



# Eternal Souls

Book I - Vampire Lust

L. M. Davis

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Eternal Souls: Book 1 - Vampire Lust

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## PART ONE: THE MEETING

Joey watched carefully as Santo stood in front of Levi. He was in one of his confrontational moods, and Levi would have none of it.

"Go away, Santo." Levi waved him away as if he were a bothersome fly. "Go and torment someone else."

Joey sighed. He wanted to put a stop to this right away, but he knew that they were in no mood to listen. Somewhere over the centuries, they had become enemies. The only reason both of them were still around, as far as Joey was concerned had to do with the fact that they were of equal strength and power.

He couldn't help feeling somewhat responsible for their animosity, although he in no way encouraged Santo's adoration. The feud had begun shortly after Levi had sired him, in the sixteenth century. Up until that time, Santo and Levi had been close friends. It was rumored that they were once even lovers, although neither one of them would confirm or deny it.

After he had been given the blood, Santo fell madly

in love with him, which caused a great deal of friction between him and Levi. Levi was extremely possessive, and he made it quite clear to Santo at every opportunity that Joey belonged to him.

Joey suspected that he was also jealous of the attention Santo paid to him. For a while the three of them traveled together, then Santo and Levi grew apart. Eventually, Santo disappeared altogether. Only recently, he had reappeared again.

Whenever he thought that Santo was taking advantage of or mistreating him, he didn't hesitate to make his disapproval known to Levi. At the moment, they were having the same argument they had had a thousand times before.

Santo's claim of mistreatment was not a lie. They had a love-hate relationship. Joey loved Levi because he was his sire, but he often resented being guarded so closely. When Levi's jealousy flared, his vile nature emerged. It happened whenever Joey would become attracted to another.

Joey was always surprised each time Santo came to his defense like this. It wasn't the first time that Levi had destroyed one of his lovers. He gave Santo nothing in return for defending him. In fact, aside from some genuine affection, he gave him nothing at all.

Santo had never tried to hide the fact that he wanted him. But Santo knew he didn't harbor any passionate feelings about him. And if the truth be known, in spite of his numerous sexual liaisons over time, he had never truly felt passionate love for anyone. What he felt mostly was emptiness. It was as

if there was this longing, this aching need that no lover, no matter how beautiful, or how skilled, was able to fill.

Now, Santo was shouting at Levi as they stood in the middle of the living room. Joey could hear the antique grandfather clock ticking loudly in the hall. The ticking seemed to grow in intensity as the argument ensued.

"You treat him like a possession, like dirt," Santo accused. "He had feelings for another. So what? At least—unlike you, Levi—he has feelings. Why did you have to kill the young vampire?" Santo shook his head. "It was senseless."

Levi watched him with a bored expression on his face, and actually lifted a hand, feigning a yawn.

"And to abuse Joey in this manner..." Santo went on, clicking his tongue when Levi didn't respond. "It's unacceptable." He threw his hands up in the air now as he raked a hand through his steel gray hair.

"Santo," Levi said with a deafening sigh. "You just can't get over the fact that Joey is my child, not yours. Why don't you make your own?"

Joey sucked in a breath, waiting.

"He may be your child," Santo replied bitterly, "but you don't own him. One day, he will no longer be yours."

"And whose, pray tell," Levi laughed, "will he be...yours? You are dreaming, my friend." Levi cast a glance at him now. "Tell him, Joey. Tell him how you have no intention of..."

"Stop this," Joey snapped, standing up. "Levi, you know that..."

"No," Santo said suddenly, looking down at the floor. "He will never belong to me. But you'll see." He glared at Levi once again. "One day he'll walk away from you, Levi. He'll leave you and never come back."

Levi hissed at him, exposing his fangs. "Get out of my sight!"

This time, Santo just walked away. Joey was thankful, because he was in no mood for a blood bath. "Levi," he said, once he was certain that Santo had left them. "Let's drop the whole subject." He knew that Levi was still angry. He didn't want to fight with him again about this. "Forget about it. You lost your temper and destroyed Carter. It doesn't matter. He didn't mean all that much to me anyway. He was just a fuck."

Levi bared his fangs and growled, coming closer. "The problem is not your little toys, Joey. The problem is that every time you are angry with me, you run to Santo. You feel compelled to tell him everything that transpires between us. I'm fed up with his whining about how badly I treat you. Why can't you keep our personal dealings between the two of us?"

Joey bristled. "Well, you didn't have to kill Carter. We were only lovers for a short time. I would have grown tired of him eventually. You know I always do. I feel responsible. Thanks to you, being my lover is fatal."

"So you are angry?" Levi backed away, raising a pale eyebrow. When Joey didn't answer, he spoke. "I didn't destroy him because you took him as your

lover. There are things you don't know." He paused, running a hand through his short blond hair. "There are things we need to talk about."

Joey eyed him for a moment as he sat down on the overstuffed sofa. They had an old house in the wooded area of Bologna in Italy. It was perfect. He loved Italy. He just wished that Levi would relax a little so that he could enjoy it; he had been in a foul mood ever since they had set foot in this country.

Levi regarded his companion pensively. Joey knew that he was beautiful. He had been made at the age of nineteen. He looked exactly as he had then, except for some modern adjustments like the streak of mauve that ran through his curly, black, shoulder-length hair. He had a slight, well-toned body, perfect for satisfying his lust. At five-seven, he was tall for a man from his century and he had the fine, porcelain-like face of a boy with shining, sherry-colored eyes.

He also had a fierce appetite for blood, almost as fierce as his lust for sex. His ability to blend in among humans was uncanny. He could also disguise himself from other vampires; a gift that no other vampire shared. Usually vampires could sense and smell each other, but Joey could go undetected among them, especially the young ones.

"Joey," Levi said. "You are familiar with the vampire law of assembly?"

"Yes. There is not supposed to be more than one hundred vampires to a city," he shrugged his slight shoulders. "So?"

"Do you remember Eden?"

"Yes. She is an ancient like us. You made her a few

hundred years after me. I can't say I've ever seen her face to face. She is not one of your admirers."

Levi laughed faintly. "No. She despises me. She would never come near me or anyone associated with me. In the last little while, she has made many vampires in America, especially in the city of New York. She plans to destroy the ancients. Your former lover, Carter, belonged to her."

Joey gasped. "Why didn't I know this? How come I didn't sense that...?"

"You were blinded by lust, perhaps. It is your only weakness, Joey. You think with your genitals rather than with your brain when presented with a succulent piece of meat."

Joey resented that, but couldn't protest, since he was right. Often vampires became sexual addicts once they had been turned. Sex was so much more intense. Not only could he have multiple orgasms, those orgasms were ten times stronger. He couldn't get enough.

"Carter was sent by Eden to gather information," he was saying as Joey forced himself to pay attention. "He was sent to spy on us. So you see, I didn't destroy him out of jealousy."

"This time," Joey muttered.

"Not everything is about you," Levi countered. "Don't you understand what I'm trying to tell you?"

"Yes," Joey retorted sharply. "I understand what you're saying. Why does she want to destroy the Ancients?"

"For vengeance and power. What else?" he replied, walking over to the open window and breathing in



some of the night air. His voice was soft. "After I made her, I decided I had made a mistake. She was inherently evil and very careless. I sent her off on her own, perhaps before she was ready. I lost track of her, and she disappeared for a long time. She resurfaced in the nineteenth century. Others reported that they had seen her in Europe. Now she is in North America. She is building an army."

"Army," Joey blinked. "Really? A vampire army?"

"Yes, and she has already violated the law, creating far too many vampires congregated in one city. My sources tell me that there are over three hundred vampires in New York City alone, all hers."

Joey stared blankly at Levi. Over three hundred, he had said. It couldn't be allowed to go on. They could wipe out the human race if it continued. "I want you to go to New York, seek out her General, and destroy him. He is her favorite. Getting rid of him will put her off-balance and send a message. Getting rid of the rest of them will be no problem. They are young and stupid. Some believe in the power of crosses and all that nonsense. If you find them, wear your cross earrings and guard your nature. You can move in and kill them off one by one."

Joey folded his arms across his chest. "Why me? Why can't you do it?"

"Because," he turned around and glared at him, "you can move undetected among the vampires. I cannot. Eden will sense me as soon as I enter the city. We are connected."

Joey nodded. "You are certain that Eden plans to destroy the Ancients?" He eyed his master.

"How dare you question me? Yes, I am sure. Your life is in danger and so is mine. She wants power. She wants to destroy me. So, go. Do it, now."

He sighed. "You said her General. Who is he? How do I find him?"

"His name is Dino. He is rumored to be quite exceptional for one so young, although I've never seen him myself. How you destroy him is up to you. Just do it, and do it quickly."

Joey watched Levi stride across the carpeted floor. This meant that he was dismissed, of course.

Joey took a step forward. "There is still the matter of how possessive you are," Joey threw at him.

Levi paused, piecing him with his sharp black eyes. "Come here, Joey," he demanded.

Joey moved obediently closer.

Levi reached out for him, yanking him roughly into his arms. He ran a hand over his silky black hair. "Although you resent my possessive nature, you adore it when I dominate you," he whispered fiercely, his teeth lowering, grazing the tender skin of Joey's throat. His breathing grew more labored as he felt Levi push him to his knees.

"I need you to worship me, Joey," he growled. "Show me how much you appreciate this gift I gave you. I might have left you to die back then."

Joey looked up to see his vampire master's eyes glow red with pure lust. With trembling fingers, Levi undid the zipper on his pants and took out his hard, cold sex.

"Do it," he commanded. "Suck it, now."

Joey took it in his mouth. He knew the violence

that was to come if he refused. At one time he had enjoyed these kinds of encounters, but over the years Levi appealed to him less and less.

As Levi leaned back against the wall with a moan, Joey continued to pleasure him with his tongue and his mouth, even biting into his penis, tasting his blood. He fondled Levi's balls as he thought about Carter, the beautiful young raven-haired vampire Levi had destroyed. Then he bit deeper, causing Levi to cry out in pain. He pushed him away, furious. "What are you trying to do?"

"Nothing," Joey said, standing up, moving away from him. "I got a little carried away. My apologies. I think I should set out on my mission, Levi."

He waited for a reaction, eyeing him nervously.

Thankfully, he nodded, zipping himself back in. "Go, then. But if you don't come back soon telling me Eden's General is dead, I will come and find you. And don't get distracted."

Joey knew what he meant by that. A beautiful body, a big cock and a handsome face could easily sway him from his path. It had happened plenty of times before. But this was serious. If Eden was plotting to destroy the Ancients, then his very existence was in danger.

He nodded at Levi, promising to find Eden's General. He left the house in Italy and headed for New York City.

\* \* \* \*

"You will do as I say, Dino," Eden opened her white

gown, revealing her voluptuous breasts. "You have not drunk enough. I strengthen you with my blood on purpose. Don't ever take what I give you for granted. You are not like the others. They are mere instruments in my plan."

She paused, seeing that she was not getting the reaction she sought. "Now, my love," she invited seductively, her voice like silk. "Come lie with me in the bed, penetrate me once more with that beautiful shaft and drink from me."

"Not now," he brooded, remaining in his seat by the window of the luxurious condo. Building an army of vampires was ridiculous as far as he was concerned. He wanted no part of it. It was all about revenge for some stupid thing that had happened a long time ago. What did he care about that?

"You will do what I made you to do," she exploded, marching over to where he sat. "You need my blood to stay strong. There are not nearly enough vampires yet for what I need to do. You have the strength to make them. You will make them. I cannot do it alone."

He would not make vampires for her, no matter what she did to him. Although there was a part of him that had some feeling for Eden because she had made him, at times he despised her. He hated fucking her. He hated being her slave. Often, he thought about disappearing, running off somewhere or worse, walking out into the sun and putting an end to it all.

She had made him in the sixties. He had been at Woodstock, stoned and happy. She had grabbed him out of the crowd, pulled him deep in the woods and

drained him while 'Age of Aquarius' played in his head. Then she had taken him to her lair and raped him. He had drunk from her until she had begged him to stop. She had made him a vampire and her sexual plaything. Over the years, he spent his time fighting her, but she was far stronger and older than he. He was always the loser in the end.

Right from the start, Eden had recognized his masculine strength. She didn't foresee how rebellious he would turn out to be, however. If he wasn't so sexy, she would have destroyed him and made another, one who was far more obedient.

She would be hard pressed to make another like him. He stood over six-three with skin of honey bronze, long, silky black hair, and beautiful chocolate brown pools for eyes. His mouth was exquisite and sensuous, with the bottom lip being slightly fuller than the top. He had a hard, muscular body, sculptured like the statue of a Greek god. His body made a perfect V shape with broad shoulders, narrow hips and a full, generous hard ass that was a delight to look at.

As much as she had punished him for his disobedience, he refused to sire any vampires. He had the ability. He had the strength. She had made sure of it. But he refused to help her.

"You will obey me," she was saying now, yanking him out of the chair by his long black hair.

She pressed his mouth to her naked breast. Unable to resist the taste of her rich, luscious blood any longer, he sank his teeth viciously into her, pulling and tugging on her nipple as he devoured her. He

drank deeply as she moaned, stroking his hair. She spread her legs, urging his head downwards. On his knees, he slid his tongue inside her hairless pussy and found the bud of her clitoris with his tongue. He brought her quickly to orgasm, then she pushed him away. He went sprawling on the floor. She looked him over, then scoffed.

He sighed and stood up.

"Take off your clothes," she demanded.

"I'm not your sex slave, Eden." He wiped the blood from his full lips.

"You will obey me. I made you and I can destroy you."

"Then go ahead," he growled, baring his teeth.

She came closer and took him by the throat, pushing him to his knees again. He couldn't fight that kind of strength. Her age gave her far more power than him.

He was surprised when she suddenly released him. Usually, his protests did him no good. She always won.

"Go make a vampire," she demanded angrily. "One as beautiful as you."

He said nothing, as he walked out into the moonlit night.

What she asked of him was impossible. There was no vampire that could be made as beautiful as him.

\* \* \* \*

Joey went directly to see Divid.

Divid was a lone vampire who could never be

convinced to side with anyone, although he seemed to have some mild affection for him. He was a pathetic creature, really, who lived in the sewers of New York, hiding there by day and hunting by night.

Divid kissed his hand when he saw him. "The beautiful Joey," he breathed. "What are you doing here?"

Joey glanced around at the dripping walls of the tunnel with distaste. "I need some answers, Divid. Do you know what Eden is up to?"

"I have heard," he muttered, moving against the dank, stinking wall.

Joey studied his face. Divid had been unfortunate. When some were turned, they ended up looking like him; a monster, their fangs protruding, their eyes always red. They couldn't pass for mortal.

"She gathers an army," Joey tore his gaze away from him. "She has broken the law of assembly."

"And Levi sent you to be executioner?"

"Her General is a vampire called Dino. I need to find him."

"Yes." He smiled discreetly. "Dino. He is the one with the body of a god and the face of..."

"Yes, yes," Joey waved his hand impatiently. "How old?"

"In mortal years...less than fifty. He was not much older than you when he was given the blood."

"A baby," Joey laughed, his fangs exposed for a second.

"Be careful. He is powerful. She feeds him from her blood."

"How powerful?"

"Unusually so, for one so young," Divid told him. "But he is not like her, Joey. He is not evil. He has a kind soul. And he is smart, not like most of the young ones. Do be careful. What do you plan to do?"

Joey smiled at him, his eyes glowing in the dark. Then softly he said, "Kill him."

"That is too bad," he shook his head, reaching down to scoop up a struggling rat with his hand.

"You seem to have some attachment to him?" Joey added, surprised. "I thought you told me once that sentiment belonged to mortals."

"He has brought me food." He snapped the rat's neck, biting into it.

Joey looked away. He hated the taste of rat blood. Divid sucked hard at the corpse of the small rodent before throwing it aside. Licking the blood from his lips, Divid shook his head. "He is a generous soul, Eden's General. He has compassion," he reiterated bitterly. "Eden, on the other hand is evil to the core. She treats everyone with disdain."

Joey shook his head. "You must tell me where to find this Dino. What I have come to do must be done or we will all be at Eden's mercy. Tell me where he is."

He paused, nodding slowly. "He hangs out at Satan's Lair. It's a vampire club where mortals go to find a vampire master. It's just up the street, about two blocks, but you need a password."

"So mortals do go there?" Joey eyed him, needing to be sure.

"Yes, vampire approved, of course. They are either already paired with a Master or looking to be, looking



for immortality," he sighed with a strange smile.

"Good. What is the password, Divid?"

He hesitated.

"Divid?" Joey's eyes burned into his. "I've told you how important this is. I must find Eden's General."

Divid cowered in the corner and whimpered, "Why must you hurt him?"

"This is nothing to you," Joey growled. "Tell me the password now, Divid, or I'll..."

"All right." In a whisper, "Vlad."

"How droll," Joey muttered. He turned to go.

"Please, don't hurt him," Divid called after him, but Joey was already gone.

\* \* \* \*

Joey arrived at Satan's Lair a few minutes later, dressed in black leather pants and a red satin shirt. He knocked on the door, said the password and found himself inside.

The 'Lair' was a maze of rooms winding through dark and gloomy corridors. And although Joey could see clearly, it was not lit enough for a mortal to make out the things that were happening in those rooms. Joey figured that was done on purpose so that unwitting mortals would not get spooked too soon.

There appeared to be far more mortals in the club than vampires. They danced together seductively on the dance floor, a mix of same-sex and heterosexual couplings, while a spaced-out band played pop songs on the stage. At the bar, vampires swilled glasses of blood with anxious mortal prey sipping fancy rum

drinks nearby.

Everywhere, vampires fed on their mortal slaves who lay back and swooned. The sight of his kind feeding made him hungry, but he put it at bay. He had to hide his vampire nature. For all purposes, he was a mortal in search of a vampire master.

Vampires glanced at him with interest, not suspecting that he was one of them. Suddenly one of them came over, a very young male with a punk haircut and pierced nipples. "Hello there," he grinned, exposing fangs.

Joey glanced at him. "Hello."

"Who is your master?" He demanded.

"Master?" Then he remembered what Divid had said. Each mortal probably belonged to one of the vampires, which meant they were off-limits to others.

"Dino," he said hastily, the only name that came to his mind.

The vampire hissed, immediately backing away.

He inspired fear. It made sense. He was, after all, the ancient one's General, fed from her blood.

Joey walked around the bar now and made his way down the winding corridor. In one room, a young man lay on a sofa, his neck exposed. Two male vampires ran their tongues over the flesh of his chest, his shirt open. His sex was also exposed and erect.

Joey suddenly longed to taste him, run his tongue over the head of his cock, perhaps just nibble some, drawing a little blood. Just an appetizer. The young man was moaning now, his hips undulating in unbridled passion as one of the vampires pulled down his jeans. He prepared to mount him, pulling

his legs up over his shoulders while the other sank his fangs into his chest, sucking on his nipples.

Joey turned away, the sight stimulating his appetites and making his cock hard, not to mention stimulating his thirst for blood. God, how he loved to have sex and feed at the same time. Seldom did he kill his victims any more. He drained them enough to leave them weak, but usually they survived. And he tried to ensure that he gave them pleasure at the same time, a little gift in return for the blood. As an immortal, his capacity to give and receive sexual pleasure was greater.

Another vampire approached him as soon as Joey left the corridor and came back into the main room. The vampire leaned over and licked his neck as the band played 'Sexual Healing'.

"Beautiful," he whispered in Joey's ear. He reached down and passed his hand over Joey's sex, which was already erect, then drew it back. "Are you looking for a master?"

He had flaming red hair and green eyes, and didn't look half bad.

"I have one." Joey grabbed his hand, bringing it back to his hard cock. "Keep doing that, baby," he told him softly.

The vampire began to unzip his pants. "Who is it, your Master?" He lowered his lips to Joey's throat again, slipping his hand inside his leather pants.

"Dino," he said.

Abruptly, the vampire withdrew his hand and backed off. He disappeared without a word.

Joey laughed. "Wow," he thought, "he must be

something."

Joey tried asking people about this Dino, but he didn't get very far. "He's my Master," he told several of the vampires, "I'm looking for him."

Some laughed at him and told him to get lost.

Most of them seemed to stiffen at the very mention of his name. They didn't want to talk about him.

Only one, a mortal named Celia, was more than willing. "Dino? You want to know about Dino now, do you?"

"Yes." Joey smiled at her, making sure his fangs were retracted. "Do you know him?"

"No, but I'd like to," she murmured, gazing at him with pure lust. "He's a hunk, beautiful eyes, great ass. Fully loaded, if you know what I mean. If he comes in here, you'll know. He shakes up the whole room. I want to be his slave, but he doesn't seem to be interested in having any."

Joey smiled. "That hot, eh?"

"Hotter," she cooed, leaning back on the bar, her sheer silk blouse exposing her near-naked breasts and diamond-hard nipples. "But I'll tell you one thing, honey, he's not your Master."

"Yes, he is," Joey protested, looking around.

She laughed. "I told you, Dino doesn't have slaves. He's a lone wolf. I know, because he has plenty of offers, mine included. He turns them all down. If you want to be his slut, you will have to wait in line. Not only is it a long line, no one ever gets out of it."

"I told you, I am his slut." Joey met her eyes.

"Better not let him hear you say that," she warned with a laugh, looking around. "He'll drink you

dry...but it might not be such a bad way to go."

"I'm not scared," Joey returned.

She laughed again. "Then, honey, you're a fool."

When he didn't reply, she ran her eyes over him and said, "Want to suck on these, honey?" She lifted her heavy breasts with her hands. "No bloodsucker seems to be biting." She laughed at her joke. He gave her a bland smile, then shook his head, walking away. He looked around a bit more, deciding to leave the bar. He figured he had missed him somehow. He would try again the following night.

Suddenly, in the alley, a strong hand grabbed his shoulder and forced him to turn around.

"Looking for me?" he asked, his eyes glinting wickedly in the moonlight.

God, he was tall, six four or so with thick black hair falling over his broad shoulders. He had a beautiful face, classically handsome, brutally beautiful. He was wearing a long, black leather coat. The wind blew it open, revealing a cable-knit sweater and tight black jeans.

His hand remained on Joey's shoulder, biting into his flesh as he waited for a response.

Joey pretended to be scared. "Ah...who are you?"

"Dino," he said, giving him a pretentious little bow. "You were asking about me, I believe. So," he said deeply, his eyes moving over him as if he was undressing him, "You're my slut, are you?"

