



DJ MANLY

WOLF SAGA BOOK 1

NICHOLAS

**NICOLAS: SAGA OF
THE WOLF**

BY

D.J. MADLY

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Nicholas - Saga of the Wolf Book 1

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CHAPTER ONE

Adam Lang stretched his naked limbs luxuriously on the huge, round bed, and opened his eyes in the darkened room. "Seymour," he called out, not bothering to cover his nakedness when his personal butler appeared. Let him suffer, he thought, knowing full well that Seymour found his naked form quite irresistible. If he hadn't been ugly as a hedge fence, he might have given him a break and let him suck his cock, but he was quite used to beauty, and Seymour just wouldn't do, even in the most desperate of times.

He smiled at the butler and ran his hands over the muscles of his chest, down to the waves of his stomach. He saw Seymour's tongue dart out and wet his lips. Adam loved this little game. It made him hard. "Where's my bath?" he said softly, moving his eyes down to his early morning hard on.

"Your bath...ah...yes sir, Mr. Lang. I...ah...I'll go now and draw you one. Would you like me to open the curtains?"

Adam lifted up his semi erect cock lazily with his hand. "Yes, do that. I didn't hear the gardener this morning," Adam watched Seymour glide across the floor, and begin to pull back the heavy drapes.

"I told him not to start until ten, Sir. I thought you could use the extra sleep."

"How thoughtful," Adam said. "After you draw my bath, bring me my coffee. I'll take breakfast downstairs at eleven."

"Yes, sir. Is there anything else I can do for you, Sir?" Seymour's gaze darted to Adam's hand, which was still casually fondling his cock.

"What would you like to do for me, Seymour?"

"Ah, anything you...ah...need, Sir."

"Get my coffee, and run my bath. That will be fine."

Seymour nodded, and left the room.

What fun, Adam thought, letting his head fall back into the pillow, and squeezing his cock a few times. That little game had made him horny. Even though he'd never lower himself to fuck his butler, Seymour's lust-filled gaze had turned him on. He enjoyed little sex games. He'd been so bored lately. He'd have to get Seymour working on procuring some succulent piece of ass for him tonight. It was getting tougher to be serviced. It seemed the underworld controlled more and more of the sex industry. He used to have a few nice

stables under his jurisdiction in the city, but they were fast disappearing. A lot of the whores were forbidden to come to Langston.

Adam crawled out of bed. He walked across the room, letting his bare feet sink into the thick cushioned carpet. He studied himself in the mirror. Six feet, sculpted body, dark ash blond hair, dark, blue eyes. At twenty four years old, he was the richest, most powerful man in the county. He'd been forced to rule with an iron fist lately. The prisons were now overflowing, and he'd given his advisor the go ahead to build more. Years ago, his father had declared war on the Ross family, and now they were the thugs who ruled the underworld. Blood ran in the streets. A prominent member of the Ross family, suspected of being the supreme leader, had been assassinated by the military; and Adam's own father had been killed. Only eighteen years old at the time, Adam had been brought back from boarding school, and forced to take control of the Lang dynasty. He went along with the advisory council who suggested that he declare martial law, and for some time, the underworld was brought under control. Most of the known vice was licensed, taxed, run by people in his employ. Then, the underground grew strong again, and began to take back the streets. The new leader was rumoured to be a guy by the name of Nicolas.

Adam's spies had been unable to find out very much about him. They suspected that he was a member of the notorious Ross family, a family which had had some mysterious connection with his own, years back. As a result, it was getting harder and harder to find a good whore anymore.

Seymour was back. He stood quietly behind him suddenly, waiting to be noticed. Adam turned around. "Is my bath ready?"

"Yes, sir."

"Seymour, I'd like you to get working on finding me something nice for the evening."

"There are the whores on the premises, Sir."

"I know that." Adam shook his head, walking over to the tub. "I've had them all, and I'm not interested in having them again. Go to the underground, and bring me something back from one of the cattle barns; something, nice, nice body, large cock. Take a few soldiers with you, if you're afraid."

"None of them want to come here, Sir."

Adam looked at him. "Money is no object. Tell them I'll protect them from this Nicolas."

"Yes, Sir. I'll do my best, Sir."

* * * *

Nicolas Ross sat back in his seat and listened to Seymour with interest. He was rambling, but he

tended to do that. His unrequited lust for his master came bubbling over into anger each time he came to him. Nicolas smiled. It was the smile of a cunning cat. He stood up. "Now, now, Seymour," he said softly, his high black boots making almost no sound on the carpeted floor, "calm yourself, my friend. I'm sure he doesn't mean to be intentionally heartless. It's in his genes. When you possess that much power, it can't help but condemn you to petty cruelty."

"He does it on purpose," Seymour complained. "He knows my hunger for him, and he leaves off the covers and..."

"Never mind that," Nicolas said, clapping his shoulder in a comforting gesture. He had absolutely no interest in the way Adam Lang got his thrills tormenting his poor love-struck butler. "So, he wants a fine whore from one of the stables, does he?"

"That's what he said," Seymour muttered, his gaze darting around a little nervously. "That's why I came to you, Mr. Ross. I...didn't know what else to do and..."

"You did fine, Seymour," Nicolas smiled. "Did he say what he had in mind?"

"Something beautiful, sculpted body, large...ah...well...well endowed." Seymour blushed a little.

Nicolas noticed Seymour's gaze suddenly

settling on his pendant, which hung around his neck.

"It's beautiful," he said, reaching out to touch it.

In a flash, Nicolas reached out a hand and grabbed his in mid air. "Ah ah ah...don't touch."

"Is it true?" Seymour blinked. "Is what they say about you true?"

Nicolas smiled, and released his hand. "I don't think you want to find out, do you?"

Seymour took a step back. Nicolas knew he'd seen the flash in his eyes. It was only a warning. Besides, he needed Seymour. Nicolas walked across the room. He stood looking at his reflection in the mirror. He tore at the leather cord which held his long chestnut brown hair back, and let it fall around his broad shoulders. His body was hard, and lean, the limbs, muscular and golden. His eyes, large and chocolate brown reflected back at him in the mirror. He smiled seductively. "So, Seymour," he said, turning around and fixing the butler with his gaze, "do you think I'd suit Mr. Lang?"

"You, Sir? You mean...sexually?" His eyes were bugging out of his head.

"Yes."

"Mr. Lang...I mean, he uses his whores...he's in control, and I don't think you are the kind of man who..."

Nicolas laughed softly. "It's only a game,

Seymour, a game which will put Mr. Lang directly into my hands."

"You're not going to hurt him. I couldn't bare it if..."

Nicolas frowned. "After all the humiliation you've suffered at his hands, making you watch him with his whores, teasing you, treating you like dirt...and still you protect him?"

Seymour lowered his head. "I love him."

Nicolas sighed. "I promise you, if you cooperate I will give him to you."

Seymour's head picked up. "Give him to me? You mean...?"

"Precisely."

"Tonight, you will bring Mr. Lang his whore. You will bring him me. Now go."

* * * *

Nicolas watched Seymour as he left the room. Immediately, the door opened and Blake stood there. Nicolas sneered. "Did you have your ear to the door then?"

"I can't let you do this." He stood in front of him, hands on his hips. "Are you insane?"

"Could be." He grinned.

"Nick, this isn't funny."

Nicolas let his gaze move over Blake. He was delicious, there was no denying that, but damn, he

could be a pain in the ass when he got this way. There was only one way to distract him. "Take off your clothes," he said softly.

"Nicolas," he protested, as Nicolas moved closer and lowered his mouth to the first button on Blake's shirt. He tore it off with his teeth.

"Yes?" Nicolas replied softly, spitting out the button, and moving down to the second one.

"What if he discovers...?"

Nicolas grabbed Blake's slender hips, and tore off the second button. He pressed his lips against his smooth, hairless chest and growled. "I'll just have to deal with that when the time comes, won't I? He'll know eventually."

Blake's hands were in his hair. "And if you capture him?"

"Then he's finally mine, isn't he?" Nicolas was on his knees now, unzipping Blake's pants. He looked up at him with his dark eyes, and Blake's head went back. His hands tightened in Nicolas's hair, and he uttered a deep, guttural groan.

Nicolas took Blake's cock into his mouth. He could hardly wait. Finally, after all these years, it was payback time. He clutched the pendent around his neck, and ripped it away from his throat.

* * * *

Seymour was acting rather strange at suppertime. He was fidgeting, not looking him in the eye. "Seymour, come here," Adam demanded absently, eyeing the scrumptious chocolate cake which had been set before him.

Seymour came closer. "Yes, sir?"

"You didn't do as I asked, did you?"

Seymour looked stumped.

"The whore, from the underworld?"

"Yes, Sir, I did. I'm supposed to pick him up tonight."

"The price?"

"I don't know, Sir." He shook his head. "I told him you said price was no object, like you told me."

"Fine. Pick him up in limo. I want him to be driven here in style. Did you inspect him?"

"Ah, yes. I mean kind of."

"What does he look like?"

"Ah, long brown hair, tall, very well built...savagely beautiful. I know you prefer men with dark hair."

"Cock?"

"Ah, I didn't exactly see him naked, Sir."

"Next time, inspect the merchandise properly. If I don't like him, he's going back, Seymour."

"Yes, Sir."

"Go now, go and get him."

"I'm on my way, Sir," Seymour replied, and

disappeared.

Adam sat back in his seat. Outside, he could hear the military guards changing shifts. He clicked the remote control at his side, and a large screen appeared on the wall. He checked his stocks, and read the minutes of the various board meetings which involved his interests. He turned it off, took a bite of the cake, and pushed it away. He was bored. He was bored with business, and parties. He hoped for something different tonight, something wild and untamed, something which would lift him out of this slump he'd gotten himself into.

His advisor presented him with all the problems going on around him. He was expected to make a speech to the masses, explain why the taxes had to be raised, why they needed more prisons, why he hadn't lifted the curfews. He was losing ground. The ruthless thugs of the underworld were taking over the streets again, and he felt helpless to fight them.

He stood up, and looked up at the picture of his grandfather hanging on the wall. Stanton Lang had bought up the city, lock, stock and barrel. Everything belonged to him, and it was his legacy, his duty to keep it that way, although there were times he wished he could just hand over the reigns to anyone who would take them. Adam refused to hear the complaints. If there was suffering, he

didn't want to know. He had no intention of visiting the prisons, or handing down death sentences. He had people to do that for him. As for the underground, well, if they got out of hand, he'd have to declare war, get rid of them, and restore order. Right now, all he wanted was that whore Seymour had promised to bring back here. He wanted to escape, pretend the world outside didn't exist anymore. He glanced up once more at his grandfather, a handsome, yet, cold hearted man, who'd made his father's life hell. He'd heard the rumours, the stories of the unspeakable things he'd done...the stories about depraved lust and evil curses. He'd asked his father about those things. His father told him they were only stories. Adam ran his hands through his shoulder length blond hair, and tore his eyes away from the portrait. He poured himself a strong drink. A shiver went up his spine. The clock on the wall struck seven, and he jumped, emptying his glass. He walked to the window, and checked for the guards. They were there, on watch, guns a ready. He breathed a little easier, and walked upstairs.

He had a room prepared where he entertained his whores. He walked in, looked around, inspected the restraints. He'd been bored with the whores he kept on the property. He took pleasure in the thought that he was going to have one of the whores from the underground. At the same time,

he might be able to gain some information about this Nicolas fellow, the one everyone seemed to fear.

Adam sunk down on the padded table, and chewed his thumbnail. Nicolas. If he was a member of the Ross family, as most people suspected, then they were natural enemies. At one time, the two families had been allies. His grandfather had been at school with Anton Ross. They both became prominent business men, and partners. Rumour had it that they had had a falling out, and they became enemies, trying to take over each others businesses. There was that bit about his grandmother which never made much sense. Then, his grandfather had put some sort of a curse on Anton Ross, a curse handed down for generations. The Ross family was exiled from Langston, and eventually ruled the underworld. In every story, there was a bit of myth mixed in with the truth. Adam had never believed the bit about the curse. The other, more plausible story was that Anton was clearly the shrewder business man, and he forced Anton Ross into bankruptcy. Ross disappeared. Some say he was imprisoned due to his inability to pay his debts, and died there. Others said that never happened. It was complicated.

Adam stood up, and left his playroom. He had no idea why he was thinking about old family

history. It was completely irrelevant. What mattered is that he still ran the city, and he had to the means to squash the underworld anytime he wanted. The legacy would go on. Eventually, he'd have to take a wife, no matter how objectionable that seemed to him, and procure himself an heir. He had plenty of time for that. Right now, he was anticipating his visitor.

* * * *

Seymour kept looking over at him as he drove. Several times, Nicolas had to place his hand on the steering wheel to realign the vehicle. "Keep your eyes on the road, man."

"I'm sorry...I..."

It wasn't Seymour's fault. He wasn't used to seeing him dressed like a whore. It was a good sign he supposed that he couldn't stop staring at him. He hoped to have the same affect on Adam Lang.

Blake had seemed rather pissed off at him earlier when he'd walked into the room and seen how he was dressed. It made Nicolas laugh. It wasn't hard to dress like a whore, he'd certainly seen enough of them, had enough of them too. Indecently tight, body moulding, black pants, which profiled his tight, round ass, and generous endowments, and a loose fitting, transparent shirt

which slide deliciously off one broad shoulder, and sliced off just below the waist. He left his expensive black boots behind. No whore could afford boots like that, and the pimps wouldn't shell out money for that. Instead, he donned a pair of simple black loafers he borrowed from Blake. "Well, you certainly do look like a man whore for hire," Blake told him, his mouth twisting a little in disapproval. "Well, you look like a slut."

"Good. That's exactly the effect I was going for. I want our Mr. Lang to want me."

Blake's eyes flashed at him.

"Now, now," he teased. "Nasty boy."

Blake moved closer to him. He reached out and picked the pendant off of his chest, while the fingers on his other hand stroked his flesh there for a moment. "You look so hot," he murmured. He dropped the pendant, and grabbed Nicolas's face between his hands. He kissed him deeply, passionately, then, released him.

"That was nice," he said, grinning.

"What about that?" He pointed to the pendant. "What if he discovers...?"

"I will take it off, when the moment is right."

Blake smiled. "He won't make it here alive then."

"Blake," Nicolas gave him a mock look of surprise, "have more faith in me than that. Do you think I have so little control?"

"You've never been so close to your enemy before. All that hatred, all that thirst for revenge... not to mention, the blood. He'll be dead before he gets to first base. A pity for him." He moved close to him again and walked his fingers down his chest.

Nicholas smiled, but he didn't say anything. He fully intended on bringing Lang back alive. A quick death was far too good for him.

Blake moved away again. "Nico, how far are you planning to go...I mean... You're not going to let him...taste you, are you?"

Nicholas glanced over at Seymour in the car now, and placed the palms of his hands on his thighs. He was remembering the pleading tone in Blake's voice when he walked out the door. Blake had always been easy enough to control, except when he forgot himself and got possessive. He'd never promised him exclusivity. Blake knew better.

Seymour interrupted his thoughts at that moment. "We're here," he said, driving up to the gate.

Nicholas was on high alert. "Act natural. Don't do anything foolish."

"What if...if they recognize you?"

"They won't." Nicholas placed his hand on his amulet. Even if he'd ever encountered one of these men before, and they survived it, which was

practically impossible, they wouldn't have remembered his face.

A soldier marched over to the car now. Seymour rolled down the window. "Hello, Captain," he said.

"Seymour," the Captain nodded, glancing over at Nicolas. "What have we here?"

"Man whore for Mr. Lang."

The Captain studied Nicolas for a moment. Nicolas presented him with a bright smile. "I'm available later, Captain." He winked at him.

The Captain righted himself, seeming flustered. "Mr. Lang has already notified us. Drive on," he said, signalling to another guard to open the gate.

"Very good, Seymour," Nicolas said. "Very, very good."

Seymour drove slowly up to the front door. As he pulled up to the curb in front of the door, he reached out and clutched Nicolas's arm. "He'll kill me for this. He'll have me sent to one of his prisons and..."

"No one will send you anywhere. I'll protect you." Nicolas removed Seymour's fingers from his arm. "Take me to him, and I'll handle it from there."

"You won't hurt him?"

Nicolas met his gaze. "Seymour. If you do anything at this point to interfere with my plan, I promise you Adam Lang will be the least of your

worries. You don't want to make an enemy out of me."

Seymour nodded. "I...I...won't...I..."

"Fine. Now, take me to him."

* * * *

Nicholas tried to swallow his distaste as he allowed Seymour to lead him up the wide sweeping front steps, and into the Lang family estate. It was more of a mausoleum than a house, every room, dark and vast. The decadence sickened him. While the Lang family had barricaded themselves up here in this self imposed prison, running the entire city from behind closed doors, people suffered. People died. The son was no better than his father, or that bastard of a grandfather. Greed, power, that's all they cared about, and they didn't care what they had to do to hold onto it. The entire family was riddled with madness.

Just before they reached the bottom of the staircase, he looked up to see a large painting of Stanton Lang. The hatred inside of him boiled to the surface. He clutched at the amulet, almost ripping it away from his skin. He wanted to rip it off the wall, and smash it into pieces. His hand shook, then, quieted. He took a breath, clenching it at his side.

Seymour was watching him. He looked fearful.

"No worries," Nicolas told him, looking up once more at the monster who had changed the entire course of a family's history. "Lead on."

Nicolas placed a hand on the banister, and followed Seymour up the stairs. He told himself to stay calm. He was so close now. He couldn't let his emotions get in the way.

Seymour glanced at him. "He's probably in the bedroom. Mr Lang?" he called out. "It's Seymour. I have your...ah..." he hesitated, giving Nicolas an apologetic look, "whore."

"Send him into my room, Seymour," Adam Lang called back. "You may go."

Seymour gave Nicolas a look, and Nicolas nodded.

Seymour disappeared quickly.

Nicolas walked into the bedroom. It was much the same as the rest of the house, a large, cold room with a highly polished wood floor, and simple, yet expensive furnishings. No warmth, like the Lang family themselves. "Good evening, Mr. Lang," he said, a slight smile on his face. He intended to enjoy every moment of this.

* * * *

Adam kept his back to him, anticipating. *Make him beautiful. Make him so beautiful that looking at him will be torture.* He turned around, ending the

anticipation, allowing his vision to be filled with the image standing in front of him. Seymour had outdone himself this time. The word beautiful was not quite sufficient to describe the man in front of him with a mane of shiny chestnut hair flowing down over his broad shoulders. Adam moved closer. Spectacular brown eyes filled with...with...he wasn't sure. He looked almost dangerous, but that was okay, sexually, it was arousing. He reached out and took his chin roughly between his fingers. "Square jaw, exquisite mouth, you suck cock just fine with that beautiful instrument, don't you?"

The man in front of him smiled.

Adam released his chin. He let his gaze travel over the see through shirt, and tight pants. He could hardly breathe. "Take them off. A man like you should be naked, at all times, especially in my presence." He turned his back. "Do it. Do it, now." He smiled when he heard the sounds of the material moving against his skin, and then dropping to the floor. "Is it done?"

"Yes."

"Yes what?" He turned around, stifling a low moan in his throat. His voice lowered, faltered. "Y...es...Mas...ter." He wanted to sink to his knees, but of course, he wouldn't. He was a Lang. He was in control. "Say it," he urged, forcing his feet to move forward.

"Yes, Master," the image before him lowered his head.

Adam felt his entire body shake with desire as he studied the incredible naked form in front of him. The shoulders, the arms, the muscles of the chest, perfectly formed, shaped as if sculptured by hand. Perfect brown nipples, a stomach carved of waves, and a cock which surely was designed exclusively for pleasure. He moved around him, letting his gaze trace the perfect line of his back down to an ass which he couldn't resist reaching out to squeeze, hard, round, globes of flesh, temptingly scrumptious. "Make it hard for me," he demanded, coming back around to stand in front of him.

"As you wish," he said, taking his cock in hand and beginning to stroke it.

"How big is it?"

"Nine inches," he looked up from his task and smiled, "master."

Adam took a step back, although he wasn't sure why. Something in his eyes maybe. "What's your name?"

"Whatever you wish it be."

"I want to know your real name." Adam licked his lips, his eyes on his cock which was beginning to rise.

"Anton, my name is Anton."

"I don't like that name," he said hastily. "I'll

call you, Adonis. Your body is like a Greek status."

"Whatever you want."

"Stop touching yourself. You're erect. I don't want you to lose it."

"I won't lose it," he said, meeting his gaze.

"Come with me," Adam said. Every ounce of control he had was now being concentrated on not ravishing him there on the spot, but he didn't want to spoil it. He loved putting off the final moment, tormenting himself, feeling the throbbing in his cock, the ache. Soon he would satisfy that ache.

