



DJ MANLY

WOLF SAGA BOOK 2

STANTON
AND
ANTON

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ANTON**

BY

D. J. MANLY

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Stanton and Anton - Wolf Saga book 2

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FINAL CHAPTER FROM NICOLAS: WOLF SAGA I

Adam sat in his room, his head in his hands. Had Nicolas heard that broadcast? Did Nicolas know Adam had just declared him a fugitive? My God, what Nicolas 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 worse, 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 for 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 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 stepped 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 lion's 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 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 midair. 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 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.

"Yes," Adam muttered, putting on his clothes. "Did you do this to my grandfather when he asked you to put the curse on the Lang family?"

"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 punish 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 Adam's sweet lips, 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 can't," 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 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."

STANTON AND ANTON: WOLF SAGA 2

CHAPTER ONE

Anton didn't want to take control of the pack. He stood quietly off on the sidelines while Nicolas spoke. Thomas seemed to resent his presence, but he was too afraid to challenge him. Thomas had always been a coward as far as Anton was concerned, whereas his other son, the father of Nicolas, had been a shining example of valour.

Nicolas was warning them about staying together. "The soldiers far outnumber us, so we need to travel in pairs."

"We need to make others, build an army," Blake said suddenly. "There are only nine of us. Adam Lang has declared war on us. We can't possibly fight them off with only nine."

Anton knew Nicolas didn't want to make any more wolves, but in spite of the fact that Blake was nothing more than a back stabbing little whore, there was some logic in what Blake was saying. He would take this conversation up with Nicolas

later, when they were alone.

"I'll consider it," Nicolas said.

As Nicolas continued to speak, Anton folded his arms across his chest and drifted away. Since he'd been gone, all hell had broken loose. Nicolas had gone and fallen in love with Adam Lang and, as far as he could surmise, the feelings were mutual. He knew that Adam Lang's big speech this morning had been coerced. Stanton was still holding the reigns, and Adam was merely a pawn. Nicolas had sought out Adam, thinking he needed a Lang to break the curse Stanton had put on the Ross family, but poor Nicolas didn't know the entire story. He closed his eyes. For all these years that he'd been gone from this place, he'd fought hard not to relive the past in his mind, but the memories were just as vivid as they'd always been. He wondered if those memories woke up Stanton in the middle of the night, too, leaving him feverish and filled with longing.

Middletown Private Academic Institute:-Sixty-three years earlier...

Anton had never wanted to go away to the Academic Institute. He would have been perfectly happy attending the public university in the inner city, but his father wouldn't hear of it. Long before everything had belonged to the Langs, the inner

city had been a thriving place. There were stores, and factories, and a perfectly decent university. Anton liked the people there. They weren't snobs and they seemed a hell of a lot happier than the rich bugs of Middletown, always counting their cash and wondering about what they should buy up next.

His family was associated with the Langs, although they weren't exactly friends. None of the prominent families had friends. They had acquaintances and business relations. Anton knew that the Langs had a son, though they'd never met face-to-face. Stanton Lang was two years older than he was and had been away at a private school since the age of six. The society pages were filled with news about his upcoming nuptials to Nancy Codair. The Codair family were also among the rich and famous of Middletown and, everywhere that the handsome Stanton Lang appeared when he was back in Middletown, Nancy Codair was hanging off his arm.

Anton hated these fancy events and his father chastised him continually for not taking his rightful place in society. "You always have an excuse, Anton," his father threw at him one night across the dinner table. "I have indulged you enough, letting you attend public school like a commoner in that filthy city. Now, you will go to the Academic Institute to take your business

degree."

He never wanted to be a business man. He would have been content leading a simple life, working with his hands. He liked to build things. However, he really didn't have a choice. His father was an overbearing, imposing man who wielded a lot of power. As soon as the summer was over, at the tender age of nineteen, Anton was packed off to the Academic Institute.

His father had arranged to have him share a room with Stanton Lang because he said, "The Langs are a very powerful lot. You don't want them as enemies. I expect you to make friends with Lang's son and learn all you can from him. It doesn't hurt to know what the Langs are up to in terms of buying up businesses in the inner city. Keep your ears open."

When he first arrived, he stepped out of his father's chauffeur-driven car and glanced around the sterile campus with a scowl etched on his face, one he planned to perfect and permanently fix there.

A guide came running at him from across the grassy quad, holding out his hand, and telling him, "My name is Frederic Holden Mason. I'll take you to your room and show you around." He grinned at him with his freckled face. "I'm the official welcome party."

"Some party," Anton muttered, trudging after

him with his suitcase. Frederic Holden Mason chattered at him all the way into the building and up the wide, sweeping staircase. At the top, he turned to him and said in a low voice, "You're in with Stanton Lang. Sidney got thrown out this morning. He was pissed."

Oh great, Anton thought, his father had made an enemy for him before he'd even arrived. "What's so great about sleeping with Stanton Lang anyway?" It didn't come out right and Frederic started to laugh.

"I don't know that they were actually sleeping together. Hey, maybe that's why Sidney was so pissed off." He laughed uproariously.

Anton sighed. "I didn't mean literally sleeping with Lang...I just meant— "

"Who's sleeping with Lang?" a voice suddenly demanded. "Frederic, what rumours are you spreading now? I'll kick your skinny ass."

Anton turned around and, there, right in front of him was Stanton Lang. He recognized him from his pictures of course, but none of the pictures really did him justice. His hair was golden blond and hung down over his forehead. He had large blue eyes and a smooth, handsome complexion. He was quite tall and muscular, and his voice was rich and deep. "You must be Ross," he said, holding out his hand.

Anton put down his suitcase and shook his

hand.

Frederic went scurrying off.

Stanton sized him up from the moment he saw him. He walked around him slowly, looking him up and down. "You'll do nicely," he said, looking into his eyes. "What's your cock size?"

"What?" Anton blurted out.

"You heard me, cock size? This isn't nursery school anymore, Ross, and there are no women up here."

"I don't even know you."

"You will," he smiled. "Don't worry about it now. Headmaster informed me that you were going to be my roommate. I put up a bit of a kick, not to mention Sidney, he's devastated, poor devil. But now that I see you," he sucked in some breath, "of course, hard to tell with all those clothes on." He walked into the room in front of them, and threw the door wide. "Come on in. You sleep over there in that bed." He pointed to the single bed by the window.

"Great," Anton cleared his throat uncomfortably, not sure what he had gotten himself into.

Stanton Lang leaned against the closet door. "Bottom drawers of the bureau are yours, and half the closet."

"Thanks."

Anton shrugged out of his jacket.

"Nice muscle tone. You work out?"

"Sometimes."

"You're very handsome."

"Look, ah, Stanton," Anton told him, taking a bold step forward, "I don't know who you *think* you are, but keep your distance."

He laughed. "Either you're a joiner, or a loner. Which is it?"

"A joiner in what exactly?"

Stanton laughed. "Ever had sex?"

"Of...of course," he sputtered, but it was a lie.

"You're lying," he laughed. "And a guy who looks like you, dark hair, beautiful brown eyes, tall and built, there's only one reason why you haven't had sex yet."

"I told you, I..."

"You're as virginal as the driven snow," Stanton said. "And that's because you like guys."

"I...I like girls."

"Then why haven't you shagged any?"

"Haven't found any I like, I guess. Anyway, it's none of your business if I'm a virgin or not."

"Don't worry," Stanton smiled at him. "I'll change all that before long. I'll have you begging for it, baby." He blew him a kiss and left the room.

What an arrogant asshole, Anton thought, having a mind to close his damn suitcase and hightail it out of here. His hands were shaking and, as he took out some of his clothes and laid

them on the bed, he glanced down to see that he had an erection. Damn!

As soon as he unpacked, he headed downstairs and outside. He was required to see the headmaster when he arrived. He would receive his course schedule and uniform. The uniforms weren't too bad as it turned out, grey pants and navy jackets. The headmaster told him he could wear whatever shirt he wanted underneath.

"We don't require ties," Mr. Craig, the headmaster said, adjusting his silver rimmed glasses.

"That's good," Anton said, anxious to get out of his stuffy office.

"If you have any questions about your schedule, let me know. I've assigned you a locker and the timetable is there for meals and such."

"Thank you."

"You're bunking with Lang, I see?"

"Yes." He was just about to mention his weird comments when the headmaster pieced him with his gaze. "Make sure I don't hear complaints about you. Stanton Lang is a senior student here on campus and very important. He can teach you a lot if you let him."

Anton wasn't sure how to interpret that so he decided it was better not to try. "Ah, okay." He stood up. "Can I go now please, Sir?"

"Of course," Mr. Craig said. "Welcome to the

Academy."

Craig gave him the creeps. Anton was glad to get out of that office. He hurried past the darkened classrooms, which were all in a row, and back outside. It was Saturday and a nice day. Students sat all over the campus, dressed informally, reading or playing ball. Some of them sat talking. Others had gone home for the weekend.

"Want to go for a walk?" Frederic Holden Mason asked suddenly, coming up behind him.

Anton turned around, surprised. "Shit, don't scare me like that."

"Are you a nervous type?"

"No." He glanced at Frederic and decided that he was a rather homely person, skinny, freckled, not very well coordinated...what people referred to as a geek.

"So, let's go," he said.

"Where?"

"Down the road, for a walk."

"Okay, why not?" Anton shrugged. It was better than hanging around here and meeting up with Stanton Lang again.

"So," Frederic said, "what are you studying?"

"What's to study here? Law, business, business...business—"

"You don't want to go into business? Doesn't your father own—"

"Yeah, but that doesn't mean I want to turn into

my father. What are you studying?"

"Corporate law."

"And you like it?" Anton raised an eyebrow.

"Yeah, it's interesting."

Anton glanced back at the school. "So, tell me about Stanton Lang. What's his story?"

"He runs this place and everyone in it. Everyone snaps to attention when Stanton boy walks into a room."

"I won't."

"You will, you'll see."

"Hah! He may think he owns the world, but he doesn't own me. Why is he such a...pig?"

Frederic laughed. "Did he put the moves on you yet?"

"Well, he alluded to—"

"The guy who got kicked out is really pissed. He's mad for Stanton."

"He can have him."

"You're much better looking than he is." Frederic gave him a shy glance.

"I'm here to study, not to...ah...do that..."

"Have you ever kissed a guy?"

"No."

"A girl?"

"A few."

"Kissing a guy is different, more carnal."

"You've kissed a guy?"

"Not many. When I got here, I got hip to what

was happening fast, fooling around with other guys is kind of fun. We're all slated to marry someone anyway. It doesn't mean anything, just sowing our oats before we settle down. At night, we get together, you know? Well, I don't get chosen too often, the handsomer guys get all the action, but sometimes, I get to...you know...I almost got to suck Stanton's cock once."

Anton's eyes widened. "Don't tell me this stuff. I'm not sucking Stanton Lang's cock!"

"You'll want to eventually." He laughed. "If he chooses you...well...you're lucky. He's dreamy."

"Can we change the subject?"

"Sure. We're having pizza tonight for supper. Do you like it?"

Anton laughed. "Yeah. I do."

Two hours later, Anton walked into the dining hall with Frederic. They sat down with their pizza and began talking about what kind of films they liked. Frederic liked to talk a lot, but Anton didn't mind it so much. It kept his mind off the fact that Stanton Lang sat at the next table, surrounded by a group of very handsome young men. When Anton glanced over at him, he nodded and winked, then said something in the guy's ear beside him. Anton flushed and looked into his plate. He couldn't lie to himself and say that he'd never thought about making it with another guy. And he'd lied to Frederic. He had kissed another

man once, while hanging around in the inner city. He'd been older than Anton, about twenty, a carpenter who worked with his hands. Anton loved to stop and watch him work after school. He was muscular and he always worked with his shirt off. He had sandy coloured hair and a quick smile. He motioned to him one day, and asked him if he'd like to make something. He showed him how to carve then one day, he just grabbed him and kissed him. Anton had only been fifteen. It had scared him, a lot and he never walked by there again, but the memory of that kiss lingered on his mouth for the longest time.

The guys at the next table were laughing now. Stanton was the center of attention. Anton finished his pizza and glanced at Frederic. "Want to play a game in the games room?" Frederic had told him about the great electronic games in the basement of the student Hall.

"Sure," he said, and winked.

Anton wasn't sure what the wink was for, but he followed him to the games room anyway. When he arrived there, Frederic turned on the lights. "Want to play a game with me, Anton?"

"Sure."

"Each time you miss, you have to take off a piece of clothing."

"No way," Anton said, laughing.

"Why not?" a voice behind him asked.

Anton turned around to see Stanton Lang and another guy standing there.

"I'm ah...just not in the mood, that's all."

The guy who had come in with Stanton reached over and closed the door. "Consider it your initiation, baby," Stanton told him.

"Come on," Frederic urged. "Don't be afraid. It's fun. I was shy first, too."

"Unless, you're a cry baby, coward?" Stanton came closer to him and challenged Anton with his eyes.

The guy with Stanton took off his shirt and began to unzip his pants.

Anton's cock began to respond. He swallowed.

"Come on, Anton," Frederic pleaded. "I might just get a little this time."

Anton stared at him sharply. God, that was pathetic.

"What do you say, Stanton?" Frederic pleaded.

"If I deem him worthy and you are of some help." Stanton smiled at him.

Frederic seemed to melt. He reached for Anton's shirt. Anton pushed his hand away. "I don't know who in hell you think you are," Anton stammered, glaring at Stanton. "You may think that you run this school, that you run the entire world but...but...you don't run me. I'm leaving."

Stanton blocked his way. Anton suddenly felt himself hypnotised by those blue eyes. Stanton

placed a hand on his forearm. "We just want to make it good for you, that's all. No pressure. If at any time, there's something you don't want to do, just say no."

"Those are not the rules, Stanton," the guy with him added.

"Those are the new rules," Stanton replied, his gaze locking with Anton. "Now," he said softly to Anton, "you'll feel more comfortable, and not at all responsible if we just do this," he said, reaching out his hand to his companion who handed him a pair of handcuffs.

"What...what's that?" Anton managed. "You're not going to—"

"Listen baby," Stanton said softly, "we won't hurt you. It's the initiation process. Frederic, you remember," he said.

"Yes, Stanton," he said. "I loved it."

"Do you want to be part of the gang, or not, Anton?" Stanton demanded.

"What happens once I'm...cuffed?"

"You have to trust us," the other one smirked.

"Have I introduced you to Russ?" Stanton enquired.

"No," Anton swallowed.

"Russ, Anton, my new roommate. The others are waiting? Are you going to wimp out or not?"

Anton sucked in some breath then, shook his head.

"Okay, Frederic gets to prepare you tonight."

"Oh thank you, Stanton, thank you," he said.

"You know the drill. When he's ready, handcuff him, hands over the head, and bring him forth."

"Yes, Stanton," he said, rushing over to the bag Russ had left on the floor.

After Stanton and Russ had left, Anton turned to Frederic. "Was this a set up?"

"Not really," he said, searching in the bag. "It's common practise with newbies. Don't worry, you'll love it, really. Okay, now take off your clothes."

Anton slowly took off his clothes. He stood there, shivering a little, his hands self consciously hiding his genitals.

Frederic laughed. "Hey, you'll have to get over that. You'll be on display."

"How many others are we talking about?" Anton asked as Frederic moved his hands away.

"Wow," he said, "you're hung. Nice ass, too. You'll be a hit. You're gorgeous, Anton, no wonder Stanton wants you."

"He...he does?"

"Oh yeah," Frederic said, spreading some oily stuff on his hands. "I see the way he looks at you." Frederic began to rub his hands on Anton's forearms. "Hands out to the sides. Come on, we have to be quick."

"So, how many others at this thing?" Anton

asked again.

"Not many, just the inner circle, six or so. I'm usually not in the inner circle, but Stanton is rewarding me I guess."

Frederic began to massage the stuff into his chest, circling his nipples. It made his cock stiffen more. His hands moved over his belly then, Frederic licked his lips and worked the oil into his shaft. "I wish I could suck it," he whispered, "but Stanton would kill me. You're supposed to be hard."

"Oh, I'm hard." Anton blushed.

Frederic was still working his balls, moving his cock back and forth and seeming to enjoy the show. With a sigh, he moved down his legs then around back. He clutched his ass cheeks, massaged some more oil in there then spread his cheeks.

"What are you doing?" Anton protested.

"Oiling your hole, your love canyon, your..."

"Okay, okay, enough," Anton squirmed as Frederic's finger pushed the oil in deeper.

"Just your back to do. There," he said. "Okay," he went back to the bag, "cock ring, nipple clamps. Butt plug."

"What?" Anton gasped.

