

Copyright Elizabeth Lister (2018) ©. All rights reserved.

This book is a work of fiction. The characters, incidents and dialogue are purely from the author's imagination. Any resemblance to actual events or persons, living or dead, is fictionalized and coincidental.

What do vampires have to do with Christmas? When the vampire in question is in love with not one, but *two*, mortals?

*Everything.*

## CHAPTER ONE

Justice was gone again.

This was the third time he'd left them, and Gemini wasn't surprised. But he *was* concerned. The two times Justice had taken off previously, he'd turned up again after only twelve or so hours. This was different.

Gemini had paid for a new iPhone with premium service for Justice to carry with him, but his texts had gone unanswered.

He'd been gone for two nights and three days.

Justice was a grown man, Gemini knew. In fact, he knew this very well. Nineteen was young of course, but in Gemini's day that had been plenty old enough for most adult responsibilities. At any rate, he'd examined every inch of Justice thoroughly in his bed during the fifty-five days he and Yvonne had enjoyed his fairly reliable presence. The young man seemed happy most of the time. But he was restless and bored on occasion too. Yvonne had allowed him the use of her studio as long as he didn't touch *her* work. He enjoyed sketching and now was trying his hand at oil painting with Yvonne's encouragement. It gave him something worthwhile to do and kept him busy.

But on this occasion Gemini worried that something had happened to the boy. Justice was human, like Yvonne, and so delicate.

"Why don't you see if you can find him?" Yvonne said finally. "I can join you after class, if he's still missing."

Missing. Gone. *Injured? Dead?*

"All right."

Gemini had to do *something*. It was the only way he could deal with Justice's absence at this point. Over the past two months, since he'd saved the youth from certain death at the hands of his own kind, they'd grown very attached. There was something indelible between the two of them, and although Yvonne and Justice expressed a definite fondness for each other, the bond that had grown between Gemini and Justice was different. Yvonne knew this. Gemini knew this. And Justice seemed to understand that they were becoming an established threesome, but that he and Gemini were something else altogether.

Yvonne seemed to have resigned herself to this fact. Gemini was certain of her love for him, and expected her devotion to extend to anything *he* treasured, including Justice. So far, that seemed to be the case. She knew how important Justice had become to Gemini, and after an initial flash of uncertainty and unease, she seemed to have accepted this.

The three of them had spent more nights together in the master bed than Gemini and Justice had spent making love to each other in the spare room, which had been set

aside as Justice's own private space, since he seemed to want it. And Gemini and Yvonne still had private moments together too.

Justice was, physically, an absolute delight. He didn't have any hang-ups about gender or sexual acts, as long as consent was a central feature which, for Gemini, it always was. The three of them had explored each other and the things they wanted from each other in myriad ways, resulting in a mutual enjoyment and ultimate satisfaction, not to mention an emotional and spiritual connection that seemed quite special.

Yvonne had quite quickly adopted a maternal role with Justice, one that Justice seemed to appreciate and enjoy. He'd even offered up the occasional, "Yes, Mom," when Yvonne had pressed him to eat or to wear a warmer jacket. It was quite something and seemed to enhance their bedroom activities in both a natural and unique way.

*But where was he? And why had he left?*

There was something Justice wasn't telling them, Gemini was certain. Something that troubled him deep inside and made him do things that seemed contrary to his generally agreeable personality. He had dark moods here and there, times when he either shut himself away in his room or exploded in unexpected anger at some perceived slight.

Most of the time, after a few hours to himself, Justice became pliable and agreeable again, searching either one or both of them out for comfort and reassurance that he was still welcome in their home. Gemini supposed it was like living with any young human and didn't pay it much concern. Except when it drove Justice to leave.

And now, two days before Christmas Eve, Gemini didn't know where Justice was. Didn't know if he was alive or dead, or in serious trouble. Didn't even know if he *wanted* to come home.

The other problem was that Gemini no longer felt confident of his place in the local Vampire community. He knew the Older Ones had intentionally burned FANGS, a club run by the younger vampires, to the ground and had assumed Gemini would be collateral damage. That he'd escaped the conflagration by dragging Justice home at an earlier hour than intended was an act of pure fate - a lucky coincidence. He couldn't trust anyone anymore, *except* Yvonne and Justice. When there were only two in the entire world you could trust, you did everything in your power to keep them.

Gemini wanted Justice home where he was safe from any human danger, or from any undead danger that wanted to do Gemini harm. Because he was certain that, by now, the Older Ones were aware of his living situation.

So, while Yvonne was teaching her final evening class before Christmas break at the Ottawa School of Art, Gemini threw a blanket and some food in his car and headed downtown. He suspected Justice might be there, where the action was, if action was what Justice was looking for.

The seasonal lights and decorations along Island Park Drive were suitably extravagant but mostly tasteful. Lots of mini-lights, decorated evergreens, and wooden reindeer. Fewer cheap inflatables than you'd see in a less well-to-do part of town. As Gemini made his way to the on-ramp of the 417 highway through town, he wondered how many midwinter celebrations he'd witnessed over the centuries. There were a lot. And he'd observed them in many different climates, back when he travelled the world to try to ease his boredom.

It amazed him how so many humans hung onto these small rituals and traditions with such tenacity, even when dour religions and puritanical politicians tried to wrench them away, or change them into somber reflections of piety and sacrifice.

The darkest, shortest days of Winter were best spent in indulgence and celebration, feasting and merriment, unbridled joy and bacchanalian indulgence.

He, of all creatures, knew that.

Because Ottawa was a small government town, the nerdy sibling to her hard-partying and progressive sister, Toronto, there were really only two areas for late night wandering: Elgin Street and the Byward Market. Gemini decided to hit Elgin first.

The traffic on the highway proved negligible and soon he exited onto O'Connor street and headed right to his destination.

Elgin Street was a magnificent spectacle, lined with ancient stone buildings, modern restaurants, converted movie theatres, all decked out in seasonal finery. People milled about, entering and leaving restaurants, hugging friends and laughing, carrying parcels. As he drove carefully along the crowded street he used his vampire abilities to search for Justice. He could see better, hear better, and smell better than any human. But he had his limits too. With so many humans in such close quarters, scents and sounds became jumbled together. But if he got close enough, he would be able to make out the particular odour of the human he searched for. He rolled the car windows down to have full advantage of the fresh air. It was a mild, almost cloudless, winter night, so it wouldn't seem overly peculiar to anyone that noticed.

All the way up and down the street, twice, he kept his eyes and ears on high alert, and sniffed the air deeply at every opportunity. Nothing. No sign of Justice on the street. He could try going into some of the restaurants and bars, asking if anyone had seen the youth. And he would. But first he decided to take a turn around the Byward Market.

Driving through the market was an exercise in frustration with so many pedestrians and one-way streets. Gemini decided to park and traverse on foot for awhile. He found a parking spot on Clarence Street and made his way west.

The market smelled of fresh-cooked pastries, evergreen trees, and delicious foods from all nationalities. His palate ached with memories of his mother's home cooked meals and the fantastic feasts they would enjoy during the winter Saturnalia festival.

