

## Chapter 13

"No." Denton stated, getting up from the table. "There's no fucking way you're getting to fuck me."

They had just gone through what would be required for him to go through the ceremony of Possession. Where thirteen guys would fuck him, in place of their God.

"It has to be me, Denton," Maximilian stated. "Your father isn't here to do this, therefore it falls on me was the local elder."

"You guys are nuts. My father would never have fucked me."

"Or course he would have done it. It would have been his duty to represent our God, it would have been his honor. After all, he did it at your first ceremony."

"Bullshit! There's no way my father was a pedophile. You can have your little games and make believe you're channeling your God, but my father would never have been part of that."

"He was."

"No! There's nothing you can tell me to convince me of that."

"It took place at the Lewiston house. Gerard was the elder then. Your father brought you before us. You were eager to meet our God, but like any child, also apprehensive of anything and anyone much larger than you. Your father donned the ceremonial headdress, the representation of our God, becoming him in doing so.

"We recited the chants while filling the chalice with our seed. Your father added his, blessing it, and imbuing it with our God's power. When it was presented to you, you drank it, eagerly. The Ceremony isn't about abusing you, Denton. It isn't a sick act masquerading as a religious ceremony.

"It is a gift from our God to you."

"You were there." Denton couldn't believe it.

"Yes. The initiate who participate are always man the father knows. We'd grown apart, but your father and I used to be close friends. I went to your house when I found out about the fire. I'd hoped he had survived. If I'd known you had, I would have brought you here, so you could be raised among your people."

"And now you just want me to accept that having thirteen guys fuck me is a \*gift\* too?"

Maximilian sighed. "It is, Once you've done it you'll realize it. When He takes possession of you, when you become His, sex will change, it'll become an act of power."

"Dad, why don't we stop this here? We're not in a hurry."

"Of course we are Martin. He's the last Stenton. He needs to be initiated as soon as possible."

"And when is that going to be? you have to figure out who

the initiates are going to be. They still have to know his dad, right? it can't just been twelve of us at random. After twenty years, you think there's enough in town who knew him? They're going to have to travel from outside. That's a few days at least. He's had a stressful few days."

Maximilian rubbed his temples. "You're right. And it's your turn to see to Frank." He stood. "And I need to eat something. Show Denton to one of the guest room before that. And when you're done with Frank come see me."

Denton stood too. "Look, I appreciate the hospitality," he lied, "but I'm going to sleep in my own bed."

"Didn't you listen to anything we told you?" Martin sighed. "There's someone out there looking to kill you. He can find you if you step out of this house, and he's not going to care who else gets hurt. You have to stay here, if only to keep others safe."

Denton didn't want to stay here, where he had no idea what might happen, what they might do to him.

"We're not going to do anything to you Denton," Maximilian said. "I need you to do this, but I also need you to do it willingly. If I force the ceremony on you, He won't come."

"Then you should give up on this because there's nothing you can say that's going to get me to agree to this thing."

"Martin's right. You need to rest. Maybe you'll feel differently tomorrow."

"Fine," Denton said, finally, and followed Martin to the second floor. They passed a door as Colby stepped out, naked. He was well hung, Denton noted. In the room, he caught a glimpse of Fred holding Frank, before the door closed.

"He's pissed." Was all Colby said as he went in the opposite direction.

The room Martin led him to was a good side bedroom, with a king size bed, large dresser, and an open door leading to a bathroom.

"If you need anything," the cougar said, "the kitchen is down the stair to the left, after the dining room."

"Do you guy keep the servants up all night?"

Martin looked at him for a moment. "You're an asshole." he left and shut the door.

Denton locked the door and grabbed a quick shower. He didn't let the luxury impress him. These people weren't any better than him, they just had more money.

He couldn't believe what they wanted to do. Bottoming wasn't for him. He'd known that ever since he'd watched his first porno, at twelve. It would be painful, uncomfortable, and just not him. He was a top. He had always been, and would always be.

He had trouble accepting he'd drank cum when he was eight, and that his farther had taken part in that. What disturbed him the most, was that as Maximilian had recounted what had happened, it had felt familiar to him.

He dried himself, and was heading to the bed when someone knocked at the door. He answered it, remaining partially behind it.

Stefan was on the other side.

"What do you want?" Denton snapped.

"I thought you might want to talk."

"Right, talk. I'm starting to think that's your code word for sex."

Stefan shrugged. "We can fuck if you want, but I thought you'd prefer getting some answers. Honest answers."

With a sigh Denton opened the door fully, and closed it behind the collie. "What are you doing to Frank?"

"We're helping him heal."

Denton gave him a look of confusion before sitting on the bed.

"Franks ability is that he can heal from pretty much anything. That's why he rushed in to protect you. He knew he'd survive it. Under his own power the burns he suffered would take twenty four hours to heal, but we've been speeding that up."

"How?"

"Sex."

Denton almost asked how sex might help, but he didn't want to know. "Why is he angry about it then?"

"Frank doesn't like having sex with anyone other than Fred."

"I thought they were brothers."

"They are."

Denton rested his head against the head board. Great, yet another freak thing.

"I know what you're thinking."

"You a mind reader now? or is it having your cum in me that's letting you do that."

"No, and if it's any comfort, by the end of the day tomorrow, the energy will be out of my system, so you won't be connected to me anymore. That is, unless you're willing to blow me again?" he asked hopefully.

"No."

"Didn't think so. No, I've just seen a lot of guys react that way to the idea of two brother's sleeping together. We don't get what's so weird about it. Those of us who had brothers, we've all done it. those who don't, well, having sex with your dad is close enough that brothers on brother's just normal."

"Your father forced you to have sex with him?"

"Of course not. I wanted it." he scuttled closer to the cheetah and placed a hand on his chest. "I wish I could explain to you what it's like to have your father make love to you. The love you feel, the power that flows through the act."

Denton got off the bed. "That's bullshit. You were a kid. there's no way you could know what that was about. Don't you get it, your father abused you."

Stefan sat on the bed and looked at Denton seriously. "I tried to get my dad to have sex with me since I was eleven. He didn't initiate it, he stopped it from happening. I didn't understand it then, but we can't have anal sex until we've gone through the Ceremony of Possession. Our God is the only one deserving of taking our virginity."

"I'm no virgin, so why are they so adamant about me going through that thing?"

"You told me you don't bottom. Have you ever bottomed, for anyone?"

"No."

"I think it's because on some level you know that your first time is reserved for your God."

"That's nonsense. I don't believe in any god, not yours, not the Christians, not the Buddhists, none. As for not bottoming. I just don't want to. It's as simple as that. Is this where you try to convince me I should let you top me, so I can know what it's like and make any informed decision?"

"Or course not." Stefan got off the bed and hugged him. "I'd never dare take that away from Him. And I know you're going to enjoy it when it happens."

Denton couldn't miss that the collie was hard. and he felt himself respond. "Get out Stefan."

The collie released him. "I hope you believe me when I tell you that I'm your friend." He headed for the door.

"I don't think friends spy on their friends, then try to sucker them into a cult."

Stefan turned to look at him, pain in his eyes. "I wanted to protect you, Denton. That what we all want to do." He left.

Denton cursed. Martin had been right, he was an asshole.