



Becoming

A Torquere Press Single Shot by Mike Shade

Ron sat in a booth near the front door of the Blood Spot, a glass of Shiraz warming in his hand. He enjoyed the dark, thick wine - not as much as the elixir of life it imitated, of course, but enough to sip happily at it until the right tasty treat happened along.

He enjoyed his spot near the door, liked being able to see what came into the bar, and the worst of the wannabees tended to congregate near the back out of his way. It made him smile, the way they lowered the lights and insisted on keeping the wall to their backs 'just in case.' Really. There was very little a real vampire had to guard his back from, and while lamplight was certainly meant to imitate the sun, it did not have the sun's blistering effect.

He wondered idly if they were really all that ugly that they needed to hide in the darkness and cover their faces with that silly white base make-up. He supposed they thought it made them more attractive. But really, the attraction was in pale skin that was warm to the touch, that smelled of the blood that rushed beneath the surface, not make-up and perfume.

Still, they could be an amusing lot, their folklore and legends about his kind so quaint and they themselves so *earnest*.

Low, pulsing music played over the speakers, the music matching the dark lace draped over walls and light fixtures. The bar boasted such drinks as blood shots along with the more traditional Bloody Marys.

Honestly, quaint was the best word for it.

He liked the wood of the tables though, thick, the grain hidden by only a few layers of clear varnish. It felt good beneath his fingertips, as did the thick velvet of the seats. Spills had to cost a fortune.

Rodrigue came in, a sweet honey on his arm, and Ron breathed deeply. Oh, this one was fresh, blood close to the surface, not yet tainted by experience or the various drugs these players used to make themselves believe.

Rodrigue gave him a nod and pulled the girl closer to himself and Ron's lips twitched. Had he wanted the girl, she would have been his before Rodrigue could even blink. And he would do it one day, would rise amongst them, let them have a true taste of this thing that they played at.

He took another sip of his Shiraz, noting that it most definitely was not blood, no matter how dark and beautiful it was or how the liquid clung lovingly to the glass. He kept his eyes on the door, waiting with a casual ease for just the right donor to come along.

A group of little wannabes came down, almost hiding the breath of fresh air that swept down with them.

Almost, of course, being the important term.

Lean, sharp features accentuated by short dark hair, neat little goatee; the man wasn't in black, wasn't made up, didn't fit in at all. Still, he didn't look nervous, more curious, bright aqua eyes shocking behind wire-rimmed glasses.

Ron purred, low and soft, eyes on the line of neck with its powerful veins. Look this way, pretty one.

The man made his way to the bar, navy blue t-shirt clinging to a flat belly, just visible under a denim jacket. "Whiskey. Neat."

Unpretentious in dress and choice of drink. Ron liked that.

He signaled to Figaro behind the bar that he would pay for the man's drink. It was a little more forward than he liked to be -- he was after all the real thing in this place, they should be flocking to him -- but he didn't want to miss out on this one. Just a nibble, just a taste. Maybe a little more than that.

Those eyes -- fascinating and sharp, so clear -- flashed over to him and he received a nod, a smile. Figaro was also thanked, the bartender asked a few, soft questions, the answers scribbled on a tiny notebook.

Ron watched, breathing deeply, trying to pick up the man's scent. He thought maybe he'd caught a brief hint of it, but then another group came in, loud and noisy and smelling of weed. He spared them a glare before returning his interest to Mr. Whiskey.

The man worked the bar quickly, speaking to a few people, before heading back to a booth in the shadows, eyes constantly moving, notes taken continually.

Ron took a large mouthful of his wine, trying very hard not to pout. It wasn't a good look on him and really, once you'd lived a couple centuries, it was rather unseemly. He wasn't happy though. He didn't like being ignored.

Of course, ignored was a strong word, given those eyes that kept landing on him, and when Figaro came to him with a fresh glass of wine 'from the little one in the booth', he thought maybe he wasn't being ignored at all.

Was he so used to the blatant, obvious moves of the wannabees, that he'd forgotten what it meant to be subtle?

He smiled at his little one in the booth and raised his glass in a toast, taking a nice, long drink before licking his lips. There was a much finer vintage he wished to taste and, with any luck, it would not be denied him.

The flirtation across the bar was a sweet temptation, long looks shared, little smiles and nods making the dingy dark bar surroundings fade away.

The ones who usually played in bars like this, the ones who were safe to take and enjoy as he would, were all jaded, sophisticated beyond their years and bored. And it showed in the flavor of their blood, in its thickness. Thin and bitter and enough to live on but not to enjoy. This, however... this had promise. Those lovely eyes had promise.

Finally, the man stood, headed to the bar again, coming to his table with another glass of wine and a glass of amber whiskey. "Is this seat taken?"

He purred again, eyes traveling over the man's body. "Only if you take it."

Pale cheeks went a warm pink, but he got a nod, a smile. "I think I will, thank you."

"Excellent," he murmured, breathing deeply. Oh, this one did smell good -- fresh and vibrant, the blood flowing just beneath the surface.

"I'm Ron." He held out his hand, palm up.

The glass of wine was placed on the table, then long, delicate fingers slid against his palm. "Adam."

He wrapped his hand around Adam's, holding it far longer than was traditional. "Adam. The first man."

The laugh was warm, rich, very real. "Yes, my twin sister is named Eve. My parents had a sense of humor."

Oh, twins, how delicious. He'd had twins once. A pair of maids with big round eyes and even bigger, round... well, he was an equal opportunity type and they'd shared a night of passion followed by a morning of flatcakes, smothered in sweet syrup as thick as blood in his mouth. He'd sucked them dry together and spent the next hours high on blood and sugar.

"Indeed, I find a sense of humor attractive. What about you, Adam. What do you find attractive?"

"Confidence. A sense of style. Class. A little mystery." He got a wink. "I'm a writer. I admit to an endless supply of curiosity."

"Well you know what they say about curiosity and cats," he murmured, charmed. And hungry.

He received another chuckle, a long, warm look. "Yes, I believe satisfaction is mentioned in the second part of that rhyme."

"Indeed it was that to which I was referring. It is very rare to someone of your tender years who knows the adage entire." He stroked Adam's wrist with his fingertips and finally let Adam's hand go.

"Oh, I imagine we're close to the same age. No more than five years different, surely."

He smiled and licked his lips, head tilting as if considering. "Perhaps a few more than that. I look younger with my hair down."

"It's beautiful." The blush got deeper, darker, Adam's head ducking as the whiskey was sipped.

"Thank you." He alternately enjoyed his blond hair and was annoyed by it. The fact that it was currently long and cascading down over his shoulders and back was testament to the fact that he currently loved it.

It amused him, the only real vampire, bright and shining, among all the dark, dull pretenders that lurked in the shadows of the bar. Really, black was so last century.

"So you are a writer with an endless supply of curiosity. Tell me, what curiosity brought you here today?"

"Not curiosity today. An assignment." Adam smiled, shrugged. "There's a travel magazine that wants an article on alternative nightspots."

Ron laughed. "Is that what this is? An alternative nightspot?"

"That's what they tell me. The Rainbow Room and the Pink Pussy were a touch more... lively."

He snorted, nearly spewing his wine all over Adam, which would have been a waste of a decent Shiraz and a more than decent man. "You do have to look a little harder to find the lively here, I'll admit."

Those beautiful eyes just danced. "I seem to have done pretty well."

Oh, he liked this one. More than just the newness, the freshness and life that imbued Adam -- he was smart and funny, a delight.

"Have you?" he asked softly, pitching his voice low.

He could smell the arousal that flushed through Adam. "I think so. I find you very... alive."

He licked his lips, wanting a taste, just a taste. Oh, he knew full well a simple taste would not be enough, but it would be a start.

"And I find you very alive." He leaned in, eyes half closing as he breathed in deeply. "I can smell you, Adam. And you smell good."

"You are very intriguing, Ron. Very." White teeth sank into a pink bottom lip.

He licked his own bottom lip, his teeth aching to sink into Adam's lips, his neck, his wrist. "Am I? Many believe those who lurk in the back are far more intriguing than I am."

"I'm not interested in painted pseudo-poets. Besides, black only makes an impact if it's not a daily choice."

"It is rather passé." He leaned in again, eyes on the amazing blue of Adam's. "Of course I am in here for a reason. I do share a certain... predilection with these painted poppies blowing in the wind."

"Oh?" The sharp chin tilted, that throat bared for him.

His vision narrowed to where he could see the pulse beating just beneath the surface of Adam's skin and he purred again, the sound almost a growl. "Are you interested in such things, Adam? Do you have a... curiosity about it?"

"It doesn't seem particularly safe. Aren't you concerned that you'll break the skin, catch a disease?" Those eyes were bright, sharp, curious.

"I am immune to such things, Adam." He smiled, the slow, hypnotic beat of the music suddenly perfect for the scene instead of false. "And of course I'll break the skin -- how else would I be able to suck your blood?"

"I don't think I could go there." Adam's hand hid that long throat from him, but the smile didn't falter. "I thought it was more a role-play thing than a serious thing."

Ron's heart sank, his mood plummeting; he'd been so eager for a taste. He tossed back his wine, finding no joy in the flavor. "It depends on the person."