"I'm looking for...a...Master," Joey looked up at him. He felt so small in front of him. "You came highly recommended."

"Oh, really?" He moved away, leaning against the

wall. He tilted his head, regarding him curiously. "By whom?"

"Ah...people at the club."

"I see. Interesting, considering I have no fledglings and everyone knows that," he murmured, reaching over and running his fingers along Joey's cheek. He must have fed recently, because his hands were warm.

Joey met his eyes; a little thrill went down his spine at the touch. He was smart, smarter than he would have liked and breathtakingly gorgeous. "I must have misunderstood," Joey said quickly.

"Apparently. However, I might be willing to make an exception tonight," he drawled as he moved towards him and placed both hands on his hips.

Joey looked up into beautiful eyes. Damn, he was seductive as hell. "That would be very...ah...good of you."

"Still interested in being my slut?"

He laughed. He was about to say something else when three vampires, all young, suddenly surrounded them.

"Dino," they said, moaning. "He's so pretty, can't we have some, too...please..."

Joey stiffened. If he had to fight them, it would be all over. He'd have to reveal himself and right now, he didn't want to.

Dino looked at them, then hissed. "Go away...he's mine tonight. Get out of here before..."

They sprang on him. He pushed Joey aside and in three strokes he had caused them all to scatter. They disappeared before his eyes.

Joey gasped. He was young, but damn, he was strong. He had never seen a more powerful vampire at such a young age.

"Don't let that frighten you." Dino looked at him, smiling calmly. "Come. I will take you somewhere where we can be alone."

They took a taxi along the river, stopping at a fancy high-rise apartment. In the elevator, Dino leaned over and kissed him gently on the lips.

Joey closed his eyes, reeling from the kiss. He didn't expect that.

Inside the apartment, Dino offered him a drink. Then he took off his coat to reveal a muscular torso that just about knocked Joey off his feet. Those tight black jeans hugged his ass to perfection. He had a great ass. And he was well hung, very well hung.

He came to sit beside him, touching Joey's glass of wine with his. They both drank, and then Dino put the glasses aside.

"You're beautiful," Dino whispered, moving his lips to the side of his throat.

Joey pushed him playfully away. The cross he had hanging from his ear didn't seem to have any affect on him. In fact, he took one of them between his fingers now and studied it.

His nearness was distracting. Joey swallowed, watching his face as he examined the earring. "Unusual choice for someone trying to procure a vampire master."

"I didn't think vampires believed in those things anymore," Joey replied, his voice trembling.

"We don't." He shrugged his broad shoulders,

releasing the earring. "At least, those of us with common sense."

He met Joey's eyes now, running a finger over his lips, forcing them to fall open slightly. Joey made sure his teeth were totally hidden from view. He was into the seduction mode now, preparing his victim. It was interesting. All vampires had their own technique, but he didn't seem to be in any hurry. He was enjoying it.

"What is it you want exactly, Joey?" Dino asked, again running the tip of his finger over his bottom lip.

Joey wanted to draw it into his mouth, but he didn't. He was here to destroy him. All of a sudden, it occurred to him that he had said his name. He didn't remember telling him what it was. This was a surprise. He had to be careful what he thought. Perhaps he could read minds. The strong ones had that ability. "I...want...to...be a vampire. I want you to use me for feeding and..."

"I don't make vampires," he said simply.

"Then use me for sex. I've heard vampires have incredible sexual prowess. People say once you do a vampire, nothing else compares."

Dino smiled. "Do they, now? So you want to be mine tonight," he whispered, moving his lips lightly across Joey's.

He was teasing him, lips barely touching his.

Joey nodded, putting his arms around his neck. "Yes," he replied softly. He could no longer control his desire. He crawled on top of him, placing his knees on each side of his lap.

Dino looked surprised, but he didn't protest.



Joey smoothed back the long black hair as he heard him suck in a breath. He knew he was excited. He could feel the erection against his inner thigh and his eyes glowed a little too brightly.

Joey also knew how easy it would be at this moment to kill him. He was far older and stronger than he, not to mention that this vampire was at the moment extremely vulnerable. But there was no reason not to enjoy him a little first. He was an exceptional beauty.

So Joey reached down and pulled his sweater over his head. He tossed it aside, running his eyes over Dino's chest. "Umm," he managed, pausing to study his chest and shoulders that looked as if they had been carved out of bronze. He brought his lips to his chest, running his tongue over one taut brown nipple, then the other.

Dino let his head fall back against the sofa as Joey's hands moved to his pants. He unzipped his jeans and withdrew his cock.

"God," Joey rubbed it between his hands. "What a man, so big and..." Joey could feel the blood lust coursing through him, his need like an inferno. Dino had a huge cock and so thick. It was damn near perfect.

Dino raised his head and looked at him with those eyes. His mouth opened slightly, exposing just the tip of the sharp fangs on each side of his jaw. It only served to increase Joey's lust. He could almost feel those sharp incisors as they bit into his chest in a moment of passion, feeding on him, and he lost control.

He jumped off, pulling off his own shirt and pants, each second away from Dino's body seeming like an eternity. He wanted to feel the young vampire's nakedness against him. Joey leaned down and pulled off his jeans, moving his lips over one bronze calf and up his thigh to take his erection into his mouth while he gently manipulated his almond-shaped testicles. Dino moaned as he buried his hands in Joey's long, curly black hair.

He tried to avoid biting down on his sex, but it was hard to control. When he came in his mouth, Joey clutched his thighs and laid his head on his lap.

He heard him growl deeply in his throat. Joey looked up to see those teeth exposed, eyes glowing now a deep blood red. Never had he seen a more beautiful and fierce young vampire.

Joey stood up and motioned to him. "Take me," he whispered, turning his back to him.

Dino pulled him up off the floor, plunging his enormous erection into him. He was down on his knees, feeling the deep thrusts moving in and out with inhuman speed, making him cry out with passion. Then, he felt the teeth.

He knew he was going to bite him. He felt a hot mouth and teeth against his throat and reared his head backwards, moaning as the teeth broke the skin and sunk into his jugular.

For a few minutes, he was lost in it, lost in the feel of that mouth, the teeth, his sex inside him. Suddenly he realized that this wasn't a sexual encounter between vampires, where drinking was just an extension of the sexual act and done only to a limit.

This was a vampire feeding on a victim after a sexual act, which meant that he probably wouldn't stop until... Hell, he intended to drink him dry.

Joey began to struggle. He hissed, trying to control his own nature, keep his eyes from glowing and his teeth from exposing themselves. "Stop!"

And for some reason, abruptly, he was released. He fell forward onto the floor, feeling weak, but he knew he was all right.

He turned around and looked up into the face of the other vampire. Dino's mouth was covered in blood, as was his chin. God, he was so sexy towering over him that Joey instinctively reached up and dragged him down to the floor again. He pressed his mouth to his, devouring his lips, his chin, mingling his saliva with the deep, rich taste of the blood.

After a few moments, Dino shoved him away.

"Were you going to kill me?" Joey asked him softly as he watched him stand up.

"I don't know." He wiped off his mouth. "Perhaps."

"I didn't think the master killed his slave," Joey commented, running his eyes over the swell of his gorgeous ass as he turned his back on him.

"It happens sometimes." He turned back to him, his beautiful cock now only semi-erect but still awesome to behold. He threw himself down on the sofa.

Joey studied him and sighed. Eden had an eye for quality, that was for sure. What a beauty he was. His body was like a carved bronze statue. His eyes were the color of chocolate, but glowed amber when he

was aroused.

He wanted to fuck him, but he thought better of it now. He would have him, just before he destroyed him. He would take him roughly, causing him to cry out for relief from the immense pleasure, then he would drain him dry.

"Did you get carried away with me, then?" Joey tried to stop himself from touching him again. He had to get a grip.

Dino smiled, revealing those sharp fangs that hadn't retreated yet. "You can say that," he said, looking him over. "I wouldn't have drained you though."

"Would you have turned me?"

"No, never that. If you want to belong to me, then be my guest, but there is a chance that one night in the throes of passion, I could kill you. If you are dying, I won't give you the blood. Be forewarned, you will die. If you hope to be turned, then look for another Master. I sire no one."

He stood up from the sofa as if he had just completed a task. "I think you should leave. It is almost dawn."

Joey put on his clothes. He hadn't given himself away. Dino still believed him to be mortal. But he hadn't done what he had come here for. Well, there was plenty of time for that. He would play with him awhile. After all, he was his intended victim – and he had always enjoyed playing with his food.

Joey left him without another word and went to his safe haven for the day. When he closed his eyes, he saw his handsome face in his mind and he sighed,

drifting into nothingness.

\* \* \* \*

Dino was at the Satan's Lair the next night and Joey sought him out. He was wearing leather tonight; black leather pants and a matching vest. Nothing underneath. Joey followed him with his eyes as he strolled into the club. He licked his lips, thinking about touching him, getting him naked. The others regarded him with a mix of lust, fear and respect. No one dared mess with him.

He didn't acknowledge him at first. It took close to an hour before he actually came over to him. By that time, Joey's cock was so hard he could hardly sit still.

He nodded at him, his long, silky black hair tied back loosely at the nape of his neck. Then he sat down beside him, brushing one muscular thigh against his. He ordered a drink but said nothing to him, flashing a flirtatious smile at the drooling mortal bartender.

Joey pressed his knee against his leg as he watched him drink the warmed blood.

He didn't react.

Watching him drink didn't entice him. He had no need to drink himself. He had drunk a pint of it before leaving the safe house he was occupying in the city. He decided that he would hold off on killing him. He had enjoyed himself too much last night. It would be a pity to end it so soon. He would have him again, and explore his body to his leisure before he destroyed him. Tonight, tomorrow night, what would it matter?

He would allow him to feed off him tonight. He had drunk a lot of blood in anticipation. He couldn't wait to devour that sexy mouth or run his hands all over his beautiful flesh. The thought of it was driving him out of his mind, as was the thought of being the recipient of his passionate vampire kiss.

"Let's go," Joey begged him suddenly, not being about to stand it much longer. He touched his arm. "Let's get out of here."

Dino drained the glass of blood before they left. Joey was touched that he drank so much. It meant that he wanted to take the edge off his hunger so that he wouldn't drink him dry. Maybe he liked him a little. It would make him an easier target, easier to destroy when the time came.

Joey was all over him as soon as they got inside the apartment. He literally ripped off his clothes, along with his own. They barely made it to the bedroom before Joey ran his hands and lips over the younger one's body. He found himself stroking his hair and saying his name.

Dino took him down on the bed and became so passionate that he opened a gash with his teeth, just above his heart. The blood ran in rivulets over his breast, drenching his nipple. Dino put his hand on the back of Joey's head and pressed his mouth there.

Joey moaned deeply as he drank, his sex hard and longing for release. He ran his tongue seductively over Dino's nipple, tasting the delicious rich blood, closing his lips around it. Dino reached down as he drank and fondled him, squeezing and teasing his cock without mercy.

Joey was still drinking from his beautiful muscled chest when he felt him start to resist. He could have killed him then. It was rare for a vampire to leave himself so exposed, to allow a mortal to drink from him unless he was turning him. But he trusted him, and Joey felt a twinge of guilt.

He should finish it now while he was lying there on the bed, exposed, weak. He could have thrust his fangs into his jugular and drained him, then cut off his head. But instead he raised his blood-drenched lips, capturing Dino's mouth with his as he ran his hand freely over his stomach and his sex. Their tongues blended, and he felt something like a pinprick. He realized that Dino was sucking blood from his tongue.

Joey exploded with passion as Dino suddenly lifted him and pulled him down on top of him so that Joey could impale himself on his hard cock.

He threw his head back, bringing himself all the way up and then plunging back down on it again, crying out with wild unbridled passion.

Joey rode him like this for almost an hour, bringing them both to orgasm several times. Dino ran his hands over Joey's chest, his face contorting with passion. What heaven to look at his beautiful face straining in the midst of orgasm.

Joey ran his fingers over the tips of his teeth, finding them sexy. His eyes opened when he felt Joey touch his fangs, and they were the most beautiful purple, then green and finally red. He drew Joey's fingers into his mouth, sucking on them gently.

Finally when Joey lay quietly beside him, Dino

whispered in his ear, "You're amazing. I've never had a mortal lover with so much staying power. God, you're so hot."

Joey kissed him in response, thinking that maybe he wasn't being careful enough. It was true that sexually he had gone far longer than a mortal man. Had he given himself away? This vampire was not an idiot.

They broke apart and Dino ran his lips over his body, capturing his sex in his mouth and biting down on the most sensitive part of it as Joey cried out, clutching his hair. Dino fed on his cock for close to five minutes until Joey knew it was too much.

"Stop," Joey whispered, beginning to struggle, his will to survive superseding his lust at that moment.

Dino's fangs went deeper. Joey swooned, half with lust and half with weakness. Was he intending to finish him?

Joey hissed now, growling, his fangs dripping with saliva. He reached for his throat, but Dino raised his head, sitting up on his knees.

Joey met his eyes. He knew he had given himself away.

Joey tried to rise, but he was too weak. He had lost too much of his precious lifeforce.

Dino's eyes were red. He growled, "You came here to kill me. Why?"

Joey swallowed. "How long have you known?" he whispered, struggling to sit up again.

Dino pressed him back down. He lay on top of him now, imprisoning his arms, long black hair falling over him. Joey could feel every inch of his luscious



body. Dino's cock was still hard.

"Before I came to the bar tonight," he whispered, his voice icy. "Divid told me. You are Joey, the pet of the ancient one Levi, the only living vampire that can disguise himself from our kind. And then, when you were making love to me, I knew for sure. No mortal has the stamina to make love like that for that long."

Joey wondered if this is how he was to die. Well, there were certainly far less agreeable ways to go than being pinned to the bed by a gorgeous stud. "You seem to know a lot about me, young one," Joey croaked.

"I know you were sent here to destroy me. What I want to know is, why?"

"Eden," Joey groaned, feeling actual pain now. "She has broken the law by assembling vampires. She plans to go to war. To do that would endanger us all."

"If you were going to kill me, why didn't you? You had your chance last night. I wasn't on to you then," he demanded, his lips close to his.

Joey met his eyes. "I didn't expect you to be so...ah...appealing."

"Well, my appeal will be your undoing," he grunted.

"If you are going to kill me, then do it and be over it. But be forewarned, Levi will hunt you down and..."

"Yes, I know," Dino replied softly. "You are his pet, his possession, so I hear." He ran his hand over his face, his chest and gently kissed his lips.

"I belong to no one!" Joey said stubbornly, struggling beneath him, which only served to increase

his desire for the vampire on top of him. "Now either finish me or give me refuge, for it is almost dawn." His own cock was now stiffening.

"Can't I play with you a little first?" he cooed softly, smiling, reaching down to gently tug at his testicles.

Joey's eyes widened, remembering how he had thought the very same thing last night. "You read my mind. I should have guessed that you had that gift. You knew my name."

Dino nodded. "Yes. I also have the power to make others, but I won't. Eden and I do not see eye to eye on many things."

Joey moaned in pain. He was also incredibly sexually aroused. "I need blood."

He laughed, his handsome face leering down at him. "It doesn't look like that's the only thing you need." He reached down and played with his erection again.

Joey moaned. "I'm not going to make it without blood. Please."

"Please what?" He insisted, running his hand down his flank. "Please feed me, or fuck me?" He asked.

"Both, damn it," Joey bucked underneath him.

Dino remained perfectly still.

"Listen, maybe we can work together, stop this war." Joey struggled to breathe.

"Maybe," he mused, moving his finger across his lips. "And if I save you, Ancient One, then what is to prevent you from doing what you came here to do? When you are in your natural state, you are far

stronger than I."

Joey met his eyes. "I could have killed you last night. I didn't. So, there's your answer."

"You didn't kill me because your lust for my cock was greater than it was for my neck. And was it worth the wait, Joey?"

"Bastard." He raised his head, hissing at him, revealing his fangs.

"Now, we see the real Joey." He licked his lips.

Joey laid his head back down and waited. Either he was going to feed him or finish him.

Dino hesitated. After a few seconds, he bit into his own wrist and placed it at Joey's mouth. Joey grabbed it and sucked hard, feeding frantically.

Dino eventually pulled away and got off him. "You'll drain me," he protested.

Back to full strength, Joey rose off the bed and abruptly reached down, grabbing Dino by the throat. He threw him on the floor, forcing him to his knees. Looking at him like that in his grasp, naked and vulnerable, made him almost crazy with lust. "You will be my slave now, young one. Never forget what power I possess. You are alive only because I will it."

He released him.

Dino stood up, towering over him. "That's my thanks for giving you my blood?"

"No," Joey whispered softly. He reached out and roughly grabbed his sex in his hand, pulling him by the cock up next to him and kissing him hotly. He delved his tongue deep in his throat while he ran his greedy hands over the enticing flesh of his hard, round buttocks. "There's your thanks, my beautiful

fiendish vampire," he told him, pushing him backwards. "Now finish what you started."

Dino looked down at the other vampire's erection with a smirk. "Am I responsible for that?"

Joey glared at him. "Finish it! On your knees and suck my cock."

He gave him a mocking look of sympathy. "I'm afraid I don't have time for that, old man. It's almost dawn."

Joey hissed at him again. "This isn't finished between us."

"Now why doesn't that surprise me?" The other one replied softly with a grin.

"Thanks to you, I have just enough time to seek haven."

"You could always stay here." Dino eyed him.

"I think I'd rather perish in the sun."

"Ouch," he said, that grin playing around his mouth. "Well, so be it. Bon Voyage."

He followed him into the living room while Joey searched for his clothes.

"So, are we enemies or friends?" Dino asked him simply.

"Only time will tell," Joey looked at him as he pulled on his pants. "But one thing is for certain," he came closer to him now, his face close to his, "in bed, we forget all about this and make love as only two vampires can."

"Hah!" he scoffed. "Maybe."

"Oh, no, my young one." Joey met his eyes. "Not maybe, not where you are concerned. I will take you when I choose, and how I choose. And for the time

being, that will be often...at least until I grow bored with you."

"I might not be available," he said defiantly, his eyes glinting at him in the dark. "My tastes are variable." He ran a tongue over his lips for emphasis. "Besides, it might be me who grows tired of you, old man."

Joey couldn't help but smile. Who else would dare talk to him like this? He was a mere child compared to him, but he had such courage, such will. No one had challenged him like this before. He liked it, especially since it came with a body like this one...so beautiful, so muscular, so hard...and that cock. Joey laughed out loud. He could stay no longer, although he was tempted. "We shall see, my twentieth-century lover," he whispered to him and was gone.

\* \* \* \*

The following night, Joey went to see Levi. He had been calling to him in his sleep, which irritated him greatly. He hated it when Levi disturbed his sleep. But he knew he'd better go to him. He knew he was displeased and Joey knew the reason why.

As he walked into his haven in the South of France, Levi didn't even bother to greet him. There was no embrace or kiss. Instead he barked, "Why haven't you killed Eden's General yet?"

"I tried," Joey told him nervously. "I haven't had the opportunity. I'm waiting for the right moment, Levi, and..."

Levi grabbed Joey by the collar and pulled him

closer. "You've been with him. His scent is all over you. How disgusting. You weren't supposed to take him as a lover, you were told to get rid of him."

"He's smart. He figured me out the second night," Joey protested, groaning as Levi pulled the collar tighter, choking him.

"That was your mistake, my child, giving him a second night!" He released him. "Are you insane, taking one so young as a lover? He is ignorant, he knows nothing."

"Oh," Joey smiled softly, "he knows some things," he made an appreciative sound in the back of his throat.

"And when you're finished playing with him?" Levi demanded hotly.

Joey sighed. "Listen, Levi, he doesn't agree with Eden's plan. He's not Eden's lap boy, like..."

"Like?" Levi urged. "Like you're mine?"

"I didn't say that."

"You admire this baby vampire?"

"He is unusually strong and witty for his age. He can read minds and has the strength to make others."

"Impossible for one so young. He can't be more than...what?"

"He's not even fifty. I sense promise in him, Levi. Have you even considered that he could be valuable to us? It would be a shame to destroy him."

"Especially since he is so good in bed?" Levi sneered. "Are you planning to run off with him and desert me?"

"Of course not," Joey replied, although he had to admit, the thought was tempting. To spend the rest of

eternity with one such as him, well, it would make the time pass in a most pleasant fashion.

"Perhaps he is setting you up?" Levi threw himself into a chair and rubbed his chin.

"Perhaps, but he is not as strong as I am," Joey boasted.

"And yet," Levi met his eyes, "I felt you near death last night."

Joey froze. "It was nothing. I had waited too long to feed, that's all."

"You allowed yourself to become vulnerable." He stood up, furious. "And he almost finished you. It's not like you, Joey, to put yourself at risk. He has power over you. He knows it."

"I can take care of myself, Levi," Joey snapped. "I know what I'm doing." But as he said it, he felt doubt creep into his mind. "He doesn't have the upper hand."

"Really?" Levi mocked him. "Then either destroy him, or put him to the test."

"What do you mean?"

"Tell him to destroy Eden, and then I will be assured of his loyalty. If he proves himself to me, maybe we can allow him to survive."

"He will never destroy her, she is his sire," Joey shook his head. "And besides, his loyalty would be to me, not you."

Levi fell silent. Then he came very close to him and sneered. "Fine, Joey, have it your way. But if you can make that fine young vampire your slave, then he will do anything for you, won't he?"

Joey swallowed. "Yes."

"Then he will destroy Eden. Otherwise, he will remain loyal to her and you will do as I told you to, get rid of him."

Joey fell silent.

"Did you understand me, Joey?" He stood up, looming over him. "If he chooses her, you will destroy him. *Is that clear?*"

Joey sucked in a breath and nodded. He turned around for a second, and Levi was gone.

\* \* \* \*

For the next week, Joey steered clear of Dino; not because he didn't want him, but because he did. In fact, Dino was all he thought about whether he was awake or in the sleep of death. In the sleep of death, he dreamt about him.

They were together near a lake, all alone. The young one walked out of the water naked, his body bathed in moonlight. He was resistant, trying to defy him. Joey bound his hands and suspended him naked, hard, his beautiful body completely exposed and accessible to him. "You are mine," he told him, running his hands over his body, biting his nipples, his cock, playing with his body for hours before finally giving him release.

When he woke up from his sleep, he was soaked with semen. He hadn't had a wet dream in centuries. This young one was driving him out of his mind. There was something about him, something he didn't understand. His need for him bordered on obsession. Damn him!



