

Reign of the Red Queen Book 3 of Werewolf and Son

Note: This picks up immediately after *Book of Lies*. Please read *Daniel* (*found in the high school/bisexual section*) before reading this book as it contains important background for this story.

PREFACE

She sat up in her chair, her eyes glazed over as she concentrated. Her hand pulled at the brush absently, as her long black hair dropped against her shoulder. She placed it slowly on the marble table in front of her and looked at herself in the mirror. She turned her head from side to side inspecting her work. This was the time when she usually smiled...a silent congratulations to herself; except right now she was too scared for that.

She had felt him...miles and miles away. And that, she knew...was because he wanted her too. She had not felt his presence for such a long time that she had almost forgotten it. But now as it moved over her one more time, she could hardly believe her mind could ever forget such a thing...as him.

She stood up and took in a deep breath. It was done and there was no escape. This meeting was going to happen whether she wanted it to or not. Granted, she was no longer the small child unable to harness her power or even control it for that matter. He would find her in a different state entirely. She tried to smile to herself but her mouth wouldn't cooperate. Deep down she knew the truth. Strong as she was, she would never be his equal. Even after hundreds of years, and building her numbers, it would make no difference. To him she would be the same, hardly changed at all.

She moved to the door and passed by a full length mirror. She paused and looked at herself.

Was this it? Was this her time?

She hesitated before looking herself in the eyes. This was not her end, she vowed. If he wants a fight she would give him one. Maybe she would win. The odds were against her but she had something he didn't...numbers. And lots of them; she tried to convince herself.

She stuck out her chest and her full breasts heaved up as she moved with purpose down the long hallway toward the library where she knew he would be waiting for her. Two thickly muscled men were standing in the hall. Like all her servants, they wore loose white cotton pants that flowed as they walked and no shirt to hide their powerful builds. She stepped by them, not even giving them a glance as they immediately fell in step behind her.

When she moved into the room he was standing with his back to her. He had a long, thick ponytail of dark red hair that was tied with a silver cord. His broad shoulders filled out his jacket and his pants stretched around his strong legs.

“This is amazing” he said, not looking at her. His voice was unfamiliar but deep and pleasant to her ears. He pointed up at a large painting above the wood fireplace. **“An original of all things”** he finished as he turned to her.

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He was handsome. He had green eyes and smooth, pale skin. He appeared to be in his late twenties, not old enough to be aged, but his eyes that showed the truth. How many years were looking back at her now? She wondered. Did he even know anymore?

She had never seen this face before. She peered deep into his eyes...and it was then that she made her first mistake. She didn't mean to do it. It was a reflex action. Her power washed around him as it did to everyone that entered her home. By the time she realized what she had done it was too late. A wall of invisible iron had suddenly dropped between them and cast her power back at her. She faltered at the backlash and felt four large hands suddenly support her body. She quickly gathered her strength and pulled herself together as she separated herself from her bodyguards.

He just looked back at her...amused.

"Alistair", she said, her voice cracked. **"It's been a long...long time"**

CHAPTER ONE

Chase lay in the fetal position with his arms around his chest. His eyes were closed and he was breathing heavily. The ground was cool but he didn't notice. He felt drained, like he had run several miles at full speed. Sweat ran down his smooth back as he wiped at his face with both hands.

She was gone, but her mark on the land remained. The shore was filled with flowers of every shape and color. The ground bore vibrant green grass and the trees dipped from the weight of overly mature leaves. It was the most impressive display of nature he had ever seen. Even the Puller Tree paled in comparison to the spontaneous garden that had bloomed around the feet of the powerful Earth Goddess.

He tried to stand but his legs were weak. He took his time and slowly lifted off the ground, pulling at the power of the moon for support until he could sit up. The animal in him was not responding...at least not in the way it usually did. Whatever Demeter really was, his Wolf was scared of her and that wasn't something Chase had ever experienced. Even the Witch, for all her evil, didn't make his Wolf cower like the Goddess of the Hearth. He took in several deep breaths as his mind tried to process what just happened.

Who was this Red Queen and how could she stand up to a being like Demeter? He hugged his legs, rocking back and forth. How much more could he be expected to do? He was just a boy...and not long ago he was a normal boy living with his mother and going to school. Then he met his Dad, the most powerful Werewolf in North America. Tall, handsome, blonde and completely opposite of him. Chase remembered seeing his Father for the first time.

It was the day everything changed.

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He had run into the woods to escape the older school boys who were chasing him. But when they finally caught him something unexpected happened. He suddenly became strong. So strong he threw them around as if they weighed nothing. He remembered how scared he was that he had hurt them as they dropped unconscious to the ground. He just wanted to run away, but instead he had almost killed them.

His life would never be the same after that. His mother was more worried than surprised. Her eyes were dark when she told him about his Dad and how he warned her about changes that he might go through. She said this wasn't supposed to happen, that the odds against it were too great, at least that's what he'd told her. But he was wrong. They both were. Chase had done the impossible and become something more than what he was, and because of that he had to go to his Father.

He felt angry that his mother had kept this from him and that she could have contacted his Dad at any time. He didn't understand then what was happening and why his Father had stayed away. No phone calls, no letters? It took an act of violence to bring his Dad into his life? Was that fair? Is this what real Fathers did? Is this how they treated their own children?

"Your Father will explain everything to you" his mom told him. "It's better if he does it Chase"

The first day of his new life began when he stepped off the bus in Montana and came face to face with the man he had only seen in pictures.

His Father was huge. Bulging muscles covered his thick arms and legs. His chest stretched out his shirt and tested the fabric around his heavy biceps. He was tall, broad shouldered, and blonde. Chase immediately felt small and out of place. His dark black hair hung partially over his eyes, a reminder how different he was from this man who was apparently his Father.

Michael smiled at him but there was something in his eyes that Chase couldn't explain. It was...unnatural, like he could see inside of him or something. Chase didn't like it. He didn't like the way the man looked at him with his bright blue eyes. There was a type of heat that radiated off of him that Chase pulled away from. It smothered him like a blanket as it tried to wrap itself around him. They hadn't even spoken yet and there was still several feet of space between them, and yet Chase could feel the man surrounding him. He looked back for a moment but no one was there. The hair on his neck stood up like he was filled with static electricity.

He slowed his walk and looked around but no one was paying attention to them. What was going on? If only his mother were here, he thought. He missed her even now. For the longest time it had just been the two of them. They didn't need anyone else Chase thought. They had each other and that was enough.

