

# His Touch is of Ice

A novel by Kody Boye

For Cinsearae, who asked,  
'Is this a longer story?'

A special thanks goes out to Lisa and Jason for  
reading through this and offering feedback.

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# O

Right now, Jason hated his life. He worked at a lousy gas station, got paid minimum wage, hated the shitty little apartment building he lived in, and was seriously hurting over the break up with his last boyfriend. He had never thought that he would end up dating a drug user, much less giving into one's carnal desires.

Jason sighed as he looked up at the customer, returning the man his change before walking into the employee restroom. He looked at himself in the mirror and sighed once more. The beard stubble that shrouded his jaw and upper lip did nothing better than to show that he was a sad man. His dark hair was longer, leaving his bangs dangling in front of his eyes.

*You look like shit*, Jason thought, sighing, then laughing. *You really look like shit*.

Jason hated when he looked this way, and he absolutely *hated* the fact that he had to dump his last boyfriend. What he wouldn't give for another relationship right now. It was the same as when he started dating Doug. His last boyfriend had left when he was a sophomore in high school, and when he met Doug, he thought he was getting a good guy. He went home with Doug that night and had sex with him, completely oblivious to who Doug was as a person and not even caring what kind of guys he mingled with.

*That's just your way of dealing with the depression*, Jason reminded himself. *There's nothing to it, really; just go to a guy's house, fuck him, and you'll feel better. You just have to get over the fact that you're depressed all the time*.

Jason shook his head, but looked up as he heard the employee door. He didn't have to turn around to see that it was his boss; the man's reflection was in the mirror.

"Sir," Jason said, turning. "I'm sorry, I know I should be watching the register."

"It's fine, Jason; you can take a little break."

Jason nodded, sighing, leaning against the counter as the man walked up to the sink, washing his hands.

"Anything you want to tell me, Mr. Scar?" the man asked.

Jason nodded, sighing, setting a hand on his sweaty forehead.

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"I've been overwhelmed, sir. I can't stand the way I'm living right now."

"You broke up with your boyfriend," the man said, looking back up at Jason. "Right?"

"Yes, sir," Jason said. "Last week."

"I'm sorry," the man said with a small sigh. "I know how hard it's been for you."

"Thank you, sir," Jason said. "I really appreciate it."

"There is something that's been bothering me, Jason."

"What's that, sir?" Jason asked.

"You've been distracted from your work."

"God, sir. I'm sorry. I'll get my shit straightened out, I promise."

"That's not what I'm saying, Jason," the man said. "I'm sorry, Jason, but I have to let you go."

When the words hit him, Jason didn't know what to say. A small gasp passed from his throat and he stood there, staring at his boss. He couldn't believe it. He had just been fired.

"Please, sir," Jason said. "I'm sorry, I need to get my priorities straightened out. I promise I'll work harder."

"That's not the point, Jason. I'm letting you go because you *need* to straighten your life out."

"How am I going to pay my bills?" Jason cried. "Sir!"

"I'm sorry, Jason. If there was something I could do for you, I'd do it. Your check will be in your box in a few days."

With that, the man walked out of the restroom, leaving Jason there to deal with the ocean of emotions that threatened to swallow him.

When Jason got home, he started to cry. He had just got fired, and now he'd probably end up losing his apartment and living on the street.

*This is what you get for moping around*, he thought. *This is what you get.*

He walked to the couch, sat down, and started crying again. He spread himself out and buried his head into one of the cushions, trying to drain out his sorrows. Sadly, though, his sorrows weren't going to leave; he would probably be like this for a few more hours, if not for a few days.

*Maybe you should go and treat yourself to something*, he thought, sighing. *At least to get your mind off of everything.*

Jason nodded and sighed, closing his eyes.

*I'll go to the café, he thought. That's what I'll do; I'll go to the café.*

# 1

He was everything Jason could ever want in a man. Tall and handsome, with beautiful blonde hair that was cut close to his head on the sides but jutted out just that small bit on top in the front. The man looked just like a movie star. He couldn't place what the cut was called, but damn; he was beautiful and that's all that ever mattered to Jason.

The first time Jason had saw him, the man had been sitting in the corner of the small, Chinese-themed café that he liked to frequent. It was as if he was drawn to the man, and it was then that he knew there was an attraction. The point seemed to be proved that the man was gay when a woman who had tried to hit on him got shut out of the ballpark with a simple, shy smile and the few words which the man had spoken: 'I'm not attracted to women.'

What a shock that had been, both for Jason and the woman. The woman had stomped away with tears in her eyes, while Jason felt the world crash around him in possibilities.

The man was sitting only a few tables away from Jason, and he knew that he had to take his opportunity. He wasn't sure how many other gay men frequented the café, but he knew that if he didn't take the chance he now had he would regret it for the rest of his life.

"Just stay calm," Jason told himself as he brushed the bread crumbs off his sleeves. "You don't want to make yourself look stupid."

Jason wasn't the best at getting a date, and it hurt his sex life badly. He had only had one guy hit on him in his life, and he was sure that the guy had only dated him that one time. A *pity date* some would call it, but that night had been enough. It hadn't gone past the bar, but he wished the night could have ended at his house, in his bed.

Maybe Jason would be able to get this guy to like him.

Jason was only a few feet away from the man. He mustered up his courage by taking a slow, deep breath--the deep breath a teenage boy would take when talking to the guy he liked for the first time--and walked up to him.

"Excuse me," Jason said. "Do you mind if I sit here?"

The man turned his head only for the briefest moment before he turned his head away, a small smile crossing over his lips.

"If you want, I don't care."

*Oh God, Jason thought as he slid into the opposite seat. He actually said yes, please don't let this be a dream.*

It wasn't a dream; Jason even pinched himself to prove it.

"So," the man said. "What's your name?"

"Jason, Jason Scar," Jason said, offering his hand. "Yours?"

"Guy Winters," the man smiled as he reached out to shake Jason's hand. "It's nice to meet you, Jason."

"It's nice to meet you too," Jason said. "I'm sorry for interrupting you if I did...I just felt a little lonely over there by myself."

Guy lifted his coffee cup to his lips for a moment before returning his eyes to Jason.

*God, what a mysterious man, Jason thought. His eyes must hide everything.*

Jason bit the inside of his cheek to keep himself from smiling. He didn't like to smile around a guy he'd just met because, in his opinion, it was bad luck. It was luck that he even got the nerve to come over to the table and ask if he could even sit by the man.

"It's a nice night," Guy said. "Don't you think?"

Jason gave a small nod, but he barely heard anything past 'nice night.' He just nodded because the man had directed the words at him. Sometimes, when he introduced himself to a man, the man would just be quiet and sit there, leaving him feeling stupid and vulnerable.

*Are you just going to act like a stupid prick? Why don't you say something to him?*

"It is," Jason finally said. "I'm sorry, I don't mean to act like I am."

"No," Guy said with another one of his small smiles. "I kind of like the way you act."

*Strike one! You've got him hooked, Jason.*

"I...I guess," Jason said, feeling heat rush to his cheeks. "I'm sorry."

Guy smiled at him. He felt the heat rush away from his cheeks. He had been nervous after Guy said that, and now it was evident that the man was attracted to him.

"So, where are you from?" Jason asked after the moment of silence. "I haven't seen you around town. Did you just move?"

"Yeah, I just moved here from Florida. California's a nice place."

Jason smiled and looked up as the waitress came over.

"Can I get you anything to drink, sir?" she asked, looking at

Jason, then Guy. "Or you?"

"Get us both dark coffee," Guy said, turning his eyes toward Jason. "Is that all right with you?"

Jason nodded and watched the waitress walk away.

"Thank you," Jason said. "I appreciate it."

"It's no trouble," Guy smiled, sitting up and leaning across the table so his face was only a few inches away from Jason's. "Besides, I like you."

Jason could only smile at Guy's words before took the coffee the waitress set on the table.

"Thank you," they both muttered before the waitress smiled and walked off.

The two of them sat there for several moments before Guy looked up from his coffee.

"You want to come to my place?" Guy asked. "We could talk and get to know each other a *bit* more."

Jason smiled. How could he refuse Guy's offer after he was being so kind to him? Guy had allowed him to sit at the table with him, ordered coffee and said that he liked him and the way that he acted.

"Sure," Jason said with a smile.

Guy smiled and picked up his coffee.

Jason noticed that the man seemed to like drinking his coffee when it was fresh out of the maker, *very* fresh out of the maker.

It must have been hot.

Guy didn't seem to mind it on his hands; they must have been cold.

Jason hadn't expected Guy to be so into him when he had walked into the man's small apartment. It didn't take very long for Guy to turn around, draw him in and passionately kiss his mouth. After Guy started to undo the buttons on Jason's shirt, he couldn't refuse.

They had gone into his room and had sex for what seemed like hours before Jason was too tired--too *drained*--to go on.

"Guy," Jason said as the man drew him closer to his naked chest. "I'm too tired."

"I just want to kiss you," Guy said, kissing his neck. "That's all I want, Jason; just let me kiss you."

Jason nodded and stayed on his left side as Guy to kissed his neck. Guy was an electrifying man, and Jason wasn't going to deny him



anything. Guy knew how to make another man feel like he was the best thing in the world just by the way he moved his hand, where he put his mouth, in what position he entered him.

“Jason?”

Jason came out of the trance he was in after Guy spoke.

“Sorry,” Jason said. “I dozed off there for a minute.”

“That’s all right,” Guy said, setting a hand on Jason’s chest.

“Let’s go to sleep, all right?”

Jason was more than ready to sleep. It seemed like Guy had drained all of his energy, especially after necking.

“Does this mean we’re boyfriends?” Jason asked as the bed shifted from Guy’s weight, the man rolling over and turning the bedside lamp off.

“If you want,” Guy said. “I don’t care.”

Jason nodded as Guy wrapped his arms around him.

*If you want to?* Jason thought as Guy kissed his cheek one last time before settling in. *You just made love to me for hours and you said, ‘If you want to?’*

Guy Winters was a very mysterious, dark man indeed, but Jason didn’t believe he was bad for his personality. Jason could feel that it was hard for Guy to get attention, never mind have a sexual partner. He had watched Guy at the café and immediately identified the same shy personality trait that he himself had. Guy didn’t seem like the shy type, but Guy also didn’t seem the type to fuck a man for hours.

*Go figure.*

“Night,” Jason whispered. “Thank you.”

The only response Jason got was the sound of Guy’s breathing.

Jason was satisfied with the response.

At least he had a boyfriend now.

Jason woke up in a bed that was freezing cold. Jason was alone, and somehow, had rolled over on the side of the bed that Guy had been sleeping on.

*God, Jason thought, shivering. He must have uncovered last night. I’m freezing.*

Jason moved back to his own side, envying the warmth. He frowned before opening his eyes and looking at the red wallpaper. He rolled over until he was on his back and placed his hand on Guy’s side of the bed.

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The bed was cold.

“Guy?” Jason called, sitting up. “Are you here?”

Jason waited, but didn’t hear his boyfriend call back. When he started to rise from the bed, he saw a note on the bedside table.

*Jason, I had to go out to get us something to eat. I’ll be right back. Please don’t leave.*

*Guy.*

Jason nodded and stood, gathering up his clothes before walking into the bathroom and getting in the shower. He moaned as the warm water ran over his aching body. He didn’t mind the ache, but it still hurt. The only thing that kept him from thinking about it was the fact that Guy had given him the pain and pleasure.

Why had the bed been cold, and why had Jason been so tired last night after Guy kissed his neck? Was it because of the lovemaking, or was it because Guy had kissed him?

“No, that’s stupid,” Jason muttered, running a hand through his hair. “I wouldn’t get tired just because of a kiss.”

But what if he *did* get tired because of the kiss? What if the mysterious man that he had talked to and then had been picked up by was the reason he was tired? What if Guy wasn’t all that he seemed to be?

*No, you just thought he was mysterious, not odd. Mysterious men can be strange sometimes, but as he showed you last night they can be great lovers.*

Jason nodded and turned the water off. Guy *was* a great lover and he was looking forward to getting to know Guy a bit more. Now that he thought about it, he felt guilty about not getting to know Guy a little better before they’d had sex, but he had gone with the flow last night. It hadn’t been his idea to initiate sex; it had been Guy’s.

Jason heard the door shut from down the hall.

“Jason, are you still here?”

“Yeah!” Jason called. “Give me a second.”

Jason dressed from the waist down and walked out of the bathroom with his dirty, sweat-stained undershirt in his hand. Guy was unloading a bag of early-morning food from some restaurant.

“Sorry, I tried to wake you up but I couldn’t,” Guy said, turning, revealing the slight amount of peach stubble on his cheeks. “I’m glad

you stayed, Jason.”

Jason nodded, smiled, and for the first time in his life, he stepped up to kiss a man that he liked.

“What was that for?” Guy smiled.

“Because I wanted to,” Jason said. “Did you know that was actually the third time I had had sex with somebody?”

“No,” Guy said. “I didn’t...You don’t mind staying for breakfast, do you?”

“No,” Jason said. “But...Could I...Umm...” he trailed off, rubbing the back of his neck. “Never mind.”

“What is it?” Guy frowned. “Tell me, Jason.”

“No, it’s silly, I couldn’t possibly burden you...” Jason trailed off, watching Guy’s face. He could see the smile that was blossoming in Guy’s cheeks.

“You want to move in with me, don’t you?”

Jason gave a guilty nod.