* * * *

Nicholas followed Adam Lang to the room adjoining his bedroom. He had heard about this room from some of the whores in the inner cities. As his eyes moved over the hanging cuffs, and leather tables, he remembered the prostitutes telling him how Lang liked to dominate them. Although he never actually hurt any of them, he certainly enjoyed playing with them.

Adam reached over and took his hand. He led him over to a set of hanging handcuffs. Nicolas glanced up at them casually. It would be easy enough for him to break. Adam lifted one arm, and snapped the cuff around his wrist. Nicolas

looked down into the bluest eyes he'd ever seen. It was ironic really; to look at Adam Lang, you'd never believe he was a despot. He had the body of a dancer, slender, lithe, well toned, almost delicate, and his ash blond hair fluttered around a serene face, which appeared almost innocent. If it hadn't of been for the look of burning lust reflected in those eyes, he might have looked like an angel. But Adam Lang was no angel, and he couldn't afford to allow himself to be even remotely distracted by his beguiling allure.

Adam was moving a hand up his other side now, as he lifted his arm and snapped the cuff around the other wrist. He stood back and admired his effort for a moment. "Beautiful," he said. "Your cock is fully erect, your nipples are...well...we may need to work on those." Nicolas watched him as he began to undo his shirt. He tossed it aside, then, slid his pants down over his hips. Nicolas swallowed. His body was compact, a little more muscular than he thought, but very slender, very beautiful. His cock was hard, unusually thick, with a deliciously shaped head. His balls looked perfect, although shrunken a bit, due to his heightened state of sexual agitation. When he turned around to take something from the cupboard in the corner of the room, Nicolas's gaze settled on his ass. He felt his mouth begin to water. He wanted that ass, but he

would have wanted any ass at this moment, wouldn't he? Come on, anyone would, with their cock hard, their hands cuffed, hanging naked in a room that even smelt of sex, even if it was with your worst enemy. He couldn't be blamed for wanting Adam Lang at that moment. He had a perfectly fuck-able ass.

Adam Lang was back, those eyes looking at him. He was holding something in his hand. It looked like some kind of a whip. It was short, with a variety of leather straps hanging off of it. "It won't hurt," he said. "I just want to make your nipples stand up and pay attention." He ran his finger over one of his nipples, then down to his cock. He touched it only briefly, then, stood back.

Adam Lang swung the whip at him; the leather straps hit one nipple, then the other. It didn't hurt much, but it sent shock waves through his cock, and made his nipples stiff, and hard. Adam whipped his nipples several times, then, threw the instrument aside. "Look at them," he said, "beautiful. I'm going to suck them better now."

When Adam's tongue laved over one of his nipples, he almost came. His cock was throbbing, and Adam's tongue felt good, too damn good. He almost forgot why he'd come here, almost. Then as Adam turned his attention to the other nipple, his hand coming up to play with the one his tongue was neglecting, Nicolas suddenly became

aware that he was still wearing the amulet. Adam actually took the chain it was hanging off of between his teeth at one time and tugged on it. "Take it off," Nicolas urged.

Adam looked up at him, pinching one of his nipples brutally between his thumb and forefinger. "Why? What is it?" he asked, picking it up in his hand and studying it. "It's quite beautiful. I like the way it looks against your chest. Is it gold?"

"Yes," he breathed.

"It's unusual. I've never seen anything like it before. It opens?" He turned it over.

"Don't," Nicolas said sharply.

Adam looked up at him. He reached down and grabbed his shaft in his hand. "Don't tell me what to do. You're my slave. I own you for the night."

Nicolas tried to hold his temper in check as Adam squeezed his cock in his hand. "I only thought that..."

"You don't need to think. You only need to obey," he said, one hand reaching up to wrap his hair around his fist. "Kiss me, kiss me like you mean it, not like some whore that's being paid. Pretend you love me, Adonis." Before Nicolas could even register how pathetic that was, Adam's mouth crushed his, forcing his mouth to open as he delved his tongue between his teeth. At the same time, his grip lessened on his cock, and he

began to fondle it quite amicably. The hand released his hair, and moved down over his bicep, to his waist. Fingers slid down to caress his ass. Adam Lang's lips tasted good, a mixture of wine and cinnamon, probably a mint he'd been sucking on before he got there. His kisses were sweet, and the way he was touching him evoked an involuntary moan from Nicolas's mouth. Both arms wrapped tightly around him. The pendant scraped against his chest, painfully reminding him of how helpless he really was at the moment. Adam's mouth began to ferociously feed on his and his erection pressed urgently against his thigh. In his heated passion, Adam's hands reached down and clutched his ass, squeezing his buttocks in his hand. "Your body is driving me insane," he moaned against his throat. "Say you love me."

Nicolas stiffened.

Adam's tongue licked the underside of his chin. "Say it, say you love me, God damn it, or I won't pay you."

"Is it that bad, Adam," he sneered.

Something in his tone of voice perhaps caused Adam to release him. "Are you mocking me?"

"Me? No," Nicolas said innocently. He almost added, "you pathetic bastard," but that would have ruined everything. He licked his lips, and glanced down at the pendant. He had to get him

to take it off somehow, or to release him from the restraints, so he could do it himself. "I would never do that, master." He lowered his head, noticing the hostile expression which had come over Adam's face.

Adam narrowed his eyes. He was so beautiful, but at times, he looked almost sinister, probably just a result of his dark hair and eyes, and the bronzed glow of his skin. Those eyes seemed to be looking right through him now, and although he said all the right words, they didn't sound quite sincere. So, there was a little spirit in this one. That was alright. "A challenge," he announced, moving around him now, running his hands over his perfect ass. "I don't mind that. Maybe I should use the whip."

Nicolas's body stiffened noticeably.

"Don't like that, beauty?"

"I'm yours to do with as you please."

"Are you now?" Adam's lips pressed against his shoulder. He opened his ass cheeks with his hand. "What about this?" Adam inserted a finger roughly into his opening. "Can I whip this little bud before filling it?" Adam watched the beauties head go back, his hips jutting outward. He pushed his finger deeper. The Adonis struggled a little.

"You can't whip it in this position, Master."

Adam contemplated that. He was right. He would bind him to the leather table, ankle to wrist.

"I'm going to spread you," Adam whispered against his neck. "Would you like that, beauty? Would that finally make you realise that your body belongs to me completely? Would you submit?" He walked around to the front of him again, took his cock in his hand, and held it. He wanted to fall to his knees, and kiss it, take it in his mouth, but he wouldn't. A Lang had never been on their knees to anyone. "Would you submit, beauty?" Adam insisted, leaning forward and licking one of Nicolas's nipples.

Nicholas looked at him with those mysterious eyes. "You can try, master. I invite you to try."

"If I win, can I have you?" Adam teased, gently slapping his erect cock to and fro carelessly.

Nicholas sucked some air between his teeth. "Of course."

Adam reached up and released one of his wrists, then the other. "Follow me," he demanded, leading him across the floor to an adjustable padded table. "Sit on it," Adam said, "spread your legs, and raise them. I have a treat for you, my love."

"I have one for you as well, Adam." He tilted his head at him, clutching at the amulet and ripping it away from his neck. His eyes began to change colour, from brown to a smoky grey, then amber. They glowed unnaturally, causing Adam to stumble backwards. "What... what's

happening? What in hell are you?" Adam stuttered, as he slid off the table.

"What you made me," he cried out, then let out a terrible howl as the sounds of expanding skin and crackling cartilage filled the room. His eyes turned blood red.

Adam couldn't believe it. He was changing shape right in front of him, his frame growing two sizes greater, his head elongating, forming into that of a wolf. Hair covered his body now, and those blood red eyes focussed directly on him, saliva dripping off his sharp, white teeth.

"Then it's true," Adam cried out, his entire body trembling in fear. "The stories are... oh My God!" Adam tried to run, but he didn't even make it to the door.

CHAPTER TWO

Nicholas lay exhausted in his bed, curtains drawn around him. His head was pounding as usual. He knew Blake was pacing outside his door, waiting for the first opportunity to barge in. Nicholas wasn't prepared to answer his questions just yet. He fingered the amulet around his neck, and sighed. It was filled with wolf bane, the only thing he knew of, which could truly harm him, and the only thing which allowed him to control his condition. All his fledglings wore wolf bane around their neck, and anyone in his pack caught without it, was severely punished. Banishment, even death wasn't unheard of.

No one knew about the pack. It was a highly secret society, some of them were his own blood, uncles and cousins, brought down through his grandfather's bloodline; and others had been mistakes, or had been transformed out of love, or

in moments of unrestrained passion. Three drops of his blood could transform anyone, if done by the light of the moon. He had learned that quite early in his life. Although he still wasn't certain how it happened, he had unintentionally transformed Blake one night. He had attended school with Blake. They were good friends, and one moonlit night, they had gone for a ride on Nicolas's motorcycle. Blake had insisted they drive out to the lake. The moon did crazy things to ordinary people, never mind werewolves, and Nicolas was feeling extremely amorous. When Blake took off all of his clothes, and suggested they go for a swim, Nicolas was half gone. He took off the amulet to keep it dry, and scrambled into the water after Blake. He tried to fight the change, but without the wolf bane next to his skin, and in a heightened state of sexual passion, he could do nothing to stop it. He hardly remembered having sex with Blake. He may have bitten him, drank some of his blood, but his bite didn't make people into werewolves. The next thing he knew, Blake was howling outside his window. It happened that fast. When he asked Blake if he had tasted his blood, he denied it, but somehow Blake had known what Nicolas was, and he knew how to get it. That's why Nicolas kept Blake close. He had never trusted him after that night.

Nicolas sat up in bed, and opened the curtains.

He squinted against the light, running a hand through his long hair. It was ironic really, a curse given to his grandfather, handed down now to two generations of Ross's had given that family the ability to take control of the underworld, not once, but twice. Lang controlled the military, and there was no way that the people of the underworld could fight that much force. But it was amazing what a pack of werewolves could do when they put their mind to it.

But if he had his way, this would all end. He would be free of this curse which constantly tormented him, constantly made him question his own sanity. What he did when he was out of control played on his mind. Sometimes he had no way of knowing, and every senseless death, every savaged victim, made him wonder if he had been the killer.

He stood up and walked to the window, his keen eyes adjusting to the sun. Even now, he wished to run across the field, into the woods, smell the forest, frolic on his back in the sun. He took a breath. Adam Lang was now in his hands, and Adam Lang would now help him to end this curse.

* * * *

Adam moaned. He was lying on something hard

and cold. It felt like a concrete slab. There was sunlight pouring through one tiny window, but the rest of the dank, musty place was shrouded in darkness. He sat up, raising his hand to his throat. A stab of pain ran through his shoulder. His hand came away sticky, stained with his own blood. Where in hell was he? *Think, Adam, think.* He tried to stand, but his knees felt wobbly. He sat back down. He closed his eyes for a second, shivering. He was completely naked. He could see the entire scene in front of him. Shit, that whore...if he really was a whore... he'd changed into a...God damn it, those things didn't exist. They were rumours. He mostly heard the stories from his mother, but then she was certified nuts. And some of the soldiers claimed that sometimes at night when they were in combat with some of the criminals in the underworld that...but in the dark...and military men hated to admit defeat. They'd say anything to..." He uttered a soft cry suddenly, the pain again shooting through his shoulder. Why didn't someone come? Were they just going to leave him here? He lowered himself back down to the cold cement, and closed his eyes. He could see the gaping jaws, the razor sharp teeth, the clawed hand swooping down on his shoulder, and...then blackness. There had been only blackness.

* * * *

Blake was looking at him with those accusatory eyes. "Why didn't you kill him?"

"That would have defeated the purpose, wouldn't it?" Nicolas popped some aspirin and washed them down with a gulp of his coffee.

"There is no way to break the curse, and besides, it's not so bad. Would you want to go back to being mortal?"

"You forget, I've never been one."

"You know what I mean." Blake threw up his hands. "How would we fight off Lang's men? They will come looking for him, you know."

"Possibly."

"Not possibly. They will pull out all stops."

Nicolas reached over and poured himself more coffee.

"He'll never cooperate with you. He's a Lang, and you're a Ross."

"We'll see," he said, raising an eyebrow. He stood up. "I don't intend to give him any choice in the matter."

Blake put a hand on Nicolas's forearm. "Think of what this will do to the pack. You are our leader. Without you..."

"If the curse can be removed from me, there's no reason why..."

"Some don't want to be ordinary men."

Nicolas jerked his arm away. "There's nothing you can do to stop this, so don't try, or I warn you,

Blake, you'll earn my wrath."

Blake noticeably swallowed. He looked away, and Nicolas left the room.

* * * *

When Adam heard a noise, he gasped, and sat up quickly, too quickly. The room began to spin sickly in front of his eyes. The door stood open. He could see the shadow of a man standing in the doorway.

"Good morning, Adam," he said.

Adam placed a hand to his head. The room was suddenly flooded with light from the corridor outside. Adam squinted, looking around him, nothing but concrete and dust. He glared up at the man facing him, trying to stand, and then falling back against the slab. It was the whore Seymour had brought to his home, only he no longer dressed as one. He wore a simple pair of blue jeans and white t-shirt, that pendant hung consciously around his neck. "I suggest you don't try to exert yourself. You've lost a lot of blood."

"Am I going to turn into a monster now?" Adam snarled, trying to hide his genitals.

"Depending on your definition of monster, it may already be too late for you, Lang."

Adam narrowed his eyes. "You're the monster, an animal. You bit me."

"No, I didn't bite you actually. I tore your shoulder when I grabbed you. I apologise."

"You..." Adam laughed harshly. "Well, forgive me if I don't accept."

"That's up to you. And you really don't need to hide yourself. I've seen it, remember?"

"Are you planning to give me some clothes?"

"Not just at this moment."

Adam swore under his breath. "You do realise that there is already an army out looking for me."

"No doubt."

"And when they arrest you, I will make a point of being there at your execution, and believe me... Mr...Ross, I assume?"

He inclined his head. "That's right. Nicolas Ross."

"Well, believe me, Mr. Ross, I will make sure your death is slow and painful."

"I'll keep that in mind."

"So, you better kill me now."

"And miss your company at my execution?" He shook his head.

"What do you want with me?"

"Oh, much." He smiled. "First, we'll see to that shoulder."

"You won't touch me."

"You didn't seem to mind touching me last night. What was it you called me? Adonis?"

"Fuck you."

"You never did get to do that. I believe you asked me to tell you that I loved you. You know, Mr. Lang, when you have to pay to have someone to say 'I love you', that's when I would start to question my life."

"Fuck you," he spat again. "You worry about your own life, if you can call it that...do animals actually have lives, or do they just exist?" He saw the man's expression harden. He smiled. He'd gotten to him.

Nicolas Ross turned around. Suddenly, two men stood there, big, husky men. "Take Mr. Lang to the other room. Tie him down. I'll be there shortly."

When the men moved towards him, Adam was prepared to fight. They dragged him kicking and screaming from the room while Nicolas Ross stood by quietly, arms crossed, watching.

* * * *

When Nicolas walked back upstairs and into his living room, he sighed. Blake was there, along with two other members of the committee. One of them was his late father's twin brother, Thomas. He had become almost like a surrogate father to him after Nicolas's father had committed suicide. The other, was Thomas's current love interest, a woman named Sylvia, who was one of the most

promiscuous she-wolves he'd ever met. She'd had almost every wolf in the pack, save for himself. "What's this?" He looked at Blake because he knew he had instigated it. Every time he didn't approve of something he did, he ran to his Uncle Thomas.

"This isn't wise, Nic." Thomas shook his head. He was a tall man like himself, with the same chestnut hair. His eyes were constantly amber, and he retained many wolf traits, even when he was in his human form.

Nicolas glared at Blake, who looked down at the carpet. "Are you challenging me?"

"Of course not, but this could bring down all of us. Lang knows of our existence now. If he is rescued..."

"He won't be rescued. The military have no idea where we are, or who we are."

"What about Seymour?" Blake demanded.

Sylvia moved closer to him. She was sniffing him again. It really got on his nerves

"I have given Seymour sanctuary here. He will not go back to the house."

"They'll suspect he was involved. Wouldn't it be better..." Thomas began.

"No, it wouldn't be better. I can't trust Seymour to keep his mouth shut. He'll cave under pressure. Anything else?" He moved away from Sylvia. "Down," he snapped at her.

"I'm not a dog," she threw at him.

"Then stop acting like a bitch in heat."

She stuck her head up in the air, and grabbed Thomas's arm. "You're a sexist patriarch."

He laughed at her. "You're a promiscuous whore."

"Nico," Thomas snapped.

Nicolas laughed.

"Have some respect."

"I'll treat her with respect when she closes her legs," he replied, staring his uncle down. "Now, is there anything else?"

"I'd like to talk to my nephew alone," Thomas announced.

Blake and Sylvia quietly left the room.

Nicolas sighed.

"You're really going to try and break the curse?"

"Yes."

"I could understand that back in my father's time, but not anymore. We've learned to live with it, control it. It makes us strong, our sexual stamina is..."

"It makes us killers," Nicolas insisted. "Your brother killed himself because he couldn't live with the curse. He couldn't live with what he did to my mother."

"He killed himself because our father lost everything to Lang. He sold our heritage because he couldn't control his lust for another man's

wife."

Nicolas turned and looked out the window. For a long time he didn't say anything.

"I won't stand by and let you destroy this pack. You are the alpha male only because your father is dead, and it passes to the son, but if something should happen to you, then it is I who..."

Nicolas turned around. "Are you threatening me?"

"Of course not."

Nicolas could feel the tension hanging in the air between them.

"Face it, Nico, your grandfather lost your heritage because he betrayed his best friend. Your father never forgave him for visiting the curse on us, and relegating us to the underworld. We can fight Lang, but only as Lycanthropes. If you reverse the curse, we're lost."

Nicolas shook his head. "The only thing you don't want to lose is your women. You inherited your father's gift for womanizing, it seems. The curse gives you eternal youth, immortality. But, you don't care about the consequences."

"Nico," he pleaded.

"How many times have I had to clean up your messes, hide things from the council? If you try and stop me, I won't cover up your carnage anymore. Is that clear?"

"You would betray your own blood? You've

been like a son to me. I would never act against you."

Nicolas turned his back. "Just make sure that you don't."

* * * *

"What in hell is that stuff?" Adam cried out, struggling against the two men who had tied him down to the bed. "Get that away from me."

"It's wolf bane. It's been diluted with medicinal herbs," a voice said suddenly from the doorway.

The two men, who'd been haphazardly trying to apply the dressing, looked helplessly over at Nicolas. "He's not cooperating," one of them said.

Adam followed Nicolas with his gaze as he walked into the room. "Technical term for wolf bane is *aconitum napellus*. It has great healing powers, Mr. Lang. That concoction is the only way I know of to heal a wound derived from a werewolf."

"Well, I don't want that stuff on me. And you're not going to put it on me either."

Nicolas nodded at the two men. "Leave us now."

When they were gone, Nicolas came closer to the bed, sniffing the air. "It smells bad, I know." He picked up the clean cloth which sat in the bowl of the liquid, and wrung it out in his hand. "Wolf

bane is toxic to me, unless it's diluted like this." Without fanfare, he brought the cloth down on Adam's shoulder and held it there.

Adam struggled. "Then remind me to fucking serve it to you full force, for dinner."

Nicholas clicked his tongue, moving his head back and forth. He pressed harder, eliciting a groan of pain from Adam. "Not nice."

"Get your hands off me!"

Nicholas tossed the cloth back into the bowl, and shrugged. "You'll be begging for it later on. The solution numbs the pain, and the pain will get worse without it."

"I'd rather die than accept anything from you."

"Suit yourself." He walked over to the window, and looked out for a minute. "What do you remember as a boy about the history between our grandfathers?" he asked suddenly.

Adam sighed. *Hopefully as little as possible, when it came to that stuff.* "Your grandfather was a cheat and liar, a lousy business man. He lost everything."

"And about the curse?" he persisted, turning around again.

Adam swallowed. He couldn't help but be struck by how handsome he was. He could feel his gaze sweep down over his naked body as he lay there, bound to the bed. He winced and squirmed a little. "Nothing. Why should I know anything?"

All this happened before I was born. Can I have a blanket please?"

"Your mother knew. It's why she went mad, if she did go mad."

Adam narrowed his eyes. "You know nothing about my mother! Don't speak about her."

Nicolas moved closer. He reached out and touched his cheek. Adam spit at him, but missed. Nicolas laughed. "You have lousy aim."

"Why don't you just kill me?"

"Because," he sighed, backing away, "I need you. You're going to help me break the curse."

"You're dreaming. Even if I knew how, I wouldn't help you. How in hell can I help you anyway?"

"With your blood."

Adam shivered. *Blood?*

Nicolas swept his hand over Adam's chest, and down to his sex. He trailed his finger over his thigh. Adam swore at him. "Animal."

"You're right. I am an animal, thanks to your family. I'm going to leave you now, Mr. Lang, but you'll be screaming my name out in the middle of the night. When you do, I'll make sure you have what you need."

