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## CHAPTER ONE

Neon red letters on the front of the converted warehouse spelled “FANGS”.

Except the G was sputtering, turning off for long moments then coming back on, so half the time the club seemed to be called FANS.

*Ridiculous.*

Gemini pulled his hood up to shield himself from the rain. Even though it didn't really bother him, just as the damp chill of the fall night couldn't penetrate his skin, it would seem a normal human thing to do if anyone was watching.

And he was sure someone, or at least, something, was watching. They wouldn't have a home base out here without someone observing the immediate surroundings, especially one so obviously named.

Perhaps they thought a club named FANGS would be that much safer from suspicion. Too obvious to think they'd named it after themselves and their most direct weapon. The club had been theirs for over a year now and, despite a few close calls, as far as Gemini knew, the city police didn't seem aware of what actually went on at the monthly parties.

But Gemini knew. He knew exactly what took place.

He knew they deliberately corralled the young and not-entirely-innocent from where they could find them and invited them to a fun evening of alternative beats, circulating cheap alcohol, and sexy sideshows that quickly became...something else.

They pulled these souls, quite deliberately, from a segment of society that wouldn't notice their absence - the poor, the homeless, the disenfranchised. Gemini had been witness to one of their events, several months previous, and been disgusted by the blatant way these young vampires took advantage of the humans they seduced. It was disgusting and immoral to use the power they had in this way, at least to Gemini's admittedly unusual sense of a vampire code of ethics.

For Gemini was as much a creature of the undead as they were. But he had existed for centuries, when these younglings had only been part of the underworld for decades, and some for just a handful of years.

There were other young vampires in the city who seemed to look at things the way Gemini did. They stayed out of trouble, tried to live among the human inhabitants of the city with respect and dignity, even though they killed when they needed to. They didn't kill out of a need for entertainment, only for necessity, so they could maintain their sometimes lonely eternal existence.

But this group, made up of about twelve or thirteen vampires, had been creating a stir in the city for awhile. Gemini and a few of the other Older Ones had already discussed the situation and whether or not anything could or should be done about it. So far, in the larger scheme of things, the damage had been minimal and the group seemed to be flying under the radar. Gemini and his cohorts simply

observed, prepared for if and when anything got truly out of hand.

Hence Gemini's reluctant presence this evening. It was, unfortunately, his turn to quietly infiltrate the event — this one a Hallowe'en dress-up party — and see if things were as they'd always been. He could hope things had changed but he was too experienced, too old and jaded, to truly believe it. Young vampires could be reckless, were certainly hungry, and didn't take kindly to their Older Ones telling them what not to do.

Much like their human counterparts, Gemini supposed. The people who came to these events were the rebels, the outcasts, the ones who had barely anything to live for.

The irony, of course, was that Gemini looked like one of them. He'd been called to the vampire existence at the age of eighteen, except in his day he'd been considered a man by then, and not just on paper. Not like these young humans who essentially enjoyed — or suffered — an extended childhood all the way through to their early thirties. But then, life had been much shorter for humans when he'd lived his brief existence. One was lucky to live to see thirty.

And now, although he'd seen so many years he'd stopped counting, his outward appearance was still that of a slim, dark-haired, blue-eyed youth. One with centuries of knowledge in the deep azure of his thoughtful gaze perhaps, but a youth nonetheless. Which was why he didn't look out of place at a gathering such as this.

Grabbing the slick handle on the imposing metal door he hauled it open and stepped inside, not surprised to see two burly men guarding another door a few feet inside the dark building. Slipping his hand inside the pocket of his hooded coat, he pulled out a small piece of paper and handed it to the shorter of the two men. The guard looked it over, glanced at Gemini suspiciously, then nodded and motioned him past.

Just as Gemini opened the inner door, the man said:

"You should be wearing a costume. It's a Hallowe'en party."

Gemini glanced back, blue eyes flashing interest in the burly redhead. "You're lucky I have clothes on at all."

The redhead's eyes widened and his lips curled in a grin. Gemini didn't hear his response because he'd already stepped inside the club and let the heavy door close behind him.

A haze of marijuana smoke permeated the air and Gemini took a deep breath. It no longer affected him but he liked the smell of it. It reminded him of lazy days in his youth when he would smoke the ancient herb with his father while they relaxed on the loggia after supper. In those days it had been an accepted diversion among the lower classes and something he'd enjoyed fairly often.

Making his way through the dark, crowded space, he inhaled the smell of pot and human blood into his nostrils. He wasn't particularly hungry — he'd fed off Yvonne last night and still tasted the particular rich tang of her blood. Nevertheless,

his fangs ached at the proximity of ready food. Not just ready, but young, energetic and vibrant.

Although these particular humans might not have enough food to eat on a regular basis, some of them had managed to scabble together some fairly extravagant costumes. Human ingenuity was unparalleled. Some of them had only painted their faces in an effort to accommodate the theme of the party.

And some, like Gemini, had disdained the idea, choosing to dress in dark colours and slink about on the periphery of the action.

While the human throng in the centre of the large room writhed and danced to the electronic beat, Gemini made his way through the outer edges of sweaty bodies to stand in shadow beside the bar. From this vantage he could comfortably scan the other patrons. He quickly noticed a few of the undead, costumed and dancing with the humans, but nobody he particularly recognized. He had only encountered a few of these young vampires in person, enough to remember names and features. But he could see who was alive and who was not. He could distinguish predator from prey quite effectively.

As his eyes took in everything, his ancient brain cataloguing and sorting the information into relevant versus irrelevant minutiae, they suddenly locked onto a slight figure standing by the sign for the public restrooms. He wasn't sure what called to him about this particular human, but he felt something electric travel up his spine when the person turned their head and met his gaze.

They held each other this way for a long moment. Then the youngster, as if determined to remain untethered from attachment to Gemini, or perhaps to anyone, looked away.

But Gemini waited — one, two, three, four, five — seconds, until the slender human gazed back in his direction.

Then he moved. Slowly, deliberately, at the realistic speed of a human man, to disguise the fact that he was anything but.

When he got close enough to distinguish the scent of the blood teeming through the young person's veins he halted, overcome by its particular perfume. But only for a moment. Using centuries of discipline, Gemini pushed the immediate urge to attack and consume down into the farthest reaches of his belly, even as his cock hardened.

He saw fear in the young human's eyes as he approached, which meant they were suitably wary in a place like this and not drugged out of their mind. As he neared, he guessed his conquest to be a young man, about eighteen or so, the same age that Gemini appeared to be. The age he'd been when he'd been found by an Older One. Gemini pushed that thought from his mind.

He found it simple, after all of his time on Earth, to gauge the age of his prey. Not that this young man would be that. In fact, Gemini was averse to hunting in this milieu for a host of reasons. He wouldn't use this reckless orgy as a source of prey, at least, not in terms of blood lust. Another sort of lust seemed to draw him

toward the young man but Gemini exerted control over that as well. He didn't want to frighten the creature more than he already had done.

"Hey," Gemini muttered casually, pulling his hood back so the youngster could see his face and using the modern form of address for approaching a stranger. He smiled, keeping his fangs withdrawn and conveying as much warmth as an essentially cold-blooded creature could affect. "What's going on?"

The young man's pupils dilated and Gemini could not mistake the scent of his arousal.

Good. This was good. Although he still wasn't sure he wanted to pursue that particular course with this man. His body did, but Gemini did not let his body's hunger for anything rule him exclusively.

The youth shrugged, dark eyes roaming over Gemini. He didn't say anything, just looked at Gemini with a hopeful vulnerability that immediately touched something responsive inside the old vampire.

