

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS



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Pledge Slave

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PLEDGE SLAVE

Evangeline Anderson

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Chapter One

Present Day

Andrew Baines III was ready to die.

He had a gun, a Glock 9 mm he'd borrowed from a friend who was a cop, and he knew how to use it. He had all his affairs in order including his will, which left everything to his fiancée, Elizabeth. As a junior partner in Weston, Baines and Linden, one of the most prestigious litigation firms in the South, there was plenty to leave including the townhouse, the boat, the Jaguar she loved so much, and a fat portfolio. He had more financially than most men his age but it hadn't made him happy—he hoped maybe Elizabeth would feel differently. Giving her all his worldly goods was the least he could do for her since he had never been able to give her his love. The only thing she wasn't going to get was Link, his purebred Alaskan Husky.

Link was going to Tony Ginelli, Andrew's college roommate. Andrew hadn't seen him in almost nine years, not since the night when...he pushed the bad memory away. The point was, no matter how badly things had ended between them, he knew Tony liked animals and he wanted his old roommate to have something to remember him by—something that was precious to Andrew. And he wanted Tony to know that Andrew was thinking about him at the moment of his death.

He had gotten Tony's current e-mail address from one of those "catch up with your old classmates" websites and he hoped it was correct. If not, he supposed that Elizabeth would have to find a home for Link. It shouldn't be hard—the Husky was a beautiful animal with a sweet temperament.

Andrew only hoped if someone besides Tony got the dog, they would have more time to spend with her than he had himself. Lately it seemed as if he spent more time at work than at home and when he wasn't working, he was out planning the massive five-figure wedding Elizabeth had insisted on. The wedding that was never going to take place now. He felt a sense of relief from that. At least he wasn't going to have to stand up in front of five hundred friends, relatives and strangers and lie—that was something.

He thought maybe it was the prospect of the wedding that had finally pushed him over the edge. The idea of tying himself forever to someone he didn't love, when the person he really cared about was forever out of reach was just too much. He'd been living with Elizabeth for quite a while now but they had only announced their engagement the night before at a huge party at his parents' house. Andrew could barely remember the blur of smiling faces, of hands shaking his, of voices congratulating him on his good fortune. If only they knew how he really felt—like he was drowning in a sea of lies, struggling in a web of deceit he himself had woven.

Andrew took a deep breath and shook off the memory of the night before. He had to get back to the matter at hand. The suicide note, such as it was, was finished. He placed it carefully on the windowsill of his expensive twenty-five hundred square-foot townhouse. The note simply said, *I'm sorry, I can't do this anymore. Please forgive me. Andrew.*

There was nothing left to do but pull the trigger. Andrew turned from the window and went to pick up the gun from his dresser. It lay like a deadly toy between his Omni watch and the diamond stud cuff links Elizabeth had given him to commemorate their engagement. As he hefted the cold, steel weight of the killing machine in his hand, he stopped to look at his reflection.

The heavy, mahogany-framed mirror hanging on the wall in front of the dresser showed a well-built man a little under six feet tall with sandy brown hair and large blue eyes thickly fringed with black lashes. His features were a little too fine, a little too delicate to be as masculine as he would have liked but other than having a "pretty face" he wasn't much out of the ordinary. He went to the gym on a regular basis to keep in shape but he wasn't bulging with muscles, having more of a lean swimmer's frame. He had on a plain, blue Gap T-shirt and a pair of khakis that fit him well, which was nice, considering they were the last clothes he would ever wear.

To look at him now no one would guess he was next in line for partnership and a six-figure salary or that he was about to marry the South's ultimate trophy wife—a blonde-bombshell debutante from one of the first families. He just looked like any mid-to-late twenties guy you might see on the street. Andrew thought with bitter satisfaction that they could dress him up in one of the Armani suits Elizabeth had been so fond of and his father had insisted he wear to the office for his funeral. Right now, he had decided to die in comfort.

It was with a mingled sense of relief and regret that he lifted the cold, steady weight of the Glock to his face and slid the muzzle between his lips. The barrel of the gun tasted oily and felt cold against his tongue as he angled it up toward the roof of his mouth. He'd read horror stories on the internet about people lobotomizing themselves or just blowing off their jaw during botched suicide attempts and he was determined to do this right. The bullet would enter the middle of his brain and exit the back of his head, killing him instantly. No more questions, no more regrets. Just the end of Andrew Baines III.

His finger was already squeezing down on the trigger when he heard an uneasy whining coming from downstairs. Link was pacing across the kitchen floor, her toenails clicking on the imported Italian tiles. She always wanted to be by his side but Andrew had decided it was best to lock her in the kitchen while he did what he had to do. He didn't like the idea of his blood splattering across her snow-white fur or her getting in the way of the bullet somehow once it exited the back of his head.

Sorry, Link, he thought, his finger exerting a little more pressure on the trigger. *Love you, girl, but it's time to go. Don't worry, I'm sure Tony will take good care of you. I know he always took good care of me...* He pushed the thought away quickly. There was no time for

regrets—only for action. One quick squeeze and it was all going to be over. Just one bullet was all it took to end the bottomless lie his life had become.

Suddenly, there was a frantic banging at the front door. Andrew jerked, the gun barrel clicking painfully against his front teeth before he yanked it out of his mouth. *Who the hell...?* The question barely had time to form in his mind before it was answered.

“Drew? Drew!” a deep, angry voice shouted outside. “Damn it, come open this door *now!*”

There was only one person who had ever called him that, only one person who could possibly be at his front door. Tony. But how could he know? And why was he here? Did he really care what happened to Andrew after all these years?

“Drew? Damn it—don’t make me break down the fuckin’ door!”

Andrew looked out the window. Sure enough, it was Tony—his tall, broad-shouldered figure was unmistakable in the waning light of the setting sun. High in the corner of the sky a ghostly full moon was rising, somehow making him look even bigger. Even though it had been years since Andrew had last seen him, he knew he would never forget his powerful frame, his thick black hair and bottomless black eyes that could be enraged one minute and filled with laughter the next.

Once the sight of his old friend hammering on the door, begging him to open up, ordering him to come down, would have stopped Andrew. But that time had long passed, back when they’d first met. Back in those few magical months when they’d shared more than friendship and before the night that had changed both their lives forever. Those days and the bond that he and Tony had shared were lost now—gone forever beyond his reach. It was too late.

Andrew put the barrel of the gun back in his mouth.

Chapter Two

“Oh, God, don’t let me be too late,” Tony muttered under his breath. He frantically pounded on the front door again and shouted for his friend. “Drew? Drew!” There was no response.

When he’d gotten the e-mail, Tony had been surprised to hear from Andrew, to know that he even still thought of him. He’d clicked on the message eagerly, wondering if Drew was finally ready to forgive and forget. Finally ready to let Tony back into his life. But what he read when he opened the e-mail chilled him.

Dear Tony,

I know it’s been a long time and you’re probably wondering why I chose now to get back in contact with you. I can’t really answer that question myself, except to say that I never stopped thinking of you. I’ve picked up the phone a thousand times, wanting to call you but I could never work up the courage after what happened that last night we were together. I’ve replayed that night over in my head a thousand times, trying to understand it, but I guess I never will. It doesn’t matter now because I won’t be around much longer.

I think the point of this kind of note is to leave the ones left behind explanations or at least material possessions. What I’d like to leave to you is my Alaskan Husky, Link. She’s a beautiful, well-trained dog and I know you like animals. So if you have room in your life and your heart for her, I’d be very grateful.

I should end this note now but I feel compelled to say that despite the way things ended for us, you’re still the best friend I’ve ever had and the times we shared back at the frat house at USC were the best in my life. Sometimes I wish I could go back to that time, to those few short months because I think it was the only time I can ever remember feeling whole. After that everything changed – fractured into a million lies. Lies I’m just too tired to tell anymore.

I’ve always admired you for being true to yourself no matter what and I wish I could do the same. I believe things might have worked out differently if I could have.

Drew.

Tony shook his head. He’d kept up with his old friend’s life through mutual acquaintances and he knew that anyone else might wonder why Andrew had chosen to kill himself. He seemed to have his whole life in front of him—a prestigious and lucrative career, a beautiful place to live, a boat, a luxury car, and a gorgeous fiancée.

Yet, as inexplicable as it seemed, Tony thought he might have an idea why Drew would decide to off himself when he had so much going for him. But it was an idea he hadn’t even dared to consider for years. Not since the end of those few months together

at USC that Drew had mentioned in his e-mail. Not since that last, horrible night when...

A loud barking from inside the townhouse broke his train of thought. That must be Link, the Husky Andrew had talked about. Huskies were fiercely loyal and intuitive dogs—the fact that this one was excited and anxious made Tony think she knew something was about to happen. And maybe the fact that she was still upset meant it hadn't happened yet. Maybe it wasn't too late.

As Tony broke down the door, his mind flashed back to almost nine years before, the first time he'd ever seen Andrew Baines III...

Chapter Three

Nine Years Before USC campus

"That one's going to be trouble." Steven Wainwright, the chapter president of the Alpha Psi USC branch frowned and crossed his arms over his narrow chest as he eyed the new pledges. Alpha Psi, whose motto was "Brother to Brother, Our Hearts Are United", was one of the most prestigious and hard-to-get-into frats in the South, so there was no shortage of willing victims when rush week came along. The ones who were chosen to pledge Alpha Psi had to earn their place in the fraternal order by going through a week of extreme hazing that made boot camp look like nursery school. "Hell Week" the pledges called it, and the name fit.

"Which one's trouble?" Tony frowned, looking up from the pocketknife he'd been using to clean his nails. They all looked the same to him, lined up for inspection in a trembling row, more boys than men. They kept their eyes down and answered "Yes, Sir" and "No, Sir" as the other Alpha brothers shouted questions in their faces.

Tony didn't feel the need to join in the intimidation. He was six-four and two forty—every ounce of it muscle. His size and the quiet air of menace he carried with him at all times had earned him the nickname, "the bull" among the other Alphas and guaranteed that he was a frightening figure even if he never opened his mouth.

It was a gorgeous fall day on the USC campus and they were standing outside on the wraparound front porch of the chapter house. Tony was downwind of the group at the other end of the porch. He could smell the fear of the new pledges clearly on the soft breeze—a stink like ammonia, sharp and acrid. It was obvious the kids were scared enough without his interference even if he'd had any interest in taking part in the hazing—which he didn't. He was content to stand silently beside Wainwright, who was all puffed up with self-importance on the first day of Hell Week, and watch the other brothers at work.

Tony didn't much care for Wainwright, who reminded him of a runty little rooster—always strutting and self-important even though he'd only gotten his position as chapter president because his dad was a highly placed Alumnus. But he needed his scholarship to stay in school. He wanted to finish his business degree, no matter what his old man said about how a college diploma was just a bunch of fancy Latin words that weren't worth the paper they were printed on. So he stood by Wainwright and let him pretend that Tony was his own personal bodyguard even though nothing could be farther from the truth. But of course, that wasn't how it looked to the new pledges, or the other Alpha brothers for that matter.

People saw what they wanted to see in Tony's experience. Case in point—when Wainwright stared at the row of trembling pledges, he saw a group of troublemakers, raw material that had to be broken and reshaped to fit the Alpha Psi mold. When Tony looked at them, he just saw a lot of scared, pitiful bastards who he felt sorry for. All except for one—a slim young man with sandy brown hair and large blue eyes as pretty as any girl's. Eyes that weren't directed at the ground but looking directly at the Alpha Psi brother who was shouting in his face, trying to intimidate him.

"That one," Wainwright said, breaking Tony's train of thought and pointing to the kid he'd just been looking at. "Just look at the way he meets Carter's eyes and won't look down. That's insolence bordering on disrespect. He needs to be taught a lesson."

"Aw, leave him alone, Wainwright." Tony frowned, still eyeing the kid in question. He kind of liked the way the new pledge refused to back down and give ground even when that asshole, Carter, was yelling in his face. And there was no stink of fear about him either. He smelled...interesting. New. Enticing. Tony's nose twitched and he was intrigued, despite himself.

An indomitable spirit, a brave heart, a keen eye – look for these qualities when you choose your heart's other half. The saying popped into his head out of nowhere and he frowned. That was family business—pack business, best left at home. And it was crazy to be thinking something like that when he was staring at another guy. It was advice for finding a mate, not a friend. Although he wouldn't mind being friends with this new kid, he thought, if Wainwright didn't run him off, that was.

"You're too soft on the newbies." Wainwright's face was dark with disapproval but Tony managed to keep his own face neutral.

"What do you even know about him anyway?" he responded, trying to sound bored. He knew better than to take the new pledge's side too much. Wainwright tended to take an instant dislike to anyone he saw as a threat to his popularity or authority.

"Let's see." Wainwright glanced down at his clipboard that held a picture and brief description of each of the new pledges. "Andrew Baines III, his dad's an alumnus. Oh, and get this, he had a 4.0 GPA—graduated top of his class. A real smart-ass."

"Yeah, yeah." Tony nodded, acknowledging Wainwright's comment without either agreeing or disagreeing with it. If he hadn't had so much practice in controlling his anger in the past, this little runt's comments would really be getting on his nerves. After all, why should the chapter president take an instant dislike to the new pledge just because he was smart? But his kind couldn't let their emotions get out of check. When a Were lost control, people died. *Always maintain self-control around humans.* It was the second rule he had learned when being inducted into the pack. The first was, of course, *Tell No One What We Are.* Tony followed both rules religiously.

Thanks to his early training he was able to keep a lid on his feelings and simply stare blankly at the pledge named Andrew Baines. It was a good thing, too, because he knew if he allowed himself to start hating Wainwright, it would show all over his face.

"You think he'll make it through Hell Week?" he asked, unable to take his eyes off the way the Baines kid was glaring at Carter, the Alpha who was yelling in his face.

Wainwright smirked. "If he does, I'm gonna put him in a room with Carter there. That ought to be good for a laugh."

Tony frowned. "Carter'll murder him. Why not put him with me?"

"With you?" Wainwright turned to glare up at him, an incredulous look on his pinched, narrow face. "What the hell, Bull? You've never willingly taken a roommate as long as you've been here."

"Yeah, but..." Tony fumbled for something to say, some explanation to give. To be honest, he couldn't even explain his impulsive words to himself. He had secrets to protect, secrets that were a hell of a lot easier to keep without some new pledge poking around his room and sticking his nose in Tony's business. Common sense dictated that he withdraw the invitation but for some reason he didn't want to. "I—" he started again but Wainwright cut him off.

"I get it—you want a pledge slave, don't you, big guy?" He grinned and punched Tony's arm. "Can't say I blame you—he's a pretty boy, isn't he?" He nodded at Baines again and laughed, an ugly sound that grated on Tony's nerves. Still, at least Wainwright had given him an out.

"Sure, I guess." He shrugged his shoulders noncommittally. Baines did have delicate features, what would have been called pretty on a girl. But it wasn't his face that drew Tony's attention and admiration, but rather the expression on it. Somehow he knew the new kid, Andrew, or Drew, as he was already beginning to think of him, was going to be important to him somehow. He didn't know how he knew it—he just knew.

"All right then, you got yourself a pledge slave." Wainwright clapped him on the shoulder and Tony squashed the urge to swat him like an annoying insect.

"Thanks," he said, still staring straight ahead.

"If he survives Hell Week, that is." This time Wainwright's unpleasant, nasal laughter was too much to stand. Tony, turned and went back into the cool depths of the chapter house, getting out of the bright autumn day and away from the chapter president. But he couldn't help feeling a twinge of uncertainty. If he knew Wainwright, he had something nasty up his sleeve. Chances were that Andrew Baines III was going to be in for a rough time.

Chapter Four

"This is Hell Week, pledge. You are not a person, you are not an animal, you are a thing. You are the lowest of the low, not worthy to polish the ground we walk on with your miserable tongue. *Do you understand?*"

"Yes, Sir!" Andrew barked wearily, knowing the Alpha shouting in his face would tolerate nothing less. He was in the common room of the Alpha Psi frat house—the place he planned to make his home for the next several years of his life while he attended USC, if he could get through the initiation, that was. The common room was large and comfortable with several couches pushed against the walls to hold all of the brothers who were attending the hazing of the new group of pledges. The room was cozy enough in a bachelor pad kind of way, the only decorations being the royal purple and gold banners adorning the wall and the dreaded Alpha Psi cane, which was striped in the same colors, hanging on its ceremonial bracket over the door. Under normal circumstances, Andrew might have liked it. However, the circumstances he now found himself in were not normal in the least.

He was kneeling naked on the hardwood floor with his hands taped behind him, wondering if his father had gone through this insanity, if he had any idea what he was putting his only son through when he demanded Andrew pledge Alpha Psi. Dad had been an Alpha Psi man and he was determined that Andrew would be one too. Likewise, because Dad was a lawyer, pre-law and law school were the only acceptable options for Andrew. It was like the old man was trying to do things over again through him—do them better—even though there could be no doubt that he had done everything right the first time.

"How badly do you want to be an Alpha, pledge?" the Alpha doing the hazing shouted, spraying Andrew's face with beer fumes and saliva.

I don't really want to be one at all. I'm only pledging your shitty fraternity because my college fund would spring a sudden leak if I didn't, Andrew thought resentfully. If he'd had his way, he would be taking organic chemistry instead of pre-law but he didn't have his way and never had. His whole life had been planned for him from start to finish. Aloud he said, "Sir, bad enough to do anything, Sir!" He'd been shouting the same answer all week and he didn't think things could get any worse. Already he'd been forced to run through the USC campus twice, once dressed in women's underwear and once completely naked. He'd been through the belt line where he was beaten black and blue by the laughing, inebriated Alpha brothers and been forced to drink seemingly innumerable cans of beer at the end of it. In fact, he'd been pretty much drunk for most of Hell Week. It was a wonder he didn't die of alcohol poisoning. And the hazing hadn't stopped there.

Early that morning he and the other new pledges had been driven to a remote spot in the South Carolina woods and dropped off barefoot. They were ordered to find their way back to the chapter house before sunrise, which most of them had managed to do, despite the fact they had been blindfolded on the way there. When he'd finally staggered through the front door, hoping to get some sleep, Andrew had instead been "treed"—tied to a large, live oak tree around the side of the chapter house so that visiting fraternities and his own Alpha brothers could throw water balloons filled with ink, ketchup, mustard and ice-cold water at his chest and head. Afterward, he and the other pledges were forced to clean the entire chapter house from top to bottom with toothbrushes and their tongues, crawling on hands and knees everywhere they went.

Andrew was beginning to feel genuine hatred for his so-called brothers, a burning ache in the center of his chest that no amount of fraternal spirit could cool. But something besides his father's demands kept him going long after many of the other pledges had dropped out. That something was determination—no matter what they did to him, no matter what he endured, he had decided that he wouldn't let Hell Week break him. So while he went on hating the Alphas and hating his father even more for insisting that he go through this pointless misery, he nevertheless went on—refusing to stop no matter how degrading, exhausting, or disgusting the tasks assigned to him got. There was nothing they could throw at him that he couldn't take. Or so he thought.

"Look up, pledge!" The barking voice of Steven Wainwright, chapter president and all-around asshole, cut through Andrew's weariness. He had a narrow, weasel face that lit up with glee whenever he was performing a hazing and as Alphas went he was a pint-sized guy—barely five-feet-five inches. But he made up for in cruelty what he lacked in stature.

"Yes, Sir!" Andrew realized that his lids had drooped closed and he forced himself to open his eyes and look up. What he saw made him realize that he hadn't gone through the worst of Hell Week yet—far from it.

Standing over him was the biggest guy he'd ever seen—one of the Gamecocks varsity football team, Andrew was sure—probably a linebacker. He had black curly hair and black eyes to match but it wasn't his face that concerned Andrew at the moment. It was the absolutely huge cock jutting from his tight, faded jeans. The Alpha, whose name was Tony something or other, was slowly stroking the massive pole of flesh now only inches from Andrew's face.

Oh God, the stories were all true. This gorilla is going to screw me in the ass and there isn't a damn thing I can do about it! Andrew thought, his heart rate suddenly spiking. He'd had thoughts about this kind of thing—he couldn't exactly call them daydreams because he pushed them away as fast as they occurred to him. But no matter what his secret and disgusting urges might be, he had no wish to be raped.

"This is Tony but we just call him 'the bull'—you can probably see why. You're going to be his roommate and pledge slave if you pass initiation so he wanted to try you out," Wainwright said, confirming his fears. "You have such a pretty face he kinda took a liking to you." He blew Andrew a kiss and smirked.

Andrew felt a mixture of revulsion and weary resignation fill him. He might refuse to pledge when this was over, or he might even go to the police. But the fact was, he was helpless on his knees with his hands bound behind him with duct tape, surrounded by the watchful eyes of the other Alpha brothers. Given all that, there was no way he was getting out of it. He wondered what his severely homophobic father would think if he knew demanding Andrew "go Greek" would end in his son having a size eleven asshole.

"What's the matter, pledge? I thought you said you'd do anything to be an Alpha." Wainwright's voice had the ring of a dedicated sadist and Andrew knew Wainwright was really enjoying himself.

"Yes, Sir, but I didn't think I was going to get gang banged like a horny sorority sister after an all-night kegger," he snapped, tired of sounding submissive.

Wainwright's hand came out of nowhere, making Andrew's ears ring with the force of his blow. "That's enough of your smart mouth, pledge," he snarled. "Remember who you're talking to."

I'm talking to a big piece of shit in a little bowl, you asshole. Andrew looked up, his mouth filled with blood from his split lip and snarled, "Yes, Sir." Deliberately, he spat the blood to one side, almost hitting the chapter president's shoe. Wainwright's small eyes narrowed in anger.

"Careful, pledge, or you'll get what you're asking for." He straightened up, grinning at the huge Alpha who was still slowly stroking his massive cock. "But don't worry, you're not going to have to take the Bull's pole up your ass. If that was part of Hell Week, we wouldn't have any initiates left that could walk straight. Who would we send on a beer run then?" He barked laughter that was echoed by the other Alphas and glanced up at Tony who only nodded, without returning his mirth. Wainwright bristled and turned back to Andrew. "No, pledge, you're in luck today. See, some of the other brothers and I noticed that you were looking kind of thirsty. So for your final initiation, you're going to let Tony give you a drink. Hope you like cum shots."

Andrew tried to swallow his disgust. So it wasn't as bad as he'd thought. But it was still damn near bad enough. He held still while one of the brothers produced a thick black blindfold, glaring up at the tall Alpha named Tony who was about to come in his mouth. He had to go through it, but he didn't have to like it and there was no way he was going to pretend fawning submissiveness just because that was what these assholes expected of him.

Tony met his glare without comment. To Andrew's surprise when another brother was about to slip the heavy black blindfold over his eyes, Tony shook his head and held out a hand.

"Let me," he said, speaking aloud for the first time in a voice so deep it was almost a rumble. The other Alpha shrugged and handed him the black material. Tony stuffed his cock back in his pants for a moment and took the blindfold in both hands. Kneeling

down, he placed it gently around Andrew's eyes and whispered, "No sweat, man. It's just egg whites."

"No talking to the pledge!" Wainwright barked.

"Just tellin' him he better swallow it all if he doesn't want to wear it in his hair," Tony said. There was a burst of trollish laughter and then Andrew heard the scrape of shoes as someone came around behind him. He strained his eyes in the blackness of the blindfold as if he had any hope of seeing through the thick material and then someone grabbed a tight, painful handful of his hair to hold his head steady.

"Rub it all over his face," he heard Wainwright say, his nasal voice bubbling with sadistic glee. "Let him know exactly what he's in for."

"You didn't say anything about that." Tony's deep voice sounded unhappy.

"Just do it," Wainwright insisted. "Let's see how he likes having a cock in that pretty face."

There was the low purring of a zipper as Tony unleashed his cock again and then Andrew's nose filled with the heavy male, almost animal musk of the tall Alpha. The hot, hard length brushed lightly against his forehead and then his cheeks, branding him with its heat.

Andrew repressed the surge of emotions that threatened to overcome him. He'd had dreams like this—perverted, awful dreams that he wanted to forget as soon as he woke up. But this reality was both better and worse than anything he'd ever dreamed. More than anything else, he was afraid of getting hard in front of the vicious chapter president and the other Alpha brothers. He thought it would almost be easier to have the huge shaft shoved up his ass than to withstand this torture. The light brush of hot, silky skin over his face was almost too much to bear.

"His mouth, Bull. Put it on his lips," Wainwright directed. "Let's see how pretty boy likes that." There was a pause, presumably in which Tony was protesting silently because Andrew heard the chapter president say in a more forceful tone, "Do it!"

After a moment of hesitation, the broad, mushroom-shaped head traced its way down Andrew's cheek and stopped, resting lightly on his cut bottom lip. Andrew felt like his heart was going to beat out of his chest. *God, can't believe this is really happening. Can't believe...*

"Open your mouth, pledge, and no biting," Wainwright's voice directed.

Feeling like he was locked in a dream he couldn't wake up from, Andrew did as he was told, parting his lips and feeling the huge, thick head of the other man's cock nudge inside, into his mouth. Even though it was still just barely brushing his bottom lip, he could feel it penetrating him, entering where another man had never been meant to enter. But things were about to get worse.

"Now kiss it. Go on, do it." Wainwright sounded fascinated, as though he really got off on making guys suck each other. There was definitely some latent homosexuality there but Andrew had no time to analyze. He was too busy trying to make himself obey.

Fisting his hands helplessly behind him, he leaned forward, taking the broad, hot head into his mouth in a soft, sucking kiss. The heated flesh was salty against his tongue and he thought he could feel Tony's big body tremble at his act of forced submission.

A large, warm hand cupped his cheek briefly and then withdrew when Wainwright said, "What the hell do you think you're doing?"

"Making sure he doesn't bite me, man." Tony's deep voice was little more than a mumble that Andrew could barely hear through the rushing sound that was filling his ears. His mouth was still filled with the other man's cock and he had a terrible urge to suck more of it between his lips, to take it all in his mouth or as much as he could manage. Somehow, he was able to resist but he knew the stirring between his own legs couldn't be controlled much longer as fear and revulsion gave way to need and desire.

He cursed the terrible urges inside him. Cursed his own inability to be normal no matter how hard he tried. He ought to be gagging right now, not wanting to take more of the thick shaft down his throat. What was wrong with him? Why was he like this?

"Suck it," Wainwright's sharp command penetrated the fog that had closed around his skull. "Suck that fat cock, pledge. Work for your drink."

