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Visions Of The Night



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By

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VISIONS OF THE NIGHT

The first thing Jonathon noticed upon waking was the thick blanket of darkness. He lifted his hand and held it over his face. The heat from his body was the only indication of his hand's proximity. Before he could even contemplate getting up however, a strong arm snaked around him to pull him closer. Jonathon closed his eyes and smiled as a soft sigh of contentment escaped him.

Three years had passed since that fateful night in a New Orleans cemetery. Each year also brought forth a new book starring Kain Hart. Jonathon's smile widened as a tongue slid slowly over his shoulder.

"Hungry?" he asked with a chuckle.

"I'm not sure which hunger is stronger: the one for you, or the one for blood."

Jonathon shivered. Kain's voice had the effect of convincing even the sanest man to do any irrational act Kain could conjure. A soft lick and chuckle from the vampire brought Jonathon's attention back to the matter at hand: Kain was hungry. Jonathon shifted, rolling onto his side. As his eyes focused, he saw the outline of Kain's body. Nothing but a thin white sheet covered him from the waist down, and the sight alone had Jonathon hard within seconds. Despite the darkness, he saw Kain smile slowly, as if the vampire could read his thoughts.

"See something you want?" Kain teased.

Jonathon moved to stretch out over him, his knees on either side of Kain's thighs. Kain gripped his hips and began grinding against him, which in turn caused their cocks to slide alongside each other. Jonathon groaned and dropped his head to Kain's shoulder.

"That's fucking cruel," he mumbled. Kain's chuckle was deep and reverberated through Jonathon's body.

"Am I now?" Kain slipped a hand down Jonathon's spine and a finger trailed down the crack of his ass to tease at his hole.

Jonathon gasped softly and spread his legs further, bringing them higher up to give Kain better access. Kain pulled his hand away, sucked two fingers into his mouth to wet them then pushed them inside Jonathon.

"Oh, fuck." Jonathon rocked back on Kain's hand, wanting much more than a simple tease. "Please."

Kain's other hand slid into Jonathon's hair, gripped it, and pulled his head up. At the same moment his tongue slid between Jonathon's lips, Kain's fingers found his prostate. Jonathon's whimper died out in their kiss as those fingers worked inside him, circling

over the small, smooth gland. He began to tremble and knew damn well he would not last long at this rate. Kain was entirely too good with his hands.

Keeping a tight hold around his waist, Kain flipped Jonathon over without missing a stroke with his fingers. Jonathon pulled his legs up and ground down on Kain's hand, arching his back and digging his fingers into the vampire's arms. With his head spinning and his control quickly spiraling away, Jonathon knew exactly what Kain wanted. Kain would wait until he was right at the edge of having a deep-seated orgasm, then he would remove his fingers and impale Jonathon on his cock in one swift motion. The effect was unbelievable and intense, and it never failed to make Jonathon literally scream as he came. Only then would Kain feed. He said it sweetened the blood; Jonathon was becoming curious about that one.

"Yes," Kain purred near Jonathon's ear.

His fingers moved inside Jonathon, circling, pressing, stroking, until he was seeing stars. Kain was working him especially good tonight; Jonathon knew this one would be stronger than normal. Sure enough, just as Jonathon's body began to tighten around Kain's fingers and he began to whimper in desperation, Kain pulled away and thrust inside him, setting off a chain reaction that bolted through Jonathon's body like quicksilver.

Jonathon screamed and arched his back as he came, semen coating their stomachs only seconds before Kain's fangs pierced his throat. He clung tightly to the vampire's head, holding him close as Kain growled and bucked against him, filling him with his release. A few seconds later, a soft tongue licked across the wounds to heal them and Kain lifted his head to brush a soft kiss to Jonathon's lips.

"You're going to be the death of me," Jonathon murmured.

"Then I would just have to turn you, if only to keep you with me," Kain said against his mouth.

Jonathon stilled. "You would do that?"

Kain propped himself up on his arms and looked down at him. "Not without your permission, of course."

"How..." Jonathon trailed off and bit at his lower lip as his gaze drifted over the black hair tickling his chest.

"How...?"

He looked up at Kain and forced himself to ask the one question he had wanted to ask for some time. "How is it done? Turning, I mean."

Kain chuckled and kissed his collarbone. "I drink until you're nearly drained, then you feed from me to replenish what I took."

"What does it taste like?" Jonathon asked. "When someone comes, I mean. I've tasted blood, inadvertently, but never during orgasm, and certainly never intentionally."

Kain shrugged slightly. "Endorphins sweeten the blood, and believe me, it's addictive."

"Hell, it must be," Jonathon laughed, "considering you only feed when I *do* come."

Kain kissed him and rolled over, glancing at the clock as he did. "What time is Jess supposed to be here?"

The way he asked the question made Jonathon leery. He rolled over and propped himself up, peering across the bed at the clock. When he realized it was already eight in the evening, he jumped out of bed. "Shit!" He opened the closet, scrambling for his robe.

When he did not find it, he darted towards the bathroom, only to run into Kain. Jonathon gave him a sheepish grin as Kain handed his robe to him.

"Sometimes I think you're more scatterbrained now than you were three years ago," Kain said as he leaned against the bathroom doorframe.

Jonathon shot him a '*go to Hell*' look then brushed past him to grab the hairbrush off of the bathroom counter. "She's expecting another book soon."

"You've almost finished it, haven't you?"

Jonathon nodded and stuck an elastic band between his teeth as he gathered his hair back. With the ponytail secure, he leaned forward to steal a kiss. "Yeah, just need a few finishing touches, I think."

"You're looking pale."

Jonathon made a point to ignore that remark and started for the kitchen. "I just need coffee."

Kain stopped him as he pulled the coffee maker to the middle of the counter. "No. What you *need* is orange juice."

"I hate orange juice," Jonathon grumbled. "You know that."

As he opened the refrigerator, Kain seemed to ignore Jonathon's protests. He set the carton of orange juice on the counter and pulled a glass out of the cabinet. "You need orange juice, Jonathon. It replenishes—"

"Yeah, yeah," Jonathon interrupted. "It replenishes what you take when you feed. It's been three years. I know all of this."

"Yet you still argue with me," Kain said as he leaned up against the counter.