"They won't hurt. They just increase the sexual pressure and make the guys horny. Relax," he said, coming over with the clamps. "Okay, I have

to pinch them, get them stiff. Puff your chest out. I don't want to rub off the oil. I'll just grab the nipple."

"Ouch," Anton said, watching as Frederic stiffened his left nipple, then clamped it.

"Now the right one," he said. "God, Anton, I could fuck you right here. You are so sweet."

"Ouch, God damn it," Anton shouted, as he pinched the second nipple in the clamp.

"See how sexy that is. The clamps are joined by that chain. Now, I'm going to attach it to this cock ring here and..."

Before Anton could protest, the cock ring was attached to the nipple clamp chain and slipped up onto his fully erect cock.

"I have to adjust it a little so it pulls on your tits deliciously, but not to cause too much pain. There," he said, tugging on it, "perfect."

Anton's only response was a moan.

"Now, the butt plug," he said. He moved around to the back of him. "Spread your legs. Oh baby, I'd love to be your slave. Yum. Okay," he pulled open his ass cheeks and began to wiggle an object between them. "It's well oiled. It will stretch you a little, get you ready."

"Ready for...oh God," Anton licked his lips. The object fit inside his opening, then moved up inside of him. Suddenly, it started to vibrate. "What in hell...?"

"It vibrates a bit," he laughed, "just to stimulate you. It has a chain." He reached under him with the chain and felt for the attachment on the cock ring. He clipped it to the ring. "There," he said. "Now the cuffs. Lift your hands up over your head."

Anton was in a heightened state of sexual tension. His ass was vibrating and his cock was twitching and hard as granite. His tits were rigid and aching. He put his hands over his head and Frederic stood on tip toes to secure them. "They didn't leave me a gag, so guess Stanton wants to hear what you have to say." He laughed. "Come on, Stud. Let's go."

It was hard to walk, because any twist this way or that just accentuated his sexual agony. Frederic led him down a flight of stairs and through a dark passage. At the end of the hallway was a room. Frederic knocked three times. Someone called out, "Enter the slut."

Frederic pushed him into the room. It was dark, but as soon as he moved deeper inside, a bright light caught him in the eyes.

"Stand there," a voice said. "Frederic, hook him."

That freaked him out until Frederic lifted his cuffed wrists and secured them to a hook overhead. Now, he was self conscious. Six young men came forward, all hooded in dark robes.

"Each member shall have one question for the slut and is allowed one favour," Stanton Lang said, moving up in front of Anton. He let his gaze travel over Anton's body then he smiled. "You are beautiful, so beautiful...so innocent, and untouched. You shall answer their questions honestly, or face the consequences. Do you understand?"

Anton nodded. "Yes." His hips bucked forward suddenly. The vibrating butt plug was driving his cock crazy.

Number one, ask your first question," Stanton's voice boomed.

"Is your cock aching, pledge?" A voice demanded.

"Yes," he grunted.

"Number two."

"How stretched does your hole feel?"

Anton blushed. "Stretched," he replied.

"Number three?"

"Do your nubs ache?"

"Oh yes."

"Number Four?"

"What does it feel like if I do this?" He reached over and yanked once on the nipple clamp chain.

Anton moaned, and undulated his body.

"Number five?" Stanton persisted.

"Have you ever been fucked?"

"No." He was thrashing now, his tongue

darting over his lips.

Stanton came closer. "Are you turned on, Anton, with all these hot young men hungry for your body?"

Anton nodded, embarrassed by the betrayal of his body.

"All right. Each member has one request. Number one." Stanton stepped back. "What do you want to do to the slut?"

"I want to suck his nipples with the clamps on."

"Permission granted. You have five minutes."

The hooded man stepped forward. His tongue expertly lapped at each tender nipple, stimulating and soothing them at the same time. Anton thought the five minutes would never end. He actually moaned out loud at one time.

"Time's up. Number two. What is your request?"

"I would enjoy sucking his cock."

"Permission granted."

Anton closed his eyes as another knelt and began to move his tongue and lips along his shaft. The cock ring prevented him from coming. It was torture. "Please," he managed.

"Please what?" Stanton asked, coming close to him. In a soft voice, he said, "I can't tell you how much I want you at this moment. I've never needed quite so desperately before. Patience and I shall relieve your agony. Number three," he called

out. "What do you want with this slut?"

"To kiss him."

"Request denied," Stanton said. "You have forfeited your turn and the turn of the others. Leave now, all of you."

There were some grunts of disapproval.

"What is my reward?" Frederic whined.

"You get to walk out of here without an ass so sore you won't be able to sit down for a week. Now go."

Anton watched as they all shuffled out. Stanton took down the hood and gazed at him. He dropped the robe and stood there naked. Anton had never quite seen such a beautiful body. His cock was fully erect. Stanton circled around him slowly. Anton couldn't follow him, but he wanted to. Stanton stopped in front of him. He took his face in his hands and kissed him deeply, passionately, and Anton was so horny, so needy that he responded two fold. Finally, Stanton broke away from him, breathless. He ran his hands over his chest and down to his cock. Anton moaned. "Please," he begged, his chest heaving.

Stanton unclamped his nipples, laving each one. Anton moaned with pleasure. He reached down and pulled the ring off of his cock, letting it hang from the plug that still stretched out his anus. He began kissing his neck, running his hands everywhere. He slapped at his cock, which

caused Anton to cry out. He moved around him and pulled the plug out of his ass, placing his finger there in its place. He began to stimulate him, thrusting in and out with two fingers now. Anton grunted in response.

"Get used to it, baby," he said, "I plan to fuck you all night." He pressed his lips to Anton's neck, smacked his ass a few times and walked back around him again. "Let me look at you. God, you are so sexy. The minute I saw you, I wanted you. Do you want me, Anton?" He met his gaze. "It's either me, or all the others, your choice?"

"Just you," Anton whispered, suddenly wanting him to kiss him again. "Kiss me, fuck me. Do what you want to do, just do it."

Anton kissed him again, letting his hands rape his flesh, then he moved around to the back and grabbed his hips. "It won't hurt as bad now. You're really ready." Without a moment's hesitation, Stanton Lang plunged his cock inside of him, showing no mercy.

CHAPTER TWO

When Stanton Lang reached up and unhooked his wrists, Anton practically collapsed in his arms. He was light headed and a little dehydrated. Stanton actually acted like he was concerned. He covered him with one of the hooded capes and wrapped one around himself as well. The hallway was dark and quiet as he led him to the stairs. He laid him down in his bed in the room and disappeared for a moment. He returned with a pitcher of water. He poured some and Anton practically poured it down his throat, choking a bit.

Stanton rubbed his back, "Take it easy." After Anton drank some more water, Stanton pulled him to his feet.

"Where are we going?" Anton asked, feeling as if his feet wouldn't support him.

Stanton pulled him into the bathroom. He started the shower. He shrugged off the cloak, and

pushed off the one which was still hanging around Anton's shoulder. "You can't go to bed with all that oily guck on you."

Anton nodded and stepped into the shower. Stanton stood behind him and Anton let his body lean back against his, feeling the water beat down on him.

Stanton's arms folded around his waist for a minute and his lips grabbed hold of his earlobe.

Anton laughed lightly. "It tickles."

Stanton chuckled. "I'll wash you," he said, moving back a little to get the soap. He rubbed the bar over Anton's back and down to his ass. Anton's eyes closed. He swayed a little. Stanton's soapy hands came around to the front and soaped his chest, his belly, then took his cock into his slippery hands.

Anton moaned against him, letting his head go back.

"You're ready again, are you?" Stanton murmured, his lips touching his shoulder.

Was he? Was he ready again? Oh yeah. It was like he had finally come alive. "Make love to me, Stanton," he whispered. "Make me feel it. Make me burn."

Stanton turned him around in his arms and looked down into his eyes. Anton fell in love with him at that very moment.

Stanton half lifted him out of the shower and

they moved together to the bed closest to the window, which was his. He fell back, Stanton on top of him, and looked up into his eyes. They were gold suddenly, burning down into his soul. Anton pulled Stanton's mouth down on his. Outside, the moon glowed, casting its shadow throughout the room, and somewhere a wolf howled. Anton was lost, lost in his kiss, in the feel of his skin against his. Anton turned Stanton around and slammed him down on his back. He looked down into those beautiful sultry eyes. "I want your cock, Stanton Lang. Give it to me."

Stanton grinned. "Take it."

Anton sought out Stanton's cock with his hand. He began to jerk it hard.

Stanton grunted. "Like to play rough eh?"

He laughed.

"You don't know rough yet, sweetheart."

"Rough and sweet, that's what you are, baby," Anton growled, moving his lips down his body to his groin. He took his cock into his mouth without any hesitation, even though it was the first time. Everything about Stanton's body enticed him. He wanted to do everything with him, and to him, and, before the night was over, he would.

* * * *

When Anton awoke, Stanton was asleep in his

arms. What a beautiful sight he was, his body so warm, his nakedness causing Anton's cock to fill with desire. He ran his hands over his chest, and licked at one of his nipples. Stanton opened his eyes. "Hey," he said, stretching. "What time is it?"

"I couldn't care less," Anton said, letting his hand move over Stanton's cock. "I'd like to bind it. It's so beautiful. I'd like to capture it so that no one else could ever touch it."

Stanton laughed. "Forget it," he said, sitting up, and pushing Anton aside. "Damn, it's after ten o'clock. I have a game today."

"Game?"

"Yeah, soccer. Do you play?"

"A little."

"Well, I've got to get ready."

Anton grabbed his hand. "It was great, with you, last night."

Stanton winked at him then walked into the bathroom. Anton lay back, his eyes closed, sighing with pleasure. God, he was going to enjoy it here.

He had almost fallen back to sleep by the time Stanton got out of the shower. He opened his eyes in time to see him pull on his shorts and a t-shirt. Delicious body. He couldn't wait until later, when it was time for bed.

"Pretty sure of yourself, aren't you?" Stanton turned around and grinned at him.

"What? Why did you say that?"

"Thinking I'll want you again tonight."

"I didn't say anything."

"I know, but you were thinking it."

"How in the hell...?" Anton asked, sitting up on his elbow.

"Oh I have many talents," he said with a grin, then waved at him before he left the room.

Anton shrugged it off, rolled over, and went back to sleep.

When he met Frederic later in the dining hall for lunch, he looked rather dejected. "Why such a long face?"

"Stanton lied to me."

"About?" Anton sat down across from him at the table.

"He promised me that he'd make me one of them."

"Who is them?"

"The pack. You saw them last night."

"Oh," Anton laughed, munching down on his sandwich. "Is that what they call themselves?"

"Stanton can make others if he wants. He just doesn't want to. I do everything he asks me."

"What do you want to become part of that stuff for? It's all posturing."

"The powers," he whispered, lowering his voice.

Suddenly, one of the guys Anton had seen

Stanton with the day before came up to them. "Hello Frederic." He gave him the most intense look. "Can I speak to you for a minute?"

Frederic looked fearful.

"You don't have to go with him if you don't want," Anton said, eyeing the other guy.

The other guy looked at him and Anton could have sworn he'd seen something weird in his eyes. "I need to talk to Frederic. It's private."

Frederic stood up. "Okay," he said. He grinned faintly at Anton. "I'll be all right."

Anton watched out of the corner of his eye as this guy talked in a low voice to Frederic in the corner for a few minutes then, stalked off.

Frederic was pale when he returned to the table. "I can't be friends with you anymore," he said hastily, then hurried off.

Anton put down his half eaten sandwich and started after Frederic. Suddenly, a hand reached out and stopped him. Another of Stanton's friends, it seemed. "Let it go, Anton."

"Look, you guys don't have a right to tell people who they can be friends with, okay?" He shoved him away. "So, fuck off." He continued to go after Frederic, but he had lost him by then.

Later that evening, Stanton finally made an appearance. He sauntered into the room about ten. "Hey."

"Hey," Anton replied, narrowing his eyes.

"Stanton?"

"Yep," he pulled off his t-shirt and looked over at him.

Anton almost forgot what he was going to ask him.

"You want me, eh baby?" He lifted his eyebrow.

"Oh yeah," he breathed, opening his arms as Stanton sunk down into them. The questions could wait until later.

Stanton seemed to know exactly what he wanted and he gave it to him. Rough when he wanted and tender when he craved it. Sweat soaked bodies moved together in a sensual yet frantic dance, their mutual cries echoing throughout the dorm room, drifting out into the cool night air. When their bodies finally fell still, Anton had his head on Stanton's soft, sticky sex, his lips tasting the flesh there. Stanton's hand was in his hair, caressing it gently.

They woke up together, at the last possible moment, scrambling to get to their class on time. Anton didn't even get a kiss goodbye. The room smelt of sex, and Anton decided that he could quickly become addicted to that scent, addicted to Stanton.

All morning in class, Anton daydreamed about Stanton, about touching his skin, sucking his cock, kissing his mouth. At lunch, Stanton sat with his

friends. He didn't even acknowledge him, and neither did Frederic. He was friendless. The same thing happened at supper time. Anton went back to his room and stayed there, angry, hurt, upset.

When Stanton finally did come to the room, it was after eight o'clock. Anton looked up from where he sat, reading one of his text books.

"Hey," Stanton said. "Why are you so pissed?"

"You're an asshole," Anton told him, slamming down the book. "You ignored me all day."

"Ah, poor baby," Stanton said softly. He took off his shirt and threw it aside then approached the bed, slowly undoing his pants.

Anton's eyes went to his groin. He unconsciously licked his lips. "That won't...it won't...make me..."

"Yes, it will," he said, his voice like silk. "How much do you want me, Anton? Didn't you spend all morning fantasizing about me? I know what you want to do to me. Come on." He quickly did up his pants and grabbed his hand.

Anton stumbled after him, down those stairs to the dark hallway. "Where are you taking me?"

"Back to that room. There are a lot of toys. I know what you want to do to me." He walked into that room, and closed the door. There was a dim light coming from the moon. He kicked this canvas bag across the floor at him. "You want to bind my cock, go ahead. You want to pay me back

for ignoring you all day, go ahead, baby."

How could he resist that invitation? "Take off those pants," Anton insisted. "I want you naked. Now."

Stanton chuckled. "Yes, master."

Anton looked in the bag. Nipple clamps, butt plugs, handcuffs, cock rings...wow. "Who does all this stuff belong to?"

"Nobody, everybody," he said with a smirk.

Anton reached for Stanton's wrists. He put his hands around to the back and fastened the cuffs on. "Now, you can't get away."

"I can run," he joked.

"You won't." Anton stroked his cock until Stanton's head went back and he uttered a deep moan in his throat then Anton wrapped the leather strap around the base of his shaft and pulled it tight.

"Ah," he said, hissing between his teeth, "that feels exquisite."

"It looks so sexy." Anton fell on his knees and began to suck his cock. Outside the moon rose full in the sky and Anton paused as he heard the distinctive howling of wolves. "I didn't know there were so many wolves in these parts." Anton looked up at Stanton.

"Yes," he said. "Are you afraid?"

"No," Anton replied, running his hand wondrously up over Stanton's leg. He pressed his

lips against his erection. He generously licked up the side of his hard shaft then, took it into his mouth. For the longest time, he sucked him, listening to his moans of pleasure, which eventually led to begging for release. He undid the strap around the base of Stanton's cock and doubled his efforts, bringing him to a rapid, earth shaking orgasm.

Anton took Stanton's hand and stood up, steadying him on his feet. He stumbled as if drunk. Anton moved around behind him and wrapped his arms around him, letting him fall back against him, kissing his cheek then his neck. "I love you," he whispered next to his ear, tightening his grip.

After a few seconds, Stanton said, "I don't advise it." His voice was soft and low.

"I don't care what you advise," Anton laughed. "I love you. You've brought me to life."

There was nothing but silence as a response. After a few seconds, he struggled away. "Let's get these cuffs off, shall we? I'm tired. I need to sleep."

Anton swallowed. "Okay." He was disappointed, thinking that after he released Stanton from the cuffs, he'd want to make love to him. He didn't.

They walked in silence back to the room. Stanton crawled into his bed. "Goodnight."

Anton sighed, getting into his own bed.

“Goodnight.”

* * * *

The next few months went quickly. Anton found himself on a roller coaster ride where Stanton was concerned. He ran hot and cold, but when he was hot...he was on fire and Anton basked in the burning embers of his passion. Stanton would ignore him completely at times, especially when he was with those particular friends of his. When Anton complained, Stanton never offered an explanation. He either passed the comment off as *silly*, or completely distracted him by taking off his clothes and making love to him. Sometimes at night, Anton would wake up to find that he was alone in the room. Stanton was nowhere to be found, not in the bathroom, or the hallways. On one such occasion, just before the Christmas break, Anton decided to go looking for Stanton outside.