"Huh-uh, man. That wasn't part of the deal," Tony protested and yet Andrew noticed that he made no move to remove his cock from Andrew's mouth. "You said —"

"Never mind what I said," Wainwright snarled. "I told this pledge he was going to get a drink of cum and that's what he's going to get. Now do it!" There was a convulsive move as though someone had shoved Tony forward and suddenly Andrew's mouth was filled with the thick, hot shaft. He gagged at first, choking on the unfamiliar girth. Then, almost instinctively, he started sucking.

"Look at him take it! Pretty boy likes cock," Wainwright crowed as the hot shaft slipped from between his lips and thrust gently back inside.

"Shut the fuck up, Wainwright," Tony growled and Andrew felt the large warm hand return, this time to bury itself in his hair and guide him gently in pleasuring the other man.

"What did you say?" The chapter president sounded livid.

"I said shut up. He doesn't like it—he's just tryin' to get it over with. You'd do the same thing if some guy was fuckin' your mouth, asshole."

Tony's deep voice sounded breathless and Andrew had a sudden wish to be able to see his face, to see how his mouth on the big man's cock was affecting him. Then he remembered that all the other Alphas were no doubt watching his degrading performance and was suddenly glad for the blindfold.

Can't think about it now, he told himself sternly. Just have to do it. To finish it. At least Tony had given the other brothers a reason for his sudden display of enthusiasm, he thought gratefully. Otherwise it really would look like he was sucking cock and loving it. But he wasn't, was he? There was no way that the thick shaft sliding between his lips tasted good, felt right, felt like coming home after a long, weary journey trying to be what he wasn't, what he would never be. No way in hell. Right?

He tried to turn off his mind and concentrate on giving as much pleasure as possible. Tony was right—they needed to finish this. He needed to make the other man come and swallow his hot, salty load or this torture would go on forever. Or at least until Andrew himself came just from sucking cock for the first time. *Disgusting!* God, he was *disgusting*. And yet he couldn't seem to stop.

"All right, Drew. It's all right." The low murmur meant for his ears only, penetrated the roar inside his head and Andrew held on to Tony's voice like a lifeline. He had no idea how the big Alpha knew his name, he only knew that they were connected somehow. That this had become more than a hazing prank gone wrong. There was a bond being formed—what kind of bond he didn't know, was almost afraid to find out. All he knew was that the thick, silky shaft that continued to slide between his lips was working faster now, fucking his mouth gently but urgently as Tony began to reach his peak.

He had a sudden wish to have his hands free—not so he could fight off the other man's advances but so he could use them to stroke and fondle. So he could steady himself against the rock-hard, blue jean-clad thighs in front of him and really work on Tony's cock the way the sick part of himself that he tried to keep hidden wanted to. Between his own thighs he could feel his shaft throbbing helplessly as his senses were filled with the other man—the spicy male musk, the delicious drops of salty pre-cum that he was eagerly sucking from the broad head of the thick cock filling his mouth. The large, warm hand gripping his head, the fingers kneading his skull as Tony's rhythm picked up speed and urgency.

God, can't help it! Gonna come when he does. Going to come to hard... he thought almost deliriously. And then Tony was there, his hand fisting in Andrew's short, silky-brown hair, a low groan filling his throat.

"Coming, Drew. Oh, God, can't help it. Coming now!" Tony growled, pulling him close.

Instead of trying to pull away like he knew he should, Andrew surged forward, his eyes shut tight behind the blindfold as he took as much of the thick, spurting shaft down his throat as he could. As he swallowed convulsively he tried to angle his hips down, hoping that none of the watching Alpha brothers would notice that he was coming at the same time Tony was. Coming helplessly, harder than he ever had before and all from being forced to suck cock.

But there was no time for self-recrimination. Andrew felt the waves of pleasure ripple up from the base of his spine as he swallowed spurt after spurt of the salty, bitterly delicious cum Tony shot down his throat. He pressed his face hard against the muscular pelvis, feeling the scratch of Tony's wiry curls against his cheeks as he drank eagerly. And as he drank, giving himself completely to the experience, he baptized his belly helplessly with his own load of cum. God, if any of the brothers noticed...but they didn't. He heard uneasy cheers from all sides as Tony held rock solid and steady, his cock pressed hard against the back of Andrew's throat as his orgasm racked him.

Obviously all eyes were on that and no one had noticed that the new pledge seemed to be enjoying the end of Hell Week a little too much.

"I think he's had enough." The voice of Wainwright cut into his thoughts and he felt Tony's large hand withdraw from his hair at the same time the thick shaft slipped from between his bruised lips. There was the sound of a zipper being pulled up and then he could feel someone bending over him again.

The blindfold was slipped from his face and he was once again looking into Tony's bottomless black eyes. The big Alpha had a look on his face that was impossible to read but as Andrew blinked up at him in the suddenly dazzling light he thought he saw the other man mouth, "*Sorry.*" He swallowed convulsively and nodded his head slightly, acknowledging that what had happened hadn't been Tony's fault. Not entirely, anyway.

As he held Andrew's gaze, the big hand holding the blindfold dipped casually down and Andrew felt the thick black cloth brush against his belly, wiping away the incriminating drops of his own cum. So Tony had noticed even if no one else had. He felt a reluctant kinship with his new "brother" that defied description. From the look on Tony's face, he didn't know what to think either. Then he straightened up and turned his attention to Wainwright.

"He passed." The deep voice brooked no argument and Tony's black eyes bored into Wainwright with an emotion much easier to read—hate, Andrew realized with a start. So he wasn't the only one who wanted to see Wainwright strung up by his miserable balls. It was a surprising revelation. But if Tony hated the chapter president and everything Alpha Psi stood for so much, what was he doing here?

"Yeah, he passed." Wainwright looked confused and unsatisfied. He would probably be happier if Andrew was puking his guts in disgust right now, the way he had after swallowing half a keg of beer in an earlier trial.

Deliberately, Andrew looked up at him and licked his lips. Wainwright's narrow, weasel face hardened.

"All right, pretty boy," he snarled, "You're in, but for the next two semesters your ass belongs to the Bull here. Remember that you're not a full brother yet—you're a pledge slave. So whatever he says, goes. He tells you to scrub the toilet, you scrub the toilet. He tells you to write his paper, you write his paper and you do a damn good job. He tells you to suck his balls, you suck his fuckin' balls. Got it?"

Looking past Wainwright and straight into the black eyes of his new roommate, Andrew murmured, "*Got it. Sir.*"

Tony looked back, that unreadable expression on his face and Andrew wondered what the next two semesters were going to be like.

Chapter Five

Looking back on it later, Andrew had to admit there was no way you should end up being best friends with the guy whose cock you'd been forced to suck. There should have been mutual mistrust and probably outright hatred for the degradation he'd been forced to endure. Just being in the same room with Tony should have put his back up, should have made him sick with guilt and revulsion. And yet somehow, it didn't work that way.

When he first dragged the duffle bag and several milk crates that held all his worldly possessions up to the second-floor room he was to be sharing with the Bull in the Alpha Psi chapter house, he expected to be greeted with icy indifference at best and open hostility at worst. Instead, Tony had gotten off his bed, which was a full compared to Andrew's narrow twin, and helped silently as he began to unpack. Andrew was surprised at first but when the big Alpha helped him put his desk together and motioned to a clear spot over the foot of his bed where he could hang his posters, he began warily to relax. It was clear that Tony had gone to some effort to get the room ready for him because the twin bed and the surrounding area was bare of belongings and half the walls were ready to hold Andrew's pictures, posters and the corkboard he used to keep track of important papers.

It wasn't until they had finished silently making up Andrew's twin bed with the dark-blue sheets his mother had sent from home that Tony at last spoke.

"I'm sorry about what happened," he said, his deep voice sincere as he held Andrew's gaze over the narrow mattress. "It's not supposed to go that way at all. Usually they show you some guy stroking himself, then they blindfold you and shoot raw egg whites down your throat with a syringe."

Andrew nodded stiffly. "So that's what you were talking about when you put on the blindfold."

"Yeah." Tony had the grace to look embarrassed. "Wainwright is an asshole," he said, his deep voice coming out in a low, heartfelt growl. "I wouldn'ta done that to you if I could've helped it. But I need this frat to stay in school. Don't have the money to stay here on my own. I know that's no excuse but—"

"It's all right." Andrew shook his head, indicating that he wanted to stop talking about "the incident" as he had begun thinking of the last night of Hell Week in his mind. "I don't want to be here, either," he added, and told Tony about his father's insistence that he come to USC and pledge Alpha Psi. "I'm pre-law but that's not what I want to do," he said bitterly, sitting down on his newly made bed with a sigh.

Tony sat beside him, his greater weight making the flimsy mattress dip alarmingly. "What do you want to do?" he asked, sounding genuinely interested. "And why don't you do it?"

"Biology—maybe zoology. I'm fascinated by animals—pack behavior especially. You know—why do pack animals have a hierarchy and how do they establish it? Also, sometimes you get the phenomenon of the lone wolf, an animal that refuses to run with the pack and then..." Andrew trailed off, shaking his head, surprised he had allowed himself to really talk to the big Alpha. Maybe he fell so easily into conversation because it was obvious that Tony was really listening to everything he had to say—not just waiting for his turn to talk.

"Go on." Tony looked genuinely interested.

Andrew shrugged, embarrassed. "Nah. Sorry, that was too much information. The point is, I don't do that because pre-law is all my dad will pay for. And I'm not good enough in any kind of sport to get a scholarship. Of course, I guess it helps to be built like a refrigerator." He gave Tony a sideways glance to see how his new roommate would take the subtle dig and was relieved to see that he was smiling.

"Sure, it helps to be big," he said, nodding. "I'm lucky I am or I wouldn't be here. My old man doesn't believe in college—says it's a waste of time. Just an excuse to fuck around four more years before I take over the family business."

"Oh? What's the family business—Pro Wrestling?" For a moment Andrew thought he'd gone too far but then Tony's dark face broke into a wide grin.

"Ya know, for a little guy I could break in two like a pretzel stick, you're pretty mouthy."

"Yeah? Well, I got news for you, *Bull*, I'm not so little, it's just that you're so goddamn big," he retorted, grinning.

"Yeah, yeah, all you little guys use that excuse." Tony made a shooing motion with his huge hand and Andrew had a sudden flash of how it felt to have that hand buried in his hair, urging him to suck harder, faster. He quickly pushed it away and tried to get back to business.

"So if it's not Pro Wrestling or competitive eating, what exactly is it your family does?" he asked, looking down to study his own normal sized hands splayed out on his knees.

"Construction and...you know, like that." Tony's answer sounded oddly evasive. Andrew quickly looked up to see he was intently studying the patchwork bedspread on the narrow twin bed.

"Well, a business degree can only help that kind of company," he said reasonably and Tony nodded.

"I know, that's what I keep telling my old man. But, you know, he's old school. Doesn't want to hear it. He kept the business going with just a high school education so why do I need to go to some fancy college and all that shit."

"That sucks," Andrew agreed with heartfelt fervor. "It's just the opposite with my dad. Everything I do has to be the best and the brightest. It's like he's trying to live his own life over again only through me."

"I know the feeling," Tony said dryly. "My dad always says, 'If you can't get your own life in order, how are you ever gonna lead the pack?'"

"Lead the pack?" Andrew frowned. "Like being the captain of the football team or something?"

Tony suddenly looked pale. "Somethin' like that." He cleared his throat. "We breed dogs some too. Kind of, anyway."

Andrew leaned forward eagerly. "I love dogs. I have this one at home—Mitzy. She's just a mutt but I swear to God she's as smart as half the assholes I've met since I came to this dump. I've had her since I was in sixth grade. What kind does your family breed?"

Tony shot him an oddly guarded look. "Um, have you ever heard of an Irish wolfhound?"

"Yeah. Damn, aren't they supposed to be like the biggest dogs in the world? Like bigger than a Great Dane?" Andrew looked at him in awe. "Your family must live in the country to breed those."

Tony shrugged. "They're big all right. And these are more like ah...Italian wolfhounds, I guess. But yeah, we live in the sticks. It's nice though. I miss it, especially..." He abruptly broke off, shook his head and suddenly changed the subject. "Look, like I said before, Wainwright's an asshole. And as long as you're in your first two semesters here you're vulnerable to him if you wanna stay in the frat."

Andrew felt a slick fist grip his throat. They had been talking so easily and openly, he had almost forgotten what had happened to him during Hell Week. Now it all came rushing back.

"What...ah, what can he do?" he asked, knowing the answer was probably almost anything. The chapter president ran his house with an iron fist and the forty or so brothers who lived there were under his complete control.

"Well, technically you're my pledge slave," Tony looked uncomfortable at the idea. "So it's mostly what *I* can do. But I won't," he added quickly, obviously seeing the look of fear growing on Andrew's face. "So don't worry about that. But Wainwright can order you to do things, uh, for me."

"Like suck your cock?" Andrew heard the bitterness in his own voice and saw the dull flush of shame that colored his new roommate's face a dull, brick red.

"I told you I was sorry about that and I meant it," Tony said quietly. "But yeah, like that. Or wash my clothes, or scrub the toilet with a toothbrush. Or a hundred other dirty little jobs he loves to assign because he's a world-class asshole, ya know?"

Andrew nodded grudgingly. "Yeah, I noticed."

Tony sighed and ran a hand through his black curls. "He's going to make surprise inspections—almost every night for a while so we have to be prepared. Probably the best thing to do is cut him off at the pass. Like, the minute I see him I'll say, 'Go scrub the bathtub, slave', or some shit like that. So he doesn't think I'm being soft on you. Get it?"

"I got it." Andrew sighed. "God, I wonder if any of the other frats have this kind of Medieval bullshit going on?"

Tony looked grim. "You'd be surprised, man. Idiots like Wainwright get off on a control trip and think it's funny to make brothers hurt each other. It's not supposed to happen anymore—they're always talking about making new laws against hazing and shit but they never do. But look..." He leaned over and clapped Andrew on the back, his large, warm palm lingering against his shoulder blade. "All that ordering around shit is strictly for his benefit and none of it applies when it's just the two of us in here. Just stick close to me and I'll try to run interference between you and Wainwright." He frowned. "I think you might need it—you kinda rubbed him the wrong way during Hell Week."

Andrew shrugged. "He rubbed me the wrong way, too. Little asshole."

Tony grinned. "That's the spirit. We're never gonna get rid of Wainwright because his old man is this really connected, super-wealthy alum. So until he graduates, Alpha Psi USC is stuck with him. But as long as you stick with me and don't get him riled up, you're gonna be fine."

"I'll stay as far away from him as I possibly can, considering we're living in the same house," Andrew promised fervently. He looked down at his hands, uncertain what he was going to say next until the words were out. "Uh, I wanted to ask you..."

"Yeah?" Tony was looking at him, a little frown playing around the corners of his full, mobile mouth.

"What Wainwright said during...on the last night of Hell Week. About you picking me out to be your roommate..." Andrew risked a quick glance up at the big Alpha sitting beside him. "Was that true?"

"Well...sure." Tony shifted uncomfortably on the thin mattress beside him. "But not because you have a 'pretty face' or some shit like that. Because I liked your spirit." He nodded. "I could see it in your eyes—that fuck-you attitude. I could tell you weren't gonna let any of this shit break you and I admired that. It's kinda how I felt when I was a pledge too."

Andrew grinned at him, feeling better for no reason he could really define. "So, not bad for a little guy, huh?" he asked, throwing a punch at his new roommate's muscular shoulder.

"Nah." Tony grabbed him and put one arm around his neck for a playful bout of noogies. "Not bad at all, pledge."

Chapter Six

There was something about the new pledge—about his pledge slave, Tony supposed he ought to say. But all that was bullshit, made up by Wainwright and the other senior brothers to keep the younger Alphas down. It was also a cheap and easy way to get your laundry done, your papers written...and your cock sucked. Not that Tony was ever going to do that to his new roommate again. He was deeply ashamed of what had happened between Drew and himself that last night of Hell Week. Ashamed enough that he tried hard not to remember it at all.

Still, sometimes at night, his hand would slip beneath the light sheet he slept under and stroke his cock, seemingly of its own accord. And the image that came into his brain wasn't some skimpily dressed Playboy bunny, or Kristy Turlington bent over the trunk of her father's Mercedes and screaming like a banshee while Tony pounded her from behind as he had after his senior prom, or even the time he'd done a three-way with the Gibson twins. No, it was Drew, down on his knees, his hands bound submissively behind his back and his eyes closed in concentration as he took Tony's thick cock down his throat.

Tony knew it was wrong to dwell on the memory—especially since he and his roommate had put the incident behind them. But he couldn't seem to help himself. He'd had blowjobs before—plenty of them. He was tall, dark and good-looking—a football hero and a senior. So he never lacked for willing sexual partners, though as a *Were* he had to be careful what time of the month he took advantage of his good luck. But until Wainwright had forced Drew to blow him, Tony had never had anyone suck his cock like they really meant it—like it gave them as much pleasure to suck him as it gave Tony to be sucked.

That was crazy, though, and he knew it. Drew hadn't really enjoyed being forced to suck cock any more than Tony had enjoyed forcing him. Besides the fact that what had happened was the cruelest, crudest form of sexual assault, there was one small other detail—Drew was another guy and that definitely wasn't something that got Tony off. Or it never had before.

Tony had grown up in an Italian family and no one ever had to explain to him how wrong it was to want another guy *that way*. He could almost hear his old man's voice in his head if he ever found out what Tony had done and how much he had enjoyed doing it. Faggot would be the kindest name Tony could expect to hear applied to himself—the *Were* world was a long way from sexual tolerance, let alone political correctness. And then he'd be an outcast, no longer welcome among his own kind.

For some people it was their worst nightmare but sometimes Tony wondered if that would really be so bad. Would he die if he didn't have the pack around him? Would he wither up from lack of social contact?

His people were pack animals with the instinct toward social interaction. They seemed to think that being exiled would be the worst thing in the world—the end of their existence. But Tony liked to feel the moonlight on his bare shoulders and raise his voice in solitary song. It seemed to him that if you could find just one other person, as long as they were the right person, to be with, to live and run and hunt with the rest of your life, then you could be every bit as happy as if you were surrounded by the pack in full cry. He'd even considered declaring Lone Wolf status from time to time, but not seriously. If he ever divorced himself from the pack like that and left it all behind for good, he'd have to have a damn good reason to do so.

The only person he'd ever dared to tell these thoughts to was his younger sister, Felicia. She understood his feelings, his frustration at being trapped into a position he didn't really want because she was trapped too. Trapped by her sex and pack tradition into being a low-level female when she aspired to much more. Tony talked to his sister about almost everything but he hadn't been able to confide his feelings for Drew. To be honest, he barely dared to examine them himself. They were wrong—unnatural. But Tony was a creature of his instincts and he couldn't ignore what they were telling him—that there was something about Drew. Something *right*.

Maybe it was his scent, the same fresh, enticing aroma that had drawn Tony to him on the first day he'd seen his roommate standing defiantly in the line of trembling pledges, refusing to drop his eyes. Or the obvious intelligence shining in Andrew's dark blue eyes and the easy way he kept up with his classes. Tony had never been much of a scholar himself but he admired intellect in others and there was no doubt Andrew was brilliant. Or maybe it was Andrew's wry sense of humor and the way he had been able to move past what Tony had done to him and become a genuine friend.

Or maybe...maybe it was the connection they had shared during that endless encounter when Drew was down on his knees, sucking Tony's cock. Andrew would probably deny it if Tony broached the subject but Tony knew that what they shared had been something deeper and more complicated than a hazing prank gone wrong. He had felt it in Drew's lips, in the way he had sucked Tony's shaft as far down his throat as he could. Had seen it the way Drew had swallowed every drop of his cum and milked his cock for more when Tony was done shooting in his mouth. And then there was the undeniable fact that Drew had come too...

But for the most part, Tony had been able to push these crazy thoughts aside and just enjoy his new roommate's company. Despite the fact that he lived at the Alpha Psi house surrounded by his frat brothers, he'd always been kind of a loner. But with Drew sharing his room and his life, he no longer felt alone. He was free to be himself, to explore who he wanted to be, instead of always being what everyone else expected. Free to feel emotions that he'd always considered wrong before.

And maybe free to have a few illicit thoughts about his roommate after the lights went out. Even if he would never, *ever* act on them.

Chapter Seven

"Slave, come wash my back." Tony's deep voice echoed from the bathroom, drawing a grin from Andrew who was studying hard for a midterm. As promised, Wainwright made regular visits to check on them and the slave play had become a kind of joke between him and his roommate. Lately, Tony had been making up more and more outrageous tasks for Wainwright's benefit, some so silly that Andrew could barely keep from snickering even as he rushed to obey.

Slave, come here. I found a cockroach that appears to be in immediate need of CPR. And Andrew would gravely get down on the floor and pretend to administer lifesaving measures to the bug which had gone belly up and was lying on the bathroom floor. Or Tony might yell, Slave, the toes of my socks are all wrinkled. Get out the iron and fix 'em up. Just the toes now – don't mess with the rest of the sock and I mean it. So Andrew would spend a tedious ten minutes ironing just the toes of his roommate's socks while Wainwright looked on in disgust.

True to his word, Tony never asked for anything remotely sexual and since they spent a lot of their spare time thinking up sillier and sillier tasks to do for Wainwright's approval, it had become a kind of game to them. Once in a while Wainwright beat them to the punch and gave an order before Tony could. At times like that, Andrew found himself scrubbing the grout between the bathroom tiles with a toothbrush until Wainwright was satisfied with the menial labor he had inflicted or just got bored and moved on to torture another pair of brothers. With a little luck, however, that kind of scenario could be avoided because whenever Wainwright was on the prowl, the Alphas did their best to warn each other.

In Tony and Andrew's case, the warning came in the form of three knocks on their bathroom floor that was the ceiling of the brothers below them. So when Tony called for him to come and wash his back, Andrew knew he had only seconds to get in to the bathroom and start scrubbing like his life depended on it—unless he wanted to be cleaning the floor around the toilet with a Q-tip instead when Wainwright got there and started giving orders.

Finding Tony a much preferable alternative, Andrew left his books on the desk and raced into the bathroom. There was one window, high against the far wall and through it he could see that twilight was gathering fast outside. The narrow, tiled room was designed with a deep, old-fashioned clawfoot tub that had a pull-ring shower curtain around it in case someone preferred a shower to a bath.

Tony was one of the few people Andrew knew who actually preferred a bath. He would soak in the tub for hours, humming under his breath contentedly as the scented bubbles in the water dissipated and turned to flecks of foam. He was the only guy

Andrew could think of who was able to get away with using bubble bath sent from his little sister on a regular basis so he didn't have to buy it. But then, who was going to call him less than masculine for his tastes in bathing products? When a guy is six-four and two forty with less than six percent body fat, criticizing his personal hygiene practices just isn't smart.

Personally, Andrew found the big Alpha's bubble bath addiction kind of funny. His roommate's birthday was coming up and he already had an idea to go down to the bath shop in the mall and get a big, girly gift basket as a joke. Tony would probably yell at him and give him endless noogies but he knew in the end every bath product he bought would be used and enjoyed thoroughly.

"Yes, *Master?*" he sarcastically said, entering the room where Tony was lounging, his long frame half covered in sudsy water. It was to the credit of whomever had manufactured the bathtub that it was even big enough for someone Tony's size. In fact, he fit into it pretty well as long as he didn't try to stretch his legs out all the way.

"Grab the sponge and get washing, Drew." Tony sat up, water streaming off the broad, tan expanse of his back, his skin steaming from the heat. "Sorry, I just heard the knocks and I couldn't think of anything else," he added apologetically.

"No prob." Andrew really didn't mind. Logic would dictate that he would shy away from touching his roommate after the traumatic way they had been introduced. But there was nothing logical about his friendship with Tony. In fact, he found that he had more physical contact with Tony than he ever had with friends or family back home. Part of it was the fact that Tony came from a demonstrative Italian family and he was always grabbing Andrew and roughhousing with him or just giving him one of those quick, hard hugs which Andrew had becoming surprisingly fond of. And part of it was that, being an only child of cold, distant parents, Andrew craved the physical expressions of affection his larger roommate was so good at handing out. He knew he ought to be freaked out about hugging and touching Tony, knew that he ought to be even more freaked out about the idea of seeing him naked, or at least partially naked in the bath. But for whatever reason—reasons he really didn't want to think about—he wasn't.

When Wainwright walked in, Andrew was industriously scrubbing his roommate's broad back, using the big, puffy, natural sponge Tony's little sister had sent him with the last package of lavender-scented bubble bath.

"What the hell are you two girls doing in here?" Wainwright barked, his nasal voice echoing off the tiled walls. He was carrying the dreaded Alpha Psi cane today, it's royal purple and gold stripes gleaming in the muted lighting of the bathroom. Andrew looked at it from the corner of his eye—it was one of the few tortures that hadn't been used on him or any of the pledges during Hell Week. The Alpha Psi cane was reserved exclusively for major infractions of already inducted brothers. But he didn't want to give Wainwright the satisfaction of seeing him worried.

He looked up innocently, giving Wainwright a confused look. "I'm washing my Master's back, just as he ordered, Sir," he said, making Bambi eyes at the chapter president. "Isn't that what I'm supposed to be doing?"

Wainwright's eyes narrowed and he tapped the long, wicked-looking cane against his leg. "Careful, slave." His voice was cold, menace lacing his words. "I know you and Bull think you're making a fool of me every time I come up here and I don't know what you're doing—sucking each other's cocks, probably. But I promise you both, your day will come."

"Every dog has his day." Tony's deep voice seemed to fill the echoing bathroom like steam and even though he hadn't said anything inherently threatening, Andrew still felt a shiver run down his spine.

"You want to watch that mouth, Bull," Wainwright flared. "Don't think you're above punishment just because you're bigger than any three of the other brothers put together."

"Let's just cross that bridge when we come to it, Wainwright." Tony's voice held a lazy unconcern that obviously inflamed the chapter president.

"I can tell you're not worried about your own hide," he told Tony, his thin nostrils flaring as he spat out the words like tacks. "But how would you like to see your little friend take a caning?" He gestured at Andrew with the Alpha Psi cane, the striped wood whistling through the air with the force of his motion. "I bet I could put some stripes on his pretty skin that would teach you both a few manners."

Tony didn't answer. Instead, he rose suddenly from the bath, streams of steaming water running down the muscular wall of his chest and the rippling six-pack of his abdominals. Andrew felt his eyes widen as he saw his roommate completely naked for the first time. His gaze swept over the broad shoulders and well-defined arms, the strong, solid thighs and the long, thick cock that hung like a sleeping snake between his legs.