And that's when it stopped.

The unwanted feeling that the large man was giving off stopped immediately. Chase knew he wasn't imagining it because his Father blinked hard and his eyes opened up in surprise. He felt it, the same as Chase did. Even before they spoke something very important had happened, and whatever it was had caused his Father great surprise.

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Even in the pickup truck, so close to a man he had never met...Chase was alone. Bright blue eyes bore into him every chance they got but Chase ignored them. He could feel it again. There was something trying to wrap itself around him but it felt slick and weak now, unable to touch him like it had before. His Father shifted in his seat. The weight of his strong body made the truck rock back and forth. He was uncomfortable and Chase was glad for it. This man was nothing to him. Maybe they were related by blood but Chase was a family of two and there was no space left for Michael.

He didn't understand it then, not even his Father did, but Chase wasn't just a young Werewolf, he was something far greater, something that had not been seen for hundreds of years. It was more than just how Chase was built or the way he seemed to have the opposite features that Michael did. Chase could do something that no one had ever done before...he could resist the will of an Alpha.

He didn't appreciate the power that an Alpha Werewolf had, and how impossible it was to resist one...let alone three. Michael alone could make packs of wolves drop to their knees with just a stare, but even he was unable to compel the small boy to obey him.

When Silas found out Chase was in Montana he tried to control him and bend him to his will. But like Michael, he failed. Silas never told him the truth, he had far too much pride to admit to Chase that he was immune to his power. It was Daruth that told Chase he could resist them, and it was his own Father that realized why.

Chase wasn't a lone Werewolf.

He was never alone in fact. Even before his new birth Chase was in a Pack of his own...a Pack of two to be exact. It was his mother Helen that blocked the Alphas control over him. Thoughts of her alone were enough to wall him off from the sway of the adult wolves and create a barrier that not even the Grand Alpha could break. This was not just rare, it was simply impossible. No wolf currently alive had ever been able to resist the will of a Grand Alpha, until now. Michael thought he was a special wolf, the only Son of the Grand Alpha would be special indeed.

It wasn't until Chase's first transformation that everyone realized how wrong they were.

Chase was no Werewolf. He was an amalgam of his Father, a Vampire, several Gods, and apparently, one very pissed off Goddess. And where did it get him? He hadn't asked for this. He only wanted to be a normal boy, living with his mother and hanging out with his friends. Instead he was sitting on wet ground and trembling in the night air, alone and afraid.

His Father would know what to do. He always knew. It's why everyone wanted to be with him. No one was stronger, no one was more capable. At least that's the way it was supposed to be. He remembered his resentment toward his Father when they first met. How quickly that changed. As Chase became closer to his first transformation the more he wanted to be closer to the powerful man.

It started with his smell.

Chase became obsessed with it. He craved to breathe it in and pull as much of his Dad into him as possible. Animal instincts surfaced and drove human insecurities away. Chase all but forgot that his

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Father had abandoned him when he was born. It was the Werewolf in the boy that made these events irrelevant. Chase not only wanted his Father, but he needed him as well; more accurately, he needed the power that the BEAST possessed. It was HIS eyes that Chase first saw at the bus station. It was the BEAST inside his Father that drove Chase to lust and lose control whenever they were close. His desire to touch his Father and taste his flesh became uncontrollable and Chase could barely contain himself.

At first Chase thought his Father had won. That the powerful animal in the man had broken his will. But he was wrong...and the Grand Alpha was in for a very big surprise.

Chase took in a deep breath and looked up at the sky as the moonlight flow over him. He would have given anything to be near his Dad again. To feel the man's thick arms wrapped tightly around him and the sound of his heart beating strongly in his chest. To breathe him in again, just for a moment, he thought.

"Her power is great, is it not?"

Chase spun his head around. Standing on the water about twenty yards from shore and glowing with a soft white light, stood a woman dressed in long white robes. She had thick black hair, pale skin and a soft smile on her face even as her body radiated the full power of the moon.

"Phoebe!" he cried.

She walked toward him, her dress shining in the moonlight. The water at her feet rippled but held her up as if it were made of glass. Her voice flowed over him like music and her light made the wolf in him stir. He closed his eyes and pulled at her immense power for comfort, breathing in relief as she renewed his strength.

"Demeter is a commanding woman. Through her will the very Earth shudders" she looked at the dense foliage.

"She wants me to..." Chase began, his voice cracked...but she waved him quiet.

"I know what she wants"

Her feet touched the ground completely dry. The light from her body filled Chase with content. She felt like home. Like nothing could touch him as long as she was around. Her power flowed through him and he was finally able to stand.

He was the Night Wolf again.

"She asks you to do what an army could not. Powerful as you are you were not made for this. The Red Queen is..." she hesitated for the words. **"...beyond your abilities"**

She put her hand on Chase's small shoulder. His eyes glowed back with gold light and pulsed with authority. The wolf in him came out, eager for her touch. His fingers grew claws and his legs became thick with muscle without realizing it.

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"Polus made you with Werewolves in mind. Never in his plans did the Red Queen come up"

"Who is she? Why does Demeter hate her so much?" His voice had deepened as the animal in him clawed its way to the surface.

Phoebe paused. "There was a time when the Queen was nothing more than a nuisance to us. A footnote if you will. That has changed. She is no longer content to rule her own kingdom"

"She wants to rule?" he asked, confused.

Phoebe shook her head. "The Queen has no interest in us or our power, but we have one thing she no longer has" She held out her empty hands, "...children"

"Children?" Chase was confused. "Why does she want children?"

"Because she can no longer have her own. None of them can. Well, at least not like we do. Her lands will run barren soon. Although she wishes to rule, if there is no one left..."

"They're dying?"

Phoebe tilted her head. "In a way. They are very long lived. Not as long as we are but enough that death is still a distant idea for them. But they have wars and wars bring death. Over time the children became fewer and fewer until now only a handful are born every few years. Not enough to repopulate her loses. And since she insists on continuing her wars well..." her eyes became dark for a moment before she added, "So the Queen has rectified that by taking our children. Children from Earth"

"Earth?" Chase felt stunned. "She's not from Earth?"

Phoebe shook her head. "Not even close. The Queen rules a separate kingdom apart from this plane of existence. She breaks the membrane that keeps us apart only long enough to capture children and steal them for her lands. She has taken many over the years but she's recently become greedy and overconfident, and has now captured more than just children. She now has the attention of Demeter" She pointed at the immense foliage that now covered the shoreline. "And that...is a very bad thing"

"Why doesn't Demeter stop her? She's fifty feet tall!"