"You're not dressed up," Gemini said, hands in the pocket of his coat and boot propped against the wall at his back.

A hint of a smile disappeared as quickly as it came. "Neither are you."

Gemini nodded, still smiling. "True."

He ran his eyes over the alluring creature, noticing the way the skinny jeans hugged the youth's slender legs and hips. He leaned in, closing his eyes as he inhaled the sweet scent of the young man, and whispered in his ear as if they were already lovers. "What's your name?"

The young man shivered, and looked down at his feet. "Justice."

Gemini resisted the urge to lick the shell of his ear. "Justice?"

The youth nodded, turning to face Gemini, his sweet young face only inches away.

"That's a lovely name."

"Actually, I hate it," he said, laughing softly and drawing back.

"Why?" Gemini asked.

The young man shrugged and moved in again so his response could be heard above the music. "It's too different. And weird."

Gemini's smile widened. "Hmm. No. It's unique. Like you."

Justice laughed again, shaking his head, dark bangs swinging slightly. "I'm not unique. I'm like every other stupid kid here. Just trying to belong somewhere."

Gemini was already charmed by this human and he felt a dangerous pull that he reigned in. He wasn't going to kill an innocent human tonight. He wasn't even going to seduce one. But he wanted to take Justice home — feed him and put him to bed like a child.

It wasn't anything he was used to feeling.

He wondered what Yvonne would say to him showing up with this young man. Looking at Justice, his soft skin, innocent expression, full lips and too-skinny form, Gemini didn't really care what Yvonne thought. She would simply have to accept

Gemini's choice to bring home this waif, if that was what he decided to do. If Justice would go willingly with him.

Maybe she'd even see what Gemini saw in Justice's dark grey eyes. Something frail and grasping that needed purchase. Something that needed saving.

Gemini knew what would happen if the boy stayed here even if Justice didn't. He would be yet another nameless human used to satisfy the bloodlust and sexual hunger of a host of vampires and discarded at the end of the evening a ruined shell of himself. Most died from the assault, the plain ones killed outright for strength and stamina while the pretty ones would be violated over and over for sport and pleasure.

Gemini was not one to prevaricate. "I'd like to take you home with me."

Justice stared at him, as if trying to come up with a reason to protest. "You just met me."

"Yes."

"What if I say no?"

"Then I will leave you here. But it will hurt me to do so. Very much."

Justice's eyes narrowed with suspicion. "How old are you anyway?"

"You wouldn't believe me if I told you."

Justice seemed to think about that, and about what Gemini had said about taking him home. "You can fuck me, I guess. If you want."

Gemini blinked. "That's not what I mean."

Although that thought did cross my mind.

"Don't you want to?" Justice asked with the saddest look on his face that perhaps Gemini had ever seen.

Gemini reached out and placed gentle fingers on the youth's chin, turning his face this way and that as if he were examining Justice the way Yvonne would for the purposes of sketching him. Justice reacted to Gemini's touch by visibly shuddering and licking his bottom lip and Gemini tried not to show how much this affected him.

"Of course I want to, sweet thing, and perhaps I will someday. But not today." He brought the young man's face around so that they locked gazes. "Today I want to take you home, give you something to eat, and make sure you have a soft bed to sleep in."

Justice hesitated, seeming to lose himself in Gemini's ancient eyes, then shook himself free and forced himself to look away. "Why should I trust you?"

"Because I'm your only way out of this place tonight. And if you stay you won't last until morning."

"What?" Justice said, looking around him. "It's just a party."

Gemini shrugged. "Of course, that's what it seems. Believe me or no, if you come with me you will be safe. If you say no I will leave you here. But I don't want to. Please."

Justice hesitated, looking out at the costumed patrons, then back at Gemini.

"You promise?"

Gemini made a large X across his chest. "Cross my heart." At least he still had a heart, even if it hadn't pulsed for countless centuries. He held out his hand.

Justice took it, wrapping his fingers around Gemini's hand with sudden relief, as if now he'd made the decision to trust him, he wanted to go. "Okay."

"Stay close."

As they approached the doors, a pale female figure in a burgundy velvet medieval wench costume stopped Gemini with a hand on his arm.

"Where do you think you're taking him?" She asked, her voice thin and reedy, regarding Gemini as if he were a cockroach or something equally vile.

"Emily Rose." Gemini said with clenched teeth.

The vampire nodded, baring her fangs. Gemini tightened his grasp on Justice's fingers as he felt the young man relax his grip in shock.

"Gemini Thelesi. You wear out your welcome," she hissed.

"I don't believe I was ever welcome among you."

"You should stay away. We don't want you here. You can't share in our feast."

Gemini forced himself to remain calm even though he could have destroyed this youngling with a flick of his wrist.

"I'm taking him with me. And you will get out of my way. *Now.*"

Emily Rose seemed to want to protest, but another vampire stopped her. An imposing male figure in an ornate pirate costume loomed beside them.

"Emily Rose, you are needed in the lounge," he stated, voice dripping authority.

"Certainly, Neil." Emily Rose bowed and disappeared.

The vampire named Neil regarded Gemini with respect as well as distaste.

"Gemini Thelesi, if you want to partake in our banquet you only have to ask. We would be honoured to have you as a part of our group."

Gemini tucked Justice against his side, holding onto him firmly and feeling the youth's rapid heartbeat. He could smell Justice's fear and so, he was sure, could Neil.

"I don't want to be a part of any of this."

"Then leave the boy. He came willingly and you know it."

"He thought it a party. He doesn't know what it really is."

Neil shrugged. "And what is that, pray tell?"

"A feeding frenzy. A fucking orgy of blood and sex," Gemini spat.

"You say that like it's a bad thing."

"For them, it is."

Neil shrugged again, as if the entire confrontation bored him. "You cannot take from our banquet without permission. You overstep your bounds."

Gemini stood taller and said with the most subdued threat he could manage. "I'm taking this boy. You cannot stop me, and if you try I will call down the anger of all the Older Ones upon you and your tasteless group. Get out of my way."

Neil examined Gemini for a moment, the look of disgust growing. But he

stepped aside and bowed, sweeping his arm before them in an exaggerated gesture.

"As you wish."

As they passed him, he stood up straight. "But you won't get in here again. I'll make sure of it."

"I won't be back," Gemini said with conviction and pulled Justice through the door with him.

As they strode past, the redheaded bouncer stood up from his seat. "Hey! You can't — "

With his free hand, Gemini gestured behind him without even looking. The redhead slammed against the wall and collapsed, unconscious, to the floor.

"What the hell?" Justice exclaimed, pulling his hand away from Gemini's grasp and looking like he was going to run back inside even though he was terrified of what he'd seen. "Who the fuck are you? *What* the fuck are you?"

"Please," Gemini said, throwing a warning look at the other bouncer who stood frozen in place, staring at his unconscious partner. "Please, Justice, come with me and I'll explain everything. If you go back in there you'll find out how many of them want to fuck you. And then they will devour you like you are nothing but an h'ordeuvre on their plate for the evening. Which is not a bad analogy for it really." He reached out again, beseeching the young man with his deep blue eyes. "Please."

Justice glanced at the closed door, at the comatose bouncer, then at Gemini's hand. Finally, after a few moments, he reached out and took it.

Gemini nodded, relief flooding through him. "Come. Let's go home."

## CHAPTER TWO

In the car Justice was silent. Gemini heard his short breaths and wondered if he would go into full blown panic mode.

"I won't hurt you," Gemini said, as softly as he could manage.

"But you *could*."

"I won't." He felt Justice's brown eyes on him.