Finally, unable to resist anymore, he went to Satan's Lair to find him. He had to have him. He had to find out if he would defy Eden and give him his allegiance.

\* \* \* \*

Eden placed her hand on Dino's thigh and actually smiled at him. He wasn't sure what she was up to, but he managed to smile back. "I know you slept with Levi's whore, the boy," she whispered, her eyes glinting at him.

Dino sighed and pushed her hand away. "It's none of your business."

"Oh, but my love, it is my business," Eden showed him her long fangs, then threw her head back and laughed. She met his eyes. "You are enamored with him, the one closest to my enemy. You are a fool. He came to destroy you and you gave him that luscious sex of yours. Why aren't you dead?"

"I am dead. I'm just a corpse with attitude."

She didn't laugh. "If the boy wanted you dead, you'd be dead. He changed his mind when he looked at you. You fucked him, of course, and he found he couldn't resist you. He wants you again. He wants to play with you. But when he's ready to, he'll cut off your head."

Dino looked away.

She shook her head, her long red hair cascading down her delicate back. "You managed to seduce Levi's whore. And he's fallen for you. That's why you live still."

"I drained him to the point of death," Dino told her.

She caught her breath. "Why, my beautiful darling, then why isn't he dead? And don't say that idiot joke again." She put up her hand and studied her long, beautifully manicured nails.

"I fed him."

"You fed him?" she echoed. "You had him, and then you let him go?"

"If you want to kill me, Eden, just do it, all right? I'm tired of these games that lead to sexual violence. They bore me."

She glared at him. "I made you. I can do whatever I want to you. You will do as I say. You will drain him and bring him to me. I can use him against Levi."

"I will do no such thing. Besides, he's not going to let me do that to him again."

"Then use your body to trick him." She shrugged. "You certainly have more than your share of charm."

"No," he said.

"No? Did you say *no*?" She rushed at him now, taking him by the groin and lifting him off the floor with one hand.

He let out a scream of pain as she hurled him across the room. He landed against the wall, bouncing to the floor. She walked over to him and placed her foot on his chest.

After a second, she grabbed him by the neck. She threw him into the other wall, then dragged him down into the basement. She ripped off his clothes and chained him to the wall. Running one long deadly sharp nail down his chest, she made a deep

cut all the way down to his groin. She began to lick the blood with the tip of her tongue.

He looked down at her as she moved her lips around the head of his cock now, sucking at it, then biting into it, causing him to gasp with pain. He knew that she was going to drain him to the point where he was half-mad with hunger. Then she would carry him to her bed where she would let him engage in a feeding and sex orgy, so hungry he would do anything she demanded for the blood. She loved to dominate him, and there was little he could do about it when she got like this.

She looked up at him now with stormy eyes, glowing red as blood. "My sexy whore. As the boy belongs to Levi, you belong to me, totally. I made you." She squeezed his testicles, reached up and pinched both his nipples. "Those tits, that ass, that beautiful rod, it's mine."

He plunged his hips forward, his erect organ nudging against her. She opened her dress and lifted her heavy breasts up over her half-cup bra. She rubbed her own nipples, closing her eyes. She opened them again, raking her gaze over him, and moved closer, possessing his mouth, forcing her tongue between his lips. She bit down on his tongue now, sucking it as she brutally slapped at his throbbing erection.

He moaned. Finally, moving her teeth to his throat, she sank them into him, drinking deeply.

He could hear her sucking at his flesh, moaning deeply in her throat as she rubbed her stiff aching nipples against his chest, continuing to drink. He was

weakening, his head falling forward, the ache in his cock beginning to fade. But it didn't matter what she did to him, he had decided that he was not going to kill the vampire she called 'the boy'.

\* \* \* \*

It was almost three in the morning, and Dino still hadn't come to Satan's Lair. Joey wondered where he was. He had missed him. He got up finally and walked outside into the alley, looking up at the hazy moon. "Dino," he whispered. "Where are you? I thought I could live without you, but I can't. Come to me."

He listened, but there was no answer. He had very good senses. Usually he could find any vampire within a few miles of him. He concentrated, trying to get a sense of where he was. Then he felt him. He was weak, in need of blood. Joey narrowed his eyes. Had someone hurt him? He would kill anyone that touched him. Surprised at his strong emotion, Joey took a breath. Never had anyone, vampire or mortal aroused such passion in him for centuries. He wanted to be with him, no matter what Levi said.

He wandered the night sky until he came upon this townhouse. There were vampires here. He knew that. And as he approached the walkway, he knew Dino was here. He saw him now in his mind's eye, naked, chained, his head slumped forward. He was dying.

He heard his voice. *No, don't come here. Go now. I will meet you tomorrow night at Satan's Lair. It's all right, my love.*

*He called me 'my love'. Joey's mouth trembled. "I want to feed you. You are so weak. You need to feed."*

*No. It's too dangerous. She is here. She will sense you. Go away. She is coming for me now. It's a game she plays. She won't let me die. She loves me.*

It was these words that played in Joey's head as he went up into the sky and sat on top of a building across the street.

He closed his eyes. He saw Eden take the chains from Dino's wrists. His head flopped back. She picked his limp body up in her arms and carried him, sinking her teeth into his neck.

He moaned softly as she laid him on the bed.

Joey felt his desire grow as he watched him lying there completely helpless, and naked. She ran her greedy hands over him, long, red-painted nails scraping at his beautiful skin. Naked herself, she leaned over and pressed her breasts to his lips, "Drink, my beautiful monster. Let me take care of you."

Joey watched as he bit down on her nipple, taking a generous portion of her breast into his mouth. He fed, his eyes full of blood, his skin paler than usual, the color of chalk. He was ravenous, growling and snarling like a beast, and he was extremely aroused sexually, his cock engorged.

She impaled herself on him as he sank his teeth into her wrist.

"No, that should be mine, not hers," Joey cried out in his mind as he watched her move her body up and down at her leisure on his dick. Dino's body thrashed back and forth, trying to obtain sexual satisfaction as

she teased him without mercy.

And then to Joey's surprise, she turned her head as if she was looking right at him. "Enjoying yourself, whore of Levi? Just remember, I made him, not you. He is mine to do with as I want...when I want." With that, she reached under him and drove her long nails inside him.

Joey winced. "Don't hurt him, you bitch. I'll destroy you."

"I'm not afraid of you. Soon, I will be the only ancient left," she laughed and reared back on Dino's organ as if she were riding some magnificent beast, her huge breasts bouncing, her eyes glowing the strangest hue of purple.

Suddenly, the color returned to Dino's flesh and his eyes went back to brown. He sat up in bed and roared loudly, restored to his former self, only slightly stronger from her blood.

She grabbed him and kissed him deeply, then said, "Don't you ever say no to me again." She slapped him hard in the face. "Now stand up over there."

Joey watched him walk naked over to the wall, his thick, erect cock still filled with unsatisfied lust. Joey knew she was putting on a show for him, asserting her ownership over him.

"Place your hands over your head and keep them there," she demanded.

He did, his head thrown back, long black hair falling over his broad well-defined shoulders.

Eden turned to Joey now, standing there naked, her full breasts and erect nipples exposed; she ran her hands over them. She moved her gaze to Dino. "Don't

you want him, Levi's whore?" She ran her tongue over her lips. "Don't you want to possess his beautiful body? But he's my whore, you see, my toy to do with what I want. I can pinch and play with his luscious nipples, slap his big hard cock, ride him for hours, put him in chains and penetrate him. Make him beg for orgasm. He's all mine. And he loves it."

Joey bristled, but her words were working their magic on him. He could almost taste his flesh in his mouth.

"Move your hips forward," she ordered Dino now.

Joey was hard as rock now as she leaned down and moved her swollen nipples over the tip of Joey's hard cock.

Dino moaned deeply, his hips beginning to rock forward with unsatisfied lust. She began to run the tip of her tongue over his cock head.

Joey's own organ was pulsing now, dripping with cum.

Eden's teeth extended, and she bit down on his erect organ. Dino moaned again, the sound of his voice deafening in his ears. His body undulated with unrestricted need.

She fell back on the floor, her legs spread. "Come, lover, sink that gorgeous rod into my wet pussy." She laughed as he fell forward over her without hesitation. "And later, I will fuck you with something really special as I suspend you from the ceiling...so helpless...so completely mine."

Joey exploded now, reaching down to rub against his own organ brutally as he watched Dino take her on the floor, slamming into her as she pulled on his

hair and demanded he go faster and deeper.

"Hot yet, Levi's whore?" She whispered as Dino continued to pump into her, his beautiful thick black hair falling over his face.

Joey tore his eyes away. He was as angry as he was aroused. How dare she taunt him like that? How dare she display him like a prize and then deny him access to his body?

He swore now as he looked down at the spreading stain in his pants. He had a big problem. Not only was he being sexually manipulated by Eden's General, she was more than aware of it, and had no qualms about using it against him.

"Don't leave yet," she was saying, pushing Dino back on the floor where he lay spread-eagle, looking dazed. "I'm going to fuck him with something big and slippery. Isn't that what you want, Joey, to possess him completely? Only, it will be me who gets to finally give him the release he craves."

"Bitch," he stormed. He wanted to walk away but he couldn't. He swallowed as he watched her take out a huge, oiled, artificial penis.

"On your knees, my slut," she told him and without any hesitation, he obeyed. She rammed the object into him.

Joey fell up against the wall. Reaching into his pants, he rubbed himself until he exploded again, closing his eyes. In his mind, he heard Dino's cries of passion and his entire body went into spasm. It took everything in him to walk away. He needed him. He needed to be inside of him. He hated Eden for taunting him in this way.



As he forced himself to walk away, he could hear her laughter behind him. "He's my slut, not yours and I'm not finished yet, Levi's Whore," she whispered in his ear as he turned to run.

Now, he was hungry; ravenous, really and he slowed as he reached the park. He was looking for prey; not only to drink, but for sex. He needed some real relief. The images of Dino in his mind had built up such a need in him. It was ferocious, more ferocious than his hunger for blood at the moment.

He found a young prostitute with long black hair that reminded him of his beautiful vampire, but the closer he got, the less he compared. He played with his body aimlessly for a few minutes, the scenes he had just witnessed filling his mind. "Take off your clothes," Joey told him, barely able to speak, his breathing erratic.

He did, excited himself.

The sight of his nakedness left him most dissatisfied. He turned the young man over in the bushes and began to fuck him without mercy, thrusting in and out of him, causing him to cry out with pleasure.

"Yes, yes," the young man said. "Oh, baby, go, go, go."

In his mind, it was Dino he fucked, running his hands over his beautiful muscular body, slapping his cock, making him his completely. He too wanted to dominate him like Eden had done.

Then, spent, he reared up his head and brought his mouth to the young man's throat. He let the luscious rich blood float over his teeth, filling him. He drained

him until the heartbeat slowed and threw him aside, not caring if he were dead or alive.

It was unfortunate for that young man that he'd seen what he had tonight. Usually he wasn't so brutal and his victims did live, but tonight he was angry and very sexually stimulated. Dino should be his. He didn't care for Levi or Eden. They could kill each other if they wanted to. He wanted his Dino. He wanted the young one.

\* \* \* \*

Dino was there at Satan's Lair when Joey arrived the following evening. Joey took his arm and steered him to the alley. "Are you all right?" He touched his face with his fingers.

He nodded. "Yes. I told you not to worry. She was angry at me, that's all."

Joey sucked in some breath. "I want you. I want to devour you."

He cocked his head at him. "Is that an order or a request?"

Joey reached his hand inside his shirt and stroked his chest. He ran his thumb over one of the hard nipples, then the other, pinching it. "I've never seen such a beautiful young vampire, and I'm obsessed. I tried to stay away. Tell me, do you love me, young one?" Joey removed his hand from his chest and took his face between his hands.

"You didn't answer my question," Dino said.

Joey trembled with desire. "I'll beg if you want me to." He moved his lips against his throat. "Tell me, do

you love me, young one?"

"Yes," he whispered, his eyes glowing. "But she wants me to kill you."

He nodded, running his tongue over Dino's sensuous lips. "Levi wants me to kill you, too. He says he will reconsider if you show your loyalty by destroying Eden."

Dino's eyes widened and he backed away. "What?"

"I told him you couldn't do that, no more than I could kill him. They made us. We are connected. In spite of their cruelty and..." Joey paused, hanging his head.

"Is Levi cruel to you, too?" Dino asked softly, lifting his chin with his finger.

"Sometimes. He's possessive. Listen, let's go somewhere...anywhere. I'm desperate to taste you, my love. Last night I practically tore the throat out of a prostitute because I wanted you so much."

"You watched Eden as she dominated me, and you enjoyed it," he whispered.

He nodded. "I can't lie. I did. There was a part of me that wanted to be her. Does that surprise you, my beauty?"

He shook his head. "No."

"Please." Joey pleaded with his eyes. "I want you desperately."

He smiled at him and after a pause, he said, "All right, but I need to feed first."

"Can I come with you?" Joey asked him softly. "I don't need any now. My age...I require less, I think."

Dino shrugged. "If you like."

They walked along quietly through Central Park and Joey hung back as Dino put up his hand. There was a young guy sitting on a bench. Dino walked up to him and asked him for a cigarette. They smoked, talking for a minute, then Dino moved closer to him. The guy reached up and touched his mouth, said something, then went to kiss him. Dino moved his head and placed his mouth on his throat. The guy clutched him as he drank. Joey could hear his moan of pleasure and the slowing heartbeat. Then, he let him go. Joey watched as he picked him up and set him on the bench almost lovingly. The young mortal would wake up feeling weak, but in a few days, he'd be fine.

They walked together again. To the mortal eye, they were just two young men out for a walk. Dino was warm from feeding. Joey took his hand. "Thank you," Joey told him.

"For what?" he asked.

"For letting me watch you feed. It was a privilege. You are such a gentle vampire. You don't like killing?"

"No. I try not to. It happens sometimes." He looked far away for a moment.

"Ever lived off animals?" Joey asked him.

"Yes. It's horrible."

They both laughed.

They reached the apartment. Immediately, Joey grabbed Dino's hand and dragged him into the bedroom. He had waited long enough. He looked around as Dino watched him curiously, then went into the closet and came out with a silk robe. He removed the tie, throwing the robe aside.

"What's that for?" Dino asked him, laughing.

"A fantasy I had about you. It won't hold you, but let's pretend, shall we? Indulge me, beautiful."

Joey moved closer, grabbing him, and twisted him around. He tied the sash around both wrists, then pulled him towards the bathroom. Dino allowed him to lift his arms above his head and attach the tie to the shower curtain rod.

Joey stood back and looked at him. He was wearing a red T-shirt and a pair of jeans. "Well, off they come," he told him.

Dino remained silent, his hands over his head as Joey ripped the T-shirt from his body, revealing those perfectly formed pectoral muscles and taut brown nipples. Joey reached over and licked at his nipples with his tongue. "I love your nipples," he murmured. "God, you're so sexy. You have great tits."

Dino moaned a little, letting his head fall back as Joey fumbled with the zip on his jeans. He continued to suck one nipple while stimulating the other with his finger. He ran his tongue down to Dino's navel, reaching up to pull and tug at his nipple again.

His erection plunged out of the underwear he wore; short blue bikini briefs. Joey ripped the jeans down to his ankles, not bothering to remove them as he went onto his knees and began to lick the inner part of his thigh. His hands came around to fondle his ass through the underwear.

His erection was just too sexy the way it was, half exposed through the material of the underwear that just couldn't contain it all. He felt Dino's erection slap against his cheek. He looked up at him and then with

both hands he ripped the underwear in two, releasing his cock. He turned him around, separating his cheeks with his fingers, plunging two, then three fingers inside him. He buried them deeply, beginning to stimulate him.

Dino let out a gasp of pleasure, then moaned in his throat.

Joey loved the sound. He had a deep, sexy voice and it was turning him on. He delved his fingers deeper to increase the pleasure he was giving him. The sounds in Dino's throat increased. He ran his eyes over the smooth, delicious curve of his ass and licked his lips, pausing only to undo his own pants and yank them down over his hips. "You know I'm going to fuck you, don't you?"

"Yes," he managed, his chest heaving.

"You know your body belongs entirely to me and that I can do anything I want to you at this moment."

"Yes," he breathed. "I know." His neck was arched, his long hair flowing down his muscular back.

Joey lowered his face to his beautiful ass. "Bend forward," he demanded, reaching around to slap his erection, then fondle it roughly.

He let out a cry and did so.

Joey wrapped his fist around that thick cock that was dripping with pre-cum and squeezed, then slapped it again. Dino let out another cry. Joey removed his fingers and slipped his tongue inside him. He continued to fondle and slap Dino's erection as he moved his tongue tantalizingly deeper into his anus.

"Joey," he breathed, "I'm going to..."

"No," Joey demanded, "not yet." Pulling himself upright, he placed one foot on the bathtub and inserted his aching, throbbing erection into his waiting, tight orifice. He gripped his hips and pulled him upwards so that he could go deeper into him.

Dino came almost immediately, his body jerking back and forth and exploding with hot milky semen while he squirmed in Joey's arms. Joey exploded as well, running his hands up over his stomach and his chest, pausing once more to torment his stiff, succulent little nubs. He laid his head on Dino's back.

He turned him around and drew him into his arms. The tie from the bathrobe had broken some time ago. They kissed deeply.

Dino looked down into Joey's eyes as he pulled him forward, out of the tub. "That was your fantasy?"

Joey smiled, running his hands over his hard chest. "Yes. And was it yours?"

"It wasn't bad," he smiled softly.

Joey laughed and they walked together into the other room. Dino removed Joey's shirt and kissed him all over, then they fell asleep in each other's arms.

It was only when they awoke that they realized; not only were they desperately in love, but that their love was doomed.

Neither of them could kill their sires, and when the war went down, they would be on opposite sides of it.

They left the apartment to feed, then returned. They made love briefly and then Dino said, "Stay with me tonight."

Joey snuggled down into his arms. "Just try and

send me away."

They knew they were living on borrowed time.

\* \* \* \*

Joey woke before Dino the following night. Due to his age, he needed less sleep as well as less food. He had thought a lot about things and when Dino woke, he had an idea. When he emerged from the bedroom, Joey went to put his arms around him. They kissed deeply before Joey said, "Dino, would you be sad if Eden was destroyed?"

He shook his head. "No. But I told you, I can't do it."

"But I could do it," Joey insisted.

"Go up against Eden?"

"Yes. We are about the same age. We have equal power. If I killed her, it would be over and we could be together."

"What about Levi? Would he let you go?" Dino sat down in a chair and raised his eyes to him.

Joey came and took his hand, raising it to his lips. After a few seconds, he said "No."

"Then I will have to destroy him." Dino nodded.

Joey gasped. "No. It's too dangerous, Dino. He's so much older than you, an Ancient. You can't go up against an Ancient."

"I will find a way."

"I can't let you do that."

"It's worth it. Let me try," Dino begged.

Joey sighed. "Let's not talk now. Take me to bed. Make love to me."



Dino stood up and pulled him roughly in his arms. "All right, but promise me you will consider what I said."

Joey captured his mouth with his and nodded as Dino's hands moved across his chest. At that moment, he would have promised him anything.

Joey was surprised to see Santo at Satan's Lair later that night. Santo walked right over to him and said, "We need to talk."

Dino had gone out to feed and was on his way back. Joey could feel his approach. He felt such emptiness when he wasn't with him.

Joey smiled at Santo. "What a surprise. Obviously, my old friend, you have sought me out. What can I do for you?"

He took his arm and urged him to come outside. "Not here," he hissed. "And it's not what you can do for me, it's what I can do for you."

Joey gave him a curious look and left with him, going out the back door. They stood facing each other in the dark alley. "Why all this cloak and dagger stuff, Santo? It is so unlike you."

"You are planning to destroy Eden?" He announced in a whisper. "Joey, it is unwise. So is taking up with this young vampire, Eden's General. She will not take lightly to sharing him with you. I hear she is extremely possessive of him." Santo had a pinched look on his pale face.

Joey shook his head. "You worry for nothing. I have no such plans, and..."

"Don't lie to me. I know you do."

"How do you know this?" Joey met his eyes.

"Joey, you know that if it wasn't for Levi...I mean...I've always loved you, you know this. I have a deep connection with you and I sense these things. You think you are in love, but it isn't worth it. Eden will destroy you. And what of Levi? Do you think he will allow you to desert him?"

Joey shook his head. "I don't know, but the less you know about it, the better. I don't want you involved... I—"

Suddenly, Dino was there in front of them. Neither saw his approach. He just landed beside them, cocking his head curiously at Santo.

"Dino," Joey smiled at him, "this is my old friend Santo."

Dino nodded at him. "I know of you."

"Really?" he mocked. He moved closer to him and studied his face for a moment, then he leaned over, breathing in his scent. "You are more beautiful than I thought."

Dino raised an eyebrow, looking at Joey. "What is this all about?"

"Santo is concerned, that's all," Joey replied, touching his forearm.

"Well, he needn't be," Dino said stiffly, his eyes blazing as he looked at him.

"You have a temper," Santo laughed. "Eden must find you a real challenge, but I have to say..." he breathed, looking him up and down, "she knows how to pick them. Where did she find you?" Santo moved around him slowly, seeming to inhale him.

Joey saw his eyes go blood red, which meant that he was aroused. He reached out a hand and clamped

it on Santo's arm like a vice. "He's mine," he growled.

Santo moved back. "Of course," he replied softly.

Dino smiled at Joey. Joey reached over and kissed his mouth possessively, running a hand over his chest. "All mine," Joey repeated against his lips.

Santo shifted his gaze for a moment. "So you are serious. I can only wish you well. If you need me..." he raised his hands and disappeared into the night sky.

Dino's gaze followed him until he was gone. "How did he know our plans?"

"He is very old and sentimental." Joey smiled faintly. "Come, my lover, I grow tired of Satan's Lair. Take me home and make me yours."

Their eyes met, and then their mouths. Joey growled deep in his throat.

"How sweet...two bloodsuckers in love."

Dino hissed, his eyes flashing red as he turned to see Eden standing there.

"I've been looking for you. We have business," she snapped, glaring at Joey. "Get away from him, Levi's whore, or I'll bleed you like a pig."

Dino made a move toward her, but Joey took his hand. "No. Stop. Stay here."

He froze.

"Oh, so he is yours now, is he?" She folded her arms across her ample breasts. "Well, sorry, I made him. He is mine. Get your hands off of him!"