This time of year in his Roman homeland had been a crazy and joyful time. Masters traded places with servants, gambling was encouraged and sexual adventures featured prominently. Gemini had realized his ambivalent sexuality during the Saturnalia of his seventeenth year. He'd found himself being led from a game of dice by an alluring being with no discernible gender, although they'd given their name as *Aurelia* so Gemini had assumed...well, he'd been quickly apprised to the error of his perception when Aurelia had lifted their toga to show him an engorged cock bigger and harder than his own. Gemini had given a mental shrug and bent to give the lovely youth the pleasure of his tongue while wondering what other delights awaited. After that eye-opening evening he never cared about gender, only about whether the object of his prodigious affection was receptive to it.

Modern celebrations paled in comparison to those ancient days of revelry, but Gemini still enjoyed the brightness in the midst of the darkness of the season. He knew you didn't have to dig too deep to find the sense of adventure and hedonism exploited by the ancient festivals.

God, if Gemini could only find his lost boy, he would take him home and show him just how much of a spectacle he was prepared to make of himself. He would give Justice all the control. He would let the youth do whatever he wanted, tell Gemini to do whatever he wished. A delicious throwback to those ancient role reversals of Saturnalia. Perhaps Yvonne would dress as a man and Gemini as a woman and see where *that* led them?

He was getting ahead of himself. There was no point to any of it if he couldn't find Justice.

His phone buzzed and for a moment hope blossomed, until he saw it was a text from Yvonne:

*Any luck?*

He typed back:

*No. Nothing on Elgin. In the Market now.*

*Is it worth checking the shelters?*

*Maybe. I'll keep you posted.*

Gemini didn't think Justice would go to a shelter, no matter his state. He would either come back to them or stay at one of his dubious friends' places. But Gemini didn't know where any of those were.

Really, the odds weren't in his favor, even with his otherworldly enhancements.

Snow had begun to fall gently to earth, softening the night with its beauty and silence. When had the clouds moved in?

Gemini stopped on a street corner and listened to a small choir singing *O Little Town of Bethlehem* while he raked his eyes over the human swarm, bundled in winter

coats and scarves, finishing up their Christmas shopping or leaving celebratory gatherings.

Then, he smelled it.

Just a tiny wiff, lasting only a moment, but it was unmistakable.

*Justice.*

Gemini's fangs ached and his cock twitched at the familiar scent. It was Justice all right, but *where?*

Rather than calling his name, which was Gemini's first instinct, he tried to locate the scent again. It took a few steps in a couple of different directions before he caught it. This time it was accompanied by the familiar smell of pot and Gemini raked the streets with his powerful vision.

Finally he saw him, sitting cross legged on the broad wall of a stone planter in the middle of the late season shopping madness, all alone and shivering in his black hoodie. The red glow of the joint between his fingers lit his face briefly when he inhaled.

Relief flooded through Gemini and he typed a quick text to Yvonne.

*Found him. He's safe. More later. Love you.*

He stuffed the phone in his pocket and crossed the street against the light, dodging cars and pedestrians in order to get where he was going without delay. But as he got closer and saw the way Justice was huddled into himself, staring down at his lap, shivering and taking hits of the calming herb, he wondered as to the best way to go about this.

His centuries of experience suggested *gently*.

He slowed his pace and approached carefully until he stood in front of where the young man sat. Then he waited.

Eventually, Justice must have realized that this *particular* set of boots wasn't moving on.

"Not interested," he croaked, voice hoarse and weak, without looking up. And Gemini remembered the way he'd offered himself so freely at the club.

"Justice."

At the sound of his name, Justice raised his head. His gaze met Gemini's and held there, pupils blown by the effects of the drug. A small lazy smile grew on the boy's sweet mouth.

"Gem. What you doing' here?"

"Looking for you."

Justice put the joint to his lips and inhaled deeply. He lowered his hand and eyed Gemini with suspicion. "You miss me?"

"Desperately."

The young man snorted and shook his head.

Gemini moved closer and sat down beside Justice on the edge of the planter, even though the collecting snow had made it wet. “You don’t believe me?”

Justice glanced up lazily. “Oh, I believe you. Just, it doesn’t matter.”

“Why doesn’t it matter? Yvonne and I miss you. We want you to come home.”

“S’not *my* home. S’*your* home.” Frustration now.

“Oh. I see.”

“You don’t want me there anyway. All I am is trouble.” Justice said. “Unless you just miss fucking me.”

Gemini stared at the boy, knowing there was something deeply troubling him but hurt by this nonetheless.

“If you never wanted to fuck me again I’d still want you home. Fucking is not a requirement of this relationship. In case you thought it was.”

Justice giggled and lay back in the snow-covered dirt, careful to keep his joint from burning his clothes. “But how could you resist me? This?” He gestured along his lean form.

Gemini couldn’t help looking him over. “It would be very difficult. But I could do it. If I had to.”

Justice gazed up at the sky, blinking as snowflakes landed on his eyelashes and nose. “Don’t worry. I like to fuck you. And Yvonne.”

“I thought so.”

“Just don’t know why you want me there, other than for that.”

“Oh Justice,” Gemini said, his voice full of regret.

“My sister’s up there somewhere. Looking down on me and wondering if I’ll fuck up as much as she did.” This was said in a strangely detached manner.

*And there it was.* The thing that had been simmering inside Justice since he’d come home with Gemini. The thing Gemini had sensed.

“She is?”

“Mmm hmm. Killed herself this summer.”

*Ah.*

“I’m sorry.”

“Yeah, that’s what everyone says.” Justice made a strange noise in his throat that became a cough. “Except her.”

Gemini remained silent.

Justice sat up, and offered his toke to Gemini. “Want some?”

Gemini held his hand out.

Justice raised his brows. “Really? Vampires smoke pot?”

“Not all of them,” Gemini said, taking the joint and bringing the sweet smoke into his body. He felt it gather in his dead lungs as the taste took him back to summers in Rome.

He closed his eyes.

“It’s good, huh?”

“Mmm.”

Suddenly, Justice giggled. “Not sure a stoned vampire is a good idea. Don’t want you to get the munchies.”

Gemini opened his eyes and handed the joint back to Justice. “It doesn’t affect me. I just like the taste and smell.”

“Good memories?”

“Yes.”

They were silent, watching the people walking past as the snow accumulated by their feet.

“Aren’t you hungry?” Justice asked. “With all this food around?”

“A little,” Gemini confessed. He *did* feel an ache in his throat with all of this humanity rushing about.

Justice gazed at him with something vulnerable in his eyes. “You can feed from me.”

Gemini smiled and placed his hand on Justice’s cold cheek. “Not here.”

“Why?”

“Because it’s not just feeding with you. It’s ... it’s more intimate than sex, don’t you find?”

Justice moaned then, and shivered with cold.

Gemini put an arm around him and pulled him close, even though he had no warmth to offer. “Let me bring you home. Feed you. Put you to bed.”

“I’m not a fucking child,” Justice said, pulling away.

“I know that.”

“I just — I can’t...I can’t think about her without hating her.”

This stumped him. *Her*. Who did he mean?

“Yvonne?” Gemini asked, but it made no sense.

“I just can’t figure it out. Why did she do it? Why did she fucking *leave* me here?”

*Not Yvonne. The sister.*

“She must have been in a lot of pain, to do something like that.”

Justice nodded. He was silent for a long moment. “What about me? She didn’t think about me.”