"You're just like them, aren't you?" Justice said, so much fear in his voice it made Gemini feel sick.

He slammed on the brakes, pulled the car smoothly to the curb, turned off the engine, unlocked the doors.

"If you believe *that* you'd better get out right now. You're far enough from them, you're safe. You don't have to come home with me. Just don't ever go back there."

They sat there for several moments, Gemini sure that Justice would open the door and flee. Perhaps that would be better for everyone.

The young man did indeed look at the door handle. But he kept his hands in his lap.

"You won't hurt me? I can trust you? Really? Even though you're a ..."

Gemini flicked on the car's interior light. Now he could see how stunningly attractive Justice really was — short, chestnut-colored hair, dark grey eyes, defined cheekbones, generous mouth, full bottom lip. "Vampire. Yes. You can trust me."

"How?"

"I'm older than they are. Much older. I have more self control."

Justice looked dubious and still frightened, but Gemini noticed how thoroughly the man examined him, now that he could see clearly.

Gemini sighed. "I've lived with a human woman for the past six years. I haven't killed her or hurt her. You can ask her when we get to my home."

Justice blinked, for the first time seeming to relax slightly. Really, Gemini couldn't blame him.

"Okay."

"Okay?"

"Yes."

Gemini nodded, flicked the interior light off and restarted the car, pulling out into the quiet road. Rain pelted against the windshield as the wiper blades swept it clean again and again.

They were silent the rest of the way. When Gemini pulled the car into the long driveway of an expansive modern home on Prince of Wales drive, Justice finally spoke.

"This is *not* your house."

Gemini laughed. "Oh, I assure you it is."

"Fuck off. Really? *This* is your house?" The fear was gone, replaced by

incredulity.

"This is my house," Gemini affirmed as they pulled up to a double garage attached to the left of the main house. He touched the screen on the dash and the right side garage door began to pull slowly open. He glanced beside him.

Justice stared at him with wide eyes which, Gemini noticed in the dim light from the dash, were exactly the shade of gunmetal. "So you're a *rich* vampire."

Gemini laughed softly, pulling into the garage and putting the car in park. He undid his seatbelt and opened the driver's side door, stepping out and leaning down to regain Justice's gaze.

"I'm...comfortable. Now, come and meet Yvonne." He wanted to keep things natural, unthreatening. How Yvonne would react to this interloper he had no idea. But at least it would be a *human* reaction.

Justice nodded slowly, undoing his seatbelt and getting out of the car. As they shut their doors, Justice looked around him at the tidy and utilitarian garage space. Garden tools and various and sundry other items hung in neat rows from metal frames on the walls. Yvonne's blue Volkswagen was parked in its spot.

Justice hung back as Gemini walked to the grey door connecting the garage to the house. He keyed in the secure code and turned the handle, pushing the door open.

"Justice?"

Justice turned from his examination of the garage and took a deep breath. "Okay."

Gemini nodded and stepped inside, holding the door for Justice to follow. As the young man entered the bright space he muttered another astonished curse.

"Jesus. Are you sure you want me in here? I might break something." He said, toeing off his scuffed boots as Gemini removed his.

The home's interior was spacious and modern, with shiny dark wood floors, sleek fixtures, and no delineation between the state of the art kitchen, dining area and great room. The focal point of the space was a massive stone fireplace, the only nod to traditional decor. It contrasted beautifully with the minimal furnishings and sparse interior, providing a needed sense of warmth and comfort.

"I highly doubt that. It's not as precious as it looks." Gemini extended his hand. "Do you mind? I'd like to show you around."

Justice tentatively reached out, then let his hand fall to his side. "I'll follow you."

"You're still scared of me."

"Maybe."

"Do you have a cell phone?"

"Yeah."

"Why don't you text a friend and let them know my address? Tell them you're here. Will that make you feel safer?"

Justice shuffled his sock feet and looked embarrassed. "Yeah, okay." He pulled out his phone and typed something. Then put it back in his pocket.

When there was no sign of Yvonne in the great room or the kitchen, Gemini told Justice to have a seat on the giant coffee-brown leather sofa and went to get her. His anxiety as to her reaction to his little visitor began to ramp up slightly. Yes, centuries-old vampires still had to deal with anxiety. At least it made him feel somewhat human.

He loped up the central staircase to the second level and walked down the hall to the slightly open door of her studio. The scent of her familiar, compelling scent made his mouth water, but he wouldn't take anything from her now, not with Justice so near and so jumpy.

"Vonne?" He said gently as he approached and knocked on the door. He didn't want to startle her if she was deep into her artistic zone.

"You're back early, Gem."

Her lilting voice reached him before he fully opened the door and saw her standing before a giant canvas that leaned against the wall by the huge window. She was already covered in paint, even though she'd only gotten home from her teaching gig an hour or so ago. She had on one of her beige smocks, a pair of grey leggings and bare feet. Peering at her canvas with concentration she applied a couple of strokes of her brush and then turned to gaze at him with bright green eyes, her short blond hair pushed haphazardly behind her ears.

"Yes," he said, smiling at her dishevelled appearance. "I, uh, brought a little something with me." He might as well tell her right away.

Her eyes narrowed and she dropped her hand to her thigh. "Not one of *them*... you didn't bring one of those vile things..."

Gemini shook his head quickly. "No, of course not. I wouldn't — No." How could she think that he'd put her in such danger? Ever? But he was impressed she'd known it was more significant than some random object or gift. Somehow, she knew he'd meant something else.

"Gem?"

"His name is Justice. He's human."

She stared long and hard at him then, her mouth open, her eyes calculating. "*His* name. It's very unusual."

"Yes."

"Have you brought him to —"

Gemini shook his head. "Not for that, no. Or, not yet."

"Not yet?"

Gemini couldn't help a small smile from forming. "He's...compelling."

Yvonne raised one eyebrow. "He must be." She put down her brush.

"Come and say hello," Gemini said, holding out his hand to her.

Yvonne took his offered hand and stepped close, kissing Gemini quickly on the lips and squeezing his hand. "Of course."

As they walked together down the hall and then the steps, Gemini again felt his anxiety swell. "He's rather nervous."

"I imagine. Does he know what you are?"

Gemini nodded. "I had to threaten those idiots to get him out."

"Then he must be terrified."

Gemini glanced her way as they descended. "I think you can help me here."

"I'll certainly try."

Justice was not where Gemini had left him but Gemini could smell him. He hadn't run off. At least, not yet.

The young man turned from where he was inspecting Gemini's Bose sound system in the corner. "Sorry, I just...oh. Hi." Justice wiped a hand on his jeans and stepped forward, holding it out to Yvonne. "You must be Yvonne."

Gemini was shocked but pleased by this standard social response. Perhaps Justice wasn't as frightened as he'd supposed.

Yvonne smiled and took the proffered hand. "Justice, right? Such a unique name."

Justice shrugged, glancing at Gemini. "Just as unique as his, I guess. Those other vampires called you Gemini. Is that really your name? Like the star sign?"

Gemini closed his eyes while Yvonne let out a sharp laugh.

"It's a Roman name," Gemini said softly. "But not so common, even in my time. In fact, I'd prefer if you'd call me Gem."

"Okay, sure. It's cool though. I like it."

Gemini opened his eyes and smiled at the young man, careful not to show any hint of his fangs which threatened to descend at any moment. "I'm glad."

"And I'm not just saying that because I'm terrified you're gonna eat me." Justice added, shoving his hands in his pockets and glancing shyly at Yvonne, who laughed again.

