



**LYCAN
LIFE**

BREUKELEN GIRL

Lycan Life

By Breukelen Girl

A Werewolf in Brooklyn Blog Zine

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1

Waking up a lycan is like waking up in a different world.

It seems so easy too, to become one, although everyone is assuring me, doctors and people with good intentions that I'm lucky to be alive. But I don't feel lucky, I don't feel that way at all. But the alive thing, yeah I feel that, very much.

"Hi Booker,"

I look over at the petite female who's walked into my hospital room. Black hair, soulful brown eyes, and a slim build. Today she's wearing jeans. I think this is the first time she's worn jeans around me. I try to remember but my head feels fuzzy. I frown. I like her in her skirts and dresses. I can smell the fur on her, even though she looks human, altogether too

human. Her name is Cady, but everyone calls her "Bg", some sort of nickname. She hasn't explained it to me. I should probably ask her about it. But I kind of feel like she should just tell me. I'm irritated but looking at her makes me horny.

She smells so damn good. Perfume laced with fur. And her skin, have I mentioned her skin?

When I first woke up and there she was, hovering over me. I'll admit it, I kind of panicked. Yeah, it's weird, me, a guy who could give any quarterback a run for their money, freaked out over seeing her. But I'd been out of this world for over a week and last thing I remembered, wasn't her. So I grabbed her wrist and then I didn't want to let go. At all. She tried to not show that I was hurting her, Bg did pretty good too. I almost didn't care.

I liked touching her. I felt something inside me unfurl and I stared at her hard. My body went hard. I've never had that reaction to a female before. Not so quickly as I did when I laid eyes on Bg. She was trying to tell me something, I was watching her mouth move and wondering what her lips would taste like. And the whole time, I gripped her wrist, my thumb stroking that soft sensitive spot, like an old comfort and a new vice.

She makes me want her without even trying. How is that even possible? I don't even know her. I barely know her name. I've already hurt her, I can see the bruises from her wrist are fading, I don't know my own strength now that I'm not me. Now that I've got this lycanthropy in me.

"Hey," I reply try to get the haze of lusting her from my senses. It's a hard thing to do. Especially when she looks so damn cute and I haven't had sex in a month. Maybe that's it. I'm just jonesing for some pussy. Must be. Not that it feels like that at all.

"Ready to go?" Bg asks me and looks at me, all wide eyed and beautifully intriguing. Damn her for wearing that chequered button shirt. I want to rip it open and put her breasts in my hands and she's not even particularly filled out.

I nod my head as I feel like talking to her is dangerous. Like I'll just come off like some bumbling idiot with a crush. See it's weird, it feels like there's two sides to me now. Like two brains overlapping trying to compete for dominance inside me while outside, I look the same, a little scared up because of the werewolf attack on me. Although technically Bg's told me, it could've been lycans that attacked me and apparently they're considered different to actual werewolves who actually exist. That itself is hard enough to wrap my head around.

This lycanthropy infection, apparently it can't be gotten rid of once it's in your system. Once it's in you, you are for all intents and purposes, a lycan, a wolf. The lesser werewolf, the watered down and despised version apparently. I can tell, the looks I've received from others who have floated in and out of my hospital room pretty much tell me all I think I need to know.

Even the older female werewolf, Bg's sister I think. But she doesn't talk to me, none of the others talk to me. Just Bg. They all just came in and did their duty or something, taking

shifts watching over the human who'd been attacked by the paranormal wolves and left to die in the streets of New York City.

Seventeen and I thought I owned this world. Now I'm not so sure.

I follow Bg out of the room and think to myself, that it's brave of her, or foolish to walk in front of me with her back to me. That other part of me, the part that's competing with regular me, the lycan inside, it lusts after this female. It wants me to push her up against a wall, pull that skirt up, pull her panties down, push my cock into her and fuck her from behind. I look away at the hospital doorway as I pass through it instead.

How the hell am I going to survive this new me if I can't even get the lust under control? I don't even understand, why I fancy her so much. I don't feel like I'm in control around Bg. But I feel calmer when the other werewolves are around. They don't stir me up like she does. I didn't feel anything like this when I laid eyes on the older werewolf female. Bodil. She was all grown up curves, tits and ass and beauty to capture me and I got nothing from my body for her. She could've been wallpaper for all my lycan side cared.

I'd ask myself what the hell is wrong with me, but I know the answer, Bg gave it to me. Told me when I gained consciousness about everything. Simply put. And you know the weird thing, I believed her, immediately, without hesitation, without reservation but full of fear and anger. See how weird this lycan thing is?

We go into the room next to mine and find another werewolf, a male Bg calls Markus. They confer for a moment and I look at my younger brother, Elisandro. Jeez he looks bad, I wonder if I look like that. Bruising is deep on him, half his face is a swollen lump. Graze marks, like he was dragged behind something, run down his neck and arm. It looks painful.

"Hooper," I say to him. Elisandro's blood shot eyes look me over and over and over. Bg told me, the veins in his eyes burst at one point, and they thought he was going to be blind. But the lycanthropy, when you're infected with it, it's like a fight and eventually it wins. And when it wins, it settles in and starts fixing things about your body, small things at first. Like burst blood vessels, smell, hearing, that kind of thing. Subtle so you don't really get it at first, what s happened to you.

"You look rough." He smirks.

"And you look so pretty." I fire back at him.

"Do you trust them?" He asks me nodding his head at Bg and Markus who appear to be talking in very low voices before stepping out into the corridor again, leaving us alone.

"I trust her. Something about her says she's honest, if anything. Maybe naive, but she's not holding back anything. The other guy? I don't know. He's reserved, like the others I've seen. But I think they're our best shot of figuring out what the hell happened to us, and of not paying for this damn hospital stay over."