"Really? Do people bite you, too?"

He nodded. He had sired several, ones he did not want to be without, though in the end, he was still alone. "Occasionally."

"Does it leave scars?" The curiosity just poured from Adam, the questions not mocking, not even truly cynical, just... curious.

"It can, if the bite is deep enough or the same spot fed from repeatedly." He reached over as he spoke, sliding a finger along Adam's wrist, along the place where he would love to sink his teeth.

Those long fingers curled, the thin skin there flushing the palest rose. "Oh."

He moaned softly, eyes holding Adam's. "You tease me," he accused softly.

"Me? I... Teasing isn't my style..." Oh, the swallow, the little moan...

"And yet you do."

He drew Adam's arm up, ran his nose along the veins on the inside of Adam's wrist, scenting deeply.

"No..." Arousal and heat and pleasure just poured from the man, the word almost a purr.

He turned his head, breathing in deeply as he looked up into Adam's eyes. "You are not teasing?" He licked the tempting wrist. "I may have a small taste?"

The air was charged, the pleasure moving through him, warming him. He was eager with anticipation, with need.

"I..." The skin under his tongue was smooth and soft, just touched with salt. "Here?"

A shudder moved through him. "Is your place close?"

"Yeah. I live in Harrod's Park, near the university." Ah, the little older homes, tiny and interesting. "Would you like to come have a cup of coffee?"

"I want more than a cup of coffee, Adam." He licked at Adam's wrist again.

The air was still thick with his need, with something that spread between them.

Adam moaned low, shifted. "I won't be able to walk to the car, Ron."

He chuckled and took his chance, just in case Adam changed his mind before they got to his place. Ron licked Adam's wrist again and then nicked the skin, just a touch with one of his incisors, moaning as a single drop of blood welled up. He lapped it up with his tongue, holding Adam's eyes.

Adam gasped, teeth sinking into his bottom lip. "That didn't help..."

"No," he rasped, voice thick with need, the want rising in him from just that one drop. "Me either."

He wrapped his lips around Adam's wrist and began to suck, pulling up droplets of blood from the tiny wound, the flavor hot and sweet and so good.

"Going to... Oh... Going to leave a mark..." It didn't sound like a complaint.

He hummed. Yes. Yes, he would.

He was good though, he only sucked for a minute or so, taking just a little, just enough to embed the taste of Adam in his own veins. Then he licked at the wound, and reluctantly let go.

Adam was flushed, blood rushing, singing under his veins. "Come to my place?"

"Yes." He was caught now, in those eyes, in the blood that rushed through Adam's veins. As caught as a mouse in a trap.

Adam nodded, stood, jacket shifted to hide the long bulge in the tight jeans.

He licked his lips. Maybe he hadn't tasted everything yet.

Grinning, he stood as well, not caring that his own jeans revealed how hard he was. "After you," he murmured.

Adam led him out, pointing to a little, neat grey car parked down the road. "Do you want to ride with me?"

"Certainly." He didn't drive. He preferred being chauffeured around. It let him play. Often with the driver.

"Cool." The car was immaculate inside, the scent of Adam obvious as the door was opened for him. "It's a ten minute drive, tops."

He let his hand slide along Adam's ass as he moved past the man to get into the car and licked his lips again. He was going to eat Adam up.

Adam walked around the front of the car, obviously aroused, hard, flushed. The denim jacket was removed, tossed into the back seat, before the compact little body slid in and started the engine.

Ron leaned over, hand groping at Adam's thigh. "Ten minutes, right?"

"Mm-hmm. Tops." That lean muscle went tight, the car pulling out into the dark street.

"A lot can happen in ten minutes," he noted, hand moving toward that lovely bulge in Adam's lap.

"I'm driving, Ron." Mmm... such heat.

"Yes, you'd better be careful." His fingers continued their slow progress, Adam's heat growing stronger.

"I am. You should be, too." Adam groaned, hips shifting.

"I'm being very careful." Extremely careful and slow and oh yes, there was the prize, hard and hot beneath the jeans. He moaned.

"Oh..." They stopped at a red light, Adam looking over. "We're only halfway there."

"You feel more than halfway to me." He leaned over and licked at the corner of Adam's mouth.

Adam turned, brought their lips fully together, tongue pressing against his. Purring, he reached out and stroked Adam's cheek, deepening the kiss. Whiskey and heat and mint -- Adam's mouth echoed the flavor of the blood he'd sampled. One hand wrapped around Adam's skull, the other squeezed Adam's cock through his jeans. Oh, yes. He wanted. Blood and breath and come, he wanted it all.

It was a honking from behind them that tore their mouths apart, both of them gasping. "Let me get us home."

He gave Adam's prick another squeeze and reluctantly settled back in his own seat. He didn't stop watching Adam though, eyes on the man, nose filling him with Adam's intriguing scent.

They pulled up in front of a tiny little cottage, painted red and white, the trim glowing under the moon. "Home sweet home."

"How cute. And it suits you."

He took Adam's hand and tugged him toward the front door. "Let me in, sweet Adam."

"Thank you. It's been in my family for generations." The front door was opened, Adam's eyes smiling at him. "Come on in."

"Thank you."

He followed Adam in and as soon as the door closed, he brought their mouths together, just not quite touching. "You won't think me rude if I decline the tour, will you?"

"We can tour later." Adam stretched up, brought their mouths together, tongue pressing into his lips.

Purring, he grabbed Adam's ass and drew him up, drew him closer, rubbing their need together. Adam groaned, arms wrapping around his neck, holding on tight. They pushed together, rocking, rubbing. He flipped open the top button of Adam's jeans, tugged down the zipper to release all that heat into his hand.

"Oh. Damn." Adam wasn't shy, hips thrusting that long, thin cock into his palm.

He slid down onto his knees, pulling Adam's cock into his mouth, careful to keep his teeth covered.

For now.

"Ron. Fuck. I..." Adam's voice trailed off, stance spreading, cock sliding on his tongue.

He just hummed, playing Adam's cock with his tongue. He would have come and blood together in his mouth, in his belly. Hands stroked through his hair, soft cries filling the air, growing more and more desperate.

He grabbed hold of Adam's hips, pulling the long cock deep and letting his teeth graze the velvet flesh, the blood making him shudder, making him suck harder.

"Fuck!" Adam arched, going up on his toes. "I'm gonna. Soon. Fuck."

He took Adam all the way in and let his teeth bite this time, this cut larger than the one he'd made on Adam's wrist. Then he sucked again, taking in Adam's blood, wanting the man's come as well.

Heat and salt and copper hit his tongue, Adam's cry echoing, desperate, pure heat. He sucked it all down, sucked pure Adam into himself.

Adam slumped against the wall, panting, moaning, swaying just a little.

He closed his eyes, pulling slowly off, making sure he had one last taste of all those flavors that made up Adam.

Then he looked up, smiling. "Now take me to your bed, Adam. I'm going to fuck you."

"Down the hall and to the left." One trembling finger brushed his lips, traced them.

He took that finger into his mouth and sucked on it, teeth grazing the tip as he looked up into those eyes.

"Oh." That gasp, the widening of those eyes -- it was arousing.

He let Adam's finger go and stood, his own finger tracing that spot on Adam's neck where his pulse fluttered like a trapped bird.

Adam tugged his jeans up, then led him down the hall, showing him to a bedroom with a wide, tall bed.

He purred. "I can see you know what's important."

Adam smiled over. "I do. It's soft, warm. Perfect."

"Tell me you have lube, too."

"I have lube and rubbers both in the nightstand."

He turned to the nightstand to get them out, hiding his grimace -- he hated rubbers and they were unnecessary. And if he was any good, Adam would be too far into the pleasure to even notice they skipped it.

Adam's hands were warm, stroking over his skin. Lips brushed his nipples, his ribs, his chest. Oh, Adam was nearly as hungry as he was and suddenly he wanted to feel the man feeding from him. It had been a long, long time since he'd shared himself that way.

Purring, his hands moved to pull off Adam's clothing. Adam looked as good naked as he did dressed, pale and smooth, muscles tight. His own clothing took only a moment to pull off and then he pushed Adam back onto the bed, climbing up after him and beginning to scent the man, to taste his skin.

"Ron. Oh..." Adam ran long fingers through his hair, arched against him with a low sound.

Humming, he turned his face, licking at Adam's fingers, his palm.

"That's so hot. So hot." Adam groaned, fingers stroking his face.

"It's just going to get better, Adam, just wait." He nibbled at Adam's fingers a moment longer and then moved his mouth to Adam's wrist, licking at the mark he'd pulled up earlier.

"Mmm...You're so... tactile."

He purred, nodded. "Everyone smells different, tastes different, feels different. The human body is a feast for the senses."

Adam moaned low. "And me? How do I taste?"

"Like whiskey and salt and life."

He circled Adam's wrist with his tongue, letting his teeth slide on the warm flesh.

"Toothy..." Adam's voice was husky, rough as sandpaper.

He smiled up. "Surely that's not a surprise?"

"I..." Adam chuckled. "I forgot. It's a unique fetish."