Joey's grip tightened on Dino's hand and he pulled him backwards now into his arms. He met her eyes over Dino's shoulder.

She growled loudly, exposing razor-sharp fangs.

Dino stiffened. "Joey," he said softly. "Let me go to her. Not here."

Joey's grip tightened on Dino. "Better time than any."

She rushed him. Joey threw Dino aside and they went at each other, flying in the air, struggling, throwing each other into the wall of the building, attempting to dig their fangs into each other.

They were fairly evenly matched. But at one point, Eden got the upper hand by digging her sharp nails into Joey's throat. The blood began to run and Joey was gradually losing speed and strength. The struggle would have gone on for some time if Dino hadn't cried out, "Stop...stop this! I will go with you...Eden...please, spare him! Leave him alone."

Dino was pulling her off Joey now, who was trying to get up off the ground.

"Dino, no," Joey protested.

Dino took Eden's hand, cast Joey a sad look over his shoulder and said, "It's no use. I'm sorry."

Then they were gone, and he lay there feeling weak and completely depressed.

\* \* \* \*

It was Santo who came to carry him back to safety. He gave him some blood he had stored away and shook his head. "She might have killed you."

"I don't care. I could have..." Joey moaned with desperation, finishing the blood. "He should have let me..."

Santo sat down beside him. "He did the right

thing. He's an exquisite vampire for one so young. And he loves you."

Joey smiled. "You think so?"

"Yes," Santo nodded. "I felt it. His feelings are close to the surface. But he is torn. He feels also for Eden in the way a child feels for a parent. But he won't allow her to hurt you."

"Why am I not stronger, Santo?" Joey sighed, rubbing his forehead.

"She is a woman possessed by love."

"And I am a man possessed by love!" Joey replied hotly.

"Yes, but she is insecure, and you are not. You are sure that he loves you, but she knows she is losing him. This increases her need to fight and defeat you."

"What should I do? And don't say forget it!"

Santo touched his cheek. "I couldn't. He makes you happy and Levi makes you miserable. It's time for him to let go...time for you to be happy. I will help you."

"Levi! Thank you," Joey hugged him. "Why have you changed your mind?"

"I like this young one. I think he is a fine example of a vampire with heart. This pleases me. And he is so beautiful." Santo smiled, exposing sharp teeth. Leaning closer, he said, "And I want one night with him to do whatever I choose...with his consent, of course."

Joey stiffened. "I...don't..."

"Ah, you can not bear to watch another man touch him, then?"

"Nonsense!" Joey replied, shooting his head up in

the air. "Do you think I am that weak? I have absolutely no problem with it. But he must agree."

"Of course," Santo nodded. "I will not personally penetrate him. I only want to play with his beautiful body, see him naked, perhaps tie him up. You may watch, if you like."

Joey licked his lips, the thought of that exciting him suddenly. "I would like that. I don't know if he will agree."

"I promise not to do anything to him he objects to. All consensual, of course." His eyes lit with a definite lustful glow.

Joey smiled. "I will bring him tomorrow night, but I won't tell him until we arrive. But you must promise not to hurt him. It will be only for sexual pleasure. You must not penetrate him or bite him."

"I give you my word," Santo whispered. "Then after, I will take care of Levi once and for all. I will leave Eden to you, but Joey, you and the young one must do it together. You have to get as far away from here as possible. Any vampire who knows that Dino helped to kill his sire will try and destroy him, perhaps both of you. It is forbidden. Are you sure it is worth it to you?"

Joey thought of holding Dino in his arms, felt the rush of passion that filled him at the thought of his hard, bronzed body. Then with conviction, he said loudly and forcefully, "Yes."

\* \* \* \*

The following night, he asked Dino to accompany

him to Santo's home, a huge mansion in the city that stood off of a dark road. He told him that Santo was planning to help them with their plan. He was waiting until they arrived to tell him about Santo's request.

"Why do we have to come here?" Dino asked, as Joey led him inside. "This place gives me the creeps."

Joey gave his lover a wary look. He had tried to conceal his thoughts from him on the way over here, but Dino was suspicious. There was a part of him that felt some apprehension about the prospect of seeing Santo sexually dominate Dino. He wondered how he would feel. Although he'd had a fantasy about it that had made him really hot, he wasn't sure if he would be as enthusiastic in reality.

"We have to discuss our plans in secret," Joey told him, leading him downstairs to the room in the basement.

Santo appeared almost immediately, dressed in a long white robe. He smiled when he saw Joey and the young one. "Welcome," he said to Dino.

Dino gave him a cautious look, then glanced at Joey. "What is this?" he demanded, already sensing something.

"Has Joey told you of our bargain?" Santos' gaze trailed over him.

"What bargain?" Dino demanded, looking at Joey.

"He wants one night with you to do as he pleases, with your consent, of course." Joey shrugged.

Dino's mouth hardened. "'This is the bargain?'"

"I thought it would turn you on. Besides," Joey added, "it is the price, if Santo is to get rid of Levi for

us."

Dino nodded solemnly. He was angry. His anger coursed through him like electricity.

Joey immediately regretted what he had done, but there was a part of him that was pleased by his anger. Dino didn't want Santo. Maybe that meant he wanted only him. "I'm sorry," he moved to touch him. "It was a bad idea."

Dino jerked his arm away. "No. It's too late for sorry, Joey. You made a deal." He turned his eyes to Santo now. "Do what you want, Santo. I do enjoy variety."

Joey swallowed. "I told him no..."

"It's my body," he snapped, not looking at him. "Isn't it enough that you have rented it out for the night? The rest is up to me. You want to watch, then watch!"

Before Joey could say anything else, Santo reached out and took hold of Dino's arm. He pulled him across the room. "It's settled, then."

Joey followed at their heels. He ran his eyes over the two steel wrist shackles that hung suspended from the ceiling. On the floor, were two widely spaced ankle clamps bolted down.

Joey looked at Santo. "I've changed my mind," he announced. "Let him go."

"It's all for pleasure," Santo whispered. "You are going to love seeing him dominated by another."

Dino's eyes glowed as he allowed Santo to lean down and shackle one ankle to the floor. Roughly, he pushed his thighs apart and locked the other into place. "Too late," Dino whispered with a sneer. "You



made this agreement, now you're going to see it through. Do you think you are the only one who can give me pleasure?"

Joey bit his lip and looked away for a second.

Santo raised one wrist high over Dino's head and shackled it, then the other. Then with one long fingernail, Santo ripped off Dino's light blue cotton T-shirt. "Joey, you remove his jeans," Santo instructed.

"No," Dino protested angrily. "You take off my jeans." He glanced over at Joey. "You don't get to touch me."

Joey felt as if he'd struck him. "So I can't touch you now? Fine," he spat. "I shall watch, then. I hope Santo shows you no mercy."

"Me, too." Dino gave him a mocking smile while Santo removed his jeans by literally ripping them at the seams.

"Santo," Joey barked coldly, "leave on his underwear. He's a big boy with a massive, juicy cock. When he's hard, he spills half out of them and God, you just want to fuck him until he begs for mercy. And make him beg."

"Something you won't have the pleasure of doing," Dino sneered.

"Ha," Joey scoffed. "I will fuck you when I like."

"Not tonight, you won't." Dino met his eyes.

Santo and Joey stood there looking at him, his hair hanging over his face, his naked muscular torso heaving with anticipation. His nipples were hard and taunt. The smooth, round tip of his cock was exposed now, as it jutted out of the top of his underwear. He was erect already.

Santo ran his tongue over his vampire teeth. "Umm...I see what you mean. You just sit down over there, Joey. Play with yourself and I'll make sure our young stud here is entertained."

Joey gave him a warning look and telepathically communicated to him. *Remember what I said, Santo. Nothing unless he consents.*

He took a seat not more than a few feet away and opened his pants. Seeing him naked and helpless like that already had his cock dripping.

Dino watched as Santo approached him. The vampire reached into his pocket and pulled out a gag. He shoved it into his mouth.

Immediately, Joey's sex pulsed. He ran his eyes over Dino. His cock had now completely found its way outside the underwear. It was swollen with desire.

Santo took out two metal clamps and placed one, then the other on those delectable nipples. They stood at attention now from the pressure. The young vampire threw back his head and moaned.

Santo smiled, running a hand over the tip of his cock. "Look at how aroused he is." Slowly he ran his sharp nail up the length of his underwear. It fell away from his well-muscled thighs and landed on the floor between his feet. The cock twitched from the exposure. He pushed his hips forward, wanting release, his muscular, delicious chest heaving with desire.

Santo gave his cock a playful slap, then another, harder, until his cock stiffened even more, expanding to its full length.

Joey swallowed; the sight of him naked and shackled made him want to fuck him so bad it hurt. But he couldn't, not yet. He had promised Santo that he could play with him awhile. Already, the time seemed endless.

As Santo walked around back and slapped him playfully on the buttocks, Dino's entire body went into spasms. Santo laughed slightly, then moved forward and went to take something out of a drawer in a nearby bureau.

Joey's eyes widened when he saw it, a huge, man-made cock with many different raised points.

"I told you, no penetration," Joey stood up now, his eyes glowing with anger. "I didn't bring him here to be raped, only to experience sexual pleasure. You promised me."

"But he wants it," Santo said, never taking his eyes off Dino's cock. He pulled on the nipple clamps now, both at the same time.

Dino moaned again as he played with his nipples, pulling, tugging at the clamps. Then again he slapped his erection and reached down to play with his almond-shaped balls.

"He'll love it, won't you, my hot young stud?" He moved his lips against Dino's throat. "Wouldn't you love to fuck him, Joey? He's so hot, so hot," Santo muttered, his eyes glazing over as he ran his hands freely over his exposed flesh.

Joey bit his lip, his cock hard as rock. He reached into his pants and began to stroke it.

Santo moved around Dino slowly, savoring the sight of his naked writhing body. "You are

completely at my mercy," he whispered, his eyes glowing now with pure lust. "I could let you suffer here for hours, just savoring the sight of that delicious cock, the way your nipples look, clamped like that, straining, so hard, so stimulated. Or I could call others who would take their turn using that magnificent ass of yours." He laughed, rubbing his own erection frantically.

Dino let his head swing back. He moved his hips back and forth frantically.

"Tell me you want it," Santo placed his lips on Dino's throat. "Do you want to be fucked?"

Dino nodded, moaning now. He backed up against the instrument, urging him on.

After just enough hesitation to taunt him, Santo rammed the huge apparatus up inside him. Dino let out a cry. Santo began to thrust, harder and harder.

Joey got up now and moved closer. He ran his hands over Dino's chest as he growled deeply in his throat, his hips moving up and down with each thrust. Joey removed the clamps and began to suck on his tender nipples, moving his tongue around one, then the other. Then he grabbed Dino's cock brutally as Santo continued to impale him with the huge dildo, running his hand up and down the shaft.

Dino's come exploded. He cried out with such force that even the gag in his mouth couldn't contain it. His hips thrust forward and backward as he whimpered with ecstatic relief.

Joey grabbed him around the waist and pressed his body against his. His own come sprayed onto his thigh as Santo withdrew the instrument from Dino

very slowly, which caused a final shiver of pleasure to run up his spine.

Then Joey noticed the bite marks on his throat.

Dino's head hung forward and Santo moved away, licking his lips, the dildo hanging from his fingers. The front of his robe was stained with his own delicious release.

"You bit him!" Joey accused. "I told you not to bite him. How much did you drink?" Joey demanded, lifting his lover's chin and looking into his eyes.

"Hardly any," Santo laughed. "No worries. I'm finished with him now. You can do what you want. You really enjoyed watching me sexually dominate him, didn't you?"

Joey didn't reply. He removed the gag from Dino's mouth. "Are you all right?" He stroked back some of his hair, now damp with perspiration. His entire body was slick with semen and sweat.

Joey didn't wait for an answer. He began to lick his chest slowly.

"You bastard," Dino seethed at him, but there was no anger in his voice. "How dare you give me to Santo to play with?"

Joey picked up his head. "I gave you the option to refuse. Besides, you loved it."

"Yes, it was hot. But it was you who loved it," he protested.

Joey stood back and folded his arms against his chest. He raised an eyebrow, running his eyes over him. "I don't think you're in any position to protest, slut. You are my slut."

"Ha!" The corner of his mouth lifted slightly.

"Never."

"I could leave you here like this, play with you whenever I wanted to, make you my fuck slave for life. Watch others fuck you."

"But you won't," Dino replied, meeting his eyes unflinchingly. "Because as much as you enjoyed watching me being sexually submissive, you hated Santo touching me."

Joey swallowed.

"And if I submitted willingly all the time, I'd lose my appeal. You love my spirit as much as you do my body. You'd become bored if I was truly your slave."

Joey paled. He looked away.

"You like to dominate, but when you have complete submission, it is no longer any fun. Do what you like to me." He met his eyes. "You can possess my body, but my spirit, my will, you will never take."

Joey narrowed his eyes. He came closer and moved around him, his eyes trailing over the naked curves and valleys of his beautiful muscular form. He grabbed his hips and moved his cock against his buttocks.

"Say you want me," Joey urged, running his hands over his thighs and grabbing his cock.

"No," he replied defiantly.

Joey's eyes glowed red. He lowered himself and reared back his head, plunging his teeth into the fleshy part of one of his ass cheeks. He drank deeply for a second before removing his teeth.

Dino laughed. "That won't change my mind. Release me and then let's see who is the dominant."

In the corner, Santo watched with great interest. It

looked like Joey had met his match.

Joey undid his wrists, then leaned down to undo his ankles. He stood there, watching him.

"Now what, slut?" Joey taunted him, his mouth quirking with some humor. "And you are a slut, aren't you?"

"Yes," he laughed, "but so are you," and in a flash, Dino had tipped him onto the floor. He tore off his pants, capturing his sex in his mouth while running his hands up over Joey's chest. He pinched and taunted his nipples as he continued to suck deeply.

Joey cried out in passion as he felt the velvet lining of his mouth capture his cock. His tongue flicked down the shaft and teased the hole at the end of his cock head.

Suddenly, he released him, sitting back on his haunches. He smiled. "Who really is the master, Joey?"

"You don't intend to..." Joey muttered, his cock throbbing with unsatisfied lust.

He was laughing, gathering up his clothes and even before Joey could raise himself off the floor, he had stalked out.

Santo stood looking at Joey now as he lay there, deeply frustrated. "Looks like you have quite a challenge on your hands."

"Oh, shut up," Joey muttered as he got up and began to do up his pants. "This was a bad idea."

Santo grinned, his teeth peeking out of his upper lip. "I'm sure you'll find a way to make him...ah... come around."

Joey laughed. "I will."

"So, answer my question before you go to discipline that beautiful piece of man. Did you or did you not enjoy watching me dominate him?"

"Oh, God, yes," Joey whispered. "I was hot as soon as you chained him up. There's something in me that needs to...I don't know. He's so big and male and that makes it better. To see his naked body exposed, to watch him struggle, to be completely dependent on another to give him pleasure is...I have no words."

"You haven't changed, Joey. You were a Master as a mortal and you still are. He enjoyed that, your lover, but I will tell you a secret."

"What?" Joey came closer to hear.

"He allowed me to do what I did, in part to spite you, in part because he enjoyed it himself. But he will not do anything he doesn't want to. As much as you think you can be his Master, you aren't."

Joey gave him a dirty look. "You know nothing about it. I have to go. You got what you wanted. Now, you will help us."

"I will. We'll talk soon." He smiled, his sharp fangs glinting at him. Joey nodded, and then went to find Dino.

"Stubborn and defiant," he told him when he finally found him later sitting in the park.

Dino glared at him.

"Oh, come on, it was for fun," Joey nudged his shoulder. "Besides, you paid me back. You left me horny as hell back there."

"Good," he laughed.

"And you loved it. Santo tells me you don't do anything you don't want to."



"Is that so?" he asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Santo will be joining us shortly."

"A menage a trois?" he scoffed.

"No. That was a one-shot deal. He doesn't get to touch you again."

"What if I want him to?" He raised an eyebrow. "It's not for you to decide who touches me and who doesn't."

Joey froze. "You want...I thought...?"

"You can't give me to others any time you please and tell me I can't go back for more. You don't own me, Joey."

Joey swallowed. "I won't do it again."

"No, you won't. You sold me into prostitution so Santo would kill Levi and you could get off."

Joey sighed. "I'm sorry."

"Forget about it this time. I did enjoy it, but next time, you don't make arrangements that concern me without my prior approval. If I want someone to dominate me sexually, I will decide."

"So being used like that did stimulate you, didn't it?"

He thought about it for a minute. "It was sexy. I was turned on completely, especially watching you watching me."

Their eyes met. Joey reached over to kiss him on the mouth, then they sat silently side by side.

"I didn't like Santo touching you," Joey confessed suddenly.

"I know," Dino told him. "That's why I allowed him to."

"Just to upset me?"

"No. To teach you that you are not my master," Dino snapped.

Joey looked away.

"What is it about me that makes you feel as if you have to make me submit to you completely?" Dino asked softly.

Joey gave him a puzzled look. "I don't feel as if..."

"Yes, you do," he replied, meeting his eyes. "I don't mind these sexual games from time to time, it isn't about that. It's about you."

"It turns me on, that's all, nothing more." Joey shrugged.

"So you've always wanted to sexually dominate your lovers?" Dino asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Well, no...I..." Joey stopped. He didn't know what to say. Dino was the first lover he had ever felt such a strong urge to sexually dominate.

"A-ha," Dino snapped his fingers, getting off the bench. "so it's true. You didn't feel that urge with the others."

"You pig, you read my mind. That is very unfair."

"So what, all's fair in love and war," he laughed, thinking he was being clever. "So, what is it about me, Joey?"

He sighed. "I really don't know," he murmured, "something. I..."

He was about to go on when Santo appeared in front of them. He gave the young one a lewd look, and got a dirty one in return. "Hello, beautiful," he muttered, "still hot and horny?"

"I'm fine, thanks," Dino replied deeply. "How are you? I see you've changed your attire."

He laughed, then turned to Joey, and his voice grew serious. "We have to talk about the plan."

"Yes. Dino and I will destroy Eden, and then you will take care of Levi while we go as far away as we can," Joey said.

Dino turned his eyes to Joey.

"It's risky."

"Can you do it, my love?" Joey asked softly, reaching out and touching his hand. "Can you help me kill your maker?"

He touched Joey's cheek. "I will," he replied, but his voice was thick with emotion.

"Remember, beauty," Santo told him, "It means that you will be outlawed among your own kind. The two of you will be completely isolated. You may have to move often. Others will try and kill you if they know what you've done. Your life is forfeit."

"I know this," he replied. "What about you?"

"It's the same, but I'm not worried. I have existed a long time. If the end comes, it is long overdue."

Joey reached over and squeezed his arm. "Thank you, Santo. I will not forget what you have done."

Dino smirked. "He was handsomely rewarded."

Santo grinned and ran a tongue over his teeth. "Yes, I was, beauty."

Joey laughed.

"All right," Santo told them. "You get rid of Eden first. Do it tonight."

They all agreed, and Santo left them sitting quietly alone in the park.

Dino took Joey's hand and held it. "Do you love me?"

Joey rubbed his cheek against his and murmured, "Oh, yes, more than you know, baby."

"All right," he said, and stood. "I'll go now. Wish me luck."

Joey stood, as well, taking him into his embrace and holding him. "Good luck. I'll be there shortly. Be careful."

He disengaged himself and looked into his eyes. "I love you, Joey," he whispered, and quickly left the park.

Joey watched as he flew off into the night. He walked through the park and stood at the entrance to the cemetery, looking up into the moonlit sky. He closed his eyes. It was their only chance to be together. He had to concentrate. He had to arrive at the right moment.

\* \* \* \*

Dino smiled at his sire as he walked into her lair. "You are so beautiful tonight," he told her.

She eyed him. "What's this about?"

He came over and sat beside her, rubbing his cheek against her hand. "I want to make up for last night. I'm sorry. I was taken in by Levi's whore for a time, but I realized that it is only you that makes me happy, my maker, my lover."

"I should torture you." She gazed down at him, but stroked his hair at the same time. "I should tie you to the bed, drain you and then make you fuck me all night for what you've done."

He nodded. "I know. I deserve to be punished by

you," he whispered. He reached down, ripping open his shirt.

She leaned over and bit his chest. He winced as she sucked deeply from him. She pulled away, her mouth covered with his blood. She dragged him across the room by the belt of his jeans and ripped them off with her teeth in the bedroom, raking the skin of his hips and thighs with her sharp fangs.

She pushed him down on the bed and began licking his skin, then the blood droplets on his hips and his thighs. She was growling as she sank her teeth into his groin.

He urged her upwards. "I want you." He took off her robe. "So beautiful," he whispered, letting down her long red hair, burying his hands in it as her eyes blazed red.

He moved the palms of his hands over her huge nipples. They grew dark and enormously hard. He twisted them and tugged at them until she winced in lustful pain, thrusting her tits forward into his hands. Then he lifted and slapped them until she was moaning. He pushed her on her knees, reaching one hand under her to slap her tits again and the other to stimulate her clit. He grabbed her by her long hair as she begged to be taken by him.

He pumped his sex hard into her tight anus, taking her from the back, pulling her upward so that he could have access to her aching tits. Sinking his teeth into the back of her neck, he continued to brutally torment her pointed, dark nipples. He drank deeply, ignoring her struggles, then pressing her flat, he pumped harder and harder as she cried out in

orgasm. He sank his teeth into another part of her neck now, pulling out of her tight little hole.

She was weakening, cursing at him. He flipped her over, sinking his teeth into her jugular. Sweet, fresh blood flowed into him. He felt her power transfer from her to him as he kept drinking and suddenly Joey was there.

He pulled Dino back from her. She was dazed, her eyes white. Dino was covered with her blood.

Joey touched his hair, then pressed his mouth to his, tasting her rich blood. He moved his lips and tongue down Dino's chest, taking more of her blood. "Sexy."

Dino's blood was warm with the infusion. His eyes blazed almost gold, and his fangs were completely exposed. He reared his head back, aroused completely. Joey moaned. He ripped off his clothes and enfolded Dino in his arms, running his hands over the slippery hardness of his nude body. He pulled at his erection, squeezing it, bending down to taste it. "Fuck me," he told him, moving around in his arms so that he could enter him.