"Oh sweetheart, if he ever decides to eat you it won't be what you're probably expecting." She leaned in toward Justice but glanced at Gemini.

If Gemini could have blushed he would have at the look in Justice's eyes and his quickened breathing. Hmmm, so *that* was interesting. But he couldn't, *wouldn't*, seduce Justice. It was too soon. And that would make him too similar to those infants at the club.

"Speaking of which, are you hungry, Justice?" Gemini asked, trying to be a gracious host. It hadn't escaped his notice that Justice was a little on the skinny side.

Justice shrugged, glancing at Yvonne. "Kind of. But don't worry about it. You don't have to feed me."

"I think that's why he brought you home, darling," Yvonne stated. "I mean, as well as to keep you from those vultures."

"Are you...were you...*painting* or something?" Justice asked. "You're kind of covered in it."

"Yvonne is an accomplished artist," Gemini said, pleased that Justice had noticed these details and remarked upon them. "Being speckled with paint is her

natural state, really.”

“Well, maybe it is. And, yes, I was painting. I was working on something in my studio. I’ll show you if you like, after you’ve had something to eat.”

“Okay. I’d like to see it.”

“But first, some wine?” Yvonne asked, tucking a strand of hair back.

“Sure.”

After Justice had downed two glasses of red wine, a chicken sandwich that Yvonne made him and a bowl of leftover rice pudding, his colour was healthy enough that Gemini stopped worrying his guest would faint from fear or hunger. Gemini had changed into some comfortable jeans and a black sweater and now lounged on the long sofa beside Yvonne, who had also changed out of her paint splattered clothes and into a pair of black yoga pants and a blue cotton shirt.

“Better?” Gemini asked, sipping at his wine, savouring the familiar taste and bouquet. Although he didn’t have need of food or drink other than blood, wine was something he wouldn’t, couldn’t, give up.

“Yeah. Much better. I haven’t ... I mean, I’ve been down on my luck lately.”

She and Gemini exchanged a glance. “How so?” Yvonne asked.

Justice shrugged. “Um,” he scratched absently behind his ear. “I got fired from my job, but it was stupid anyway and didn’t pay enough. And I’ve been staying with this guy but, he does a lot of drugs, and there’s like, all kinds of sketchy people in and out all the time. I haven’t been there much. It’s not a great neighbourhood.”

“Do you have somewhere safe to go tonight? Or would you like to stay here? We have a guest room with its own bathroom and shower,” Gemini said.

Yvonne nodded. “Please stay with us. That way we’ll know you’re safe. Tomorrow we can talk about a long-term solution.”

“You can stay here as long as you like,” Gemini murmured, avoiding Yvonne’s gaze. He wasn’t sure what about Justice called to him so strongly, but something did.

Yvonne glanced his way. “Gem, he’s a grown man. I’m sure he can look after himself. But we can find him somewhere better to stay.”

“If you like.”

*So, not fully on board yet.*

“I never did ask your age,” Gemini said, wondering now just how young Justice was.

Justice swallowed another spoonful of rice pudding. “Just turned nineteen. It was my birthday yesterday, actually.”

“Well,” Gemini murmured. “Happy Birthday.”

“Thanks.”

“Want to come see my studio?” Yvonne said with a smile aimed at Justice.

Justice glanced at Gemini. For permission, perhaps? The thought pleased the ancient vampire and he nodded. “Go with her. But don’t you dare talk about me.”

Yvonne grinned, leading Justice up the stairs. “Of course we will.”

God, she was lovely. Her legs long and slim in the yoga pants, her feet small and still bare. She glanced back briefly and the look she gave him made his body respond instinctively. Well, he'd ravish her later with Justice safely ensconced in the guest room and think about fucking that sweet boy at the same time. He only hoped that, one day, Justice would allow that fantasy come true.

Gemini put his wine glass down on the side table and lay back, shutting his eyes and sliding his hand along the arch of his erection over the denim. He focused his powerful hearing on the distant sound of conversation and thanked the Gods that his body retained some of its human functions.

In a moment, Gemini heard Justice's exclamation: "This is amazing!"

"Thank you."

"What's it supposed to be?"

"What do you think it is?"

"A...vortex of some kind? It's all dark and swirling. Kind of makes me feel dizzy. It looks like a storm."

"Very perceptive. Do you paint?"

"Nah. Sketch a little."

Silence. Then:

"So you're human?" Justice, again.

"Yeah."

"And he's..."

"Not."

"Right. He's...there's something...I can't explain it, but it feels like we were supposed to meet? I don't know." Pause. "Is he dangerous?"

Gemini felt his fangs threatening to descend again, but he closed his eyes and willed them back.

"Very. But not to us. Not to you."

"He's powerful."

"He's old."

"How old?"

Gemini smiled and shook his head.

*Much older than you, Justice. Much too old for you. But then, with that logic, he was much too old for anyone.*

"Centuries. He spent his human childhood in ancient Rome." Yvonne sounded proud, like she was showing him off.

"Fuck me!"

"He'd like to. He's holding back."

*She knows me well.*

"What?"

"He's very attracted to you, Justice."

"I know. He said that." A pause. "I offered to let him do that."

*Yes, you did. But I said no.*

"You did?"

"Yeah."

"And he said no?"

"Yeah."

"Well. He must *really* like you."

*Oh, I do, Vonne. I really do.*

"He said you've lived with him for six years."

"That sounds about right."

"How old are *you*?"

*Oh Justice. Never ask a human woman her age.*

A pause. "Thirty-two." Yvonne's voice carried a hint of sudden coolness.

"Talk about a May-December romance."

Gemini was surprised to hear Yvonne's bark of laughter. "Touché."

There was a moment of silence, then:

"So, Justice, you'll stay with us tonight?"

"I guess."

*Oh, thank Zeus. The boy would stay. At least one night.*

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Later, after a few more glasses of wine, Gemini showed Justice to the guest room. Yvonne had excused herself to have a bath in the master suite.

"There are clean towels in the bathroom, and packaged toothbrushes in the drawer," he said, as Justice walked into the room and slowly turned, examining its modern luxury.

A queen platform bed jutted from the wall beneath the windows, flanked either side by small side tables and sconces. It was made up with soft linens in a dark grey color. In deference to comfort, a plush grey area rug covered most of the wood floor. A mid-century modern dresser stood against one wall.

"Wow, this is super swanky." He tested the mattress and turned to Gemini, chestnut hair falling in front of his eyes in an enchanting way. "Are you sure you don't want to fuck me? I could take a shower..."

Gemini felt his lust like it was an animal scratching at his chest but he shook his head, determined to resist for the moment. He *wasn't* an animal, for Zeus's sake. He might be a monster but, dammit, he was a gentleman.

"I'm trying to," he swallowed, working to keep his fangs in check, "I'm trying to show you that you needn't be afraid of me, yet you keep asking me that."

Justice stared at Gemini with a frankness that sent shivers down Gemini's spine. "I'm not afraid of *that*. I bet you're pretty good at fucking, if you're as old as Yvonne says."

*Holy Zeus, was this angel sent to tempt him?* It was becoming harder and harder to resist. But he *must*.

"What are you afraid of then?"

Justice shrugged. "Well, not to brag but guys sometimes lose control while

they're fucking me. What if you, I don't know, get so caught up in it you sink your teeth in me and suck me dry? I mean, suck all my blood out? You could do that."

"I wouldn't do that."

"You sure?"

"I might have a taste, though."

"You might—" Justice's chin snapped up. "What?"

