







# The Wolf's Secret Baby

**Author:** *Lilly Wilder*

**Category:** Fantasy

**Description:** A wolf shifter menage with consequences.

Even psychiatrists make bad judgment calls.

Which is how I end up in a scary situation, needing to be rescued.

But Typhon and Kull aren't just brawny saviors.

They're wolf shifters bred to end the world.

I tell myself I'm drawn to them out of curiosity, but who am I kidding?

It's impossible not to ogle the Alphas perfectly sculpted physique.

Typhon's stubbornness and determination mirrors mine.

Kull's desire to connect reminds me emotions aren't always a weakness.

The brothers are fascinating... irresistible.

Before long I cross every single boundary.

I never thought I'd be in a menage with two wolf shifters, yet here I am....

Falling for my rescuers.

But there's no time to sort through my feelings.

Not when a war is brewing.

Not when I realize that I'm carrying their baby.

The Wolf's Secret Baby is a standalone paranormal romance with a HEA and NO cheating!

**Total Pages (Source):** 31

# Page 1

*Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 5:20 pm*

## Ambrosia

I could feel the craving for some hot, unbridled fun churning within me. My mind was a mess, and it was a blessing I wasn't driving, because the car would have spun out of control. My gaze kept being drawn to him, my body screaming at me to give in to my instincts, my analytical mind nagging at me to remain reserved.

"It'll be good to get out of the city," Derren said, his hand languid against the wheel, the wide road stretching before us. There wasn't another soul in sight. It was the beginning of a long weekend, and I was filled with a mixture of excitement and trepidation. The early evening sky ahead of us was filled with color, as though a fruit had burst and the juice was pouring out. The harsh grey of the city had been left behind, replaced by lush greens and browns, earthy tones that spoke to the instincts inherited from our long-forgotten ancestors.

"I can't believe this is happening. I finally get a long weekend with Ambrosia Hart," he added, smirking. His right hand drifted down and settled against my thigh. I tried to relax into the touch. I told myself to stop being so restrained. This was a good thing, a chance for personal growth. It had been too long since I had felt the intimate company of another person, and it was time for that to change. My body needed nourishing. I fed my mind a lot, but my physical desires were often neglected. It was just so difficult to find people on the same wavelength as me. Derren wasn't either but I had made an exception for him. He was tall and broad-shouldered, with a thick head of hair and muscles that looked like they were about to explode. I wanted to get back to nature and embrace something wild, become more like an animal than a human.

As a psychiatrist, this wasn't the kind of treatment I would usually prescribe, but I was a responsible practitioner and as an expert I thought it was just what I needed. It's why I insisted we come out here, far away from the prying eyes of the city, a place where the immortality of our wild acts wouldn't seem so taboo. I cast a side-eyed glance towards him, trying to quell the hesitant feelings within. I wanted to be unbridled but there were still constraints placed upon me. I had been raised to be prim and proper, responsible and respectable. I worked hard to cultivate a successful career and a reputation for being trustworthy. It was hard to leave all of that behind and become someone else.

He squeezed my thigh, and a jolt of arousal shot through me. I breathed slowly, embracing the feeling, trying my best to appreciate it rather than analyze it.

"I don't know if it's that much of an accomplishment," I replied dryly.

"Are you kidding me? I've been waiting for this for ages. You know, my buddies said that I should just give up with you, but I knew that you were worth the wait. This weekend is going to be incredible." He glanced towards me, and I saw the intense desire within his eyes. I turned away from him and looked out of the window, promising myself that I would indulge this different aspect of me.

We pulled up at the old cabin. It had been in my family for generations, although I never managed to come out here as often as I would have liked. It was framed by trees and the sloping ground led to a shimmering lake nearby. There was a pit for a fire.

"Man, this place is amazing," Derren said as he got out of the car, placing his hands on his hips as he enjoyed the view.

"Yeah, it is. I should come here more often."

“I’m surprised you don’t live out here. It’s so peaceful. You could be away from the world and all the stupid rules.”

“You think rules are stupid?”

He barked a laugh. “Some of them. I mean, I just think people should be free to pursue what they want. Sometimes I feel as though society is just a way for us to be controlled. You can’t do this; you can’t do that. I feel like I should be allowed to say what and where I drink. People just need to get out of my business, you know?” I looked at him and realized that perhaps I didn’t know Derren as well as I should have.

He hauled the luggage from the car and waltzed inside, expressing his admiration for the interior of the cabin, which was just as enthusiastic as his opinion of the outside. When he found the bedroom, he gave me a lascivious glance.

“We’ll be seeing a lot of this place.” He stepped past me, running a hand along the small of my back. This was a man who was primed with testosterone. It practically seeped out of his pores, and it was the main reason why I had chosen him for this weekend. We spent a little while settling in. Derren set about building a fire while I prepared dinner. It didn’t escape my attention that without realizing it we had settled into the stereotypical gender roles, and I wondered if there was something about being in nature that brought this dynamic about. Hmm, there could be a research paper in that... would people taken out of the city regress to a state of an earlier society? It was a most intriguing prospect, and I intended to give it more thought.

“I wish that we had the opportunity to live out here,” Derren said. “Away from everything.”

“You find the city suffocating?”

“Don’t you?”

I considered the matter and tilted my head from side to side. “I suppose there are times when I would prefer to get away from it all but I feel safer in the city.”

He grunted. “You shouldn’t. The more people there are, the greater chance there is of getting hurt.” Some may have thought of this as an offhand comment, but my training had taught me that there was no such thing. I arched an eyebrow.

“You don’t trust people?”

“I trust people when they give me a reason to trust them.”

“I see, and who taught you that?”

“My dad, not that he intended for me to learn anything.”

“I see. It was a fractious relationship then?”

He looked at me blankly. “I don’t know what that means.”

“You didn’t get along.”

He smiled darkly. “That’s putting it lightly. He didn’t want me. I was a mistake, a burden, and he never shied away from telling me.”

“Was he abusive towards you?”

Derren tensed and his demeanor shifted. There was a coldness to his eyes as he stared at me. Then, realization dawned upon his face. He shook his head and then lifted his finger, wagging it in the air in front of my face.

“Oh no, we’re not doing this. You’re not going to read my mind or any of that crap.”

I refrained from correcting him to the point that I do not read minds but he had a point, I hadn’t come out here to work.

“I’m sorry, it’s hard to switch it off,” I said. Derren shook the sourness from his face and then rose, approaching me. He pulled me up and held me close. His strong arms wrapped around my body.

“I’ll switch it off by turning you on,” he grunted. “I’ve wanted this for a long time. You have no idea how long I’ve thought about it.” Naked desire simmered in his eyes and my lips parted. We had almost reached the point of no return, and I thought I was ready for it, but at the last moment I pulled away. There was something missing. I wasn’t entirely sure what, but I couldn’t be the wild person I wanted to be, at least not yet. Maybe I just needed some alcohol.

I pulled away from him but when I did, I felt his hand grab my arm like a vice. I gasped, wincing. Did he know his own strength?

“Where are you going?” he asked, an edge to his voice.

“Just to get a drink. I want to loosen up.”

“I can get you plenty loose. You don’t need anything apart from me,” he yanked me back towards him. Breath left my throat as I crashed against his chest. Both his hands were pressed into my flesh and there was a dark desire in his eyes. He tucked a few strands of my red hair behind my ear.

“Derren, what are you doing?” I spoke in a frail whisper. His fingers traced a line around my neck.



“I’m doing what you want me to do. It’s why you brought me out here, isn’t it? This place... we’re meant to be wild. I know what women like you want. You’re all so professional. It must be exhausting. You just want to let loose, strip away everything and go wild. You want a man, a real man. Someone who isn’t afraid of the world. Maybe you even want to be punished a little,” his voice dropped an octave, and he tapped my ass, following up with a grab, as though I was there purely for his enjoyment and nothing more.

“Derren!” I slapped his shoulder, trying to push him away. He was so strong I doubt he even felt it. Either way, he seemed to enjoy it.

“That’s it, I like it rough, but are you willing to let me slap you around as well, or are you one of these feminists?” he spat the word like a curse and it was as though a mask had been lifted. How had I gotten things so wrong? How had I misjudged him? I had been so focused on what his body could offer that I never gave enough thought to his personality. I had always brushed him off as being uncouth and raw, a man made for another time. I didn’t realize there was something more sinister lurking beneath the surface. I hadn’t gone on a date with him because I wanted to keep it a secret. I didn’t want people to know that this highly-renowned psychiatrist was actually a sex-starved nymph, and my cravings had been my undoing. Fear trembled in my heart.

“Let go!” I tried to wrench myself away, hoping that this was some misguided joke. I glanced around. We were in the middle of nowhere. There were no cops within reach of a phone (the cell service out here was non-existent), no strangers with their phones at the ready, prepared to intervene. There was only him and me.

“I’m not here to play games, Ambrosia. We both know why you brought me out here, so why are we delaying the inevitable? Let’s just get down to it. I don’t even mind if you’re a little afraid, it makes it all the sweeter and you’ll start to like it soon enough,” he cupped my face in his hand. I gasped and scrambled out of his arms,

pushing myself back as I pushed him away. As I did so, I stumbled and fell to my knees. The world rose to meet me. He towered over me, filling my vision, looming as tall as a mountain. There was a perverse, malicious smile on his face, and I couldn't believe that I had been stupid enough to make myself a victim. He hadn't wasted any time in showing his true colors.

"That's where you belong," he growled. He fumbled with his belt. I looked away, and that's when I saw them for the first time, two men emerging from the shadows of the forest. They were hulking and raw, bristling with strength. At first, I feared they were going to join in. In my tear-stained vision they looked identical. Derren loosened his grip as he turned to face them.

"Help me, please..." my weak voice trailed away. I was forced to trust these two strangers for help, but were they honestly there to help me, or were they going to join in?

Derren cursed at them and waved them away. He turned his attention back to me. I stared at the strangers, because they were my only hope. They started towards us, swaggering with intent. They were like reflections of each other, with only slight shimmers of differences between them and then something happened that turned my mind inside out and my world upside down. If I hadn't seen it with my own eyes I wouldn't have believed it at all. The air shimmered around them and there was a crackling sound, as though something was being ripped apart. My mouth hung open in silent shock as I stared at them. Their bodies changed, shifting from a human form to something else, to something... beastly. Thick fur grew from their pores, covering their flesh. Their eyes became beadier, their faces longer until a long snout led to sharp jaws, with fangs that dripped with potent ferocity. They fell forward from two legs to four, the powerful muscles coiled within these bestial forms. They snarled and growled. It was impossible. Had Derren terrified me so much that my mind had cracked and conjured this staggering vision?

“No... no! What is this?” Derren cried out. He could see them too. This was real. They were real. They were animals and I was certain they were here to kill us.

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 5:20 pm*

Typhon

I smelled them both. Their scents drifted through the air, these intruders. We were tasked with dealing with intruders. Vance did not like any trespassers near the compound for fear that it would be discovered. This would please him. We would be celebrated as we returned, my brother and me.

Just as we had been about to reveal ourselves, the male attacked the female. He seemed vicious and it was a sign of weakness that he would try to intimidate someone who was so physically inferior to him. Strength should only be displayed when confronting someone who possesses greater abilities than you. Anything else was bullying. We could deal with her in a different way, but he deserved to be shown the laws by which we lived. These humans... they knew so little about justice and righteousness. Vance always spoke about how they were arrogant and hubristic, and how the world needed to be wrested from their grasp. It was ours for the taking and soon enough the wolves would be standing upon their bodies, ruling the world. Kull and I would be among them, having proved ourselves in the Great War. This was the beginning. This could be the first strike that would spark the flame, a flame that would grow into a blaze and consume history. We sought to burn it to ash and sweep it aside, creating a new history, one where the wolves were the apex predators, just as it should have been. Just as it was written so long ago.

We revealed our true forms as we approached this pitiful wretch of a man. The replica of ancient magic shimmered around us and for a moment I could pretend that I was a wolf of old, one of the true blooded ancestors that first settled in this territory. I tried to push away the whispers and taunts of my peers, the ones who told me and my brother that we were not true wolves. Perhaps after tonight we could prove

ourselves to them and they would be forced to accept us as part of the pack. We could earn our right as warriors and lead the armies into battle, claiming blood and glory in the name of the Moon, and our valiant leader Vance.

My senses were quickly heightened, and the world became more vivid as I turned into a wolf. My paws padded against the ground. The woman's scent drifted towards me. It was sweet and spicy. It did strange things to my mind, the aroma twisting and darting within me, as though it was a living thing. I never realized a human could smell like this. Then again, these were the first humans I had ever encountered. Vance had always told me that humans smelled rotten, and we could detect their stench from far away. He was right about this man. A fetid aroma rolled off him in waves that made my stomach churn, but the woman... no, she was different. I sniffed the air, wondering if Kull felt the same thing, but his attention was drawn to the man.

She had called him Derren. I heard her shout out his name. Her words were laced with fear. Was it this that transformed her scent and made her so attractive? He spun away from her, the aggressive intent in his eyes smoothed over by fear and surprise. But he was no coward. These humans were convinced of their place in the world. They were always taught that they were the superior beings, the ones at the top of the food chain. They believed they had pushed aside all the other predators in the world, but they were wrong. The wolves had simply waited and bided our time until we were prepared to take this world from them.

He would be the first beneficiary of this lesson, and his slaughter would be a message to the rest of humanity, showing them that their world was to be shaken to its core, and their tame existence was about to be threatened. Derren moved back quickly, towards the fire. Kull was racing towards him. Derren reached down and picked up a thick piece of wood. A flame burned at the end. It streaked through the air, sparks flying and dancing around as he swiped it towards Kull. Kull growled and ducked, nimbly adjusting his trajectory to move to the side. Derren looked triumphant.

“I don’t know what you are, but you should get away. I’ll kill you! You hear me? I’ll fucking kill you!” he swung the wood in an arc in front of him again, warning Kull against getting too close. Kull narrowed his eyes, watching carefully for an opening. I could see his limbs tensing, primed to lunge forward. Did this fool think we were afraid of fire? We had been forged in worse. Pain was nothing to be afraid of.

Pain was our companion.

The woman trembled, her face as pale as the moon. She wasn’t going to join this man. I turned my attention away from her and joined Kull. Derren seemed more agitated now. He jabbed the wood towards us, as though it was a spear. The fire hissed. I glanced towards Kull. We shared a moment of silent understanding. Smoke billowed in the air, the ashy taste bitter at the back of my throat. Derren’s face was illuminated in an amber glow, the whites of his eyes visible, fear slowly taking hold of his heart. With every passing moment he began to realize that fire was not going to be a decisive factor in this battle and that we were not going to be as meek as the prey he had thought he was going to abuse.

“Stay back,” Derren said. This time his voice hitched with fear. It was a sign of weakness, a sign that he was going to buckle under the pressure of our intimidation. Kull and I snarled in tandem. Our bestial bodies bristled with vicious strength. How many foes had we defeated together? I had lost count. The blood flowed into a river, trailing behind us, a legacy of death. With each kill we grew closer to earning the respect of Vance and the pack, until eventually we would be seen as true wolves rather than the shadows we currently were. I nodded towards Kull.

He went low. I went high. Kull darted towards Derren’s feet, while I unsheathed my claws and directed them at Derren. They looked sharp in the fire. Derren cried out in anguish and swung the wood towards me. I could see it arriving, and was prepared to take the hit. Heat singed my fur. The pain flared against my flesh and seeped beneath, darkening my soul. As this happened, Kull crashed into Derren and sent him flying.

He lost grip of his weapon, and it rolled away, the flame dying out as it hit the grass, smoldering to a faint glow with a plume of smoke drifting into the air. Derren scrambled back, moving as quickly as he could to escape us. Kull took a moment to check on me, but I gestured towards the human. I winced in pain, embracing it, making it a part of myself, for it would make me stronger. Pain always made us stronger.

Derren kicked out and threw whatever came to hand towards Kull. The stones and sticks rained down upon Kull but bounced off him harmlessly. He prowled before Derren, the hints of silver in his fur illuminated by the fire. Derren was shaking his head in shock. Every aspect of him was in motion as he sprinted away to a car. He slammed the door and revved the engine.

“What are you doing? Get back here! Don’t leave me!” the woman cried. She had managed to get to her feet now and she was stumbling towards the car, reaching out for it forlornly. Kull bellowed and propelled himself forward at top speed, becoming a stormy blur that rushed towards the car. Shafts of light emanated from the headlights as the car was brought into motion. Tires spun as the car trundled back, turning away from the cabin. The woman screamed again, her arms stretched as far as they could go but it wasn’t far enough. A sickly scent was spewed out from the car as it screeched away, Derren slamming his foot down. It jerked from side to side as it headed to safety. Kull chased after it, his legs pumping, all of his strength and vigor focused on this metal behemoth. The car continued to accelerate, roaring with desperation. I could picture the anxious sweat that trickled down Derren’s temples. Kull was so impressive when he moved like this. He chased the car down and then lunged forward, swiping towards the rear bumper. For a moment I thought he had succeeded in taking hold of it and halting Derren’s escape, only for the bumper to come loose and clatter away. Kull was taken with it, and Derren was able to speed into the darkness and accelerate away. I snarled as this failure was hard to swallow, but then my head swiveled and I stared at the woman he had left behind.

At least we still had her.

I stalked towards her, turning my back to the fire. My fur was sizzling with heat, and the scent of burnt flesh was rising from the wound. The woman looked defeated and betrayed. Fear lined her features. She fell to her knees and clasped her hands together. I studied her carefully. Her flaming hair was lustrous, a few strands matted to her head by sweat. She had strong features and an intense gaze in her emerald eyes. Her lips were full and vibrant with color, while her body flowed in sensual curves. Her arms were slender, while her chest pressed against tight clothes. She wore a dress, and it looked as though she had been poured into it. It almost seemed as though her body was about to burst out of the fabric. Her thick thighs were visible beneath the seam of the dress, which rose up as she knelt down. One strap fell away from her shoulder, revealing a constellation of freckles against her pale, milky skin. The valley of her cleavage was deep, and the swell of her breasts rose dramatically with each panting breath. Sweat dusted her skin, and I inhaled all of her. She made me want to devour her.

“Please don’t hurt me, please. I’ll do anything. Just spare me. I don’t know what this is. I don’t know who you are. I just...I don’t want to die. Please, just let me go,” her voice was deep and soulful, even when it was trembling with fear. Desire flickered in my eyes. What a prize she would be. Kull returned to me, sour for having allowed the other human to flee, but she was far more than a consolation prize. I turned towards him and as our eyes met I knew that the same thought passed through our minds. That was no surprise, however. We were brothers, after all.



## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 5:20 pm*

Ambrosia

I closed my eyes for a moment, wishing that the ground would swallow me whole. I was trying to convince myself that something I'd eaten had been laced with drugs, but I knew that wasn't the case. This was real.

Somehow, this was fucking real.

These men had turned into wolves and Derren had gone and abandoned me, leaving me here. All I had wanted was one weekend where I could leave everything behind and embrace the wild part of me and then this had to go and happen. I was going to die. There was nothing else that could happen. They had tried to attack Derren, and I had been too terrified to take advantage when their attention had been on him. Now Derren was speeding along the road, and I had no way to escape. Fear ran down my spine and I waited for them to sink their teeth into me and tear me apart.

Fuck, how many people had I pitied for suffering from crazed delusions of monsters? I told them time and time again that these things weren't real, they were just products of our fearful mind. Every time I had denied them, even when they had been insistent. Well, I wasn't so smug anymore, was I? I was about to become a victim of things that shouldn't have existed, and there wasn't a damn thing I could do about it.

But I hadn't yet felt either their claws or their teeth. I cracked my eyes open. Breath rushed out of me in one swift exhalation. They had shifted again, this time from wolves back to men. Instead of standing before me on four legs, with sly eyes gazing at me and their lips pulled back into a sharp smile, they were staring at me intently. They wore simple clothes, loose on their bodies. They wore vests over their torsos,

but their biceps were revealing. They swelled with strength. Short pieces of fabric covered their groins. Long legs like thick tree trunks reached down to the ground, covered in hair. They bristled with strength. Their power was raw, incarnate, unable to be denied. These were more than men and I could hardly wrap my mind around their innate strangeness. I had always been a woman of science but here were two creatures that my mind was telling me should not exist and yet how could I deny them?

The one on the right had thick curls of hair cascading to his shoulders, reminding me of Samson but I couldn't imagine his strength would be drained from him should his locks be shorn. Strength seemed to be an essential part of them, a quality that could never be stolen. The other had shorter hair, although it was the same shade. They had similar features: strong jaws, intense dark eyes, knotted foreheads, and a sturdy posture that suggested they were ready for any challenge, any at all. I had studied many different types of men during my career, and these were alpha males through and through. As I gazed up at them it was difficult not to be in awe of their sheer power.

I could do nothing but beg them for mercy because my fate was in their hands.

“What is your name?” one of them asked.

“Ambrosia. Dr. Ambrosia Hart,” I said, using my full title. It had brought me such pride, yet now it didn't seem to matter at all. My skin tingled with heat at the thought of them ripping away my clothes. If they wanted to, they could do anything. They were stronger than Derren. They were animals... and aside from feeling quite stunned, my mind was filled with questions. Did they think differently? What type of lives did they lead? What were their beliefs? Even when my life was hanging in the balance, I could not turn off the inquisitive psychiatrist within.

“Do you know where you are?”

“The cabin... this... this has been in my family for a long time,” I replied.

“This is not your cabin. This territory belongs to Vance.”

“Is that you?” I asked.

They glanced at each other. A strange look came over their faces. It wasn't quite a smirk, but it seemed close to it.

“No, I am Typhon and this is Kull.” Typhon was the one with longer hair. I gulped and nodded. At least now that I knew their names I might be able to begin a dialogue with them.

“It's a pleasure to meet you,” I said, swallowing the fear as best I could. My heart raced as I stared at their twitching fingers. Their hands were massive.

“Have you ever seen creatures like us before?” Kull asked.

“No. I've heard stories,” I said, and was interrupted before I could continue.

“Stories,” Typhon spat, “the stories mean nothing.”

“Of course,” I stammered. “I'm sure they don't. I'd love to know more about you. There's no point in hurting me. I'm not important. It won't do any good.”

This time there was no mistaking the expression on their faces. They were smug about something.

“We have no interest in hurting you. Why would we hurt you? There would be no joy in it, no honor. You are weak, fragile. We would learn or gain nothing from besting you in combat. It would not prove anything to our pack,” Typhon said. I tried to calm

my frantic mind, knowing that their words might offer me a way to escape my situation. If I could just concentrate for long enough to gain some insight then I might be able to twist their beliefs and get them to let me go but it was so difficult to do so.

“We are going to bring you back with us as a prize. You will see the war that is coming, and you will tremble with fear. This is the fate of humans, and it will be your fate too.”

“Am I going to die?” I choked.

There was a pause, and this brought no end of terror and dread to my soul. “That is for the Alpha to decide,” Kull said.

I thought quickly. “Please, please, okay, I know that you’re not going to let me go. I’m not going to insult you by pleading for my life. You clearly have something you need to accomplish, and I accept that you’re stronger than me. I’m not going to try to escape. I’m not going to try to make things difficult for you. I’ll play along, I promise. I’ll do whatever you ask but please... please... will you guarantee that I’ll leave after this? I don’t want to die. If you could do that then I’ll be ever so grateful. I’ll do whatever you want if you just promise me that you’ll allow me to live. I’m sure that there must be some measure of influence you have over your Alpha. Aren’t there any rights you possess as the ones who found me? I can tell that you must be important people.”

It was never a bad idea to engage in simple flattery. I noticed how they puffed their chests out and shifted their posture. They might have been werewolves, but they were like many other men at heart, and this was something I could take advantage of in the moment. If I could ensure that my life was not at stake, then I could plan for the future and escape. Typhon and Kull leaned into each other and whispered something inaudible. Then they looked at me at the same time, and it was the hungry look I recognized from so many men that I had encountered during my life. They came

towards me in tandem, as though they were joined at the hip. Typhon reached down and stroked my cheek. The touch was surprisingly tender, and I steeled myself against it, promising myself that I wasn't going to flinch. I didn't want to show too many signs of weakness. From what they said I gathered that they valued strength. If I was going to survive then I was going to have to earn their respect.

"There is something. Pleasure us," he said. His hand moved towards his groin. I stared at him and noticed the outline of his arousal. It was long and thick, like a python. I gulped, my throat growing tight. Just as before, this reaction was mirrored in Kull.

"You... you want me to pleasure you?" I asked.

"That's what I said. That is our price. I'm sure we can convince our Alpha that you're worth keeping around if you can convince us," Typhon said, a malevolent smile upon his face.

"I've always wondered what a human is like. You are going to be in thrall to us eventually. You might as well start now," Kull added. Naked desire radiated from them. My gaze moved back and forth between them. I tensed. All the lessons I had been taught and all the advice I gave in a professional capacity was to refuse them, to call their bluff and maintain some dignity. But there was a dark, dirty desire that had always lurked within me, a part of me that had always wanted to turn aside the prim and proper psychiatrist and thrust myself into the taboo elements of the world, surrendering to danger and doing something that went completely against my usual character. That was what this weekend had been about, after all, and now I had these two men, beasts, creatures that were telling me my life and freedom depended on pleasuring them, and I would have been lying if I said that a part of me wasn't titillated by it.

So, behind hooded eyes, I cast my morals asunder, and I breathed deeply, ignoring

the thumping crescendo of my heart and the thoughts of shame that rang out in the back of my mind. I resigned myself to this, knowing that once I went through with this I would be irrevocably changed, but perhaps that wasn't such a bad thing.

"Very well. I'll do as you ask," I said in a low voice, commanding the sultry allure that I indulged far too rarely. I pushed aside the analytical part of my brain and instead focused on the instinctive part, on the chemicals that flowed through my brain, and the rush of lust that seized me. The fire burned near us, its heat shimmering in the air. The calm lake was beyond them, a watery abyss that was too far to cleanse me. I placed my hands on my thighs and leaned forward, waiting for them to reveal themselves.

Typhon and Kull smiled with perverse delight. They stood either side of me. the hair on their legs bristling against my shoulders. They reached down to caress my hair and stroke my cheeks. They reached farther down, cupping my breasts and squeezing, pawing at me as though I was nothing but a toy. I closed my eyes and felt the rush of pleasure, mixed with a sense of unease, but this only made things even more intoxicating. It was wrong and wild, and I shouldn't have been enjoying it at all, yet the depravity gave it a certain allure. It was humiliating for a woman with so many awards and a prestigious practice and immaculate reputation to be treated this way, to willingly give her mouth in the middle of nowhere to these creatures that were more than men. There was so much about this situation that seemed wrong, and paradoxically that was exactly why I felt I had to do it. I shuddered with every breath as their frantic hands pressed into my skin, as though they had never touched a woman before. The hot musk from their bodies flooded me and I lost thought of everything else in the world. I wasn't myself. I became something else, this erotic, sensual thrill-seeker that could not be contained, that could no longer abide by society's rules and who would cast every ounce of virtue aside.

The thin pieces of cloth that obscured their groins were quickly stretched to their limit by their erections. They bulged due to touching me, feeling me, looking at me. I was

the object of their desire, and I could literally see how much they wanted me.

Now I was feeling it too. I reached up and placed my hands against their groins, tracing the outline of their erections. They gasped and grunted. I squeezed hard. Just as I had been amazed at the impossible sight of them shifting between man and beast, so too was I amazed at the feeling pressing against my palms. They were brimming with sheer power and force, the epitome of sex and potency, and I was quite sure that whatever magic had imbued them with the power to turn into wolves had also endowed them with an incredible size as well. I wrapped my fingers around their girth and gulped, wondering if I had bitten off more than I could chew.

They pulled their loin cloths aside. The fabric fell to their feet and was utterly gone from my consciousness. I stared at each of them in turn, moving my head from side to side, utterly entranced by the protruding appendages stretching taut, exuding sexual heat. They were both long and thick, just as with everything else about Typhon and Kull, these two erections were perfect reflections of each other. The base of the shaft was a thatch of dark hair, shadowed with mystery and depravity. The skin was taut and smooth, with veins rippling beneath the surface like rivers. Two full testicles hung below, fuzzed with hair, bursting with fertility and sex. These men were aching and set to burst, and there was something flattering about the fact that I was the one who had inspired them to such heights of arousal. Without me these weapons of lust would not have been drawn. I ran my hands along the shafts and brought my fingers to the tips. I ran my thumb against them and felt the two men shudder. Tremors ran from my thumbs all the way around their bodies, and I could sense it all. I may have been the one on my knees and they may have had my life in the balance, but I was not devoid of power, not when I had their cocks in my hands.

They sidled closer to me, to the point where I was caught in the middle of them and they almost touched. I began stroking them, all inhibitions torn asunder by this raw desire within me, overwhelmed by the sheer majesty and size of their erections. It almost seemed a crime not to pleasure them, because I wasn't sure when I would ever

get the chance to experience something like this again. They throbbed in front of my eyes, dripping with ecstasy. I squeezed and stroked, noticing what movements of my hand brought them the most pleasure. Their flesh scorched the palms of my hands. My knees ached and my mouth dropped open. In this quiet, secluded part of the world I stripped away all sense of chastity and gave myself to a delicious, decadent sin.

They came closer and closer, almost touching their tips together, but the angle of their bodies brought them towards my mouth. My lips parted. I could feel the heat simmering in the air. It was dark and musky, as intoxicating as whiskey. Pleasure thrummed against my hands, and their grunting moans punched the air, accompanying the crackling fire that seemed to burn more intensely. At least that's what it felt like because I was getting hotter with every moment that passed. I gasped for air as sweat trickled down my neck and lingered at the hollow of my throat. My breasts heaved and something twitched deep within me. My clothes felt constrictive, as though they were a skin I needed to shed in order to be liberated, otherwise I was going to burn up and go supernova.

Then the two erections came together in my field of vision, and they were insistent upon me, getting closer and closer to my mouth until I stopped fighting the instinct and lunged forward. I kissed Typhon first and then Kull. I shifted my lips from one to the other, trying to keep things perfectly balanced. I dragged my mouth across them, allowing the taste to swim over my tongue. Then, I took turns as my tongue darted out and I left trails of glistening saliva over their skin, before I lifted them up and sucked on their balls, which made a strangled moan gurgle out of their throats. A smile curled upon my face as I realized the effect I was having on them. Then I parted my lips even wider and took them in my mouth. I lingered at the tip, kissing them softly, before I took them deep in my throat. They grabbed my hair and forced me to take every inch of them. I gagged, feeling as though I was going to choke on them, before eventually I slid back and gasped for breath, saliva joining my lips to their erections like a silvery strand of gossamer. Heat rushed around my mind and my



heart crashed like symbols. A haze descended over my mind, and I could hardly believe that I was doing this, that Dr. Ambrosia Hart was on her knees, gorging on two gorgeous, brawny men and their monster cocks.