It was the cold that woke him. The window was wide open and it had been cold enough that day to snow. Anton wrapped the blanket around him, shivering, and got up to close the window. As he did, he noticed how strange the moon was. It wasn't quite full, but it looked red in the centre...like there was blood in the moon. Very strange. And those damn wolves were really going at it, sounding like some mad canine chorus.

He threw on some clothes, grabbed his coat and went looking for Stanton. The building was quiet, everyone was asleep. He quickly checked the hallway below. It was empty and dark. When he walked out into the cold crisp air, he gasped, wrapping his coat around him.

"God damn," he muttered, moving quickly around the quad, looking for any signs of Stanton. This is ridiculous, he told himself, what in hell would Stanton be doing out here in this cold? But where was he? The wolves howled again and Anton froze, the hair standing up on his back as he looked, and there in the distance, staring at him with yellow eyes was a wolf. It was the strangest thing. He'd never seen a wolf quite that colour before. It was almost golden. The wolf stood its ground, but didn't advance. Behind it was a densely wooded area. It seemed almost as if it were guarding something.

Anton licked his lips a little nervously. He didn't know whether he should make a move back to the dorm or not. What if that thing started chasing him? Well, he had to do something. He couldn't stand out here all night. He turned around and very slowly moved across the field. He took one look back over his shoulder. The wolf began to run and Anton let out a shout, his heart racing as he too started running. The wolf was at his heels and suddenly attacked from behind. It

knocked Anton down hard on the grass. He lay still, not daring to move. He felt a rough tongue lick his neck and he closed his eyes tightly, trying not to lose it. The wolf sniffed around his head, then again lapped him with its tongue. Then suddenly, nothing. It was gone. He was lying on the frost covered field, alone.

When he finally got the courage, he stood up and made his way back to the dorm. Stanton was still absent. Anton lay down in his own bed and closed his eyes. He didn't get to sleep until almost dawn.

Stanton was shaking him awake suddenly. "Don't you have an exam?"

Anton moaned and turned over on his back. "Yeah, fuck," he said, rubbing his eyes and jumped out of bed. "Where in the hell were you last night?" he demanded, watching as Stanton buttoned up his shirt.

"I was here."

"No, you weren't," Anton shook his head. "Do you know that I got chased by a wolf last night?"

Stanton walked over to him and smiled down into his eyes. "You had a nightmare, that's all."

"No, I..." Anton began, but Stanton pressed his mouth against his, smothering him with a kiss.

"Let's go somewhere today after class, just you and me?"

"You mean it?" Anton smiled.

"Sure. We could go to the small village near here, window shop, maybe eat out."

"Okay, sure," Anton said, feeling incredibly happy all of a sudden.

"Do you have anything after lunch?"

"No."

"Great. Let's take off early then. I have my car here."

"I didn't know you had a car."

"Yeah, I keep it in the parking lot in the back of the staff house. I'll take you for a ride," he winked. "Now, hurry up," he said, smacking his backside. "Get moving or you'll be late."

* * * *

They had a wonderful afternoon in town. He loved being alone with Stanton. He seemed happy and full of life, making jokes and hugging him once in awhile. They ate a great meal at this charming little restaurant and there were so many questions Anton wanted to ask him, but he didn't want to do or say anything to ruin the mood. Just before they were set to return to the academy, Stanton stopped to look in the window of a little thrift shop. Anton moved up close to him and peered in the window as well. "Oh," Anton said, looking at a thick, rope like chain, in the display. "That's really nice."

"You like that?" Stanton asked him, smiling in his direction.

"Yeah. I do."

Stanton took his arm and pulled him into the shop. "Good evening," he said to the man behind the counter. "We'd like to see that chain you have on display in the window."

"Certainly." He walked over to the window and lifted out the chain.

Anton gasped. It was even more beautiful up close.

"How much?" Stanton asked.

"Four hundred dollars even."

"I'll give you three hundred," Stanton offered. The man agreed.

"Wow," Anton said as they left the shop. "That's a great chain. Can't wait to see you wear it."

"It's not for me," he said, meeting his gaze. He took the little box out of his pocket and handed it to Anton. "It's for you."

"Me?" Anton was really surprised.

"Yes. A gift. Something to remember me by."

"Are you going somewhere?" Anton asked, clutching the box in his hand.

"Not yet, but this is my last year. One more term to go."

Anton nodded. "Thanks."

Stanton shrugged his broad shoulders. "Isn't

anything."

It might not have been anything to Stanton, but it meant the world to Anton. He couldn't stop taking it out and looking at it.

Things went back to normal after that day, and the exams were finished. Everyone was getting ready to go home for the holidays. Anton wasn't looking forward to it.

"So," Stanton said out of the blue, packing his suitcase on the bed, "coming to my Christmas party?"

"You're having a Christmas party?"

"Yes, I have one every year. You can meet Nancy, my fiancée. I've told her all about you."

"Everything?" Anton looked up, surprised.

"What do you mean everything? What's to tell?"

That hurt. Anton swallowed that. "Well, about us...you know, our...ah...sexual relationship."

"Why tell her that? It's none of her business, really. She's getting the ring on the finger, what does she care?"

Anton didn't comment. "When is it?"

"When is what?"

"The Christmas party, silly?"

"Oh, soon. I'll call you. Leave me your number."

"Okay."

CHAPTER THREE

Anton didn't hear anything from Stanton for a week. He was just beginning to think he'd forgotten all about him when the phone rang. The servant picked it up, then brought him the phone. "It's for you, young master."

"Roger, stop calling me young master," he complained, and put the phone to his ear. "Hello?"

"Anton, Stanton here."

"Stanton?"

"How are you?"

"Good."

"I miss you."

"You do?" He was gushing. "Really?"

"Yeah, really. I want to see you. Can you meet me at the Luxious Hotel? I'm in the V.I.P. suite. I told my parents I needed some time alone, so they booked the room for me for two nights. We could have two nights alone, by ourselves."

"Ah." How in the hell was he going to get away. "Okay. I'll be there. I'll come up with something to tell my father."

"Hurry up."

He laughed. "Sure."

The advantage was that his father approved of the Langs so when he told him he was going to hang out with Stanton Lang for the weekend, his father was beside himself.

"You never did tell me how you got on with Stanton Lang at school. Now it looks like you actually made friends with him."

"Yes, we're friends," Anton said. "I've got to get ready."

His father came over and pressed some money into his hand. "Have fun."

"I will," he said.

* * * *

He couldn't wait to get to the hotel. He kept picturing Stanton naked while he sat in back of the chauffeured car. He was as hard as rock when he knocked on the door of the suite.

Stanton must have been thinking about the same thing because he answered the door in his underwear, and clearly erect.

Stanton reached out and dragged him into the room without so much as a hello. The door closed

behind them. Anton moaned against his lips as Stanton's crushed his. Anton ran his hands over his chest and pulled at the underwear, suddenly wanting them off. They rolled on the bed, kissing and touching, Anton's mouth searching out Stanton's erection. Stanton groaned, his head going back, clutching Anton's hair in his hands, and pulling. And when Stanton took him down on the floor and fucked him, he was more than ready. "God, God, I've missed you so much, baby," he cried out, collapsing onto the carpet, while Stanton fell on top of him, kissing his neck then licking it. His tongue felt rough, like sandpaper, and suddenly a chill went up Anton's spine. It felt just like the wolf.

They stayed in the room the entire time, ordering room service, watching movies, lying in the hot tub, and fucking, endlessly fucking. Anton was so exhausted when they left the hotel room, he jokingly told Stanton that he was going to sleep for three days.

"Not three days," Stanton said. "My Christmas party is day after tomorrow. Here's the address." He handed him his card. "Eight o'clock, and don't be late. Bring a date if you like."

Anton's heart sank. He didn't want *a date*, all he wanted was Stanton.

* * * *

Anton was nervous when he showed up at the front door of the Lang estate. His parents had already attended a party there the week before, but this one was specifically for Stanton's friends. The place was packed. He was heralded into a gigantic ball room with highly polished marble floors. There was a full piece orchestra at the front of the room. There were servants everywhere with trays and free flowing fountains of champagne. It took almost a half hour before he spotted Stanton. He stood with some of his friends, that *gang* from the academy who had pretty well shunned him and drove Frederic away. Frederic had finished out the term, but on the final day, Anton had met him outside and he'd said he wasn't coming back. It was the first time he had spoken to Anton in a long time and he looked around him nervously as he did.

"Why not?" Anton had asked him. "You're almost finished, aren't you?"

"I'm just not coming back," he repeated. "And if I were you," he lowered his voice, "I'd watch myself."

"What...what do you....?" But he never got a chance to find out what he meant, because at that moment, some of Stanton's friends came around the corner, and Frederic took off like a jet.

As always, he had tried to question Stanton

about it, but all Stanton would say was, "He's a queer duck."

Now, Anton stood in the distance waiting for Stanton to notice him. He was laughing and talking with his friends and, if he did notice him, he didn't bother to indicate it.

A soft voice said in his ear suddenly, "You must be Anton. Get used to being ignored while those guys are around."

Anton turned to look into the face of a beautiful young woman. "Hello," he said, smiling at her. "You're Nancy Codair."

"Yes, and you're Anton Ross. Stanton has told me so much about you."

"That's nice." He wanted to return the compliment, but he couldn't. Stanton hardly even mentioned her. She was really a lovely woman, with ivory skin and light blonde hair. She had nice green eyes and was very attractive, without being girlishly pretty. She wore a lacy lilac dress with a low cut bodice, which splendidly showed off her considerable assets.

He thought that she'd move on, but she settled in beside him, looking like she intended to hang around. "So," she said brightly, "how much do you love him, Anton?"

Anton felt as if he'd been hit with a ton of bricks. He glanced at her awkwardly. "What?"

"Are you going to be willing to give him up

once he and I are married?"

"I don't understand."

"Yes you do," she said with a slight smile. "And it's fine. I'm not naïve enough to believe that he could ever truly love me, at least not passionately. I don't mind if he continues his dalliance with you after we are married, but I feel that at least, I should get something in compensation."

"I'm not following." He laughed nervously. "I think you've confused the situation with..."

"No," she shook her head. "I haven't confused anything. I can see why he's attracted to you. I was actually quite disappointed when I saw you standing across the room."

Anton shifted a little uncomfortably.

She tilted her head. "I searched everywhere for pictures of you and found only some silly picture from school when you were twelve. It didn't give me much of idea of what I was up against. You attended a public school."

"Yes," he said, clearing his throat, looking over to where Stanton still stood engrossed in conversation.

"Unusual, isn't it for someone of your background?"

"I detest pompous snobs."

She laughed. "Oh good gracious, then what in the world are you doing with Stanton? He is the

worst of snobs."

He smiled faintly.

"No, I didn't expect you to be so good looking. Dark haired men are so mysterious."

Anton looked around him. There had to be a way to excuse himself, and get away from her.

"But you know, Anton, as a woman, I've often been disappointed, and the only way to survive is to turn a bad situation into an advantageous one. Wouldn't you agree?"

"I...assume so," he muttered, not sure what she was getting at.

She reached over and trailed her finger down his chest. "I find myself extremely turned on by you, Anton. In fact, I want you, tonight."

Anton's eyes widened. "You what?"

"I said, I want you," she glanced over at Stanton. "I want both of you, I want to have both of you, and I want to watch you have each other."

Anton was speechless. He was trying to think of something to say when Stanton suddenly walked over. He placed his arm around Nancy's waist, hugged her and smiled at Anton. "I see that you've met my best friend, Anton."

"Oh yes," she said. "And I'm so looking forward to seeing more of him." She met Anton's gaze meaningfully, then looked at Stanton. "We'll talk about that later. Now if you'll excuse me," she said, and left them.

"Hello," Stanton looked down into his eyes.
"Are you having fun?"

"Ah," Anton muttered, "I...yes, I guess so."

"Come and have a drink," he said.

Anton followed him to the bar. They stood drinking for a few minutes before Stanton excused himself to talk to someone else. Anton spent most of the night drinking by himself. Because he hadn't gone to the same schools, he didn't know many people there. He felt rather out of sorts.

The hour grew late and people started to leave. Anton had tried to avoid Nancy Codair as much as possible. She had tried to get him to dance with her a few times, but he had pretended to be too drunk. He was just about to contemplate leaving himself when Nancy grabbed his arm. "Come."

"I really should go," Anton tried to pull away, but then noticed people staring. He went along with her through the French doors into another room, which was empty.

"Stanton will come soon. We had a talk tonight."

"About?" He looked around. A lone servant walked through to the kitchen with some glasses on a tray.

"Your love affair."

"Nancy, I..."

"I told him quite simply that if I was left out of this little arrangement, I would go to his father. He

wouldn't be pleased and neither would mine. It might mean that the wedding gets cancelled and no one wants that, least of all, Stanton's father."

"That's not right," Anton shook his head. "This doesn't mean that I have to go along with this little..."

"Yes, you do," Stanton said suddenly, coming into the room. "Come upstairs. We can't talk here." He glanced at the servant coming through again to pick up more glasses from the ball room. "Too many ears."

"I'm not going up to any room," Anton protested. "I want nothing to do with this."

"Anton," Stanton said soberly. "If my father knew that you, the son of his trusted business associate, seduced me, and prevented me from marrying the daughter of a Codair, how do you think he'd react?"

"First of all," Anton snapped, "I wasn't the one who did the seducing."

"Come upstairs. We'll talk. That's all," Stanton said.

Anton sighed. He knew better to go up there with them, but what else could he do? He loved Stanton and he didn't want to get him into trouble with his father. He also didn't want to be in trouble with his own father. He walked tentatively into the bedroom.

Nancy closed the door. It was obvious that she

was clearly in charge of the situation. "So, here's the deal, boys, if you want to continue fucking with my approval, then you need to learn to share."

Anton looked at Stanton.

Stanton smiled at him. "Come on Anton. It's not such a bad thing, is it? Nancy is a beautiful woman."

"There is no denying that," Anton said, holding up his hand.

"Discussion is over," she said. "Take off your clothes boys, make me hot."

Stanton came over in front of Anton and leaned down to kiss his mouth softly.

"Just pretend she isn't here," he said. "Come on baby, I've really missed you."

He'd missed him, too, but this wasn't exactly how he pictured their reunion. He glanced over at Nancy who sat comfortably in a chair in the corner of the room. It was really hard to imagine that they were alone, especially since Nancy was staring right at them.

"Come on," she said. "Take them off. Anton, I'm especially anxious to see what you look like under those clothes. You didn't tell me he was such a hunk, Stanton."

"I have taste," he grinned, undoing Anton's shirt. He looked into his eyes. "Look at me. You want me, don't you?"

"Oh yes," he gulped, "I want you." And that was the problem. He would have done anything, absolutely anything for his touch.

The shirt came off and Stanton reached for Anton's pants. Anton stood there, looking only at Stanton as he pushed his pants down over his hips, took off his shoes, then removed his underwear.

Suddenly, Stanton grabbed his arms and swung him around. He pushed him in front, holding his arms out to his sides in front of Nancy, who suddenly rose out of the chair. Anton was shaking, blushing like crazy.

"So," Nancy said, running her gaze over him, reaching out and trailing her finger down his chest, "we share him then?"

"Now, Nancy," Stanton said, "you know I've never been greedy."

Anton looked at Stanton, about to protest when Stanton reached out and cupped his balls in his hands. "Nice, eh?" he said, glancing at Nancy. He squeezed them in his hand and kissed his mouth again, his other hand coming around to smooth over his ass.

Anton moaned a little, his cock paving the way for his acquiescence. The feeling of Stanton's hand on his ass, the other one brushing his cock, then, finding its way upward to his chest, was bringing all feeling to the surface. All doubt, all rationality

was quickly disappearing. He just didn't care anymore.

Anton didn't even realise immediately that Nancy had pushed her dress off her shoulders. She was naked from the waist up, her large, firm breasts brushing against the material of Stanton's shirt, stiffening the large, brown nipples. When Anton looked at her, she leaned in and kissed his mouth. Stanton moved around behind Anton and took his ass cheeks in his hand, massaging them, while kissing the back of his neck.

Nancy's kisses weren't so bad. She lifted his hands and placed it on her breasts. "Play with them," she invited, then reached down and began to roughly handle his cock. He closed his eyes as Stanton separated his cheeks and inserted a finger deep inside of him. It caused his hips to jut forward, giving Nancy even more access to his genitals.

Her breasts were appealing, the nipples rapidly turning into hard nubs under the tutelage of his fingers.

"Be rough. It's alright," she breathed. "I like it rough. Stanton, got any clamps?"

Anton swallowed. It seemed that Nancy and Stanton had done this before. Was there another man involved as well, or just the two of them?

