

# She Never Knew Part 2

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*She's falling in love with him. He'll never let her go.*

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She was naked and bare to him, unconscious as well. He laid her in their bed, a California king size. Laying the blanket over her body, he was naked as well, crawling into the bed with her, his arms wrapped around her warm body. \*\* Werewolves are nocturnal, sleep by day and hunt by night. Ahava was fast asleep and curled into Vincent's chest. He watched her breathing, knowing that today was the first day of her new life, she couldn't turn back. She was part of his world and couldn't return to the human family where she once was. He wondered how they would react. Luke had chosen that family for her because the parents had a lot of love to give, Vincent didn't honestly care if they panicked. Vincent continued to think of that time when he held Ahava as a baby. She was so small, maybe five pounds and wrapped in a dark red blanket. He went with Luke to give her to Ahava's adoptive family. They knew what she was and they agreed to tell her and to allow her to do as she needed. That was what was agreed to, but as soon as Ahava was theirs, they raised her in their life style and she had no idea what she was. Ahava stirred a bit in her sleep, her body moving even closer to his, no space left between them. Her arms were lightly around his back as she was obviously having a dream. He smiled a bit, knowing he had to get some sleep. He closed his eyes, nuzzling his face against hers before he finally gave into his exhaustion. The following evening he was awake before she was. He watched her for a few minutes before he crawled out of bed. He showered quickly and put on a pair of grey boxers. He had just finished drying off his hair when she was stirring. He glanced out his window seeing the moon was again large and silver colored. He moved to sit beside her, his right arm around her shoulders. She rubbed her forehead, leaning into the warmth and kindness of him. She held the think comforter to her chest, she was disoriented. "Where am I?" she asked, looking around the room then at him. "Home," was his answer. Her eyebrows furrowed together as she did not understand. That was when she actually realized she was naked under the blanket. "Oh my ... Oh my God!" She pushed him away from herself, but rather than moving back he held her hand to his chest. "Calm down Ahava, please don't be scared. I'm not going to force you into anything." "Why am I naked?!" "Because when you transform your clothes are torn." "Transform?" Vincent smiled at her innocent expression, pushing her dark hair away from her shining

yellow eyes. "You're a werewolf Ahava. You had your first transformation yesterday night, you fed on my blood and flesh first, then on deer. You can't remember because when you changed your body and mind were functioning on pure instincts "I'm a ... werewolf?" "Yes. You were born a wolf, but its tradition for the newborns to be raised with humans, to learn to love and have compassion, and not be completely brutal like our ancestors were." "I don't..." "Your human parents never told you, they were supposed to. I sent for you late and that is why you can't remember and you almost died." "Died?!" Vincent felt like he was giving her the wrong information to start with. So he started with when her parents came to him. "When your mother was four and a half months pregnant, she and your father came to me. I was in search of my mate, and I did what any wolf would have done; I laid my hand on your mothers belly and I saw your future, with me. If you weren't supposed to be mine, I would have seen nothing. Your parents, your real parents are Luke and Juliet. Your mother died after giving birth to you. Your father had chosen the family you went to because he felt it was best for you. Your adoptive parents agreed to tell you everything, but went back on their word." Ahava was very confused, but she felt safe here. Vincent had moved close to her again, cradling her to his chest. She gave in and remained wrapped in his embrace, keeping the blanket over her naked body. She knew he wasn't lying, because something within her made her understand what was being said. She could see the change on her skin, how it had a pale sheen to it. Immortality was what she decided it was. She felt stronger, more alive than ever before, she even felt her teeth were thicker. Vincent watched and admired his beloved; he chuckled quietly as she slowly saw the changes within herself. He caressed his hand over her bare arm and glided the back of his hand over her cheek. She looked up at him, her lower lip trembling slightly. "What happened when I...transformed?" "Well, you tried to eat me at first. Normally, this wouldn't happen because the male or female always meet their mate before the change, but you were dying so I didn't get that chance. And your body was just going by instincts and what came naturally." "Oh... wait... mate?" "Yes, you're my mate. My lover, my wife. No one is above you, but me. I'm the alpha male of my coven, you're the alpha female." "I went from normal country girl to werewolf mate and lover over night..." Ahava felt dizzy, laying her head on Vincent's chest. He knew it came from her needing to feed again. The first month of a new wolfs life involved a lot of eating as their body was basically starved for at least sixteen years of what they truly needed and in Ahava's case it was twentyone years. "You need to eat again." "I don't feel good..." "I know, but I need you to change and follow me." He kissed her forehead and moved out of the bed. She looked at him, slowly sliding to the edge of the bed. Her bare back was to him with her arms over her chest. She was trying to figure out how to change, she didn't know what to do. He climbed on the bed to sit directly behind her; he moved his hands onto her shoulders and whispered into her ear. "Feel the hunger pulsing through you, feel how your body quivers and lusts for blood. That is how the change will come to you for a while, now breathe in and let go." She took in a deep breath, focusing on what he had said. That's when it slammed into her, that pulse that shot through her body, one she couldn't deny if she wanted. She fell forward onto her hands and knees, her body grew into her true form. Her body covered in fur, her snout, muzzle, and tail forming as her muscles grew and her bones became larger, stronger. She was faster and her eyes glowed with the hunters glare, a shimmering purple.