The message was silent but clear—if Wainwright wanted to mess with Andrew, he would have to go through Tony first. Andrew didn't know if he felt angry at his friend for assuming he couldn't take care of himself, or grateful that he was shielding him from Wainwright's wrath. But whatever he felt, he couldn't stop looking at Tony's naked body. He couldn't have turned away even if he had known that the sight would make him go blind.

He saw a similar look of wonder cross over Wainwright's face but his small, muddy eyes held a look laced with a lethal dose of envy. Whether he wanted Tony and was angry that he couldn't have what he no doubt imagined Andrew was getting every night, or whether he wanted to *be* the big Alpha and knew he was never going to attain the physical stature of the other man wasn't clear. What *was* clear to Andrew, anyway, was that Wainwright was eaten up with jealousy. Perhaps it was because for a long time he had considered Tony his blunt instrument, the club he held over the heads of frightened pledges and used to threaten other Alphas to keep them in line. As long as

he held Tony that way, he could live vicariously through him, wielding a strength he would never possess himself. But if the club decided it had a mind of its own, where would he turn for his threat? And what would he do when the object of his envy was no longer under his control?

All this passed through Andrew's head in a split second and then with a last snarl, Wainwright turned away, leaving them alone at last. He sighed and looked out the long, narrow window in the far wall. Outside, night had completely fallen and the first few stars were making an appearance along with a ghostly near-full moon.

"You shouldn't have done that. Provoked him like that," he told Tony when the door to their room slammed and Wainwright's footsteps had faded in the hallway outside. "He's going to try something. I don't know what but whatever it is, it isn't going to be a walk in the park."

"Fuck him. Bring it." The words were a low, menacing growl. Tony seemed bigger somehow even though he was naked and still wet. For the first time, Andrew caught a glimpse of temper in his friend that he had never suspected. But temper wasn't really the right word, he thought with a small, inward shiver. No, what he saw blazing far back in the bottomless depths of Tony's black eyes was an animal rage, pure and simple. The fury of a wild creature that feels threatened. It was an emotion he never would have suspected his big, easygoing roommate to be capable of and knowing it was there put a layer of ice around his heart.

Then Tony looked at him, another kind of intensity burned in his eyes. Andrew swallowed hard, trying to get down the sudden lump that had grown in his throat. He wondered if Tony had had that look in his eyes while he pumped his shaft between his lips, fucking his mouth, the split second before he came. Again he wished that he hadn't been blindfolded during that first heated encounter. That he had been able to look into his friend's eyes while he drank the cum Tony shot down his throat.

"Tony?" he asked, through lips that had gone suddenly numb. What would he do, he wondered, if the big Alpha suddenly demanded a repeat performance of the last night of Hell Week? Would he drop to his knees and obey, taking the thick shaft between his lips for a second time or would he fight it? He felt his hands clench into fists at his sides, a wash of conflicting emotions nearly drowning him. At the back of his throat he could almost taste the thick, salty, delicious spurt of Tony's cum. Could almost feel those large hands buried in his hair, urging to take more, to swallow it all...

Tony held his eyes for a long, breathless time and then at last he spoke. "I'm gettin' cold over here. Hand me the towel." He nodded toward the big, fluffy beach towel he favored, another gift from his sister, and Andrew hurried to get it. But when his friend stepped from the tub and stood dripping on the mat, he didn't just hand him the towel. Instead, he began silently to dry him off, starting with his broad back, beaded with water and making his way down to the narrow waist and firm, muscular ass.

Tony turned his head and opened his mouth to say something, then closed it again as Andrew knelt on the floor beside him and carefully toweled off his thick calves. He blotted gently, almost reverently at the water droplets that covered his friend's smooth,

tan skin, pushing away the desire to lick them off instead, to taste every inch of Tony, to worship him with his mouth and tongue. It was wrong to think that way, perverted, disgusting. So why was his cock so hard it felt as if it was about to break off inside the sweatpants he was wearing? And why was Tony letting him do this in the first place?

Uncertain of what he was doing or why he was doing it, Andrew pushed all his questions and impulses to the back of his mind and moved around to the front of his friend, the towel moving upward seemingly of its own volition. When he reached Tony's thick cock, he found that the long shaft was already at half-mast and twitching toward full as the slow, erotic ceremony of drying continued. Slowly, as though in a trance, he reached up to cup the heavy balls hanging down like ripe fruit under his friend's lengthening shaft. He wanted to feel their full, silky texture in his hand—wanted to roll them in his mouth, licking and sucking until he heard his friend groan and felt those big hands in his hair urging him on once more...

"Stop." Tony's hand on his wrist wasn't painful, but it was immensely strong. There was no breaking his grip. Taking a deep breath, Andrew looked up to meet the black, intense gaze. "You don't have to," Tony said, his voice low and fierce.

Andrew shook his head, still on his knees before the other man just as he had been the first time, the damp towel clutched in his hand. "I want to," he said, voicing a thought he hadn't even known was in his head until it came from his mouth. "I...I don't know why, but I do."

"Not good enough." Gently, but firmly, Tony moved his seeking hand away and took the towel from him. "Talk to me when you know why, Drew. Now get out of here so I can get dressed."

Chapter Eight

Trembling, Andrew forced himself to get off the bathroom floor and go back into the bedroom. He flung himself into his desk and stared blindly at the notes for his midterm, reading the same sentence over and over again without ever making sense of it. Finally the words blurred, doubling in the hot, stinging tears that were filling his eyes.

He turned off the desk light so that the only illumination in the room was from the nearly full moon shining through the open blinds over the bedroom window. If he was hoping that his shame would be easier to bear in the darkness, he was wrong. He put his head down on the desk, his mind swimming with self-loathing. *What's wrong with me? Why am I like this? Why can't I control these urges? Can't believe I actually tried to touch him! What must he think of me now?*

He raised his forehead an inch or two from the hardwood desk and brought it down hard, making the desk rattle against the wall and causing an instant flare of pain behind his eyes. He did it again and again, wishing he could pound the questions from his head as easily as he pounded the pain into it.

"Drew? Hey, Drew, what the fuck are you doing? Stop it!" Suddenly large hands were pulling him away from the desk and dragging him to bed. Not to his own narrow, twin-sized mattress, but to Tony's larger, full-sized one.

"Let me go! Leave me alone!" For the first time since he'd met his roommate, Andrew fought him. He kicked and hit and pounded his friend, lashing out—angry beyond words, filled with a rage that was more than half-black despair.

Tony took a few solid licks but refused to fight back. Instead, he lay on the bed and pinned Andrew's arms to his side. Wrapping his legs around Andrew's as well, he waited patiently until the rage subsided and there was nothing left but tears. He had changed into loose sweatpants like Andrew's own but his chest remained bare and Andrew could feel the heat from the big body behind him radiating through his entire body.

He wept quietly, the scalding droplets sliding down his cheeks and wetting the pillow beneath his head. He was horribly embarrassed at crying in front of his roommate, filled with the innate sense of shame his father had instilled in him from a young age for crying at all. Men, real men, didn't cry. He could still remember that lesson, learned so long ago when he was six and had come home with a bloody nose and scraped knee from a fall off his bike. His mother had been out shopping with her friends and his father had been home early from work for once, something that had probably only happened a handful of times in Andrew's childhood.

He remembered it vividly, stumbling in the door, appalled by the bright red liquid leaking out from inside him. He had seen some kind of medical drama a few days before at a friend's house that he didn't really understand in which one of the characters had died by "bleeding out". Andrew remembered thinking in his childish way that this was what was happening to him now—that he was losing all the blood in his body—bleeding out, and soon he would be dead.

He had run crying to his father who was watching some kind of sports highlights show on the television with a stack of legal papers spread out in front of him. Andrew Senior had looked up as his six-year-old son staggered into the room, frightened and crying, holding out bloody, dirty hands like a supplicant in some biblical parable.

"Daddy! Daddy, I'm bleeding. I fell off...off my bike and I...I..." But Andrew had been unable to go on—he was crying too hard.

His father had taken one long hard look at him and said, "What the hell is wrong with you, Andrew? Pull yourself together."

"But..." Andrew had looked down at himself, at his small six-year-old body that was leaking its precious fluid like a wrecked car. Wasn't he dying? But if he was, why wasn't his father upset? He started to sniffle again but his father leveled a finger at him, his cold blue eyes so much like Andrew's, narrowed in disgust.

"You dry it up right now, mister, or I'll give you something to cry about. Go clean yourself up in the bathroom and don't let me hear any more about it." He grimaced. "Good God, anybody would think you were a little girl whining like that. You just popped yourself in the nose and skinned a knee—man up, damn it! Go on now, get."

The sense of his father's disgust at his weakness had stayed with Andrew for the rest of his childhood and adolescence. It was the cause of his hatred and fear of being vulnerable and weak in front of anyone else—especially another man. So he could hardly believe it when Tony's hard bear hug turned into more of a warm cuddle and his friend began to whisper soothingly in his ear.

"S all right, Drew. Let it out, man. You're okay, just let it out."

It was astonishment as much as comfort that stopped the flow of his tears and at last Andrew lay quiet in his friend's arms, breathing deeply, his cheeks still wet and his heart still troubled. But not quite as much as before.

After a long time, Tony murmured into the back of his neck, "You through?"

Andrew took a deep, shaking breath and let it out slowly. "Yeah," he said at last. But when he tried to twist away from his friend's grip, Tony held him more firmly.

"Not goin' anywhere just yet, Drew," he rumbled. "Not 'til you tell me what this is all about. Why you got so upset. Was it because I didn't want you to—"

"No," Andrew cut him off hurriedly, shaking his head against the pillow. He scooted back against Tony to get away from the damp spot his tears had made and his friend obligingly pulled him closer. "No, I...I don't think I can talk about it."

"Sure you can." Tony's deep voice sounded soft and reasonable in the near total darkness. "You can tell me anything, Drew, and I swear it won't go any further than this room. Besides, you need to talk—I can tell."

Andrew choked out laughter that was more than half a sob. "Real men don't talk about their feelings," he said, swiping at his eyes with a free hand. "Hell, real men probably don't even *have* feelings. They just go to work and come home and eat and watch *SportsCenter* and go to bed. Then they get up and do the whole thing again the next day and if they have a problem they keep it to themselves."

"Who told you that shit?" Tony sounded indignant.

"Nobody." Andrew sighed. "I think it's what they call 'learning by association' in my Intro to Psych class."

"So that's your dad?"

"Uh-huh. And me in another five or ten years I guess."

"Bullshit." Tony's voice was flat in the darkness. "It doesn't have to be. You know, my old man is an asshole about a lot of things but at least he never expects us to hide what we feel. In my family, if you're having a bad day, *everybody* knows it."

Andrew laughed again. "Not in my family. It's rude to inflict your problems on others. And weak."

"You're not weak, Drew." Tony squeezed him gently. "You just have a secret. And that's okay, we all have secrets—me too."

"What is it?" Andrew felt his heart beating right behind his teeth. If Tony said what he hoped he'd say...

"Huh-uh, man." Tony laughed softly. "I'm not tellin' you until you tell me. But I guess you're not ready to talk tonight."

"Not really." Andrew felt a mixture of relief and regret that his friend wasn't going to force anything out of him.

"All right." Tony sounded calm. "Turn over then." He shifted Andrew's body until he was lying on his back with his head on Tony's muscular biceps. It was a strange position to be in with another guy and it made Andrew feel vulnerable to have his friend leaning over him in the darkness. But not in a bad way.

"I need to finish studying for my Psych midterm," he said, not certain how he felt about being so close to his friend. "It's tomorrow at ten and it's supposed to be a real killer so—"

Tony's soft kiss against the side of his cheek shut him up. He reached up to feel the spot on his face, as if to see if his friend's lips had branded him.

"Why did you...?" He looked up, confused, his heart racing.

"You still had tears on your cheeks." Tony sounded embarrassed. "When I was a kid and I hurt myself and cried, my mom used to do that—kiss my tears away. Sorry. Guess I shouldn't have done it." In the darkened room, lit only by the light of the nearly full moon shining through the window, his eyes were two pools of shadow.

"No, I..." Drew shook his head. "I liked it," he whispered.

"Really?" Tony's head lowered again and he felt another soft kiss on his cheek, this one much nearer the side of his mouth.

"Really," he breathed, his heart pounding.

"Drew, if I ask you something, will you tell me the truth?" Tony's voice was soft but intense.

"I...I'll try." The darkness seemed to have sharpened his senses somehow and his head was full of the dark, animal musk that was uniquely Tony. Andrew took a deep breath, filling his lungs with the rich scent, feeling drawn by it in ways he didn't understand.

Tony leaned closer, his breath hot against Andrew's cheek as he planted another soft, slow kiss. "Did you hate me after Wainwright made you, you know, suck my cock?" he murmured in Andrew's ear.

Andrew felt his breath growing short. It was the first time since the very first day when he'd moved in two months before that any mention had been made of the last night of Hell Week. He wondered what he should say but before he could think about it, his mouth was speaking the truth independently of his brain.

"No," he murmured, reaching up to stroke one careful hand through Tony's thick black curls. He was surprised and cautiously pleased when instead of pulling away, the big Alpha leaned into the touch, like a big cat enjoying a caress.

"Not even at first?" Tony persisted. "I mean, I saw the look you gave me just before I put the blindfold on you."

"I liked it," Andrew was horrified to hear his mouth saying. "Is that what you wanted to hear? That I enjoyed sucking your cock? Drinking your cum?"

"I want to hear the truth," Tony said patiently, shifting his arm under Andrew's head. "How you felt when you did it. What went through your mind. Because, to be honest, I've been tryin' to figure out how I felt about it myself."

Andrew shook his head and surprised himself by telling the truth again. "I was scared at first but you were so...I don't know, gentle. And the way you stroked my face while you pushed between my lips..."

"I knew you couldn't see me. I wanted to let you know somehow that it wasn't just...that it meant something. Even though I didn't really know you." Tony kissed him again, this time on the corner of his mouth. Andrew knew if he turned his head the kiss would land directly on his lips. *Wrong, so wrong...* He didn't turn his head.

"I could tell," he whispered, searching the shadows of his friend's eyes. He had never felt so close to anyone. Even the fact that his cock was so hard it was tenting the front of his sweatpants didn't bother him because he could feel a similar lump in Tony's own sweats pushing against his thigh.

"I'm sorry you had to do it. That I made you do it. I don't want you to think I'm that kind of guy—that I'd torture someone just to get off." Tony's voice was muffled with shame.

"I'm not sorry." Andrew's mouth continued to say things he didn't want it to say out loud. "And I don't think that about you." He swallowed hard. "I'd do it again."

"Would you? I don't know if that's a good idea. But this is." This time Tony kissed him full on the lips, stealing his breath with the gentle intensity of his touch.

Andrew felt as if he was drowning in sensation. He opened his mouth to gasp and suddenly his friend's tongue was inside, exploring him thoroughly as though he had every right. Tony tasted like toothpaste and a little bit like beer and his mouth wasn't just warm—it was hot. Andrew gave himself to the kiss completely, melting against his friend and opening himself to Tony's assault. Finally the big Alpha pulled back, breathing hard. He looked down at Andrew, his black eyes blazing in the darkness.

"Think I've been wanting to do that from the first minute I looked down and watched you swallow my cum," he murmured, reaching up to stroke Andrew's full bottom lip with his thumb. "You took every drop, Drew. Didn't spill a bit. What did it taste like?"

"You taste like the sea," Andrew told him. "Salty, bitter, hot. I've never tasted anything like it. Not that I've ever tasted anybody's cum before," he hurried to add. "I mean, except my own."

"You tasted your own cum?" Tony's voice sounded curious in the darkness.

Andrew shrugged. "Sure, why not? Haven't you?"

Tony shook his head. "Never thought about it, I guess. You think everybody's tastes different?"

"I don't know. Mine is sweeter, I think." Andrew laughed. "You could go around doing a taste test, I guess. But I don't know how well that would go down with the rest of the brothers."

"Not too well." Tony's voice was dry. "Of course, we could still try with just the two of us. I want to see if yours is really that much different from mine. You mind?"

Andrew felt like his heart was about to pound through his chest. "You mean jerk off and then try it? Like lick it off our hands?" he asked.

Tony leaned forward and kissed him softly on the mouth. "I think it might be better to try it right from the source." Reaching down, he tugged at the waistband of Andrew's sweatpants. "We don't have to come in each other's mouths if you don't want to," he whispered, his deep voice hoarse. "We could just taste each other's pre-cum, ya know?"

"Yeah," Andrew breathed, hardly able to believe this was happening. In the back of his mind a little voice was screaming that this was wrong, terrible, sick. But his cock was hard enough to fuck through solid wood and Tony's big, muscular body felt so good against his own—so right, that he was able to ignore it.

"Good." Unaware of Andrew's internal conflict, Tony was pulling his sweatpants down around his ankles and stripping his own off as well. Andrew's breath caught in his throat as his friend's large, warm hand suddenly cupped his aching cock and balls.

"God!" he gasped as Tony tickled the tender sac expertly and encircled his throbbing shaft.

"Just a few drops," he heard Tony murmur. "Wanna taste you now, Drew. You mind?"

"N...no." He could barely get the word out but it didn't matter. Tony was already leaning over him, taking the swollen head of Andrew's cock in his mouth and sucking eagerly.

Andrew had been given two blowjobs in high school—one by a girl he'd dated steadily for two years and one by his senior prom date. Both had been given to him by inexperienced girls who didn't really want to be sucking him. Neither one came anywhere near what he was experiencing now.

Tony's mouth was hot and wet and his tongue was everywhere, stroking Andrew's swollen shaft, lapping against the sensitive spot right under the head and exploring the slit at the top of his cock delicately, searching for the droplets of pre-cum Tony had said he wanted to try.

Andrew couldn't help it—he surged upward, thrusting into his friend's hot, willing mouth, seeking more of the mind-numbing pleasure that was racing through his body, setting his nerve endings on fire. *God, it felt so good!* Was this what Tony had felt when Andrew sucked him? If so, how had he been able to keep from fucking Andrew senseless with that huge cock of his?

"Easy now." To his intense disappointment, Tony pulled back, holding him down easily as he tried to thrust upward. Andrew subsided under his hands, his cock throbbing.

"How...how did it taste?" he asked breathlessly, trying to slow the rapid beating of his heart.

Tony nodded in the darkness. "A little bit sweet, like you said. Now I have to compare it to mine."

"How?" Andrew frowned. "You can't suck your own cock. Or if you can, you're the luckiest guy I know."

"Don't have to suck it myself." Tony reached up and cupped his cheek gently. "Just need you to suck it until you get a mouthful of my pre-cum and then I can taste it in your mouth." He stroked Andrew's hot cheek and pulled him closer to stare into his eyes. "Do you want to suck my cock, Drew? Do you want to taste my cum?"

God! Andrew closed his eyes briefly, unable to meet that intense gaze. "Order me to do it," he whispered, uncertain why he wanted it that way. Tony seemed to understand at once.

"Slave," he rumbled, his deep voice growing harsh. "Suck my cock. Get down on your knees and take it all in your mouth. Drink my cum."

Andrew didn't have to be told twice. "Yes, Master," he murmured, kneeling over his friend's huge, hard cock standing erect in the darkness. He took Tony's shaft in one hand and cupped the large, heavy balls in the other, testing their texture as he had wanted to that very first night. Tony groaned low in his throat and that was all the encouragement he needed.

Leaning down, he lapped gently at the slit of the broad, mushroom-shaped head, tasting the familiar, delicious flavor of Tony's pre-cum for the second time. Then taking a deep breath he took as much of the shaft in his mouth as he could.

Tony uttered a muffled shout and then both of his hands were buried in Andrew's hair and his hips were pumping powerfully upward, fucking between his lips just as he had that very first night. It felt so good, so deliciously right this time with no one forcing him, no one standing over him and condemning. Andrew let himself get completely into it, sucking the thick shaft down his throat and lapping with his tongue. The last time Tony had shot his cum right to the back of his throat, giving him hardly any chance to taste it before he swallowed. But this time Andrew wanted his friend to come directly in his mouth, wanted to roll the bitter, salty flavor across his tongue and feel the shaft between his lips ripple as Tony spurted, flooding Andrew's mouth with his hot cum.

But long before he got the mouthful he craved, Tony was pulling him off his cock and dragging him upward for a kiss.

"Tony, please...I want..." Andrew struggled to get back to his feast but Tony rolled him suddenly, pinning his naked body beneath his own larger, heavier frame.

"Hold still, Drew," he growled softly and there was an undercurrent of power running through his voice that Andrew had never heard before. "Told you we didn't have to come in each other's mouths. Just wanna kiss you now – want to taste my pre-cum in your mouth. Open up for me."

His gestures made it clear that he wasn't only talking about Andrew's mouth because even as his lips were parting Andrew's for a deep, searching kiss, one large knee was parting Andrew's thighs so that Tony could rest comfortably between them.

Andrew moaned as he felt the larger man cover him and Tony's thick cock came to rest beside his own. It was an incredibly vulnerable position to be in, having Tony's solid, muscular body planted firmly on top of his own with his thighs spread wide to cradle his friend's weight. But all Andrew could think of was how good it felt, and how the friction of his friend's cock against his own was almost unbearably erotic.

Just as he thought he was going to come from Tony's cock rubbing against his own and the sweet, hot kiss they were locked in, Tony stopped again.

"What?" Andrew managed to gasp, unable to believe that they had stopped. "God, what is it now?"

"Want to try something new," Tony rumbled. He levered himself off Andrew and flipped him quickly and easily onto his stomach. "Want to rub against you, Drew," he explained. "Rub against your ass." As he spoke, his thick, heavy shaft settled naturally into the furrow between Andrew's ass cheeks. "Like this – see?"

Andrew felt all the breath leave his body at the feel of the hot, hard shaft rubbing against him there. He should have known that Tony would want this. Should have known this was where all the kissing and touching and rubbing and sucking was going to end. *He wants to fuck me. Oh God, I knew it! Just what I was afraid of the first night.*

"Drew?" Tony's voice behind him pulled him out of his frantic thoughts. "Is this okay with you?"

No, it's not okay! Not okay that you want to fuck me, to shove your thick cock to the hilt in my ass and come inside me. And yet, his cock was harder than it had ever been in his life. And none of the words of recrimination and horror would come from his mouth. Instead, Andrew struggled to his knees, no easy task with so much of his friend's weight still on him. But somehow he managed to do it and when Tony was kneeling behind him, he positioned himself on his hands and knees and spread his legs, opening himself for the coming assault.

"How...how do you want me?" he asked, his voice trembling so badly he could barely ask the question. "How do you need me, Master?"

Suddenly large warm hands were caressing his back. "Easy, Drew," Tony murmured. "I just wanted to rub against you. Like this." Once more Andrew felt the long, hard shaft rubbing against the cleft of his ass. But this time it dipped deeper. He moaned helplessly as Tony's large, warm hands opened him, spreading him until the virgin opening of his body was completely exposed. "It doesn't have to be like this," Tony whispered and then Drew tensed as he felt the blunt, moist probe of his friend's cock press directly against his ass. "I don't have to come inside you to feel good," Tony continued, pressing gently forward so that the head of his shaft opened Andrew ever-so slightly. The pre-cum he was leaking made his cock slippery, almost slippery enough to slip inside Andrew's body if he hadn't been so tense and tight with fear of the thick shaft ready to invade him.

"You could just put the head in if you wanted to," he said, his voice squeezed with fear, spreading his thighs wider and trying to be ready to take it. For surely the shaft would follow once the head was inside him. "If you don't think it's too tight."

"Are you asking me to fuck you?" Tony's deep voice was filled with intense hunger, a need so deep Andrew could barely understand it.

"I'm saying you can if you want to," he said, fisting his hands in the blankets and tensing his body for the coming onslaught. "I...I won't try to stop you." Behind him, he felt Tony withdraw.

"I don't think you're ready for that." The deep voice was full of regret. "I don't think either one of us is, Drew." He pushed Andrew gently down on the bed and rolled him over on his back before settling between his thighs again so that they were face-to-

face as they had been at first. "Shouldn't have gone as far as we did," he continued softly. "Don't think either one of us is ready to face the consequences if I fuck you tonight."

Dimly, Andrew wondered what consequences he was talking about. But soon his mind was completely taken up with the sweet, hotly addictive sensation of Tony's thick cock rubbing against his own once more.

"God!" he moaned. "Don't stop this time – please just don't stop."

"I won't." Tony leaned down to kiss him and Andrew welcomed his friend's tongue into his eager mouth. "Gonna finish it this time, Drew. But that's gonna have to be the end of it. We're getting in too deep."

Andrew didn't have an answer for this. Didn't have an answer for the voices in the back of his head telling him that what he was doing was wrong and sick and sinful and disgusting. But for once he didn't care. He gave himself up completely to the sweet, hot friction of Tony's thick shaft rubbing against his own and when they came, baptizing both their bellies at once with the sticky mixture of cum and sweat, it was the sweetest, most satisfying orgasm of his life.

They lay quietly for a while and then, without asking if he could, Andrew leaned down and cleaned his friend's belly with his tongue, reveling in the taste of their essences mixed together. He finished by sucking the head of Tony's cock, lapping up the last few drops of cum as Tony murmured approval and stroked his hair. Then, gently, he tugged Andrew up to kiss him once more.

"Can't do this again," he murmured as he finished exploring Andrew's mouth. "Can't keep on like this. We both know it."

"I know." Andrew tried to keep the disappointment out of his voice but he knew Tony was right. This was more than wrong—it was dangerous. If any of the other brothers had walked in and caught them doing what they had just been doing they could have been kicked out of the frat or at the very least disciplined severely. He reflected bitterly on the twisted sense of justice that allowed oral sex between the frat brothers during a hazing but prohibited a genuine show of affection when no one was being forced. Apparently Alpha Psi and the other frats like it didn't approve of love—only rape.

Wait a minute, what am I thinking? I don't love him – he's just my roommate. My friend. I can't love another guy – it's wrong. Sick. Unmanly. Once more he felt the knife blade of shame twist in his stomach as he realized what he had done and worse, what he had offered. What had he been thinking, telling Tony that he could fuck him if he wanted to? What was wrong with him getting up on his hands and knees and opening himself, as submissive as any virgin girl during her first time?

And yet the thought of having Tony's thick shaft inside him, of feeling his friend come deep in his willing, unresisting body still turned him on, still made his cock want to harden even after the mind-blowing orgasm he had just experienced.