For a moment I lost myself and my consciousness ascended. My soul was propelled out of my body, and I looked down, watching myself in this utter state of lust, devouring these two men, barely taking a breath as I shifted my mouth between them. My lips were stretched, and my tongue lolled out of me. My chin was stained with saliva and smeared with heat. Typhon and Kull grabbed me, running their fingers through my hair, groaning and muttering unintelligible things as I gave myself to them. Then I was drawn back into my body, and I was aware of everything pressing against my tongue, filling my mouth as I sucked hard. I moaned breathlessly as I brought the two of them together and whirled my tongue around them both, bringing the tips so close it was as though they merged into one impossibly huge erection that was going to flood me with their pleasure. My hands were locked on them. I ignored the ache in my arms as I kept pumping them, and I pushed aside the ache in my jaw as well.

Sex had never been like this, raw and dirty. All of my previous lovers had gone to great lengths to pleasure me and make me feel like a star, a goddess, but maybe there had always been something about me that wanted to be treated like a whore, that wanted to be used without mercy, without any promise that I would be getting all of this pleasure in return. My breaths became so heavy that it sounded as though I was snarling myself, almost as though I was the animal and would shift into some inhuman beast as well.

Perhaps I already had.

After all, my clothes were in disarray, my hair was matted to my scalp, my lips were smeared, my eyes were hazy, and my skin was flushed. If anyone I knew could see me now, then I would be ruined because none of them would want treatment from

someone who was on their knees with their mouth hanging wide open. Right now, I was not some well-adjusted expert on the human psyche who could help lead them back to a state of emotional tranquility. I was a woman, a woman with needs and kinks and desires, who was tired of hiding them all away and burying them deep down. Oh, it felt so fucking good to let them all out. Yes, fly, fly and be free.

I threw myself into the act and I sucked and sucked some more, gazing at them without any fear or hesitation in my eyes. They wanted me to pleasure them? Well, I was going to give them everything. I was going to give them more than they bargained for. I was going to make sure I was so damned good that they would never dare let anyone kill me because they wouldn't be able to live without the pleasure I could give. I was going to make myself invaluable to them because my life depended on it and if I had to be a slut to survive then that was just what I was going to do.

I took each of them deep in my mouth and squeezed hard. I could see they were getting closer and closer to climax. I could feel the tremors in their bodies getting more intense, rolling like thunder. Lightning flashed in their eyes, and we created a storm together. I wanted them to see that I wasn't afraid, that I wasn't weak or meek. They might have me in this submissive position, but I wasn't going to admit that they had conquered me. I chose to do this, and I was getting just as much enjoyment out of it as them.

Well, maybe not as much enjoyment.

The world shuddered and their grunts became even deeper, until they turned into roars. They flung their arms out and I felt the pleasure aching to escape from them. Everything was a blur as I made love to these two cocks until they came at the same time. It was as though a dam had burst. The viscous white flow erupted and slammed into my face, dripping along my lips and trickling into my mouth. I tilted my head back and opened my mouth as wide as it would go in order to catch the liquid that spewed towards me. It swam across my tongue and dripped down the back of my

throat, and they were breathless as they staggered back, utterly spent and drained. I let go of them, my hands no longer around their cocks. I stared into the fire and knew that I blazed as intensely as those flames. I had shed my skin and embraced a new part of myself.

I was never going to be the same again.

## Page 4

*Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 5:20 pm*

Kull

Heat that I had never experienced before enveloped me. I thought Typhon had been calling her bluff and there was no way she would give into this request, but then she had shown an unexpected willingness to pleasure us. It was almost enough to dull the irritation I felt after the man had escaped. Even now I stared into the distance in the direction the car had driven away, and I knew I should have been faster.

I stomped past the fire and stood by the edge of the lake. The water looked dark at night, as though it was going to swallow up everything. The surface was utterly still, pristine and perfect. I picked up a stone and tossed it across the surface. It skimmed, breaking the stillness. Nothing in this world was perfect, nothing deserved to be. My head swam with all kinds of different sensations. I wasn't sure how to understand any of them. I glanced back at Ambrosia, who was sitting by the fire, not making any attempt to move.

Typhon came towards me. He stood at an angle so he could keep one eye on Ambrosia.

"Is everything alright?" he asked in a low voice.

I hissed. "I let him get away."

He put his hands on his hips and looked to the side. "You shouldn't beat yourself up about that. You couldn't have known the fender was going to break off."

"I should have anticipated it. I shouldn't have let the chase end there."

“We have another prisoner, and I think she’s more impressive. Besides, there’s a chance that Derren will tell other people what he saw here. The word could spread, and the humans will fear us.”

“Maybe. I just wanted to impress Vance. I thought this was our chance.”

“As did I, but all is not lost. We have her,” Typhon gestured to Ambrosia.

“We should be careful. She might try to run as well.”

“I’m not sure. I think she knows she won’t stand a chance. She has seen what we are capable of, and she does not strike me as an unintelligent woman.”

“Don’t let yourself be influenced by what just happened. She is still a human. She’s still the enemy,” I said, noticing the way Typhon’s gaze lingered upon her. He looked indignant when he replied.

“I don’t know what you’re implying, but I’m certainly not going to let that happen. She is a means to an end, that’s all. Vance will be impressed when we bring her back.”

“And are we going to stand by the terms of the agreement? Are we going to ensure that her life is protected?”

Typhon rolled his shoulders. “We shall do all we can. Ultimately, we cannot make Vance’s decisions for him, but we can tell him how useful she could be.”

I grunted. “Do you think he will debase himself by coupling with a human?”

Typhon frowned. “Is that what you think we have done?”

“It’s different for us. We’re not true bloods,” I said with a hint of regret in my voice. Typhon bristled, as I knew he would.

“Don’t say that. We’re just like them. At least, we can be. We have just conquered a human female. It is a great victory, and we have also driven a human male from our territory. Vance is going to be impressed. I can feel it. Things are changing, brother. It won’t be long now until we are included in the main pack. We will be seen as equals with the other wolves. We will be given more and more chance to prove ourselves, and when the war comes we will be running with the others in the first wave of attacks.”

I sighed. Despite there being so many similarities between us, there were also acute differences. Sometimes I think the things we have in common only served to highlight the things that we did not.

“I hope you’re right. I fear that nothing is ever going to change the way they look at us. We are little more than abominations to them.”

“I can’t believe that. I won’t believe it,” Typhon said, his voice strained. “If I thought for one moment that was the case then I wouldn’t be able to carry on.”

“Perhaps you should open your eyes and your ears, brother. They have always looked down on us. We have to resort to getting pleasure from a human because no other wolves will mate with us. We cannot escape our nature.”

“Yes we can, because we have been given the ability to rise above the station of our birth. The others may not understand who we are, but we will show them through our deeds. Our names will live in history with the other famed warriors of our pack.”

I stared at him for a few moments and then turned my attention back towards the lake. Sometimes it seemed easier to throw myself into a thing like this and just

disappear.

“I hope you’re right,” I said forlornly.

He grabbed my shoulder and spoke with unwavering belief. “I am, Kull. This world is ours for the taking, and when the war comes we shall prove ourselves. This is the first step,” he glanced back towards Ambrosia.

I shook off the lingering sensations of orgasm. It was a strange sensation. I had always dreamed of what it would feel like, never once imagining that it would be inspired by a human female. She was not without her finer qualities, and there was something in her eyes, a fierce defiance that was almost reminiscent of a wolf. Typhon jerked his head in her direction, and I followed a few paces behind him.

Ambrosia stirred when we approached. She was staring into the fire, her knees drawn into her chest, her arms wrapped around her legs. My gaze was drawn to her lips, the source of so much pleasure. I felt a twinge deep inside. I experienced an uneasiness about the fact that we would give her to Vance, and he would decide what happened to her. She was our prize, and we should have been able to keep her. That was the way it worked for other wolves, but not wolves like us.

“I feel as though I lived up to my part of the bargain. I think you’re both suitably satisfied,” she drawled, the words rolling across her sultry lips. There was a coy look in her eyes. She seemed fearless and uninhibited. I started to wonder if Vance had underestimated the humans.

“Indeed we are. You are a credit to your species,” Typhon said.

“And I’m sure the same is true for you. But what species is that, exactly? Are you really werewolves?” she asked.

“Do you find that impossible to believe?” I asked, baring my teeth, ready to give her another demonstration. It might have been worth it to test just how fearless she was. Ambrosia cocked her head to the side and pursed her lips.

“When I first saw it I thought that it must have been, but I would be a fool to reject something I saw with my own eyes just because it seems impossible. I’ve always possessed an open mind, and I like to think that I’m able to accept reality even when it’s surreal. In fact, I find it quite fascinating. It would be interesting to study you. What is your history? How long have you been in the world? Do you ever take part in human society?”

“We are not going to answer your questions,” Typhon said. “The matter is simple. You are going to come with us, and we shall bring you to our Alpha. He will decide what to do with you.”

“But you’ll make sure I’m kept alive, right? That was the deal,” she said.

Typhon and I inclined our heads.

Ambrosia sighed and looked around. “You know, we don’t have to leave right away. I have some food in the cabin. We could stay and hang around for a while and maybe, well... maybe I can offer you something else. What would it take for you to let me go?”

“That is out of the question,” I said.

“Are you sure?”

“We are taking you to Vance,” Typhon said.

Ambrosia ran a hand across her chin. “What makes him the Alpha?”



“He is the strongest wolf. He commands respect from every member of the pack. He has led the pack for a long time, and he has proven his prowess in battle on many occasions. He has also fought off every challenger who dared to face him. There are none stronger than him.”

“I see, so that’s why you’re ready to bow down in worship to him? I just thought that maybe you might want to show a bit of backbone and independence. Maybe you’d want to prove to yourselves that you don’t have to simply do whatever this Vance wants. I mean, if you defied him by, say, letting me go, then you might feel better about yourselves. It would do your confidence the world of good,” she said.

I stepped towards her and clenched my fists, just about to give her hell, when Typhon held me back.

“You are quick with your words, Ambrosia. You won’t be able to turn us against Vance. He is the Alpha, and we are aware of our place. We hope to improve our standing with him by bringing you to him. You will make a wonderful prize.”

“I see,” Ambrosia said icily. Her head dropped and her shoulders became rounded. There was a dark look in her eyes, and she crossed her arms, digging her hands into her armpits. “Then we might as well get this over and done with. Where are we going?”

I pointed into the vague distance our direction shrouded by darkness. Ambrosia shook her head and huffed.

“I’m going to need some food before we leave, and water,” she said, looking back towards the cabin. It wasn’t an unreasonable request. Typhon and I glanced towards each other, and he gestured for me to follow her. She entered the cabin. I leaned against the doorway as she gathered some food in a bag.

“You know, what you’re doing is pretty fucked up,” she muttered.

I shrugged. “You wouldn’t understand.”

“It’s a wolf thing, is it?”

“Something like that.”

“So tell me then, what’s the deal with you? Do you only change under a full moon?”

“We’re not going to answer your questions. Gather your things and let’s go.”

“Man, I thought I was in a bad situation with Derren. It’s only getting worse. You know, I came up here to get away from it all. I thought I was going to have a nice stress-free weekend in my family cabin.”

I heard drawers and cupboards opening. For a moment she disappeared from view, and my suspicions were aroused. She emerged with a bag slung over her shoulder. I narrowed my eyes and caught her arm on the way out. I grabbed the bag from her and rummaged through it, my hand finding the handle of a knife. I pulled it out and gave her a disparaging look. She scowled.

“Did you really think I wasn’t going to try to defend myself?” she muttered.

“We’re not going to hurt you. I thought we already made that clear,” I said.

She tilted her head and looked at me with profound curiosity. “Why?”

I wasn’t quite sure I understood the question. “Why what?”

“Why aren’t you going to hurt me?”

“Because there is no honor in it.”

“Not even if I’m armed? I must say I’m a little insulted that you don’t see me as more of a threat.”

I was impressed that she showed no fear, at least outwardly. I could smell the unease radiating from her, but she was doing her best to hide it. There was more to her than I expected from a human.

“We are the threat. You and your kind should be afraid of us,” I said, baring my teeth. Perhaps I was a little insulted that she wasn’t cowering in my presence.

“You just said you weren’t going to hurt me. Are you lying?”

“No.”

“Then I don’t have anything to fear from you, and it’s not going to do me any good to tremble with fear. I might as well try and make the best of my situation. I’m not going to make any trouble, because then you’ll be less likely to keep me around. But you should know before we go any farther that I’m not anything special. I don’t have any power or influence with the other humans, so if you expect to use me as some kind of bargaining chip then you’re mistaken. I’m just an ordinary woman. I’m not sure that I’m going to have any value at all.”

“You do have value because you are human. Now, it is time for us to leave. Don’t try anything stupid.”

She stopped in the threshold of the door and stared at me for a few moments. I couldn’t understand what she was trying to discern. It felt as though she was peeling away the layers of my soul. I was thankful when she moved on, as I wasn’t sure what she would see. She might have thought she was ordinary, but I could already sense

that she was wrong. Perhaps with her I could... no. I pushed the thought away almost before it entered my mind. I sighed, my body still processing the sensations that her sweet mouth had elicited. I gazed at her swaying hips as she strode away from the cabin, becoming hypnotized by the mesmerizing movements.

## Page 5

*Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 5:20 pm*

Typhon

“You know, she’s going to be wasted on Vance,” Kull said. We were striding through the forest. Ambrosia was a few paces ahead of us. Occasionally we shouted directions to her, but for the most part we walked in a straight line. I had warned her that there was no sense in running because we could chase her down. She insisted that she had no idea on doing such a thing because she had no idea where we were. The forest was dark, and it looked the same in all directions, although the fragrances were vastly different. Ambrosia was largely quiet. She possessed a fine demeanor and did not melt with fear. Was she a sign that the humans were going to be more defiant than Vance believed?

“She won’t be a waste. Vance will be pleased with this offering. He will reward us with respect.”

I could sense the weight of Kull’s gaze upon me. “Are you certain of that, brother? It’s not as though we have ever been worthy of his respect before.”

“We have never brought a human to him before. This intruder will be the key to raising our standing in the pack. Vance will see what we are capable of, and he will bring us into his inner circle. We shall be trusted with more important missions.”

“I fear you are letting your ambitions cloud your judgment. You know they won’t do this because of what we are.”

“We are wolves,” I hissed, glaring at Kull. I hated the way he spoke sometimes, as though there was never a chance for us to be anything other than what we were at

birth. If I believed that, then there wouldn't be any point in my continuing to live. Kull remained silent. I knew what thoughts were traveling through his mind. We had had this discussion countless times before, as we likely would countless times more until either one of us was proven right.

"Times are changing, Kull. I can sense it. It will soon be time for us to take our place among the renowned. And then we can begin our rise," as I lifted my chin I couldn't help but notice the concerned look upon his face.

"You shouldn't speak of such things," he whispered, as though someone was going to hear my conspiratorial words. His furtive gaze darted among the shadows as he worried that a wolf was nearby. "What if someone thinks you are plotting against Vance?"

I grunted and shook my head. "Nobody would think me that foolish," I said. Privately, I had entertained the notion of challenging Vance, as I assumed most other wolves had. He had faced so many challengers to his position that to be the one to finally topple him would make me a legend. Of course, I wasn't so naïve to think that I could defeat him. It was a mere fantasy, but to rise to the position of Alpha would certainly be a shock given where I began. "But when this war ends there will be a lot of territory to divide up between us. Vance cannot control it all by himself. He will need people he trusts to be in charge of the areas, and if we prove ourselves to him then we shall be given that trust. Think of it, we will have our own small part of the world to govern. Nobody will be able to tell us what to do."

"Nobody except Vance," Kull said. I ignored his words. He was always trying to downplay my ambitions.

"It will be glorious, Kull. We can have servants at our beck and call. We will stride about the world with our heads held high and our chests puffed out. Everyone will look at us with respect and they will want us to tell them the stories of our great

victories in battle over and over again. The younger wolves will grow up wanting to be like us, and nobody will ever think of us as different.” Then I leaned into him and lowered my voice. “And think about how women will react. They will be lining up to be your mate. They will all want a taste of Kull the Magnificent, Kull the Strong.”

I noticed how his eyes flashed. I knew that this would appeal to him. However, the notion did not linger in his mind as much as it lingered in mine.

“I hope you are right, I sincerely do, but I can’t imagine that the future will be too much different from the past. I can’t imagine Vance bestowing any honor upon us.”

“He might look at you differently when we bring Ambrosia back,” I said. Kull visibly winced. I hadn’t even mentioned Hana’s name. He should never have allowed the purity of his heart to be dulled by desire, but Kull had always been vulnerable to the yearnings of the spirit. I was more devout to the cause than that. I knew that all of these things would follow once we had gained the respect of the pack. Things had to be established in a certain order. That was just the way of things.

“I don’t want to talk about her,” he mumbled.

I shook my head. Kull could be troubled sometimes. Mostly I was confident that I knew the thoughts running through his head, but then there were times like these when I couldn’t understand him at all, when my brother was almost a stranger to me. I focused my gaze on the path ahead and thought about what would happen when we returned to the pack. We would present Ambrosia to Vance, and he would be pleased. I secretly hoped that he would allow us to keep her. But if not, then he would be grateful, and the wolves would begin to look at us in different ways. It had to happen eventually. We had proven ourselves over and over again. Surely it was reaching the point where they had to acknowledge that we were equal to them?

Ambrosia faltered and gasped. “I need to rest.”

“Do not stop. We keep moving,” I said.

“I can’t. I physically can’t. I’m not built for this lifestyle. I can’t remember the last time I went for a proper hike. My feet are killing me. Look,” she slipped off her shoes, which were flat and stained with dirt. They were wholly unsuited for the rigors of a trek through the forest. Her delicate feet were blemished with blisters. The dainty toes trembled with pain, and the fine arch of her foot belied the anguish that she felt. She gasped when she looked at them and sank to the ground. I pursed my lips. “I just need to rest for a little while,” she said.

I directed Kull to go and fetch some herbs to make a simple salve. I grabbed Ambrosia’s bag and tossed her a bottle of water and an apple. She guzzled the water down and then crunched on the apple. The juice ran sweet and clear, trickling along her chin. It brought to mind that intense moment when I had been seized by something utterly glorious, and it had exploded in her mouth. It was almost enough to make me forget my ambitions. Ambrosia leveled her gaze at me, and I averted mine. There was something uncanny about her, although I couldn’t quite put my finger on it.

“I thought you would be putting up more of a fight,” I said. She rolled her shoulders.

“What’s the point? I can’t overpower you. I can’t outrun you, especially not with my feet in this state,” she gestured towards her feet which she held in the air, flexing her toes. “The best I can hope for is that eventually you’ll show me mercy and return me to my old life.”

“Even if we did, that life would not remain the same for long.”

“What do you mean by that?” I asked.

My lips curled into a smile. “The world is going to change. There is a war coming,



and your kind are going to be thrust off your throne. You will be the first of many prisoners, and you will be tasked with serving us in all kinds of different ways.”

“I’m not sure that’s going to go down well. Why do you want to go to war with humans?”

“Because that is what Vance wants.”

“And do you always do what Vance wants?”

“He is the Alpha.”

“But what about what you want? Don’t you think for yourself?”

“Of course,” I spat. “But we are wolves. Our ambitions are aligned with the rest of the pack, and the Alpha directs these ambitions.”

“I see. It’s fascinating. Can you tell me more?”

“About what?”

“About everything, the way your society works, how you think, how decisions are made. Is there anything more to the hierarchy than the Alpha?”

“He has people he trusts.”

“And are you these people?”

I turned away and pouted. “Not at the moment. But we are working on it. Soon we shall gain his respect, and it’s because of you. He will be pleased that we managed to capture one of you. You should never have trespassed in our territory.”

“In my defense I didn’t know that it was yours. It’s not like there were signs or anything,” she said.

Kull returned at this point. I mixed what he had gathered into a paste and then applied it to her feet. I gently rubbed it into the blisters, tracing the flow of her arch with my fingers. She winced with pain as I applied the salve. I wrapped my fingers around her ankle, trying to keep her foot from moving too much. Her skin was warm to the touch, and I could feel arousal flaring within me again. I cleared my throat and made a concerted effort to control these feelings. The last thing I needed was for them to get the better of me. I had had fun with her, and there was nothing more to it.

Vance was going to have plans for her, most likely taking her for himself. Envy flashed within me. It was a hard thing inside me, like a great stone that weighed down my soul. As Alpha, Vance could do anything he wanted, and he could have anything he wanted. He did not have to answer to anyone.

I longed to enjoy that glory. Life would have been so much easier had it been like that for me. Then I could take Ambrosia for myself. My gaze rose from her feet. It traveled up her elegant legs, feasting on her thick thighs, her voluptuous figure, and the strands of fiery hair that brushed against her milky skin. Heat rose beneath my flesh. Would it be wrong of me to try and enjoy her again before we brought her to Vance?

“So how does it work? Did Vance get elected or something?” she asked.

“He killed the previous Alpha. The strongest gets to rule,” I said. Kull was pacing nearby, watching the area in case there were other predators in the forest foolish enough to encroach upon us.

“Ah, so might makes right. So, if someone was strong enough to kill Vance then they would become Alpha?” Ambrosia asked.

“Nobody is strong enough to kill Vance,” Kull said. I glared at him, but did not argue the point in front of Ambrosia.

“Yes, although the pack may split if people remain loyal to him. Not everyone follows tradition.”

“And how does this work exactly, I mean, how did it come about? Was a curse placed upon you? Do you have these abilities because of some spell? What exactly makes you a werewolf?”

I stared at her blankly and rolled my shoulders. “What makes a tree a tree? What makes water, water? This is simply the way we are, the way we have always been.”

“And you want to conquer the world.”

“It is our right as wolves,” I echo the words Vance had spoken so many times, rallying us to his cause. “We are more powerful than humans and it isn’t fair that they get to swarm across the world with their cities. They need to be taught a lesson, that they are not the apex predator of the world. We are top of the food chain, and soon enough we shall make your people subservient to us and there’s nothing you can do about it.”

Ambrosia’s head fell forward. “If you mean what you say, then plenty of people are going to die and I don’t mean humans either. I mean your kind as well. It’s not as though my people are going to go quietly. If you know anything about us, then you should know that. In fact, they might well scorch the earth before they surrender it. Do you have any idea about the technology we possess?”

My lips curled into a smile. “Do you have any idea of the technology we possess?” I repeated the question and noticed the shocked expression that flashed in her eyes. She hadn’t been prepared for that response at all, and she was lost deep in thought.

“You know, there have always been rumors of a hidden civilization, of a world hidden in plain sight. I never believed that it would actually be proven to be true. How long have you been existing here?”

“For as long as humans. This is not only your world. We are not guests. This is as much our history as yours, we just happen to keep it to ourselves.”

“Some wolves have, although that was many years ago. Humans have always had the numerical advantage. You breed like rabbits. There are always so many of you, and it has been difficult for us to have the means to balance the scales but that is changing soon.”

“What are you going to do? Is there a bomb?” her voice was laced with fear, and she became withdrawn.

“That’s not for you to know,” I said. I didn’t tell her that it wasn’t for us to know either. We weren’t privy to that kind of information. The only thing I knew was that Vance had a plan that would tip the scales in our favor. It must have been some impressive secret because only his closest confidantes knew. Everyone else was in the dark, but he promised that all would be revealed soon enough. It must have been a remarkable piece of technology because he seemed convinced that it would change the course of history.

I finished applying the salve and then rose. I told her to do the same. She took as long as she could, but gingerly slipped her feet back into her shoes and limped forward. I continued to give her directions. Thankfully we were almost there, and then the next phase of our lives could begin, and all of the secrets of the pack would be ours.

## Page 6

*Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 5:20 pm*

### Ambrosia

I tried to ignore the shooting pain up my legs and the painful throb of my feet. The salve helped to take the edge off the pain, but it hadn't removed it completely. I had been waiting for a moment to escape, thinking that if I moved swiftly enough; I might be able to dart into some dark burrow like a rabbit and tunnel away from them. It was a futile thought, however, because I doubted I would ever be able to run away from them. I had to outsmart them. Speaking with them had revealed a surprising amount.

I kept reminding myself that although they were unbelievable supernatural creatures, a part of them was still human, and thus prone to the same frailties as anyone else. I had already sensed some discord between them, as they spoke in harsh tones to each other. While I hadn't been able to hear the particular notes of their conversation, it was clear to me that they were not in agreement about everything. Then there was the matter of this mysterious Vance as well. I could hear the resentment in Typhon's voice. If I could play on this, perhaps I could sow discord and create an opportunity for me to escape.

I was playing along with them for now, but I didn't intend to do this forever. My eyes were roving about the landscape and my mind was whirring. I focused all of my knowledge on ideas that would hopefully lead to my freedom.

I thought back to advice I had given some of my patients who had been victims of domestic abuse. It wasn't always easy to leave their violent partners, not when their lives were entwined together. For many of them it was a long, arduous process. They had to put certain measures in place in order to be free. Gathering evidence was a big help, for it would prevent the case from devolving into one person's word against

another's. However, this meant that they had to stay in a dangerous situation. I advised them that in these circumstances it was best if they could mollify their abuser and be as timid as possible to limit the damage. I told them that they should always focus on the fact that there was light at the end of the tunnel, and that one day they would be free, even if it seemed impossible to fathom. Nothing ever lasted forever, I said.

I had to think like that now. I was in a terrible situation and there was so much I still failed to understand but I had to keep my wits about me if I was to escape. Perhaps I could exploit this rift between these wolves and their Alpha.

As for the war, well, I wasn't sure what I was supposed to do with that information. Were they being serious? What kind of weapon could these wolves have? Was there some kind of biological weapon that would be released in the air? My God... what if they had found a way to make the werewolf virus airborne and they would change all of us into them. That was certainly one way to ensure that humans would be defeated, and they wouldn't need to kill too many people either. It didn't seem real and even if I did escape, I couldn't tell anyone about it because who would believe me? I would be the psychiatrist who had lost her mind, so I had to figure out what was going on if I was going to be able to defend myself.

The forest all looked the same to me. I tried to notice different landmarks in the hope that it would help me find my way back to the cabin if I managed to escape but the trees all looked similar. The forest was deep, and it seemed to go on forever. It was so easy to forget that there was a city nearby, filled with people. They were all going about their business, completely unaware that these werewolves existed. I had been one of them until a short time ago and I couldn't quite believe that I was now standing with two of them. There was a nagging thought in the back of my mind that none of this was real, that somehow I had imagined it. I almost wanted them to shift again just so I could confirm that it was all true.

I wondered what I would have said to a patient who came to me with a story like this. I would have likely told them that they were suffering from some kind of delusion, that it was most likely a result of some past trauma that was revealing itself. I would have said that there were no such things as monsters, and that the werewolves symbolized someone in their life that had caused them harm, and they needed to challenge these thoughts to reveal the true face of the predator.

I never would have believed that it was literal for one moment and yet, here I was, living it. My entire world was turned upside down.

The trees thinned enough for me to see a mountain ahead. It loomed threateningly, blocking out the beautiful stars and casting a dark shadow upon the forest, making things seem even darker than they naturally were. Kull and Typhon came closer to me, making sure that I would not escape. They pointed towards the mountain. It seemed formless at first, no different to any other mountain in any other part of the world. However, as we grew closer, I began to notice the differences. There were walls hewn adjacent to the mountain, and a settlement had been hollowed out from the hard rock. It looked as though it flowed from the mountain, tucked between this and the forest, which helped to obscure it from anyone except the most ardent explorers and the most unfortunate. I could not imagine the wolves would take kindly to anyone venturing this close to their stronghold. I gulped, knowing that someone must have stumbled across this place in the past and they would have met a grisly fate. I feared that I would soon join them.

Facing one's mortality was a strange thing. Technically any of us could die at any point. Life was surprisingly fragile, and with all of the chaotic elements whizzing around us there were often fine lines between life and death. Most of us were able to distance ourselves from this reality, for if we focused on it then we would go insane. I had patients like this, people who were so afraid of death it paralyzed them. They tried to minimize their risks as much as possible, even though a great many deaths happened in the home. They didn't feel safe anywhere and this fear became their

entire existence, so much so that they ended up dying in a sense anyway, for their lives were not filled with any sense of richness. Now I understood them better than I ever had before. My life was hanging precariously and at any moment it could be snatched from me. I had to trust the promise of these wolves and I wasn't certain how far this promise extended.

The sight of their stronghold also brought things into stark reality. While we had been walking through the forest, I had entertained the notion that I might escape. It only seemed as though I would have to wait for one opportunity to flee, yet now the chance for this opportunity had dwindled. I was becoming resigned to the fact that this was going to be my life. I could tell myself that I could escape a thousand times over, but it didn't increase my chances. This place with its thick walls and towering buildings and brooding facades was not a place from which people escaped. Fear tugged at my heart, and I found myself losing my composure. I slowed my pace. Typhon and Kull turned towards me with annoyed looks glaring at me. I shook my head.

"Please," the words dropped out of my mouth in small, weak sobs. I felt pitiful, but life had never prepared me for this kind of situation. I was an academic, not some warrior. The instincts may have been present in my ancestors, but they had been buried beneath scholarly articles and high-minded ideals, in discussions about abstract concepts like morality and philosophy, all of which seemed absolutely useless in this instance. "Let me go. You can still send me away. I won't tell anyone about this. Nobody would believe me anyway. I want to go back to my life. I want to see my friends and family again. Please, nobody else knows I'm here. You can still do the right thing and send me away."

For a moment I thought I saw pity in their eyes, but it must have been an illusion.

"You are our prize, and we must present you to the Alpha," Typhon said. He grabbed my arm. There was no tenderness in the touch at all. He led me forward, quickening



my pace. I gulped and it felt as though all my insides turned to liquid. I was fraught with tension and wished to be anywhere else.

We walked up to a strong gate. Kull called out to the watchmen and the gate was opened.

“What do you have there?” a man with a cruel face asked as he was revealed by the open gates.

“A gift for Vance,” Typhon began and motioned to walk past this man, but he raised his hand, stopping Typhon and Kull in their tracks.

“What kind of gift? You can’t just go up to the Alpha.”

Typhon rolled his eyes. “Don’t be like this. She’s a human. We found her in our territory. This could be the first strike against the enemy! I’m sure Vance will want to see her.”

The other wolf eyed me up and down. “She doesn’t look dangerous.”

“We never said she was,” Kull replied. The wolf walked up to me and circled me, appraising me from every angle. Then, he roughly grabbed my chin and forced me to look at him. He had an angular nose along which he stared. Kull started towards him.

“Don’t touch her like that!” he cried out. The other wolf gave him a disparaging look.

“Do not forget your station,” he spat. The comment took me by surprise. I had assumed that Typhon and Kull were important members of the pack, but perhaps I had been mistaken. This wolf didn’t treat them with any respect at all. “Very well, I shall relieve you of her and take her to the Alpha.”

“But she’s our prize. We are the ones who should present her. It’s only fair. Vance has to know that we are the ones who brought her to him!” Typhon cried out. The other man smiled.

“I shall tell him, I can assure you. There’s no need to get upset. Now, why don’t you run along and attend to your regular duties. I shall take her to Vance,” he grabbed my arm and began to pull me away. Typhon and Kull weren’t going to stand for it, however. They stepped in front of him.

“You’re not taking her,” Kull growled.

“She’s our prize to give. We found her. We captured her. We have claimed her,” Typhon said. They had claimed me in more ways than one, I thought. I tried to wrest my arm away from this other wolf, but his grip was strong.