Vincent smiled at her; she sat on her haunches in front of the bed. She looked at him, she could remember everything that time, and it was as if this was her first change. She walked forward on all fours, it felt so strange to her, and she looked at herself from her paws to her tail. He motioned her towards the mirror so he could see herself better. She stared for just a moment, but in that moment she could see everything that she was. A hunter, a killer, a lover, a wife, an alpha, and even a mother; she could see herself someday having a baby, his baby. Vincent had changed into his wolf form while she was in awe at herself. He came behind her, she slowly looked at him. She tilted her head in wonder as she saw how much smaller she was than him, but also at his black fur that had a red tint to it with those piercing green eyes. He moved his paw around her waist, pulling her close, lightly gnawing on her ear. It didn't hurt her; it was a sign of affection. She loved the feeling, her tongue lightly licking at his neck, wanting to make him feel loved as well. It was all new to her, but she understood. She realized that the reason she never felt at home with that family was because she never belonged there. That she looked and acted different because she was different, in more ways than she could have ever imagined. He slowly stopped, gently pushing her towards the door. They walked out of the room and into the main halls and lobby area of the mansion that was really more the size of a castle. She saw everyone in human forms, but then at the same time she could see them as wolves too. She knew what they were despite the outer appearance. Vincent always hunted alone, until now. He would bring one other with him and that would be Ahava. He ran with her at his side into the dense woods, letting her explore in her new body while he hunted down deer. He brought back a total of six, three for each of them to ensure she was well fed. Ahava sat back on her haunches as he took the first bite into one of the bucks; he only ate for about a minute without her before he made a soft almost whining sound to call her over. He would be alpha and eat first, but he'd always have her by his side within moments. Vincent was finishing his second buck when he saw she had eaten her three. Her stomach growled quietly, but she didn't complain or go for his food, she lay a bit away from him to let him continue. He wasn't very hungry and barked softly at her, offering her the last deer, it was a large doe. She had responded with a soft whimper, not being afraid just letting him know she heard. She went towards him and kept her ears back and low as she rubbed her snout into his shoulder. She was making sure that she was doing what he wanted, and as Ahava did this, she felt it was almost... strange, but it also felt right. Vincent licked her lower jaw, cleaning the blood from the dark grey fur. He assured her it was fine and she ate what was left. After eating, Vincent and Ahava had curled up into the fresh dirt. She laid her head on top of his neck, her body pressed to his. She felt so safe with him, she didn't question what she'd do next like she may have before, and she just enjoyed the moment and treasured it as she had never felt love. Not from her parents or Seth, only from Cain and Abel and they were too young to actually make her feel it, but she could. He made her know how much he loved her; he slowly moved up to pull her under him. She rolled onto her back so he could lean over her. He watched her for a few moments, slowly licking her muzzle. He moved to lick around her eyes and ears, moving down to her neck. Her paws lightly pressed against his chest, panting quietly as she enjoyed the kisses. He had never loved the sound of a female panting more than he did hers. He growled very quietly, letting her know it was time to leave. She didn't