Jonathon grimaced as he drank the juice, never taking his eyes off of Kain. When he finished, he set the glass in the sink and resumed the task of making his coffee. "I still hate the shit."

Kain chuckled and reached out to pull Jonathon close. Just as he leaned in for a kiss, the front door opened.

"Guys?"

"In the kitchen," Jonathon called. He looked back to Kain. "You were saying?"

With a broad grin, Kain claimed his kiss. A few minutes later, he grunted as a mass of fur wedged itself between them. Jonathon laughed as Kain grumbled.

"Interrupted by a furball."

Jonathon crouched down to scratch Josh's ears. "Don't worry, gorgeous. There's plenty more where that came from," he said, glancing up at Kain.

"Did I interrupt something?"

Jonathon looked up and grinned as he stood. "Hi, hun," he said as he pulled Jess into a hug. She turned around and hugged Kain as Jonathon finished making the coffee. "No. We were just fucking around. You missed the fun stuff."

"Oh, damn," Jess said, her lips pursing as she pouted.

"You really are a strange woman," Kain quipped.

"Oh, like you can talk." Jess stuck her tongue out at him. "You're the one who drinks blood." The smile she gave him made it clear she was teasing.

Kain grinned and walked out of the kitchen, whispering, "and you love to read about it," as he went. Jonathon just shook his head as he turned on the coffee maker.

"I want one."

He looked over at Jess as he pulled two mugs out of the cabinet. "One what?"

Jess tilted her head towards the living room. "One of him!"

"Kain is...well, he's unique. I doubt you'll ever find anyone quite like him,"

Jonathon laughed.

"I'll say," Jess mumbled. "So, how is the next installment in the series coming along?"

Jonathon handed her a mug of coffee and ushered her into the living room. Kain was sitting on the couch, looking a bit uncomfortable with the front half of a Golden Retriever stretched across his lap. As she sat down in the recliner, Jess patted her leg. Josh uncurled himself and made his way to her. Jonathon then took his place, nestling up against Kain. He smiled as Kain's arms wrapped tightly around him.

"The book is almost done, I think. Just need to tie up some loose ends."

Jess smiled and said in between sips of coffee, "So is Kain's lover finally going to ask to be turned?"

Silence greeted the question. Jonathon saw the wheels and gears turning in his publisher's head. He had confided in her only a few months ago that he was becoming increasingly curious. Apparently she remembered, at least enough to ask him such a loaded question, and in front of Kain, no less. A brush of a kiss to his neck brought Jonathon's attention back to the question.

"W-well," he stammered. It was so hard to think when a tongue was sliding across his neck. "I think..." A soft moan escaped him when Kain scraped one of his fangs over his skin. "Oh, God. Kain, I can't think when you..."

Jonathon gasped as Kain sank his fangs into his neck, obviously not caring that Jess was sitting only a few feet away, watching them intently. When Jonathon looked up and met her gaze, it occurred to him that she was enjoying the display...*very much*. Kain's hand slipped around his waist then inched downward to hover over his crotch. With every deep, sucking motion Kain made on his neck, Jonathon's cock grew just a bit harder. His breathing began to falter and he closed his eyes, knowing Jess was still watching them. Surprisingly enough, that simple fact seemed to spur Kain on and his hand lowered, gripping Jonathon's cock and balls, his wrist pressing along the length.

Jonathon reached around, sliding his hand beneath Kain's hair, holding him close. He arched his body into that touch, whimpering softly as Kain's grip on him tightened. Kain licked the wounds on his throat then brushed his lips over his ear.

"I want you."

"Jess, I think—"

"No," Kain whispered. "Now. Right here. She wants to watch. Let her." He moved his hand up just enough to slip it inside Jonathon's robe.

The second Kain's hand touched him Jonathon opened his eyes. Jess was still watching, but had taken a much more comfortable position, it seemed. One leg was draped over the arm of the recliner, leaving her legs spread open. Jonathon could tell, from the flush of her cheeks that beneath the coat she had spread over her lap, she was alleviating her own tensions. Her eyes were focused solely on his crotch, and the hand buried inside his robe. Then, before he could say a word otherwise, Kain pulled the terrycloth robe open. Jess' gaze grew hazy.

"Pull your legs up," Kain murmured in his ear.

Jonathon did as he was told and was rewarded by the press of Kain's fingertips against his hole. His head fell back against the vampire's shoulder and he squirmed,

needing to feel more than a soft, teasing touch. Kain chuckled low, then pulled his hand away. A few seconds later, it returned and two fingers slid deep inside Jonathon.

"Oh, God," he moaned breathlessly. He ground his hips downward, driving Kain's long fingers deeper inside him. "Kain..."

"Yes," Kain purred. He started fucking Jonathon with his fingers, pulling them out and pushing them back in.

Jonathon whimpered with every stroke. Unable to hold back any longer, he wrapped his hand around his cock and started stroking it. He could feel the hard press of Kain's cock against the small of his back, but his own body was demanding release now. He opened his eyes, only to see Jess' chest rising and falling quickly. Even with the coat over her, he could tell she was playing with herself.

The strokes inside him sped up, Kain's fingers twisting and turning as they plunged inside. Jonathon's heart pounded and he turned his head, seeking out Kain's mouth. Just as the vampire's tongue slid into his mouth, Jonathon cried out. His cock pulsed in his hand and with a single twitch of Kain's fingers, a deeper orgasm ripped through him. He bucked against Kain's hand, whimpering and moaning into their kiss. Somewhere in the background, he heard Jess cry out as she came as well.

* * * *

"Kain, I've been thinking."

The vampire looked at his lover, amusement in his dark blue eyes. "About?"

"About us. About..."

A knowing smile settled on the vampire's lips. "About becoming a vampire."

Patrick opened his mouth, but no sound came out. Kain had seen right through him. He nodded slowly, confirming what Kain had guessed. The vampire smiled again.

"Come," Kain said. "Let me love you, and then...we will talk."

"Is it true?"

Jonathon nearly jumped out of his skin. He had been so absorbed in writing the pivotal scene between the fictional Kain, and his lover Patrick, he had not heard the door to his office open. He looked at the screen and remembered Jess' blatant question earlier that evening. Damn.

