



FREYA'S BOWER PRESENTS

# CROSSING THE VEIL

KAY DERWYDD

# Crossing The Veil

by

Kay Derwydd



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Crossing the Veil: The Living, The Dead

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by Kay Derwydd

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## The Living

by Kay Derwydd

“Another?”

Elijah shook his head and tossed back the last of his whiskey. “No, thanks. I’m driving tonight.”

The bartender shrugged. “Okay. Take it easy.”

Nodding, Elijah stood, grateful he’d only had one. He walked out of the bar and into the chill night air of Cardiff. The streets were still buzzing with people, mortal and vampire alike. Since the world had accepted the existence of vampires, such sights had become commonplace.

With a sigh, Elijah shrunk further into his coat and shoved his hands into the pockets. It seemed the vampires came out more on Samhain than any other time of the year. Elijah couldn’t blame them; it was really the only time they didn’t catch a lot of flack from mortals.

“Excuse me.”

The deep-accented words came from the shadows off to his left. Elijah stopped and peered into the darkness. “Yes?”

A man stepped into the dim light of the street lamp and Elijah nearly forgot to breathe. Raven hair that looked like midnight silk, deep blue eyes that could pierce a man’s soul, Northern accent that sent shivers down his spine; the man, who towered over his own 5’10, held Elijah’s rapt attention like no one else.

“Might you have a light?” the man asked, lifting a long cigarette to sinfully full lips. Long fingers scissored around the cigarette, drawing Elijah’s attention from the question to one of his own.

“Um, yeah,” he said, shaking his head to rid it of thoughts of those fingers buried deep inside him. He flipped out his lighter and held it up, lighting the end of the man’s cigarette.

“Diolch.”

Elijah tried his best to hide the resultant shudder. “Croeso.” He slipped the lighter back into the pocket of his jeans and started to turn away.

“You do not like my kind?”

The words stopped him short. Turning, Elijah bit the corner of his bottom lip, gaze traveling over the long but well-built form. “Vampires don’t bother me.”

“Do we...intimidate you?” The man stepped closer; Elijah swallowed hard.

“A little,” Elijah said, voice low, almost a whisper. His heart thundered and his pulse sounded like a thousand drums in his own ears. It seemed he wasn’t the only one who could hear it.

“Do I frighten you?”

Elijah opened his mouth to say ‘yes’ or maybe ‘no’--he wasn’t sure. Whatever it was, it sure as Hell wasn’t supposed to be: “Please.”

Two steps and those long fingers were threading through his hair, the vampire’s mouth moving slowly over Elijah’s lips before parting them with a pointed tongue. He gasped but didn’t pull away, too entranced by the warm clove of the man’s cigarette and

the faint metallic taste of his breath. Common sense forgotten, Elijah snaked his arms around the vampire's neck, holding on for dear life as he opened up to pure madness.

A low growl pushed into the kiss and the vampire's tongue swept through him, leaving no part of his mouth untouched, untasted. Elijah pressed closer, groaning as the hardening ridge of his cock met another. He rocked against the vampire's body, no longer caring where they were or what they were doing...as long as they kept doing it.

Another growl followed the first and Elijah found himself pinned against a brick wall. The vampire thrust hard, sending sparks straight up his spine as their cocks throbbed in tandem beneath their clothing. Tangling his fingers in raven hair, he licked the tip of a sharp fang, drawing a deep, feral sound out of the vampire seconds before he was bitten. Elijah's breath went out of him in a rush and he shuddered hard, the vampire all but devouring him in a soul-stealing kiss.

Elijah didn't make a habit of taking complete strangers home, much less vampires, but this one was working on his resistance overtime. Only the need for air had him breaking the kiss.

"Home," he panted, licking his lips as he stared up into cobalt blue eyes.

"Yes."

Taking the vampire's hand in his, Elijah hurried to his car. Once they were both in, he started it and pulled out onto the street. Home was only five blocks away and the drive was quiet but tense. Before he could even get the driver's side door open, the vampire was there, doing it for him. Elijah blinked and looked up. The vampire simply smiled.