"She has...to a point, but the damage has been done. Hundreds of children are gone and Demeter wants them back. All of them"

"Why doesn't she go get them?" Chase looked at the overgrown forest. "Look at what she did!" The thick grove of flowers and exotic plants could have filled a stadium. "It would take ten Druids to do this! And Demeter wasn't even trying! She just showed up and all this happened around her!"

"She can't get them. None of us can. The Queen rules her kingdom and we rule ours. There is no overlapping"

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Chase looked confused. "But she came here and took kids from us. Why can't we all just go get them back?"

"Because the Queen did not come here. She sent a lesser being to take Earth's children. She can't come herself and we can't go there. The true nature of what we are locks us into our own plane of existence, at least until we ourselves pass. We are bound here" she said. "This universe is our home, now, until death"

Chase looked pale in the moonlight as he quickly understood. Phoebe had just told him something important without saying it directly. "That's why Demeter wants me? I can go over...can't I? I'm Demeter's lesser being. I'm the opposite of the Red Queen's agent"

"Yes" Phoebe reluctantly nodded. "You constantly prove that our faith in you is well placed"

He looked at the dense foliage. "She wants me to leave Earth, find hundreds of children, bring them back, AND kill the Red Queen...all by myself?"

Phoebe let his words sink in for a long moment before she slowly blinked her eyes. "Yes she does"

"Can I take my Dad? Wendy? I'm sure Bart, Jason, and Sean would go too" he asked hopefully.

Phoebe looked away. "That's not possible"

"What does that mean? Why isn't it possible? How come I can go but they can't?"

"Chase your Father and the others all have a direct connection to one of us. Even his Druid wife and daughter are bound to a set pantheon of Gods that derive their power from this universe"

"So?"

"If they leave this plane they will be cut off from their power source and rendered completely human"

Chase's eyes became large. "What?"

"The Druid's harness the various abilities of Gods to command nature. That nature was controlled by those same Gods to begin with. Leaving Earth would sever that tie and leave them powerless"

"What about my Dad? What about me? We're the strongest of our kind. I'm connected to you too!"

"Your Father is powerful. One of the greatest wolves I have ever made. I would think he would retain some of that power, although not all...of that I'm sure. Over time he and the others would be unable to change. They would at some point, stop being Werewolves"

"But not right away?"

She shook her head. "No"

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“And me? Why did she pick me if I’ll become human again?”

Phoebe did not answer right away. She disliked what Demeter had asked of Chase. When Polus made plans to create him as the IDRIS, Demeter was a key power to his makeup. Her complete control over the Earth would all but ensure Chase was untouched by the very forests Werewolves lived in. No one could stop him in the dense woods they travelled through. He would be as smoke, fluid and silent and protected by the very ground he ran across. But getting HER mark had been costly for a very good reason. One she now shared with Chase.

“You are unique Chase. You are a blend of various forces that otherwise would have never met. Those forces are sealed in you. That’s why it was so rare to get Demeter’s mark for your makeup. Once given, it cannot be taken away” She smiled. “You are not only complete...but you are forever. You may not have been born with these abilities, but you will surely die with them” She turned her head slightly and looked at the sky. “Polus planned your creation very carefully. A Werewolf, a Vampire, Demeter, Theia; not to mention several lesser gifts bestowed to you. Making a Night Wolf is monumental because it is permanent. Gifts like the ones you have are not given lightly...because they cannot be taken back. This is why Hecate did not want to free your sister of her curse. Once done, Emma would be immune to dark magic forever, and that is not something Hecate would ever allow”

“Then why did she do it?”

Phoebe smiled. “Because my husband can be very persuasive and he backed her into a corner. Even the highest Goddess of Magic has her weakness, and Polus found hers. It is unwise to have the God of Intelligence as an opponent...as she found out. Now, no Witch, no Vampire or any other creature of darkness can control Emma. At least not with magic. In that regard she is forever immune”

Chase remembered what had been done to his half-sister. Her memories of the events were thankfully gone. When she had been freed from the Witch’s magic it was as if she had awoken from a deep sleep. Chase was grateful for that, but no one more so than her mother Wendy. Kripka had almost killed them all to get the Book of Lies and if it meant ripping a small girl apart to do it, then so be it. He could still feel it, after all this time. The magic she cast against him that tore into his body and blasted him to smoke. It had felt like burning from the inside out. Had it not been for the Vampire’s power to shape shift; Chase would be dead. The Undead Master had given him the ability to reform and shift from smoke to flesh; an ability stolen at the end of DeMarco’s long life...cut short by his own mother Helen, with her small silver cross and mountain of faith.

His mother...

Chase took in a breath and his heart beat strong in his chest. The thoughts of her filled him with peace. “So I’ll still be the IDRIS if I go?”

She nodded. “You will always be the IDRIS Chase, no matter where you are. Even the Red Queen cannot change that”

“And I can kill the Queen?”

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Phoebe held up one hand to stop him. "I didn't say that. What Demeter asks of you is great indeed. Finding the children will be possible and very probable. Getting some of them home is likely, but getting all of them back safely AND killing the Queen...is simply asking too much" She stepped closer. "The truth is, there are more powerful people in the world than you Chase. Wizards and creatures who command vast amounts of magic; but none of them can leave this plane either. Very few contain their power from within the way you do, and I can't think of any, that would be willing to try. The possibility of losing that amount of magic is not conceivable to them."

"Then if I succeed what's to stop her from just taking them back again? What's the point of going if I can't kill her?"

"We are" Phoebe said. "If she loses too many more of her soldiers her reign will crumble. There are other forces that fight against her in her own lands. The Queen cannot take on multiple fronts. The more effort she spends on Earth means she's that much more vulnerable in her own lands, and eventually she will be forced to pick her battles because we will kill anyone who crosses over to Earth again" She glanced at the dense foliage. "Demeter is awake, and now watches for her constantly, but it is hard because of whom the Queen sends to take our children. He is cunning and has managed to avoid capture"

Chase frowned. "Who does she send?"

Phoebe let out a breath. "His name...is Jack"

CHAPTER TWO

Helen woke in the strong arms of Andreas. He was asleep, his muscled chest moving up and down with each breath. She looked up at his handsome face. He had close cropped stubble on his head but his face already was filling in with signs of a full beard even though he had shaved the day before. She ran her hand over his hairy chest and leaned back down to rest against it.

