



Wolves

Stone's POV

Roughly I shook the tangles out of my thick winter coat when I shied. Digging my paws into the soft earth I stretched myself out. Finally, my stupid human let me get out, let me breathe. Being cooped up in his body had made me antsy and wildly uncomfortable, and when our mate marked us the strong scent of her own wolf drove me crazy, I was done being pushed to the back of his mind and neglected.

So I gave him a headache.

Sure it was dirty and underhanded, and I know that our mate, as beautiful as she was, was in fact taking up his time. And I know that he was busy with pack affairs, but he still could let me out every once in a while! I needed to live too!

Opening my mouth, I yawned. What seemed like smoke rose from my muzzle and I watched it go up into the air and disappear.

Turning about I took in my surroundings,

Northwestern woodsMy human told me.

I sniffed the air and the folded clothes that Damien had taken off as to not rip them when I emerged. I marked the tree with my scent, so I could find it later when we had to go back to the house. Moving around the tree I watched for my mate, our wolf forms had never had much interaction since earlier I found her, and I can not lie I was excited to see that small silver and grey wolf again.

I sat down on the soft earth while I waited for her to come out from behind her tree. When Damien had collapsed, like the weak human he was (I only gave him a headache. Who collapses from a headache?) she advised that the two of them shied and spend time together.

I like Jillian, she was smart.

Unlike you I told Damien, so his head wouldn't get too big. Earlier he raised a pack since adolescence, everyone rained praises down on him. As his wolf I kept his pride in check. Not to say that I wasn't pride-filled, but I needed to keep him under control, sometimes he could be so annoying.

Then I heard a soft pop and crack, the sweet smell of my mate in her wolf form assaulted my senses, so much so that I had to work on keeping my tongue in my mouth. Then the most beautiful wolf shook out her silver and grey coat.

I could've sworn she did that in slow motion.

She looked up at me with big, deep brown eyes, they shone brightly, and their obsidian was hypnotizingly magnificent.

Hello I inclined my head and touched her nose with mine kindly. Gladys cocked her head and her tail wagged a little bit.

Hi! to my surprise she jumped up onto her hind-feet and propped her front paws on my shoulders, she licked my face. When she jumped down I stood to my full height and looked down at her, naturally if any other wolf decided to jump on me and lick me, I would have ripped out their throat before they could submit or beg for forgiveness. But this was my small, precious mate. Damien was really dumb for ever making her cry.

Gladys circled me, inspecting my body. Her tail trailed under my nose and I breathed in, her smell was so addicting! She bumped into me playfully, successfully rubbing her wonderful scent on my body and transmitting mine onto hers. I moved aside so I could look at her face and bury mine in the fur around her neck. I licked her ear and nuzzled her some more. Soon she would smell just like me, and no male would come near her.

Then Gladys backed away, mischief gleamed in her black eyes. Her tail wagged on overdrive, her rear facing the sky, her paws were ready to run and move. She wanted to play, the way she went about it was odd though. She asked for play like a pup would, assuming a stalk position and crouching. I guess because she was so small she could get away with acting like a pup would, other wolves just guessed that she was young and let her get away with acting like a young-ling.

Cute.

Earlier a moment of processing what was even happening, I faked her out by jerking forward only slightly. Gladys was gullible and she nearly sprinted into a nearby tree. But she caught herself and looked back at me. She yipped and came back towards me, prancing around my body, playfully nipping on my haunches and ears. Then she took that position again, rump up, tail wagging.

Damien smirked and crossed his arms, he was just as amused by her as I was. You should play with her comments.

I sniffed the air to make sure it was safe to run around this side of the woods, we had encountered rouges today, and I didn't want my mate to be wounded. A game of chase wouldn't hurt.

So I jerked forward again, and this time I kept on running. Gladys howled with excitement and I heard her small feet begin to fall on the ground behind me.

The chilly wind whirled through my fur, and blessed my cheeks with its icy kisses. I jumped over logs and maneuvered trees as I ran, keeping a steady pace so Gladys could keep up without hurting herself. Damien was too harsh on our mate's human form, compassion was foreign to him, and this morning he made her train to the point of over exertion. He firmly believed in not coddling the weak, but bringing them up to become strong, and his way of doing that was by pushing them to their limit and beyond, just to show them how much they could really do. I felt the same way in many instances, and my running slightly slower wasn't coddling, it was thoughtfulness. I could never forgive myself, or Damien if we bent her so much she broke.

I dove into some bushes when I no longer heard Gladys' footsteps as strongly as before.

I hid.