“No.”

Gemini watched the boy’s face crumple.

“Oh Justice.” He wanted to beg Justice to come home with him. He remembered how he had found Justice at the club and how the youth had so willingly come with him. This was more difficult.

Gemini held him close, trying to be surreptitious since they were in a public space.

“Shhh, let me take you home. I have a story to tell you on the way.”

Justice sagged in his arms. Gemini took the joint out of his hands and let it drop. *Or perhaps not that difficult.*

“Can you walk with me? I can carry you to my car but it will look peculiar.”

The young man nodded and, with Gemini’s help, stood without swaying too much.

“I’m fine. Just hungry and a bit stoned. And cold.”

They began to make their way through the crowd of pedestrians, Gemini supporting Justice with an arm around his waist. After they’d made it across the street Justice said, “You promised me a story, remember.”

“In the car. I need you safe and comfortable first.”

“Were you always so gracious?”

Gemini grinned sardonically but it was probably too dark for Justice to notice. “Not always.”

---

*I’m bringing him home.*

Gemini sent the text and helped Justice into his car.

“You got any food?”

“Check the glove compartment.”

Justice opened the glove box and found the granola bars Gemini had thought to stash there.

Gemini flipped the ignition and turned the heater on full so the car would warm up quicker. He had to get Justice to stop shivering.

“I was ten when my little sister died,” Gemini began, clearing his throat and feeling the memories surge inside him, as if it was only the other day and not so long ago.

Justice hesitated in the act of opening the wrapper on one of the bars. “How old was she?”

“Five. And a half.”

A beat. “What did she die from?”

“Typhoid Fever,” Gemini said, glancing at Justice, noticing how pale he was.

“But you didn’t die. Not from that anyway,” Justice said, shoving the bar in his mouth and biting off a large piece.

“No. I *didn’t* die. I gave it to her and she *did* die, because she was only five and very small.”

Justice chewed, swallowed. “It wasn’t your fault. You didn’t mean to pass it to her.”

“No, but I could have been more careful. When I began to recover I went back to being affectionate with her, kissing her and hugging her when ... really... I should have...” Gemini found he couldn’t continue. Old feelings of guilt and shame rose inside him as if his sister and his family were inside the car with them.

He kept his eyes on the road and drove.

“It wasn’t your fault. You were *ten*.” Justice took another bite of the granola bar.

“God, I can’t picture you at ten.”

Gemini laughed softly. “I was small for my age. Lean and gawky. Big feet that I kept tripping over.”

“You know what they say about big feet.”

Gemini shot Justice a look. “I just felt clumsy.”

Justice was silent as Gemini remembered that ancient period of his human existence. He finished the granola bar and took another.

“What was your sister’s name?”

“Alba.”

Justice chewed and swallowed, licking his lips. “What was she like?”

Gemini’s voice was soft when he answered. “She was very silly and affectionate. She would insist on dressing me in girl’s jewelry and putting flowers in my hair all the time. I pretended to be annoyed but I didn’t mind.”

Justice laughed. “My sister used to dress me in princess clothes. It actually was annoying. But I put up with it. And it was cool when her cute friends would ooh and ahhhh over me.”

Gemini smiled at him. “What was her name?”

“Sage.”

Gemini nodded. “That’s a beautiful name. It’s very unique, like yours.”

Justice shoved the rest of the second granola bar into his mouth and spoke with his mouth full. “Mmm. Our parents were kind of modern day hippies. Smoked a lot of weed. Raised us without a lot of structure. I wonder if that’s what my sister needed. What I needed. What I *need*.”

“Human existence can be very fragile.” Gemini was thoughtful. “When I first became a vampire I thought the Gods were punishing me for causing the death of my sister. It took many many years to work out that becoming what I am isn’t a punishment at all. It’s a gift.”

Justice raised his eyes, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. “Even though you survive by drinking blood and occasionally killing people?”

“Mmm. Yes.”

Justice swallowed. “Do you ever...do that? Drain someone to the point of death?”

Gemini glanced at him, then moved the car into the next lane since they were approaching his exit. “I have. I don’t do it very often any more. I don’t need to. I can survive off of brief meals as long as they are fairly regular.”

Justice met Gemini’s frank gaze as he continued: “If I go too long between them I risk giving in to a greater hunger.”

A violent shiver ran through him then. Whether it was the cold or something else, Gemini wasn't sure.

"Will you never die?" he whispered.

Gemini turned the car onto the off ramp and slowed down. "Not unless I am purposefully killed by others."

"Other vampires?"

"Yes."

Justice closed the glove box, running his finger along the front of it. "Could...could that happen to you?"

Gemini hesitated, wondering how much to reveal. "Yes. I don't have many trusted friends in the community at the moment."

"Huh," Justice said. "But you...you're so smart and kind and you're doing things for me that no-one else offered to do..."

Gemini smiled, braking gently at a red light. "Sometimes being honourable doesn't mean as much as we'd like. But don't worry."

"I'm not worried," Justice said, a little too quickly.

Gemini nodded. "I'm from an ancient time and I have a lot of experience with survival. And I will protect my friends with bared teeth and exceptional strength. But you need to help me by staying home, or at least letting me know where you are."

Justice was silent for several moments. They were almost home.

As Gemini pulled the car into the driveway Justice finally spoke. "What Sage did...I'd never do that. I'd never do that to the people I love. To you and Vonne."

"Thank God," Gemini said, placing his hand on Justice's knee as he hit the control for the garage door. "It comforts me very much to hear you say that."

"But how do you do it? How do you keep on living, for so long?"

Gemini drove into the garage, parked the car and turned to Justice. "Because you never know when the world will give you something extraordinary."

## CHAPTER TWO

Gemini knew that Yvonne was still teaching and wouldn't be home for a couple of hours. Normally he didn't have much to do with the food stored in the fridge, since he had no need for it and Yvonne looked after feeding herself and Justice. But the evidence of Justice's hunger was apparent and couldn't be ignored.

"I'm going to make you a sandwich," he said, moving into the kitchen space.

Justice sighed, then shivered. "Do you even know how to make a sandwich?"

Gemini stared at the pale young human for a long moment. "I may never have to eat one but I *am* a few centuries old. Now sit down and be quiet."

Justice sat on the couch and pulled a soft throw over his legs. "Fuck, it's cold out there. What day is it?"

"Friday. Turkey or ham?" Gemini asked, grabbing the jar of mayonnaise and the lettuce. He was sure he remembered how to make a sandwich. At least, he hoped he did.

"Both, please. Can you put some of that spicy mustard on it?" Justice asked, huddling on the sofa.

"Of course." Gemini opened the fridge again, looking for anything resembling spicy mustard.

"It's in the pantry cupboard," Justice offered, "I think it's Dijon."

"Thanks," Gemini said, opening the pantry door and locating the mustard. He brought it over to the counter, then moved to the sink to wash his hands. Humans were susceptible to all kinds of contaminants, after all. The last thing he needed was for Justice to get sick.

Justice, now using the throw as a kind of wrap, leaned up on his knees and gazed at Gemini over the back of the couch. "When's Christmas?"

"Monday."

"I didn't get you anything. Or Yvonne." The boy sounded regretful and sad.