Stanton was finger fucking him with some vigour now. He teetered between man and

woman, each one devoting themselves to his body.

"Get them, I'm occupied," he murmured. "There are clamps in my drawer by the bed, and anything else your horny little body desires."

"I'll be right back," she cooed.

"Lean over," Stanton growled. "I want to go deeper into that gorgeous ass of yours." He slapped it.

Anton sucked in some breath.

Nancy was back. She pinched her nipple and attached one of the clamps, a heavy glass dew drop shaped one which swung back and forth. She winced a little, then moved Anton's hand down between her dress. "I'm so wet," she whispered, applying the other one, and squealing a little as she did. "That really pinches."

Anton's eyes stayed on those swinging dewdrops. Really quite nice. He was tempted to take one of them into his mouth. Stanton had him bent at the waist and was really moving his finger in and out of him. He wanted more.

Sensing his frustration, Stanton said, "Hey Nancy, what do you say we take him down on his knees, ass in the air and really do him?"

"I want to watch you fuck him, my love."

Anton went to his knees, in part because Stanton pressed his hand on his shoulder, and in part because his cock was close to exploding.

"Then the two of you will use me," she insisted. "I want to be your whore."

With Anton's head on the floor, ass up, Stanton went to town spanking him. The first few slaps hurt, then it began to feel really good. He was moaning when he finished. Stanton kissed both cheeks, slowly ran a hand over his naked ass then opened his cheeks. One finger, then two, then three, and he twisted and turned them every which way inside of him.

"I want to suck him off while you fuck him," Nancy said suddenly. She stripped off her dress and stood in a garter belt, stockings and six inch shoes. With her nipples clamped and a flimsy piece of material covering her mound, she was absolutely breathtaking.

"The perfect slut," Stanton said. "She loves to be used, dominated," Stanton told Anton, getting on his knees and pulling Anton up with him. "There, now she can suck that cock of yours."

Nancy knelt in front of him as Stanton went into him. She licked the nipples of his chest while Stanton moved slowly in and out. It was excruciatingly luscious. Then she turned around and lay on her back. "Lean over," she urged, "rub my tits and I'll suck your cock."

Anton gratefully put his cock in line with her lips. She grabbed it and pulled it down into her mouth, as Stanton's fucking grew more vigorous.

As his fucking intensified so did her cock sucking. Anton's fingers starting to brutalize her tits in reply. He pulled hard on the nipple clamps, tugging and twisting. She screamed, one hand moving inside her skimpy underwear.

He was coming, and so was Stanton. They both let out a shuddering cry, then exploded, Stanton into his ass and Anton into Nancy's mouth. She moved out of the way, wiping her mouth with her hand and Anton fell forward on the carpet.

Nancy got to her feet, and went to the drawer.

Anton sat up breathless, watching her.

She dangled handcuffs in front of them. "Use me," she told them.

Stanton walked over to her. He was naked from the waist down. His shirt was still on, flapping open.

Anton got up as well.

Stanton roughly pulled Nancy across the room. He called her a bitch, a whore. Anton winced at the abuse. Nancy however seemed to love it. He attached the cuffs to her wrists and suspended them above her head, looping them over the hook of a low hanging pot planter which was dangling from the ceiling. "Don't worry," Stanton told Anton with a smirk, "she loves this stuff. She begs me to treat her like this. It's how she gets off. She's usually a very dominant woman outside the bedroom."

"And what about you?" Anton asked, kissing his cheek. "You want me to call you my slut?"

Stanton pulled him close and kissed him hotly. "You are my slut."

Anton laughed.

"Now," Stanton said, looking at Nancy standing there, her arms over her head. "Keep those tits out front. Look at those hose, those panties...what a whore. Off they come," he said, slowly undoing the garter belt and unrolling the stockings.

"No, don't," she said, twisting a little. There was a huge smile on her face.

"You keep on the shoes, whore. Stocking rolled down to your ankles. Garters are off, oh, and look at this," he moved around to the back. "Just a strip between your ass." He slapped her once. She liked it.

"Slap my ass," she said, "and Anton, slap my tits."

He balked.

"Come on," Stanton said, "she loves it. Not enough to leave marks, just back and forth, like this." Stanton slapped one tit with his open hand, then the other. They moved tantalizingly back and forth. "You want to suck them?" He looked at Anton. "It's alright. Go ahead. Her tits are yours. They belong to anyone tonight."

Nancy moaned. The dirtier Stanton talked, the

more he discussed what a whore she was, what he'd like to do to her nipples, her ass, the more she moaned. He moved around back and pulled the string tight between her legs. "Juices are flowing, eh baby?"

She moaned.

He spanked her.

She moaned more.

Anton reached out and played with her nipples. They were nice, really nice. He lifted her breasts and moved them around, kneading them. Then, like Stanton instructed, he slapped them back and forth.

She begged to be fucked.

Stanton tore down her panties, then told her to spread her legs. She was moaning as he exposed her clit to the air. "See that," he told Anton, "she is so exposed, her clit so ripe. He ran his tongue over it once and she screamed. "I'm going to take you from the front, and Anton is going to fuck that plump ass of yours."

She was withering as Anton came around and took her hips. They plunged inside her openings at the same time. Anton could practically feel Stanton's cock as he thrust in her, and it kept him hard. Nancy was screaming. Stanton fucked her roughly, licking her nipples. He took off the clamps and massaged them, which made her head go back.

Anton exploded inside of her ass, then came around and kissed Stanton hard on the mouth. He reached up and played with Nancy's nipples again, kissing Stanton. Stanton turned Anton's face to Nancy's chest. "Suck them, and I'll fuck you."

Anton buried his face in Nancy's breasts, sucking and nipping her nipples. Stanton took his cock in his hand, jerked it, then fucked him hard. Nancy screamed again in orgasm as Anton reached down and fingered her clit. My God, Stanton had so much energy. He could have gone all night. Surprisingly, it had been nice. Very nice. He wasn't opposed to doing this again, not at all.

CHAPTER FOUR

He didn't see Stanton until they were back at school again. He just walked into the room the first day back and enveloped Anton in a bear hug. "I've missed you," he said.

"Why didn't you call me then?"

"I was busy. Sorry. We'll spend some time together now."

"Stanton? What is it with those guys you hang out with anyway? They're very weird and they don't even acknowledge me."

"They ignore you. Ignore them."

"Yes, but why do you bother with them?"

"They're in the club."

"What club?"

"Just a club."

"Like the night I came? You put me through that initiation? Didn't I pass? Why do they ignore me like I don't exist?"

"Don't take it personally."

"And where do you go at night, Stanton? How come...?"

Stanton looked down into his eyes. He placed a finger on his lips. "Shush. Too many questions can be dangerous."

Anton could have sworn that his pupils dilated for a second. He was suddenly fearful. He stepped away from him. "There was a wolf..."

"The one that attacked you?"

"Yes. He just sat there staring at me. I was looking for you."

"Don't go out in the middle of the night, Anton. It's not safe."

"Why? What's out there?"

He laughed. "Wolves. You saw one yourself. Now, come on. Let's go into the town again and take advantage of the free time we have before school starts on Monday, okay?"

Anton nodded, and they left.

* * * *

Something about Stanton wasn't right. Anton tried to shove it off the last term, but this term it seemed more apparent. Aside from the fact that he seemed to have inexhaustible energy, his eyesight was very sharp, sharper than seemed humanly possible. Once when they were playing tennis in gym class, the ball disappeared and no one could

see it except Stanton, who went to pick it out of some dense brush. He also seemed mighty interested in wildlife. Sometime Anton would catch him watching a squirrel out the bedroom window. He seemed transfixed by its movements. And the eyes. More than one he'd seen those eyes take on some kind of unnatural hue.

And like before, Stanton disappeared at night. The wolves still howled outside in the dark and, more than once, Anton saw the same wolf that had licked him, watching his bedroom window from the edge of the woods.

The school term proceeded and Stanton continued to run hot and cold, and then suddenly, he didn't touch him at all anymore. Anton was used to at least once a week in the cold periods, and several times a week when Stanton was especially attentive. Then three weeks went by, and not even a kiss.

When a month had passed, Anton finally found the courage to ask him. "Are you turned off by me?"

Anton was sitting on his bed doing some homework. He glanced up at him. "No. Why?"

"You haven't wanted me for over a month."

"A lot of work," he said, lifting up his notebook. "I am graduating this year, you know."

Anton nodded, but he didn't buy it, especially since he was absent from his bed almost every

night.

They parted for the Easter break and Anton was miserable. He was sure that Stanton had stopped loving him, if he had ever loved him at all.

When Nancy called him, he was surprised. She invited him to dinner. Thinking that Stanton might show up, he agreed. She was alone. She kissed him on both sides of the cheeks and sat down. Anton sat across from her, disappointed.

"I took the liberty of ordering wine."

"Fine," he said.

She reached over and took his hand. "I've missed you."

He looked up at her. "Ah, Nancy, about that other time..."

"Now, don't go getting all skittish on me, I'm not in love with you. I could be, but I know you're enamoured with Stanton."

"I'm in love with Stanton," he said, meeting her eyes. "And I wish I wasn't."

She nodded. "I was in love with him once, but now," she shrugged.

"Is he all right?"

"I don't know. He's been acting strange since he came back from school. He doesn't sleep."

"It's the same thing at school."

She looked at him. "Is he sick?"

"I don't know. He hasn't made love to me in...it seems like forever."

She was still holding his hand. She squeezed it. "You're closer to him than I. If you find out anything, let me know."

"Okay."

They ordered food and, after a little while, they both had drunk enough wine to make them a little giddy. When they walked toward the exit, Nancy paused, and looked upstairs. "My father owns this place. There are rooms up there."

He swallowed. It had been so long since he'd had sex, and it wasn't as if they were strangers. He nodded. They turned the corner and mounted the steps.

* * * *

Nancy undressed him slowly. She seemed to enjoy touching him, looking at his body. It was seriously turning him on, and of course what with being chaste for over a month, it wouldn't have taken much. He was surprised at how tame she was being. The last time he'd been with this woman naked, she'd been wild. This time, she was calm. They made love together on the bed in silent urgency. She pressed him against the bed and took off her underwear. She pulled up her skirt and straddled his cock. She ran her hands over his chest, her thumb over his lips, then guided his erection up inside her. She rode him like that, her

hand on his face, the other rubbing his nipple. She cried out once when she came, then whimpered, as she crawled down into his arms and jerked him off until he too trembled with orgasm. They didn't say anything. She got up a few minutes later, put on her underwear and slipped into shoes. Before she left, she said, "Just close the door behind you before you leave."

Anton sighed. He closed his eyes. "Stanton," he whispered in the dark. "I miss you so much."

* * * *

The next day, Anton was packing to go back to the academy when his father came in and said, "We've decided who you will marry."

"I'm too young to get married yet," he complained.

"It won't be until next year, but we want to announce your engagement. Her name is Melissa Carriage. Her father is an important politician. We'll announce your engagement with a big party when you come home."

Anton groaned. "Don't I even get to meet the woman first?"

"At the party," he said. "Good luck at school. Work hard. Hope you're still friends with Stanton Lang. He is going places, that young man."

"Yeah," Anton nodded. "He sure is, but I'm not

sure where that is.”

“Are you being smart? The Langs will own Middletown one day if we’re not careful. Keep your enemies closer...always.”

Anton nodded. Stanton was not his enemy. He was his lover, or he used to be.

* * * *

The first night that Anton woke to find Stanton absent from his bed, he decided to swallow his fear and find out where he had gone to. He ran outside, looked all around and called his name softly. Nothing. There was almost a full moon in the sky and the air was warmer now. Anton sighed and stood looking up at it for a minute. He walked back into the dorm feeling defeated, then decided to go down to that room where Stanton and those hooded guys had initiated him. As he walked down the darkened hallway, he swore he heard growling and snarling. He stopped. Was there a dog around? There were no dogs on campus that he knew of, not even a mascot. He listened more intently. He heard growling, then a howl, clear and piercing.

Anton turned around and ran back down the hallway. When he reached the bottom of the stairs, his blood ran cold. He looked up and there was a wolf, but the wolf wasn’t just any ordinary wolf. It

stood upright like a man. He turned and began to run again back the other way then slowed down as he came to that door. It was open. The wolf-like creature stood behind him, teeth bared, dripping with saliva. He didn't attack, but he wasn't about to let him escape either. There was no place to go, but into that room.

There was silence as he entered, hesitantly looking around him in the semi-darkness. "Stanton," he said, his voice shaking. "Where in hell are you?"

"He's becoming," a voice said. "Tonight will be his total and final transformation."

"Yes, dear Anton," another voice whispered. "And you are just in time. He needs a blood sacrifice. You will do nicely." Arms grabbed him. Anton struggled. He was being forced forward, and someone tore off his shirt. "Look Stanton," another voice leered, "a meaty morsel for your dinner. Come and get him."

They threw him forward on the floor. Anton looked up and, as he did, he found himself staring directly into the eyes of a wolf...a wolf that looked like a man, that looked like a wolf. Those eyes. He knew those eyes. "Stanton? Stanton, please." For a minute, he was sure he was dead. Those eyes filled with hunger, the jaws opened, and giant lethal claws reached for him. Then suddenly he felt himself being lifted off the floor. Stanton

leaped and practically flew through the air.

Anton hung onto him for dear life. Then out in the quad, he was thrown on the ground. He rolled, then picked up his head in time to see several wolf-like creatures literally tearing at each other. There was some whining, then the others fled, leaving one werewolf in the middle of the quad, Stanton, and he was changing back to a man right before his eyes. He walked over to him, naked, and reached down to take his hand. "Come on," he said. "We're not safe here." He took Stanton's hand and allowed him to pull him through the quad. "Get your things. We have to leave."

"I can't leave. My father will kill me."

"They'll kill you if you don't. No one can know about them, but you do. You're as good as dead."

In the room, Stanton packed his own bag, as well as Anton's, while Anton could only stand there, frozen in time.

"What was that?" He asked. "I saw you change into that of...how...?"

"I drank their blood."

"Why? Why in the hell would you do something like that?"

"Take your bag. We'll talk on the way."

"The way to where?"

"A cabin my family owns. We'll be safe there for awhile."

Stanton practically dragged him down the

stairs. He didn't talk again until the academy was out of sight.

"I don't understand," Anton was trembling. "Why would you deliberately want to...?"

"My father," Stanton said, watching the road as he drove.

"Your father is a...?"

"No. My father expects me to conquer the whole God damned world. I can't do that. I don't know how, Anton." He gave him a helpless look. "Try to understand. They told me it would give me great power. I'd be able to do anything."

"They just came up to you and offered to make you into a...a fucking wolf?"

"Everyone goes through the initiation, like you did when you came. They saw something in me I guess. It's sometimes done in stages."

"And from what I saw, you don't have any stages left."

"I'm almost one of them now, but I haven't done the blood sacrifice."

"My God. Is it reversible?"

"I don't think so."

Anton put his face in his hands.

"Anton, you can't tell anyone. We must stay out at the cabin until school ends, that's three weeks, then go home like nothing happened. You won't tell anyone, will you?"

He shook his head. "Can you control it? What if

you try to kill me or...?"

"I won't. I know your scent. I'll kill game in the woods. Don't worry."

Anton closed his eyes.

* * * *

Out in the woods near the cabin, they sat beside the water. They were calm now, kind of numb. "Stanton," Anton said softly, "is that why you stopped making love to me?"

"Yes. I wasn't sure how...what would happen when I was sexually stimulated. I didn't want to hurt you."

Anton reached over and touched him. "I'm not afraid. You didn't hurt me before, and it was you, wasn't it...the wolf who ran me down in the quad?"

"Yes."

"Make love to me, Stanton. Please?" He'd been sitting there watching him, his desire for him growing by the minute. He wasn't sure what Stanton had become. He only knew that he had to have him, to hell with the consequences.

Stanton reached over and pulled Anton across his lap into his arms. Anton's head rested on his shoulder, his buttocks on his knee. One hand cradled him and the other reached down to undo the buttons on his shirt. Stanton moved his fingers

over his chest and Anton sucked in some breath as caressing fingers began to gently tweak one of his sensitive nipples. Stanton's lips moved over his jaw and down to his throat as the fingers trailed across his stomach and sought the fasteners on his pants. Anton closed his eyes, his head falling back over his strong forearm as Stanton undid his pants and lifted out his sex. "Um, already hard, eh?" Stanton chuckled.

"What do you expect?" Anton said softly, looking up into his eyes. Sprawled across his lap like that, Anton had complete access to his body, and he was quite helpless to do much of anything unless he pulled out of his embrace, which he had no intention of doing.

Anton let his hand slide up over his stomach and chest, then back down, lifting his sex at the same time. He kissed him again. Anton wiggled some in his arms, moaning against him.

