



# Attracting Anthony

Amber Kell

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## Chapter One

“I can’t believe I let you talk me into this.” Anthony Carrow looked around the room and thought about walking back out. It took all his effort not to gape like a landed fish.

He felt conspicuous in his leather pants and no shirt. The outfit exposed both his pierced left nipple and the brilliant memorial tattoo on his back. But the feeling faded as he realized less people were looking at him than at the young man who walked past with a leash attached to the harness around his cock. A leash held in the firm hand of a slim man with silvery hair and a designer suit who walked with the smooth grace of werewind.

In reality, beneath his magical disguise he drew less attention than the other dozens of men standing around like they were waiting to take their place in the Mr. Beautiful pageant.

The thought that this was all a horrible mistake pinged around Anthony’s head in a dizzying fury.

His nerves strummed so loudly in his head he was surprised that the sound didn’t echo off the ceiling of the crowded bar.

Panicked he turned to flee.

A large hand clamped on his shoulder holding him in place.

“No escaping. You promised you’d come with me and we both know you need to get out more.” said Steven, Anthony’s best friend, his eyes following the pair as they passed. “You’ve barely dated since Drew died. Even with your current look you’ll catch someone’s eye.” He flashed Tony a sympathetic smile. “Though I do appreciate the effort to not show me up with your gorgeousness. I have a feeling it was more to hide yourself than to help me in any way.”

Tony stifled his laughter at Steven’s rueful expression. Although he agreed to accompany his friend to the club, he’d cast a strong suppression spell on his appearance so he wouldn’t stand out too much from the crowd. He didn’t need a stampede in his direction on his first night out.

The spell dulled his gleaming golden hair to a dirty blond and his natural glowing skin to a light bronze. Features usually heart-stoppingly fine, roughened under the weight of the magic changing his normally beautiful features into a pleasing but not memorable face. Everything else

he left as nature made it. He was now attractive enough to get a man but not gorgeous enough to overshadow his handsome friend.

But just the thought of dating again sent pain ripping through Tony's chest. These men were gorgeous, sexy even, but they weren't Drew. Images of his dead lover sprang before his eyes like a moving picture, peeling back his careful indifference to expose a loss so deep it threatened to drown him. Taking a deep breath, Tony steadied his pulse and forced a reassuring smile on his lips hoping to stave off the worried expression in Steven's eyes.

Surely three years was long enough. He could do this. He was ready. Maybe if he chanted it a few more times in his head it would become true.

"You aren't asking me to go out more. You dragged me here because you want moral support for your werewolf mate hunt. Why you want to mate is beyond me."

He'd lost his to a heart attack. Tony didn't want to imagine what would happen if Steven found and lost his love. Wolves mated for life, something that could be good or bad depending on your mate.

"You have something against wolves?" Steven's tone was as challenging as any wild wolf, his eyes feral in the club lights.

Tony felt an uncomfortable number of gazes turn towards him. Great just what he wanted, to insult a room full of supernaturals. A low growl sounded near them.

"Don't be an idiot. We've been friends forever. If I had a problem with wolves you'd know it by now. I have something against mates."

"Oh don't start that." Steven's voice wasn't unkind but there was an underlying firmness in his tone telling Tony his best friend was running out of patience. "Just because your lover died doesn't mean you can't find another. Besides if you don't start dating again your parents will intervene and I've met your parents, they scare the crap out of me."

Tony shivered at the thought of his parents' matchmaking skills. "The last time they fixed me up it was with a fairy."

Steve snorted. "I thought you didn't like labels."

"No. He was an actual fairy you know from Faeland."

That got Steven's full attention. "What happened?"

Tony shrugged. "Let's just say it didn't work out." He wasn't going to relive the horrible details of *that* blind date even for his best friend. Fae princes were a touchy lot. "Anyway it just proved I wasn't ready to date."

"Fuck it Tony, it's been almost three years. Even if you don't want a mate there are plenty of hot guys here for a hookup. Hell, even if I don't find the 'one' it'll be fun shopping."

Steve turned Tony to look him, his blue eyes filling with compassion. "I understand you lost your soulmate. But you can't go the rest of your life being untouched."

Tony looked away blinking rapidly. "I know, I do. It's just hard."

Sighing he looked around the club. It was a were hunting ground where shape shifters and other supernaturals came to find mates and sex partners. An extremely select club where they didn't just let anyone join. Tony knew Steven had to go through a detailed screening process to get a membership and an approved guest list. Tony was one of a handful of friends who were on it.

Everywhere he looked there were men and women dancing, drinking and doing things not usually allowed in public. There were certain advantages to owning a private club and as long as no money exchanged hands between partners just about anything else was allowed between consenting adults.

Tonight it was Steven who was on the hunt.

A werewolf himself, his best friend longed for a mate but was shy around others of his kind. Tony knew it was partly due to the fact that Steven's adoptive parents were full human and were never able to understand the complex world of werewolf society. It wasn't for lack of trying but there were only so many facts you could find on the internet as weres didn't give up secrets to those not of their kind or were mates. Steven's parents were sweet and tried hard but they weren't were.

Tony tried to be supportive of his friend but it was hard. Part of his soul died with Drew and he doubted he'd ever be able to reclaim it. He didn't want Steven's hopes of hearts and flowers to end in tragedy like his own love affair. It wasn't better to have love and lost, it was soul crushing.

Still, Steven was right, he couldn't stay untouched for the rest of his life and werewolves were known for taking charge in the bedroom.

There was nothing Tony loved more than a firm hand. With that thought in the forefront of his mind he looked the room with new eyes. Instead of trying to keep hidden he assessed the others to see if any would appeal to either him or to his not-so-discerning friend.

As if catching onto his friend's new outlook Steven shared a wicked smile and the pair prowled the room with intent.

\* \* \*

Silver entered the club from the manager's suite. A moment later Thomas, his lieutenant joined him.

"It's a good crowd tonight." He said with justifiable pride. It was his lieutenant's idea to convert the old bar to a safe mating ground for were kind. A brilliant idea that brought the pack surprisingly large profits.

Silver nodded giving Thomas a pat on the shoulder. "Our profits and memberships are skyrocketing even with our strict entrance restrictions. Both humans and weres like the idea of a forever mate."

"Humans like it because there's too much cheating among their own kind. And weres are genetically coded to search for their other half." Thomas brushed back his dark hair from his face with one elegant hand before giving his boss a reproving look. "You spend too much time alone, Silver. It's time you found a pretty boy and settled down."

Silver snorted. "I don't like pretty boys. Pretty boys need too much attention. Give me a grateful average looking guy any time."

Thomas snorted. "Then how come you're still alone. If you just wanted average you could go down to the dance floor, crook your finger and just grab the first in the stampede."

Silver smirked, his grey eyes flashing amusement. "I said I liked men not sluts."

The alpha's eyes restlessly grazed the crowd. Something felt different this evening. There was a tingle in the air, a feeling of magic. The sizzle along his spine warned him of great events hovering in the horizon. A touch of sight descended from his father's line.

He scanned the dance floor again making sure everything was flowing smoothly trying to identify the source of his unease. No fights were breaking out, no unwanted touching. Out of habit he closed his eyes before

taking a deep breath and inhaling the scents of the club. His senses first located members of his pack in the dense crowds, a few dozen were there to keep the club moving smoothly a few others hunting for mates of their own.