Gemini smiled, noticing that Justice's shivering seemed to be subsiding. "That's quite all right. We already have everything we need." He noticed the way Justice was eyeing the food on the counter. "When did you last eat?"

"I can't remember."

When Gemini met his gaze, Justice shrugged. "It's been awhile."

"Right. Lettuce?"

"Sure," Justice said. He got up from the couch and walked over to where Gemini was putting lettuce in the sandwich and finishing up. He watched the vampire slice the sandwich in half, place it on a small plate and hold it out to him.

"I want you to eat this and then I'm taking you upstairs."

Justice's eyebrows snapped up. His eyes darted to the front of Gemini's jeans.

“For a *shower*. Now eat.”

Justice must have been very hungry. He ate the sandwich, standing at the counter, watching Gemini watch him.

“Is it gross, watching me eat?” He asked between mouthfulls.

Gemini shook his head. “No.”

Justice took another bite — chewed, swallowed, then licked his lips. “Is it *hot*?”

Gemini blinked. “Finish your sandwich, Justice.”

Justice finished his sandwich. He pushed the plate away. “That was pretty good for someone who doesn’t eat food at all.”

“Come with me.” Gemini led the way up the grand staircase and into the master bedroom. “Clothes off.”

“There’s a shower in *my* room, you know.”

“This one’s bigger. I want to get in with you, otherwise I’ll be paranoid about you falling.”

Justice had removed most of his clothes by the time Gemini had his shirt off.

“Here.” He started the water, tested to make sure it was good and warm but not too hot, and urged the young man to get under the spray. “Get warm.”

“You’re coming in?” Justice sounded tired and vulnerable again.

“In a minute.” Gemini stripped the rest of his clothes off, watching Justice as the boy huddled in the shower, holding his own arms and trying to stop the shivering which had suddenly gotten worse.

Gemini stepped in behind Justice under the warm water, letting his body absorb the heat while he scuffed his hands along Justice’s arms, bringing the blood back to the surface of the boy’s skin. He tried to ignore the way the scent of Justice’s warming blood made his teeth ache.

After a little while, Justice stopped shivering. He stood under the hot spray and raised his face to it, letting the water stream down his cheeks and soak into his brown hair, darkening it.

Gemini, watching from behind, had never seen anything so beautiful. He grabbed the bottle of Yvonne’s strawberry shampoo from the shelf and poured some into his palm.

“I’d like to wash your hair,” he said softly.

“Okay. Probably a good idea. It must be pretty gross.”

“Nothing about you is gross,” Gemini said, rubbing the shampoo into Justice’s wet hair as gently and thoroughly as he could, feeling his cock harden instinctively at this delicious intimacy. When he’d saturated the boy’s hair he said, “Turn around.”

Justice turned slowly toward Gemini. Rivulets of warm water streamed down his pale skin as Gemini tried not to stare at Justice’s lithe muscles, his narrow hips, his soft penis. He forced his eyes upward.

“Tilt your head back.”

Justice closed his eyes and did as he was told. Gemini ran his fingers through the man’s hair as the hot water rinsed the shampoo out, and tried to keep his erection from bumping against now-warm skin.

“Okay, you’re done,” Gemini said when the soap was all gone from Justice’s hair. He stepped back slightly while Justice brought his chin down and opened his eyes. The look in them made more than Gemini’s teeth ache.

“You know, I’m kind of dirty all over,” He said softly. “You want to help me out with that too?”

It was an invitation the ancient vampire couldn’t resist although it would take an extreme degree of self control on his part. But he felt up to the challenge.

He smiled. “I’d like nothing better.”

Justice passed him the washcloth. “I probably need a thorough cleaning after spending a couple days on the run.”

Gemini took the washcloth and poured some body wash into his hand, while his head tried to decipher whether Justice was serious or joking. “You weren’t actually going to run, were you Justice? Please tell me you weren’t going to just disappear from our lives and never come back?”

Justice’s eyes darted to the ground then back up to Gemini’s and he shrugged. “I don’t really know what I was doing. I just needed to get away for a bit, sort myself out.”

“And if I hadn’t found you, would you have come home eventually?”

“I think so. Probably.”

“Oh Justice,” Gemini said, shaking his head and rubbing the body wash onto Justice’s chest and shoulders. “You’re breaking my heart.”

“I’m sorry. I’m really sorry. I didn’t...” he wiped a hand across his face and Gemini couldn’t tell if he was crying or not. “I didn’t realize how much...I didn’t even think you’d come looking for me.”

Gemini began to rub Justice a little more roughly, anger and fear at Justice’s dismissal of his feelings suddenly rising. “Don’t be foolish. I love you. *We* love you. Don’t you understand that?”

Justice blinked, his mouth falling open as Gemini pulled him close and rubbed body wash into his most private spots, brusquely, quickly, as if Justice were a child. Which he most definitely was *not*.

Justice didn’t reply, but he leaned against Gemini, welcoming his touch, letting him look after him in such an intimate way. Surely that meant something.

“There,” Gemini said, when he’d cleaned Justice as thoroughly as he was able. “All clean.” He kissed the young man on the forehead and stepped back.

Justice’s grey eyes were wide open, staring into Gemini with some kind of strong

emotion. He reached out and took Gemini's hand, placing it on his slick belly, keeping his own hand on top of it. "I'm glad you found me. I wish you'd fuck me now. It would warm me up even more..."

Gemini felt his fangs descend and his cock jerk. The desire to have the boy was intense.

*But he would not.*

He moved his hand away and turned off the water. Smiling, he said, "Dry off and get dressed. I've put some lounge pants and a warm shirt on the bed for you."

Justice stared at him and nodded, beautiful face betraying his disappointment. It broke Gemini's heart but he was determined to prove to Justice that sex was not the only thing the young man had to offer.

When they were both dressed in comfy loungewear, Gemini said, "Yvonne won't be home for awhile. Do you want to go downstairs? Or we could snuggle in your room together."

Justice brightened up a bit. "Okay."

"I just need to put these in the laundry hamper." Gemini picked up Justice's soiled clothes from the floor but stopped when the man spoke.

"Wait."

Justice came close and fished into the pocket of his hoodie, pulling out two long joints.

Gemini looked into Justice's eager eyes. "You want to smoke them?"

"I want to smoke them with *you*. I want to get messed up tonight. I need it, Gem. Especially after the bombshell you dropped in the shower. Please."

"What bombshell? The fact that I declared my already very obvious love for you? I realize that a human's perception isn't on the level of a vampire's but, really, Justice. I thought it was obvious."

"Oh my God, stop with the love bullshit. I'm not saying it back because I'm not a fucking *girl*, Gem. Guys don't say that to each other, even gay ones. At least not in my experience."

Gemini took a deep breath, trying to subdue a sudden urge to pull Justice over his lap and give him a sound spanking — an urge that he refused to examine too closely. "I think we can both agree that your experience, up to this point, has been very limited. And I don't expect you to say it back. I don't *need* you to say it back. The fact that you let me bring you home, and that you're going to promise not to ever do that again without telling me why, is enough for me right now."

---

They lay in the queen bed in Justice's room, staring at the ceiling, passing the first joint back and forth. Gemini had cracked the window and brought the little clay bowl

from his dresser, the one he used to hold his rarely used cuff links and Rolex watch, to collect the ash. He smoked alongside Justice, not feeling any effect from the potent drug but observing the young man beside him slowly mellow out.

