. Jackson's eyes are on me and hungrier than I've ever seen them. He soon starts to lose control and tilts his hips, thrusting deeper into my mouth.

Allowing Jackson total control, I try and struggle to take his whole cock, gagging as water creeps down my cheeks.

"More, Lily. I'm going to fuck your face, and you are going to take it. I want you to swallow me down and don't waste a drop."

He continues to thrust in and out of my mouth, reaching the back of my throat and causing me to gag again. Weirdly, I am enjoying the fuck out of it. The fact I can make this powerful man lose control with only my mouth, gives me chills.

My pussy is so wet it's dripping down my thighs. I never thought I'd enjoy sucking cock before, but this isn't just any cock. It's my mate's. The man who was made for me.

Jackson's careful to pull back and allow me to get oxygen when I need it. Then, as he pulls back and thrusts back into my mouth one last time, hot cum sprays onto my tongue.

"Swallow all of it," Jackson commands.

After swallowing I open my mouth, showing him that I didn't waste a drop.

Page 13

Source Creation Date: August 6, 2025, 3:12 am

Chapter 13

Jackson

The witch that Asher kidnapped from the Brighton River Pack has agreed to help Lily harness her powers and she's removed the madness curse that Ester placed on her. Lyrica seems to be a decent person who was trapped in a bad situation with Alpha Ryker. It's clear she didn't have a choice but to follow his instructions. Plus, Lily really likes her, and they spend hours every day working on her magic.

While the girls work on harnessing Lily's powers, Asher and I focus on looking for the man who stabbed Lily and left her for dead. So far, we've had no leads, but there have been local reports of missing women that make us believe he's still active and in the area. Lily comes inside from hanging out with Lyrica, and immediately I notice something different about her. I grab her and bring her in close, running my nose along her neck. "That smell."

Lily's eyes widen. "I don't smell bad, do I?" She starts sniffing her skin, trying to find the source of the smell.

"Little wolf, you smell delicious, have you been feeling alright?"

"I feel fantastic. Why do you ask?"

The confusion on her face makes me chuckle. "Baby, you are having our pups. You're pregnant. Your scent has changed."

She sniffs the air. “That’s the difference? I thought I had used the wrong perfume this morning.”

Grabbing her, I smash my lips to hers and force my tongue into her mouth. As soon as we part, I say, “We are going to have a pup, Lily. Thank you for giving me this.” Tears glide down my cheeks, but they are tears of happiness. “Are you happy, Lily?”

She sobs. “So happy, Jackson. We are going to have a family.”

The thought of getting my mate pregnant as soon as our pups are born makes my cock jerk with arousal. “Yeah, baby, we are going to have a large family, because as soon as this pup is born, I’m going to pump you full of my seed and get you pregnant all over again.”

I’m taken aback by Lily’s unexpected initiative when she suddenly declares, “Let’s start practicing now,” and then pounces on me.

THE END FOR NOW