"What's your name, anyway?" Elijah asked as they climbed the steps to his loft apartment.

"Lian."

Elijah nodded and opened the door. After stepping inside, he turned and smiled. "Please, come in."

Lian walked into the entryway and closed the door slowly. A dark gaze fastened on Elijah and then Lian was backing him down the short hall. "I feed when I fuck."

"I kind of figured you would," Elijah said, hands shaking as he fumbled with the buttons on his shirt.

"I'm not a bottom."

Elijah shook his head. "Had a feeling you probably weren't..."

"I want to taste." Lian followed him into the bedroom. "I want to touch."

When the backs of his legs hit the bed, Elijah looked down, then back up. He let his shirt fall to the floor. His jeans quickly followed.

"I want to devour you."

"Yes."

It was all Elijah managed to say before Lian pushed him backward onto the bed. That long body stretched out over him, parting his legs with muscled thighs. Lian's hands caressed down Elijah's body, fingers finding every sensitive spot along his sides. Elijah whimpered and spread his legs even more, allowing Lian to settle between them. He groaned at the friction of the vampire's jeans over his own bare, aching flesh.

"You are mine."

There was such surety in those three words, such finality. Elijah couldn't bring himself to care. Lian moved down his body like a snake, lips and tongue tasting, fingers teasing. As the vampire's tongue swirled around one nipple, his fingers danced along

Elijah's inner right thigh. Elijah tried to breathe, but it was so hard to do when two long fangs sank deep into his skin. He shook and cried out, fingers gripping Lian's hair tightly as the vampire's lips sealed around his nipple, sucking skin and blood like a starving man. Elijah's brain just shorted out.

He no longer had a voice, only guttural vocalizations of need and desperation. He writhed and bucked against the unyielding body, fisting the vampire's hair so hard it had to hurt. With a hiss Lian's head snapped up. Once-blue eyes were red as blood as they stared down at Elijah. Lian's hand pushed between them and within seconds, there was nothing between their bodies but undeniable heat.

"Slick. Table. In me. Now." Elijah gasped and jerked as his cock was fisted with a steel grip. "Lian...please!"

"Yes."

Lian snarled and two slick fingers embedded deep inside Elijah's body. He shouted and bore down, driving Lian's fingers deeper. They scissored inside him and Elijah's eyes widened when a third joined them. He swallowed the scream, writhing and pleading with sharp, desperate sounds as Lian fucked him quick and hard with his fingers. Then they were gone.

Elijah didn't have a chance to feel empty, however, as Lian's cock replaced them, the vampire surging up and deep, thrusting so hard that Elijah saw stars. He released Lian's hair and dug his fingers into the vampire's back, dragging them downward as Lian slammed into him again. Legs wrapping tight around Lian's waist, Elijah rode the brutal roller coaster, feeling himself spin out of control.

"Lian!" The scream was barely out of his mouth and Elijah came, tears flowing down his cheeks as Lian continued to piledrive him into the mattress.

"You're not done." Lian strengthened the grip on Elijah's cock, never quite letting it go down. "I will never be done with you," the vampire whispered, hips keeping the same hard rhythm as he bit Elijah's throat.

The world exploded.

Elijah didn't know if he screamed again or not. All he knew was the heart-stopping rush as he came a second time, the pleasure and pain increased tenfold when Lian's teeth buried in his neck. Heat filled him as the vampire growled and rocked, pushing deep at both points.

As the world started to fade, Elijah was barely aware of the soft kiss placed to his temple, followed by a murmured "I love you."

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Elijah groaned and rolled over. The whole world was spinning and his neck hurt like Hell. He reached up and winced when the slightest touch revealed a bruise. His head fell back to the pillow facedown.

"I'm sorry."

"It's okay," he mumbled. "Really." He rolled onto his side again and looked up, smiling.

"Did you have fun, though?" Lian sat down on the bed, handing Elijah a glass of orange juice. "Enjoy your little fantasy?"

