

Chapter Nine

He wasn't at all sure how much time had passed from when he passed out in the back seat of the car and when he woke up in the bed in his home, but it certainly had to be more than 'a little' because the pain on his thigh was almost negligible, and he felt comfortably warm. Most importantly, the bed was *his* as were the women on either side of him.

Lacey was curled up hard on his right side, her arms wrapped around him like she was afraid he might try and roll away in the middle of the night, and Dina was on the other side of him, coiled in a similar fashion, their two arms propping the pillow beneath his head up even higher. Each of them was completely naked, as, Will realized, was he, although there was a large bandage wrapped around his thigh over where the brand mark was.

His memory of *how* he'd gotten home was worryingly full of holes. He remembered Lacey and April escorting him out of the house. He remembered getting loaded into the car. He remembered Dina in the front passenger seat of the car. And he...

Oh.

Sat in a chair near the foot of his bed was the Valkyrie named Freya, who'd started as his captor and had apparently become his rescuer? It was quite a turnabout in *quite* a short period of time, but the fact that she had a shotgun resting across her lap made him question whether he was entirely in the clear or not. She was dressed in a white tanktop that clung to her generous breasts tightly enough that the impressions of her nipples could be clearly seen through, and a pair of black sweatpants that were only a few shades looser than yoga pants.

"Can I get some water?" he hoarsely whispered to her, as she smiled and nodded.

"Glad to see you're awake," she whispered back to him as she stood up, laid the shotgun down on the floor next to the chair then headed out of the room.

"You awake, Will?" Lacey asked him from his side, nuzzling her face against his ear. "You've been asleep for days."

"Days?" Will asked. That did explain a number of things, like why he felt so incredibly thirsty, why his stomach was rumbling and...

Oh.

Without much warning, Will pushed Lacey and Dina away from him and sprung out of bed, darting into the attached master bathroom, lifting the toilet seat with just barely enough time before he began pissing like a racehorse, a heavy, almost inhuman stream gushing from him like his cock was a firehose, one of his hands against the bathroom wall on the other side of the toilet. He felt like his leak went on much longer than it should've, but his bladder felt fuller than it had ever been.

"You okay there, baby?" Lacey asked, her naked form standing in the doorway, arms folded beneath her generous tits. "It's been two days since we pulled you out of that cabin, and we were starting to get worried about how long you'd been sleeping, but Freya said it might just be part of your werewolf nature."

Will finished pissing and then turned to look at the first of his partners. "So... you know?"

Lacey smirked a little bit. "Baby, we *all* knew there was something different about you since before any of us hooked up with you, but gotta say, nobody had 'supernatural creature' on our guess list."

"You're... not freaking out?"

"Why? It's *hot*," Lacey giggled. "We all think that. We've all got *shitloads* of questions, but based on what Freya's told us, you don't really have more answers than we do."

Freya moved in to stand next to Lacey and her eyes widened a little bit as she got an eyeful of Will's cock as he flushed the toilet, then turned to start walking towards them. It looked like she'd forgotten to bring the water. "You're, uh, probably wondering why I'm here..."

"Last time I saw you, you were sort of interrogating me, so, yeah, I think that's a fair question for me to—" The tall blonde wrapped her arms around Will's neck and clung to him with a fierce hug that was so intense, he was a little worried his ribs might crack as she began to sob openly.

"I'm *so fucking sorry, Will,*" he thought she wailed into his neck. The words were flowing freely, but his ability to make sense of them wasn't at an all time high. "I thought my uncle Odin had been acting strange ever since me and Lief joined him in his hunts, but when he was torturing you, I realized he'd fucking lost it." Her voice had a Nordic accent of some kind, but he didn't know the region well enough to place it. Swedish, Norwegian maybe? "I went out into the blizzard and found that not only did your alibi hold up, but it also wasn't that hard to identify and hunt down the shade that had killed those kids, once we stopped looking at you." She was crying hard, almost to the point of making him feel uncomfortable, her arms clinging to him like he was a lifeline in her moment of horror. "How many other hunts did we get wrong because my uncle refused to look at the evidence? How many other innocent individuals did we punish, torture or kill because I didn't see what was happening to my uncle?"