"I'll never need anything from you in the middle of the night, or at any other time."

Nicolas laughed. "We'll see."

Adam swallowed. "Can I at least have a

blanket?"

Nicolas reached down to the bottom of the bed and threw the blanket haphazardly up over him, then, he walked out of the room. Adam felt his eyes start to close. He fell asleep for a little while, then, the pain began.

* * * *

Initially, the sounds of Adam's suffering were like music to Nicolas's ears, but after a few minutes, he found it hard to tolerate. He rolled over in bed, and opened his eyes, only to see Blake lying beside him. He didn't remember inviting him. He groaned and sat up. "Just let him holler," Blake murmured, grinding his head down into the overstuffed pillow.

"You're heartless," Nicolas muttered. "You know how painful a Were bite can be."

"You didn't bite him, you gave him a little scratch," he protested sleepily.

Nicolas threw on his robe, and hurried down the hallway to the room where Adam was. His keen eyes could see him in the dark. He didn't need to switch on the light. His head was wet, and he was burning up with fever. Nicolas untied his hands and Adam brought himself upright, moaning in pain. "Easy," Nicolas said, placing a hand on his forehead.

Adam reached out and clutched at the material of Nicolas's robe. "Please Nicolas," he moaned, "make it go away. Make the pain go away."

Nicolas pulled his hand away, and pushed Adam gently back to the pillow. "Shush," he said. "I will. I will. Just lay quietly." As this point the solution wouldn't have much of an effect. He needed a lot of it, and it had to be applied much earlier. But he did know what would help. Gently, he lowered his head and moved his tongue over the wound.

"What are you...ah....God...what in hell are you...?" Adam tried to push him back.

"Stop it. Do you want the pain to go or not?"

"Yes, but, what in fuck are you licking me for?" He grunted.

"My saliva, it will heal the wound. Now lay quiet, Lang, God damn it."

Adam closed his eyes as the soothing motion of his rough tongue swept over the flesh of his shoulder. The pain began to ease slowly, then, disappear altogether. As Nicolas licked his flesh, his soft hair brushed over his cheek; and his chest and one half of his upper torso was pressed against his naked chest. Adam was able to breathe normally again, he murmured something, his eyes closing. He was falling, falling into a peaceful sleep.

When he finally opened his eyes again, Nicolas was sitting there beside him in a chair. "I told you, you'd be screaming."

"I might have screamed, but it wasn't your name I was crying out."

"In fact, you did say my name. You said 'Nicolas, make the pain go away.'"

Adam turned his head away. He couldn't remember what in hell he had said. The pain had been overwhelming. "I don't cry out people's names in the night," he muttered.

"Oh, and why's that?"

Adam was surprised he'd said that out loud. "Because," he said, looking at him again, "I'm a Lang, destined to be alone. It was rumored that your grandfather stole the love of my grandfather's life, but it was a lucky accident..."

"Maybe not so lucky for him."

"Yes, well, his was an arranged marriage, just like my father's, and, if I survive this, mine will be too. Marriage is necessary to carry on the bloodline."

"It's sad."

"Not at all. What ever happened to your grandfather?"

Nicolas stood up. "I have no idea. After he supposedly took off with your grandmother, the family never heard from him again. My grandmother was left to bring up my father and

his brother alone."

Adam glanced at him. "Why are you keeping me alive?"

"I told you. I need you to help me."

"What if I can't help you, what if I won't?"

Nicolas eyed him. "You have no choice. Feeling better?"

Adam glanced down at his shoulder, then, gasped. "It's...gone?"

"Yes."

"How?"

He shrugged with a smile. "Remember, Adam, you may be the supreme ruler, but I'm more powerful than you are on some levels. You don't want to get on the bad side of me."

"You untied me."

"Yes."

"Why? I could escape."

"Believe me, you're not going anywhere."

"I'm not fool enough to believe you're ever going to let me go, even if you get what you want."

"Maybe you don't want to go." He met his gaze.

"What in hell does that mean?"

"Was your life so great?"

"It was my life."

"You didn't even live it. You had someone to do everything for you. All you did was sign

papers. Do you really want to face a loveless life, inside that crypt you live in?"

For a moment, Adam could do nothing except stare helplessly into his eyes. Then, Nicolas looked away. "Rest now. I'll be back to see you later. And don't think of trying to get away, there are far worse things than I roaming around this house."

CHAPTER THREE

Nicolas sat in the library poring over some pages from his father's old journal. He had hidden the book from Thomas, afraid his uncle would destroy it. His father had been looking for a cure years ago, especially after Nicolas's mother had died. Nicolas hardly remembered his mother. She had died shortly after his birth. Everyone had told him that she had developed this mysterious fever, but later, when his father discovered that his son carried the same disease in his blood, he told him that he'd killed her. She had begged him to make her like him, but he'd refused. And one night when the moon was full, she hid his amulet, and cut herself, enough for the blood to run. He'd lost control, and instead of feeding her, he fed himself in a frenzy of lust and hunger. He never forgave himself, and when Nicolas was seven years old, his twenty eight year old father, Desmond Ross, took his own life. He laid

facedown in a field of wolf bane for hours until the toxic herb eventually killed him.

Nicolas was sent to live with his uncle, Thomas, who taught him how to control his power, a power he easily mastered, but detested. Now finally, with a member of the Lang family in hand, he was going to break this curse, although at this moment, he wasn't quite sure how to go about it.

What he knew already was that Stanton Lang had put a curse on his former best friend, Anton Ross. It had happened just before his twin boys were born. His father wrote:

My father had to be infected already when we were conceived. From what I learned from my own mother, Father deserted us less than a few months later. She told me that he ran off with 'that Lang whore,' (my mother's words)...although who could blame her. She was left alone with two infant sons to raise... cast out of the inner circle of wealth and security. Eventually, she would work as a servant in one of the brothels...although I always suspected, she was forced to do far more than clean. Sometimes she'd come home with candy for Thomas and I, and we'd be so excited, never guessing what she had to do to get it. She worked so hard, and my worthless father, well, we never heard from him again, and good riddance. The only regret I have is not knowing how to get rid of this damnable disease he passed onto his sons...and of which, I have now passed onto mine.

Desmond never found the answer to his questions, and in discouragement, he gave up. Either Stanton Lang had access to the blood of a werewolf, or he knew some kind of a wizard who could cast a spell. His father proposed all kinds of theories about how he believed his father had become a werewolf, but there were very few clues as to how it could be cured. Near the end of the diary entries, his father had written...

I know one thing...A Lang placed this curse upon our family, and only with the blood of a Lang can it be removed. Don't ask me how I know this...I just do. A curious side note to this concerns Stanton Lang's new daughter-in-law, who is rumored to be falling into madness. Or is it just that she knows the horror her father-in-law visited upon our family?

His father jotted down the name Eleanor Donaldson-Lang, at the end of journal. He wrote, "I have to find Stanton's daughter-in-law. They've put her away because she's seen too much. She can tell me what I need to know... if she's still alive..." Whenever Nicolas read that, it sent a shiver up his spine. Adam had to know where his mother was. Adam was all that was left of the Langs. He was the key to everything.

When Nicolas heard the door to the library open, he quickly closed the diary, and stood up. "What is it?" he asked, when he saw Blake.

"I missed you," he murmured. "I wanted to

wake up beside you this morning, but you were gone. How's the mortal?"

"Fine."

"I see you have a guard on his door."

"I untied him."

"Probably not wise."

"He's not going anywhere."

"Seymour wants to see you. He's in a panic."

Nicholas sighed. "Alright. Where is he?" He picked up the book and put it under his arm.

"In the living room, pacing."

Nicholas went to move past Blake, but he caught his arm. Nicolas met his gaze. "I hope you've given up on all this finding a cure stuff?"

"Will it make you feel better if I say yes?"

"I don't think I'm willing to give up the sex, are you?"

"I'm sure I'll do fine without it," he glanced down at his arm, "with the right motivation."

Blake released him. "Are you uninspired, Nicolas?"

He smiled tightly. "Not yet."

"Perhaps you need Adam Lang to..."

"It's not sex I need Adam for."

"But you wouldn't mind?"

"Not at all. Would you?"

Blake looked away.

Nicholas left the library, and headed for the living room. Seymour was pacing. He was a

naturally stressed person, and at the moment, he looked frantic. "Nicolas, thank God. The army is combing the city."

"I know that."

"He's still alive, isn't he?"

"Very much so. Would you like to see him?"

"He doesn't like me anymore."

"He probably never really liked you much to begin with."

"I betrayed him."

Nicolas's eyes twinkled. "What about your reward?"

"Did you mean it...but...he won't allow me to..."

"Mr. Lang really doesn't have much to say about anything right now. Come, I'll take you to him."

"He'll be angry."

"It seems like that's quite normal for him." Nicolas walked out of the room, Seymour on his heels. He waved the guard out of the way and opened the door.

Adam sat up in bed when the door opened. "You bastard," he said, when he saw Seymour. "You betrayed me. You let me believe he was a whore."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Lang. I..."

"Ah, ah, Mr. Lang is my prisoner," Nicolas

said, leaning against the wall, his arms crossed. "Don't apologize to him. And I can be a bit of a whore if the mood takes me, so he wasn't lying entirely."

Adam shot him a dirty look, then, returned his gaze to Seymour. "How much money did he give you?"

"Nothing." Seymour shook his head.

"I promised him your body." Nicolas raised an eyebrow.

"What?" Adam gasped.

"Your.. ah.. body?"

"I heard you the first time. You are an animal."

Nicolas laughed.

"I don't intend to..." Seymour hung his head.

"Yes, he does," Nicolas said. "Go ahead, Seymour. Make him plead. He certainly teased you enough."

"What are you talking about?" Adam pulled the blanket up around his neck.

"Poor Seymour. He would tell me how you would lie naked in bed when he entered in the morning. You played with your cock, teased him silly, but you never gave him anything. That is nasty."

Adam glared at Seymour. "How long have you been working for this...slime?"

"I..." Seymour began.

"If you'd given him a little taste, maybe he

wouldn't have come to me. There's only so much a poor sex-starved butler can take," Nicolas crooned.

Adam gave him a dirty look. He was certainly enjoying this. "Piss off."

"Now, Seymour," Nicolas grinned, "what is it you'd really like from Adam Lang here?"

"Just a...a kiss."

"Kiss?" Nicolas echoed in disbelief. "Jesus man, at least go for his ass."

Seymour blushed. "Just a little kiss."

"Oh, for Christ's sakes," Adam muttered. "What a loser."

"Kiss him" Nicolas insisted.

"No," Adam replied.

"Kiss him, or kiss me. You choose."

What an infuriating bastard, standing there with that smirk on his devilish face. "I'm not kissing either one of you." Seymour placed a hand on Nicolas's arm. "It's okay." He hung his head, and walked out.

"You really are a heartless fuck," Nicolas accused.

"Me?"

"You might have made him happy, given him a little kiss."

"You make him happy," Adam challenged. "You kiss him."

"He doesn't want to kiss me. Anyway, men like

you, with all that power, sexy, beautiful, you play with people."

Adam was stunned for a minute. *Is that what he did?*

"You know what," Nicolas made a move towards him, "since you didn't kiss him, I guess you're going to have to kiss me."

Adam didn't have time to protest. Nicolas grabbed him around the waist, pulled him up off the bed, and dragged his body close to his. He pressed his mouth against his. The kiss was demanding, heated, but short, and when he released him, Adam plunked down onto the bed, with his mouth hanging open.

Nicolas grinned. "Close your mouth, Adam, or I might get other ideas."

Adam snapped it shut.

Nicolas laughed out loud.

"Prick," Adam sputtered. "I wished I'd kissed the sorry bastard now."

"Really?" Nicolas glanced down at him. "I don't think so."

There was a challenge in his eyes, much too much of one for Adam's satisfaction.

"I'm going to find you some clothes."

"That's downright decent of you."

He shrugged. "Then you're going to help me find your mother."

"No." He hadn't heard from his mother in

years, not since she went away.

"You must know where she is."

"She was...unwell. They sent her away when I was a boy."

"After your father was killed, who took care of you?"

"My grandfather, and servants." He shivered.

"Stanton Lang?"

"Yes." Then there was the terrible fire which began in the east wing of the Lang estate. They told him that his grandfather had perished in the fire. He'd been away at boarding school.

"I'm sorry about your father."

"Why? He was a cold hearted prick, just like my grandfather was." Adam's mouth twisted. "And he was killed by someone in your gang anyway, so I'm sure you Ross's were dancing in the street that day."

Nicolas didn't answer.

A great silence lingered between them for a second before Nicolas said quietly, "I'll get you some clothes."

Adam watched him leave. He sighed when the door closed. Had he become just like his father and his grandfather—cold, cruel, playing with people's emotions? His mother was the only one who had ever loved him, who had given him affection, and she seemed so lonely, so sad all the time. Then one day, she was just gone. His father

told him that they had to send her away. She was sick. He was only eight years old. He'd cried for days, terrified of his grandfather, estranged from his father. And now what, was he to die here in this strange place at the hands of a Ross, all because of the sins committed by his grandfather? He didn't know where his mother was. For years, he had tried to find out, but no one would tell him. And why did Nicolas Ross want to find her, to kill her too, like they had done to his father? No. He didn't care what Nicolas did to him, he wasn't going to lead him to his mother.

* * * *

As Nicolas descended the staircase, he paused, his sensitive hearing picking up the stirrings of a heated discussion. He moved further down the stairs, concentrating. He didn't like what he was hearing. Blake's voice, his uncle, and another prominent member of the wolf pack, probably Estelle, were debating what should be done with Adam.

"He's a Lang," his uncle growled. "He's our sworn enemy, and yet my nephew keeps him in this house as if he was a guest. Finally, we have him in our hands, and he still breathes."

"He's not even restrained." That was Blake.

Nicolas swore under his breath. "Traitor," he

muttered.

"He wants to find a way to turn us all back into a bunch of useless mortals, rid us of what he calls a curse..." Blake complained.

"Why, to let that Lang bastard tromp all over us?" the female called out.

Nicolas had heard enough. He ripped the amulet from his neck, and pulled off his clothes. He shuddered as the shift came over him, letting out a howl of rage. How dare they conspire against him? When he heaved the door open to the library, he practically tore it off its hinges. The three bodies who'd been conspiring together backed up in terror.

"Nico," his uncle said, his voice trying to soothe, "what is this?"

Nicolas didn't have to voice his displeasure in words, moving his head back to display his razor sharp teeth was enough to deliver the message. The power which surged through his body at the moment made him capable of killing the three people in front of him with one swipe of his sharp nails, a power which would leave him weakened for days after.

"Now, calm down, Nicolas," Blake said, putting up a hand while he clutched a terrified Estelle. "We were only having a conversation."

Nicolas moved his amber gaze from one to another. He stood up straight and let out another

howl of anger, then, he proceeded to tear the entire room apart.

His uncle was at his side when Nicolas finally opened his eyes. He was lying on the table in the library. Someone had thrown a blanket over him, and his uncle was smoothing back his hair. "You always did have a hard time controlling that temper of yours," his uncle muttered.

Nicolas picked up his head. "Where are the others?"

"The moment they could hightail it out of here, they did." His uncle chuckled. "You made your point of view well enough."

Nicolas sat up, reeling a little with the effort.

"Easy."

Nicolas licked his lips. He was thirsty. "Did I hurt anyone?"

"No. You demolished the library though."

Nicolas glanced around at the turned over shelves, and scattering of books on the floor. He fixed his uncle with a stare. "Do you really want to be the leader of this pack?"

"You're the alpha male now. Your father's death made it so. He was the first born twin."

Nicolas narrowed his eyes. "Do you think I wanted this, to be responsible for a bunch of half crazed werewolves?"

"Now, Nico..."

"Do you? And do you really think I could just hand it to you, when I know how irresponsible you are?"

His uncle moved away. "That's not fair."

"You would let them get out of control. You would condone the wild abandonment of..."

"Yes, and you've kept their natural instincts repressed, denied them their..."

"You're a fool." Nicolas stood up. "To give the pack free reign would mean chaos. I would no longer have to worry about the Langs bringing misery on the poor, we would do it ourselves. Blood would run in the streets."

"And what of it? The misery these people live, wouldn't it be kinder to...?"

"No!" Nicolas growled, sliding off the table. "As long as I live, you'll never rule this pack. That I promise you, and if anyone touches a hair on Adam Lang's head without my consent, there will be hell to pay."

"You really think you can become something else? There is no cure, Nicolas, no cure! It is in your head...in your dreams..."

With that, Nicolas watched his uncle march out of the room. Nicolas lowered his head with a sigh. He was tired, and not just from his bout of angry release. He was tired of dealing with the carnage, with those who wished to defy his authority. He wrapped the blanket around his waist and headed

for the stairs. He knew that this descent, led by his uncle, was only bound to get worse, and he had to get Adam out of here before it was too late.

* * * *

Adam shivered as the full moon began to rise in the sky outside his window. He had heard a lot of strange noises outside his window, and when the door opened, he jumped a little. It was Nicolas. He was wearing a pair of jeans, and a shirt which he hadn't bothered buttoning up. That amulet swung off his neck. He was carrying some clothes. "Here, put these on," he said. "We're getting out of here."

"I'm not going anywhere with you."

"You'll do as I say," Nicolas grunted, ripping the blanket down off of him, and throwing the clothes at him. "Now, keep your mouth shut, and get dressed."

Adam avoided the look in his eyes. It looked serious, deadly. "Do you care to tell me what's going on?" Adam asked as he began to pull on the jeans.

"No," he said. "I don't. Hurry up." Nicolas began to do up the buttons on his shirt.

"The pants are too big."

"So, sue me."

Adam pulled on the t-shirt. "No underwear."

"It's the new fashion," he grunted. "Put the

socks and the shoes on."

Adam noticed how he kept glancing anxiously at the door. He looked different somehow, different than the last time he saw him. His hair was hanging down over his forehead, and his face was a little pale, drawn. "There's a full moon out there. Are you going to turn into a...?"

"Don't worry about it. I'll be fine. Come on." He grabbed his arm and dragged him toward the door.

Nicolas was practically dragging him down the hallway. Then, abruptly, he stopped, and yanked Adam closer to him. Adam could hear his breathing grow heavy. He could have sworn Nicolas's eyes went from brown to gold. They seemed to glow. He literally snarled. Adam was scared. Nicolas moved cautiously to the top of the stairs. Below them, several people stood around. Adam glanced at Nicolas.

"Where are you going, Nico?" An attractive middle aged man rang out, starting up the stairs. The others began to follow tentatively. "If you're going to take him with you, we're afraid we can't let you do that?"

"How dare you challenge me?" Nicolas demanded.

Adam tried to struggle away, but Nicolas held him fast.

"I am the alpha male. Get out of my way!"

A low howl whined out into the air. The figures on the stairs began to change...shift in front of his eyes, bone cracking, skin stretching, hair appearing everywhere...and those teeth...sharp and drooling. Adam let out a cry of fear, and Nicolas tore at his shirt, and pushed him away from him.

Adam slid across the floor, crashing into the wall. The amulet Nicolas wore around his neck hurled through the air, narrowly missing his head. Dazed, Adam shook himself, and made an attempt to pick himself up off the floor, only to cower back into the corner as several snapping, snarling werewolves crowded up the stairs onto the landing, and began to encircle Nicolas. Everything happened so damn fast. Adam didn't even see Nicolas's arm reach for him. Suddenly he was scooped up in Nicolas's arms and hoisted over his shoulder. He felt his metamorphosis. He must have been in the midst of it when he yanked him up into his arms. He caught a glimpse of Nicolas's eyes going from brown to amber, then, suddenly he was being hoisted over the shoulder of a snarling werewolf. He clung desperately to the wolf, his fingers clutched in the silky brown fur as his terror-filled gaze transfixed itself on the drooling, blood-mad werewolves loping after them.

The speed grew more intense once they hit the

outside, and Adam felt his teeth rattle in his head as his grip began to slip. The only thing which stood between him and those razor sharp teeth snapping at their heels, was Nicolas, who held his legs as if in a vice.

"Please, please..." Adam began to beg, swallowing the bile in his throat. He was sure he was going to throw up.

They entered the woods. The howling began, and Nicolas had slowed his pace. All of a sudden, he was dropped to the ground. He landed on some grass under a tree. Again, he shook himself, and then turned his head to the side, and hurled. He threw up until there was nothing left to throw up. His eyes were closed. He was hyperventilating. He couldn't ever remember being so scared. Finally, he got enough courage to open his eyes. Nicolas was standing there, in human form, totally naked. "Where are your clothes?"

"Where do you think?" He sneered.

Adam swallowed, and looked away. "Shouldn't we...I mean, why did they stop chasing us all of a sudden?"

"It will be dawn soon. They're nocturnal creatures. They don't care too much for the daylight."

"Isn't that vampires?"

He shrugged. "Take off your clothes."