“If you want to move in, I don’t care,” Guy said. “I could use somebody to warm me at night, Jason. I feel so cold when I’m in my bed alone, but last night you made me feel so much more alive.”

Jason smiled and stepped into Guy’s embrace, feeling Guy’s lips on his neck. His neck was one of Guy’s favorite spots.

A shiver ran down Jason’s spine.

“Guy,” Jason said. “The food’s going to get cold.”

Guy pulled away. Jason felt a bit dizzy afterward, but he shook it off, mistaking it for the occasional shiver that he had.

“It’s not much,” Guy began. “They’re egg muffins and biscuits, all they had was the early-bird specials.”

“It’s ok,” Jason said. “I’m just happy to be here with you.”

Jason looked up to see Guy’s smile, and when he saw Guy’s smile, he smiled. It felt good to have somebody actually love him, to have somebody give him attention when he could have easily just kicked him out last night after the sex.

“I need to get this fuzz off my face,” Guy said. “I’ll be out in a minute or so.”

Jason nodded. Guy’s hand touched Jason’s for a brief moment before he disappeared into the bathroom.

Guy’s hand was cold.

“Just the weather,” Jason muttered.

He lifted an egg muffin to his lips and took a bite out of it,

looking out the window. The world seemed such a beautiful place when there was somebody to share it with. He stared out the window for a long time.

Guy's arms wrapped around Jason before he nuzzled his smooth cheek against Jason's.

"Did I do all right?" Guy asked. "Is it all off?"

"Yeah," Jason said. "It is."

Guy kissed Jason's cheek before he settled into the chair next to him. He watched Guy take a bite out of a biscuit before he stood and walked to the fridge, where he pulled two sodas out, sliding one across the table and to Jason.

"I didn't know what to expect when you just walked over to the table last night," Guy began. "I was afraid I was going to get hell from some badass guy for making that girl cry."

"No, I was more nervous about you not liking me than I was worried about the woman. Besides, I wanted to talk to you before somebody else came up."

Guy smiled.

"Do you think somebody else would have come up and stole me, Jason?"

"No, I just wanted to talk to you, that's all."

Guy smiled and took another bite out of the biscuit.

"What? Is there something wrong? You're looking at me like you want to ask me something?"

"Why was your side of the bed cold this morning?"

Guy turned his head down to hide the shocked reaction.

"I was by the window before I got up," Guy said. "I got back in bed and sat there before I left."

Jason nodded, but in the back of his mind, he could tell that Guy was hiding something. For now, he wouldn't force Guy to talk about something as little as his side of the bed being cold; he didn't want to risk damaging their beginning relationship.

"All right," Jason said with a small sigh. "I love you."

Jason felt more than heard the silence that came from Guy before he answered.

"I love you too."

Passion had burned through their bodies when Guy had asked to make love to Jason again. Jason didn't refuse. It had lasted almost as

long as last time, but this time Guy had climaxed and then collapsed on Jason.

“Why do you like kissing my neck so much?” Jason gasped.

“Do you mind me kissing your neck?” Guy asked between the kisses. “I kiss you on the lips and on the chest too, Jason.”

“But you go for my neck almost every time.”

Jason shivered as Guy sucked the flesh of his neck. It didn’t stop with the shiver; he began to get cold, so cold that he started shaking.

“Guy...” Jason whispered as cheeks went numb. “Please...You’re hurting me.”

Guy yelled and jumped away. Jason shivered before looking into Guy’s eyes.

“Jason...I...” Guy shook his head and let tears spill from his eyes. He came back to the bed and embraced Jason, wrapping the two of them in several blankets before Guy started to sob.

“Guy...Please, tell me what you are,” Jason whispered, touching Guy’s cheek. “I need to know if we’re going to keep loving each other.”

Guy’s tears fell down his face, and when Guy pulled Jason close to his chest, Jason could hear his boyfriend’s soft sobs.

“I’m a vampire, Jason. I feed off your life energy because I need to keep myself alive. I went too far this time, and I’m sorry. I can understand if you don’t want to be with me anymore if you’re afraid of me.”

Jason shook his head and wrapped his arms around Guy, envying the warmth that his vampire lover held.

“No,” Jason said. “I wouldn’t leave you just because you’re different. I knew there was something different about you. I can’t change that, but I love you and that’s all that matters to me. I don’t care if you’re human or not. If you’re a vampire, I don’t care; I still love you.”

Guy shifted them back on the bed, and from there, Guy held Jason like he was injured or hurt. The warmth was returning to Jason’s body, and now that it was back all he wanted to do was fall asleep.

The next morning, Guy’s arms were still around him. When Jason stirred, Guy whispered.

“It’s all right,” Guy said. “I’m here, and I’m sorry if you’re still cold and hurting, Jason.”

“No, I’m fine,” Jason said, wrapping his arms around Guy’s chest. “I’m still a little cold, but it’s nothing a warm bath won’t get rid

of.”

Guy nodded, but when Jason tried to get out of bed, Guy lifted him up into his arms.

“Guy?”

“You don’t mind me bathing with you, do you?”

Jason shook his head, allowing Guy to carry him into the bathroom and set him into the shower. Jason watched as Guy fingered for the warm water before he crawled in, and when he did crawl in Guy shifted Jason up onto his body.

“Guy, you’re so cold,” Jason said. “If you need me, I can give myself to you.”

“No, Jason,” Guy whispered. “I’ll be fine, I drained too much of your life energy out of you last night.”

“I can’t believe that you’re a vampire,” Jason said, looking into Guy’s eyes. “But you are, right?”

Guy nodded and closed his eyes as the warm water started to flow along their bodies.

“Guy, do you feel it? Do you feel the cold that I feel on your skin?”

“Yes,” Guy said.

Guy’s hand trailed down Jason’s back.

“I feel it, Jason. I felt it every day before I met you. It hurt so bad before I felt your touch, Jason. You help ease that pain that I feel.”

“It hurts, doesn’t it? It hurts to be what you are.”

“Yes,” Guy said. “But as long as you love me it doesn’t hurt as bad.”

Jason nodded and kissed Guy resting his head on Guy’s chest.

“You’re so innocent,” Guy said, stroking his back. “You know that, right?”

“What?”

“The perfect innocence,” Guy smiled. “I know that any other man wouldn’t love me as you do, Jason, especially after finding out what I was.”

“I won’t leave you, Guy,” Jason said. “I won’t ever leave you.”

“You’ll still stay with me, even though I’m one of the horrors that aren’t even supposed to exist in this world?”

“I will, Guy, I will.”

Jason looked up and over at Guy, watching him. Guy sat in a chair reading a book by lamplight, his handsome facial features cast

over in dark shadows that made him even darker than he usually was. When Jason had first seen him in this light at the café, he hadn't known what to think of Guy.

Now, as Jason sat in his own chair, watching Guy, he realized that Guy was probably the darkest creature in the whole world, but he was a loving dark creature. Jason smiled. He slept with darkness, an immortal who promised him anything and everything he wanted.

"What's wrong?" Guy asked, looking up from his book. "Jason? Is everything all right?"

"Yes, everything's fine," Jason said. "I'm sorry, I was just thinking about a few things."

Guy nodded, slipped his bookmark into the book and stood, beckoning him to come before he turned off the lamp.

"We need to go to bed, it's getting late."

Jason nodded, following Guy down the hall and stripping out of his clothes when he got to the bedroom. Jason helped Guy out of his clothes and the two of them crawled into bed together, Guy snuggling his face into Jason's neck, not kissing or sucking on the flesh.

"You don't need to feed off me tonight?" Jason asked, resting a hand on Guy's naked side.

"No, I don't," Guy whispered. "Let's just lay together, Jason. I want to be with you forever."

Jason nodded.

Jason wanted to be with Guy forever too.

"Could you... Make me like you?"

Guy's weight shifted off Jason until he was leaning on one elbow, his other hand resting on Jason's side.

"Is that what you want, Jason, my love?"

Jason nodded.

"I don't want to grow old and lose you, Guy. I don't want to lose my love for you."

Guy smiled.

"It's all right, Jason," Guy said, touching Jason's cheek.

"Everything will be all right."

Jason nodded and placed his head on the pillow, closing his eyes before he felt Guy get on top of him.

"Guy..."

Jason felt Guy push in gently before he placed his head close to Jason's neck.

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“Just hold still,” Guy said, kissing the flesh. “Just hold still.”

Jason nodded and let his body become cold under Guy’s powerful lust. When he heard Guy grunt, he knew that Guy had climaxed. Jason cried out as his whole body went numb. Guy pulled out and kissed him.

“When you are no longer cold, we will be together forever,” Guy said. “Together forever, my perfect innocence.”

Jason felt his heart blossom in heat at Guy’s words.

*Together forever...*

It was all Jason could ever want.

The two of them leaned against the wall, trying to be as casual as they could be. Guy was smoking while Jason had his arms crossed over his chest, trying to shake away the cold that he felt over his body.

*This is how he felt*, Jason thought, glancing at guy. *This is how it feels to be cold.*

This wasn’t the cold that a person had when he was cold; it was a cold that ran all the way down into the blood. It was a cold that came with a curse of beautiful immortality, a beautiful immortality that preserved men for all of time.

“You all right?” Guy asked, offering the cigarette.

Jason took the cigarette and placed it to his lips, taking a long, deep drag before speaking.

“Yeah,” Jason said. “I’m cold.”

Guy nodded and accepted the cigarette as Jason passed it back to him.

“It’s all right to feel afraid... Everybody feels afraid, you know?”

Jason nodded and sighed, pulling his jacket tighter around him, letting a cold breath pass from his lips.

“Why are we here?”

“Don’t you remember?”

Jason nodded.

It was so they could feel warmth.

Guy had said that the gay men came down this alley because it was the easiest way to get behind the gar bar that was right next door. It was where the men went to get blowjobs and maybe pick up a guy or two for the night.

“Yeah, I remember.”

“Jason, if we only get one guy, we’re going to have to be careful,” Guy warned, dropping the cigarette, stamping it out. “You know how it



was when I was draining you. You nearly froze to death.”

“We’ll take turns,” Jason suggested. “And make sure not to hurt him.”

Guy nodded and whispered for Jason to be quiet as a man started down the alley. The man was a normal-looking man; he wore a brown suit and had a haircut like Guy’s. He was probably a lawyer with a wife who expected that her husband was late every night because he was, ‘Working at the office a little later than he had expected to be.’

“Excuse me,” the man said as he caught sight of them. “Is this the alley that leads to... You know?”

“Oh, yes sir,” Guy said, standing at his full height. “You’re looking for *services*?”

“Uh... Yeah,” the man said, scratching the back of his head. “Thank you.”

“We can give you anything you want,” Guy said, stepping forward, placing a hand on the man’s chest. “Wouldn’t you want two men instead of one?”

“I... I don’t have that kind of money.”

“We’re not interested in the money,” Guy said, leading the man deeper down the alley “We’re interested in giving you pleasure.”

Jason followed Guy and the man down the alley, turning down into the alley that ended in a simple brick wall. Guy spun the man around so that Guy was facing the man’s back.

“So,” Guy said, unbuttoning the man’s jacket. “You want anything special?”

“N-No,” the man stammered. “No.”

The man let Guy remove his blazer and t-shirt, which left him in his undershirt. Jason told Guy to leave the man’s pants be as he slid his hand up and under the man’s undershirt, rubbing at his chest.

“Does that feel good?” Jason asked, kissing the man’s neck.

“Y-Yes,” the man stuttered. “Yes.”

“My, you’re getting quite excited about this, aren’t you?” Guy said, stepping up and wrapping his hand around the tent in the man’s pants. “Were you looking for someone to blow you?”

The man only gave a small nod. Jason caught sight of Guy falling to his knees, beginning to undo the man’s belt.

“Jason, stop,” Guy said.

Jason let his lips fall away from the man’s neck and continued to rub his hands around the man’s chest, tweaking the nipples with a

slight pinch.

“No, come up here,” the man said. “I want you both up here.”

Guy obliged and stripped the man out of his undershirt as he rose, bending his head to the man’s chest and capturing a nipple between his lips.

“God...” the man moaned before Guy started kissing his neck. “Oh...”

Jason could tell that--by the man’s moans--he had just had an orgasm. Jason turned the man’s head toward his own and kissed him, grinding himself into the man’s back as he slid his tongue into his mouth.

Warmth blossomed in Jason’s chest and it continued to spread as he felt the man’s skin grow cold. He felt the man’s shivers and shortly after that heard his whimpering, but he couldn’t pull himself away. It was as if he and Guy were fighting for dominance over the warm life that was flowing through the man’s body.

“Ugh,” the man said as Jason released his hold on his lips, running his tongue across the man’s neck before sucking on the flesh. “C-C-Cold.”

“Shh,” Guy whispered, kissing the man’s chest. “It will soon be over.”

Crystals of ice erupted on the man’s naked skin and hair, his breath visibly blue as if it was the dead of winter. Around them, the air grew cold as the man succumbed to the powers that cold could inflict to the body.

The two of them stopped when they felt the life drain out of him.

“Oh God,” Jason said, letting go of the man, the body crashing in a heap below them. “We killed him!”

Guy could only stare at the body below them. His eyes were full of fear, a fear that Jason had never seen on his face before.

“I’ve never killed before,” Guy said. “Never.”

Jason nodded and sighed.

“What do we do now?”

“We leave,” Guy said, bending down and picking up his jacket.