Oh, yes, Adam still believed it to be a fetish. He had almost forgotten himself. "It is more a way of life for me." He broke the skin at Adam's wrist again and wrapped his lips around it, sucking strongly.

The sharp cry echoed, melted into a moan, hand shaking in his hand. Adam's blood filled his mouth, warmed him, made him want more, so much more. He forced himself to stop, to let his tongue and lips continue their journey up the length of Adam's arm.

He could feel it, smell it, Adam's need pouring from him.

He nosed into Adam's armpit, licking and tasting before moving on to bite into one nipple, the blood here sweeter, the flow slightly stronger.

"Fuck. Fuck, Ron." Adam pulled away, eyes rolling as he panted.

He chuckled. "We're getting to that, Adam."

Adam chuckled, drawing him up for a kiss, eyes dancing. "Thanks for reminding me."

He pushed his tongue into Adam's mouth, loving the way the flavor there echoed the taste of Adam's blood. Adam kissed right back, pushing into him, tongue flicking and tasting him. He rubbed against Adam's body, cock sliding along Adam's, so hot, tip leaking wetly.

"Need..." Adam was burning, bucking against him, the need between them simply addictive.

Slicking up his fingers, he spread Adam's legs with his knees, searched for the heated little hole beyond Adam's balls.

"Mmm..." Oh, Adam was virginally tight, squeezing his fingers, but eager, ready, wanton.

He licked at Adam's lips, unable to keep from nipping the soft flesh and taking more of Adam's sweet blood into him. Adam groaned, opening to him, just purring. He sucked on Adam's lip, fingers moving inside that tightness, that heat. Adam was something else, so sensual. It had been so long since he'd felt genuine need and want from someone.

It was a heady thing, Adam moving beneath him, meeting each motion of his fingers with a deep cry. He needed, needed to be buried inside Adam, to push his fluids into Adam even as he pulled fluids from him. He let his fingers slide free and settled with his cock against Adam's entrance.

"Hot..." Adam gasped, throat bared, veins pulsing.

"So hot." He pushed in, moaning at the way Adam's body wrapped around his cock.

And, bending, he scented along Adam's neck, moaning. His name was groaned, whispered, the word vibrating in Adam's throat. His mouth opened on Adam's skin, feeling that heart beat pulse beneath his lips.

He started to thrust, moving into Adam in time with that pulse, holding back, letting his anticipation build. They rocked together, heat flaring, so hot, so fine.

He wrapped a hand around Adam's prick, tugging in time with his thrusts as his teeth sank into Adam's throat. Sweet, hot blood flooded into his mouth. Adam went stiff, a sharp surprised cry sounding.

He kept moving into Adam, kept pulling on that long prick, sucking strongly on Adam's neck. It may have taken heartbeats, it may have taken no time before Adam was moving again, caught in his web.

He moved and sucked, heat surrounding him, filling him, pushing him over the edge. Adam's body went tight, squeezing him, milking him.

"Yes!" He shot deep, hand squeezing Adam's prick as colors exploded, the blood in his mouth sharp, necessary.

Adam went quiet and still beneath him, moaning softly, lips parted. He licked at the wound in Adam's neck until it closed. Then he curled up with the man and proceeded to nuzzle and lick, just high on the sex and blood.

Adam blinked slowly. "You... I... Damn."

"You were amazing, sweet Adam."

"You want to stay a while? Spend the night?"

"That depends, Adam. Will you taste me as I have tasted you?" He could not take more blood without replenishing Adam and he could not stay without taking more. Now that he had the taste in his mouth, he was eager for it, the hunger urging him even now to open up another vein.

"I..." Adam blinked over at him. "It won't make me sick?"

"Vampirism is not a sickness, Adam."

"But vampirism isn't real..." Adam moved closer, tongue sliding on his throat, hot and wet.

"Felt pretty real a moment ago, didn't it?" He tilted his head back for Adam as his own finger slid along Adam's neck. He could see them suddenly, in his mind, feeding from each other through the ages, needing no other for years on end.

"I... I don't want to hurt you." Adam whimpered, groaned.

"Did I hurt you, Adam?"

"Hurt? No. No, it... stung, ached." The cheeks heated against his throat. "Made me come."

He purred, fingers moving on Adam's skin. "Yes. I noticed that."

"How did you do it, without tearing me?"

"I have very sharp teeth, would you like to see?" The seduction was half the fun.

He got another curious look, Adam nodding. "I would."

He licked his lips and then his teeth, opened his mouth for Adam.

Adam frowned, reached out, touched his teeth. "Did you have them done?"

He chuckled, nipping the tip of Adam's finger and then bringing it into his mouth, sucking on it as he met Adam's eyes. Adam groaned, eyes wide, hungry, staring at him.

He slowly, so very slowly let Adam's finger slide from his mouth. "I could open a vein for you."

"A vein? But you'll bleed badly..." So sweet. So innocent. It was intoxicating.

"Just a nick then? A few drops..."

"I... A few drops. I... Okay. A few drops." Those beautiful eyes were heated, fine.

"I was hoping you'd say yes." He wrapped one hand around Adam's cock, tugging firmly. "It's better if you're aroused."

"A...aroused? Ron, I... Man, it'll fall off."

He laughed. "So sweet."

He bent and licked at the tip of Adam's cock, took it into his mouth and began to suck.

"Oh..." Adam purred, moving and shifting slowly.

Adam tasted so good. Already it was a flavor he was addicted to, that he didn't want to be without. He tugged harder, not stopping until Adam's cock was hard and full in his mouth. Adam undulated, hips fucking his mouth, sweet as honey.

He pulled off long enough to break the skin on his wrist, holding it out to Adam, watching Adam's face as he took the hard cock back into his mouth.

Adam reached for him, hands shaking. The touch of hot tongue against his wrist burned, maddened him. He cried out, sucking hard on Adam's cock, teeth dragging enough to break the skin and complete the circle between them.

Adam's lips wrapped around his wrist, suction increasing. Yes. Yes, it made him hard, made pleasure shoot through his body. He swallowed around the tip of Adam's cock, humping against the bedsheets.

Adam groaned, the adrenaline making everything heated, sharp, almost painful. He slid his free hand between Adam's legs, touching the heated, swollen hole. That earned him a grunt, a shudder, teeth scraping on his skin. Oh, yes. Adam was a natural, already wanting more.

Adam's tongue pressed into the wound, sensations zinging through him. Oh. Oh, how long since he'd felt this?

He came off Adam's cock, surging up to bite into Adam's neck again, sucking the blood into him. Adam's teeth sank into his skin, responding instinctively.

Crying out, he ripped his wrist from Adam's mouth and opened the vein before returning it to Adam's mouth.

The low cry was muffled, Adam drinking from him, pulling at him.

He managed to push Adam's legs open again without losing his own grip on Adam's throat. Still drinking, exchanging blood with Adam, he pushed into that still slick heat. Passion just flared between them, burning, sparking, both of them feral.

As hard as he pushed into Adam's body, as hard as he sucked and thrust, Adam met him, body pushing up, mouth taking and taking. Adam's body gripped his cock, squeezing tight, the scent of spunk strong.

He was lost in the sensations, the tastes and cried out, filling Adam with his essence, ass and mouth both pulling him in. Adam slumped beneath him, groaning, lips stained with blood.

He licked at the wound on Adam's neck until the blood stopped flowing and then he licked away the blood from Adam's mouth before sealing their lips in a deep kiss. Adam opened, tongue sliding along his, so lazy.

He purred into the kiss. "I'm inside you now and you're inside me."

"Mmm... sounds so sexy..."

"It is sexy." He smiled down at Adam. "It made you come, didn't it?"

"Mmm... over and over and over..." Adam's eyes were shining, staring.

He traced Adam's lips with his tongue. "And that's just the beginning. Eventually your stamina will be as great as my own."

Adam moaned, chasing his tongue. "Stay the night?"

"Yes." He'd stay the night and see how Adam felt in the light of day.

Adam curled close, cuddling right in, warm and mostly asleep.

He wasn't a sentimental man, but he stayed awake nonetheless, watching Adam until dawn lightened the sky.

Cold.

Christ, he was cold.

He had been for three days -- cold and shivering and aching in his bones, huddled under the covers. Served him right, playing kinky fucking games with a stranger.

Adam twisted, shivering, aching, body burning.

He'd tried chicken soup, hot tea, applesauce -- nothing seemed to settle his stomach, ease his hunger.

He probably had some dread disease, some weird thing and it was all his own damned fault for being curious.

Damn it.

There was a knock on the door, loud and insistent.

"Go 'way. I don't want any." He pulled more blankets over him, moaning low. He didn't know who kept knocking, but they had been for days. Assholes.

This time the knocking wasn't stopping. In fact, it was getting louder.

He crawled out of bed, swaying, groaning, heading for the door and wrenching it open. He was naked, but for the old quilt around him. "I said I don't WANT any."

Ron stood there, lounging in the doorway. "Are you sure about that, Adam?"

"What... what do you want? I'm sick. I can't talk. I'm sick." He was and his heart was just pounding.

"I'm here to help you, Adam. Let me in."

"Help me? Did you make me sick?" He slumped against the door, breathing hard.