"Is what true?" He hoped maybe Kain was talking about something else, but when the vampire turned his chair around completely and slipped a hand under Jonathon's chin to tilt his head up, Jonathon knew Kain remembered.

"Don't play coy with me, love."

For several minutes, all Jonathon could do was stare open-mouthed at him. Love? That was a new one. In three years, he had not heard such a word from Kain. He knew damn well that was where his own feelings pointed. Kain, however, never used the word, and Jonathon simply let it go.

"Jonathon?"

Jonathon shook his head and swallowed hard as he met the familiar blue gaze. "Do you?"

It was Kain's turn to look perplexed, but then he smiled slowly. He leaned forward and pressed a soft kiss to Jonathon's lips. "You doubted that?"

“I...” A soft sound escaped Jonathon as Kain’s tongue slid across his lips. “You’ve never...”

“I love you, Jonathon,” Kain whispered. “I always have.”

Jonathon closed his eyes as Kain’s kisses moved across his cheek to his ear. “I love you, too.”

Kain licked him then moved lower, nipping at his skin. Jonathon shivered. “You never answered my question.”

Jonathon’s body went rigid. He sighed. “Yes, it’s true. I’ve been curious for a while now.”

Kain pulled back to look at him, a dark eyebrow lifting in a cross between disbelief and amusement. “Why did you not tell me?”

“Because I wasn’t sure how to,” Jonathon admitted. “Or if I really wanted to know.”

“Come,” Kain said as he straightened himself. He held out his hand. “Let me love you, and then we’ll talk,” he said with a teasing wink.

Jonathon laughed nervously, but slid his hand into Kain’s, allowing the vampire to pull him to his feet. When their bodies pressed together, Kain smiled, revealing two very sharp fangs. It was not often he flashed them, but Jonathon knew what was happening, and what would happen in the near future, most likely. That was when he did something he had never done before. He leaned forward, backing Kain up against the wall, and licked one of the fangs.

A growl rumbled from deep within Kain’s chest and he shuddered hard between Jonathon’s body and the wall. Jonathon pulled back to look at him, then realized what effect such an act had. A dark look descended over Kain’s face, darkening his eyes, as Jonathon smiled.

“You never told me they were sensitive.” Jonathon pressed harder against Kain, and curled his tongue around one of his fangs. He had only a split second to stroke it with his tongue before he found himself flat on his back on the desk.

Papers and folders and notebooks slid to the floor. His mug full of pens and pencils quickly joined them. Kain tore at his clothes, and buttons flew everywhere. Jonathon sucked in a quick, sharp breath as the vampire’s mouth closed over one of his nipples. Then came the sharp pain of a bite. Kain sucked hard, drawing both blood and flesh into his mouth. Jonathon cried out, thrusting his chest up.

“Kain...”

A guttural growl was the vampire’s only response as he nearly ripped the zipper of Jonathon’s jeans in an effort to get them off. He pulled away long enough to tug them roughly down, then tossed them to the floor. Seconds later, he pulled his cock out of his own jeans and shoved Jonathon’s legs up, pressing them to his chest. Jonathon’s heart leapt into his throat at the display of aggression. All he could think of were ways to keep it going.

He did not have long to wonder what was happening when Kain dropped to his knees. Jonathon’s knuckles turned white as he gripped the edge of the desk when Kain’s tongue pushed inside him. He tried to rock his hips up in an effort to drive that tongue deeper, but Kain’s grip was stronger. Jonathon panted as Kain tongue-fucked his ass, every thrust driving him more insane. His cock was hard as a rock and leaking steadily. He needed more. As if reading his thoughts again, Kain stood. He leaned over Jonathon and drove his cock deep inside him in one hard thrust.

“Oh, fuck!” Jonathon grit his teeth and held onto the desk as Kain pounded his ass mercilessly. He had never been this rough before, and Jonathon loved every minute of it.

As Kain’s thrusts grew harder and faster, his growls grew more feral. Jonathon managed to squeeze a hand between them and started stroking his cock furiously. The pounding his ass was taking was a tense combination of pain and pleasure, and Kain showed no signs of stopping or letting up. The dark blue of his gaze locked onto Jonathon, and that was all it took.

“Oh, fuck. Oh, fuck...” Jonathon panted as he jerked his hand up and down his cock. “Kain!”

No sooner had he called out, Jonathon jerked hard as he came. Kain struck swiftly, sinking his fangs deep into Jonathon’s throat, growling as he came. Jonathon continued to shake for the entire length of Kain’s feeding, as rush after rush of pleasure washed over him. Kain licked the wounds closed, and stilled his movements, letting Jonathon come back down.

“Holy...shit,” Jonathon said in between breaths.

Kain chuckled against his neck, then rose up enough to look down at him. “I didn’t hurt you too much, did I?”

Jonathon gave him an incredulous look. “Are you fucking kidding? I need to remember the fang trick more often.”

With a laugh, Kain pulled out and held out a hand. Jonathon took it, then looked down at the mess on the floor.

“Sorry,” Kain said with a sheepish grin. “It’s hard to control sometimes. I’ll clean it up, I promise.”

Jonathon grinned and shook his head. “Hell, if it means getting fucked like that more often, I’ll gladly leave the desk clear of clutter.” He moved closer to steal a quick kiss. “I need a shower. Wanna join me?”

Kain murmured a soft sound of agreement over Jonathon’s lips before slipping his tongue between them. Jonathon slid his arms around his neck, and much to his surprise, realized he was getting hard again. He pulled away slowly and slid his hand down Kain’s arm to take his hand. With a gentle tug, he led the way to the bedroom.

By the time the water was ready, Jonathon was fully hard again. Kain looked down as he stepped into the shower, a sly grin spreading across his lips. Before Jonathon could say a word, Kain dropped to his knees, taking Jonathon’s wet cock into his mouth. Jonathon fell back against the shower wall, threading his fingers through Kain’s hair as the water rained down on both of them.

“You’re going to be the death of me,” Jonathon said, echoing his earlier sentiment. This time, however, Kain’s answer surprised him.

“Then let’s make it official.”

Jonathon looked down at him, not quite sure what Kain was referring to. “What do you mean?”