It had been a long time since she felt so content. Not since Michael had given her a Son, had a man's presence filled her with so much security and warmth. Maybe it was a werewolf thing she thought. Maybe the beast in them was what she craved the most, but what woman wouldn't feel that way? These were real men in every sense of the word. They were big, powerful and possessive and his eyes were never far from her. She liked the way she could always turn and see him staring at her no matter where they were or who they were with...save one that was. Michael was the only man alive that Andreas would bow to when it came to her. Only in the Grand Alpha's presence would Andreas move from Helen and stand apart, his eyes searching for her, begging for her forgiveness. But there was nothing to forgive. Michael was a far above him and no wolf would cross him...not if they wanted to live.

It was hard for her to see Michael again, now that he had a family of his own. But seeing how Michael cared for Chase made up for any regrets she might have had. Michael loved his Son. It was like a fire inside of him that burned bright when Chase was near. As Chase moved, so did Michael. Powerful

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Werewolves would push at each other to get out of the way, least they block the Grand Alpha's access to his Son. Even Bart, Jason and Sean, who circled him like moons, quickly moved away when Michael was present.

As a mother, Helen couldn't ask for more. Now, however, she had a new man in her life and she loved everything about him.

Andreas shifted in his sleep. His muscled arms tightened around her. She smiled to herself. Andreas was nothing if not attentive. Even in sleep he thought of her. Since they had been together he watched over her like his life depended on it. Well, maybe it had. If anything happened to her then Andreas would have to face the strongest monster currently walking the Earth. Needless to say, Helen didn't leave the house on her own very often.

Her hand slowly moved up his chest, feeling the warmth of his strong body. He stirred beneath her and moaned.

"Good morning handsome"

He kissed the top of her head several times and then pulled her on top of him. She moved up until she found his mouth and pressed against it. His warm tongue moved inside as he pulled her legs apart to straddle his waist.

"It's going to be" he said in a deep voice.

Werewolves were seldom conscious of their bodies. Modesty had no part in their makeup. Being naked in front of others posed no problems for them, since at their core they are animals by nature. This took Helen some getting used to. Michael seemed to have more conscious control of his surroundings than other Werewolves did, and wore clothes most of the time. Maybe it was because of his wife and daughter. Andreas however, was never more comfortable than when he was fully naked. Maybe there was some security in being able to change quickly when he was in that state, Helen thought. Maybe he felt more able to protect her that way? Not that she was complaining. Andreas was one of the most beautiful men she had ever seen. He had an amazing body, covered in light brown hair and hard muscle, with strong shoulders and rugged good looks. His lack of hair on his head made him more masculine, and his constant facial stubble only drove that point home further.

It was during the daytime hours that surprised her the most. Coming home from the store and finding Andreas walking around the living room naked, took some getting used to. She was always worried that someone would stop by unexpectedly and catch him without clothes. Or that he would expect her to start following his lead and remove her clothes as well. But the nice thing about Andreas is that he never forced Helen to do anything. Maybe that's what drew her to him in the first place. He was so completely secure in who he was, and what he had to offer, that Helen never felt neglected or alone. Now with his strong arms around her she felt herself melt under his touch.

Andreas ran his hands all over her back, his big fingers pulling at her flesh and awakening her desire for him. His mouth kissed and lightly bit at her neck while his thick tongue licked at her ears and pulled at the lobes. Helen moaned as he worked, feeling his powerful body beneath her. He slowly rolled her to the

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side and pushed her away just enough to get one hand on her breast. He squeezed and tugged at it and rotated his thumb against her nipple making her arch her back and push her hips against him. He adjusted himself and pushed his big cock inside of her.

Helen moaned loudly as he filled her completely. Her whole body burned with desire for him and she did what she always did when they made love...she let herself go.

Andreas carefully sat up. He held her close and didn't let her go. His thick arm trapped her against him as he pulled his big legs underneath until he was kneeling on the bed and she straddled his waist. He began to rock back and forth and sunk his beastly prick into her over and over again.

Helen opened her mouth and bit his shoulder. The sensations he was causing made her wild and their sex became primal. He responded immediately and fucked her faster. Helen cried out and pulled against him with her legs, pushing her hips into him in a vain effort to take more of his enormous cock.

He now had both arms around her and was running his large hands across her slender back as he thrust in and out of her.

"That's my girl" he said in her ear.

The bed thumped against the floor and shook the room as Andreas took control and pushed Helen over the edge. Her warm body enflamed him and her teeth on his shoulder made the beast in him surge forward. He felt his muscles swell and knew he had to control himself. If he changed during sex, things would go very bad for her and subsequently him. The idea of having his head ripped off by the Grand Alpha was not on his top ten lists of things he wanted to do. He took in a deep breath and concentrated on just her.

His already large muscles stopped growing and he managed to prevent his claws from coming out, but just barely. Helen was oblivious to what was happening. He never told her how close he always came to losing control with her and how hard it was for him sometimes because of how much he loved her. She had killed an ancient Vampire single handedly. Plus she was mother to the Night Wolf. His cock thickened as he thought of that and what an incredible woman she was.

He took her by the hips and lifted her up, only to pull her back down hard. She tossed her head back and forth and screamed out as he forced her open. He squeezed at her flesh and then did it again. This time her teeth broke his skin and he felt momentary pain where she bit him.

"Good girl" he told her and then stood up on his knees and began to fuck her deeply.

She was helpless to stop him. The power of his amazing body held her up and directed her around as if she were no heavier than a doll. Her body burned for him and she hugged at his thick neck as he drove himself inside of her.

She lost track of time and somewhere vaguely remembered screaming as she came. She felt the mattress against her back and realized at some point that Andreas had moved on top of her. She tried to open her eyes and saw the incredible image of him smiling down at her, his thick arms bracing his powerful body

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above her. He pushed her legs apart with his knees and then pressed his body against her. She felt his huge prick sink into her until it could go no more.

“Now my love” he said, with his deep, rugged voice. **“My turn”**

Maybe the Sun exploded or the Earth blew apart, Helen couldn’t tell which. She tried to grip his cock but it was no use, he was too big, too powerful. Andreas was in control now and he would have her however he wanted. And regardless of her intentions, Helen was now just along for the ride.