Adam narrowed his eyes. "But...you just gave me these clothes and..."

"Right, and I can take them back. Take them off. I need them."

"And what am I going to...?"

"I'll give them back to you later. Come on, Strip." He held out his hand impatiently.

"Fuck you, I'm not taking off my..."

Nicolas reached down and grabbed a handful of Adam's t-shirt. He was hoisted to his feet. "You know," he sputtered, as Nicolas pulled the t-shirt up over his head, "I'm getting sick and tired of being pulled around like a rag doll...and another thing...I..."

Nicolas growled, and threw the t-shirt aside. "If you aren't the most..." A hand snaked around his head and fingers curled in his hair, not tight enough to hurt, but tight enough to make sure that Adam paid attention. Adam felt his lean, naked body move against his. In the semi-light of the pre-dawn, there was little sound except for a light breeze singing through the trees, and the rustling of small animals in the bushes. When Nicolas's mouth came down hard and demanding on his, all he could do was allow his body to meld with his.

Nicolas yanked his head back, and prodded him with his hips until Adam stumbled backwards. He felt his naked back scrape against the bark of the tree. The sweetness of Nicolas's

tongue delving into his mouth was only slightly surpassed by the insistence of his naked cock shoving itself against the back of Adam's hand. Adam's fingers lengthened, his fingertips lightly gazing the swollen head of his sex. Nicolas's mouth went to his throat. "Please," he moaned. "Please, Adam."

Adam swallowed, all rational thought leaving him as Nicolas pushed his pants down over his hips. Lips and tongue worked across his chest, then, lapped at his nipples as Adam's fist tightened around Nicolas's shaft.

"I have to fuck you," Nicolas grunted, as he whipped Adam around, and crushed him against the tree.

Adam felt his palms roughly slice in between his thighs and widen his legs. Arms enveloped his waist and his hips were propelled forward until he felt Nicolas's sex slam against his bare ass.

"I've wanted to fuck you since the first moment I saw you," Nicolas grunted, his breath whispering near Adam's ear. "You do want me?" he breathed.

Adam heard himself respond, "Yes," in a voice that didn't even sound like his. His mind screamed out that it probably wouldn't have done him much good if he hadn't wanted him, but then he said, "Yes," again, with even more intensity.

Nicolas gripped his sex, which Adam suddenly

realized was hard and slick with pre-cum. He fondled it, then, cupped his balls in one hand while one finger began to tease his anus. "I'll use nature's lubricant." Nicolas moved his cheek against his seductively, and then inserted just the tip of his slick finger inside of him.

Adam's head went back. He moaned softly. "Yeah, oh yeah," he muttered, butting his ass up against Nicolas's cock.

"Do you want it? Do you want my cock, Adam?"

"Yes, fuck, yes," Adam cried out as Nicolas drilled his finger deeper up inside of him, and began to move it from side to side. "Keep doing that...and I'll come...umm...oh God..."

The finger left him, and the head of Nicolas's cock began to prod him. Adam bent some at the waist, widening his legs. God, he was so horny. He felt so dirty, out here in the middle of the woods with a man, who wasn't quite a man, and...God, he was *quite* the man.

Nicolas was fucking him hard and fast, one hand stroking his cock, and the other one pinching his nipple. He slowed his pace, then, sped up again, and Adam shouted out something as he shot a load into the tree trunk, and felt Nicolas empty his own load into him. Adam hugged the tree, trying to get his breath, as Nicolas moved away from him. When he finally turned around,

Nicolas was doing up *his* pants.

"There's more than one way to get the pants off a guy," Nicolas said, grinning at him.

Adam surveyed the scene for a moment, then, glared at him. "You know, you're a pig," he said, his mouth twisting.

"No, actually I'm a wolf." He picked up the t-shirt and pulled it over his head.

"So, you're just going to leave me here naked, in the woods?"

"Well, at least I know you won't be able to go anywhere. Don't worry I..." He stopped suddenly. "The amulet? Did you see it?"

"Why?"

"Why? Because wearing that around my neck keeps me from changing."

"You mean...without it, you could become...an animal anytime?"

He pursed his lips. "There's no danger in the day. In the night, if the moon is..."

"Full?"

"Not only full...depends on its position...it's complicated. Usually I can control it but..."

"Are you dangerous?"

"Sometimes," he looked at him, "sometimes I don't remember what I do. I could hurt someone. I guess you're just going to have to help me from doing that until I can get some more wolf bane."

"Me?" Adam stuck a finger at his own chest.

"You could hurt me."

"No. I won't," he said. "I'll tell you what to do...." He glanced up at the sky. The sun was rising. "Anyway," he sighed, "I have to go back home, get some things...important things. I'll be back as soon as I can. Stay here. And Adam," he pointed at him. "If you try and get away, I'll find you."

"Where in hell do you expect me to go?" Adam held out his arms, emphasizing the fact that he was naked.

Nicolas let his gaze wash down over him. "You're beautiful, and you have a great ass. Hopefully, I'll get to ride it again soon."

"You wish," Adam taunted, but underneath, his heart was beating with excitement in his chest. "Relish it, because that was the last time."

"We'll see about that." He grinned.

* * * *

Nicolas was not surprised when he returned to that spot in the woods less than a half hour later, and Adam wasn't there. He expected him to do something stupid, and try to escape. The good news was, he couldn't have gotten far enough to alert anyone. Nicolas had made sure to take them deep enough into the woods in case of that eventuality.

When he had gotten back to his home, all was quiet, but he knew the peace would be short lived. He had filled a small knapsack with some things he thought they would need, grabbed his father's journal, and looked high and low for his amulet. It was nowhere. He felt anxious about the unpredictability, and even more anxious about the possibility of having to put himself into the hands of Adam Lang, when he was at his most vulnerable. Anyway, it wouldn't happen tonight. The moon was not in the right position to prompt an involuntary shift. And hopefully, Adam Lang would have served his usefulness before it was.

Nicolas caught sight of Adam in the distance. He languished behind for awhile, letting him believe that he was getting somewhere. When Adam finally ended up at the same place he'd started out, he let out a shout of frustration. Nicolas decided it was time to end it. He walked up to where Adam was leaning against that tree, and said, "...Rather attached to that spot, are we? Fond memories?"

Adam glanced at him, his face screwing up into a mask of rage. "You've been watching me all this time, haven't you?"

"For awhile. It was quite a sight, you wandering around naked, in circles. How could I bare to interrupt that?"

Adam held out his hand. "Clothes!"

Nicolas smiled. "I kind of like you naked."

Adam glared at him.

Nicolas laughed, and opened the bag. He passed him back the jeans and t-shirt, handed him a pair of socks, and some running shoes. "I hope the shoes fit. I think we're both around size ten."

Adam didn't say anything. He hastily pulled on the clothes. When he was doing up the running shoes, he looked up at him, and said, "Now what?"

"We make our way to Langston."

"So, you've finally come to your senses, have we? I'll make sure your death is fast and..."

"You are so full of shit." Nicolas grinned at him. "You could no more order my execution as you could..."

"Don't be so sure." Adam pointed at him. "I wouldn't be grinning if I knew that my death was at hand." Adam shot his head up in the air.

"You look like such a snob when you do that." Nicolas put a finger under his nose, and attempted to imitate him. "You are a snob, but you know, before we go to Langston, I'm going to show you what your family has done to this place."

"Yes, yes, and then what? What could possibly interest you in Langston? It represents class and culture, something you'd know absolutely nothing about."

"Oh Adam," he put his hand to his heart, "you

wound me deeply. Don't forget, my friend, my roots are deep in Langston, or they were, before your grandfather ousted us."

Adam rolled his eyes. "That hardly counts. You've been living so long in the muck, it's all over you."

"Better honest muck, then high smelling shit!"

"You take that back!"

"No."

"You better, or I'll..."

"You'll what...challenge me to a duel?"

"We don't duel in this day and age."

"You know, Adam," Nicolas picked up his bag, "you just haven't gotten the message yet...you're not in control anymore, I am."

Adam muttered something.

"If I want you with clothes on, you'll keep your clothes on, and if I want you naked, well...then..." Nicolas glanced behind him as he started to walk. Adam stayed stubbornly by the tree. "You know, I suggest you get a move on, unless you want to be stuck out here walking around in circles when night falls."

Adam scrambled after him. "I still don't know why we're going to Langston."

"To find out where your mother is. There must be records somewhere..."

"I told you," Adam bit back, trying to catch his breath, "leave my mother out of this...and will

you slow down..."

Nicolas slowed his pace, forgetting how fast he could walk, compared to Adam. "I am sure there are papers somewhere."

"If there are, I don't know about them, and I don't want to know."

Nicolas turned around, angrily. "That's the problem with you, God damn it, you prefer to live in the dark. You figure if you don't know about it, you're not responsible for it...or it won't hurt. Whether you know where your mother is, or not, she is still gone, locked away somewhere just because she married the wrong man. Didn't you ever want to save her?"

"I..." Adam paused. "They told me she was mad. What was I supposed to...?"

"Did you ever wonder why you were never allowed to see her?"

"My father said it was for the best...God damn it, Nicolas, I don't know. I..." He ran a hand through his hair. Nicolas noticed that he was shaking. "Can we just drop it, please?"

"Alright, let's get a move on. I want to be in the inner city before evening."

"Inner city? It's dangerous there and..."

"Not for me. I'll protect you."

"That's comforting," Adam muttered to Nicolas's back.

Nicolas smiled.

* * * *

It was dark again by the time they reached the inner city. Adam was more than horrified when he looked around him, but he didn't say as much to Nicolas. There were people living in the streets, children, and old people. Violence and misery was everywhere. The streets were littered with garbage. Children were crying, people screeched at each other. The buildings looked as if they were ready to crumble at any moment.

Nicolas moved closer to him, as if he read his thoughts. "The best place to be is in the brothels."

Adam's eyes widened. He stumbled, almost falling, over a man's body in the street. "Is he...?"

"Just drunk," Nicolas said, grabbing his arm. "Stop gawking at everyone, and come on."

"Where exactly do you think you're taking me?" Adam demanded, trying to pull away. He was exhausted, his legs about to give out. They'd been walking for hours.

"To the Brothel."

"You can't be serious!"

"We'll have a place to sleep there, unless you'd rather sleep out here?" Nicolas asked, glancing around.

"I'd rather sleep in my own bed, and if I see one of my soldiers, then..."

"Even the military won't come to these parts."

Adam tugged away from him, and stood stubbornly in the middle of the street. "What will I have to do in this brothel?"

"What do people usually do in a brothel? They put out."

"I'm not going." Adam folded his arms across his chest.

"It's okay, Adam," Nicolas teased, "you'll only have to put out for me."

"There's my reason for not going, I told you..."

"Okay, enough," Nicolas grumbled, and reached out and grabbed his arm. He practically dragged him down the street and around the corner.

Adam started yelling out "Rape!," but no one blinked an eye.

"Works better if you call fire," Nicolas told him, tightening his hold on him as he banged on the door of this large, old house. "A fire is far more entertaining than rape, less commonplace."

"Jesus," Adam muttered under his breath, trying to pull away.

The door opened and a man stood there, silver grey hair, bad teeth. He smelt...bad. He nodded, and stood aside. Nicolas pulled Adam inside as he twisted and pulled, trying to get away. "Looks like you got a live one there, Nico." The man laughed, then sputtered and coughed like he was going to

die. "What can I do you for?"

Adam quieted. He wasn't going to get away. He looked around. He was standing in a big room. There were a couple of chairs huddled around a small bar, and a desk, with what looked like a small safety deposit box.

"Just a room for the night."

"For you, my friend, anything."

Nicolas reached in his pocket, passed him some money, before lowering his head beside the old man to say something.

The old man nodded, and moved away.

Adam muttered that "it wasn't polite to whisper..." but no one paid any attention to him.

"It seems pretty slow tonight," Nicolas commented.

"Yep, soldiers have been sniffing around, seems they've lost the little maggot dictator. Someone snatched him up."

Adam went to protest. The old man starting coughing again like he was dying, and he didn't notice the warning look Nicolas shot at Adam.

"Even though the soldiers won't come down in these here parts, people are scared, staying away even from fucking. I'll have some of the whores double up and make you up a clean bed." He glanced over at Adam, before leaving the room. "You'll be wanting some privacy with this one."

"Sleazy old bastard," Adam muttered,

prompting Nicolas to laugh. "And if you think I'm just going to stand by while that old tramp insults me and..."

Nicolas met his gaze. "Would you rather be insulted, or dead?"

"Dead?"

"If they knew who you were, they'd beat you within an inch of your life, and there would be nothing I could do to save you, so I suggest you blend in."

Adam swallowed, falling silent. *Blend in? Was he kidding?*

Nicolas walked over to the small bar, and reached for a bottle of something. He yanked Adam along with him.

"Are we to be joined at the God damned hip all night? I got the message, okay? I'm not going to wander off by myself in this...devil's hole."

"Oh come on, you seemed to enjoy our joining earlier on." He smirked, unscrewing the cap on the bottle and taking a sniff. He made a face. "Wow!"

"You're a monster. A gentleman would have never spoken of that."

"Precisely," he said, meeting his gaze, then, lifting the bottle to his lips. He took a gulp, then let out some air, and wiped the liquor off his lips. "I'm no gentleman."

Adam rolled his eyes.

"You know, I love when you do that, it makes me hot."

Adam almost did it again, then, stopped himself, which made Nicolas howl with laughter.

"You're not funny, you know." He yanked his arm away, and this time Nicolas let it go. "Sex is one thing, having to suffer your personality, is another."

"Ah," he said, taking another swig, then, putting the cap back on, "well, since you'd rather fuck me than talk to me, we won't talk then. Suits me, cause I find your personality," he pointed his finger at him, "obnoxious."

"Ob...ob..."

"Yes, Adam, say the entire word, ob-nox-ious. Don't get all indignant on me. You are an obnoxious, opinionated, naïve, narrow minded, arrogant, little snot, who's never had to live in the real world."

"Anything else?" Adam felt like slugging him.

"When I think of it, I'll let you know."

"You want a list of your personality traits?"

Nicolas shrugged.

"You're arrogant, overbearing, and...you're a monster...a kidnapper, a criminal, and a savage." Adam was almost breathless when he spat out the last word.

"Is that all you've got?"

"I can't wait to see you swinging from the

highest tree."

"Oh, and did I mention you were full of shit?"

At that moment, Jed came back into the room and interrupted them. "The room is ready. First one at the top of the stairs."

"Thanks, and as we discussed, no one is to know," Nicolas said, grabbing Adam's arm again.

The old man looked at Nicolas, and nodded, then, he gave Adam a lecherous grin. "You are one lucky young fellow."

"Yeah, well you think I'm so lucky, you sleep with him," Adam threw at him.

"I would if he'd have me. Sadly, I'm afraid I'm too old."

Nicolas winked at him, and began to pull Adam across the floor.

"I want it on record," Adam yelled over his shoulder, "that I am being taken up to that room under protest."

"Sure you are," the old man threw back, and began to cough again.

Adam could still hear him coughing as they reached the top of the stairs. Nicolas opened the door, and pushed Adam inside. A few seconds later, the lock rattled over the door. "Okay," Nicolas grinned, "get naked."

CHAPTER FOUR

Adam watched Nicolas as he stripped off his clothes and left them in a heap on the floor. He pulled the blanket down and crawled into bed, leaving Adam standing there in the middle of the room. "Are you preparing to ah...change into one of those...werewolves? God, I can't believe I'm even saying the word."

"Not at the moment. Would you like me to?"

"You know...you..."

Nicolas sat up in bed, and blinked at him. "Look, Adam, I'm tired okay? Come to bed with all your clothes on if you want, but..."

"What if you become one of those...?"

"What if I shift, you mean?"

"Yeah."

"I'm not going to, I already told you. The moon's not right. When you have something to worry about, I'll tell you. Now, come to bed."

"I thought you said you creatures were

nocturnal?" Adam hedged a little closer to the bed.

Nicolas turned onto this side, and let out a loud yawn. "We are. I've trained myself to sleep at night. I've trained myself to do a lot of things. Come to bed. I won't...ah...bite you...hard."

"Funny."

"Thank you."

Adam took off the shoes Nicolas had given him and crawled into the other side of the bed, careful not to make any bodily contact. After a few seconds, he heard Nicolas chuckle. "You might have taken off your shirt."

"Goodnight," he said, turning onto his side, facing the outside of the bed.

Suddenly Nicolas turned over again, and swung his arm over him. "You do like to make me work, don't you?"

"Wha...what do you mean?"

"You know perfectly well what I mean." He rolled Adam over onto his back and looked down into his eyes.

Adam tried to look away, but God, he had beautiful eyes. He had beautiful everything. "No, I..."

Nicolas smiled, then, he lowered his mouth slowly in the direction of his. By the time Nicolas's lips were just a breath away from his, Adam was itching to kiss that mouth, and he knew that

Nicolas knew that. When Nicolas captured his mouth with his, Adam doubled up his fist and punched him hard in the side at the same time. Nicolas raised his head up, his eyes wide. "What did you hit me for?"

"Oh shut up," Adam growled, and reached up to pull his head back down for another of his scrumptious kisses. He felt Nicolas pull frantically at the blanket. His hands wrestled to pull his t-shirt out of his pants, and Adam struggled to help him do it quicker. Nicolas rolled off of him, and tore the blanket down. Adam closed his eyes and sighed with pleasure when he felt Nicolas lick a path down his stomach to the base of his cock. With one grunt, he had the pants off. Suddenly, everything stopped. Adam opened his eyes to see Nicolas lying on his side, head resting on his palm. He was just looking at him. "What?" Adam voiced. "What's the matter? Why did you stop?"

"It just hit me. I'm really working hard to give you pleasure, and all you give me is grief."

"Nicolas," Adam cooed, reaching out to touch his hand.

Nicolas withdrew further, shaking his finger at him.

"Come on, I was only teasing."

"That's the problem, you tease too much. Instead of coming to bed naked, you come to bed with all your clothes on, and..."

"Good things are worth some effort, don't you think?" Adam grinned, letting his gaze wander down the length of Nicolas's hard, naked body.

"And you did hit me, so I figure," he said, "that you don't deserve..."

Adam realized that Nicolas was teasing him now. He couldn't help but smile. "You're so bad." He sat up now and gave him a hard shove backwards.

"What? Hey!" Nicolas fell backwards, allowing Adam to pin him to the mattress. He was looking up at him with an innocent smile. "What 'cha going to do, Adam? I should be the one punishing you."

Adam pushed Nicolas's arms over his head. "Leave them there," he demanded, his gaze raking his body lecherously.

"Yes, Master," he mocked.

God, he was so sexy. Adam had a flash of memory of when he had him handcuffed back in Langston. He wished he had restraints now. But then Nicolas would never allow it, given their situation.

"You're such a bad boy," Adam whispered, moving his lips across his jaw to his throat, and then down to his chest. "I should torture those gorgeous brown nipples of yours."

"Please don't master," Nicolas replied, raising his voice an octave, and trying to sound fearful.

It was hilarious. Adam couldn't help laughing. "Stop it. I'm going to pee myself."

Nicolas flashed him a smile.

God, he was so hard, that smile almost made him come, not to mention how it felt to be pressed against his hard, naked body. Adam studied Nicolas's nipples. "Um...so sexy," he took one between his thumb and forefinger. "I want to taste it, I want to bite it." Adam lowered his mouth for a nibble, moving a hand down the length of Nicolas's side. The moonlight beamed down on them through the threadbare drapes which hung at the window. He was shaking as he laved his nipple. Nicolas was without his amulet, the one he claimed kept him in line, what if...what if what...he suddenly shifted into a wolf?

"You want to be fucked by a wolf?" Nicolas asked him suddenly, taking Adam's attention off his nipple for a moment.

He looked up at him. "Why did you say that? Did you read...can you read my thoughts?"

He smiled one of those heart stopping smiles of his. "Sometimes." A hand came down and touched his hair. "Like right now, you were wondering if I was suddenly going to shift..."

"You told me you couldn't."

"Yes, but you don't entirely trust me, do you, just like I don't entirely trust you, Adam."

"Given that I'm your prisoner...I..."

"Yes," he grunted, grabbing Adam's shoulders and rolling over onto him suddenly. "And although you're used to being in control, it can't be that way now."

Adam moaned as Nicolas roughly took his cock in hand. "You're so hard. You need to be fucked so badly." Nicolas pulled his head back and looked down into his eyes. He fondled his cock, his balls, while running his tongue lightly over Adam's bottom lip, still looking deeply into his eyes.

Adam's body rose up off the bed. Nicolas's warm brown eyes changed to gold. Adam's heart began beating hard in his chest. Nicolas yanked his body downwards, and hoisted his legs up over his broad shoulders. "Now, who's in control, Adam?" His hand was still fondling his cock which was near the point of exploding. The other hand reached down and positioned his cock, brushing it up against his opening. "Do you want me?" His cock began to probe him.