Kain continued to stroke him, which made it hard as hell for Jonathon to do so much as think clearly. “Let me turn you,” Kain said, brushing his lips across the head of Jonathon’s cock.

“I... Oh, God...” Jonathon’s head fell back against the tile wall as Kain sucked one of his balls into his mouth. “I can’t think when you’re doing that.” Kain hummed and Jonathon nearly hit the floor.

When he felt a finger probe at his ass, Jonathon spread his legs, using his hands on Kain's shoulders as leverage. As Kain's finger pushed inside him, Jonathon groaned. He knew what Kain wanted. For that matter, he knew what he wanted. The desire to spend eternity with this man was something he could no longer deny. As Kain looked up, he twisted his finger in just the right way. Jonathon cried out as he came, his cock erupting and coating Kain's lips and chin. When Kain removed his fingers, Jonathon finally collapsed to his knees.

Kain scooped up some of the semen off of his lips and slid it across Jonathon's mouth. Jonathon opened for him, sucking his finger clean. Kain was still ungodly hard and Jonathon knew damn well how he wanted it this time. He pulled Kain's finger out of his mouth and kissed the tip.

"Do it. Take me to bed, fuck me senseless, and turn me."

"Are you sure that's what you want?" Kain asked.

Jonathon nodded. "Please. All I want is here before me. I don't want to ever lose you, Kain."

A slow smile settled on Kain's lips and he stood, offering Jonathon a hand. As Jonathon took it, Kain whispered, "As you wish."

As Jonathon followed Kain to the bed, he could not deny feeling nervous. It was not fear of pain, as much as it was the fear of the unknown. Of, essentially, dying. This was what he wanted, though, and he wanted it with no one but Kain Hart. As he sat down on the bed, he looked up at Kain, not quite believing what was going to happen, yet longing for it.

"You're sure?" Kain asked, easing himself onto the bed as Jonathon stretched out beneath him.

"Yes, I'm sure," Jonathon said breathlessly as Kain's tongue licked a thin line from his mouth to the hollow of his throat. Every touch seemed different somehow, stronger. Every inch of his skin was sensitized, honed to a razor sharp edge beneath Kain's touch.

Kain's kisses moved slowly downward, over Jonathon's chest, his stomach, his thighs. Skipping Jonathon's cock entirely, Kain slid his hands under Jonathon's legs and pushed them up. As his tongue pushed deep inside, Jonathon groaned and his legs shook. Every stroke inside by Kain's slick tongue was torturous pleasure. Jonathon closed his eyes, breathless and dizzy from the simplest contact.

Kain took the longest time, simply tasting him, over and over, never tiring. When Jonathon's legs grew tired from their position, Kain finally lowered them, moving up to hover over Jonathon.

"Please," Jonathon pleaded, arching his body to Kain's.

As he sat back up, Kain pulled Jonathon with him. Without giving him a chance to say anything, he turned Jonathon around and pulled him back against his chest. Jonathon shivered as Kain's cock slid between the cheeks of his ass, then Kain pushed him forward the slightest bit. With a slow push of Kain's hips, his cock slid inside and Jonathon groaned. Kain slipped an arm around his chest and pulled him back up, driving his cock deeper inside.

"Oh, God," Jonathon breathed. He reached around, gripping the back of Kain's head with his hand. "Oh, God, it feels so good."

"Yes." Kain slid his hand lower to wrap his fingers around Jonathon's newly-awakened cock. As he began stroking it, he nipped at Jonathon's neck.

Jonathon tilted his head, wanting more. Kain's thighs rippled beneath him as they made love, Kain sliding his cock in and out with slow strokes. With a soft kiss over his neck, Jonathon closed his eyes and waited. Here it was. When Kain's fangs pierced his flesh, Jonathon cried out. His body shook as he came, his semen spilling over Kain's fingers. Yet Kain kept feeding.

Jonathon felt himself grow weak, and before long, Kain's arm was the only thing holding him upright. He was vaguely aware of Kain placing him on the bed, and when he tried to focus on Kain's face, he realized he could not. Panic began to well up inside him, but Kain's voice, soft and comforting, eased the fear as it brushed through his mind.

"Shh. I'm here, Jonathon. I won't let you fall completely. It's time to drink."

Jonathon tried to nod, but it was a moot point. When he felt skin touch his lips, his tongue instinctively slid out to touch, to taste. With the first taste of blood, his mind recoiled slightly.

"Drink...and come back to me."

Jonathon's erratic thoughts settled with Kain's words and he swallowed his fear as he swallowed Kain's blood. When his heartbeat began to slow, Jonathon tried to cry out as the fear resurfaced. Kain was there, in his mind, comforting him, even when his throat constricted from lack of air to his lungs. He tried to reach out, but Kain's fingers wrapped to his. As their bedroom faded, Jonathon fought to pull back, terrified of what lay on the other side. The last conscious thought he had was Kain.

"I'll be here, waiting for you."

* * * *

When he first opened his eyes, Jonathon remained still, staring up at the ceiling. He had always heard that a person could get hypnotized if they watched a ceiling fan long enough. He spent several minutes trying. Then he realized it was pitch black in the room—yet he could still see the fan spinning above his head.

"Everything sharpens."

He looked over and smiled. "Kain." Jonathon reached out and touched the face hovering near his own.

"Told you I'd be here," Kain said.

Kain leaned down and Jonathon opened for him, moaning softly into Kain's mouth. Fingers stroked Jonathon's jaw, over his neck. He shuddered, pulling away from Kain's lips to look into those bluer-than-blue eyes. That was when it hit him—a hunger so strong, it fucking hurt. He winced as every inch of his body ached. With a slight tip of his head, Kain bared his throat. Need overrode everything else and Jonathon flipped them both over, fangs piercing Kain's neck as their bodies rocked together.

Thick, rich blood flowed over Jonathon's tongue like an answer to a prayer. Kain's body arched beneath him, fingernails blazing trails down his back. With a shift of his hips, Jonathon thrust hard, driving his cock deep inside Kain's body. A sharp cry met his ears and then he was coming, cock pulsing almost painfully as Kain's muscles squeezed him. Shaking and breathless, Jonathon pulled away, remembering to lick the bite marks. He watched as the wounds closed. As he pulled out slowly, he slid down Kain's body, licking away the semen on the hard-muscled stomach.