“Would you dare challenge me over her?” he bared his teeth and stuck out his chin towards Typhon and Kull.

“Yes, and we would love the opportunity to display our prowess for Vance. I’m sure he would like to see how well we can fight for the upcoming war,” Typhon spoke. He and Kull squared their shoulders, making it clear that they were willing to resort to violence. The other man considered this for a couple of moments. I watched as his gaze moved carefully between the other two wolves and then his grip loosened upon my arms. It was clear that he wasn’t quite ready to give himself to violence when he was outnumbered.

“I don’t have time for this anyway,” he muttered. I rubbed my arm as he walked away with a sour look on his face. The pain throbbed but at least I knew it was going to fade. Typhon and Kull stood either side of me, as if to prevent anyone else from attempting to steal me from them.

I almost felt safe with them but I knew they would prove dangerous to me as well.

“Let’s go and see Vance,” Typhon said. I swallowed my fear as I tried to drink in as much of this place as possible but the only thing, I could see were people staring at me with curiosity. I was stranded among enemies. The heavy gate swung closed behind me and there was an emphatic sound as it slammed shut, separating me from the outside world and my previous life.

## Page 7

*Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 5:20 pm*

Kull

All eyes were upon us. Ambrosia had almost been taken away from us and it was only in that moment when I realized how much I wanted to keep her close. It seemed wrong to give her over to Vance. Why should he have all of the prizes when he would never be able to appreciate them properly? He was greedy and it didn't seem fair. I knew Typhon would just have told me that this was the way the pack worked, and we should attempt to ascend to the same heights as Vance and enjoy the plunder rather than resent him, but this did not sit well with me. Sometimes it felt as though we were striving to be something that went against our nature. The older we grew, the more I got the impression that Typhon was ashamed of our origins. I suppose I couldn't blame him considering the way people treated us, but we never had a choice in the matter. I believed we should hold our heads up high and prove to them that we could be better than they ever believed. I wanted us to be the best version of ourselves, not to mimic the rest of the pack.

But Typhon was set on becoming accepted and so I followed him as was my nature. We kept Ambrosia close, not wanting to risk any other wolf coming to take her from us. They snarled and rasped as we passed, their disparaging looks the same as ever. When they looked at us, they did not see wolves at all. To them we were only one degree better than humans.

We strode to Vance's house, where he sat in the main chamber, a hall where he received the members of his pack should they ever wish to see him. A cloak flowed from his broad shoulders. His eyes crinkled at the edges, but he wore his age well. Women were draped on pillows around him. For a moment my gaze drifted towards Hana. A wry smile drifted across her face, taunting me. Dark hair fell across her

expression like a veil. She made a show of moving towards Vance and kissing the back of his hand. My lip curled and frustration rolled through the middle of my body. How she mocked me.

“Alpha,” Typhon began. We marched into the middle of the room and bowed before him. Vance slowly moved his gaze towards us. He pursed his lips and did not seem that interested, although I noticed how his gaze lingered on Ambrosia. “We are here to make you an offering. We found this human on the outskirts of our territory. Given that we are about to go to war we thought it would be worthwhile to capture her. She can be our first prisoner of war,” Typhon beamed with pride, clearly hoping that this would win Vance’s favor. I knew he was about to be disappointed, but I did not take any joy.

“You thought? You don’t get to think. You simply obey. Why on earth would you think that some human would interest me? For a moment I hoped that this might be an envoy from another pack, but you would waste my time by bringing a human to my attention?” he spoke with derision and grimaced, as though having Ambrosia in his presence was enough to make him sick.

“We thought we would show you initiative in the hope that you would allow us to fight alongside you. We seek to prove ourselves, Alpha. We only ask for a chance.”

“A chance...” he trailed away in a faint voice. His head dropped and he sighed. “I thought you two were aware of your place. Why are your heads filled with these strange ambitions? You know what you were bred for, and you know that there is a limit to what you can accomplish. Oh, you do amuse me though, walking around and pretending that you are true wolves. It makes me glad that I kept you around,” he chuckled.

I wilted and clenched my jaw. Anger flowed through my body, boiling my blood. Every instinct urged me to attack him, but I knew that it would seal my death; and I

wasn't ready to sacrifice this wretched life yet.

"And now you get it in your head that I want a human prisoner?" he barked a laugh again and looked at his harem. Hana laughed as well and sneered at me, as though my mere presence offended her. "Just when I think you might go ahead and prove me wrong you show again why you were failed experiments. You don't know how to think. You don't know what I want," his words became sharper. He formed a ring by placing the tip of his index finger against the tip of his thumb and gestured towards us, making us feel about three inches tall. "What on earth do you think I would want with a human? I can't do anything with her yet. The war has not been declared. We are still waiting for the final preparations."

"I apologize Alpha," Typhon said. I hated the way he groveled. "I must have misunderstood but please, she could be of use."

"I don't see how. She's only a smidge more useless than you and you wish to fight alongside me? Me? Have you forgotten your place in this pack? Need I remind you that you are the lowest of the low? You aren't going to fight at all. You are going to stay here and make sure the stronghold is ready for our return so that we may feast. I am not going to sully this glorious moment in our history by having you fight with us. No, I have other plans for you," he appeared to have a wolfish smile even in his human form.

My throat tightened. I hated the way he spoke about us. Sometimes it felt we had been born just to be abused. I wished that things had been different, and I wished that Typhon could have understood as well. We were never going to be accepted or valued by the pack. We were never going to be given any kind of authority, power, or reward. Typhon was deluding himself if he thought this was the case.

"I can be useful!" Ambrosia suddenly spoke.

“You do not speak in the Alpha’s presence!” Hana shrieked. Moving as quick as a hiccup she sprinted towards Ambrosia and struck her across the face. The crack of her slap was as loud as a whip, and it echoed through the hall. Hana grabbed Ambrosia’s hair in her fist and twisted her head. Ambrosia cried out helplessly. I started towards them but then Hana stared at me, and she was practically daring me to come to Ambrosia’s aid.

“Release her!” Vance said. Ambrosia struggled for another moment before Hana took her fist away. She wore a sullen look on her face as she slithered back to Vance’s side. “I’m curious to hear what this human has to say. Perhaps she can give me some amusement if nothing else,” he gestured with his hand for Ambrosia to continue. She smoothed down her hair and attempted to compose herself after being attacked.

“I can help you. I’m sure you’re aware that one of the elements of war is knowing your enemy. I can help you study them. My career is all about understanding the human mind. I can tell you how we think, what to expect, and make this war go smoothly.”

“And why would you betray your own people?”

“I’m not betraying them. I’m helping them. I don’t want there to be a war. The sooner it’s over, the better it will be for everyone, presuming that you’re not going to slaughter them all. I can’t imagine you would. After all, what’s the point of winning a war if you can’t celebrate your victory in the faces of those you have defeated? Life is all about survival and I need to do what I can to survive. I have skills that you can use. Let me help you. I can make sure you win decisively,” she said.

Vance was more pensive than I thought he would be. “I see, well, while that is an intriguing proposal it’s not necessary at all. I don’t have any need for insight because I am going to overwhelm your people. I already know how they think and what they’re afraid of. You offer me nothing but a reminder that humans are going to lose

this war because they value the individual over the pack. Do you think if the situation was reversed any wolf would betray the pack like this? No, we are stronger than your kind because we are bonded together by a connection that has grown stronger through each generation. If any wolf did what you have done, they would be ashamed of themselves. We would never value our own lives above that of the pack, and we would rather die with honor and integrity than betray our own people. Typhon, Kull, you insult me by bringing this wretch here. Take her away and set her to work. We can always use some manual labor and don't intrude upon me like this again. You should know better than to bore me with your presence."

He waved us away dismissively. I watched as Hana perched on his lap and made a show of kissing him, a show that was meant to torture me. I pressed my lips together and turned on my heels, marching out of the chamber, my skin flushed with heat.



Ambrosia

“Well that was a waste of time,” Kull muttered.

“I can’t understand it. I thought that he would be grateful,” Typhon had a look of disbelief on his face. I was stunned as well. My cheek still stung from where that other wolf had hit me and my scalp tingled with pain. I touched my head, afraid that she had torn a handful of hair out.

“I told you that you were wrong. When are you going to realize that we’re never going to be respected? If it’s not plain to you now, then I don’t know how it’s ever going to be,” Kull glared towards Typhon, raising his voice. Typhon looked around, not wanting to draw attention.

“We just need to find something else that he values.”

“No,” Kull shook his head. “He’s never going to see us for anything more than what we are. You heard him, these dreams of glory to which you aspire are never going to be fulfilled. They’re always going to be beyond our reach because it is not in our nature.”

“Our nature does not define us,” Typhon growled through gritted teeth. The men had squared up to each other and looked as though they were about to fight. Others around us were staring, drawn in by the argument. My curiosity was piqued as well, given the subject. The debate between nature and nurture was emblematic of my field, and I was curious about their standing. Why exactly did Vance see them as lesser than other wolves? There was something I was missing, and I had never liked it

when things were kept secret from me. Perhaps that was one of the reasons why I had pursued a career in psychiatry. I enjoyed being the keeper of other people's secrets.

"I suggest that we take this some other place before people interfere," I said, gesturing to surly wolves that did not take kindly to this disturbance. Typhon and Kull yielded with grim acceptance.

"Look, they're going to fight! I'll bet on the ugly one," someone in the crowd called out.

"Which one is that?" another replied, and laughter broke out. Typhon and Kull snarled and realized that people were taking wagers. They broke away and fled in the same direction. I skipped after them, having to step nimbly to try and prevent pain from blazing along my feet. I looked around warily and felt that my best bet was to stay with them. I noticed that when the wolves looked at me they sniffed the air and grimaced, as though my scent was unpleasant to them. I had never felt less wanted.

There were jeers as Typhon and Kull retreated from the crowd. The rest of the pack tried to get them to fight, while those who had wagered were now having to get their money back. Typhon and Kull stormed away towards the mountain. This stronghold had been built from the mountain. The walls smoothly joined the hard, slate-colored surface. Before us was a yawning entrance, a darkness that looked as though it was going to swallow us whole. I gulped as I followed Typhon and Kull. Their voices echoed around us as they squabbled, booming in the air. There were other sounds that made the air come alive. I peered into caves and saw animals being skinned, other people huddled together in groups, and areas where tools were gathered. In the far distance, beneath the other sounds, I could also hear the ting of hammers upon stone. I shuddered as I thought of the industrious wolves swinging away to mine whatever was of value here. I had never had the body for manual labor. I had always been a studious person, the kind that used to lag behind no matter what sport we took part in during physical education. A phantom ache entered my muscles as I anticipated

having to endure this punishment. I had to think of a way to escape.

Fear ran through me now that the plan had gone awry. What were Typhon and Kull going to do with me now? Perhaps there was a way for me to use the situation to my advantage.

We turned and twisted around dark corridors. I had to put my hand out to steady myself against the cold, unflinching rock. The ground was uneven and sometimes it was so dark that I couldn't even make out my hand in front of my face. Other times, intermittent light illuminated the way. Typhon and Kull did not slow their pace, not even in the darkness.

Eventually we came to a large chamber in which other people were gathered. Some were playing cards, others were talking, and some others were sleeping. They gave cursory nods towards Typhon and Kull, but nothing more. They simply looked strangely towards me. Joined to this main chamber were smaller alcoves. Blankets hung across the entrances, offering some privacy. Inside, there was little in the way of personal items. Typhon and Kull had been bickering all the way and now that we were alone, they raised their voices.

"This is madness!" Kull bellowed, his eyes filled with rage. "When are you going to see that we are never going to be honored by the pack? Are you blind? I might as well pluck out your eyes because it won't make any difference."

"You can try," Typhon snarled. "At least then I might be able to prove myself to Vance."

Kull rolled his eyes and put his hands on his hips. "If you want to fight then we can fight, but it won't make a damned bit of difference to Vance or anyone else around here. They don't care about us. We don't matter to them. If we disappeared, they wouldn't even notice. The only thing we're good for is to do the grunt work. The

sooner you understand and accept this, the better.”

Typhon shook his head defiantly. “No, no I can’t accept this. I won’t. There’s always a path to glory. Vance just doesn’t understand. If we can make him see.”

This was too much for Kull to handle. He roared with frustration and then rushed towards Typhon with his arms outstretched. They grappled, struggling with each other, snarling. Their eyes bulged and I pushed myself back, pressing myself flat against the wall. They were standing in front of the entrance, and I dared not try to sneak past them in case I was struck by one of their powerful arms. They rocked from side to side. Just when I thought one of them had the advantage, the other would tip the scales of strength again. This wasn’t good at all, and it wasn’t going to help me escape.

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*Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 5:20 pm*

Typhon

I could feel Kull's taut skin beneath my fingers. I squeezed and gripped, eager to unleash my frustrations upon him. He never wanted to make our situation better. He never wanted to try to be better than we were, and this was the final insult.

"You need to give up on this foolish ambition you have, Typhon. Nothing is ever going to change," he barked, as he had claimed so many times before.

"No, I shall never give up. Your way is madness and cowardice."

"I am no coward. You are, for sniveling at Vance's feet. I'm surprised you did not fling yourself to your knees and kiss them."

"I only pay respect to him due to his position. He is the Alpha, and he is a means to an end. Once I get what I want then I will have no more use for him. It doesn't matter if it's Vance or anyone else, I would treat them in exactly the same way. I know why you're upset. It's all about her, isn't it?"

Kull snarled and lunged forward, pushing me back to the point where I could feel the blanket fluttering against my back.

"Stop this!" Ambrosia cried. The tone of her voice was so different to ours that it interrupted our intense rage immediately. We both turned to stare at her. Her features were pinched, and she glared at us as though we were misbehaving pups. "Fight all you want but if you do then at least have the courtesy of releasing me. You brought me here to please your Alpha, which clearly did not happen. I am not prepared to

remain here and become a slave. I have a life waiting for me.”

“You can’t leave,” Kull said in a guttural tone. “You have seen our home and heard of our plans. It is too much of a risk.”

Ambrosia barked out a disbelieving sound and lifted her gaze. “Do you believe I would tell anyone about this? Even if I did, do you think anyone would believe me? This is utter madness,” she shook her head. “You’ve ruined my life and for what, the chance to impress some bully?”

“Vance is no bully. He is the Alpha,” I said. She didn’t understand our ways at all.

“The two things are not mutually exclusive,” she walked towards a smooth rock that protruded from the walls and used it as a seat. “I want to have a civil conversation with you two. I don’t want this to descend into violence. Would you mind standing on separate sides of the room. It might help to create some distance between you. It might even feel better to sit down,” she said. I glanced at Kull and waited for him to move first. We trudged to opposite sides of our alcove and then sank down, crossing our legs. I pursed my lips and looked away from him, picking up stray fragments of stone and turning them around in my fingers.

“That’s better. I don’t think there’s a need for all of this hostility, especially because you’re not truly angry at each other. You’re angry that your plan didn’t work. I saw the way you were treated by the others. I think that you two spend a lot of time together, and you are all each other has. Is that right?”

“Maybe,” I grumbled.

“Okay, so I don’t think you really want to fight each other then, do you? Because if you did then you would both be alone. Now, I want to survive, but to do that I need to understand how things work around here. Vance might have dismissed my

usefulness, but I might be able to convince him that I can be more than just a body to mine resources. I'm not yet ready to accept that I'm going to spend the rest of my life here, or that there's going to be a great war that will end humanity but for the duration of my stay, I want to be treated with respect, and I am going to do everything in my power to ensure that this happens. Typhon, Kull, why exactly do the other wolves treat you as though you are different to them? You have mentioned your nature being the problem, but what exactly do you mean?"

I cast a surly glance towards Kull. We both breathed heavily. He cocked his eyebrow, suggesting that I should tell the story.

"Because we are not true wolves, in some people's opinion."

"What do you mean?" Ambrosia asked, her brow knotted in confusion.

"We were not born of two parents. We were built and designed in a laboratory. We were bred from donated material, grown in some jar where people came and stared at us all the time. Scientists thought of us as curiosities and experiments. We have been designed to fight, to be strong warriors, but because we did not come about organically the others see us as unnatural, unblessed by the Moon. To them, we are little more than tools. All our lives we have tried to overcome this and prove that we are just as pure as any of them. The same blood runs through our veins, but they can never see this."

"Would it help to find your parents?" Ambrosia asked. She was thinking deeply about the matter.

"We don't have parents, only donors," Kull replied.

"There were more than two. Our genetic material was made from many different sources. They wanted us to be faster, stronger, the two most powerful wolves to ever

have lived,” I explained, looking down at my palms as I flexed my fingers.

“Okay, so if that’s the case then wouldn’t you be able to win against Vance? That would be a surefire way to get their respect. You could ask for anything then,” she said.

“They would never accept us, even if we went about things in the ancient traditions,” Kull interjected. I happened to disagree with him, but there was no point arguing about it when it wasn’t going to happen.

“It’s not that simple. It’s not only that we’re experiments, it’s that we’re failed experiments. We weren’t what the scientists hoped we would be. All of their methodology was proved to be flawed. I can still remember the disappointment in their eyes when they ran us through tests, and we failed to reach the expectations set out for us. There is perhaps more aggression in our bodies, but we are not vastly superior to the other wolves as was hoped. That is why there are only two of us. When they look at us, they see abominations, and worse, they see a waste of time and resources. Even if we discovered who donated their genetic material to give us life, they would not want anything to do with us. It would only be a source of shame. The scientists who raised us disowned us as soon as they could.”

Ambrosia gasped and raised a hand to her face. “That explains so much then. I’m so sorry,” she looked earnestly at us both in turn.

I scowled in confusion. The last thing I needed was her pity. “Why are you sorry? There’s nothing to be sorry about.”

“Oh Typhon, yes there is,” she said softly, tilting her head to the side. “You may not understand it now, but you’ve lived a hard life and you’ve been treated terribly. You see, the view we have of the world and ourselves is often formed in our early years. You weren’t given much of a chance at all, I’m afraid. Instead of having caregivers



you had scientists and they studied you rather than raised you. This aggression you feel did not have to be your defining characteristic. If someone had been there to nurture you properly then you might have been able to become more than you thought possible. All your life you have been told you are different and, eventually, if we're told something enough then we start to believe it, even when it isn't true. I know that he's your Alpha, but Vance is a bully and he's been abusing you. Typhon, Kull, you're victims."

We both scoffed at the same time and shook our heads. "Victims? No, you don't know what you're saying. Who are you to come in here and say these things to us?"

Ambrosia rose up and looked down her nose at us. "I am Dr. Ambrosia Hart. If you were in my office, then you would see all the qualifications and certifications hanging on my wall. I have made a career out of studying the mind and human behavior. I know more about this than you could ever know, and I have seen people in your position before, people who strive to earn the respect of someone else, when such a thing is never possible. Vance grinds you down, insults you, belittles you. You do realize that there is nothing to say that life has to be this way, right? Just because you have been treated this way your entire life does not make it right, or the natural order of things. This entire pack has never given you the basic respect that every living thing deserves. Frankly, I don't think it should matter how you were brought into this world. Life is life, no matter what shape it takes. It wasn't as though you chose to volunteer for this procedure either. Why should you be punished for the actions of other men? You are being judged for things outside of your control, and you are never given the opportunity to be more than you are. He may be the Alpha, but he is holding you back, and nothing is ever going to change as long as you stay in this pack. I'm sorry for what you've been through. It must have been a hard life."

I furrowed my brow. The words she spoke made sense and yet I did not want to hear them. It was anathema for me to think that we were victims, or that it could have been different.

“You wouldn’t understand. We are wolves, not humans,” I snarled.

“It’s perfectly fine to be angry. It can be difficult to challenge the beliefs that have been with us all our lives. I know you think that this is normal because it’s what you have been used to. You may be wolves, but I think that there are similar thoughts running through the minds of people in this pack as there are back where I’m from. People can be cruel and judgmental. They can let their prejudices get the better of them, even when the people they’re prejudiced against are children. All of that abuse you suffered at such a young age has taken its toll and shaped your view of the world. It’s going to be hard, but we can change that. I can help you accept it.”

For a moment my mind flashed back to my earliest memories. I was in a room with Kull, being tested over and over again. I could hear the disappointment in the voices of the scientists. I wanted to do better. I wanted to please them and make them proud. I was tired of them looking at us as though we had let them down, but there didn’t seem to be any way for me to do what they wanted. Instead, they left Kull and I alone, cold and deprived of touch. That was until the day when they let us leave, saying that they had no more use for us. We were allowed to join the pack, but people looked at us strangely then and it had been that way ever since. We had always been picked on, taunted, and generally seen to be the worst of the pack. Was Ambrosia right?

“What if we do not wish to accept it?” I asked in a low voice.

Ambrosia placed her hands on her knees and exhaled slowly. “Then you are always going to be the people they think you are. You’re going to define yourself through their opinions of you and you are never going to be your own men. I doubt you will ever find peace, because they will never give you what you are searching for. The true kind of peace and happiness can only be found within. It’s not an easy path but it is one worth walking. You deserve a chance to heal,” she said, shifting her gaze between both of us. I was still skeptical, although Kull was clearly considering it.

“What you say makes sense,” Kull admitted.

I curled my lip. “We are not victims!” I cried out.

“There’s no shame in admitting that what you’ve been through isn’t something anyone should go through. I have dealt with many people who have suffered through traumatic upbringings, and it is never too late to confront the damage and try to heal, but it will get harder and harder the more time that passes. None of these people value you, so you do not value yourselves and that is not the way anyone should live. Believe me, I know what I’m talking about. This is my area of expertise.”

I wasn’t sure I could trust her. She seemed knowledgeable but she also wanted to escape. What if this was some trick designed to twist our minds? I didn’t have a chance to think about things as we were interrupted.

“Typhon, Kull, reveal yourselves,” a demanding voice uttered from beyond the entrance to our alcove. I bristled at the sound and my nostrils flared. The last thing I wanted was his company.

*Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 5:20 pm*

Kull

My stomach churned when I heard Siv's voice. I gritted my teeth and rose to my feet, as did Typhon. For the moment we had to ignore Ambrosia's words, although she had given me a lot to think about. Of course, Typhon was going to deny everything because he didn't want to think that the precious Alpha could ever do anything wrong, or that they were treating us unfairly. He still believed we were playing by the same rules as them, when we were playing a different game entirely.

"Go away, Siv," Typhon and I cried out in unison. He ignored us and took our words as an invitation to come in. He swept away the blanket and strode into our alcove. He was bigger than us, always had been. Seeing him made tension prickle beneath my skin. My thoughts were filled with memories of him hitting us over and over again, taunting us for not being the warriors we were supposed to be. He used his superior strength to belittle us, always reminding people that we were failed experiments. His mocking laugh often echoed around my mind, haunting me in my nightmares. I could still taste the metallic tang of blood that his fists always caused.

"That's no way to greet an old friend," he said, spreading out his arms. It didn't take long for me to realize that he wasn't here for us, as his gaze quickly fell upon Ambrosia; and he became intrigued immediately. "I heard about your little plea to Vance. It's funny that you keep trying to make this happen, when it's never going to. You should be happy with your lot in life."

"We don't need you to tell us that, Siv," Typhon said.

"You don't know what you need. That's always been your problem. So, this is the

human,” he said, ignoring Typhon and approaching Ambrosia. She stiffened with fear, and I started towards her, not wanting Siv to take liberties. He touched her hair and looked her up and down. “What a fine specimen she is. You’re not completely without your uses, are you,” he murmured. “I think there’s a lot we could learn.”

“Vance doesn’t think so,” I said.

“Sometimes he can’t see the true potential of things. I could imagine many uses...” he trailed away, and the implication of his words made me sick. They had the same effect on Ambrosia as well, who looked towards me for help. I sidled up to them and glared at Siv.

“It doesn’t matter what you can imagine because we found her. We brought her back here. She’s ours.”

Siv laughed. “Have you already forgotten that whatever you bring here is for the pack? You don’t deserve to have belongings. You especially do not deserve a prize such as this. You wouldn’t know what to do with her anyway, or how to appreciate her properly. No, I think it’s best if I take her off your hands,” he took Ambrosia’s wrist. As he did so, I stepped forward and hissed at him.

“Get your hands off her,” I said, feeling a protective and possessive instinct surging through me. Siv arched an eyebrow.

“Are we really going to do this dance again? I’ll take what I want, or do you need to be reminded of what happened when we were younger?”

“She is ours by right, Siv,” Typhon said, flanking Siv. “If you want to try and take her you will be breaking the rules of the pack. You may not think we have any rights, but are you willing to put that to the test?”

Siv narrowed his eyes and gazed at us in turn. Eventually he let go of Ambrosia's wrist. "I will speak with Vance, and you will be left in no doubt about your rights," he hissed. "Perhaps you could use a timely reminder about your role in this pack. I shall return, so keep her safe," he jabbed a finger towards Ambrosia and spoke as though he already owned her. Then, he turned on his heels and marched out of the alcove.

Typhon and I cursed at him.

"Who was that?" Ambrosia asked.

"An old childhood friend," Typhon replied ironically.

"He used to beat us. He wanted to prove to everyone that we weren't better than other wolves. He did so time and time again," I added.

"He never gave us any peace."

Fear flickered on Ambrosia's face, and I could tell that she was terrified about what he might do to her. "We won't let him take you," I said gently. Typhon turned towards her and added to my words. "You are here because of us, and we will not let anyone take you. You don't have to worry about Siv."

"Good, that just leaves me with a hundred other things to worry about. Can't you see that I'm not made for this life?" she pleaded but her words fell on deaf ears. We weren't going to let her leave. We couldn't. That would make us seem even weaker than we already were.

"I'm hungry," Typhon announced. He left to fetch us some meat. I could see hope flit across Ambrosia's face, but it was only fleeting.

“You thought we were going to leave you alone here, didn’t you?” I said.

“It crossed my mind. I suppose it was too much to ask.”

“We are not fools, even if we are treated as such,” I muttered.

She studied me for a few moments. The way her shimmering green eyes stared at me made my heart thrum powerfully. I thought of how sweet she tasted, how wild her passion had been, and I wondered if we would be able to share something like that with her again.

“You understand what I’m saying, don’t you? About your past. You can see things in a different way to Typhon.” The more she spoke, the more it became clear that she was not bluffing about her skills. The insight she possessed was alarming. It was as though she could see into my very thoughts.

“Typhon has always been blinded by his ambition to become what they wanted us to be. He takes it as a personal failing that we are treated as we are. He believes that if we can prove ourselves to them then things will change. I know they won’t, because it doesn’t matter what we do. They will always see us the same way.”

“That’s a mature way to approach things. You can never define yourself by what other people think, because what they want is arbitrary and even when you think you’ve done what you need to do, they shift their expectations and suddenly you have an entirely new problem.”

I nodded, feeling pleased that I could gain her respect like this. “Unfortunately, Typhon cannot seem to grasp this no matter how much I tell him. He clings to this idea that one day we will be given a small pack to command and that people will respect us. Sometimes I think it’s the only thing that keeps him sane.”

“What makes you different?” she asked. The question took me by surprise.

“What do you mean?”

“You and Typhon are so similar, especially in appearance. You were born together, presumably bred from the same genetic material. But experiences shape people differently. People can go through exactly the same event, and yet come out of it different people. You don’t seem to hold Vance or the rest of the pack in the same reverence as Typhon does. So why is that? I noticed how you reacted when Typhon mentioned someone, a woman. Who was she?”

I scowled as she hit her target. There was something unerring about her words. I clasped my hands together and began to pace around the alcove.

“You might as well tell me, Kull. At best I can help and at worst it kills time and fills the silence,” she said. I remained silent for the moment. “If it helps, I’ll tell you something about myself.”

I stopped pacing and stared at her. She had an earnest look in her eyes. I supposed there was no harm speaking about it considering that it was old news.

“Her name is Hana. You saw her today with Vance.”

“The one who struck me?” Ambrosia lifted her hand to her cheek as she asked this question.

I nodded. “Indeed. We grew up together. She was different from the others. She used to smile at me. When we were alone, we would share things together. As we grew older, we used to run into the forest and steal moments together. Things seemed wonderful. I used to tell her about how things used to be for us, and how I wished that they could be different. She told me that it didn’t always have to be this way. She



held my hand. She kissed me. I fell in love. I thought that everything was going to be fine as long as we could be together. She was the one person I trusted other than Typhon, but she hurt me.”

“What did she do?” Ambrosia asked.

“She asked me to meet her near a waterfall. She said that it was going to be special, that she wanted to share something precious with me. She told me to wait for her naked. I rushed out and sat on a rock near the waterfall. I could feel the spray of water on my back. I waited and waited, until Hana appeared. She wasn’t alone. She had brought other wolves, Siv among them. They pointed and laughed at me, humiliating me. They said I was stupid for ever believing that a real wolf would want to sully themselves by being with me and they parroted some of the secrets I had told Hana. From the very beginning it had been a lie. Everything we shared and spoke about had all been some ploy to taunt me. I confessed my heart to Hana, but she had never been interested in me. She had been put up to it by the others. It was just another way for them to bully us.”

“That’s horrible,” she gasped.

I closed my eyes. I hadn’t thought about this acute pain for a long time. “That’s when I realized something that Typhon never has. This pack is cruel and they’re never ever going to see us as equals. We are always going to be lesser to them. There’s no coming back from being treated like that.”

“So why do you stay?” she asked.

“This is our home. We have nowhere else to go and if we did leave how would that look to Vance? They would chase us down and, finally, they would have a reason to attack us without holding anything back. It would be a death sentence.”

Ambrosia had a troubled look on her face. “I’m sorry Kull. I really am. Hearing what you and Typhon have been through... nobody should ever have to go through that.”

“Even though we captured you?” I asked. The corner of her mouth was tugged into a slight smile.

“Part of my job is having empathy for people no matter what. I think you and Typhon need to ask yourselves what you really hope to accomplish, and what shape you want your lives to take. Nobody has to spend their life in misery. Only you have the power to change things for the better and you have a responsibility to yourself to make it happen. Nobody else is going to do it for you.”

I thought about her words carefully and found wisdom in them, although I wasn’t yet convinced that it was possible for things to change.

“Tell me about the man who was with you,” I asked. Ambrosia gnawed her lower lip and looked a little shaken.

“There’s not much to tell,” she spoke meekly and averted her gaze.

“He was not your mate?” I asked, frowning. I wasn’t displeased by this notion as anyone who would leave her like that was unworthy of her.

She laughed dryly. “Certainly not. No, let’s put him down to a mistake. I just had an idea that... well... I thought I could let off some steam. I thought he could give me something I needed. Instead, I found it somewhere else,” her voice dropped to a sultry tone and there was a warmth to her eyes. She referred to the things that we had done together. Heat bristled beneath my skin as I remembered the way her lips felt as they were locked around me, how her body glistened with sweat and looked as beautiful as the world when it was drenched in morning dew. I turned my body towards her, feeling tension crackle in the air. Her breathing was shallow. I could

smell the fear on her, but it was mixed with something else, a look of yearning in her eyes. I came closer to her.

“For a human you are attractive,” I growled. There were rampant feelings inside me that had not been indulged as often as I would have liked. They pulsed within, hammering against my heart and making me feel as though I was going to explode if I didn’t experience them again. Hana had driven me crazy. I didn’t believe we were brought into this world alone. I craved the touch of another just as fiercely as Typhon craved respect.