Stanton gripped his sex at the base, squeezing it, making it stiffen even further, then abruptly he rolled him over onto his front.

Anton laughed. "What are you up to?"

"I want to see that ass of yours. God, you have a great ass, Anton." His hand smoothed over it several times, then gave it a firm slap.

He had done that before, giving him light slaps on the ass. He liked it.

Stanton moved his hand over his ass again,

caressingly, then again, he smacked it. "You like that?"

"Yeah," he laughed. "Keep doing it."

Stanton lowered his head and nipped at his shoulder, then began to spank him ever so lightly. It didn't hurt, but it made him horny as hell. A finger now moved between his ass cheeks. It teased him, then, without warning entered him, causing him to rear up. "Oh, Stanton," he gasped.

He laughed. "I want to fuck you, first with my finger, then with my cock. What do you say?"

"I say I'm at your mercy," he groaned as Stanton began to dip his finger deeper, then pulled it out. Each time it came out, he earned a little slap on the ass. Stanton was driving him crazy. Suddenly, he pushed him off his lap. He raked his gaze over Anton, and took his sex in hand. "You're so hard. All for me?"

"All for you," Anton moaned, letting his head go back, running his tongue over his lips.

"Then get down on your hands and knees." Stanton stood up and pulled his t-shirt over his head. He began to undo his pants and Anton watched in anticipation. When Stanton's sex came into view, he almost lost it. He turned around, on his hands and knees, ready for whatever Stanton was willing to give him. He hadn't realised how much he'd missed him until he felt his arms wrap around him, and the head of his erect cock enter

him.

Stanton was not being gentle. He slammed his cock inside of him, thrusting hard and fast. It was good, rough but sweet, until he felt him sink his teeth into his shoulder. Something had changed. He couldn't even scream. He was frozen in terror. He didn't dare look around, because he was sure that Stanton had become something else. The fucking grew raunchier, the cock inside of him even bigger, thicker, filling him like nothing else. He looked down to see sharp claws gripping his thighs, holding him prone. He couldn't move. He closed his eyes. He would have prayed except that the pleasure shooting through him was mingling curiously with the fear causing his cock to explode in an orgasm like he'd never before experienced. His head swam, his eyes closed, and then, blackness.

* * * *

When he opened his eyes, Stanton was sitting beside him on the bed in the cabin. He wiped his brow with a damp cloth. He looked concerned, his brow furrowed. "Are you all right, Anton?"

"I...I think so," Anton took a breath, lifting his head and looking around. He winced, then, noticed the bandage on his shoulder. "You...you bit me."

"Yes. I'm sorry. I applied some medicinal herb. I hope it lessens the pain." He stood up, turned away. "I didn't realise how urgently I needed the blood. I didn't complete the transformation back at the academy and..."

"I'm all right," Anton said. "Stanton, is there any way to control this...change?"

"Wolf bane," he said, turning around. "Apparently you must wear it, contained, so it doesn't touch the skin, but the nearness of it controls the shift."

"Do you know where to get this, ah...wolf bane?"

"Yes, it grows wild in the woods, but I can't touch it. It's lethal to...well...to someone like me."

Anton sat up. "I'll get you some."

"You should lay still, rest," Stanton said, coming over and pressing him down gently to the bed.

"I'm all right." He took his hand. "Stanton. I want to help you."

Stanton nodded. "I'm scared, Anton," he whispered. Tears came to his eyes.

Anton reached up and pulled him into his embrace. He held him close. He could feel his fear. "It's okay," he whispered, "I'm here, my love. I'm here."

* * * *

That evening, Anton went out into the woods looking for wolf bane. Based on Stanton's description, he found some and placed the required amount in a small change purse that Stanton carried with him. He pierced some holes in it with a knife back in the cabin, pulled some threads out of an old wool blanket, and looped the wool through the holes, tying them tight. With another strong strand of wool from the blanket, he hung the small purse around Stanton's neck and tucked it inside his shirt. "There," he said, "that should do temporarily. I tucked some more of that stuff away, so if you need it, and when you find a better pouch for it, just let me know and I can..."

Stanton reached out for Anton, and pulled him close. He kissed him hotly. "I love you," he said.

It took Anton by surprise. "You've ah...never said that before."

"Well, I should have," he hung his head, then, looked into his eyes and smiled.

That night they went swimming in the lake. The moonlight shone down on them. Stanton was careful to only go in up to the waist. He kept the pouch on his person and dry.

Anton forgot everything. He was laughing and happy. Every time he looked at Stanton, that surge of happiness gripped him. Stanton loved him. He had said it out loud, and when they got out of the

water and returned to the cabin, Stanton pulled him back into his arms, and said it again. He said it all night long, with his lips, and with his cock, and with his heart.

* * * *

Those weeks passed too quickly. Soon it was time to go home. Anton didn't even think about what he would tell his father. He'd missed the end of the term. He'd missed his exams. Neither Anton nor Stanton thought about the fact that the Academy might call their parents to report them missing.

Anton was in a lot of trouble when he got home. His father was livid. He calmed down a little bit when he told him that he was with Stanton Lang, but only a little. "You will make it up by going to summer school."

Anton conceded, although the thought of spending his entire summer at the mostly empty academy depressed him. Then he called Stanton. Stanton told him that he too was going to be at summer school. That cheered him up considerably.

"Yeah, and what do I do next year?" Anton sighed. "You're graduating, but my life will be in danger with those..."

"It's okay. Most of them will be gone," he

assured him.

"I hope so."

"Anton?"

"Yeah," Anton replied, lying back on his bed. The sound of his voice made his cock hard. He couldn't wait to get back to school. "What, baby?"

"Nancy's pregnant."

Anton sat up on the bed. "What?"

"Pregnant. I'm just pondering it. I didn't make love to her on the break. The last time I fucked her was at Christmas. She isn't that far along. What do you think?"

Anton closed his eyes. "She must be further along than she knows."

"I guess. Everyone is pushing for an earlier wedding date now of course."

"Of course."

"Well, anyway, got to go. My father has a business meeting and he insists I sit in and learn."

Anton laughed at the sarcasm in Stanton's voice. "Have fun. I'll see you in a few weeks."

He groaned. "Yeah. How fun. The summer is shot."

"Not necessarily," Anton replied.

Stanton laughed. "Okay. Bye."

"Bye."

* * * *

One good thing came out of his delinquency, and that was that his father decided to put off his engagement announcement until the summer was over. "We'll do it at Christmas," his father said. "Right now you're a disgrace. I'm ashamed to offer you to anyone. We'll see how you do next term." That suited Anton just fine.

The summer was wonderful. There were only nine young men there at the academy. They dubbed themselves *the screw ups*. None of those weird guys in Stanton's club were present. He and Stanton worked hard to complete their studies in an accelerated program, but they also had time to be together, to talk, to dream and to make love. When Stanton left at the end of August, his diploma in hand, Anton broke down and cried. He felt as if it was the end of everything, the end of the world.

Stanton held him all night before he left, kissing him gently. "We'll see each other, baby."

"When?" He hadn't meant to sound so whiny, but his heart was breaking. "And you're getting married soon."

"You'll come home for term breaks, and one day, I promise you, we'll work together. We'll start a business together and...even if we are married, we'll find plenty of time to be together."

Nothing seemed to ease his mind, or his heart, as he watched Stanton leave that day. That

weekend before the beginning of a new term, he wandered around aimlessly. He thought about Anton. Was he with Nancy? And he dared to think about something else, something he hadn't wanted to even consider, although it loomed in the back of his mind. Was he the father of Nancy's baby? All signs pointed to it. What if Stanton found out? Should he have told him about the night he'd spent alone with her?

Once the term began, he put it out of his mind and decided not to incur any more of his father's wrath by buckling down to work. Without Stanton as a distraction, his marks were at the top of the class.

His father contacted him just before the Thanksgiving holiday to ask him how he was getting along. "Fine," he told him.

"The headmaster is impressed with you," his father said on the phone.

"That's good."

"The Lang boy is getting married," he said suddenly. "We are invited. I think this would be a good place to announce your engagement."

Anton swallowed hard. "When?"

"At Christmas. It is going to be the social event of the season. I've contacted the Carriages to request that Melissa be your escort to the wedding. What a grand occasion for the two of you to get acquainted. The young lady is at

finishing school now and..."

Anton didn't hear anymore. Tears stung his eyes. He clutched the receiver in his hand. It wasn't fair. None of this was fair.

"Anton, are you there? Anton?"

He dropped the phone and put his head down on his desk.

CHAPTER FIVE

Stanton didn't write him, or call. Anton came home for the Thanksgiving holiday and picked up the phone to call him. He wasn't home. He was working. He left a message. When the servant came to tell Anton he had a call two days later, Anton raced to the phone, sure that it was Stanton. It was Nancy. "Hello Anton," she said. "It's good to hear your voice."

"Nancy." He gripped the phone. "How are you?"

She laughed. "Almost eight months now."

Anton fell silent.

"I'm hoping to be back in shape in time for the wedding. You are coming, aren't you?"

"Yes," he said. As if he had a choice.

"I'd love to see you."

"Have you seen Stanton?"

"Not a lot. His father has him running a series of businesses in the area. He doesn't seem to have

a lot of time for me. I see him on Sundays. He comes to my parents' house for dinner. He's distant. I think his father is pushing him very hard. Anton, can I see you?"

"Ah, of course," he said. "Would you like me to come to your home or...?"

"I'd like to see you alone."

"Okay. I can pick you up. We can go for dinner."

"I'd like that. I'm eating for two." She laughed.

* * * *

Later that evening, they sat across from each other at the table. Nancy looked beautiful, and very pregnant. She touched his hand often. They spoke of insignificant things and gossip. They talked about the wedding. "Are you happy?" Anton asked her.

She shrugged. "Stanton doesn't love me. He does seem interested in the baby however."

Anton laughed a little abruptly. "He doesn't seem to love me either."

"I..." she began, squeezing his hand.

"Yes?" He looked at her.

"Nothing. If it's a boy, I'm going to name it after you."

"No, don't."

"Why not. You know that it's..."

"Don't say it," he said, shaking his head. "Stanton is the father."

"As you like," she said, withdrawing her hand. "What's your middle name?"

"Alexander," he laughed. "Horrible, isn't it?"

"I like it. Alex."

He sighed. "Let me know if I can do anything for you, okay?"

"Thank you," she said.

When he drove her back to her parents' house, she leaned over and kissed his cheek. "I love you," she said. "I know you're in love with Stanton. That's okay, but I really wanted you to know."

He nodded then jumped out of the vehicle to open the door for her. He saw her to the front steps. She said goodbye, tears glistening on her cheeks, and disappeared inside the house.

* * * *

Anton drove by the Lang family home several times before leaving to go back to school. Stanton didn't call him. He didn't even ask him to be his best man. It was his greatest fear, and his greatest disappointment all at the same time.

When he finished the term and got back home for Christmas, his mother gave him the news. Stanton Lang was a father. Nancy had given birth to a healthy seven pound boy. "The Langs said

that the baby was a few months premature, but not underweight. They're calling him Alexander. Isn't that nice?" His mother chirped. "We sent a gift and a card, and included your name."

He nodded, feeling a little queasy suddenly. "How nice. Thanks."

* * * *

Anton was surprised to receive an invitation to Stanton's annual Christmas party. The card read, 'Stanton Lang and his bride to be, Nancy Codair, request your presence at this years annual young persons Christmas bash. Bring a date.'

His father was pushing for him to invite Melissa Carriage. "I don't even know her."

"You want to wait for the wedding?" His father picked up the phone. "I'd completely forgotten about this thing. Don't you think that she'd love to go to the Langs?"

Anton took the phone reluctantly out of his father's hand.

* * * *

Anton's first impression of Melissa Carriage was that she was a quiet, unimposing woman who wouldn't have said *boo* if her life depended on it. Slender, fragile, with a gentle beauty, she seemed

quite resigned to her future. He had no idea of what lay underneath. They arrived together at the Lang home a little later than some of the others because Melissa broke the heel on her shoe coming down the stairs at home and had to search for another pair that matched her dress. Anton waited downstairs in the lobby of the Carriage home and stressed about how he would feel seeing Stanton again. He was hurt, angry, infuriated really, and by the time he found himself standing in the Langs festively decorated ball room, just a little frustrated. Stanton had basically ignored him since the end of the summer, and the woman on his arm, who had all the charm of a wet dish rag, was destined to be the person he would spend the rest of his life with.

He got Melissa a drink and contemplated how he was going to greet Stanton. He had many nasty greetings prepared, but when Stanton finally came walking over to him, all of that went right out of his head. He looked wonderful, a little thinner, but gorgeous as usual.

He reached over and shook his hand like nothing. "Anton," he said. "How are you? I see you've brought someone with you this evening?"

"May I present Melissa Carriage," Anton said, trying to stay calm.

Stanton kissed her hand.

"Mr. Ross's intended," she said suddenly.

Anton blinked. For a woman who had little to say, when she did talk, she could pack a wallop. He shot her a glance.

Stanton seemed taken aback. "How nice," he said, turning now to place an arm around Nancy. "Anton, you know Nancy." She smiled at him. "Good to see you." Her eyes went to Melissa. "I don't believe we know each other."

"Melissa Carriage." She held out her hand, then hugged Anton's arm. "I'm going to be Anton's wife."

Nancy smiled faintly.

Anton laughed unnecessarily and looked around him. "The decorations are beautiful."

"Thank you," Stanton said. "Please, enjoy yourselves." He walked away, just like that.

"I hope you'll dance with me tonight, Anton," Nancy said.

"Of course."

Melissa smiled at Nancy. "Right now, I'm afraid Anton's dance card is filled." She took his hand and pulled him onto the dance floor.

Anton met her eyes. "That was a little rude."

"I don't like her," she said. "She has eyes for you."

"She's going to marry Stanton Lang in a few weeks."

"Hah, what does that mean? One day you'll marry me, and we don't love one another."

"Don't you care?" He looked down at her as she placed his arms in the right position and urged him to dance.

"Care?"

"About love?"

She laughed. "Don't be ridiculous, Anton. Love is for schoolboys."

He looked over suddenly to see Stanton standing with several fellows he remembered from school. He stiffened a little. He recognized them. It was the pack. Stanton was standing with the pack. Well, the love is for schoolboys part she had right.

* * * *

Those guys made Anton nervous. He did his best to stay away from them. They didn't come near him and seemed rather disinterested in his presence altogether. Several times, Nancy came up to him to talk, her eyes assessing Melissa the entire time. "I'd like to see you alone later, if you get the chance. Would you like to see the baby?"

"No," he said.

She looked hurt.

Anton touched her shoulder. "I'm sorry. I think it's for the best."

"You don't even want to see your own..."

"Don't say it," he said, walking away from her.

Melissa had excused herself to find the ladies' room, and so it gave Anton a few minutes to breathe. As he rounded the corner, intending to get some air, he ran smack into Stanton. "Anton, I've been looking for you."

"Have you? What for?"

"You're angry at me," he sighed.

"Why in hell should I be angry?" he said in a hushed voice.

"Come outside. Let's go for a little walk, talk."

"We don't have anything to talk about."

"Yes, we do. Please, Anton." His voice softened. "I've missed you."

Anton sighed. "Only for a few minutes. I have to get back."

Stanton assured him it wouldn't take long. They didn't say anything until they walked a little ways away from the house. The Lang estate was large. There was a lot of land, and it was surrounded by trees. Stanton stopped under a large tree that shielded them from view. "I've been meaning to call you. I haven't had the time."

"Don't worry about it," Anton said stiffly, leaning back against the tree. "I've been busy too."

Stanton placed his hands on his shoulders. "Anton, please don't be like this. The way that we feel..."

Anton pushed his hands away. "Things have changed. You're getting married. You have a kid.

It's time we moved on." He couldn't believe the angry words coming out of him.

Stanton shook his head. "No. Never," he said. He pressed his body against his and kissed him deeply, holding his face in his hand while Anton struggled. He tried to push him away, and Stanton grabbed him and kissed him again, his hand frantically trying to undo Anton's pants. The need quickly outweighed the hurt and the anger. Anton grabbed the front of Stanton's shirt and dragged him forward, then aggressively turned him around and slammed him into the tree. He pulled at his jacket, tossed it aside then ripped his shirt open, the buttons flying everywhere. His lips greedily kissed his flesh, sucked at his nipples, worked their way furiously down to his navel.

Stanton's chest heaved with unspent passion as Anton opened his pants and took his cock into his mouth. Anton made love to Stanton's cock as if each precious inch which sunk into his mouth was his lifeline while Stanton's fingers pulled at his hair. He didn't even realise he was crying until Stanton came in his mouth, and he reared back. He reached up to wipe at his mouth and felt the tears on his cheek. Stanton relaxed back against the tree, sounds of pleasure escaping his throat.