Dino pushed him hard against the wall. Joey felt his sex fill him completely. Hard and fast he pumped, bringing them both to the floor, moaning. Joey screamed out in orgasm, turning over and bringing Dino's mouth to his. He kissed him passionately, then sank his teeth into his chest, his eyes glowing red. He drank his sweetness for a few seconds as Dino's hands fondled him. Joey growled deep in his throat. "I love you," he managed, kissing him deeply again and biting into his tongue.

Suddenly they sensed that Eden was stirring. Joey pulled away from his lover and got to his feet. Looking down at her where she lay on the bed, her naked body still glowing from the sex, he lowered his head. "I told you, he's mine," Joey whispered against her ear. Opening his jaw, he sunk his teeth into her throat and continued to drain her. She squirmed, running her hands over her breasts. She moaned with a combination of lust and pain. Gradually, the moaning died and she began to wince.

It was Dino that told him to stop.

Joey pulled back. "Why?"

"Don't drain her completely," he said. "She is suffering now. I..." he turned his face away.

"I understand," Joey told him. "Go now. I will finish this, my love."

He nodded and left the room.

"Suffer no more," Joey said, and leaning down, he picked up the huge sword he brought with him. He swung it, bringing it down across her neck, severing her head.

Instantly her pointed fangs disappeared, then she began to fade, skin and bones melting into ashes before his eyes.

He shuddered and turned away.

He heard Dino cry out suddenly. He rushed into the other room. God, had he destroyed him at the same time?

Joey gasped as he saw him. He was roaring, his head thrown back. His eyes went violet, then gold. There was an aura about him, as if all her power and energy had suddenly gone into him.

"Dino!" Joey cried out as he suddenly collapsed onto the floor.

Joey picked up his head and stroked his face. "Are you all right?"

He opened his eyes. "I feel different. I feel like..."

"What?"

"Like I'm three times what I was...stronger...all my senses are sharper."

Joey pressed his lips to his. "How was that?"

He pulled his mouth to his again. "Nice."

"Well as long as that hasn't changed. Come on, my beauty, let's go. Santo advised us to leave as soon as possible. Where shall we go, my love?"

Dino got up and pulled him into his arms. "Anywhere, as long as you love me."

Joey smiled. "No worries there, my young beauty. I couldn't stop loving you if I tried."

Dino kissed his forehead and they took off into the night, far away where the others couldn't find them.



## PART TWO: GENERATION GAP

Joey lay back on the black satin sheets, licking the blood around his mouth with his tongue. He breathed deeply, running his hands over his naked torso. He gazed at the young boy at his side. His eyes were open, all his senses were alert but he was in a state of paralysis. He sometimes did this to his victims when he wanted them to remain silent.

He sighed and got off the bed, not giving the boy another look. He picked up the long purple robe that was lined in white fur, and slid it onto his naked body. He walked over to the window, looking out onto the dark night. Where was he? He had left several days ago, and still had not returned.

Joey turned to look at the boy on the bed. He wasn't particularly beautiful. In fact, no one could satisfy this craving he had, this longing to touch him. Then he called to Victorio.

Victorio was his mortal servant. He had been for many years. He was growing old now, and it took him longer to respond. He supposed he would soon have to find another one.

Victorio came in, bowing as he walked. "Master,"

he murmured, falling on his knees, hugging him. "What I can do to please you?"

Joey stroked his hair. "Get rid of that body. Take him to a nice park somewhere and cover him with a blanket."

"Is he dead, Master?" Victorio asked, struggling to his feet.

"No. He will be all right. Take him now, out of my sight. And the Young One, have you seen him?"

"No Master," Victorio bowed his head, rushing to the bed to pick up the body of the young man.

Joey watched him as he pushed his way out of his bedroom, carrying the limp body in his arms. Often he couldn't bear to look at his victims after feeding from them. It was like looking at the bare bones of a chicken. It felt much better once they were taken away.

Joey began to pace. "You should be here, young one, helping me with this," Joey growled under his breath. Victorio was getting far too old to dispose of the bodies. Where in the hell was he?

Joey got dressed, and then wandered the dark halls of the huge estate that he had bought centuries ago in England. He and the young one had lived here since they had destroyed Eden over seven mortal months ago. It was getting time to move on. It wasn't safe to stay so long in one place.

As for Levi, Joey was sure Santo had failed to destroy him. He told Dino often that he sensed that he still walked the earth somewhere. And as hard as he tried, he could not summon Santo. It worried him. It was possible that Santo had lost the battle with Levi.

But now he wasn't concerned with Levi. He was angry. The young one was ignoring his summons. He was being defiant again.

Over these last few months, he had discovered that his lover was a lot more rebellious than he would have imagined. He didn't seem to have any sense of respect for one's place, namely his own.

They had fought before he left, this time about that very thing. Dino accused him of being arrogant and full of himself. "You live in the past!" he told him.

"Dino, my young naïve lover, you must understand that my very age puts me above you. You have to have a sense of your place in life in order to exist."

"That is crap from your century, Joey," Dino told him, shaking his head. "You say you want me to teach you what it's like to live in this century, but you still want to hold on to the values of your own. You cannot pick what you like from the past and mix it with the present. I'm not going to be your servant. I did not help you destroy Eden so that I could exchange one master for another!"

When he had said that, a chill ran over Joey's body. He had hated being dominated by Levi, but at least he accepted it. "You have to understand," Joey told him gently, "someone has to be in charge. Someone has to make the decisions. You were Eden's General, surely you understand the necessity for leadership and rank."

"Joey," he sighed, coming close to him, touching his cheek. "this is not the army. I'm not a soldier and we are not at war. We're lovers. We need to come to

decisions about things together."

Joey shook his head. "That is impossible! Even if I consulted you, someone would have to make the final decision. There is no such thing as equality. The people of your decade in the sixties fought for it, but it never happened. There is no true equality in the world between races or between men and women. I was born in the sixteenth century, Dino. Surely you see that I am your superior. I can show you so much, teach you so much."

"And I could teach you as well, if only you'd let me," Dino replied. "I'm going away for a few days. I think we need some distance from one another."

Joey's eyes widened. "Where? Where are you going? You can't leave me, Dino. I forbid it. We need to..."

But he was gone. He left without another word. He walked out on him and still, after almost a week had gone by, he had not returned. It seemed that the difference in their ages was so great that they agreed on almost nothing, except in bed. In bed, they were almost one person, completely compatible. It was the only place that he sometimes submitted to him.

\* \* \* \*

Levi was alive. Dino felt his presence as he prowled the streets of San Francisco. He had been following him discretely for the last two nights, thinking that Dino was unaware. Levi wanted Joey. He didn't know where to find him. As long as Levi was following him, he could not go home. He wondered

what had happened to Santo. He was pretty sure now that Levi had destroyed him.

He considered sending a message to Joey, but decided against it. He wasn't sure what he was dealing with here. Joey was calling him, but he ignored it. To answer would put him in danger. Perhaps Levi was reading his thoughts at this very moment as he walked along the riverbank.

There was someone else following him besides Levi, a young man who had spotted him in a bar a while back. Dino continued into the park where it was quiet so that the man would feel free to approach him, and then he could feed. If Levi wanted to watch, that was fine with him.

\* \* \* \*

Levi hovered in the night sky, watching the young vampire lure his victim into the park. He had guarded his thoughts but not enough to hide the fact he knew he was following him. Watching him these last few days, he couldn't deny that he admired his cunning and his strength. He had inherited all of Eden's power. This young vampire was as powerful as an ancient, although he appeared to be completely ignorant of it. Levi knew that he could swoop down and attack him now when he was at his weakest before a feeding, but he was enjoying the show far too much to do that.

He was fascinated with the young one's cunning. Imagine the irony of having your victim pursue you, pursue his own death. How perfectly macabre.

They were talking now, low, the young vampire and his victim. Dino's voice was seductively evil, saying things that you wouldn't even say to your long-time lover without blushing. "I want to fuck you so hard," he told him softly. The young man was putty in his hands.

Levi watched as the young mortal leaned over and kissed Dino's lips. The mortal swooned, reached for the vampire's clothing and kissed him again. The vampire pushed the young man's hand away, just as he was about to reach for the zipper on his jeans. Ah, so he only wanted to eat...nothing more...a sense of loyalty to Joey, perhaps? How touching, Levi thought.

The vampire sank his teeth into the young man's throat, drank deeply, then released him. He picked him up and laid him carefully on a park bench and began to walk away.

Levi swooped down now out of the night sky, startling him. He clapped his hands slowly together several times. "Bravo," he said. "How perfect. I don't believe I have enjoyed a performance more. Although, I would have loved to see you in action. I bet you know how to please."

Dino barred his fangs, growling low in his throat. His eyes burned red in the night sky, a trickle of blood running from the corner of his mouth. "Why are you following me? What do you want?"

"You know what I want? I want my child, the boy. I know you are together. Where is he?"

"I have no idea." Dino's eyes narrowed. "He is a stuffy vampire from the Old World. I quickly tired of him. We had a fight and I left him."

"Yes...well, it would take one with far more sophistication than you to appreciate one as old as he. Where is he?"

"In...India," he mused, "or is it Iraq?"

Levi snarled. "You are a liar. I will find him. And you....you killed your own maker. There are many who do not approve." Levi came closer, running his gaze over him. He reached out, touched the blood at the side of Dino's lips, then inserted the finger into his own mouth.

"Let them show themselves to me and tell me so, then," Dino challenged, unaffected by his seductive behavior. "And you, if you want to take me on, go ahead. Do it now or go away, and leave me to hunt in peace."

Levi laughed. "But you don't hunt. They hunt you. Perfectly delightful. I will be seeing you again, flower child," he whispered and flew straight up into the night sky, disappearing from sight.

Dino sighed. Levi was alive. Somehow, Joey had sensed it. Now he knew it to be true. And he was looking for Joey. He had to find a way back to him so that he could warn him as soon as possible. Joey was in danger. They were both in danger.

\* \* \* \*

Joey walked the floors at the estate. He wondered if Dino would come home soon. He missed him. He missed him enough to ask him more about this sixties philosophy of equality he held so dear. "My love," he whispered, "I'll do anything."

"Anything?" a deep voice said behind him.

Joey smiled. He knew his voice so well. He closed his eyes but didn't turn around. "I might have been speaking of another."

"I don't believe you," Dino replied deeply, moving closer and pulling him back into his arms. "There is no other."

Joey moaned softly as he felt his lips touch his throat. "Where have you been?" Joey turned his head a little so that their lips could meet. They kissed feverishly for a second, then Dino let him go.

"I'm sorry about earlier. I'm stuck in my ways, and..." Joey began.

Dino met his eyes. "That I know, but we have bigger problems than your old-fashioned ideas, Joey."

Joey stiffened. "What problems?"

"Levi."

"He's...he still walks the earth? What about Santo?" Joey moved quickly to Dino, touching his cheek.

Dino raised his head. "I know nothing of Santo, but obviously he was not the winner in the battle between them. Levi followed me in the United States for a few nights, then practically interrupted my feeding in a park. He's looking for you. I had to wait until it was safe so that I could return."

"United States?" Joey repeated. "What were you doing...Dino, you knew it was far too dangerous to go back to America. Look what you've done! He could have followed you here...he..." Joey's eyes went red with anger.

Dino sighed. "Calm down. He would have found



us anyway. I made sure he didn't follow. He wants you."

"Don't be a fool!" Joey snapped. "He wants me, yes, but you are the one in the most danger. He may take me back, you...he will destroy. You helped me to kill Eden. Your life is...."

Dino growled at him, his fangs exposed. "Don't treat me like this is my fault. It was your idea to kill Eden and you trusted Santo to destroy Levi. I offered to do it, but you wouldn't allow me to. I left here because you were driving me crazy. You escaped from domination yourself and now you want to dominate me."

"Well, someone has to keep you under control, look what has happened. I told you, you need a Master. You are far too young and impulsive to not be under someone's wing. Eden was cruel, but I..."

"You are not my Master!" Dino told him, his voice low but filled with anger. "Listen to yourself, you are acting like Levi."

Joey hissed at him. In a flash, he lifted off the floor and flew at him. He pinned him against the wall. "Don't you dare challenge me, young one, because you will lose. You are mine now. I killed your Sire and that is my right."

Dino struggled against him. Joey extended the nails on his right hand and slashed him across the chest. Several long gashes appeared, blood rising from them. His shirt was torn to shreds.

Joey dropped him onto the floor, glaring down at him, his hands resting on his narrow hips. "You have no sense of respect, young one." He reached down

and ripped off the torn shirt. "You are beautiful, but you are so disrespectful. Tonight, you will earn my forgiveness."

Dino raised his eyes to him. They were very sad. He felt like he was reliving his past with Eden. He didn't fear Joey, but he hated his need to dominate, his adherence to the old ways. Because he was so old and so proud, he refused to believe that they could be equals, or that he had anything to teach him about the modern world. But there was something more, some fear and insecurity that he really didn't understand.

The sadness in his eyes made Joey feel very weak. He looked at the blood running down his chest and he fell on his knees. He leaned forward and began to lick the blood off his flesh. He felt Dino's hands in his curly dark hair, and he began to cry.

Dino put his hands on both sides of Joey's face and lifted it up. "I will do anything for you. You don't have to demand it. I love you."

Two tears of blood ran down Joey's cheeks. Dino leaned forward and kissed the blood away.

"Anything?" Joey whispered, moving up into his lap.

"Yes, my love. Anything," Dino murmured, kissing his neck.

"Help me. I don't want to be this way," Joey pleaded.

"I don't know how," he replied. "I don't totally understand these feelings of yours. I know one thing, though, you have to learn patience and humility. Come to bed with me now, for that is the one place we have give and take between us. And I want you."

"In spite of my cruelty?" Joey muttered.

"In spite of your cruelty," Dino told him, standing up and pulling him with him.

"I didn't hurt you." He knew that he hadn't.

Dino shook his head. He felt no pain and no weakness from the assault, only sadness that Joey would lose his temper like that.

He laid Joey on the bed, putting aside the robe. Joey seemed without power, vulnerable, weak and it was only at these times that he allowed himself to be swept away by the power of desire.

Dino took off his pants, then stood looking at him. How beautiful he was, his eyes filled with longing like that. The way he was looking at him filled him with hunger. It was at these times he loved Joey best, when he put aside those silly social rules he had acquired from the dark ages.

Joey reached up to him, pulling him down on top of him. He couldn't remember ever loving like this, ever wanting someone as much and it scared him a lot. He ran his hands over his flesh and sighed as Dino's mouth came down to capture his.

He had been in love many times, but this was something that went beyond ordinary feelings of love. "If you ever leave me," Joey whispered against his throat, "I shall go under the earth and lay there for eternity. I'd have no reason for being."

Dino lifted his head and met his eyes. "Why do you say these things?"

"Because they are true. I love you most utterly, and deep down I despise you for making me feel this way, so helpless when I look into your eyes."

Dino moved away from him for a moment. He seemed stunned by his words.

"Despise me? You despise me?"

Joey sat up now and pulled him near. "Don't. I need you close to me. This week without you has felt like a year." He wrapped his arms around his waist. "I didn't mean that. I don't know what I mean sometimes."

Dino nodded.

They lay face to face on their sides now. Joey reared back his head and lowered his mouth to his throat. He bit deeply, running his hands along his hip.

Dino winced, closing his eyes as he drank. He felt Joey's hand slip down between his legs, caressing his sex. He felt himself swoon, part from passion, part from weakness. It felt strange, like he was being slowly drained of blood. He grew cold, his skin paling by the second.

Joey pulled his head back, blood covering his mouth. He met Dino's eyes; usually a beautiful shade of brown, but now they were almost the lightest shade of gold.

He ran his hands down his chest and captured his sex in his mouth. Dino gasped as he felt the bite. He placed his hand on his head. "You'll going to finish me, then?" he whispered.

Joey withdrew his mouth and stood up. He left the bed, picked up his robe. His eyes filled with tears. He looked out the window. "If I finish you, all the weakness in me will be finished with you."

"Will it?" he asked softly, not able to raise his head off the pillow. He felt the darkness cover him like a

shroud. He wouldn't die of course, he couldn't, but he would fade away, the skin barely covering his bones, still conscious, still able to think and feel. It was a far more horrible fate than death.

Joey closed his eyes. This was not what he expected. He never expected to love like this. He couldn't change. He couldn't compromise. He needed to control him. If he couldn't control him, one day he'd walk away. He couldn't let that happen.

"Either finish me, Joey, or feed me. You owe me this," Dino whispered, his eyes closed.

Joey turned around to see a shadow of the vampire that had lain there just a few minutes ago. His skin had turned chalk white, his eyes yellow, the flesh was literally falling away from his bones.

"Dino," he gasped, running to the bed. He reached out to touch his hand, which now felt like ice. "Dino...wait...wait here. What have I done?" He couldn't save him with just his blood. He needed far more blood than he could give him.

He wrapped the robe tightly around himself and opened the window. He swooped down and across the night sky, looking for the first available victim. He might even have to bring two.

Joey landed on the roof of a church in a small British Hamlet. The streets were quiet. He was about to move on when he saw a young woman staggering down an alley. He jumped down on her and immediately put her into a state of immobilization. He threw her over his shoulder and flew straight up into the night sky, heading back to the estate.

Once back inside the bedroom, he dragged the

body over to the bed. He leaned down and opened a wound in her throat with his teeth, placing the woman's neck against the young vampire's mouth.

Feverishly, he began to drink. Joey watched him for a second, then left to find a second victim.

When he returned, the woman was lying face up on the floor. She was very pale, but still alive. Joey was touched by his compassion. Even in the face of his own demise, he had spared the woman's life.

Joey offered him the body of a man now. The woman's blood had made him strong enough to take him on his own. He grabbed the man's head and bit into his neck, his appetite fierce.

Joey watched him feed with a mixture of admiration and sexual excitement. His youth and appetite for blood was stimulating.

Joey suddenly came forward and pulled the man away from him. He threw him on the floor next to the woman.

"I'm not finished," Dino told him, his eyes a deep shade of brown now, edged with a thin line of red.

Joey undid the tie on the robe and stood there in front of him, naked and aroused. "Take the rest from me," he whispered seductively. "I want you to devour me. You are the sexiest vampire I have ever seen. I want to be your slave."

Dino wiped the blood from his mouth. He got off the bed and moved to him. "Really? My slave? As punishment for what you did to me?" He raised an eyebrow, running his eyes over him.

Joey was trembling. "If you want to call it punishment. There is a fine line between punishment

and pleasure where you are concerned, my love." His voice faltered as Dino came closer to him.

He was now close enough to touch him, but not quite. "Perhaps I choose to really punish you by not touching you at all." He met his eyes.

Joey licked his lips. "Then I shall have to beg."

Dino moved his cheek against his. "Then beg," he repeated.

Joey fell on his knees and went to put his mouth against his sex, but he moved away. Joey looked up at him. "I don't know why I did what I did...I never wanted to hurt you. I don't think I could go on without you."

Dino circled around him. "Really?" he mocked.

"Yes, really," Joey replied, tensing as he felt him behind him.

"And what is it you would miss the most, fiend?" He demanded as Joey felt his hands on his shoulders.

Joey could hardly breathe. He felt him lean over and press his sex against his hair. Joey gasped. He turned his face and felt it graze his cheek.

"You are the fiend, I think," Joey moaned, closing his eyes. "A beautiful fiend, such a beautiful vampire..."

Joey felt himself falling forward, his palms supporting his weight. Dino's arms wrapped around his waist, his body warm and hard against him. Joey felt his hand fondle his sex lightly, not quite enough to satisfy, but just enough to torment him.

Without any warning, Dino plunged his sex deep inside of him at the same time that his teeth clamped down on his neck.

Joey let out a cry of passion as he felt him move in and out of him. Joey closed his eyes. No. No one could please him like this. And it was this very fact that gave the young vampire so much power over him. It was the reason he almost drained him and the reason he probably would do so again.

He was weaker, but not incapacitated as Dino withdrew his teeth from his neck at the same time as he withdrew from him sexually. He let him fall to the floor.

Joey sat against the wall, his eyes closed, his chest heaving. He was still in the throes of ecstasy, his sex still pumping with the edge of orgasm. He opened his eyes and looked directly at him, still naked, sitting on the edge of the bed, watching him.

Joey's eyes raked over him. God, if there was someone more beautiful than this vampire who sat across from him at this moment, it would be a crime against nature itself.

Dino stood up now, looking down at the two mortals on the floor. He picked them up, one under one arm, one under another and moved them in front of the window.

"What are you going to do?" Joey asked him, his body completely relaxed, "throw them out the window?"

"No," he said, "I'm not going to throw them out the window. I'm going to put on some clothes and take them to the town."

"And put them where?" Joey asked softly.

"In the graveyard, or at the church."

"Umm...nice."



Joey watched Dino dress. "The sun will be up soon."

"Yes. I have time."

"What about Levi?"

"What about Levi?"

"What should we do?"

"We should leave here. I don't think he knows where to find us but eventually he will. After all, he is connected to you. Can't a Sire always find his...?"

"Yes, yes," Joey replied impatiently. "Fine, take them somewhere and then come back to me."

Dino gave him a defiant look. "If you think your little stunt tonight will make me toe your line, you are mistaken."

Joey got up off the floor. "I meant nothing by it. I think I paid for my crime." He smiled.

"You didn't suffer much," Dino replied and flashed him a return smile.

Joey laughed. "You have no morals. Go, before I tear off your clothes and ravish you."

Dino picked up the bodies. "I think you ravished me enough for one evening," he met his eyes again and was gone, out the window with the two bodies.

\* \* \* \*

He was back there before dawn, looking peaceful as he lay down on the bed. He held out his hand to him.

Joey moved over to the bed and took it. He crawled onto the mattress, moving closer to him and closed his eyes. The room was completely dark, the one window now double-bolted like the door and covered

with a black blind. The death sleep took Dino fast. He was deeply asleep the minute Joey joined him on the bed.

Joey watched him in his sleep and sighed. What was to become of them? Levi wanted to reclaim him, and the others following them wanted to destroy Dino for killing his sire.

They had to leave here, and Dino had to learn to obey. What if he left him for good next time? To spend the rest of eternity alone, without him...no, he couldn't bear that. He had to make sure he would stay. "My love," he whispered as he touched his lips with his own. "I will never let you go." He closed his eyes.

Joey ordered Victorio to employ others to pack up their things and move them by ship to an Estate in South America.

"I will be there as soon as I can," he told Victorio. Victorio left the room, in a hurry to make arrangements.