There was something about Ambrosia that awoke something within. The way she gained insight in my mind made it feel as though she truly knew me, and I appreciated the way she empathized with our situation. It was hard not to be drawn in by the flaming strands of hair that lay against her milky skin, or the green eyes that promised so much allure. My gaze was drawn down to her breasts, which were barely contained in the tight fabric of her clothes. Beauty and arousal poured out of her and to my mind she would have been wasted on a human male. My lips curled as we came closer and closer. Then, I reached out and ran my fingers through her hair. She did not recoil. It was brave of her to give herself to wolves. I could see the longing in her eyes. I could feel the way she trembled with desire and all I could think about was how much I wanted to give in to her.

I pulled her close and kissed her madly, losing myself in her intoxicating taste. It was sweet and overwhelming, flooding into my mouth as our tongues warred together. I closed my eyes, and I was able to forget my surroundings and my troubles. There was only her, soft and adoring, with a wild streak that was most uncommon for her kind.

### Typhon

I was itching for a fight, whether it was with Kull, Vance, or anyone else who wanted to stand in my way and belittle me. Tension twitched inside and my eyes were throbbing. I stalked with purpose, glaring at anyone who dared look at me the wrong way. I wanted one of them to test themselves against me so that I could prove to them that I was strong and worthy of being counted among the most powerful warriors of the pack. I wasn't about to let Siv take Ambrosia either. She may have been human, but she was one of the few things in the world that I had laid a claim to; and I wasn't about to let her be emblematic of how the wolves treated myself and Kull. We deserved more than that. We deserved respect. I was getting sick and tired of how we were treated like swine.

Vance should have accepted our offering. He should have seen that bringing Ambrosia back was a fine way to begin the war and that she could have given us insight into the way humans fought. He was blinded by his arrogance and his prejudice against us. I could have given him an entire human city and he would have found fault with it simply because it was we who were making the offering rather than one of his prized pure blood wolves.

It rankled and my mood darkened. Anger swirled about my mind, and I was half-tempted to march up to Vance again and challenge him outright. Perhaps it was better if I just got it over and done with swiftly enough. He would surely beat me to a pulp but perhaps in death I would find a sense of peace that eluded me in this world. After all, I had always been taught that I was an abomination and had never been meant to exist in the first place. It may have been time to correct that.

But I couldn't, not yet, not when I had Kull and Ambrosia, I supposed, but Kull and I had been born together and I had always imagined that we would leave this world together. To die without him would have been a great betrayal and I would not have done that to my brother. Instead, I skulked through the pack and waited my turn to gather food. I was not refused service, but I was given the leanest cuts of meat, the scraps. I knew better than to argue. It was easier to simply accept my lot otherwise I would have been exhausted from fighting against all the injustice.

I had turned, preparing to march back to our alcove and speak with Kull and Ambrosia about our future plans when someone barged into me. At first, I thought it was an accident, but I was quickly beginning to realize that accidents did not exist. A hand struck the food from my tray, knocking it to the ground. Dirt clung to the meat. I could almost already hear the flies swarming towards it.

"Look where you're going," a wolf snarled.

"I could say the same to you," I hissed back.

"Don't test me, you lost me a lot of money today. You should have fought with your brother. It would have provided us all with some great entertainment. We could have truly learned who the weakest in the pack is," he taunted me.

My lip curled and my heart flowed with anger. I told myself that this wasn't sensible, that it would only lead to trouble. The best thing I could do was walk away. So, I lost the meat, fine. It wasn't the first time, and it wouldn't be the last. I closed my eyes and stepped away. It took everything I had to muster this level of self-control.

The wolf laughed. It was a grating sound, one that nagged at my soul. "There he goes, and he wonders why we treat him and his brother the way we do? It's obvious that his blood is tainted because no true wolf would ever walk away from a fight, but this is the second time today he has shown his true colors." He marched up to me and I felt a

sturdy hand grip my shoulder. His nails were like claws, and he dug them into my skin, yanking me. “I know what you should do, since you are so subservient to us. You should eat that food. I would hate for you to go without nourishment. You need meat to keep your strength up.”

He pointed to the meat that lay on the ground. It was stained with dirt and now the flies had arrived. They hopped over the meat, spreading their filth over it.

“Eat it,” he said again, as though it was an order. By now others had been drawn to the commotion. I tilted my head to the side. I kept telling myself to walk away but I wasn’t to blame. He pulled me back.

“You don’t get to tell me what to do, and if you insult me one more time-”

“You worry about being insulted? Your very existence is an insult to the rest of us. You do realize that the only reason we keep you around is because it makes us all feel better about ourselves? You show us how bad things can truly be, reminding us of the depths to which we must never allow ourselves to sink. You are no better than those flies,” as he said this he stomped on the meat with his heavy boot. A few flies managed to elude the impact and buzzed away, although they were caught in between their panic and their desire to feed. As this wolf peeled his boot off the meat, I could see the print of his sole and the squished flies that had been torn apart by the impact. The wolf picked up the meat and thrust it in my face, trying to get me to eat it.

I reeled back and grabbed his arm, twisting it around. I could feel the ligaments tearing inside. I put pressure on his shoulder joint and forced him to the ground, where I started battering him with all my might, unleashing all my fury. He wanted a fight? He wanted me to prove how strong I was? Then I was going to go right ahead, and he would suffer for it. I was going to make him unrecognizable. I hammered my fists on his head, face, shoulders, chest, anywhere I could find. In my frenzy I think I even hit the ground more than once and the skin on my knuckles became grazed, but I

didn't care. Spittle flew from my mouth and there was a manic look in my eyes. I was ready to kill him. I would make him bleed and we would see how pure his blood was.

I never gave him a chance to hit back. The flurried force of my blows was too frenzied for him to strike back. He never stood a chance. However, he had one advantage that I did not. He wasn't alone.

Without Kull by my side, I was devoid of allies. Nobody wanted to help me. The only people who were vaguely on my side were those who believed this wolf had invited such punishment, but they would not sully their reputation by attempting to help me. Instead, his friends rushed up and dragged me away. I watched him roll away, coughing and sputtering blood.

I smiled in my triumph, although it was short-lived as these wolves hit me and kicked me, pulling me across the rough ground before flinging me to the side. My body rolled and crashed against the ground, the impact shaking my bones. My mouth filled with the warm taste of blood. I spat it out and pushed myself to my feet.

I brushed myself off and walked away. It felt as though a day of reckoning was coming, a day when I would spill the blood of another wolf. They were pushing me harder and harder, and it felt like only a matter of time until I reached my limit.

I marched back to the alcove where I flung open the blanket and saw Kull and Ambrosia locked in an embrace. The natural feeling to overwhelm me might well have been jealousy but I didn't feel any hint of this at all. In fact, it was quite arousing, to see his hand clamped on her breast, pulling down her clothes, exposing the skin underneath. It was hot to see her body yield to his passionate strength, bending beneath him, her arms draped around his massive frame. Their lips smacked together, and their moans were deep and guttural. I stood there, a strange feeling of serenity passing through me. It washed away all the fervent anger and I felt like a new man. I watched as he ran his hands through her hair, as she nibbled on his lower

lip. I could sense their inhibitions falling away and I knew that I was witnessing something intimate. It was thrilling to be a part of this yet also separate. I could smell the sweat in the air, and I could hear the writhing of their bodies. I dared not make a sound, wanting them to continue, wanting to see them take this as far as they wanted.



Ambrosia

“Typhon!” I exclaimed as I caught a glimpse of him out of the corner of my eye. At first, I thought it had been an illusion because my vision was blurred, and my awareness was focused on other things. I don’t know what had come over me, or what these two men brought out of me. Their story had engendered sympathy with me, and I could not view them as monsters at all. They had endured a hard life and had never been appreciated.

I wanted to help them come to terms with the nature of their abuse. But there was something else simmering beneath the surface, some kind of crackling force that completely overwhelmed me and drew me in. I could not escape it. It was potent in the air, seeping into my skin, down my throat, completely consuming me. It was an uncontrollable energy that burned in the molten core of my body, an instinct that was being primed by these wild men and I couldn’t define it, nor could I fight it. I gave into it, and it was glorious.

As soon as I exclaimed Typhon’s name, Kull pulled away. I missed the heat of his lips immediately. My skin was flushed, and the thrum of my heart was carried throughout my body. I could even feel it pulsing behind my eyes.

“Typhon,” when Kull uttered the name it was harder and edgier. He rose to a standing position, as if to protect me. I feared that they were going to pick up right where they had left off. I gulped in air and held out my hands, forcing myself to concentrate on the moment. I quelled the hazy sensations that swam within me.

“Wait, don’t fight. I don’t want you to fight. What you’ve been through... the only

good thing is that you've had each other to rely on. You shouldn't ignore that," I said desperately.

"I'm not here to fight," Typhon replied. As the moment settled, I looked at him more closely and saw the wounds.

"What happened?" I asked.

"A wolf took umbrage with me. I decided to fight back, but unfortunately, he had allies that dragged me off him. I could have used you with me, brother," he said, and something akin to a smile adorned his face.

"You're hurt," I looked at the bruises and scrapes all over his body, as well as the trail of blood that trickled from the corner of his mouth.

"They'll all heal. But we're not going to get our share of the feast tonight. It was dumped on the ground. We're going to have to go hunting ourselves," Typhon said.

Kull immediately looked at me. "We can't leave Ambrosia here. Not with Siv sniffing around."

"I thought the same," Typhon turned towards me. "Are you willing to come and hunt with us?"

It didn't take me long to make up my mind. "If the alternative is staying here without you to protect me then definitely, but I'm not going to have to kill anything, am I? I mean, I'm no vegetarian, but the thought of actually killing something doesn't sit right with me."

The way Typhon and Kull looked at me made me feel like a cretin and I wish I had kept my mouth shut. I don't know why I felt a need to impress them. Was this some

kind of accelerated Stockholm syndrome? I wish I could have labeled this strange feeling that possessed me. I couldn't seem to escape this hold. I had never experienced this particular kind of impulse control before. I had studied it, and treated people who suffered from it, but as empathetic as I could be, experiencing it myself was an entirely different sensation.

"Let's go," Typhon grunted. He turned and I could sense the tension emanating from him. I wondered if he was annoyed by what he had seen from me and Kull. I glanced towards Kull, but I could discern nothing from the look in his eyes. My mind was becoming messy, and I had no idea how to handle these feelings. It was the first time in a long time where I didn't feel in control and I have to admit, it felt exhilarating.

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We left the stronghold without incident and ventured into the forest. Kull and Typhon sniffed the air, searching for prey. They were quiet, their furtive gazes seeing things that were beyond my capability. Typhon was still scowling, and I thought it might be wise to speak to him. I sidled up to him.

"Typhon, about what you saw earlier, I hope that it's not going to make things awkward. I don't want to get in between you and Kull. I have more insight into what you've been through, and I think that your relationship is important. I want to help you. I don't want you to be annoyed at him."

"I'm not annoyed. And I'm not displeased with what I saw. On the contrary, I enjoyed it," he turned to look at me and when I was subjected to his gaze, I felt naked. In his brooding eyes I could almost see what he was imagining, my body twisted around, my mouth hanging open, Kull crushing me with his passion. My throat constricted and for a moment I found it impossible to breathe. The notion titillated me. I had always tried to bury my femininity in order to be seen as professional. There were many prejudices in my profession and the slightest hint of

sensuality was seen as an admission that I was a sexual creature. So, I had always kept my appearance plain and worn conservative clothes. I never flirted or acted girlish and coquettish. I had subdued my sexual side for so long in order to allow my professional side to flourish that now it was coming back with a vengeance and I wanted to unleash it. I wanted to allow myself to be a sexual creature, and I enjoyed the thought of Typhon watching me with Kull.

“If you must know,” he continued and I was shaken back into concentration, “I’m still annoyed at the Alpha, and the pack as a whole. I really did think that once I proved myself, they would accept me.”

It reminded me a lot of narcissistic parents who had unrealistic expectations for their children, holding them to standards that were impossible to meet.

“You know Typhon, I think one of the mistakes we can make is to judge ourselves by what other people think. I know this pack is important to you and by every right you do deserve a place among them and to be treated as equals. From what I can see there is no difference between you and them. They are being cruel by treating you this way, but trying to earn their respect is an impossible task because there is nothing you can do that will ever be good enough for them. They have decided to view you in a certain way and that is how things are always going to be. It’s never easy to accept, but it does require a new way of thinking. You need to reframe how you view yourself. You should not be beholden to their judgment. You need to develop a strong sense of self-worth. Judge yourself by how you feel you are doing and your own standards, not by theirs. I know this may not be applicable in your situation, but with a patient who would have a similar thing, I might suggest going with no contact for a while at least, just to give you some breathing room where you can look at things objectively and decide how you want to proceed. Have you and Kull ever thought of leaving the pack?”

He remained silent for a few moments. There was a pensive look on his face. “It’s not

that simple,” he said, the words almost dropping out of his mouth like leaves from a tree. “They may not see us as their blood, but we are bound to the pack. There is a connection that goes beyond the physical plane. It’s spiritual in nature and we cannot simply turn our backs on it. We seek to belong, to be a part of something bigger than ourselves. It is in our nature as wolves. It may seem odd to you, but I am actually grateful to them for not treating us as outcasts. They could have exiled us to the wilderness a long time ago, but they keep us around.”

I furrowed my brow. “Have you ever wondered why?”

He rolled his shoulders. “I assume it’s so they can remind themselves that they are superior. The great experiment was a failure, and we are subject to ridicule. They can abuse us and take out whatever negative feelings they have without fighting amongst themselves. In a way I suppose we are good for morale.”

“You deserve better than that.”

“Sometimes the circumstances of the world cannot be changed,” he said, his words hollow and forlorn.

“It shouldn’t be that way, Typhon.”

“That is all I have to say on the matter. We should be silent. Our prey is near.”

Typhon moved away from me and signaled to Kull. We found a glade in which they told me to wait. There was a moment of hesitation before they left me. I assumed they were afraid I might wander away, but that plan didn’t enter my mind. For one I wouldn’t know in which direction to walk. This forest was dangerous to someone who was unfamiliar with the terrain. I could find myself lost, and I wasn’t the type of person who could survive in the wild. I was also scared that I might run into the other wolves as well. I hated the thought of what they might do to me when they realized

that Typhon and Kull were nowhere around. Another reason was because I wouldn't have been able to escape them. They were stronger and faster than me and they would have been able to track me down with their keen senses.

So, I lowered myself to a mossy area and waited for them. I watched them as they disappeared into the trees, seeing the air shimmer around them as they embraced the beasts inside. Their bodies changed and it still felt as though I was seeing something that I shouldn't. My mind ached as I tried to make sense of it. Every rational part of me was screaming that this shouldn't happen and yet I could not deny my own senses. I watched them as they fell forward and started to walk on all fours, as their bodies swelled, with fur exploding out of their flesh, a thick, fluffy tail protruding from their rears. They were so huge and majestic. It was impossible to not be in awe of them.

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I wasn't sure how long it took before they returned. I could hear them in the distance, howling loudly. The shrubbery moved as they came back. When they appeared, they were in their human form. The meat had already been skinned. They had not taken the antlers away from the corpse and I felt pity for the animal that had been slain for our meal. It was more harrowing to see an animal treated like this than what I was used to in the sanitized world, where the meat was carefully prepared and packaged to the point where we could embrace cognitive dissonance and forget that it was once a living thing. I felt like a coward. There was something pure and impressive about the way Typhon and Kull carried themselves, as though this was the way life was intended to be lived. There was no denying their true nature, no trying to soften the hard edges of the world. It was a cruel place, and nature possessed a savage quality that society had tried to numb. We thought ourselves above it, better than it, progressing from our brutish ancestors who thought nothing of compassion.

But were we really better than them? I wasn't so sure, not when I saw how Typhon

and Kull treated their prey. They handled it softly, with respect. They built a spit and then a fire, roasting it carefully. They told the story of the hunt while the meat cooked, which was a ritual among their people. They said that this was to honor the animal that had been slain. I realized that I didn't know anything about the animals I ate. They were distant, ephemeral things that I never had to think too strongly about. There was a distinct lack of respect in this sentiment, and I realized how shallow and false my life had been.

We shared the meat out. It was a simple meal but rich and delicious. The meat was tender, cooked to perfection. I wouldn't dare to think how much this would have cost in a fine restaurant but there was something perfectly simple about this meal.

"Why do you do what you do?" Kull asked. The question took me by surprise, so much so that I swallowed the chunk of meat I had been chewing too soon and it almost became lodged in my throat. I pressed my fingers against my larynx and managed to get it down.

"When I was younger a lot of what people did confused me. I always wanted to understand why they acted the way they did. It seemed that people were ruled by emotions. My father used to get angry a lot, especially when his favorite sports team lost. He would get so enraged by it and I could never understand why he allowed it to bother him so much. I started to track my own emotions, and I became aware of them. I hoped that by understanding them I would be able to prevent myself from having these outbursts like dad. Then I studied the mind and behavior, and I realized that not enough people paid attention to their emotions. I wanted to try and help them have a settled mind and be honest with themselves. I think that a lot of us end up running from ourselves because we're too afraid to face the truths we hold within, so when people talk to me; they can feel safe to explore these parts of them. In effect, I want to help people understand themselves better, and I also think that there are so many different people in the world that it's fascinating to see things from their perspective. When I really dig down deep and I learn why someone thinks the way

they do, when I look at the patterns of their life, it helps me to understand why they hold their beliefs.”

“And what do your emotions say about you?” Typhon asked. An uneasy feeling crawled beneath my skin, but I wasn’t going to cower from the question.

“I wasn’t sure before I came on this trip, but I wasn’t being entirely honest with myself. Meeting you has given me an opportunity to think about it and I know why I feel this way now. I’ve spent my entire life trying to control myself, trying to make sure that I give off the right image, that I impress the right people. I’ve been rigid and disciplined, and I think it’s all built up inside me, and now it’s ready to explode.” I stared into the fire, allowing my words to form without inhibition, without any thought of holding them back. The light had dropped in the world and the temperature was cool. The flames danced, bright and clear, and they seemed to be gesturing towards me, reaching to me. I wanted to embrace the heat. I wanted to feel all of these wicked desires that should have been taboo.

“There’s another side to me that I’ve always denied. At college, I never went to the parties, you know. I never lost control. I studied, studied, studied. I’ve always tried to be an example to other people, a paragon of virtue, but the world isn’t virtuous, and I think I’m starting to realize that sometimes you need to embrace your true nature. I came out here to be wild and now that I’ve started to taste this reality; I find I want more. Out here I can escape myself and I can be someone who I never thought I would be.”

It was then that I noticed Kull sidling towards me, placing his arm around my waist. His hand rested on my hip, as though he owned me. The fire crackled and the scent of him filled my nostrils. Arousal burned inside and I could feel it wanting to burst out of me with blazing heat. Then I lifted my gaze, and I met Typhon’s eyes. The fire flitted in front of him, making it seem as though he was emerging from the inferno. I could sense what he wanted, and I was ready.



Kull

“Will you kiss Kull again?” Typhon asked.

Ambrosia didn't answer with words. Instead, she turned towards me and ran a hand against the side of my face. I saw the fire reflected in her eyes and this spoke to her wild spirit. Her scent was potent. It washed over me, tempting me, calling me as the wind calls wolves forth. She may have been human but there was an elemental part of her that made her simmer with primal heat. She wasn't like other humans. She wasn't like other wolves. She was entirely unique, and I found myself enraptured by her. Every part of me twitched with arousal and I wanted to be close to her. Kissing her felt as though I was being bathed in fire and all I could think was that I wanted to burn. Her hair brushed against her pale skin, while her lips parted with eagerness. She closed her eyes, and we were kissing again. Our mouths pressed tightly against each other, our tongues darting inside. Her delicate fingers ran down my neck. Mine rested against her waist, pushing aside the thin fabric of clothes that hid her natural beauty from the world.

“Touch her breasts, Kull,” Typhon said. His voice was distant, yet near. He was removed from us and yet a part of this all the same. I did as he requested, moving my hand up. Ambrosia's body arched in response to my touch. My palm swam across her voluptuous breasts. They were pert and full, the skin soft. My fingers sank into it, and I wanted more. I pulled at her clothes, lowering them to reveal the deep valley of her cleavage. I kissed a trail from the hollow of her throat to her chest, burying myself in between her breasts. She flung her head back and a wild laugh escaped from her throat. Her hands wrapped around my skull, fingers slipping between my thick locks of hair. I felt stitches being ripped as I gave into my impulses and pulled her top

away, until the breasts poured out. The shadows of nipples stared at me. I brushed my cheeks against them, before taking them into my mouth, moaning with satisfaction. Ambrosia held me close. The fire crackled behind us, the heat pressing against my back.

“You served us last time Ambrosia. This time Kull is going to serve you,” Typhon said. “What do you want him to do?”

I looked up, pulling my lips away from her breasts for a moment. Her mouth formed an ‘o’ shape, and her cheeks were flushed with arousal. She simmered with a scent that I could only describe using one word: delicious. Her tongue rested against her lower lip. She drew it across her mouth. I gazed up at her with wide eyes, a willing servant ready to do whatever she asked, for she was glorious, and I was overwhelmed with the feeling of attraction. I needed to be close to her. I needed to make her feel good.

“I... I want you to do what I did for you,” she whispered, the sound so faint it was almost as though she feared expressing this desire but saying the words seemed to embolden her. I felt pressure on the top of my head, and I obeyed. I sank to my knees as her legs spread. She leaned back and pulled away her clothes, exposing the lower half of her body. I traced a line across the soft surface of her thighs, kissing as I did so to mark my territory. I was drawn by instinct to the simmering heat in between her legs, this prickling aroma that filled my lungs every time I inhaled. She was sweet and hot and damp. I ran my hands around her thighs and reached down, stroking her calf muscles. I kissed her, inching closer and closer. I could feel her breaths growing shallower, aching with tension. I hesitated and I could hear her whimper.

“Kull...” she breathed, and my heart did somersaults. I buried myself in her. I kissed her femininity, feeling her arousal staining my lips. I lay my tongue flat against her and then made it writhe, lapping and dancing around her sweet spots until I found a natural rhythm to her pleasure, and then I repeated the motions, cracking the silence

of the air with her ardent moans. I curled my arms around her body and legs, pulling her closer and closer, almost as though I could become a part of her. I used my tongue like a musical instrument, creating a beautiful melody of her moans. Her taste flowed across my tongue, and I gulped it all down, welcoming it as it flowed from her delta. Her breaths were heavy now, and her hands were clamped upon my head. I glanced up and saw her breasts hanging out of her clothes. Her eyes were closed, her mouth wide open. Her expression was twisted as the pleasure overwhelmed her.

Then, Typhon came closer. I became aware of his presence. He enjoyed watching and, as it happened, I enjoyed being watched. I wanted to put on a performance for him. He came right up to Ambrosia and started to touch her. He pulled her hair away from her face, exposing her slender neck. He groped her breasts and wiped sweat from her body, before putting his finger against his tongue to taste her. Then, he tilted her head towards him. She cracked her eyes open and stared at him as I kept stimulating her with my tongue. I could feel the pleasure swimming within her, coming out in waves that possessed greater intensity each time. She then spasmed, her legs pressing against the sides of my head, burying me in her so deeply that I was suffocating with intimacy, and if I had died in that moment, I would have been a happy wolf indeed.

Then she came, and my mouth was filled with her pleasure. My lips were stained. I gasped, gulping everything she gave me down and then leaned back. The fire illuminated the glistening trails upon her thighs, and she pulsed with desire. She had a groggy look on her face.

“And what do you want Kull to do now? Do you want him to fuck you?” Typhon asked, harsh edges to his voice. He still had his hand curled beneath her throat but then he removed it. Ambrosia was nodding. She didn’t have the capacity to form words. Typhon took her hand and pulled her to the ground. She fell onto all fours, staring at the fire. I took up position behind her and placed my hands on her hips, running them all over the gorgeous curves. Then I pulled myself out and leaned into

her. She gasped as the hot, burning areas of our bodies met. I felt the tension ripple through her. Typhon paced around, getting a view from every angle. I grabbed her tightly and then made the final push, locking us together. Ambrosia's body shuddered and she lowered herself to the ground. I grabbed a fistful of her hair to pull her head up and began thrusting. I snarled as I watched myself getting deeper and deeper inside her, every thick inch of my lust disappearing, swallowed up by her beautiful, gorgeous, soft body. She groaned and moaned, the sounds soaring towards the fire, burning in the air. I kept hold of her hair with one hand. With the other, I traced the curves of her body and reached around, fondling her breasts. I leaned forward and she pushed back, getting deeper and deeper inside her. Fuck she felt so good. The air was alive with her scent and all of my senses were being overwhelmed. I could still taste her on my tongue. Typhon crouched down and looked Ambrosia in the eyes. He twisted her head to make her look over her shoulder, and I saw that her eyes were rolling in the back of her head. This inspired me to fuck her even harder. I slammed into her, pounding so hard that everything became a blur. I had been filled with so much frustration and anguish during my pursuit of Hana, a chase that had ended up being cursed.

Ambrosia was everything Hana wasn't. She listened to me. She cared about me. When she spoke to me, I felt as though she actually wanted to deal with my feelings, and I got the sense that she respected me. I wasn't just some aberration to her. I wasn't seen as lesser than anyone else. I was the man she wanted to fuck. I was the man making her scream with ecstasy. I was the man buried deep inside her, holding onto her, touching every part of her and being touched in return. As these thoughts swirled through my mind, I became alive with pleasure and lust and all the thrilling aspects of life that had been denied to me for so long. My body moved like a rolling storm, driven by an elemental fury and an instinct that could not be denied, and all the while Typhon watched, enjoying the view. He reached down and started playing with himself. His body was illuminated by the glow of the fire.

"Oh God," Ambrosia moaned as she watched him pleasure himself while I fucked

her. Her skin was flushed. I let go of her hair. The strands fell around her shoulders, covering her face like a veil. I took hold of both her shoulders and pushed her down low, fucking her as deep as I could get. I could feel that everything was coming now. It was building up inside me, this torrent that was going to come as surely as the winter storms. I threw my head back and howled loudly, letting the world know of my pleasure and my desire. I felt her tighten and flutter, her body feeling as though it was wrapped around my cock, and she took everything I had. Typhon finished at the same time. His pleasure exploded out in a jet that was captured by the fire. It sizzled in the flames, and we were spent. Sweat flooded my body as I withdrew from her and sat back, staring up at the stars. There was a dazed look on my face. Ambrosia groaned as she pulled herself together. She arranged her clothes to cover herself in modesty again, but I knew it was a lie. Deep down she was as much of an animal as Typhon and I were. She pulled her hair away from her face. Typhon smirked, still staring at her. Then our eyes met, and he nodded towards me with respect. Ambrosia was proving to be a wellspring of delight, and I knew that we were just getting started.

An excited energy surged through me. I felt more alive than I had ever felt before. The fury of the orgasm had awoken something within me, something that I could not deny. It was a pulsing, thrumming kind of energy that burned, and I could not contain it. I pushed myself to my feet and declared that I needed to run. I needed to find some way to unleash all of these things that were coursing through me. So I turned away from them and closed my eyes, searching for the wolf within. The growl murmured and grew in volume, until it was a cacophony in my mind. I stretched out my arms and then felt my body shifting. Bones cracked and muscles twisted. The beast within me revealed itself and soon enough I was prowling on all fours, racing across the land, filled with this ravenous energy. I wanted to throw myself into the world, for it had never been more beautiful than it was at this present moment.

And it was all because of Ambrosia.

I realized now that I had wasted my time with Hana. I had poured my feelings into her, and it had all been for nothing; but Ambrosia was different. Typhon and I could make something with her, I was certain of it. I burned with a desire to have her again and I was determined to prevent anyone from taking her from us. Vance, Siv, or anyone... they would have to kill me before they dared to take Ambrosia away. Whatever her life had been, it was over now. She belonged with us. Now that I had had a proper taste of her, I was not prepared to allow her to leave. Our fates were entwined, and I would do everything in my power to keep her by my side.

Typhon

I breathed in deeply, composing myself after witnessing such a glorious display of sex. I had watched Ambrosia from all angles, and she was beautiful from every single one. Even now, when she was doused in sweat and panting with exhaustion, her skin flushed, and an exhausted look upon her face, she was still beautiful. She was unlike any woman I had ever known, and Kull had done well to fuck her. He sprinted away, needing to express himself further. I was content to stay with her. I fetched some more meat and handed it to her. There was a dazed look on her face. She stared into the fire, and it was as though she was somewhere else entirely.

“I can’t believe I just did that. What’s coming over me? I’m not like this at all. This isn’t who I am,” she whispered, her voice possessing the ring of uncertainty.

“On the contrary, I think it may well be who you truly are. Why do you think this is a false representation of you? What if you’ve been living a lie in your world?”

She turned slowly and placed her gaze upon me. There was a slight tilt of her head, and it was clear that she hadn’t thought of that notion before. She chewed absently on the meat and her head dropped down.

“I don’t know... I just don’t know.”

“Why is there anything to regret? Our instincts are powerful, and we must listen to them. Your instincts led you here and they inspired you to share something intimate with us. If you had wanted to stop it at any moment, you could have.”

“It just felt so... so raw. So real. There was a voice in the back of my head telling me that I should stop it but then everything else became so loud and it drowned out that part of me. I never realized I could be so uninhibited. I keep trying to think about what I might say to someone if they came to me as a patient and told me that they had done something like this.”

I couldn't help but chuckle and she glared at me.

“This isn't a joke,” she retorted.

“I never meant to imply that it was. I just don't see the use of analyzing every single thing. Can't some things simply exist? Can't some things be beautiful? We enjoyed ourselves together, what is the use of recrimination or regret? Why not simply enjoy the person you became in the moment?”

“Because it goes against everything I've been taught.”

“Then perhaps what you've been taught is wrong,” I replied quickly, and arched an eyebrow. She continued to stare at me but then she drew the last remaining strands of hair away from her face fully and exhaled deeply.

“Maybe you are right. Maybe I do just need to embrace this side of me. It's why I came out here in the first place, after all.” A pensive look came across her face, as though she was considering something. Then, she looked towards me once again. This time, her voice was lower and there was a conspiratorial gaze in her eyes.

“So, you enjoyed watching me?”

“I did.”

“Why?”



“There you go again, trying to explain things instead of enjoying them.”

“I don’t mean to I just... I’ve never done anything like that before.”

“Did you like it? Being watched?” I asked.

She lifted an arm and held her shoulder, while she tilted her head at an angle. “I did,” she admitted eventually, even though she seemed reluctant to do so. “I wasn’t sure I would at first, but it was hot, feeling like I was putting on a performance, knowing that Kull was enjoying me up close and you were enjoying me from afar. Is that... is that something you’re into?”

“I haven’t had the opportunity to explore these things. The female wolves in our pack have not been eager to share themselves with us. They have always looked down upon us and would not want to sully themselves by mating with us. But seeing you and Kull together it was... pleasing to me. I like seeing the way the fire dances across your bare skin. I like watching you, seeing the pleasure twist upon your face. I can admire you, just as I admire the beauty of nature.”