"What... what did you do to them?"

"I only knocked them out, although maybe I should've killed them," she whispered into his ear, the crying starting to fade. "I left them a letter, telling them I was done hunting, and that they were to leave you alone otherwise I *would* kill them next time, family or no." She started sliding her hands further down his bare back. "And I'm going to spend the rest of my life making it up to you." Then both of her hands grabbed onto his ass. "Doing *whatever* it takes to make things right."

"Oh. *Oh!* I, uh..."

She mashed her lips hard against his, her tongue practically invading his mouth like it was France and she was the German army in World War II, as he felt her hips pressed against his. Her hand clenched onto his butt as she pulled back from the kiss to look into his eyes with a sort of fire that Will was starting to recognize now, although half a year ago, he wouldn't have had the slightest idea what it meant. "You hear me, Will? I want to be one of your bitches. I want to be in your pack. I want you to fuck me so hard, my guts hurt and my knees feel weak. I want you to shove this massive cock of yours inside every inch of me until I'm swollen and sore," she said as her hand moved around to wrap around the base of his shaft, beginning to stroke it, and Will, despite the oddness of the whole situation, felt himself responding and hardening almost immediately. "That's okay, isn't it, Will? Me being one of your bitches? Joining your pack? Please tell me it's okay, because if you say it's not, I think I'm going to start crying again..."

"It's okay, Freya," Will said suddenly, at which point Freya's touches moved from tentative to confident.

"Good," she purred. "Good good. Because I think I might've just pushed you to fuck me anyway, even if you were going to let shit like morals get in the way." Her fingers were pumping his prick firmly now. "I told Lacey and the others I'd help them free you, but that I wanted in, that I wanted to be a part of it all. Because once I found out you were innocent, holy shit, it was like I was a fucking schoolgirl with her first crush. I fingerbanged my cunt so hard and I came like I'd been doing it wrong my whole fucking life and just figured out why. I've been fooling around with the wrong guys. I'd tell them to do it harder, and they'd worry about breaking me."

She nibbled on his bottom lip. “But you’d *like* to try breaking me, wouldn’t you? I want that. I want that right fucking now.”

Dina stepped in almost like he was a boxer, with a bottle of water in her hand, squirting it into his mouth. “You left this on the counter when you heard him get out of bed, Freya. He needs to drink some water otherwise he’s gonna pass out on you.”

Will took a swig of that water and swallowed it, as he felt Freya’s hand on his prick continue to shuffle back and forth. “This monster has a different opinion,” Freya said. “It wants to take out all the frustration on me, all that anger of me shouting at it. And I deserve that. I’ve been a bad girl, and you know how you make bad girls into good bitches, don’t you, sir? You fuck that wicked out of them. Or at least you fuck away the wicked parts you don’t like, and mold the wicked parts you *do* into the perfect member of your pack, just how you want them. You burn them away like cleansing fucking fire until all that’s left is like steel, hammered and forged into a proper weapon. I’ve been playing for the wrong team, Will. Fix me. Fuck me right.”

Will could feel the beast within him being goaded, but he was still clear enough of mind to be able to goad right back. “You want in? Then you’re in for good. You can’t dip in and dip out again later. I’m giving you your chance to back out now, because if you stay, then you fight for the pack. You *die* for the pack, if that’s what it comes to. These women are either part of your family for life, or you should turn around and walk out that door right now.”

“Are you all talk, or you going to get down to brass tacks? I said I’m fucking in. Don’t make me say it a third time.”

Well, Will decided, she couldn’t say he hadn’t warned her.