“We’ve just killed a man... our fingerprints will be on him.”

# 2

They ran. They ran from the scene of the dead body, struggling with their shirts. Jason nearly tripped as he tried to pull his shirt over his head, but Guy caught him under the arms and held him up as they redressed.

"Jason," Guy panted, looking behind them, seeing that they were out of the alley. "We need to go back to the apartment and get our stuff."

"Get our stuff? Guy, what are you saying, what are you..."

"Our *fingerprints* are on *him*," Guy said, emphasizing his choice words to get his point across. "They will *find* them and run them through the *city records*. When they know that they're *our* fingerprints, they'll track us down and *arrest* us for *murder*."

"Are we leaving?"

Guy swore and pulled Jason along by the collar of his shirt, keeping up the pace. There would be more people going into the alley wanting to be serviced tonight. If they happened to come across a dead body, the first thing they would do was call the police.

"Jason, don't make me drag you the whole time."

Jason unwrapped Guy's fingers from his collar and began jogging down the street in an almost-casual manner. Onlookers would think that they were just two men jogging at night, probably because they didn't like jogging in the heat and wanted to stay cool in the city.

*We just killed a man.*

Jason's inner thoughts were speaking to him, telling him the truth, but he couldn't deny that he was reveling in the warmth spreading through his body. It burned him in a way that he loved, in a way that he wanted, in a way that he *enjoyed*. The fact that he had just killed a man didn't seem to chill him anymore than it should.

"Jason, Jason, Jason! Pay attention, you're going to hit that..."

Jason slammed headfirst into a sign.

"Sign."

Colors swirled before Jason's eyes as he fell backward. He grimaced, expecting the ground to meet the back of his head, but Guy grabbed his hand and pulled him up before that was able to happen.

"You ok, Jason?"

"Yeah," Jason said with a small, embarrassed smile. "I'm fine."

Guy smiled back.

"Come on, Jason. We need to get back to the apartment and get the hell out of this town."

When the two of them got back to the apartment, Guy turned and slammed the door, locking it behind him. Guy turned and let his back fall against it, sliding down the door and sitting on the floor, resting there with his hands over his eyes.

"Guy?"

"You know how lucky we are, Jay? You know how lucky we are to have gotten away from there without getting any weird looks or cruisers behind us?"

"I know, Guy, but come on, let's go. You said we needed to get out of here."

"All of your stuff is here, right? All of your cash dollars?"

"Yeah."

"Do you have a credit card?"

"Why?"

"We can't bring them with."

"Guy, you've got to be kidding, I have money in the bank, and the credit card could really help."

"Jason, they *track* criminals through their *credit cards*," Guy stood and walked by him, letting his hand brush along his arm. "I'm sorry. We're going to be on the run, we need to play it smart, all right?"

Jason nodded and watched Guy disappear down the hall and into the bedroom.

He felt a lot better knowing that he had Guy here with him.

When the crashes came, Jason jumped and fell to the floor in a fetal position, fearing that it was the police banging on the door. He didn't hear any shouting, but the crashing continued, which meant that it could only be Guy.

Jason jumped up and ran down the hall and into the bedroom, ducking just in time to avoid being hit by a drawer.

"Guy! What are you doing!"

"We need to *hurry*, Jason. It could be reported right now! You know how quick they can scan a fingerprint into a computer? Both of us would be on the top of the most-wanted list in the whole town!"

Guy pulled his clothes out of the drawer and as threw them onto the bed. Jason could see that Guy was worried, that he was scared, that

he was deathly afraid of what might happen to the two of them if he didn't hurry.

Jason bent down and began to gather up his own clothes. He threw them into their own separate pile and reached under the bed, pulling out his and Guy's suitcase. He threw both of them onto the bed, where they were soon buried under the clothes that Guy was digging out.

"Jay," Guy grunted. "Get our clothes into the suitcases, don't bother with what goes in what. We'll sort it out later, once we're out of the city."

Jason opened his own suitcase and began to throw clothes in. He didn't pay attention to whether or not they were his or Guy's clothes, none of it mattered; nothing mattered now. Time was of the essence; they were racing against it, trying to outrun a speed demon that could barely be challenged. When he had stuffed his suitcase as full as he could, he opened Guy's and threw the remainder of the clothes in. He heard Guy come into the bedroom, counting money and then throwing it out of his wallet and onto the bed.

"Three hundred," Guy said, wiping a hand across his sweaty forehead. "How much do you have?"

"Maybe two-fifty. I'm sorry, Guy; I should've went and drawn out the money for this month's rent. At least I would have more money that way."

Guy shook his head and pulled Jason close to his body, deeply kissing him for a short, passionate moment before pulling away.

"Jason," Guy said. "To hell with your apologies, I'm not taking them. This was all an accident, a big accident. We can get away, don't worry; it's not our fault, we just went a little too far."

Jason nodded and hugged Guy as if there was no tomorrow. He put his face to Guy's neck and took in his deep, manly scent, reveling in it. He was happy to be next to Guy, to be with him, to be loved by him.

"Jason, I think we should change into some different clothes and leave."

Jason nodded.

From now on, they were on the run.

They had redressed into casual clothes, though different from their own. They both wore jeans and flannel shirts.

They climbed into the car, dumping their suitcases in the back.

Guy started the car up and sat there with only the dash lights on. The blue lit up Guy's face, showing a small bit of stubble on his chin and on his upper lip. Jason knew that Guy would see pretty much the same thing should he decide to look over at him, but he didn't care.

"So," Guy said, letting out a sigh as he pulled a pack of cigarettes from his pocket. "You ready?"

Guy's lighter let out a small flame as he rolled the knob a few times. The flame kissed the very tip of the cigarette and let it come to life before Guy offered Jason the cigarettes and the lighter.

"You don't care?"

"Jason," Guy said, a mouthful of smoke coming out of his mouth. "Quit doing that to me. I offered you the cigarettes, so just take one."

"I was just asking. There's some guys who don't want their cars all smoked up."

"If I was one of those guys, would I be smoking in my car?" Guy asked with a big, stupid grin. "Just shut up and light your cigarette."

Jason laughed and placed the smoke in his mouth as Guy backed out of the apartment's parking lot. Jason waited until they were on the road to light the cigarette. He placed the lighter between them on the front seat and removed the smoke from his mouth, sighing a mouthful of smoke.

It wasn't too long before they saw the Oakland, California sign pass by them, followed by the city. The city disappeared from the rearview mirror in what seemed like minutes. If the cause of the sign disappearing in minutes happened because they were moving away from it or because he wanted it to disappear, Jason didn't know.

"You all right, Jason?"

"Fine," Jason said, taking another drag. "Sorry, Guy, I'm just scared."

"You're not the only one," Guy whispered. "You're not the only one."

Their sweaty upper torsos pressed into each other as the two of them kissed. Parked on an old, abandoned road that led into some wilderness area, the two of them were in complete privacy as they kissed. Jason gripped Guy's head with both hands as they tongues made love to each other. They danced together in a savage passion, one trying to overcome the other. Guy drove his tongue deeper into Jason's mouth and Jason fell backward, spread out along the whole back seat of the car

as Guy fell with him. Guy pushed his hand under Jason's head and pulled Jason up closer so Guy could taste more of the inside of Jason's mouth.

"Guy," Jason gasped before kissing him again.

"Jason," Guy said as he pulled off. "The car's too small for us."

"Guy, we can't do it outside. The bugs would eat us alive."

Jason could feel Guy's desire against his leg. It was long, hard, and thick. Guy's cock was stretching the fabric of his jeans as far as it could, desiring release, wanting release, wanting to be inside Jason. Jason also wanted it, but the car was too small, and there was always the possibility that a lone cruiser could pass by and catch them in the act.

"Jason," Guy said as he fumbled at his belt. "We'll make it work, come on."

"Guy, what if somebody sees us?"

"Nobody's going to see us," Guy said as he undid Jason's belt, pulling his pants down. "You want it too."

Guy bent down and took the head of Jason's boxer-covered cock in his mouth, pleasuring it through the fabric. Jason moaned and grabbed a handful of Guy's hair, gripping it as his boyfriend sucked him off.

"I want you to fuck me, Guy," Jason said, pulling Guy's head away. "I need to feel you inside me."

Guy wasted no time in pulling his pants and boxers off, and when Jason had his boxers off Guy *literally* jumped on him. Guy kissed Jason deeply, driving his tongue into Jason's mouth before he pulled away and entered him. Jason cried out in surprise and lust as Guy began his thrusts, trying to keep himself in a good position so the fuck wouldn't be too painful. Guy obviously noticed Jason's worry, as he wrapped his arms around Jason's chest and supported him as he continued.

"God, Jay," Guy moaned, licking Jason's stomach. "You're so good."

"Guy, please, don't stop. Harder... Do me harder."

Guy increased the speed and strength of his thrusts. Instead of driving himself halfway in, he drove himself in *all* the way. Jason could feel Guy's pubic hair tickling his skin, he could feel his length and girth inside him, he could feel Guy's tongue running along his lower stomach, through the trail of hair that ran down to his pubic hair.

Guy's animal grunt forewarned Jason of Guy's orgasm. Guy gripped Jason's shoulders tightly as orgasm took control. Guy's eyes rolled into the back of his head, his neck met the skin of his back, and he took several shallow breaths, trying to regain his composure.

"Guy... Are you all right?"

"Yeah," he said. "God, you didn't explode?"

"No."

Guy pulled out and wrapped his lips around the head of Jason's cock. It didn't take long for Jason to orgasm, and when he did Guy didn't back off, not one bit. When he felt his cock loose its hardness, Guy sucked it for a few more moments before letting it go, licking his lips.

"God, you're amazing, Jason..."

Jason could only nod and smile.

When Jason woke up the next morning, Guy was in the front seat, shirtless and driving, smoking a cigarette. The thought of last night's sex struck him, and for a moment he was afraid that he was completely naked. Jason saw that he wasn't naked. Guy must've pulled his underwear back up his legs. That, or he had done it himself, but he figured Guy had done it.

"How come it's so hot in here?" Jason asked, feeling a bead of sweat fall from his armpit.

"The damn air conditioner doesn't work. A cord or something must've came loose. I'll check it when we stop for gas."

"Do you think it's safe to stop somewhere and gas up?"

"I've been listening to the radio all morning, Jay. Nothing's been said about us."

"What if they're trying to keep quiet so we won't hear anything? What if they're posting pictures around the cities and we don't know about it? What if..."

"They only do that in the movies, babe," Guy said with a small laugh. "I think that's the first time I've called you babe."

"So?"

"I was just saying, it sounded a bit weird... No! I don't mean it that way, I swear! I meant that it sounded weird because I haven't had somebody love me in a long time."

"I won't ask about it," Jason said, pulling his jeans up his legs. "I don't need to bring anything painful up."

"I was cold for the longest time," Guy said. "Jay, our kind of



vampire is one of the few species that really depend on their partner for any kind of support. I haven't told you this, but half the reason that I'm still alive is because of you."

"Because of me?"

"Yeah. I was starting to die, Jay. Not from sickness or not feeding, but because of the loneliness I felt. Me and you are different from the blood-drinkers and psychic vampires because we need to the support of someone to survive."

"How long?"

"I went for several years without someone close to me. While it doesn't start to affect you for a little while, it will eventually. I was draining you so much because there was so much life energy that had been lost to me all of those years."

Jason sat there in silence, not wanting to say anything that might upset Guy.

"You know, you really helped me, Guy. We've only been in love for little more than a week, but still. You have no idea how much it helps to have you with me."

"But I turned you into what I am, I got you into this mess. That doesn't bother you at all?"

"I wanted to become what you are, and you didn't get me into this mess; we should've known that the both of us feeding off one person would have consequences to it."

"Jason, I don't know what to say," Guy sighed. "You don't know how much that means to me. I don't think that too many people would willingly follow me into this situation."

Jason gave a small nod, trying not to break the peaceful silence that the two of them were in. Just sitting here with Guy was enough to melt him.

"Where are we?"

"Fresno," Guy said. "I woke up a few hours ago and started driving. It only took me three hours to get here."

"Are you going to stop anytime soon?"

"To gas the car up and get something to eat, maybe buy a few bags of chips on the way to Vegas."

"Vegas?" Jason asked, pulling a shirt over his head, catching a glance from the woman in the car beside them. "Why are we going to Vegas?"

"I'm trying to get us into Utah, and besides," Guy said, looking at

him through the rear-view mirror. "I'm fair at gambling."

"Gambling? You're not seriously thinking of using our money, are you? Guy, are you crazy? You could loose all of that! You could..."

"Jason," Guy said, stopping Jason before he could go on with the bad things that could happen. "I can tell when people are bluffing just by looking at them. I can hear the thoughts of people."

"Can you hear mine?"

"No, I don't violate your privacy," Guy said in a soft, reassuring voice. "I don't violate a person's privacy if I don't need to."

Jason nodded and leaned back in his seat. He wondered what all Guy could do. Of course, when Jason had first met Guy he had that irresistible, sexual charm--which Jason guessed all vampires had--and he could touch things that a normal person couldn't, like the fresh cup of coffee that he had drank right when the waitress had given it to him. But Jason wondered what else Guy could do.

"Don't worry," Guy said, breaking his train of thought. "I'll teach you."

"Did you?"

"No, I didn't. I could tell that you were thinking about it without any use of my gifts."