"You're not sick, Adam. It's the change. I can help you. Make it easier." Ron pushed gently at him.

"Change?" He stumbled back, almost falling. "What change?"

Ron's arm went around his waist, and he was pulled into the lean body, supported. "You are becoming."

"Becoming?" He almost sobbed. Ron was so warm and he was freezing.

"Yes. You drank my blood, Adam, I drank yours. We formed a circle, were one for some time and you are becoming like me."

Ron led him back to his bed, pulled him down onto it, into warm arms.

"Ron, I'm sick. I really am." The man's insistence about the whole vampire thing? Beginning to creep him right the fuck out.

"You aren't sick, Adam. Not in the conventional sense. Just lie with me, Adam. You're cold, aren't you? Let me warm you."

He nodded, curled in, drinking the heat up. His eyes closed, humming low at the scent of Ron.

"You should have let me in two nights ago," murmured Ron, fingers sliding on this skin, leaving burning trails behind them.

"I was sick." Oh. Warm. Hot. Good. More.

"But you could have had this sooner." Ron pulled him closer to that heat.

"Mmm..." He nodded, not even sure what he was agreeing to.

Ron continued to touch him with one hand, the other pulling off Ron's clothes. The scent of Ron was heady, made him shift and relax, the pains within him easing.

Ron purred, the sound vibrating within him. "That's it, Adam. You know me, you need me."

"I..." He didn't need Ron, he just... They were warm together.

Then Ron was as naked as he was, pulling him closer, all heat and the most amazing smells.

Adam just curled in, pulled the blankets around them. "Never leaving this bed again."

"Oh, now there's an idea. We could sustain each other for years." Nothing Ron said made sense. Nothing.

It was maddening.

"I have something for you, Adam. Will you take it?"

"Hmmm? What?" He lifted his face, trying open his eyes.

Ron's wrist was suddenly pressed to his lips, blood pouring from it, hot, metallic.

He cried out, tried to pull away. No. No, it made him sick. It was...

The first splashes hit his tongue, his throat and he arched, need sharp as fire on his skin.

"That's it, Adam. Take what you need. *Take* it, it's yours."

The words echoed through him, made him buck and groan. Made him wrap his fingers around Ron's wrist and pull it closer so he could drink. Ron moaned, rolled him beneath the lean body, knees spreading his legs.

All he knew was heat, need, pure hunger finally fulfilled, finally eased. Heat pushed into his body, blood in his mouth, Ron's cock in his ass, both hot, insistent, inexorable.

Oh. Oh, fuck. Yes. Good. Life. Love. Heat. Please. The words buzzed through his mind, quicksilver and immediate.

Ron surged into him again and again, like the blood that flowed into his mouth, into his belly. Everything within him was awake, alive, so sharp. He could smell Ron, the sharp tang of Ron's blood, the scent of his musk, his sweat, so good.

His orgasm hit him suddenly, took him by complete surprise. He screamed against the flesh in his mouth.

"Yes! Adam! Mine!" Ron's teeth sinking into his neck was also a surprise, but at the same time it was perfect.

The world seemed to fade out, go grey and soft around the edges.

"Keep drinking," Ron insisted and soon the grey became tinged with red, bright and sharp and deep.

He met Ron's eyes, heart beating furiously, desperately.

"Can you feel it, Adam? Feel yourself becoming?"

"I... What are you doing to me?" He should be frightened. He should be terrified.

"Making you my equal."

"Equal?" He started moving again, fucking himself like a whore on Ron's cock.

Ron's eyes went dark. "Perhaps even more than my equal."

He groaned, heels digging into the mattress. "Don't stop."

"Oh, Adam. I'm not stopping." Ron thrust hard into him. "Not stopping."

"Oh..." He was still hard, still aching, needing.

"I can't believe you made me wait three days. So strong, Adam."

"Wasn't well..." He was fine now though, better than fine. Flying. Soaring.

"You needed me." Every thrust sent him higher.

"Yes." He nodded, sobbed, balls aching. "You."

Ron purred, growled, pushing into him harder than ever, making his whole body rock.

Adam shot, entire soul seeming to pour out of him, wave after wave of pleasure.

Ron slid out of him and moved down his body, tongue dragging along his skin, cleaning him of sweat, of come.

"Mmm... So good..." He twisted, lips open, nerves alight.

"Yes. Yes, can you imagine? It's going to be wonderful. Such heat and passion night after night."

"Night after night..." His mind was sort of fuzzy and sharp all at once, making him confused.

"Yes. Forever." Ron moaned, mouth wrapping around his hip, sucking.

"Oh, I feel you..." His stomach went tight, eyes closed.

"Your senses are sharper now. Sight, smell, hearing, touch... taste."

"I... This can't be real..." There was no way. No way at all.

"It's a lot to take in," Ron said, nodding, mouth working slowly over his skin.

"Mm..." His legs spread, fingers tangled in the long, beautiful hair.

Ron chuckled. "You want something, Adam?"

"I... Just enjoying it. Felt so bad. So cold."

Ron nodded, cheeks brushing against the inside of his thighs. "You needed to feed. You need to feed the hunger."

"I ate. Nothing stayed down." He spread wider, the smooth heat addictive.

"No, you don't need to eat. You need to *feed*." Ron's teeth scraped over his skin and were chased by that hot tongue.

"Feed." His shoulders left the mattress, one hand working his nipples, tugging and twisting.

"As you wish," murmured Ron, teeth sinking into his thigh.

"Yes!" The burn poured through him, but his hands didn't push Ron's head away, just pulled it closer.

Ron's mouth sucked at his thigh, pulled his blood in, drank him down, *fed* from him. He didn't bother to understand it, all thought lost, sensation the only thing he knew. It went on and on, Ron taking in his blood, pulling it from him, making him weak and dizzy and making him fly all over again. He relaxed back into the pillows, the buzz and burn enough to simply make him ache, make him float.

When Ron stopped sucking, his tongue was like a balm against the bite, hot and smooth, sliding on Adam's skin, lapping at the blood until the flow stopped. Adam just shivered, sliding on the sheets and humming low. The horrible cold was gone, his heart quiet.

Ron kissed his way back up, moving slowly. One kiss would barely touch him, the next would have teeth, not quite breaking his skin. The kisses were exactly what he needed, keeping him from thinking, from wondering, from trying to figure things out. Ron's tongue slid into his navel, licking and teasing. The next touch was to his right nipple, the bite hard and sharp, the sucking that followed, drawing his flesh into a tight little point.

"Ron!" He'd never really thought they were sensitive, not really, but now? Oh. Sweet. Lord.

Ron stopped to grin up at him, eyes wild and bright. "Feels good, doesn't it?"

"Yes. Fuck, yes. What is happening to me?" His nipple was throbbing, aching.

"I told you," murmured Ron, licking at his nipple a couple times before moving to the other one. "You are becoming."

His nipple peaked, pointed as if trying to reach for Ron's tongue, lips. Teeth.

"Mmm... wanton." Ron bit, breaking the skin this time, but instead of sucking, Ron lapped lazily at the drops that slowly welled up from the bite.

"I..." His eyes closed, hips rocking slowly, the pleasure creeping up on him again.

Purring, Ron nuzzled into his neck, licked the marks and puncture wounds, making them just throb. It was only fair to reach up, stroke the long, beautiful hair, make Ron feel as good and warm and easy as he did. Adam hummed, rocking against Ron nice and slow, rubbing them together.

"I knew you'd be like this." Ron's mouth slid over his, the touches, gentle, almost not there.

"You did?" He nuzzled the corner of Ron's mouth, slid his nose along the smooth cheek.

"Yes. I could smell the sensuality on you." Ron turned and brought their mouths together, the kiss deeper this time, but brief.

"You just feel so good." He nipped Ron's bottom lip, playing.

"So do you. It's been a long time since anything felt *this* good."

He chuckled, blushed. He wasn't usually considered a great lover. Felt good, that Ron enjoyed him. Ron moaned, licked his cheek. "Oh, now you're teasing me."

"Teasing?" He nuzzled in, confused by Ron's words and distracted by the way the small of Ron's back felt under his fingers.

"The blush -- all that blood just beneath the surface. I can feel it, I can smell it." Ron purred, moving into his touches, back arching. "I can almost hear it, rushing through your veins."

"So beautiful..." Ron was addictive, so gorgeous.

"Can you smell my blood, Adam? Does it make you hunger?"

"I..." No. No, of course not. He didn't. It wasn't safe. It... He pushed closer, wanting inside Ron's skin.

Ron rolled them suddenly, putting him on top and grinning up at him. "I think it does."

He cuddled down, rocking down against that heated skin. "Hmm?"

Ron's head tilted back, exposing the long neck. "I think you want, Adam."

Oh. So fine. So...

Oh.

He moaned, leaned in to lick, shuddering at the flavor, the odd ache in his belly returning.

"Take what you need, Adam. I need it, too." Ron's body was moving beneath his, undulating, and the pulse in Ron's neck throbbed beneath his tongue.

"I don't want to hurt you." No. He didn't. He wanted to bite and suck and bury himself in Ron's body and join them.