“Jesus, we’ve been in here over a week. What about mom?” And as Elisandro says that I realise, we never went home. How could we? We were attacked, torn up and left for dead in some back streets of Brooklyn before being taken to a hospital. Bg and these werewolves have been overseeing our condition ever since. “Mom doesn’t know where we are, or what happened to us. Shit. We just came to watch some sport and then this happened.”

I walk outside into the corridor, Markus is on a cell phone and Bg turns to face me. I feel something in my chest tighten. I want to pull her in against me, feel her breasts press into my chest and push my lips against hers. Slide my tongue into that mouth of hers.

“Booker,” Bg says walking over to me. “We’ll take you back to my family home in Williamsburg, you’ll meet the alpha of the Breukelen werewolf pack and,”

“I need to call my mom.” I cut her off and then immediately want to apologize for talking over the top of her. But I don’t.

“Right. Your mom.” She says slowly and hesitantly. She looks little compared to me. But I know how deceptive her looks are.

“She doesn’t know what happened to Hooper and me. She’ll be out of her mind with worry. I don’t want her to think we ran away or worse, are dead. All she knows is we left to go out one night and never came home.”

She looks at me and closes that mouth. The mouth I like watching, the mouth I want open to receive my tongue deep in her throat. Red lips clamp down together. The lips I want to lick and bite between my teeth. I look away because I can feel myself getting to aroused and I need to be clear headed from here on out. I have to look after my brother and me.

“Of course.” Bg blurts out quickly and I look back at her.

I wonder if she feels it too. Like I do around her. Is it the same for her around me? Does this continual lust, heightened sensation thing, go two ways? Will she go to bed tonight and masturbate herself to sleep, thinking about me, like I can’t stop thinking about her? Will she be a bad girl and come biting that bottom lip to stop from crying out my name as her fingers bring her pleasure while she imagines it’s my cock?

2

Day two of my lycan life and I awake in a strange place, again. It’s too early in the damn morning. I can hear birds outside chirping like I’m stuck in some Disney cartoon. “Shut up.” I turn to my side and my cock proves uncomfortable. It’s hard and I want very badly to fuck someone. It’s not like I ever had tonnes of sex before, but I could get some and once I figured that out, it became like number one thing to do on my radar of my teenage life.

I need some sex, that's what I tell myself and the lycan in me agrees. My hand slips down to it and I start moving my palm back and forth, alternating the pressure of my grip as I sigh. I keep my eyes closed and focus on the sensation of jerking myself off. How bad would it be if I came all over this bed sheet? I don't think I care. Why should I? It's not my bed.

I've never been this damn horny in my entire life. Flashes of the attack appear in my mind and my cock begins to soften in my hand. I drop my hand off and hit the mattress in frustration and open my eyes.

The darkened bedroom is still and unfamiliar to me. But it looks like a male's room. There are sports posters on the wall and a few bikini clad sports illustrated women. The usual mix you'd find in an all American male teenagers room. I try to focus on the sports illustrated model in her wet, white bikini looking back at me.

"Come on," My hand resumes its position on my cock and I focus on her tits. They're very symmetrical and her hard nipples are showing through the wet, white material. My cock twitches to life and I focus on those nipples looking hard, like they want to burst through the tease of white that is over them. Bg's nipples hardened once. I'm pretty sure I remember that correctly. I wasn't having one of my out of it moments, with the lycanthropy. Like when I grabbed her wrist, in that hospital room.

I keep thinking about that and my cock gets hard very fast. Imagining her hardened nipples running along the shaft of my cock, teasing the veins in it. The tips of her black hair brushing the tops of my thighs.

"Oh fuck, yes." I pick up the speed on my cock and close my eyes again. But instead of the model in the wet bikini I'm seeing an older Bg, wet and without the bikini. Before I can even think to stop myself I come hard, my semen wetting the bed sheet unevenly. I find myself panting trying to catch my breath and reminding myself to relax as I settle heavily back into the mattress under me again.

Day two of my new life as a lycan and I'm screwed. So very fucking screwed and I fucking know it. It's Bg, She's screwed me for anyone else. I am so fucking screwed. I'm hung up on a werewolf I can't fucking touch and for some stupid animal reason or other, the lycan in me won't let her go.

Day two as a lycan and I know exactly what I want out of this new life. I want her. Day two of my lycan life and now I know exactly where I stand in this world. Wherever she is. I have to be where she is, the thought enters my head with a certainty I've never felt before. Everything else is just background noise.

I know whatever comes next, if Bg says to do it, that I will. And that's how I'm going to screw myself. For a woman. Not just any woman. A werewolf.

Seven days into this new phase of my life and I think I've got a grip on the hold Bg has over me. At least I allow myself to be fooled into thinking that. I've been escorted around with her older siblings and therefore not had much contact with her since coming out of the hospital. The werewolf in charge of them all, the pack leader, is still trying to figure out what to do with Hooper and me.

It turns on this being a lycan thing, being me is complicated, more complicated than it appears to be. Turns out not are only werewolves real and in Brooklyn New York, but there are five werewolf packs in New York and many more around the country. It's been Bodil's job to tell me of the how and why of things. "So do you get it? The difference between werewolves and lycans now?" She asks me, tucking her brown hair behind her ear, elbows on the table in front of us..

"Sure," I mutter back at her. "It's a social caste system you've created. No equality amongst wolves. If you're honest with yourself, because I can tell you're smart enough, you'll actually agree that what I'm saying is true. Your kind, werewolves, feel that because others, who are wolves, lycans even, do not have the birth rite to call themselves something that you see so socially superior to the rest of us, beings. It's not really about the abilities and what not." I throw a cashew nut into my mouth and crunch down on it. She frowns back at me.

"That's not it." She growls. "And if you can't see that, then you're going to have a hell of a hard time fitting in, anywhere around here."