His hand reached up and grabbed the center of her tank top and pulled, surprising both of them as the fabric just ripped away in his hand, pulling free from her flesh in tatters, his fist full of it before he dropped it to the floor, her large breasts fully exposed to everyone’s eyes. They were certainly one of the largest pairs Will had ever seen in person, with extremely large areolae and thick, stiffened pink nipples nearly as thick as the tip of his pinky. Her breath caught, but when Will looked to her face, the grin she wore was spreading.

People had pushed him before, and he could see what Freya was trying to do, but, honestly, if she was only doing it to get what she wanted, and this was what she was into, so there wasn’t any harm in giving it to her.

He wheeled her around and shoved her back into the bedroom, forcing her onto the bed, as she scrambled to get up onto her knees. Will lifted one hand into the air and brought it down onto Freya’s ass with the hardest crack that he could, and instead of her shrieking in pain, she let out one of the most erotic moans he had ever heard, her back actually arching *into* the strike instead of away from it.

“Don’t fucking tease me, Will, and if you’re gonna do me, you’d better fucking do me right. I don’t want to get disappointed like I was on prom night,” she growled, trying to wriggle her butt in Will’s direction, trying to lure him into further action.

Not that he took much incitement.

Will rushed over to the bed and then pulled down Freya’s pants, finding she had a blue satiny thong underneath, which he also yanked downward, exposing her already slippery cunt, a thin line of stretched moisture connecting the fabric to flesh before it finally broke as Will moved in to stand at the edge of the bed.

It was just a short move from there to lining up his cock with her slit and jamming forward into her with a hard clap of his hips against her ass, causing her to groan whorishly once

more, her fingers clenching into the top sheet of the bed, her arms extended to try and brace herself to resist the force of his thrust, trying to wantonly throw herself back upon his cock.

“Fuck you’ve got a *big dick*,” she howled. “That’s a fucking beast cock if ever I’ve fucking felt one. Now rail me, motherfucker!”

As soon as he started thrusting, Will’s hands were already yanking her back, pulling her to make her ass smack hard and make her tits swing beneath her, clapping together each time he pummeled his shaft into her, crunching forward with a savage intensity that made the bedframe slip a little across the floor.

His body started establishing a rhythm against hers, demolishing her pussy with repeated, forceful thrusts, letting his body get into it with more force than he’d allowed himself to try on earlier partners, and instead of her asking him to slow down, to ease off, all she demanded was “more” and “harder.”

Will could feel his body flaring with heat, almost like the primal aspect of him was taking root and cutting its way into his soul, but the woman beneath him was embracing that, not running from it, trying to almost get more of his fury and passion into her own body.

He’d had rough sex before, but this was pure rutting, just absolutely carnal at the core, his cock throbbing and swelling inside of her each time his body collided with hers so hard his balls swung like the clapper of a bell, feeling her drip and ooze all over his nuts. He almost felt like he couldn’t draw his cock back too far, and wondered if maybe it had knotted the way a dog’s did, some link to his werewolf nature, but then he slid back, almost entirely out, and realized she’d just been gripping him that tightly with her vaginal walls.

A couple of minutes later, he could feel his blood starting to boil and the bursting feeling in his testicles, and as he had with all the others, he leaned forward and bit down hard at the base of her neck, but as he started to cum inside of her, she clamped down even more onto the base of his cock before she slumped forward onto her face on the bed, the tightness of her grip pulling him with her, forcing him to lay prone atop of her.

When he was trying to catch his breath, Lacey hopped onto the bed, reached over, grabbed Freya’s wrist, lifted it up and let it drop down to the mattress with a sudden flop. “Yep, I think you finally did it, Will. I think you fucked a girl to death,” she giggled.

He could finally feel a combination of his cock softening enough and her walls loosening around him and that gave him enough leeway to slide back and out from inside of her, although he could almost hear the massive load he’d dumped into her start to trickle out when he did, something he attributed to his heightened senses. “She’s still breathing,” he gasped.

“You can hear that?” Dina asked him.

“I can. Just like I could hear yourself fingering your pussy while I was railing her,” he said with a soft laugh. “That much fun to watch was it?”