Without another word, Andrew got up and went to the bathroom. Taking a wet washcloth, he wiped the evidence of his indiscretion, of his sickness, from his skin. He couldn't go on this way. Tony was right—they had to end this now before it went any farther. Before it got out of hand.

Chapter Nine

Tony knew they had gone too far. Knew it even though he couldn't get the memory of his best friend out of his mind, of the way Drew's skin had felt under his hands, the way his pre-cum had tasted on Tony's tongue. But mostly of the way he'd looked kneeling in the moonlight, offering to let Tony fuck him.

Drew had been scared shitless—there was no doubt about that. Tony had scented the fear coming off him in waves. And even if he hadn't been able to smell how frightened his friend was, he'd felt Drew's slim body trembling against his own, as taut as a plucked string. And yet, despite his obvious terror, Drew had offered himself completely, had offered to spread his legs and open himself for Tony's cock, to accept his roommate's thick shaft into his body. And there was something about that willing submission that Tony just couldn't let go of—couldn't forget.

He played with the idea of bringing Drew home to meet his family. It was a stupid idea—especially when the sight and scent of them together might have tipped anyone off to what was really going on. Or what had been going on until they put an end to it. But even so, he couldn't help himself. He wanted Drew in his home, on his turf. He wanted him close and in Tony's family, trusting someone enough to bring them into your home territory was as close as you could get.

Andrew had brought him home to meet his own parents not long before, and they were just as he had described them—stiff and upper crust and clearly not pleased that their only son was associating with someone as rough and common as Tony. But despite the result, at least Drew had made the gesture of asking him. Tony wanted to return the favor.

And yet, he didn't want to bring Andrew home as just a friend, just his roommate and nothing more. He had a crazy urge to introduce Drew to his father and sister as the other half of his heart—as his mate. *Stupid*, he told himself. *Crazy and you know it. The old man would have a coronary—right after he ripped your heart out and fed it to you on a plate.* But as suicidal as the idea was, Tony just couldn't shake it. *Weres* mated for life, which was why when his own mother died, his father had never taken another wife. He and his sister had yet to pick mates but he was about the right age to get the mating urge—the almost overwhelming desire to find and claim his mate for a lifetime.

Drew's a guy, though, he argued with himself. *Who ever heard of claiming another guy as your mate?* Tony hadn't but that didn't seem to stop him. He felt a hungry possessiveness of his best friend that he had never felt for anyone before—a deep desire to shelter and protect and claim him. To sink his cock to the hilt in Drew's willing flesh and come inside him, making him his for all eternity.

But with that desire came even more complications. It wasn't just that Andrew was male instead of female or the fact that Tony would be kicked out of the pack for daring to announce that he loved him. There was also the fact that Drew wasn't even Were—and he had no idea that Tony was either or that Weres even existed.

Drew was living in the human world with human problems. There were ways to fix that, but none Tony was willing to consider right now. He knew that in order to claim Andrew, he would first have to tell him what he really was—and that was utterly forbidden by pack law.

It was all so complicated and confusing that it just seemed easier to back off, to try to keep their relationship platonic. Easier to keep up the fiction that he was the big man on campus that every girl wanted and Drew was just his roommate and buddy. But every time Tony looked at his friend, all he could see was the soft, willing mouth that sucked him so lovingly, the warm arms that were always open to him and the hot, tight body that was his for the asking, if only he would ask.

For the first time in his life, Tony began to seriously consider breaking the first rule of the pack—*Tell No One What We Are*.

Chapter Ten

After that one night in Tony's bed, they were careful to keep their distance from each other. They still wrestled and roughhoused and once or twice Tony pinned Andrew to the bed or the floor and held him down, both of them laughing breathlessly. At those times, Andrew could feel the hard lump of the big Alpha's cock rubbing against his own erection and he knew there was still something there—that Tony still wanted what he had offered. But no matter how hard they both were or how badly they both wanted it, Tony was careful to keep a small, emotional distance between them. There was no more kissing, no more holding or hugging on the bed and no matter how close they got physically, there was always some kind of clothing between them.

The new arrangement both frustrated and reassured Andrew. He felt reassured that he could control his unnatural urges, that just because he wanted something he knew was wrong didn't mean he had to have it. At the same time, he could never remember wanting anything so badly in his life. Deep down he knew that it was Tony who was keeping them in control because if his friend had given any indication that he wanted to resume the forbidden aspect of their relationship, he wouldn't have hesitated. It sickened and frightened him to acknowledge that to himself and he did his best not to think about it.

Still, despite his frustration and growing hunger to taste his friend's lips and feel his solid weight pinning him to the mattress once more, Andrew found that life at USC settled into a pleasantly predictable grind. He got up in the morning, attended classes and spent his free time studying and hanging out with Tony. Wainwright, for some reason, was leaving him alone for the first time since he had pledged Alpha Psi for which Andrew was cautiously grateful. Once or twice down in the common room with the other Alpha brothers he felt an itching between his shoulder blades and turned to see Wainwright giving him a malevolent glare. But as long as all he did was stare, Andrew wasn't worried. Tony's silent threat seemed to have been effective, which was a good thing since he'd had enough hazing to last him a lifetime.

There was only one thing that bothered him during the long, slow months when he and Tony didn't touch as more than friends. It was an incident that happened on a night when Tony was out late, supposedly partying with some of the other Alpha upperclassmen. After it was over, Andrew remembered it with the vivid impression saved for late night encounters and waking dreams that made him wonder if it had actually happened at all.

It was around three in the morning and Andrew, who was usually a heavy sleeper, was awakened by a bright shaft of moonlight that streamed in through the window across from his bed. He sat up groggily, putting a hand in front of his face to shield his

eyes. At first he thought that he'd slept through his alarm and it was already morning and time for his first class. But after a moment he realized that it was just the full moon, floating outside his window and shedding its radiance into the room like a searchlight that had woken him up.

He glanced at Tony's bed only to see that it was empty. He must still be out with the others. Andrew rolled over in bed, throwing an arm across his eyes. But before he could drift off to sleep again, he heard a noise in the bathroom. A snuffling, scuffling noise like a large animal knocking around in a small space.

What the hell? Trying not to think of every Stephen King book he'd ever read, Andrew climbed out of bed. The bathroom door, which was just opposite the foot of Tony's bed was cracked but there was no light coming from inside the small, tiled room. There was definitely someone or something in there though. As he stood shifting uneasily from foot to foot on the cold, hardwood floor, Andrew heard the scuffling sound again. *Better just get it over with – don't be a pussy*, he taunted himself. Taking a deep breath, he reached for the door and straight-armed it open, his heart beating hard and his eyes wide in the darkness.

Inside the small, dark room a huge shape was crouched over the sink. It looked up as Andrew opened the door and for a moment he had an impression of bright, hungry eyes glowing gold in the darkness and a long, cruel muzzle. The thing growled low in its throat and Andrew felt his knees turn to water. He backed slowly away from the huge form, his fingers fumbling for the light switch that was located on the outside wall. As he felt for the switch, his mind refused to be still. What the hell was this monster, this beast that had invaded the bathroom and what did it want? More importantly, what did it eat?

His heart was slamming against his ribs and Andrew was convinced his time was up, that this weird animal thing had somehow gotten into his dorm room and was going to tear him into bloody chunks and swallow them while they were still twitching. But when he snapped on the overhead fluorescents, it was only Tony standing there naked and looking annoyed.

"Christ, Drew, you mind?" he growled, pushing past Andrew to grab a towel that limply hung from the hook on the back of the door.

"Tony... My God. I thought you were... I thought I saw..." Andrew couldn't help the note of horror that crept into his voice, still rusty from sleep.

"Saw what? What did you see?" Tony demanded.

"I...I thought... Nothing. I didn't see anything." Andrew shook his head rapidly. Then for the first time he noticed the state that his roommate was in. Tony's bare, muscular chest and neck were splashed with what could only be blood – *fresh* blood.

He stepped forward, one hand out but Tony pulled back abruptly, evading his hand.

"Don't touch it," he said sharply. "You don't want to get any of this on you."

Andrew blinked at him. "But...what happened?" For the first time the dark idea that the crimson splotches that covered his friend's skin weren't Tony's entered his sleep-addled brain. Looking higher, he could see blood on Tony's full lips too. What the hell had he been doing?

"What...?" he asked again but couldn't get any further.

"Nothing you need to know about." Tony went back to stand in front of the mirror and began splashing water on his face and chest. His motions were casual, as if he washed blood off his body every day.

"But..." Andrew shook his head. "Was there some kind of accident? Did something happen to some of the other brothers? Did you get in a fight?"

"The other brothers?" Tony looked at him, confusion apparent in his face. "What the hell do they have to do with anything?"

"You were out partying with them. Weren't you?" Andrew frowned. "I mean, if you weren't out with them, who were you out with? And what were you doing?"

"Wasn't out with anyone," Tony grunted, swabbing his freshly scrubbed face and neck with the towel. "I was, uh, hunting. I like to go out on nights like this when the moon is, uh, bright enough to see by." He nodded to himself, as if deciding this was a good story and he was going to stick to it. "Yeah. Lots of game out on a full-moon night."

"*Hunting?*" Andrew frowned at him, disbelieving. "So what—you catch animals with your teeth or something? That's why you're all bloody? You expect me to believe that?"

Suddenly Tony was in his face, his eyes blazing with that black rage Andrew had only glimpsed once or twice before. "I expect you to keep your nose the hell out of my business, *slave*," he snarled, his breath hot with the coppery tang of blood. "Unless you want to wind up like what I hunted tonight."

"God, all right!" Andrew fell back, unsure whether to be pissed off or frightened. He had never seen Tony like this. Not even when he was standing up to Wainwright. Maybe he was drunk? But Andrew had smelled no alcohol on his breath—only...only blood. God. His stomach churning, he turned back to his bed, determined not to let his friend know how much his threats hurt. A heavy hand on his shoulder stopped him.

"Look, Drew..." Tony pulled him around so they were face-to-face and dragged one hand through his thick black curls. "I didn't mean to say that to you." His deep voice was troubled and there was genuine remorse in his eyes. "I just...I can't tell you about this and I don't want you getting hurt trying to figure it out."

Andrew crossed his arms over his chest. "I was worried, that's all. And you have to admit it looks kind of strange—you coming back here with blood all over your face and chest. I mean, what the hell am I supposed to think?"

"It was..." Tony shook his head. "I had to get close to this...this deer to kill it. And some of the blood, it splattered up on me and, well, that's what happened."

Andrew still wasn't sure he believed his roommate's explanation but he sensed that if he wanted to remain friends with Tony, he needed to let it drop. Vaguely, he remembered Tony saying, *we all have secrets – me too*. Was this Tony's secret? But what the hell was it? And where had the blood that was covering him really come from? Andrew's mind kept wanting to answer those questions with the picture of the huge wolf-thing he'd seen filling the bathroom the moment before he flicked on the light and Tony appeared. But that was crazy, wasn't it? An old legend. A Hollywood horror flick. There was no such thing as the beast he'd seen in the bathroom...the beast he *thought* he'd seen.

"Go back to bed." Tony said softly, reaching up to pat his cheek. "In the morning this will all seem like a bad dream." His black eyes were troubled but Andrew sensed that it was a trouble he couldn't share. Against his will, he felt the pull of his friend's large, naked body, felt the need to touch and be touched growing at the simple warmth of Tony's hand on his skin. But that was something else they couldn't share. Not ever again.

He went back to bed and in the morning, the idea of Tony with blood smeared on his mouth and chest did seem like a dream. Or a nightmare. Whichever it was, Andrew tried not to think about it. College life went on as always and in the next few weeks there were no mutilated bodies found on campus and no one was suddenly missing. So whatever Tony was doing, *if* he was doing something and Andrew hadn't dreamed it all, it must be legal. Or so he reasoned to himself when he allowed himself to wonder about it, which wasn't often.

He didn't even want to think about the strange beast he'd seen in the bathroom the second before he'd turned on the light. The golden glowing eyes and the long muzzle filled with sharp white teeth had to be a dream, just the last few wisps of sleep hanging around his brain before he turned on the light and proved to himself that it wasn't real. In time, Andrew put it firmly out of his mind.

After all, there was no point thinking of something he'd imagined – a nightmare that couldn't possibly be true.

Chapter Eleven

"Why do they have to make it so fuckin' complicated." Tony glared at his Anatomy text in frustration, gesturing with one hand at his notes. "I mean, I write and I write—write down every fuckin' thing the professor says and then I get it back here and it doesn't make a damn bit of sense."

"Let me see." Andrew leaned on his friend's broad shoulder and studied the text as well as Tony's chicken scratch notes. Anatomy was a course he would have given his left arm to take himself, but his father flatly refused, probably thinking that it would steer his son toward a career in something besides law. He was such a control freak that he actually insisted on seeing Andrew's course schedule before sending in the check to pay for it.

"I mean—look at this." Tony pointed to a complex diagram in the book, illustrating the Krebs Cycle. "They didn't say there was gonna be any kind of chemistry in this class. I thought it was all just the body and how it functions when I signed up for it." He frowned. "Shoulda taken geology instead. Rocks for jocks just like everybody else on the team."

"You're smarter than that," Andrew said, picking up the text to study the diagram. "And besides, this isn't that hard once you look at it. Here..." He spent the next twenty minutes giving a brief tutorial, breaking it down so Tony could understand.

He had meant it when he said his roommate was smart. Tony was surprisingly good at English and Lit classes and had written some very eloquent essays on the topic of death symbolism in the poetry of Emily Dickinson and e.e. cummings that Andrew greatly admired, but math and science were his weak points.

In the end, after using several sheets of paper to draw his own diagrams, Andrew saw the light of understanding in his friend's dark eyes.

"Wow." Tony looked up at him in admiration. "You really know your stuff. No wonder they call you Baines the Brains around here."

"You're the only one who calls me that. And besides, it's no big deal." Andrew felt himself blushing with pleasure at the praise. He punched his roommate on one muscular shoulder and huffed in surprise as Tony reeled him in for a tight bear hug that squeezed all the air from his lungs.

"It *is* a big deal." Tony's warm breath against the side of his throat made him suddenly and painfully hard. Alarmed, Andrew tried to move his pelvis back but Tony wouldn't let him. Instead he pressed closer until Andrew could feel that he wasn't the only one standing at attention.

"Tony?" he asked, uncertain what to expect. Was this what he had been longing for, hoping for all these months? Or was it just Tony's way of saying thanks?

"You shouldn't play yourself down so much, Drew," he murmured into Andrew's ear. "There's a lot to you. You're smart as hell and you always smell so fuckin' good. And you have those eyes..."

"What about my eyes?" Andrew drew back, looking into his roommate's face.

"You really don't know, do you?" Tony shook his head. "You've got half the sororities on campus creamin' their panties over you and you don't even notice."

"What?" Andrew frowned. "You're the one they go crazy for – Mister Tall, Dark, and Dangerous. Mister Muscles." He ran one hand appreciatively up his friend's hard biceps and had the satisfaction of seeing Tony shiver under his touch. Oh yeah, there was still something there. The question was, were they ever going to do anything about it?

"Mister Muscles. Please." Tony grinned. "That's not what I'm talking about. Ya know, Drew, I wish you could see yourself the way I see you. That soft skin, those big eyes..." He cupped Andrew's cheek in one large palm. "The way you tremble when you want something even though you're afraid of it."

Andrew knew he was talking about that long-ago encounter when he had offered to let Tony fuck him and his face heated at once. "Fuck you," he said, only half joking as he pulled away from Tony's embrace.

"Maybe I should." The big Alpha's voice was little more than a growl.

"Yeah, right." Andrew looked away from his friend's intense gaze, trying to make light of the matter. "Why don't you bite me, Bull." He rarely called Tony by his Alpha nickname but he figured turnabout was fair play since Tony had called him by his.

"Yeah, I'll bite you. Right after you lick my balls," Tony shot back playfully.

Andrew laughed, uncertain if he was glad or disappointed that a potential encounter had been avoided. But just as he turned to go back to his own books, he heard the familiar nasal voice of the chapter president behind him.

"You heard him, slave. Lick your Master's balls."

Andrew turned slowly, wondering how long Wainwright had been standing in the doorway watching them. But there was no suspicion on his face, just sadistic glee at giving an order he obviously thought would turn Andrew's stomach.

"Wainwright." Tony's voice was flat as he dropped into a chair and gave him a long, level glare. "What the hell are you doing here?"

"Just making sure your orders are obeyed, Bull," the weasel-faced chapter president smirked. He turned to Andrew. "You heard your Master. Now get down there and lick his balls."

Tony's face turned dark and dangerous. "You son of a bitch. You can't make him do this."

"I'm not going to." Wainwright folded his arms across his skinny chest and shot Tony a malicious grin. "You are though—unless you want to find yourself out of the frat for refusing to discipline your pledge slave."

"Yeah, right. And you—" Tony began but Andrew cut him off.

"I'll do it," he said, feeling the heat burn his cheeks at those three simple words.

"What?" Tony frowned at him but he only shook his head.

"I said, I'll do it." He stepped forward to stand between his friend's spread thighs and lowered his voice. "Look, Tony, it's all bullshit but you and I both know he could make real trouble for you. You're close to graduating. Don't risk it."

"You don't have to—" Tony began but Andrew dropped to his knees before him and bowed his head submissively exactly as he knew Wainwright wanted him to.

"Please, Master," he murmured, keeping his eyes trained on Tony and away from Wainwright who was standing across the room watching avidly. "Please let me obey your orders and lick your balls." He could barely get the breath to whisper the last words his heart was pounding so hard.

There was a rushing sound in his head, the same giddy feeling of being almost sick with desire that had risen inside him the first time he had been forced to his knees before the big Alpha. He wanted to do this—God help him, even though he knew it was wrong he couldn't help himself. He craved the salty taste of Tony's hot skin, wanted to breathe his dark, animal musk into his lungs. Most of all he wanted to taste his friend's cum again—to feel that thick shaft filling his mouth and the flow of heat as Tony spurted down his throat.

He didn't say another word but everything he was thinking—was wanting—must have shone in his eyes because Tony didn't protest any longer. Instead with a low groan, he reached down to unzip his jeans and freed his long, already hard cock and heavy balls.

"Lick me," he said thickly, slouching low in his seat and spreading his muscular thighs. "Make it good, slave."

Apparently he meant for them to put on a real show for Wainwright and Andrew didn't hesitate. Leaning forward, he lapped gently at the heavy sac, savoring the salty, musky flavor of his friend's skin as he rolled each ball in turn across his tongue. Then, carefully, he sucked one into his mouth, tickling the sensitive skin with the tip of his tongue as the hard bar of Tony's cock branded his cheek. He heard a muffled groan and then Tony was stroking his hair again, looking down at him with need and desire filling those black eyes.

"That's good, slave," he growled softly. "But why don't you show our chapter president how good you can really be? Lick my cock."

"Yes, Master." Keeping his eyes on Tony's face, Andrew took the thick shaft in one hand and placed a soft, open-mouthed kiss on the broad, mushroom-shaped head. He lapped deliberately at the pearly drops of pre-cum forming at the slit, savoring their

salty, bitter flavor and then started at the base of his friend's cock and licked upward in long, slow strokes.

Tony gasped, his big hands clenched into fists at his sides and Andrew could feel Wainwright's eyes boring into his back at the display he was making. But at the moment he didn't give a damn what the chapter president did or thought. He was lost in the erotic pleasure of touching his friend again, of finally tasting Tony's thick, throbbing cock once more as he had been longing to do for months.

"I see you've got him...well trained." Wainwright's voice sounded strangled as Andrew continued his slow, erotic display of obedience.

"Yeah." Tony's voice was thick with pleasure but still insolent when he directed his words to the weasel-faced chapter president. "I've been trainin' him for months. He loves to suck cock, Wainwright. But only mine. Isn't that right, slave?" He looked down at Andrew, a lazy smile twitching the corners of his full mouth.

"Yes, Master," he murmured obediently, returning the smile. "I love to suck your cock more than anything. Except swallowing your cum."

Tony groaned low in his throat, the humor leaving his eyes to be replaced by hunger. "Is that what you want, slave? You want to drink my cum? Want me to fuck that sweet mouth until I shoot down your throat?"

Andrew swallowed hard, his throat burning as he remembered that first degradation when he had been forced to suck the big Alpha's cock. His own cock strained painfully against the fabric of his jeans at the memory and the realization of how much he wanted to repeat it. "More than anything, Master," he admitted. "Please fuck my mouth. Please let me swallow your cum."

"All right then." Tony stared at him, desire and need blazing in his dark gaze. "Suck me, slave. Wanna watch you take my cock down your throat and swallow my load, every drop."

"Every drop, Master," Andrew promised holding his gaze for a long moment. Then he dropped his head and took as much of the thick shaft into his mouth as he could.

"God!" Gasping, Tony buried both hands in his hair and guided him, fucking into his mouth gently but deeply as a river of pre-cum began to flow from the tip of his cock. Andrew drank it greedily and sucked the thick shaft, looking for more. He loved the flavor of his friend's cum, loved the feeling of another man, of Tony, using his mouth, of Tony's throbbing cock sliding between his lips.

Behind Andrew, Wainwright, who had been almost entirely forgotten by both of them, cleared his throat. "I...that's enough, I think," he stammered, his thin, nasal voice uncertain. "You've proven you're an obedient slave. I don't think...don't think you have to..."

"Can't stop him now." Tony's deep voice was hoarse with pleasure. "Have to let him finish once he gets started. Have to let him drink my cum—I promised him he could."

"But that's...it's disgusting." Wainwright still sounded uncertain as though he didn't know whether to feel lust or disgust or a mixture of the two.

"Why?" Tony demanded. "He's just doin' what you made him do that last night of Hell Week, Wainwright. You liked watching then—loved seein' him forced to suck my cock and swallow my cum. So why don't you want to see it now?"

"I...that was a prank. Part of the initiation," Wainwright protested. "This is...obscene."

"Oh, so it's okay when it's just for laughs. Just making sure the guy is tough enough to be an Alpha. But not when he enjoys doing it?" Tony's words were angry but his voice was lazy and deep with pleasure as he continued to guide his cock between Andrew's lips. "Tell me something, Wainwright, how would you like it if someone forced you to suck cock? Think it would do anything for you?"

"You...you're sick." Wainwright's voice was stronger now, laced with lustful revulsion. "I could report you for this. I could have you both kicked out of the house."

"What, for following orders?" Tony laughed, a deep sound that vibrated his entire body. "Go ahead and try, asshole. First you threaten to get us kicked out if Drew here *doesn't* suck my cock and then you threaten the same thing if he does. Make up your mind."

"You...you'll be sorry for this." Wainwright's voice sounded tight with anger and then Andrew heard the slam of a door and angry footsteps on the stairs. At the back of his mind he knew they shouldn't have antagonized him—it was about as smart as poking a hornet's nest with a stick to see what flew out. But at the moment, he couldn't make himself care. Couldn't think about anything else but the thick cock filling his mouth and Tony's hands in his hair urging him to take more, to suck harder.

"Good... Ah, God, Drew, that's so Goddamn good," Tony was groaning and then Andrew tasted the first hot spurt of cum across his tongue and he lapped eagerly at his friend's shaft, wanting more. He got his wish as Tony shot into his mouth again and again, releasing more and more of the bitterly delicious essence between Andrew's lips as he came, filling his mouth with cum.

Andrew swallowed over and over, drinking eagerly until at last there was no more. He sucked the broad, plum-shaped head carefully, finding the last hidden droplets before reluctantly releasing his friend's cock. His own cock was still throbbing painfully against the tight confines of his jeans but he was afraid to do anything about it. Afraid to look up at all for fear of what he might or might not see in his friend's eyes.

"Hey." Tony's hand stroked over his cheek and then reached down to tilt his chin upward until Andrew was forced to meet his gaze. "You really like that, don't you?" His deep voice was filled with wonder and surprise. "I mean, I was just telling Wainwright all that shit to yank his chain. But you really liked sucking me and drinking my cum, didn't you? It got you off."

Unable to answer with words, Andrew only nodded. He felt a terrible shame once more, the shame of wanting something that was wrong—unnatural. What would his

father say if he knew his son loved sucking cock? What would he think if he knew Andrew craved the taste of his friend's cum, the feeling of it spurting into his mouth and down his throat? Worse yet, what did Tony think of him now? Before, on the bed, what they had done had been more or less mutual. But Andrew had just proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that he enjoyed being dominated, being put in a degrading position and forced to perform dirty, demeaning acts.

"Hey, what's wrong?" Tony's voice was concerned and Andrew realized that a single tear had made its way down his cheek.

"Nothing, I..." He shook his head, looking down again. "I guess I feel...I'm afraid you'll think I'm...I don't know. Dirty."

"Dirty?" Tony frowned. Then, as though proving Andrew right to be afraid, he suddenly released his chin and stood up, leaving him kneeling on the floor. "Wait here," he threw over his shoulder as he disappeared into the bathroom.

Oh God... Andrew sank into a puddle on the hardwood floor. While he had been sucking his friend's cock, he hadn't even noticed how hard it was but now his knees were killing him from kneeling on it so long. But his knees weren't hurting nearly as much as his heart.

He thinks I'm sick, disgusting. Well, why shouldn't he? I am. And even if he didn't, surely this indiscretion was the last one they would ever commit together. Andrew thought of the long, dry months that had followed their last encounter and felt a hole open inside his chest. God, he didn't know if he could take that again—touching Tony without really touching him. Pretending they were just friends, just roommates and buddies when he wanted to kiss every inch of his skin, to suck his cock every night and feel those big, warm hands on his body... His thoughts ran in useless circles until after a long, awful time he heard Tony calling his name.

"Drew? Come in here." The deep voice echoed off the tiles from the bathroom and when he looked up, Andrew realized that a puff of steam was rising from the half-open door. What the hell was Tony up to? Did he want Andrew to scrub his back again?

Slowly he dragged himself off the floor and went into the bathroom. The sight that met his eyes made him instantly hard again, despite his inner conflict. He couldn't help but stare at the long, naked, muscular body sprawled in the tub. Tony stared back at him, an unreadable look in his dark eyes. Steam rose from the water but there were no bubbles to get in the way of the sight of his tanned skin. Instead, the liquid in the tub had a faint rainbow sheen to it that let Andrew know his friend was trying some of the new bath oil he'd gotten in his last care packet. A faintly floral scent perfumed the air, just barely noticeable if he sniffed hard enough.