They talked about their dead sisters and about how life could suck sometimes. Justice still didn't understand how Gemini could face his immortality with such optimism.

"You've been around for *so long*. I can't even make sense of it. You must have seen so many things. So many horrible, crappy things. Doesn't it get to you?"

Gemini took the toke from Justice and brought the pungent smoke into his lungs, savouring the rich flavour and remembering his brief human existence with a tinge of regret.

"It's easier, the way I am now, to keep existing. To *not* exist, would take a great effort to arrange properly."

Justice grinned, taking the joint back. "So you go on out of apathy?"

Gemini smiled, meeting that gunmetal gaze. "Sometimes. But I always have hope..."

"Hope for what?"

"Hope that the world will show me something I've never seen before. And, occasionally..." He turned in the bed toward Justice. "...Occasionally, give me something I never thought I'd find."

"Like *love*, you mean?"

"Yes. Exactly. I found it with Yvonne. Now I've found it with you."

"You're not in love with me."

Gemini shook his head. The capacity for denial in the human brain was astounding.

"Weren't you listening in the shower? Or did you get water in your ears?"

"Oh I heard you, I just don't believe you."

Gemini stared hard at Justice, noticing his dilated pupils and the way his eyelids drooped. Yeah, he was stoned. "You're going to lecture a centuries-old vampire about the nature of love while you're stoned out of your mind?"

Justice held up the joint, grinning. "Never a better time. Look, we have a connection. I can't deny that. But, Gem, you're *not* in love with me."

"What makes you so sure?"

"We've only known each other for *two months*. Not even."

"A blink of a moment in my existence."

Justice nodded. "*Exactly*." He hit off the joint again. "You won't even remember me in a hundred years."

Gemini made a frustrated noise in his throat. He took the joint out of Justice's hand and lay it in the bowl, then pulled the youth close, inhaling his intoxicating scent and squeezing his own eyes shut.

“Not true.”

He found Justice’s lips and kissed him tenderly, holding the young man as close as he could without hurting him.

Justice groaned and stretched out under the kiss. His hand slid between the sheets and found Gemini’s erect cock.

“I need you to fuck me.”

Gemini shook his head, pulling back. “No.”

“You *want* to. I know you do.”

“Always.”

“Then why?”

“Because you mean so much more to me than that. If this is what it takes to convince you, then...”

“Please, Gem. I’m serious, it’ll help me get warm.”

“You’re *very* warm now. And high. And tired.” Gemini smoothed some of the hair from Justice’s forehead. “You should sleep.”

“*You* should eat.”

“I’m not hungry,” Gemini said. A lie.

“I can see your fangs.”

“I shouldn’t,” Gemini said, feeling his will begin to disintegrate. He could keep himself from fucking the boy, but having a small drink of Justice’s sweet blood...

“Why not?”

Gemini explained. “Because you’re vulnerable. You haven’t been eating. You’re stoned out of your mind.”

Justice laughed. “Yeah, I am. But I *want* you to taste me,” he said it in a low, seductive voice that made Gemini’s mouth water.

“*No.*”

“Jesus!” Justice swore, “If you won’t fuck me, then feed from me. You said it was more *intimate* than fucking. Prove it.” He ripped his t-shirt off and tossed it to the floor, moving close. “Bite me. Taste me. Drink.”

Gemini’s gaze locked onto the pulse at the base of Justice’s throat and he swallowed. The ache was unbearable. He *was* hungry.

“Maybe *you* can be high too,” Justice said, and it was like a lightbulb went off in Gemini’s head. Of course, if he took blood from Justice now, he would be able to feel the effects of the drug. Maybe.

Gemini’s voice was shaky when he finally responded. “If I take enough for that to happen you’ll be unconscious.”

Justice kissed Gemini on the corner of his mouth. “But not dead.”

Gemini shook his head, frowning. “Not dead. I’d never take that much. There was

never any risk of that, not even from the beginning.”

“You’re gonna make me come talking like that,” Justice panted, leaning up and over Gemini, “Please, Gem, do it. Taste me if you won’t fuck me. I need *something*.”

And Gemini couldn’t protest anymore. The lust and hunger combined were too much.

He clamped his arm down, pressing the boy to his chest as he nuzzled into his neck, making a desperate sound. He opened his mouth, pressed his aching fangs to the tender skin of the youth’s neck, and bit down.

“Ah fuck!” Justice moaned, clutching Gemini’s arms as the vampire feasted gently. For he was gentle. He was always gentle when he fed from Justice or Yvonne. As much as it tested his control and resolve, he refused to tear at them the way he might at his true prey. They weren’t prey. They were willing donors to his survival and he never lacked a profound appreciation for this fact.

Justice’s blood tasted magnificent, even better than it had the last time Gemini had sampled it. He pressed the boy tightly against him, feeling Justice’s prick hard against his hip and listening to the boy’s whimpers and moans as the pleasure coursed through him. When Gemini fed off anyone, the benign but effective venom from his fangs rendered them delirious with sexual pleasure. It was a handy tool to incapacitate and make his prey even more vulnerable than they already were.

The boy began to rut against his hip and soon a rush of wetness indicated he’d reached his crisis, all while his rich red blood flowed past Gemini’s lips. As Justice’s body relaxed against him in a post-orgasmic slump, Gemini stopped drinking, pulling his lips off the boy’s neck and swiping his tongue to close the wound quickly.

That was enough. Whether it would make him high he didn’t know, but it was enough to satisfy him for the moment, to calm that rush of need and desire the boy always caused him. His fangs didn’t ache anymore. Justice’s sweet blood flowed through his body, warming it, soothing it, like its own potent drug. He lay back, cradling the boy in his arms and listening to the deep breathing of his sleep.

*How I do love you, he thought, though you won’t believe me. You will believe me someday.*

Gemini’s cock was still hard, and it took awhile for it to lose its rigidity while Gemini lay beside the object of his desire. Soon, though, the THC in Justice’s blood began to affect Gemini, and he felt a lucid sense of ease take over. Strange, how long it had been since he’d felt it, and yet it reminded him of those evenings in Rome with his father.

---

When Yvonne found them on her return to the house, she raised her eyebrows, folding her arms across her chest.

“Smells like pot and sex in here. Is he all right?” She nodded to where Justice lay

snoring into his pillow.

Gemini reached over to gently stroke Justice's covered back. "He's wonderful."

"Not hurt?"

Gemini shook his head, continuing to caress Justice lightly, careful not to wake him.

"Thank God." She narrowed her eyes. "Are you *high*?"

Gemini said nothing, only turned his head to give Yvonne a lazy smile.

"But how?" She glanced at the sleeping youth. "Oh." She moved closer to sit on the bed beside Justice. "He let you drink?"

"Begged me."

"Begged. Hmm." Yvonne let her eyes roam over the young man asleep in the bed.

Gemini resumed his light caresses, gazing fondly at Justice. "He wanted me to have sex with him but I wouldn't. So I agreed to taste him. I knew it would make him sleep."