Gemini put a hand to his head, which was beginning to spin. "I might have a taste. Just a little bit." He held up his thumb and forefinger about an inch apart and gave Justice what he hoped was a meaningful look. Even though he was definitely *not* trying to seduce the young man, he couldn't seem to help it. And he most assuredly was *not* undressing the youth with his eyes. Certainly not.

"You can *do* that?" Justice asked, the innocence of his question squeezing Gemini's dead heart into pieces.

Gemini nodded. He didn't dare speak.

"And it won't hurt me?"

Gemini cleared his throat. "It will hurt a little. But it will also feel better than anything you've ever known."

They stared at each other, Justice breathing very quickly all of a sudden.

"Good night," Gemini said, and shut the door.

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The Master bedroom was at the other end of the long hall. It contained an elaborate king bed with ornate wood posts and lush brown and beige fabrics. Not exactly in line with the modern décor in the rest of the home, it had been a gift from an old friend and Gemini could not bear to part with it. With the door closed Gemini could only faintly discern the presence of a third person in his home. Now he scented Yvonne's sweet blood and her hunger for him.

Yvonne was in bed, with her reading glasses on and her book open. She looked over the edge at him. "Is he all tucked in?"

"He's not a child," Gemini said.

"No. He's definitely not *that*. A full grown man. Didn't I say that?"

"You did."

"Why are you looking at me that way?" Yvonne asked, her tongue swiping her lower lip.

*As if she didn't know.*

"Because if I don't fuck *someone* very soon I don't know what might happen." Gemini said, winking at her as he finally let his fangs descend. His tongue played at the edge of his teeth as he regarded her with an obvious hunger.

Lowering her book she raised one eyebrow. "You might not sleep very well."

"I might go back to his room." Gemini sighed, taking off his shirt. "I'm trying very hard to be honorable."

"Gem, I don't think it's in you to be *dishonorable*. He wants you as much as you want him, you know."

Gemini glanced in the direction of the guest room, even though their bedroom door was closed.

“How can you be certain? And, even if you’re right, it’s better to wait until — ”

“What? Until *you know each other better*? You sound like a pale young virgin.” She giggled.

Gemini grinned and crawled onto the bed until he was leaning over her, taking the book out of her hands. “Shall I prove to you, once again, how far from being a virgin I am?” He swept his arm beneath her and pulled her to him, pressing his lips to her neck and licking her there with barely restrained hunger.

“Yes, drink from me. Drink my blood and think about that beautiful boy in the guest room swooning under you.”

Gemini’s cock swelled and leaked at the very idea.

“But first, fuck me like you would fuck *him* right now if you thought it was an *honourable* thing to do...”

Gemini growled against her neck and pushed his fingers under the waistband of her leggings as she laughed.

## CHAPTER THREE

Gemini was naked, wrapped around Yvonne in the huge King bed. They'd managed not to stain the sheets with their passion but the blue Egyptian cotton was pulled here and there in a tangled mess. Sometimes, after their violent lovemaking and his sweet taste of Yvonne's lifeblood, Gemini would drift into a state of semi-consciousness. He didn't sleep, ever, but this was the closest thing.

He knew Justice had come into the room.

He'd heard him walk down the hall with soft steps and quietly open the door. He could *smell* him. And Justice smelled like nothing Gemini had ever experienced before — a beguiling mixture of sweat, arousal and swirling blood that was his and his alone.

Finally, a husky voice penetrated the silence of the room. "I couldn't sleep."

Gemini opened his eyes and reached out to flick on the small lamp on his bedside table. Then he turned to see the young man standing by the bed, as naked as he and Yvonne. Justice stood there, arms wrapped around himself as if he were cold, cock standing swollen and red against his belly.

Gemini felt saliva pool in his mouth. He swallowed it down and let his eyes take in the beautiful man before him. Justice was built like a runner from Ancient Greece: long, slim legs; flat, muscular abdomen; narrow shoulders. His subtly defined biceps flexed as he nervously clutched himself. His penis rose, uncut and thick, from a thatch of dark hair.

In the dim lamp-light, Gemini could see that Justice was even more lovely than he'd supposed.

"No?"

Justice shook his head slowly back and forth, chewing on his lower lip. It was a childish gesture and made Gemini even hungrier. The sight of Justice standing there, naked and willing and vulnerable, was something amazing indeed. He noticed water droplets on the youth's neck and that his hair was dark and damp. He'd cleaned up and now presented himself for their pleasure.

Gemini was tired. He was tired of pretending that he didn't want this very thing. That he didn't want Justice naked between him and Yvonne — under Gemini, over Gemini, under Yvonne, over Yvonne, or vice versa. The possible combinations were dizzying.

"Vonne," Gemini whispered, nudging her where she slept entangled in his embrace. He kept his eyes on Justice as he woke her gently.

"Hmmm? What is it?"

"Look."

Yvonne blinked and turned to where Gemini's gaze was rooted.

"Oh. Hello, Justice."

"Hi."

"What's wrong, sweetheart?"

"I — I couldn't sleep."

Yvonne smiled softly as her eyes drifted down to Justice's erection.

"Well, I'm not surprised. I wouldn't be able to sleep with that poking me in the stomach either," she said, lifting up the sheet where it tangled across her leg. "Do you want to come into bed, darling?"

Justice, who had not moved his gaze from Gemini's this entire time, nodded, licking his lips. "Yeah."

"Then come." It was Gemini's command and Justice wasted no time in obeying it. He moved forward, put a knee up on the mattress and crawled toward them, heavy cock bobbing with promise.

"Wait," Gemini murmured.

Like an obedient dog, Justice froze.

He waited on hands and knees, poised above a grinning Yvonne as Gemini lithely moved from the sheets, arching naked like a Roman statue to loom beside the boy.

"Don't move." He ordered in a seductive voice as he heard Justice's breathing ramp up with excitement and anticipation.

Yvonne made a noise of frustration as she gazed up at them with darkened pupils. Her breathing accelerated as well and if Gemini had been at all human he would now be breathing at a pace that matched or exceeded theirs.

Yes, he'd made himself behave. He'd denied himself the pleasure of seducing Justice right away. But this? Justice seeking him and Yvonne out on his own? This was something he hadn't dared imagine, and it made his cock hard again just to look at the slender youth on hands and knees before him.

His eyes coursing over Justice's quivering form - for the youth was in such a state of arousal now he could barely contain himself - Gemini lifted his hand and placed it gently, reverently on the smooth skin of the young man's buttock. He couldn't control his fangs anymore. They descended fully, aching with a desperate hunger. But Justice wasn't looking at him.

Justice made a sound that was part gasp, part moan. He closed his eyes and let his head drop as Gemini stroked his hand over the young man's soft skin. At the same time, Yvonne lifted one hand and touched Justice very gently on his cheek. While Gemini took his time exploring Justice's naked ass, back and thighs, Yvonne ran her fingers through the young man's brown locks, then stroked them down his cheek and touched them to his full lips.

Keeping his eyes shut Justice opened his lips and took Yvonne's long fingers inside his mouth, licking and sucking them like he was starved and desperate for her touch. Yvonne gasped, an impish smile lighting up her features in the low light, and Gemini met her gaze.

Oh, this was nothing less than a miracle. That this gentle young man would have the courage to come to them, give himself over to their pleasure as long as it

involved some relief for him as well...it was extraordinary, really.

While Justice sucked on Yvonne's fingers, Gemini let his hand drift along the young man's hip, dipping down underneath and wrapping around Justice's swollen prick.

Justice made a choking sound. Yvonne withdrew her fingers and grasped his chin, keeping his face still while Gemini examined him.