Jason gave a small nod and smiled at Guy, looking out the window. He could see other cars passing them on the street, a few people walking up the sidewalks in opposite ways, and a few buildings, particularly a gas station and restaurant combo.

Upon seeing the gas station and restaurant, Guy turned into the parking lot and stopped the car, turning it off.

"Could you toss me a shirt?"

Jason tossed Guy an undershirt before pulling his shoes on, stepping out of the car and following Guy into the restaurant. Guy gestured him to go wherever with his head as he walked around, picking certain bagged-food items off of the shelves as he did so. Jason nodded and walked through the aisles until he found the bathroom, and when he did he entered the one-person bathroom and closed the door behind him, locking it.

*Run down place*, Jason thought, stripping of his shirt. He turned the water on and splashed some under his arms and face, shivering at the cold.

When he looked up at the mirror, he saw something he didn't expect to see.

His eyes, once brown, were now electric blue, a bright blue that seemed to make his eyes look like ice cubes.

“Oh my god,” he said, surprised that the words had come out of his mouth. “What happened?”

He stared at himself in the mirror for several minutes before he heard a knock. At first, he ignored it, not caring whether or not there was somebody outside the door wanting to take a piss.

Then he heard the voice.

“Jason, let me in.”

Jason walked to the door and let Guy in, closing the door behind him and locking it. He turned and gripped Guy’s shoulders, leading him so that Guy’s back was pressing up against the wall.

“What can you see that’s different?”

“Your eyes.”

Jason blinked.

“What? What did you say?”

“Your eye color changed,” Guy said. “It happens when you become one, Jason.”

Jason didn’t want to ask about Guy’s transformation; he didn’t want to know of any other side effects that could happen.

“Come on,” Guy said, knocking Jason out of his deep thought. “I’ve got hamburgers and some fries ordered. They’ll be done in a few minutes.”

Jason nodded, pulled his shirt over his head, and followed Guy out of the bathroom, getting a few odd glances from some of the men that were loitering near the restroom area.

By the time that they were in the fast food part of the gas station, Guy’s number was called out and he went over to grab the food. Jason sat down at a long table near the back, waiting for Guy to come and sit down beside him.

“You hear anything else about *it*?” Jason asked, taking a hamburger from the bag.

“No,” Guy said, taking a bite of his own hamburger. “I don’t think they know anything about it yet, Jason. Don’t worry, and keep your voice down; we don’t want anybody getting suspicious.”

Jason nodded and finished his first hamburger before beginning to eat his next one, watching Guy eat as well. Guy ate more of the fries than he did, but that didn’t bother him; he thought it was a bit funny.

“What’s so funny?” Guy asked, smiling, biting the end of the fry

off. "You care?"

"No, I was just laughing to myself," Jason grinned. "No, eat as many as you like."

Guy smiled and continued to eat the fries in a nonchalant manner.

Jason couldn't help but smile again.

"What?" Guy asked, putting the fry that he was eating down. "You keep giving me that weird look."

"What look?"

"The look before we have sex."

Thankfully, no one was around, so nobody heard guy's comment.

"I just like looking at your... Teeth, that's all."

Guy gave a very suggestive smile.

"Sure, Jason; you just like the way I can work you over, huh?"

Jason smiled and scooted over beside him, punching his shoulder in a playful manner as he stole the fry Guy picked up.

"Hey!"

"Hey what?"

"Oh, nothing. Go eat your hamburger, you've barely touched it."

"I eat the fries first."

"So do I."

They both laughed and continued eating, being distracted as another patron turned the television up.

"This morning, a body was found in Oakland, California in an abandoned alley outside of the 'Queerky Times' bar. Though no physical abuse seemed to have caused the death, the fingerprints of two different individuals have been found. The authorities have not yet released the details of the two suspects to the public."

Jason's skin turned cold, and it wasn't because his body temperature was naturally cold either. That finger--not Guy's finger during sex, but a different, more ominous finger--trailed down his spine, revealing that terrible feeling that something bad was going to happen.

Guy's hand reached under the table and gripped Jason's hand.

"Come on, Jay, we've got to go. It won't be long."

They gathered up what they were eating and left the restaurant.

When the two of them hit Las Vegas a few hours later, they quickly got a room in a small hotel and collapsed on the bed. The car trip had been a rush, and not a good rush at that.

"You ok?" Jason asked.

"Yeah, I'll live."

The room was silent for several minutes, and in those minutes Jason was worried. His heart--though he was sure it was made of ice by now--burned badly. His heart ached for freedom, for salvation; it ached for whatever it might be able to get. What they were doing wasn't right. Running was never right. That's what his father had told him, anyway.

*Running from your problems is never the way to do it, son.*

*There'll come a time in your life when you're going to have to make a big decision that will impact you for the rest of your life.*

Jason's father had never mentioned anything about running away with the man he loved, whom he had happened to meet in a bar, fall in love with, and then end up becoming a vampire with him. But that was where another one of the talks he had with his father came in, right after he had told his father--who was the single and sole parent of him--that he was gay.

*It doesn't matter who you love, Jason; you do the right thing and dedicate yourself to him. I know it'll be hard, and I know you know it'll be hard. It's a sad thing that society won't accept people like you very well, Jason. But you remember, son; if you love somebody, you'll do anything for them.*

Jason *would* do anything for Guy. He had allowed Guy to turn him into a vampire so the two of them could be together. Guy had also shared his first feeding with him. The way the warmth had spread throughout his body aroused him; it made him hard, it made him moan, it made him want more.

But the first time they had fed, Jason and Guy had accidentally killed a man.

"Jason?"

Jason jumped as he felt Guy place a hand on his bare arm.

"You ok?"

Jason gave a small nod, feeling a small, cold tear come out of his eye.

"I just love you so much," Jason said as he rolled over and pushed himself up to Guy, hugging him and burying his head into his neck. "You don't know how much, Guy."

Guy stroked Jason's head as the two of them lay there, their bodies resting on the pillows by the headrest, wrapped in each other's embrace.

“You feel so warm, Guy.”

Guy smiled at him.

“You do too.”

Guy shook Jason until he woke up the next morning, and it didn't take long at that. At first, Jason thought it was just Guy wanting him to get out of bed, which he didn't want to do. Their lovemaking had lasted into the early-morning hours, and the little sleep the two of them had got didn't seem like much to him.

“Come on, Jason. Wake up, it's on the news!”

Jason bolted upright when he heard the last four words.

*It's on the news!*

“It has been confirmed that the two killers in question seemed to have administered a lethal dose of some underground drug into the victim. The blood in his veins was literally frozen, which questions as to what kind of drug killed the man. The killers have been identified as two men from the Oakland area, Jason Scar and Guy Winters.” Both of their pictures popped up on the screen before the newscaster continued. “Both men have fled the Oakland area around twelve AM this morning. It is unknown how they have transported themselves. If you see either of these men or even suspect them to be in your local area, please call the number below.”

The number flashed below the screen just as Guy picked up the remote and turned the TV off.

“Guy, what do we...”

“We're still not out of the state, Jay, they've probably got people all over the area asking questions.”

“Did you do something to the people who saw you? I mean... Well, you know?”

Guy sighed.

“I did my best, Jason. Hopefully it'll all work out for the best.”

Jason sighed his relief, comforted by Guy's words. He hoped with all his heart that it would work out for the best.

Jason and Guy had just got out of the shower when they heard a loud pounding at the door. It wasn't the kind of pounding that a hotel employee would do if they were anxious, trying to get the occupants to come to the door.

No.

It was someone else.

“Who is...”

Guy grabbed Jason from behind and slapped a hand over his mouth, drawing him close to his chest.

“Shh, be quiet,” Guy whispered “See who it is.”

They waited several more minutes before the pounding started up again.

“This is the police! Open the door and come out with your hands raised; we don’t want anyone here hurt.”

Guy let go of Jason and spun him around, looking directly in Jason’s eyes.

“We don’t have much time. Pull a shirt over your head and let’s get the hell out of here.”

# 3

“Guy, how are we going to get out of here? We’re on the fifth floor of the building!”

“Open up! We know you’re in there, we’ll break the door down if you don’t open up!”

Guy pulled a t-shirt over his head and swore under his breath, looking at the curtains. He tore them off the bar and grabbed the sheet off the bed, tying the three pieces of fabric together.

“You’re crazy! That only works in the movies!” Jason whispered.

“Well, it looks like we’re going to have to play movie stars then, won’t we?”

Jason grabbed the money that was lying on the nightstand and walked to the balcony. Guy closed the door as Jason walked to the railing. Jason looked over it, a tightness gripping his chest in a strong hold; a monster’s grip. His heart was beating like a jackhammer, his mind was racing, thoughts of falling and death entered his mind. He broke out in a sweat and his breathing became more rapid.

*You’ll never make it... You’ll fall and die first.*

“Jason, go! They’re going to break the door down.”

Guy’s words sprung Jason on. He literally vaulted over the side and grabbed the curtain, shimmying down them as if he was some bizarre jungle man, wearing only a piece of animal fur to cover himself.

It wasn’t long before Guy was just above him.

And it also wasn’t long before the crashing of a door above them.

“Go, Jason!” Guy urged as they continued down the getaway rope.

Jason felt the end of the rope in his hands.

*Shit!*

“Guy, don’t...”

Jason was cut off as Guy stepped on his hand. Jason lost his grip on the rope and fell, trying desperately to reach for the rope that was now hanging above him.

“Jason!”

Jason didn’t know how it happened, but when he heard Guy’s voice his boyfriend’s arms were around him. Jason felt Guy’s stubbly chin buried into the crook of his neck.



*This is it, Jason thought as he hugged Guy's body tighter to his own. You're going to die right here, Jason. You're going to die a criminal, where they'll put your body on display and then end up burying you in some place where they bury criminals.*

If they buried criminals in a normal graveyard, anyway. At that particular moment, Jason didn't think criminals who murdered were given the same respect.

"Hold on," Guy whispered. "Don't let go, Jason. We're almost there."

The tone in Guy's voice didn't have a trace of fear in it. Jason felt like dirt compared to Guy, who was a god to him, a god that accepted the death that the two of them faced.

"Hold on, Jason."

Guy's arms tightened around Jason before they hit.

It wasn't the ground they hit.

It was water.

Water exploded around them as they fell into the pond at a speed of what seemed like a bullet, creating a geyser that shot into the sky. The same ice that had formed on the dead man's body was forming on Jason's, and as he opened his eyes--opening his eyes to the dark, blue water, in which he could only see Guy's eyes--he saw the blue fire in his boyfriend's eyes.

*Hold on, Jason. Don't let go.*

Jason didn't let go.

Jason let the ice swallow him.

Had Jason been a normal person, he would've woken up with a chill that would have went all the way to his bones, or he wouldn't have woken up at all. Above him, the stars twinkled as if they were laughing for their stupidity.

*It only works in the movies, Jason thought. Only in the movies.*

Jason sat up and felt the weight of his clothes against his body. He was about to strip out of his shirt before he felt a pair of hands doing so.

"How long have I been out?" Jason asked.

"Not too long, I don't think," Guy said as he tossed the damp shirt nearby, onto an arrangement of rocks that cradled the pond. "I woke up not too long ago."

Jason nodded and felt a shiver pass down his frame. It wasn't

the normal shiver that he felt from the cold that was always in his body, but the cold that came with being soaked; clothes and all.

“You ok?”

“Fine,” Jason said. “How far away are we?”

“The pond’s fairly large, but we’re not too far.”

“Is that a bad thing?”

“If you count the police searching the area, then yeah, that’s a bad thing.”

Guy pointed toward the flashing lights in the distance. Every so often a beam would break across the sky, followed by the howling or barking of search dogs.

“How long do you think it’ll take them to find us?”

“I don’t know, but it’s best if we get moving. We have the advantage of being soaking wet, so the dogs won’t be able to smell us.”

“Our pants, they’ll leave marks.”

“Well, I guess this is my chance to fulfill my lifelong dream of running through the woods in my underwear, right?” Guy asked with a large, stupid grin.

Jason laughed as he stood, watching Guy strip out of his pants and down to his underwear. Jason followed suit, while Guy bent down beside the clothing.

“What are you doing?”

“Trying something. Shh.”

Jason watched with interest as Guy’s fingers trailed off the fabric of the clothing, waiting to see if what Guy was trying to do. Guy’s face lit up in frustration, and for a moment it seemed like he was going to bite down on his lip.

Then the ice started spreading across the clothes.

“What are you doing?” Jason asked.

“Tossing them into the river,” Guy said. “If I freeze them good enough, they’ll melt when they get into the water.”

Jason nodded and backed up to let Guy continue his work. Jason couldn’t take his mind off the commotion behind them. He heard shouts in the distance, heard more sirens coming off from far away, and the dogs were barking again.

It was all too distracting.

When Jason heard the splash, it didn’t take too long for Guy’s hand to come out and grab his wrist.

“Come on, Jason, let’s go.”

They walked through the forest for what seemed like hours before the two of them finally stopped. When they did, they were sitting on the floor of an old, abandoned house, one that seemed as though it was hundreds of years old.

“Jason, you all right?”

Though Jason couldn’t see Guy, he knew that he was right beside him.

“I’m fine, don’t worry, Guy.”

“You cold?”

“Yeah.”

Jason felt Guy’s arms wrap around him. The two of them had since decided to try and get some sleep, even though it wasn’t working very well. The house was cold, and the fact that they were wet didn’t help him any better.