Yvonne's perfectly shaped eyebrows lifted. "Why wouldn't you have sex with him? Seems uncharacteristically cruel of you." She reached out and touched Justice's back below where Gemini's hand was moving.

"Part of the reason he took off and left us. He thought he was only a plaything. I wanted him to know he was much more than that. To *both* of us."

A small smile played at Yvonne's lips. "Like a child, really. *Our* child. Did you tell him that?"

Gemini shook his head regretfully. "You should have been here."

Yvonne shrugged. "I'll tell him in the morning." Her hand drifted softly along Justice's hip and down his long leg, then back up. He didn't move. "And, in other ways, not like a child. At all."

"Mmm. Not at all," Gemini agreed, placing his arms behind his head and gazing up at her.

"What are our plans for Christmas this year?" Yvonne asked, smiling. "We should do something special. Our first Christmas with him."

"I have a few ideas. You'll like them. Now come to bed."

Yvonne stood. "Are the gifts wrapped?"

"Yes. He doesn't have any for us, he told me. I said it didn't matter."

"It doesn't."

"No."

They looked at the young man, sleeping like a perfect angel.

Gemini continued. "He doesn't realize that he *is* the gift."

## CHAPTER THREE

Gemini had thought about reversing roles the day before Christmas but Justice still seemed delicate and clingy, and it wasn't what he needed. They decided to pamper him instead.

Gemini handed the brand new VISA card attached to his account to Justice over the kitchen island. "Yvonne is taking you shopping."

Justice stared at the card for a several moments without reaching for it. "What for?"

"Clothes, electronics. Whatever you like."

Justice's eyes moved from the card to Gemini's gaze, eyebrows raised. "Seriously?"

Gemini grinned. "Unless it's something that's already wrapped for you under the tree."

Justice looked at the card, still held between two of Gemini's graceful fingers, again. "But I don't *want* to go shopping. I *hate* shopping."

"Please," the vampire said, holding the card even closer to Justice. "Indulge me. Yvonne will buy you lunch."

Justice rolled his eyes and took the card. "What are you up to, Gem?"

"Hmm? Nothing." He shrugged like it was any other Sunday and not Christmas Eve.

"Right. You realize the stores are going to be insane."

"You two can handle it."

While they were gone, Gemini set the scene. He put the artificial tree Yvonne had purchased in the corner of the great room and spent the afternoon decorating it, listening to CBC Radio 2 and feeling strangely domestic. He let his worries about the current state of vampire politics fade into the background and focused on anticipating Justice's reaction to his efforts.

There hadn't been any obvious threats against him and his loved ones since the fire that burned down FANGS, although Gemini was ever on guard. He knew the Older Ones weren't being honest with him and couldn't be trusted. It was also possible that some of the young ones had escaped the conflagration and might come looking for him, thinking *he* was behind it. He prayed they could just get through Christmas with Justice before anything else happened. He knew it was only a matter of time.

Time. Everything was a matter of time. Yvonne's aging and eventual death. Justice's as well.

He shook the dark thoughts away and focused on the tinsel. He could enjoy today, and the next however many years with them before he worried about it too much.

He'd promised Yvonne he would think about turning her when the time came, before age had truly withered her appearance. But he wasn't sure he could do it. He loved her intensely, yes, but enough to face the guilt of taking her humanity and making her an

immortal predator?

And Justice. Well, Justice was younger so there was slightly more time. Could he make *two* new vampires, let alone one? Was there any way at all to justify *that*?

---

Later that afternoon, Yvonne texted that they were headed home. His decorating finished, Gemini dimmed the lights in the late afternoon winter darkness so that the best impact could be achieved. It had started to snow, and the white flakes falling quietly outside the large windows of the great room seemed to diminish his worries, at least for the moment. He flicked the switch so the blue and white outdoor lights shone against the falling snow as he settled onto the sofa to wait.

Twenty minutes later, Gemini saw the Yvonne's car pull into the drive. Soon the inside door opened and Justice came in carrying several bags and boxes.

"Should have warned me that Yvonne goes a little crazy at the mall, Gemini," he said, as he put the boxes down on the kitchen island. Then he looked up.

"Whoa!" His eyes widened as he took in the extravagantly decorated tree and the greenery draped over every available surface. "Shit. You've been busy."

Gemini smiled and stood. "Merry Christmas, Justice."

"I see now you just needed me out of the way. It might have cost you a few thousand dollars. Vonne is *insane*."

Yvonne entered and closed the door, setting down her parcels. "Oh wow, it looks amazing, Gem!" She walked into his welcoming embrace.

"Thanks for entertaining the young one," Gemini said, kissing her on the forehead.

"Jesus, you make it sound like I'm your kid or something," Justice scoffed as he put his bags down.

Yvonne and Gemini grinned meaningfully at each other and looked at Justice who suddenly seemed out of his depth.

"Oh, Jesus, *really*? We're going for mommy and daddy kink now?"

"*Now*?" Yvonne said, with an attempt at innocence. "Hasn't it been that way all along?"

"Gross. Well, kind of."

Gemini moved forward. "We love you *as if* you were our child, Justice. But thank Jupiter you're not. Even though I am a creature of the undead, I still have *some* morals."

Yvonne and Justice both snorted because Gemini had more ethics and morals than most humans.

"Nice. Make fun of the guy who stayed home and decorated while you were out spending all his money."

"We'll make it up to you, Gem. In fact," she glanced at Justice, "We can make it up to you right now. Why don't you go upstairs and get changed into those things we bought

you, Justice?”

Gemini watched the flush that rose on Justice’s cheeks as he grabbed the largest of the bags.

“Sure. Good fucking idea.”

He turned to give Gemini an overtly sensual once-over before he headed for the stairs.

“The great room looks amazing, Gem, but I’m in the mood for something a little more celebratory. And since you haven’t fucked me since I came home a day and a half ago, Vonne helped me find something to tempt you.”

When Justice had gone Gemini turned to Yvonne. “What did you do?”

She shrugged with a saucy glint in her eye. “I bought our special gift something he can wrap himself up in.”

She moved closer and pressed her lips against Gemini’s ear. “And you and I will have the pleasure of *unwrapping* him.”

---

“What’s taking him so long? Should I go check?” Gemini asked Yvonne when Justice didn’t come down immediately.

“Eager?”

“Concerned,” Gemini responded, stroking his thumbs along the bottom of one of Yvonne’s sock covered feet. She lay on the sofa beside him with her feet in his lap, enjoying the attention.

“I’m sure he’ll be down soon,” Yvonne said, “Oh, that feels good.”

Gemini gave her a long suffering half-smile. “But I’m dying of anticipation.”

Just as the words were out of Gemini’s mouth, he heard a familiar throat clearing from the top of the stairs. He looked up.

Justice stood poised like a fashion model at the top of the stairs. Not quite what Gemini had expected but he was thrilled that Yvonne’s latent motherly instincts had prevailed.

The handsome young man wore a brand new and suitably substantial olive green winter jacket over an outfit of black skinny jeans, black cotton t-shirt, and purple Doc Martens. The coat, open in front, seemed to be lined with faux fur on the inside and had a lush real fur collar. On Justice’s brown head was a simple black knit beanie, but he held in his right hand a red plaid lumberjack’s hat with faux fur ear flaps which he held up.