He was about give up when he found it.

The smell of a deep, cool meadow drifted up to him on a breeze.

Delicious.

Longing filled him to run under the full moon with rich dirt flying under his clawed feet. With effort he snapped back to the reality.

There wasn't a patch of good running ground for miles. Silver closed his eyes and inhaled again. Turning his head as the smell drifted past.

Unable to help himself, the alpha growled.

Someone in the club smelled irresistible.

"What is it?" Thomas asked his eyes riveted to the expression on his alpha's face.

"Don't you smell that?"

"What?"

"Heaven."

Silver's gaze landed on a dark-haired man in tight jeans and a red shirt who swaggered across the floor followed by an unremarkable looking man with dull blond hair, a sweet ass and a scent from Silver's hottest dreams. The blond's movements were more a graceful dance than a walk as if the music itself pushed him across the floor. Smooth gently tanned skin poured over sleek muscles cut by a generous creator. The leather pants he wore outlined an ass so fine moisture pooled in Silver's mouth. No he had never met Mr. Sweetass but now was the time. It has been too damn long since someone caught his attention.

"I think I just found the Mr. Average of my dreams." Silver muttered to his lieutenant. Placing his hands on the wooden banister, he gripped it firmly before flinging himself over the balcony. With their enhanced senses, the dancers fled with seconds to spare. Silver landed on the recently vacated space and plowed through the crowd to reach the pair now talking in the corner.

As the blond turned to talk to the man behind him Silver saw a tattoo across his upper back. His enhanced sight let him make out the words Andrew 2005.



Fury rushed through Silver as he thought of someone else touching the sleek blond. Imagining someone else's hands tugging at the silver hoop he glimpsed decorating one beaded nipple brought a growl to his throat.

*Mine.*

The possessiveness towards this one man took him by surprise but it didn't stop him from approaching the pair.

"Good evening gentlemen, I'm Silver Moon the owner of this club. I don't believe I've had the chance to meet you two. Are you new members?"

He was rather proud of the fact that he didn't just grab the blond and take him back to his lair.

See him use restraint.

Both men turned to face him but Silver's eyes locked onto the blond.

The dark-haired man stepped forward drawing his attention. "Nice to meet you, Mr. Moon. I'm Steven Dell, a new member, and this is my friend Anthony Carrow who has come as my guest. I'm trying to talk Tony here into getting back in the dating pool."

"No." The objection burst from his lips. Silver quickly followed it with a smile. He didn't want to scare away the splendid smelling man. Tony looked up and Silver saw the color of the other man's eyes for the first time. Amazing. This ordinary man had extraordinary sparkling golden eyes like trapped sunlight.

"Is there something wrong with the men here?" Anthony asked in a smooth tenor, a sweet smile lighting his plain face.

Silver cleared his throat to come up with something plausible. He concentrated on the brunet because he seemed to be the spokesman for them both. "There's nothing wrong with the men here but you don't want to jump into anything especially if it's been a while. Why don't you two come back to my table? I'm always happy to meet new members." Not a complete lie. "And that way the two of you will be able to see everyone and be seen." He darted a glance at the blond. "I'd feel bad if you chose the wrong man on your first foray."

Of course Silver didn't tell the shy Tony that the wrong man was anyone but him. Instead he held out his hand biting back a moan when the blond's palm slid across his to shake.

There were many moments in Silver's life that made up special memories, but this one eclipsed them all. It wasn't everyday that you touched your mate for the first time.

Heat ran up his arm as he took the younger man's hand. Instead of shaking it he lifted it to his lips, placing a soft kiss on the back.

This was *the one*. He knew it as well as he knew the phases of the moon and the joy of a good hunt.

"Welcome to my club." He purred. Damn, his voice sounded as deep as it usually did before he changed.

Steven gave a rueful laugh before turning to his friend with an easy smile. "Tony, why don't you stay with Silver here, I think I see someone to my taste and I don't want to worry about you."

Silver could've kissed him.

Tony flashed him a cautious look before turning to his friend. "Are you sure Steve? I know we brought separate cars so you could hook up with someone but I don't want to abandon you when we've only been here a few minutes.

Someone didn't have enhanced senses wouldn't have heard the tremor in Anthony's voice or the nerves pouring off of him in waves. The predator inside Silver wanted to take the sweet boy down like a wounded deer and devour him in the soft comfort of his den.

As it was he had to hold back a growl when Steven placed a soft kiss on his friend's cheek and a whispered. "I'll be fine. Call me if you run into any trouble." Silver didn't miss the warning look in Steven's eyes but he did give the protective were a nod to let him know that he would watch out for his friend. The other were didn't need to know how closely he would be watching Anthony.

Tony flashed him a nervous smile. "Umm. I guess I'll have that drink then."

Silver tried to look harmless which wasn't easy for a strong pack alpha. What did you say to a man who smelled so divine you wanted to pounce?

Gently he guided his evening snack and future mate to a table set on a dais apart from the dance floor. Currently empty, the table was reserved for him and his pack mates.

He pulled out a chair for Tony before seating himself to Tony's left.

“So sweet, who is the tattoo for

Caramel eyes blinked rapidly. “My lover Andrew died three years ago I was with him for two,” was the tear-choked reply.

Unable to help himself Silver stroked a hand down the younger man’s arm. He was so fucking sweet the alpha wanted to gobble him up in the best way possible. But the thought of scaring off Tony kept his wolf at bay. Catching a mate was a tricky business.

“Did you really come here to find a new lover?” Silver’s voice was inquiring not accusing. He wanted Tony to confide in him but he didn’t want to appear pushy.

“I – I wanted to sort of shop around.” Tony blinked moisture out of his beautiful eyes wringing Silver’s heart in the process. “I’m tired of being alone. And Steve thinks I should get out more.”

“I’m sorry that you lost your lover.” He wasn’t super sorry but the sweet boy was obviously upset. Silver’s let his sympathy shine in his eyes. Usually it was important to appear strong and unfazed as wolves would attack the weakest of the pack, but he wanted to let this young man know he felt for his pain. Not sympathetic enough to want his lover back in the picture but sympathetic never the less.

Tony nodded as he gulped back tears with obvious effort. “It has been three years. Steven’s right I need to move on.”

“Steven sounds like a good friend.”

Tony nodded. “He saved me after Drew died. I really wanted to go with him.”

Silver gripped Anthony’s arms. “I’m very glad you didn’t.”

The younger man gave him a tremulous smile. “Me too.”

Silver didn’t waste time. With one smooth movement he wrapped his arm around Tony pulling the other man close.

Surprised, Tony almost tumbled off his seat.

“Careful, baby. I just want to get a feel for you.”

Tony glanced down. “Yes, I can see that.”

Silver laughed a loud, booming sound that carried over the club and attracted the attention of one of his pack.

Farro, a slim man with auburn hair and third in pack hierarchy after Thomas, approached them. His eyes held a teasing light as he took the pair in.

“Hello Silver, who’s your friend?”

“Farro, this is Anthony who is getting over the loss of his lover.