"Not exactly the best time to...ah...ask me that," Adam grunted.

"On the contrary," Nicolas said, pushing his cock past the first ring of muscles, "it's the perfect time."

* * * *

Nicolas laid there for awhile watching Adam Lang

as he slept. He told himself that he felt nothing for him, not even animosity, but that wasn't true. His entire family had suffered greatly due to the Lang's thirst for revenge. He had no one else to hold responsible for that, except for the man lying next to him. The fact that they seemed to enjoy each other's bodies didn't change the facts.

He quietly got out of bed, and went to the window. He took a look outside, at the squalor, the waste of human lives, then, glanced back at the man sleeping in the bed. Who else could he blame for this? Even if Adam didn't directly create this mess, he certainly had done nothing to stop it. He'd plead innocent; let others take control, while he lived in exiled luxury playing dirty little games with his butler.

Nicolas studied the moon. He reached his hand to his chest to touch nothing but his skin. It was the first time in a long time that he truly felt naked, and just a little insecure. The idea of being out of control terrified him. Without the amulet, he was subjected to the forces of nature, and his emotions as well. He didn't tell Adam that extreme passion could prompt the change, be it anger, sadness, or sexual excitement. He'd held onto it tonight, the trembling inside of him calming after he'd come inside of him. He sighed. He hoped that Jed was able to get him some wolf bane. It wasn't easy to find, and then it had to be

secured in some leak proof casing, so that it didn't accidentally touch his skin.

All that mattered is that he had the chance to look through documents which may provide some more clues about the curse. Surely among the Lang family papers there was something, and perhaps Adam's mother could fill in some missing pieces...if they could find her.

The sun was coming up, and this afforded Nicolas some peace. He was anxious to get moving, not only because of what he hoped he'd find, but because of those who would follow at their heels.

He pulled on his clothes and left the room. Jed was sitting downstairs at his little table, counting money. "One desperate soul needed a fuck last night," he chuckled.

"Did you manage to...?"

He shook his head. "Sorry Nico, but maybe tonight...I..."

"No more time. I have to go. Can you prepare some food, bread, cheese? My friend will be hungry."

"Worked him hard last night, did you?" He grinned toothlessly.

Nicolas smiled. "A gentleman never tells."

"Ah, but Nico," he rose from his chair, "you ain't no gentleman."

* * * *

Adam ate something that tasted like old shoe while Nicolas stood waiting impatiently for him near the door. "This is horrible," he said.

"Then stop eating it."

"I'm hungry. Did you eat this?"

"No. I'll eat later. Are you ready?"

"What's the hurry? The sun has only..."

"I want to get to Langston before dark. Have you forgotten about our friends?"

"Your friends, not mine."

"Former friends."

"So, how does that work anyway?" Adam asked Nicolas as they began to walk through the center of town in the early morning light.

"How does what work?" Nicolas slung his bag over his shoulder.

"This alpha male thing?"

"It's passed from father to son. My father took his own life so it passed to me."

Adam fell silent. He had heard many versions of that story. He decided not to ask Nicolas about it now. Besides, he was having all he could do to keep up with him. "Are we walking all the way?"

"Unless you can think of a better way."

"We could steal a vehicle."

"Did you see any?"

"No."

"Well then how are we going to steal one?"

"We might see one along the road."

"Yes, and then we can just jump on it."

"You don't have to be such a smart ass," Adam mumbled.

There was no more talk between them for awhile. They walked down a deserted, dusty road with trees waving at them along the way, and saw no one. Once they were in Langston, Adam knew he had some decisions to make. One word from him to the soldiers, and Nicolas would be arrested. He really didn't understand why Nicolas would risk it.

"I would risk everything," he said suddenly, "to be normal."

Adam stopped; his mouth agape. "You did just read my mind."

Nicolas waited for him to catch up. "Don't think of double crossing me. You may win a temporary victory, but I guarantee you, it will be short lived. Besides, I have a gun in my bag, and when we go through the gates, I'll be holding it on you. One false move and..."

"You'd never shoot me in front of the soldiers. You'd be dead."

"I'll be dead either way, and at least that way will be quicker than stringing me up."

He had a point there. Adam sighed. "I'll get you inside. We'll see if we can find something about your...ah...condition, and then, you'll go on

your own and..."

"Don't want to see your mother?"

"I...I don't know, and there's no guarantee that we'll be able to find her. She could be dead for all I know."

"I hope not. Now, get moving. The sooner we get there, the sooner this will all be over."

* * * *

Ten miles out of Langston, it began to get dark. Nicolas glanced overhead a few times, nervous. In the distance, he could hear the howling. They were on the trail. As if in answer to his prayer, they came upon a motorized vehicle that was parked near the road side. The driver had stepped out to take a stroll by the river, and Nicolas's keen eyes could see the keys still in the ignition from a fair distance away. "Come on," he said to Adam, grabbing his arm, "run!"

"I can't," Adam groaned. "My legs are..."

"Okay, wait there," Nicolas instructed. He raced down the road, jumped into the vehicle and started it. Before the driver was even aware, Nicolas had turned the car around and picked up Adam.

Adam moaned with pleasure as he stretched his legs out in front of him, and laid his head back against the seat. "Thank God."

They left the driver at the side of the road, waving his arms angrily in the air.

"One of yours?" Nicolas asked him.

"Probably," Adam said. "...should have found out his name so that I could compensate him."

"Before you do that, you should be worried about your city."

"I...I'll speak to my advisor about it."

"Yeah, right."

"I know I need to pay more attention," Adam bristled, "to go down there, check how things are, and do something."

"Then why don't you?" Nicolas returned, taking his eyes off the road for a second to glance at him. Sometimes Adam acted like he was an idiot, and Nicolas knew he wasn't.

"I never asked for this job, you know!"

"I never asked to be a fucking werewolf either, but sure enough...no one ever asks for shit, Adam, it's just the way it is. We have to grow up sometimes and make the best of it. All you've ever done is pass your responsibilities off onto..."

"You're like a broken record," Adam snapped. "I've heard this before. What do you want...for me to get on my knees?"

"As a matter of fact," Nicolas said with a smirk, "you on your knees...um."

"Piss off," he said, but Nicolas saw the smile.

"The thought appeals, then, does it?" He raised

an eyebrow. "We can see about that once we get back to your..."

"Just drive," Adam growled.

Nicolas laughed.

As they drew closer to Langston, Nicolas pulled the car over. "Change places," he said.

"What?"

"Change places. You should be driving when we pull up to the gates."

"So you can hold a gun on me!"

"Precisely."

"Well, I can't drive."

"What?"

"I don't know how to drive. I never learned. I've always had a driver."

Nicolas sighed. "Well, it's as good a time as any to learn."

"You got to be kidding."

"Nope," he said, getting out, and coming around to the passenger side. He opened the door. "Go ahead, get behind the wheel."

Nicolas watched as Adam got hesitantly out of the vehicle, and walked around to the driver's side. Nicolas was already sitting in his seat before Adam crawled in. "Okay," he said, "driving is very easy nowadays. Put your foot on the brake, turn the key, ease your foot off the brake, give it some juice, and drive."

"Sounds easy, doesn't it?"

"It is easy, Adam. Put your foot on the brake...that's it. Now, go ahead," he reached over and turned the key for him, "on the other peddle now...ease off the other...yah...now..." Nicolas began to laugh as the car went to the side. He straightened up the wheel. "Steer," he told him, placing his hand on top of his to guide him.

Adam began to laugh. "This is fun!"

Aside from a few abrupt starts and stops, Adam didn't do too badly. His steering left much to be desired, but with Nicolas's hand on his to straighten the wheel when he went off, he managed quite well.

When the gate to the Langston mansion came into view, Nicolas reached for his bag, and took out the gun. He held it on his knee.

"You really think you need that?" Adam glanced at him.

"I'm not taking any chances."

Adam sighed heavily, then, pulled to a shaky stop in front of the guard house. The soldier seemed surprised to see Adam Lang behind the wheel. "Mr. Lang," he said, "the army has been looking for you everywhere. Are you alright, Sir?"

"I am now. This gentleman rescued me. Open the gates, please."

The soldier nodded, and buzzed the gate, which slid open almost immediately.

"Tell him you don't want to be disturbed,"

Nicolas urged.

Adam stuck his head out the window. "I do not wish to be disturbed tonight. Let the captain know I am safe and sound, and call off the search."

"Yes sir, Mr. Lang." He nodded, looking briefly at Nicolas in the front seat.

Adam screeched forward, making a few jerky movements.

"Easy," Nicolas said. "Take your foot off the brake. There, now, not too much...steer to the side..."

The car bumped into the curb outside of Adam's house, and ground to a stop.

"Now, turn off the car, and put it into park." Nicolas told him, getting out of the car, and slipping the gun into his bag. He followed Adam into the huge, empty hall that smelt faintly of must and dead flowers. "Smells like a funeral parlor in here."

"Very funny. I lost my butler as you know, and the place probably needs a cleaning. I can call the..."

"Never mind that now," Nicolas said. "Take me to the place where your father and grandfather kept their papers."

"I haven't been in that room for years," Adam muttered, "besides, don't you want to eat something first, rest...maybe we could..." He turned around, gave him an appealing look.

"Adam," Nicolas fixed him with his eyes. "What are you so afraid of? What aren't you telling me?"

"No...nothing I..."

"Adam," Nicolas took him by the shoulders, "this isn't a game. I didn't risk my life, turn my pack against me, to fool around. Now, take me to where..."

Adam struggled away from him. "Fine, but you won't find what you're looking for there. I..."

"If you tell me what you're afraid of, Adam, maybe..."

"I saw something when I was a boy." Adam stopped, turned away. "It was something I wasn't meant to see...and it's haunted me all these years... probably just a little boy's imagination working overtime."

"What was it?" Nicolas saw Adam's body literally shudder. He walked over behind him and wrapped his arms around him. "I won't let anything hurt you, I promise."

Adam relaxed back in his arms for a minute.

"Tell me what you saw."

"An image...an illusion maybe. It was late at night. I wasn't supposed to be in the study but my father had gone in there earlier, and well...I heard something that scared me. I was about seven maybe. I ran downstairs, and then paused just in front of the study door. It was ajar. My father was

in there and he was talking to someone. I saw this flash of light, and..."

"And?"

"A shadow I think. It looked like a monster. It said something about ah...a price to be paid." Adam shuddered again, then, turned around in Nicolas's arms. "I'm afraid, Nicolas. Some things are better left alone. Do you know what I mean?"

"I know what you mean, but unfortunately, I can't do that." He released him. "Now, take me to the study, Adam."

CHAPTER FIVE

Adam walked up the second flight of stairs, Nicolas right behind him. As he reached the landing, he slowed his pace. He stood staring at the locked door at the end of the hall. "That's where it happened," he said suddenly.

"Where what happened?"

Adam turned and looked at him. "I heard my father say it. It had all happened in that room. My grandfather had...done whatever he did...in that room."

"How do you know? You weren't even born."

"That night when I saw the shadow," Adam swallowed. "My father was...he was praying." God, he'd thought he had forgotten everything but it was there, clear in his mind.

"Praying about what?"

"I don't know...but the other voice...that voice..." Adam took a breath. "It really scared me. It said something about a cost...a price to pay, and

my father said something about burning down the house...or maybe it was just the room because everything had happened there. Maybe he didn't say it exactly that way, but...that's what he meant."

"Adam." Nicolas took his arm. "You're rambling. Take a breath."

Adam nodded, swallowing.

"Who was this shadow?"

"I don't...not a man." Adam shook his head. "It wasn't a...it wasn't real."

Nicolas's eyes widened.

"Anyway, I ran away, and I never came up here again. After my father was killed, I had it padlocked. We're going to need a crowbar."

Nicolas walked passed him, shaking his head. "No, we're not."

Adam stood by watching as Nicolas snapped the padlock between his fingers, and pulled open the door. For a minute, he froze, almost paralyzed with fear. He could see that shadow steeling across the room in his mind, hear his father's pleading voice.

"Adam," Nicolas said suddenly. "Come on. I told you, I won't let anything hurt you."

Adam nodded, walking into the room after Nicolas.

Nicolas began to cough. "Holy shit, you weren't kidding when you said no one had been in here

for awhile. It's full of dust and cobwebs." Nicolas moved some aside as he walked deeper into the room. He reached over and switched on the overhead light. It flickered, then, two of four lights on the chandelier came on, illuminating one long dusty shrouded table, and several shelves lined with books and documents, also covered in layers of dust. Nicolas began to peer at the books, scattering the spider webs as he went.

Adam picked up an old photo album, and opened it. There was a full page photograph of his mother sitting in a chair. She looked very young, probably before he was born.

Nicolas had already taken down several stacks of papers and books, and placed them on the table. He pulled a chair up to it and began to pore over them.

"What did you find?" Adam asked, bringing the photo album over and taking a chair opposite him.

"Mostly useless bookkeeping done by some accountants," Nicolas replied, glancing over at the photo album which was open to the first page. "That's your mother, isn't it?"

"Yes, how do you know?"

"I must have seen a photograph of her and your father once. Your father always acted like royalty."

Adam nodded. It was true. His father liked to be in the public eye. They were complete

opposites.

"Yes," Nicolas echoed, "you are opposites too. Your father liked to keep a hands-on approach to the inner city, witness the misery, revel in it really, whereas you choose to simply turn a blind eye to it."

"That's not fair! And stop reading my thoughts."

"You don't know. You weren't there. I grew up in that mess. I remember seeing your father. He used to come down and ride around in his fancy vehicle, order his men to throw entire families into the street...out of run down dumps they couldn't afford to pay the rent on because your father kept the wages at the factories too low. He outlawed strikes, and punished any worker who dared to ask for a living wage. My mother worked in one of your mills. It was a hellhole. Finally, your father closed them all down, moved them out of the country, and he left the people down there to starve. So they had to turn to vice, and crime. My mother was forced to work in a brothel, and the werewolves were the only things which stood between them and the soldiers. So, don't tell me I'm not being fair!"

Adam was speechless. He was overcome by the passion in Nicolas's declaration, and he felt shame. He lowered his head. "I'm sorry."

Nicolas stood up. "There's nothing here." He

walked back over to the shelves and ran his fingers over the books."

"Wait!" Adam said, jumping to his feet. "There's another place. My father, and my grandfather, kept journals, and I seem to remember a steel box..." He walked over to the shelves and studied them.

"What are you doing?"

"There's a button here somewhere. I'm sure I..." Suddenly Adam pressed on something and the shelf began to move.

Nicholas rushed over. "What did you touch?"

"I don't know, but look..." Behind that particular shelf was a square cut hole in the wall. Adam reached in and pulled out a little steel box. He handed it to Nicolas.

Nicholas stared at it, then, brought it over to the table. It was locked. He gripped both ends and pulled. The lock gave a little, but didn't break. Again. It gave a little more, then, finally something snapped. The lock fell off, and rolled onto the floor.

Adam looked at Nicolas. "Go ahead," he said, backing away. "Maybe what you're looking for is inside."

Nicholas opened the box. Inside was a single black book, stuffed with pages and bound together. On the front was written *Saga of the Wolf*. "A joke?" Nicolas's mouth twisted when he read

the words.

Adam shrugged, recoiling just a little. "Why don't I..."

"Adam." Nicolas lifted out the book. "There is nothing here that can hurt you. Do you want me to read it alone then?"

"Did my father write it?" Adam asked.

"There is no author." He opened it. "There are a lot of different pages, some folded, maybe some were written by...." He stopped.

"What?"

"Just what the first page says."

"What...what does it say?"

"Given that you seem afraid," he laughed, "I think..."

"Nicolas. Tell me."

"It says...*read this book if you like but be forewarned, there are forces here far more ancient and sinister than even I understand...Stanton Lang.*"

"My grandfather. Then the book belongs to him, not my father."

"Good," Nicolas said, pulling out all the loose papers.

Adam looked around him and shivered. He thought he could hear a stirring in the walls.

"Probably rats," Nicolas said absently, unfolding a piece of paper.

"Stop reading my mind, Nicolas Ross."

"Sit down, Adam. You're safe here with me."

Adam sat quietly watching Nicolas as he intently read the pages before him. He didn't speak, and he didn't reach for any of them. He figured that Nicolas would tell him anything that needed to be told. As the time went by, Adam's stomach began to complain. "I'm hungry. I have to eat something. Do you mind if...?"

Nicolas waved him away, his gaze glued to the book.

Adam hurried downstairs to the kitchen, managing to make himself a sandwich. His kitchen had been kept well stocked while he was gone. After gulping down two chicken sandwiches, he reluctantly made his way back upstairs to the study. When he got to the room, Nicolas was gone. He looked around frantically, then, called out his name.

"I'm here," came the reply. "Look, Adam, a secret porthole."

Adam followed his voice over to the bookshelves. He stepped around one, and saw Nicolas standing in front of a round opening in the wall. "What in hell...?"

"It's a porthole. Your grandfather claimed that this is where the demon came through."

"Demon?" Adam's mouth fell open. "Demon?"

"Adam," Nicolas said, placing a hand on his shoulder, "how did you imagine that my grandfather was cursed?"

"A spell cast by a witch...I don't know...magic...but a demon?"

"It makes sense."

"It makes sense that my grandfather was so overcome with jealousy that he conjured a demon?"

Nicolas walked back to the table. "Listen," he said, picking up the book. *"The conjuring of Sitri was at first an exhilarating adventure. The Wise One, as he called himself, carefully outlined the procedures for his conjuring, but of course omitted to tell me about the risk. It was supposed to be a simple love spell, something which would bind two people forever..."*

"Love spell? I thought he conjured the spirit to curse your grandfather?"

"Wait, a few pages later, he wrote...*The Sitri appeared before me with the head of a lion and wings...huge wings, black and silver...imposing but seemingly non-threatening. I had no idea of how treacherous he could be...my God, what have I done?"*

"Does he say anything else?" Adam swallowed, looking around him.

"Yes, but things that don't make sense. He appeared to become less and less lucid as time went on. He speaks of beauty, and sex...lots of sexual references."

"He was referring to my grandmother?"

Nicolas shrugged. "I have no idea...it's flowery, poetic even...he speaks of submission and actually losing his soul."

"Strange. Anything about the curse?"

"Only one reference. He wrote, ...*revenge is finally mine...and with blood, I have bought it, and forever at the light of the moon, he will howl his pain, and so therefore will his descendents and the price has been delicious...*" Nicolas closed the book.

"So basically that was a waste of time."

"No, because I know where your mother is, and I also know that she witnessed some of what happened between your grandfather and that demon."

"Then maybe..." Adam looked at him, "maybe she did go mad."

"Well your grandfather certainly sounded as if..."

"And this wise one, do we know how to find him?"

"No, but your mother might."

"Where is she?" Adam's grip tightened on the table.

Nicolas paused.

"Nicolas, tell me."

"She's in 'the stew.'"

The stew was the name given to the mix of crazies which were housed at Mill House. "No."

"I'm sorry, Adam."

"That bastard! He put my mother in that hellhole?" Adam balled up his fist. The Mill House was a mental hospital located in one of his father's

old closed down factories. It was under funded, and unregulated. It was a joke, a place where anyone, be they crazy, or criminal, was put away. "Let's go," Adam said. "I'm going to get her out of there."

"May not be so easy now," Nicolas shook his dark head. "If she wasn't damaged when she went in there, she probably is now. It may be too late."

"How could I have let him do this?" Adam cried out, slamming his fist against the wall.

Nicolas grabbed his wrists. "This isn't going to do any good right now, Adam. Anyway, it's too late tonight. We'll have to wait until tomorrow. Can you do something for me?"

Adam nodded.

"Call someone you trust and have them find me some wolf bane. It needs to be put in a small leak-proof bag, and equipped with a tie or a rope that I can wear around my neck."

"Are you going to...?"

"Not yet, but maybe soon," he said. "I need to keep it under control."

"Alright, let's get out of here."

Nicolas followed Adam into his bedroom, and Adam made a phone call. "He'll have it by morning," he told him after he got off the phone. "He is discrete. He won't say anything."

"One of your play toys, Adam?"

"Would you be jealous if he was?" Adam

teased, moving closer to where Nicolas stood by the window. The wind stirred in the trees, a wicked moon glowed in the sky.

"Take off your clothes," Adam urged. "I'm feeling unusually up for some rough play."

Nicolas chuckled softly. "You don't say."

Adam licked his lips as Nicolas lifted the t-shirt over his head revealing the hard muscles of his chest and stomach. Adam walked over to the side table beside the bed, and opened the drawer. He took out some handcuffs and dangled them in front of Nicolas, along with a blindfold. "Would you like to use these?"

"On you," he said, taking a few steps, then, stopping to undo his pants.

"But you're the beast," Adam cooed. He was literally salivating when Nicolas peeled off the pants, and stood there totally naked. His cock was hard and standing erect, his luscious almond balls in a state of excitation.