“I’ve cooked turkeys less hot than that,” Dina purred in his direction. “You’re fucking right I was fingering myself while we watched. So was Lacey.”

“Where’s April?” Will asked them.

“It’s her turn to be on watch,” Lacey said, dragging her fingernails along his back. “Freya insisted we have at least one of us on guard duty until you were awake enough to protect us.”

“It’s really been two days?”

“You were sleeping and recovering, so nobody wanted to disturb you.”

“Has there been any sign of the hunters?”

“Not so much as a peep,” Dina said. “I think whatever note Freya left them must have scared the shit out of them.”

“She left them a note?”

“Well, clubbing them in the back of the head seemed a little bad form without them knowing *why* it all happened,” Lacey giggled.

“What the hell did I miss?”

“Lemme tell you what happened...” Lacey said.

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We were wondering where the hell you were when we got up, but Dina told us you’d gone to Burger King to get us breakfast, so we just figured you were out fighting the weather. The blizzard was a mean motherfucker, but we knew you’re tough, so we tried not to get worried.

But then lunch rolled around and you weren’t back, and so we freaked out a bit.

We loaded up into the car and drove around looking for you, but even though the weather had cleared up a little, we couldn’t find you anywhere between here and the Burger King, and, y’know, that’s not a lot of space to cover, so we got more and more worried.

We stopped in the Burger King and they told us you’d been in earlier, and you’d been talking with some big, burly guy who left before you did, and we started worrying that maybe he’d kidnapped you, but the kid at the counter insisted to us that he left like five or ten minutes before you did, so we figured that was something we didn’t need to worry about it.

But it still left us at square one, which is to say, where the *fuck* were you?

We drove around in circles, in ever expanding circles, around the area, trying to figure out where you might have fallen, where your body was, but we couldn’t find anything, and even the areas we thought could’ve been places where you blacked out or might’ve gotten blown off course to had mostly been plowed clean enough that if you were dead, we’d have seen the body.

None of us were sure if that made us more or less worried.

We knew searching the neighborhood was going to do us any good, so we decided to wait. It was a dumb fucking idea, waiting, but we didn’t really have a better one planned. So waiting it was. And the longer we waited, the more anxious and nervous we got. I was pacing around the room constantly, Dina was chewing at her fingernails and April, well, April kept drumming on the countertop with a pencil, until all three of us were basically climbing the walls when evening rolled around.

So, when there was a knock at the door, I think we all jumped into the air at least a foot, and tripped over each other bum rushing towards it, trying to get there first, fearing for the absolute worst, that there was going to be a cop on the other side, telling us you’d been abducted or killed or something.

Instead, on the other side we found this giant blonde Nordic princess who looked like she’d just walked off the set of a new version of ‘American Gladiators.’ We weren’t sure what to make of her, but her eyes were all puffy, like she’d been crying, and she said she had news about you, and asked if she could come in, so, like, of course we told her fine.

“What’s happened to him?” I asked her, as she sat down in your chair.

“We abducted him,” she said nervously. I reached for the Louisville slugger I keep in the living room, but Dina’s hand grabbed my shoulder. “We thought he was killing kids! But he claimed he wasn’t, and said he had an alibi, so I went and looked into it, and he’s telling the truth! There’s camera footage of him *in the diner working* when the kids were killed! There’s no way he could’ve done it! But my uncle Odin, he’s the leader of our hunter troupe, he said I didn’t

see what I *thought* I saw, and that Will must've used a shapeshifter to impersonate him so he could commit the crimes, but it's total fucking bullshit! And I told Uncle Odin that! And then he slapped me! He said I was too young and stupid to be a hunter, that I didn't know what real monsters looked like!"

She was crying again when she told us all that, but at that moment, all I could see was red. "Where's my fucking boyfriend?" I asked her.

"I can take you to him. I can help you get him out! But you have to promise to let me make it up to Will, to help protect him from those hunters! And you have to promise not to kill my uncle or my cousin."