“For when it’s really cold out and I have to take the bus somewhere,” he said, as he began descending the steps.

Gemini’s appreciative gaze tracked him until he reached the bottom, where Justice tossed the plaid hat behind him, twirled and posed again with his hands in the pockets

of the jacket.

“You like?” He asked, grey eyes on Gemini’s blue ones.

“I do,” Gemini said, observing from all angles. “Very much.”

“It will keep me warm. You seemed a bit obsessed over my warmth the other night.”

“Yes. I couldn’t stand to see you shivering and cold,” Gemini said, as he moved toward Justice and took the lapels of the coat in his hands, adjusting the collar so that it sat just right. “The weather’s only going to get worse.”

“Mmm,” Justice said, blinking at Gemini, his lips parted slightly.

“May I kiss you?” Gemini said, like a courtly gentleman at a nineteenth-century cotillion.

Justice nodded. Gemini leaned forward and touched his lips to the young man’s mouth, pressing gently and waiting until Justice opened for further investigation. Things suddenly heated up and Gemini found himself falling into the kiss, completely taken by the heat and passion of the boy’s mouth. He moaned, giving himself over to it.

“Okay, boys,” Yvonne said from nearby. “That’s enough.”

She tugged on Gemini’s shoulder. He broke from Justice’s mouth to mutter, “Fuck off, Vonne,” before getting right back into it.

“Hey. Romeo.” She started to poke Gemini in the sensitive spot above his hip until he finally pulled back from his boy with a reluctant sigh. “You need to start unwrapping. There’s so much more to see.”

Gemini nodded, touching Justice’s open mouth with his finger as if he couldn’t quite let it go just yet. He sighed again and dropped his hand, wrapping it around Justice’s and pulling him to the centre of the room where Yvonne, who had retired to the couch, would have an excellent view. The Christmas tree in the corner sparkled and glistened in the sunlight that now lit up the room. The clouds had parted and the snow had stopped.

Gemini licked his lips as he contemplated stripping Justice very slowly out of everything he was wearing. He dared hope there were some surprises underneath.

“Gem, hurry up.” Yvonne murmured. “He must be getting sweaty inside all that fur!”

“Hmm, I certainly hope so,” Gemini said, reaching out to gently push the jacket off Justice’s shoulders.

He let it fall to the floor, and stared at the young man in the snug short sleeve T and skinny jeans.

“Turn around.”

Justice swallowed, pupils darkening, and obeyed.

Gemini hissed at the sudden ache in his balls and fangs. Justice’s ass and legs looked spectacular. He had to stop himself from reaching out and yanking the denim off him to see him bare. He needed to go slow. This wasn’t a meal at a fast food restaurant — it was a rare, tempting, delicacy.

Moving forward he pressed himself up against the man from behind, hand coming around to untuck the shirt and play on the smooth planes of Justice's belly. "Did you persuade Yvonne to buy the most expensive designer jeans in the mall so you could show off your gorgeous ass to me?"

Justice scoffed and said breathlessly, "Hey, *I* wanted to get the cheap ones. *She's* the one who insisted on taking me to a boutique."

Gemini retained his hold on Justice but turned to grin at Yvonne. "Well, thank you, my love. You do know my tastes."

"I do. I knew you'd want him wrapped up in style."

Justice made a small sound as Gemini teased his fingers under the waistband of the boy's jeans.

"Take them off me," Justice whispered, eyelids fluttering as he looked to the floor.

Gemini smiled and moved his hands around to the zippered fly on the front of the very tight jeans.

"Hold on, you need to turn him so I can see," Yvonne said.

He rotated with Justice in his arms until they were sideways to the sofa.

"Yes, that's better. Now keep going."

"Gem, your girlfriend is really bossy," Justice murmured. "In case you hadn't noticed."

Gemini laughed, pressing against the front of Justice's pants. "I like it."

Justice couldn't hide his moan. "You sicko."

"Oh, you have no idea, Justice. Do you think someone who has been existing since the days of Ancient Rome wouldn't have at least a few bizarre kinks?"

"Define bizarre kinks," Justice said in a shaky voice.

Gemini licked the shell of Justice's ear before saying, "Mmm, well, for desiring *very* bossy girls who enjoy playing mommy to naughty boys like you?"

"Shit. Okay. Fuck." Justice was panting now.

"That's actually *not* very bizarre," Gemini said, pulling the zipper of Justice's jeans down and spreading his fly open. "But I don't want to scare you."

Justice's flat belly rose and fell with his quick breaths. His erection pushed against the black cotton of his new designer boxer briefs.

"Scare me," he said. "I like it."

Yvonne moaned. "Oh yes. I guarantee Gem is hard as a cudgel right now and eager to get you out of those new clothes, sweet boy."

"Good," Justice said, as Gemini grabbed the waistband of his jeans and tugged.

As they came down to mid-thigh Gemini spun Justice around, holding him so he wouldn't fall.

"*Futete*, I can't wait any longer," he said as he dropped to his knees, pulling the boxer

brief's down to release Justice's erection. "I'm going to devour every inch of you."

In one motion Gemini engulfed the young man's cock until it hit the back of his throat and slid further. Justice's mouth and eyes opened wide as he gasped with surprise and sudden pleasure. He grabbed onto Gemini's head in order to not topple over.

He groaned loudly as Gemini swallowed and sucked, until he was able to formulate words. "Stop. Oh God, stop, you're gonna make me come!"

Gemini immediately pulled off him, licking his lips and trying to get his large fangs under control.

"So come *now* and again *later*," Gemini said, still on his knees and begging with his ancient eyes for permission to continue.

Justice shook his head, running his fingers through Gemini's black curls. "But you haven't seen the best part of the outfit yet," he panted, grabbing the base of his penis with his other hand. He closed his eyes and a shiver went through him, the head of his prick shiny with Gemini's saliva. He didn't come. He released himself and took a deep, centreing breath.

Suddenly Yvonne was there, her small hands pulling the shirt off over his head, while Gemini unlaced the purple Docs. Then she helped Gemini pull off Justice's jeans and boxer briefs.

"Oh Justice, can I show him?" Yvonne asked, her voice husky.

Justice nodded, breathing hard, "Yeah."

Yvonne turned the now naked boy so that he faced her but his backside was toward Gemini. Gemini almost knew what he was going to see as soon as Yvonne snaked her hands down to Justice's bare cheeks but when she teased his buttocks apart to reveal the unmistakable flash of steel, Gemini swore. "*Di Magni! Praeclarus...*"

Justice hid his face in Yvonne's shoulder while Gemini nudged her hands away and replaced them with his own. A strangled sound came from the vampire as he pressed gently on the base of the plug with his thumb, making Justice push back and groan.

"Oh fuck," Justice said against Yvonne's neck.

"Hey, why so shy now? *You* picked it out for him," Yvonne said, stroking Justice on his bare back to calm him.

"Let me see," Gemini whispered, twisting the base of the plug and tugging it gently. "Spread him, Vonne. More."

Yvonne squeezed the young man's cheeks further apart as the plug stretched Justice's anus wide and slid slowly out. As it did, Justice groaned and a violent shudder wracked his slim form.

"Oh yes," Gemini said, examining the medium sized metal plug from all angles, then pressing the shiny wet tip against Justice's hole and pushing it back in."