She softened and seemed to relax a little. “That might be the nicest thing anyone has ever said to me,” she then patted the ground beside her. “Come and sit with me Typhon.”

I did as she asked, sinking to the ground beside her. She took my arm and draped it around her shoulders, nuzzling into me. I enjoyed the feeling of her warmth and her affection. I turned my head and inhaled the scent of her hair. It was light and sweet, with the undertone of lingering smoke.

“I never expected to find men like you here. I never thought I would be this kind of person.”

“And what kind of person is that?”

“The kind that throws away all sense of inhibition, all sensibility entirely in fact. I have always conducted myself with the utmost respect, living up to an ideal that perhaps was too high. It’s funny really, I have spoken to so many people that have fallen prey to their desires. They come to me as though it’s a problem, wanting me to fix them but in truth I have always been a little envious of them. It feels as though they have been able to live, while I have always been hidden in shadows, chained to this idea of how I should act and the woman I should be.”

“You don’t strike me as the type of person to put limits on herself,” I said.

She grunted a laugh. “You obviously don’t know what kind of world I live in. It’s never been easy for women. Perhaps that’s why I can sympathize so much with your struggle. I know what it’s like to be treated like an outsider, even when you know you have what it takes to prove yourself. I suppose at some level I have always wanted to throw everything aside and let go of my responsibilities. I have spent so many times listening to people sharing their mistakes and deep down I’ve been thinking that at least they have been able to live. Sometimes it feels as though I haven’t lived at all.”

Tension rippled through me as I latched onto a particular word. “You think of this as a mistake?”

She lifted her head and horror adorned her eyes. “No, not at all. That’s not what I meant. It’s just, as I said... it’s unexpected. It doesn’t feel like this is the kind of thing I should do.”

“Maybe it’s time for us to stop thinking about the things we should do and instead think about the things that we want to do,” my voice was terse.

“You sound angry. What are you going to do about Vance and your standing in the

pack? What's going to happen to me? Typhon, I don't want to be a slave. I don't want to be forced into manual labor, and I certainly don't want to be taken away by that other horrible person."

"Nobody is going to take you away," I replied. "All my life I have tried to fit in. I have tried to do what was expected of me, following rules that were clearly meant to hold me back, not allow me to flourish. The only thing I have ever wanted is to matter in the eyes of the pack. I thought respect was something that I could earn as long as I proved myself but now I see that I was deluding myself. Kull has tried to tell me this on many occasions before, but I allowed myself to ignore him. That was a mistake. The other wolves fight me at every opportunity. There is only one language they understand and it's violence."

I could feel the terror rushing through her body. "Typhon, I don't think taking the fight to them is a good idea. There are so many more of them. Look, we're out here in the open world. We could just leave. There's nothing that says we have to go back."

"They would only come looking for us when they realize we have not returned."

"But why?" she asked, a perplexed look on her face. "Why do you matter so much to them in this regard when they have shown you nothing but disdain?"

"Because we are still part of the pack and Vance sees us as belonging to him. If we leave, then it shows a measure of autonomy that he would not want us to express. He wants us to stay so that he can keep his heel on our throats and use us as a way to focus the ire of the other wolves. If we should leave, then the others may start finding fault with his leadership. Their urges for violence may find other targets and the pack may fall into discord."

"Then let it. Let them come after you. You could come back with me, and I can show you my world. I'm sure there's a way you could fit in. We can make it work, at least

for a short time. It would take a while for them to find us. Maybe we could even get far enough away to beyond their reach. I don't imagine they would travel too far just for a fight, would they?"

I smirked. "There is still much you need to learn about wolves. Besides, they are going to come for your world anyway. I do not know the nature of Vance's great weapon, but he is confident that it can bring him the world and turn your city to ruins. I'm not sure there's any point in running."

"That doesn't sound like what I've come to expect from you. I thought you were more defiant than that," she said. I cocked my head and gave her a side-eyed glance.

"I am not afraid of a fight," I spat through clenched teeth.

"Then why not do something to fight for your future? You can't go on like this, Typhon. None of us can. If we go back to the pack, you know what things are going to be like for us. They're always going to exploit us, and I know that you like watching me, but are you still going to enjoy it when someone else takes me?" there was a tremor of fear to her voice. I was suddenly filled with a deep resentment towards anyone who would treat her in that way.

"I won't let them. You are under our protection," I promised. I wasn't sure she understood the depth of that obligation.

"Then protect me by keeping me away from that pack. I don't want any part of it. I'm not about to be made a prisoner. Please, Typhon, I can't be that kind of woman. I'd rather die."

"You're not going to die, Ambrosia. I am not going to allow anyone to touch you. I am not opposed to leaving the pack, but it must be done in the right way. There is no sense in leaving without a plan, for they will come after us with a vengeance and

whatever pity they might show us within the pack will be absent. They would surely tear us apart. I am only trying to protect you.”

“And I appreciate that but right now it feels as though there’s no way out for me. I only came out here to stay at the cabin. I never imagined something like this would happen.”

“Do you regret meeting us?” I asked. She looked at me. There was a faltering sense in her gaze.

“No, I just regret everything else that’s happening. Part of me wishes that we could just leave the world behind; and we could become creatures of desire, giving into our wildest impulses but we can’t. You have the pack to worry about and I still have a life waiting for me at home, one that I hope to return to.”

“I see.” I couldn’t help but be disappointed.

“Typhon, I didn’t mean it like that. You and Kull have shown me a side of myself that I’ve never explored before. I didn’t even know it existed. I always suspected... but certainly not to this extent. It’s just... there are so many factors to think about and I’m struggling to make it all make sense in my mind. I just think it’s a waste to not make use of the opportunity that we have now to break free, and what if you’re wrong? Maybe they’re not bothered at all, and they won’t chase after us.”

I pursed my lips and was about to respond, when suddenly my ears pricked up. My arm fell away from Ambrosia, and I rose to my feet, concern etched upon my face.

“Typhon? What’s going on?” she asked, for her hearing was not acute enough to hear the disturbance nearby. I peered towards the edge of the glade. I could feel the vibrations in the ground and then I sensed the trees fluttering. I stepped in front of Ambrosia, ready to shield her with my body. I bristled with vicious energy, gritting

my teeth, feeling the hot flow of anger rushing through me.

Then, Kull emerged. He sprinted towards us as a wolf and then shifted as he approached.

“They’re coming!” he cried out. I prepared for battle.

### Ambrosia

Kull burst out from nowhere and sprinted towards us. His cry of warning made me tremble with fear. My throat grew tight, and I shrank behind Typhon. It was another reminder of how ill-equipped I was for this wild world. We had become so civilized that our instincts had been neutered and we didn't deserve to be in the wilderness. I wondered if our distant ancestors would have been ashamed of us for removing ourselves so far from our instincts. They may not have recognized us at all. Kull joined us and stood beside Typhon. They both bared their teeth, ready to fight. I imagined it was the members of the pack, coming to hunt us down. Perhaps they were going to use this opportunity to kill Typhon and Kull, dragging their bodies back and using them as examples for anyone else who dared drift away from the norm. And what fate awaited me after this? Not a pleasant one. I shuddered as I tried to push the thoughts away from my mind. I would rather die than be held prisoner. The longer I spent out here, the more I was beginning to come to terms with the fact that I might never get to return to my old life.

And yet, in a way, I had lived more in these brief moments than I had in the preceding years. I had indulged myself in a way that I had never been able to before and I had experienced raw pleasure the likes of which had only existed in fantasies for me. Did this make it worth it? I wasn't sure. I was still coming to terms with everything I had done. When clarity reared its cool head, I was filled with a sense of shame but when I looked deeper; I asked myself why? I hadn't hurt anyone. I hadn't cheated on anyone. The only thing I had betrayed was some strict moral ideal that was a leftover from a controlling authority who didn't want people to embrace the fluidity of their sexuality. It felt wonderful in the moment, and I had always advised people to trust their instincts.

But now all of that was in jeopardy. I didn't know if I would ever get to be with Typhon and Kull again and it felt as though there was still plenty I could explore with them. Typhon had promised to protect me. Now, that promise was being put to the test.

I heard the sounds of rustling approaching us, which must have been what Typhon had sensed when he became startled. Kull murmured something to Typhon, but I wasn't paying attention. I peered towards the forest and watched the leafy fronds move. Then, figures began to emerge. One by one they came before us, surrounding us in a semi-circle. They weren't wolves, however, at least not the wolves I recognized. They were dressed differently as well, clad in outfits made of leaves and threaded together with vines. Their bare skin was smudged with dirt and their feet were bare. Leaves were twined through their hair as well, and some of the women had their breasts hanging out, showing that they had different ideas of modesty than I was used to. Bows and slings were slung over their shoulders, while others wielded short, stubby swords. Kull and Typhon growled, ready to take the fight to them. I could sense that they were ready to shift. I put a hand on their shoulder.

"Wait," I said. I thought perhaps I could help after all. If this descended into a fight, then Typhon and Kull were going to die. There were just too many of the others for it to result in anything else, but I had performed conflict resolution with so many other people before. Why shouldn't I use it now?

I stepped in front of the wolves. "What do you want?" I called out. Their leader stepped forward. He was a strapping man, his muscles looking as though they had been carved from stone. He walked with a swagger, confident in his bearing, no sense of hesitation at all.

"We want answers. We want to make you pay," he lifted his hand and pointed directly towards Typhon and Kull. I could feel them bristling with tension. They were primed for a fight, but I wasn't about to let that happen. I held up my hands, the



universal sign for defusing a situation.

“I think you’ve got the wrong people. We don’t know you,” I said, and then turned back towards Typhon and Kull. “You don’t know them, right?” I asked in a sotto voice. They merely growled.

“Perhaps not personally, but we know their kind. Wolves have no place in this forest.”

Typhon then laughed. “We have every right to be here. This is our territory.”

“Only because you have claimed it falsely. Our memories are long. We remember a time when this place was free of violence. You have brought nothing but destruction. We know what your plans are. You’re going to help us prevent your war.”

His words took Typhon and Kull by surprise. I wasn’t displeased by what he said as it gave me an avenue to explore. If we could find some common ground, then perhaps there was a way out of this after all.

“Wait, you know about the war? Who are you?” I asked.

“My name is Vali. I am the leader of the dryads, protectors of the natural world. We are called when there is strife in the world. Wolves threaten the balance of nature. We are here to stop them, so you will give us the answers we seek, or you will pay,” as Vali said this, the other dryads took a menacing step forwards, and readied their weapons. I gulped but swallowed my nerves. I lowered my hands and held them out in front of me. I made sure to keep my tone even, and I mirrored Vali’s posture and body language, a trick that would help him to trust me.

“Vali,” I said, making sure to use his name as this would also help to create a rapport. “You’ve got this all wrong. Typhon and Kull are wolves, yes, but they’re not the ones

driving this war. If anything, they're suffering at the hands of the wolf responsible. He is who you want, not us. We're just minding our own business out here," I said.

"And your name is?"

"Ambrosia and I'm not a wolf either," I added, hoping that perhaps this would influence whatever Vali did next. He stroked his chin and bore a thoughtful expression.

"You are opposed to the warmonger?" he asked.

"Yes. Look, we don't want to fight. There's no need for violence. It would be a shame to stain this beautiful scenery with blood. We might be able to work together, yes? Perhaps you could take us back to your camp and we can speak about this war and how to prevent it. Believe me, I don't want wolves running amok either because my people are going to be targeted as well. We have a mutual interest in staying alive."

One of the dryads sidled up to Vali and whispered in his ear. Vali listened and then nodded. He looked around, considering the matter for a moment.

"One wrong move and we will send you back into the arms of your goddess," Vali said. Arrows and swords glinted as he spoke, warning us of a dark fate. "If we get any hint that you are planning to betray us you will never be free."

The dryads came up to us and bound our hands with vines as thick as rope. Vali made it clear that we were not going to be trusted just yet. A few of the dryads dropped behind us to keep a watchful eye on us as we made our way to the dryad's grove. My eyes widened when we arrived. The forest thinned, revealing an area that was suffused with a soft, natural glow. The ground was covered in soft moss. A few people were sitting around, and they stirred when they realized that we were

approaching. Then I noticed noises. I looked up and I was shocked to find an entire village nestled in the trees. Homes had been built into the branches and bridges had been built to create a network of paths. Small lights flickered. It was an astonishing feat of engineering, quite a contrast to the blocky, wolf-made stronghold. This place was clearly made with nature's blessing, working with the flow of the natural world rather than bending it to their will. It was a beautiful place indeed and I felt blessed to lay my eyes upon it. It was like something out of a fairytale and once again I was stunned to come across something quite wondrous.

Kull

It felt wrong to be in a place such as this. There was an eerie calm about these people, and I didn't trust them one bit. Typhon and I had shared glances during our journey to their grove, wary of what awaited us and stunned that Ambrosia would make prisoners of us. It felt like a betrayal, but it had not been prudent to fight. The dryads had shown their strength and made it clear that they could have taken our lives with the mere passing of a moment. The grove smelled sickly sweet, and I could see other dryads among their tree village. I sniffed the air. It was difficult to distinguish their scent from the surrounding area, a fact I did not like. This camouflage felt deceptive, and I did not like one of my senses being nullified. I was also annoyed at them for having found me in the first place. I had not been careful enough to mask myself and during my way back to Typhon and Ambrosia, they had chased me. I hadn't realized they were anything more than shadows at first and by the time I did it was too late.

We were ushered into a small hut. Our wrists were freed from their bindings.

"There will be guards outside your door. I need to tend to a matter but then I shall return, and we will speak about this war," Vali said, turning on his heels and disappearing before we could say anything in return. The room was simple, unadorned with anything of note. Ambrosia sank to a sitting position, while Typhon and I remained standing.

"What have you done?" Typhon growled, speaking freely now that we were alone.

"This is better than fighting and dying. I know you live to test yourselves but there were so many of them it didn't seem like a good idea to fight," she replied.

“We’re still prisoners,” I said.

“It’s not nice, is it?” Ambrosia replied pointedly. Typhon and I hesitated.

“Was this your plan all along, to trap us?” Typhon asked.

“No, I had no idea these people even existed, and I hope we’re not going to be trapped for very long. If these people are against Vance, then maybe we can ally ourselves with them and we can be free.”

“You want us to turn on our pack?” I whispered.

“They turned on you a long time ago,” Ambrosia said. “I get that you have this sense of loyalty built into you, but you shouldn’t give Vance your respect simply because he’s a wolf. These people may not be wolves but if their goals align with yours then you should listen to what they have to say. You might be able to find some commonalities with them and maybe we’ll be able to escape further punishment. We should at least hear him out.”

Typhon bowed his head. “I suppose if nothing else we can learn about the extent of the threat these dryads pose to the wolves. If we return with news of an impending attack Vance would be grateful,” he spoke in a low tone. Ambrosia turned towards me and gave me a worried look. I began to see her wisdom. I knew that Vance wasn’t going to treat us as we wanted to be treated and yet Typhon was still thinking of things in those terms.

“We should listen to them. Hopefully they will not keep us as prisoners for long. Ambrosia is right. We should not show blind loyalty to the pack when they have not shown us the same courtesy in return. If there is a way to prevent this war, then we should see if it is feasible.”

“You would betray the pack?” Typhon hissed.

“Yes,” I said directly, turning towards him. “Ambrosia is right. They are never going to see us the way we want to be seen. It’s foolish to keep trying to earn their approval and respect because we’re always going to fall short. They are never going to allow us to walk alongside them, and do you think they’re going to give us an opportunity to win glory in the war? Every other wolf is going to fight honorably, and we are going to be left behind. We’ll have to hear the stories of triumph and valor, while everyone is going to look at us and taunt us. You are never going to get what you seek from them.”

Before Typhon could respond, Vali returned. He was alone, which I thought was brave of him. For all he knew, we were going to maul him the moment he appeared. He carried with him a tray. Upon the tray were simple cups filled with dark tea. I took one and sipped. It was bitter to the taste.

“I hope that after we speak you will not be considered enemies but if we do not come to a resolution then you will be treated as such. Even though there hasn’t been a formal declaration of war, we consider ourselves in a state of war because we know that the wolves are planning something. I want to know what it is and how to stop it.”

“We can’t help you with that,” I replied.

Vali tilted his head. “Can’t, or won’t?”

“You don’t understand. Typhon and Kull are not trusted with that kind of information. They are not in the alpha’s inner circle,” Ambrosia said.

“I see,” Vali mused. He paced around the room. His footsteps were so light his feet may as well have been made from feathers. “That is most troubling. I hoped that you would prove to be more useful. If you cannot help us...” he trailed away. I sensed

what he was implying, and I did not like the sound of it.

“We can help you. We just need to know the nature of what you want. As I said before, we don’t want there to be a war. If there’s a way to stop it then we want to help,” Ambrosia said.

“But we’re not going to directly hurt the pack,” Typhon added quickly. “We’re not going to shed the blood of our own people. It wouldn’t help anyway. If you think we’re going to attack our alpha then-”

“I have no intention of asking you to do such a thing,” Vali interrupted Typhon. “I know wolves better than that. It goes against your nature entirely.” I stared into his grey eyes and tried to peer into them deeply, hoping that I could glean some kind of insight into his background, but they were a swirling mystery, and I found myself at a loss. “As I said, I mainly want information. To survive a war, one must know what the enemy is planning, something that I have been unable to achieve. I know that the wolves are planning something secret. I want to know what it is.”

“As we said, we have no knowledge of secrets,” I replied. It rankled me to have to admit to a stranger that we did not hold a privileged position in our pack. Vali must have thought us fools. Vali remained silent for a few moments as he pondered the situation.

“There is still a way you can help us. We have discovered compounds used by wolves. They are guarded heavily. We have not been able to find a way in. But our distant observations have revealed busy activity, which has intensified recently. We have witnessed wolves going to and fro, and it begs the question of what is being guarded? It must be something valuable, as I cannot imagine the wolves would be stationed there unless there was something important.”

Typhon and I glanced at each other. This was the moment when my loyalties were

truly tested.

“Vance has been speaking about some secret weapon,” I said. Typhon glared at me, while Vali’s eyes widened in shock. His eyes were large, and their size was pronounced as the whites of his eyes were stark compared to his smudged features.

“Do you know anything more of this weapon? How destructive is it? How is it going to affect the landscape?” Vali asked, the questions flowing from his tongue. It was the first time I had seen him flustered, perhaps even panicked. It was wise of him to do so because whatever Vance was planning, it wasn’t good.

“We don’t know anything,” Typhon growled.

“But Vance is confident it will prove decisive. He would not make a move like this unless he was sure that he could win,” I added.

“Then whatever is held in these compounds is important to the war effort. We need to discover the nature of his weapons. We need to find out how we can stop them,” Vali stopped pacing suddenly and turned towards us. “I need you to infiltrate one of these compounds.”

Typhon laughed. “We’re not going to do your dirty work for you. We have told you what we know. That is the extent of which we are going to help you. You are not going to make spies of us.”

Vali frowned. “You may have been taught that war is the natural state of the world, but you are wrong. There should be balance and peace. War upsets the natural balance. It spreads a wave of destruction across the land that swallows everything whole. If you were true to yourselves then you would understand this and you would seek to prevent your alpha from performing this abominable act. I have been around for a long time. I knew wolves who would be disgusted by these actions. Are you



really content to allow him to cut a swathe of destruction across the land? He will turn this place to ash. I cannot allow that to happen and neither should you.”

“He wouldn’t do that. Vance is many things, but he is not that callous towards his surroundings.” Typhon replied.

“Are you sure?” Vali asked.

I pursed my lips. Although I did not speak, the thought that passed through my mind was a stern ‘no’.

“We should investigate this,” Ambrosia said. “It’s important that we know how Vance is planning to fight this war. What if the nature of this weapon is too terrible to comprehend? What if Vance has been so blinded by a lust for violence that he has created something abhorrent that is going to burn everything? We need to be certain for ourselves. I don’t believe you are content to stand by and allow this to happen. Ask yourselves what depths Vance will sink to in order to guarantee victory and then ask yourselves if you’re willing to live with that.”

Her words were persuasive. I could see doubt flicker in Typhon’s eyes, although he was not ready to accept the truth. I was different. Could I envision Vance burning the entire world? Sadly, yes. And he had been acting smug about this weapon that was going to bring him a decisive advantage. He was a cunning man and never engaged in a fight he was not confident he could win. Whatever he had been planning, it was enough to make him feel that he could emerge victorious. Vali had a right to be concerned. We all did, because if Vance felt confident that he was going to win a war then woe betide anyone who got in his way.

“Ambrosia makes sense. We will do what you ask,” I said. There was a look of betrayal in Typhon’s eyes.

“I will form a scouting party to come with you. Rest for now. Then we will take you to one of the compounds,” Vali said. He also promised that someone would be along presently with food. Then, he took his leave of us.

As soon as he walked away, Typhon rounded on me. “How could you do such a thing? Now that we are traitors, Vance is never going to accept us.”

“He was never going to do such a thing anyway. It’s time you opened your eyes Typhon. You can’t possibly still be blinded by him! Besides, aren’t you at least a little curious about what he’s been planning this entire time? We’ve both heard them speak about the secret weapon that is going to ensure his victory. I don’t want to stand by and watch him burn the world, especially when we’re not going to be able to share in the spoils,” I replied.

“It doesn’t mean that you have to betray him, either. This is just a mission to learn what he’s planning, that’s all. You can still decide what you do with that information,” Ambrosia said this more softly than I ever could, and Typhon responded to her gentle nature. “Vance doesn’t know anything that’s happening here. As far as he’s concerned you might well have infiltrated an enemy camp on his behalf.”

Typhon seemed settled by this, and food was brought to us shortly. I bristled with the thought that we were among enemies, but then again it felt that way no matter where we were. The only people I could trust were Typhon and Ambrosia, the rest were a mystery. As we ate there was much on my mind. The path ahead seemed dangerous but at least I wasn’t going to walk it alone. I thought about Ambrosia’s wish to return to her old life, and I couldn’t imagine her being an ordinary person in an ordinary world. She seemed far too important for that, and I didn’t believe she should be wasted on such a thing.

### Typhon

We moved away from the camp. Vali brought two of his warriors with him, both carrying bows and arrows. They were slight but this did not mean they were weak. Strength coiled in their taut muscles, and I could smell the aggression radiating from them. They were not fearful of my brother and I, and for this I had to give them credit. I noticed them glancing towards us, always with suspicion in their eyes. Despite this temporary truce I had to wonder what might happen should Vance learn about the existence of these people. It didn't escape me that he might be grateful and perhaps would reward us.

I sidled up to Kull and Ambrosia to share this thought. Kull stared at me as though I was speaking in gibberish.

"Typhon, why do you have this need to seek Vance's approval?" Ambrosia asked in that clinical way of hers. The tone she used was different to the one she used in normal conversation, and I hadn't yet gotten used to it. I didn't like the idea that I was being studied or that I was a puzzle she was trying to solve.

"I don't have such a need," I growled.

"On the contrary, it seems to be one of your main driving forces. We all have them, you know. They're present in everyone. For a lot of people, it's to accrue wealth, others need power, others want love, others want to belong to a large community and feel needed."

"What's yours?" I asked in a biting tone. Ambrosia didn't seem taken aback by the

question. In fact, she seemed quite eager to answer.

“It was always to make a difference in the world, to help people. While I was growing up, I noticed so many people who were in pain, undiagnosed pain. As I listened to people’s problems, I realized that they weren’t being helped and I wanted to be the one to help them. It didn’t hurt that I was always interested in getting into people’s heads and learning what made them tick.”

“My mind is not a clock. Perhaps I don’t want to give you a window into my thoughts.”

She looked at me slyly. “I thought we were beyond that Typhon, what with all we’ve shared.”

Kull masked a laugh at this.

“I just don’t feel the need to talk about these things. I am the way I am, and I feel the way I feel. Does it need to be any more complicated than that?”

“No, but if we speak about them, it can help you come to an understanding about what you truly want and why you want these things. Because at the moment this desire to prove yourself to Vance and be rewarded by him is only going to be a cause of anguish. The outcome is not under your control, and you can’t be sure that there’s anything you can do to earn his respect. Surely you can see that by now? If this is the measure for meaning and success in your life, then perhaps you could reframe your definitions of these words; and you would be happier because of it.”

“There’s always a way to earn his respect. I’m sure he would be happy if we returned with the location of an enemy camp, or even prisoners,” I said in a low voice, making sure that our new companions could not overhear my words. Kull rolled his eyes and grunted with dissatisfaction, while Ambrosia tilted her head. She kept her face devoid

of emotion, as though she was wearing a mask.

“Typhon, have you ever considered that this need to win his approval may not entirely be a part of you?” she asked.

“What do you mean?” I frowned.

“Well, it’s just that from the way you were born, you were engineered to have certain qualities, like ambition. In you this has presented itself as a desire to become one of the leaders of the pack and to earn the understanding and respect of your peers. But one of the things that separates beings of higher intelligence from animals is the ability to surpass our nature. This feeling you have may not be something to aspire to but rather an obstacle that you need to overcome. You do not have to be a slave to your emotions.”

“I am not a slave to anything,” I bit back, although I regretted the sharpness of my words as she flinched. “I do not mean to take my anger out on you. I have always believed that life is simple. I have walked a straight path.”

“Unfortunately, that is never truly the case. Other people make it more complicated, people like Vance. I think it might do you good to think about how you could be happy if you never received what you wanted from Vance. As life moves around us, we have to continually reframe our expectations in order to adjust to our situation. We can’t always keep the same goals and desires. There’s nothing inherently wrong with that. I think the most successful people in the world are the ones who are able to pivot and find new goals, ones that are achievable. It doesn’t do anyone any good to pursue the impossible and have you even thought to yourself how things would change if you did indeed earn Vance’s respect? Would you even want to be their equal after the way they have treated you? What if they asked you to turn your back on your brother, would you be able to do that?”

I looked towards Kull and felt a strong stirring of emotion within my heart. We had come into this world together and as much as he could drive me crazy at times, I would never have forsaken him. “Of course not,” I said.

“All I’m saying is think about what you truly want from life and how best to achieve it. The last thing you want is to be unhappy because you’ve given the power of your happiness over to someone else. I’ve tried that before and it didn’t work.”

“What happened?” Kull asked, beating me to it. I was intrigued too.

Ambrosia tucked her hair behind her ear. There was a reluctant look in her eyes, almost as though she regretted admitting this to us.

“He was my first boyfriend. This was before I knew any better. I thought I had to be a certain way so that he would be proud of me. I changed the way I dressed, my hair, my friends. I acted differently around him, trying to become the version of me that he wanted me to be, and it was a standard that I could never meet. He had my mind twisted around and at some point, I lost myself completely. When I looked at myself in the mirror, I didn’t recognize who I saw. My grades had slipped, I was moody, and I didn’t trust anyone. And still it wasn’t good enough. There were always things that he wanted me to do differently, always areas in which I could improve, and in the end it became tiresome. Thankfully one of my friends gave me a reality check. They called me out on my behavior, and it made me look at things from an outside perspective. I had turned into someone I never wanted to be, all because I had this skewed idea of how to be happy. I thought that if I could just earn this boy’s love then everything would fall into place, but it never would have happened. I could have stayed with him all my life and he would have always found fault with what I was doing. I wouldn’t be the woman I was today if I had stayed with him. So, I know what I’m talking about. This fixation you have with Vance isn’t healthy and if I’m being honest with you, I don’t think it’s going to bring you any kind of happiness in the long run.”

“I’ll think about your words,” I said. I was a little shaken at the insight she possessed. It was as though she had a window into my mind, able to conjure so many vulnerable thoughts. Nobody had ever spoken to me the way that she did. She may have been an ordinary human, but there was something remarkable about the way she could peel away the layers of my flesh to reveal the soul beneath and to force me to think about things I would rather have ignored. I preferred it when life was simpler, when I knew what I wanted and still believed that it was possible.

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I remember the first time I knew I wanted to be as respected as Vance. Kull and I were still pups, yet to understand the true cruelty of the world. We were observed by our handlers and kept separate from the rest of the pack, at least for the majority of the time. Back then we hadn’t known anything different, so there wasn’t any anguish in our souls. It was what life was like. But there were moments when we were allowed to roam freely through the pack. We were amazed at the sights and sounds and at the presence of so many wolves who, we presumed, were just like us. Looking back on it now, I can see the way they looked at us. There was a mixture of disdain and pity in their eyes.

But I was too distracted by other things to notice. The main thing being Vance. I saw him striding through the world, looking as tall as a mountain and just as imposing. He commanded attention just by the way he moved, and he radiated a powerful aura. Our handlers explained that he was the Alpha, the most important wolf in the pack, and the one who guided the direction of the pack. I was in awe of him. When I looked at him, I knew that this was the type of wolf I wanted to be when I was older. I wanted to grow in stature until I could stand side by side with him, look him in the eye, and know that I was his equal. After all, our handlers told Kull and I that we had been born for a glorious purpose, that we were supposed to manifest the best of the wolves. It’s why they put us through such rigorous testing. Every element of our being was pushed to their limits, until they realized that we had reached a plateau. I wanted to

show Vance that we could be what they hoped we would be, only for him to stop coming to visit us. Eventually we were bundled into our small alcove and given menial tasks. Ever since then I wanted an opportunity to prove myself to him but perhaps Ambrosia was right. How much energy had I expended in order to try and win his approval? Was it all wasted?

There was a sliver of a thought in the back of my mind that told me it could still happen, it just required something astounding and momentous. If I could perform an epic deed, then perhaps Vance would finally see in me what the wolves had hoped to see when Kull and I had been born. We could finally reach our potential, even if it had taken longer than expected.

So, I stared at Vali and his warriors. This alliance was only temporary, and it would only last for as long as they served my purpose. As for Ambrosia and Kull, I knew they would see sense eventually. These were not our people. They never would be. If we were going to avert this war, then it would be because we convinced Vance that there was a better path. When we discovered his secret method of victory, we could return to him; and he might be impressed that we had uncovered his secret. Perhaps the only way to earn Vance's respect was to show him that we could make him vulnerable.



### Ambrosia

I wasn't sure Typhon had properly listened to what I had been trying to say. I had seen this fixation in patients before and it never ended well. They had such a rigid view of the world that any deviation from it caused them immense pain. I had managed to help wean some of them off it, but with Typhon I wasn't sure. It was hard because I wasn't sure how much of the psychology I learned was applicable to the situation given they were wolves. Their minds worked in different ways, ruled by this wild instinct that was far more potent than the one I possessed. Even so, I felt a deep-seated need to help him. Typhon and Kull were victims of abuse, even if they couldn't quite admit that themselves. All the signs were there, however, and I couldn't just turn my back on them. It was a messy situation given how my personal involvement had accelerated swiftly, and I still wasn't entirely sure how to untangle my feelings. I was their prisoner, yet was this an unwanted fate? There was something about them that I simply couldn't tear myself away from. When I thought of their power and strength I was intoxicated. I wondered if there was something in their natural scent like pheromones that inspired these feelings within me, or if there was something about them that fit an ideal of the male form that existed in the deepest parts of my mind, an ideal that nobody else had ever measured up to. Perhaps only people who were more than human could ever hope to inspire these feelings within me. They appealed to both my intellectual curiosity and my physical cravings. Even just thinking about the way it felt to have their hands upon me, or even to be fucking Kull while Typhon watched. I had loved being the center of attention, part of a show, and I wondered what other hidden desires they might uncover.