Dino watched him leave. "He has not much time left in this world, Joey. You should train another, or..."

"Or what?" Joey eyed him. "Should I make him a vampire? Give him the eternal gift?"

"You sound bitter." Dino crossed the floor of the living room.

Joey threw himself on the overstuffed brocade sofa. "I made one once, a vampire."

"And?"

"And," Joey clipped. "It was a disaster."

"A lover?" He raised an eyebrow.

"Why? Are we jealous?" Joey challenged.

"No. We are not Jealous. Curious, maybe." He came closer.

Joey's hands trembled as he moved to sit beside him. Why couldn't he control this lust he had for him, this transparent most desperate desire?

Dino smiled softly. "Because you're in love."

"Stop reading my mind," Joey growled. "That's very impolite and sick...like some sort of voyeur."

Dino threw back his head and laughed. "Imagine you calling me a voyeur."

"Fiend..." Joey whispered, leaning over and kissing his lips, running his tongue over them. "You know I want you, right now...here if possible, you sexy monster."

Dino smiled coyly. "You are the fiend...insatiable, I believe." He moved away from him. "We were talking about your mortal slave. He is getting old. I sense death all around him."

Joey sighed. "I will retire him soon. Make sure his needs are taken care of, put him in a small country house somewhere. Where will I find a replacement? I have to have one."

"With your charms, you will not have a hard time finding a mortal to serve you, devote his life to your needs."

"I sense something in your voice," Joey interrupted. "You think I have been unfair to Victorio?"

"Not unfair, just unintentionally unkind."

Joey sighed. "This is your bleeding liberalism again, isn't it? I told you Dino, some are born to be..."

"Who were you in your mortal life?" Dino turned now and met his eyes. "Tell me about that man."

"It is utterly uninteresting."

"Really? Why?" Dino persisted. "You obviously were not from a lower class. The way you speak, the way you move makes that quite clear. And you have a unmovable admiration for your own self importance."

Joey's eyes widened. "Well, I didn't know you knew those kinds of words." He was insulted, Dino could tell, and it pleased him.

"You were a snob. You're still one."

"How dare you!" Joey stood now, his face growing angry.

"What I wonder is," Dino came closer to him. "How many poor young lower class boys adored you? How many did your bidding? How many would have died for one kind word from your sensuous lips?"

Joey smiled softly. "I wonder, would you have died for one kind word, my love, or would you have remained stubbornly defiant until the end...until your back bled with repeated whippings?"

Dino pressed his cheek against his. "You know the answer to that, Joey and I would be the only boy who stirred your heart, because I refused to give in. Isn't that true?"

Joey stiffened. "You are mad."

"Mad?" Dino laughed. "Yes. Of course. I'm a vampire. Vampires by their very nature are mad but...consider this, the very thing that sexually excites you is the very thing you consider unacceptable. Am I

the bad little stable boy, Joey?"

Joey shoved him away. "You are bad...a stable boy you aren't. Now stop talking nonsense."

"Will you introduce me to that mortal man one day?" Dino suggested.

"What about you...what kind of mortal man were you, Dino?" Joey whispered. "I know what it was about you that Eden could not resist, but was she completely aware of what a rebellious nature you had?"

At that moment, Dino held up a hand. "Quiet," he demanded. "I hear something."

"Levi," Joey gasped, meeting Dino's eyes.

"He can't come in unless he has been invited," Dino remarked.

"Ah...but you see...he has been here before," Joey told him.

Dino seemed to bristle for a second. "I'm sure he has."

"Ancient history," Joey grinned. "But it pleases me that you are disturbed by it."

Dino reached over and grabbed him, kissing him deeply. He released him. "Did he ever kiss you like that?"

Joey licked his lips, stumbling backwards from the impact, "No, but can you give me another taste, so I can be sure?"

Dino allowed a slow smile to cross his face. "We should leave...now."

"You are right, of course," Joey said and they headed across the room to the window. Joey held out his hand to Dino. Dino took it and they flew off into

the night sky, leaving Levi and the four others to search the house.

They settled themselves in a house hidden in the hills of Columbia. Dino stayed close by him now until they were sure the danger had passed. Levi would not give up.

As they lay together on the bed, candles burning all around them, Joey watched the way the flicking flame played over his beautiful flesh. The puncture wound above his right nipple was slowly healing itself, but he had drunk deeply from him tonight. One kiss and it would disappear, but he was far too content and fulfilled to move. He ran his hand over one well-muscled bicep and Dino closed his eyes for a moment.

"I need to find a replacement for Victorio," Joey told him. "We cannot do without a human servant."

Dino nodded. "It is not so easy."

"Yes, it is," Joey nodded. "It's either serve me or die."

"Some choice," Dino scoffed.

"Let's not fight tonight," Joey whispered. "You've made me far too happy. Let's put our differences aside for now."

"How can we, when we can't even discuss them?"

Joey turned his head away.

Dino reached over and pulled him back. "I want to know who you were as a mortal man."

"Why?" he snapped, pushing his hand away. "It has nothing to do with me now. I'm not a mortal man. I'm a vampire. There is nothing left of the man I was."

"That's not true," Dino told him.

"Yes, it is true, Dino," he tossed.

"Well if it was, we'd be the same and we're not."

"We're not the same because we come from different times, but we are the same because we are not...we are not mortal."

"What were you going to say?" Dino demanded.

"Alive, I was going to say...we are not alive! There, I've said it, are you happy?" Joey moved off the bed. "You've ruined it now. Back to the battlefield."

"Oh, stop it. Even when we're in bed, we're in battle," Dino sighed.

Joey turned to look at him. "No. I don't..."

"Yes. You fight to hold on to your dominance even when you want to completely abandon yourself to me. You never completely abandon yourself."

"That's not true."

"Yes, it is. It's why you almost destroyed me back in England. One night when you feel as if you are losing yourself to me, you will try it again and maybe you will succeed."

The words hung between them like a wall. "You won't allow me to forget what I did, will you?" Joey shook his head.

"No. To forget it would be hazardous to my health. I must never underestimate you, Joey. Until you understand your own heart, you will hate me with the same intensity as you love me. That makes you capable of destroying me, if and when the urge strikes you."

Joey knew he was right, but he couldn't look at him. Instead, he put up a hand. "No more." He walked out of the room.

Dino sighed. Someone had to make the first move.

"I love you, Joey. But mortal and vampire are the same, they are not separate and as long as you hide your mortal self from me, I will never truly know you.

Joey heard his words. He nodded at him.

"Perhaps it is too painful to touch. Perhaps I have blocked out the past because I can not bear to go back there."

"I will go first if you want?"

Joey met his eyes. "You would do that? You would go back and look at your mortal self for me?"

"Yes," he whispered. "I told you, I would do anything for you."

When Joey did not respond, Dino asked, "Do you lament your mortal life that much that you can not even think about it?"

"I long for my mortality. I mourn it. I mourn my own death." He hung his head. "I don't connect with that soul anymore, Dino. It is different from this creature I now am and there is something... something which... I can't explain it. My mind will not allow me to even think of it, but I know it is there. It is far better to leave it alone. The man and the vampire are as different from one another as silk is to linen."

Dino came over and took him into his arms. "No. They are not. Telling you about my mortal life is the most important thing I can show you, my love. I have not disconnected from my mortal self. You have not disconnected either, you only believe you have."

Joey's eyes filled with tears. "Show me, then. Show me who he..."



"Who I..."

"Who *you* are," Joey whispered. "But please, don't ask this of me."

Dino narrowed his eyes, then released him. "It is because of love, isn't it?"

"I don't know," Joey shook his head. "Sometimes I think it is, but my heart won't let me..." He was shaking. He felt Dino take his hands in his. "I really don't remember and I'm not sure if it is a love I lost or...never had." He shook his head sadly. "It would do no good to take a psychic journey back there because there are..."

"Can you?" Dino asked him, squeezing his hands.

"Can I what?"

"Go back there literally in your mind?"

"Yes."

"And it would be like being there?"

"Yes."

"Can you take me with you?"

"I could." Joey hesitated. "But you would not be heard or seen. You would only see through my mind and my eyes."

"Then take me," Dino breathed.

Joey shook his head. He pushed away from him. "No."

Dino watched him as he walked towards the window.

"I need to feed. I'm feeling quite famished tonight." He turned his head and looked at him.

"Don't hate me."

"I don't hate you, Joey."

He was gone.

Dino sat down on the edge of the bed, thinking about their conversation. He left the room and went down into the library. He began to look at books that concerned the history of the sixteenth century. It was a time in Europe of invasion and war. The Spanish, the French, the British were all embarking on voyages across the ocean, discovering new exciting lands.

He glanced at the index of a huge book on European history and saw the family name, Costalina. It was Joey's family name before he shortened it to Costa. He opened the book to the page. The Costalina family was an Italian family related to the original Caesars, who were the ancient rulers of Rome. They had much land and power at the beginning of the sixteenth century, but fell into ruin sometime later on.

In sixteen thirty-eight, the home of the Costalina family was invaded by a band of French pirates who were in direct competition with the royal appointed explorers of their day. According to historians, the French pirates occupied and looted the Costalina home for a period of three months.

The paragraph ended with a list of names which were connected with the family, their dates of birth and death and the supposed cause of death.

The names listed were as followed:

Joseph Costalina- ( murdered by invaders) born 1596- died 1639.

Angelic Costalina (died of natural causes) born 1612- date of death unknown.

Joseph Costalina junior-born 1620- date of death unknown. Disappeared in 1639 (cause of death unknown. Body never discovered).

Dino put down the book. French pirates. Perhaps this is why he didn't wish to go back to the past. Or it could be the transformation from mortal to vampire he didn't wish to remember.

"Find what you are looking for?" A voice asked him suddenly.

Dino turned around, startled. "Joey?"

"Yes. The history books will tell you nothing of what I lived. They could not begin to imagine the emotion, the pain, the longing that I experienced. And finally when the longing ended, I lost everything. I cared for nothing. I wanted to die. Then Levi came."

"I'm sorry. My transformation cannot compare."

"It involves loss like mine, so it is not to be treated as less significant. It is not the transformation I cannot bear to look at; it is what happened while I was still mortal. It is a wound I have sewn tight and I would not have you undo it stitch by stitch, young one."

His head was bowed. He had recently fed; his cheeks were flushed.

Dino stood up. "I will go and feed now myself. It will soon be dawn. Forgive me, I will not ask again."

Joey watched him leave the room. Each time he left, he felt such sorrow, such loss. "I can not stand to lose you...my love," he whispered into the empty air.

\* \* \* \*

The following night, the two vampires went into the town. They were having a festival to celebrate the growing season. There were clowns and puppets and fortunetellers.

Joey was admiring a puppet show when a small, crone-like old woman clamped a hand on his arm. He held back his natural instinct to snarl at her. Instead, he met her eyes and said, "Away, old hag."

Dino came up to stand behind him. The old woman looked at him and gasped.

Dino looked at Joey. "What is wrong with her?"

"Come?" She crooked her finger. "Come into my tent. I will tell your fortune."

Joey shook his head. "Be gone, old woman. I don't believe in such nonsense."

Dino brushed past him. "Come on, it will be fun."

Ducking his head, he entered her tent and sat down. Joey followed very reluctantly.

"It is your fortune I wish to tell," she looked at Joey. "For yours is a far longer story."

Dino's eyes widened. How did she know that?

She eyed Dino with a wicked glint in her eyes. "You...young one...are special. You are far younger than he, but your soul is not."

Dino laughed. "I see."

Joey sighed. "Let's go," he told Dino, nudging him.

"Wait," Dino grinned. "This is fun. Go on."

Her eyes went to Joey who shifted his weight and appeared bored. "You hate weakness. Your loss was greater than you ever believed and so you promised never again to surrender your heart and body in this way."

Joey's eyes widened and he glared at her. "Who are you?"

"No one, everyone," she replied.

"Shut up," he snapped. "You are a quack. Take this," he threw her some money, "and leave me alone!" He left the tent.

The old woman looked at Dino. She reached over and touched his cheek with her wrinkled fingers. "So beautiful, so seductive. You are a gift, returned again to him. He reacts as in the past, although he does not know. How far you traveled to get back to your heart...dear weary spirit. And you have done it many times."

Dino shivered in spite of himself. "Lady, what in the world are you going on about? You are freaking me out."

"Travel back with him, see your own reflection in the mirror. Help him make peace so that this time...you shall not have to search again."

Dino narrowed his eyes.

She let out a gasp and closed her eyes. "He will have no choice unless he understands. He will destroy you. This time, he will succeed and then he will end it for himself."

Dino stood up. He put some money down on the table. Without another word, he left the tent. Joey was no where in sight. Dino sighed.

He walked around the festival for a while longer, then began to look for food. He spotted a young man taking a pee behind a building. Quickly he took him, drinking until he felt full, sealing over the man's wound with his fingers. He laid him down in the

grass beside the structure and took off into the night sky.

Joey returned right before dawn. He said nothing, heading straight for the sealed room. He was upset by the old woman. It was a good thing he hadn't stuck around for the grand finale. He couldn't stop thinking about what she had said.

"Do you think she knew we were vampires?" Dino asked him when he finally woke the next evening.

"Who?" Joey glanced at him, playing solitaire on the table.

"The old woman."

"Who knows. I don't wish to speak of her."

"She told me that if you did not come to terms with your past, you would destroy me."

Joey stopped playing cards and looked at him in frustration. "Dino! Utter nonsense."

Dino fell silent for a moment, then, standing up, he faced him and said, "You will take me back to that time with you, or I will leave here and not return."

Joey stood up now, the cards flying across the room. His eyes glowed red. He was angry. "How dare you! You will not leave me...I will not allow it...I...will..."

"You will what?" Dino challenged him.

"Leave you out in the sun to..."

Dino met his eyes, never flinching. "Oh, really? To what, then?"

"Perish," Joey spat. "I would rather that you...you...can't leave me, young one." His voice faded. "I...I...beg of you."

His head was bowed.

Dino came closer. "Do you love me?"

"Yes," he said without hesitation. His eyes rose to his. Again, fiercely, he said, "Yes."

"Then trust me enough to know that whatever pain is back there, I will be with you through it all. Take me back there with you, Joey."

"Nooooooo!" he cried out, growling with rage. He rushed towards him, picking him up with his hands and slamming him against the wall. He looked deeply into his eyes now, his face so close to his. "You are my destiny, my torment, my very soul." Two thick tears of blood ran down his cheeks. "I don't know why each time you leave the room, my heart aches as if it is breaking. I feel such loss, yet I want to end it...I want to..." Joey's hands curled around his throat.

Dino was finding it hard to breathe now. Choking, he managed to make Joey hear his words, "You can not live without me, Joey. To destroy me..." he coughed, "is to destroy yourself. Save us...save us, Joey...from your past. Take me back..."

Joey let him drop now. He fell to his knees and sobbed.

Dino watched him, holding onto his throat. He stood up with a sigh. "You must go back so that you can understand why you feel as you do about me. The answer lies in your mortal past, Joey. You try and separate yourself from it, but it is you. So you must choose, to confront your past or let us walk out into the sun together as soon as the sun rises in the sky today."

Joey wiped his eyes. He looked up at him. "You love me," he stated without asking. "How can you

after...?"

"I just do. And like you, I cannot live without you. So our fate lies in your hands. If we are to fight those others who would destroy us now in the present, you must confront and conquer the demons in your past. We have to fight them as one, united, Joey, or we will lose the battle."

"Young one, I suspect that old woman spoke some words that convinced you of this. For you seem so certain."

He nodded. "What she told me is that you need to rediscover your past. She gave me the impression that we've had...well, many lives."

"Nonsense," Joey muttered.

"Whether it is or not, I suspect it was more than just a chance meeting."

Joey narrowed his eyes.

"I say no more. But decide."

Joey left him for some hours. When Dino woke as the sun set, Joey was lying there beside him, stroking his hair. He leaned over and kissed his lips gently.

Dino said nothing. He seemed far away from him, his thoughts difficult to read or understand. Then Joey's eyes searched his and he said, "Make love to me, my young one, and somewhere in the midst of pleasure and delirious ecstasy, I will take you back to another time and show you the secrets of my heart."

Dino pulled him into his embrace and began to kiss him, knowing now that whatever Joey would have to face, he would face it with him.



## PART THREE: THE MORTAL WOUND

It was the oddest thing. Dino felt as if he were weightless. His body was gone, there was only his mind. He could see and think and feel but he couldn't communicate. Joey seemed to carry him around in a little space in his head, tucked away where only he could access him.

*I can speak to you in my mind, my love, Joey told him, but I cannot hear you. I'm sorry. I know you are there and it is such a comfort to me, but I am still frightened. There are shadows I cannot see.*

Dino wanted to touch him, but he couldn't. He saw a huge house, lush green hills with beautiful gardens. There were heated steaming baths and lots of fruit and meat. Servants were everywhere, scantily dressed boys and girls.

*There I am, Joey whispered, barely eighteen.*

He was beautiful, with his long, dark, curly hair hanging around his shoulders. He removed his robe and was guided into a steaming bath by willing and adoring servants.

*Some servants asked to be buried along side their masters when they died. Did you know that, my love?*

Joey didn't expect an answer. He laughed a little. I

*know what you would say. You and your sixties ideology. I wish I could leave this place now, Dino, because this is the time when my entire world will change. Look at my skin, how natural it is...how...human.*

The servants were running their hands over him as they washed and caressed him. One young man was slowly soaping his erect penis, which caused the mortal Joey to lay his head back and moan in pleasure, his eyes closed in ecstasy.

Then there was a great noise. The boy was looking around him in alarm. Suddenly there were men, dressed in high boots and tight pants. They all had swords. Some of the men were young, with scars running along side their jaws. Others were wrinkled and ugly with long, rough beards. They talked a strange foreign tongue.

Two of these men dragged Joey from his bath. He screamed. His servants were slaughtered one by one when they tried to throw themselves in front of him.

The men dragged the naked boy, kicking and screaming from his bath into another room. It looked like a living room. There, his mother and father were being held by six other men. There were knives and swords pressed against their throats. The remainder of the servants lined up against the wall, trembling with fear.

Joey was pushed to his knees. He raised his head to encounter the eyes of another man, young, muscular, dressed as the others, but taking much more pride in his appearance.

Dino gasped. Although Joey couldn't hear him, he said, "It's me. But it can't be me. But it sure as hell

looks like me, dressed up for Halloween or something." So it was true. The old woman had been right. He was an old spirit. He and Joey had met before as mortal men, but under very different circumstances.

*The beginnings of my suffering*, Joey told him in his head while his mortal self demanded, "Who are you, and what are you doing in my house?"

The pirate came closer, his eyes traveling over the naked body of the boy. "*Je suis Capitaine Sebastien Lachance.*"

"I do not speak your strange tongue. Speak Roman or...English!"

"I am your servant, Monsieur," he said mockingly in English, bowing. "You demand greatly, considering your...eh," he paused, running his gaze over him again, lewdly, "position."

The men all laughed as Joey tried to cover his genitals with his hands.

"I am surprised you do not speak French." He eyed him. "All noblemen speak French."

"Well, I don't. And if you are what passes for French," Joey spat, "then I am glad I never bothered to learn."

Dino had to laugh. It was certainly a bold move to challenge the pirate captain in this way.

The smile faded from Sebastien's handsome face. "I wish you to inform your parents that we will be occupying this house for some time."

"I...what?" Joey demanded, trying to scramble to his feet.

The man behind him grabbed his hair and pulled

his head back. "Attention!" he warned.

Joey winced.

"Which words did you not understand?" The one calling himself Sebastien inquired, his words laced with an attractive accent. "If you are cooperative, you will live. If you are...difficult, you will die." With that, he turned on his heel and left the room.

"Inform them yourselves, you French Barbarian," he called after him.

Dino watched silently from Joey's mind.

Joey hated the pirates. They were dirty and smelly and always pawing at him. He was sure he would be sexually violated by one of them, but for some reason that didn't happen. He had no way of knowing that Sebastien Lachance had told his men that Joey was off-limits.

Joey was forced to wait on the men. Although he really had no idea how to cook, he was the one who prepared the meals, with the help of his mother.

Sebastien came into the kitchen that evening and watched as Joey tried to peel potatoes.

When he began to laugh at him, Joey gave him a dirty look. "What's so funny? Haven't you ever seen anyone peel a potato before?"

"Not quite like that," Sebastien replied smoothly. His handsome face was full of humor as he folded his well-muscled arms across his broad chest and leaned against the wall.

"I'm not a servant," Joey snarled at him. "It's not my responsibility to...in fact," Joey threw the half-peeled potato at him, "peel it yourself."

The Captain ducked, the potato just missing his

head.

His mother looked frightened as the laughter died on the Pirate Captain's face.

He walked over and grabbed Joey by the hair. He pulled him back against his hard, muscular length and breathed into his ear. "You will do as you're told or I will give that sweet little body of yours to my men and let them play with it. Is that clear?"

Joey nodded, afraid. Sebastien Lachance let him go. He looked him over and smiled. "You will sleep in my bed tonight, where I can keep an eye on you."

"I will not sleep in your bed," Joey protested, clenching his fists. "I'd rather be dead than sleep with you."

He laughed again. "Really? That bad, eh? Well, fine, you may sleep on the floor beside the bed if you find me that repugnant."

Joey gasped as he watched him stroll out of the kitchen. "Mother, did you hear what he said?"

His mother sighed, urging him to be careful.

That night, they served the pirates food. Dirty old men grabbed him and tried to fondle him as the Pirate Captain watched, always with that exasperating smile on his face.

After supper as Joey was cleaning up, the Captain came in and stood close behind him. Joey felt his breathing become more rapid. He thought it was fear. Sebastien came closer and pressed his body against him. "Do you feel that?" he asked, his sex hard against Joey's buttocks. "That's what you do to me. I want to make you mine," he whispered in his ear.

Joey ducked away from him. His face was hot, his

pulse racing. "You are a filthy beast. Stay away from me."

He laughed again. "Leave that," he said. "Come to bed now."

He dragged him kicking and yelling up the stairs, laughing all the way, as if it was an amusing game he was playing.

Once in the room, he lit a candle, then threw a pillow and blanket on the floor beside the bed. "There. Have a restful night."

Joey lay on the hard floor and turned his body away from him, folding his arms across his chest. "If I could get my hands on a sword, I'd kill you, " he whispered.