Elijah grinned and took a drink. "I did," he said as he set the glass on the bedside table. "Did you?"

Lian hummed his agreement as he crowded Elijah back onto the bed. When Elijah opened his mouth to respond, the vampire's tongue darted inside. Elijah moaned softly into the kiss and moved his fingers through Lian's hair, holding his head at bay as he flicked his tongue over one sharp fang. Lian hissed softly.

"In seven years, have you not learned that it's dangerous to tease a vampire?"

"In seven years," Elijah murmured, "I've learned it's quite fun to tease *you*."

"Brat."

"Yours."

"Damn right."

"Mm, what time is it?" Elijah asked, finally releasing his lover.

Lian glanced over at the clock. "Eleven."

"Oh, still have time for a ritual!"

Lian sighed and sat up, rolling his eyes dramatically. "Here I was, about ready to take you to the stars again, and you're talking about communing with the gods."

"Hey, to a Druid, everything is sacred, baby, even sex." Elijah got up and rummaged through the closet for his robe.

"Hmm, you going skyclad under that thing?" Lian asked as Elijah pulled the dark blue robe over his head.

"Skyclad," Elijah said, tugging the robe down into place, "implies no clothing at all, Lian. But I will be naked under the robe."

"You're full of it tonight, aren't you?"

Elijah shivered as a hard body pressed up against his back. The sensations shot through him when teeth nicked his skin just at the nape of his neck. "I was quite full of it earlier."

"Mm, and if I have anything to do with it, you will be again." Lian's rough, heat-laced voice rolled through Elijah.

Then Elijah had an idea. "Want to join me?"

Lian stopped the errant kisses. "In a ritual? I'm not a Druid, Elijah. What would I do?"

Elijah turned and draped his arms around the vampire's neck. "Sex magick, baby."

His lover's smile was positively wicked. "Now you've got my attention..."

Pushing closer, Elijah lowered his voice to a seductive whisper. "Just imagine: driving each other to the edge but not over it, helping each other to keep it building, and when we can't hold it anymore..."

"Yes...?" Lian growled.

"The most explosive orgasms we've ever had."

"I've been around for six hundred and a half years."

Elijah leaned in and licked Lian's lips. "Give me one night to take *you* to the stars," he whispered.

Lian purred for him, the sound deep and happy. "You have yourself a deal, Mr. Osborn."

Grinning, Elijah slipped away, heading for the study. He gathered his candles and censer, then spent another twenty minutes looking for his sword before turning to see

## The Living

Lian leaning against the door. The sword's tip was buried in the carpet, the vampire's palm resting on the jeweled pommel.

"You left it in the living room after the last ritual."

"Thanks, babe." Elijah picked up his box, stopped so Lian could put the sword on top, then went out the kitchen door to the backyard.

The night was cool and crisp, with only a slight breeze blowing. The oak trees Elijah planted were growing well, creating the circle that would eventually become a private grove. He walked down the path he'd made near the end of summer, smiling when he counted nine flagstones. Despite the vampire's lack of enthusiasm for any sort of religion, Lian at least knew what Elijah wanted and needed to practice his own.

Elijah set the wooden box down and dug through it until he found his torch lighter. Then he began setting up the candles--two white candles on the altar, four colored ones at the cardinal points around the outer circle. The colored ones were short votives: red at South, green at North, yellow at East, and blue at West. The white altar candles were twelve-inch tapers in silver holders. The holders were gifts from Lian for their third anniversary, engraved with a myriad of Celtic symbols and both of their names. Whether Lian admitted it or not, he was slowly becoming a Druid as well.

"So what am I supposed to do?" Two strong arms slid around Elijah's waist, pulling him back against an equally strong body.

"Sit cross-legged at the altar," Elijah said, turning in Lian's arms. "I'll start the ceremony."

Lian kissed him and walked around him to sit on the grass to the right of the altar. Elijah finished lighting the candles, lit the incense cone in the censer, then put the lighter back in the box.

"Ready?"