"Come here." Tony spread his legs and gestured for Andrew who came to the edge of the tub, his eyes on the shape of his friend's cock under the water. Obediently he sank to the floor, one hand on the slippery edge of the cool porcelain tub. Tony shook his head impatiently. "No, Drew, not there. *Here*—in the water with me. Take off your clothes and get in."

Andrew was surprised at first but he had to acknowledge that the tub was big enough to hold two—if they sat very close together. Slowly, feeling like he was in some kind of dream, he stripped off his jeans and underwear followed by his USC T-shirt. Leaving his clothes in a pile on the floor, he gripped the edge of the tub and carefully climbed into the steaming bath, settling between Tony's long legs.

"Now, lean back here against my chest," Tony directed softly, tugging on Andrew's shoulder until he did as he was told. "Good. Now relax."

Easier said than done. Andrew couldn't get over the myriad sensations flooding him enough to really obey the casual order. The heat of the water surrounding him, the sweet smell of the oil and under it the warm musk of his friend's skin. The feel of Tony's solid, muscular chest and abs cradling his body and lower, the feel of his half-hard cock pressing against the small of Andrew's back.

"Relax," Tony murmured again. Then the big, natural sponge was spilling steaming water over his chest and arms and shoulders and he realized with a start what Tony was doing—washing him.

"Tony—" he started but the low noise of disapproval from behind him cut him off.

"Take it easy, Drew." Tony's deep voice was as close to tender as he had ever heard it. "Just thought this might be good for you, help you unwind." He leaned forward, both strong arms wrapped around Andrew's body, the steaming sponge pressed hard against his chest. "You're not dirty, Drew," he murmured, low and soft and comforting into Andrew's ear. "You're not. You're beautiful. Fuckin' gorgeous. I love to watch you down on your knees, sucking my cock, drinking my cum. It's the most perfect sight I've ever seen. And I want to see a lot more of it in the future. Understand?"

"What?" Andrew suddenly twisted to look into his friend's eyes, the trance he had begun to slip into broken by the impossible words. "But last time we...you said we couldn't. That we shouldn't anymore."

Tony shook his head. "I'm sick of that shit. Sick of wanting to touch you and not letting myself do it. Wanting your hands and your mouth on me—wanting to kiss you when I can't." He leaned forward and took Andrew's mouth in a long, lingering kiss as if to illustrate his point before going on.

"The way I look at it, lots of people experiment in college. With drugs, alcohol, all kinds of shit. So why should we be any different? At least we're not going out and getting ourselves fucked up on a regular basis, so what's wrong with letting ourselves get a little closer? What's wrong with letting you suck my cock or with me sucking yours? I like it—you like it—we're not hurting anybody. So what?"

The tone of his deep voice was slightly defensive, as though he'd been arguing this point with himself for a long time but Andrew was more than ready to agree.

"You're right." Carefully he kissed Tony back, reveling in the salty-sweet taste of his friend's lush mouth. "I mean, it has to stop sometime—you can't fuck around your whole life. But while we're here, what's the big deal?"

"Exactly. But after we graduate—after I graduate this spring, I mean, we'll end it—we have to. No two ways about it. Understand?" He sounded so stern, so serious suddenly that Andrew realized this was an utterly nonnegotiable point. Tony was giving him an ultimatum—one he accepted eagerly. He would have said yes to anything at that point, would have given in to any demand just to be with the big Alpha.

"Sure." He nodded eagerly. "Whatever you say, Tony."

"Fine, then." Tony sighed. "We'll go out into the world. Get jobs, mates—wives, I mean, kids and all that shit. But for now..." He kissed Andrew again, letting his mouth slide down to test the pulse point at the side of his neck.

"God!" Andrew hissed appreciatively as the warm, wet tongue caressed his skin. A college thing—it was just a college thing. Experimentation that meant absolutely nothing, he told himself, using the weak justification to drive back the voices of shame and pain that wanted to speak too loudly inside his skull. And once Tony graduated—not more than three months from now—they would end it forever. But, God, he hoped it would be the longest three months of his life...

His thoughts were interrupted when a large, warm hand grasped his still-hard cock under the water and began to pump.

"Does that feel good?" Tony's deep voice was low and sensual, suggesting that he already knew exactly how good it felt. "I could tell how hard you were while you were sucking me," he murmured, continuing the long, slow stroking. "Could see your cock tenting your jeans like a flag pole."

Andrew let out a burst of low, choked laughter. "Yeah, I guess...guess that's a good description," he gasped.

"Did you get so hard because you liked sucking me?" Tony demanded, still stroking. "Is that what made your cock all stiff?"

Andrew nodded before realizing that his friend was looking for a more detailed answer. "Yes," he whispered, his voice squeezed tight with pleasure. "Loved...love to suck you, Tony...Master. Love to suck your cock. Taste your cum when you shoot down my throat."

Tony made a deep noise of approval. "Tell me, Drew, what do you think of while you suck me?" he murmured, his long fingers trailing down to cup Andrew's balls for a moment. "Do you think about what else I could do to you with my cock?"

"I...I don't know." Andrew felt a sudden flash of pleasurable terror caress his shivering skin. *Fucking me—he's talking about fucking me.*

Tony seemed to sense his fear because he eased up on the intensity of his stroking and let his hand travel lower, spreading Andrew's legs until he could trace the tight, vulnerable entrance to his body.

Andrew felt his breath catch in his throat and then he eased back against Tony, spreading his thighs wider, giving his friend better access and unspoken permission.

"You're so tight here, Drew," Tony murmured in his ear, one finger still stroking gently. "Tell me, have you ever had anything in you before? Up your ass?"

"I...no." Andrew moaned softly as just the tip of his friend's finger began to move, penetrating his tight entrance a fraction of an inch. The heat of the water as well as the slippery bath oil helped as he tried to open himself, to completely surrender.

"Have you ever thought what it would be like?" Tony persisted and now his finger was pressing inward, upward, filling Andrew's tight virgin opening. "To have something inside you?" Tony continued. "Like this?" The finger pressed all the way into him and Andrew gasped as he was penetrated fully, feeling his tightness give way to his friend's thick digit.

"Yes," he gasped, leaning his head back against Tony's broad shoulder and giving himself up completely to the pleasure of being finger-fucked. "Yes, I thought about it. About what it would feel like..." He trailed off, unable to make himself finish.

"To have my cock in your ass?" Tony growled, pumping his finger deeper into Andrew's unresisting body. At the same time his other hand reached around and began stroking his swollen shaft. "To feel me filling you up and coming inside you – shooting my load so deep in you, you could taste it?"

"God, yes," Andrew moaned. His body felt like one big circuit of nerves, each of them conveying more pleasure than he had ever known or dreamed possible. He felt his hips pumping, pressing his shaft hard into his friend's hand on the upstroke and impaling himself deeper and deeper on the down stroke. God, he couldn't stand it much longer – couldn't take the pleasure, the uncertainty. At the small of his back he could feel Tony's huge and newly hardened shaft pressing against him, rubbing his slick skin. Did he to fuck him now, here in the bathtub? Did he want Andrew to sit on his cock and let it sink deeply inside his body? Was that why Tony had used bath oil instead of bubble bath this time? To ease the friction of a first entry?

"Don't want you to worry about it right now," Tony's low voice in his ear put an end to some of his anxiety. "I'm pretty big and I can tell how tight you are. So I'm not going to ride your ass tonight, Drew. Maybe not ever. Don't want to hurt you."

Andrew didn't know if he was relieved or disappointed. But the pleasure that was building inside him was becoming too much to bear. He felt his orgasm working its way up from the base of his spine, pouring over him like a hot wave as Tony continued to pump him and penetrate him simultaneously.

"Come for me, Drew." Tony's deep voice was warm and commanding. "Come for me and imagine what it would feel like to have my cock buried to the hilt in your ass. To feel me fucking you – filling you up with my cum."

With a low, strangled cry, Andrew lost it completely, obeying Tony's order with helpless pleasure. Heart pounding, chest heaving for breath, he felt himself clenching around his friend's finger, felt his cock spasming in that large, warm hand as his cum fountained out, coating Tony to the wrist with pearly drops.

"That's right, Drew. That's good." Tony stoked him gently until the last spasms had passed and then, as Andrew struggled to catch his breath, he pulled him closer and put both arms around him once more. "Now you're relaxed," he murmured in Andrew's ear, pausing to nip softly at the side of his neck. "In just a minute we'll get out of the tub and go to bed. *My* bed, 'cause you're sleeping with me from now on." He laughed. "And you can suck my cock again, if you want to."

"Always." Andrew turned to him, pressing close against Tony's broad chest, reveling in the feeling of safety and love in those strong arms. "I always want to suck your cock, drink your cum."

Tony barked another short laugh. "Might not be much left to drink after that scene with Wainwright. I think you drained me dry."

His mention Wainwright gave Andrew a sudden chill. "You know, Tony, I'm not so sure we should have done that—what we did in front of him like that. He's, well, you know what a prick he is. I'm just afraid it'll make trouble later."

Tony smiled. "You let me worry about Wainwright and you just worry about sucking my cock, okay? He thinks he's hot shit but he's not such a big deal."

"I hope you're right." In the back of his mind, Andrew wasn't as certain as his friend that everything was going to be all right. But he let himself be seduced by the hungry kiss Tony pressed to his lips and the promise of three more months of bliss before their dream had to end.

Chapter Twelve

It was wrong. Tony knew it but he couldn't help it. He was too wrapped up in the new relationship—too wrapped up in Drew. The mating urge was on him, telling him to take what was his, to claim Andrew. He fought it as hard as he could.

Three months, he told himself. Three months and then we'll break it off. I'll go my way and he'll go his. We'll never see each other again except as friends. I'll take over the pack and Ginelli Construction, just like Pop wants me to and go on with my life. Find some willing female and settle down, raise a family, do what I'm supposed to do. What everyone expects.

But no matter what he told himself, he knew it was all a lie. He could no more give Andrew up now than he could stop breathing. And yet, it was going to be damn hard.

His old man would want to kill them both if he found out what Tony and Drew had been up to. And taking leadership of the pack while he was in a same sex relationship was out of the question. There was no tolerance or mercy in the pack and no acceptance of anything out of the norm. You either conformed or you were kicked out—abandoned and forever forbidden the company of other Weres.

For the first time, Tony hated what he was. Hated his family and what it stood for. He hated that his Were nature kept him from making love to Drew and he couldn't tell him why. But most of all he hated it that he couldn't tell his lover the truth about himself, about what he was when he wanted to so badly he could almost taste the words on his lips every time they were together.

Tell No One What We Are. It had been drummed into him from the time he was a pup but the fear of breaking the oldest and strongest taboos among his kind wasn't what was really holding Tony back at this point. It was the look of horror he'd seen on Drew's face when he saw Tony's beast for even a split second.

Just remembering that, remembering the way his lover had looked at him when he was in his other form, was enough to make Tony keep his mouth shut. He knew Drew didn't really want to know about it—if he had he would've asked and not just accepted Tony's excuse that he had been hunting. Instead, the subject of what Tony had been doing the night he showed up in the bathroom covered in blood was buried like a murdered body between them.

But Tony knew the time was coming when he would have to dig up the body and force his lover to look. There was no other way for them to be together. No other way for him to claim Drew as his own, as his mate forever. But as the weeks flew past, he kept finding reason after reason to put it off. *Tell No One... Tell No One...* It drummed through his head with an ancient, blood-thick rhythm until finally Tony realized he would have to deal with his family first and worry about how Andrew would take his revelation afterward.

He just hoped there was enough of him left to tell Drew what he wanted to, after he came out to his father.

* * * * *

It was a rainy morning the day he asked and the light coming in through the big, old-fashioned kitchen window was the color of a runny egg white. The night before had been just as wet—no good for hunting even though his family's place was far out in the country with no need to worry about prying eyes. The lack of a good satisfying hunt was bound to have an effect on his father's mood and Tony knew it, but he was going back to USC that afternoon and he needed to tell his father what he'd come to say before he left. Or was thrown out.

"Dad?" He cleared his throat, hoping to draw his old man's attention away from the sports page as they sat around the table together having breakfast. His mom had passed away a few years before and her place was filled by his little sister, Felicia. She was wearing an old flower-print robe and quietly munching a bowl of corn flakes, her thick, curly black hair in a sleepy snarl and her dark brown eyes cast down at the business section. Though his sister sat in their mother's old chair, she couldn't replace the calming influence their mother had had on their dad. Being the leader of the pack—The One Wolf as it was called—consumed most of his father's time, energy and patience so without his mom around to run interference, giving his father bad news was always risky. Tony cleared his throat again.

"What?" His old man's voice was flat as he raised his sharp black eyes, so like Tony's own, briefly from the latest football scores. He was getting up in years with more silver than black in his hair but the barely restrained growl in that single syllable was plenty enough to remind Tony who was in charge. *Doesn't mean he'll be in charge forever, though*, he told himself. Taking a deep breath and trying to sound casual, he went for it.

"Thought I might bring someone home to meet the family after this semester is over," he said, and took a big bite of his own cereal to cover his nervousness. "My...my roommate, Drew." It had been his sister's idea that maybe meeting Andrew in person might soften the old man up a little bit. Tony thought there was almost no way his father was going to take this well but if there was even a slim chance, he was willing to go for it.

"No." His father's voice was final. Tony knew from long experience there was no use arguing with him when he sounded like that but he couldn't stop himself. He swallowed hard, his cereal going down like sand.

"Why not?" He tried to keep his voice level but he was too pissed at the old man's autocratic answer to manage it. "Felicia has friends over all the time. Why not me?"

Steely black eyes met his once more and Tony had to struggle to hold his father's stare. There was something building in the room, a thundercloud of latent power and authority that gathered around the old man's head when he was challenged. In the past

Tony had backed down when he felt the aura of menace coming from his father. But not this time. He held the old man's gaze, feeling his own power build, smelling the thick scent of anger pervading the room.

"Why not is because your sister brings home girlfriends. *Girls*," his father emphasized. "They're not a threat—not like a strange male poking his nose in our business would be. You bring home a girl—a mate—then we can talk. Time you settled down, anyway. The pack needs a leader with stability, not some young hotshot who can't keep it in his pants long enough to make a levelheaded decision."

Tony exchanged a quick glance with his sister. Felicia's slim black brows were drawn low over her brown eyes and she shook her head slightly. They both knew better than to mess with the old man when he was like this but this time Tony didn't want to back down. This time it was too important.

"Drew isn't just some strange male. He's my lo—" Tony's tongue stumbled over the word he wanted to use but he wasn't able to say it—not yet. "My roommate," he finished quickly. "My best friend. I want him to come for a visit. Don't see why that's such a big fuckin' deal."

"You watch your mouth, Anthony." The old man shot out a finger, anger filling his black eyes with orange flames. "You may be a big football star at that fancy school you insisted on goin' to, but you're not so big I can't take you down. I won't have that kind of language at my table."

Tony recognized a threat when he heard one. And more than that, he recognized that this was a threat the old man could and would follow through with. From the corner of his eye, he could see his little sister shaking her head, her large brown eyes alarmed. Felicia was as tough as he was—maybe tougher in her own way. But even she knew when it was time to back off the old man and let sleeping wolves lie.

"Fine," he said at last, dropping his eyes and taking another bite of his cereal.

"What's so special about this friend of yours anyway?" His old man's voice was thick with derision. "You never asked to bring other boys from the pack home, even when you were a pup. You've always been a loner, why the sudden change?"

"Drew's different." Tony wasn't ready to say anything else about it—not to his father and not to himself. "I like him. Wanted him to meet the family, especially Felicia." This last was true, at least. Felicia was one of the two people he loved most in the world and Tony had long wanted to introduce her to Drew, who was the other.

As usual, his father got the wrong idea. "You're tryin' to set your sister up with an outsider?" His deep voice was incredulous. "Look, son, you may like this friend of yours a lot, but you know as well as I do that Felicia can't mate outside the pack. You'll be The One Wolf after I'm gone and the one she chooses will be your second, so she's got to pick someone strong, someone with stamina."

Tony frowned. "Felicia doesn't need to choose a mate just because he'd make a good second for me—she's worth more than that. In fact, she'd probably be a better

pack leader than me. She's tough, aren't ya, sis?" He smiled at Felicia who looked at their father hopefully.

"The One Wolf a female? Don't make me laugh." The old man barked a short, harsh chuckle. "What the hell have you been doin' with your time up there at that school—frying your brain?"

"No, I've been getting a business degree so I can run the Goddamn company, just like you want me to." Tony glared at him, knowing it wasn't a good idea, but unable to keep the growing irritation off his face. "But Felicia's been here all along, by your side, learning hands-on how to lead the pack. You shouldn't discount her, Pop. I told you, she's tough."

"What's wrong with you?" His old man looked at him like he was crazy. "You think you can get out of your responsibilities by pawning them off on your little sister? Let me tell you now, Anthony, it's never gonna happen. And you can forget the idea of bringing this friend of yours over to meet Felicia, too. No matter how much you like this kid, you don't want a non-Were backing you during a conflict."

"What makes you think I want him for Felicia?" Tony knew damn well he was going about this the wrong way but the words came out anyway.

"What did you say?" The old man's voice was a growl.

"You heard me." Tony stood up from the table, pushing his chair back in a sudden, defiant motion. "You think I want to be what you are? That I want to lead the pack and run Ginelli construction just because you say so? What if I want to do somethin' else with my life? What if I want to go another way? Find someone outside the pack—somebody I got a connection to even if he doesn't get furry during the full moon?"

"He, did you say? Did you actually say *he*?" His father's face went pale, then deep brick red with anger. He stood slowly and deliberately and his voice moved down to a register so low no one but another Were could have understood it.

"That's right, Pop, you heard me. *He*." There was no going back now. Tony decided to go down with both guns blazing. "Drew's more than my roommate and my best friend—he's my lover," he told his father. "And I want to claim him for my mate."

"Are you crazy? You can't claim another male as your mate! What the hell has gotten into you?" his father demanded. "Have you told him about us? *Have you?*"

"No!" Tony shouted back. "But..." He took a deep breath. "But I want to. I want to tell him everything. I want to spend the rest of my life with him, Pop."

"But...but..." For a moment his anger faded and Tony's father simply looked bewildered. "How can you do this to me and your family? Shame us like this? Who's going to lead the pack if you do something like that? There's no way they'll accept you as The One Wolf if you take another male as your mate."

"I don't care about the pack," Tony said. "Not enough to let their expectations run my life. Let Felicia have the leadership—she'll be good at it. A lot better than I would be."

"No. No." Tony's father shook his head. "Now you listen to me and you listen good, Anthony." He pointed a finger at Tony, his face a tight fist of anger. "I don't know what you're doin' at that waste of time and money that passes for a school and I don't want to know. But whatever it is, you got 'til you graduate to end it. And if you think you can bring somebody non-pack, non-Were, and non-female into this family as your mate, you can damn well think again."

"I've already thought about it, Pop," Tony said quietly. "And this is what I want."

"It doesn't matter what you want! I'm still the head of this household and I'm telling you it's not going to happen! You disobey me in this, Anthony, and I swear by your mother's grave *I will end you*. And not only that, I'll end him too—your little faggot friend."

"Don't you call him that!" Tony snarled, anger getting the better of his common sense. He moved around the table quickly, facing his father, finally venting years of pent-up frustration.

"I'll say what I want when I want in my own house. Any time you want to challenge my right to do that, pup, I'm here. You're big and strong but you're not big enough to bring down your old man yet." His father seemed to grow huge in the dimly lit kitchen—the storm cloud of menace around him swelling with rage.

"Stop it! Stop it, both of you!" Felicia was suddenly between them, her smaller form crackling with fury and fear. "What would Mom think, seeing you two like this?" she demanded. "What would she say?"

Tony felt some of the anger leave him and saw some of the heated rage leave his old man's eyes as well. What was left was a cold, quiet certainty that chilled him to the bone. There was no way to get out of this without making a choice—without losing someone he loved. And he knew he wasn't willing to lose Drew.

"I wish Mom *was* here," he said. "Maybe she could make this easier somehow. But she's not so I'll just say it. As of right now, I'm declaring Lone Wolf status and relinquishing all my rights to the leadership of the pack and Ginelli construction."

"You...you can't do that." The old man's face went chalk white and for a moment, Tony was afraid he might have a heart attack.

"I can and I am," he said quietly. "No matter what you say or do, this is who I am. And I can't change it for you or anyone else. I'm sorry, Pop."

His father seemed to run out of words. He shook his head, looking suddenly older than Tony had ever seen him. Then he turned and walked out of the kitchen without looking back.

"You had to push it, didn't you? Had to put everything out in the open and now you can never go back. You know a declaration of Lone Wolf status is irreversible." Felicia faced him angrily, her arms crossed over her narrow chest. She was almost as tiny as Tony was large but he'd seen her back down larger men than he was with just a look.

"Sorry, sis. I...I don't know what got into me—I just...I couldn't lie anymore, I guess. Not to you guys and not to myself either." He let out a breath and dropped back into his chair, pushing aside his cereal bowl, still half filled with now-soggy flakes. His stomach was churning with a mixture of anxiety and elation. He had done it—he'd really done it. He'd declared Lone Wolf status and now he was free. Free for the first time in his life.

"Hey." The anger left Felicia's deep brown eyes and she leaned over to push Tony's hair back from his forehead, almost as though she was feeling for a fever. The move reminded him of his mom and suddenly Tony's throat felt tight. He swallowed hard.

"Yeah?" He looked up at his little sister—so tough even though their father couldn't see it. So much more interested in pack politics and procedures than he was or ever would be. And so much more understanding.

"He means a lot to you, huh? This boyfriend of yours?" Felicia asked.

"He's...yeah, he means a lot."

"I can see that." Felicia patted his shoulder soothingly. "I wish I could meet him, Tony. He must be something special."

"I...there's something about him. He...he smells right. Feels right. Even though he's not pack or Were. Even though he's...a guy." Tony looked up, uncertain what he'd see in his little sister's eyes. Through thick and thin they'd always stuck together, told each other things they wouldn't tell anyone else. He needed her to understand without condemning. Needed her not to turn away.

"Then you should be with him." Felicia kept her voice low and confidential but her eyes were warm.

"I want to but..." Tony shook his head. "I haven't exactly told him about us yet—about what we are."

Felicia raised one slim eyebrow. "You haven't? You went through all that, declaring Lone Wolf status and pissing Pop off to the point of no return and you don't even know how he'll react when you turn furry? Has he even seen your other form?"

"Once." Tony sighed. "Just for a second when I came back from hunting a few months ago. He was, uh, pretty freaked out."

"Oh, Tony." Felicia put her arms around him, pressing his head to chest the same way his mother had used to do. "Are you sure you're doing the right thing?" she asked softly. "Breaking the first rule is a big deal, you know, even when you're sure how the human you tell is going to react. But it sounds like you're not certain at all."

"I'm not." Tony felt a lump rise in his throat and swallowed it back down, hard. "But it's done now—there's no going back. And...and one thing I do know is that Drew loves me. He'll understand."

Felicia sighed and drew back and crossed her arms over her chest. "So are you going to turn him?"

Tony felt his ears getting hot. "You know as well as I do that the only way to turn him is to..." He broke off, unwilling to finish the thought in front of his little sister.

Felicia laughed at his sudden modesty. "Look at you blush! Like you didn't screw half the cheerleading squad at our high school."

"This is different!" Tony glared at her. "*Drew's* different."

"So you two haven't ever...?" She raised an eyebrow at him again, then shook her head. "You know as well as I do that there's next to no chance you'll turn him unless you do it on a full moon night."

Tony scowled. "I didn't want to take a chance, not even a small one. Not until I tell him what I am—show him what he might become if he...if he decides to stay with me."

"He'll stay," Felicia said with certainty. She brushed a stray lock of hair out of Tony's eyes gently. "Just...try to break him in gently, Tony. Don't do anything sudden or lose control of yourself—remember the second rule. Try not to freak him out."

"Of course not! You think I'm stupid?" Tony demanded, then he sighed, the anger leaving him. "We only have another week until the end of the semester—one more week to let him know what I am and that I want us to stay together instead of breakin' it off like we said we would." He shook his head. "I just hope I can pull it off."

"You will." Felicia's voice was soothing and she stroked his forehead again. "Somehow you'll find a way, big brother. I have faith in you."

"Thanks, sis." Tony grabbed her hand and kissed her palm gently before getting up from the table. This was probably the last time he'd ever be welcome in his old home and now he had to leave it. Had to get back to campus and think of a way to tell Drew he wanted him in his life forever.

Chapter Thirteen

Three months. Three months Andrew knew he would never forget. The best three months of his life because for the first time in his life he was being true to himself—admitting his own desires and acting on them without guilt or shame. He had put the demanding, accusing voices in his brain on hold, determined to soak up every minute of pleasure he had with Tony and not waste a single second on regrets. There would be plenty of time to regret later. Plenty of time to wonder what was wrong with him, to hate himself for needs he couldn't control.

There was only one small detail that bothered him. One or two nights a month, mostly on or around the time of the full moon, Tony still slipped from the bed they were sharing and went out. He didn't tell Andrew where he went and for his part, Andrew wasn't sure he wanted to know. All he knew was that when the moon began to wax his lover would begin to grow restless and fidgety and soon after that he would wake up and find Tony's side of the bed empty. He always came back just before dawn but he never gave any explanations—just crawled into bed and fell into an exhausted sleep that lasted until late the next morning.

Andrew was sure Tony wasn't going out with the other Alpha upperclassmen—he'd admitted that he didn't much like partying with the other brothers. But if his lover wasn't going out on the town or drinking on his late-night forays, then where was he going and what was he doing? That strange, dreamlike encounter in which he'd seen Tony with his face and chest covered in blood kept trying to resurface in his mind but Andrew pushed it fiercely away. Let Tony keep his secret, whatever it was. The time they had together was too short for fighting and accusations.

Other than that one little sore spot, life was sweet. They skipped classes recklessly, spending the time together instead. Tony was going to be graduating with a B.A. in Business and going straight into running his family's construction company so his grades didn't have to be perfect. And Andrew could make straight A's just showing up to take the tests. So they spent their nights staying up late talking and touching and their mornings in bed, wrapped around each other making love—or as close to making love as Tony would let them get. Because despite Andrew's protests that he felt ready to go all the way, Tony still refused to penetrate him with his cock—to make love to him completely.

"I'm big, Drew," he explained patiently, stroking Andrew's hair gently with one hand and his cock with the other when Andrew begged his lover to fuck him. They were lying in Tony's bed on the last night of the semester, touching each other for what Andrew was sure would be the final time. He was almost desperate for the final act of love and frustrated that Tony was denying him. And it wasn't just for his own good, he

was sure. There was some other reason Tony consistently refused to make love to him—some reason he was afraid he might never know because Tony wouldn't talk about it.