respond, only followed. Vincent led Ahava to the wall that had an open window to his bedroom. He reached up with a paw and pulled himself up the wall, scaling the height until he reached the windows edge, jumping into his bedroom. She stared up at him, she hadn't moved until he looked down her, lightly barking for her to follow. She wasn't sure if she could, but once she thought about how he had done it, she was able to repeat his motions, sitting on the ledge before him. Ahava made her way past him, jumping on the bed in her wolf form. He admired her; she was beautiful, with and without fur. He closed the door, the lock making a clicking sound. He climbed into the bed with her, pushing her down gently to lie on her back once more. She obeyed and sprawled her front legs open, her hind legs relaxing to where her body was bare to him. Vincent changed his form, returning to his human appearance. "Change back Ahava." She licked the side of her muzzle, focusing on her human shape, her body returning to its human form. She was naked, but didn't feel awkward as he stared down her. This was the first time she had noticed his good looks. He had dark almost black hair with the same green eyes he had in his wolf form. His chest and shoulders were well toned and he had a six pack "What's your name?" she asked. It seemed like a dumb question to ask someone she was so comfortable with, but she had to know. "Vincent," he answered in a hushed whisper. Vincent leaned down over her, kissing her softly a few times over. He noticed how she was unsure how she should react, but soon enough she was returning the hot kisses. He knew that was only the beginning of their life together, but even so he wanted it to be the most memorable. His lips slowly kissed from her lips to her chin and jaw line. He moved his mouth down to suck on her neck, his hand moving over her right breast. She groaned in surprise, a shudder running down her spine. He gently rubbed her nipple between his thumb and index, her soft moans starting to make him hard. Her back arched, pushing her breasts more towards him, his mouth coming down on her left nipple, sucking gently on the tender skin. Ahava felt like her body was on fire; his touch was like small lightning bolts shooting through her system. She chewed her lower lip, feeling his hand move between her legs. She parted her knees, giving him full access to her untouched rose. She knew he could smell her virginity, and she knew it was driving him wild, but he was holding back for her. Vincent was hot with desire, he wanted her and he wanted her now. He was holding back only because he didn't want to hurt her, because he loved her. His fingers rubbed her entrance very lightly, his index pushing lightly at her slit. Her hips trembled; she struggled not to push her hips against his hand. Her moans were soft, becoming louder the more he touched her. He started to bite at her shoulder, her fingers moving into his dark hair. He could hear her heart beat, the race of her blood within her veins. His fingers pushed forward carefully, moving slowly in and out of her. That was when her hips started to push up against his hand, moaning his name as her face was quickly becoming flushed. He gently pulled his hand away, moving himself in between her thighs. He laid his mouth over her wet pussy, licking the virgin petals. The scent was probably the think that drove him over the edge the most, knowing she was completely untouched. She rocked her hips with the move of his mouth, his tongue circling her clit several times. She was moaning his name, her body quivered under his touch. She couldn't explain it, but the more he pleased her, the closer she felt to him. He slid his tongue into her pussy, pushing and pulling his tongue in and out of her. He only did this a few times before she had an orgasm, her

first orgasm. The white fluid slowly poured out of her, he lapped it up like it was his last meal. He pushed himself up so he was eye to eye with her. He began to softly kiss her, letting her taste her own juices on his mouth. She pressed her body to his, her arms coiling around his back, holding herself to him. He slowly pulled his mouth from hers, feeling the first few sun rays hitting his back. He made his way to the window and closed the black blinds that allowed him to sleep through the day. He climbed back into the bed, his eyes on Ahava's face. He cupped her cheeks within his palms, pecking her lips slowly with his. His tongue glided over her plump bottom lip, her own tongue sliding across his upper lip. Slowly their lips parted as he wrapped his arms around her, she doing the same to him; drifting off to sleep for the day. \*\* To be continued.