But that would all have to wait. I quelled these feelings of heat that undulated within. I didn't want to show this side of myself in front of Vali and his warriors.

Speaking of Vali, while I wasn't entirely sure what to make of him, I got a better instinct from him than I did from Vance. Typhon and Kull were the exceptions to wolves. Every other wolf I had encountered seemed cruel with a sneering tone. I sensed kindness from Vali, and a deep respect for nature. I wanted to help them protect their world, because it would lead to them protecting mine as well. I just couldn't quite believe that Vance would have some weapon that could help him scar the world. It seemed absolutely preposterous, but perhaps I only thought this because of the propaganda drilled into my mind by the media. The message was constant; we had the best and biggest military in the world and woe betide anyone who dared incur our wrath because we would unleash hell upon them but were we prepared for the threat of werewolves? I couldn't imagine there were discussions in the White House about the threat posed by supernatural creatures, so how would conventional defenses hold up against Vance and whatever weapon he wielded.

"We're here," Vali hissed, slowing his pace. He and his companions came to a stop. We were obscured by thick foliage, and we stood atop a hill looking down onto a small compound. There were a few outer buildings and a cave entrance. Simple wooden walls had been erected around the outpost, but it was tucked away into this secret part of the forest. I couldn't imagine the chances of anyone stumbling over it by accident. I noticed Kull and Typhon looking confused.

"Do you know what this place is now that you've seen it?" Vali asked. His voice trembled with concern.

"I have no idea," Typhon said.

"Vance didn't exactly share these things with us, but we didn't even know that places other than our home existed," Kull added.

"Look, there are wolves there," I pointed out. At least, I assumed they were wolves. They were milling about in the open air, moving from building to building. There

were only a few of them, however.

“We should attack,” one of Vali’s men said.

Vali held up his hand. “We are not here to conduct violence if it is unnecessary. We are here to learn the truth about what exists in this place,” he then turned his attention towards us. “There are other places like this. We tried to sneak into one, but the wolves became aware of the scouting party and killed them.” He bowed his head. One of his companions scowled and I saw a dark revenge flickering in his eyes. I swallowed my fear. I was used to being detached from the horrors of the world in my private office that overlooked the city, as though I was a god far removed from the issues that tormented mere mortals. Death was an ever-present threat, and it caused a chill to run down my spine.

“We are not going to hurt our kind,” Typhon said.

“I’m not asking you to,” Vali held up his hands. “I just want to know what we’re up against. I want to know what’s being planned. Can you get in there and find out?”

“Yes we can,” I said.

“You’re not coming with us. It’s too dangerous,” Kull said.

I looked incensed. “I need to come! I can help. If there’s any issues, I can talk them round.”

“There is going to be an issue if we take you. It’s not going to be easy to explain bringing a human to them,” Typhon said, giving me a meaningful look. He then turned to Vali and spoke in a way that ensured he would not be misunderstood. “If anything should happen to her, I will tear you apart.” The men at his side bristled, but Vali gave him an understanding nod. Kull and Typhon began to peel away but I

tugged at Kull's arm. I felt bonded to them, and I wasn't ready to be treated like this. I couldn't believe they would just see me as someone they could leave behind.

"Wait, you can't just leave me here. I thought we were in this together?"

"We are, but if we take you down there, they're not going to trust us. If there is a secret, why would they reveal it to a human? It's best if Kull and I go alone. We won't be long," Typhon said, his face resolute.

I felt hurt as they stepped away. I hoped they didn't enjoy making me feel like this. They were acting as though they didn't have a choice and while I could understand their reasoning I still felt as though I could have made a difference. I'm sure there was a way I could have convinced the other wolves that I wasn't a threat. I suppose I should have been flattered that Typhon and Kull were so concerned with my wellbeing, but it wasn't easy to watch them step away. I had spent every single moment with them since we had first encountered each other, and now it felt odd to be alone again. The attachment issues I felt were strong. Perhaps I needed some therapy of my own.

Vali's gaze was locked upon the wolves and the scene before him. His warriors drew their weapons, training them onto the compound in case they were needed. They didn't seem concerned about me at all, so I didn't have to worry that this was some kind of trap designed to steal me away from the wolves. As I watched Typhon and Kull walk away, I did fear that something might happen to them. It was strange really. They were my captors and so if they were waylaid then I would be free, but I wasn't sure I wanted that. There was still so much I could learn from them, there was so much to be experienced. I found myself clasping my hands together, wishing for their safe return.

*Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 5:21 pm*

Kull

“I don’t think she was happy about being left behind,” I said.

Typhon grunted. “We’ll make it up to her later. I just hope we can trust Vali.”

“I didn’t smell deceit on him.”

“No, but if we return to find they’ve taken Ambrosia or that anything has happened to her...” he didn’t bother to finish the sentence. I was in full agreement and nodded towards him with silent understanding in my eyes.

“You know that we shouldn’t feel guilty for this.”

Typhon glared at me. “Shouldn’t we? We are going against the interests of the pack.”

“And the pack has been going against our interests our entire lives. If Vance had been honest with us, then we might know what secrets he’s keeping. We deserve to know what’s going on here and just finding out the truth isn’t betraying the pack.”

“I’m not sure about that, but I’m here, aren’t I? You don’t have to keep going on about it.”

“I thought it was interesting what Ambrosia was saying about our driving force. It makes sense. It has always been the same with you. Everything you’ve ever done has been to impress them and you’ve always fallen short.”

“It’s not as though you haven’t wanted to stand tall in the eyes of the pack. Are you telling me you wouldn’t welcome praise from Vance?”

“I’m not saying that exactly but it’s not my driving force.”

“Then what is?”

I paused for a moment. “I want a family. I want to know what it’s like to have all the things that other people have. Don’t you ever feel like there’s been something missing from our lives?”

“A family?” Typhon asked, cocking a skeptical eyebrow.

“Yes. We don’t know what it was like to have parents. The people who raised us never cared about us more than their duty required and as soon as it was clear that we weren’t what they expected they cast us out without a second thought. I’d like to make up for that. I’d like to bring a wolf into the world that has a different upbringing to the one that we endured.”

“I’m not sure bringing a wolf into the world is a good idea at the moment. Everything is shifting. We don’t know what the state of the world is going to be and any offspring of ours is going to be tainted by our blood. They won’t have the luxury of having a different upbringing because it’ll just be the same.”

“We’ll see,” I replied, clenching my jaw. I tried to be positive when I thought about the future. Ambrosia’s presence had brought many things to my life, including a sense of purpose. With her I could imagine certain things. I hadn’t shared these thoughts with Typhon yet, or with Ambrosia herself. They were still tangled in my mind, and I needed to figure out a way to untangle them, but they were there all the same. There was something about the way she looked at me and the way I felt in her presence. It was uplifting and inspiring, and it made me feel wanted. I couldn’t help

but imagine what it would be like to enjoy that closeness and bring something new into the world. I had always watched with envy as other wolves paired up and mated, life swelling between them until it burst into the world with a loud cry. Frankly, I was surprised that Hana had not borne Vance's child yet. There had been a time when she whispered that she would bear mine but that had all been designed to mock me. The right to create life was something that I didn't think we should be denied. It seemed illogical for them to bring us into this world and then limit the things we could achieve.

But there were other times to think about this and our discussion was cut short as we approached the outpost.

"Look like we're meant to be here," Typhon said. He squared his shoulders and moved with intent. I mirrored him. We reached the entrance and hammered on the gate. It was made of wood and rattled under the impact of our fists.

"Who's there?" a cry emerged from the other side of the gate.

"Vance sent us," Typhon said.

"What for? We're not due to give a report for another week yet."

"You know what Vance is like. He wants it now, especially as things get closer. He's eager to get this war underway."

I was impressed by Typhon's ability to think on his feet. There was some muttering on the other side of the gate, before we heard a bolt being drawn back. The gate opened and it was swiftly closed behind us. The wolf eyed us suspiciously.

"I don't recognize you. Vance usually comes to us himself," he said.

“He’s busy with preparations. He wants to make sure that nothing goes wrong when we finally begin this war. Of course, if you’d like to take it up with him then you can return with us and tell him why you’ve wasted so much time,” Typhon’s voice lowered to a growl. I stepped forward and wore a mean look on my face. The other wolf grimaced and shook his head, but he relented. It was clear that he was well-acquainted with Vance’s moods.

“Very well, come with me,” he said.

As we moved towards the entrance of the cave, I noticed a few wolves moving around the outpost. There were about five of them. They didn’t seem perturbed by our presence. Now that we were closer, I could see that the buildings were for habitation, which seemed strange to me. What could Vance be doing here that required these people? It was a most curious situation indeed.

“The Alpha will be pleased to learn that everything is on schedule. We have made the tweaks that we spoke about last time and there haven’t been any side effects yet. Of course, as I have told him again and again there’s a lot we won’t know until they are activated but all the signs are positive. There’s no reason to think that this won’t be successful.”

“That will please him. This war is important to us all. It’s time for us to take back what is rightfully ours. We have been forced into hiding for too long,” Typhon said. He was so convincing that I could almost believe he meant it.

We were led into the cave. The light dimmed immediately, and it took a moment for our eyes to adjust. The walls of the cave were lined with torches, which provided intermittent light. The wolf led us through a wide tunnel, which seemed at a slight incline. The temperature was cool and there was a damp smell lingering in the air.

“It’s my hope that we are going to be the first ones ready,” the wolf leading us said.



“We have been working hard. We’ve barely had any rest at all. I’m sure that you’ll be able to take good news back to Vance.”

The tunnel opened out into a wide chamber. There was a proud smile on this wolf’s face as he led us to a terminal. It was behind a wall of glass. He pressed a few buttons and lights began flicking on, illuminating the chamber. There was a screen with readings. They looked familiar, although I couldn’t place them at first. But then the horror was revealed. I felt as though I had been punched in the gut, because the lights revealed an army bred for a singular purpose. They were standing motionless in rows, wires coiled around them, eyes closed. They were being fed through tubes and drugs were being pumped into them.

The experiment hadn’t ended with us at all. They had changed it, continued it, farmed it out to these remote outposts.

“As you can see, they are fine specimens. We were able to screen out any inferior samples before they reached maturation, so our consistency is our main quality. I have been made aware of some of the results in the other outposts and I can assure you that our attention to detail remains unequalled. These soldiers are going to be the finest in Vance’s army. They’re not going to let him down,” the wolf said proudly.

I wanted to throttle him. I wanted to pin him to the wall and tear his throat out for what he had done. As I looked at all of these soldiers, I saw myself and Typhon in them. All of the pain and humiliation that had plagued us for our entire lives came rushing back. Everyone had always looked at us with disdain and yet they still bred more to use. They still brought more of us into the world and why? Just to throw us all away?

“They are impressive,” Typhon said in a strangled voice.

“Yes, they are. I just can’t wait to see them in action.”

I blinked and breathed deeply, trying to compose myself even though my mind was swimming.

“Forgive me but Vance still has his concerns. He doesn’t want the same mistake to happen again. How can we be sure that these wolves are going to be any different to the ones that were bred before?” I asked. The wolf to which we were speaking did not realize that I was talking about myself.

“Oh, that’s never going to happen. We do learn from our mistakes,” he chuckled. “We’ve watched the readings closely and any one of these specimens that deviates from our expectations are terminated. We’ve also made sure to breed out any genetic quirks and as much individuality as we can. These specimens are going to be strength personified. They’re not going to be tainted with real personalities. They are going to be focused on one thing and one thing only, violence. If you like I can probably activate a couple of them early and give you a demonstration of their skills. It’s not going to be an exact display of their capabilities, but it will give you some idea of their prowess.”

“No, I don’t think that will be necessary. I believe that this is exactly what Vance wanted to see,” Typhon said.

“Good! Then we look forward to being given the call to arms. After all of our hard work I’m eager to finally let these soldiers loose into the wild. I want to show Vance what they can do. It’s funny really,” he turned to look at the soldiers. They all had blank expressions on their faces, as though they weren’t really alive at all, just little dolls ready to be manipulated and used. “In a way they’re like my children. I’ll be a little sad to see them leave, especially when most of them are going to die but at least they will serve their pack well and they will do what they have been designed to do.”

“I’m sure Vance will recognize your contributions,” I said.

The wolf then pressed another button, and the lights began to wink out one by one until the chamber was bathed in darkness once again, and the soldiers were hidden from view. But I couldn't think of them as soldiers. They might have felt like children to this scientist, but they were something else entirely to me.

They were brothers.

We were led back out into daylight. I felt sick inside. I found it hard to walk. I wanted to charge into these buildings and drag all the wolves outside and make them pay for what they were doing. This was sickening.

"Would you like to stay for any food?" the wolf offered.

"I don't think that will be necessary. We should be getting back to the pack. As I said, Vance is anxious for updates."

"We will try our best to ensure that we're ready before schedule but of course we can't promise anything. The process takes as much time as it takes, and we wouldn't want to risk any aberrations again. We wouldn't want all our hard work ruined like last time," he laughed once again. I bristled at the sound and felt my hand clenching into my fist. It was happening almost without intention, as though I couldn't control myself. Typhon noticed, however and gripped my forearm tightly.

"Your efforts are most appreciated, and I'll make sure that Vance knows the lengths you have gone to in order to make this project a success. Soon enough we will all rejoice, and a big part of it is because of you," Typhon said. Then, he practically dragged me away as the gate opened up for us and we left the outpost.

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Typhon

“We need to get back in there. We need to stop this!” Kull said in a hushed whisper as soon as we were out of earshot of the outpost. His words rang in my mind, but they sounded distant. I was still trying to make sense of everything we had just seen. Words clotted under my tongue and my throat constricted. My chest was tight, and it felt as though I was about to collapse. Kull spoke again but his words were getting farther away with every breath, and I couldn’t concentrate on them. They were muted sounds, blurry and indistinct, just like the world itself. There was a spike of pain in my mind, as though something was drilling right into the center of my brain.

It was only when Kull grabbed me by the shoulders that my senses were focused. He looked me right in the eye.

“How can you be silent at a time like this? How can you walk away when they are torturing our brothers like that? Do you know what this means?” he asked in a strained voice. I pulled away from him and turned, before vomiting up the contents of my stomach. I bent over and clutched my sides until I spat everything out. I groaned and put my hand to my head. I closed my eyes, wishing that the world would open up and swallow me whole. Kull was pacing around me. I could feel myself trembling with anger. It roiled within me until it came out in a huge burst of anguish. I threw my head back and screamed loudly. It was so hard it made my throat raw.

When I was finished, I turned to Kull and growled at him. “I know,” were the only two words I said and then I began stomping away.

“You know? You know what?”

“I know this is wrong. I know this shouldn’t be happening. I know that Vance is never going to treat us with respect. You were right. I have been a fool,” I said, my mind cracking, splintering into sharp shards, each one of which caused me immense pain. I wanted to fight something. I wanted to explode with anger. I wanted to break the world.

We marched back to Ambrosia and the others. Everything inside me was taut. It was as though a storm had taken hold and the full fury of it was tearing me apart. I think Ambrosia could sense that something had gone very wrong from the anger that radiated from me.

“What did you find? What kind of weapon is Vance making?” Vali asked.

“Are you alright? We heard the scream...” Ambrosia said, rushing up to us.

“It’s not just a weapon. Not a single weapon. There are hundreds of them, perhaps thousands. And they’re just like us. They’re breeding more and more soldiers. Mindless soldiers, wolves that are going to be sent into battle again and again until they’re worn out. They’re born to die. That’s the best they can hope for. Once they’ve matured, they’re going to form a huge army that is going to swarm over the world,” the words rolled out of me, tasting bilious.

“That’s what they’ve been doing... these outposts have been breeding stations. And you’re sure about this?” Vali asked.

Kull nodded. “We saw them with our own eyes. They don’t seem aware of their surroundings yet. They’re being matured into adults so they can be sent into battle as soon as they’re ready. This is what Vance has been planning all along. All these years... it never stopped...” he trailed away.

I felt my stomach churning again. I groaned and turned away from the others. I beat

my fist against a tree, not caring about the impact of pain that reverberated up my arm. My eyes were clamped shut and uneasy feelings stormed through me. Tension coiled around my skull, as though it was being squeezed and it was only a matter of time until my head popped but then I felt a hand on my shoulder. It was Ambrosia. Her presence helped to calm me. She slipped her hand into mine and pulled me away to a small glade where we could be alone. She wrapped her arms around me and hugged me. The warmth of her body was comforting. I dipped my head and buried myself in the crook of her neck, breathing in her scent. She rubbed my back. Strands of hair tickled my lips.

“It’s okay, Typhon. I know this is hard but it’s going to be okay.”

“No it’s not,” I snapped, pulling away from her. “It’s never going to be okay. I thought this was all over. I thought it ended with us. We were the experiments that went wrong, and we have suffered for it our entire lives. We have been mocked and ridiculed and taunted, treated as though we are unworthy of any attention. The experiment was a failure and that was the end of it. But now... now we learn that it was only the beginning. This experiment has been tried again and this time they have succeeded in breeding soldiers that meet their expectations. They are going to send all of these people into battle with the mission to die. They are still wolves, but they are seen as lesser. It’s not right. Surely, they still have something in here,” I jabbed my fingers between my ribs.

“Perhaps they do. I believe everything that lives has a soul. How does this make you feel about Vance?”

“It makes me want to kill him,” I snarled. I began pacing back and forth because it was the only way to cope with my anger. “You were right. After all this time I still thought that I could find a way to make him proud. I thought that if I just did something impressive then he would lift us up and have us stand beside him but now I can see that it’s never going to happen. After all we have endured, after the way he

has treated us... making it seem as though it's our fault for being different... he would really condemn other wolves to this fate? He treats Kull and I as though we are failures and yet he does not recognize the role he played in our lives."

"Your failure, if you want to call it that, reflects on him and the rest of the pack more than anything. If they had given you a better upbringing and treated you as one of them; then perhaps things would have been different. If they had just accepted you..."

"But they didn't and they're not going to accept these wolves either. I can see now that Vance doesn't care about anything other than his own legacy. He is willing to create life only to destroy it and he doesn't see it as anything special. Which means that he doesn't see us as anything special. We were only ever just a means to an end to him and all this time he has been experimenting. I thought that Kull and I were the only ones who suffered. How many others have there been over the years?"

"I wouldn't like to think about it," Ambrosia said in a gentle voice. "I know that this is hard for you, Typhon, but perhaps it's good that you have seen this with your own eyes. You can't be blinded with ambition again. There's no denying what kind of man Vance is. You don't have to define yourself by what you mean to him."

"I know that now," I admitted. "I know that I'm never going to be anything more to him than a piece of flesh. None of us are. He doesn't see us as pure bloods, only as things grown by his scientists. He could discard us as easily as a rotten piece of meat. And he is going to use them to go to war and how much blood is going to be spilled? How much pain is going to be endured? How much death is going to happen in his name? And at the end of it all none of these soldiers are going to be remembered or honored. Vance is going to stand tall and claim all the credit for himself. He's never going to acknowledge that he's done anything wrong. He thinks he can get away with everything. I'm going to prove him wrong. I'm going to kill him," I turned away, but Ambrosia caught my arm.

“Wait, Typhon. I know that you’re hurting a lot right now and you’re filled with emotions. I’m glad that you want to right the injustices of the world, but this isn’t the right time. We need a plan. We need to think things through properly because if you go and fight Vance then there are going to be a hundred wolves standing in your way. Let us take some time to figure this out,” she said. I turned to face her. She placed a hand against my cheek. I closed my eyes at her touch and breathed deeply, hoping to absorb some of her tranquil nature.

“This is a huge breakthrough Typhon. I’m only sorry that it did not come naturally. It would have been better if you came to this realization yourself without having to see something so shocking, but we can take this new perspective and we can do something positive with it. Your purpose is clear. I know you wanted to stand beside Vance but you’re a better person than he is. You shouldn’t aspire to be respected by him because look at what he’s capable of. What kind of person would you have to be to earn his respect? I think it’s a badge of honor that he doesn’t respect you, quite frankly. You’re a good man and you know what the hallmark of a good leader is?”

I opened my eyes and furrowed my brow, looking at her with a hint of a question.

“It’s caring about others and defending those who cannot defend themselves. These wolves that are being bred, so far they haven’t had a voice. They haven’t been able to define their own existence, and they certainly haven’t been able to defend themselves. They need a leader to represent them, and I think you’re perfect for the job. We just need to speak with Kull and Vali and come up with a plan because Vance has to be stopped and you’re just the person to do it,” she said. She punctuated her words with a kiss. Her lips were soft and tender but most importantly they were soothing. The turmoil within was calmed and I found myself holding onto her, kissing her more deeply. I ran my hands through her hair and lost myself within her, because right now she was the only thing that made sense to me.



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Ambrosia

A smile adorned my face as I rocked back on my heels. Typhon seemed a lot calmer than he had been before. I still held his hands as I feared he would rush off in a frenzy of anger to kill Vance, but he seemed to heed my warnings. I was concerned for him because what he had been exposed to had been worrisome and might well have cracked his psyche. It was difficult enough for me to wrap my head around and I had not been the one who had been abused and mocked all my life for something that was out of my control. To learn that countless others were being brought into the world must have been terrifying. It was as though the abusers had a conveyor belt of victims to bring into the world and none of them would ever know anything different.

Typhon and I walked back to the others. Kull was pacing around, a pensive look on his face. He must have been struggling with this as well. I was going to have to be strong for them, bridging their emotions. I came towards him and held his hand as well. My two wolves were either side of me and for the first time I felt as though I was protecting them just as much as they were protecting me.

“We should return to our home and think of a plan. Are you willing to help us?” Vali asked.

“After what we learned? Yes,” Kull replied without hesitation. Typhon nodded in agreement.

“This cannot be allowed to continue,” he said.

“We’re going to need to move quickly. We have to stop this war before it has a

chance to begin.”

We set off at a good pace and returned to the village. Night had set in. The moon was beautiful and large, while the stars twinkled like lanterns. The sky was more vivid and vibrant out here than what I was used to seeing in the city. There was no artificial light dulling the wonder of the night sky. I took a moment to appreciate it despite the circumstances. Vali suggested that we take some time to rest for the evening. It had been a long day, and emotions were running high. He pointed out that there was a waterfall nearby in which we could bathe if we wished to refresh ourselves, which seemed like a good idea.

After eating, we ventured towards the waterfall. The sound of the water crashing into the small lake was a welcome distraction. The grass beside the lake was lush, and there was a strange luminescence emerging from the water, making it glow. The spray from the water cooled the air and the frothy, churning bubbles made it seem as though the water itself was a living thing. Typhon and Kull came to stand beside me. I held their hands and pulled them closer, wanting to envelop them both.

“I know that what you discovered today was difficult for you, but it doesn’t have to ruin your emotions. We will find a way to get through this and we will protect those who cannot protect themselves. I know that you can achieve the impossible. I have faith in both of you,” I said, “but for now I think it’s important that we take some time for ourselves. We need to connect with each other in order to keep our emotions balanced. There’s not much we can do until we speak with Vali tomorrow, so we might as well enjoy the night. Since it has been a long day, I know that we could rest but if not then, well, there’s other things we could do,” I gave them a meaningful glance. The honeyed words dripped from my mouth and my eyes shimmered with desire. I ran my hands along their collarbones, feeling the warmth that seeped out of their muscles. I kissed Kull and then Typhon, losing myself between both men, barely able to keep track of which was which as my mind became a blur and my eyelids fell shut. Their arms wrapped around me and held me tightly. They lifted me from the

ground, and I was cocooned in their arms, fully supported, yet feeling as though I was floating. My mind soared as my lips were smeared between their mouths. I could hear the water crashing all around us. It was growing closer as they carried me towards the water.

Little did I know that they had a secret plan, because within moments I truly was flying. They used their strong muscles to hoist me through the air and I was away, my arms splayed out in panic, panic that lasted only for a few moments because then I careened into the water with a loud splash. I was submerged, my limbs kicking out, my senses robbed, before I rose and broke through the surface again. I rubbed the water from my eyes and pulled back lank strands of hair from my face. My clothes were soaked, clinging to my skin, leaving nothing to the imagination. Typhon and Kull smirked.

“This isn’t how you treat a lady,” I said, having to raise my voice in order to be heard over the cacophony of the waterfall, “and are you going to stand there and let me be in here all by myself? I’m sure we could make this water a little warmer,” I said. I could barely believe that I was speaking like this. It sounded like someone else, someone who was far more confident with her sexuality than I had ever been before, but perhaps this was just the way these men made me feel. I could be more than I was. I could be sensual as well as professional, romantic instead of clinical and sometimes I could allow my emotions and desires to rule me rather than trying to keep them shackled and being afraid of where they might lead. I could be a little more wild; so I swam to the edge of the water and pulled myself up a little, allowing the generous curves of my body to entice them.

### Typhon

“Go,” I nudged Kull forward, although my gaze was locked on Ambrosia. She was resplendent and glorious. Her hair was darker because it was drenched with water, and this also had the effect of making her skin look paler. The water made her glisten, and the luminescent quality of this lake made her appear to be an ethereal being. The water lapped against her skin and there was something tantalizing when I imagined what it would be like to be that liquid, sliding up against her, slipping over every part of her. I sank to my knees on the mossy grass and watched as Kull jumped into the water. Ambrosia gave me a coy look as she turned towards Kull, and they started kissing.

I watched as Kull pulled her top over her head. It was damp and he flung it aside. It landed close to me. It was heavy with her scent. I picked it up and inhaled deeply as I watched them kissing. His hands ran through her hair and their lips crashed together. Her fingers pressed into his back, melting into his thick muscles. My lips parted and my breath deepened. Low, murmuring moans escaped from the depths of me and I could feel sweet tension bristling all over my body. There was something about watching them that I found arousing. I was a part of it and yet separate at the same time, as though they were putting on a show just for me. I knew that I could join in at any moment and feel her myself, allowing my senses to feast upon her, but there was something exhilarating about denying myself this pleasure.

She leaned back, her hair sinking into the water while her chest rose above it. The water trickled away, as though a veil was being tugged. Her voluptuous breasts were revealed, the nipples hard and pink. Drops of water lingered upon her but they were quickly swept away by Kull’s eager tongue. He cradled her body and bent his head in

worship of her, kissing her bare skin, sucking on her nipples, her huge breasts disappearing in his mouth. He swung her around and as her head lay back, she opened her eyes to look at me. She smiled and it was one of the most intoxicating things I had ever seen. Kull pushed her towards me, and she ended up resting against the bank of the lake. Her arms splayed out. Water lapped across her chest. Kull was making animalistic sounds as he ravished her, and Ambrosia came alive. Lightning flickered in her eyes and her smile grew wider and wider. I loved listening to the soaring moans that possessed their own sweet melody.

I reached my hand down and gripped the tension that swelled. I grunted and played with myself as I watched Kull descending her body. He left a wide hand clamped on her breast, flushed marks of heat lingering on her pale skin, as he submerged himself. He was just a murky shadow now, lost between her legs, but I could see the evidence of his presence in her eyes. Her mouth twisted until the smile faded and it curled into a wide opening. The moans turned from soaring to guttural and the air became filled with the scent of her desire. It poured out of her; and I drank it all up, my own pleasure becoming more fervent.

“Typhon, look at me. I want you to see me,” she whispered. Her eyes were wide open, and she was staring right at me. One of her hands was reaching towards me, while the other was locked on her breast, her fingers trailing near the hollow of her throat. She writhed with pleasure. It danced upon her face, and it was so intense that I could almost feel it myself. Her head twisted, lolling from side to side. There were moments when her entire body spasmed and water sloshed over her. Her hands clenched into fists and the one that reached towards me ripped up grass from the ground. Kull’s arms wrapped around her legs, bringing her thighs close to the surface of the water.

“Come closer Typhon. I don’t want you to just watch,” she breathed. I slowly moved down towards her, coming to lay beside her. I cradled her face, sweeping away the lank hair, kissing her desperately, as though my life depended on it. I ran my hand

along her throat and over her breast. I felt her body heave as I fondled her and twisted the nipple in between my fingers. She moaned loudly and kissed me madly, reaching down to take my erection in her hand. She stroked the taut skin, pushing my own hand away. I leaned back and looked down, watching her tease me and please me, all while I stole kisses from her, all while Kull was still buried in the depths of her.

### Kull

The sweetness of her flowed into my mouth, overwhelming me and overpowering the taste of the water. The faint glow that emerged from the bottom of the lake was nothing compared to the glow of her. She shone like the brightest star, and I worshiped her just as I would worship the moon. I curled my hands around her legs and brought my head back, coming up for air. As I did so I blinked away the blurriness of my vision and saw that she and Typhon were locked together, kissing madly, their hands all over each other. Water dripped from my open mouth. I kissed her thighs and then turned my attention back to the sweetest part of her. The scant, downy hair in this part of her body was the same shade as the hair that spilled from her head. I kissed all along her thigh, before extending my tongue and using it to pleasure her. I found her sweet spot again, the cluster of nerves that brought her so much delight. I placed the tip of my tongue against her and felt the tremors rippling from the core of her body all the way through me. Then, I began to swirl my tongue, creating a tornado of delight. I ran my hands up and down her thighs, feeling the swell of her ass, all the while she undulated and writhed as though she was made of liquid.

Ambrosia's movements caused the water to ripple. Waves lapped around us, as though it became a living, vibrant thing. I felt it rushing against my skin, cooling the rampaging fire that crackled upon my flesh. I buried myself inside her, kissing her as intimately as I could, loving how she writhed because of it. I could almost feel the pleasure spinning out of her and becoming a real, tangible thing. Her body spasmed and everything flowed through her until it touched my tongue and stained my lips. I drank it all in, loving that I could taste her in such a private, personal way.

Her thighs tensed around my head, locking me in place as I continued to delight her. She was caught in tremors of ecstasy. They rolled through her over and over again, as though all of this brilliance was too powerful and intense to contain. I held her tightly as she shuddered and released it all. I could feel the slick flow around my mouth and lips. It was sticky and wonderful, and the moans that accompanied it were just as incredible. To know that I was helping to create such wondrous feelings inside her made me feel stronger and more powerful than I had ever been before. Arousal burned inside me, and it felt as though I was possessed by some other force, a force that was elemental and writhing, a force that was inexorable.

When she came, she squeezed my head so tightly that she held me beneath the water for longer than I anticipated, to the point where I felt as though I was going to suffocate. The tension built up in my chest and my entire body became tense. I had to struggle to break free, even though it wasn't necessarily what I wanted. To die between her legs would have been a sweet death indeed. I hadn't known it was possible to die in a state of bliss.