"They've *kidnapped* my *boyfriend*," I told her.

"And once we take him away, they'll stay clear! I'll leave them a note telling them not to come after Will again, and I'll protect him while the message gets to the Hunter Council that my Uncle Odin is hunting someone who hasn't done anything, which is strictly forbidden by the Hunter Council! If the Council finds out, they'll give him a warning, and if he tries again, they'll hunt him down like he was one of the monsters he's spent so long hunting."

"Do you think he'll learn?" Dina asked her.

"He certainly will after he's been clubbed over the head a few times," Freya said. "He's been ogling my tits ever since I showed up for training, and my creepy cousin's the same way and I'm fucking sick of it."

"You're not going to be the only one clubbing him," I told her. "They've kidnapped *my* boyfriend, and I need to make it totally fucking clear that nobody fucks with what's *mine*."

So we loaded up for a hunt of our own. Despite how much I wanted to, Freya insisted we only bring non-lethal shit. You have no idea how angry I was, Will, how much I wanted to break these little fuckers in half. I suggested we wear ski masks, but then Freya pointed out that she'd be with us, and the whole *point* was for them to know who we were, so I felt a little stupid for my suggestion.

They had you held hostage in a cabin up in the hills a bit more, away from the general population, and I think they hoped that the distance would let them see us coming, but we rode up in Freya's car, the bunch of us ducked down, even though they weren't even looking.

In fact, Freya got her first swing in with the bat on her cousin before he could say a word, much less raise an alarm. We rushing in as a group and found her Uncle Odin watching porn on his laptop with his headphones on, so the fucker was jerking his pud right up until Freya's clocked him in the back of the head with my bat, although we all took turns kicking his unconscious body on the floor. I even stepped on his belly a few times.

When we got into the room you were being held in, we all sort of fell apart, sending Freya to go get the car ready and warm, because you looked like you'd been through the fucking wringer. The room was bitterly cold, and you were naked, and it looked like there'd been a fire on for some of it, but it had gone out and you were bordering on hypothermia.

That fucker Odin's so fucking lucky we just needed to get out of there, otherwise as soon as I saw you, I might've had trouble keeping my promise to Freya not to pop either of their balls with a corkscrew. So we hauled your ass out of there, and I wanted to wrap you up, but more than anything, we just wanted to get you the fuck away from these assholes, so we dragged you and tossed you into the car between us,

When we got you back to the house, we bandaged up the burn on your leg, and I wanted to change the bandage, but Freya said to let it heal, otherwise we'd just make it worse. I wanted to ask her about how she knew about brands, but something told me I didn't really want the

answer.

We mostly just cuddled you up, but we also poured water into your mouth, getting you to drink it here and there, even in your dazed state. Nobody was quite sure why you weren't waking up, but we decided to just do our best to take care of you. We called you in sick from the diner, and the guy there demanded I send him a picture of my tits just to cover for you, so you're *welcome* for that, but I did it, and you're good to go, considering you aren't scheduled to work for another few days, back when classes start up again.

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Will groaned a little bit. "You sent dirty pics to Billy? He's gonna leer at you any time you come in there now."

Lacey giggled a bit fiercely. "He already did that plenty before, dude. It's not going to be anything new."

He frowned, looking down at his leg, the bandage on his flesh still mocking him. "I know Freya said to let it heal, but it itches like a motherfucker. Maybe I should take it off and check on it anyway."

"It's your leg, Will," Dina said. "Besides, I think you fucked any life out of Freya she might've had to argue with you."

He nodded, shifting to lay his leg out as he reached to the side of the bandage and started pulling on the adhesive tape, which was clinging to his thighs. After a long moment, he pulled on it enough to lift it up... and gaze upon smooth unscarred flesh beneath.

"I thought Freya said you were branded, baby," Lacey said.

"Yeah..." Will replied, a little confused himself. "I thought I was..."