Anthony this is Farro one of my oldest friends.”

The light in Farro’s eyes dimmed, he also had lost a beloved family member in the past year. “I’m sorry to hear that Tony. How long ago did he die?”

“Three years.”

Although they didn’t fall, Silver could hear the tears in Tony’s voice.

The other wolf gave Tony a sympathetic smile. But when Tony lifted his head Farro flashed a wicked grin at his alpha. “If you are looking for a new lover I’d be happy to let you stick by me and let me vet them for you.”

Farro stepped forward and stroked Tony’s hair in a soothing motion. A low growl vibrated Silver’s chest as someone else touched what was his.

The other wolf paled before giving a bow and a submissive tilt of his head.

“On the other hand, Silver can watch over you. He is very protective of his friends.” With a quick smile and a submissive head tilt the man hurried on his way.

Smart man.

There was teasing and then there was getting your throat ripped out by a rabid alpha. Silver took the extra effort to hide his feral grin when the sweet boy looked his way.

“He was certainly in a hurry.”

Silver shrugged his shoulders. “Maybe he remembered something he had to do.”

Silver dipped into the other man’s mind pleased when he found despite Tony’s puzzlement at Farro’s behavior he didn’t regret the man leaving. Only alphas could read minds and it was times like this that he enjoyed what a handy talent it was.

Caramel eyes blinked up at him as if sensing the intrusion.

“Let me order you a drink, sweetness. I promise to mostly behave.”

Tony’s mouth twitched with the beginnings of a smile.

Silver made it his goal of the evening to see that smile in its full glory.

“Mostly?”

“Well I can’t promise the impossible.” He let his eyes rake over all that exposed skin. “After all there is only so much temptation a man should be asked to resist.”

Wow, dimples.

Silver basked in the glory of that beautiful smile, his body going hard at the sight. He closed his mouth quickly before his fangs could poke through. Passion sometimes brought on his mating fangs. He didn’t want to scare off the sweet, sweet man who would soon be his. Oddly enough the more time he spent with him the less plain the younger man looked.

“Evening sir, may I get you something?”

A young man dressed in red and black club colors approached.

“Evening, Kevin.” Silver greeted his employee with a flicker of a glance before focusing back on Anthony. “I would like a shot of whiskey. What would you like, baby?”

“Two tequila shots with lime and salt, please.” Tony said to the waiter flashing another dimpled smile. Silver resisted the urge to growl. Dimpled smiles should be exclusively his.

“Make that one shot and a beer.” Silver countermanded. “I don’t want you drunk.”

Tony glared. “And still you aren’t my master to tell me what to do.”

Kevin discreetly left while they argued.

Silver gripped Tony’s chin in a gentle but firm hold. “But I will be. It’s important that we start as we plan to continue.”

Jerking his chin out of Silver’s grip, Tony said in a deceptively quiet voice. “Who says *we’ll* continue anything?”

“Call it a hunch.” Silver slid his hands into Tony’s hair jerking him close. Without giving him a chance to object he took Tony’s mouth in a gentle invasion.

A rough mashing of lips, Tony could have resisted but not this. The tender brushing of skin against skin, a pair of firm lips sweet and coaxing beneath Tony’s tongue. It sent heat spinning through his body, like an inferno he burned for the gorgeous older man. When Silver pulled him closer pressing his naked chest against the other man’s mesh shirt he let a low moan rip through him.

Need filled him. Even with Drew the passion was flash hot not this gentle yearning that clawed at him with sharp talons of hunger. As if his body would die if deprived of this one man's touch. When Silver's lifted his lips, Tony followed determined to get more of those lips flavored like paradise. Hard hands held him back.

"Please." He whimpered in a broken tone he barely recognized as his own.

Silver's soft lips barely brushed across Tony's eliciting another whimper. "Take it easy baby. You can have all the kisses you want." The dark velvety voice promised. "Just say you'll be mine."

That snapped Tony back to reality. What was he doing? Almost giving in to a complete stranger? It was a while since Drew died but he remembered the process being slower, more meaningful. A careful dance to see if two people would mesh in and out of bed. Silver's strange grey eyes held his captive.

"You want to belong to me. I know it." Silver said his voice mesmerizing in its conviction.

"Your drinks." The cheerful tone of the server broke the trance he was falling into.

*What the fuck was that all about?*

He spared the server a smile. "Thank you." Tony licked his skin, salted it, licked the salt, took the shot and bit into the lime. The combination of flavors went to his head in a fine buzz as he slowly sipped the classy imported beer. "I'll take another shot." He told the waiter who was watching him with a wide smile.

"No he won't." Silver countermanded once again. "Go serve someone else."

The waiter abandoned them without a backward glance.

Tony almost objected but the look in the other man's eyes held him back.

"You've been too long without a master my sweet. You keep trying to think for yourself."

"Who said I needed a master." Tony challenged. He wasn't going to give it up for this total stranger without a few answers. The man may be the hottest thing in the club but Tony was a cautious soul. Unfortunately

that caution vanished before silvery grey eyes and the set of hot muscled abs he could see traced lovingly by the shirt.

“I did. I can tell by the sweet yearning in your eyes that you need someone to take charge.” Silver leaned forward and took Tony’s lips in a commanding kiss that demanded everything and gave even more. Fire licked down his spine as need burned in him like a bonfire.

Tony pulled back reluctantly removing himself with a gentle tug from Silver’s tight grip.

“I might like a man to control me but I don’t need something long term. Drew was my soul and I don’t think I’m ready for a replacement.

Silver’s handsome face drew tight. “I would never replace him, my sweet no one can replace someone once they’re in your heart.” One large hand pressed across Tony’s chest. “But I would be honored if you would consider placing me beside him. We don’t know each other yet, but I would be happy to be your first dip into the dating pool.”

Tony snorted trying not to choke on his beer. “I can’t believe you said that with a straight face.”

“Too sappy?” Silver’s eyes lit with laughter.

“Yes.

Looking at Silver’s handsome, stern face he yearned to be under the hand of a commanding master again. Since Drew he hadn’t trusted another enough to give away his control. Despite what Steven thought he didn’t abstain from sex he just settled for anonymous trysts and one night stands. Letting someone close took more nerve and courage than Anthony lacked before tonight. For the first time in a long while he was tempted.

“Can you give me what I need?”

There was no hesitation from the other man. “Absolutely. Will you give me the chance?”

Here it was, the decision. He could toss it all away now and go back to his successful but empty life yearning for something just out of reach or he could take a chance on the gorgeous man beside him. “Okay.” If his voice trembled a little in the end they both pretended not to notice. As if worried he would take his agreement back, Silver grabbed him by the wrist, pulled him out of his chair, dragged him through the dance floor, across the lobby and up a short set of stairs in the back hall. Thoughts of sitting and getting

to know the handsome man better, were subdued beneath the rush of being dragged away by a passionate stranger.

He got the vague impression of cream-colored walls and fine wood before he was rushed through a doorway and sent airborne. He landed with a gasp on a pile of decadent fluff and silky coverings. Tony sank into the soft bed further when a hard body covered him from chest to toe. The contrast between the two sensations revived any of the excitement he lost during transit.

"I thought we were going to get to know each other first." Tony said once he gathered his scattered thoughts enough to form a sentence.