"Shhh. Stay very still, Justice. Let Gem touch you. He can't believe you're giving him this opportunity and, trust me, he's relishing every moment of it." She leaned up carefully, slowly, as if she might startle a timid animal and kissed Justice very gently on the lips while Gemini continued stroking his fingers along the young man's erection.

"Oh fuck," Justice gasped, his muscles clenching.

"I'm going to make you come," Gemini said.

Yvonne met Gemini's gaze and reached into the side table, pulling out something and tossing it to Gemini. It was a little jar of oil, and in seconds, the ancient vampire had coated his hand with it and returned to attend to Justice.

"Then Vonne and I will spend the next hour sending you into another frenzy of desire, until you come again. And perhaps again."

Justice moaned loudly as Gemini stroked his cock, his body trembling, his eyes squeezed shut. He began to rock back and forth, whispering curses and pleas.

Gemini found his own body responding. Centuries of visceral memories of sexual pleasure with vampires and humans alike assaulted him, ramping his arousal up like dry kindling to a fire. Part of him wanted to mount the beautiful youth and fuck him senseless right then.

But it would be better this way. Justice was much too aroused to last very long, whatever happened. Better to take the edge off like this and spend a leisurely time bringing him back into a state of rapture. At which point Gemini *could* take that liberty. *Would* take that liberty unless Justice objected.

All signs pointed to the probability that Justice wouldn't object to anything over the next few hours.

With a keening cry, the young man climaxed in Gemini's cold hand as Yvonne kept her hold of Justice's chin and kissed around his quivering, wide-open mouth. Justice's body jerked uncontrollably until he seemed to sag with relief. Gemini wiped his hand against the bedsheets and gently nudged the man onto his side as Yvonne released her hold.

Justice opened his eyes as his head hit the mattress and gazed up at Gemini with hooded lids, that lifted quickly at the sight of Gemini's fangs.

"Holy shit," he breathed, eyes wide now with perhaps a bit of fear. "Your fangs."

Gemini nodded. "They come down when I'm very hungry, or very aroused. Or both."

Justice gasped, eyes dropping to Gemini's erection.

"As you can see, I'm very, very aroused at the moment."

"And are you...hungry?"

"Not very. Not for blood anyway."

Justice said nothing, only seemed dazed and now suddenly shy. He wiped the semen off his belly and covered his shrinking prick with one hand.

Gemini leaned to the left and kissed Yvonne hard where she waited, breathless and flushed. When he returned his gaze to the boy, Justice was watching with his sweet lips parted.

Gemini felt he *had* to ask the next question and prayed he'd receive the response he so desperately needed.

"You want this?" He stroked his long fingers over Justice's chest, through the spatter of fine hair and over the sweet bud of his nipple, pleased when the young man squirmed and hissed a long "Yesss.". Then Justice reached up slowly, fingers hesitating near Gemini's mouth. "Can I touch them?"

"Of course," Gemini whispered, finding the request deeply satisfying and quite endearing. He couldn't help but draw his lips back, bearing his fangs in a primal grimace.

Justice sighed and shivered, his trembling index finger touching a long white fang while Gemini held himself completely still for a few seconds, though his dead heart ached with longing, fangs and cock with desire. The look on Justice's face was one of awe and excitement.

Finally, Gemini relaxed his lips and stroked his pink tongue along the boy's finger, bringing forth a moan from the young man. Then Gemini leaned down, black curls falling over his forehead as he gently kissed Justice on his beautiful mouth.

Justice whimpered as Gemini became aware of Yvonne moving behind him.

*What was the mischievous girl up to?*

In a moment, Gemini knew. He felt her fingers on his ass, spreading him wide as her tongue found his most vulnerable spot.

He gasped into Justice's kiss, feeling his cock pulse and his fangs ache with the pleasure of Yvonne's actions. The woman knew what he liked.

Her soft tongue poked and teased as he kissed Justice, finally making him tear his mouth away to look behind him.

"Vonne. I can't concentrate on undoing this lovely man again while you're doing that."

Yvonne smiled against him and jabbed him with her tongue a few more times, then released him and sat up on her knees, her small breasts bouncing slightly. "Then you have to share."

Gemini looked back to Justice. "Vonne wants a piece of you."

Justice nodded quickly, licking his lips, eyes widening. "You can both have me. All of me."

Gemini's lips moved into a satisfied smile. He lowered his face so that it was inches from Justice's. "How did I ever find you, you beautiful creature? It's like you

were calling to me the moment I entered that godforsaken place.”

“Maybe I was.”

“Maybe you were,” Gemini agreed, pressing soft kisses all along Justice’s stubbled jaw and neck, inhaling his compelling fragrance and the smell of citrus body wash, listening to the blood rushing through his veins.

Suddenly, Yvonne was there, kissing Gemini gently to remind him of her presence.

Gemini kissed Justice on the lips — long and lingering — then pulled back as Yvonne bent to the same task. They took turns kissing him until Justice’s cock stood firm and ready again. Only now they could go slower, take their time, tease him mercilessly before taking his pleasure again.

“I want — ” Justice said in between deep, soul-shattering kisses. “I want — ”

“What do you want, darling?” Yvonne cooed, finding the young man’s nipple and pinching it.

Justice hissed, looking up at them with surprise and an astounding need but he couldn’t seem to get the words out.

Gemini moved off of him and ran a hand up Justice’s inner thigh until the young man spread his legs. He teased Justice’s other nipple as he cupped the boy’s testicles gently and stroked the skin behind with a finger.

“Fuck! Oh God,” Justice moaned.

“Is this what you want?” Gemini asked, his finger moving until he felt the tender wrinkled skin for which he was searching.

“Oh, God, yes, that, and — and — ”

“What, darling? Tell us,” Yvonne purred as she wrapped her small hand around Justice’s arching cock.

“I want him to taste me,” Justice moaned.

“You want him to suck you, you mean? I’m sure that could be arranged.” Yvonne giggled.

But Gemini had stilled and now stared down at Justice with something like disbelief. “You reckless, incredible, boy. You want me to taste you? *Now?*”

Justice nodded, creases of anxiety on his forehead. “Yes! Taste my blood. Show me how you can do it without hurting me.”

Yvonne laughed gently. “He told you it wouldn’t hurt? He really *did* want you in his bed.”

“Vonne. That’s enough. I told him it *would* hurt, but that I wouldn’t kill him.”

“You said,” Justice panted, writhing under Yvonne’s hand, “You said it would feel good too.”

“I did.”

“I want to feel it. I want to give you my blood. I want you to take it. I don’t know why, but I do.”

Gemini felt the centuries drop away from him, as if he were being reborn in this moment. This moment in which a lovely, innocent young man begged to submit his

blood as an offering, willingly, just as Yvonne had once done, and did continue to do on a regular basis. It never failed to undo him. It was a sacred trust. But he never expected Justice to offer so soon.

"Gem. Are you all right?" Yvonne, stared up at him with concern.

"I'm...yes, just a little stunned," he said, staring down at Justice. "Are you sure? It *will* hurt at first."

Justice nodded. "Please. Do it."

"You're a very brave boy, Justice," Yvonne murmured, kissing the inside of the young man's thigh as her hand continued to stoke him slowly.

"*You* let him do it, I bet."

"And a very smart boy." She licked a trail across his sack and up the underside of his cock as he watched with his mouth open.

Gemini began to move his finger on Justice's anus once more, teasing and pressing, until he was able to push the tip of his finger inside. Justice cried out, head falling to the side.

"I can do it now," Gemini said, watching Justice closely as he pushed his finger in a little deeper. "Or I can do it just before you come."