"I see it, all of it." I say sweeping my hands out around me. "I see, hear, smell, and feel more than I ever did before, when I was 'just' human Booker." I make little rabbit ears when I say that. "And since becoming lycan Booker, I've been subjected to the looks, the stares, the obvious prejudices that you," I say pointing at her, "Werewolves have grown up to believe is acceptable. Idioms and tolerances that have formed your culture of exclusiveness and superiority." I chuck another handful of nuts in my mouth and crunch them loudly.

"What, don't you guys think I hear the secret whisperings going on down in the kitchen just because I'm mint fresh at this wolf gig and sleeping in Aksel's room?" I smirk back at her watching her expression change to one of surprise. "See that's what I mean, you think you guys are the only ones who can,"

"You can hear us in the kitchen?" Bodil cuts me off. "When we're whispering?" She says leaning forward.

"Yeah, how else do you think I know Aksel said that lycans are just paper weight imitations of what you guys are and will never be anything more, especially with me and Hooper. If I recall correctly, he called Hooper a hopeless emotional mess and me whole lot of trouble

waiting to happen.” I smile back at her widely. I’m so sick of this bullshit talk about me and this stupid condition without anyone actually talking to me.

Bodil leans back and removes her elbows from the table top. “Booker, most lycans can’t hear over that kind of distance. It’s what we werewolves would call an alpha ability.”

My smile drops. “An alpha ability?”

“Yeah, brace yourself Booker. You’re going to need to accept a harsh truth. You’re not just a lycan anymore.”

“I’m not?” I ask, confused and slightly hopeful at the same time. Maybe there is a condition that is driving this need of mine to want Bg Sommers so damn badly.

“If I didn’t know better, I’d swear you were an Alpha Lycan. I’ve personally never heard of them or met one. But all I’ve ever learnt about lycans, I’ve never known one to be able to do what you just described. I mean, you get how far the kitchen is from the bedrooms right?”

“Right.” I reply feeling the hopefulness flit away quickly. “So you’re saying, that I am definitely a lycan then.”

“You know how wolves in the wild have runts in their litter?” She replies and I nod my head back at her. “Lycans are the runt of the paranormal wolf world. Except, I don’t think you’re a runt.”

I sigh and lean back against my seat. “Great.”

“This is great. You’ll see, it will be so much better for you to be an Alpha Lycan, than some sort of beta lycan who can’t do shit. Well you know, the good stuff.” Bodil says at me enthusiastically and my eyes flick up to the doorway behind her and the figure standing in it.

Bodil swivels around in her seat and she starts to get up. “Oh Bg, did you hear that?” Bg’s whole body language and hurt expression on her face is telling us both that she heard every word. She looks past Bodil and stares at me like I’ve stabbed her or something before turning around and leaving us alone again in the kitchen.

“Oh hey, Bg! I’m sorry! I didn’t mean that at you, you have to know!” Bodil shouts out after her, but she’s gone and I’m trying to figure out what just happened in the kitchen there.

Bodil sighs and plonks herself back down in the seat opposite me. “Well, fuck me.”

My eyebrows raise up sharply and she pulls her lip up at me in a snarl. Reassuring me it wasn’t an invitation to get into her pants. I’m just about to ask her what happened when she says “I’m an alpha werewolf, Aksel, our dad, all alpha werewolves. Markus, Bg and Joss are all beta’s.”

“Beta werewolves. I don’t get it.”

“Alpha s are rarer than beta wolves,” Bodil says waving a hand between us. “Beta wolves make up the most of the werewolf population. “It’s like the difference between a sports fan who watches their team from the sofa and a professional olympic athlete when it comes to ranking in hierarchy, pack status and abilities.”

My eyes drift back to the empty doorway and I feel an ache in my chest. “So is like segregation or something, between alphas and betas like socially or something.” I ask her.

Bodil shakes her head. “Not in our pack, not the Breukelen. But some other packs see it very much that way. It’s just we’re really conscious of not uh, flaunting our alpha abilities around Bg or anything.”

4

Tonight is the night, the first full moon since the attack and I’m kind of anxious. Everyone’s been telling me for the past month that I’m a lycan and trying to fill me up with knowledge on how the werewolf world works with and without lycans in it. But nobody is really told me about the whole, shape shifting when you become the wolf thing. How it works, what to do, what to expect. None of it. Seems like that’s the most important thing anyone could tell me about and it’s the one thing they’re not telling me about.

“Hey, you right for tonight?” I pull back from walking around the corner into the hallway where Bodil is talking to Bg and watch from a distance.

I haven’t spent much time with Bg. When I have, there’s always others around. It’s like being on a group date only not a date. I never really get the chance to just sit and chat with her, find out anything about her. Her siblings are super protective of her. Like overly, overly protective of her and yet, I see a subtle strength in her and wonder why no one else sees what I do in her.

I put it down to their werewolf arrogance. They are so self-assured it’s practically arrogance. It’s hard to ignore and be okay with and not call them out on it. I mean, yeah, so apparently I’m a lycan wolf, but I came from the real world before this. I can recognise arrogance and see it for what it is. Hooper and I, we never came from a rich family, and when you’re not in that scene to begin with, then you re eyes look around you more. You don’t get limited in your vision or your thinking.

Bg mumbles something back at Bodil and wanders off. Again, she looks sad. I’ve only seen her sad a handful of times and I know that I fucking hate it. And that I want to understand it and make her feel better. But I literally can’t get near her, especially today. I’ve tried a few times to make some bullshit excuse to get near her and today of all days, the fourth night of the lunar week, it’s like people deliberately keep the lycan away from the werewolf.

Something's going on but I can't figure it out. Something to do with lunar week or the full moon and Bg. Or maybe it's just a lycan, not allowed thing, that wouldn't be new. From what I've experienced so far with these Breukelen werewolves, there is plenty a lycan isn't allowed to do. Breaking down attitudes in this werewolf pack and community is like trying to push back a tidal wave with your bare hands.