"Did it hurt when I bit you, Adam? Did it hurt when I drew your life's blood into me? Do what you *want*, do what your instincts are screaming at you to do, Adam. I'm yours."

"Mine..." He ran one hand down Ron's body, the heat perfect. His eyes closed, blood filling his mouth as his teeth sank into Ron's throat.

Ron bucked beneath him, a cry of pure bliss filling the air. He spread Ron's legs, the man moving under him like they were meant for this, born for it. Ron's hands were on his ass, encouraging him, guiding him as Ron tilted his hips, offering, giving him exactly what he needed.

It sent him soaring -- the mixture of heat and pressure and pleasure.

Ron moaned and writhed beneath him. "Yes! That's it. Don't stop. Don't stop."

No. No, he wouldn't. He couldn't. Ron's hands stayed on his ass, fingers digging in as Ron controlled his thrusts, their speed, their strength. And all the time Ron's blood pushed into his mouth as if eager to be inside him. His vision went red; his soul seeming to burn. Ron. His. Theirs.

Ron moaned and whimpered, meeting each thrust, melding with him.

"Mmmm..." He pushed harder, eyes rolling.

Ron suddenly grabbed his arm, bringing his wrist to that hot mouth and then Ron was biting him, sucking at his blood and completing the circle. He felt his orgasm throughout his entire body, sharp and perfect. He could feel Ron's, too, could feel them joined together, tumbling one over the other, one into the other.

The world faded, the universe quiet and simple, all heat and peace.

Ron lay beneath Adam, just floating on the sensations they'd created together, on the way they fit so perfectly. It was a rare thing, to find someone you wanted to turn, someone you wanted to spend the rest of your days with. He'd turned others before, but always they'd been playthings, diversions. This wasn't.

He was one of the lucky ones.

Now he just had to convince Adam that so was he.

He'd wait though, until Adam had questions. Ron guessed it wouldn't be long -- Adam was a smart one, as well as handsome, arousing, delicious. He could feel Adam's heart beating against his chest, both of their heartbeats in sync, matched. It was nice, right.

Adam's breath tickled his throat, his collarbone.

He purred. Oh, yes, definitely right, surely more than nice, but any word would be inadequate for what was between them, within them. He slid his hand along Adam's spine. Adam purred, pressed down harder, rubbing against him.

"You feel good," he murmured, fingers finding Adam's crease, moving along it.

"I do. I should probably do dishes, shower, move." Adam didn't shift an inch.

Ron chuckled. "That all sounds so mundane, so boring. Let's stay where we are instead."

"Mmm... Okay." Adam licked his collarbone, lips so soft, so warm.

He couldn't help moaning, head tilting back again, his blood singing through his veins as if trying to get Adam's attention.

"So pretty." Adam touched and nibbled, licked and cuddled, sensual and heated against him.

"Yours," he whispered. He'd never had anyone that he felt he belonged to before. It was heady and made him hot, made him shiver.

"What does that mean, Ron?" The hot kisses moved down, tongue sliding on his skin.

"That no one else makes me feel as you do, that I pledge myself to you until the end of time."

"End..." Those eyes, bright and hot, blinked up at him. "You and I don't know each other, yet. I don't even know what you do for a living, where you live, whether you like music..."

"We have as much time as we need to learn all that. Can't you feel the primal, base connection between us?" The rest was just details. He wasn't sure that Adam even knew he was nodding. It made him purr, that tangible proof that Adam felt it as well.

"Mmmm... Like that sound." Adam stretched up, bit his earlobe.

A shiver went through him at the bite and he growled a little, in approval. "Yeah?"

"Yeah." Another soft moan, another gentle bite -- Adam felt so good.

"You're a natural," he murmured, beginning to move beneath Adam, gentle, soft undulations.

"Just doing what feels good." Adam rubbed back, hands exploring him, petting him.

"And it feels *so* good." He purred again, pushing into Adam's hands, his own exploring as well.

"Yes." Adam leaned to kiss him, the caress slow and deep, so good.

He pulled Adam's tongue into his mouth, sucking on it gently. Adam's cock leapt, started to fill against him. He hummed around Adam's tongue rubbing up against the hot body. Those eyes shone at him, heated, happy. Oh yes, this was what he'd wanted, needed. What he'd craved and searched for in all those bars with those silly children playing at being something they weren't.

He sucked harder, fingers teasing Adam's hot little hole. The tiny ring of muscles tensed, shifted under his fingers. He tapped it lightly, working Adam's tongue in his mouth, moving beneath Adam's body. Adam's eyes rolled, hips bucking, rolling against him. He let his teeth nick Adam's tongue and sucked strongly, mouth filling with the delicious flavor of Adam's blood. Adam's eyes flared, a soft groan sounding, fingers digging into his flesh. Whimpering, he pulled harder, nearly bucking up into Adam, the taste of copper making him wild.

Adam groaned low, pulled away. "Fuck. Fuck, we're going to make each other sick."

"No, Adam. We make each other strong -- haven't you figured it out yet?" Poor man just didn't believe.

He would.

"You don't make sense. How can we..."

"Don't think, Adam, feel. Listen to your body. You were sick and cold and then I came and now you're not." He rubbed circles along Adam's ass.

"It shouldn't work this way..." Adam nuzzled, moving against him.

"Why not?"

"Because it's not how things *work*. Biology, you know?"

"We're an exception." He smiled up at Adam, waiting for the questions, knowing that clever brain was working things out.

"How? Why? What happened?"

"Well, I am a vampire and I fed from you. I fed enough that you would either feed on me in return or die. I'm glad you fed."

"But vampires aren't real, Ron." Black eyebrows lowered, the look beginning to be worried.

"I feel pretty real, don't I?"

"Well, yes, but..."

"But what, Adam? What proofs do you need?"

Adam sighed, moved away to sit on the edge of the bed, hand pushing through the short hair. "I should go see my doctor. Have some tests done."

Ron leaned up on his elbow, hand settling on Adam's thigh. "He'll only tell you you're in perfect health with a slightly elevated iron count."

"Vampirism is a fetish. A game. I did my research. There's different psychological disorders, but..." Those eyes met his. "It's not a disease, Ron."

"I never said it was a disease. And certainly 99% of the vampires out there are just playacting. And I assure you, I don't have a psychological disorder." He might have sounded huffy, but he did not appreciate being called crazy. "I can assure you that you and I? Are the real thing."

"I..." Adam reached out, fingers in his hair. "I don't... This is..."

He nuzzled into the touch. "This is what, dear Adam? It's a once in a lifetime chance, is what it is. You're welcome."

"I think I need a shower or a stiff drink or something."

"How about both? It's a lot to take in all at once, I'll admit." He turned his head to kiss Adam's palm. "May I join you?"

"Mmm..." Those fingers curled around his cheeks, stroking gently, caressing.

He nuzzled. "What do you want right this moment? Don't think about it, just say it."

"You. I want to get clean and warm and soapy with you."

He purred and pushed up close to Adam again. "Then lets not worry about anything else and just go with that."

They had all the time in the world for Adam to accept becoming.

Adam nodded, leaned in for a soft, slow kiss. "Yeah. Yeah, okay."

He nodded and stood, pulling Adam up with him, against him. "Yes."

Adam's body knew him, knew what it needed, the man cuddling close, almost purring. He took a hold of Adam's ass and lifted him, began to carry him out.

"Mmm... so strong." Heated lips pressed against the join of neck and shoulder, sucking.

He shuddered. "Goes with the territory." He squeezed Adam's ass, head tilting. Adam moaned, legs wrapping around his waist, squeezing.

"Let me get us to the shower before you bite," he warned.

"Didn't say I was going to bite..." Those teeth, sharper now than when he came in, scraped across his skin.

"No, you didn't." But Adam would. The urge was in him now, Ron could feel it calling to him, singing for him.

The bathroom was decorated in bright blues and yellows, the shower huge, the bathtub sacrificed for a tiled seat. He'd only had a brief look the last time he'd been here, but seeing it now made him purr. His Adam was a sensualist, a hedonist. He'd chosen well. The frosted glass door opened easily, the hot water sprinkling down, filling the space with steam. He purred as he stepped into the heat of the shower and pushed Adam up against the wall, pressing the warm body between himself and the tile. Adam groaned, teeth threatening, teasing his skin.

"Fuck. It's good, Adam. Go for it."

"You'll get anemic." Adam wanted him; he could smell it.

He chuckled, his cock responding to the need on Adam. "No, I won't -- I'll just take it back from you."

Adam's tongue burned against his skin, so hungry, so wanton.

"You make me so hard, Adam. With your scent, your touch, the promise in you." He started to move, pushing their cocks together.

"Ron..." The sound of his name vibrated through him, made him shiver.

"Yes, Adam?" He purred over his lover's name.

He felt Adam's muscles ripple. "You... you're like no one else. Ever."

He purred even harder at that. "No, I'm not. I'm so glad you noticed."

Adam's face lifted, mouth offered for a kiss, the swollen lips a huge temptation. He took Adam's lower lip into his mouth, sucking on it, letting his teeth graze the tender inside, threatening. Adam arched, rocking into him, against him. He tugged and sucked, wanting to bite so badly, but needing Adam to go first again, to give into it. Adam's blood rushed, right beneath the surface, the man's hunger immense.