Silver gave him a wicked smile and a smoldering kiss.

"Oh we'll get to know each other very well soon." Silver promised. He slid to his feet at the bottom of the bed and with gentle hands removed Tony's shoes, socks and, with a rougher touch, his pants.

He imagined he looked like he felt, like a man about to be ravaged.

"I think the best way to decide if we're compatible is to do a taste test." Silver murmured.

Before Tony could object, Silver's mouth swooped down and swallowed his cock in one smooth motion forcing all thoughts from his brain. Tony became a creature of pure sensation as wave after wave of desire rocked him to the core. Just as he was certain to shoot, Silver lifted his mouth.

"Nooo." Tony cried, tears filling his eyes with frustration.

"Not yet, baby. Not until I tell you." Silver's hands stroked his thighs bringing him down from the edge.

"I changed my mind."

Silver froze.

"I just want someone to fuck me. I don't need a master."

His dark-haired nemesis chuckled. "Don't worry baby, I'll fuck you. But you're mistaken you most definitely need a master. And I'm it."

"Sure of yourself are you?" Tony taunted, from the comfort of the bed.

"Most definitely." Silver said with a wolfish smile.

The lust in Silver's eyes made him harder. He was certain he could pound nails with his cock if requested.



“Don’t worry baby, I’ll never ask you to risk this beauty on some nails.” Silver’s right hand slid up and down his cock sending ripples of need up his spine.

Fuck the man could read minds. Anthony’s body thrummed with the contact making it difficult to form complete thoughts. Touch starved. That’s what he was. But his body remembered the joy of another against his and the sensation was too much.

“I’m going to come.” He warned.

“No you won’t.” Silver said in a hard voice that brooked no interference.

Miraculously the burning urgency slid away to a slow fire instead of the incessant need riding his spine.

Just by his voice alone, Silver controlled him.

What a man.

“That’s it baby.” Silver crooned as he slowly pulled off his shirt exposing a lightly furred olive-skinned chest with ripped muscles probably from running as a wolf. All the shifters he’d ever seen were fit like Silver. Hunger for the handsome man flared like an inferno in his stomach.

When Silver lowered his zipper Tony barely resisted the urge to lunge. He wanted to attack the other man with a ferocity that surprised him.

A low chuckle filled the air as Silver walked closer before stripping completely out of his remaining clothes. “Eager are you?”

“Yes, so fuck me.”

“You forget who’s in charge here, my sweet.”

“Not me?” Tony asked blinking innocently.

Silver’s mouth quirked in a half smile flashing his white teeth in the dim light.

“Not you.” He replied. He slid one finger across Tony’s skin from shoulder to stomach, distracting him from his thoughts.

Tony sucked in his breath as goose bumps rose along the finger’s path.

Need ate at him like a hungry beast. “Please Silver, fuck me.” He pleaded.

Silver quirked one dark brow. “You think you’re worthy of my dick.”

“No. But fuck me anyway.”

“Oh I will my sweet but later we’re going to have a session that involves your fine ass and the heat of my hand.”

“Sounds like a deal.” Tony gave Silver a look from beneath his lashes, a coy expression that used to bring Drew to his knees.

Silver looked down at the feast lying on his bed and almost prematurely ejaculated for the first time in his life. Never had a man looked so damn good.

He could tell Tony was going to blow as soon as he entered. But hell there was no way he could make the kid wait much longer. As much as he loved to exquisitely torture his bed partners. Silver wasn't much for denying himself. They would have time later to draw out their pleasure but first he needed to take the edge off.

“I changed my mind. I'll make it up to you later, baby, this one's going to be quick.”

Even though he knew he didn't need one, he slipped on a condom so as not to worry his sweet mate. Silver didn't want their first time to cause any shadows in those beautiful caramel eyes. Later when Tony knew for certain what he was they could go without.

Lubing up two fingers, Silver plunged them into the sleek, elegant body grinding beneath him.

“Ahhhhh.” Tony screamed, instinctively lifting his legs so Silver could get better access.

Found it.

Silver grinned knowing his expression was probably more wicked than reassuring. He brushed against the same spot again watching with satisfaction when Tony let out another yell.

“Harder.”

“My pace, sweet. My pace.”

Removing his fingers Silver replaced them with his cock, slowly pushing his way into the hot willing body beneath him.

Gasping Tony flashed a taunting smile of his own. “Don't be shy baby. Come on in.”

Silver pushed all the way into the hot silky body until he was ball's deep. “I'm. Not. Shy.” He said. With each pump of his body he slammed against Tony's prostrate making him scream. “I just like to be certain of my welcome.

His mate's slim form bucked beneath his body

“Come.” Silver whispered as he continued to nail Tony’s prostate over and over.

Instantly obedient, Tony exploded. Cream burst from him in great body shaking spurts. A few minutes later Silver gave a cry and collapsed on top of him before quickly moving to the side unwilling to harm his young lover.

Silver wrapped himself around his smaller mate nuzzling the fine hairs on the back of Anthony’s head.

“Mate.” He whispered before falling asleep.

\* \* \*

*Mate.* Panic raced through Tony’s body. Maybe he’d heard wrong. He wiggled a little trying to see if he could break free. Every nerve in his body was telling him to flee.

Silver was too intense. Tony wasn’t ready for another relationship. Excuses for leaving ricocheted like bullets across his mind.

Wiggling he tried to free himself of his bigger, stronger bedmate but Silver’s hold tightened and he dragged Tony closer until he was half lying beneath the larger man.

“Sleep, sweetness.” Silver mumbled in a sleep roughened voice.

There was no way he was going to escape before morning.

With a sigh, Tony settled into the warm cocoon created by the were letting the comfort of heat and good sex relax him into sleep.

He could worry about the implications tomorrow.

Tony woke with a stream of sunlight brushing his cheek. A quick glance at the bedside clock told him it was still early enough he wasn’t running late.

A quick look showed his bedroom companion was missing.

Blinking wearily he slid out of bed and picked up the pants from the night before. Memories of Silver whispering mate in his ear the night before brought shivers that were only partly from the coolness of the air against his shirtless skin. He doubted that a possessive were would let him sashay out of there without a goodbye or two.

After a quick sniff, Tony decided a shower was called for. He might have to leave wearing yesterday's pants but he didn't have to smell like sex especially if he ran into other weres.

A fast shower and a stolen shirt later, Tony left the room in search of Silver. He might not be completely sure of this mating thing but it was impolite to leave without saying goodbye. His folks raised him better than that.

Was that bacon he smelled?

Hunger pulled Tony down the stairs and towards the sound of people talking.

\* \* \*

Silver knew the moment his lover entered the room. His mate's scent was rich and oaky like a loamy forest. Inhaling he wallowed in the smell of delicious mate, and spicy soap an addictive combination.

"I hope you don't mind but I borrowed your shower and a shirt."

Tony's smooth tenor flowed across him like a soothing blanket.

"Hell you can borrow mine if you'd like." Thomas piped up from the seat opposite Silver.

Tony was behind him so Silver was confused when his lieutenant stood up offering to strip off his shirt. Thomas smelled of hot need and there was no way to disguise the log in his pants.