Sean ran through the woods toward the lake. He was in wolf form and moved with the grace of a predator. His powerful legs ate up the ground as he nimbly leapt over large bushes and felled trees. Running as a werewolf was always the best part. He was one with nature and enjoyed nothing more than feeling the air moving through his thick fur as earth shifted beneath his large paws. Having the Grand Alpha fuel his beast made everything more vibrant in his eyes. His strength, his speed, and his vision were all enhanced beyond what he had previously known. His sex drive was also at an all-time high and he wanted nothing but to share that with his two best friends.

He had smelled them earlier and was eager to see them again. Since Michael had stolen Sean from his former Pack, he no longer had the constant companionship of his brother wolves. Michael’s Pack was currently a Pack of two...well, three if you counted Chase, and the massive Alpha usually did.

His former master...Silas, was a powerful wolf. He commanded a large group of men, women, and children, but his power was dwarfed by that of Michael’s, the only Grand Alpha in the United States. Wolves of every generation would fall to their knees in Michael’s presence. Even Silas was not immune to his power, although he would be loath to admit that to anyone.

Daruth was next in line after Silas. He was a thinker, a strategist. Elyria cemented his rule as his wife and was known for her sharp mind and cunning tongue. Her ability to see several steps ahead of anyone else in the room proved invaluable to Daruth and he knew he was lucky to have her.

Sean respected Daruth’s leadership. He was the kind of Alpha that made decisions for the good of the Pack. Silas...not so much.

He saw Jason first. He was in human form, naked and standing near the waters of the lake, his back toward Sean. He had a tall athletic body with long muscle that hid his true strength.

Bart was several feet away, also naked and stretching out his strong, burly limbs. He had just changed back into human form and hadn’t seen Sean yet.

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Sean leapt from the woods and arched high into the air as his powerful legs propelled him upward. He landed not three feet from Jason displacing a large mound of earth, but before the teenager could turn, he leapt forward again and scooped Jason up in one thick, hairy arm and rocketed them both toward the sky. Jason cried out in surprise and managed to grab Sean's arm only moments before they plunged into the cool waters of the lake. They sunk like rocks as Sean's heavy body pulled them both down to the bottom. When his large paws touched the lakebed he pushed off and thrust them back up, breaking the surface like a big, fury bullet. As Jason gasped for breath, Sean hurled him away like a child's ball and watched as Jason spun around and cursed at him before the deep waters claimed him once more. Sean would have laughed if he could but instead he growled happily and plunged back into the lake.

As he bounded out of the water his body started to ripple with the change. Water poured off his fur as he heard Jason's voice behind him, calling out his name and adding several threats as Bart's laugh bellowed nearby. It took a few minutes for Sean to fully revert back and by then Jason had swam to shore and was shaking the water out of his ears.

"You big, blonde Dog!" he shouted.

Sean turned around and smiled at him, lifting his arms in surrender. **"Sorry J, I thought you were smart enough not to turn your back to the woods. You looked so cute there by the water, like a little puppy playing at the shore. I just couldn't help myself; I had to give you a hug"**

Bart continued to laugh as he pointed to Jason. **"Dude, you went down like a five dollar hooker!"**

"Fuck you Bart!" Jason spat back, moments before Sean's strong arms pulled him in. His face and neck were then subjected to several kisses as the beefy blonde teenager greeted his friend with eager abandon. Jason's arms wrapped around him and hugged him back, even as he called him several names.

Sean reached down and grabbed one of Jason's ass cheeks and squeezed hard. **"How's my property? You keeping this safe for me?"**

"Blow me Sean!" he replied.

Sean laughed and grabbed Jason by the back of the head and pulled him in for a long, deep kiss. He sunk his thick tongue inside as Jason slumped against him and surrendered to his handsome blonde friend.

Bart came forward and ran his large hands across both of their backs as the two Werewolf boys bonded. His fingers ran over the muscled frames of his two best friends as they kissed each other and moaned contently. **"Get a room already ladies"** he said sarcastically. Sean reached out and wrapped one arm around him too and Jason did the same, pulling Bart toward them. As Sean kissed Bart the larger boy kissed him back and growled at him dominantly. It was something that Sean allowed more than anything else. Bart at one time had been more powerful than him, but since he now belonged to Michael; that had changed. Now Sean had a significant boost to his abilities that dwarfed those of his two best friends combined...but in this instance his love for his friends outweighed his Pack status, so he let Bart growl and enjoyed the touch of his muscled body against him.

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The three teenage boys huddled together, rubbing their faces against one another for a long while. Sean breathed them in, loving their smell. Three sets of hands explored strong limbs, hard chests, and broad necks as they moaned and growled with pleasure in each other's company. Sean kissed at Bart's big biceps and licked under his arms. Bart held still and let him explore his body as Jason bit at Sean's neck and licked his skin.

"You're wet" Sean teased Jason.

"That won't happen again" Jason replied as Sean smiled at him.

"Didn't you say that last week too?" Bart countered as he kissed Jason's neck. "I remember a similar swim you took that time as well"

"Don't you have a car to chase?" Jason replied. He turned to Sean to say something else but his wolf answered instead. Suddenly it hit him that Sean was no longer in their pack and an overwhelming sense of loss came over him. "I've missed you broth..." Before he could finish Sean leaned in and pressed his mouth against his. One strong arm hugged him tight as he groaned in pleasure, frantic to be close to the boy.

Bart watched, pleased to have his mates so close to him. Aside from one very small, black Werewolf, Bart loved no one else as much as these two. His strong hands pushed them together as he enjoyed the show. "Why don't you just suck his dick already" he told Jason.

Jason reluctantly broke his kiss with Sean and said, "That's jealousy right there"

Sean smiled at the both of them. He loved listening to them fight. No matter how long it went on he knew the truth...that they would all gladly die for each other. Tied by Pack bonds they were brothers for life, family forever. He pulled them both against him and breathed them in. They smelled like boys...perfect, beautiful boys. "So...back to getting my dick sucked..."

Jason ran his hands over Sean's chest before he moved to his knees and pushed his face between his blonde friend's legs. He wrapped his arms around Sean's thighs and pulled himself forward and rubbed at his big dick. He drew Sean's scent into his lungs and started to lick at his thick cock which throbbed and grew with every second. Soon his mouth was filled with his solid shaft and he sucked deeply on it, taking the meaty rod down his throat.

Sean groaned at the feel of Jason's warm mouth and hungry appetite. Bart leaned in and sucked at his neck while running his strong hand up and down his back. Sean pulled at the back of Jason's head and spread his feet apart to give him more room.

"God, I've missed you two" he groaned.