"What do you want?" he asked.

Adam blushed, pushed against him. "You. I... I'm hungry..."

"Take what you need, Adam. *Take* it." He rubbed their cocks together harder and tilted his head back, giving Adam access to his easiest vein.

Adam whimpered, panting. "Oh. Oh, fuck. Ron. I... I can *smell* you."

He groaned. He knew. Fuck, how he knew. "How do I smell? Does it make you want me?"

"Hot. Rich. Like... home." Those blue eyes burned for him.

"Yes. Follow your instincts, Adam. Come home."

The low cry echoed, Adam's teeth sinking into his throat, piercing deep. He jerked, the bite hot and sharp, and just what he wanted, needed. The pulls of that hungry mouth could be felt all the way to his balls. It made him move faster, harder, as he pushed against Adam's body. Adam grunted, rocking, cock hotter than the water. He knew Adam's blood would be hotter than the water, too, could feel it.

And he wanted, wanted badly.

Adam lifted his head, lips glistening, parted, wet with him. Groaning, he licked his own blood from Adam's lips and then bit into the lower one, pulling Adam's blood into himself. Adam arched, grunting, fingers tangling in his hair.

Moving wildly, he sucked and sucked, each rush of blood into his mouth sending him higher, making him fly. Low, husky sounds pushed into his mouth, Adam shaking, moaning. He stopped sucking long enough to groan out "come" and then went back to it, moaning, sucking, humping.

Heat sprayed against his belly, his hip, the scent rich and almost as good as Adam's blood.

Almost.

It made the pleasure move through him, sharp as any bite and he cried out, adding his own scent to the mix. Adam leaned into him, resting, heart pounding. He leaned back, pressing Adam up against the wall, feeling just fine. Every time they fed together, the threads that tied them to one another grew tighter; he could feel it as surely as he could still taste Adam's blood in his mouth.

"Feels good." He got a soft, slow kiss.

"There's nothing like it." He licked at Adam's mouth, finding a drop of blood, his own he thought though he couldn't be a hundred percent sure, they were already melding.

"I don't understand any of this, Ron." Adam watched him, purring softly.

"It feels good, though, you're enjoying yourself. Your body. My body. The rest is just details and like I keep saying, you've all the time in the world to get used to it, to understand it."

Adam nodded, fingers stroking his chest. "Where do you work?"

"Work? Oh, I've been around long enough I don't need to do that anymore. I... dabble."

"Dabble? As in stock market? Art?"

"Yes." He chuckled and shrugged. "As in anything that takes my fancy."

"Oh." Adam shifted, snuggled. "I need to get back to work. I have articles due."

"You like what you do? Enjoy it? Because you don't have to anymore, you know." He would love to spend a few decades getting to know everything about Adam without 'work' interfering.

"I have to pay my house payment, Ron." Adam kissed his nose. "Whether or not I'm doing whatever I'm doing."

"I have some money..." Not that he expected Adam to go for that. Yet.

Adam chuckled. "No. I can work. Where do you live?"

"Well, I was hoping..." He could of course keep staying at the Bronze Arms. It was clean, warm and close to the haunts where the pretenders shared their blood without really knowing what it meant, what it could mean. But if he had a choice, he wouldn't leave Adam.

"Hoping?" Adam tilted his head, frowning. "Do you not have a place? Do you need a room?"

"Well, I'm hardly living out of my car, but hotel rooms are so impersonal and if you were to share your bed, well..." he grinned. "Less time wasted traveling from one place to the other, time we could be feeding, making love, you know, all that good stuff."

"You... I have room. Not much, but you seem to fit..."

He purred, rubbing them together again. "I do seem to fit, don't I?"

"Mm-hmm... You do."

Ron let Adam down and turned him against the tile, snuggling up against his back, his ass. "Shall we remind ourselves just how well I fit?"

"Oh... Are you always hard, ready?" Adam pressed back against him, moaned.

"I am around you." He rubbed his cock against Adam's crack, pushing whenever he passed the tight little hole. "A quick recovery time is one of the many advantages of becoming." He slid his hand around Adam's hip and found the long prick, tugging it quickly to hardness. "You see?"

"Mmmm... I see..." Adam's head rolled. Nuzzling Adam's neck, he pushed just the head of his cock into the tight heat.

"Oh. More. Oh." Adam arched, hips bucking, demanding more.

"Greedy. I like that." He pushed his cock in the rest of the way, moaning as Adam's body closed tightly around him.

"You make me. Want more and more..."

"Yes. When you have become and it is right... the need feeds off itself."

He started to thrust, resting his forehead against Adam's shoulder, skin sensitive to each drop of hot water that fell, each breath he and Adam took. Adam stretched, hands sliding up along the tile. Mmm... a lean, pretty offering. Just what he needed. He slid his own hands along Adam's skin, touching the heated flesh as his hips worked his cock deeper with each thrust.

"Yes..." Adam moved on him, rocking, sliding nice and easy.

He pushed his thumb against Adam's spine, one bump after the other, feeling the way it moved as Adam did. Each small movement, sensation, became huge and all-encompassing. There was nothing outside of the shower, nothing but warmth and steam and hot water, bodies, cocks and asses and skin and bone and blood.

Blood.

He could feel Adam's blood calling to him, hear it. His own called just as hard for Adam, and he wanted Adam's teeth and lips on him as much as he wanted to bite Adam. Adam's head fell forward, ass squeezing him, clenching around him. Whimpering, he held off on biting, on offering his own wrist to Adam's teeth. The longer they waited, the more the anticipation and need built, sending them higher and higher.

Finally, he could wait no longer, his body ached with need, with want and he pushed his wrist against Adam's mouth, his own teeth sinking into Adam's neck. Adam's cry was muffled by his wrist, the pierce of sharp-sharp teeth luscious. He could feel his own blood flowing into Adam's mouth, sucked out by the tightly wrapping lips. His own mouth was filled with the hot, sharp tang of Adam's blood, the taste already as familiar as his own breath, and oh, so necessary.

He kept pumping into Adam, using their merged heartbeats as his metronome. They were joined, blood-deep, mingling one into the other.

If he could have stayed in this moment forever, he would have, but that was not one of the gifts becoming offered and all too soon he was crying out, pumping heat into Adam's ass as surely as their blood pumped into each other's mouths.

Adam whimpered, leaning against him, entire body shuddering. "Ron."

"Yes, my Adam." He let his cock slip from Adam's body and turned to rest against the wall, pulling Adam into his arms. He was breathless and felt light and airy from their pleasure, from their sharing. Adam nuzzled in, humming low, holding on.

Ron couldn't help but grin. It was all working out beautifully.

Adam hurried in from the driveway, grocery bags in his hands, the winter sun stinging his neck, his cheeks. This whole thing was getting out of hand. Ron had been living with him for almost two months and this morning before he'd headed out for a meeting with an editor? He'd realized he didn't have any fruit, vegetables.

All his cereal was old.

And the milk?

Christ. He didn't know milk could *do* that.

So he'd spent the day out -- meetings and grocery shopping and Christmas shopping and such and now? He was exhausted and he thought he might have a rash.

Ron met him at the door, dragging him in and closing the door behind him. He realized for the first time that Ron had the habit of closing the drapes during the day and he'd done nothing to stop it. Hard, hot lips covered his own before he could take a breath, Ron's kiss hard and needy, hungry. He thought for a half-second about protesting before his body took what his body needed, opening to Ron's kiss.

"You were gone so long," Ron murmured between kisses, hands sliding greedily over him, pushing away his sweater and tugging at his pants.

"Just the day. Had to work. Get groceries." He pushed into the touches, cock filling.

"So long," Ron insisted, mouth leaving his and moving across his face, down along his neck. Ron lingered there, nose and lips pressing against the bruises and scars that were scattered there. He panted, eyes rolled. Ron made him need. So badly.

Ron's fingers scrabbled at his shirt, finally tearing it from him and baring him to the questing warmth, the scratch of fingernails. His nipples went tight, almost calling for Ron's touch. Those fingers heard the call, sliding to his chest and plucking at the tight nubs, tugging on them, pinching them. "I want you."

"Mmm... yes. More. Want." The bags in his hands fell to the ground with a clatter.

His back hit the door with a thud, Ron pushing hard against him, mouth on his again, hard and insistent. They rubbed together, Adam meeting Ron's strength, Ron's need. Ron worked to get them both naked, tearing and pulling and shoving down until their hard cocks rubbed together. He reached down, wrapped his fingers around their shafts, tugging hard.

"Yes. Harder." Ron nodded and pinched at his nipples again, mouth moving over his neck, the heat of his breath maddening.

Oh. Good. Hot. Yes. He squeezed them together harder, stroking them off. He could feel Ron holding back, knew his lover was waiting as long as possible to bite. It was a game Ron liked to play, a tease for both of them.

He used his thumb, rubbing and pushing them higher and higher. The sound that came from Ron was half whimper, half roar and full of need. Those wonderful, sharp teeth sank into his neck and he could feel his blood rushing into Ron's mouth. He sobbed, eyes rolling entire world going red. Ron's heat splashed over his fingers, the hard prick throbbing in his hand. His own heat sprayed, hips jerking as he came.