Lian nodded, resting his elbows on his knees.

Elijah picked up the sword and held it above his head, tip pointed toward the sky. "Lord Cernunnos, Lady Ceridwen," he began in a clear, loud voice. "We are here before you this night in celebration of the turning of the Wheel. We honor those before us and we open our hearts and minds to whatever messages they may bring us this night."

He turned toward the East, pointed the tip of the sword toward the candle, and said, "I call upon the spirits of the East, the spirits of Water, to join us this night."

Then he moved to the South. "I call upon the spirits of the South, the spirits of Fire, to join us this night."

Turning to the West, he said, "I call upon the spirits of the West, the spirits of Water, to join us this night."

And finally he turned to the North. "I call upon the spirits of the North, the spirits of Earth, to join us this night."

When he was done, he turned back around to face the altar and pointed the sword directly in front of him, tracing a pentacle in the air. "The circle is cast."

He set the sword down on the altar and pulled his robe over his head. Then he knelt before the altar, head bowed and eyes closed. "We ask for your blessing this night, this coming year. We thank you for the beauty of our home. We thank you for giving us each other. We wish to honor you now, to share that love with you and with the Earth."

Elijah opened his eyes and looked over at Lian. Without another word, Lian stood and undressed, Elijah's heart skipping a beat like it always did. Lian knelt back down and



held out his hand. Elijah took it, letting his lover pull him close until their bodies were touching. Lian's lips drifted over his jaw, his breath hot, his touch gentle. Elijah closed his eyes slowly, saying his own prayer of thanks to his God and Goddess for this man.

"You are my Earth," Lian whispered pressing a soft kiss to Elijah's left temple. He moved to the right, kissing him again. "My Sea." Another kiss was placed on Elijah's forehead. "My Sky." Then Lian's lips touched his own in a kiss so reverent it took Elijah's breath away. "My Soul."

When Lian lay back on the grass, Elijah went with him, straddling his lover as they continued their kiss. Lian's hands moved over Elijah's body in slow caresses, from his shoulders, down his spine, to his hips. Without breaking the kiss, Elijah reached for Lian's shirt and pulled it over his head. He smiled against his lover's mouth when his fingertips touched a small, rectangular bottle. Leave it to Lian to remember the necessities. Elijah licked Lian's lips, then sat up, popping the cap of the bottle open. He squirted some of the clear gel onto two of Lian's fingers, then leaned forward.

"Love you," Lian murmured as he slipped his fingers into Elijah's body.

"Lian..." Elijah shuddered and moaned softly, rocking back. "Love you, too." His head fell to Lian's chest as the vampire worked him open, fingers pushing deep, getting him ready. Then they were gone and something much larger replaced them. He sat back up and braced his hands on Lian's chest as he sank down onto his lover's cock, shivering when the head slid past his prostate.

"Yes," Lian hissed, hands gripping Elijah's hips. He pushed up with his hips, driving his cock deeper.

Elijah gasped, digging his fingers into Lian's chest as he was filled completely. "Oh, gods..." Lian fit him perfectly, always did. "Don't move, baby," he panted. "Just...don't move yet."

Lian shook his head. "Won't move until you want me to."

A ripple of something stronger, deeper, moved through Elijah, centering in the base of his spine and radiating up to his heart. He felt Lian everywhere--inside him, around him, in his body and his soul. He looked down into dark eyes, saw the love and devotion reflecting back at him, consuming him. He nodded.

Their rhythm was slow, familiar, Lian making love to him. Elijah tipped his head back, eyes closing as he lost himself in the sensations. Lian's soft moans filled him, urging him higher. Elijah rocked and pushed, his own movements quickening, slowly but surely. The need grew, becoming a tightness that spread through him like a flash fire.

"Elijah..." Lian arched, his grip turning sharp, his thrusts strong and deep. "Love..."

So close. Elijah was so close. Panting and rocking, he worked them both higher, faster. He fought to hold it; he could feel Lian doing the same. If one of them fell, the other would follow. Lian was growling, his fingers bruising. All he did was shift the angle. Elijah went first.