Bart was bigger than any of them. He moved behind Sean and wrapped his muscled arms around him and started to rub at Sean's chest while he kissed and bit at his neck. Sean leaned into him and let his best friend explore his body as Jason devoured his big dick. Bart pushed his hips forward and his long, thick

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shaft snaked between Sean's legs and stroked the bottom of his balls. Sean shuddered at the feeling of Bart's beefy pecker and momentarily lost his footing, but Bart's heavy arms held him tight.

"Relax" he said to Sean. **"I'm here"** he kissed at his neck and started to lick at it with his warm tongue. **"It's been too long since I've cum inside you"** He squeezed at Sean's body with his thick arms.

Sean looked down at Jason. He cupped the back of his head with one hand and curled his fingers in his friend's hair. **"That feels so fucking good!"** he moaned. Jason pulled himself forward and drove Sean's big dick right down his throat. Sean's body trembled and he fell back into Bart's strong arms, which luckily held him upright.

"Suck him off!" Bart commanded. Jason's mouth clamped down on Sean's thick shaft and he began to fuck his own throat with this best friend's dick.

"GOD!" Sean cried out. Bart's hands were everywhere. He gripped Sean's chest and moved down to squeeze his ass as well. Sean's legs started to buck from under him but Jason wasn't letting up. He sucked and twisted his mouth around Sean's beefy cock until the boy cried out with a loud growl.

"CUM!" Bart demanded.

Sean's body shook and convulsed as his thick shaft swelled up inside Jason's throat and erupted with a heavy explosion of warm cum.

"JASON!" Sean cried out as he came. He had a hand on Jason's head and the other one was gripping Bart's forearm for support. **"Oh God, Jason!"** Wave after wave of cream blasted out of Sean's big dick and right down his friend's throat. Somewhere he heard Bart laugh. The boy's powerful arms held him tight and his neck was slathered in spit as Bart licked at it.

When he was able to recover Sean found Jason in front of him, smiling and licking at his wet lips. **"God damn you taste good!"**

Sean grinned at him and threw his arms around the tall teenager. **"God, I fucking love you!"**

This was allowed for only a moment before Bart brought everyone back to the present with his deep, rough voice. **"You two wanna knit matching sweaters then do it on your own time"** Sean and Jason both looked back at him. He pointed down to his hard cock.

Sean grinned at him and looked over the powerful body of his friend. Bart was amazing. No one would accuse him of being a pretty boy. Bart had rugged features that screamed male. Nothing about him was soft. He had big, hard muscles, and large rough hands. His wide neck flared out and his face was covered in stubble. Bart had damn near skipped puberty altogether and it was easy to confuse him with a full grown adult man.

"God damn, that's a big dick!" Sean commented. Bart's face shifted. He liked it when people noticed how strong he was, especially his best friends. Bart was the biggest and the toughest and he wanted everyone to know it. He couldn't help but smile slightly at Sean's words.

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“Yeah, well it’s gonna feel even bigger when I fuck your tight ass with it”

Sean and Jason moved as one. They dropped in front of Bart and reached up to feel his heavy shaft and large balls. Bart moved his big feet apart and watched his best friends play.

Jason sucked at the fat head and moaned loudly. He pulled it from his mouth and pushed it to Sean, who sucked on it immediately. Sean groaned at the taste of Bart’s big dick. Bart nodded down, happy to be the center of so much pleasure. He didn’t love anyone in the world as much as he did these two. He stroked their heads as they devoured his heavy shaft.

“That’s it boys” he encouraged them. **“Suck that dick!”**

Jason twisted his mouth around Bart’s full sized shaft. It took everything he had to take the teenager’s thick cockhead in his throat. Sean licked at the long shaft while Jason deep throated his friend.

“Oh God, yes!” Bart growled as Jason worked him over. Sean pulled it from his lips and quickly took Bart inside to mimic what Jason did, but he wasn’t as good. He couldn’t take Bart down his throat. Bart was just too big. Sean knew this was about power. Michael’s dick was bigger, longer and thicker than Bart’s and Sean could swallow his heavy shaft. But that was about control. Michael was a Grand Alpha...the greatest of them. Sean HAD to swallow his dick. It was a privilege that few would ever have. But Sean loved Bart. He loved him enough to die for him. He pushed his head down and Bart’s thick cock forced its way into his throat.

Sean pulled back suddenly and coughed violently. Jason didn’t miss a beat. He swallowed Bart up and worked his lips far down his Pack brother’s big dick. Bart smiled down and watched his two best friend’s love him.

“Don’t choke Sean” he grinned. **“My dick is too big for you bro!”** he teased him. **“Baby steps man. Baby steps.”**

Sean looked up at his powerfully built buddy and laughed. **“I’m gonna drain you bro!”**

Bart laughed down at him. He grabbed his dick, pulled it out of Jason’s mouth and fed it to Sean.

“Shut up and suck that dick!” he growled.

Sean went into overdrive. He growled as he sucked at Bart’s big baby maker. His spit began to drip from Bart’s heavy cock as he fucked his mouth up and down the thick shaft.

“There he is!” Bart shouted. **“There’s my bitch!”**

Jason watched in awe as Sean did what he had never done before. He took Bart in his throat. He pressed his mouth against Bart’s wet shaft and licked and kissed at it. He screamed at Sean in his mind to take it. Take Bart all the way down!

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Sean couldn't take it. It was too much for him. At that moment he wanted nothing in the world than to make Bart cum. The beefy teenager was standing in front of him, with his big, hairy muscles and his rugged looks with a dick as hard a stone and all Sean could think of, was how much he loved Bart.

His lips gripped the boy's juicy shaft and Sean closed his eyes and concentrated on Bart's hard cock.

It took almost ninety seconds before Bart growled into the air. Sean had taken almost half of the large boy's dick down his throat while Jason worked at his heavy balls. Bart was lost. His hands were now on their shoulders. He had to hold himself up for support. The pleasure both of them were creating was sending Bart over the edge. It was time.

"I'm fucking cumming!" he roared.

He pulled Sean into his crotch and sent another two inches down the boy's throat. "Oh God!" Bart said as he unloaded into the blonde boy's throat.

Jason ran his hands over Bart's muscled legs. He looked up at his friend, happy to see how much pleasure he was in. **"We love you Bart"** he called out.

Bart couldn't talk. His orgasm was too intense. Sean was everywhere it seemed. His dick was on fire and sending bolt of electricity up his spine. Bart slumped down in exhaustion when his peak finally ended. He leaned heavily against his two best friends as they grinned up at him.