"Oh God," Justice moaned, spreading his legs wider. "Gonna be soon then..."

Gemini chuckled, charmed by the man's candor. "Very well, then. Just relax and let us ravish you. Do you want me to warn you before I —?"

"I trust you. Just do it. But soon."

Gemini smiled. "I love seeing you so eager, Justice. But if you don't mind I want to be fucking you when I taste you. If that's okay with you?"

"Oh God, yes."

"Vonne, can you come up here on the bed?"

Gemini had Yvonne sit with her back against the headboard, legs crossed. Justice remained on his back with his head resting in her lap. Yvonne stroked the brown hair, mostly dry now, back from his forehead as Gemini prepared himself with oil from a the jar by the bed.

Justice couldn't keep still. He watched Gemini with eager eyes, clutching at the bedclothes, one hand going to his cock and stroking slowly.

"Vonne, I want you to hold his wrists."

Justice's heavy lids flew open as Yvonne wrapped delicate hands around his narrow wrists and pulled his arms up above his shoulders, making him release himself and struggle slightly.

"Oh my God. Oh my God," Justice panted, heels scrabbling at the mattress.

Gemini placed strong hands against the insides of Justice's thighs, pressing down gently but firmly. "Spread your legs and be still. This won't hurt. Unless you've never — "

A thought suddenly occurred to him and he raised a piercing gaze to the youth. "Are you all talk, Justice?"

Justice let out a breathless laugh, shaking his head. "No. Been fucked lots of

times. Never by a vampire though."

Gemini grinned, pressing an oil-coated finger against Justice's wrinkled skin. "Then you'll be fine. It's the same thing really. Nothing special about it.

"I find that hard to believe." Justice's voice came out shaky and hoarse, his thighs obediently splayed for Gemini.

"Well, we'll see."

Yvonne giggled again. "He downplays his skill. You'll love it. He's had *quite* the education."

"Vonne," Gemini warned, sinking his finger deep into Justice as the youth moaned.

"Men, women, and everything in between."

"He'll think I fuck animals and children."

"Nonsense. He knows what a gentleman you are, don't you, Justice?"

Justice breathed out a "Yesss," as Gemini unceremoniously inserted a second finger.

"Gem would never force himself on anyone. Well, sexually, I mean. He does occasionally have need to *kill* humans, but he would never rape one."

"Don't try to sugarcoat it, Vonne," Gemini grunted, watching, fascinated, as his fingers invaded Justice again and again.

"It's true. You're a moral monster if there ever was one. Why do you think I stay with you?"

"I thought it was my downplayed skill?"

She grinned. "Well, of course. That's part of it. Plus the fact that I love you."

Gemini looked up from watching his fingers slide in and out of Justice. He exchanged a look with Yvonne, accepting her declaration but not saying the words. He didn't say the words much at all, but she knew he loved her.

She glanced down at Justice, who lay pliant and receptive in her lap. "You were right when you told me he was compelling."

Justice moaned and gazed up into Yvonne's green eyes as she smiled down at him.

"Sweet boy," she crooned. "Gem is going to fuck you gently and then so hard you won't know which way is up. And then he'll take you to the moon."

"Shhhh," Gemini said, but he didn't know if he was speaking to Yvonne or to Justice, who continued to make little noises of pleasure and frustration.

With care, Gemini leaned over Justice and held his cock against the man's slippery crack.

"Wait!" Justice said, the muscles in his legs twitching.

Gemini paused, as difficult as it was. He wanted into the man now. "Yes?"

"Do you need to use a condom? I mean, can I get anything from you? Is that even possible?"

Gemini blinked as if confused, gazing at Justice, then heard Yvonne's soft laughter.

"Gem, you really should have discussed this all with him beforehand."

"I would have had he not suddenly appeared, naked and willing, in our bedroom. I may have lost my head a little." He rubbed the tip of his naked cock up and down Justice's oiled crevice while Justice held his legs splayed and awaited the answer to his question. "No, Justice, I can't give you any diseases," Gemini murmured, enjoying the feel of the boy's hot skin against sensitive head of his engorged penis. "Or impregnate you for that matter."

Justice raised his eyebrows. "I wasn't worried about *that*. But, good to know. Vampires do have strange abilities."

"Mmm," Gemini hummed, holding the head of his cock firmly against Justice now, pressing forward gently until, with a sigh from the youth, he was able to sink in. Gemini exclaimed at the sensation of heat that enveloped him and tempted him deeper.

"We do. And some of us excel at fairly ordinary abilities." he breathed, fighting to remain still until the man's body welcomed him further.

Yvonne giggled. "He means fucking."

"Oh God, please fuck me," Justice begged, gazing up at Gemini with desire and impatience. "Please, please, please. I want you to fuck me hard. Please fuck me."

Gemini could barely hold back, but he didn't want to hurt Justice, despite Justice's assurances that he needn't be careful.

"Be still. I want to savor it. I want to savor *you*."

But then Justice shifted slightly and Gemini felt his prick sink deeper. Justice moaned and spread his legs wider. Suddenly, the man's gunmetal eyes met Gemini's deep blues and the plea within them was too much to resist. Gemini let go of his cock, propped his hands on either side of the young man, and pushed firmly forward.

With a throaty cry from Justice, Gemini's cock sank deeper, until his testicles nestled against Justice's firm ass.

"Oh, sweet Zeus," Gemini moaned, his body flooding with sensation, his fangs aching for blood as he nuzzled Justice's neck.

Gemini groaned, surprised to have to fight to hold back his orgasm. He was skilled, as Yvonne had said, not some hyper-sensitive virgin.

So why did he suddenly feel like one?

He squeezed his eyes shut so he couldn't see Justice's expressive face, the man's eyes closed and mouth open, forehead wrinkled like he was trying to sort out a math equation.

"Oh yes," Yvonne crooned. "That is beautiful."

Gemini got himself under control and began to fuck Justice slowly, deeply, using the young man's vocalizations as a guide to the effectiveness of his actions. But he couldn't seem to disconnect the way he did with the casual conquests he often brought home to share with Yvonne or to enjoy on his own.

This was...different. It was astonishingly different. Even though he knew Justice

called to some private part of him that hadn't been touched in a very long time, he didn't expect it to make the act of fucking into something so much more emotional and affecting.

He paused for a long moment, seated deep and struggling with his feelings, until Justice squirmed beneath him. "Please, please, make me come or *you* come inside me or...something."

"Shhhh, I know, I know," Gemini soothed as he began to move again. His gaze met Yvonne's and he raised his eyebrows to indicate he didn't understand it either.

There was something between them, something physical and emotional and chemical, between him, a vampire, and Justice, a human, that couldn't be explained. They'd just met. They didn't have any sort of history. Yet, their joining felt predestined.

For the first time, Yvonne looked less than pleased at what was occurring. But only for a moment.

Then she smiled, gazed down on Justice and spread his arms wide.

*"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only Son, that whoever believes in him shall have eternal life."*

Gemini opened his eyes and saw Justice spread in supplication below him, and felt his orgasm gather in his belly and testicles, even though there were no life-giving sperm there. There was fluid still, and that fluid burst forth in a river of sudden ecstasy as Gemini thrust into Justice once, twice, and a third time, riding the waves of his pleasure as his ancient brain fought for purchase.

Then Yvonne said, "Taste him."

She held Justice's head to one side, baring his neck for Gemini. As Justice moaned and pleaded, Gemini reached for Justice's cock as he sank his teeth into the pale skin of the man's throat.