But then her legs opened, and I was released. I swam away and broke through the surface of the water. I cleared my eyes to see her pale body flushed with heat, glistening with traces of water. She was continuing to make out with Typhon, their hands upon each other, their bodies sinking into the soft moss, but she still called to me, and I could not deny myself this desire. I climbed out of the lake, the water trickling down the angles of my body. I crawled towards her, grunting with a primal intensity. My senses were overwhelmed by the scent of her. I put my hands on her hips and turned her around, pushing her onto her knees. She followed the guiding grip and turned her body around, with Typhon's help. He welcomed her onto him. Her body was pressed against his torso and fell in between his legs. Her breasts brushed against his stomach. I ran a hand down her spine, before allowing my hand to rest against the inward curve of her waist. Her long hair was caught in straggling lines along her back, trailing down with moisture. I spread her legs apart and came towards her, holding her tightly as I followed my instincts to the sweet part of her that I had



primed and pleased. She writhed atop Typhon's body, dragging her lips over his skin and catching his erection in her mouth, while I thrust towards her and plunged myself into her.

The rolling motion carried me forward. My entire body arched like Orion's bow, and I felt such a raw sense of power coursing through my body. I felt as though I could do anything, even conquer the world itself.

But the world was nothing compared to Ambrosia. Potent energy coiled within me, as though everything was ready to explode out of me. I gripped her waist tightly and felt all the glory of her feminine curves. I ran my hands along her back as I thrust deep inside her, wanting to feel as close to her as possible. When I craned my neck up, I cracked my eyes open and stared at the moon and the stars above. The varied moans of our threesome united into a sweet and vibrant harmony that echoed through the air. The sounds danced and twirled to join the stars and the moon in a celestial display of wonder. I could feel myself floating out of my own skin, my soul inside booming with joy and intense with animalistic potency and yet I was tethered to the deep world, to the base emotions, to these most instinctive things, anchored to Ambrosia and Typhon. My pleasure was their pleasure and theirs was mine. We created a circle of delight that spun around and created a never-ending torrent of bliss and wonder and joy.

Ambrosia's body buckled under the raw strength of my passion. I thrust into her again and again, my arousal driving me forward, the ardent feelings seizing my soul and threatening to tear it asunder, cracking me open to reveal something sweet and redolent inside instead. I was completely at the mercy of my body. Every muscle was alive, and every ounce of my strength was focused on Ambrosia. I watched as every thrust pushed her deeper and deeper into the embrace of Typhon. She was smeared and draped over his body, her hair fanning around him, splayed over his thighs and stomach, while his erection lay near her open mouth, but she was too busy moaning to suck it. I could feel everything spiraling within me, aching to break free and then,

in a sudden jolt of raw passion it all surged within me and then burst out in a hot torrent that was just as powerful and violent as the waterfall behind us.

Drained, a haze came over my mind as I slipped back. All the strength had been sapped from my body and I sank down into the grass, rolling back towards the water. My arms lay limp beside me and the last few drops of my pleasure trickled out and wended slowly down my thigh. My chest heaved and a smile adorned my face, because in that moment I had no thoughts of war, only of lust, and Ambrosia was the only thing that filled my mind.

*Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 5:21 pm*

### Ambrosia

I was raw and aching when Kull pulled himself away. The heat simmered within me, and I felt the aftermath of his ejaculation. My mouth hung open and I groaned deeply, wanting more and more but also wondering if there was a limit to how much I could take. These men were hot and rough, manhandling me without a second thought. Kull had played me like an instrument and conjured a sweet tune from me, but I was still simmering with passion and my heart was racing. I gulped in air, but it never seemed to be enough.

It didn't help that I was close to Typhon. My body lay upon him like a blanket. He caressed my head and pulled strands of hair away from my face. He stroked my cheeks with the outside of his fingers and then ran them along my lips. His body was primed for arousal. It ran through every part of him and was most intensely located in his thick cock. It lay against his thigh like a resting python. Heat simmered from it, and I groaned as I tilted my head up, eager to taste it again. I licked up and down his shaft and caught the tip in between my lips, kissing it softly. I closed my eyes, feeling as though I was a conduit of pleasure between him and Kull, a vessel through which I could transfer some of this energy.

Typhon pulled me up to kiss me. He placed his hand around the back of my head and gathered a fistful of hair. I pressed myself right up against his body, all of my soft curves melting into his hard muscles, as though we filled in the gaps that each other possessed. His hands ran down my spine and along my curves. My breasts were pressed close against him. Our legs entwined and I reached down, taking him in my hand again. He was still rock hard, brimming, ready to overflow. I could feel it tensing within him, all locked in and ready to be unleashed, just as Kull had released

himself within me. I was just about aware of Kull slipping back and sliding into the water. That wasn't to be my fate just yet.

Typhon guided me over him and our intimate areas met. He pressed against my throbbing heat and my body allowed him entry. I collapsed over him, and it was as though he entered every pore of my body. There was no part of me that was left untouched by his potent, masculine sexuality. My entire body groaned as I felt him enter me. I was still raw from where Kull had fucked me, and here I was giving my body more, gluttonous for sex, as though I was somehow making up for all the misadventures that I had ignored in my youth. I was filled with a sense of wild abandon as Typhon's hands spread over my back, holding me close to him. At the same time, he thrust his hips powerfully, sending everything shooting inside me. The world spun and spots danced at the corners of my vision, so vivid that I couldn't separate them from the stars. I loved the feeling of him being everywhere inside me, stimulating all the parts that had just been pushed to their limits by Kull. Some of it was just too much but I was beyond the point where I could tell pain from pleasure. All the sensations blurred into one overarching sense of euphoria that made it impossible to distinguish between the different elements of the world. It all seemed to blur together, the ground and the air, sight and sound, light and dark, Typhon and Kull. I was utterly and hopelessly lost, becoming this creature of lust and passion, far removed from the prim psychiatrist that sat in a chair all day and analyzed problems, reducing them to logic and rationality, forgetting that sometimes there needed to be an element of chaos in the world because it made things exciting.

I buried myself in the crook of his neck, dragging my lips across the surface of his skin, feeling his taste swimming over my tongue. His fingers pressed into me, and I rode the undulating tide of his body for as long as it lasted. I lost track of all the orgasms I had been blessed with. Between Typhon and Kull, they had been endless, flowing from one to the other. In fact, while we made love it may as well have been one long, epic orgasm that lasted the entire duration of when our bodies were locked together. The pleasure ribboned in the depths of my body, coating the inside of my

soul, before flowing out between my thighs. My body simmered with Typhon's. A fire sparked between us, created by the friction. Our bodies may as well have been kindling and it felt as though we were going to be consumed by the heat. I kissed him madly as he gave into the tempo of his passion. Our bodies rocked and the world spun around us. It felt as though everything was being shaken by a huge quake, but Typhon was the source of it all.

His hips moved like pistons, and he clawed at me as we fucked. I whispered in his ear, biting his ear lobe and grazing my teeth along his neck and cheek, before nipping his lower lip, urging him on, begging for more, imploring him to give me everything he had.

I could feel it surging within him. It was making every part of him tremble and shake. It was too much for him to handle and if he held it inside any longer then he might have spontaneously combusted. The only recourse he had was to release it and I wanted it. I wanted all the heat and passion. I wanted to feel how much desire he had for me. Yes, I was greedy, damn it, but didn't I have a right to be? All my life I had seen how men desired me, how they leered at me, how so many thought they had a free pass just because I was a woman. Even my professors, even the kind ones, took a chance as well, believing that their position of power meant it was easy for them to get a leg up on the competition, and a leg over me. There were patients who ogled me as well and tried to use the sessions to engender a sense of attraction between us, a line I would never have crossed.

Everyone felt entitled and so I had guarded myself carefully. I had prevented myself from becoming a victim to them and giving myself to them simply because they had begged and begged relentlessly, wearing down my resolve. No, I had been cautious, and perhaps I had even pushed away some men that were genuine and not driven by a sense of conquest, but it was all in the name of maintaining boundaries and a level of self-control. I had deprived myself of so much and now it was my turn to indulge my wildest impulses. It was my turn to take the power and enjoy whatever I wanted to

enjoy and by God I was going to enjoy it. I lost myself in Typhon and in the throes of orgasm as he shuddered inside me, the pulsing heat spurting out and filling me up, just as Kull had. I was groggy and drained, and I slipped off him, my entire body sparkling and throbbing. I smiled and staggered back. It felt as though steam was pouring off me and I was moments away from burning up completely.

So, I did the only sane thing. I hopped off the bank and dove into the water, straight into Kull's arms. I beckoned for Typhon to join us. He was still recovering from the intensity of the orgasm, but he managed to push himself up and ran into the water, jumping in and splashing us with the spray from his impact. I screamed with delight as I took him into my arms. I turned between them both, wanting to enjoy them as much as I could because in the back of my mind I couldn't escape this thought of war. I had no idea how long this happiness was going to last, or even if we were going to escape with our lives. I swam towards the waterfall, allowing them to chase me and I lost myself in the hazy mist created as the water hit the lake. As I looked into their eyes, I wondered if Typhon and Kull were thinking the same as me. Were they also trying to ignore the inevitable, or were they unconcerned about the threat of war? They had been born for it after all.

*Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 5:21 pm*

Typhon

We awoke at dawn the following morning. We slept together, with Ambrosia nestled between Kull and myself. She smelled sweet. I brushed her lips with mine and squeezed her hand.

“Are you feeling good about today? Do you know what you’re going to do?” she asked.

“I’m not sure it’s possible to feel good about any of this but I think it’s clear what must be done,” I said. Kull murmured in agreement as he stirred himself. We rose and left the small habitat that had been given to us. We joined a feast and when we asked for Vali, were told that he would be able to see us after he had performed the morning ritual. We did not have to wonder about this for long.

Vali emerged wearing a long cloak that draped across the floor. He held a staff made of gnarled wood, as well as a stoic expression. Around his head was a simple crown, a circlet of smooth wood. A hushed awe came over his people and they stopped their conversations. Out of respect, the three of us remained silent.

“My people, it is time for us to once again thank Mother Nature for bringing another blessed day to us. We must always cherish every day because we never know when it is going to be our last. The world is filled with dangers and there may be people seeking to undermine the natural balance of peace. We are tasked with an obligation to fight against that where possible. I will not lie to you. There may be dark days ahead but that doesn’t mean this world is going to fall into darkness forever. We are the army of light and we can push back against the shadow of evil. Trust in

yourselves and in the world around you. Mother Nature has given us everything we need to protect her. Do not stray too far from home today as I will address you again later but for now enjoy the offerings Mother Nature has blessed us with and enjoy each other as well,” as he spoke he gestured towards the food that had been placed upon the table. It did not interest me too much, for it consisted mostly of berries, fruits, and nuts. I don’t know how they managed to keep up their strength when they consumed so many weak foods.

“Perhaps Mother Nature gives them all they need,” Kull scoffed when I made the comment aloud. I chuckled in response. For some reason they thought of Mother Nature as a tangible thing. The Moon was the only goddess. Everything else was false but it wasn’t their fault for falling prey to such a concept. It was easy to fall into a trap. I wasn’t about to judge them for it. If it gave them belief and courage then it would prove to be a necessary tool in the fight we were about to wage.

Vali stripped off his cloak and handed it, his staff, and his crown, to another of his people. He then noticed us and came straight towards us. There was a grave look on his face. “It is time we decide our course of action. The longer we take, the more time Vance has to enact his plans,” he said as he led us to his office. It was a round room located in a hollowed out trunk of a wide tree. The wood was old and thick, while there were no leaves on the branches. Vali explained that the roots were dead. Upon the floor was a makeshift map of the forest, with locations marked for the various outposts. We stepped carefully over this and looked at Vali. His face was drawn as he stared at the map.

“I want to believe that there’s a way to stop Vance. Please tell me that I’m not a fool for wanting to believe this,” he began.

Kull and I shared a glance. “I don’t think you’re a fool but it’s not going to be easy. You have to ask yourself if you really want this fight, because a lot of people are going to die. If you want, you could run away and leave Vance to do what he likes,” I



said.

“I can’t do that. The forest is under our protection and I’m not about to forsake that. What kind of leader would I be if I crumbled when I was first tested? No, we need to fight and we need to stop Vance from advancing.”

“What are those?” Ambrosia asked, pointing to the markings on the floor.

“Those are the outposts we’ve discovered. There could be more but I’m confident that we have marked them all. If the one we saw yesterday was any indication, these are all filled with soldiers ready to form an army. Once they’re good to go, Vance can lead them through the forest and do whatever he wants. With so many under his command they can seize a lot of territory in a short amount of time,” Vali explained.

“And if I know Vance, he’ll have specific targets in mind. He’s only going to begin this war when he’s confident of winning and not a moment before,” I said.

“So we have to make our chance count. We can’t afford a moment of hesitation,” Kull said.

I gazed at the map, thoughts and stratagems turning over in my mind. I frowned and pursed my lips.

“We’re going to need to find a way to hit them all at once. We can’t afford to wait to take out these outposts one by one. As soon as Vance learns what’s happening, he’s going to retaliate and if he gets that desperate he might even bring the soldiers to the fore.”

“Even before they’re ready?” Kull asked.

I rolled my shoulders. “I wouldn’t put it past him. It’s not as though he cares about

their well-being. If they're good enough he might accept that to deal with any threat against him and that's another thing, we're going to have to deal with him. He's determined to wage war and leaving him alive is only going to delay the problem. It's not going to solve it."

Vali sighed heavily and looked despondent. "We are not that numerous. Our army cannot be everywhere at once. We are also not equipped for a full frontal assault. We have always fought using subterfuge and stealth. These are the advantages we have. In a straight fight I fear our chances are not good."

"I don't suppose they would be but I think there's a way for us to fight according to our own advantages. If we presume that these other outposts are like the one we investigated it means that they're only manned by a handful of wolves. You should be able to find a way to draw them out. Split up your forces and make sure that you subdue the wolves. Do everything you can to prevent them from escaping, otherwise they'll return to Vance and he'll learn what's happened."

Vali nodded. "We should be able to send teams to each of the locations and strike simultaneously. If we do encounter any difficulties then we shall retreat and send word of warning."

"Hopefully it won't come to that," Kull said.

"What about the soldiers?" Ambrosia asked. "They're people as well. What are you planning to do with them?"

I breathed deeply. "If Vance is convinced of their loyalty I am not sure we will be able to reason with them. Their loyalty will be to the Alpha. It might be better to destroy them before they become aware of what torture this life can be," I said.

Ambrosia gasped and held her hand to her face. Kull was guarded. He pressed his lips

firmly together. I could tell he did not agree with me but he did not voice his objections.

“You’re talking about a lot of people,” Vali said.

“I know. But they have been bred for violence and if Vance has his way that’s what they will be used for. Even if they are allowed to exist they will face a life of torment.”

“That’s not necessarily true. Just because you suffered, it doesn’t mean that they’re going to suffer as well. We could help them. I could help them. If we explain to them what happened then we might be able to treat them and give them a chance at a better life. We just have to keep them away from the other wolves. If they form their own pack then there isn’t going to be anyone to judge them, is there? They won’t be looked down on their entire lives and they won’t ever be made to feel like they should be less than they are. I don’t think we should resort to euthanizing them just yet.”

“Even if it prevents them from destroying your world?” I asked, looking directly into her eyes. Ambrosia’s soul was naked before me and she was not shy about her convictions.

“They did not choose this life. They may have been bred for this purpose but I like to believe that we can choose our own purpose in life. They deserve the opportunity to pick theirs. If we take away that choice for them then we are no better than Vance.”

I snarled at this. She knew exactly what to say to get under my skin but the truth of the matter was that she was right as well. They deserved a chance to live, and to be better than what Vance had planned for them. If they could be treated better than Kull and I were then they had a chance to be happy and who was I to rob them of this?

“Very well. Rescue them if you can. Ambrosia, perhaps you could go with Vali so

that you can speak to the wolves when they are woken. They will be confused and their instincts will compel them to fight. They shall need someone to show them that there is a better way.”

“And where are you going?” Ambrosia asked, her voice becoming thin.

I glanced towards Kull.

“He’s going to challenge Vance,” Kull said without giving me a chance to answer for myself. Ambrosia’s mouth fell open and she shook her head.

“Typhon, you can’t! Why would you even suggest such a thing?”

“Because it’s the only way,” I thundered. “If we attack the wolves directly they will respond in kind and they will tear apart this army. They have no respect for stealth and it won’t be long before they uncover the hidden soldiers. Killing Vance is the only way to stop this. If we declare a war against him then he will just hide behind other wolves and it will be impossible to get to him. There is only one direct route and that is to challenge him. It is written into the code of the pack that an Alpha must always accept a challenge. There is no way he can refuse. It is one of our most respected rules. This way I can engage him in combat without raising suspicion. There is only one problem,” I left the sentence unfinished.

“Vance has never lost a challenge. He has been undefeated for a long time, and it is said that there is no wolf alive who can defeat him.”

“And what happens if you lose?” Ambrosia asked, her voice so frail because she almost didn’t dare to ask the question but I was not going to shy away from my fate.

“I will die,” I said.

*Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 5:21 pm*

Kull

“No,” Ambrosia choked out, shaking her head. She approached Typhon and glared at him as she grabbed his arm, as if to hold him in position. “You can’t do this. It’s too dangerous. What if we deal with the outposts first and then go to Vance? We can tell him that his plan has unraveled. Surely without his soldiers he isn’t going to be able to wage this war.”

“He will,” Typhon replied, “it will just be on a smaller scale and it will take far longer. Plus it won’t stop him from taking vengeance against Vali’s people and, if we don’t stop him, then he’s just going to try again. Killing him is the only way to prevent this from ever occurring and the only way to kill him is to challenge him.”

I quelled the uneasy feeling that churned in the pit of my stomach.

“Are you okay with this?” Ambrosia turned towards me.

I took a moment to think. I shifted my glance between Ambrosia and Typhon. I could see the resigned look in his eyes. “I agree with Typhon. This is the only way to stop Vance.”

Ambrosia threw up her hands. “This is crazy! So I’m supposed to let you walk back to the pack without knowing whether I’ll see you again or not? And what’s going to happen even if you do beat him? Do you think the other wolves are going to stand around and applaud you for killing the Alpha? Is this how you think you’re finally going to win the respect of the pack?” she asked accusingly.

Typhon shook his head. “No, I don’t. In fact I don’t think I’m going to win at all. This is just a way to stop Vance. Perhaps I can do enough damage to him that it will make him think twice about waging war. If I am fortunate then I may be able to deal the killing blow but my chances of victory are slim. However, it will provide a distraction. Even if he learns about the outposts all the wolves are going to want to witness the challenge and so it will give you more opportunities to do what you must do. You and Kull can see it through.”

It took a moment for me to realize what he was saying. I turned towards him and now it was my turn to scowl. “I am coming with you,” I declared.

“Why? It won’t make any difference and it will only put you in harm’s way.”

“I can help protect you.”

“You’d only be putting yourself in harm's way. This is for the best.”

I shook my head. “No, no it’s not. I’m not going to stand by and allow you to return to the pack alone. We came into this world together and if this is our last day then we are going to leave it together as well. I want to be there standing by your side as you fight Vance and if anyone tries to interfere I will be there to stop them.”

“And if Vance kills me?”

I tilted my head back, wanting to show Typhon that there was no point arguing with me. “Then I will ensure that you do not die alone. Typhon, we need to treat the pack as enemies. I am not going to allow you to go into enemy territory alone. If you wish to continue disagreeing about this then we shall have to fight.”

“Oh, why does everything have to end up in a fight with you two? Let’s not fight amongst ourselves. We have a war to stop,” Ambrosia said. “Are you sure this is the

only way?"

Typhon turned to her and put a hand on her cheek. "It is, and it's better if you stay here. If we return to the pack and fail then you will be held captive. At least this way you have a chance to be free and prepare for what's coming."

"I'm not ready to say goodbye to you yet," she said, her voice cracking with emotion. I approached her as well and kissed the top of her head.

"This isn't goodbye. We're going to do everything we can to make sure that we return to each other. We're going to prevent this war from beginning and we're going to stop Vance. I believe in you, brother," I said, turning towards Typhon.

"That makes one of us," he replied with a grim smile.

We finalized the plans with Vali and then he sent us away to get some rest and gather supplies for our trip. Ambrosia did not leave our side. She kept fawning over us and made sure we knew that she did not approve of this course of action but there wasn't anything else we could do, not if we wanted to take the fight to Vance. Anything else was going to be entirely reactionary and if we waited for him to bring his soldiers online then it was going to be a lost cause. I couldn't help but feel a swell of melancholy myself though. There were so many things that I wanted to say to Ambrosia and yet I wasn't sure how. With the future being so uncertain it was difficult to make promises and so they ended up remaining in the ethereal realm, unspoken, and I hoped that I would never regret keeping them silent.

As we prepared to leave Ambrosia stood in line with Vali. It felt wrong to be parted from her but it was the best way to keep her safe. I never thought I would trust her with Vali's people more than the wolves but everything was fluctuating and I could be certain of nothing. If we failed, at least I could be confident that she was safe.

Before we parted, we had a moment alone.

“I don’t like this. I don’t like being away from you,” Ambrosia said. Typhon and I each took one of her hands.

“It won’t be forever and this is the only way to keep you safe. If you return to the pack I fear what they might do to you,” Typhon said.

“And what about what they’re going to do to you? After all that’s happened do you truly think it’s a good idea to challenge Vance?” she asked, her face etched with concern. I glanced towards Typhon. He looked uncertain but resolute. I knew there wasn’t going to be any way to shake him from this course of action.

“It’s the only way to stop this. I need to do this,” he replied.

“I don’t want this to be the last time we see each other,” her voice cracked with emotion. She let go of our hands and caressed our cheeks. “How are you going to ensure that you come back to me?”

“This isn’t going to be the end of our lives. We’re going to come back. You take care of the soldiers. When they emerge they’re going to be confused and they’ll need you to talk some sense into them, just as we needed you. You helped us see the true nature of the world and our past. They’re going to need the same clarity Ambrosia and we’ll be together again soon. When this is all over we can talk about what happens next,” I said, feeling the faint slivers of hope rising within me. I didn’t want to think too much about the future because everything was so precarious but it helped drive me forward.

“But we do need to talk about what could happen,” Typhon said, ready to pour cold water on us all. “There’s no sense in denying the worst. If something happens to us and we don’t come back then you need to leave. Go back to your world and try and



make the most of it. Get far away so you can protect yourself from what's coming, if there is a way to protect yourself. Vance isn't going to stop for anything."

Ambrosia gasped and closed her eyes. She nuzzled into us, placing her head against our chests. Our arms wrapped around her and I wished that we could keep her safe properly. She was too pure to be involved in something like this.

"I just wish life was simpler. I wish we could be back at my cabin and while away the hours with each other. I don't want there to be a war," she said in a small voice.

"And if we succeed with our intent then there won't be a war. Everything is going to work out for the best, Ambrosia. It's just going to take a little time," Typhon said. I remained silent, for I wasn't sure how much I believed him. We embraced Ambrosia again. It was hard to let her go. I closed my eyes and lost myself in her scent. Her soft strands of hair brushed against me and all I wanted was to stay with her forever, pushing aside the anguish of the world but we had a sterner calling and we were forced to peel away. Ambrosia stood with Vali, who once again promised to keep her safe. I bristled with tension at the thought of leaving her but it was an impossible situation and I couldn't allow Typhon to return to the pack alone. We turned away from Ambrosia, forcing ourselves to take these steps away from her. I looked at her for as long as possible. I wanted her image burned into my mind so that I would never forget her.

When we were out of earshot, I turned to Typhon.

"Do you feel guilty about lying to her?" I asked.

Typhon grimaced. "It's better for her to not know the chances of our survival. She will find peace, in time. The most important thing is that we stop Vance."

Stopping Vance was only the beginning, however. Because after Vance there was

Hana, Siv, and all the rest of them, the loyal wolves who had never treated us with any sense of respect. I summoned all the courage I could muster as we embraced our lycan forms and sprinted through the forest, heading directly back to our pack. The air whipped against our fur and our senses were alive. I tried to not dwell on the fact that this might well be one of the last times I experienced life as a wolf. There was every chance that we were running towards our deaths but in some sense our lives had never truly been our own. Perhaps this was the only way it ever could have ended.

### Typhon

The only home we had ever known came into view. It didn't bring any sense of comfort, belonging, or joy. The feelings of resentment were strong within my heart and all of the hopes I had ever had of feeling a sense of worth from the pack had completely ebbed away from my soul. After what we had learned about the other soldiers nothing could be the same again. I bristled with aggression. It was one thing to treat me and Kull with disrespect, to look down on us and abuse us all our lives for being 'failed experiments', but it was quite another to purposefully bring other wolves into the world knowing that they were not going to be treated any better. It made me feel sick to think about them being born and thrust immediately into a war. How many of them were going to live past a day, a week, a month? What kind of life was that? And it all began with Vance. He gave the orders and this was his project, and now he was going to have to pay for it.

Our powerful muscles carried us through the forest. There was no need for stealth, so we crashed through branches and stormed through hedges. We sent small animals scurrying away and we growled at the bigger ones, ensuring they knew that today was not the day they wanted to engage us in battle. The mountain loomed in the distance and our snarling forms devoured the distance, each step carrying us farther away from Ambrosia.

I tried not to think about her too much. I regretted being so guarded with her from the beginning. I hadn't realized our time together would be so limited. My chances of surviving this fight with Vance were slim, so I had taken a lingering look at Ambrosia and I had given myself completely to our kiss, for I believed it would be our last. Our lives were defined by grim responsibility and, perhaps, we were the only ones that

could avert this war. At least we had been given a glimpse of happiness, a sense of what life might have been like if things had been different. If that was all I was going to receive, then I was going to have to be at peace with that.

We approached the gates and shifted back into our human forms. There were looks of derision shooting towards us as we passed into the stronghold. I stood shoulder to shoulder with Kull, ready to defend ourselves in case anyone should suspect that we were here to shatter the status quo. I feared that word might have returned to the pack about our visit to the outpost, before telling myself that there was no reason for this to be the case. It wouldn't do any good to be paranoid.

There was no point in wasting any time, so we marched straight up to Vance, who was sitting in his chambers with Hana by his side.

“Why are you bothering the Alpha? He has more important things to do with his time than spend it with the likes of you,” Hana sneered. It was perhaps the first time that I did not feel Kull wilt in her presence. Ambrosia had been good for him as well. He had spent far too long pining after Hana and I realized that I had pined after Vance from a certain point of view.

“We're here because we know what you're planning. We know what your secret weapon is and we don't like it,” I said, a sharp edge to my words. This caught Vance's attention. He leaned forward and looked at us carefully, perhaps trying to discern if we were telling the truth. He studied us for a few moments and then nodded.

“Well, perhaps you are more resourceful than I gave you credit for. I didn't think you were capable of such a thing. So you've learned one of my little secrets. Do you think that gives you the right to have a privileged audience with me?”

“No,” I growled, “but it does give me a right to challenge you.”

Vance and Hana burst out laughing. “You’re challenging me?”

“Yes,” I remained steadfast and rigid. My hands were clamped by my sides. “Because this isn’t right. All our lives you have looked down upon me and my brother for being less than wolves, yet now you would create a whole new legion to use as slaves. How is this honorable? How is this guided by the Moon?”

“This is guided by my hand,” he hissed. “You and your brother failed me. I ordered your creation because I wanted to create a powerful weapon but you two never lived up to your potential. You were disappointments from the first day you were brought into the world and I should never have allowed the experiment to continue. I should have discarded you there and then, because you’ve been nothing but trouble since then.”

“So why make more of us?” I asked.

Vance smiled and shook his head. “Do you honestly believe they are like you? No Typhon, this new breed is far improved. I assigned the scientists to work hard and perfect the technology before they ever dared create a new life. I wasn’t about to have inferior beings like you again. We were not going to repeat the same mistake twice. It has been a long time coming but finally we have perfected the formula. These new soldiers are infallible. They are not going to be distracted by petty thoughts like you have been and they are going to know their place. They will be far more obedient, and their minds will be filled with a single purpose: to fight.”

“To die,” I growled.

Vance tilted his head to the side and opened his palm. “Indeed, I gave them life. I own their lives. It is only right that they would give their lives to me.”

I felt sick inside and shook my head. “These are people we’re talking about. They’re

not toys. They're not objects."

"That's exactly what they are and it's exactly what you are as well, only you're too stupid to realize it. These soldiers are going to play an important part in the upcoming war. They will ensure our victory. You are just jealous that they are going to outperform you."

"No, jealousy has nothing to do with this. I'm angry because they deserve a choice in their future. They should get a say as to whether they fight or not. This war you want... how can you say you're going to win when all the fighting is going to be done by these soldiers? It's not your glory, it's theirs."

"They only exist because of me. I commissioned this project. I am the one with the vision," he rose from his chair and snarled at me. "And you dare to come and stand before me and judge me like this? Who are you? You're nothing. You and your brother, you're mere scraps that somehow became conscious. You don't deserve to challenge me."

"Every wolf has the right to challenge the Alpha," Kull replied in a flat tone.

"That's assuming you are wolves. You're not quite at our level, are you?" Hana said.

Kull and I both bristled at her words. "Are you going to refuse my request? Do I need to march out there and tell the pack that you are too afraid to face me in a duel?"

Vance smiled and wagged his finger in the air. "That is very clever, Typhon. I know you're trying to goad me but it won't work. I won't be shamed into fighting. However, I will grant your request because I think it's time I put you in your place once and for all. It seems as though you can't quite understand your place in this world. You are at the bottom of the food chain and your entire existence is predicated on a decision that I made a long time ago. You owe me for everything that you are

and you have never once shown the appropriate gratitude.”

“Gratitude?” I almost choked on the word. “Gratitude for being bullied and humiliated? For being abused?”

“Abused,” he shook his head, “who has been filling your head with these words?”

“Their little pet. She’s not with them,” Hana said.

“Ah, I didn’t notice,” Vance added. Ambrosia had barely registered with him. “What have you done with her? Did you finally get bored with her?”

“She’s somewhere safe,” Kull said.

Vance hung his head and exhaled deeply. “You really cannot see how defective you are, can you? What kind of wolf would help some human like this? You take pity on her because you are weak. They are the enemy. You are not devoted to the cause and I’m tired of your weakness. I will fight you because it’s time to bring a permanent end to this poor experiment. I have kept you around long enough but now you have outstayed your welcome. Come, there is no need to delay,” he said, rising from his throne. Hana had a shocked look on her face and tried to call Vance back, perhaps wishing to make him reconsider, but once Vance had an idea locked in his mind that was it. Nothing was going to deter him from it. The challenge had been made and accepted.

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Vance gathered the other wolves. There had not been a challenge against him for many moons, so everyone was intrigued, especially when they realized that I was making the challenge. All of them rubbed their hands eagerly in anticipation of seeing me humiliated. The only person on my side was Kull and I knew that even he would

not believe I could survive this.

Vance was perhaps the most powerful wolf who had ever lived but I wasn't about to surrender before the fight had even begun. There was a thought I could not shake. Vance had bred Kull and I to be powerful wolves, to be the template for a generation of warriors that would lead the wolves in war. Deep down this was still inside me and I needed to tap into it. I needed to finally become what Vance had always wanted me to become in order to defeat him. It was the only way I stood a chance.