"Lian!" Head snapping back, spine bowed, Elijah came harder than he ever thought possible. The force of his climax brought tears to his eyes, his entire body clenching around his lover.

Several hard, quick thrusts followed and Lian roared, grinding their bodies together, his cock pulsing deep, filling Elijah with heat. Within seconds Elijah was on his back, the vampire's fangs buried in his throat. Elijah writhed and bucked, coming a second time as Lian fed. The words were out before he could stop them...

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“Turn me! Don’t want to wait,” he panted, holding Lian’s head to his neck.

They’d talked about it, planned it for his birthday in December. He couldn’t wait any longer.

Lian didn’t stop feeding, the strength of his bite increasing as he started thrusting again. Elijah was beyond thinking...he could only feel. He thought he was done, thought his body had taken all it could, but another deep stroke sent lightning through him, rocketing up his spine. Only then did Lian stop. Elijah barely registered the taste of blood, the feel of his lover’s wrist pressed to his lips. As the last tremors of his orgasm faded, so did his consciousness.

## The End

## The Dead

by Kay Derwydd

"Come on, love. Come back to me." Lian stroked his fingers over Elijah's forehead, willing away the 'what-ifs' running rampant in his mind. They'd talked about this, planned it for Elijah's birthday. But the plea had been more than Lian could resist.

"Come on, baby."

"Lian?" Elijah's voice was low, barely audible.

Lian smiled and breathed out a quiet sigh of relief. "I'm here."

"Oh, man," Elijah groaned, rolling his head to the side. He squeezed his eyes shut. "I feel...like I went on a bender. Thirsty."

"You...do remember, don't you?" Lian asked him tentatively.

Elijah gave him an incredulous look. "Of course." He grinned and tugged Lian down, hand on the back of his neck. "I'm hungry, Lian."

Nodding, Lian tipped his head and closed his eyes, waiting for the bite. When it came, he gasped and gripped Elijah's head, pulling him close. "Elijah...love..."

Every pull at his throat sent ripples of pain and pleasure through him. He could feel his blood flow into Elijah, could feel it as it ran through his lover's veins. He knew that hunger, and he welcomed it. A soft lick and Elijah pulled back, smiling up at him.

"You taste good," Elijah said, licking a last drop of blood from full, red-tinged lips. "You okay?"

Lian nodded. "Yeah, baby. Just...hoping you don't regret this later."

Elijah laughed and got out of bed, raking a hand through his hair. "We talked about it, Lian." He turned and crouched down in front of Lian, reaching out to touch his cheek. "I want this. I want to be with you through time. I love you."

"Love you, too," Lian answered with a smile. "Thank you."

"For?"

Lian looked into eyes he'd grown to love so much it hurt. "For joining me. For loving me."

"You don't give yourself enough credit, babe." Elijah leaned in for a kiss, then stood. "I wonder how long I can go without anyone noticing anything...weird."

Lian laughed and watched his lover wander into the bathroom. "Well, look at it this way: at least you already work the night shift. And they all know your boyfriend is a vampire."

"Mm, true." Elijah bent over the sink and splashed water on his face. The sight was almost too tempting, but Lian resisted the urge to get up. "And at least I've always been a night owl. Never could stand being out or awake during the day."

"That's a definite plus." Lian grinned up at him. "How do you think the others will react?"

Elijah looked pensive for a moment. "Rich probably won't give a damn..."

"But...?"

"My brother might have a few choice words about it, though." Elijah's nose wrinkled with the mention of his asshole brother, and Lian couldn't quite blame him. Ron barely accepted the fact that Elijah was gay, much less living with a vampire.

"You think he'll give you trouble?"

## The Dead

“Wouldn’t put it past him,” Elijah said, reaching and pulling Lian to his feet. “I’ll say this much: I’m so not looking forward to work tomorrow night.”

Lian nodded. Things were far from perfect in the family department.