"Jesus," Kain breathed. "Maybe I should have changed you a long time ago."

Jonathon chuckled as he scooped up the last bit of come from Kain's belly. Then he slid back up and pushed his tongue into Kain's mouth. "I think," he whispered, "I'm really going to like this."

Kain moaned softly and slid his hands over Jonathon's shoulders. "You're going to need to more than I could give you."

"So..." Jonathon said, kissing his way down Kain's throat, "What do you suggest?"

"Hunting."

Jonathon lifted his head and met Kain's smile. "Hunting." Kain nodded. "Hunting as in drain-your-victim type?"

"No." Kain shook his head. "Only take enough, but never to the point of death. Best time to do it is during climax. Feeding heightens the sensations for both you and the one you are feeding from."

"No kidding," Jonathon laughed. "And you were definitely right: blood is much sweeter." Rolling off to the side, he propped his head on his hand. "So, how do we do this?"

"Ever been in a threesome?" Kain asked him, giving him a quick wink.

Jonathon shook his head. "No, but I have a feeling I'm going to be in one very soon."

"Unless, of course, you want me to simply watch."

"Not on your life," Jonathon whispered as he leaned close to steal a quick kiss.

"Let's do this. What time is it?"

Kain rose up and looked over Jonathon's shoulder. "Eight in the evening. You slept all day. Are you up for a night of dancing?"

"In these three years, we have never gone dancing," Jonathon said with a lift of his eyebrow. "I didn't know you could."

Kain rolled over, sliding on top of him. "It's only a matter of moving your body to the music," he murmured as he rocked his body against Jonathon's. He lowered his head, kissing Jonathon's neck softly. "You simply feel the music as it slides through you..."

Jonathon gasped as a thick cock slid along his own, both of them hard again. "If you keep that up, we won't make it out of bed."

Kain chuckled and nipped his throat before pulling away completely. "Quite true." He held out a hand to Jonathon. "Let's see what sort of fun we can find downtown."

* * * *

On Wednesday nights, The Heretic had a dress code: 3 pieces of leather or leather-type gear. Jonathon had not worn anything like that in ages, but after spending an hour digging through the closet, he finally managed to find his leather pants and vest. His combat boots completed his outfit, and when he turned around, he nearly hit the floor.

"When the hell did you manage to find something like that?"

Kain's grin was utterly devilish. He turned a bit, letting Jonathon watch the overhead light spark off the brand-new leather pants. Kain's black silk shirt was loose and untucked, the buttons halfway undone. His black boots were by the bed and beneath his shirt, Jonathon could see the black straps of a leather harness. Oh, dear God. He was so fucked. Literally, if they did not get out of the house and soon.

“Bought them a few weeks ago,” Kain said as he sat down to put on his boots. “Been saving them for a special occasion.”

Something told Jonathon that Kain was not talking about the pants. He could not tear himself away from the leather straps crossing diagonally over Kain’s chest. When Kain stood up again, the light glinted off of metal—the studs dotting the straps. Before he realized it, Jonathon found himself pressed tightly against the wall, Kain’s body pinned against his. The look in Kain’s eyes was quite familiar: lust and hunger, those blue eyes darkening with every second.

“If we don’t leave right this second,” Jonathon said breathlessly, “I will throw you on that bed and beg you to have your way with me.”

“You’d do that anyway,” Kain chuckled.

Jonathon could not begin to deny that one. “True, but we’re both hungry, and I dare say that it would eventually be pointless for us to feed each other all night.”

A quick kiss followed and Jonathon laughed as Kain nearly dragged him out of the bedroom. Grabbing Kain’s keys since he had no clue where his were, Jonathon locked the door and they headed out into the warm Atlanta night. Half an hour later, they walked into The Heretic.

Jonathon tugged Kain onto the dance floor, squeezing through the throng of sweat-slick, grinding bodies. When he found a tiny pocket of space, he turned, slipping an arm around Kain’s waist and jerking him close. Kain growled and thrust his hips forward as they danced. His stare was sharp, almost desperate, and definitely predatory. Jonathon now understood that drive, that consuming hunger.

“Bite me,” he said, tipping his head to the side.

The strike was swift and a bolt of sharp pain shot up his spine. He clung tightly to Kain, a moan slipping free as Kain drank. Jonathon opened his eyes slowly, hoping and searching. When he met another man’s gaze, only a few feet from them, he smiled, flashing two very sharp fangs. A visible shudder coursed over the man’s body, but he smiled back and his gaze slid over the two of them.

“Behind you,” Jonathon whispered. “Spiky blonde hair, labret piercing, black tank top, camos, combat boots.”

After healing the wounds, Kain turned slightly. “Very nice.” He looked back at Jonathon. “Do you like him?” Jonathon nodded. “You want to taste him, to feel his cock in your mouth, his come sliding over your tongue. To feed deeply from him as I pierce his body with my cock, forcing screams of pleasure from his throat.”

“Get him now,” Jonathon growled. “Or I will fuck and feed from you here and now.”

With a chuckle, Kain stepped away. A moment later, he had the man’s hand in his, tugging the man close to him. Jonathon watched them, watched their bodies grind and move, cocks rubbing through their pants. The man was muscular, and every muscle jumped and twitched as he moved, hips rocking hard against Kain’s. Hunger surged quickly within Jonathon, needing to taste and touch.

“Name?” Jonathon whispered. He slid behind the man and pressed his body close. He met Kain’s hand on the man’s waist, their fingers entwining to hold their newfound toy.

“Jeremy,” the man said. “You’re real, both of you.”

“We are,” Kain said.

Before Jeremy could say another word, Kain descended on his mouth, tongue pushing inside. Jeremy groaned, his movements becoming hard and quick. Jonathon could hardly blame him. Kain's kiss had that effect—of making a man feel like he was going to come just from the kiss alone.

"Do you kill when you feed?" Jeremy asked when Kain moved his kisses lower. A hiss of breath followed a nip from Kain's teeth.

"No," Jonathon answered him. He turned Jeremy's head, wanting to taste that sweet mouth for himself. When Jeremy's tongue slid inside Jonathon's mouth, Jonathon groaned. He had not noticed the barbell in the man's tongue before.