I strode forward after Vance made his statement. The other wolves were laughing. None of them expected the fight to last long. I stretched out my limbs and breathed deeply. Vance charged towards me and threw a punch. His fist was as heavy as a hammer. The air rushed around me and I just about managed to evade the blow but he followed it up with a punch to the gut. The breath was driven from my lungs and I doubled over. Vance then kicked me away and I slumped to the ground. He turned and gestured to the crowd, stretching out his arms. They roared and cheered his name. I pushed myself up, shaking off the pain, and then tried to take him by surprise. I crashed into his back, hitting him with my forearm. He staggered a few inches but it did more to make him seem furious than it did to cause him pain.

He turned slowly and curled his lip in a menacing snarl.

"You're so weak I don't even have to turn into a wolf to beat you," he growled. He punched me again. I reflexively raised my hand to block the blow, but the force of it reverberated up my arm. This only seemed to anger him further. He swung again and I ducked. I hit back with a counter punch, slamming my fist against his tight stomach. His body was packed with muscles. They were taut and tight and his skin felt like armor but I knew that if I stood any hope of defeating him I was going to have to be quick and I was going to have to make every blow count. My fists moved in a blur and then I put everything I had into an uppercut. It started from my feet. This primal energy surged upwards and traveled all the way to my fist. I rose up and struck him



on the chin. Vance's neck snapped back and there was a hushed gasp from the crowd, because Vance was rocked. He flailed back and lost his balance, teetering. Pain throbbed in my fist but I tried to shake it off. Vance then shook himself out of his stupor and turned to look at me but I realized I had done something that nobody had done for a long time, something that the wolves in the crowd might never have believed they would ever witness.

I made Vance bleed. It was just a trickle out of the corner of his mouth. He wiped it away with his thumb and stared at it, as though he was stunned to see his own blood. He licked his lips and shook his head. It may not have counted for much but at least it proved that he could be wounded and that he was just as mortal as the rest of us.

"I see. First blood. I think it's time we showed our true forms. It's the only way this can be settled, and this has gone on long enough. It's time to give you a lesson about the true power of wolves," Vance said. As the last word slipped between his lips he embraced the wolf within. His body swelled and bulged, his bones breaking and reforming beneath his flesh as he shifted. His dark fur sprawled over his body and his evil, beady eyes stared at me. Soon enough his mouth was a snarling snout. Saliva dripped from his fangs, each one as deadly as a dagger.

I did the same, looking deep within myself and hearing the howl from the wolf within. It came rampaging out of me. The ancient arcane energy that governed my kind dulled the pain of my changing body. I felt the world come alive as all of my senses were heightened. I could scent Vance's blood, the metallic tang prevalent in the air. Aggression radiated from him. It was like a drug to me. All of the anger, all of the pain, all of the abuse we had suffered coiled within me and fueled my fury.

And then there was Ambrosia. She might have cautioned me to work through my aggression and find some other way to release it but I was doing this for her. If we failed she would not be safe. I had rescued her once and now I was about to do it again. For myself, for Kull, for Ambrosia, I would do the impossible and kill Vance.

He kicked up dust as he came charging towards me. His teeth were bared and his eyes were filled with a menacing and malevolent desire for death. His claws were unsheathed, as though every single part of him was a weapon designed to tear me apart. I knew that all he wanted was to cut me into ribbons and leave me a bloodied mess on the ground. I was to be the first casualty of this war that was going to break the world in two.

But Vance had been getting his way for too long. It was time he learned that others were going to stand up to him. I snarled as I set myself, bracing myself for his impact. He came charging towards me in a whirling blur and threw himself at me. I caught him, just about avoiding his snapping jaws and swiping claws. We tumbled across the ground, our bodies entwined together, a mess of fur and dust. The crowd had fallen silent, although I could not afford to pay attention to them. Every sense and every instinct had to be focused on Vance, because if I let myself stop for an instant then it was all going to be over.

I pushed myself away from Vance and whirled around, trying to attack his flank. I reached out to swipe at him but he turned his body away. As he curled his body he tried to snatch my tail with his teeth but I just about managed to avoid this. We took each other's measure for a while, knowing that if we gave an opening it might well have been fatal. I studied him carefully for a weakness, hoping that his arrogance might force a mistake. Then, he stalked towards me, putting aside any goading strategy, no longer trying to coax me into a mistake. No, he sought to end this and prove himself the stronger wolf, the indomitable wolf. His body was packed with muscle and the fury flowed from him. He increased his pace and threw himself at me again. He scratched and swiped. I tried to roll free but this time he had a better hold on me and I could not escape. Pain flared through my body as my flesh was opened and blood poured out. I howled in agony and fought back valiantly. I tore at his fur and felt his flesh open as well. Warm blood flowed like a river around my claws, staining them with a scarlet hue. His breath was fetid and he kept angling his jaw towards me, trying to clamp my neck and end this. I just about managed to hold him

off. The wounds may have been superficial but there were so many of them they took their toll. With every drop of blood that seeped out of my body I became a little weaker. My concentration was scattered and my blows lost some of their force. He was pounding at me relentlessly and I knew that it was only a matter of time before his stamina proved more persevering than mine.

The growls and snarls were a cacophony around me. I could see in his eyes that he wasn't going to stop until I was dead. I had suffered through so many things but I had never truly fought for my life before. Vance's claws slashed and his teeth kept snapping at me. I held him off as best I could but his oppressive weight sought to crush me and I didn't think I would be able to hold him off for much longer. He didn't seem perturbed at all by the pain. It was as though it meant nothing to him. How could I possibly kill him if he didn't show any signs of pain? Was I hurting him at all? Did he have an endless supply of blood?

And then it happened.

I could feel the mistake. I was too slow in adjusting my body and it was all the opening he needed. He slammed his claws in my stomach and pinned me to the ground. I squirmed but it was already too late. He drove his mouth to my flank and his teeth were spikes within me. I gasped and a strangled howl emerged from my throat. I looked down to see him ripping out a chunk of flesh. Black spots danced around my eyes and I willed myself to fight back but my limbs weren't moving as they should and it was getting harder to think, and the world was becoming muted and everything seemed so far away. Was this it? Was this what it was like to die?

*Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 5:21 pm*

### Ambrosia

Tension was rife in my body. I kept looking towards the depths of the forest, wishing that Kull and Typhon would rush back towards me and tell me that they had been foolish for leaving, that returning to the pack was futile and they would have been able to stand a better chance of surviving by remaining with me. I feared for their lives. They promised me that they would be safe but I knew they were lying to me. I had been in their pack. I saw the way they were treated and I knew that the wolves weren't going to give them any patience. They might have had their traditions but would they apply to Typhon and Kull? I wasn't sure. I hated the thought that they were going to give up their lives like this. There was still so much I could learn from them, and so much they could teach me. They were my wolves...

But despite all of this I knew that I would be unable to help them. It wasn't as though I could fight and their pack was not going to listen to reason. They had a better chance of survival than I did, so this was where I needed to be. It didn't mean I had to like it, however.

I barely spoke to Vali. I think he knew that I wasn't in the mood. He tried to offer his sympathy but I needed peace. He sent out his attack parties to various outposts, ready to strike. We returned to the outpost we had visited before. I remained hidden. I didn't carry a weapon because it wouldn't have done me much good. My breaths were shallow and my heart was racing. This might well have been the final day of my life and if I was to die then at least I could console myself with the fact that I had experienced something incredible with Typhon and Kull. I had finally put my inhibitions aside and explored the darker nature of my psyche, while pushing the limits to my sensuality. I adored both my wolves for different reasons. They had so

much in common and yet they were so different as well. I was determined to see them again and if Vance did rob us of the chance to be reunited then I would find a way to make him pay. I wasn't sure how but I would make sure of it.

Vali was accompanied by the same two warriors that had come with us before. Vali sent one of them down to the outpost gates. He pummeled the door, and then ran back into the tall grass. They had covered themselves in mud to obscure their scent. The gates opened and a wolf emerged, stepping out and looking from side to side. He seemed puzzled and shrugged. He examined the area and there was a tense moment where he might have caught the scent of the hidden warrior but then he turned back to the outpost and lumbered towards the gate. However, just as he did this, the hidden warrior emerged and fired an arrow in his back. It was shot with such force that it pierced the wolf right through his body, the tip of the arrow protruding from his chest. He looked down in shock before he fell to his knees, and then slumped to the ground. His body was dragged away, and the gates were open.

Vali and the other warrior ran down to join their assassin. They crept into the outpost and moved through the shadows. I watched from afar, given strict orders not to move. I think Vali was concerned about what Typhon and Kull might do to him if anything happened to me. They moved through the buildings, making noise to catch the wolves' attention, and then striking swiftly and without mercy. They stabbed at necks with arrows, sliced tendons from ankles and made sure that every blow was efficient. There was no glory in this combat. Everything they did was designed to kill as quickly as possible, preventing the wolves from fighting back. This method was going to be repeated throughout the forest in the various outposts that Vance controlled. It was yet to be seen how successful Vali's other warriors would be but we could only do as much as we could.

Vali and his men scoured the outpost for other wolves before he declared that we were safe. The dead wolves were piled up. I tried not to look, for it made me shudder. We followed the path inside the cave. The light was dark and it took a while for my

eyes to adjust. Vali and his men did not seem to suffer the same delay. The tunnel opened towards a chamber, which was empty. I walked up to the computer terminal and began to press buttons. There was a whirr as the machinery became activated. Lights flickered to life and I gasped as I saw what Typhon and Kull had seen, so many wolves linked to tubes, their faces blank, frozen in stasis, waiting to live.

“This is monstrous,” I said. Vance had bred a generation of slaves. It made me feel sick inside. “We have to get them to wake.”

Vali nodded to his men, who raised their bows.

“It’s just a precaution. Can we start by waking just one? I’m not sure I feel comfortable with bringing all of them to life at once. They might not be as reasonable as Typhon and Kull seem to think,” Vali said. It was a valid concern. Perhaps it was for the best that my wolves were not with us as they were not unbiased. We had no idea what was going to happen with these wolves. Since Vance had influenced them they might have been devoid of any individuality at all and if that was the case then we were going to have some hard decisions to make.

The layout of the computer terminal was simple, thankfully. I managed to work out the symbols for the different soldiers, as well as how to activate them. I chose one at random. There was a grid that symbolized the soldiers. At first they were all dark. I pressed one button and they all became illuminated. When I pressed this button again, it led to an option where I could select individual soldiers. At least the wolves had made this thing simple. I chose at random, taking a deep breath as my finger hovered over the big red activation button. I pressed it and closed my eyes, hoping that I had gotten things right and that this wasn’t going to bring all of the soldiers to life.

At first nothing happened. Then, there was a hiss. A tube detached from a soldier and a plume of steam was revealed. The mask that had been attached to his face dropped away, and I was shocked to see that they bore a shocking resemblance to Typhon and

Kull. This really had been an extension of the original experiment. They hadn't mentioned anything about this to me, so I assumed they hadn't realized. The soldier staggered forward. It took him a few moments to get used to his limbs. He walked towards the glass and stared at me. He tilted his head to the side.

"What are my orders?" he asked. His voice was flat and neutral, devoid of emotion. His eyes were hollow as well. My heart went out to him.

"Do you know who you are?" I asked.

"My designation is soldier 247. What are my orders?"

"That's the thing 247, you don't have any orders. There isn't going to be a war. You don't have to fight."

"That makes no sense. We are bred to fight. I know this."

"You might think you know it but... it's hard to explain... you and your brothers can be and do whatever you want. You're free to explore the world and... oh... this isn't going to make any sense to you right now," I said. It seemed hopeless. He stared at me with that vacant expression. His mind was filled with nothing but his programming and I wasn't sure how to break it.

"What are my orders?" he asked again.

I took a breath to compose myself as an idea flashed in my mind. "Your orders are to listen. This war has been compromised and you are no longer needed for your initial purpose. Instead, you can develop a new purpose. Your orders are to become aware of the world and develop a sense of purpose. Your mission is one that can be created by yourself. There are others like you, two men who can help you accomplish this. They are fighting on your behalf as we speak."

“We should be fighting. Where is the enemy?”

“That is... hard to explain. Just... just trust me. My name is Ambrosia Hart and I’m here to help you. I know this is confusing and overwhelming, but you need to listen to my voice and trust me. You’re safe, and you’re protected. What’s most important is that you don’t need to fight.”

“But I was born to fight.”

“No, no you’re not. You don’t understand yet, but you don’t have to let others define your purpose for you. I’m going to help you see that this life is yours for the taking and that you don’t have to follow the programming in your mind. It’s going to take some time but eventually you’ll see that I’m right. I promise.”

He considered the matter for a moment and then he began moving from behind the glass. As he did so, he sniffed the air, and suddenly his demeanor changed. “You are not wolves. You are the enemy,” his nostrils flared and the air shimmered around him as he began to shift. Vali and his men immediately fired their arrows. One of them hit him in the shoulder. The other caught him in the thigh. He staggered to his knees and blood stained his body. I cried out. It wasn’t his fault that he came towards us. He was a slave to his programming and there had to be a way to break it. Vali was ready to kill him, but I held him back. I told him to bind this soldier and take him back to his position. Once there, we fastened the mask to his face and I put him to sleep again.

It wasn’t such an easy thing to break through his programming.

“What if we can never reason with them?” Vali asked, concerned.

“I don’t believe it’s impossible. It just takes time. What they need is someone they can trust. When Typhon and Kull return it will be easier to talk to them.”



“Then let us pray that they come back soon,” Vali said. There was a grim tone to his voice and I shared his misgivings. My heart trembled with fear at the thought that they might already be dead. I supposed we would know soon enough. Either they would come to find us, or Vance would send other wolves to check on his outposts. At least we had done what we came here to do though. We had control of Vance’s weapon and while that was the case, his chances of spreading destruction across the world were less.

Kull

My heart was in my mouth as the dust settled. There was a hollow feeling in the pit of my stomach as I stared at the sight before me. Vance stood tall, blood smeared along his jaws, raising his hands triumphantly. My brother was on the ground, a bloody mess, unmoving, with a chunk taken out of his flank, his body marked and torn with scars. Vance limped away from him. He was covered with wounds as well and I was proud of Typhon for dealing so much damage. It was the closest anyone had ever come to defeating Vance for some time, perhaps ever but it hadn't been close enough. I would have to deal with my grief later. Right now, anger swelled inside me, as fervent as a writhing storm. The rage was so powerful it boiled my blood. This was my brother. Losing him was like losing a part of me.

Vance was the one who had taken him away.

All eyes turned towards me now, the other aberration. I wasn't about to let them get the better of me. There was no point turning back to Ambrosia even though I wanted to, because these wolves would have hunted me down before I even left the vicinity of the stronghold. Anyway, vengeance gripped my heart and I wanted to make them pay for all they had done to us, and all they had done to Typhon.

"I challenge you, Vance!" I roared, the words echoing into the air. Perhaps I could succeed where Typhon had failed. Vance had been weakened after all. However, Vance spat out a glob of blood and shook his head as he changed back from a wolf to a man. He wagged his finger in the air.

"No, no that's not going to happen. I already indulged one of your challenges today

and that is the result. There is no question that I am the superior wolf, as though it was ever in doubt. You can be angry if you want but I am not going to give you the chance to be lucky. Your brother was fortunate enough to wound me. Take pride in this, because it is the last thing you will ever feel. It's time for you to join him. I am tired of you tainting this pack with your presence. You have been nothing but trouble since the day you were created. I should have dealt with you a long time ago but I thought you might provide us with some amusement. I was wrong. You have no place in this pack. You have no place in this world. I ordered your creation and now I shall order your destruction as well."

He signaled to a couple of wolves near me. They rushed to my side and grabbed my arms before I could do anything to react. I tried to wrest myself free from their grip but they had a firm hold of me and it was impossible to release myself. I felt a knee being pressed into my back and I was forced to the ground. A hand wrapped around my throat, making sure that my head was tilted back to look at Vance. He leaned down close. Blood was still trickling down his throat.

"You could have been so much better than this. Instead you have turned your back on me and the pack. You made this happen and now you have to suffer the consequences for it."

He reared back and got ready to strike the killing blow. I breathed heavily, feeling hopeless. All of my dreams were about to be taken away from me. I had already lost my brother and now I was about to lose Ambrosia as well. I would never be able to have a family. So many things in this world had been denied to me but at least I would have a dignified death. I was not going to shy away from it. I was not going to be a coward.

Vance held out a hand and began to shift again. He was going to slit my throat with his claws and drag my bleeding body to lie beside my brother and the entire pack was going to rejoice at my demise.

“I’m not finished yet, Vance,” the defiant voice came from behind Vance, much to the surprise of everyone, including me. Vance twisted his body, moving aside as he did so, revealing Typhon. My brother was pushing himself back to his feet. I couldn’t believe it. His fatal wound was knitting itself together again before my eyes.

“No... no this is impossible,” Vance muttered.

“I think you gave us more gifts than you realized. I refuse to yield, Vance. You haven’t defeated me yet. My challenge is not over,” Typhon spoke, marching towards Vance. When he finished speaking he turned into a wolf again, his expression fixed in a mean look, every aspect of his being focused on one thing and one thing only, taking on Vance.

I roared with triumph as Typhon lunged towards Vance, this time becoming the aggressor. Vance braced himself but he was still in the process of shifting as Typhon charged. I hoped that this surprise might have allowed me the chance to escape but the grip was still tight on my wrists. I had to watch, cheering on my brother. He had a renewed vigor and drew on previously untapped reserves of strength. The momentum of the fight was with him and he wasn’t about to let Vance reclaim it. His claws were a blur as he swiped through the air. He left deep gashes in Vance’s broad body. Vance was clawing at the ground, trying to find a moment to gather himself but Typhon was unrelenting. Vance’s body was shredded and blood oozed out, forming a puddle in front of him. The other wolves were shocked. I don’t know if they didn’t help their Alpha because they were stunned, or because they respected the process of the duel but either way they were rooted to the spot.

Typhon snarled and growled and released all of his anger. I rooted him on. There was only one thing these wolves understood, and that was pure, unbridled violence. If we were going to give them a message then it had to be one of death. Vance had grown limp. His limbs were unmoving and his eyes were glazed over. There were wolves in the crowd who were shouting for Typhon to stop, especially Hana. I finally managed

to wrest myself away and I charged into the arena to address them.

“You want mercy? When did you ever show us mercy? This is the world you want. This is the way you have always wanted to live. Do you only find it bitter to the taste now that your Alpha is suffering? You all made us what we are today and if you are unhappy then it is because you have held us under your heel. All our lives we have been told that we do not belong here, that we are not true wolves. Well, if that’s the case then your Alpha has been undone by something other than a wolf. It’s time to show you that we can be more than you ever thought,” I said, nodding towards Typhon. He clamped his jaw around Vance’s throat and then yanked his head back, tearing Vance’s throat out. A spray of blood shot into the air and Vance was left in a mess. There was no coming back for him.

“It’s over. This whole thing is over. Typhon has won the challenge and now you have a choice, if you want to respect everything you and Vance have ever stood for. You can accept him as your new Alpha and follow our orders, or you can allow us to leave without any hostile action and you will forget about all thoughts of war.”

As I was speaking, Hana rushed towards Vance and cradled his body, weeping fretfully. She called us monsters and I could tell that some of the other wolves felt the same. However, in others there was begrudging respect, such as with Siv. He wore a sullen look on his face as he approached us.

“I think it’s best if you leave. You’ve already done enough here,” he said. The pack was in shambles. It would take them a long time to recover from this shattering loss. I took one last, lingering look around before I shifted into a wolf and sprinted away with Typhon. We kept glancing back to ensure that none of them were going to retaliate for the Alpha, but for now it was over. We were free, we were alive, and we could both return to Ambrosia.

*Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 5:21 pm*

Ambrosia

I couldn't believe it when they appeared.

I jumped in the air, squealed and then ran towards them.

I wrapped my arms around their necks and buried myself in their fur. As I closed my eyes I could feel them shifting in my arms. When I opened my eyes again, they were back into their human forms.

“What happened?”

I asked. They spoke about the battle. I gasped when Typhon explained that he died. “How is it possible that you're here?”

“I'm not entirely sure. I can only imagine that it's something buried in my genetics, perhaps some failsafe that they programmed into us. After all, this accelerated healing would be a boon in battle. We had just never been pushed to the point where this ability would reveal itself before,” he said.

“I wonder what else you're capable of,” I said.

“I'm quite happy not knowing. We don't need to go to those lengths to discover these surprises,”

Kull said.

“So what’s going to happen now with the wolves?” I asked.

“I don’t think they’re going to fight back. They are going to have to regroup and form a new leadership structure. Vance was always the driving force behind this war. Without him and without his secret weapon the wolves may not be so inclined to begin a war against the world. I believe they will see wisdom in keeping to their own territory. Were you successful in our absence?”

Kull asked.

An uneasy look came across my face. “That’s complicated,”

I explained what had happened and how the interaction with the soldier hadn’t gone as well as we had hoped. Vali had another update for them as well.

The attacks on the other outposts hadn’t gone as smoothly as our attack.

There had been many losses and sadly when the wolves learned that the outposts had been compromised, they fulfilled their orders to prevent the research from falling into enemy hands.

There was a failsafe whereby they could terminate the soldiers in the outpost.

A lot of people had died without being given the chance to fully live. Typhon and Kull were deeply affected by this.

“It makes it even more important that we convince the others there is more to life than fighting,”

Typhon growled.

We headed back to the outpost and activated the soldier again.

He glared at me, but was calmed by Typhon and Kull's presence.

They explained that the soldiers were not going to be needed for a war anymore, but that didn't mean they were going to be useless.

There were more opportunities to be happy.

When the soldier raised suspicions about me, my wolves replied by saying that they too had been afflicted with a sense of lost purpose but I had helped them find it.

They vouched for me and stressed that the definition of allies and enemies was not always as stark as black and white.

It took some time but eventually they managed to persuade him to help his other soldiers understand.

One by one, we awoke the living soldiers and went through the same thing with them but with each one it became easier because they had other people to help them through the process.

The resemblance they had with Typhon and Kull was uncanny and they surmised that Vance must have used the same genetic material with some tweaks, hoping for better results.

As far as I was concerned, the experiment had been a rousing success from the beginning.

I couldn't imagine two better men, or wolves, than Typhon and Kull.



“I think I know a safe space for you to lead your people,”

Vali said.

We gathered the soldiers and left as a group, heading towards an area that was well-sheltered with plenty of trees, lush fields, and a wide river with fresh water.

It was a beautiful place and would make a wonderful home for this new pack.

We bid farewell to Vali and thanked him for all of his help.

I wondered if we would ever see him again but he mysteriously said that he would only appear if the forest needed his help.

A lot of questions arose from his presence and I wasn't sure if they would ever be answered to my satisfaction.

“So, Typhon, you must be happy because you can finally lead a pack,”

I said. He looked bewildered, as though this thought had not occurred to him. When I introduced the concept, however, a smile settled upon his face.

“What's going to happen now, with us?”

Kull asked.

“That depends. Am I still your prisoner?”

I replied with an arched eyebrow. I placed my hands on my hips, accentuating the curves of my body. Kull and Typhon glanced uneasily to each other.

“You were never our prisoner Ambrosia,”

Typhon said.

“It sure felt that way sometimes,”

I replied.

“Would you want to leave if you were given the chance?”

Kull asked.

I thought about it. The truth is, I had been thinking about it for a long time. “You know, I always had an idea of the shape my future was going to take but since meeting you my life has gone off in wild directions.

I’ve always wanted to help people and these new wolves are going to need a lot of help adjusting to this life and working through their programming.

I think they could benefit from my help more than my clients. After all, I don’t see many other psychiatrists roaming about the forest.”

I said this part playfully but then I became more serious. I took their hands in mine and felt the warm strength that flowed through them.

I turned their hands over, enjoying the feeling of my fingers sliding over their skin.

“But what’s more is that I don’t think I can leave you. At first I thought this was just a wild thrill, a way to indulge wild inhibitions that had always been locked inside me but I think there was a deep connection from the very beginning and it’s only grown deeper the more time we’ve spent together. What we’ve been through is remarkable

really and through it I've seen what kind of men you are. You have protected me, fought for what's right and shown a great deal of emotional awareness. I've always dreamed of meeting men like you and it would be remiss of me to ignore the whispers of my heart."

Smiles adorned their faces and they both embraced me.

I kissed both men, moving my lips between theirs, loving their distinct tastes and the different feelings of their lips.

A sense of arousal washed over me and I began trembling.

I wanted more and I wanted it now.

We stole away from the others, finding a secluded glade where we could share our affection.

We sank down into the moss and peeled our clothes away.

They were either side of my neck, kissing along my shoulders and collarbone, catching their lips in my mouth and leaving me breathless.

Eager hands slithered over my skin, cupping my breasts, teasing my nipples.

Their hands ran down and squeezed my thighs, causing me to twitch inside.

Hot breaths poured out of me and the sweet air drifted over my naked body.

All of my senses were drowned with pleasure, soaked in their ardor.

Every inch of my skin was theirs to do with as they pleased.

Fire trailed across my flesh and I yielded to their lust.

I reached towards them as well, my hands finding their arousal, wrapping around the swollen skin that was filled with ardent delight.

On this occasion Typhon was not content to watch, nor did I want him to.

I wanted him to be in the mire with us, lost in the swirling and delirious sensations that governed our minds.

I groaned and shuddered, sinking between them as their hands and their lips traveled across my body.

Then my legs parted and their fingers ran up the inside of my thighs.

Low breaths rippled out of me, while ribbons of pleasure twirled as though they had been caught in a tornado.

My skin was flushed and my heart beat with such ferocity it felt as though it was going to burst directly out of my chest.

Their fingers grew closer and closer, until they touched the cluster of nerves that suddenly burst with rhapsodic delight.

My mouth hung open as my moans soared into the air.

The glory was resplendent and unreal.

I was becoming undone inside, as though everything that held me together was slipping away.

I was turning to liquid.

I was melting. I was like a candle burning at both ends and wax was dripping down slowly, trickling in between my breaths and my thighs, sticky sweet like honey.

I wasn't sure which of them descended between my legs as my vision was blurred and my mind had lost focus.

His tongue whirled and created new sensations that pulsed through me.

Spasms erupted in my body and it felt as though the world was tilting on its axis.

Everything was awry and strands of hair clung to my skin.

My breasts were being fondled and kissed, my nipples were being grazed and powerful hands squeezed my body, all the while artful fingers and an eager tongue were making love to my most sensitive area.

The passion ebbed and flowed within me like a torrential river.

It was wild and free and erratic, filling up every single part of me and leaving nothing left untouched.

I was fire.

I was ice. I was everything.

I was claimed by these two men, these wolves.

There was so much about it that had been wrong and yet nothing had ever felt more right in my entire life.

This was where I belonged.

I needed to be with them.

My flesh was theirs.

My soul was theirs.

My heart had been captured and if I had to live a single moment without them then I would have been a lesser woman.

I had accomplished so much in my career.

My name had the air of respect but there had always been something missing in my life.

I had been required to subjugate my wildest impulses and keep them hidden deep within me but now they were free.

Typhon and Kull had unleashed them and once this genie had been released from the bottle it was impossible to get it back in.

I felt complete, the wild and bestial side of me married to the more traditional side.

I began to howl with pleasure as I imagined what it would be like to be a wolf myself.

The head between my legs rose up.

I was pulled around and lay against a strong body, drops of sweat trickling together and hissing with heat.

Long, strong arms wrapped around me and continued to caress me, to fondle my breasts.

I leaned back as the other man slid in between my legs.

He kissed me.

I could taste the shadow of lingering warmth upon his lips, this taste that was uniquely my own and uniquely sweet.

It burned my lips and swam over my tongue.

Strong, powerful hips rolled forward and a thick cock plunged into me, filling me with this sense of pain and pleasure.

My body rocked with every thrust.

He commanded me.

He controlled me.

He slammed into me over and over again, the rhythm making my head jerk.

My hair was in my face.

My mouth hung open.

My eyes lolled in the back of my head.

He was deep inside me, stretching me and destroying me and taking me to oblivion.

I could feel every inch of him pulsing inside, getting ready to explode and I wanted it.

Oh fuck I wanted it so badly and I screamed with ecstasy when he exploded and filled me with creamy warmth.

I barely had a chance to catch my breath as the other man turned me around.

His lips smeared against mine.

I was so delirious by now that I had no idea if it was Typhon or Kull and it didn't matter.

They were both so dear to my heart and they were both present.

I loved being twisted between their bodies, feeling both their desire.

I drowned in their lust and there was nothing sweeter.

I draped my arms around his shoulders and rested my head against the crook of his neck.

I was already so weak because of the multiple climaxes that soared through me, caused by fingers and tongues.

My mind was at breaking point and I was just about ready to sink into the grass and sleep for a thousand years but my legs spread again and I felt the second cock sliding inside me.

Two powerful hands clamped around my waist and guided me from side to side, calling me to a rhythm that tore my mind apart.



His hips rolled as well.

Thunder and lighting crashed inside.

A tempest took hold of me and I was at the mercy of this elemental lust.

He grunted in my ear and I could feel the crash of his heart thrumming through his body.

He curled a hand around the back of my head and grabbed a fistful of hair, holding me tightly, cocooning me in his warmth and the sheer boundaries of his passion as he fucked me senseless, our bodies rocking wildly as he gave into the temptation and howled with delight as he released himself inside me.

I melted between them, sticky and sweet and warm.

I lay across their bodies, taking comfort in the presence of their flesh.

I loved them both and I never wanted to be without them.

They were my wolves and while I had helped them see the true nature of their lives, they had taught me plenty of things as well.

Our lives were going to be filled with fun and I could never go back to my old life after this.

After all, how could anything compare with making love to two wolves?

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*Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 5:21 pm*

Typhon

About half a year had passed since we arrived here.

The new breed of wolves – I refused to call them soldiers – proved to be industrious.

It took a long time to help them see that they could be more than what they were bred for but while they were being given a purpose they were able to help.

We built strong foundations for a settlement that I hoped would last for a long time and I was determined to avoid the mistakes of the past.

We treated them as we always wanted to be treated and there was never any question that they were true wolves.

As for the other pack, thankfully we didn't encounter them.

With Vance's death the threat of war was gone and after what happened I doubted they would ever try to perform these experiments again.

Life was finally peaceful and we could go back to doing what wolves did best.

I had adjusted well to the position of Alpha.

It was more challenging than I had imagined but with Kull and Ambrosia beside me there was nothing that I could not face.

We taught the wolves everything we had ever learned and Ambrosia sat with them to help them think about things rationally so they would not succumb to their wild emotions.

She spoke with myself and Kull as well regularly, just to make sure we were coping well with the changes.

I was so glad that she did not decide to return to her old life.

I wasn't sure what I would have done without her.

We often stole away to make love, the three of us, and sometimes we even returned to her cabin.

It was nice to be free of the tension that plagued the world and to make love without having to fear a war was going to be waged.

Life was good and I could only see it getting better in the future.

A wolf streaked towards me.

It was Kull.

He shifted as he approached.

We exchanged pleasantries, although I could tell that there was something different about him.

He rocked back and forth on his heels.

“Ambrosia is with child,”

he said when I pestered him to tell me the truth.

I smiled widely.

This was going to be the first naturally-born child of our pack and I couldn't have been happier.

I embraced him fondly.

It didn't matter whether Kull or I was the biological father because we would raise him and any other child equally.

Everything was finally falling into place, and we could enjoy the lives we always wanted.

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