I wait till Bg has gone and walk into the hallway towards Bodil. With lunar week, my lust for Bg has ramped right up. So as much as I am desperate to get to her, well the lycan part of me is, the rational part of me, the Booker Parish part of me that still exists, knows to pull that lycan part back. It's just animal instincts, hormonal wants. A desperate desire to consummate and fornicate with another wolf. Still, makes me wonder why I'm not trying to hit on Bodil. I still can't make sense of it.

"Hey, so uh, grab your stuff." She says to me.

"Why?"

"Because we're taking you to the woods for your first shape shift." Bodil replies matter-of-factly.

"What do you mean?"

"Relax. Your first time shifting is going to be odd. No doubt about it. It was for me, for Aksel, even though it went smoothly. The human has to submit to the wolf. Not everyone likes to submit. Come on, we'll talk on the way." Bodil says walking into my bedroom and looking around for my backpack.

"So where we going?"

"Somewhere local we use for shifting outdoors even though we're not permitted to."

"What about Bg and Markus and Joss, what was it like for them?"

Bodil straightens up and looks back at me. "Oh, we might not have covered this. Werewolves don't actually shift until they hit puberty and then within the first three years of puberty they generally uh, experience the shift for the first time. After that, they can shape shift all the time. So you know, Joss is too young, he hasn't gone through the shift yet."

"And uh, Markus and Bg?"

Bodil stiffens a bit and I wonder why. "Uh, yeah, they've both shifted." She turns around quickly and starts grabbing a spare set of clothes and shoving them into my back pack.

"Oh yeah, when did they shift?" I ask going for casual.

"Markus was year before last." Bodil replies, holding up a t-shirt for me. "Black or grey?" She asks me.

“What about Bg?” I ask her, hoping my desperation to know anything about the beta werewolf doesn’t show since I’ve been denied access to her all day.

“I think, grey suits you. You wear too much black.” Bodil replies and rolls up the t-shirt and puts in the pack. “We’ll also take some food and,” I can tell she’s avoiding my question but I can’t figure out why and I don’t want to seem obvious. I need to have this little bit of sister to myself. Whilst my brain knows this, I can’t stop my mouth.

“And what about Bg’s first shape shift?” I ask and Bodil goes absolutely still and drops my backpack. She turns around on her heel and her face is pure rage. She storms past me and over to the bedroom door, slamming it closed, before getting back up in my personal space, putting her face right up into mine.

“Will you stop it with the Bg shape shift questions? That topic is off limits. And you ask me one more time and I will show you what an Alpha I am. Do you fucking understand, lycan?” She yells into my face. Her teeth are extending and sharpening and I watch as they become something like fangs. Jesus they look like she could just rip my throat out if she wanted to.

I must have shown something on my face, because Bodil continues on saying “Stay the fuck away from my sister and you’ll get through tonight just fine, if you do what I say.”

I put up my hands to show her I’m backing down. “Okay, okay.” I have no idea why she’s gone so fucking feral on me. I don’t get what I said or did. She never drops her eyes off mine and I step back away from her.

5

Hooper’s become fairly withdrawn and distant from me since the attack. More so when he saw that I had chosen to accept being taken under the wolves’ hospitality in learning more about this, while the Breukelen alpha decides what to do with us. Apparently nothing is written in stone though.

Hooper has quite literally distanced himself from us, and Brooklyn. He’s found himself accommodation in the Bronx and said he’s happy to stay there. He said I was pussy-whipped and obsessed with fucking the werewolf females, and that since he’s gay, he has no fucking interest in that, so I, along with the Breukelen werewolves, could go fuck myself.

I’ve never really been to the woods at night before. Never really had a need to go or a want. But we’re here now to find out if I really am a lycan through and through. Bodil assures me that’s just a formality. If I wasn’t a lycan and the lycanthropy wasn’t running through my blood stream now, then I wouldn’t have the whole heightened senses things.

I walk through the woods with another werewolf I don’t really know that well, Nick Olsen. He’s tall and wiry and has serious bed head hair. Bodil and Aksel are in front of us, along

with Markus and behind us, are more teenage werewolves I've slowly been introduced to. Boden is one of them and some girls, whose names I don't remember.

"Hey man, can I ask you a question?"

"Isn't that in itself a question?" Nick replies back at me.

"Yeah I guess." I reply and fall silent.

Nick laughs and hits my shoulder with what he probably thinks is a light punch. "I'm just fucking with you man, go ahead, ask. We are all for the lycan learning here." Nick says and I adjust my backpack on my shoulder.

"I just wondered why Bodil reacted the way she did to something I asked about shape shifting today." I glance over at Nick and he's frowning.

"That does not sound like Bo. Although she is a bit uptight sometimes. What did you want know?" Nick asks and that driving need to have something of Bg just makes the words spew out my mouth faster than I can think.

"When did Bg, her sister first shape shift?" Before I can gauge his reaction his hands are on me and I'm being thrown to the ground. My head snaps back and hits the earth hard and Nick is on me. There are voices asking what has happened.

"Stay the fuck away from Bg Sommers lycan or I will rip your god damn balls off." Nick growls at me. In the darkness I can see his eyes glow. They've changed to werewolf's eyes.

"I didn't mean anything by it. I just don't understand." I pant out at him as he lays his knee heavily into my chest and I feel his weight bear down on me painfully.

"What the fuck?" Aksel's voice is becoming clearer.

"They're just talking. Mano on Mano." One of the girls pipes up.

"Or Nick is making his move early on this one." Boden adds and there is laughter. The sound of Aksel clomping through the undergrowth is becoming more prominent and Nick knows he does not have any time to do anything before Aksel reaches me. He leans down to my ear and says.

"She was raped by a pack of lycans on her first shift. Think about doing the same and me and my pack will fuck you so bad that you just might not survive this full moon." He pushes me back down in the dirt and gets up as Aksel finally appears.