"He has my shirt," growled Silver his possessiveness coming forward. If anyone was going to provide for his mate it was him. "Come and sit beside me baby and have some breakfast."

Need scented the air.

It took the alpha a moment to realize it poured off of all ten of his pack members around the table, male and female, as they all stared at the man behind him. "Stop staring." He snapped.

Instantly obedient, the pack members looked to one side no longer staring directly behind Silver. "But he's sooo beautiful." Shara said in a dreamy voice.

Silver snorted and pulled out the chair beside him. "I don't think they've all had their coffee yet, my sweet. Have a seat. Shara get my mate some breakfast."

The blonde jumped up and quickly assembled a plate brimming with more food than a were could eat after a full moon.

“Thank you.” Tony said, his sweet voice running down Silver’s spine and settling in his balls.

The flash of gold drew Silver’s attention to the man beside him. He choked on his toast.

“Hey darlin’, you all right.” A firm pat on his back helped move along his bite of bread.

“Who are you?”

The sunburst eyes narrowed. “Sorry if my appearance isn’t as appealing in the morning light.” He started to rise but Silver stopped him with a hand on his wrist. “I didn’t mean that. Why are you so...” He couldn’t finish not under the glare of those beautiful eyes.”

He thought for a moment that Tony was going to jerk out of his hands.

“It was a suppression spell.” Tony’s cheeks blushed red. “I gave myself a glamour so I wouldn’t outshine Steven.”

A glamour? That meant...

Thomas beat him to it. “Holy shit this is what he really looks like?”

Silver felt everything in him tense. He looked at Tony one more time to confirm the horrible truth. His new mate wasn’t just a pretty boy he was an obscenely beautiful man. Never in three hundred years had he ever seen anyone male or female more beautiful.

He was totally fucked.

Thomas started laughing like a loon.

Silver wanted to kill something preferably his lieutenant.

“Is there a problem? I’m sorry if you felt I misled you.”

Tony’s sweet face turned to his and Silver gave into the need to kiss him good morning. With a hand plunged into the silky gold of his hair Silver controlled the depth of the kiss with a masterful touch. Slowly he parted from Tony forcing his clenching fingers to release the man who filled the empty spaces in his soul. “No baby. It just means you’re a little more than I was expecting. Since you can cast a glamour does that mean you have some wizard blood?”

Tony nodded his head sending a cold feeling to the bottom of Silver’s stomach. Wizard’s notoriously hated other supernaturals.

“Forest witch on my mother’s side.”

Everything fell into place in Silver's mind. The rich forest smell, the golden gleaming skin and hair, the brilliant eyes. He relaxed a bit. Forest witches have always bonded well with the weres. Maybe it would work out fine after all.

Just as he was going ask what Tony's father was, Parker the newest member of the pack sauntered in. Dark-haired with six feet of lean muscle and attitude the young wolf swaggered into the room only to stop in the doorway. His usual cocky expression changed to bliss.

"What is that amazing smell?"

Silver could pinpoint the moment the younger wolf spotted Tony. Parker's entire body seized up as he looked Silver's mate up and down like Tony was a deer he was about to cull from the herd.

"Who are you?" Parker leapt across the table and dipped his nose into Tony's neck inhaling his scent.

Tony giggled.

Silver growled. "Get your fucking hands off my mate."

Parker jerked back losing his confidence beneath his alpha's gaze. "Sorry. He just smells so good." The were's nostrils flared and he started to instinctively lean towards Tony.

Silver's hand whipped out grabbing the other were by the neck. "Don't make me repeat myself whelp. Touch my mate again and I'll snap your fucking neck."

"Whoa. Easy baby." Tony's gentle voice floated across Silver's skin easing the fury to a manageable roar. "He didn't mean anything, he's just a curious pup."

Tony's hands slid across his back in long soothing strokes. "Let him go baby. I need to eat my breakfast before I go and I'm starving."

Silver shoved Parker away watching dispassionately as the younger wolf fell to the ground. Nothing fired a wolf's instincts more than the need to protect his mate. Giving Parker one last glare as the other were rubbed his neck, Silver slid his fingers beneath Tony's hair and pulled the smaller man forward to claim his lips in another kiss. Unlike the hot passionate kisses from the other night this was purely an act of possession. He made sure he swiped his tongue across Tony's mouth growling a little as his mate's amazing flavor exploded across his taste buds.

Tony broke away first earning a tightening grip from the alpha.

“You don’t back away from me.” He growled.

To Silver’s surprise the smaller man’s eyes flared bright gold. “I might like to be controlled inside the bedroom but I’m in charge of my own life.” He held up his hand at the sound of protest bubbling from Silver’s throat. “I don’t know about this mate thing. I just wanted a one night stand to help get over Drew.”

“Trust me we’re mates.” Silver couldn’t let the challenge stand. Especially with Parker waiting there poised to lure his new love away. It was against the rules to force someone to be your mate, however nothing prevented strong-armed persuasion.

Silver slid his arms around Tony letting the other man feel the heat of his body. “Do you want me to be alone for the rest of my life?”

Tony gasped. “You only get one mate?”

Silver nodded. Sliding his cheek across Tony’s, he spread his scent across the younger man, marking him to let other weres know that this beautiful boy was taken. “I don’t want to lose you baby. What do I need to say?”

He heard Parker snort behind Tony.

Tony’s hands came up to stroke his head, the touch tentative but affectionate.

“I don’t want you to be alone. I..I know what its like to be alone and I wouldn’t wish it on anyone.”

Sweet, sweet boy. Silver almost felt bad for his manipulation.

Almost.

He stood still letting his mate pet him.

“We’ll work something out.” Tony said.

Damn right.

Silver hid his smug expression in the nape of Tony’s neck, nuzzling gently. “I didn’t mean to scare you.”

“I was just surprised. I..” He felt the Tony swallow against his cheek. “I didn’t expect to be someone’s mate.”

Tony’s phone rang, his assistant’s ringtone. With one last pat he slid out of the were’s arms and pulled his phone from his pants pocket.

Ten wolves watched the movement with feral anticipation.

“Hey Poppet.” He said into the receiver. A childhood friend since the age of six, Ellen was one of the few people he trusted to watch his back in the business world.

“Hello sir.” Came Ellen’s perky reply. It was a bit of a contest between them of how quirky his pet names became and how formal she countered them.

“Those men are here for your morning meeting about the land on Sanders street.”

Tony cursed softly earning a growl from the large were beside him. “Stall them sweetheart. Give me twenty minutes. I’ll drive over and get ready quickly.”

“Hmmm. Must’ve been a good night.” Ellen purred into the phone. “Still aren’t dressed and I know you’re not in your room. Congratulations on getting laid.”

He could feel the heat in his cheeks but he kept his tone level. “Be nice or I’ll call you Snookums in front of Allen.”

The gasp was loud in his ear. “You wouldn’t dare.”

Tony gave an evil chuckle as he pushed the disconnect button.

A large hand reached out and gripped him firmly at the back the neck. “Is there anything you want to tell me *mate*?” Silver’s deep voice growled low raising the fine hairs across Tony’s body.

Tony stroked Silver’s arm taking away his aggression with one gentle touch. “I have to get to work. I forgot about a meeting.”