"Um, yes," Nicolas growled, reaching out and snatching the handcuffs and blindfold from him, "and I want you naked, on display, and at my mercy. Now, take them off, Adam. Everything."

Adam pulled the shirt off, then, began to undo the pants. He paused, teasing a little, kicking off the shoes. Nicolas's eyes turned gold, his gaze causing Adam's balls to tighten. He grabbed him and pushed him onto the bed, snapping one

handcuff to his wrist, then raising it over his head, then quickly doing the other. Then, he tied the blindfold around his eyes. The pants were yanked off, and thrown aside. "You're a tease," Nicolas told him. "And you like to be admired, you have a beautiful body, and you like to show it off, don't you, Adam? Spread your legs."

Adam's cock stiffened even more. He kept his thighs closed, taunting the gorgeous, naked man who now seemed to be crawling onto the bed on his knees. "Spread them," he demanded, and dragged one of his ankles to the side of the bed. "Lift your hips. Show me how hard you are."

Adam moaned, his tongue darting over his lips. A hand crept over his stomach, up to his chest. Fingers played with his nipple, then pinched it. "Like that?"

"Oh yeah," he said. He felt Nicolas's body bear down on his, his tongue licking at his nipple, then biting, one hand carelessly moving over his aching cock, just enough to taunt. "Please," he moaned, his hips pushing upwards again. "Touch me. Touch me, Nicolas."

Adam heard what sounded like a low purr, a sharp nail moved across his nipple, scratching it, making it stiff. A rough tongue ran a course down his stomach to his cock. It lapped his flesh, covering larger and larger surfaces, bringing his flesh alive. "Oh God," he cried out, "oh God...."

And then he felt the soft, down of fur against his skin, the sandpaper tongue moving between his legs, reaching between his ass cheeks and finding his pulsing bud. It delved deep within him, probing against the sides of his glands, going far deeper than seemed humanly possible. His cock and his balls were suddenly engulfed, a tongue gently tasting, then, swallowing to the back of his throat. Just when Adam thought he couldn't take anymore, he felt his legs being raised. There was some hard breathing, that purring sound again, then, suddenly he felt his ass being impaled. "God, it's so big!" Adam cried out. His ass amazingly opened up to accept the thick, hugeness of the cock which was now drilling him to his core, deeper, deeper...Adam was moaning in ecstatic agony. He felt sharp nails again rake down over his chest to his stomach, slapping at his cock, his legs pressed higher, straight up in the air, the weight bore down on him, fucking him at a frantic pace, soft downy fur moving against his skin. He let out a loud cry, his cock pumping, his ass being filled like never before, then his legs fell back down to the mattress. He struggled to regain his breath. He licked his lips, savoring the wicked aftermath of unbridled lust. "Nicolas," he said. He knew. He'd known all along, and yet he didn't fear him. "Oh God, thank you, Nicolas. That was so...I can't describe it. That was so...ah..."

The blindfold was pulled off of his eyes, and Nicolas was there looking down at him with those warm, brown eyes. "Rough trade?"

Adam laughed. "Yeah, rough trade. You're beautiful."

Nicolas undid the handcuffs.

Adam reached up and dragged his mouth to his. They kissed deeply, passionately. Adam ran his hands over Nicolas's back, his ass, then, released him. Nicolas rolled over onto his back beside him. He was looking at the ceiling. "Why do you want to change? Is it because you have no control and...Did you lose control then?"

He nodded. "At first, but then I reigned myself back, even without the wolf bane, then I figured," he smiled at him, "you wanted rough trade so..."

Adam turned on his side and ran his gaze over him. "I wasn't afraid."

"I know. I wouldn't have hurt you."

"You wouldn't hurt anyone."

"That's not true. I wouldn't hurt you because I know your scent. A stranger's scent...well...I could do something and I wouldn't know."

"Do you crave blood?"

"Sometimes but only when the moon is right. Tomorrow night, I must have the wolf bane. The bloodlust will be strong, and without it, I could be capable of anything."

"You'll have it, baby," Adam said, moving

closer to him, and closing his eyes. "You'll have it."

CHAPTER SIX

The soldier was very surprised to see Adam Lang walking around the grounds at nine in the morning. He ran up to him when he spotted him outside, and handed him a small bag. "It's what you asked for, Mr. Lang." He smiled at him. "Will there be anything else?"

Adam had spanked this soldier in his playroom a few times. He had a great ass, and he loved to play the submissive. But there was nothing he could give to him to rival Nicolas, and he just wasn't interested anymore. When he'd left Nicolas upstairs this morning, he had looked so incredibly beautiful lying naked next to him. Adam had licked one of his nipples, then planted a kiss on his half dormant cock. He couldn't wait to get back up there. He took the bag, and dismissed the soldier.

When Adam walked back into the room, with notions of reviving their lovemaking; Nicolas was awake. His hair was damp, which meant that he

had already taken a quick wash. He was dressed. Adam tried not to show his disappointment. "I was going to surprise you," he said.

"Sorry, we have to get going if we're going to reach The Mill before dark. It is the full moon tonight, and the wolves will be out in force on the hunt."

"I have what you need." Adam handed him the small bag with the tie attached.

"Thank God," he said, taking it. He studied it for a moment, then, lifted it over his head and tucked it inside his shirt.

Adam reached up and touched some of Nicolas's soft, black hair. He was falling in love. There was no question of it.

Those beautiful, brown eyes looked preoccupied. Nicolas issued him a quick smile, and moved away. "Come on, Adam. Let's go."

* * * *

They took one of Adam's vehicles. He let Nicolas drive. He was tense, and he didn't say much as they headed back into hell. "It's very dangerous what we're doing?"

For a minute, he thought that Nicolas wasn't going to answer him, then he said, "Yes, and perhaps it's unfair of me to..."

"I'm going to get my mother out of that place."

"Like I said, it's probably too late."

"Maybe so," Adam glanced out the window at the passing scenery, "but even if it is, I have to take her out of there, put her someplace inside Langston where I know she won't be abused. I've turned a blind eye too long."

"After we find her, and I find out if she knows anything valuable, we must split up, especially before dark."

"Why?"

"Because the others will get a whiff of my scent and..."

"But I thought..."

"You'll put your mother in the car, and go back home as quickly as possible. If they find you, they'll kill you...your mother too."

"I can't drive."

"Yes, you can."

"I'm not leaving you."

Nicolas looked over at him. "Adam."

Adam reached out and took his hand. "I love you."

"No, you don't."

"Don't tell me what I feel," Adam snapped.

"I'm not telling you what you feel. I'm telling you what you don't feel, and you don't feel love for me. Now, you'll do what I tell you, understand?" His voice lowered suddenly as the outskirts of the inner city came in sight. The Mill

stood in the distance, on top of the hill.

Adam was tense as they approached.

Nicolas pulled the car up in front of the large electric gate which surrounded what was now a public institution for the insane.

Adam shuddered involuntarily.

"Now, use your influence. You fund this dump...kind of."

Adam poked his head out at the guard. "Hello. I'm Adam Lang."

The guard's eyes widened. "Mr. Lang."

"I'm here to see my mother."

He nodded, and went back to his shelter. There seemed to be a lot of debate going on inside the guard house, then, a few minutes later, the gate opened.

Nicolas drove the car into the visitor's lot. It was empty. Silently, they both got out. Adam was twisting his hands together as they walked through the entrance hall with the dirty walls, and broken tiled floors. Nicolas seemed edgy. He kept looking around him cautiously.

One could still see the places where the old machines had stood. When they came to the front desk, a nurse looked up. "Yes?"

"I'm Adam Lang. I want to see my mother."

"Mr. Lang," she said, jumping to her feet. "We're honored to..."

"Where is she?" Nicolas interjected.

"I'll get the head doctor," the nurse said.

"We didn't come to see the head doctor. We came to see his mother. Where is she?" Nicolas insisted.

"She's on the third floor, but no unauthorized..."

"He's her son, and he's Adam Lang," Nicolas said, grabbing Adam's arm, leading him to the elevator, "how much fucking more authorization do you need?"

The nurse raced around the desk as they got to the elevator. "You can't just..."

Nicolas pressed the elevator button. It opened. Adam tried to look around at the nurse who was calling for security, but Nicolas pulled him onto the elevator, and pressed the button for the third floor.

"I don't understand," Adam glanced at Nicolas. "Why is she calling for...?"

"Adam," Nicolas met his gaze, "did you ever think that while you had barricaded yourself up there in that house, hiding from life, that someone else was running things?"

"I am the..." Adam chin went up. "I'm in control. No one else."

"Well, someone doesn't want you to see your mother. Who do you think that someone is?"

Adam gave Nicolas a helpless look. "I don't know. I don't know anything anymore. What if

she doesn't even know me?"

Nicolas patted his arm. "Well, you'll just have to introduce yourself."

The elevator dinged. The doors opened. Nicolas gave Adam a little shove forward, and the elevator door closed behind them.

They were faced with one long corridor. It was very warm. There was only one window and it was nailed shut. The floors and walls were covered with excrement. Chairs lined the corridor. There were some people sitting in the chairs, strapped down. Some had soiled themselves, and it stank. Adam wretched. "My God," he said, covering his nose and mouth with his hand. "This must be hell."

They both moved ahead, studying people's faces. Groaning and moaning echoed throughout the hallway. Someone was singing somewhere, a lullaby...*hush little baby, don't you cry...*

"My mother used to..." Adam paused. "Nicolas, my mother used to sing that song to me. I recognize the song, her voice...her..."

"Let's find her, and get out of here. Security is coming."

"How do you know?"

"I can hear them. We have five minutes, no more."

Adam pressed on down the hall, following that voice, trying to push away the horrible images of

the emaciated, wounded souls who were bound to chairs, begging for release. And then, just like that, after all these years, there she was, his mother, Eleanor. He could scarcely breathe. She was staring straight ahead, as if she didn't see him. She kept singing the same line over and over..."hush little baby, don't you cry...hush little baby..." Adam put a hand on her shoulder. "Mother," he managed, his throat working, "Mother, it's me, Adam."

The singing stopped. She turned her head towards him, her eyes looking, but not seeing, her hair, once a beautiful shade of blonde, now grey and tangled. She pointed at him, recoiling back in her chair, "Stanton," she croaked. "He's coming for you...he's coming..." Then she started to scream. Adam tried to calm her, but the more he tried, the louder she screamed, a scream which turned into a screech. "He is coming for you, Stanton. He is going to take your soul...your soul..."

"I'm not Stanton. I'm Adam. I'm Adam, Mother, your son."

Nicolas touched his arm. "Adam, we have to go. They're coming."

"So, I just leave her then?" Tears streamed down his cheeks. His mother continued to scream.

Nicolas grabbed his arm. "There's not time. I'm sorry. Come on!" The elevator opened at the end

of the hallway, and a multitude of running feet descended on them. The woman continued to scream, and Adam was dragged reluctantly down the hallway by Nicolas. "She doesn't even know me...she called me Stanton...she..."

"Never mind that now," Nicolas said, dragging Adam around the corner and against the wall. "We have to find a way out of here. Someone wasn't pleased that you came here, Adam."

"I'm the supreme leader. No one...how dare they...?"

"Adam," Nicolas snapped. "Face reality! You've never really been in control. You've only been made to think you've been in control."

Adam jerked his arm away. "You're crazy. You're...you don't know what you're talking about. Why did I ever listen to you? You've held me hostage, almost killed me, and now...you'll see!" He stuck his head up in the air, and moved out into the open.

"Adam, don't!" Nicolas warned him, trying to pull him back, but it was too late.

"I'm here. It's Adam Lang. Don't shoot."

"Mr. Lang." One of the security men stepped forward. "Hold your fire," he said to the others. "Thank God, you're all right. We suspected that you were being held against your will."

"I'm fine. I'd like to get my mother, and get out of here. Prepare her for..."

"I'm afraid," the man said, "we can't do that, Mr. Lang."

"Are you refusing a direct order from me?" Adam demanded. "How dare you. I'll have your job."

"We're here to take you home, Sir. Your mother, unfortunately, will have to stay."

"I demand that you..." Adam began, then, paused as he saw the man motion two others forward.

"Escort Mr. Lang home," he said, "and make sure he is secure."

When two of the men took hold of him, Adam knew that what Nicolas told him was true. He was not in control.

"Where is your friend, Mr. Lang?" The security man got closer. He lowered his face to his. "We won't hurt him. We only want to talk to him."

"I have no idea," Adam said, meeting his eyes.

The security man stepped back. "Search every inch of this place," he commanded, "and bring me Ross, dead or alive."

The men scattered, as the other two pulled Adam down the hallway. When he walked past the place where his mother had been sitting, her chair was empty. "What have you done with my mother?" he shouted, but his question was met only with silence.

* * * *

Nicolas banged his head against the wall a few times, and sighed. He clutched the small pouch hanging around his neck. Adam had said that he loved him, but that was all bullshit. Adam had run out on him, and to his own detriment. Nicolas could hear the security guards racing around, frantically looking for him. Nicolas lifted his head and looked above him...old pipes running across the ceiling, and just above that, squares of removable ceiling leading to the roof. Nicolas sighed. He ripped the pouch off his neck, and concentrated. The moon would be full soon, and in the right position. He would shift long before that, and hopefully have enough stamina to shift back before things got completely out of control. He needed to see Adam's mother one more time. He just hoped she hadn't already been killed, a responsibility he would have to assume some blame for, given that he'd insisted they come here in the first place. He needed to confirm with her what he'd suspected all along...Stanton Lang was still alive, and he wasn't human.

The sounds of howling vibrated eerily throughout the decrepit walls of the institution, setting off an echo effect, which was then imitated by several of the lunatics. A loud crash, and the cascade of water flooding out of the overhead

pipes caused a host of people to come running. Nicolas lingered just above, balanced carefully on one of the overhead beams, watching them from below. Voices were shouting for mops and buckets, as Nicolas moved steadily along the beam away from the action. He kept his keen eyes on the scene below him, which he could see clearly through the thin, almost transparent ceiling tiles. When he saw his way clear, he pulled up one of the tiles, and jumped to the floor below. He ran along the corridor, keeping his eyes and ears alert for any sounds of security. At the same time, he anxiously checked through each tiny window behind the locked rooms, looking for Adam's mother. Finally, he caught sight of her. They hadn't had time to do anything to her yet, but he feared she was not long for this world. He clutched the door handle, turned it, and broke the lock at the same time. He closed his eyes, willing himself back into human form. To shift this fast, especially on a night when the moon took such control, would weaken him greatly, but he had no choice. Hopefully, Adam's mother would tell him what he needed to know, then, he could get out, and hide somewhere. The wolf bane was gone, which meant that when the moon came up, he would be at its mercy, not to mention what would happen if he met the pack, especially in a weakened state.

She was looking at him now. Nicolas leaned against the door, quickly pulling on his pants which he had thought to carry with him. "Eleanor," he said softly, "I need your help."

She took a few steps closer. She didn't scream.

"I need to know where Stanton is. He's alive, isn't he? What kind of a deal did he make with the Sitri? In his papers, he said the price was high. Where do I find the wise one?"

"He'll kill me," she whispered. Her hollow eyes looked haunted.

"Then it's true, he is alive."

She nodded.

"How do I remove the curse? How do I find this demon?"

She shuddered.

Nicolas moved closer, took her by the shoulders. "How do I find this demon?"

She looked up at him. "He'll take your soul."

"He already has."

She blinked. "Only the wise one knows how to wake him."

"Where is this wise one?"

She shook her head. "No, don't...don't wake him. He will take your soul."

Nicolas shook her. "Eleanor, please. Where do I find the wise one?"

"Where Langston meets the hills."

"The...hills?" He released her. He knew where

she meant. "The wise one is in the hills?"

"You must call him by name."

"What is the name?"

She shook her head, fear gripping her.
"No...no...."

"What is the name?" Nicolas demanded.

"They call him Onus."

Nicolas turned to leave. "No, don't," she cried, clutching his arm. He pulled away from her. "It will be alright." He opened the door, and ran down the corridor. Above him in the outside sky, the moon began to rise. He shivered as he got outside, leaning breathlessly against the building. He could sense the pack, smell them, and the wolves were smelling him as well, and they wanted blood.

* * * *

Adam marched up and down the floor of his room, fuming. Outside were his own military men keeping watch over him. He was a prisoner in his own home, but he had no idea who he was being kept prisoner by. And Nicolas. God, he should have trusted him more. He had been right. Why had he insisted on revealing himself? Had he put Nicolas's life in danger, and his mother...?

When he heard the loud thumping sound right above him, he rushed to the window, careful not

to be seen by the armed soldiers standing around on the grounds below. "Nicolas," he whispered. He quickly opened the window and stood back. A few seconds later, Nicolas crawled into his room. Except for a pair of pants, he was naked. There was a streak of dirt across his face, and chest. As soon as he was inside, he sunk down on the floor, sliding his back against the wall. "Are you alright?" Adam asked him softly.

Nicolas looked up at him through half closed eyes. "I'm weak, Adam. I wasn't going to come for you at all, but I still need you."

Adam sucked in some breath. "I guess I deserved that."

"You guess?"

"Okay, I did deserve that. I should have believed you, but...I still don't understand what's happening here."

"You don't understand because you don't want to," Nicolas replied, pulling himself to his feet. He walked over and sat on the bed, running a hand through his disheveled hair. "You think that if you don't see things, they don't exist. We've talked about this before. You need to grow up, Adam."

Those words wounded him, and when he was hurt, he lashed out. "I hate you," he said, walking over to the bed.

Nicolas narrowed his eyes. "You said you loved me. Which is it?"

"I must have been insane," Adam hissed, raking him with his gaze. "All you are to me is a piece of meat. You were when we first met, and you still are."

Nicolas placed his hands on the bed, and leaned back. "Is that so?"

"That is so. You're only good to fuck, and if I called out right now, they'd come and take you away. You don't care about me, Nicolas. You only came here tonight because you think I somehow figure into your little plan. You're a wolf, and you can stay one for all I care. I'm not going to help you."

Nicolas froze suddenly, his gaze moving to the window. He touched his chest. The pouch was gone. He had left it back at that asylum. The moon was full. He concentrated, took a few breaths.

"What is it?"

"I'm at the mercy of the moon," he whispered. He let his head go back.

Adam's heart pounded in his chest. He watched Nicolas lick his lips, saw him move one hand down over his chest to his pants. Adam's cock jerked in response. So sexy. He was so incredibly sexy, and right now, he was turning him on, big time. One hand undid the top of his pants now. The other hand was at his mouth. Nicolas licked his finger, then moved it down and circled one of his nipples with it. Adam unconsciously licked his

own lips. "Restrain me," Nicolas said suddenly, his voice gruff, raw with emotion. "Restrain me, just until it passes. Do it, now!"

Adam looked around frantically for something to tie him down with. He found some rope in the closet. Nicolas had crawled onto his knees. He held his wrists together at the head of the bed, while Adam quickly secured him. "This won't hold you."

"It doesn't matter," he breathed, "the constraints will remind me that I'm at the mercy of the moon, and that I could be dangerous. I won't break them." He was breathing hard and fast. "Take off my pants. My cock is so hard, Adam."

Adam stifled a moan. His cock. How he loved his cock. He reached underneath him and unzipped the pants. He took them down over his fine ass and pulled them off his legs as Nicolas raised one, then the other. Nicolas lowered his head, completely naked, his cock looking enormous, Adam couldn't help but strip off his own clothes. "Fuck me," Nicolas grunted. "Adam, fuck me."

"What if you...?" Adam crawled up behind him. He ran his hands over his naked ass, and reached around to play with his cock. *Um*.

"If I change, keep fucking me. I'll be alright. I'm trusting you, Adam. I'm trusting you with my life here."

"I love you," Adam whispered, wrapping his arms around him, pressing his erection against his ass.

"Now he loves me," he grunted.

"I didn't mean what I said before. I..."

"I know that, Adam, now FUCK ME!"

Adam sliced his aching cock into his ass, and pumped, while Nicolas urged him to pump harder and harder.

* * * *

Nicolas turned off his thoughts. He concentrated on Adam's cock thrusting into his ass. He bit into his lip, and tasted the blood there. If he could only get through the next half hour...if he could hold on...but he was feeling it in the pit of stomach, in the marrow of his bones... the call...savage, wild. He licked his lips. "No matter what," he breathed, grunting from the force of Adam's body against his, "keep fucking me."

"But I'm going to...to..."

"Don't..." he hissed. "Don't come." He stifled the howl in his lungs, knowing that would bring the soldiers. His bones creaked, and started to shift. He was changing...he was becoming...

* * * *

Adam held onto his fear as the smooth, beautiful male body he was indulging his cock in suddenly began to shift into that of a powerful, fur covered wolfman. He held onto him, continuing to move inside of him, his cock pumping, coming, as the face of a wolf with iridescent gold eyes turned in his direction, sharp white teeth gleaming dangerously like razorblades. A deep growl resounded from his chest, and Adam fell backwards. "Nicolas," he said softly. "Nicolas."