There are three alpha s in this little lunar night foray. Aksel, Bodil and Nick. Plus a number of other wolves, loyal to the pack. They barely accept me, and only because Bodil is making it very clear she has befriended me.

“Sorry, I tripped and dragged Nick down with me. He thought I wanted to kiss him.” I stare back up at Aksel pushing up again, as Nick’s words sink deep within me. It’s not the threat by him that bothers me. It’s what he said about Bg, I can feel my anger surfacing just thinking about what he said.

“Jesus, Olsen, keep it in your pants for one night will ya.” Aksel mutters and leaves me dusting myself off from my fall.

6

“The trick to shape shifting,” Bodil says, unbuttoning her jeans and sliding them down her legs. “Is just to let everything go and feel nothing but the moon in your blood stream.”

I look at her illuminated in the moonlight and wonder why I’m not hardening at the sight of her stripping. She has a great body. Full breasts and her body is slim and curvy and perfectly portioned. All of them actually have great bodies, it’s not exactly an ugly crowd I’ve fallen into. And everybody is dropping their gear.

I figure I should do the same and so I undo my pants too. I pull my t-shirt up over my head and stand there in my jocks, watching the group around me as they ditch all clothing, all underwear, without hesitation, or second thought. “I have no idea how to do that. The moon thing.” I say slipping my jocks down my legs and off.

Bodil’s eyes drop and she glances at my cock and smirks back up at me. I feel compelled to put my hand in front of it. I’m not used to group nudity. Or a female being quite that confidently bold around naked males. It’s not hard because she’s not what it’s attracted to. And with just that thought, my cock shows me how much of a mind of its own it has and starts to harden as Bg enters my brain again.

The werewolf I am attracted to, the werewolf I have been denied being around all fucking week! Jesus, now’s not the time to get hard I’m pretty sure. I try to will my cock to calm down and keep it hidden under my hands, but it’s not working. The lycan in me remembers Bg in great detail.

As I look around at the group of teenage werewolves, I see that some of the guys are jerking themselves off, without shame, without hiding it from the females of the group. “It helps.” Boden says over at me as he pulls on his cock and looks at Bodil who seems to share some sort of look of intimacy with him, even though they stand apart. “With the shifting, it helps the body to go lax, as opposed to fighting it.”

“Forget the moon the first time Booker, just seriously jerk off until you come so fucking hard you see stars.” Aksel offers me. “The rest will then just happen naturally after that, guarantee it.”

I sit down on the ground, my back against a tree, knees up and wide and allow my nostrils to flare in take in the scent of wet sex in the air, some of the girls are masturbating themselves too. Nick is rubbing against Bodil, kissing her. I wonder if they’re all going to have group orgy or something and if I’ll be expected to take part in it. Never done an orgy. Then Nick glances over at me as he runs his nose along Bodil’s neck and stares at me before looking away and I’m reminded of Bg.

I close my eyes and think of her, not the way Nick described her to me on the walk. That’s not my Bg. My Bg, when did I decide she was mine? My Bg is strong and gorgeous and her nipples harden when I hold her wrist. Does she like being held down? Is that why her nipples hardened that day. My cock is sliding through my hand quickly. Maybe the whole reason I’m attracted to her is because of the lycan thing that happened to her. Can werewolves retain scent on them? I would never hurt her like that. I shake the thought from my head and focus on my Bg, naked and glorious before me. Looking at me to show her love.

I think of those nipples hardening into my chest as I kissed every inch of her skin. How her scent is so sweet, that when I then licked her skin, it would make me crave her even more. How I would make love to her. How she would cling to my body, panting and moaning, her head arching back to expose the underside of her throat. My teeth scraping that soft skin, and my tongue following the marks I leave on her, licking them like prized stamps of territorial marking. Making her mine. My Bg.

I cry out and my cock spurts itself all over my hand and everywhere as I come so hard, that I have to clamp my teeth together tightly to stop from saying her name. The backs of my eyelids are white and my body keeps moving, rocking and pushing at me, throwing me to the ground as my come seems to be endless in its need to drive my orgasm to heights I’ve never known before. I let go of my cock and feel the other me, and let it know what being inside her would be like.

I’ve never been so overwhelmed before. I can taste blood and dirt and vaguely hear laughter and other voices fading from wherever I am. And my brain clings to the image of BG looking over me, soulful brown eyes staring down at me, as a heat like nothing I’ve ever felt before burns over the fibers of muscles in my legs and arms, through my backside and stomach.

“He’s shifting.” Is the last of the English language I hear as Bg begins to fade from my mind. My lycan drags me up to the night air, towards that strumming heat and I jerk collapsing and rebuilding again.

The pain is sharp but short and temporary. Lightning strikes here and there and smells sharpen around me introducing me to the third world I’ve ever known.

The world according to the lycan.

I survive my first full moon and it confirms what I've really known all along, I'm a lycan wolf now. The next day we return back to the house, looking like regular teenagers. The others seem to have accepted me more now, they seem a bit more relaxed around me. Except Nick who's still weary and giving me suspicious looks.

I walk into the room I've been put up in and find Bg standing there, something in her hand.

"Hey,"

"Hey yourself." I smile back at her, happy to see her. "What you got there?" I ask moving towards her. She doesn't step back, she steps sideways when I go to grab the paper out of her hand and laughs.

"I was just going to leave you a note, in case I didn't see you." I nod my head and know I'm staring at her, but I can't stop it. "How'd you go last night?" She asks quickly.

"Yeah, good." She raises her eyebrows and I find myself not wanting to say lycan around her. I don't want her to think poorly of me, because I'm not a werewolf.

"Good." She mutters.

"You?" I ask and then mentally want to kick myself in the head.

"Yeah, uh, pups don't get hang with the big kids on lunar weeks." She says quickly, waving her hand around. Her nervousness is totally endearing. We fall into silence and we look at each other, unable not to. I wonder how she shifted, where she was when she shifted last night, what it was like for her.