"Now that is a beautiful sight," Kain whispered on their mouths.

Then a third tongue joined the kiss and Jonathon shuddered. He pulled abruptly away. They had to get out and now. Half an hour was a good walk, but it was worth it. Curling his fingers to two different hands, he pulled them both out of the club, not giving a damn about the looks he might have gotten. He knew he looked hungry and desperate. God knew he certainly felt it.

By the time they reached the apartment, Jonathon was a wreck. It did not help matters when Kain had Jeremy pinned to the wall while Jonathon unlocked the door. He fumbled with the keys for a few minutes, too distracted by the sounds Jeremy was pushing into Kain's mouth as Kain's fingers deftly unfastened both of their pants. Shit, if he did not get those two into the house, Jonathon just *knew* they would be arrested for lewd behavior. When he got the door open, he grabbed them both, hauling them into the foyer and closing the door, making damn sure to lock it.

"Fuck me," Jeremy begged, breathless as Kain shoved him over the back of the couch, ass in the air.

Kneeling on the cushion between Jeremy's legs, Kain tugged their pants down, sucked two fingers into his mouth, then pushed them deep inside Jeremy. Jonathon fell back against the wall, caught like a deer in headlights as Kain withdrew his fingers and spit on his palm. Seconds later, that thick cock disappeared and Jeremy groaned, head falling forward as Kain thrust inside him. Lube. They were going to need lube. Lots of it.

Jonathon ran to the bedroom and dug through the bedside table drawer and came up with a near-empty bottle. Fuck! He slammed the drawer shut and rounded the bed, heading for the dresser. If Kain bought a harness, then surely he bought other toys. Jonathon rummaged through one of Kain's drawers and grinned. Plugs in three different sizes, a couple of new dildos, and two bottles of Wet. Plucking one of the bottles and the medium-sized plug out of the drawer, he returned to the living room.

Kain and Jeremy had switched positions and Jeremy was now on his back on the couch, Kain on his knees on the floor, pounding Jeremy's ass for all he was worth. Their mouths were locked together and Kain's back was bent at just the perfect angle. Jonathon moved behind Kain and popped the top on the bottle. He coated the plug in lube, then slid two slick fingers in Kain's ass. Kain growled and his thrusts grew harder. When the kiss ended, Jeremy gripped the couch above his head tightly, grunting and groaning through every hard stroke Kain made.

Leaning forward to lick Kain's ear, Jonathon added another finger and spread all three apart. "Not sure which is hotter: watching your cock slide in and out of that tight ass, or spreading you open myself."

"Oh, fuck," Kain groaned. "Jonathon, please."

Jonathon chuckled and nipped Kain's ear, then pulled his fingers out. Positioning the plug, he waited until Kain made another thrust and then he pushed the plug in just as Kain pulled back out. Kain stiffened immediately, then snapped his hips forward, almost piledriving Jeremy into the couch. Jonathon kept his fingers on the base of the plug, shifting it inside Kain, knowing damn well Kain would not be able to last much longer.

Sure enough, Jeremy shouted he was coming. As his cock spurted and throbbed, Kain shoved balls-deep inside him and grunted as he came. Watching it all, Jonathon was so hard, it fucking hurt. Kain turned his head and glared at Jonathon over his shoulder. Jonathon shivered, knowing that look for what it was.

"How quickly can you get it up?" Kain asked, looking back at Jeremy.

In-between ragged breaths, Jeremy laughed. "Gimme a few and I'll be hard as a rock, especially if I watch you two go at it."

"Good," Kain said. "Because we're going to fuck Jonathon into oblivion."

"Jonathon," Jeremy echoed. He looked at Kain. "So what's your name?"

"Kain Hart."

The look of recognition on Jeremy's face was unmistakable. "Oh, my God." He looked from Kain to Jonathon. "You're Jonathon Cayle!"

Jonathon laughed and nodded. "I am."

"Wow! Kain Hart is fucking real." A moan slipped from Jeremy's lips as Kain rocked against him. "Very real..."

Kain chuckled and pulled out of him, wincing and turning another glare on Jonathon. "So full of surprises," he said as he stood.

Jonathon swallowed hard, wondering how quickly he could make it to the bedroom. He absolutely refused to do anything on the couch. It always proved to be highly uncomfortable. He started backing up and Kain followed, almost stalking him. Glancing over at the couch, Jonathon saw Jeremy watching them intently, long fingers stroking a thick cock. A person would have to be, well, dead to not feel the tension in the room jump about a thousand degrees.

"Going somewhere, love?" Kain asked.

Biting at his lower lip, Jonathon nodded slowly. "Bedroom."

"Oh?" An eyebrow lifted, teasing him.

"God, you two are fucking hot together," Jeremy said, inching his way towards them.

"Jeremy..." Kain said, never taking his eyes off of Jonathon.

"Yeah?"

"Get him."

Shit! Jonathon turned and hauled ass to the bedroom, making it just to the bed when a strong arm caught him around his waist. A long, hard body tumbled to the bed with him, pinning him onto the mattress. Hot breath caressed his neck, whispers tickling his skin.

"Since you enjoy plugging things," Kain whispered, "then we will give you the ultimate one."

Jonathon managed to turn his head just enough to see Kain's eyes. "The ultimate one?"

Kain thrust against him, rocking that hard cock across his own leather-covered ass. "Two hard, thick cocks," Kain growled, "in one tight hole, Jonathon. The two of us sliding in and out, stretching you open."

It was not often that Kain was able to render Jonathon speechless, but that did it. It was all Jonathon could think about, even when Kain's weight left him. To say he was fucked now would have been the understatement of the century.

He rolled over and undressed as quickly as possible, fingers fumbling as he watched Kain feed, fangs sinking into pale flesh. Jeremy gasped and shuddered, clinging to Kain's shoulders.

When Kain was done, he healed the wound then turned to Jonathon. Jonathon slid back on the bed as Kain crawled onto it. Grabbing an ankle in each hand, Kain tugged him down and crushed their mouths together. Jonathon groaned and tangled his fingers in Kain's hair, deepening the kiss. Feeling hands stroke the insides of his thighs, he spread his legs, pushing a startled squeal into Kain's mouth as his cock was enveloped in slick heat.