The head turned to examine the ropes on his wrists. He didn't try to get away. Adam reached out his hand tentatively, and stroked his fur. "Nicolas," he whispered. "It's Adam."

The head turned in the direction of the window, then, suddenly, the wolf stiffened. Outside, something howled in the night, then another. Adam was shoved off the bed. Nicolas broke the ties and lunged off the bed to the window. "No, Nicolas!" Adam called out, scrambling after him, but it was too late. Nicolas was on the roof. Several shots rang out, and someone shouted. "It's on the roof. Shoot! Shoot it!"

"No!" Adam screamed out the window. "Don't hurt him. Don't..." Several more shots rang out, and Adam heard a loud whine, like that of a wounded dog. Adam tried to see by shoving his head out of the window. As he did, he saw Nicolas run across the grounds, like a streak, and

disappear into the woods.

Several soldiers knelt down and studied the ground. "It's wounded," one of them called out. "It's lost a lot of blood."

"Take several men and follow it," another voice shouted back. "Hunt it down and kill it."

Adam fought the tears. God no, he couldn't just sit by and let them kill Nicolas. And in the weakened state he was in, wounded the way he was, the other wolves were sure to find him easy. He had to get out of here. He had to get out of here now.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Nicholas stopped to rest beside the tree. He had tried to shift back to human form so he could check out how badly he'd been wounded, but he didn't have the strength. He had thrown the soldiers off his trail a while back, but Thomas and Blake were very close. He could smell them, and he knew they could smell him. He placed a hand to his side, and it came away wet and sticky. He was still bleeding, and quite heavily. His breathing was labored, coming in rasps now. He looked up at the sky, and kept moving. The mountains were just ahead. He knew the wound wouldn't kill him, but if any other members of the pack found him in this state, they could make him wish he was dead. He stumbled, and fell several times, and then struggled across a stream. He was entering the mountains, the climb a struggle. He called Onus in his mind. *Where are you, Onus? Answer me. Answer me...*

We're coming for you, Nicolas. You have to pay for trying to betray your pack...I loved you, Nicolas, but you prefer that mortal slut, that mortal who has been your sworn enemy. Nicolas...come to us...come to us...

He tried to move faster. He howled in pain. *Onus...whatever the price, I'll pay it. Help me!*

They surrounded him now. He looked at each and every one of them with pain filled eyes.

My love. You are hurt. Let me take care of you. I love you still. Nicolas...my Nicolas...

It was Blake, trying to comfort him, put him at ease, prepare him for the moment they would move in on him with their nails and their teeth. His uncle was there as well, standing on his hind legs, chest extended, eyes rimmed with blood, itching to taste him.

I won't lie down and let this happen. I will fight you...I will fight you until...

And usually you would win, my love, but not tonight. Tonight, you are tired and weak...and...

Nicolas howled out to the moon. *Onus... now... help me. Hear me...*

* * * *

As Adam raced through the woods, it began to pour rain. A clap of lighting traced through the sky. When the soldiers had dispersed, they became more interested in capturing Nicolas, than in keeping vigilance below his window. Adam

had crawled out onto the roof, practically breaking his neck getting to the ground, but he had made it. Now, he was hopelessly lost in the woods, going round in circles, and the last clap of thunder had shaken the night. Then, he heard the howling. It was loud, and pitiful, a multitude of voices which together sounded like some mad symphony. "Nicolas," he said aloud, pushing through the trees. The howling sounded as if it were coming from the mountains. The rain kept pounding down, flooding the ground, turning it into mud beneath his feet. He wiped the water from his eyes, shivering from the dampness, and kept moving. He didn't think about the wolves, the danger... the possibility of what would happen to him out here all alone...without Nicolas...without...yes, he was without Nicolas, and suddenly all he could think was that Nicolas was out here too...alone, wounded, hunted. It didn't matter that if he had thought about it rationally, there would be nothing he could do to save him. It didn't matter at all. "I love you," he croaked. "Don't die on me, Nicolas, not until you help me to figure it all out...until you help me become the man I should be...the man I should have been all along." Oh, Nicolas was so much better than he was, a man of honor and integrity, a man who would have never hid as he had, and let everything fall down around him. But he could

change. He could become a better man...if he...got the chance.

* * * *

Nicolas watched with amazement as the wolves turned, one by one, and walked away. "I don't understand," he said aloud to no one. "I don't understand." There was darkness, the silver moon faded in the night sky, the stars disappeared, and he was no longer wet and cold. The world had disappeared.

When he opened his eyes, he was lying in a small bed, naked, dry, covered with a blanket. There was a bandage taped across his stomach. He sat up slowly, blinking in the dimly lit room. A small chair sat next to the bed. Straight ahead was a tiny round window. The floor was wood, and bare, the walls, a light cream stucco. The room was rustic, but clean. "Hello?" He called out, trying to move. His head began to spin, and he broke out in a sweat. He lowered his head back down to the pillow.

"You're far too weak," a voice said.

Nicolas lifted his head again.

"You've lost a lot of blood."

"Where are you? What...are you?"

"I am Onus."

"You saved my life."

"No. You're immortal. I saved you a great deal of pain maybe."

"Nevertheless."

"What do you want, Nicolas? Why have you come here seeking me out?"

"I don't want to be...I want to reverse the curse that Stanton Lang put on my family."

"That's what I was afraid of."

"You helped him."

"No. I simply showed him the road. It is my duty."

"Duty."

"Yes. I gave Stanton Lang the information he sought. I am not responsible for what he did with that information."

"Are you...human?"

"In part."

"But not totally."

"Not totally, no."

"Can I see you?"

"No."

"You're invisible then?"

"When I choose to be."

"Are you in this room now?"

"I am close by. So is Adam Lang."

"Adam Lang?"

"Yes, he went after you tonight. He is in love with you."

"Sometimes he is, when it suits him to be."

"Your pack is near him now. They smell him. If I don't bring him here, they will kill him."

Nicolas sucked in some breath. "Bring him, please."

"It seems you love him as well."

"No, I..."

"You can't lie to me, Nicolas. I know your soul. If you love each other, then leave this place. Go far away, and forget this."

"I can't. I don't want to be like this."

"Your nature has made you strong, helped you fight much adversary. Why change it?"

"I want to be...mortal."

"Mortality is not all its cracked up to be...you age and you die."

"I know, but it's what I want."

"I must bring him now."

There was silence. Whatever it was, it was gone.

* * * *

Adam had no idea how one minute he was standing in the pouring rain, and the next, he was inside a small room, looking into Nicolas's eyes. "What...?" he began, then he rushed over to the bed, and enveloped Nicolas in a hug. "Are you alright?"

Nicolas nodded. "Yes, a little wet now, but fine." He laughed.

Adam reared back. "Oh, God, I'm sorry, I didn't mean to get you all wet."

"Better take off those clothes, and get into bed," Nicolas said. "You'll catch your death."

Adam nodded, stripping them off. They were just clinging to him.

"There's a towel there," Nicolas said, pointing to chair.

It seemed to Adam, that towel hadn't been there a few minutes ago. He dried off his hair, feeling the warmth from Nicolas's gaze. "Where are we?"

"I'm not sure. In the mountains somewhere." Nicolas seemed in a hurry to change the subject. "How did you get away?"

"I climbed onto the roof. I thought..." he moved closer. "I thought you were dead."

"I'm immortal, remember?"

"But some things can kill you."

"Yes, wolf bane, and beheading. Those will do it."

"Don't even joke about it." He came over and slid into bed beside him. His body was so warm. "What about silver bullets?"

"Let's not think about those." Nicolas put an arm around him. "So, you do love me...today?"

Adam pressed his lips against Nicolas's chest. "Yes, I love you today."

"Tomorrow?"

"Maybe," he teased, grinning.

Nicolas pressed his lips to his forehead. "I need to tell you something."

"What is it?"

"We're under the protection of Onus."

"Who is...Onus?"

"The wise one."

Adam gasped. "How did you find him? Her?"

"Him, I think. Your mother."

"You went back there?"

"I had to."

"Do you think they'll...kill her?"

"I don't know. Adam, your grandfather is still alive."

Adam sat up in bed. "That's impossible."

"No, it's not. He made some pact with that demon we read about. I think Stanton may be a werewolf too...or some form of one, and he's been controlling everything. I think he might have had something to do with your father's death."

"Nicolas, you're..."

"Don't get angry, Adam. You have to hear things you don't want to. You have to face them."

Adam took a breath. He was right. "So, now what?"

"If I want to break the curse..."

Suddenly, a voice rang out. "...you have to summon the demon. But, Nicolas, you don't want to do that."

"Who are you?" Adam called out, his voice shaking. He looked around. "Where are you?"

"I am Onus, and I am here, with you. Please, Adam, talk Nicolas out of this. If you love him, do you not love him the way he is?"

Adam looked at Nicolas. "Yes."

"Then take him away somewhere and..."

"No," Nicolas growled, getting out of bed. "No. There is more at stake here than just this curse, and what this curse has done to my family. There is Stanton Lang, and the misery he has caused. I won't let him get away with that. You're supposed to give directions, then, give them. How do I remove this curse?"

"Tomorrow," the voice said. "Tomorrow, I shall give what you have come here for. Sleep now."

Adam couldn't sleep, not with those anonymous words resounding in his head. He held Nicolas's body close to his, and tried to recall that voice, so strange, so mysterious telling him to take Nicolas away. So many things swimming around in his head, so many lies, deceptions...he was afraid.

Adam was watching Nicolas when he opened his eyes several hours later. "You slept well."

"Yes, and you didn't?"

"Not at all."

"Why not?"

"I'm afraid, aren't you? Everything is falling down around us. A pack of wolves want to kill us. I've been under guard, practically a prisoner my entire life without knowing it. You want to conjure some demon to..."

Nicolas reached over, and kissed him suddenly.

Adam smiled.

"Better?"

"A little. Maybe if you did it again, I might..."

Nicolas pulled him closer and kissed him a second time, this time longer, more passionately.

"And now?"

Adam's smile broadened. "Yeah, that's it."

Nicolas released him, and sat up.

"Are you sure you're...?"

"I'm fine. Now, if I had some clothes, it would be..." He paused. "Look," he said, pointing to the chair. A neatly folded pile of clothing lay on the seat. "He has a habit of doing that, granting my every wish."

"I would grant your every wish if I could," Adam said softly.

Nicolas glanced back at him. "I'm beginning to believe you."

"Nicolas," Adam said, touching his arm. "We're in this together from now on, right?"

He nodded. "If that's what you want."

"It's what I want. I won't doubt you again, I promise."

"Okay," he said, standing up.

Adam watched him walk naked across the room. He sighed. He was beautiful. "I'm so in love," he said out loud.

Nicholas paused, looked over at him. "What?"

"Nothing," he shook his head. "I guess I should wish for some clothes as well."

"No need," he said, pulling on some pants. He pointed at the chair. Another pile of clothes sat there.

"Wow," Adam said, crawling out of bed himself. "Now what?"

"Now, we wait."

* * * *

Nicholas paced the floor. The day was almost done. He was watching the sunset out of the round little window when Adam came up behind him and enveloped him in his arms. "I'm starving," he said, "and for more than just food."

Nicholas smiled.

"Where is this Onus anyway?"

"He'll come when the time is right."

"And in the meantime, we starve. You do realize there is no door in this room."

"Yes."

"What do you see out that window?"

"Take a look," Nicholas said, moving out of

Adam's embrace. He was far too tense to stand still for a long time.

"I see mountains, big, huge grass covered mountains." Adam turned around and looked at him. "Nicolas, are we still...this is going to sound stupid but...we're not on the same..."

"No," Nicolas said, "we're not. I'm not sure where we are, but I know we're safe."

Adam reached out for his hand. Nicolas took it. "What do you know about the demon my grandfather summoned?"

"Its name is Sitri," a voice whispered.

Both Adam and Nicolas looked up.

"Onus," Nicolas said. "Why do you whisper?"

"He will hear you."

"How do I summon him?"

"Before I tell you, I must tell you of the consequences."

"Very well," Nicolas sighed impatiently.

"Sitri is a devious seducer, and in his human form, he is more beautiful than beauty itself. No one can resist him. Sex is a child's game for him, and he will take what he wants from you if he finds you desirable. He will grant your wish on the condition that you give him something in return. I shudder at the things he could ask, and then, be forewarned, he's known as a trickster. He may promise to grant your wish, then, take it away at will. Are you sure you want to summon

him?"

"What happened to my grandfather?" Adam demanded.

"That I do not know. And Sitri will not tell you, although he may lie to you."

Adam placed a hand on Nicolas's arm. He shook his head. "Let's not do this."

"I have to," Nicolas said, pulling away. "Tell me how to summon him."

"You must go out into the mountains, repeat his name three times, and say, *"Teosh monducu Kani."*

"What does it mean?"

"I am at your mercy."

Nicolas felt Adam tugging at his arm again. "No, Nicolas."

Nicolas reached over and gave him a quick kiss. "Stay here."

"No, if you're going, I'm going with you."

"You cannot," the voice said. "Nicolas must go alone. Sitri will not answer to two at the same time. If you want to summon him, Adam, you must do it on your own."

An opening suddenly appeared in the wall directly in front of Nicolas.

"Think hard," the voice said. "There is no turning back."

Nicolas walked toward the door.

"Nicolas, don't, please," Adam pleaded.

Nicolas cast one last look at Adam, then, rushed through the door before he could stop him. Immediately, the opening sealed back up, and he surrounded by those enormous mountains.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Three times Nicolas called his name, and repeated the words Onus had told him. Nothing. The moonlight rose in the sky, and Nicolas shivered, feeling the call of the wild, as he often did whenever he saw the moonlight. "*Teosh monducu Kani*, God damn it," he called out again. "Where are you, Sitri? Perhaps you don't even exist."

The night was silent, the stars shining so brilliantly in the sky that Nicolas was forced to shield his eyes from it. "Where are you?" he called out, his voice echoing back to him.

"Maybe if I thought you were worthy," a soft voice trickled into the air around him.

Nicolas licked his lips nervously. "How do I make myself worthy?"

"Naked," came the response. "Let me see your charms, and if I deem them worthy enough, I will come."

It was cool out there in the night air. Nicolas shivered as he reluctantly stripped off his clothes.

"Hold out your arms and turn around," came the voice again, so fine, so delicate, it sounded like a woman's voice.

Nicolas followed the order, feeling ridiculous. His nipples stiffened, and the cold air was also stimulating his cock.

"Beautiful," said the voice. "Make it harder. You must appear to be happy to greet me."

Nicolas took his cock in his hand, and began to stroke it. He tried not to dwell on how stupid he felt doing this.

"Very nice," came the whisper. "What do you want from me, Nico?"

"I want to know how my family was cursed. I want to know how to reverse it?"

"Those are two things. How your family was cursed doesn't concern you."

"Can you reverse the curse?"

No answer.

"Did you hear me? I did what you wanted...I took off my clothes, stiffened my cock, what else do you want?"

Laughter.

"Sitri."

"You speak my name as if you know me."

"I need your help."

"You think you have done something for me."

You have done nothing, and if you want your request granted, you must do much more. Are you prepared to do anything?"

"I...pretty much, yes."

"Um. Then come, my pretty boy. Let us get to know each other."

* * * *

Adam called Onus several times before he answered. Food had suddenly appeared in the room for him, but he couldn't eat. He was far too worried about Nicolas. "Will Nicolas be all right?"

"You ask me things I cannot answer. I am no longer responsible for Nicolas, or for you. My job is done."

Adam sucked in some breath. "Then tell me how to get to him."

An exist door opened up suddenly in the room. "You're free to go. You can either walk deeper into the mountains, or take the path back to your plane."

"Will I find Nicolas in the mountains?"

"Take care," Onus whispered. "You might find your doom in those mountains."

"I love him," Adam said, tears flowing down his face. "I've never loved anyone before."

"Love is a powerful thing."

"There is nothing for me without him."

"You must choose, Adam. I cannot choose for you."

"Just tell me if I may be able to find him in those mountains?" Adam listened carefully, desperate for some kind of an answer, but there was none. He headed to the exit and stepped outside. He turned around to see that the door had disappeared. To his left was an uphill climb into the mountains; to his right was a grassy path, leading down. He had a choice, to head into the future to look for Nicolas, or to return to his past, which was filled with lies, treachery, and emptiness. He knew which one he'd take. Even with no guarantees, he had to follow his heart.

* * * *

Nicolas stood stunned in the middle of a luxurious room. Everything was red. The carpets were blood red, and four inches thick. The bed was round with a fur lined red cover. There were mirrors on the walls, and candles everywhere. Just as he was about to accept his surroundings as real, he saw him. He stood a few feet away, dressed in a long flowing red robe made from fur. He looked like a man, a very young man with gold hair, and blue eyes. His beauty escaped words. Nicolas had the sudden urge to fall at his feet.

"Oh, you'll do more than that," he said, that

fine voice so soft, so soothing.

"Sitri?"

"It is what I am called, yes."

"You are beautiful."

"I am far more than that."

"Yes, but we don't have those words..."

He nodded, beckoning with his hand. "Come."

Nicholas moved to him, suddenly forgetting the reason he was there.

"Give yourself to me."

Nicholas swallowed. "Yes, oh yes," he groaned, falling on his knees at his feet. That was all he wanted to do.

A hand reached down and touched his hair. "You are beautiful, Nicolas. I find myself deeply drawn to you." The robe fell down around his feet.

Nicholas looked up. His body was beautiful, slender, toned, with an incredible cock, everything smooth, even his balls.

"I am yours, Nicolas" he moaned, his hands now suspended over his head with ruby studded handcuffs.

Nicholas was overcome with passion. He kissed his foot, then, moved his lips up over his calf, while his hand caressed the other leg.

"Take my cock in your mouth, Nicolas," he urged. "Now."

On his knees, Nicolas ran his tongue over the

head of his cock, then, moved it deeper into his mouth until he could feel it at the back of his throat.

“Show me your power, Wolf. Show it to me.”

The shift was upon him now, and there was little he could do to stop it. He looked up at that face and let it take him, his body taking the shape of the wolf. The face above him changed, now resembling the head of a lion. He bit down now on the flesh in his mouth, letting the blood wind down his throat. Huge wings folded around them, and he rolled with the lion across the floor, pinning him on the soft rug, clutching his tender, smooth flesh in his deadly claws, and pumping into him. The lion roared, thrashing, giving back as good as he took, and the savage seized Nicolas like never before. He bit into his neck as he kept thrusting, raking his nails down his sides, while all along a voice kept taunting him...urging him on...*fuck me, Nicolas...fuck me. You are the wolf, and I am your prey...make me feel your power...make me feel it...*

He pumped until the semen shot through him like a rocket, blood and flesh in his teeth, a lion's mane clutched in his claw. He collapsed on top of it finally, spent, satiated. He curled into a little ball and closed his eyes, his breathing quieting, his every need satisfied.

* * * *

Adam continued up the steep mountain path, unsure of where it would lead him. It was getting dark. *Where are you, Nicolas?* He was beginning to regret his decision. He leaned against a rock, and closed his eyes for a moment. What had he been thinking? No food, no water, and no direction. He could die out here in these mountains. He had only one choice. He had to call this demon himself. "Sitri, Sitri, Sitri," he called out, trying to recall the words Onus said to say. "*Teosh monducu Kani.*"

The wind began to howl. Adam shivered, watching the bright stars grow dim in the sky.

"*Teosh monducu Kani!*" he shouted out.

After a few seconds, the wind picked up again, and this fine voice said, "Adam, I've been waiting for you."

* * * *

When Nicolas opened his eyes, he was suspended by chains, still naked, back to human form, and spread eagle. The room was gone. Around him was mist. Suddenly, a soft laugh floated around him. It got louder. "Sitri," he said.

"It is me." He appeared. Those large black and gold wings spread out. A head of a majestic lion

replaced the human face. He bowed his head. "What a feast for my eyes you make, my love. You are too beautiful. No matter Adam loves you so."

"Adam? What do you know of Adam?"

He moved closer. The tip of one of his wings moved down over him, brushing his nipples, grazing his cock. "He has summoned me."

Nicolas closed his eyes. "Don't hurt him."

"Why would you assume that I would hurt him?"

"I don't trust you."

"You wound me."

"How do I reverse the curse?"

"You haven't earned that yet."

"How can I earn it?"

The lions head faded into that of the beautiful man suddenly. "I want to drain you of your sexual charms."

Nicolas blinked. "What does that mean?"

"You'll see." He smiled. "If you submit to me, maybe...maybe I will grant your wish."

"I have no choice." Nicolas glanced at his constraints.

"One always has a choice, Nicolas." He came closer. Hands appeared in the place of the wings. He reached out and took Nicolas's cock in his hand. He stroked it.

Nicolas closed his eyes, licked his lips.