A few moments later the grey wolf scampered up, her nose to the ground, trying to find me again. She looked about the clearing, nudging things with her nose and noticing the softness of the earth she pawed at it, leaving her claw marks in it. I watched her through the bushes and my tail twitched, seeing her brought me happiness. She was a beautiful wolf to observe, and her playful grace was hard not to love.

Then Gladys sat down at a tree. She looked up into it and watched how the branches moved and her curiosity made it seem as if she wanted to climb the tree and live up there. She laid down and kept watching. Ears perked and tail still, her nose twitched every so often when the leaves would rustle.

She was hunting.

Earlier a few minutes of me watching her and her watching the tree, a relatively fat squirrel came scampering down. With up-most grace and accuracy Gladys jumped and caught it between her teeth. Pride filled my heart to see that my mate was a good hunter, silent and deadly.

She shook the animal in her mouth to confirm that it was dead. She then unexpectedly looked right at the bush I was hiding in. She had known I was there all along, my scent was the only thing giving me away. Gladys came up to me and placed the rodent at my paws, pushing it closer with her muzzle, she wished for me to accept her gift.

My tail hit the ground in contemplation, the squirrel was only one wolf's dinner, I couldn't eat the whole thing and be kind about it. It was her catch and she was sharing it with me. I looked at her when she probed the carcass with her nose once more, begging me to partake of her kill. I cast my eyes back to the squirrel, its belly large and fur thick, it was a smart rodent, it took its time in collecting as much food as possible to store for the winter. That was the only way that it could be so large.

I tore off a piece of the underbelly and let Gladys have the rest. A squirrel was hardly food and I wanted my mate to eat.

I can get something bigger, wait here I told my Luna and she obeyed, rolling over onto her back and pawing at the air.

I stalked away with my nose to the ground, trying to catch a scent of something promising. I went deeper into the forest until I came upon another clearing. I was alone so it would be harder to kill something of great weight. If my pack was with me I would have followed the scent of the moose, and even though I was large, I did not want to risk its antlers in my flesh. The moose smelt old, and I knew that their antlers just got bigger with age.

I tracked a male buck instead. Even though its antlers were just as painful, a deer's neck was easier to penetrate. The flesh was softer and less thick and difficult to get out of your teeth. I licked my lips at the thought.

Call me lazy, but I'd say that I'm smart.

Then my eyes caught up with my nose. I stayed in the underbrush so the large prey wouldn't risk seeing or smelling me. He was big, and he must have thought himself hot the way he pranced about, not knowing that danger was only yards away. I waited for him to nibble on the fresh grass that had started to grow with the coming of spring. With spring upon us, the amount of deer in the wood would increase drastically, they would come in herds and have their fawns. The baby fawn so much sweeter than the aged.

Think about the here and now my human warned, he was right if I waited too long the buck would be gone and my appetite would not be appeased.

I moved forward slightly and the buck's ears twitched but he kept on eating, as if what he heard was a nuisance to his dinner.

Silly animal.

The pressure in my hind legs became near unbearable, my body aching to pounce and kill. I let a few more moments pass, so his neck was in a more convenient spot for my teeth. I ran my tongue across my fangs and leapt into the air, my mouth open and teeth gleaming. I came down right on his neck, blood spurting on my pelt, I ignored it. I had punctured his wind-pipe and the buck struggled for mere seconds until his body gave out on him and he fell to the ground dead. Damien bid me congratulations, as he always did when I got large prey.

The anticipation to feast right then and there was awfully tempting, but I had to feed my mate as well. I dragged the deer back to the spot where I had let her.

Gladys was jumping around, chasing the butterflies that flew about. When she saw me her tail wagged and she trotted over to snuggle the buck.

We ate. The deer must have still been young because his skin was so tender and his muscles so strong. Once we had picked him clean Gladys moved towards me and started to lick my fur, cleansing the black hairs of red blood and fat. She took her time, making sure I was perfectly clean again, before I did the same to her, keeping her coat shiny and grime free.

We both moved closer to where our humans had shied and I laid down next to a nearby tree. Gladys rustled next to me and cuddled against my fur, our bodies touching and scents mixing continually. My belly was full and warm, my mate was by my side, what more could I want?

Nothing, of course, this was pure bliss. I had provided for my mate by catching her food and we had bonded in ways we had never bonded before. But the world was on my side today and it decided to make this scene better by letting the sun set, its orange glow dipping behind the trees and casting gentle shadows to rise over us and letting us blend into the night.

Author's Note

Hello again! Thanks for reading, I really enjoyed writing this part. Please comment and vote, I always appreciate when you do so. Many thanks for the support of my first Wattpad story, I never thought that anyone would read this book. :D

Thanks again,

Deanna

Continue reading next part