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Lian hated when Elijah went to work. It wasn’t the lack of company or the fact that his lover was probably being ogled at any given point by any number of bar patrons. No. It was due to one person: Ron Osborn, Elijah’s older brother. The man was a pain in the ass, a bigoted piece of trash who didn’t deserve to call Elijah family. At least that was what Lian thought.

Finally getting tired of waiting around until Elijah got off work from the bar, Lian grabbed his keys and headed out. If anything, he could keep an eye on things from a distance. With Ron DJ-ing, it kept the bastard away from the bar, and thankfully away from the bartender.

By the time he reached the bar, Lian’s mood had generally improved. He nodded at the doorman as he walked inside. The music was thumping hard and steady, the house mix blasting through hidden speakers loud enough to deafen anyone within a ten-block radius. The crowd of 20-somethings were swarming the dance floor and the bar, looking quite intoxicated and a lot horny. The most edible creature in the entire place, however, was keeping his cool behind the bar, mixing drinks like it was second nature. Lian smiled and started toward the bar, his mind on a kiss. To start with, anyway.

He leaned over the bar and caught Elijah’s ‘hey, baby’ in a kiss, fusing their lips together. Elijah made a surprised but happy sound, returning the kiss before pulling back. Grinning, he finished mixing the drink in his hand and slid it to a waiting customer. As he took the man’s money, he glanced up at Lian.

“Getting bored, babe?”

“Yes and no.” Lian walked around to the far side of the bar to get out of the way. He sat down on the last vacant stool and rested his arms on the counter. “Needed to get out of the house, wanted to make sure Ron wasn’t giving you shit.”

Elijah grimaced and shot a quick look up at the DJ booth. “He’s been up there since I walked in.” He shrugged. “If he says or does anything, I’ll just tell him my big, bad boyfriend with the sharp teeth is here.” He gave Lian a wicked grin and a wink before handing the customer his change.

“Or you can threaten him with your own.” Lian returned the grin, flashing a bit of fang just for the fun of it.

“I get off in about half an hour,” Elijah said as he popped the tops off two beers.

Lian looked at his watch. “They’re letting you off early.”

“Yeah, got a new guy.” Elijah shrugged and handed off the beers, taking the money. “He’s not the best bartender in the world, but Rich likes him.” He grinned at Lian. “I mean...*really* likes him.”

“Hiring some sweet young thing to take care of job stress?” Lian chuckled.

“That’s my guess. You want something to drink while you wait, baby?”

“Guinness, when you can, love. No rush.”

## The Dead

Elijah smiled and flipped up an overturned mug. "Sure thing." He filled it to the brim and set it in front of Lian, eyebrow lifting when Lian tried to pay him. "On the house. You know that."

"Diolch."

Before Lian realized the time had even passed, Elijah was closing out his shift as the new bartender began his. Lian tossed back the last of his drink and stood, taking Elijah's outstretched hand. They wound their way through the crowd and toward the back door, which led out to the parking lot. Before his hand even touched the handle, however, Lian knew something was wrong. He knew Elijah felt it as well; he sensed the tension rolling through his lover. Knowing damn well who stood on the other side, Lian opened the door.

"Ffonies i ddoe." The statement came from their left as they walked out. Ron appeared then, stepping out of the shadows.

Elijah's hand tightened on Lian's, but he didn't turn away. "I was sleeping, so I guess I didn't hear the phone ringing."

"You threw everything away, El." Ron shook his head, clicking his tongue in mock sadness. "All for what? That?" He waved dismissively at Lian.

"It's called love," Elijah said calmly. "Something I'm quite sure you know nothing about."

Ron frowned and clenched his fists, but he did not move. "How can you love something like that? An abomination!"

Lian just glanced at Elijah, saw the mischief in his lover's eyes, and chuckled. Elijah could handle this.

Turning back to his brother, all Elijah had to do was smile.

Ron's eyes widened, and he stumbled backward, landing flat on his ass in the dirt. His mouth opened, but no words came out. Lian mused the poor man looked like a fish gasping for breath.