"I don't care how big you are," he told his lover stubbornly. "I want you."

"Some of the girls I've been with have had a really hard time," Tony continued, frowning. "Some of them couldn't even take me and they weren't exactly virgins either. Feel how tight you are down here." The hand stroking Andrew's cock slid lower between his thighs and outlined the tender entrance to his body until Andrew moaned.

"I don't give a damn," he whispered, pressing hard against Tony's exploring hand. "I want you inside me, Tony. I want you to fill me up." What he really wanted—what he was afraid to say—was that he wanted a lasting memory of what they had meant to each other. Something to carry with him for the rest of his life after their college fling was over. And he wanted to prove something to himself—something about who he really was. It was one thing to suck another man's cock but it was another thing entirely to get on his hands and knees or lie helplessly on his back and let another man shove that same cock inside him. To let another man fuck him. He wanted that experience before he left the Alpha Psi chapter house to go back home for the summer, to go back to what he knew was considered normal for the rest of his life. And he wanted it with Tony.

"You can barely take two fingers," Tony reminded him, slipping two thick digits into Andrew's body, making him squirm and buck against his lover in pain and pleasure. Tony had used almost half a bottle of baby oil getting him ready earlier and he knew without it his lover's fingers wouldn't have fit. "How the hell do you think you're gonna take this?" He nodded down at his own huge cock standing at attention between his thighs while he tended to Andrew.

"I can take it." Andrew tried to sound confident even though he knew it would be an extremely rough ride if Tony gave in to his requests. But he couldn't help himself—their three months had somehow suddenly come to an end. This was the last night of the semester and tomorrow everyone would go their separate ways. And the worst thing was, he would never see Tony again. Oh, they had promised to keep up with each other and continue their friendship but both of them knew that the sexual aspect of their relationship would be over forever when this night ended. Andrew didn't want it to end with him still a "virgin"—with their love still unconsummated. Something was standing between them—some barrier—and he was almost desperate to break it down.

"Please, Tony," he murmured. "I want you. It's our last night—the last time we're ever going to do anything like this. I want it to be special."

"That's exactly why I don't wanna end our time together by hurting you." Tony kissed him on the neck. Withdrawing his fingers, he licked a long, hot trail from Andrew's collarbone down to his cock. "We could do it the other way, if you want to," he told Andrew, giving him a slow smile. "You could do it to me. I'd let you."

Andrew was touched by the offer, especially since he knew that Tony wasn't the type of guy to easily give up control. He was completely and utterly a top, just as

Andrew was discovering that he himself was completely and utterly a bottom. So no matter how much he might appreciate his lover's offer to turn the tables, he just couldn't take him up on it. He didn't just want to make love with Tony—he wanted to be owned, filled, fucked and mastered completely and he didn't feel he could do that without being penetrated by his lover's thick cock, as much as he feared it.

"Thanks," he murmured, threading his fingers through the thick, black curls. "But I just don't think that would work for either one of us." He sighed and Tony scooted back up the bed and put both arms around him for a quick, comforting hug.

"Hey, I know it's rough, Drew. I know this is supposed to be our last night together."

"I wish it wasn't." Andrew leaned against the comforting warmth of the broad muscular chest. In the time they'd been together he'd gotten used to being cared for and held. Now he would have to get used to being alone again. To sleeping in a bed with no one beside him. The thought of waking up in the middle of the night and not finding Tony's warm, sleeping bulk resting on his side of the bed seemed to open a black hole in his chest. *God, how had three months gone by so fast?*

"I wish it wasn't our last night either." Tony looked troubled, as though he wanted to say something. "Drew, what would you say if I told you it didn't have to be our last night?"

"Are you serious?" Andrew felt his heart catch in his throat. "I mean...if you really..."

"I do. I wanna stay with you. Forever, Drew." Tony cupped his cheek in one hand and kissed him softly. But when he drew back, there was still concern in the bottomless black depths of his eyes. "I, uh, told my family about us."

"What? When?" Andrew didn't know whether to be excited or upset. "I thought you said your dad would never understand."

Tony sighed. "I told him and my sister last Sunday when I went up to visit. And he *didn't* understand. I, uh, said some pretty final things, Drew. I can't really explain it to you now, but he's probably never gonna see me again."

"God." Andrew shook his head. "I'm so sorry, Tony."

"Don't be. My old man was never gonna come around. I knew that but I had to try." Tony smiled. "The main thing is that my little sister is still talking to me—I mean she's okay with it—really okay. She's all I really care about so I'll get by. And it was worth it, for us to be together."

"Wow, I don't know what my parents are going to say. My dad won't exactly be overjoyed, that's for sure," Andrew said dryly. "I know what he expects of me—to finish law school, make partner and marry the right kind of girl—meaning rich, white and well connected. This is going to make him lose it—lose it completely."

"You mean you're really going to tell him? Tell your parents about us?"

Andrew nodded firmly. "Yes, I am. If you're brave enough to do it, I am too. I want what we have to keep going as much as you do and that means no more lies and no more secrets." He sighed. "Of course, this means the gravy train is going to dry up and I'll have to find some other way to pay for college. But hell, it's worth it. I'll get scholarships somehow and then I can major in biology the way I always wanted to..." He trailed off, frowning at his lover in concern. "Tony, you all right? You look terrible."

"I'm fine," Tony protested, but in fact, he looked sick—sicker than Andrew had ever seen him. His face was pale and he was running both hands through his thick, black hair distractedly. "It's just...what you said about secrets and lies. Drew, there's somethin' I have to tell you."

"What is it? Tony, just tell me." Andrew sank to his knees before his lover who was sitting on the edge of the bed. "Whatever it is, we can handle it together."

"I don't know." Tony shook his head. "It's a big one, man. Somethin' that might be hard for you to understand."

"Does it have to do with what you do on full moon nights?" Andrew ventured, half afraid that Tony would get angry as he had every other time Andrew had tried to ask him about his midnight forays. But this time Tony only nodded.

"Yeah. And also why I can't fuck you. Not until you know, anyway."

"Then tell me!" Andrew felt a quick stab of justification. Knew there was a reason he wouldn't take me! Knew it was about more than just his size and my inexperience!

Tony sighed and slid off the bed to go look out the window and into the darkness. Outside the moon was at its zenith, the round, white orb hanging like an icy ornament in the early summer sky. "Fuckin' moon," he said morosely staring at it. "If it wasn't for that..." He let the sentence drop, shaking his head.

Andrew watched him, wondering what his lover was thinking. What was the ending to that sentence and what did the moon have to do with anything? Was it somehow part of the reason Tony refused to consummate their love?

"Tony?" He got off the bed and came to stand behind him, wrapping one arm around his narrow waist. "Just tell me, please?" He smiled and pressed closer to his lover, enjoying the way they fit together, the way their naked skin touched from shoulder to thigh, his cock brushing against Tony's.

"All right." Tony smiled and reached out to cup his face. "But not this minute. First I want to touch you again—want to make us both come. That way if you decide you don't like what I tell you, at least I'll get to touch you one last time."

"It doesn't matter what you tell me," Andrew told him earnestly. "I love you no matter what, Tony. I want to be with you forever, I swear to God I do."

"Prove it." Tony's eyes blazed and his hand moved from Andrew's cheek to his shoulder, exerting a gentle pressure. "Get down on your knees and suck my cock, slave. Make it good."

"Yes, Master." Andrew slowly slid down his lover's hard, muscular body until he came to rest on his knees in front of Tony. Taking the huge, hard shaft in one hand he rubbed his cheek lovingly against it, soaking up the warm, animal fragrance he knew he would never forget, even years from now. He looked up at Tony, enjoying the lazy, half-lidded look of pleasure in his black eyes as Andrew lapped a drop of salty pre-cum from the tip of his thick cock.

"Drew," he murmured softly, reaching down to twine thick fingers through Andrew's hair. "Love it when you do that. Love to watch you suck my cock."

"I love it too. Love to feel your eyes on me when I'm swallowing your cum," Andrew admitted breathlessly. He leaned forward, sucking as much of the thick shaft into his mouth as he could, savoring the musky, male flavor of Tony's skin. God, he loved the taste of his lover and the thought that they could be together forever and not have it end tonight had him so excited his own cock was hard as a rock.

"Well, well, what have we here?" The familiar voice from the doorway startled them both.

Andrew pulled away quickly, looking up to see Wainwright and three other Alpha brothers watching them with various levels of disgust and disbelief on their faces. He and Tony had been so focused on each other they hadn't even heard the door open. He wondered how long Wainwright and the trio of Alphas had been standing there.

By the looks on their faces, it was long enough.

Chapter Fourteen

"What the hell?" One of the brothers, Adam Carter, was standing behind Wainwright making a face like he'd just bitten into something rotten. "What *is* this?" he demanded, staring at Andrew and Tony. "What the hell do you two think you're doing?"

"What does it look like?" Tony's deep voice was absolutely calm. "I'm making my pledge slave suck my cock. Just like he did during Hell Week. You got a problem with that, Carter?"

"Actually, he *does* have a problem—but not nearly as big as the one you're going to have." Wainwright stepped into their room, grinning. "You see, the semester was officially over at midnight, oh..." He consulted his watch. "Fifteen minutes ago."

"So?" Tony raised an eyebrow, still sounding calm, almost bored.

"So, pretty boy there is no longer your pledge slave, Bull. He's just another Alpha brother. And there are by-laws in our fraternity charter against inappropriate sexual contact between brothers." He nodded at them in disgust. "And I would definitely say that this qualifies as inappropriate sexual contact."

"No shit," one of the other Alphas behind him murmured, a look of revulsion crossing his face.

"So what are you gonna do about it?" Casually, Tony stepped in front of Andrew who was still kneeling on the floor, feeling numb. All he could think was that this must be a punishment of some kind—a penalty for letting himself act on his unnatural feelings.

"Well, according to the by-laws, if a brother is caught engaging in sexual misconduct with another brother and the act is witnessed by at least three other Alphas..." Wainwright nodded to the three hulking Alphas behind him. "Then there is just cause to call a punishment tribunal."

"You son of a bitch." Tony's deep voice was thick with anger. "You planned this!"

"I most certainly did." Wainwright gave them a self-satisfied smirk. "And now, if you'd like to come down to the tribunal, the other brothers are waiting for both of you."

"The hell we'll come down to your fuckin' tribunal." Tony took a step forward, his black eyes blazing. "We'll take our stuff and leave the house but we're not about to stand around and be judged for your amusement. And if you're thinkin' about takin' us down there by force, you've got another think coming." He took another step forward and Andrew noticed that the other brothers got noticeably paler. Even naked and unarmed, Tony was huge—a force to be reckoned with and it was clear they knew he wasn't making idle threats.

"Oh, I think you'll come quietly enough." Wainwright still sounded calm and confident despite the rage in Tony's eyes. "You see, if you come down to the tribunal and take your punishment like men, no mention of this, ah, *activity* will ever go on your record. But if you refuse or make us force you, I'll personally be on the phone tomorrow calling every single Alpha Psi alumni I can reach and letting them know exactly what's been happening here for the last year. Moreover, the proper school authorities will have to be notified and no doubt they'll find it necessary to call your parents." He grinned nastily. "Now wouldn't it be a shame if your families found out you were a couple of cock-sucking faggots, Bull?" He nodded at Andrew. "I bet pretty boy's daddy might be just a little upset to hear that we caught him down on his knees with your dick down his throat, don't you think?"

The icy blanket of numbness that had settled on Andrew's nerves suddenly thawed. He'd been planning to tell his parents about his relationship with Tony himself but he didn't want them to find out like this. And if Wainwright really got on the phone and called in the school authorities, this entire thing would go on his permanent file. How easy would it be to get scholarships for college after that? Andrew could answer that without even thinking—it would be damn near impossible. They weren't going to Berkley here, after all, they were at USC, in the heart of the South. The supposed sin of being caught with another man's cock in his mouth would follow him around for the rest of his life. And once the chapter president's report went on his official transcript he wouldn't be able to transfer anywhere.

"Tony?" He looked up at his lover anxiously. From the look on the big Alpha's face, similar thoughts were running through his own brain. Tony had broken with his family so he would need to get out and get a job after graduation. The vast network of USC alumni could make it much easier to do that. If, on the other hand Wainwright called and let everyone know exactly what Tony and Andrew had been caught doing...well, maybe it was better to just take the punishment. Andrew took a deep breath. It couldn't be worse than what he had endured during Hell Week, could it? He met Tony's eyes and his lover nodded slowly in silent agreement. They would have to go through the tribunal.

"All right," Tony said, glaring at Wainwright. "We'll take your damn punishment. But I better never hear a word of this again or I will personally come and break your scrawny fuckin' neck. Understand?"

Wainwright's narrow face grew pale but he stood his ground. "Agreed. Now come down—as I mentioned earlier, all of the brothers are waiting."

They were both allowed to drag on a pair of jeans and then, with Wainwright leading the procession and the three large Alphas flanking them, Andrew and Tony were escorted down the stairs. The other Alphas were standing and sitting around in the common room, clearly uncertain of what was going to happen.

As he and Tony were forced to their knees on the hardwood floor, Andrew reflected on the irony of the situation. This was where it had all begun on the last night of Hell Week. He was fairly certain that if Wainwright hadn't forced him to suck Tony's

cock during that horrible hazing he never would have moved past friendship with the big Alpha. But a barrier had been broken that night, a wall had come down that had allowed them to discard society's conventions and act on their desires. No matter what happened, he decided, he wasn't sorry for the time he'd spent here as Tony's roommate and lover. He could never be sorry for the love they'd shared, for the tenderness and heat between them. Even if the brothers killed them for doing what they had done, it would still all be worth it.

"This tribunal is called to order." Wainwright's high, nasal voice rang out over the confused mutterings of the other brothers who were staring at the two defendants, kneeling in the middle of the floor.

"What's this about, Wainwright?" one of them asked. "What the hell did Bull and Andrew do?"

"Oh man, you don't wanna know." It was Adam Carter who answered, a look of disgust distorting his face.

"What? What was it?" Some of the other brothers leaned forward eagerly, obviously curious. Wainwright was plainly eager to satisfy their curiosity.

"Anthony Ginelli and Andrew Baines have been witnessed by myself and no less than three other Alpha brothers engaging in sexual misconduct." His nasal voice was filled with sadistic satisfaction. "And now they must be punished."

"Hey, were they fuckin' some of those Delta Pi sorority sisters up in their room?" one of the Alphas asked, eliciting a burst of rough laughter. "Damn, Wainwright, you can't blame 'em for wanting to get a little pussy on the last night of the semester!"

"Well, we might have let *that* kind of behavior slide." Wainwright grinned nastily. "Unfortunately, that wasn't what they were doing. Tell them, Carter."

"They weren't getting any pussy, that's for sure." Carter looked like he wanted to puke. "They were...they were both naked and Andrew was down on his knees in front of Bull and he was...was..." He swallowed hard, like he was trying to keep from being sick. "He was blowin' him, man. Andrew was sucking his dick."

There was complete silence in the crowded common room for a moment and then angry, disgusted voices broke out on all sides. Andrew bowed his head, feeling the stares of the other Alphas like white-hot brands against his skin. Beside him Tony was meeting the glares directed at them defiantly, obviously not so much shamed as enraged.

Once more Wainwright's voice rang out above the others. "This was witnessed by myself and three other brothers. But we'll give the accused a chance to speak for themselves." He nodded contemptuously at Andrew and Tony, still kneeling in the center of the floor. "Do you have anything to say for yourselves? Do you deny these allegations?"

"Yeah, I've got somethin' to say," Tony snarled, looking up. "You're a prick, Wainwright. And I don't deny what I did. Don't deny it and won't apologize for it." He glared around at the other Alphas who were watching them with a mixture of disbelief

and disgust. "You all know me. I'm the same guy I ever was and so is Drew. Wainwright planned this—he set us up."

Andrew looked up at his lover in admiration. How could Tony be so cool about this? So calm and collected? Tony had always been one of the most well-liked brothers in the house, the one all the other brothers looked up to. A low murmur of doubt began to rise from the other Alphas following his speech and a few black looks were directed in Wainwright's direction. Clearly not everyone in the room was on Wainwright's side. The chapter president obviously sensed the dissention because he raised his voice again.

"You heard him—he doesn't deny the charges. But even if he did, they were caught in the act. And so I think a fairly severe punishment is in order. Carter," He nodded at the big, blond Alpha who was still staring at them in disgust. "Will you please get me the Alpha Psi cane?"

This time the murmurs in the room rose to a roar. No brother had been punished with the Alpha Psi cane in years. It was reserved for only the most serious offenses. But Andrew noticed that no one tried to stop Carter as he walked to the other side of the common room and took down the thick, wooden cane striped in gold and royal purple from its bracket over the door.

Andrew eyed it in horror. The cane was as thick as Tony's wrist at its midpoint and it narrowed to a wicked-looking point at one end and had a thick, curving knob at the other. The entire thing had the heft and weight of a good-sized baseball bat and he knew that anyone who was beaten with it wasn't likely to forget the punishment any time soon.

"Now." Wainwright brandished the cane, its garish stripes gleaming ominously. "I'm not suggesting that both brothers should be caned. After all, Bull here is a respected member of our fraternity and, up until we allowed Andrew to join, he was a loyal one as well." He took a step forward and pounded the end of the Alpha Psi cane on the wooden floor for emphasis. "So here is what I propose—Andrew Baines shall be given forty-one strokes—one for each of the Alpha brothers he has betrayed in corrupting one of our best and brightest. What say you all?"

Andrew felt his mouth go suddenly dry. Forty-one strokes? He'd be lucky to survive half as many from the wicked looking cane at the hands of his angry, homophobic brothers. Still he raised his chin and set his teeth. It was like Hell Week all over again. Let them do their worst—he refused to give Wainwright the pleasure of seeing him beg or plead to get out of the punishment.

"No. No!" Tony's bull-like roar brought the crowd of Alphas to sudden silence and all eyes turned to him, Andrew's included.

"Tony," he began but the big Alpha shook his head.

"This isn't Drew's fault and Wainwright knows it," Tony thundered, his black eyes flashing dangerously at the assembled crowd. "He's just trying to get to me by hurting the one I love. By hurting Drew. Well let me tell you, all of you..." He glared around,

meeting the eyes of every man in the room. "If anyone of you lays a finger on him, I'll fuckin' rip you apart, I swear to God I will."

There were angry murmurs from the assembled brothers but a lot of them went pale. Clearly no one was anxious to go one on one with an angry Bull. Only Wainwright seemed unperturbed.

"So we can't touch your pretty little boyfriend, Bull?" Wainwright smirked. "I thought you agreed to submit to the punishment this tribunal assigned you? Or do I have to make some phone calls?"

"Don't try to threaten me, you asshole," Tony growled and the look on his dark face was so filled with rage that even Wainwright took a step back. "We'll take your punishment but it isn't Andrew you're gonna be caning. *I'll* take the forty-one licks."

"Tony, no!" Andrew put a hand on his lover's arm but Tony shook him off.

"I'm doin' this, Drew and you can't stop me." He glared up at Wainwright contemptuously. "So come on and get on with it. I don't have all night."

"I really don't think—" Wainwright began but Tony cut him off.

"I *said* get on with it. Before I come over there and shove that fuckin' cane up your narrow ass." There was a murmur of nervous laughter and Wainwright's face grew red. Clearly things weren't going as he had planned but there was nothing he could do about it.

"Very well, Bull." He frowned and stepped forward. "You'll be taking the blows—forty-one of them. One from each brother." He looked up, taking in the assembled Alphas in one sweeping glance. "As I call your name, come forward, take the cane and strike him on the back."

There were mutters of disbelief from the brothers and someone shouted, "No fuckin' way, man. You expect *us* to hit him?"

"Yes, I do." Wainwright's face got even redder and his eyes narrowed. "I am the chapter president and I am *ordering* you all to step up and take a turn with the cane. Carter? Would you care to get us started?" He handed the gold and royal purple striped cane to the hulking blond brother who took it with obvious relish.

"Sure, I'll cane the faggot." He swung the cane through the air, making a whooshing sound that turned Andrew's stomach. God, were they really going to go through with this?

"Tony," he whispered urgently. "Tony, I can't let you do this. Can't let you take my beating."

Tony looked at him, his black eyes filled with a terrible love. "It's a done deal, Drew. I don't wanna hear any more about it. Just...just stay outta the way. I don't want you getting hurt."

Andrew started to protest some more but suddenly two rough sets of hands were dragging him away from the center of the floor where Tony still knelt, his broad back bare and ready to receive the beating.

Carter stepped up behind him, swinging the cane with obvious relish. "Here it comes you fuckin' faggot. Hope you like it." There was another whooshing sound and a flat *crack* as the striped, wooden cane connected with Tony's bare flesh. He tensed and his fists clenched at his sides but he didn't utter a sound as he took the vicious blow. When he glanced up at Andrew, his eyes were dry.

God! OhGodohGodohGod! Andrew felt his own eyes filling with the hot, stinging tears his lover couldn't shed as the beating continued. As each of the loyal Alpha brothers stepped forward and took their turn with the cane and Tony took blow after blow.

Andrew wanted to run to his lover, to shield Tony with his body as Tony had shielded him but rough hands held him back. Some of the brothers obviously didn't want to be involved in the punishment because a few of the blows were fairly halfhearted. But there were plenty of Alphas like Carter who seemed only too eager to take out their anger with the cane.

Andrew later thought it was like a nightmare that just wouldn't end. *Thwack...thwack...thwack...* The blows went on and on, each brother taking a turn with the cane until Tony's broad back was a mass of red welts and blood. He tried several times to go to his lover but each time he was dragged back down and held in place, forced to watch as the brutality continued.

At last, every single brother in the room had taken a turn—all except Wainwright. Clearly he had been waiting to take the last blow himself, savoring Tony's pain like a fine wine as he watched the beating with avid, greedy eyes. When he finally stepped up and took the cane, its brilliant stripes now splattered with blood, his hands were trembling with eagerness.

"I hope this has taught you a lesson, Bull. And let this be a lesson to you all." He looked around that the Alphas and tightly gripped the bloody wood. "Never, *never* betray your brothers." He raised the cane high and brought it down hard, like a baseball player going for a grand slam. *Thwack!*

"Leave him alone! Can't you just leave him alone now?" Andrew's voice shook and his vision doubled with tears as he watched Tony take the last blow, his head still unbowed, his bloody back still straight. God, how could he stand it? He felt like he was going to be sick, like he was going to go crazy if he wasn't allowed to go to his lover soon. He just wanted to take Tony somewhere and hold him, to tend his wounds, to help him in any way he could. To take away the pain.

But Wainwright wasn't done yet. "Not so tough now, are you, Bull?" he taunted the still kneeling Alpha. "Not such a big man anymore now that you've had your punishment."

"Fuck. You." Tony's deep voice was more like the growl of a wounded animal than a man. The sound of it raised the short hairs on the back of Andrew's neck as he remembered the rage he'd seen lurking in his lover's eyes. A sudden memory of Tony with his broad chest splotched in someone or something's blood flashed before his eyes.

He wondered if Wainwright had any idea how much danger he was in right now and decided probably not.

"What did you say?" Wainwright's nasal voice rose in anger and he gripped the bloody cane more tightly.

Tony slowly turned toward him and the ferocity blazing in his eyes was terrible to see. "I said *fuck you*, Wainwright. What part of that didn't you get?"

"You...you..." The chapter president's face was a dull, brick red, his muddy eyes flashing with hatred. Andrew could almost read his thoughts just from looking at his face. How dare Tony ignore his anger? How dare he take the worst beating Wainwright and the others could dish out and remain bloody but unbowed? Slowly, Wainwright raised the cane again. Only this time it was aimed at Tony's head.

"No!" Andrew shouted as the bloody cane whistled through the air. But it was too late and he knew it. Tony was going to take the force of the blow right to the side of the head and tough or not, no one could survive such a murderous strike.

But before he had time to tense himself for the dull, horrible sound of the Alpha Psi cane connecting with his lover's skull, Tony's hand was suddenly there, snatching the gory, wooden stick from the air.

"I don't think so, Wainwright." Tony rose slowly, his back streaming blood and his eyes bright with fury. He seemed larger somehow, as though he had grown from pure rage. "One hit per customer, remember?" Grasping the bloody cane at both ends, he broke it with a dull *crack* over one knee, as though it was a stick of dry, kindling wood. Then he threw the splintered pieces at the chapter president's feet and turned to the two brothers holding Andrew.

"Let him go. Now."

Chapter Fifteen

The brothers holding Drew couldn't get rid of him fast enough. Shoving him toward Tony, they ran from the common room with most of the other Alphas following.

Tony's back felt as if it was on fire. As though if he reached back to touch the raw, trembling flesh there he might draw back a handful of lava instead of blood. But it wasn't only his back and shoulders that were burning. Rage trembled in his veins, a fury so deep he couldn't express it in words.

"Tony? Are you all right?" Drew clearly wanted to stop, wanted to assess the damage to his lover's back but Tony had him by the arm and was dragging him from the chapter house. Overhead the moon was so full and bright every leaf and blade of grass seemed frosted by its pale light.

"I'm all right now but I won't be for long." Tony forced the words out. It felt as if the moon was glaring down at him. Its pale light like a silver spike in his brain, calling him, riding him. The anger and pain racing through him were too much, too hard to control. He didn't know how long he could hold off the change.

Then they were in the parking lot of the frat house, not far from the enveloping safety of the stand of trees that surrounded the house. Tony frantically dug in the pocket of his jeans. Pulling out the keys to his beat up '84 Camaro, he shoved them into Andrew's hand.

"What's this? What are you doing?" Andrew stared at the keys stupidly, obviously still numb from watching the brutal beating.

"Listen, Drew," Tony told him urgently, ignoring his questions. "I need you to get out of here. I'm pretty sure I have a full tank of gas. Will that get you home?"

"What are you talking about? I'm not going home." Andrew tried to give back the keys. "I'm not going anywhere until we get you to an emergency room and get your back checked out. You probably need stitches—hundreds of them."

"Forget that shit." Tony curled Andrew's fingers around the keys firmly. "You have to go, Drew. Go right now. You don't know what kind of danger you're in."