"So uh, the note," I say trying to keep some level headedness around me. I mean, this is the wolf I've been desiring since I laid eyes on her and she's in my bedroom. I'm still feeling the effects of lunar week, Bodil said that would be normal for another day or too. Even in the day time. To feel things more than normal, like want and lust and desire and everything.

"Ah, right. The Breukelen alpha would like to see you." Bg says and I feel like I've been hit in the solar plexus.

"So this is it?" I say at her half smiling and feeling for something like the third time in my life, butterflies in my stomach.

"Yeah." She replies holding my smile.

"He's finally decided what to do with me and my brother."

“Yeah.”

“And? Any clues?” I ask her cheekily. I don’t want this conversation to end.

“You better go see him and find out for yourself.” She smirks back at me and ducks her head before walking around me and back out the bedroom door.

“Bg,” I call out to her and she stops. Her hand on the bedroom door handle.

“Yeah?”

“I know it was you. All you, campaigning for my brother and I to be accepted into the Breukelen pack.”

“So?” She remarks over her shoulder.

“I’m saying thank you, regardless of what you’re dad decides. It’s amazing that anyone, especially a werewolf, would do that for us. Thank you.”

“You’re welcome.” She says flashing a full smile at me and those butterflies go crazy inside me and I fight the urge to rush over and kiss her hard. “But Booker,”

“Yeah,”

“Just remember, when you step into that office, He’s not my father, He’s the Breukelen Alpha, werewolf through and through. Not usually a friend to lycans, you need to show him that respect, otherwise he might just change his mind. Oh and Booker,” She pauses waiting for me.

“Yes Bg,” I reply enjoying our tango of words and saying her name.

“That was your clue.” Bg grins and walks out the door, leaving it open for me to follow her. Giving me a reason to like life again. My new life, as a Breukelen pack wolf.

Booker & BG related stories:

Wolves at The Door

Perception

Of Wolf and Male

Lycan La Vida Loca

More posts on Booker can be found on the blog - [A Werewolf Blog in Brooklyn](#)

[Breukelen Girl Novels at Smashwords.com](#)

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[Red White and Werewolf](#)

[Werewolf Storm](#)

[Wild Life](#)

[Lunar Night Stand](#)

[The Pack](#)

[Revenge](#)

[Reasons](#)

[Of Wolf and Male](#)

[Beasts of Burden](#)

[Nature of the Beast](#)

[Alpha](#)

[Lycan La Vida Loca](#)

[Perception](#)

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[Other Breukelen girl \(werewolf\) novels](#)

[Lunar Nights](#)

[Bleeding Hearts](#)

The Shadow trilogy:

Shadow Aspect – Book 1

Shadow Games – Book 2

Shadow Boxing – Book 3

Red White and Werewolf

A podcast series and novel

The free prequel podcast can be found on www.itunes.com and www.sticherradio.com and www.talkshoe.com

The day before her twenty ninth birthday Bg Sommers is kidnapped before the eyes of her pack mate lover Paris D'arenberg.

Awaking far from her home in Brooklyn New York, BG finds herself in unfamiliar surroundings two other kidnapped werewolves, Phelan and Thane Cavello, alpha werewolf males. Together with the werewolves, must work together to escape being hunted, by a powerfully terrifying, relentless enemy. Even if it means, disobeying werewolf pack laws and territory lines.

Together Phelan, Thane and BG try to work through their differences. But Bg finds the risks of being around the Cavello s is far greater than first thought. A connection between the three werewolves, threatens to do more damage to Bg and her life, than she could have ever imagined.

Uncovering the meaning of the three werewolf's connection will mean confronting her past, to reclaim her future especially if she is to have one with Paris.

Wolves At The Door

The werewolf across the hall from Hooper Parish s place is hot. So damn hot that Hooper can't help but pay attention to him so badly that all he wants to do is submit to the Alpha werewolf, Thane Cavello.

But Hooper has issues. One; he hates werewolves, two; he hates werewolf packs, three; he hates lycans and four; he hates himself because he is a lycan. Made by a werewolf after an attack, seventeen years ago. Can he learn to love himself enough to be loved in return? Do you let the wolf that you are define you or the one you could be?

Falling for Thane was always going to be a challenge and a complicating one at that for Hooper to work out.

Add families from both sides of each male to the mix, and secrets are going to get exposed, and love will challenge loyalty because of it. Who do these wolves trust, when it can't be their own kind and their hearts know no better? Leaving Hooper with another issue to add to his list; like what does he want out of his lycan life, a pack mate, love, or family?

Wolves

Tatum Lee is a lycan. She knows it. She can't help but not know it, because it seems everyone is always reminding her of it.

Being a lycan isn't exactly a title you wear with pride, far from it. In New York City, home to the Manhattan Maen werewolf pack, it's the last thing she wants to announce upon her arrival there. Tatum just wants to be left alone. But it seems that isn't going to happen.

Especially when she captures the attention of Wiatt D arenberg, enforcer for the Manhattan Maen pack. Its Wiatt s job to ensure there are no lycan in the Manhattan Maen s territory, including Tatum. But once she's on his radar, he can't seem to get her off it.

Having an untrained, lycan in his territory, on a lunar week means it's up to Wiatt to ensure she's not a danger to his pack or the public, and that means taming her. If he can tame his feelings towards the wolf He's not supposed to want, first.

Wolves Love

Werewolves are real. Tatum Lee knows that only too well. Ever since she was attacked by one and infected with lycanthropy. But werewolves do not like lycans. Humans who have been turned into wolves, not born a werewolf. Tatum has had more than her share of experiencing their dislike of her kind.