"You cum like a horse!" Sean said. Bart smiled at him and tried to say something but he was too spent.

"Yeah he does" said Jason, still feeling up Bart's thick legs. **"That's a man's dick!"**

Bart smiled at him, happy to please. Sean turned to Jason. **"That leaves you bro"** He wrapped one arm around the tall boy. **"Tell me what you want"**

Jason kissed at Sean's cheek. **"I want my brother inside me"** he said.

Sean nodded and looked up at Bart. **"Our brother needs us man"**

Bart was looking right at Jason. **"You don't touch your dick! Making you cum is our job. Disobey me and I'll fucking beat you!"** Bart walked around and pulled Jason with him until the boy was on his hands and knees. Sean moved behind him into position and fisted his big dick. He spit on it and lined it up with Jason's ass.

"No one will ever love you more than the two of us!" Sean told Jason as he pushed his heavy cock inside of him.

Jason grunted with effort and his face flushed with blood. Bart moved in front of Jason and kneeled at his head. He fisted his big dick with one hand and offered it to his friend, who took it in his mouth immediately.

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“Suck me Jason” he said. “Suck your brother off!”

Bart thrust his hips out, sending his big dick down Jason’s throat. Sean pushed in at the same time and impaled Jason’s ass on his thick shaft.

“**We’re here Jas!**” Sean called out. “**You’re brothers are here!**” He grabbed the boy’s hips and started to drive himself home. He looked up at Bart as he did. The real Bart was revealed at these times. The muscled teenager with his hard looks and bad attitude was gone. Instead, a beast of pride and affection was with them.

“**Suck it Jas!**” Bart encouraged his buddy. He stroked the boy’s head with both hands, eager to make Jason cum. Bart could have done much worse to him and Sean knew it. Bart could have done whatever he wanted to either of them, before Michael was involved. He was bigger, stronger and far more dangerous than either of them...at least until the Grand Alpha changed Sean.

But Bart never did. He never pushed his power. He talked a lot. He said a bunch of stuff, but he never used his advantage over them.

Bart loved them too much.

No one knew that more than Jason at the moment. They took him from both ends. Sean drove into his ass while Bart took his mouth. Jason was on fire with lust for his two best friends. His cock throbbed between his legs and his balls filled with cum from their assault. He wanted to cry out and tell them how good he felt but he was lost. His mind swam with ecstasy as the boys overpowered him and gave him the ride of his life.

It took Sean less than five minutes to plow into Jason before the boy exploded between them. Jason’s cock unloaded on the ground while Sean and Bart held him still. He reached down to hold his cock but Bart grabbed his hand and pulled him back.

“**No!**” he growled. He looked up at Sean. The large blonde boy had sweat running down his face and his jaw was tight. “**Ready?**” Bart asked. Sean nodded and Bart his cupped the back of Jason’s head. “**NOW!**” Bart’s head fell back as his powerful body shuddered and his big dick unloaded in Jason’s mouth. Sean growled in front of him and gripped Jason’s slim hips in his strong hands and drove his hard cock inside. His dick throbbed and erupted inside the teenager’s tight ass.

“**GOD!**” Sean’s cried. His muscled body slumped over Jason’s back as he filled the boy up and continued to pump into him. Bart did his part and pushed the head of his dick down Jason’s throat for a moment as his orgasm ebbed.

“**You fuckers!**” the rough boy growled. “**Always make me cum!**” His thick legs trembled and Bart fell back, his heavy meat slipping from Jason’s mouth.

“**Oh fuck!**” the boy was finally able to say. He pushed back against Sean’s beefy body as the blonde boy flooded his ass. “**I’m still cumming!**” Jason’s hard cock swelled in the cool air as he fired off wave after wave of cum.

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Sean wrapped his muscled arms around the boy's waist and hugged him tight. "I love you bro" he said, his face pressed against Jason's neck. His arms tightened with impossible strength for just a moment as his dick swelled one more time and gave Jason the last of his load. "Fuck I love you!"

Jason's body was straining to keep both of them up. He had to keep both hands on the ground to hold up Sean's body too. Werewolves were built solid and Jason was feeling that in spades at the moment. Sean's hands started to rub up and down his chest and stomach, his cock still thick and heavy. "God damn you have a big dick" he said to the blonde boy.

Bart snorted and fisted his mammoth cock in Jason's face. The boy grinned up at him, point taken.

"You three done with your circle jerk?"

Three heads spun around to see the powerful form of Silas standing twenty feet from them. He was naked, like they were, heavily muscled with hair covering his powerful legs, chest and arms. His authority radiated over them like a heavy blanket. Even Sean felt the tug of his former Master's call. He wasn't immune to the supernatural energy that Silas commanded; he just no longer had to obey it. Michael was far more powerful than his former Alpha and his power halted any effect Silas could have on him, and he knew this angered Silas to no end.

The large man pointed to his feet. No words needed to be spoken.

Jason carefully disengaged himself from Sean and managed to stand with Bart's help. The big boy held him up with one hand, which was a good thing for Jason. His body was spent in every way imaginable.

Silas didn't care.

The two boys moved quickly to their Alpha. The both knelt in front of him, waiting for his command. Sean felt awkward. It seemed like Silas insisted on proving his control over his friends in front of him. Silas looked at him, daring Sean to object. He wouldn't. Being pack mate with the Grand Alpha did not make him stupid, and Silas was not one to be challenged unless there was no other choice.

"These woods must be patrolled" Silas said to the two boys kneeling at his feet. **"Daruth takes the southern lands while we rule the north. I won't tolerate any more incursions into my lands! These woods belong to Wolves!"**

By incursions he meant other Werewolves, Vampires, or Witches. Both Packs had lost many wolves over the previous wars. Valued men and woman had been killed by the Vampire DeMarco and the Witch Kripka. Only the power of the Grand Alpha and his Son saved them from losing more.

"Rise and be about your task!" he ordered Jason and Bart.

Both boys stood up and moved away. They looked at Sean longingly, not daring to speak in their Alpha's presence.