Ron brought his hand up and lapped at their combined juices, moaning, eyes hot as they watched

him. Shivers made him blush, made him push closer with a low cry. Ron purred and wrapped an arm around him. "Come to bed."

"The milk will spoil..." He nodded though, didn't he?

"Let it spoil. It doesn't go with blood anyway." Ron winked at him and tugged him along as he tripped over one of the grocery bags.

"We're going to starve..."

"We haven't yet."

He knew. He wasn't sure how it worked, but he knew.

Ron pulled him into the bedroom and down onto the bed, on top of that hot, lean body. He leaned down, nuzzling and licking that delicious skin. He was addicted. That was the only answer. Ron arched for him, offering him everything, the long fingers slid over him, exploring slowly.

"Feels so good. So damned good."

Ron nodded. "Yes. You do. Taste good, too." That neck was offered to him, as bite-marked and bruised as his own.

"Tempter." He leaned down, lips tracing the long vein.

Ron shuddered and pushed up against him. "Tease."

"Not." He licked, touching just with the tip of his tongue.

Ron groaned, heart just beating beneath his tongue. "Are."

"Nope." He hummed, pressing his tongue harder against Ron's skin.

Ron's fingers slid down and dug into his ass. "Adam..."

"Hmm?" He wondered how far he could push.

"No teasing," growled Ron, nails digging into his ass.

"Make me stop." He growled back.

Ron looked surprised, and then pleased, and he chuckled and broke the skin on his own wrist, holding it between them.

"That's cheating." Oh, fuck. He could *smell* Ron. Right there.

"No such thing as cheating, Adam." Ron licked at his own wrist and then held it out to him again.

He groaned, tongue catching a single drop. "Oh..."

Ron shuddered. "Adam... please."

"Yes..." He bit, sucking hard, addicted to the flavor, the heat, the need.

Ron moaned beneath him, body starting to undulate, to push against him. The pleasure rushed through him, hot and perfect, Ron singing through his veins.

"Yes. Yes." Ron's hips pushed in time to his sucking, sliding them together.

He looked up, meeting Ron's eyes. Their hearts beat together, strong and steady, the rhythm ringing in their ears. This was growing more and more familiar, more necessary every day. Ron purred, the sound vibrating between them.

He licked the wound, the skin, cleaning. "Love."

Ron purred, fingers of his free hand sliding on Adam, the touches hard and sure. "Yes."

He licked and nuzzled, the scent and feel of Ron addictive.

"You're still teasing," Ron accused, pushing the bleeding wrist hard against his mouth.

"Am..." The liquid filled his lips again and his eyes rolled. Need. Love. Life.

"Yes. Are." Ron nodded and bucked hard against him before the long legs spread open, offering.

It took only a thought to tilt those hips, line his cock up and push into perfection. Ron cried out, hips snapping up to meet his thrust.

"Adam. Yes."

Oh, his lover. His own. Adam pushed deep, eyes closing, focusing only on sensation. He could hear Ron's purrs and moans, could smell blood and want and come mixing, twining together and making him even harder.

It didn't take him long to climax, the heat and pleasure simply too much to bear.

"I want inside you," murmured Ron, rolling them as soon as he'd come and spread his legs with insistent knees.

"You are. I can taste you."

Ron purred, cock spreading him, pushing into him. "That, too."

He arched, riding it, panting.

"Mine," growled Ron. "The boring old world can't have you back."

He reached up, stroking Ron's hair. The motion shifted him, sent Ron's cock past his gland. Ron knew it, too, pushing harder into him and nuzzling against his touch. His cock started to fill again, slowly becoming heavy, filled with blood. Bending, Ron licked at his neck and then bit, sucking as one hand wrapped around his cock and encouraged it.

"Oh..." The sun disappeared, leaving them in the darkness, Ron's mouth at his throat.

Ron's purr was his answer, hand and mouth tightening, both pulling together as Ron's cock speared him again and again.

"Love you." He did, logical or not. Had for weeks now.

Ron nodded, but didn't stop, just kept pulling and sucking and fucking and somehow he knew that Ron felt the same way. The room spun, heat welling up inside him, undeniable. Ron moved harder, faster, becoming wild, feral. Primal. He took every bit, begged for more, body and soul. Ron suddenly froze, filling him with heat. He purred, swallowed, throat working around Ron's teeth.

Ron slowly, reluctantly, pulled away, tongue staying to lick and lap at his flesh.

"Mmm... hi, Ron. I'm home."

Soft chuckles vibrated against his skin. "I thought so."

"Yeah? Good. Glad you noticed."

Ron's chuckles turned to laughter and those teeth threatened along his jaw-line.

"Now, now. No biting the face..."

"No? You're no fun." Ron pouted, but his eyes were twinkling.

"No. I have to meet people for work. The turtlenecks cover the rest, but the face..." He winked up.

"You could wear a ski mask," Ron suggested. "It would help with the blistering, too."

"Hush. I'm going to get some cream from the doctor." He snorted, chuckled.

"All you need to do is stay out of the sun, Adam. Get a parasol if you insist on going out while it's up and about. Or a great big floppy hat." Ron was laughing, at him, possibly.

"A parasol..." He reached down, goosed Ron hard.

Ron bucked away from his hand and reached to goose him back. "It *works*."

"It looks silly." He wriggled away, squeaking.

"And the blisters and rashes don't? You know it won't burn you up like in the movies, but given enough time and enough exposure? It could do considerable damage."

"How about sunscreen?" He couldn't believe he was discussing this so calmly.

Ron shook his head, nose sliding along his skin. "It doesn't appear to be affective upon our kind's skin."

"I... What else is a lie? Holy water? Immortality?"

"It is all lies, though some truths are buried within the stories. We are less immortal than long-lived. But when life expectancy is less than a hundred, being able to live for thousands of years might as well be immortal." Ron's fingers were sliding over his skin, warm and good.

"Thousands? That... thousands?" No one lived for thousands of years.

"So I hear. I can only vouch for several hundred myself."

He shook his head, curiosity and nerves warring in his belly.

"I will answer anything you ask, Adam."

"Where are you from? How did this happen?"

"I was born in northern Europe. And became when I was only seventeen. I was not so lucky as you -- I had no teacher, no one to care for me." Ron's eyes held his, his fingers continuing to touch, to stroke his skin.

"What happened? Why did you pick me?"

"You felt right. Like nothing has ever felt before in my life."

He shook his head, but pressed closer. It was so animalistic. Strange. Odd.

"I know you feel the connection between us, Adam. You felt it even before you became."

"I... You're special. I knew that. Know that."

Ron purred and rubbed against him. "It's more than that. We're joined."

"What does that mean? Joined?"

"That we'll always crave each other's blood, never be quite complete on our own."

"Did you know, when we... when it happened?" He wasn't sure how he felt about that, what he thought.

"I had a hunch and then when I tasted your blood... then I knew. It filled me, made me fly like nothing ever has." Ron leaned in and licked at his neck. "I can taste you in my soul."

"I... This seems so unreal..." The only thing that seemed real was Ron. Ron... "Is Ron your real name? It doesn't sound European."

"Such a smart one you are, Adam. My name is Byron. Terribly romantic and it makes the girls swoon." Ron rolled his eyes.

"Byron? Like the poet?" He grinned and kissed Ron's nose. "I sort of like it."

"I was before the poet."

Before.

Christ.

Adam shook his head. "That. That just doesn't make sense."

Ron grabbed his hand and sucked in a finger, talking around it. "I told you I have lived several centuries. Don't you believe me?"

"I shouldn't."

Ron chuckled and bit the tip of his finger, sucking strongly. "Forget what your brain is telling you. What does your heart believe, your instincts, your *blood*?"

"I don't..." He groaned, skin tight suddenly, heated.

"Don't what, Adam?" Ron took another finger into his mouth, nipping, breaking the skin and sucking.

"God, you feel so good. You make me want things..."

"You see? That's what's real." Ron brought his own finger to his mouth, encouraging him to suck.

His lips wrapped around, sucking, pulling. He let his teeth graze the tip of Ron's fingers, but didn't break the skin.

Ron purred. "You should take both of us in at the same time," murmured Ron. "The taste of your blood and mine mingled together."

"Hmm? Both of us?"

"Yes. My finger, yours, break the skin on both, take us in together."

He shivered, each step bringing him farther away from being able to pretend his life was normal.

"Do it, Adam. Do it." Ron's voice was low, rough.

"I. Ron, I." His stomach clenched, his finger sliding alongside Ron's.

"We'll taste amazing together, Adam. I promise."

He brought their fingers to his lips, his too-sharp teeth nicking his own finger, making him jump.

Ron purred. "Mine now. Together, Adam. Like we belong."

He nicked Ron's finger the drop of their blood joined on his tongue, hot and sweet. Ron groaned and grabbed their fingers, sucked them into the heat of his mouth and pulled taking more than one drop from them each.

A shudder rolled through the lean body.

"Beautiful. My beautiful love." He couldn't tear his eyes away.