There are many werewolves in New York City, pack werewolves. Luckily she has Wiatt D arenberg, a more than friendly Manhattan Maen werewolf to help her out. As Tatum adjusts to life in Manhattan with Wiatt, she slowly glimpses more of the werewolf pack culture.

She finds herself put in a position of expectation with their law and ways without little thought for herself. But if it means living and loving Wiatt, then she is willing to do that. Except, there are other wolves who do not believe lycans and werewolves should mix and will see to it that Wiatt and Tatum are torn apart. Literally if necessary.

Tatum finds herself in a hard position that might just tear her and Wiatt apart first, before anyone else can get to them. How can they stay together with so many factors are trying to drive them apart?

Werewolf love is hard. But werewolves love even harder.

Shadow Aspect - Book 1

Katelyn Phoenix leads a low life. She's never had a life full of privilege, prominence or affluence. But she's always been able to see the truth in other people, it's always been her gift.

Because Katelyn is not your average human female. She's a truth-sayer and being one of those is rare and highly, valuable if you want to commit personal espionage on others.

Katelyn is never had a problem with what she does, it's not for her to question the ethics of it. Because nobody ever questions her, when she gets them what they want to extort over others. If they're willing to pay the right price for her services.

Tarin Armadel is more than willing to pay the price for hiring Katelyn Phoenix. Because in the supernatural world of Melbourne, Australia, Tarin is not what he seems at first glance either. He comes from the shadows of a cold Melbourne night, to make a proposition to Katelyn that's too good to refuse. Especially when it involves the mysterious, Tarin in it.

Katelyn finds herself entering the supernatural world she's only ever been on the fringes of before, and falling deeper and deeper for Tarin in the process. But she's unable to read Tarin, which is something of blessing and a burden. How is she supposed to know what she's getting into with him? He's everything she's never had before in her life and there's probably a very good reason for that. If only she could get to the bottom of the truth to find out before it's too late.

Shadow Games - Book 2

Katelyn Phoenix leads a low life. She's never had a life full of privilege, prominence or affluence. But she's always been able to see the truth in other people, it's always been her gift. Because Katelyn is not your average human female. She's a truth-sayer and being one of those is rare and highly, valuable if you want to commit personal espionage on others.

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Shadow Boxing - Book 3

Who knew falling in love with a demon could be so hard on the heart? Katelyn Phoenix sure didn't t when she met shadow demon, Tarin Armadel.

Katelyn has always lead a low life. She's never had a life full of privilege, prominence or affluence. But she's always been able to see the truth in other people, it's always been her gift.

Because Katelyn s not your average human female. She's a truth-sayer and being one of those is rare and highly, valuable if you want to commit personal espionage on others. Especially when you want to target paranormal beings.

After a failed murder attempt on her life, vampires and bounty hunters chasing her, a unicorn assassin targeting her, Katelyn could do with a lucky break. Pity the truth-sayer god, Asha whom she is the vessel for, has decided the same thing and left Katleyn to fend for herself and her heart, with Tarin.

Without her truth-sayer abilities how does Katelyn know if she can trust her demon lover? Especially when it looks like he'd willingly pair up with his enemies, to enslave Katelyn for his own purposes.

But before Katelyn can work out her feelings on the matter, there is the issue of finding out who's after them and why.

Katelyn and Tarin must face more than their enemies together. They must face up to what they mean to one another, in order to save what they have, together.

Werewolf Storm

I guess you could say I was having the day from hell.

Well, it didn't t exactly start out that way, and I may have caused a little of the trouble myself, when I managed to ditch the protective detail of werewolf bodyguards who were assigned to me. But beyond that, the rest of my day, was well and truly outside of my control. Which was a bit like my life as a Breukelen pack werewolf.

Meeting shape shifting doctor, Megan Marisini from the Neiwe Teme Pack in New Jersey, New York, kind of blew my mind well and truly open. Nothing like discovery you're not who you thought you were for your whole life, to change your day. That and say a super storm. I didn't know about the warnings and couldn't evacuate in time to before the storm hit and tilted my world on an axis I never saw coming.

Alpha

Bodil Sommers has never been one for attention, but as the lunar week approaches and the moon rises high in the night sky, she's going to get a lot of it, from various werewolf males. Doesn't help if you are the leading pack alpha's daughter and every werewolf in the tri-state area wants a piece of you. And not necessarily in a good way.

Two of the males pursuing her are from her own pack and proving more than an enough to keep up with. Nick Olsen an alpha and Boden Jennings a beta werewolf who are always fighting one another. They're supposed to be the better option, than giving herself over to another pack's alpha male or having to win her right to date, through dominance fighting.

But Bodil finds her paws full when neither male will back down and she can't figure out what she wants, let alone who she wants, as well as having to stop an impending turf war with another werewolf pack, all before full moon. Who new dating was so complicated?

New York, leave it to the wolves.

Beasts of Burden

A Side Show Story related to the full length novel *The Nature of the Beast*

Bg Sommers is in Seattle to catch up with her good friend, and fellow beta werewolf, Sonny Charleston. As usual, a night out on the town would't be a night out if trouble didn't follow them and bring BG more attention than she can handle. When the dangerous looking alpha werewolf, Paris D arenberg sets his sights on her.

Bg's heart knows it's in trouble, even before the end of the night. As thoughts of her relationship with her pack mate Conall Wakely back home fade, she realizes her heart is willing to be taken and not by just anyone.

Returning home to Brooklyn after her mind opening weekend away, Bg comes face to face with all aspects and werewolves, of her love life. In order for her to find true happiness, she has to make some personal decisions about it and risk herself in the process.

Is she a fearlessness werewolf to truly try and unburden the beast that is her werewolf heart? Conflicted she must conquer what her heart truly desires and understand that it is okay to seek love and to love fully.

Wild Life

Addison Harrington is used to leading a pretty wild life. After all, you don't get to be a werewolf and be normal, as such. As an alpha werewolf and second in command of the Manhattan Maen werewolf pack, He's very much used to living the werewolf way of life. He's up to his neck in werewolves, daily, nightly and at all times.