"Lube's in the bedside table drawer, Jeremy," Kain said as he pulled away from Jonathon's lips. "We're both fucking him."

"Oh, fuck yes."

The heat was suddenly gone from Jonathon's cock and he groaned. When he reached down to stroke it, Kain's hand stopped him. Then those fingers wrapped around him and Jonathon thrust into Kain's fist.

"Come for me," Kain murmured on Jonathon's lips.

A sharp jerk of his hips and Jonathon shot, body shaking as semen coated Kain's hand. Dropping a kiss to his lips, Kain sat back and licked his palm clean. Jeremy crawled onto the bed then, handing Kain a bottle of lube. Kain stretched out on the bed beside Jonathon, then poured a generous amount of the clear gel over his cock. He stroked it slowly and Jonathon moved to straddle him, sinking down onto his lover's sweet prick. Kain gripped his hips and groaned, easing Jonathon down.

"Oh, fuck," Jeremy whispered. "Talk about one hell of a show."

Jonathon felt Jeremy move behind him. A hand slid up his spine and he stretched out on top of Kain, losing himself in another sweet, almost tender kiss.

"Love you," he whispered.

Kain smiled on his lips. "Love you, too. Ready?" Jonathon nodded. "Jeremy, go slow."

"No problem."

Jonathon closed his eyes and rested his forehead on Kain's shoulder, sighing as Kain stroked his back, his sides, his shoulders, helping him to relax. Two slick fingers slid along the stretched skin of his hole, then pushed slowly inside, sliding alongside Kain's cock. Someone gasped, but Jonathon was so wrapped up in the sensations that he had no idea if it had been him or Kain. Hell, it might have been Jeremy.

"More?" Jeremy asked. Jonathon nodded.

A third finger joined the first two and Jonathon bit back the whimper, resisting the urge to push back. This was one time he was going to have to take things slow. Jeremy worked his fingers in and out, sliding along the stretched skin, sending ungodly sensations straight up Jonathon's spine. Then the fingers disappeared and something larger rubbed where Kain and Jonathon met.

"Ready for me, Jonathon?" Jeremy asked breathlessly. Jonathon nodded and took a deep breath. "Easy and slow."

The whimper slipped free as Jonathon's body stretched even more, swallowing the head of Jeremy's cock. The second it popped inside, Kain groaned, fingers tightening on Jonathon's hips. Jonathon was aware of nothing but the intense mix of pleasure and pain in his ass as Jeremy pushed deeper. Stretched more than he ever thought possible, Jonathon began to shake, sweat beading on his skin when he felt Jeremy's hips come flush with his ass.

"Oh, my fucking God," Jeremy groaned. "It's just... Oh, fuck."

Jonathon could barely nod. The world was spinning, his only hold on reality was Kain's touch, those strong hands holding down when all he felt like doing was flying. He almost missed Kain asking him if he was okay. He finally nodded, whimpering when the need to shift nearly did him in. When Kain shifted, however, Jonathon lost all control.

"Oh, fuck..." He lifted his head, staring into those deep blue eyes. "Kain!"

With a nod from Kain, Jeremy started moving, sliding in and out slowly, hips rotating and grinding on every push in. Every time one of them pulled out, the other slid in. Locked in Kain's stare, all Jonathon could do was ride them, ride the near-overwhelming build-up within him.

"Don't stop," Jonathon panted, shaking his head quickly. "Oh, my God..."

Everything inside him snapped at once. Jonathon literally screamed for the first time in his life as his orgasm crashed over him, dragging him under in the most intense rush he had ever felt. Kain was right there with him, hips snapping as liquid heat pumped deep inside him. It was soon a chain reaction, and Jeremy was coming, adding to Kain's release. Two cocks throbbing deep inside him sent Jonathon reeling over the edge again and his own cock jumped and pulsed, coating both his stomach and Kain's.

Jonathon had no idea how much time had passed. All he felt was emptiness as both men pulled out slowly, one after the other. He was eased onto his back on the bed and a few minutes later, wet warmth slid over him, cleaning him. He was vaguely aware of a body beside him and he instinctively nuzzled close. The moment he did, he realized it was not Kain's body. A heartbeat thundered near his ear, waking another hunger he had managed to ignore.

"Hungry?" Jeremy asked him, fingers stroking through his hair. Jonathon nodded. Jeremy slid down slightly and then a pale throat was bared to him. "Please."

"Yes." Jonathon pulled himself up enough to reach and peppered the sweet skin with kisses before biting down. A gasp met his ears and he moaned as thick, rich blood flowed over his tongue. He drank it down, wanting to drown himself in it. Something... felt right.

When he had taken enough, he licked the wounds closed and settled back down. Another body slid against his back and a strong arm wound around his waist, holding him close. Jonathon slid his hand down, lacing his fingers through Kain's. When Jeremy's arms encircled them both, Jonathon suddenly had the feeling that this would not be the last time.

* * * *

Having woken up alone, Jonathon slipped on his robe and started down the hall. He could hear Kain's voice, but no one else. Kain? On the phone? Now that was new. The man hated telephones. Jonathon peeked around the corner and found Kain leaning back against the kitchen counter. He was definitely on the phone.

Jonathon walked into the kitchen and gave him a curious look. Kain smiled and slipped an arm around his waist, holding him close. Jonathon could hear the other person on the phone and instantly recognized the voice.

"Jeremy," he mouthed with a smile. Kain nodded and kissed him softly.

"We'll give you a call later," Kain said. "Jonathon is awake." A few minutes later, an odd sort of smile settled on Kain's face. "We did, too. Take care." He pressed the button to hang up the phone and set it on the countertop before sliding his other arm around Jonathon's waist.

"Was kinda disappointed," Jonathon admitted. "I was hoping to wake up sandwiched between you two."

Lifting a hand, Kain tucked a strand of hair behind Jonathon's right ear. "What would you say if I told you that it was a possibility, if we want?"

Jonathon closed his eyes, sighing as he leaned into the gentle touch. "I'd be lying if I said I didn't want that." He opened his eyes and stared into Kain's blue ones for a long moment. "I love you. You know that, right?"

"I do," Kain said with a nod. "And you know I love you too, Jonathon."