Still gripping Tony’s nape Silver pulled the slim man hard against his body and devoured his lips in a powerful kiss.

“I’ll see you tonight.” It wasn’t a question.

Silver released him allowing Tony the freedom to nod in agreement.

“What is it you do?” Parker asked.

Tony turned to look at the younger were. “I run a hotel downtown.”

“You’re Anthony Carrow.” Shara said her voice rising with excitement. “I saw your picture in one of those glossy architectural magazines. You designed that hotel didn’t you?”

Tony nodded. “I’m an architect. It was my first major project.”

Silver flashed him a brilliant smile. “Smart and beautiful.”

“I’ve gotta go. I’m already late for a meeting. I’m hoping to buy some land for a boutique hotel I’ve been planning.”



Silver gave his cheek a kiss. “Bye, *mate*.”

Tony wasn't sure if the emphasis was for him or the other weres in the room so he just smiled and left as if the hounds of hell were on his heels. For all he knew they were.

Silver watched his lover walk out the door satisfied he would see him later.

“I thought you didn't like pretty boys.” Parker said raising one eyebrow.

“My boy isn't pretty.” Silver said with a smug smile. “He's beautiful.”

## Chapter Two

Tony rushed to his suite taking the back stairs. It wouldn't do for his employees to see him in his party clothes. In just a few minutes his leather pants were replaced with a designer suit with his very best tie and a fine pair of Italian dress shoes.

Tony took the elevator down to the meeting room but as soon as he stepped through the doorway, he sensed something was wrong. The men that stood when he entered put off an uneven vibe. A vibe that told him they weren't human. There were three of them, all wearing sunglasses, all exuding danger.

Ellen handed him the file. "Thanks Peaches. Why don't you take the rest of the day off?"

"Don't you need me to take minutes for this meeting?"

"I think we'll be all right. This is just going to be an informal chat to get the ball rolling. Go on now, go spend some time with your family." Giving him a strange look she let him escort her to the door and close it behind her when she left. He knew there would be questions later but for now the problem of getting to safety was solved.

"Very smooth." The tall man in the middle strode forward "Alesandro Delora at your service." They shook hands each sizing the other one up with a look.

Alesandro waved to his associates. "And this is Mikel and Darian."

"Nice to meet you." Anthony said with a nod at the two men as he took a seat on the opposite side of the conference table. "Is there a particular reason that three vampires are selling real estate?"

Alesandro looked at the pretty human in surprise. In all the scenarios he'd had in his head none of them involved a gorgeous man in a designer suit outing them as vampires with one look.

The fact that he removed his assistant leaving him alone in the room with them didn't escape Alesandro's notice. Despite identifying them for what they were the human showed no sign of fear.

Interesting. Despite himself the vampire was impressed with the slight man before him.

"You know about vampires?"

He got a sweet dimpled smile. "Yes."

With that Anthony opened the folder as if that was the end of the conversation.

Seconds later the door burst open and two weres rushed in. One was dark-haired in a leather jacket and pants the other a dirty blond dressed in jeans and a t-shirt both bared their fangs as they entered. Alesandro and his blood mates stood to meet this new enemy. Instinct had him pulling the little blond to his feet and placing him behind them.

"What are you two doing?" Anthony's calm voice had him tilting his head to look at the sleek human.

"You know these two?"

"I think they belong to my boyfriend."

"Boyfriend?"

The two wolves glared at them. "I'm Callen and this is Scott. He's Silver's mate." The blond said. "If you hurt him blood will run in the streets between our clans."

"That's a pretty visual," said a dry voice behind him.

He was really starting to like the little human. Silver was the most powerful alpha in the United States and if this was his boy then they should proceed with care.

Alesandro was surprised when the little blond walked around him to glare at the two that entered. "As much as I appreciate you coming to the rescue," his tone indicated that he didn't appreciate it at all. "You interrupted a meeting I was having with these gentlemen."

"We were sent to protect you." The blond said.

Tony let out a sigh. "Fine go sit over there." He indicated some seats at the end of the table with a wave of his hand.

"Where's your collar?" An owned human always had a collar.

"All I wanted was a nice business meeting. Not a supernatural soap opera." Anthony grumbled. "I don't have a collar. Silver and I are still working on our relationship."

"He's newly mated." Said the one he thought was Callen.

Alesandro sucked in his breath. "Why is he allowed out on his own?" He demanded to the two weres. The one that captured this beautiful blond would hold the key to controlling the most powerful wolf in the US.

“Because *he* is a grown man.” The human said, sitting back down and flipping through paperwork. “Now about your property. I think the price is a little too high.”

“It’s yours.” Alesandro broke in. It would be a coup for his small group to get on Silver’s good side.

“No. I’ll give you a fair price. My relationship with Silver is new enough I don’t want to start out with him owing anyone.” Tony sat at the table his body turned so he could watch both vamps and weres.

Alesandro nodded. “Fair enough.” His eyes lit with curiosity when he asked, “How new is your relationship?”

“It started yesterday.”

“That is new.”

Tony shrugged. “Now if you gentlemen will be seated we can finish our negotiations.”

The rest of the meeting went smoothly, the vamps were willing to go down to Tony’s price. After all if they were willing to give it to him then why not let him have it for whatever price he mentioned. Tony found himself liking Alessandro. The vamp was polite and calm and didn’t let a little thing like growling pack mates bother him. You had to admire a man who could negotiate under pressure.

Satisfied with the deal Tony decided to mention an idea he had.

“I was wondering if you’d be interested in a proposition.” Tony said leaning back in his chair.

“What kind of proposition.” The vampire asked mirroring Tony’s casual stance.

“I was wondering if you’d be willing to be a consultant.”

“What would I be consulting on?” Alessandro leaned forward his expression cool but interested.

“My new hotel, the one I’m building on your old property, is going to be a paranormals only hotel. I’d like to have specialized rooms for different types of paras. I obviously have a few weres I could ask about their accommodations but no vamps. Would you be interested in being on my consulting board?”

“What would I have to do?”

Tony shrugged. “Answer my questions when I call. Draft a preliminary list of vampire needs so I can design rooms accordingly and be available to give me feedback. Almost all of which can be done remotely.

“I’ll do it.” Allesandro announced. “With the caveat that I can always stay at the hotel free of charge.”

## Chapter Three

The ringing of the telephone woke Tony from a deep sleep. Steven's bright voice came over the handset. "Wakey, wakey pretty man."

"Someone had best be dying." Tony growled. He hated, positively hated waking up. Especially when he was dreaming of hot sex with a certain dark-haired wolf.

Steven snorted across the line. "Not yet but Silver threatened me if I don't have you there tonight."

It had been one week since his run in with the gorgeous Silver. A week of hot dreams where they fucked like bunnies before sleeping entwined like long time lovers. He woke up each morning with spunk on his chest panting like he'd finished a marathon of sex. He'd only seen the were two other times because of scheduling and frankly he was scared. It was one thing to enjoy some hot dominant loving but with Silver he was certain the man could become his whole world. After losing Drew he didn't think he could go through that again.

What if he fell in love and Silver died? Losing Drew almost killed him. Losing Silver would finish the job.

"I don't know Steven." He stalled.