"What, from the brothers?" Andrew looked back at the lighted frat house. "I'm not stupid enough to go back in there, Tony. I—"

"Not just from the brothers." Tony drew a hand across his eyes and took several deep breaths, trying to calm himself. Trying to fight the moon. "Me. You're in danger from me. I can't...I don't know how much longer I can deal with...with all this. With the pain and the..." He looked up at the sky, squinting against the burning rays that wanted to twist him, change him. "The moon. The moon is calling me for blood." He could hear that his voice had dropped almost an octave, into an animalistic growl and

his eyes were stinging. The familiar sensation could only mean one thing—their bottomless black color had been replaced by vivid gold.

Drew looked scared shitless but there was nothing Tony could do about it. Nothing but get away before the moon claimed him completely and he was forced to change.

“Tony, what are you talking about? I think you’re delirious. We need to get you to a hospital.” Despite his obvious fear, Drew looked determined. Determined not to leave him, to stick by him no matter what.

Tony shook his head. A stronger emotion than rage gripped him and he grabbed Andrew, pulling him into a crushing hug.

Andrew pressed tightly against his body, as if somehow sensing this was goodbye. “I love you no matter what,” he whispered against Tony’s neck. “Like I’ve never loved anyone before.”

Tony pulled back. He could feel the hot sting of tears in his eyes, more painful even than the throbbing of his wounded back. “I feel the same, Drew. I...I have to go. I—”

“Hey, faggot!” The high nasal voice unmistakably belonged to Wainwright.

Tony turned to face Wainwright, who was striding over the moon-frosted grass with a baseball bat in his hands. Dread slithered up his spine like a cold snake at the sight of the angry sneer on Wainwright’s narrow face. *God*, he thought. *Please not now, not here!* He could feel the beast pulsing inside him—pushing for release. It hated Wainwright as much as he did—more even. If he lost it now... *Control your emotions*, he told himself desperately. *A Were must control his emotions at all times around humans.*

“Stay back!” Drew pushed between them, putting out a hand to stop the violence. In the moonlight his light-brown hair looked silver. “Stay back, Wainwright,” he repeated, facing him and putting his back to Tony. “He’s not...Tony’s not himself right now.”

“I don’t give a fuck about *him*.” Wainwright’s face was twisted into a hateful grimace as he stared at Drew. “I came for *you*. Tony was mine before you came along. You’re the start of all this and you’re the one that should’ve taken those licks. So I’m gonna give them to you now—all forty-one of them, *faggot*.” He raised the baseball bat over his head and advanced on Drew.

The sight of his lover being threatened was too much. Tony felt himself breaking, felt something ripping inside his chest as the ancient and terrible change made its way through his body.

“The hell you will,” he snarled, but the words came out in an unintelligible growl and suddenly he was seeing the world in shades of deep blue and gray. He could smell blood on the air—his own blood, which enraged him further. And Wainwright’s blood too—a thick, coppery scent that woke a ravening hunger inside him.

Somewhere inside him a voice was screaming that this wasn’t right—that he would be sorry later. *Control your emotions—you must control your emotions!* But it was far too late and the moon above him was much too strong. Once the change took hold, there

was no going back—the beast was out and it would not be appeased by anything but blood.

The creature that had been Tony threw back its head and howled.

Chapter Sixteen

Andrew felt the furnace-hot breath on his neck and saw Wainwright's eyes widen in fear but he didn't put two and two together until he heard the long, lonely howl behind him. *No*, he thought, panic clawing at his brain. *No, it's my imagination. If I turn around, just turn around and look, it won't be real. It'll just be Tony standing there ready to take Wainwright apart with his bare hands for threatening me.*

Despite the inner pep talk, the last thing in the world he wanted to do was follow his own advice, but somehow, he forced himself. Feeling locked in a dream he couldn't get out of, he turned as though in slow motion, to face what stood behind him.

It was the creature from the bathroom. The glowing golden eyes stared into his own and the long, cruel muzzle was wrinkled into a soundless snarl. It was huge—over seven feet tall—and standing on long feet that ended in paws. Its legs bent backward, like a dog's. A thick pelt of black fur covered the elongated torso that seemed to be half man, half wolf. On the ground at its clawed feet, Andrew could see the remains of the jeans Tony had been wearing. They had been shredded as though they were made from old paper instead of thick denim. It was that last detail that really got him—that really convinced him of what he was seeing. As much as he didn't want to believe it, this creature, this *thing* was Tony.

Andrew took a deep breath. So the monster in the bathroom that night hadn't been just a figment of his overactive imagination or a bad dream. Just as he had that first night he'd seen the creature in their bathroom, Andrew heard his lover's words echoing in his head. *We all got secrets, Drew. Me too.*

The glowing golden eyes stared steadily into his own and he felt his legs turn to water. Was this the secret Tony had wanted to tell him? Or maybe it wasn't really as much a secret as something Andrew hadn't wanted to face. Hadn't he been telling himself that Tony's nights out during the full moon were no big deal, nothing to get excited about? Hadn't he avoided looking for the truth? What was that famous quote? Oh, yeah—the *truth will set you free*. Well he had all the truth he needed now, standing right in front of him and in this case it looked like the truth just might kill him.

"T-Tony?" he stuttered, uncertain of what he was saying. "Tony, if you're in there, it's me. It's Drew. Don't...don't hurt me, okay?" The thing looming over him growled menacingly but its eyes were no longer directed toward Andrew. Instead, it was staring over his shoulder.

Oh, right, Andrew thought, feeling dazed. *Wainwright is coming after me with a baseball bat.* He turned again, still with dreamlike slowness and saw that the chapter president was standing right where he had been. Wainwright's eyes were wide and his mouth worked soundlessly. But he was still gripping the bat and now he lifted it in

both hands, more as a barrier between him and the man-wolf creature than as an actual threat.

The beast obviously didn't see it that way. It growled low in its throat and took a step past Andrew, toward the trembling chapter president. It passed so close beside him that Andrew could feel its thick fur sliding along one arm and the terrible heat of its huge body.

"Wainwright," he whispered urgently. "Wainwright, put down the bat. It...he...thinks you're threatening him. Go on, put it down!"

"Damn right, I'm threatening it!" Wainwright's high, nasal voice was filled with false bravado and his actions belied his words as he took a careful step back. "Just look at the size of that thing. I mean, there's no way it could be real."

The creature that had been Tony growled again but Wainwright seemed to have hit on an idea he liked and didn't want to give it up.

That's right—it's *not* real, is it? This is something you two cooked up between the two of you to scare me. You've been conspiring all year to make a fool of me." He frowned and shook his bat, provoking an angry, warning roar from the beast. Nervously, he edged back another step so that he was almost at the perimeter of the woods that ringed the chapter house. "Well, let me tell you, Baines, this is just one more infraction to add to the list. One more reason why you deserve those forty-one licks I promised you. And I intend to see that you get them! You don't scare me."

"Wainwright, no!" Andrew shouted. But the chapter president was already in motion. He took a firmer grip on the thick wooden handle and let out a yell as he charged the angry creature that had been Tony.

Moving too quickly for Andrew's eyes to follow, the beast met Wainwright in the middle of the field between the parking lot and the woods and ripped his head off.

In the moonlight, Wainwright's blood was a fountain of black. It sprayed from the ragged stump of his neck, drenching the beast's thick fur in a blanket of sticky heat. Andrew could smell the hot, coppery tang in the air as he watched Wainwright's headless body twitch on the short grass.

The beast threw back its head and roared—a thunderous sound that shook Andrew's bones. He couldn't believe it didn't bring any of the other brothers running from the frat house, just a few hundred yards away. But inside the house, someone had turned on some music and turned it up loud, maybe seeking to drown out the guilt they were feeling for what had just happened.

Whatever else it did, the beast's roar seemed to break the daze Andrew had fallen into. With a gasp, he began to back away, not daring to turn and run outright for fear that the beast would notice and come after him too. He still had Tony's keys tightly clutched in one hand and he began to fumble through them. He was trying to find the right one without taking his eyes from the horrible sight of the man-wolf looming over Wainwright's dead body when they slid through his fingers with a musical jingle.

The noise seemed to attract the creature's notice. It raised its muzzle from Wainwright's butchered corpse and the golden, glowing eyes locked with Andrew's own.

"Oh God. Oh no." Keeping his eyes on the beast, Andrew crouched on the ground and fumbled through the cool blades of grass for the keys. If only he could find them, he knew the Camaro was only a few yards behind him. Maybe he could make a break for it. Mentally he rehearsed the steps. *Find the keys, get the right one, turn, run for the car, jab it in the lock, slide inside, slam the door...*

Suddenly, the shaggy form standing before him trembled—a vibration so fast Andrew's eyes could barely register it. He wished he could see it in slow motion because he had an idea that something very complex was happening, only it was happening so fast his stunned brain was unable to take it in.

Before he could finish the disjointed thought, the beast was gone and Tony stood in its place. He stood in the moonlight breathing heavily and completely naked with his chin and face covered in blood. Wainwright's blood, Andrew realized, because it was Tony who had killed him. Tony in the form of the massive, hairy beast.

Tony blinked as though coming out of a vivid nightmare and shook his head. "Drew?" he asked. His deep voice was hoarse but when he took a step forward, hand outstretched, Andrew backed up. "Drew?" Tony asked again. "I didn't...didn't hurt you, did I?"

Andrew shook his head slowly from side to side but when he tried to answer, nothing came out. He licked his lips and tried again. "Didn't...hurt me. But you...Wainwright, he..." He trailed off, pointing to the bloody, headless corpse.

Tony turned to stare at the carnage and when he turned back, his black eyes were hard. "So now you know," he said, and took another step in Andrew's direction.

Andrew had found the keys by this time and he had the one that fit the Camaro in his fist. He wished he dared to turn and fit the key to the lock but somehow he couldn't look away from the angry light shining in his ex-lover's eyes. *God, please don't let him change again. Please, oh, please, no...*

"Now you know what I wanted to tell you. Why I was afraid you'd leave when you knew. Because I'm *this*." Tony gestured to himself, to his naked body clad only in blood. "And now you know why I couldn't fuck you either, Drew. Because if I fuck you, I might turn you. Turn you into what I am. Is that what you want?"

"N-no." Shaking his head numbly, Andrew reached behind himself, trying to fit the key in the lock without looking. The slim piece of metal slid across the side of the Camaro with a dull screeching sound as his sweating, numb fingers gripped too hard. Tony took a step forward, his hand outstretched and Andrew jumped, almost dropping the keys again.

"Christ, Drew, what's wrong with you?" Tony demanded, taking another step forward. "What the fuck?"

At last the key found the lock. At the same time, Andrew found his voice. "What's wrong with me? God, Tony, I just...just saw you rip Wainwright's head off and eat him. What the hell do you think is wrong with me? Is this what you've been doing all these nights when you said you were out hunting? Killing people? This is your big secret?"

"What? No, Drew, it's not like that at all. I don't hunt humans. I just—" Tony took another step forward but Andrew had the car door open now and was sliding inside.

"Stay away from me," he said in a trembling voice. "Just...stay away, Tony. I'll leave the car where you can find it but I have to get out of here now."

Tony stopped where he was, a terrible sorrow filling his black eyes. "Thought you said you loved me no matter what, Drew. That you wanted to be together forever."

For a moment Andrew felt his heart twist and he almost got out of the Camaro and went to his lover. Then he remembered the savage way the beast had ripped Wainwright's head off and the black fountain of blood that followed. He loved Tony with all his heart and a part of him always would. But there was no getting around that mental image, no erasing the grisly tearing sound of Wainwright's head parting from his body or the hot, coppery tang of his blood spilling on the moonlit grass.

"I'm sorry, Tony," he said in a voice so low he could barely hear it himself. "Sorry but this is too much. I can't. I just can't."

He turned the key, ramming the engine to life and putting the car in gear. As Tony's tall figure grew smaller and smaller in the rearview mirror, he felt a lump growing in his throat and a certainty growing in his heart. It was over, really over.

He might be able to deal with what his lover was, given some time. But there was no way in hell he could deal with what he did on the nights of the full moon.

He was never going to see Tony again.

Chapter Seventeen

Present Day

Andrew didn't know why his thoughts kept returning to that night long ago, the last time he'd seen Tony. After all, it wasn't as if he was going to see him now—not with a gun in his mouth and his finger tightening on the trigger. He took a last look around the tastefully furnished bedroom with its mahogany furniture and king-sized bed. Elizabeth had decorated the master suite in shades of tan that made him think of a motel room. He hoped the mess he was about to make would come out with a little dry cleaning. Then again, she'd probably welcome the chance to redecorate.

Below him, the pounding on the door got louder and Tony shouted his name. The barrel of the Glock was cold against his tongue and just a hair more pressure would do it. He didn't know why he couldn't bring himself to just squeeze the trigger quickly—maybe he didn't want to hear the noise the Glock would make when it went off. But would he hear it if the back of his head was blown off at the same time? If a lawyer kills himself in his townhouse and nobody hears it, did he ever really exist? *Ha-ha, Andrew, very funny, but this is no time for philosophical questions—just do it.*

Link was still barking frantically downstairs but outside there was a sudden silence. Tony had stopped shouting his name and demanding he open the door. Well, maybe his old friend had lost interest—Andrew knew *he* certainly had. He'd lost interest in continuing the lie that was his life. His finger tightened on the trigger again.

The sound of wood splintering below stopped him. Had Tony really broken down the door? For the second time Andrew took the gun out of his mouth. There was a heavy pounding on the stairs and suddenly the bedroom door burst open.

"Drop the gun, Drew. Now." Tony stepped forward, one hand outstretched as though he wanted to grab the Glock from Andrew's hand.

"Tony?" Andrew's fingers reflexively tightened on the cool metal. "I don't—"

He didn't get a chance to finish. Before he could, Tony had tackled him, knocking the Glock to the floor and sending them both sprawling on the immaculate king-sized bed behind them.

"Ooof!" All the air left Andrew's lungs as two hundred and forty pounds of solid muscle landed on top of him. He struggled to sit up but Tony had him pinned, his bottomless black eyes filled with anger and concern.

It amazed Andrew that although nearly a decade had passed, his old friend still looked almost exactly the same. His thick black hair was a little shorter, maybe, and he had a few lines at the corners of his mouth and eyes that hadn't been there in college, but for the most part, Tony looked just as Andrew remembered him. And he was just as dominant too.

"Get...get off me," he said, still panting for breath. "What are you even doing here?"

Tony frowned, not moving an inch. "You write me a fuckin' suicide note and you have to ask me that? What do you think I'm doin' here? I'm saving your ass."

"Well maybe I don't...don't want it saved." Andrew wriggled beneath the other man's solid weight, trying to get free. Suddenly he felt something hard and hot brush against his thigh—Tony's cock. That felt the same, too. To his shame, he felt his own cock harden in response. Tony must have felt it as well because his eyes suddenly narrowed.

"Whatsa matter, Drew? You still scared of me?" he murmured, his breath hot on Andrew's cheek.

"I was never scared of you." Andrew stopped struggling, stopped fighting the feeling of being held down, of being forced to submit. It reminded him too much of the first time he and Tony had met—of the way he had been forced to suck the thick cock he could feel digging into his thigh. Despite his uneasiness, he was so hard he ached.

"You ran like you were scared. Ran and never came back." Tony looked angry now, his black eyes flaring gold for an instant, reminding Andrew of the beast he kept locked inside. But somehow the memory didn't frighten him—it made him angry.

"What did you expect me to do after watching you change into that...that creature and kill Wainwright?" he demanded, glaring up into Tony's eyes. "Why didn't you tell me what you were? Why didn't you explain? And why did you have to kill him in the first place?"

"Officially, I didn't. A rogue wolf got him." Tony grinned, showing sharp white teeth, deliberately ignoring Andrew's questions.

"I know. The papers were all over it. I kept expecting the police to show up at my door, but they never did." Andrew frowned and fought the urge to try to get up again—obviously Tony wasn't going to let him go until he felt like it.

"I kinda expected 'em at my door too. But they never showed. Why didn't you turn me in?" he asked, seeming more curious than upset.

"Turn you in? Are you serious?" Andrew gave him an incredulous look. "I couldn't do that to you. I wouldn't, Tony. Besides, what would I tell the police? That my lov...I mean, my roommate turned into a gigantic wolf and...and ripped the Alpha Psi chapter president's head off?"

"You could've." Tony looked at him speculatively. "You could've gone to the cops or even just made an anonymous phone call, but you didn't. Was that because you were scared of me? Or...because you still cared?"

"I..." Andrew looked away, unable to meet the other man's eyes. "I think I told you in the e-mail I sent you that I never...never stopped thinking about you. About us."

"Is that what this is all about?" Tony nodded to the Glock that was lying like a discarded toy on the floor beside the bed.

"Yes, no...maybe. Partially." Andrew squirmed again, uncomfortably. "Look, will you just let me up?"

"No, I don't think so." Tony gave him a slow, lazy smile. "It's been way too long since I had you in this position. Think I'll keep you here awhile."

Andrew was exasperated. "Well, could you at least answer some of my questions while you're pinning me to the bed?" he demanded. "Like what the hell you turned into that night and why you did what you did?"

"I think that the person who's sending out suicide e-mails oughta be the one answering questions," Tony pointed out, but then he relented. "I'm a Were. What Hollywood calls a werewolf, I guess, but we don't think of ourselves like that. I change when the moon is full, hunt, and change back. And before you ask, no, I don't hunt humans. I just happened to make an exception in Wainwright's case because the little dick was threatening you with a baseball bat."

"But..." Andrew's head was spinning with this new information. "But did you have to kill him?"

Tony shrugged, a motion that pressed his cock more deeply into Andrew's thigh. "Couldn't help it. You don't think as good in wolf form as you do as a human. All your attention is concentrated in your senses, not your brain. My senses were telling me that my lover was in danger and the beast inside me acted on it." He shrugged again. "Sayonara, Wainwright."

"So...you killed him for me. The same way you took my beating that night. But I thought..." Andrew shook his head, not sure what he was trying to say.

"You thought I just turned into this hairy, murdering monster that kills people and you were next. Don't deny it—I saw it in your eyes." Tony's own eyes were filled with emotion now, anger and sadness warred in their black depths.

"I don't know what I thought. I was scared to death," Andrew admitted. "But I got over it, eventually—what you turned into, anyway. I don't know that I'll ever get all the way over what I saw you do. But I'm not scared of you now. I mean, no matter what you did to Wainwright, you wouldn't hurt me. Would you?" He looked up at his old friend uncertainly.

"No, of course not, Drew. I'm not in the habit of ripping apart the people I love. Not physically, anyway." Tony sighed deeply and finally rolled off him. "Emotionally is another story. I'm sorry I didn't tell you sooner—sorry you had to find out about me that way. I wanted to tell you that night but then everything happened. I put it off so long because I just...I saw the look on your face that one night I came back from hunting and I just thought...I guess I was afraid you'd leave if you knew."

"I don't know what I would've done." Andrew scooted up on the bed so that he could sit with his back to the carved mahogany headboard. He was glad to be discussing this after so long. Glad and a little surprised that talking to Tony was as easy as it had ever been. "Especially after what we both went through. Not just Wainwright—I mean that whole last night. The way they dragged us downstairs

and...and..." He shook his head, trying not to remember the terrible image of Tony's muscular back, bloodied and bruised by the strokes of the cane.

"Hey, Drew, it's all right." Tony laid a hand on his knee.

"No, it's not." Andrew took a deep breath. "There's something I've always wanted to ask you about that. Something I've wondered about. Do you have scars?"

Tony frowned. "Do I have what?"

"Scars. From the...from the beating."

"Oh, well..." Tony looked uncomfortable. "Not a whole lot, no. Just a few lines. No big deal."

"Can I see?" Andrew scooted a little closer to his old friend but Tony shook his head.

"Nothin' to see, I told you."

"Well, show me anyway." Andrew reached over and gently tugged at the hem of the tight black T-shirt Tony was wearing. Tony sighed and then, without a word, he tugged off the shirt and threw it on the floor. He rolled onto his stomach, his head pillowed on his arms as he looked away from Andrew.

Andrew leaned over and let out a long, low whistle, his fingers tracing over the rough, white ridges of scar tissue that crisscrossed his ex-lover's broad, muscular back. Gently, almost reverently, he traced the roadmap of pain with his fingertips, watching as Tony shivered under his touch.

"These should have been mine." It was a whisper, more of a thought that somehow slipped from Andrew's mouth than a statement he had meant to make aloud.

"No." Still lying on his stomach, Tony turned his head toward Andrew. "No, Drew."

Andrew laid his palm flat on Tony's broad back. "Why did you take my beating that night? You thought I couldn't take it?"

Tony looked at him, his black eyes filled with unspoken emotion. "I didn't take the beating that night because I didn't think that you could handle it. I saw that look in your eyes—that 'fuck you' look and I knew you could take whatever those fuckin' bastards dished out."

"Then why?" Andrew frowned.

"Because...I was afraid we might be ending it that night, after I told you...showed you what I was." Pain filled Tony's eyes and he spoke in a low voice. "It was the last thing I could do for you. The only way I knew to show you how I felt."

"And how...how did you feel?" Andrew felt his heart bumping against his ribs and his mouth was almost too dry to ask the question.

"How did *you* feel?" Tony countered, sitting up. "And what did you do with your life over the last nine years instead of spending it with me? I mean, I kept up with you from a distance but I wanna hear it from you—if you think things have been better than they would've been if we'd stayed together. If that night had never happened."

Andrew sighed. "I really can't answer that, Tony. I guess I did everything my family expected and followed in my father's footsteps. Now I've got what everybody dreams about—a perfect job, an expensive home, a hot car, a beautiful woman who comes from the right family..." He shrugged. "So here I am with a gun in my mouth. Why aren't I happy?"

"Because that's not you—not your dream," Tony said. "Not the Drew I knew, anyway. You didn't want to be a corporate bloodsucker—excuse me, *lawyer*, in the first place. You wanted to be a biologist. And you never seemed to care about where you lived or what you drove so much. I mean, you weren't into *things*. Weren't materialistic."

"Yeah, I guess not." Andrew looked down at his hands.

"And you didn't want some trophy wife to fuck every night." Tony's deep voice was low, almost a growl. "If I remember right, you were the one who wanted to get fucked. Isn't that right, Drew?"

"I...uh..." Andrew felt his cheeks growing hot and suddenly his hard-on was back in full force. God, how long had it been since he'd allowed himself to think about that side of himself? To fantasize about what he really wanted? He hadn't seen the man sitting beside him in almost a decade and yet Tony's commanding tone still had him painfully hard.

"I said, isn't that right, *slave*?" Tony cupped his cheek in one large, calloused palm and turned Andrew's face so that he couldn't help looking into those burning black eyes.

Andrew swallowed hard, hearing a dry click in his throat. "Yes...yes, Sir," he murmured, hearing the submission in his own voice.

"Do you remember the way you used to beg me to fuck you?" Tony continued, his voice low and intimate. "Remember the way you liked to suck my cock and swallow my cum?"

"God, yes," Andrew whispered. He could almost smell the hot, spicy fragrance of his lover's thick cock, could almost taste the salty bitter taste of his cum.

"You were good at it too," Tony said. "The best. I used to love to watch you between my legs, taking my cock down your throat, working me to get my cum. Your lips always felt so soft, so hot." Leaning forward, he took Andrew's mouth with a heated intensity that made Andrew's cock feel like it was about to explode.

Tony still tasted the same, spicy and delicious. It had been so long since Andrew had kissed another man he'd forgotten how it felt. The feel of a warm, masculine hand holding him in place and the aggressive, hungry way Tony devoured his mouth was driving him over the edge. Just as he felt like he was going to come in his pants, Tony sat up and pulled back.

"What...?" Andrew looked at him, dazed from the hard, insistent kiss. "Where are you going?"

"Not goin' anywhere." Tony began working on the top button of his jeans. "Getting' undressed. You, too—strip. All the way."

"But I...we..." Even as he tried to think of a way to protest, Andrew was already pulling off the Gap T-shirt he was wearing and unbuttoning his khakis. And then everything else left his brain while he watched Tony's hard body being revealed, piece by piece.

Tony's skin was still the same warm tan and the muscles in his chest and abdomen rippled as he stripped off his jeans. When he pulled off his dark blue boxers, Andrew saw that the thick cock he remembered so well was already hard. It stood up straight against Tony's lower belly, the broad head glistening with pre-cum.

"Keep going," Tony instructed and Andrew realized he had stopped undressing himself in order to watch his lover.

"Sorry," he murmured, hurrying to slide off his pants, shoes and socks. Tony lay back on the bed and watched him, one big hand caressing the length of his cock in a leisurely gesture of self-pleasure.

"Love to watch you get naked. God, it's been too long since I saw you—since I touched you, Drew." Tony gestured with the hand that wasn't stroking his cock. "Come here. I wanna hold you again—the way we used to back at the frat house."

Feeling awkward and eager and shy all at once, Andrew scooted closer, uncertain how to proceed. Should he even be doing this again after so long? But Tony didn't give him a chance to think about it or second-guess himself. He reached out and suddenly Andrew found himself in a tight, naked hug with the entire length of his body pressed against Tony's.

"This feel good?" Tony pulled Andrew upright so that he was straddling Tony's narrow, muscular hips and the shafts of their cocks ground together.

"You know it does!" Andrew gasped as Tony enclosed both cocks in one large hand and began to pump, creating an intense, delicious friction between them.

"Kiss me," Tony demanded. "I wanna taste your mouth while you fuck your cock against mine, slave."

Andrew leaned over and planted a hot, wet kiss full on his lover's mouth as he reveled in the feel of Tony's thick cock rubbing against his own. Tony's fingers were warm and hard and gentle and the pre-cum flowing from both cocks acted as a lubricant while Andrew fucked into his lover's hand.

"That's right, Drew...that's right. Love to feel you against me. Want to feel you come," Tony growled softly as the kiss broke.

"God, Tony," Andrew gasped, trying to keep his breath as they moved together. "I can't believe we're doing this again after all this time."

"Gonna do a lot more in a minute," Tony promised him. "Fuck harder, Drew. I wanna feel you come against me."

"I...I want to come too. But not like this." Andrew pulled away from the intimate embrace and Tony let him go, a troubled look on his face.

"What is it?" he asked. "You still can't let the past be past? You still can't forgive me?"

Andrew smiled. "I forgave what happened that last night we were together a long time ago. But I don't want to come like this because...because I want to come with you inside me. Fucking me...finally fucking me, Tony."

Tony groaned, a sound that was more a half growl. "God, Drew, you don't know what you're doin' to me here! You have no idea how bad I want to do that, want to spread your legs and ride your tight ass and fill you with my cum. But I can't...not tonight."