"I will drive you to the brink." He walked

around to the back of him, and ran his hands over Nicolas's ass. Suddenly, Nicolas felt something enter him, something long and hard. It began to stimulate every nerve ending, then, his cock felt as if it were being bound. His head went back, and he groaned. "The pleasure," that fine voice whispered to him. "Move your hips."

Nicolas moved his hips involuntarily. Never before had he experienced such extreme heat, a pleasure mingled with pain as the object inside of him expanded and began to pound in and out of him at an inhuman pace. He cried out something, then, felt wings fold around him as the change overtook him. "Why do you want to give away such power, Nicolas? You are beautiful. The man, the wolf...so sexy, it even takes my breath away..."

Nicolas struggled, again forced into the shape of the wolf, he roared, his cock pumping out streams and steams of semen. *Release me...release me...I want to be a man, not a wolf...*

"You are a wolf, Nicolas." Sitri suddenly stood in front of him.

The chains released and he fell to the floor, his body moving back into the shape of a man. The pain was intense. He had shifted too much, in too short a time, and his body was feeling it now. "I want you for my slave."

Nicolas looked up at him, his eyes full of pain.

"You won't tell me how to reverse the curse?"

"I didn't say that."

Nicolas picked himself off the floor. "If you tell me, and, in exchange I must be your slave, then don't bother. I want a life. Being your slave is not a life."

He smiled, reaching out to touch his hair. "When I tell you how to reverse the curse, you won't do it."

"Yes I will."

"Very well. The only way to reverse the curse is with the blood of a Lang."

"I know that. I mean, I know something about that."

"Adam must die."

Nicolas swallowed. "No."

"Yes." He smiled. "It is the only way. If you want to give away what is precious about you, you must kill the man you love to do it. So, go ahead," he said.

Suddenly Adam appeared. He was naked, and chained, precisely the way Nicolas had been moments before.

Sitri laughed. He moved closer to Nicolas and stroked his cheek.

"Nicolas," Adam called out.

"You shouldn't have come here," Nicolas told him, flinching as Sitri reached down and took his cock in his hand. "Fuck him, then, bite him. When

Adam is dead, you will be a mortal. Then you will pay me for my service." He released his cock and disappeared.

Nicholas went to Adam. He struggled with the constraints but there was no undoing them. He touched Adam's cheek. "You shouldn't have come."

"I had to. I love you."

"Has he hurt you?"

"No."

"We have to get out of here?"

Adam nodded.

"I've changed my mind," Nicolas called out. "I don't want to reverse the curse."

"Let us go."

Laughter.

"Please, Sitri," Nicolas pleaded.

"Do you really think it's that easy? Do you think you can come here, and ask for things, then just leave? Stanton Lang thought that as well."

"My grandfather," Adam called out. "Where is he?"

"He is my servant."

"Where is he?" Adam demanded.

"My slave on this earth."

Nicholas shuddered. "It's you then who controls the inner city."

"It is."

"Stanton is your pawn."

Laughter.

"He is here, isn't he?"

"Perhaps."

"What will it take for you to let us leave?"

"I'll give it some thought, wolf."

Silence.

Everything faded. Adam was gone. The mist was gone, and only darkness remained.

* * * *

Adam was hurled into darkness. He called to Nicolas but he was gone. He was trembling. There were strange sounds all around him, but nothing he could identify. His grandfather was alive. That was hard enough to swallow, but then to know he'd been a pawn to this strange demon... Nicolas had been right all along. He'd never controlled anything. He tried to move but found he couldn't. Something or someone was restraining him. "Stanton! You are my grandfather. Your blood runs through my veins. How can you stand back and let this happen? Let us go. Stanton? I know you can hear me. God damn you..."

The answer caught him off guard. He felt as if his heart had suddenly leaped into his throat when he heard that voice. "Let you go? How dare you use your blood! You are a Lang in name only, a traitor! You have taken a Ross as your lover. You

are no kin to me."

Adam closed his eyes. "I can't help my heart. I didn't intend to fall in love with him. It just happened."

"Love is an unidentified evil."

"You're insane."

"Yes," he laughed. "I am."

"You will allow that demon to murder your grandson."

"Nicolas Ross will do that."

"He won't."

"He'll do anything to have the curse removed."

"Why did you do it? Why did you curse the entire family? I can understand your hatred for Anton but..."

"Yes, Anton. I'm not finished with him yet."

"What are you saying? Anton Ross is still alive?"

"He's immortal, like I am."

"My God."

"God has nothing to do with it."

"Renounce Nicolas Ross and you can go."

"What?"

"Go home, Adam, play your role. There is already a bride chosen for you. The Langs need an heir."

"So that he can play a role, like me...like my father? Did you kill my father?"

"We all live with regret, Adam. Renounce Ross

and I will let you go, and spare his life."

A tear ran down his cheek. "You promise not to kill him?"

"You have my word. You see, I don't have to kill him. His pack is ready and willing to do that for me."

"He has a better chance against them."

"Perhaps. But when your own blood turns on you... Go home, Adam, play your part, stop asking questions, and renounce Nicolas Ross."

Adam buried his face in his hands, trying to stifle his sobs.

"Which is it, Adam...do it, or Sitri will kill you both...slowly. I'll make sure of it. Speak, speak now, Adam. Be a man, and make your choice."

"Yes!"

"Yes, what?"

"I will do as you ask."

"Say it. Say 'I renounce Nicolas Ross, and I'll never see him again'. Say it, Adam, or I'll kill him now."

"I...I renounce Nicolas Ross...I'll...I'll never see him...again."

"Good," he said. "Goodbye, Adam. I'll be watching you. You step out of line, and your life, and the life of Nicolas Ross is forfeited."

* * * *

Nicolas opened his eyes suddenly. He was

lying in the back of an alley in the inner city beside a big pile of garbage. He jumped as a huge rat ran over his foot. "Shit!" He jumped up, his eyes seeking out the moon. He placed his hand to his chest. No wolf bane. He was completely naked. He checked his surroundings. Just behind him was a rowdy bar, in full swing. He sniffed the air. It was going to rain. How in hell did he get here? Where was Adam? He stuck his head around the side of the building and spied a young woman, probably a prostitute on her way to work. "Hey," he said, "come here a second."

She approached cautiously, trying to see why he was hiding around the corner. "Hey," she smiled, "are you naked?"

"Something like that. I'll pay you for your jacket?"

"How much?"

"Whatever you want."

"Yeah. Let's see the money, honey."

"I have to wait until I get to that brothel down the street. Come with me and I'll make sure you get paid."

She nodded hesitantly, taking off her jacket. "Are you, like, totally naked?"

He yanked it out of her hand. "Never mind," he muttered, and wrapped the jacket around his waist, positioning it to hide his genitals and at least part of his ass.

"Nice butt," she said, following him as Nicolas quickly made his way to Jed's brothel.

He ignored her.

Jed couldn't stop laughing when he saw him. Nicolas didn't share his amusement. "Pay her, will you?"

Jed passed her some money, and she was gone. "What happened?"

"Long story. I need some clothes, and some wolf bane."

"Done. Nico," he said, placing a hand on his shoulder, "they've been looking for you."

He nodded. "Can I stay here for the night?"

"Of course. I'd do anything for you, Nico. You saved my life on more than one occasion. Where is that nice young man you were with last time?"

"I don't know, Jed. There are a lot of things I don't know."

Once upstairs, he couldn't sleep. He walked the floor, and tried to figure out what had just happened. Why had that demon suddenly released him? What had happened to Adam? The answers to those questions were not easily answered. There were a few things he did know now, however. Stanton Lang was alive and beholden to that demon, and it had been him all along running this city. Also, there was no damn way to remove this curse unless he killed Adam. He couldn't do that. He couldn't kill his own

heart. Somewhere along the way, he'd fallen for him big time, and that was probably a big mistake. *Oh God, Adam, where in the hell are you?*

* * * *

"Is there anything else, Sir?" the soldier asked him.

Adam shook his head.

"The camera people will be here shortly."

They had written his speech. He was to read each and every word as written. "No deviations," the soldier had told him, "or we'll have to shoot you, Mr. Lang. And your lover, Nicolas Ross, as well."

Adam nodded. It was clear enough.

* * * *

Jed woke Nicolas up early that morning by pounding on his door. He didn't wait for Nicolas to get out of bed. He burst into the room, portable broadcast viewer in his hand. "Adam Lang is about to make a speech," he said. "I thought you'd want to see this."

Nicolas's eyes widened. He sat up, and rubbed the sleep from his eyes, peering into the screen.

"We interrupt our regular viewing for this special address from Adam Lang, our glorious

leader," a voiceover announced.

Adam was alive. That was a good thing, but what in hell was he doing back there?

He appeared suddenly, looking groomed and severe. He stared directly into the camera. *"Good morning, citizens. I am happy to report to you that I am back at the helm, safe and sound. I was held prisoner by a most sinister individual, a member of the notorious Ross Clan. Mr. Nicolas Ross is to be considered armed and...ah, dangerous, and will be...ah...shot on sight if he comes anywhere near Langston. While I was away, things have gotten sloppy. Therefore, martial law will be tightened. New prisons are open, and ready to receive the guilty. Death sentences will be instituted now for theft and prostitution. Taxes will be raised. I will rule with an iron fist, in order to protect the innocent. Go with peace, citizens. I bid you a good day!"*

"Go with peace indeed. That bastard!" Jed hissed.

Nicolas frowned. "That's not Adam talking. I've got to talk to him, I've got to..."

"Are you out of your mind? You heard what he said, you'd be shot on sight if you...Nicolas, that was Adam Lang with you that night that you..."

"Never mind that now," Nicolas waved that away. He got out of bed and reached for his clothes. Suddenly, a voice from behind him said, "Nicolas, I...have to talk to you."

CHAPTER NINE

Adam sat in his room, his head in his hands. Had Nicolas heard that broadcast? Did he know he had just declared him a fugitive? My God, what he must think, but they'd promised him after he finished that Nicolas wouldn't be hurt. His grandfather had made him promise. Adam didn't know which was worst, having to repeat all those lies, or knowing that he may never see Nicolas again. As for himself, he didn't care anymore. They could keep him prisoner here for the rest of his life, or they could kill him. He knew now that his life was nothing without Nicolas.

He went to the window and looked down at the soldiers who surrounded him. There was no getting out of here. He was helpless to do anything...unless...unless...no, he couldn't, could he? Would Sitri even come to him without Stanton's knowledge? And what would be the price? In the end, all he cared was that he could

keep Nicolas safe, and to see him again, even if it was only once, so that he could tell him how much he loved him, how none of what he had heard was true.

Adam closed his eyes. Did he need to contact Onus first? Would Sitri come to him directly if he said his name? It was a risk, because even if he did come, would his grandfather come with him? If he did, it was all over. Stanton would kill him for his disloyalty, and kill Nicolas. Without thinking about it, he said, "Sitri, come!"

* * * *

Blake was looking at him like a puppy dog would look at an unavailable bone. Nicolas told Jed, "Leave us."

Jed gave Blake a hostile look, then left the room.

"He regrets his age whenever he looks at you. The desire is still there."

"Did you come here to tell me that?"

"No. I came to tell you that the pack has some regrets."

Nicolas folded his arms across his chest.

"Thomas does not have the qualities needed to lead this pack, especially in light of ah...new developments. I assume you heard the broadcast this morning."

Nicolas nodded.

"We all know that you are the better leader, including Thomas. And if you give up on this silly idea you have about..."

"It was not a silly idea. However," Nicolas shrugged, "it seems it is an unattainable one, at this time."

"I see. That's good."

Nicolas didn't respond.

"I've been sent here to negotiate. I know there is always the question of punishment, given that the pack..."

"Yes," Nicolas said, meeting his gaze.

Blake began to undo his shirt. "I am the negotiator. If we forgive your infraction, will you forgive ours? We promise to swear loyalty. We need you, Nicolas. We won't survive without you."

"You want to negotiate? In bed, I assume." Nicolas watched Blake throw his shirt on the chair.

"Is there a better way?" He smiled.

"You'll think I'll just accept the pack with open arms, after they declared a hunt for my blood, for a fuck?"

Blake moved closer. "The fuck is just a bonus, my love." He reached out and touched his cheek. "I've missed you."

Nicolas took a step back.

"You're hung up on Lang, is that it?" His voice

sounded hostile.

Nicolas turned his back.

"He declared you a target, he doesn't care if you live or die and still you..."

"I need to think."

"Well, don't take too long," he said stiffly. "We'll be expected tonight at the council meeting." Nicolas heard him struggling with his shirt, then, the door slammed, hard.

* * * *

Adam had given up calling Sitri. He lay down on his bed and closed his eyes, trying to sleep, but instead, he found himself tossing and turning. When he felt the blanket being lifted off of him, he gasped, and sat up in bed. There in the corner of the dark room was Sitri, his wings spread out around him like a fan. The lions head had been replaced by that stunningly beautiful human face. "Hello Adam," he said.

"Stanton doesn't know that you're here, does he?" Adam sucked in some breath.

"No. I'm surprised that you called me."

"I have no choice."

"Take off your clothes, Adam. I wish to look at your naked form as we speak."

Adam removed his shirt, and then his pants.

"Everything," Sitri insisted.

Adam took off the underwear.

"It's been a long time since I've been here in this house."

Adam swallowed. History was repeating itself.

"What do you want from me, Adam? Stanton gave you your freedom without consequence. He's kept his promise. He expects you to keep yours."

"I want you to ensure that Nicolas won't be hurt."

"Stanton has assured that."

"I don't trust him."

"You trust me more?"

"It's not all...I want..."

"You want?"

"...to see him again, one more time."

"He's on his way here now."

"No," Adam said, shaking his head. "They'll shoot him. Please, I beg you. I'll do anything you want. Please protect him."

"Nicolas didn't ask for my protection. He is under Stanton's protection."

"I don't trust him. Please, I'm asking for it!" Adam snapped. "I'll give you anything. Just don't let him be hurt."

"Um. I'll have to take some time to decide what reward I want. I will place my protection on him temporarily, until I decide what I want. If you agree to grant it, I will continue that protection."

"Yes, yes," Adam pleaded. "And can I see him?"

Sitri raised his wings up and down a few times. "Yes, but he may not see you."

"What do...do you mean?"

"I will allow you to see him tonight later, but he won't know you're there. It's the best I can do. I cannot interfere with what you have promised Stanton."

Adam nodded. It was better than nothing.

"And right now, for this protection of Nicolas, you will serve me sexually, Adam."

Adam nodded.

"You will do everything I ask without protest."

"Yes. You promise to protect him?"

"I do."

* * * *

Nicolas ran through the woods. Several shots whizzed by his head. He was surrounded. He slowed his pace, keeping low to the ground. He heard the click of a weapon. There was a soldier right in front of him, his barrel aimed at Nicolas's head. "It's a wolf," he called out, "a wolf...creature. It's..." He pulled the trigger. Nicolas closed his eyes. Nothing. He was still alive. He growled, and bared his teeth. The soldier let out a solitary scream, and Nicolas lunged at his

throat.

The taste of blood was still in his mouth when he arrived back at his house. Downstairs in the salon, the pack was waiting. His uncle looked nervous when he entered.

Those in attendance bowed their head with respect. Blake came over and took his arm. "You came."

"Yes," he muttered, meeting his uncle's gaze.

"You were attacked," Thomas said.

"Yes. Outside Langston."

"Why did you go there?"

"To see his lover," Blake accused, his eyes turning gold.

Nicolas yanked his arm away from Blake. "I find it hard to believe that Adam Lang is behind all these new initiatives. He's being made to say those things."

"Poor little Adam Lang," Blake mocked, while the others murmured low to each other.

"Enough," Nicolas snapped.

"Is he being made to have you killed as well?" Thomas insisted.

Nicolas fell silent. His heart ached. Tonight he had tried to get close to Adam, to see him, but the house was like a fortress. He glanced at the members of the pack. They had shrunk in size. There were only nine now, many had been killed. "Is this all?"

"Yes," Blake replied. "We've been dropping left and right."

"They are chopping off our heads now," one said. "Instant death."

"From now on," Nicolas instructed, "no one goes out alone. Is that understood?" Everyone nodded. He sighed. "We are at war once again."

Blake came closer. "And you and I, my love? Are we at war, Nico?"

Nicolas reached over and yanked him close. "You will do whatever I want tonight. If you insist on being my whore, then so be it."

Blake licked his lips. "Um."

Nicolas released him. "All of you deserve to be punished, but I have strayed from the fold. We will call it even, for now, but if any of you," he looked at his uncle, "betray me again, I won't hesitate to kill you. Understood?"

* * * *

Adam's arms were caught over his head in mid air. Sitri laughed as his wings grew into hands. His erection was enormous, and Adam couldn't help but be turned on. Sitri was beautiful. He ran his hands over Adam's body roughly, and then used his tongue to lick him from head to toe. When he entered him, he literally picked him up in the air and fucked him upside down. He gave

him several orgasms and left him battered, and bruised.

"I'll take you to him now. Are you sure you want to see?" Sitri asked him.

"Yes," Adam muttered, putting on his clothes. "Did you do this to my grandfather when he asked you to put the curse on the Langs?"

"It was a love spell," he said.

"Yes, yes, Stanton wanted my grandmother to love him instead of Anton Ross, but..."

He laughed.

"What did I say that was so funny?"

"You are way off track, Adam."

Adam narrowed his eyebrows. "What?"

"The love spell wasn't for your grandmother, it was for Anton Ross."

"What...what do you mean?"

"Let's go, Adam," he whispered. "Let me take you to your lover."

* * * *

Blake was already in his room when Nicolas walked in. He sighed. Did he want Blake? No. Was he hurt and angry over Adam? Damn right. Maybe he'd been thinking totally wrong about him. It wasn't that Adam was being held against his will and forced to say all those things on broadcast, it was that he allowed himself to be

bullied. He didn't stand up, and refuse. It was easier this way, and Adam Lang had always done the easy thing, hadn't he?"

"Well," Blake said softly, standing there in front of the bed naked. "How do you want me?"

"On your knees," he sneered. Blake wanted to be punished; well he'd punished him alright. He walked over and grabbed Blake by the hair. He yanked his head back with one hand, unzipped his pants, and straddled his mouth. "Go ahead, Blake. Suck it."

As Blake eagerly took his cock into his mouth, Nicolas pulled on his hair, and thought of Adam. As his cock began to pulse, he thought of his sweet lips, and his ass, the color of his eyes.

* * * *

Sitri laughed softly as he stood behind Adam watching the scene. "You bastard, you bastard," Adam yelled.

"He can't hear you, Adam. You're not here, remember?"

"Make him stop." Tears stung Adam's eyes as Nicolas grabbed Blake's hair and yanked him around on all fours.

"I cannot," Sitri said.

Adam saw Nicolas change, his body forming into that of a wolf. Blake's body changed along

with his, and now they were two wolf-like men engaging in animalistic sex, pumping and grunting. Adam closed his eyes. "I hate him. I hate him. He never cared about me. Take me away from all this. Now!"

He was back in his room suddenly, alone. In his mind, Sitri said, *"When I think of what I want, I'll let you know how you can pay me. Sleep now, Adam. Sleep your pain away, and let it roll in hatred."*

* * * *

Nicolas wiped the blood off his mouth, and pushed Blake away from him. His body eased back into his human form, and he lay on the floor exhausted. Blake disgusted him. He couldn't even look at him.

"That was hot," Blake said.

"Get me some wolf bane," Nicolas said absently. "Go on."

Blake gathered up his clothes, and left the room.

Nicolas closed his eyes. He was a wolf. He would always be a wolf, because even if Adam had turned on him, he couldn't bring himself to shed his blood. He was back where he was meant to be, and it looked like they had a long fight in front of them.

"Yes, Nicolas," a voice said, "we do have a long

fight in front of us. It's the Rosses against the Langs still."

Nicolas looked up, and gasped. "Oh my God," he said, "it's you."

"Yes." He smiled. "It's me." He slipped through the window and stood in front of him. "I thought it time I introduced myself, especially since my son, Thomas, has gotten a little too big for his britches."

Nicolas stood up. He couldn't get enough of looking at him.

"I look like you, don't I?"

"Yes," Nicolas said, amazed. "I wasn't sure if you were still alive."

He smiled. "We are immortal, remember? I've come to help you, just like Stanton will help Adam."

"The war has begun anew then?"

He placed a hand on his shoulder. "It never really ended. Are you with me, Nicolas?"

"Yes, Grandfather. I'm with you."

*Stay tuned for more in this werewolf
Saga...*

*Next installment: Stanton and Anton:
Saga of the Wolf*

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

I write not only for my own pleasure, but for the pleasure of my readers. I can't remember a time in my life when I haven't written and told stories. When I'm not writing, I'm dreaming about writing, doing something wild and adventurous, or trying to make the world a better and more open minded place to live in. I adore beautiful men, and I know I'm not alone in this! Eroticism between consenting adults, in all its many forms is the icing on the cake of life!

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