“Are you cold?” Jason asked.

“Not when I’m with you, Jay.”

“Thanks,” Jason said, now feeling better.

The room went quiet for several long minutes, leaving Jason to trail off into his thoughts. He wondered where they were going, where they might be headed in their lives, and if they might get caught.

Guy drew Jason closer to his bare chest.

“Jason, is something bothering you?”

“I want to know where we’re going, Guy.”

The silence that followed terrified Jason. His mind screamed as he understood that his boyfriend--whom he had thought had known where they were going--didn’t know where to go. The breath in Jason’s chest escaped him as his thoughts tried to break out of his mind.

“Y-Y-You don’t know where t-t-to go?”

“Jason, it’s all right. I know where to go, but I haven’t been there for a long time.”

“Where is it, Guy?”

“I’m afraid of going there.”

“Why? Where are we going and why are you afraid of going there?”

When Guy didn’t answer, Jason pushed away.

“Jason...”

“Why won’t you tell me?”

“Because I’m scared.”

“Scared of what?”

“Scared of going back to our kind!”

The breath passed out of Jason’s chest just as fast as it had when the two of them had been falling. When they had fallen from the makeshift escape rope, the breath had passed out of his chest as Guy had pulled him closer, thinking that they were both going to die. Now, though, it seemed much more painful.

“We’re going where people like us are?”

“Yes, Jason,” Guy whispered, touching Jason’s cheek. “We’re going to a place that I’ve been afraid to go back to for several years.”

That following morning, Guy shook Jason awake. When Jason opened his eyes, he could see that it was barely dawn; the sky lit only by a faint blue light.

“Come on, Jason. We need to get going. We might be able to get there before the sun comes up.”

“Come on, Guy,” Jason groaned. “Just a few more minutes.”

“I know what you mean by, ‘A few more minutes,’ Jason. You’ll end up falling back asleep and you’ll get mad at me if I wake you up again.”

Jason gripped Guy’s hand and let Guy take the full brunt of his weight as Guy pulled him up.

“Sorry.”

“It’s not your fault,” Jason said as he looked out the broken window before returning his attention to Guy. “You would’ve let me sleep longer if we could.”

“We need to get going, Jason. We have a walk ahead of us.”

The walk that Guy had described as--quite easily--‘a walk’ was exactly as he meant it. The two of them walked through the woods for what seemed like two hours before they finally stopped.

“God,” Jason said. “I didn’t know we’d have to go over a bunch of rocks”

“You’re lucky that I caught you. That cut on your ankle would’ve been a lot worse if you would’ve went tumbling.”

Jason nodded and fingered the cut. It wasn’t bad, but it had bled a small bit. He could feel the dry, crusting blood there, but when he pulled his finger back he could see that the tip of his finger was covered in blood.

“How can some of them drink this?”

“It’s just their way of living,” Guy said, bending down beside Jason. “They drink their blood while we steal the warmth in a body. We’re no different from any kind of vampire, Jason; we have to take to be able to live.”

Jason gave a small nod and wiped the blood on the waistband of his underwear, giving Guy a small smile.

“I feel a bit weird walking around in just my underwear.”

“No one’s going to see us,” Guy grinned. “Come on, we should get going.”

Jason accepted Guy’s hand and let Guy pull him to his feet, giving him a small smile.

“Thanks,” Jason said.

“No trouble.”

The two of them started walking again, and within an hour Guy had raised a hand and stopped.

“What is it?” Jason asked.

“Give me a minute. I think it’s around here, if I can remember correctly.”

Jason gave a small nod and crossed his arms over his chest, keeping quiet as Guy looked around, trying to find if they were in the right place or not.

Jason felt a piece of metal against his neck.

The same kind of metal a gun had.

“Don’t move,” a man said. “Or I’ll blow your fucking head off.”

Jason gave a small nod and slowly moved his arms away from his chest, raising them into the air.

“I said don’t...”

“I won’t hurt you,” Jason said as he tried to keep his calm. “We don’t have anything with us. What do you want?”

“You’re too close to this area, we can’t let you live. We...”

“Stop!”

Jason grimaced as he heard another man speak.

“It’s *him*.”

“You mean *that* him?”

“Yes!”

“What do we do with this one then?”

The man nudged Jason in the back of the head with the gun.

“Just knock him out, he doesn’t need to know where we’re going.”  
That was the last thing Jason heard before his world went dark.

When Jason woke, he was cold. It could’ve been because he hadn’t fed for a good while, or it could’ve been because he was in a cold place. He opened his eyes and shut them as he heard voices.

“He’s stirring.”

“Are you sure?” another man asked. “You weren’t just seeing things?”

“I saw his eyelids move! He’s waking.”

Someone grabbed Jason’s hair and hoisted him off the ground in a powerful tug. Jason cried out just before the man slapped the back of his head. He spat, and when he opened his eyes he saw that it was blood.

“Told you the fucker was awake,” the man said, keeping a hold on Jason’s hair. “So, enjoy your sleep, pretty boy?”

“Leave me alone,” Jason said in a low, weak voice. “I didn’t do anything to you.”

“Those humans could’ve followed you out here. How would it look if a bunch of humans found one of our hideouts, ey? What would happen to us?”

“I didn’t know where we were going, Guy...”

“Don’t go blaming your problems on someone else,” the man snarled. “How stupid is it to turn and then get yourself targeted by humans?”

“I didn’t try to, it was my first feeding, I...”

“Your sire should have been more careful then.”

The man didn’t lighten up on Jason any. Instead, he thrust Jason into the wall, Jason’s head turned out to the side, the man holding it there. Jason didn’t dare move, because he was more than sure that the man could easily break him in two.

“Now, what should your punishment be?” the man asked in an almost parent-like voice. “Should the little boy go put his nose in the corner, or should I carve my name into his back?”

Jason heard the sound of a switchblade being released from its inner prison. He tried not to show fear, but it wasn’t working; he wasn’t the kind of guy who could just suck it up and make it look like he wasn’t worried. He closed his eyes and felt tears flow down his face.

“Looks like we’ve got a crier,” the man said, enticing laughs from

the other men around him. “Looks like I’ll carve my first *and* last name into his back. I’ll do it deep, so it won’t go away, and I’ll make the letters wide so my first name *barely* fits on his back.”

The other man cheered and clapped, and just when Jason thought it was going to get any worse, he heard footsteps.

“I forbid this behavior!”

The room silenced as if God had struck it with his iron fist. The men stopped laughing almost immediately. The blade that had been pressed to his back withdrew, and the man released his grip on Jason.

Jason didn’t take shame in falling to the floor and staring at it, watching his own tears blink back at him on the old, dirty stone tile below him.

“But sir, he could have endangered our existence, he...”

“I don’t care, that doesn’t give you the right to torture him.”

“But sir, the oath, our code of existence, he...”

The man who had pressed the blade to Jason’s flesh went quiet. Jason saw a boot in his line of vision and tried to keep the tears at bay, but he couldn’t help it. Some fell onto the man’s boot. Jason cringed and expected to be kicked or injured in some way, but after a moment he knew that it wasn’t going to be.

“You’ve reduced one of our own kind to something less than us,” the man who had silenced his tormenters said. “Be gone, all of you! I’ll deal with you all later.”

The shuffling of feet soon left the room after the man made his final order.

Jason heard the shuffling as the man descended on one knee, to his height.

“You are my son’s lover?”

Jason looked up and saw a handsome face that could have been Guy’s in ten year’s time, had Guy been able to age. The tanned skin bore the muscular look of a leader and the blonde, trimmed beard did no less to extinguish the power that he had,

“What?” Jason asked.

“You’re my son’s lover?”

“Yes,” Jason choked out. “You’re his...his...”

“Yes, I’m his father,” the man smiled. “Please, stand and come with me. You need a good bed and some proper clothing.”

Jason nodded and accepted the man’s hand, standing and following him out of the small room and down a few halls until they

came at to a door. The man opened it and the two of them entered.

“Jason,” Guy said from the bed, on which he only wore a sheet to cover his naked body. “Father, is he all right?”

“He is fine, son. He was being harassed by some of my men, but I am going to deal with the problem shortly.”

Jason watched Guy’s nod and smiled at him, trying to keep his eyes away from the man who was Guy’s father.

“I’ll leave the two of you alone. I’ll have some clothes brought down to you.”

“Thank you, sir,” Jason said

The man gave a small nod and left the room, closing the door behind him.

“Guy, what is this? Why was your father dressed like someone out of a medieval movie?”

Guy’s father had been wearing brown leather trousers and boots, along with a brown tunic with a small cape.

“Jason, this is where I wanted to bring us. This is where we live.”

“We?”

“Yes,” Guy said. “The ice vampires.”

That night--or what Jason assumed was night, since there were no windows or any portholes looking out to the world--Jason and Guy lay in bed together. They hadn’t made love, but Jason knew that Guy was still awake beside him. Jason could feel the muscles on Guy’s back moving against his own bare flesh. It was nervous movement, movement that one would use to try to relieve tension.

“You all right, Guy?”

“I’m fine,” Guy said from Jason’s side. “Don’t worry about me, Jason.”

“You’re not the one to sit up and worry about something though, I am.”

When Guy didn’t answer, Jason looked over at the single candle sitting by the door. He watched its flame dance back and forth, wondering if it would go out or not, wondering if it would decide to burn out and leave them in darkness. It didn’t seem to want to though; it seemed more than content bathing the room in a soft but comforting light.

“I’m not worried,” Guy finally said.

“Then why did you tell me that we were going somewhere where



you've been afraid to go back to?"

"Did I say I was afraid?"

"Yes."

The next bout of silence would be longer, Jason could feel that. Jason rolled over, wrapped his arms around Guy's back and locked his fingers together, letting his interlocked fists rest against Guy's flat, muscled chest.

"You don't have to worry about anything, Guy. I'm here, and you know that I love you."

"I know you love me, Jason. You know I know that, right?"

Jason nodded.

"I need to sleep. I'm sorry, I can't stay awake anymore."

"It's all right, Jason. Just get some sleep and take it easy, all right?"

Jason nodded and closed his eyes, kissing Guy's shoulder blade before he fell asleep.

## S

Guy carefully removed himself from Jason's grip and sat up, letting his feet rest on the floor while he rubbed the sleep from his eyes. After a moment, Guy stood and pulled his trousers up his legs before drawing a blanket around his shoulders. He carefully opened the door, exited, and then closed it before walking down the halls, intent on going to his father's room.

It wasn't long before Guy came to the room. He gave a short knock before opening the door and entering, closing the door behind him.

"I'm sorry I'm disturbing you at this hour, Father."

Guy's father was reading a book by candlelight, his upper body naked, showing muscles and scars from the past. The man put the book down and looked up at Guy.

"No, son, it's fine; please, sit."

Guy took his father's words and sat down on the bed beside him, sighing as he pulled the blanket tighter around his shoulders.

"It's cold here," Guy said with a laugh. "Is it always so cold?"

"When was the last time you fed?"

Guy sighed.

"When I'm with him, I forget that I'm not human."

"I was expecting you to come back alone, or if it was with somebody, a woman. I would've liked a grandson in the future."

"It's not like I chose the way I feel about men, Father," Guy said as he pulled the blanket tighter around him, trying to draw the warmth from it into him. "But I won't deny the fact that I love Jason."

The silence from Guy's father scared him. The reason Guy had left before--six years before, if he remembered correctly, around his twentieth birthday--was because he felt that his father was uncomfortable with him around.

"Father?"

"Yes, son?"

"Do you hate me?"

The man's sigh scared Guy. What was his father going to say? Was he going to say something to hurt Guy, something along the lines of, 'I would've liked a grandson?' Those words had stung Guy, mostly because he felt that his father only wanted him for a grandchild.

"I don't hate you, son. When you left six years ago, I felt that you had a different way of viewing love. I saw the way you looked at some of the men here all those years ago, especially after Gerald suddenly died."

"You knew that I loved him, didn't you?"

"Yes."

Gerald had been Guy's first love, the man whom Guy had shared his bed with for the first time, the man who had stolen his heart with love. Gerald, who had held Guy when he was upset, when he had been hurting, when he had been struggling with trying to survive as a vampire. Gerald was the man Guy had loved, who had been murdered by savages.

"I didn't want you to leave then, son. I'm sure that you felt distanced from me then, but I want you to know that I never wanted you to leave."

"I felt that way."

"I was upset too. In a way, I thought of Gerald as my own son. After I found out the two of you were sleeping with each other, I didn't want to believe it."

"You knew we were sleeping together?"

"I heard the two of you talking one night when I passed your room. I didn't need to see it to know that you two were in bed with each other. I had seen how you looked at him, how you had talked to him, how you would follow him around and, when the two of you thought you were alone, would kiss."

"How come you just told me you wanted a grandson if you knew

about before?”

“Because I’m selfish, Guy. I didn’t want to believe that you and Gerald were sleeping together, and when I saw your new lover, I didn’t want to believe it either.”

“Father...”

“No, son, don’t take pity on me; you should hate me for my feelings toward you.”

“But I don’t.”

Guy reached arm out and put his hand over his father’s, sighing.

“Father, I don’t hate you. Don’t ever think that.”

Guy’s father nodded and gave him a small, weary smile.

“Go back to bed, son. He’ll be wondering where you are if he wakes up and you aren’t there.”

Guy nodded and kissed his father’s cheek before leaving the room.