So when he finds himself face to face with Cassidy Owens, a non-werewolf female at a pack party, he becomes a little intrigued in the human species. Even if he is somewhat unsure of what to do, other than have some fun. But can he have fun with a human woman? His version of fun? After all, Addison s never been one for human companions, or relations as such.

As the lunar week approaches, Addison finds himself drawn to Cassidy. But his werewolf lifestyle could spell trouble, for the both of them. Before Addison can figure out how to break it off with Cassidy, she is dragged, kicking and screaming into the werewolf world at large. Addison finds he must save Cassidy as much as he must save himself by confronting his own feelings for a human. Feelings he thought he'd never have.

Bleeding Hearts

Not all Werewolf packs are equal, and not all werewolves are equal either. Doll and Jeremy are 'strays', werewolves without a pack. They witnessed the decimation of their pack by a pack of Alpha werewolves. After escaping their imprisonment, they find themselves far away on the other side of the country, the shores of the Pacific, amongst the Seattle Alki Pack.

Can these two young strays overcome their fears of alpha wolves to forge a new life with new pack-mates?

And when an old enemy reappears to claim them, will the trust in their new pack be stronger than their need to flee? Will the Seattle Alki help them fight for their very lives? Or leave them broken hearted, bloodied and torn apart, for the wolves?

Lunar Night Stand

A Side Show Story related to the full length novel The Pack.

Gabby Colton is cool, calm and very collected, most of the time, she has to be, and she's an alpha werewolf from the Manhattan Maen werewolf pack. Which means living by expectations and pack rules and standards. But having Conall Wakely turn up unexpectedly on her doorstep during a lunar week, throws the alpha female. But then Gabby sees an opportunity worth taking.

There is history between Conall and Gabby and it isn't at all good. So what good could come from these two meeting up without anyone to pull them apart? Then again, Conall Wakely's never been a model good guy. So why not indulge in his bad boy behavior? Besides, what is the worst an alpha female werewolf could possibly do to him, other than break his balls?

This is what happens when young Breukelen beta werewolf, Conall Wakely decides to pay a house visit to Manhattan Maen's fiercest alpha female, Gabby Colton.

The Pack

On an irregular lunar week in Manhattan New York, odd things are happening. The Werewolves of New York City are acting up. And it seems everyone is affected, even Manhattan Maen pack leader, Paris D'arenberg.

But does Paris see the chaos around him or is he used to it? His pack mate BG tries to warn him that something is coming. But what would be brave enough to come for an alpha werewolf? Especially a pack leader like Paris. Or is Paris not the real target of these strange events? As the lunar week unfolds, BG and the Manhattan Maen werewolf pack will have to face something unexpected and unprecedented happening to them. Which will require making the hardest decision of BG's life. How can her love for Paris survive, if he doesn't?

Revenge

What happens to a werewolf on a lunar eclipse? Well, one werewolf in particular. The follow on from Reasons. Gabby and BG sort out a few differences between them.

Reasons

Everything happens for a reason, right? And everybody's got their reasons for doing what they do, right? So explain to me, Breukelen Girl, why an Alpha female werewolf hates my guts enough to try and kill me.

This is the story of what happens when two female werewolves, one Alpha - and one Beta - from differing packs, do not get along and animosity grows into hatred and hatred becomes, an action that is unavoidable. For either werewolf.

Of Wolf and Male

My love life is complicated. Because I'm a Werewolf. I broke up with my boyfriend, He's from the same pack as me. He doesn't appreciate me going out with an Alpha male from another New York Pack. Males, wolves, I swear they're all the same. They just want to claim something as they're own. Namely me.

Two male werewolves, one beta, one alpha and one female. An ex-boyfriend, a new boyfriend, two different packs. Somehow all the trouble that involves the female wolf at the center of their interest, comes down to who slept with her first. Who she has given her virginity to.

It'd shock both male wolves if they found out it was neither one of them.

Lycan La Vida Loca

My love life is complicated. Because I'm a werewolf. I think it's always been complicated. In part due to my first serious romance. Because he's my alpha pack mate's friend. My pack mate doesn't know this. To make matters trickier, my first true love is a lycan. Werewolves look down on lycans. So how would my pack mate look at me, if he knew I'd given my virginity to a lycan?

Werewolves do not like to think of lycans as equals to them. So to fall in love with a lycan would be considered bad for a werewolf like Breukelen Girl. But to fall in love and then make love to a lycan, would be considered the worst thing a werewolf could do.

Especially for a werewolf like Breukelen Girl, from the leading pack family in Brooklyn, New York.

Perception

Werewolves are attacking humans in Brooklyn New York. Leaving two survivors devastated and near death s door to face forever becoming lycans, BG knows she can help the affected males.

With an over protective father and pack leader, a concerned family smothering her with love and restriction, Bg finds herself wanting to help the Lycan - Booker, fit into a werewolf run world.

As an attraction flares between BG and Booker Parish, and as much as BG knows that in her werewolf culture lycans are not welcomed, she can't resist pursuing something everyone tells her is wrong, when it feels right.

Growing up Werewolf

Growing up in the Breukelen Werewolf pack leading family is difficult enough when you re siblings are more badass, and hardcore and older than you.

BG prepares herself for her first shape shift, her werewolf rite of passage to finally become what she has always longed to be, a pack werewolf.

The thing with a first time is it's always the time you remember the most. The one thing you carry with you always in the back of your mind. Bg Sommers thought she knew what to expect, with her first shape shift, she'd heard all the stories, including the horror stories.

She just didn't think she'd become one, when she became a werewolf.

Lunar Nights

A short collection of werewolf erotica in bite size pieces.

You can find out more about Breukelen Girl– A Werewolf Blog in Brooklyn Blog:
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