Time passed and Joey continued to wait on the pirates and sleep in the Captain's room on the cold floor. Then one day, his father challenged one of the pirates, who ran him through with his sword. It took three days for him to die. Joey and his mother stayed by his side, wiping his brow, weeping.

Unable to ease his pain, Joey suffered terribly as he watched his father die. Dino could feel his emotions as he watched helplessly from Joey's mind. He felt deeply for him.

*You feel my pain, my love, Joey told him suddenly, but this pain is nothing compared to what is to come. The loss of my father could never compare.*

Dino knew the pain involved himself, in the shape of that French pirate.

But he could understand nothing of himself when he lived in that time. He could only see himself through Joey's eyes.

When his father finally closed his eyes in death, Joey went to the Frenchman who was lying on the bed in his parents' room. "I need to bury my father," he pleaded. "You must allow me to do this in the name of decency."

Sebastien Lachance nodded, and with that strange accent said, "I will permit it. But what will I get in return?"

Joey blinked. "I don't understand." His breathing grew more rapid as the Frenchman approached.

He reached out and touched his cheek. "I want you to sleep with me in this bed tonight," he said softly.

"No," Joey jerked away from him. "I'll never do...that...with you. I don't think I have ever encountered a viler man than you. I come here asking to bury my father and you ask for sex in exchange?"

"I never actually asked you for sex, Joey," he murmured, with a soft smile playing around his mouth. "I only asked you to sleep with me in the bed. Although if you wish to..."

Joey flushed. "You play with my head."

He threw back his head and laughed. "You wish for me to play with more than that I think, but you are too bashful to ask for it."

"You are the most arrogant of..." Joey sputtered, but his heart was racing.

Sebastien sobered. Coming closer, he met his eyes. "When the time comes, you will beg for it." Joey looked away. "*Alors*, bury your father. I am sorry for your father's death. It was so unnecessary and..."

"Save your sympathy, rogue. I want none from you," Joey spat. "It was one of your men who killed

him. Save your guilt. I only want to bury my father and then hope that you will soon be gone from this house...back to your...ship...or what ever it is you sailed in on."

Sebastien sighed, rubbing his jaw thoughtfully.

"Tell me, Frenchman," Joey challenged him with his eyes, "what did bring you and your cut-throat, murdering men to my home? Were you on the run from the authorities? Were you close to having your necks stretched by the noose?"

He laughed. "Nothing so...ah...dramatic, boy."

"Boy? I have you know that now my father has died, I am head of this household. I am a man."

Sebastien Lachance came closer to him. "Really?" he drawled. "Prove it."

*Do you feel my heart thudding in my chest, young one?* He asked Dino. *My pulse is racing, my heart is now on fire and this is the first time in my mortal life, I have experienced such emotions.*

"I feel them in you," Dino whispered, but of course Joey couldn't hear him.

Dino watched his own past spirit seduce the mortal Joey with his smile and his words, although he never touched him inappropriately in any way.

"Are you sure you wish to remain on that cold, hard floor?" Sebastien asked him, looking into his eyes. "Tonight, you could sleep beside me in the bed and I could give you what you want."

Joey took a step backward. "I want nothing from you," he told him defiantly. "I will remain on the floor."

Dino chuckled at the same time as Sebastien did.



Joey had put up some resistance despite his obvious lust for the Pirate Captain.

That night, he watched as the boy lowered himself to the floor beside the pirate's bed once again. Sebastien stood in front of him with a candle in his hand.

"You hurt my feelings," he whispered, his voice laced with humor. "The fact that you would prefer the hard floor to my hard manhood distresses me greatly."

Joey glanced at him. "You are disgusting. And besides, you have no feelings to hurt, so how can you be distressed?"

Sebastien laughed and slowly began to undress. He made sure Joey saw him as he took off his boots, his shirt, then his pants. He stood boldly in front of where he lay, fully erect.

Joey couldn't look away. He had never seen a more beautiful man and his groin ached as he ran his eyes over the smooth hard contours of his body.

His eyes came to settle on his sex. It was smooth and hard, titling upward. He could practically taste it in his mouth.

*He tormented me,* Joey said suddenly. *And oh, how he enjoyed it.*

Dino laughed slightly. "Looks like he wasn't the only one enjoying it."

"Every night he did the same thing just before we'd go to sleep. He'd slowly strip off his clothes, making sure I saw every curve, every muscle. I was going half out of my mind with desire."

"Why must you undress in front of me like that?"

Joey exploded with anger one night as the Pirate Captain stood there completely naked in front of him, running his own hands seductively over his chest and down to his cock.

"Where would you have me undress?" He winked at him.

"Not in front of me," Joey spat. "You think you are a gentleman, but you are not."

"I never said I was a gentleman," he smirked. "I'm a pirate or have you forgotten?"

"No, I haven't forgotten," Joey snapped.

"Are you hard?" He asked him softly.

"No, and even if I was," Joey sputtered, the ache in his groin becoming unbearable, "it wouldn't be any of your business. It would have nothing to do with you."

"Ah, but that's where you are wrong, Joey. It has everything to do with me. I could help you with that if you'd let me," he whispered softly.

Joey turned on his side away from him. "I don't need your help," he said.

*But in his own way, Sebastien was a gentleman, and although, he taunted me, he never forced himself on me. For a pirate, he was amazingly civilized. I was angry with him for taunting me but that only served to spur him on. It entertained him, convinced him of how aroused I was by his nudity. He was so beautiful. He was always laughing at me, fully aware of the effect he was having. He flirted with me without mercy.*

Joey laughed as he explained. *You see, he knew it was only a matter of time before I was at his feet. Anyway, when I see us then, it fills me with such warmth. Dino, I*

*wish I could explain it to you. Perhaps you can feel it in me. Just know that I was falling in love, deeply, totally, helplessly in love.*

Dino watched Joey's desire for the Pirate Captain grow stronger and stronger. At night, he could no longer sleep. He woke up, caught in the throes of passion, his sex hard, moving around on the hard floor, cursing Sebastien Lachance. Knowing the object of his desire slept so close made it worse.

*Why didn't I go to him? Joey answered Dino's unspoken question. Pride, maybe. I came from a higher class. I was his superior. I was not going to beg for the touch of a cutthroat pirate.*

Then one night, Sebastien walked into the salon and told Joey to come with him.

Joey's eyes widened. He stood up. "Don't tell me, you are going to do me a great favor, and leave my house finally?"

"No," he smiled, "although I promise you, I will do that soon."

Joey sighed. The thought that he would leave was somehow disturbing to him now. "Nonsense! What do you want?"

"For you to help me with my bath." His eyes twinkled in the most devilish of ways as he smiled at Joey.

"Help you with..." Joey sputtered. "I'll help drown you, if you like, you ill-mannered savage."

Sebastien laughed heartily. He took his arm and dragged him to the awaiting bath.

Dino wanted to tell Joey he didn't look as if he were protesting too hard, but he couldn't, so he

smiled to himself.

"Sit there on the other side of the bath and simply hand me the towel when I get out. Not too difficult, is it? Unless, you want to come in with me and help me wash? Some areas are difficult to reach."

He was laughing and Joey was as red as a beet. "No...no...I'll wait here. Hurry up. My life does not revolve around your bathing habits. I had servants do this for me at one time before your men...murdered them."

He took off his clothes and laid them aside. He reached around to untie his hair. The thick black strands fell down his back and over his broad shoulders.

*I was awestruck by his beauty, Dino, Joey told him. Present company excluded, of course, I had never seen such a beautiful body. And although I knew I shouldn't look, I couldn't help myself. He was, you see, so much more sophisticated than I in such matters. He knew what he was doing to me. I, on the other hand, had no such knowledge. I had no idea of what I would end up doing to him...and indeed wanting him to do to me.*

Joey's eyes traveled over Sebastien's body as he emerged from the water. He felt his sex grow even harder as he followed the trails of water that ran down over the hills and valleys of his skin. He handed him a towel, then hastily looked away, placing his hands in front of his genitals to hide the protruding appendage.

"You make me hard," Sebastien whispered to Joey, whose face was flushed now. "I want you to touch me. I know you want to."

"I..." Joey's eyes turned to him as the Frenchman let the towel fall around his feet.

Sebastien reached out and took his hand. "Touch me," he urged. "*Me toucher*," he repeated in French.

Joey reached out and let his fingers trail over his erection. He swallowed, "I touched him," Joey whispered in his mind, "and from that moment on, I wanted to go on touching him for the rest of my life."

Dino closed his eyes mentally in his mind, for at that moment he could almost feel his mortal touch, so innocent, so urgent, so needy.

Then he felt Joey's heart thudding hard in his chest, his pulse race, his arousal intense. "Must I see all this?" Joey cried out. And although he couldn't hear Dino's reply, he knew what it was. He had to go on.

They both watched as the two of them made love in a former life. It was an extremely arousing, yet bizarre experience. They were there together, but they weren't. It was as if they had both floated out of their bodies, watching from the distance.

The dashing pirate, standing naked in the room drew the young innocent man to him and ran his hands over his flesh, making him shiver as he removed his clothing.

"You want to be mine, boy?" he asked him softly, lowering his lips to his.

Joey yielded to him, clinging to the hardness of him as he ran his hands over his strong shoulders and back. "Yes. And I'm no boy," he replied urgently.

The pirate laughed and led him into the room which had once belonged to his parents. He told him

to lie down on the bed. Joey was trembling with a mixture of fear and desire. He couldn't take his eyes off the man who wasn't much older than himself. His eyes traveled over his massive chest, then came to rest on his exquisite hard cock.

Sebastien ran his hands over his body, lowering his mouth to his chest and then to his sex. The boy came almost immediately, making Sebastien laugh, not unkindly at him.

Joey clung to him as he wrapped him in his arms and Sebastien again began to stimulate his sex with his hand. He took Joey's hand and placed it on his erection. "Touch me," he said softly, encouraging him with his beautiful dark eyes. He moved his lips beside his cheek as Joey wrapped his fingers around his sex. Immediately, he wanted to taste it. He wanted it inside him.

"Say my name," Sebastien said softly as he turned the boy over to gently kiss his buttocks, doing wonderful things to him with his lips and his tongue as he parted his two firm cheeks.

"Sebastien," Joey groaned. "Touch me, yes, keep doing that."

He stimulated him to arousal again, and gently he took him and made him his. Joey cried out in pain and then he began to whimper in pleasure, saying his name again and again as the Pirate thrust deeper and deeper inside him.

Finally, he pulled away from him and said, "That's enough for the first time. We'll do it again soon."

*I had forgotten how loving and considerate he was, Joey said in his head again. He was so good to me. He made*

*me happy. What a lover he was. Umm. I can still feel him inside me, still taste him in my mouth.*

Dino felt a pang of jealousy, although he knew it made no sense to be jealous.

*From that time on, every moment we were not touching, we were thinking about touching.*

Dino felt the mortal Joey's earth-shattering orgasms. He heard his cries of pleasure. He watched as Joey's sexual sophistication grew. He and the pirate explored the sexual realm to its furthest possibilities.

Soon Joey was demanding pleasure from the handsome pirate. He engaged him in fantasy games where he dominated him sexually and made him the submissive partner. Although Sebastien would not allow himself to be in anyway bound or imprisoned, given his position, he did submit to Joey's sexual demands, more to please him than anything.

Dino noticed how Joey enjoyed dominating the older man, ordering him to his knees to suck his cock at his whim. Sebastien indulged him often. In fact, it was clear that the Pirate was falling desperately in love with his captive.

*I was in love, Joey whispered. But I cannot go on. This must end here. I can't watch my mortal self in love any longer.*

"No," Dino urged, "we must finish this journey. You must make the connection to the past, Joey. Please, you must see that Sebastien is me. We are the same spirit. He is not gone. He is with you still. He is me."

Joey couldn't hear him, of course, and he tried to

pull them away from this past journey.

Dino was urging them to continue with his mind. Joey was trying to resist. Joey wanted to turn back now. He couldn't face what was to come. It was just too painful. He never wanted to come back here again. He concentrated, urging himself back to the present but suddenly, he was again in that room with Sebastien.

It was Dino. He had blocked his voyage back somehow, forcing him to continue.

*How dare you?* Joey accused him. *How dare you challenge me and drag me back here? You have no right.*

Suddenly, he felt strange. He didn't feel like himself and he couldn't run away. He was rooted to the very spot. *What's happening to me?* Joey demanded. He looked over at that bed.

Sebastien was there. He held out his hand. "Come here, Joey," he said softly. He spoke differently; the French accent was gone. "I can not hold us here for a long time. I'm sorry but you must connect the past with the present. You must face what happened. I think it must have been terrible, although I'm not sure. I don't remember, you see. I myself don't want to live it again either, but I will. I will for you."

Joey began to cry, real tears, human tears. "I'm not a...I'm mortal."

"Yes, and so am I."

"Sebastien, you were always mortal...you..."

"I know. You will understand soon, Joey. Live it with me again and I will let you go."

"I have no choice," Joey conceded.

Dino took him in his arms. He was mortal again for



this short time. He planned to make the most of it. He ran his fingers over Joey's cheeks. He kissed his eyelids, then his lips softly. "Take off your clothes," he urged.

Joey stood up and removed the tunic he wore. He stood there naked, trembling, awaiting his touch. He was crying, tears falling freely down his cheeks. "How can this be?" he whispered.

Dino stood up. He removed his white linen shirt and his trousers, pulling off his high black boots at the same time. He opened his arms. "Come to me, Joey. Come to me if you loved me in the past and you love me now."

Joey ran into his arms. He ran his hands greedily down his back and clutched his firm round buttocks. He gave them a gentle squeeze, then ran his tongue over his throat and chest. Taking one brown nipple between his teeth, he bit it gently while moving his hand to the inside of one of his hard silky thighs.

He felt Dino's hands on his back, stroking him, then his mouth came down to his throat and he sucked at the skin there. Pulling him backwards, he laid him onto the bed.

Joey looked up at him as he leaned over him, his long black hair hanging down, brushing his chest, his own sensitive nipples. Joey reached up for him and Dino moved onto the bed, spreading Joey's thighs roughly with his knee. Lifting his legs up over his shoulders, he pulled him downwards, positioning him in such a way that his cock could penetrate his waiting orifice. He went into him slowly, with great tenderness, as Joey let out a gasp.

He began to pump, harder, then harder again, all the while locking his eyes with his. Joey clutched onto his shoulders, digging his nails into his flesh as he closed his eyes in pleasure. He was taking him away to a place where one felt nothing but pure heaven. He opened his eyes now as Dino began to go faster, pumping harder and harder. Joey cried out as he felt Dino's hand fondle his erection and at the same time, they both let out a cry that practically shook the rafters of the ceiling.

Joey's eyes filled with tears. "I love you," he choked. "God, I've loved you forever, haven't I?"

Dino smiled, and the scene faded. He felt fear, although he wasn't sure why.

It had seemed so precious. He wanted to hold on to it but he knew he couldn't. It had all ended, all of a sudden, without any warning at all.

Although he carried no memory of what Sebastien had faced back in this century, he knew he was about to relive it. He shuddered, some distant memory creeping inside of him.

After all these months, the Romans finally came to attempt a rescue of the Costalina family. Fifty soldiers arrived at the house, but only twenty lived to brag about the capture of the notorious Pirate Captain, Sebastien Lachance. They came not to rescue a family but to capture a criminal of the high seas.

Joey screamed when they pulled his lover from their bed. When the captain of the Roman soldiers demanded to know what he was doing lying with the enemy, Dino found himself speaking in Sebastien's voice. They had become one suddenly, his spirit

blending with his former self. It was a frightening, awe-inspiring experience being swept into history. It was playing again like a record and he knew there was nothing he could do to stop it. He knew he couldn't change his fate.

"I forced him," he heard himself say. "He is of no blame. It was either lie with me or die." He gave the younger boy a cautious look, laughing. "I guess it wasn't so bad then, boy," he managed.

The Roman captain slapped his face. "Blackheart. You are a rapist on top of all your other crimes. Put on your pants!" He picked up Sebastien's pants and threw them at him.

Joey remained silent, but his tears spilled down his face. He remembered this. He remembered everything. *I hate you, Dino for making me remember.* But it was in motion now. He couldn't stop it.

They dragged his lover outside. Joey and his mother followed.

The captain tied him to a tree and whipped him with his horsewhip until his back was covered in blood.

Joey hid his face. Spare him his life, God, please, I will do anything... anything...

Dino felt Sebastien's pain. He kept thinking of Joey as the whip fell across his back. *Don't lament me, my love. I will find you again. No matter how long it takes. I promise. We will feel each other's touch again.* As the pain gripped him, he thought only of Joey watching this now. He regretted forcing him to see this a second time. He didn't want him to hurt.

When they untied him, Joey wanted to run to him,

touch him, tell him how much he loved him but he couldn't of course. Then he saw two of the soldiers throw a rope up over a tree.

"No!" Joey ran now to the Captain. He fell on his knees. "Please...I love this man...I....please don't hang him. Don't..."

The captain glared at the pirate now. "Is this true what he says?" He sneered. "And do you love him as well? Do you wish to both go off together?"

"He is insane," Sebastien laughed. "He went crazy when his father died. If you feel it's in good conscience, Captain, to hang a mentally ill boy, then do so. It is no consequence to me, Monsieur."

The Captain spoke to the guard, "Take the boy and his mother inside."

The soldier nodded.

The Roman forced Sebastien to get up on a horse. He felt himself settling into the saddle. He took one long, last look at Joey. "We will be together again," he whispered in French, but Joey couldn't hear him. Joey was screaming as they put the noose around his neck. "Stop them, Mother," he begged, resisting the soldiers who tried to drag him inside. "Please...stop them."

Dino felt the rope tighten around his throat. This was becoming more real than he would have liked. He closed his eyes. *Ensemble beintot, mon amour, J'ai promis*, he heard in his head and felt a choking sensation. He couldn't breathe. He was grasping at something, nothing, no air and then blackness. He saw himself hanging there, swinging from the rope, his neck broken. But it hadn't ended there.

Joey was screaming. Then Dino watched as he fell

into a well of despair. He wept for him and with him. He felt his loss, his pain and he knew now why he hadn't wanted to revisit his past. He understood everything. He suddenly knew why he felt such a need to dominate him, why he was so possessive. He was so afraid to lose him again, because he had already lost him once. Joey needed to realize that Sebastien had made good on his promise. They had found each other again.

There was a reason for everything, even for Levi to have come only three months later to claim a life that had lost all meaning for him.

Drunk, in despair, bitter and lost, Joey tried several ways to kill himself but in the end, he didn't know how. Levi fell in love with what he thought was a sad angel, never knowing that he grieved for a lost love.

And it was at this point Joey begged Dino to release him from his past. Dino could no longer hold him here, the strength he had found in Sebastien had left him, his spirit somehow becoming melded with his own.

Joey faced him now, lying on the bed. They were both naked, having just finished making love. Joey's eyes were clouded with blood tears. They streaked his cheeks, ran down his chest.

Dino met his eyes. "I never really left you. You do see that now, don't you?"

"Sebastien," he spoke softly. "All this time, I knew but I couldn't... accept. I'm sorry, my love. I guess I never truly believed that you loved me as much as I did you."

"How could you doubt it?" He looked deeply into

his eyes and touched his hair, lifting the one strand that was stained with the deep mauve color.

Joey drew him close, his mouth joined with his. "Thank you. Thank you for showing me, and thank you for coming back to me. I never did know why you...I mean, Sebastien ended up at my home. Can you tell me?"

"I have no idea," Dino smiled. "Only he could answer that."

"But you are he," Joey told him.

"Yes and no. I was him, Joey, I'm not anymore. I can only live here with you now as myself."

Joey smiled and held him close. "Yes, young one. Perhaps I shall have to stop calling you that. You are not as young as I believed."

"A young vampire with an old spirit," he concluded, touching his shoulder.

"I know now that you will never leave me...at least not for a long time."

Dino nodded. "We are eternally connected."

"It's just the way you left me back then..." He cried a little now. "It fills me with such sadness."

"But it's over now, Joey," Dino told him, his voice filled with compassion.

"But what if it happens again?"

"It won't."

"But Levi and the others...if they hurt you...I couldn't bear it. I..."

"Joey," he said sharply. "Live now with me here. Learn from the past, then leave it behind."

Joey nodded. "And when will you tell me about your mortal life?"

"Whenever you like. But sleep now. We will talk about that another evening."

"Promise?" Joey snuggled down in his arms.

"I do. I promise," Dino closed his eyes. "*J'ai promis,*" he whispered and went to sleep.

## PART FOUR: WOODSTOCK

They moved again. They knew that Levi and some of the others were on their trail, so they went deep into the desert of Iran.

Joey managed to secure two mortal servants. He didn't fight with Dino anymore, at least not about the usual things. He no longer thought about destroying him. He cherished him more, knowing his spirit most intimately. They disagreed, of course, but these were mostly disagreements concerning philosophy or art. They would always end the disagreement with intense lovemaking and then they would forget what they had been fighting about.

What worried them most now, of course, were Levi and his followers, but they tried not to dwell on this. Dino suggested they seek out Levi and end it, once and for all, but Joey didn't want that.

One night as they sat talking about Levi and the possible ways he could hurt them, Joey threw up his hands and said, "Stop this. I no longer want to discuss that vampire, or his other bloodsucking saps."

Dino laughed. "All right."

"Now, you will tell me about your mortal life. You



promised me. You must let me follow you in your head just like I did. It's only fair."

"But you saw my mortal life in Sebastien," Dino teased.

"Dino!" Joey shook his head. "First of all, I did not see your mortal life as Sebastien. I saw only the part you shared with me. I don't even know what brought you to my home or what you did on that pirate ship of yours. You did have a ship, didn't you?"

"I assume I did," Dino grinned.

"Then why not go back there with me and show me that life before..."

"According to that old gypsy, I have had many lives, and so have you."

"The old woman again," Joey muttered. "Well, show me these lives you have had."

"Joey, I don't think I can. I don't remember them. Besides, my life as Sebastien before he met you is of no importance."

"Untrue. Everything about your life as Sebastien is as precious to me as you are. It is part of you."

"Am I not allowed to have any secrets?" Dino shook his head, laughing. "What about the lovers Sebastien had before you or...those I had as a mortal? Would you like to see those?"

Joey considered that for a moment. "Yes. It would arouse me greatly." He came over to sit on Dino's knee. "Unless of course they were more beautiful than I...and then...well..."

"That would be impossible," Dino muttered, kissing his neck and running his hand over his thigh.