"Babe, give me a moment to talk to my brother alone?"

Lian looked from Elijah to Ron, then nodded. "I'll be in the car."

"I'll join you in a few minutes."

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Once Lian was gone, Elijah pointed to a stack of crates. "Sit." Much to his surprise, Ron sat without protest. "First of all," Elijah began, "Lian is my partner, in everything. You don't have to like it--Hell, you don't even have to accept it--but that won't change anything."

Ron opened his mouth, but Elijah held a hand up to stop him before he could speak.

"He has never done anything to hurt me in any way. I know you have a protective streak the size of Brecon Beacons, Ron, but this time, it's misplaced. I love Lian; he loves me."

"Is that why you turned?" Ron asked him quietly.

"I want to be with him for all time. Now I can."

Ron sighed and seemed to collapse in on himself. "You're my baby brother. I've been looking out for you for nearly all our lives, El."

## The Dead

Elijah went to him and crouched down, hands on Ron's knees as he stared up into his brother's eyes. "I know," he whispered. "But it's time to let go, Ron."

"Are you happy?"

"More than you could ever know," Elijah said without hesitation. "I love you. You know that, right?"

Ron nodded. "I know. Love you, too, El. Just be careful. Please."

Elijah smiled and rose up to kiss Ron's forehead. "I will. I promise."

"I need to get back inside. I assume you two are headed home?"

"We are." Elijah gave his brother his best pleading smile. "If you'd take the time to get to know him, I think you'd see how wonderful he is."

Ron snorted and stood. "I'm not so sure about 'wonderful,' but I won't say anything else about it, or your choices in partners to begin with. I don't agree with it, but I support you."

Elijah stood and wrapped his arms around Ron. "Thank you," he whispered.

"Anytime."

He watched as Ron went back inside, then he hurried to the car. Lian was leaning against the passenger's side door, arms crossed, looking like the protective boyfriend he was. Elijah went up and pushed right into him, Lian's arms going around him like second nature.

"How'd it go?"

Elijah grinned, traced the curve of Lian's neck with a fingertip. "I think he's tired of fighting. He doesn't agree with it--any of it--but he loves me and he supports me."

"He'd better," Lian rumbled. The sound just made Elijah smile even more. "Home?"

He looked up, meeting those eyes--so serious, so loving, and so damned hungry for him. "Home."

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"Are you hungry?"

Lian smiled when Elijah crowded him back against the door. Tipping his head in invitation, he held Elijah close, gasping as his lover's fangs pierced his flesh.

"Love..." The whisper was breathless, Lian molding his body to Elijah's, drawn by the heat, the hardness.

Every pull on his throat was met by a low groan, another catch of breath. Licking the wounds closed, Elijah's tongue strayed over Lian's neck, up his chin, and across his lips.

"Want to be inside you," Elijah said, the words breathed into Lian's mouth.

"Please."

"Bedroom, babe."

Lian nodded, both of them working their clothes off, hands getting tangled, unwilling to pull away. By the time they reached the bedroom, his shirt was hanging off his arms and his pants were somewhere in the hall. He couldn't quite remember stepping out of them, but he sure as hell knew it when Elijah's hand wrapped around his cock, squeezing, tugging, luring him toward the bed.

At some point, Elijah had managed to get undressed, but Lian's brain was too fogged with need to pinpoint just when exactly. Elijah turned and pushed Lian back onto the bed, following him down and settling between his legs.

“Fuck, you’re hot,” Elijah moaned. His hand cupped Lian’s balls, rolling them, pulling gently. A fingertip rubbed just behind them and Lian rolled his hips, legs spreading. “Want you.”

“Got me.” His eyes rolled back as the tip of Elijah’s finger pressed into him. “In me,” he panted, bearing down. “Now.”

Elijah’s finger disappeared for a moment, then returned, slick and sliding deep inside Lian. Lian rocked his hips, pushing down, driving that finger deeper. A second joined the first and Elijah’s tongue swept through Lian’s mouth, swallowing his moan. Hands gripping Elijah’s arms, Lian fucked himself on his lover’s fingers, drowning in Elijah’s kiss, in the need coursing through them both.