"Do you believe we belong together?" Ron asked him, licking at their fingertips now.

He nodded, shivering, aching at the touch of Ron's tongue.

"Then you will accept the rest and we will have the most interesting lives."

"You're sure?" He leaned in, tongue sliding on Ron's lips.

"I am." Those eyes gazed down at him, sure and steady, dark with passion.

"Oh. Good." The kiss was deep, sweet, a promise.

His teeth and Ron's clashed together, an almost electric shock sparking between them. They pressed together, shoulder to hip, just holding on tight. Ron purred, the sound filling him, seeming to move inside him. He drank the sound in, hips rocking, rubbing, the pleasure between them perfect.

It was love and lust, passion and need all wrapped together and made flesh.

"Your own." He whispered the words, their eyes caught together.

Ron's purrs turned into a growl and he moved harder against Adam, hips pushing.

"Take me." The words were rough, raw, but he meant them.

Ron's cock was right there at his entrance again, pushing into him without preamble, just taking him, giving them both what they wanted, what they needed. They moved together, grunting and pushing, bodies aching and burning, needing. Ron's head buried in his neck, finding his vein and biting through it, sucking strongly.

"Ron! Love!" He groaned, eyes just rolled, pouring himself into Ron's lips.

Ron drank and drank, pulling his very essence into his lover. The night went still and velvet-soft, his heart just pounding. One of Ron's hands wrapped around the back of his head and tugged his face into the crook of Ron's neck, the offer -- or was it a demand? -- clear.

"Mine. My own." He struck, biting deep, his entire focus on the heat filling him.

They formed a circle, blood flowing from him into Ron and then from Ron into him. It was pure life and pleasure and heat and love. He threw himself into them. Into the sensations. Into Ron. Their blood pulsed in and out like Ron's cock, their heartbeats full and pounding.

The pleasure crested, pouring over them both in huge waves. Heat filled him, at mouth and ass, his own heat splashed from his neck, from his cock and the world went dark red and quiet, caught in a space between heartbeats.

Caught within this thing they'd created.

The night was warm and Ron threw his head back, looking up at the moon as he walked through the quiet streets toward the Blood Spot. It was still early, the young things that prowled the streets and filled the bars at night were still all at home, painting their faces and choosing their clothes.

He caused nary a stir as he walked into the Blood Spot -- he was a regular, one of the few as the young pretenders came and went over the years, the clothes and make-up not changing, only the bodies they masked.

The bartender poured him his usual Shiraz and he took a seat in the booth near the door. His booth. The pretenders all preferred the shadows of the back of the room anyway, but they all knew not to sit in this booth either.

His eyes scanned the place, looking for short dark hair and a goatee, for a certain pair of eyes hidden behind wire-rimmed glasses the man didn't need but refused to give up. It was endearing.

His target wasn't here yet, though, and so Ron sat back and swirled his glass of the thick wine.

The door opened, a small group stumbling in, bringing a slender, pale man with it. The man's turtleneck was white, the jeans faded and worn -- the clothing out of style, not black, not frilly. The only decoration to be seen was a heavy silver bracelet around one thin wrist.

His nostril's flared. He could smell the man from here. Could smell the heat, could all but hear the blood pulsing in the veins beneath that pale skin.

He purred for his mate.

Adam's eyes -- the color of the sea, so bright -- shone for him, almost glowing. Those ruby lips were licked, parted.

So many years together and he was still excited by Adam, still needed the man like none other. Just as he had promised. He took a drink and let his tongue slide over his lips, picking up drops of wine.

Adam got a glass of amber whiskey, teasing him, flirting idly with the bartender. Those bright eyes kept sliding over at him, staring. It made him growl a little and he had to work to keep from wriggling, from going over there and taking what was his.

One of the little goths came up, brushed against Adam, making a clear offer, but Adam brushed -- him? her? -- off, headed over to him.

Ron's growls banked back to purrs, his eyes following every movement. "That seat is free," he told Adam, nodding toward the chair across from him.

"Is it?" Adam smiled, slid in, their knees rubbing together. "You come here often?"

He tilted his head as if considering. "Fairly, yes."

His lover chuckled, sipped the whiskey. "For the music?"

He snorted. "No." His foot slid along the back of Adam's calf, leather sliding along the denim.

"The wine?" Adam smiled, teeth gleaming.

He laughed this time, Adam still such a delight. "Maybe a little."

"Just a little?" Adam's legs spread and oh... he could smell his mate.

"Definitely only a little. In fact hardly at all. It's... an added bonus."

"You want me to take a sip, so you can taste it later?"

Oh, yes, his Adam was a keeper. He slowly passed his glass over. Adam drank, the long, marked throat working. He watched the vein pulsing in Adam's throat just above the edge of the turtleneck. He growled softly, fingers curling into fists.

Adam flushed, the blood right there, right beneath the flesh, teasing him.

Some nights it was harder to play the game than others. Tonight was one of those nights. "Let's go home."

"Yes." Adam stood, hand held out to him. His own slid into it, Adam's skin smooth and warm, their fingers twining together with easy familiarity.

Adam looked up at him, lips parted, offering him a kiss. He wrapped his free arm around Adam's shoulders and pulled him in close, slowly dropping his head down to bring their mouths together. The taste filled him, familiar as his own breath, perhaps even more necessary.

Adam moaned, tongue sliding against his own, those sea green eyes shining up at him. He could feel Adam's teeth against his tongue, sharp and hard. He moaned, slicing his tongue. Adam pushed up, lips wrapping around his tongue, sucking hard. He slid his hand down to Adam's ass, tugging their bodies together. Everything else faded away.

It was the applause, the shouts, that had them separating, Adam panting.

He didn't even spare any of them a glance; he only had eyes for his Adam as they swept out of the bar, out into the warm evening. Adam's laugh rang through the night, happiness everywhere, so rich, so sweet.

They piled into Adam's car and Ron took his lover's mouth again, kissing hard enough to split Adam's lip. Moaning, he sucked on the wound, drawing his lover's blood in.

Adam's hand was on his belly, sliding down, pushing, demanding. He would not deny Adam, he could not, and his hips pushed up in a demand of their own. It took only seconds for Adam's fingers to work his zipper open, wrap those long fingers around his cock and tug. His own hand found the bulge in Adam's jeans, and he kneaded it, groaning into their harsh kiss.

The scent of love and need and heat and blood filled the car, made him shudder. Adam's passion never faltered, the love between them constant. Eager and needy, it didn't take long before he was ready to spill into Adam's hand. Tearing open the front of Adam's jeans, he came the moment his fingers slid across the silken heat of Adam's cock.

"Love!" Adam's head dropped back, hips pumping into his touch.

"Yes." The word was a breath, was a whisper, his hand moving faster along Adam's flesh. Adam rippled, undulated, beautiful in the lamplight.

He lapped at the blood on Adam's lip and then brought Adam's hand to his mouth to lick his own come from it. All the while he worked the heated column in his hand, eager for the taste of his lover's come to mix with his own. Soft words, almost poetry, poured from his Adam, loving him, praising him. He slid his thumb across the tip of Adam's cock, letting his fingernail graze across the small slit there.

Heat sprayed, the cry short and sharp and sweet and his alone.

Purring, eyes holding Adam's, he brought his hand up and began to lick it clean. Adam hummed, tongue joining his, sliding on his skin. Their tongues tangled together, their need growing hard again, even as they came down from their orgasms.

"Home, love. Now." Those eyes shone. "I'm hungry."

He nodded and sat back, not teasing, letting Adam get them home. When Adam told him he was hungry with that look in his eyes, Ron did nothing to get in his way. Not until the door closed behind them and then they could pounce on each other.

They pulled into the drive, Adam's hand held tight in his, their pulses beating together. They made it in to the little house and, somehow, into the bedroom where they collapsed onto the bed, bodies pushed eagerly together.

Adam didn't wait, teeth sinking into his throat. He cried out, bucking his body against Adam's, moaning as their clothes interfered with his need for flesh on flesh. Adam's muscles flexed, his clothes tearing, skin zinging under the sting of Adam's nails. He returned the favor, shivering with pleasure, with need.

Adam lifted his head, eyes blazing, blood on his lips. "Mine. My love." So wild. So feral.

"Yes. For always and ever." He leaned in and licked at the blood from Adam's lips, shivering at the way he couldn't tell if it was his own or Adam's, they tasted the same now, the blood shared between them.

"Yes." Adam nodded, purring, hand stroking his belly.

"My Adam." He purred and slid his body against Adam, delighting in the heat of their bodies.

"Yes. Your own." The happy laughter rang through the house, his lover full of joy.

"Take me," he demanded, rolling onto his back and pulling Adam on top of him. "Take me."

Adam spread him, fingers parting him as that long cock pressed. He threw his head back, encouraging Adam's teeth to join the invasion into his body.

The invitation was accepted, this bite shallow, a nip, just enough to make his skin tight. He moaned, body arching, begging. Adam moved above him, loving him, taking him, making them whole. His legs wrapped around Adam's waist as he met each thrust, his heartbeat matching Adam's.

Eternal. This was eternal.

They were eternal.

Together.

end

Becoming

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