"I can't believe you have the hottest guy in town panting for you and you have to think about it." Tony heard a bite in Steven's voice.

"Did I interrupt your plans?" He asked cautiously. "Did you have your sights on him?" Steven was his closest friend. He would never take someone who Steven has designs on.

"Honey, everyone has their sights on him. You were just lucky enough to be the one he wants."

"Oh. I just can't Steven." His voice broke.

"What did that fucker do to you baby?" Steven's voice hardened. "If he hurt you, alpha or not I'll kick his ass."

Tony smiled at the caring in his friend's voice even as he confessed. "I'm scared Steven. I can't go through losing another one."

The burst of laughter from the other end of the phone was the final straw.

"Fuck you." Tony shouted slamming down the phone.

The phone rang a minute later.

Tony picked it up.

“I wasn’t laughing at you.” Steven said.

“It felt like it.” Tony sulked not so eager to forgive and forget.

“Weres are very difficult to kill. Fuck I don’t even think we can get sick. A heart attack can’t take away this one, sweetie.” A long sigh came over the phone. “Trust me when I say just talk to Silver. He’ll be able to help you with your fear.”

\* \* \*

In his office Silver paced back and forth. He didn’t want anyone else to see his nerves. He’d never live it down if his pack saw his nervousness over one little golden human.

Tony was returning tonight. Steven did his job. Although Silver didn’t want to pressure Tony he had no ethical problems forcing his friend. It was either produce his mate or have his membership revoked. When it came to his mate, he had no problems being a bastard.

“He’s here Silver.” Farro said from the doorway. “And he’s loaded for bear. You’d best get down there before someone poaches your boy.”

Trysten jumped to one side as Silver stormed out the door. “Anyone who poaches my boy won’t live to regret it.” He growled.

Silver walked through the hall, bursting into the club before he came screeching to a halt. Scanning the crowds his heart skipped a beat when he saw his beautiful boy surrounded by the biggest predators on the circuit. Only two of whom were human.

Tony stood sleek and beautiful in a silver mesh shirt and tight black leather pants. Silver bemoaned the covering of that fine chest with its sweet nipples, but felt a flash of possessive pleasure that the others didn’t get to view all that golden, glorious skin. Without the oppression spell, Anthony’s skin took on its usual glittery hue making him wonder again if all of his mate’s magical abilities were from his witch mother. He made a mental not to ask the beauty for more information about his paternal line.

Silver blithely shoved away one vampire who had an arm wrapped around his baby.

“Hey man.” The other guy said, when he saw it was Silver he slunk away.

Tony turned and Silver fell into the other man's gaze. Damn he was stunning.

"I missed you baby." He admitted before taking Tony's mouth in a possessive kiss, staking his claim to any who cared to look.

When he finally lifted his mouth he was pleased at the dazed expression in Tony's caramel eyes. "Did you miss me?" He asked in a low purr.

"Y-yeah." Tony stammered.

Silver couldn't stop the pleased smile on his face. He had reduced his baby to a stutter. He felt like a god.

"So, Silver you going to share your new find?" He turned to face the speaker. Aslic, a vampire he shared many a bottom boy with in the past, was watching Tony with a hungry expression in his icy blue eyes.

Silver barely checked his blood lust. Only centuries of being friends saved the vamps life. Leaning forward he whispered into the other man's ear. "If you ever touch my boy I will rip out your heart and eat it for breakfast."

The words were a solemn vow he would ensure came true, and from the flash of fear in Aslic's eyes he knew it. Satisfied that the vampire would spread the word Silver wrapped an arm around his boy and led him from the room.

"One of these days we should actually dance at your dance club." Tony said in his soft voice, following Silver's lead with a smooth, slinky step.

"I'm so glad you came back baby." He couldn't put to words the fear he'd had that his beautiful boy would never return. "Let's go to my room so we can talk."

Tony sighed as they entered the privacy of Silver's room.

"It wasn't you, love. It was me." He gave a broken laugh. "I've become a cliché."

He walked past Silver to sit on the bed. Once seated he patted the spot beside him. "Come here honey."

"Honey?" Silver gave him the quirky smile he so loved. "I don't think anyone has ever called me by a pet name."

"No?"



Silver gave a soft chuckle. "No."

"Is it because you're Mr. Alpha Wolf?"

Tony watched with amusement as Silver's eyes went wide with surprise. "How did you find out?"

Tony ticked the points off with his fingers. "You growl and make people jump, all the others defer to you and the vampire I met with last week told me you were the strongest wolf in the States. It wasn't that hard to put together. And besides I heard what you told Mr. Smooth out there."

"Mr. Smooth." He chuckled "I'll have to remember that one. Is that why you came back to me?"

Tony nodded. "Yeah, I figure you can't get sick." He slid off Silver's left shoe and sock. "And you're like immortal so you can't just die on me." He slid off Silver's right shoe and sock. "I think we'll be an excellent match."

Placing a soft kiss on Silver's cheek Tony slithered to the floor to kneel between the werewolf's feet. "I was so worried that I would lose you to death that I almost lost you to life. I'm done hiding from love. If you'll still have me I'd like to be your mate."

Silver reached down and lifted Tony's chin. "Baby. I'll take you any way I can get you." Silver's grey eyes met him with such serious intent Tony knew that if he said he needed more time this wonderful man would give it to him.

"No more hiding Silver. I'm ready to be yours."

He looked up to see a wide smile on his gorgeous mate's face that matched the welcoming light Silver's eyes.

Strong hands lifted him to his feet.

Silver stayed sitting. "Will you allow me to mark you as mine?"

"Absolutely." Tony said with a smile. "Will you be mine also?" His beautiful boy couldn't meet his eyes when he asked. Silver knew that this was important to his shy lover. Tony was asking for exclusivity in their relationship.

It wasn't uncommon for weres to have communal sex due to their pack nature but just the thought of another touching Tony caused Silver's fangs to drop. There would be no sharing this one. "Yes, I'll also be completely yours. Agreed?"

He saw the relief in his beloved's eyes as Tony nodded. "Agreed."

Gentle hands reached up to unbutton his shirt exposing his chest to eager fingers. He grabbed his mate's wrists. "I don't think so baby. Strip and then lay yourself on the bed."

He could see Tony swallow. "Am I your mate or not?" He demanded.

Tony nodded and began to remove his clothing.

"We'll have a formal ceremony soon but until then I have something for you."

Tony's face lit up. Oh he could see the way to his pretty boy's heart was presents. He would have to make sure his baby got them on a regular basis. Chuckling he walked over to the dresser pulling a key out of his pocket as he went. He unlocked the top drawer and removed a slim bamboo box. Smiling he brought the box back to the bed pleased to see an obedient lover kneeling naked on the bed waiting for his next command.

Silver's cock went as hard as steel. "Damn you're a beautiful man."

He watched with pleasure as Anthony crawled with sensuous grace to the end of the bed before kneeling again. Damn, if he wasn't hard before, that would've done the trick.

"You have something for me?" He heard the satisfaction in Tony's voice but he let it slide. The man had a right to be proud.