"I hate you," Anton said, standing up now, trying to stop the flow of tears rolling down his cheeks. "You're a heartless bastard and I..."

"No, you don't hate me," Stanton whispered in the dark, those eyes shining with that unnatural glow. "You love me, just like I love you. And no matter what happens, even if we say we hate each other in the future, even if we try to kill each other, underneath, we'll always be connected, Anton. We can't stop loving each other, wanting each other, just like we can't stop breathing."

Anton blinked.

"You don't have to worry about the pack anymore," he said all of a sudden, his voice returning to normal now. "I've told them you're off limits, that you won't tell anyone. You're an honorary member." Stanton picked up his jacket and eyed him. "You haven't told anyone, have you?"

Anton folded his arms across his chest. "About you being a...wolf? No, and who in hell would believe me if I did?"

He nodded. "The power, Anton, it's incredible. I can show you that power, share it with you." He came closer and reached out to touch his cheek. "When you finish school, you'll come to work for me...with me. We'll be partners. I'll make you rich. We can be together, go on business trips and..." He dragged Anton into his arms. "I love you. That hasn't changed. Do you know how much I want you, baby?"

Anton lowered his head on his shoulder. "I

want you, too."

"After the party tonight?"

Anton raised his head. "You mean it?"

He nodded with a smile. "Meet me at the Hotel at three o'clock. Okay?"

Anton nodded. "Okay. I'll be there." He kissed his mouth softly.

"Let's go. I have to sneak upstairs and change my shirt," he laughed.

As they walked back across the grounds to the house, Stanton increased the distance between them. Outside in the front, three guys stood around, part of the bunch who hung out with Stanton. They looked directly at him and smiled as he followed Stanton inside. Anton shivered.

* * * *

Anton drove Melissa home at two o'clock. Nancy had asked him again to come upstairs with her to see the baby. He wanted to. He wanted to badly. To think that there was a little person up there that he'd helped create was incredible, but he didn't dare. He was afraid he'd fall in love and wouldn't be able to stay away. He knew Nancy was upset with him when he left because she didn't even say goodbye.

Melissa glanced at him when he took her to the door. "Your affair with Stanton Lang will have to

be kept discreet," she said suddenly, almost knocking Anton off his feet.

"What?"

"You heard me. I have no problem with you fucking Lang if it gets you ahead in life, because you will only fuck me for an heir, and once that's accomplished, we don't do that nasty business again. Only, I will not be humiliated publicly, so the minute it is found out, is the minute it stops. You don't need to respond," she said. "I know you understand. See you the day of the wedding."

Anton stood there on the stoop long after Melissa Carriage had gone inside. That's the type of woman she was. She didn't waste words, and the words she spoke carried a deadly weight.

He was still reeling from it when he arrived at Stanton's hotel suite. It was only when he opened the door and saw Stanton lying there on the bed completely naked that he shook it off. He closed the door behind him, his cock pulsing in his pants, his mouth going dry. He froze, his gaze feasting on Stanton's beautiful body.

"Well," he said, "are you going to just stand there, or are you going to come over here and fuck me?" He turned over then, lifting his ass in the air. He glanced at him over his shoulder. "I have all kinds of toys, and I'm feeling particularly whorish tonight."

Anton began to hastily tear off his clothes,

leaving them in a heap as he walked to the bed.

"That's a bag on the floor there. If you want to punish me for ignoring you, here's your chance, handsome. And have I told you just how handsome you are. My God, Anton, you grow more gorgeous every time I see you."

Anton grabbed the bag. Everything he needed. "Shut up," Anton told him.

He laughed.

Anton lifted out the gag. He grinned at him. "And here's to make sure that you do. No more talking," he whispered, the feeling of naked lust seized a hold of him. It surged through his veins. He fitted Stanton with the gag. "If you have anything to say, say it with your body...your ass, your cock, your tits." He dug the cuffs out of the bag and, none too gently cuffed one wrist, then the other to the headboard. He spread his legs and crawled in between. "On your knees," he told him. God, how he wanted him. He wanted to fuck him so bad. He reached around and brutally twisted each delectable nipple, as he did his hand encountered the little pouch of wolf bane hanging off his neck.

Stanton moaned through the gag. He was already hard.

Anton fondled his cock, his balls, making him harder still. He began to slowly lube him, tormenting his opening with his finger. "I want

you so much," he whispered. "You're so hot, baby. You look unbelievably sexy with your hands handcuffed like that." He began to go into him, his hard cock head jabbing his entrance in short, fast jabs. It was turning Stanton on. It was turning them both on. Finally, when Anton couldn't hold back anymore, he grabbed Stanton's hips and ground into him all the way. Stanton's body trembled, then, suddenly, it began to change. Anton froze, prepared to pull out, when Stanton suddenly broke one handcuff in two by yanking his arm up, and removing his gag.

In a voice that didn't sound quite human, his eyes glowing red, he turned his head and looked at him. "Don't stop! Keep going! Fuck me, Anton. Fuck me!" Stanton lowered his head, hair appearing on his body, a body that was growing, elongating, causing Anton to shift his weight in order to keep his cock inside him. The fear increased his sexual excitement and he pumped again, holding onto what was quickly becoming something else...a werewolf.

Stanton picked up his head and howled, Anton was thrown back as he rose up on his knees, his head back. He howled again. Anton blinked, suddenly realising that he was surrounded, surrounded by werewolves.

* * * *

Stanton reached back for Anton and practically tossed him onto the bed in front of him. Stanton moved a clawed hand over Anton's stomach. Anton panicked when it moved over his sex. Stanton leaned his head down and lapped at his balls, then almost reverently took Anton's cock and balls into his mouth. Anton was sure that he was going to be castrated by those teeth, but instead he felt only the softness of his mouth. He suddenly released them and began to change again.

Anton noticed that the little pouch of wolf bane lay on the mattress, with the string broken. Stanton was shifting back to his human form. Anton stared at the three other werewolves around him as he sat up, his eyes wide. The three others changed into the human form too, all of them naked.

Stanton stood between them and Anton. "No," he said. "You can't have him."

"He will become one of us, or die," one of them said. "It's the law."

"No." Stanton shook his head.

"Then there is one other solution," another stepped forward. Anton remembered him as the one who had frightened Frederic away at the Academy. "We mark him tonight."

"What is he talking about, Stanton?" Anton

demanded.

Stanton turned to look at him. "I'm sorry, my love. That's the way it will have to be."

Anton looked at him helplessly. "I don't understand."

"We put our scent on you, our mark," one of them announced with a smirk.

"How?" Anton demanded.

"We fuck you, any way we choose."

Stanton gave him Anton an encouraging look. "It might be fun. They do it in the wolf form."

Anton took a breath. "And my life will no longer be in danger?"

"Not only will it not be in danger, bearing the mark of the wolf means you will always be protected by us." Stanton met his eyes. "I want you safe."

"You must agree," the other said. "You must be willing. Give your consent, and it shall be done."

Anton took a breath, met Stanton's eyes and nodded.

"Tomorrow night," he said to Stanton. "You know where to bring him."

Stanton nodded.

CHAPTER SIX

Anton was stressed all that day. He wasn't sure what was going to happen that night, but it was a hell of a lot better than the alternative. He felt as if he walked in a dream, or was it a nightmare? He was afraid, apprehensive, and although he wouldn't have readily admitted it, he was sexually excited. He'd had a hard-on all day. When it got dark, Anton got into his car and drove to the spot Stanton said to meet him. It was a park. Stanton waited for him when he arrived, leaning against a tree. Stanton reached out for him, and held him quite possessively for a moment. "Everything will be all right. No one will hurt you," he said. "This is the best way."

Anton nodded. He would have done anything for him.

They began to walk deeper into the park, then into the woods. Trees surrounded them, and there were strange sounds everywhere. At one time,

Anton reached out and took his hand. Stanton squeezed it in his, and then leaned over and gave him a quick kiss on the cheek.

The three werewolves moved into the clearing and Stanton backed away from him. There were no words. All the commands they gave him were silent and he understood them explicitly. He took off his clothes and threw them aside, looking back to see where Stanton was. He still stood there in the distance, but he didn't come any closer. A voice reassured him that he wouldn't be hurt. He relaxed some. He was told to follow. And there in a secret cave like opening in the woods, he was led. It was lit by torchlight.

A young man approached. "I am Shawn," he said, "apprentice. I will prepare you." He took one rope and tied it around his left wrist, letting it hang on the floor of the cave. He took another rope and did exactly the same thing to his right wrist. He brought two more ropes, one for his left ankle, and one for his right. The three werewolves stood quietly by, watching.

"Why so many ropes?" he asked nervously.

He was told without words to be silent.

Shawn glanced above him. Suddenly, four metal hooks lowered down. Shawn looped one rope over one hook from his wrist, then the other. Anton stood with his hands over his head.

One of the werewolves approached. He reached

out with the palm of his hand and slapped his cock. It stung, but it caused it to stiffen, stand up. He told him to stay hard, then nodded to the one called Shawn. He reached down and picked up the rope from his right ankle. He looped the end over the metal ring, then, pulled it upwards.

Anton cried out. He was being lifted off the ground. Quickly Shawn looped the other rope so that Anton was balanced in the air. His body was secured in the air, and stretched out, not more than five feet off the floor. He was trembling as the three werewolves approached. *Remember, a voice said in his head, you willingly agreed. We will give you heaven tonight but you must surrender completely. After that, you will bear our mark, and forever be under the protection of the pack.*

A large claw ran over his chest, scraping lightly over his nipples. A tongue lapped at his genitals, another entered his anus. His head hung back, and abruptly a smooth, thick penis pushed its way into his mouth. His cock was being sucked now, his anus prodded, and his mouth fucked. He began to moan. His body was on fire. The howling began as one cock after another entered both his orifices. He was pumped and used all night long.

As the sun came up, the three wolves changed into their human form. One of the men leaned down and sucked on one of nipples, while he pinched the other between his fingers. Another

got between his legs and used him again, riding him hard. The third man looked down into his face, and slid his cock along his lips. Without a word, and with only a smirk, he fucked his face, glancing at the other man in between his legs, and establishing a rhythm. Anton was exhausted, he was used, and he had never felt so sexually fulfilled in his life.

They took turns, all three. When one finished, the other took over. They left him there, strung up, and Anton panicked thinking that he was going to be stuck there, but a few minutes later the one called Shawn arrived and undid him. He was stiff. He wobbled a little on his legs, leaning on Shawn for support. "Are you all right?" Shawn asked.

"Yes," Anton breathed.

"I brought your clothes."

"Thanks," he said. "What about you?" He started to get dressed. "Are you all right?"

"Yes," he smiled. "Fine. Soon I will be one of them."

"And that's what you want?"

"Yes. I finally belong somewhere," he replied.

* * * *

Stanton and Nancy got married without a hitch and with all the frills. Melissa made an impression on everyone, and beamed when Anton's father

announced their engagement. Anton had drunk a lot of liquor and really didn't care. He had no time to say anything to the bride or groom. There were too many people clamouring to get near them. He took Melissa home from the reception as soon as the guest of honour left, and continued to drink. He finished off almost an entire bottle in his room, then puked his guts out in the toilet. He heard the howling and went to the window to look out. He poured himself another glass, raised his glass to the moon then passed out.

* * * *

Anton didn't come home for the spring break. He told his family he had too much work. The truth was, he didn't want to see Stanton, or hear news about his happy marriage.

When he graduated that spring, he came home and slept for days. He supposed it was his way to avoid talking to his father about what he was supposed to do. "You'll marry Melissa in September," he was told.

Stanton called a week after he'd returned.

Anton told the servant to tell him he wasn't home. He called three times after that. He desperately wanted to see him, but he just wasn't able to. When he came downstairs one morning to see Stanton standing in the living room with his

father, he was flabbergasted.

"Anton," his father said, smiling, "your old school friend is here, Stanton Lang."

Anton came into the living room.

Stanton smiled at him. "Hi Anton."

"What are you doing here?"

"Don't be rude," his father snapped. "Stanton has come to offer you a job."

* * * *

And that was how it began. Anton went to work for Stanton. At first, Stanton was all business, and it was very hard to concentrate given that all Anton's feelings for Stanton came to the surface within minutes of seeing him again. Then, Stanton began to let him know that he was open to more. One afternoon in the office, a few weeks after Anton had started working with him, Stanton brushed his hand against his crotch and said, "Jesus Anton, I want you so much. Stay with me here tonight, in the office. I'll tell Nancy I have to work later. I want to fuck you."

How in the hell could he turn down such an offer? As soon as the office emptied, they were ripping each others clothes off. Stanton tipped his bare ass over the desk, and gave him the fucking of his life. Anton couldn't get enough. Almost every night, they went at it, sometimes for three

hours at a time. Anton loved his job.

In September, Anton got married and Stanton was his best man. Nancy brought the baby to the wedding and, for the first time, Anton saw his son. It brought tears to his eyes. He had to go into the toilet stall to compose himself.

Nancy came after him. She had left the baby with Stanton outside. "That's no way for the groom to act," she insisted when he came out of the toilet.

"What are you doing in here?"

"I need to talk to you, Anton."

"Look, I know he's my son," he whispered. "There's nothing I can do about that. Do you want to hurt Stanton?"

"No," she said. "But I love you."

"Nancy," he sighed.

She backed him up against the wall. "I want you. Why can't you...once in awhile...you know...why can't we..." She tried to kiss him.

"Nancy," he protested, pushing her back. "Stop. It's not going to happen. Just stop it."

She backed off. "You're fucking the husband, why can't you fuck the wife as well?"

Anton went to say something, but she turned around and left the bathroom. Anton sighed. *What a mess.*

* * * *

Eventually, Anton's father pushed him to buy up interests in other companies. Anton reluctantly stopped working for Stanton. He had others working for him now. Stanton took it well. He saw it as a natural evolution. He agreed to help Anton in any way he could, and they shared many business interests together. They still carried on their love affair. It was at least once a week and more, if they had the opportunity. As time progressed, Anton grew less and less content with his life. He hated business and was tired of sleeping alone at night. Melissa told him she wasn't ready to have children and she'd inform him when she was. She slept in a different room with a lock on the door.

One holiday weekend, Stanton and Nancy came over, little Alex in tow. He was now two years old, and thankfully he resembled Nancy more than him. Stanton announced later at the reception that he was sure that when Anton had a son of his own, he and Alex would be great friends.

* * * *

Anton shook himself back to the present situation. As it turned out, Alex and Desmond became mortal enemies, and never knew that they were half brothers. Both of them died quite horribly, but

that's a whole different story. He glanced at his grandson, Nicolas, now as he spoke to the pack. He felt sad, filled with regret. It had been a long time since he'd gone over his history with Stanton in his mind. He wondered if he could tell Nicolas the truth, or if it was better that he never knew. He leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes. His mind easily travelled back to the past.

After that weekend with Stanton and Nancy, Anton came to a painful decision. He finally decided he needed to have Stanton in his life full time, or not at all.

He gave Stanton an ultimatum. He was sure Stanton loved him enough to find some way for them to be together. He would never forget that night. Anton had been lying in his arms. They had gone to the hotel, drank champagne and made love with such intensity that Anton was sure Stanton would come around to seeing things his way.

"You want me to what?" Stanton demanded, sitting up, his eyes wide. "You're out of your mind. I can't just give up everything and be with you."

"Melissa and Nancy don't love us. You could still see your son. Nothing would change."

"Everything would change," he said. "Forget it. Things are fine the way they are."

They had had a huge fight. Anton had told him

he was giving him a week to decide. If he said no, their affair would end. Stanton was supposed to meet him there at the hotel in a week to give him his decision. He didn't come. Anton waited two hours, then called Stanton on the phone. When he picked up, Anton said, "It's over. It's going to be tough, but I can't see you anymore, except for business."

"You can't be serious about this, Anton. We love each other."

"I can no longer live like this."

Anton was completely unprepared for Stanton's reaction. He reacted badly. Suddenly, he wanted revenge. Stanton slowly began to discredit him all over, undermined him in business dealings. At the same time, he disgraced himself in public by getting drunk and becoming violent, and because he was Stanton Lang, he was allowed to get away with it.

After almost six months of this behaviour, Nancy came to see Anton at his office. "I'm scared of him," she said. "What's happened between you two? Stanton has lost his head. He's drinking all the time. I'm afraid he might hurt Alex."

Anton realised he couldn't allow Stanton to take out his frustration on the boy. "Call me if things get worse," he told Nancy. They did. Nancy called him one day in a panic. So Anton left everything, drove round to Stanton's house when

he was at work and took Nancy and Alex away to the city.