"But..." Jonathon smiled slowly, knowing they were on the same page with this one.

Kain smiled and pulled him in for a soft, slow, easy kiss. When it ended, he pressed their foreheads together. "He's definitely interested in a repeat."

"Really? That's cool." Jonathon tried to distract himself by kissing Kain's neck, but every time he inhaled, the strong scent of Kain was mingled with another man's. Another man Jonathon knew he himself wanted. A hand under his chin tilted his head up to meet Kain's gaze.

"I think he wants more than just a simple repeat, Jonathon," Kain said.

Jonathon blinked, then closed his eyes. "I don't want to do anything that might fuck up what you and I already have, but..."

"But...?" Kain prodded.

Opening his eyes, Jonathon said, "But I want him, Kain. There's something about him, something I want so badly." He shook his head, feeling like he was not quite making his point.

"You think you're the only one?" Kain asked him. "You are my heart and my soul, Jonathon. But I agree; there is something about Jeremy that I so desperately want to keep, to wake up to every evening. Both of you by my side."

"Does he know any of this?"

Kain shook his head. "Not yet, but I suspect, with time, we will find that he feels the same. Call it a gut instinct."

"You think so?" Jonathon grinned and traced a slow line over the bare chest in front of him, following a line of dark hair to where it disappeared beneath the waistband of Kain's jeans.

"You just got fucked into the mattress and you're horny again?" Kain teased him.

Jonathon shrugged and leaned in, sucking a nipple into his mouth. "Maybe," he mumbled around the small bit of hardening flesh. Kain groaned and gripped Jonathon's hair, pressing his face closer.

The phone rang again and Kain answered it, obviously trying not to sound like someone was on their knees in front of him. Jonathon chuckled and shifted, then

unfastened Kain's jeans, tugging them down the muscular thighs. Kain's cock, hard and leaking, bobbed out and Jonathon waited until Kain started talking.

"Yeah, we're fr... Oh, fuck."

Kain groaned, breathing heavy into the phone as Jonathon sucked him down to the root. Damn, whoever was on the other line was certainly a lucky son of a bitch to be hearing this.

"Door's un..."

Kain gasped, hips thrusting forward. Jonathon chuckled and pulled back, circling the head of Kain's cock with his tongue. Kain finally rested a hand on Jonathon's head, stopping him from moving at all.

"Door's unlocked," Kain said. "Hurry." He looked down and winked. "Or you'll miss one hell of a blowjob."

"Jeremy," Jonathon murmured on the tip of the hard flesh as he stroked the shaft. He smiled. "So, let's give him a show."

Kain set the phone down and slid the fingers of both hands through Jonathon's hair. Jonathon relaxed his throat and let Kain take the lead, fucking his mouth with long, slow strokes. He stroked his hands up and down Kain's thighs, tracing the muscles as they flexed with every thrust. When he heard the front door open, he hummed around Kain's shaft and began sucking on the tip.

"Jonathon!" Kain bucked into his mouth, fingers tightening in his hair. Jonathon purred and sucked, smiling around Kain's thickness when he saw a man just out of the corner of his eye.

"Oh, hell yes," Jeremy said. Jonathon heard a belt hit the floor, then came the sound of pants sliding down. "Mm. Hello again."

The words became muffled and Jonathon looked up, never missing a beat as he sucked Kain harder, watching Kain devour Jeremy's mouth in a heated kiss. A groan rumbled from Kain's chest and then he was coming, shooting liquid fire down Jonathon's throat. Jonathon moaned softly and licked Kain clean. As soon as he pulled off, Kain pulled him to his feet and into a mind-blowing, three-way kiss.

"Well, now this is my idea of a 'hello,'" Jeremy said.

Jonathon watched as Jeremy stroked his cock. He wanted that; wanted to swallow him down, let Jeremy's taste mix with Kain's. God, he was fucking hopeless. He didn't even know the guy's last name and he was already smitten. When he looked up to Kain, he met the blue gaze, one that reflected his every thought, every emotion, back at him.

Sliding over, Jonathon moved Jeremy's hand away and replaced it with his own. He touched his tongue to the slit, then slid it around the head, just tasting and exploring. Jeremy's fingers played in his hair, holding it back for him, massaging his scalp slowly. When those hips started to move, driving the cock deeper, Jonathon moaned softly. He sucked a finger into his mouth, then parted Jeremy's thigh. He teased Jeremy for a minute, rubbing his fingertip over the puckered skin then he eased his finger inside.

"Oh, yeah," Jeremy breathed. "Where the fuck did you learn how to suck a cock?"

"He's good," Kain chuckled, dropping a kiss to Jonathon's head.

"Yeah." Jeremy jerked as Jonathon gave the head of his cock a sucking kiss. "Oh, fuck yeah. Not gonna last much longer..."

Determined to drink every last drop, Jonathon curled his finger and stroked it over Jeremy's prostate. Jeremy came with a shout, unloading a torrent into Jonathon's mouth.

Jonathon took the opportunity and nicked Jeremy's cock with one of his fangs. As blood mixed with semen, he groaned and drank, lapping up every bit he could. As Jeremy softened, Jonathon willed the wound to close with his tongue then he stood

"Don't leave," Jonathon whispered.

Jeremy tugged him close, tongue slipping into his mouth to share in the taste. "Don't wanna."

"Good," Kain murmured.

Jonathon shifted to the side and then there were three tongues, three mouths, all working in concert to drive each one of them completely insane. If Jonathon had any say in it, it would only be the first play session of the evening.

THE END

About the Author

Kay Derwydd

Kay is an odd bird. Her tastes in nearly everything are highly eclectic and change regularly depending on her mood. When it comes to writing, however, they tend to remain static. She specializes in writing gay (m/m) erotica, but has also written several m/f pieces. Most of her stories fall into one or more of the following categories: Vampires, Horror, High Fantasy, Sword & Sorcery. She also has written several Slice-of-Life pieces, and a few BDSM/Fetish pieces.

She lives in Delaware with her partner and their two toddlers. They live roughly ten minutes from the Atlantic Ocean and the beach boardwalk, both of which inspire many stories, especially during the summer when the guys are scantily clad in tight shorts and T-shirts are very rare sights.

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