When Guy closed the door, he was afraid that the small community would wake up. But right now, he didn’t care; thoughts of Gerald lingered in his mind. They had been almost nonexistent for the last few years, mostly because he couldn’t deal with the pain of being alone. There was also the pain of not being able to see him again, to not be able to touch him, to kiss him, to make love to him.

Jason, though; Jason made him whole again. Guy knew that he would never forget Gerald, but as long as he was with Jason, he wouldn’t feel like he had before.

Guy opened the door to their room and saw Jason sitting on the bed, watching him.

“Guy, do you want to tell me about Gerald?”

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Jason watched Guy’s expression as his boyfriend closed the door. Guy sighed and crawled into bed, covering himself up and laying his head on the pillow.

“Guy?”

“Jason, he was my lover,” Guy said. “A long time ago.”

“How long?”

“Six years ago, before I left here, right before my twentieth birthday.”

“Gerald was murdered?”

Guy’s choked-out cry made Jason’s heart sink.

“Guy, I’m sorry.”

“No, Jason, it’s not your fault. You followed me, didn’t you?”

“Yes.”

“Why?”

“I was worried about you.”

Guy turned over and, as Jason looked into his eyes, laid down beside him, embracing him.

Jason could feel Guy’s tears on his shoulder.

“I’m sorry,” Jason said. “I shouldn’t have said anything.”

“No, Jason,” Guy said with a sigh. “I need to tell you about it anyway. I need to tell you about how I met and fell in love with Gerald.”

# 4

Guy looked up from the crates just in time to see his father walk in through the entrance of their haven. His father was leading another man with him.

*Someone new, Guy thought, putting the crate in its place. Father never brings anybody down here if he doesn't have a reason.*

Guy's father caught sight of his son and walked over to where he was standing, giving him a small smile.

"Ah, son, could you do me a favor?"

"Yes, Father. What is it?"

"This is Gerald, son. I need you to lead him to the room that he's staying in. Could you do that for me?"

"Yes, Father," Guy said as he looked over at the man whom his father was calling Gerald. "Excuse me, sir."

"It's no trouble."

Guy nodded and led Gerald away from the area and down the halls, where he soon fell in pace with the man.

"I'm sorry about the way I look, we've been busy all morning."

Guy was only wearing trousers, and his bare chest was soaked with sweat.

"It's all right. I'll be helping you within the next day or so."

"Sir?"

"Don't call me sir, just call me Gerald."

The two of them stopped at the end of the hall. Gerald offered his hand, and Guy quickly wiped the sweat off on his trousers before shaking the man's hand.

"All right, Gerald," Guy smiled. "We don't have much farther to go."

Gerald nodded and followed Guy through the few short turns that was needed to stop at one of the spare rooms. Guy opened the door for Gerald and stepped inside with him.

"I hope it's all right."

"It's fine," Gerald said with a smile. "Thank you..."

Gerald had trailed off because he didn't know Guy's name.

"It's Guy," he smiled. "Sorry, my father usually just refers to me as his son around here. Most everybody know me by name."

## His Touch is of Ice

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“Guy, I’ll remember that,” Gerald said. “Thank you, I appreciate it.”

Guy nodded and left the room, walking back down the hall and heading toward where they were moving crates, intent on going back to work.

He met his father on the way.

“Son,” his father said. “Did you get Gerald to his room all right?”

“Yes, Father. Was there something else that you wanted me to do?”

“No, a boy your age should be tired by now. Besides, you’ve worked enough for the day. Go and get some rest, son.”

“Yes sir. Thank you.”

Guy and his father parted, going their separate ways, but in the back of his mind his father’s words burned at his being. His father was still referring to him as a boy, even when he was a man at the age of eighteen.

*Just ignore it. Father’s busy; you know how he gets when he’s busy.*

Guy nodded and stopped, nearly passing his room on the way. He shook his head, opened it and closed the door as he walked in, collapsing on the bed.

It wasn’t long after before he fell asleep.

Gerald was the last thing he thought of.

Guy woke to the sound of knocking on his door. He rolled over onto his back and yawned, stretching his arms out before speaking.

“Come in!”

The door opened to reveal Gerald.

“Sorry,” Guy said as he pushed himself into a sitting position. “I fell asleep.”

“I should be the one saying sorry, I shouldn’t have woken you up. I know back in the sixties, when I was your age, I hated being woke up by someone.”

“Sixties?”

“Yeah, I’m thirty.”

“You don’t look it.”

Gerald laughed and sat down on the bed beside Guy.

“Yeah, I get that a lot. I got turned about five years back, so that’s probably why.”

Guy nodded and looked at the door, sighing.

“Did you need something?”

“Oh, yes,” Gerald said. “I’m sorry. I wanted to know where I could get something to eat.”

Guy nodded and stood, gesturing Gerald up.

“They should be serving dinner right about now. One of us always goes out into the ‘real world’ and gets us something fresh.”

Gerald followed Guy out of the room and down the halls. Guy stopped every so often as he waited for the man to try and remember the way he was leading him.

“You’ll get used to it,” Guy reassured. “It’s not all that hard to remember once you’ve been around the place a lot.”

“Yeah, looks that way,” Gerald laughed. “I’ll probably be having you guide me around for the next month or so.”

“Whatever you need,” Guy said. “Just whatever, I’ll be happy to help.”

Guy felt Gerald’s hand on his arm, and when he looked over at Gerald, into his eyes, Guy saw something that he had never seen in a man’s eyes before. He wasn’t sure what it was, but it made him feel... Special. It made him feel better than he had ever felt before.

Guy didn’t know what it was.

“Thanks,” Gerald said in a low voice, a small smile coming across his face. “I appreciate it, Guy.”

The way Gerald said Guy’s name implied something, but right now, Guy didn’t dwell on it. Some of the other men were coming from the other hall, and upon hearing them, Gerald drew away, as if he were a snake striking the wrong way.

Guy looked at Gerald for another moment before he reached up and rubbed the back of his neck, giving a small smile and gesturing him along.

The strange warmth Guy felt in his heart made him smile.

That night, Guy couldn’t sleep. The candle in the corner of the room burned brightly, casting the room in a soft light, so the light wasn’t what was bothering him. It was completely quiet without any kind of sound, so that wasn’t what was bothering him. There was nothing else in the room that could be keeping him awake.

What was keeping Guy awake was Gerald.

Guy wasn’t sure why Gerald was keeping him awake, but he

was. It seemed as though the man had locked himself into Guy's mind and threw away the key. Guy could still remember the look Gerald had in his eyes down to a key, and the way Gerald's hand had felt on his arm.

Guy shivered just thinking about it.

*What is it that I'm feeling?* Guy thought as he rolled over on his back, pulling the blanket up so that it rested just above his navel. *I feel all warm, and any time I think of him... He just won't get out of my mind.*

Not that Guy wanted Gerald out of his mind; he didn't want that at all. He liked Gerald, he liked the way he looked, how he spoke, how his touch felt.

Guy shook his head and rolled over, closing his eyes as hard as he could, trying to drive the man's face out of his head in a child-like manner.

Gerald would not leave him mind.

*I appreciate it, Guy.*

The deep voice Guy heard in his head sent shivers down his spine and blossomed warmth in this chest. He let his hand fall away from the blanket he was so tightly clutching and rest on his chest. It was almost as if he was trying to feel the warmth there. While he couldn't feel the warmth, the warmth was there, inside of him.

*Gerald, Guy thought. What is it about you that makes me think about you?*

Guy tried to fall asleep--tried to drift away into darkness until he woke the next day--but it was no use.

*Gerald...*

*Gerald...*

*Gerald...*

In Guy's mind the word was sweet, a delicacy. He heard himself whispering it, but he was sure that it wasn't a whisper; he was sure that it was in his mind, but at the same time he knew it wasn't. The way it flowed from his chest and glided off of his tongue made the warmth blossom even more. He rolled over on his back and whispered the name under his breath, letting his hand trail down his chest. He kicked the blanket away from him and continued to rub his body, and before long the man's name was no longer in his mind.

"Gerald... Gerald... Oh Gerald, yes Gerald. Gerald... Gerald... Gerald."



Guy was lost in something that he couldn't understand. He could see Gerald's face in a light that he had never seen before. It captured every single shadow on his face, the texture of his lips, the color of his eyes in a brilliant maze of mystery. The light showed his strong cheekbones and jaw structure; it showed the way his eyes would wander, it showed the way his tongue would come out from between his lips to wet them.

"Gerald... Gerald..."

Guy screamed Gerald's name one final time and felt himself explode. His seed flew up onto his chest in a great shower, landing and gleaming there in the light. His lips were still whispering his name, and it wasn't until he had stopped panting that he realized what had happened.

*What did I just do?* Guy thought, reaching over and grabbed a handkerchief, cleaning himself off. *Do I feel this way about him? The first day I met him, do I, do I, do...*

The handkerchief fell at Guy's side.

His head swam with darkness.

That darkness swallowed him.

The next morning, Guy woke up to the same knocking on the door. He had heard this knocking yesterday after he had spread himself out on his bed, after sleep had taken him.

"Guy!" the familiar voice called. "Can I come in?"

"Yeah," Guy called back. "Go ahead."

The door opened to reveal Gerald, and before the man completely turned around, Guy pulled the blanket up so he could cover his nakedness.

"I'm sorry," Gerald said. "I didn't know if you were still asleep or not, I can leave."

"It's fine," Guy said. "Did you need something?"

"I... Uh..." Gerald turned his head away and walked back toward the door, nervously rubbing the back of his neck. "I..."

"Are you all right?"

"Yeah," the man said with a laugh. "Why wouldn't I be all right?"

"I was just wondering. You were stumbling over your words."

"I just wanted someone to talk to."

"Why did you act like it was such a big deal then?"

"I-I don't know, I'm sorry. I can leave if you want to."

"No, it's fine, Gerald. I don't care if you stay."

The man turned around and gave Guy a small smile.

*God, Guy thought. I'm getting that warm feeling in my chest again.*

"Let me put some clothes on," Guy said, crawling out of bed.

"Sorry."

Gerald nodded and turned to give Guy his privacy, crossing his arms over his chest in a nonchalant manner.

Guy pulled a pair of boxers up his legs before putting some jeans on and sitting on the bed, sighing, thinking about how good it might have felt to actually *have* Gerald looking at him.

*Maybe a repeat of last night?* Guy thought. *You know what that led to.*

Guy shook his head.

"Sorry, I don't have any furniture in here," Guy said as he sat against the wall, using the pillows as support. "You don't mind sitting on the bed, do you?"

"I don't mind," Gerald smiled. "Just whatever works for you."

*Whatever works for you.*

Again, there was that warmth. Guy placed his hand on his chest, looking over at Gerald, giving a small smile.

"Sorry."

"About what?"

"I do that sometimes."

Gerald smiled at him.

"I don't mind."

Guy gave another smile and scooted over so Gerald could lean against the wall with him. There, they began talking, but there were those occasional--almost unnoticed--times when Gerald would brush his hand against Guy's arm.

Guy couldn't stand it anymore, he felt ready to burst. Every day when Gerald came to his door and woke him up, the two of them would talk for a while, and later they would exit his room and eat lunch together, then go into the library and talk until dinner. From there, they would eat, and would go their own separate ways after Gerald walked to Guy's room with him. Those days that he didn't see Gerald killed Guy, but it didn't hurt as much as it did right now.

Guy knew that he had feelings for Gerald.

Guy was ready to scream for denying and keeping his feelings locked up. He had been avoiding Gerald the whole day--politely saying earlier that morning that he hadn't been feeling well--because he knew that if he met with Gerald, he would scream that he liked him.

Guy leaned against the wall and crossed his arms over his chest, trying to keep his emotions bottled up inside him. They were trying to break that cork that his heart was keeping on that bottle; those emotions were overflowing, and he knew that eventually that bottle would shatter because of the way he was keeping them bottled up so.

"Guy?"

When Guy heard the voice, he didn't keep it in anymore. He burst out crying, letting the tears fall from his face. He turned and let his head rest against his arm, leaning against the wall as he let the tears fall.

"Guy, what's wrong?" Gerald asked, concern thick in his deep voice. "Did I do something?"

"No, you didn't," Guy said. "You could never do anything to hurt me, Gerald."

"Guy? What is it?"

When Guy didn't answer, he felt Gerald's arm touch his shoulder.

"Tell me."

"I like you!" Guy cried, turning to face him. "There, I said it! I like you, Gerald! There's nights when I lay awake and think about you for hours on end, whenever you touch me I get warm, whenever I look at you I can't resist your presence."

Guy turned his head away and started crying again. He was humiliated. He had just told this man that he liked him, and he knew that there was nothing he could do but prepare for the outburst that would come from him. He would try to ignore the harsh words that Gerald would give him, but he knew that they would crush him, probably even kill him.

When Guy felt Gerald's hands on his shoulders, he became limp. Gerald turned him around and stared deep into his eyes before leaning forward and kissing him.

Guy didn't know what to do. He didn't fight it, and he didn't resist it; he fell into it, closing his eyes and embracing Gerald. And after what seemed like several hundred years, he drew away from Gerald and buried his face into his chest.

"It's all right," Gerald whispered, stroking the back of Guy's

head. "Now I know, Guy."

Guy cried into Gerald's chest, and when the man stroked his head and held him, the love that passed through his body was amazing. He had never felt like this before, but now that he was feeling it, there were no words to describe it.