He thought that he could talk to Stanton, make him see reason. But there was no reasoning with Stanton. Stanton was furious when he called him on the phone. "How dare you take my wife and son away from me?"

"Stanton...listen to me..." Anton began.

"I'll ruin you, you bastard. I'll *ruin* you."

Anton decided Stanton was too irate to listen to reason for now. He figured he would eventually cool off. In the meantime, he set Nancy and Alex up in a nice apartment in the inner city and made sure they wanted for nothing. It didn't take him long to fall in love with Alex, or for Nancy to remind him that he was the man she should have married.

"Look," Anton told her one night, almost a week after he'd settled them in, "I'm a married man, Nancy. I haven't even told Melissa about all this. She wouldn't approve."

"You don't love that cold bitch."

That was no lie. Anton smiled at her. "Nevertheless."

"And Stanton has become some kind of a monster."

Anton glanced over at little Alex who had fallen asleep on the sofa with his teddy bear.

"You don't love him anymore." Nancy met his

gaze. "That's why he's turned into this crazy man. He is obsessed with destroying you. Do you know that?"

"Yes," he said. "And I still love him. I'll always love him until the day I die. I just told him..." he sighed. How could he tell her he'd wanted Stanton to leave her and Alex?

"I know." She nodded. "It's okay. He won't leave us. It's not because he loves me, but because he adores that little boy he thinks is his over there on the sofa. He loves your son, Anton, with all his heart."

Anton swallowed.

"Do you remember how we made love that night? I remember every detail." She pulled him toward the bedroom, began to undo his shirt. Anton closed his eyes. He needed. He needed something. And Nancy was about to give it to him.

She took off all her clothes and then took off his. He wrapped his arms around her from behind and fondled her large breasts, pulled on her nipples the way he knew she liked. She ground her ass into his cock and let her head go back on his shoulder. "Fuck me, fuck me from behind, the way you'd fuck Stanton. Don't be gentle because I'm a woman, Anton."

He mauled her large breasts now, pushing her down on the bed, reaching under to cup her tits.

She sat up again on her knees, guiding his hands. "Play with them, oh yes, Anton, you have great hands."

One of his hands went between her legs. She was wet.

"Slap my tits, abuse them, fuck me," she screamed.

He went into her cunt from behind, abusing her breasts the way she wanted. She came, then, fell forward on her palms. "My ass, now do my ass," she urged, "like you would with Stanton. Pretend I'm Stanton. It's all right."

He closed his eyes, spread her ass cheeks, lubricated her the best he could, then began to enter her.

"It's good," she hissed. "Stanton always fucks me this way. One night, he called me Anton. Every time he fucks me, he's fucking you."

Anton gulped. He felt pity for her suddenly. He pictured Stanton in his head, imagined that it was him kneeling in front of him, and he lost control.

* * * *

Stanton stood outside his house when he arrived home that night. Anton approached him cautiously, not sure what to expect.

"I'm not drunk," he said, holding up his hand. "And, I'm perfectly calm."

"I'm glad to see you've cooled down. What do you want?"

"My wife and my son."

"They're afraid of you."

"Yes, God damn it," he growled, "and you're just lucky you have the protection of the pack or I'd..."

"It was your idea, remember?"

Stanton took a step, then backed off. He couldn't touch him. "Okay, what will it take?"

"Anger management classes...staying off the booze."

"Fuck you," he threw at him.

"You wish," Anton sneered.

"You can't dictate to me...and don't think I've been chaste since you cut me off. Why in the hell should I fuck you...when you know what kind of sex I can get with the pack?"

Anton swallowed. That hurt. "Fine," he said stiffly. "Fuck the pack. Fuck the entire city for all I care." But he did care. He cared too much.

"Anton," Stanton reached out and touched his shoulder.

"Please." God, he still loved him so much. "Go home, Stanton. We'll talk tomorrow."

"Come back to me." His eyes were pleading. "Come back to me, and it will all be okay again. I won't be angry anymore."

"I can't. I can't do it." Anton began to walk up

his walkway.

"Don't walk away from me," Stanton shouted after him. "I can finish you if I want to. To hell with the pack and their rules. You haven't even begun to feel my wrath, Ross!"

* * * *

The following night, Anton told Nancy a little bit about his encounter with Stanton.

"His father is on his back," Nancy said. "His father is a bastard. Maybe if he wasn't in the picture, Stanton wouldn't be so bad. He puts too much pressure on Stanton."

Anton nodded, reaching down to ruffle Alex's fair hair. Alex hugged his leg. "Daddy," he said.

Nancy shrugged. "He calls everyone that. It's because Stanton isn't around much anymore."

Anton reached down and picked up the little boy. He kissed his cheek and held him for the longest time.

* * * *

When he arrived home that night, Melissa was waiting, and she was livid. "Where are Stanton Lang's wife and kid?"

"I have no idea," he said.

"You're lying to me. Why in hell would you?"

"Because," he snapped, "Stanton is becoming abusive, he—"

"What in hell's happened to you? Ever since you and Stanton had a falling out, everything has been going down hill. Your reputation is shit in this town! Don't tell me I married a failure. You have all the advantages of being married to a Carriage, and yet my father tells me you've let your interest in the company go. What business is it of yours what goes on with Stanton Lang and his domestic situation?"

He sighed. "Stanton has been causing some problems for me. It will be all right."

"Convince his wife and kid to go home, and maybe you can win favour with Stanton again."

He turned his back. Didn't she care about anyone, but herself? He went outside and sat down in the patio chair. He looked up at the night sky. His life was an absolute mess. The man he loved he could never have, and on top of that, he was deliberately trying to ruin him. His wife was a cold bitch who only cared about money and prestige. His father called him ten times a day to nag him. He was losing money by the second and the man he loved believed himself to be the father of Anton's own son. Could it get any worse?

He stood up, took out his cell phone, and checked his messages. Fifty. Most were from his father, a few from Stanton, and one from Melissa.

He turned off his phone. He didn't want to listen to them now.

He walked around to the front of the house and got into his vehicle. He drove back downtown. He used his key and entered the little apartment where Nancy and Alex slept. He crawled into bed beside Nancy. Alex was cuddled beside her, sucking his thumb. Anton stroked his hair. The tears came. He quickly wiped them away and closed his eyes.

He dreamt about werewolves. He dreamt that he was surrounded by them. He gasped suddenly, rousing out of a dead sleep, and sat up straight. "Nancy," he said, shaking her, "put Alex under the bed."

She was half asleep. "What?"

He grabbed Alex, placing a finger over his lips and got him down on the floor. "We're going to play a game. You hide. Don't make any noise, and later on, I'll come find you okay. Hide right here."

Alex nodded with a sleepy smile and crawled under the bed.

Nancy looked scared.

He was about to say something when the door flew open. Nancy let out a scream. Three men stood there. Anton knew who they were. Immediately he stood between Nancy and them. One of them stepped forward. "Hello Anton," he said. "We've come to talk to you."

"The woman goes free," Anton said.

One of them began to shift. Nancy screamed. In one single leap, he jumped over Anton and snatched her up. She lost consciousness.

"No," Anton shouted, trying to grab Nancy away from him. The two others reached out and held Anton still. The werewolf pushed open the window and stole Nancy away while Anton struggled.

"She knows too much," one of them said, "and she has left Stanton, which means she is no longer loyal to him. She must die."

"You son of..." Anton shouted, tears in his eyes, his body now bathed in the sweat of his exertion.

"Where is the boy, Anton?"

"No, fuck you," he said. "You can't have the boy."

"He must be returned to his father."

"You won't hurt him?" Anton turned to look into the eyes of one of them.

"We are here only to bring Alex back to his father."

"I'll bring him back," Anton said. "Not you. He'll be scared of you. I'll bring Alex back tomorrow."

The hands relinquished their hold on him. "Very well. You have until tomorrow at noon."

They were gone, just like that. Anton sunk to the floor and bowed his head. Nancy was dead.

Alex would lose both his mother and his father by tomorrow. Drying his eyes so that Alex wouldn't see, Anton crawled over to the bed and peeked under. "I found you," he said, trying to sound upbeat. "Come out. Come to Daddy."

* * * *

Anton spent the night cuddled up to his son. He held him until he went to sleep, trying to explain to him that his mother had gone away. It wasn't easy. The next morning, he pulled out his cell phone and called Stanton's cell phone. He answered on the third ring. "You have my son."

"You son of a bitch," Anton said. "You had Nancy killed."

"It's the rules. I don't make them. I tried to fight for her, but she left me and—"

"You're a liar. You know, I hate the thought of giving Alex to you."

"He's my son."

Anton took a breath. He could have fought him. He could have gone away, taken Alex with him, but the werewolves would be on their trail. It was no life for Alex. He would live with the uncertainty and the regret of the decision he'd made that night, all of his life. "You promise me you will be kind to him." He'd had the opportunity to tell him the truth, that Alex was

really his son, but he didn't want Stanton to treat Alex as a stranger and Melissa would have never accepted Alex as her own.

"Yes. I promise," Stanton was saying.

"On your life. If you ever loved me, swear on that."

"I swear on..." He paused. "I still love you, Anton. I swear on my love for you."

"I'll bring him to your home at noon. You back off of me, you understand? Let me make a living."

"Okay."

Anton hung up.

* * * *

Anton carried Alex up the stairs to the Lang estate the next day, a lump lodged in his throat. He rang the bell and waited, Alex playing with his hair. Stanton answered. He looked horrible, as if he hadn't slept. He looked genuinely happy to see Alex. "Can I hold him?" he asked.

Anton nodded, handing him over to Alex. Alex seemed a little fussy, but he accepted Stanton's arms. Anton felt as if he were handing over a piece of own heart. He met Stanton's gaze. "Take good care of him."

"Come in," Stanton said. "Let's talk."

Anton shook his head.

Stanton called to the maid. "Take Master Alex

into the kitchen for cookies and milk." Anton waited until Alex was out of earshot, then he said, "You're a murderer."

Stanton closed his eyes. "I didn't mean for that to —"

"You murdered Alex's mother."

"It wasn't me. It was the pack."

"You could have said no. You could have tried to protect her."

"I did," he whispered.

"How?"

"I left a message on your phone, warning you."

Anton's mouth fell open. He pulled out his phone.

"It's too late now. Anton, come in, we'll talk. We'll —"

"You've tried to ruin me. You're a vengeful son of a bitch. You want everything your own way."

"It was wrong of me. I'm...I was just so hurt. I thought that you loved me."

Anton looked away. Oh God, he did love him. He loved him so much.

"If you really loved me, you could have never left me like you did."

"I've got to go," Anton said.

"Anton," Stanton reached out to try and prevent him from leaving, but Anton was halfway down the steps. "Listen to reason. I can't live without you. I won't live without you. I'm a Lang

and I will have what I want.”

Anton paused and looked up at him. It was the first time he'd ever heard Stanton utter such arrogance. “You may be a Lang, but you don't own me. You'll never own me, at least not my heart.” He kept walking, tears blurring his vision. He wiped them away and headed for his car.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Normalcy. Had there ever been anything akin to that in his life since he'd met Stanton Lang? He really did try at that time in his life to achieve it. Melissa began the process by suddenly announcing to him that she was ready to have children. It didn't matter that all he was to her was a penis with sperm. Her lovemaking was as cold as she was. She was much more interested in technique than feeling, which suited Anton fine, because he could hardly stand touching her. She was nothing like Nancy.

Anton poured himself back into his business interests. It appeared that Stanton had backed off of him for awhile and Anton managed to recoup some losses, which pleased his father.

He was lonely, and the loneliness made him work even harder. One night, exhausted, emotionally void, he went down to the inner city and began cruising around. He knew what he was

looking for, although he didn't admit it to himself until he saw it. He stood on the corner, short shorts, no shirt. It was a warm night. He was fair haired and looked about nineteen. When Anton slowed the car, he walked over to the window. Anton swept him with his gaze. He was well hung and just a little too pretty, but he'd do.

"Hey baby," he sang. "What 'cha looking for?"

"Sex, hard and rough. You into it?"

"You want the works, eh?"

"Yeah."

"I'll do you for four bills."

"Hop in."

The young, half dressed hooker climbed into the car. He looked Anton up and down. "You are handsome," he cooed. "Why you need to pay for it?"

Anton sighed. "Don't ask questions. Here's your money," he said. "You got a room?"

"Just down the street," he whispered, winking at him, and double counting the money.

The room was clean enough, but dumpy. There was a creaky double bed with stained sheets.

"They're clean," he said. "Just can't get out the stains, you know." He shut the door and locked it.

"Fine. Take off your shorts." He had no intention of lying on that bed.

"Don't you want to know my name?"

"Sure," he said, taking off his shirt. "What's

your name?"

"Casey."

"Casey." He stood back and watched as Casey stripped off and stood there naked.

"Nice." He took off his own pants and threw them over the chair. "Turn around, face the wall, put your hands up."

"Ooh, kinky," he giggled.

"Got a condom, lube?"

"There on the bureau."

Anton picked up the tube, studied it. He had a sudden flash of Stanton's face in front of his eyes, his body, naked, beautiful. He pushed it away. "Fuck you."

"What?" Casey asked, looking at him over his shoulder. "What did you say?"

"Nothing," Anton shook his head, opening the lube and spreading it on his hand, then he took the condom and put it in his mouth. He smeared lube up inside Casey's well used ass then unrolled the condom onto his cock. He positioned himself and rammed up inside of Casey without fanfare. "I just want fuck," he grunted.

"You go, baby," Casey threw back at him and placed his forehead on the wall.

* * * *

When Anton felt the hands clamp down on his

shoulders and pull him away from the body that leaned on the wall, he was just about to release a load. He was about to shout something when a hand came over his mouth, and another hand reached out and threw Casey across the room. The body behind him trembled and began to change into something else. He tried to say Stanton, but it came out all muffled.

“Get out, Whore,” a deep voice growled, and Casey hastily snatched up his clothes and ran for the door.

Suddenly, Anton felt himself practically fly across the room. He landed hard on the bed. When he looked up, it was no longer just a man who stood there. It was part man, part wolf, with Stanton’s eyes. The jaw opened and the teeth were exposed. Anton was sure that Stanton had come finally to kill him. He suddenly leaped, landing on top of him. His tongue lapped his face, then his chest, then down to his genitals. He was breathing hard. With one sharp clawed paw, he tossed him over onto his stomach, yanked him up onto his knees, and shoved his erection up inside of him. It hurt like hell for a few minutes, then he began to thrust, and Anton’s body was filled with pleasure. He moaned deeply and, just when he felt as if he was about to come, he was gripped with excruciating pain. Sharp teeth bit down on his shoulder, tearing the flesh. Blood ran down his

chest.

Stanton withdrew his cock and pushed him back over onto his back. Anton reared from the pain. Then he felt the blood on his lips. The blood dripped from clawed fingers which now held onto his jaw, and forced his mouth wide open. He choked on the blood, trying to resist, but it was rolling down his throat. Then he was yanked again, his body propelled sideways, head hanging over the side of the bed. He saw the werewolf start to change, a low whine coming from its lips. Suddenly Stanton was there, naked, lying on top of him.

"Don't speak," he whispered. He crawled off the bed, and came to stand in front of him. "I have waited so long to fuck that beautiful face of yours." He lowered his cock to Anton's mouth. Anton tried to raise his head, get away, but a hand came down on his chest, holding him prone. The head of Stanton's cock sunk into his mouth. Stanton smiled down at him, fingering both nipples, pinching them, tugging on them.

Anton moaned, in part pleasure, part pain.

"You like that? Your cock is hard again, Anton. You've never been so beautiful," he breathed, "your head hanging over like that, your cock engorged, your nipples...um...so stiff..."

His cock pushed deeper into his mouth, hitting the back of his throat. It had been so long since

he'd tasted him. And he tasted so good. Stanton, his Stanton, whom he hated for making him feel how much he still loved him. He suddenly forgot about the blood, and what Stanton had just done to him.

Stanton came in his mouth, then, backed away. "It's seems that taking you by force is the only way I can have you." He sighed. "So be it. Sleep now, my love. When you wake up, your life will have changed."

* * * *

Anton awoke back in that cave, the one he'd gone to for the protection ritual. He was strung up lengthways, exactly as before, his legs spread, completely naked. He was angry. Stanton had bit him, made him drink blood. What the hell!

His cock and balls were bound, his nipples were clamped. There was a plug inside his anus. He struggled, but he was caught. "Where are you, Stanton?"

"Submit to me," he said softly, appearing suddenly. "Tell me you love me, and I'll release you."

"You bit me?"

"Where is the mark?"

Anton glanced at his shoulder. Nothing. "I don't understand."