Joey felt his hand now undo his pants and slip

down between his legs. He fondled his balls, and his throbbing cock. Joey moved his head back and extended his legs so that Dino could have greater access to him.

His pants were open and Dino was fondling him most brutally, his teeth grazing his neck. He undid Joey's shirt and ran his tongue over his nipples, then bit down on one, drawing blood.

Joey moaned. He got off his lap and onto the floor, undoing Dino's jeans now. He drew out his sex and put it in his mouth as he felt Dino's hands in his hair.

The talk of traveling back in either Sebastien's past or Dino's was over for this time as Joey withdrew his mouth and pulled him down on the floor on top of him. He ran his hands over his body and closed his eyes. "Take me...take me, my love...my Sebastien...my Dino...my lover for eternity. I have always been yours from the moment you awoke these senses in me. Fulfill me...show me you are mine alone."

Joey was looking out the window when Dino finally woke. The sun was just setting in the sky and Joey watched it. He could tolerate some sun, and he enjoyed watching its ascent and descent.

Dino walked over to him and enveloped him in his arms. Joey lay back his head against his broad shoulder and sighed with contentment. "You are the most extraordinary lover. Have I ever told you that?" Joey said softly, reaching around and caressing his cheek.

"Several times," Dino murmured, smiling.

"Umm..." he turned around in his arms, "and naked too...what are you trying to do, my love, drive

me insane? Put some clothes on...you promised me a taste of your mortal life. Tonight I will have it."

"Ah, Joey," Dino groaned. "Not my entire life."

"No," Joey smiled. "Just begin when you became the sexual being you are now. Don't tell me you had no lover before Eden?"

"Eden was not my lover. She was my maker. It is not the same."

"She was both," Joey stoked his cheek. "I hate her for that. I wish I would have made you."

Dino kissed his lips. He began to dress. Joey watched him silently. Then he said, "You know my first lover was you...I mean, Sebastien...well, same thing." He pouted. "It's not fair. I don't even know who your first was. Were you in love?"

He smiled. "No. You are my only love."

"Was it nice?" Joey probed, coming closer.

Dino laughed. "The first time? Ah, I don't remember."

"You are a liar. Take me with you. History does not lie."

They were both smiling. Dino took his hand. "Are you sure?"

"Yes. I will come with you in your mind...but I can speak to you, unlike when you came with me."

"Oh, no." Dino shook his head. "Don't make comments because I did some stupid things and you won't understand them, given your... ah... background."

Joey met his eyes. "Like what?"

"You'll see. Just from the age of fourteen."

"Fourteen?" Joey gasped. "You became a man at

fourteen?"

Dino smiled. "You were only eighteen when I made you one."

"True," he grinned. "Go on."

"Anyway, it wasn't very sophisticated. Already with the comments. I'm not taking you."

"Yes...take me...I'm sorry," Joey offered. "I will be good."

Dino gave him a hesitant look. "Let's lay down on the bed. I don't know if I can. I will try."

Joey nodded. "You can. You have great strength. You were strong enough to reunite your present spirit with your past one and make me mortal again. I suspect you are far stronger than you believe, Dino."

He nodded. "All right. Let's go. Hold my hand."

"I'd rather hold something else," Joey smirked, but took his hand instead when Dino gave him an impatient look.

It was New York City, 1965. Joey saw a fourteen-year-old boy masturbating in his bedroom with Black Sabbath playing on the turntable. His hair was long and shaggy and he wore bell-bottoms and a peace sign around his neck.

*Love the wardrobe,* Joey chuckled in his head. *And what an opening.*

*I didn't choose it,* Dino laughed. *I spent a lot of time doing that, come to think of it.*

*You had great wrists,* Joey pointed out, watching as he went to school, socialized with his friends.

*I was lonely, although I was never alone. I had lots of friends. None of them knew I was gay. It was the time of civil rights, but the emphasis was on Black Americans.*

*There was a Gay rights movement but you didn't hear much about it. I didn't want anyone to know I was gay.*

*Gay, Joey murmured. Back in my time, we called it love.*

*Well, we regressed. Anyway, there was a lot of drugs around and when my parents weren't home, my friends came by and we smoked pot and did LSD. That was the biggie back then.*

*Why?*

*It was a kick. Come with me, I'll show you.*

Joey watched as Dino sat with his friends smoking drugs. He saw beautiful things through his eyes, rainbows and images. Wow. It was something. Then he saw him with one of the friends in the bathroom. The guy was not what one would call attractive, but he reached for Dino's pants and undid them, then went down on his knees.

Joey sucked in a breath as he felt Dino's first sexual stirrings awaken and he smiled. It was sweet, more than anything.

The sexual encounters grew more frequent and more adult. He saw him in all male bars. He saw him smoking the drugs and having sex with many different men. He was going to university, and holding picket signs and demonstrating and running from the police. At one point, his father came down to the police station to bail him out of jail.

*Why were you at odds with authority all the time, Dino?* Joey asked.

*Because the system was wrong. We knew it. We wanted to change it.*

Joey nodded. *I see.*

Then he was eighteen and riding in this van with a lot of other young men and women, white and black with wild clothes and wild hair.

There was music and smoking pipes and dancing around and lying on blankets at night...sex and more drugs and burning paper.

*What are you doing?* Joey asked him. *What are you burning?*

*My draft card. I was eighteen and the Vietnam War was on. We didn't believe in the war. So we planned to drive to Canada after the concert at Woodstock but...as you know...I never left Woodstock alive.*

Joey nodded in his mind. *You seem happy, my love, but...it's artificial.*

*We believed in what we fought for, Joey. We wanted harmony and peace and all those things. I think we made things better.*

The moon grew large, and night settled over the huge field. The music died.

*How did it happen?* Joey sensed his sadness.

*I couldn't sleep. I was wired. I had smoked far too much grass and so I took a walk. I was fascinated with the moon. It was full and bright that night, brighter than usual. I thought about what faced me. I didn't want to leave New York, but if I went home, I knew I'd be drafted. I didn't want to go to Vietnam, although I wasn't afraid to fight. I just didn't want to kill anyone. Isn't that ironic?*

Joey wanted to hold him. *I understand. So where did it happen?*

*"She came out of nowhere. Watch,"* he whispered.

Joey saw Eden, dressed like a flower child herself. Oh, how she wanted him. Joey could feel it. She had

been watching him since that first night.

"Hello," she said in a soft voice. "What is your name, beauty?"

"Dino," he seemed hesitant. Joey could feel the fear. He had good instincts even as a mortal. He backed away. "Well, I got to be getting back now."

"Getting back where?" she almost purred as she moved closer to him.

"My camp space. I..."

She met his eyes. "I want you," she whispered. "I've never wanted anyone as much as I want you."

Joey wanted to reach out and kill her once again, but he had already done that.

She grabbed him, pinning him down with superhuman strength. She drew her nails across his shirt, pulling it away from him. She ran her eyes over him.

Joey felt Dino's fear. It was practically screaming to him.

"Perfect," she whispered. "You are as near to perfect as one could be. What's the rest of you like?"

He gasped as she undid his pants. She showed him her two sharp teeth now with an evil smile. Her eyes went down to his genitals. She growled low in her throat and licked her lips. "Most capable of pleasure," she hissed.

Joey closed his eyes. *Dino, I don't want to see this.*

He didn't answer. He was lost to it as her teeth went into his throat. He couldn't scream, couldn't move. She drained the blood from him as she fondled his sex and then threw him aside, as near to death as one dared to bring a mortal before they were sucked

down with them.

*My love*, Joey whispered, he found himself crying in his mind, weeping for Dino's lost mortality, and his own.

Such fear, such cold, he lay with eyes wide open, wondering when death would come.

She swept him up in her arms and carried him to her lair, throwing him on the bed. She looked down in his eyes. "I can save you, beauty. I can give you immortality. You have but seconds to live. I have this power."

She stood up and took off her clothes. She tore a gash in her left breast, lowering it to his mouth.

*"Drink or die!"* Her eyes flashed violet in the darkness.

Joey felt his hunger...his pain as he gulped the warm gush of life.

Dino awoke chained to a wall, his cock bound, his mouth gagged. Eden emerged and looked over his naked body. "This time, I've done well. Look at that beautiful cock." She came closer, leaning against his chest, she flicked a tongue over one nipple, then the other. "Look at those nipples, so brown and taut. That ass," she said, moving around to run her hand over his cheek. She slapped it with a laugh. She did a circle, then came around again. His eyes followed her. She unbound his cock. It sprang upward, fully erect. He was extremely aroused.

"You're going to fuck me, my beautiful boy, but first, I'm going to impale you." She had a huge greased dildo in her hand. She strapped it around her waist. "You will know your master, beauty. You will



understand what sexual pleasures I can give you now as an immortal. As long as you obey me, I will reward you like this."

Coming around behind him, she opened her robe and let it drop to the ground. She rubbed her breasts against his back until her nipples were as taut as his. Fingering herself, she moaned and then rammed the contraption inside him.

He tried to cry out. The sexual pleasure was more intense than he had ever experienced. He was euphoric. But there was something else. Something horrifying. He was no longer mortal. He was something else, something unspeakable.

She reached around and slapped his cock. Continuing to fuck him, she reached up and released his gag. "Scream with passion, slut, scream. You are my whore. You will always be my whore, mortal or vampire."

Joey did hear him scream. The scream forced Joey to open his eyes suddenly. He noticed that he was facing him on the bed. He looked into eyes filled with pain.

"I couldn't go on, I'm sorry." Dino told him, shaking his head. "The realization suddenly that I was dead was too much. The sexual pleasure she was giving me was more intense than anything I'd ever felt as a mortal man. But I experienced it at the same time as I realized what I had become. There was such a feeling of utter loss. The pain and pleasure were happening simultaneously. It was just too much. I was sobbing when I experienced the most earth shattering orgasm of my life. It was too much to feel

again. Both more alive and more dead than I'd ever been."

"You showed me what I wanted to see. I felt your death like my own, my love," Joey whispered sadly. After a moment, recovering his emotions, he smiled at him. "But seeing you like that, so sexually aroused, look," he placed his hand on his sex, "feel how hard I am. Watching you like that, so aroused, has made me want you again." He licked his lips.

"Let us talk no more of death," Dino kissed him deeply as he fondled his erection.

Joey crawled on top of him. He straddled him, pinning Dino's arms above his head. He studied his face hotly. "I want to fuck you. I want to tie you up and ravish you."

"Because you need to dominate me?" Dino smirked.

"No," Joey replied, rubbing his throbbing cock along his thigh. "Because you love it."

He smiled, his eyes shining into his. "Do what you want," he whispered, licking his lips and pushing his hips upwards in a teasing fashion. "Just do it now," he groaned as Joey's eyes glowed red and he lowered his mouth to his.

## PART FIVE: BACK TO MORTALITY

They were desperate now. Levi and his entourage of vampires had chased them for hours. Finally, they had been corralled into this horrible place. Surrounded, they felt like rats caught in a trap that was ready to spring. Levi would settle for nothing less than the young one's head, and the return of Joey to the fold.

Joey looked at Dino, and lowered his head. "I guess we knew in the end it would come to this, didn't we? We couldn't elude Levi forever. Sooner or later, he was going to find us."

Dino looked around him. They were trapped in the ruins of a walled-up tower in Budapest. To escape would mean that they would have to fight off Levi and the others. There had to be at least one hundred and fifty or so of them outside. They would never survive it. They would be destroyed or captured. He could hear them all around them now, snarling, thirsty for his blood. But they couldn't stay here for very much longer. There was no more than a few hours before the sunlight and this place wouldn't protect them. The roof had been destroyed long ago

in some pointless battle.

Joey watched Dino as he sat across from him, deep in thought. It had been wonderful, the time they had spent together. He knew it was too good to last forever. Soon, the sun would rise and while he could endure it for a little while, Dino would die right away. He couldn't bear the thought of watching him die like that. He couldn't lose him again.

Dino was monitoring his thoughts intensely. He knew Joey was in emotional pain. It was this pain that reached out and gripped him, helping him to contain his own fear. There was nowhere to go. The best bet was for Joey to make amends with Levi. At least one of them would survive. But as hard as he had tried to talk him into it, he had stubbornly refused.

"You won't lose me again, Joey," he said suddenly, his voice echoing in the dank tower. "It's impossible. I've always been yours, whether we are alive, dead or undead. Our souls are joined together for ever."

"That time before," Joey crawled over to where he sat and clung to him now. "I watched while they hung you. I can't do it again. I can't watch you die again. Don't ask me to do it."

Dino sighed. "We have a choice to make, Joey. We will perish here anyway. It's me Levi wants to destroy, Joey, not you. We have no choice. Make peace with Levi. I will surrender to him, or..."

"No. Never. If we perish, we will perish together," Joey touched his cheek with his hand.

"He loves you..." Dino began softly. "He will forgive you and..."

"Never," Joey pulled away from him. "We leave

here or we stay, but we do it together." Joey met his eyes, then leaned forward, kissing his mouth hotly. "You are my passion, my lover, my eternal heart," he breathed, clutching his shirt. "How can you ask me to go on without you, now that we have found one another again after all this time?"

Dino nodded slowly, undoing Joey's fingers from his clothing. "I have been thinking of another alternative."

Joey studied his face intently. "There is another alternative? What is it?"

"There is a chance that...we can lose this existence and be thrust into another."

"I don't understand," Joey gave him a confused look.

Joey heard Levi call his name now. He shuddered. Dino tilted his dark head, hearing it too.

"Never mind," Joey urged, lifting some of his lover's long dark hair off his shoulder and pushing it back. "Go on."

He shook his head now. "It's too risky. The more I think about it, the more...no, it's better you make peace with Levi and I..."

"I'm not making peace with Levi. Tell me," Joey demanded.

Dino sighed. "It would mean that we may not know each other and also..."

"What are you saying?" Joey insisted. "Are you saying we could survive this and emerge as different people?"

"Yes."

Joey sighed. "That old hag that you met, she is the

one..."

"It's not just her, Joey," Dino protested. "I think I have the power to do it."

"Then there is a way out," Joey cried, rushing against him, hugging him to him.

"Listen," Dino put him away from him and frowned. "It's not really a way out." Dino hesitated, shaking his dark head. "I mean...we still have to die."

Joey sighed. "Dino, you know I am not afraid of leaving this existence. All these years, I have had to deal with my conscience. I fed off the living and although I often spared their lives, I still felt remorse for what I'd done. It's the thought of leaving you that is ripping me apart. We need to be together. We need..." He paused. "Does it mean we will be together again? Does it mean...?"

Dino listened to him patiently for a moment, then placed a finger over his lips. "Hush, my darling. Those words the old gypsy said to me back in England have stayed with me. I've thought a lot about them. I know you think it's silly, but she told me that I had many souls, like you. I believe it was my soul which found its way back to you. I think I may be able to do it again. I may be able to consciously will our souls back to another place and time. I'm sure that I have this power."

Joey narrowed his eyes. "But what if again I must relive your execution?"

"No, Joey," he smiled, shaking his head. "We've had many lives. I don't think we will go back to that place again, although I can't guarantee it."

"I couldn't," Joey shuddered.

"I don't know where we will end up. All I know is if we do it right, I may be able to give us another chance."

"We would be mortal?"

"Yes, probably," Dino nodded.

"Ah, to be mortal again," Joey smiled. "although sex would be..."

"Just as beautiful with you," Dino told him, meeting his eyes.

Joey smiled softly.

"What if I could will our souls to another place and time...together? Would you come with me?"

"Yes, I would go anywhere with you, my love," Joey said.

"You must understand, I can't guarantee who we will be because I don't know myself. I know only that we have shared many lives together and can again."

Joey looked at him intensely. "And you are sure of this?"

He nodded. "As sure as I am of your love for me."

"Can you really do it?" Joey insisted.

"I think I can," he whispered. "But you will not remember any of this life, my love. It will have never happened. You will never know immortality and neither will I."

"But we will be together somewhere else, in another lifetime?"

"We will live at the same time, but I can't guarantee we will be lovers. That I have to leave to fate."

Joey nodded. "Then we do it, because if we exist at the same time, we will find a way to be together. Our

souls will somehow recognize each other, won't they?"

"I don't know," he said. "I hope so."

Levi was calling him again now. "Joey, talk to me."

Joey looked at Dino. Dino made a motion toward the high-towered window with his dark eyes. "Talk to him. Maybe he's willing to compromise."

"I want no compromise from him," Joey said bitterly, then rose and walked to the window. "Speak," he said, "and be done with it."

"I love you, Joey. I made you. You belong to me," Levi pleaded. "I don't want to hurt you. Please come out."

Joey looked out at the dark night. He could see many shadows but nothing clearly.

"You must guarantee the safety of the young one. He is not to be touched," Joey boomed.

"I'm sorry, that's impossible. He killed his Master. His life is forfeit."

The night wind howled in the sky. Joey glanced at the moon, then back at Dino, who sat quietly in the corner looking straight ahead of him.

"Then we die together," Joey announced.

"No, please, my Joey, my beautiful boy. I will be more understanding. I will not be so possessive when the next one you choose comes along. I promise that..."

"There will be no next one. Dino is my heart, my love and my soul. It is finished. We will not leave this place. Go away, Levi. You waste your breath."

"You sent Santo to kill me. He died horribly, Joey. I made sure he suffered."



Joey closed his eyes. "I'm sorry, Santo," he whispered.

"I have the grace to forgive you!" Levi bellowed. "I made you, gave you this eternal life and you turn your back on me. You would throw everything away for him, for a piece of ass. You are a fool, Joey, a fool."

"I may be a fool, but I'm a fool in love," Joey told him. "Oh, Levi, listen, you weren't such a horrible master, but there was always something missing. From the moment you gave me the blood, I knew. I felt such emptiness before he came back into my life. I had to find my way back to him. It was destiny. And I will do so again. We will leave this existence together and find each other again in another life. You can never touch us, not now, not ever."

"You have lost your mind," Levi growled.

"Not my mind," Joey smiled, "only my heart."

There was silence as Joey came and stood now in front of his lover. Blood tears ran down his face. "We do as you say. I leave myself at your mercy and trust you will care for me with your capable hands."

"But, Joey, you realize..." he began, looking up at him. He rose to his feet. Pausing, he leaned his face forward and licked the blood tears off his cheeks.

Joey smiled at him, taking his hand. "Yes, I know. We will die here together."

"We must go at the exact same moment," Dino said softly, touching his hair. "You must go out with me just as the sun comes up. Hold my hand and keep holding it. It will not work otherwise."

"We have a problem, my love," he drew him to him. "The sun will not destroy me right away. You

will go much faster than I. I will have to do something more. Don't worry; I will take care of it. At least Levi and the others won't have the satisfaction of destroying us, or worse..." Joey's greatest fear was that Levi would make him watch as he destroyed Dino. That he could not bear.

Dino nodded and smiled, holding him tighter. "If we don't meet again...then..." Blood tears ran down his face now. He hastily wiped them away.

"I love you," Joey told him, pressing his mouth against his. "Make love to me now, as if it is the last time. Make me remember it for eternity."

Passionately, Dino clutched him tighter against him. Their kiss deepened and Joey felt his hands move down over his jeans. Dino undid the zip and pushed them down to the ground. Lowering himself on his knees, he began to lick the head of his cock, moving his tongue along the shaft while he clutched his buttocks tightly in his hand.

Joey buried his hands in his hair, closing his eyes. Supreme pleasure mixed with pain, the pain of loss, the pain of knowing he may never feel his lover's touch again.

Joey cried out, then fell on his knees himself. He tore the shirt from Dino's shoulders and bit him deeply over his right pectoral, squeezing the other nipple with his fingers.

Dino opened his jaw and threw back his dark, handsome head, leaving his brown throat exposed. His eyes glowed green, then gold, his teeth extended from his jaw and Joey watched as he raised his head back up, fixing him with his gaze.

He pushed Joey on his back on the cold floor of the tower and lifted his legs up over his shoulders. Lowering his head, he kissed him deeply, biting his lower lip and licking the blood there. Placing the palms of his hands on the ground, he tipped his body upward and went into him. His beautiful brown eyes glowed florescent gold, the tips of his razor sharp teeth extended from his jaw and he roared as he went into him, lifting them both off the ground so that they were suspended in mid-air.

Joey's head hung down as Dino supported him by placing an arm now around the small of his back. He sunk deeper and deeper into him as Joey's chest heaved with the exhilarating pleasure.

"Deeper," Joey told him, as they whirled around in a dizzy dance of lust. "Deeper, my love. I need to remember. I need to find...ahh...ahh," he cried out, his cock exploding now, spraying Dino's chest and stomach.

Dino put him down gently, withdrawing from him. He sat alone in the corner while Joey lay in peaceful bliss, his eyes closed, running a stray hand over his chest and stomach.

Quietly, Joey put his pants back on and crawled over to where he sat. Dino placed an arm around him and they sat there, waiting for the sun to rise.

Before it did, Levi and the others scattered.

Joey looked at Dino and with great reluctance, moved away from him and stood on his feet. "I must tell you how much this time has meant to me, Dino." His eyes filled with blood as he looked at him.

Dino nodded and softly, he mouthed, "I love you,

Joey."

Joey removed a dagger from his jacket.

Dino swallowed and stood up as well. "I don't want to see it," he said.

Joey nodded, coming closer. He planted a soft kiss on his lips. "Goodbye, my love, we'll meet again. We'll find each other again. I believe in you."

Dino nodded, unable to form words.

Joey turned away from him and quickly sliced a major artery in his throat. The blood ran fast. He was very weak even before they made it to the door. Dino cried out when he saw him.

"Pick me up," Joey told him. "Carry me outside with you."

Dino lifted him up in his strong arms, Joey's blood soaking his shirt now. Joey reached up and clutched his hand as Dino carried him out into the sun.

As soon as Dino was exposed to the sun, his skin began to peel away from his bones and he dropped to his knees. In Joey's weakened condition, the sun was having the same effect. He held him tighter. They were going. Suddenly there was nothing but darkness and stillness. A pile of ashes lay where they had been, taken away by the breeze. The last thing they saw was each other.

THE END

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

I write not only for my own pleasure, but for the pleasure of my readers. I can't remember a time in my life when I haven't written and told stories.

When I'm not writing, I'm dreaming about writing, doing something wild and adventurous, or trying to make the world a better and more openminded place to live in. I adore beautiful men, and I know I'm not alone in this! Eroticism between consenting adults, in all its many forms is the icing on the cake of life!