"It's beautiful. Perfect," Gemini said, standing. "Like you, Justice."

Justice lifted his red face from Yvonne's shoulder and gazed glassy eyed at Gemini.

"I want to be your plaything again," he whispered. "Now that I know that's not *all* I am."

Gemini felt his dead heart expand and throb as if he were alive again.

*This boy, this sweet boy, had brought the life back to him, or at least the semblance of it.*

Gemini nodded and swiped a hand over his eyes to stop the sudden moisture from spilling. He stood slowly and looked at Yvonne.

"Take him upstairs, my love. Lay him out on our bed and find that cock ring he likes. He's going to need it."

Justice groaned, fingers clutching onto Yvonne, wet cock twitching.

"Don't be very long. He's waited for you already," she said, licking her lips.

---

On the bed upstairs Gemini and Yvonne teased Justice mercilessly — pinching him, stroking him, kissing him all over. They took turns playing with the plug in his ass until he begged Gemini to fuck him properly.

"I will, but you aren't allowed to come yet. Not until I say you can. All right?" He worked the plug out of Justice with while the boy whimpered and writhed with impatience.

"Oh God, *really*? But Gem, I'm going to explode if I can't come soon." Justice's voice was frayed and thin.

"Remember what I said about bizarre kinks?" Gemini said, rubbing his ready cock at Justice's lubed hole.

"I can barely remember my name right now," Justice panted, eyes rolling back.

"Spread your legs wide," Gemini said, pushing Justice's thighs apart as he sank inside, slowly, to the hilt, listening to the boy's loud moans as if they were the songs of angels. "I have a very distinct kink for satisfying myself inside a lover who is not permitted to climax themselves," Gemini rasped as he loomed over his quivering lover.

Justice's eyelids flickered open as he adjusted to the very welcome invasion of Gemini's substantial cock with a series of whimpers. "That seems very selfish," he managed.

"Oh yes. Very," Gemini agreed, slowly pulling his hips back until only the tip of his erection remained inside Justice.

"Also really unfair," Justice gasped, preparing for what was coming.

"Ready?" Gemini teased, lip curling and fangs glistening.

"Oh fuck *yes!*"

Gemini pushed to the hilt again, in one thrust, then did the same thing over and over until Justice's cries came loud and close together. It was difficult to speak through his

own need and exertion but he managed.

“I didn’t say you can’t come at all. Yvonne is waiting very patiently for a chance to ride you, lovely boy, which she *will* do after *I’m* done with you.”

“Goddamn!” Justice groaned, eyes sliding to Yvonne who watched them closely, hand rubbing the aroused nub between her legs. “Awe, fuck! *Fuck!*”

Gemini lifted Justice’s slim legs to wrap around him. “That’s it. Hold on,” he said, increasing his tempo. The boy felt so good and so right and Gemini could barely stand it. He spent himself much too soon, groaning and muttering latin profanities as he roared a tide of visceral pleasure that threatened to break him. *Him. Gemini Thelessi, Older One*, brought to his knees by a human boy.

He lost himself to the dizzying pleasure as it coursed through him, eventually fading into aftershocks and twitches.

When he could speak again, he said, “Well done, Justice.”

“Fuck you, I’m dying. I need to come now. Please. Please,” Justice begged, letting his legs slide off the vampire so Gemini could pull out.

Gemini beckoned Yvonne.

“Here. Climb on top of him. I hope you’re close because he probably won’t last long.”

Yvonne grinned and kissed Justice very deeply before impaling herself on his engorged length with one efficient move. Justice’s head snapped back as he cried out, body bowing off the bed.

“*GOD!*” He yelled as she began to ride him. Her bell-like laughter became loud grunts as she bounced on his prick like a cowboy on an angry bull.

Justice’s hands moved up to grasp her hips, slowing her down and moving her the way he needed her, until with a strangled cry he came inside her.

Gemini moved onto the bed behind Yvonne and slid his arms around her, cupping her breasts and helping her ride Justice’s still swollen cock until she achieved her own climax. Then, while her body spasmed with ecstasy, he pierced her neck with his fangs and drank.

Yvonne cried out and Gemini looked up, meeting gunmetal eyes while he sated his other appetite. When he’d had enough he pulled back and sealed the small wound, gently moving Yvonne to the bed beside Justice. He couldn’t help glancing at Justice’s wet cock when it came free, covered with his and Yvonne’s juices.

*Praeclarus.*

Gemini moved in close to Justice, scenting the boy’s blood but not needing to drink from him just now. Something in his chest hurt at the beauty of watching his two lovers come together. He kissed Justice, who moaned with relief.

“You both must do that again when I’m not so blissed out I can barely focus,” he said softly.

He touched his hand to Yvonne's forehead where she lay beside Justice but she didn't move or open her eyes. Not asleep yet, just recovering from the intensity of it all and the negligible blood loss.

*Justice.* He lay his hand against the boy's flushed cheek.

To his surprise, Justice's eyes fluttered open, and they pierced him with a frank and honest vulnerability.

Gemini smiled, tracing his fingers over Justice's cheek and along his pink lips. "Better?"

Justice tried to smile. "Oh yeah. There's spunk everywhere. That's the thing, Gem. It leaks. I'm a mess but I feel soooo good."

"Dirty, dirty boy," Gemini murmured, eyes tracing Justice's gorgeous face as if etching it to memory. "*Catamitus...*"

"What?"

"*Cum slut,*" Yvonne sighed, her words slurred with exhaustion. "Basically. In Latin."

Justice laughed softly as if he couldn't believe it but it pleased him. He lifted his hand to Gemini's mouth and smiled when the vampire kissed his fingers. "Oh yeah? So the gentleman vampire gets off on name calling and humiliation, huh?" He smiled. "Lucky for you, so do I."

Maintaining their locked gaze, Justice pulled his hand away and swiped the same two fingers into the fluid smearing his flaccid penis. Slowly, and with an angelic smile that would have tempted the devil let alone a horny vampire, he lifted them again to Gemini's mouth.

Gemini's blue eyes flared with renewed lust as he took Justice's wrist in a strong grip and opened his mouth, sucking those wet fingers inside and grazing them with his sharp fangs. Justice grunted and Gemini's cock twitched, wanting to be inside him again.

But that could wait.

He lowered the boy's cleaned hand to the bed, then kissed Justice on the cheek, nose and forehead. "Sleep now. I'll watch over you both and keep you safe, until the end of time. *Nam omne aeternum.* For all eternity."

Perhaps he *could* turn them both. At the moment, he couldn't see any other solution. And what wonderful vampires they'd make, Justice and Yvonne. He would teach them everything, guide them through the first few years, teach them how to hunt and kill.

Yes, it *was* possible. But would it enhance their relationship, or destroy it?

The future was fraught with uncertainty and he would need their strength, as well as their love and loyalty, to survive what was coming.

## THANK YOU

Thank you so much for reading!

To see how Justice originally joined Gemini and Yvonne, read my free story  
[FANGS](#).

For more information about me or my books, please visit  
[www.elizabethlister.ca](http://www.elizabethlister.ca).

Join my Facebook group, [Elizabeth Lister's Kinky Clubhouse](#), for exclusive excerpts, contests, and access to ARC copies of upcoming works.