"It's healed." He ran his hand over his bound cock, tugged on the clamps, leaned over and gently kissed his mouth.

"Enough of your games. Let me go."

"Only if you give your heart to me once again. Anton, I can't live without you. Nancy is gone. I'm free."

"To live with me as my lover?"

"That's a bit complicated."

"Then forget it. I'm tired of games, and you've done too much. I can't forgive you for what you did to Nancy."

"Nancy was nothing to you."

"She was my friend." *She was the mother of my son.*

"I will let you go if you want," he said, "but soon, you will come to me, begging me to help you."

"Help me what?"

"You'll see," he laughed.

"Let me go, Stanton."

He shrugged, his hands moving over him again. "You still love me. You still tremble when I touch you."

"You've become a mad man. Let me go."

He undid his ankles and Anton slid to the ground. Stanton reached up and undid his wrists, making sure his body brushed his as he did. Anton undid the strap on his cock, pulled off the

clamps and pulled the plug out of his anus. "Give me my clothes."

"Please, Anton. Please, listen. We can..."

Anton ignored him. "I'm leaving. Live your life, Stanton, leave me alone."

"Never," Stanton called after him as he hurried through the cave.

* * * *

Melissa was anxious when he came through the door. "Where have you been?" He was surprised. He'd never seen her like that before. "Why?"

"My temperature is right to conceive," she said. She took his hand and led him upstairs.

"I'm tired and I..." he began, but she wasn't listening.

As the weeks came and went, Anton noticed some changes in his body. At first, they were very minor, vague twinges, some blurring of his vision, then, the twinges grew into the shakes. Sometimes at night, he'd wake up in a sweat, shaking violently all over. He'd get up and go to the window, swearing that he could hear every little movement on the grounds outside. Then as quickly as these bouts of violent shaking appeared, they'd be gone.

Then Melissa announced that she was pregnant and that took priority over everything. He was

overjoyed. Two months into the pregnancy, the shaking returned. He felt weird. There was something wrong. He thought about visiting the doctor, but he knew the doctor couldn't help him. Stanton had done something to him.

Melissa gave birth to twin boys prematurely. She had a very difficult pregnancy, but the boys were healthy. The doctor told them that they couldn't have any more children.

The twins came home and Anton played the doting parent, but he could no longer ignore the changes that were coming over him. He didn't want to go to Stanton for an explanation, but he knew he'd have to. The following day he went down to see Stanton at his principal office. He didn't want to be alone with him.

"What in hell did you do to me, you bastard?"

"You are far tougher than I imagined," Stanton replied, picking up his phone and telling his secretary to hold all his calls. "I didn't expect you to hold out this long."

"What did you do to me?" Anton hissed.

"Have you not been feeling well, Anton, my friend? I hear that congratulations are in order."

"Don't change the subject, Stanton." Anton watched him carefully as he walked around the desk. He was tall and lean, and still beautiful, wearing a light grey tailored suit, and a white shirt open at the neck. Anton could see the light

sprinkling of dark hair on the top of his chest. He swallowed.

"What are your symptoms?" He sat on the desk in front of his chair, thighs open, elbows leaning on his knees. "Maybe you need a check up."

"You made me drink..." Anton lowered his voice, "your blood. Am I...like you?"

He smiled. "Not yet. You want it to stop? It's only going to get worse."

Anton sighed. "I don't want to be...like you."

"Too late for that. You are in the second stage. You need only take a blood sacrifice."

"Kill someone?" Anton hissed.

"Drink blood from a mortal." He shrugged. "It's a simple ceremony. The pack is waiting for you."

"Why? Why did you do this?" Anton demanded, standing up now, pushing the chair back.

He didn't answer.

"You thought it would bring me back to you?"

"You're here, aren't you?" He raised an eyebrow. "If you want it to stop, come to the cave tomorrow night at midnight, and we will complete the transformation. I'll teach you how to control it and..."

"And if I don't?"

"You'll die."

Anton's eyes widened. "What?"

"You'll eventually die, Anton." Stanton met his gaze. "We'll wait for you."

* * * *

He was afraid. He didn't want to die. He also couldn't go on living like this. Afraid and angry, he made his way to the cave where the pack waited. He was shaking as he recalled what had happened. There was a young man there, barely twenty, so frightened. He'd drunk his blood. The others had pounced on him when he was through, finishing him off. Anton had cried in Stanton's arms that night. Stanton had stayed with him when the shift took him, taught him how to control the pain, reminded him about the wolf bane. For the first time, he saw and heard as a wolf, running through the woods, howling at the moon, grabbing small game in his fist and drinking their blood.

When he opened his eyes in the morning, he lay naked in the grass, his clothes folded neatly beside him. There was a note there. It was in Stanton's handwriting. "I love you," it said. "Now, you are one of us, and we are linked for eternity."

He was no longer man, no longer human, Stanton had seen to that. He ripped the note into tiny pieces and stood up. He put on his clothes. "I will live my life as normally as possible," he

declared. In spite of Stanton's compassion last night, it was he who had brought this upon him, something he had never wanted. And when he realised that there was something different about his own sons, something unnatural, he knew that not only had Stanton cursed him, he had cursed the Rosses for generations. Anton had handed this disease to his sons.

* * * *

Now, back in the reality of present day, his own grandson Nicolas carried the burden of Stanton's madness. He knew he should explain some things. He just wasn't sure what things he should include, and what things he should leave out. Nicolas was in love with Adam, that he knew. He could read his feelings very easily. They were connected, but they were also connected to him. Both of them were his grandsons. Adam's father had been his own son, and still Stanton didn't know.

The pack was dismissed, and Nicolas looked at him now. "How did I do?"

Anton nodded. "Fine. You are a natural leader. There is so much we need to talk about. You are aware that Stanton is still alive?"

"Yes. He has made a pact with..."

"Sitri."

"Yes. Is that how he made you a werewolf?"

"No. Stanton is a werewolf. He was one way before me."

"But how? That's impossible. Adam is not a..."

"Adam is not Stanton's grandson. He's mine."

Nicolas looked as if he would keel over.

"Sit down, Nico," he said, "and I will explain."

Anton told Nicolas as much of the story as he thought was necessary. Nicolas said nothing for a long time. "All this history isn't that important. Where we go from here is."

"Why did you leave my grandmother then? Wasn't it under control?"

"Yes," he said. "I left your grandmother because Stanton wouldn't let go of me. He insisted I participate with the pack, and that I return to him as his lover."

Nicolas shook his head. "All these years we thought it was over Stanton's wife. What happened to her?"

"She was killed by the pack. I tried to save her, but I couldn't. I saved Alex."

"Who was actually your son?"

"Yes."

"And you never told Stanton?"

"No." He shook his head. "It would have broken his heart."

"Then you do still have feelings for..."

"I did. Past tense. Now all I feel for him is disdain." He swallowed. Was that true? Stanton's

words came back to him suddenly, as if it were yesterday. "No, you don't hate me," he whispered in the dark, those eyes shining with that unnatural glow. "You love me, just like I love you. And no matter what happens, even if we say we hate each other in the future, even if we try to kill each other, underneath, we'll always be connected. Anton. We can't stop loving each other, wanting each other, just like we can't stop breathing."

"So his association with Sitri was...to....?" Nicolas was speaking to him. "Grandfather?"

"Sorry, Stanton joined with Sitri to get more power, and bring me to him. He cast a love spell."

"But...?"

"But I left, went far away, resisted. I've stayed away all this time."

"And this spell, is it still in effect?"

"I don't know. I'm sure I will soon find out. But I have some magic of my own now. I've learned a few things along the way. That said, it will not take long for Stanton to sense that I am nearby. I know you have feelings for Adam, but he is under Stanton's control, remember that. He will bring the inner city to his knees."

"But, why?" Nicolas said. "It seems senseless."

"Just because he can. He will do it out of wrath and out of anger. When it came to me, he lost, and Stanton can't bear to lose. Adam believes himself

to be a Lang — when push comes to shove, he will conduct himself like a Lang. If he gets desperate, he would do as Stanton, he will call on the devil himself if need be. Sitri is a manipulator. He revels in emotional drama and chaos.”

“Adam is also your blood, Grandfather. Do you mean to destroy him?”

“Adam is a pawn. We need to save him from Stanton, and that won’t be easy. Pray he hasn’t already called on Sitri for aid. I suppose that depends on how much he loves you, if he is desperate enough. You still love him?”

Nicolas nodded. “Yes, but I can’t let my heart rule my head. And, what about you? Are you still in love with Stanton Lang?”

There was silence. Anton walked over to the window and looked out. He reached up and fingered the thick gold chain, which lay around his neck. He could hear the animals prowling the woods.

“Grandfather?”

Anton turned around, and smiled faintly at him.

CHAPTER EIGHT

“I want out of here,” Adam demanded. “I want to be in control. I want Nicolas Ross on his knees. I am a Lang.”

Sitri glanced at him curiously. “You ask much. Payment will be high.”

“I don’t care.”

“All because he fucks that werewolf trash?” He laughed, his wings fanning out behind him. “It meant nothing to him.”

“He can forget me that easily. He can put his cock into another...” He stopped, his anger boiling to the surface again. “He won’t make me lose it.”

“Each favour comes with a price. You realise that Stanton may not approve.”

“Stanton is not of concern.”

Sitri rubbed his palms together. “You still owe me, Adam, for the favour before.”

“I’m aware of that.” Adam sighed. “Can you not come up with a big price for all favours?”

"One favour, one payment. Take it or leave it."

"Very well."

"If you mean it," he said in a silky voice, "get down on your knees." He floated over to him, the tips of his wings trailing on the floor behind him. He placed a hand on his head. "Oh Adam. You will pay. You will pay dearly. Now, let's see about getting you out of here."

* * * *

Stanton paced. He had been calling Sitri for the last hour. Nothing. He had to see if the sensations he was receiving were correct. He saw Anton. He saw his face, felt his presence close by. Could it be? Could it be that Anton had come home? "Sitri," he bellowed. "I've paid and paid, your spell failed the last time. I want you to do it again. I want you to bring Anton to me, begging for my touch."

Sitri appeared suddenly. He threw his head back, that of a lion, and roared with delight.

"What is amusing you so?" Stanton demanded arrogantly.

"It seems you and Adam want exactly the same things. I'm having the most delightful feeling of *deja vue*."

"Adam? What does Adam have to do with this?"

"He called me to him just a while ago."

"And you went?"

"Of course," he said. "Do you think I belong exclusively to you? I am available to the highest bidder. I am far more of a slut than you are, Stanton, although if I was to bet who would be on their knees to who when it came to you, and Anton Ross, I would bet that you'd hit the floor before he did. I find myself admiring his stamina."

"Shut up, you pig," he muttered. "I need you."

Sitri laughed. "Now what is the emergency, and you may leave your arrogance at the door, or I'll punish you, and not in the way you enjoy."

Stanton took a breath. "Forgive me," he said. "I felt Anton's presence awhile ago, and I need to know if it's my imagination...or...?"

"How many times has your imagination conjured up Anton?" He laughed. "Especially in the throes of sexual activity? His victory over you is divine. It is simply that he is stronger than you in resisting."

"You said that already. Is he here, or not?"

"He is. He is with Nicolas."

"Double the magic. Lace him with your love spell, make him sexually desperate for me, and me alone."

"I will torment him, Stanton, but there is no guarantee that this will bring him to you on his knees. He has a strong will."

"Break it!"

He laughed. "Very well. My work is cut out for me it seems. And Stanton, my price in this will be high."

"Since you failed last time, I..."

"I didn't fail. I underestimated Anton Ross, and so did you. Now, come and kneel before me, Stanton, I expect a down payment now."

Stanton walked toward him and Sitri became that beautiful young man. Stanton went to his knees and Sitri grabbed his hair. "Go to work, my beauty," he said. "Earn your prize."

* * * *

Adam walked along the road undetected. He was free. Sitri had liberated him from his prison easily by simply exchanging his body with one of the guards. Now, a guard paced inside Adam's room trying to convince the military that he wasn't really Adam Lang.

It was ingenious. The body he inhabited was very handsome, tall, well muscled, fair haired and green eyed, just like Nicolas appreciated. Not only would he ask Nicolas Ross for a job, he would make sure that Nicolas was in his bed as well. Then when he had him just where he wanted, Adam would make him pay for sleeping with that Blake slut. At the same time, he could spy, and

report back to Stanton. It was what he had promised Sitri, who wouldn't agree unless Adam vowed not to double cross his grandfather.

The moon rose in the sky and Adam reached the inner city. He needed to find Nicolas as soon as possible. He walked into a tavern and ordered a drink, looking around. "I want to join the cause," he announced out loud. "Lang's soldiers are going to barrel in here and change everything. We need to fight."

A handsome looking man moved closer to him. He wore a black cloak with a hood. Adam flinched when he saw something flash across his eyes. "You want to join the cause, handsome?"

"Yes," Adam smiled at him. "If you'll have me."

"Oh, I'll have you alright," he said with a growl. "Come with me."

The big man took his arm. Adam recognized him now. How could he mistake that voice, those eyes? They were the same as Anton's. His name was Thomas, Thomas Ross, and he'd take him to exactly where he wanted to be.

* * * *

"Thomas is a fool," Anton told Nicolas, "unlike your father, he thinks with his cock rather than with his head. He must never be allowed to rule

this pack."

Nicolas sighed. "They almost overthrew me."

"Yes, but they realised their mistake in the end."

"We can't fight them."

"Not alone, but I gathered friends on my travels."

Nicolas raised an eyebrow.

Anton grinned. "We will have our own army, werewolves, and others."

"Others?"

"Indeed. It is time for us to take back this city once and for all, restore pride and dignity. Give the people hope. To do that, we will have to defeat..." He stopped, hearing the approach of footsteps. "It's Thomas. I don't want him learning too much at this time."

Nicolas got up and opened the door. Thomas came walking down the hallway on the way to his room, a young hooligan in tow. Anton sniffed. That scent seemed familiar, but he didn't recognise the face. He blocked their passage for a moment, studying the stranger. "Who is this?" He asked Thomas.

"Someone who wishes to join our cause," he said.

"Yes, my name is John," Adam lied, meeting Nicolas's gaze.

Nicolas could hear the heart of this John beating

hard in his chest. His thoughts blasted into his head and Nicolas could feel his heat. John didn't want his uncle, he wanted him, which was bizarre. This John fellow didn't even know him. His thoughts were overwhelming suddenly. He wanted him right now, right there, naked, on the floor of the hallway. Whoa. Nicolas backed up. "You have a live one," he said to his uncle. "Welcome, John," he nodded at him. "Thomas, can I see you for a moment?"

"Of course. I'll just take John to my room and I'll come back."

Nicolas returned to his grandfather.

"What is it?" Anton asked.

"Thomas, with another of his one night shags. I know the scent, but I swear I don't know the face."

"Unusual."

He shrugged. "He might have stolen a garment from someone I recently met."

Suddenly the door opened and Thomas stood there. He looked anxious. "Yes?"

"You must be careful about bringing strangers here, especially at this time," Nicolas warned.

"I will be. He's fine."

"Where did you find him?"

"In the village. At the tavern. He was making a big speech about how he wants to take back the city. He seems quite able bodied. I thought we could use him."

Anton nodded. "Go then. I see you are anxious to use him yourself."

Thomas winked, nodded curtly at his father and left the room.

Nicolas sighed.

Anton went back to the window and looked out at the moon. It wouldn't be long until they got there, the werewolves, and those vampires who had formed an association with them. It would be their army, an army to finally fight off Lang's military. And all they wanted was a place to call their own, a place where they could be accepted and live in peace among mortals. This he had promised them in return.

"So," Nicolas asked suddenly, jarring Anton out of his daydream, "are you ever going to tell me where you went all those years to escape Stanton's love spell?"

"Far away. I found others. I found Grigore."

"Grigore? A werewolf?"

"Grigore is a vampire. A very handsome, sexy one." Anton turned around and smiled at him. He didn't look much older than himself.

"I see," Nicolas raised an eyebrow. "But why vampires?"

"They are those seeking refuge from hunters. They found a safe place... at least it was safe for awhile. Not anymore."

"And these vampires...?"

"Want peace. They don't feed on mortals. Those who do are shunned. I have offered them a haven here in exchange for..."

"Is that wise?"

"Trust me," he said. "Grigore is the leader. I trust him. He is my lover."

Nicolas nodded.

"Don't worry. You'll love him. They are on their way now. They are travelling by the moon. It won't be long. I must go out now and guide them. Come with me." He offered his hand. "We'll show them the way together."

Nicolas nodded and followed his grandfather. They stripped off their clothes as they ran through the field and into the woods, gradually changing from man to wolf. They stood together, heads raised, howling at the moon.

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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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