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Silas looked over to Sean, his onetime servant. **“Does his majesty send his only soldier to lower himself with patrolling? I thought him too busy tending his farm to care about such mundane things”**

Sean opened his hands up in a non-threatening gesture. **“As you know, I am but the eyes and ears of the Grand Alpha. He relies on the packs to control these lands and for me to relay any messages”** Sean cocked his head to the side. **“Do you HAVE a message for the Grand Alpha Silas?”**

Silas's eyes went dark. Sean always was the clever one. Losing him was far more of a blow than Silas would admit. The boy was smart, and crafty with the makings of an Alpha in the early stages. Silas always prided himself that Sean was in his pack. **“If I need a message sent to him, I will do it in person”** he sneered. **“I don't need his messenger”**

Sean looked at the long scar that ran down Silas's neck. It snaked like a jagged serpent across his flesh. Normally battle wounds would heal by the supernatural power they possessed, but this particular scar was made by the Grand Alpha himself and it would last for decades...maybe forever. Silas could posture all he wanted, Sean knew he would kneel before Michael just like everyone else did.

“We have lands to protect” Silas continued, not waiting for Sean's response. **“You can return to the safety of your farm knowing we are here”**

Sean bowed his head. **“I will run with you”** Before Silas could object Sean added, **“I've been ordered to observe your progress”** He lifted his head until his eyes met those of his former master. **“Unless you object to those orders? Perhaps that is your message?”**

Silas was no fool. His powerful body swelled up as thick muscle grew underneath his tanned flesh. **“Do as you will child. Do not get in my way! Even your Master cannot shield you from my wrath...messenger!”**

Sean watched the naked body of the large man ripple. He fell to the ground as his muscled arms became bigger and longer. In the distance Bart and Jason did the same. Sean released his own power and began to shift as well. Soon, four Werewolves bolted into the woods and headed for the mountains several miles away.

And so it begins, Sean thought as Bart and Jason both ran up to him and rubbed their fur against his sides. He pushed back at one and then the other, his strong body playfully knocking into them. Bart growled in mock protest but stayed close to his one-time pack mate.

Brothers to the end Sean thought...and he wouldn't have it any other way.

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Thirteen Months ago...

The power he expended to mask his presence taxed him to no end. Never before had he had to go to such lengths to hide himself from detection. But it was necessary. He watched as they shifted into wolves. They were amazing and as beautiful as they were deadly. Large, powerful men and able bodied women, able to shift into creatures of incredible power and travelling in Packs around Montana made him move in the deepest of shadows. Even in human form they were formidable, each retaining some of their beastly gifts in that lesser state. If only he had such soldiers in his army he thought to himself. Such raw power waiting to be tapped.

But the wolves were not the only supernatural creatures he saw. He took great interest in the woman who commanded the trees. They bent to her will with the slightest gesture, eager to serve her. He didn't understand the specifics of Werewolf hierarchy but he understood enough to know she could defend herself against them if need be. They watched her with respect but also scorn. These wolf women were not accustomed to letting one of their own males mate with a female outside the Pack structure. But there she was, alive and with a small child.

The girl child was another matter altogether. She was small and at the start of her power but there was something else about her that made him more fearful of her than any of the adults. She was corrupt. There was something dark inside of her...something old and deadly. It swirled inside of her like a small hurricane, ready to erupt and lash out at whatever was near. The Stone liked the child least of all. It vibrated heavily in his hand and warned him to keep his distance. Having Demeter's attention was bad enough, he wasn't about to alert a Witch to his presence as well, and the small child radiated her evil power like a small sun.

He moved far away from her and found the barrier instead. The Stone pulsed with a dull gray color. Whatever this magic was it did not seem to react to him. It all but ignored him when he passed through it. Even the Stone was allowed to cross. He couldn't see it, although he knew it surrounded a very large area. Whatever its purpose was it had nothing to do with him. Perhaps there was a prize to be found, something he could take back to his Queen, but there were far too many Werewolves around to risk it.

Then there was the Litch.

It was a life sucking monstrosity of failed magic and cold death that moved within the dome of magic. What a meal he would provide it, he thought. The Litch would be sated from drawing on the life force of one such as his kind. Assuming he allowed it of course.

Then he saw Michael...the Beast himself.

The others could be avoided, but this one...? There was something immensely powerful inside the large man, something that dwarfed even the power of his small daughter. He emitted a primal force that screamed of Phoebe. Jack knew of the Goddess. He knew of all of them in fact. It was the only thing that kept him alive these many years. His knowledge of this land was crucial for his continued success in gathering children for the Queen's service.

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He set the Stone to alert him of Michael's presence before any others. THIS beast would find him. It would hunt him to the ends of the earth if need be. It would kill him violently and painfully. The man's energy shifted from man to beast to monster with a fluidity that the Stone was unable to settle on. Whatever this man really was, the Stone wanted no parts of him. In truth it wasn't made for this at all. He used it to hide himself and mask his own energy. By sheer chance did he realize the Stone also responded to the supernatural energy of others as well. But it was clear that in this land there was supernatural, and then there was Supernatural.

Michael was to be avoided at all costs. But...there was something familiar about him. Something the Stone recognized, in a different form, in a different body. The boy...could they be related somehow? The man was with the Druid wife and their child, the one infected with Witchcraft...was there a connection? The Stone had found the boy immediately. He was small, handsome, with black hair and bright eyes. Jack was instantly eager to try his power on him but HER mark was all over him though and Jack wasn't stupid enough to approach the boy when Demeter herself had claimed him. This child, like his Father...was off limits.

He walked slowly around town. Where was she? Where was Helen? Her Son was here. Her former mate was here. If it wasn't for the untamed power in the air he would have found her easily. But her light was dimmed by the brightness of the people that lived here and the Stone was ill equipped to filter out the ocean of energy they radiated just to find her.

The Queen would not be happy but what choice was there? She had waited decades and it would be stupid to rush things now. He would bide his time and move slowly until he found her.

Instead he began his work. He did as he always did, moving silently from town to town and taking each child with precise care and caution so not to alert Demeter. If she sensed his presence now all would be lost. So he took one at a time over several weeks and sent them to The Queen as silently as possible, never using the same portal twice.

The last one he found in a park. The boy was handsome. He had brown hair that fell across his face and the hints of the man he would grow to be in his eyes. He was about nine years old, the perfect age for the Queen.

"Hello" he had said with a big smile. The boy looked up at him and smiled back. They were all alone. The park was empty save for some kids playing in a group a distance away. It was a sleepy town, one filled with trusting parents and few crimes. Here, children played with each other and walked home unattended. Here, the parents had not been touched by the likes of him but they were about to have a rude awakening of the worst kind.

He held out his hand toward the boy. The child looked up with big, soft eyes as he smiled.

"I'm Jack"

To be continued....