Gerald opened the door and led Guy into his room, closing the door and seating the two of them on the bed.

"It's all right," Gerald said, touching Guy's face. "I won't deny your feelings toward me, because I feel the same way about you."

*I feel the same way about you.*

Guy looked into Gerald's eyes and nodded.

"Thank you," Guy whispered.

Gerald stood and was about to leave for the night, but before he did he turned and kissed Guy.

"Goodnight, Guy."

Guy nodded and watched Gerald leave the room, feeling that bottle drain all the way.

"Goodnight," Guy whispered before he fell back on the bed.

That month of hiding his feelings to Gerald was over, but now Guy would be hiding his feelings from everyone else. They all knew that Guy was friends with Gerald, but they knew nothing more about it. That morning, Guy's father was the one who woke him up, pounding on the door and calling in through the door.

"Come on, son! Today's the day we start moving in the food and fixing what needs to be fixed!"

Guy climbed out of bed and dressed, sighing as he thought about what was going on that day.

*Me and Gerald won't see each other,* Guy thought.

Guy walked to the door and opened it, giving his father a small but pained smile.

"Something wrong, son?"

"I'm fine," Guy lied. "Just tell me what you want me to do."

Guy's father asked him to help move crates with the other men, and although he didn't see Gerald, he did as his father asked. It wasn't long before Guy had stripped out of his shirt like the other men did, following them into their storage room and stacking boxes according to what was in them.

Guy was about to go back for another run before he saw Gerald leaning against the wall in one of the 'dead end' hallways.

There was no second thought when Guy walked down the hall and kissed Gerald.

"I missed you," Guy said. "I'm not used to not seeing you in the morning."

Gerald smiled and touched Guy's face, running a hand through his messy, sweaty hair.

"We're going to get in trouble if we stay for too much longer," Gerald said. "I need to go help move some of the new furniture and drapes in. You go back to moving your boxes, kid."

Guy smiled and kissed Gerald one last time before the two of them went their separate ways.

Another month into their relationship, Gerald popped that big question.

*Sex. What do you think about it, Guy?*

Guy wasn't sure how to answer at first, but when he did answer he said that it would be right for the two of them to sleep together. They were two months into a relationship and loved each other deeply, and it wasn't as though they had rushed into anything.

*Tonight*, Gerald had said earlier that morning. *I'll come to your room.*

Guy wished that Gerald hadn't told him that so early during the day; it had just made him more of a wreck. All day he had things rolling through his mind. He wondered how it would feel, how Gerald performed, if it would hurt or not. He had heard that it always hurt the first time, but he wasn't sure how bad it would hurt.

Guy paced back and forth in his room, guided by the light of a single candle. The lighting system had been turned off, so now he couldn't flick the switch up or down to turn the lights on.

*Gerald, where are you?* Guy thought as he stopped to look at the door. *God, where are you?*

Just when Guy was about to give up, the door opened and Gerald walked in.

"I'm sorry, Guy," Gerald said. "I wanted to make sure that no one would follow me down here."

Guy gave a small nod and sighed, crossing his arms over his chest as he looked at Gerald.

“Are you sure you’re ready for this?” Gerald asked. “If you’re not ready, Guy, I can wait.”

“No,” Guy shook his head. “I’m ready, Gerald.”

Guy watched Gerald nod before he stepped closer to him. Gerald drew Guy into his embrace and kissed him, sliding his tongue into his mouth. Guy accepted, forcing his own tongue into Gerald’s mouth and gripping the side of his head, fighting with Gerald’s tongue before Gerald drew away, tearing his shirt off of him before Guy threw his own away.

Gerald kissed Guy and pulled him onto the bed, kissing Guy’s chest until he reached a nipple. Gerald took one of the nipples in his mouth and suckled it before moving to the other, enticing moans out of Guy as he felt Gerald move lower, sliding his tongue in his navel.

“Gerald,” Guy gasped. “God, Gerald, please...”

Guy felt Gerald’s hand grab at his belt, and Guy let his hand touch the man’s cheek. The sweat that was falling from his hairline was sweet to Guy’s senses, and as Gerald pulled his jeans down, the man backed off to pull his own off.

“I love you,” Guy said as he accepted Gerald’s kiss.

“I love you too,” Gerald whispered, grinding his erection into Guy’s. “So much, Guy.”

Gerald’s lips met Guy’s neck and kissed it, his lips pleasuring Guy more than Gerald could have ever dreamed. Guy felt Gerald’s hardness against his own and pressed up against him, grabbing both sides of his head and kissing him as passionately as he could.

“Guy.”

“What is it, Gerald?” Guy panted.

“I want to be inside you.”

Guy fell away from Gerald and nodded, sighing as he felt Gerald’s hands slide into the waistband of his boxers. Gerald pulled them away from his body and tossed them aside, pulling his own underwear down and casting them away.

Guy looked at Gerald’s cock and gasped, feeling the heat of the room overtake his senses. The smell of both of their sweat and passion in the air was enough to drive him wild.

“Don’t hurt me,” Guy whispered

“I won’t,” Gerald said, spitting into his hand, reaching down and rubbing his hand up and down his cock. “Don’t worry, Guy, I won’t ever hurt you.”

Guy gave a small nod and watched Gerald come back on the bed. Gerald crawled on all fours up to Guy and kissed him one last time before spreading Guy's legs, pushing himself in.

The pain that Guy felt was something he had never experienced before. Gerald was slowly pushing himself in, at the same time pleasuring and hurting Guy. The pleasure in the pain was enough to drive Guy wild.

It wasn't long before Gerald was all the way in.

"Are you all right?" Gerald asked, leaning in close to him.

"I'm fine," Guy said. "I love you, Gerald. Please, give it to me."

Gerald nodded and began his thrusts, slow at first, and as Guy felt his lust build, he begged Gerald to fuck him harder. Gerald did so and gripped Guy's sides to hold himself steady, panting, sweat falling from his face and chest.

"God, Guy, this is it, right here."

When Gerald cried out, Guy did too. They both came at the same time, Gerald holding himself in while Guy himself exploded onto his chest. Guy gasped for breath as Gerald collapsed on top of him, pulling him close.

"I love you," Gerald whispered. "I'm sorry if I hurt you."

"You didn't hurt me," Guy said with a smile. "You could never hurt me, Guy."

In two months, Guy had made love to Gerald in bed, and in two years time, Guy knew he was Gerald's lifetime partner. The two of them shared their bed and passion every night; their love to each other was eternal, their commitment real.

But one night, when the two of them left the underground haven to celebrate two years together, they were ambushed. The man came from the bushes holding a gun, shouting obscenities, calling them vampires. The man had said he would shoot, and when he did shoot Gerald was hit. Gerald stood upright, the bullet entering his chest, but as the man took aim at Guy, Gerald pushed him out of the way.

Gerald took the bullet that was meant to be for Guy.

The man fled into the bushes, believing that he had killed both the vampires.

Gerald collapsed, breathing heavy, tears coming from his eyes, his hand trying to stop the flow of blood from one of the wounds.

Guy gripped Gerald's hand, telling him all that be well, that he

could go get help.

“No,” Gerald whispered. “There’s nothing you can do, Guy.”

“Gerald... What are you...”

“I’m going to die,” Gerald said. “I’m going to die, Guy.”

“No!” Guy cried. “You’re not! You’re not going to die!”

“Guy,” Gerald whispered as he took Guy’s hand, holding it. “I want you to know that I love you more than anything else that I’ve ever loved. The two years that we spent together were the happiest times of my life.”

“No,” Guy said, tears flowing down his face. “You can’t die, Gerald.”

“I love you,” Gerald whispered.

“I love you too,” Guy whispered back. “I love you so much, Gerald.”

Gerald smiled one last time and closed his eyes before slipping away into another world, forever lost from his touch.



# 5

“His last words were that he loved me,” Guy said, wiping tears from his eyes. “The last thing he ever told me was that he loved me and that those two years were the happiest that he ever had.”

Jason’s heart yearned for Guy. The way that Guy had described all of it, the way Guy had told him the love that he had had for Gerald; Jason knew that he would never have the strength to tell something like that.

“I love you,” Jason said, embracing Guy, “I’m sorry. I love you so much, Guy.”

“Jason, there’s nothing else in this world I would rather have than you,” Guy whispered. “I’m not sure I could love another person if I lost you.”

Guy nodded, and that night Jason held Guy into he fell asleep.

The next morning, Jason was woken by the uneasy movements that Guy was making. He rolled over and saw that Guy’s eyes were red.

Guy had been crying.

“Guy,” Jason asked. “Are you ok?”

“I’ll live,” Guy said. “I’m sorry, Jason.”

“It’s ok, I know how you felt about him,” Jason said, taking Guy’s hand in his own. “You know that I love you, right?”

“I do,” Guy said, embracing Jason. “I love you, Jason, you don’t know how much I love you, but I want you to know that I do love you.”

“I know that you love me,” Jason said, shivering at the cold of the room. “I think you’re the only person I’ve ever really loved, Guy.”

“You said that you had been with two others before me. What happened with them, Jason? Tell me.”

Jason sat up and leaned against the headrest, sighing, accepting the tightened grip that Guy put on his hand. Jason looked into his lover’s eyes and saw the words etched clearly there. The words said, ‘Go on, you know that I won’t judge you by what you say.’ He felt like nodding, but he didn’t; he knew Guy, he knew how his lover could feel what was going through his body, how that electric intensity bounced back between the two of them, how it flowed through their skin.

“The first was just a one time thing,” Jason said with a sigh,

tightening his own grip on Guy's hand. "I thought this guy actually cared about me, you know? He had been taking interest in me the whole school year."

"This was when you were still in High School?"

"Yeah, it was. It was something I shouldn't have gotten myself into in the first place."

"You were underage, weren't you?"

Jason nodded, taking another deep breath and sighing.

"I was sixteen. I thought I had found somebody that actually cared about me. He walked with me down the halls, sat with me at lunch, he did all of that kind of stuff. Nobody expected anything, but who would? Who would expect the star basketball player to be into guys, you know?"

"Yeah, I know."

"Anyway, we had been just going steady at three months into our relationship when he asked me if I was ready for the big *it*. I had been nervous, but I told him I was... Well, you know.

"He was the guy I lost my virginity to, but it didn't help that we were both sophomores. He ended up moving away, but I can still remember the way he used to touch me. It was never like you do, Guy, but you know how it is with first person you were ever in love with. The bastard never called me back after he moved away, even though he had my number."

Guy nodded.

"What about the other guy?"

"A user," Jason sighed. "All he ever wanted out of me was sex. I thought I was getting back into a good relationship, you know? He was tolerable most of the time, but I had to let go of him because he had a heroine addiction."

"Did you ever love him?"

"I don't think I ever really did."

Guy nodded, tightening his grip on Jason's hand.

"What about me, Jason? What did you think when you saw me in the café, when you talked to me for the first time?"

"I needed someone to love," Jason said. "And when I heard you say that you weren't interested in women, something clicked inside of me. You know how they say love at first sight doesn't exist?"

"Yeah, I know," Guy said.

"It exists. I knew that I wanted to be with you when I first saw

you. I was scared to death that you might reject me, that you might turn me away, but you didn't, Guy. You made me feel like I was the most special person in the world."

Guy smiled.

"You *are* the most special person in my life," Guy said, kissing Jason. "You have no idea, Jason. I love you so much."

Jason smiled and placed his hand on Guy's cheek.

Knocking at the door stopped them from continuing.

"Son," Guy's father said as he opened the door. "You..."

The man trailed off as he saw the two of them in bed.

"I'm sorry," the man said, beginning to back out of the doorway. "I'll leave you two alone."

"It's all right, Father," Guy said. "We were just talking, you can stay."

Guy's father nodded and closed the door.

"Sir," Jason said. "Is there something wrong?"

"No, Jason," the man said with a sigh. "I'm just not used to what I'm seeing."

"I understand, sir, but I want you to know that I love Guy. He's the only person in my life that I care about."

"I'm thankful for your love toward him, Jason," the man said, sitting in a nearby chair.

"I'll leave you two alone," Guy said, crawling out of the bed and dressing. "If that's all right?"

"Where are you going?" Jason asked.

"To get something to eat. I'll bring something back, Jay."

Jason nodded and kissed Guy's cheek before Guy walked out of the room.

Jason's attention went back to Guy's father.

"Sir..."

"Call me Daniel," the man smiled.

"Daniel, sir."

"I want you to know how thankful I am for you taking care of my son, Jason. After Gerald died, I didn't know what he was going to do. Gerald's death nearly killed him as well. It was his screams that drove my men out to the scene."

"He told me everything last night," Jason said. "It's sad. I don't think I could ever be as strong as your son."

"Guy lost all of that strength after Gerald died, but when I see

him with you, I see that he's happy again. He's not the empty shell that left here with little more than a goodbye anymore. I see my son full of life again."

Jason nodded, watching Daniel's eyes.

"You know that we're accused of murdering a man?"

"He's told me," Daniel said, standing and pacing the room. "The carnal desires of a freshly-sired vampire is something that one must learn to control. How have you been keeping yourselves alive after you left?"

"We... We've been making love," Jason said, turning his head away, rather ashamed of what he said. "I'm sorry, sir."

"What have you to be sorry about? You love my son, it's only right that you and he share that love in your bed. I'm not ashamed of you or my son, Jason. I'm thankful that you are in love with my son, and as far as I'm concerned you too are my son."