“Love you.” Elijah pulled his fingers out and replaced them with his cock, surging deep, slow.

“Yes!” Lian cried out as Elijah filled him, stretched him. He wrapped his legs around Elijah’s waist, hips rising to meet every stroke. “Oh, gods...love...”

Elijah’s mouth drifted over Lian’s cheek, his neck, whispers brushing his skin like errant caresses. Elijah’s hands bracketed his face, more promises of love eternal washing over and through Lian. He had no idea what Elijah was saying; the tenor of his lover’s voice, the slow movements in and out, that was enough. Lian closed his eyes, let himself go, let Elijah take everything all over again: his mind, his heart, his body, his soul.

*“Come for me.”*

The words swept through Lian’s mind, and in their wake, he was obeying, body arching as his orgasm rolled through him. His mouth opened on a soundless scream and he stared up into Elijah’s eyes, falling hopelessly in love all over again.

The scream finally broke free, wrapping itself in Elijah’s name as Lian cried out, aware of his lover everywhere: inside and out. Elijah’s mouth came down on his, swallowing Lian’s pleasure. Elijah’s thrusts grew quicker, deeper, his cock pushing as deep as his tongue, over and over. Lian could feel his lover’s body tighten, the muscles clench. One last thrust and Elijah filled him, feeding Lian growls and moans as he filled Lian’s body.

He long ceased believing in Heaven, but at that moment, Lian thought it just might exist in this man’s arms.

They stayed like that for what seemed like ages, wrapped tight around each other, Elijah’s head on Lian’s shoulder. Lian couldn’t even think about moving right then; he only wanted the moment to last forever.

“Are you hungry?” Elijah’s whispered question was almost too loud.

“A little.” Lian stretched as best he could, but when Elijah tried to move, tried to pull out, Lian held him. “Don’t go. Not yet.”

Elijah’s chuckle tickled his neck. “Comfy?”

“Mmm, very.” Lian nuzzled his lover’s shoulder, the nape of Elijah’s neck. Elijah moaned softly, hips just barely moving in answer. Lian knew that, if he kept this up, they’d be at it again. He scraped Elijah’s shoulder with his fangs, just barely scratching the skin. Elijah hissed in a soft breath, pushed against him a little harder.

“What was it you used to say about teasing a vampire?”

Lian laughed and rolled them, straddling Elijah’s hips, never moving from his rather comfortable position. Elijah’s hands landed on his hips, pushing and pulling, giving them

## The Dead

a bit of friction. Lian sat up and let his head fall back, palms flat on Elijah's chest as he began riding slowly. Elijah was still hard; so was he.

"Don't stop," Elijah whispered, getting them moving a little quicker.

Lian shook his head, gasping when Elijah's cock hit his gland at the perfect angle.

"Oh. Again."

Elijah drew his legs up and rocked his hips, nailing Lian's prostate again. Lian jerked and shuddered, eyes going wide as he stared down into Elijah's. Elijah sat up and settled Lian in his lap, still rocking. Then that sweet neck was bared to him and Lian dove in, fangs sinking deep. With the first mouthful, he came, lips sealing tight around Elijah's skin as heat spread between them.

"Lian!" Elijah groaned and sweetness flooded Lian's mouth, drawing a whimper from him.

When he'd taken enough, Lian licked the wounds closed and rested his forehead to Elijah's shoulder. A hand stroked his back, tracing his spine. Elijah got them back down onto the bed and Lian curled close to him.

"Thank you," he whispered.

"For...?"

Lian tilted his head back to see Elijah's face. "For crossing over, for joining me."

Elijah smiled and tucked a strand of hair behind Lian's ear. "You're everything to me, Lian. I can't imagine being without you."

"I love you."

"Love you, too, babe. More than anything in this world."

Content beyond words, Lian closed his eyes and let Elijah's presence seep into him, knowing they now had all the time in world.