He turned the box so the clasp was facing his lover. A flick of his thumb popped the lock free. He opened the box towards Anthony exposing a burnished gold collar encrusted with diamonds and emeralds lying on a bed of red velvet. The width of the band gave it the look of a torque from Ancient Egypt. Despite the jewels it exuded luxurious masculinity.

"Wow." Anthony reached out with one finger, brushing lightly across the jewels as if afraid to touch it fully.

"You can hold it baby. It's yours." Silver lifted it from its velvet bed, dropping the box gently on the carpet so he could slide the necklace around his mate's neck. Murmuring a few words he engaged the locking spell. Without the counter spell and a drop of Silver's blood the collar was impossible to remove. It would also provide Anthony with some magical protection. But he told his mate none of that. Instead he brushed back his boy's long hair and admired the glowing gold and jewels against the golden flawless skin.

“Perfect.” He declared.

“I should get my hair cut.” Grumbled Tony as his fingers brushed the collar with a reverent touch.

“No. You’re perfect just as you are.” Silver wasn’t going to be the one to tell the man that the long hair made him look like an angel. There was only so romantic he could get and still keep his image as the pack badass.

He pulled Tony off the bed and led him to the dresser mirror. “See.”

“It’s beautiful.” The sleek blond said in a hushed voice.

Silver noticed with amusement that Tony didn’t even look at his own reflection. His eyes were for the necklace.

“Yes, it is.” Silver said watching Tony. He’d saved the collar for two hundred years to give it to the right man and now he’d found him. The presence of the collar would tell everyone that this was his man. To touch him would be death.

Silver felt a thrill of possession as he led the beautiful blond back to his bed. Tony lay down beside Silver snuggling into his embrace.

No, their bed. “Come live with me.”

He felt Tony jerk beside him. “I don’t know Silver.” His mate’s heart hammered beneath him. Fear scented the air.

Silver laughed, he couldn’t help it. “So, my being a were doesn’t even stir your pulse but moving in with me causes a panic attack.”

A flush ran up Tony’s body, Silver could almost feel the heat. Enchanting.

“I..I just think it’s too soon.”

Silver brushed a finger across a strip of bare flesh above the collar on Tony’s neck. “May I mark you?”

Tony tilted back his head. “Please.”

Tasting Tony was like getting a mouthful of all his favorite flavors rolled together at once. Wet heat, hot spice and something that was inalienably his mate rolled across Silver’s tongue. After a few more swallows he removed his fangs from his lover’s delicate skin licking the fang marks knowing in a few hours they would completely disappear but not his scent. His scent was embedded in his lover and would stay that way for several weeks.

“That was amazing.” Tony said, his eyes wide with rapture. “You can bite me anytime.”

Silver laughed with not a little relief. “I’ll keep that in mind baby. I’ll keep that in mind.” Now probably wasn’t the time to tell his mate that he would be marked regularly to keep mate poachers away.

“Now bend over my knees and present me with that pretty ass of yours.”

Tony gave him an anxious look beneath his lashes, so pretty.

“Come on baby. Don’t make me wait. You made me wait a week before agreeing to be my mate, you deserve punishment. That collar says that I’m the only one allowed to discipline you.”

In one smooth, well-practiced motion his baby lay across his lap.

“Someone is used to being spanked.”

“Not for a while.” Tony gasped.

Silver smoothed a hand over his mate’s sweet ass. The one he noticed that very first night. His palm absorbed the smooth texture of his Tony’s silky skin wrapped over a tight muscular butt. “How often do you work out, baby?”

Silver could feel his lover’s cock growing hard between his legs.

“Every morning.”

“Keep up the good work. This is one of the finest assess I’ve ever seen.” And he’d seen a lot. Not that he was going to share that information with his baby. “I want you to count. I’m going to give you ten smacks and if you miss I won’t fuck you.” It was a baseless threat. Nothing would stop him from fucking that fine ass but he wanted Tony to try. This was the tamest of the things he would do to this beautiful creature as he learned his mate inside out.

He swung down his arm connecting to the pale, firm ass.

“One.” Tony grunted.

Over and over Silver smacked and Tony counted until pale pink turned to flaming red and he could feel Tony’s arousal leaking through his leather pants.

“You like this don’t you baby?” Silver said, running a soothing hand over Tony’s hot ass.

Tony nodded, tears streaming down his face. Silver slid his fingers into his lover’s hair pulling Tony’s head up to lick at the salty flavor

dripping down his cheeks. The flavors of need and the underlying spiciness that was his sweet baby danced across his tongue.

“So beautiful,” said Silver, his tone possessive, “so mine.”

He helped his golden lover to his shaky feet. “Climb onto the bed, hands and knees. I want to fuck your cherry red ass.”

Tony’s rear was on fire. He could probably roast marshmallows with the thing. But desire and his leaking cock had him swiftly following Silver’s demands.

Behind him he heard the rustle of clothing removed and the sound of a lube cap popping as his shifter lover slicked himself for entry. A gentle touch pressed against his opening. “Relax baby, take my fingers in. I don’t want to hurt you.”

Leaning forward on his elbows, Tony presented his ass relaxing his muscles for Silver’s entry. A soft moan sounded behind him.

“Beautiful, you are so fucking beautiful.”

Two, then three, then the blunt end of something larger pressed against him. With a sigh Tony relaxed his muscles as Silver pushed inside in one smooth movement.

“Oooh.” It felt so damn good.

Silver froze inside him. “Okay baby?”

“If you would move.” Tony snapped, immediately aware of his mistake.

The cool tone of his lover enforced his error. “I think you still don’t realize who’s in charge here.” Silver slid out, before slamming back in and nailing his gland. “I will be in charge of our pleasure and if I want to stay inside you unmoving for eternity, I will.”

“I’ll be dried up corpse by then.” Tony said tightening his grip from the inside.

Silver howled. “Sneaky bastard.”

Before he could brace himself properly, his wolf lover rode him hard. Silver pumped into him like a man with something to prove. Hard, slamming strokes, sent him to the edge over and over until Tony couldn’t remember time, place or even his name. The only thing in his world was Silver sliding inside him and his hard, hard cock. On impulse he reached to touch himself only to be slapped away.

“Mine.” Silver growled nipping his neck in retaliation.

His lover wrapped a long-fingered hand around Tony’s cock squeezing it just right. Tony bit his lip to hold in the shout.

“Come on baby, give it up.”

Tony let go, cream bursting from him like a geyser. Only Silver could make him come so much.

“Remember that. Only me.” He felt Silver’s climax pouring into him. A moment of panic hit him. “You didn’t wear a condom.”

“Shifters can’t spread disease.” Silver said.

“You wore one last week.”

“I wasn’t ready to let you know I was a wolf yet and I didn’t want to scare you.” Silver’s strong hands stroked Tony’s back as he pulled out with a grunt. “But now you’re mine.”

Boneless, Tony drifted away on a sea of sensation. Silver’s touch vanished for a moment replaced by a warm cloth a few moments later.

“Thank you.” Tony said, sleepily.

“I will always take care of you baby.” Said Silver, wrapping his body around Tony’s.

It felt good to sleep in another man’s arms again. He’d have to work something out with the hotel so he could sleep with Silver every night. With his lover’s arms around him, Tony slipped into his first good sleep in years.

Coming Soon

Baiting Ben