The cry that left Justice was almost inhuman. As Gemini drank from the fountain of his lifeblood, Justice sobbed with pleasure as his cock erupted in Gemini's hand. The fluid pulsed as Gemini sucked the warm blood from Justice's neck and his cries of pleasure continued until they were rasps. By the time Justice's orgasm began to wane, Gemini took one last swallow and swiped his tongue over the wound to heal it.

Justice's sweet blood swam in him, as did the memories of the boy's face when he'd given himself over to the pleasure of Gemini's assault. The ancient vampire blinked in a daze of orgasm afterglow and blood fog.

After several long moments during which time seemed to stop, he withdrew from the man's enveloping heat and wondered how long it would take for Justice to recover. He hadn't take much blood from him, but after two strong orgasms, even without the bloodsucking a man would want nothing but sleep.

Yvonne had let go of Justice's wrists and now moved toward Gemini with specific intent. "You've made me wild, Gem. Watching you fuck that boy has me wanting all *kinds* of things."

Gemini cocked his head at her. “Like what, my love? I’m rather spent, but I’ll see what I can do.”

“Oh, I know what you can do.” She lay back beside the sleeping man and spread her legs, fingers sliding between her folds and down behind.

Gemini nodded, collapsing to the bed with one last look at Justice, and burying his face in her. It took only a few moments for him to tongue her into a violent climax as she clutched his hair and gasped out his name.

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Eventually, Gemini left them both to sleep and wandered down to the great room. He couldn’t keep still. What had transpired this evening was entirely unprecedented.

Yes, he and Yvonne had brought other humans to their bed, and yes, Gemini had even occasionally taken a drink from them. But never before had a young man like Justice willingly joined them after discovering Gemini’s true nature hours earlier. And never before had Gemini been so affected by it. His ancient brain was spinning, and his undead body felt more alive than it had in aeons.

He lay down on the large sofa and picked up the remote control. Watching some mind-numbing TV was the only thing he could think of to take his mind off Justice at the moment. His body still hummed with Justice’s sweet taste — his blood, sweat and semen — and the sounds of his submission. Fucking Justice had been something more than he’d expected, and he was still trying to come to terms with that.

The television switched on but Gemini kept the volume low. He flipped aimlessly through channels as the dim light illuminated the room in an ever-changing tableau, trying not to think about the way Justice’s eyes had watched him, had taken in *everything*. Had expressed a host of emotions over the space of time they’d been together.

He flipped past an image of a barn in flames before something, instinct perhaps, made him go back to it. Being on the earth as long as he had, Gemini had learned to listen to his instincts.

As he read the news scroll at the bottom of the screen and recognized the surroundings in the video clip, he sat up, feeling the blood inside him — Justice’s blood and a little of Yvonne’s — go quite cold suddenly.

***Local grunge club FANGS on fire in Lowertown. Multiple casualties. People trapped inside. Raging inferno. Firefighters do what they can to —***

*Well. They weren’t flying under the radar anymore.*

*The club, on fire?*

Gemini’s mind swam with the complexities of this unexpected occurrence as well as ached with pity for the loss of so many innocent lives. The fact that the trapped humans had been doomed from the moment they’d entered the place didn’t seem to make any difference. He grieved for them all.

Had things simply gotten out of control? Or had the fire been deliberately set?

But why would the group of young vampires do that when the club existed expressly for their dark purposes. It seemed a tad self-destructive.

Perhaps a few of the young vampires had tried to take control of what was essentially Neil's group. Wars between vampire clans was nothing new. Except, as far as Gemini knew, FANGS had been run by a unified group and he hadn't heard of any unrest among its members. Neil kept them satisfied with monthly feasts.

But that was the thing about youngsters. Their loyalties and appetites could be fickle.

There would be an investigation into what had happened now. The young vampires, if any had survived — for fire was one thing that could destroy a vampire — may find their human aliases compromised. They'd have to rebuild, and not just the club. Start from the ground up with everything.

As he sat there on the sofa, legs splayed, elbows on his knees as he gazed at the TV, remote in hand, another suspicion suddenly descended on him. And if it were true it would mean something even worse than a bunch of hot-headed young vampires immolating themselves and their human prey in a night of irresponsible debauchery. Especially for him.

He'd brought his phone down from the bedroom with him. Now it lit up and began to vibrate as if responding to his thoughts.

He picked it up and saw the name he'd expected and at that moment he knew who had started the fire.

"Callum," he said. "It's late. Or, early rather." His voice was cold, suspicious. He couldn't help it.

"Yes. Well, we have some news."

"I'm watching it. Live, actually."

"Then you know."

Gemini put a hand to his forehead and closed his eyes. "I didn't. Not before this phone call. I thought they'd done it to themselves."

"Well..."

"Why wasn't I consulted? Who made the decision?"

There was a pause. Then Callum said, "I did."

Gemini opened his eyes and sat up straighter. "Why?"

"Because they were becoming too dangerous. You know that as well as I do."

Another thought occurred to Gemini then, one that had not a little significance.

*He was supposed to be there. The Old Ones knew he had gone there. Had told him to go, in fact.*

"You sent me there tonight. How did you know I'd left?" Gemini's voice was hoarse with emotion.

There was a fraction of a pause. Then Callum cleared his throat. "We saw you leave. And we decided that we couldn't wait any longer to destroy them," Callum said slowly, carefully, as if he didn't want to make a mistake.

"You saw me leave." Gemini repeated.

"Yes. We knew you were safe."

No mention of anything else. No mention of the human boy he'd led away from their lair. The young man he'd tucked beneath his arm and saved from certain torture and a painful death.

If they'd truly seen him leave, they would have seen him leave with Justice. And Callum — *for certain* — would have asked him about that.

And if they *hadn't* seen him leave, and Callum was *lying*...

"Thanks for the information, Callum. At least I know what's going on."

"You're welcome, Gemini. We'll keep you informed. But there shouldn't be any ties to our group in connection with this. We were very careful and deliberate."

"Yes. I'm sure." He pressed a hand to his forehead again. His ancient brain had begun to ache. "Thank you."

"Good bye."

Gemini stared at his silent phone for the next forty-five minutes, wondering what he was going to do.

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By the time he heard movement upstairs, the sun had ascended and now spread its soft rays over the dark wood floor of the great room. Gemini hadn't moved. But he had turned off the television and now sat in the silent, sun-lit room, feet bare and curly hair dishevelled from his earlier activities.

His eyes were closed, but he heard the soft pad of someone's bare feet on the stair. One sniff told him it was Justice, and the youth's scent called to the blood still coursing through Gemini's veins as if recognizing itself.

The footsteps paused at the edge of the sofa, and Gemini heard Justice kneel down on the floor near him.

"I thought vampires couldn't be in the sun," the young man said.

Before Gemini was able to respond, Justice leaned close and pressed his soft lips to Gemini's mouth.

Without thinking, Gemini's hand came up behind Justice's head as he opened his mouth to the man's soft tongue and sweet caress. *So sweet*. How *could* the boy be *so sweet* when Gemini was something *so different*, so old and jaded a thing that Justice was like an angel in comparison. For the first time in a very long time, Gemini felt wetness on his cheeks. The revelations of his night and early morning had undone him.

Justice's fingers touched his cheek.

"Vampires can't cry, can they?" he whispered, touching the evidence and now staring into Gemini's open eyes with wonder.

"There are many things you don't know," Gemini said, pulling him into a tight embrace. "Many, many things."

As he held the trembling creature in his arms, Gemini wondered what the future would hold for them. For he couldn't give Justice up now. Or Yvonne. Or the life he'd spent *so many years* creating for himself.

And he'd fight with everything he had to defend it.

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