"Why?" Andrew could hear the frustration creeping into his own voice but he didn't care. It was just like back in USC—him begging Tony to consummate their relationship and Tony putting him off. "Why not?" he said again. "I mean, I know we can't be together—the fact that you're...uh, Were, rules out anything permanent but at least we could —"

Tony cut him off. "That's not it, Drew—or not all of it, anyway. I declared Lone Wolf status the same time I told my dad about us. That means I sort of...divorced myself from my pack. I do what I want, go where I want. *Fuck* who I want." He gave Andrew a meaningful look that both confused and aroused him.

"Then why...?" Andrew shook his head. "God, Tony, you don't know how long I've wanted this. How often I dreamed about it, even after we split." He looked deeply into his lover's eyes and murmured, "Why won't you fuck me?"

Tony sighed and raked a hand through his thick black hair. "You remember that last night, after I changed back I told you I couldn't fuck you because I might turn you into what I was?"

"I...honestly I was so scared I didn't remember everything you said," Andrew admitted. "But... could you really? I mean, that could happen?"

Tony gravely nodded. "On a full moon night like tonight? Hell, yes. There are two types of Lycanthropy. Genetic, which means you inherit it from your parents who are both Weres, so they can't help but pass the genes along. Or there's also contagious Lycanthropy. The kind you get from having sex with a Were."

"But..." Andrew shook his head. "I must have sucked your cock and swallowed your cum two or three times a day back at USC."

"Oral sex isn't a problem. The acid in your saliva neutralizes the virus." Tony looked serious. "But if I fuck you and come in you, there's a significant chance you'll be howling at the moon with me next month. Wearing a condom doesn't help, either. They haven't invented the condom yet that can keep out the Were virus—it's too tiny and too virulent."

Andrew felt as if a bucket of ice cubes had been dumped into the pit of his stomach. Even nine years later the mental image of the beast that Tony had become was vivid in

his mind's eye. He couldn't imagine becoming a bloodthirsty monster like that once a month.

One corner of Tony's mouth went down violently. "It's not like that, Drew. Not like what you're thinking at all."

Andrew crossed his arms over his chest defensively. "How do you know what I'm thinking?"

"It's written all over your face." Tony shook his head. "God, I wish you hadn't seen me like that. If only I could've kept control of myself that night..." He looked down at his hands, clenched into fists. "Ya know, Drew, I wanted to call you about a thousand times after that night. I thought about it—even picked up the phone and dialed your number. But in the end I could never do it."

"Why not?" Andrew felt as if his heart was in his throat and no matter how much he swallowed it wouldn't go back down.

"Because of this." Tony gestured at him. "Because of the way you're lookin' at me right now. Like I'm some kind of evil fuckin' monster that might jump on you and eat you up any minute. And I know...I know..." He held up a hand to forestall Andrew's protests. "What you saw was pretty Goddamn horrible and I don't blame you for thinking that way, Drew. But the truth is, we don't hunt or kill humans. We go after deer and rabbits—wild game like that. That thing with Wainwright...I just lost it. The pain from the caning and the call of the moon was too much. And then when he came at you with a bat..." He shook his head. "I went against everything I'd ever learned that night and I've regretted it every day of my life ever since."

"Tony, I..." Andrew shook his head uncertainly. "I don't know what to say. I don't think you're some kind of serial killer who changes into a monster and slaughters people every full moon, but what I saw is pretty hard to forget. I just...I don't know if I can want that for myself."

"I understand." Tony nodded and a small muscle in his jaw clenched. "Don't blame you, either. We don't have to do this tonight—hell, we don't have to do it at all. I'll let you get back to your life." He started to slide off the bed but Andrew put a hand on his arm.

"Wait—I don't have a life. Not one I want, anyway. I'm miserable working at my father's law firm, my trophy wife is a gold-digging opportunist and everything else—the house, the car, the boat...they just seem...empty." He squeezed Tony's arm tightly. "I...I haven't felt any hope at all in so long. Not 'til just now when you broke down the door and pinned me to the bed."

Tony shook his head. "So what do you want to do, Drew? I gotta tell you, I'm layin' it all on the line, here. I never stopped thinking about you, either." He leaned forward and cupped Andrew's cheek in one hand. "Never stopped hoping you'd get back in touch and say you wanted to pick up where we left off."

"I wanted to. I was just afraid. Not of what I'd seen so much as that...that you hated me." Andrew scrubbed a hand over his face. "Especially after the way I ran from you."

"I could never hate you." Tony leaned forward and kissed him gently on the side of the neck, giving Andrew a tingling chill as his warm lips brushed the sensitive skin of Andrew's throat. "We were both wrong. Stupid idiots—throwin' away the best thing that ever happened to either one of us." He put a warm hand on the back of Andrew's neck. "But we can change that now, if you want to, Drew. Do you?"

Andrew took a deep breath, trying to concentrate past the surging emotions Tony's gentle touch was causing inside him. "Let me see it—I mean you. Let me see you change. Can you?"

Tony frowned. "Well, sure, but do you really think—?"

"Could you hurt me if you change?" Andrew interrupted. "I mean, would you? You said you don't think as well in wolf form so..." He wasn't sure how to finish the sentence.

"Could I?" Tony shrugged. "Sure. But would I? Never. I care about you, Drew. I would never hurt you in any way if I could help it. You're safe with me no matter what form I'm in."

"Okay." Andrew nodded and crossed his arms over his chest. "All right, so show me. Just for a second."

Tony looked uncertain. "Are you sure?"

"I'm sure. I'll be fine—I just need to see it." Andrew just hoped he wasn't making a huge mistake.

Tony nodded and got off the bed, moving with his customary animalistic grace. He looked at Andrew. "Here goes."

There was a rippling vibration in the air and suddenly instead of a muscular six-foot-four man there was huge, hairy creature standing in front of him. It had a rough, black pelt and a long, narrow muzzle filled with razor-sharp teeth and a lolling pink tongue. It stood on its hind legs like a man but other than that everything about it was animalistic, right down to the large, golden eyes that regarded Andrew steadily. It was the monster he had seen lurking in the bathroom of their dorm that night. The creature he had watched tear off Wainwright's head.

"Shit!" It was all Andrew could do not to scramble off the bed and get as far from the beast as he could. His heart rate doubled and he clenched his hands into fists. *Easy*, he told himself. *Take it easy—that's Tony in there and he swore he wouldn't hurt you.*

Andrew forced himself to regulate his breathing. For almost ten years this monster had played a prominent part in his nightmares but he knew there was only one way to get over this. He had to walk into the lion's den and face his fear.

Making only slow, nonthreatening movements, he got off the bed and approached the creature. Golden eyes regarded him quietly and the beast that Tony had become held very, very still as Andrew reached out one tentative hand to stroke its rough black fur. It was warm and much softer to touch than it looked and he could feel the massive chest rising and falling as it breathed. Andrew looked up at the seven-foot monster towering over him, his fear leaking away.

"You really are, Tony, aren't you?" he murmured, not expecting an answer. There was a rippling in the air around the beast and suddenly his lover was standing there again.

"Yeah," Tony said, almost laughing. "Yeah, Drew, it's me." He pulled Andrew in for a long, hot kiss and drew back, smiling. "Guess you think you're some kinda hotshot petting my hairy pelt like that."

Andrew smiled back. "Not so much. I like you better this way, though."

Tony nodded. "That's good, since this is the way I am ninety-nine percent of the time. The question is, would you want to try it for yourself—being a Were, I mean."

"Well, I..." Andrew shook his head. "I don't know. How do *you* feel about being a...a Were?"

Tony was quite for a long moment, obviously really considering the question. "I liked it when I was a kid—you don't change until puberty, of course—but I liked the idea. Thought it was cool—like being part Native American or somethin'. I didn't mind it as a teenager, even after I began to shift and hunt." He sighed. "Ya know, I guess it never really bothered me until being a Were was what kept me from being with you. Then I resented the hell out of it—especially the fact that I was supposed to be in training to lead the pack one day when I just wanted to settle down with a nice guy." He grinned and patted Andrew's cheek lightly. "You."

"Cut it out." Andrew shooed his hand away with a grin and sank back down onto the bed. "So you're fine with it as long as it doesn't interfere with your social life? I mean, changing into a wolf and hunting down other animals doesn't faze you a bit?"

Tony sat beside him. "Well, you know, it's all I've ever known so it seemed normal to me. And there are plenty of benefits. Like, you have superhuman strength and you heal faster. You still get scars, though, so I wouldn't recommend takin' up extreme sports or anything like that." He laughed. "Life expectancy's maybe a little longer but then, the infant mortality rate is a little higher for Weres, so it evens out. And, Drew..." He gripped Andrew's arm, a fierce light burning behind his eyes. "You can't possibly imagine the adrenaline rush you get when you go out hunting. The wind in your fur and the sweet scents of the forest all around you... It's amazing."

"You make it sound wonderful," Andrew said softly.

"It is," Tony said simply. "It can be, anyway. It's who I am—a part of me I can't get away from."

"But I thought you said you, uh, divorced your pack," Andrew objected.

Tony nodded. "Yeah, but not because of what I was—because of what I wasn't. I was never cut out to be the leader of the pack, The One Wolf, the way my old man wanted me to be. I passed it on to my sister, Felicia. She's a tiny little thing but tough as nails and she's doin' a hell of a lot better job than I ever would've because she wanted the job."

Andrew smiled, remembering that Tony had always been fond of his little sister. "I'd like to meet her someday."

Tony nodded. "She wants to meet you, too. And now that she's The One Wolf, you might get a chance to meet the rest of the pack too, because she's been makin' some changes—*big* changes." He laughed softly. "You should have seen my old man when she won the pack challenge. He about had a heart attack right on the spot."

"I remember you saying that he wasn't very, uh, flexible," Andrew remarked.

Tony looked thoughtful. "Yeah, he's just too set in his ways. It never crossed his mind that his only son might like guys or that his only daughter might make a better pack leader. Of course, he doesn't talk to either one of us now. I just wish he was more open to change."

"Open to change," Andrew echoed him thoughtfully. He had accepted the fact that Tony had killed Wainwright and gotten over it but he still had some choices to make. Did he want to be with a man who had a seven-foot-tall werewolf lurking inside him? And more importantly, did he want a similar beast lurking inside himself? Looking at the uncertainty in Tony's black eyes, he knew it was no question at all.

"Yes," he said simply, scooting closer so that their thighs were touching. The heat from Tony's naked body radiated against his naked skin as if he was sitting next to a furnace.

"Yes, what?" Tony frowned, obviously confused.

"Yes, I want this—I want *you*. I need you in my life because I'm just not complete without you." Andrew smiled. "I'm just sorry it took me so long to see that."

"Are you sure, Drew?" Tony's black eyes were serious. "I mean, we don't have to do this tonight. If we wait 'til the moon has waned some, in another couple of nights, the chances of you contracting Lycanthropy will be slim to none."

Andrew shook his head. "I want you to fuck me tonight. I don't care about the risk—I'll take it to have you inside me."

"God, Drew!" The ferocity of Tony's response surprised Andrew. Suddenly he was flat on his back with his lover on top of him, ravishing his mouth with an urgent intensity that took his breath away. Tony crushed him into the mattress, his tongue exploring Andrew's lips, his mouth, his vulnerable neck. The thick shaft of his cock was grinding against his own with a friction that threatened to start a fire if it wasn't relieved soon.

Andrew groaned with the sensuous feel of his lover's hard, naked body pressing against his own, of the heated sensation of his cock rubbing against Tony's again after so many years. As if by instinct, he spread his legs, opening them to welcome his lover in a gesture of submission as old as time itself.

"God, Drew," Tony murmured, pressing his hips upward to grind against his lover. "I've wanted this for so long. We Weres have this...we call it the mating urge. It comes on you when you've found the right one—the other half of your heart. I've been burning up for you, needin' to claim you as mine for...God, seems like forever."

Andrew smiled at him. "I like that. Like the idea of you claiming me. Making me yours."

"That's right, *slave*," Tony growled, nipping gently at the side of his neck, using the name that turned Andrew's insides to flame.

"Tried...tried so hard to be what I wasn't," he gasped as Tony began licking a slow, ticklish trail down his chest.

"Me too." Tony looked up for a moment, his black eyes blazing. "I thought about finding another Lone Wolf to mate after I lost hope of us ever gettin' back together. But somehow I just couldn't." He frowned. "Good thing I didn't—there's no divorce for Weres. You have to fight your way out of a relationship."

"Well, you're never getting out of this one," Andrew said before he thought about it. Then he had sudden doubts. "That is, I mean, if you *want* a relationship," he added uncertainly.

"Would I be about to suck your cock if I didn't?" Tony demanded, looking up at him. Without waiting for an answer, he leaned over and took Andrew's shaft into his mouth, taking it as deeply as he could.

"God!" Andrew arched his back and shouted out loud at the sudden wet heat enveloping him. Tentatively he reached down and buried his hands in Tony's thick, black curls, feeling the silky texture between his fingertips as he bucked up into his lover's mouth. It was just like Andrew remembered from college. The slippery friction of Tony's mouth combined with the lapping of his tongue made Andrew feel like he might faint from pleasure. And there was the feeling that Tony was doing something he loved, something he had been longing for and dreaming of for years. In his touch was the accumulation of sleepless nights and restless days, of dreams long deferred. And of a fierce, unquenchable love.

All that emotion coupled with the intense pleasure of the best blowjob he'd ever had in his life brought Andrew to the brink in less time than he would have dreamed possible.

"Oh God... Oh, Tony, can't... You have to stop," he moaned, tugging at Tony's curly black hair desperately. "If you don't stop I'm gonna come. Can't help it!"

Tony did stop, but only to look up for a moment to say, "Go ahead and come, Drew. Want to swallow your cum and then I'm gonna fuck you. Gonna ride your ass all night and come inside you so deep you can taste it. Understand?"

"God, yes!" Andrew groaned as Tony's talented mouth went back to work. He could feel his lover's tongue, swirling expertly around his shaft and then a hard, deliberate suction, as though Tony was intending to actually suck the cum from him. Andrew just hoped that he knew what he was in for. Back in their USC days Andrew had swallowed plenty of his lover's cum but Tony had never sucked him all the way to completion. But when his orgasm hit, rippling up from the base of his spine and spreading like wildfire to the base of his cock, he couldn't think about anything but how good it felt to let go, to let himself come into his lover's warm, willing mouth.

Tony never faltered once. In fact, he pressed forward, taking even more of Andrew's cock down his throat as he swallowed every drop. When he was finished,

Andrew felt utterly spent—a wrung out dishrag that had been twisted to release every last ounce of pleasure. He lay panting on the bed, expecting Tony to spread his legs at any moment and shove roughly between them. He'd felt the heat of his lover's cock grinding against his thigh as Tony sucked him and he knew the big Alpha must be almost ready to explode with tension.

But instead, Tony settled beside him on the bed and leaned over for a long, luscious kiss. Andrew moaned into his mouth as he tasted his own essence on his lover's tongue. It wasn't until Tony had thoroughly explored his mouth that he leaned back and stared Andrew in the eye.

"Well?" Andrew looked up at him expectantly. "Aren't you going to fuck me?" Just saying the forbidden words made his cock stir even though he had just come so hard he'd seen stars.

Tony made a low, guttural noise in his throat. "God, when you talk like that, I feel like I'm gonna explode."

Andrew gave him a slow smile. "I can do better than that though," he murmured, arching his back to press his naked body up against the hard muscular one above him. "Do you want me to beg for it, the way you made me do in our room at the frat house? Do you want me to say, 'Please, Master, I want your cock inside me so badly. Please fuck me. Please ride me hard and fill me up with your cum.'?" He grinned. "Is that what you want me to say?"

"You've said enough," Tony growled. He covered Andrew's body with his own for one more fierce kiss and then his sharp, black eyes began searching the bedroom. "What have you got for lube around here? If I remember right, you're as tight as a virgin on her wedding night. Don't wanna hurt you."

Andrew reached into the nightstand on his side of the bed, coming up with the honey and sandalwood hand lotion Elizabeth had given him a few months before. He suspected she had only bought it so she could give him a gift while announcing in an offhand manner that she had just spent five hundred dollars on cosmetics for herself. But right then, his annoying fiancée was the last thing on his mind and fulfilling a fantasy he'd had for the last nine years was the first.

"Here," he handed the lotion to Tony, uncertain what was about to happen next.

"Good. Now spread your thighs for me and let me in." Tony was up on his knees now, bending over Andrew and waiting for him to obey his orders. Unhesitatingly, Andrew did, opening his body even though his mind was in turmoil.

All he could think was that he'd never done this before and he wasn't sure if Tony had either. He just hoped their passion didn't overcome their good judgment. Tony's cock looked as long and as thick as ever and the thought of having it inside him was intimidating to say the least.

Then all his worries and scattered thoughts were thrust out of his head as the sweet, slightly musky scent of the lotion filled the air and he felt two thick, long fingers pressing against the entrance to his body. Andrew gasped and spread his legs wider by

instinct as Tony murmured soft encouragement while he worked to get deeper and deeper into Andrew's tight entrance.

"That's right, Drew, open up for me," he whispered as the fingers slid in another inch. "Just open up and let me in, let me get you ready to fuck. Need to have you nice and open so I can ride you hard."

Hardly knowing what he was doing, Andrew spread his thighs farther as his lover worked his way deeper into his body. God, he'd forgotten how thick Tony's fingers were and those were just his fingers. How the hell was he going to take that massive cock inside him when the time came?

Then Tony angled his fingers differently and rubbed over a sensitive area inside his body that nearly made Andrew lose it. Suddenly instead of feeling sucked dry, he was at half-mast again as his lover continued to rub the spot over and over again, making him harder with every stroke.

"God, Tony, what...?" He could barely get out the question, the pleasure was so great.

Tony grinned. "Prostate. Just like when you go to the doc for your annual physical, huh?"

"H-hardly," Andrew stuttered. He couldn't believe the pleasure he was getting just from Tony's two fingers and suddenly he was eager to try his cock.

"Good, Drew, think you're almost ready." To his disappointment, Tony withdrew his fingers. But then he knee-walked up the bed and settled himself so that his thick cock was right in Andrew's face, so close he could see the pearly beads of pre-cum gathering at the tip. Unable to help himself, Andrew leaned forward and lapped at the salty, bitter drops, hungry for the delicious flavor he remembered so well.

Tony sucked in a breath. "That's right, Drew, get me good and wet. Suck my cock and get me ready to ride your ass."

Andrew looked up at him. "Yes, Master," he murmured and then, taking the thick cock in one hand, he eagerly sucked Tony's shaft into his mouth, wetting as much of it as he could, savoring the unique, musky flavor of his lover.

"God, Drew! That's right—suck my cock. Suck it deep into that beautiful throat. Can't wait to fuck you. Can't wait to fill you with my cum."

Andrew sucked and licked and lapped lovingly at the thick shaft fucking his mouth. God, but he had missed this. Missed sucking cock, lapping the salty pre-cum from the top of the broad, mushroom-shaped head, missed the feel of another man fucking his mouth, forcing him to submit.

Finally, when he could feel the big cock throbbing inside his mouth, Tony pulled back. Andrew followed the cock with his tongue, wanting more, not wanting the experience to end. But before he could protest, Tony was rolling him onto his stomach with his legs spread and his ass in the air.

"Think you're ready now, Drew," he growled, sounding more animal than human. "I sure as hell know I am. Need to get my cock inside you. Need to fuck you so bad."

Andrew's mouth was suddenly dry at the vulnerable position he found himself in but there was nothing he could do about it now. Taking a deep breath, he buried his face in the pillow and grabbed two fistfuls of the thick, downy bedspread, trying to be ready of his lover's assault.

The warm, moist probe of Tony's cock was just exactly what he remembered from years before, from the first time he and his lover had ever shared a bed. Vividly, Andrew remembered asking Tony to fuck him, remembered the way Tony had pressed in just a little, spreading him, letting him know what he would be in for if the big Alpha took him up on the offer.

Now the broad head of Tony's cock did more than spread him, it entered him, pressing past the tight ring of muscle that guarded the entrance to Andrew's body and breaching his last defenses. The sandalwood lotion helped ease the way some, but he still couldn't help biting back a cry when the thick shaft began to enter him inch by inevitable inch.

"Easy, Drew," he could hear Tony murmur and then his lover's large, warm hand were caressing his back in long, soothing strokes. "Easy, now. Just hang in there, gonna be all the way there in a minute and then the worst'll be over."

"God...God!" Andrew moaned, clenching the bedspread in his fists and trying to get used to the stretching sensation, to the feeling of being penetrated, filled and fucked by another man. He had a whole new respect for women—how did they do it? How could they allow someone to enter and use their bodies? To fill them, to open them so completely that no secrets could possibly be withheld?

Just as he wasn't sure he could take it anymore, he felt Tony's narrow hips come flush with his ass and knew that his lover was finally all the way in. God, as often as he had imagined this moment, his imagination was nothing to the actual feeling of opening himself, of letting another man fill him up with cock.

Tony was holding absolutely still inside Andrew's body but soon he began making little, short thrusting motions, as though testing the waters to see if Andrew was open to the idea. At first Andrew wasn't sure if he was but then he felt the thick head of his lover's cock rub over the sensitive area inside his body once more. The small action was followed by a blinding flash of pleasure and suddenly he found that he was pressing back.

"That's right, Drew, come on, you can take it," Tony muttered, pressing harder, deeper, taking longer thrusts in and out of his body as they matched each other's rhythm. "Open up for me—let me fuck you," he growled, his thick fingers digging into Andrew's hips as they stroked together.

"God, Tony, can't believe..." Andrew could barely finish his thought as the thick cock slid in and out of him, spreading him wider with every thrust. "Can't believe we're finally doing this," he moaned at last. "Wanted you...for so long. And now..."

"And now I'm gonna ride your ass until I come," Tony finished for him. "And you're gonna come too, Drew."

Andrew started to protest that there was no way he could come again so soon but then he felt a large, warm hand reach beneath him to cup his shaft and then Tony began to really slam into him, pounding him, riding him hard just as he had promised.

As the large hand stroked him from root to tip, his lover's huge cock jackhammered into him until the breath in Andrew's throat tore like paper and his sides were heaving from the constant push and thrust of Tony's body inside his. It seemed to go on forever, the thick cock stroking into him, riding him, owning him the way he had always wanted to be owned by Tony. Inside him the pleasure built and built, threatening to spiral out of control with each punishing thrust. Then, just when he thought he couldn't take any more, Tony began to groan in his ear as he rode him.

"Drew, gonna come now. Gonna fill you full of my cum. Are you ready? Are you ready to come with me?"

"God, yes!" Andrew moaned and found that it was true. He felt Tony press as deeply inside him as possible and then the hot flood filled him as his lover came in his open, unresisting body for the first time. At the sensation of Tony coming inside him, marking him as his own, Andrew found himself losing it again. He spurted helplessly all over the warm hand that was pumping him, releasing with relief as the pleasure inside him spiked before sinking down into the mattress with Tony's considerable weight on top of him.

Their breathing was harsh and erratic for a few moments but at last they got their breath back. With a slow, sensuous slide, Tony withdrew from his body and gathered Andrew into his arms.

"Mmm, Drew, that was incredible. Remind me not to wait nine years to fuck you again, okay?" he murmured softly into Andrew's ear.

Andrew gave a sleepy laugh. Having come twice in the last hour, he was completely exhausted. "Yeah, I'll try to do that. God, that was everything I thought it could be and more." He stretched and yawned. "You were amazing, Tony. I admit I was a little scared at first but the way you took your time..."

"Wasn't easy," Tony admitted with a short laugh. "Been wantin' to ride your ass for almost a decade. That's a long time to have blue balls."

"You're telling me." Andrew smiled and pressed close to his lover, rubbing his cheek against Tony's broad chest and inhaling the dark, animal musk he loved so much. He had a feeling he was going to be a little sore for a while but not nearly as much as he had feared. And not enough to stop him from doing it again, if Tony wanted to. Somehow from the way his lover was wrapping his arms and legs around Andrew and kissing his throat, he thought that would probably be soon. But maybe there was time for a quick catnap before they went for round two.

"Love you, Tony," he murmured as his eyelids drooped closed and he pressed back to get more of his lover's heat against his back.

"Love you too, Drew. Always have. Always will," Tony's deep voice rumbled in his ear.

"Remember..." Andrew yawned hugely. "Remember the Alpha Psi motto, Tony?"

"What?" Tony yawned too. "What was it? Somethin' like 'hearts together' or somethin' like that?"

"No, it was 'Our hearts are united.'" Andrew smiled up at him. "I was thinking about it because if I hadn't pledged Alpha Psi, you and I never would have met in the first place."

"Yeah, and we would've avoided almost ten years of frustration." Tony sighed. "But ya know, I don't regret it."

"Neither do I." Andrew laced his fingers through Tony's and kissed his lover lightly on the lips. "Our hearts are united," he murmured again. His thoughts drifted back to that last night of Hell Week when he was a new pledge and how his time with Tony had changed his life. And now it seemed there were going to be even more changes—for the better, he hoped.

He had already decided that he would break it off with Elizabeth—she might cry and carry on at first but Andrew was confident that when he told her she could keep the townhouse and the Jag she loved to drive so much, she'd see the light and let him go without a fuss. And as for his job, well, he was quitting that too—might as well make a clean break. He was never setting foot in his father's law firm again. He had plenty of financial assets—enough to go back to school and study what he wanted this time around. He could go into biology or medicine or any other field that interested him.

The decision to start over again was definitely going to be unpopular with his family but with Tony by his side to support him, Andrew knew he could make it. At last he could wake up in the morning without feeling like his life was a lie, without having the urge to put a gun in his mouth or stick a fork in the toaster. Just the thought of that, of living life on his own terms with Tony as his lover made him feel light all over.

Of course there was one question about the future he couldn't answer—would he have the urge to "howl at the full moon" next month, as Tony put it? Would he feel the call of the moonlight to change and hunt and feed? Feeling the strong arms of his lover finally wrapped around him and peace and contentment filling his heart for the first time in years, Andrew decided he just didn't care. As long as he and Tony were together, everything was going to be all right because he never intended to run from the man he loved again.

About the Author

Evangeline Anderson is a registered MRI tech who would rather be writing. She is thirty-something and lives in Florida with a husband, three cats and a college-age sister but no kids because enough is enough already. She had been writing erotic stories for her own gratification for a number of years before it occurred to her to try to get paid for it. To her delight, she found it was actually possible to get money for having a dirty mind and she has been writing steadily ever since.

Evangeline welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her author bio page at www.ellorascave.com.

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