A small smile broke across Jason's lips right before Guy came back into the room, carrying a tray.

"I'm sorry, Father, I didn't think to bring you anything. Have you eaten?"

"Yes, son, I have," Daniel said as he stood, "I'll leave you two to your breakfast."

"Thank you, Father."

The man nodded, and as he began to open the door and leave, he turned back to Guy.

"You know what's tonight, son. Be sure to be on time."

"Yes, Father, I will."

The man smiled and left.

Jason frowned.

Guy smiled.

"It's just a homecoming celebration," Guy said. "You'll see more tonight."

That night--upon Daniel's request--Jason walked into the room that he had woken in the first time he had been here. It was the 'throne' room, which was odd, because he had always imagined a throne room as a great, majestic place. Instead, this throne room was old and seemed to have been accumulating dust for several years.

They were waiting for Guy.

"Sir," Jason said, looking over at Daniel. "What is taking so

long?”

“It’s a very emotional thing, Jason. You may not understand it because you are a fresh vampire, but it’s a complicated thing.”

“What is, sir?”

“Guy, my son and your lover, has roots going back to the very beginning of our existence. His blood is untainted, and as I have seen, pure.”

“Sir?”

“Guy is something of importance that all of us do not understand, but we do understand that he is something deeper. We believe that he will be the one to end the ignorance that parts us from the human race.”

The man went quiet after he spoke those last words. Jason didn’t understand what Daniel had been trying to tell him, but he knew enough to know that Guy was a very important person.

It made Jason feel less important.

*But what are you to him?* Jason asked. *You are the world to him, you know this. Why would a man of such importance take a lover such as you if he didn’t truly care about you?*

Jason nodded, sighing. Both he and Guy had had hardships in their lives, and through that, Jason was more than sure that their problems were what brought the two of them together. They were both desperately yearning for love when they had met each other in that restaurant, both desperately yearning for a new kind of life.

“Descend to your knee, Jason,” Daniel said as he fell to his own, bowing his head. “At this particular moment, the energy rushes through my son like you wouldn’t believe. Many have been injured in the presence of such power.”

*What did he just tell me to do?*

Around Jason, the room took on a strange chill. Blue flames spouted from tall candelabras, their arms reaching toward some infinite possibility. Ice crept along the walls just before the large doors opened.

Jason fell to his knee and bowed his head just as the room became winter. Though there was no snow, the chill was enough to cause every vampire’s breath to turn the bluish color that it always did during the cold seasons.

Jason was afraid to look up. He was afraid to try and attempt to do anything. He didn’t doubt the strange power that now surrounded Guy.

“Jason.”

The voice was undoubtedly Guy’s own.

“Please, rise my love.”

Jason raised his head, and for a short moment he couldn’t believe that it was actually Guy he was looking at. Blue tattoos swarmed over Guy’s naked chest and down his arms, where they touched his fingertips. His legs, too, were tattooed, and so was his face. His lips were an almost deathly shade of blue, his eyes were shadowed and the color came out to the tear ducts, where they circled around and kissed the very tips of his lower eyelashes.

When Guy touched Jason’s arm, his skin went numb. It wasn’t painful, but Jason could still feel the cold.

“Show your respect,” Guy said as he looked around the room. “For you all know who the one I love is.”

Just as the other men’s heads rose, Guy’s lips met Jason’s. The heat that was in Jason’s body seemed to drain as Guy kissed him. Guy’s hands trailed from Jason’s shoulder blades down to his hips, where they rested there. Although Guy never broke the seal of his lips, he didn’t have to; the cold was swallowing him. Ice crystals were forming along Jason’s skin and inside his body. Jason could feel his blood begin to slow. He was afraid that this would kill them, that this strange taboo of magic would drain the life out of him.

Guy pulled away.

The strain on Jason’s body was too much. He fell to his knees, his arms barely able to hold him up. He shivered like he had never had before and his teeth chattered so hard that he was afraid that they would break. His breath was the darkest shade of blue he had ever seen.

“Son,” Jason heard Daniel say from behind him. “Back away from your love, your energy was hurting him.”

Jason looked up and saw the hurt on Guy’s face. Guy nodded and backed away, closing his eyes and bowing his head as though he was ashamed of what he had done.

Jason felt a blanket wrapped around his shoulders.

“Jason,” Daniel said. “It’s all right.”

“What did he just do, sir?” Jason gasped.

“He just kissed you, Jason. He did nothing more than that.”

Jason’s mind went into a completely different place as he blacked out.

Later that night, Jason opened his eyes to see Guy in the corner. Guy had wrapped himself in a large, red blanket as he sat in a reading chair, his blue eyes never leaving Jason's body.

"Jason, are you all right?"

"What did you do?" Jason asked, feeling the shivers return. "How come I feel this way?"

"Answer my question first, Jason."

Jason nodded, drawing the blankets tighter around him.

"I'm fine."

Guy nodded and stood, sitting at the edge of the bed. Though the frozen tattoos were still on Guy's face and body, Jason could no longer feel the immense energy that had sparked between the two of them.

"I don't know what I did, Jason. What did you feel when my lips touched your own, when my hands touched your flesh?"

"I don't know what I felt," Jason said, trailing off and trying to remember the exact emotions that had passed through him. "I felt... Love. That's what I felt. Love on a stronger level."

"I believe it is supposed to be that way, Jason. The vampires are a very ancient race, and though our customs are different from other creatures, we show love in different ways than most do."

Jason nodded, closing his eyes and sinking into the bed, trying to steal the warmth.

Guy crawled on top of him, wrapping his blanket over the two of them.

"If I was as warm as I could be, I would offer you my body, Jason. I would let you do what you wanted just to make you feel better, my love. But my body is still cold."

Jason nodded and nuzzled his head between Guy's neck and shoulder, envying the smell and slight warmth of that spot.

"I don't care," Jason whispered. "I don't care if I'm cold. I became cold so I could be with you, Guy."

"And for that, I love you, Jason. You have no idea what was lifted off of my shoulders when you told me that you would come with me into a different side of the world."

Jason nodded.

"I need to sleep, Guy. Please, come under the covers with me; warmth is warmth, no matter what it is."

Guy crawled under the covers with Jason and kissed his forehead, wrapping his arms around him.

“Sleep, Jason, my beautiful Jason.”

The next morning, Jason woke to the sound of the door closing.

“Jason?”

Jason opened his eyes and accepted the kiss that Guy planted on his lips.

“What is it, Guy?”

Guy’s frown was the first thing that caught Jason’s attention.

“Guy, please, tell me what’s wrong.”

Guy sat on the bed with Jason and took his hand, closing his eyes, a sigh escaping from his lips.

“We need to leave, Jason,” Guy said, a tear breaking away from his eye. “The humans know where we are.”



# 6

That following afternoon, Jason and Guy said their goodbyes to Guy's father. Jason had seen the tears Guy's eyes as he wrapped his arms around his father, as Guy told his father he loved him before kissing his cheek and walking away.

Now, the two of them were being transported in a long, dark limousine. They both sat in the back, alone to themselves and away from the three guards who were in the front.

Guy hadn't stopped crying.

"Don't beat yourself up over this," Jason said, reaching out and placing his hand over Guy's. "You didn't do this."

"I feel so stupid," Guy said, wiping a hand over his stubble-ridden cheek to get rid of the stray tears. "I was the one who took such an obvious path."

"How did they even find us?" Jason asked, worry crossing his mind. "Would they be able to find us again?"

"I don't know how they found us," Guy sighed, wiping away tears and placing his elbows on his knees. "That's what makes me nervous."

"Will we be safe where we're going?"

"Yeah, we will be, Jay. My father's gone to every single expense to make sure that we won't be followed or traced."

Jason nodded and embraced Guy, letting his boyfriend bury his head between his neck and shoulder. When Guy's waterworks started again, Jason held Guy as hard as he ever had in the time they had been together.

"Jason," Guy said, his voice muffled through the shirt.

"What is it, Guy?" Jason asked. "Tell me."

"I love you."

Jason smiled. That warmth he could feel in his chest was one of the most beautiful things he ever felt. Looking at Guy right now--looking at the blue eyes and the blonde stubble that littered his cheeks and chin--Jason didn't want anything else than to be with Guy right now.

Jason kissed Guy before embracing him again, resting his head against Guy's.

"I love you too, Guy."

They fell into each other's embrace and soon fell asleep on the floor of the limousine.

"Sir, we've arrived at our destination."

Even though the words weren't directed at Jason, he still heard them. The other vampire's deep voice had roused Jason from his sleep. Although Jason's eyes were not cracked enough to see everything, he could see Guy sitting up, his boyfriend's arms hanging limp at his sides.

"Can you tell me where we are?" Guy asked the other vampire.

"No, sir, it's classified information."

"Classified information? My father wouldn't keep anything from me. You better tell me where we are right now!"

"I'm sorry, sir; your father's orders are of a higher class than yours are."

Guy was about to stand, but Jason reached out and grabbed his arm.

"Jason, I didn't know you were awake."

"Don't, Guy. We're safe, isn't that all that matters?"

With a troubled, drawn-out sigh, Guy nodded.

"Yes, Jason, we are."

With Guy's help, Jason sat up and stood, following the black vampire up the wooded path.

"What about getting food?" Guy asked. "We don't even know where we are, how are we going to live?"

"You'll get rations every two weeks," the vampire explained, stopping as they came around a corner. "This is where you will be living."

As the two of them rounded the corner, they both stood in shock. The house before them was a log cabin.

"This isn't what I expected," Guy said. "Why did my father send us here?"

"He believes that this is the most isolated location we can place you and your lover in," the vampire said, scratching his short goatee. "Just to let you know, this place is better protected than it looks. There's a gun in every room, the doors and windows lock themselves at the time of your choice every night, and the main living room has an emergency button that fortifies the house with metal shutters on every external door and window."

"Wouldn't that just trap us in?" Jason asked, glancing at Guy.

"It would," the black vampire said. "But it's better than being dead."

Jason collapsed onto the couch and watched Guy look around the living room, stifling a yawn with his hand.

"You ok?"

"Still tired," Jason said, smiling. "What about you?"

"I'm fine," Guy reassured as he sat down. "Why, what's wrong, Jay?"

"Nothing, Guy. I'm just glad we can be somewhere safe, somewhere where I can see the light again."

Guy smiled and nodded.

"You didn't like it underground very much, did you?"

"It's not that, it's just that I feel more comfortable above ground. I'm not someone who should be living underground, Guy."

Guy smiled and cupped Jason's cheek with his hand, leaning down and softly kissing him, embracing him.

"No, Jason; nobody should have to live underground, even if they're vampires."

The next morning, Jason woke to the sounds of water running in the bathroom. He rolled over and opened his eyes, seeing the door cracked, steam flowing out from that crack.

Getting out of the bed, he stripped out of his clothes and walked into the bathroom, where he parted the curtains.

"Can I come in?"

Guy smiled and opened the curtain more, giving Jason a hand as he stepped inside.

Jason immediately embraced Guy.

"You ok, Jay?" Guy asked, rubbing his hands up and down his back. "You just asked if you could shower with me."

"Is that wrong?"

"No, I was just wondering if you were all right. Usually you just sneak in here with me."

Jason shrugged and kissed Guy's shoulder.

"I love you," Jason said, wrapping his arms around Guy.

"Are you sure nothing's wrong, Jason?"

"I'm fine," Jason said. "Why do you think that, Guy?"

"I don't know. I was just making sure you were all right, you

know?”

Jason nodded, sighing as he felt Guy’s hands on his back. It felt good to just stand here in the shower with his boyfriend. Even if they were hiding in a place up in the mountains away from the rest of civilization, it was still a small comfort to know that he was here with Guy. If he wasn’t here with Guy, he had no idea what he would do.

Then again, if Jason hadn’t met Guy in the first place, he wouldn’t be in this mess.

*No!* Jason thought, pressing his lips to Guy’s shoulder. *I love him. I don’t know how my life would be if I wasn’t with him.*

Jason would still be the mess he was, he knew that. He would’ve still been single, living in an apartment he didn’t like, and working a job that he hated. Guy was the only good thing that had happened to him in a *long* time.

“Jason?”

“Yeah?”

“Are you all right?”

“Yeah, I’m fine. Why?”

“I was just wondering. You seemed to go into your own little world for a minute there.”

Jason looked up and smiled, messing with his boyfriend’s damp hair.

“I do that sometimes, you know?”

“I know.”

They both laughed before Guy reached out and grabbed the shower knob, pushing it in and parting the curtain, stepping out. Jason was soon behind his boyfriend, grabbing a towel and drying himself off.

“God, I’m glad we had that shower. We haven’t had one for a good while.”

“Sponge baths don’t count then?” Jason grinned.

Guy smiled and threw the towel at Jason, where it hit him in the chest before falling to the floor.

“No, they don’t count!” Guy laughed.

Jason smiled and picked Guy’s towel up before slipping into one of the extra robes. This one was blue, while the one his boyfriend slipped into was a deep red color. It was strange, seeing Guy in red. He couldn’t remember if Guy had ever worn red around him. He had always seemed to wear some kind of blue.

Jason smiled at the thought.

*His jeans were always blue.*

"Jason, why are you looking at me like that?"

"Like what?"

"Like that."

Jason grinned and took Guy's hand in his own, leading him out of the bathroom and then out of the bedroom, where they walked down the hall until coming into the living room.

"Just thinking about how I've never seen you in red."

"I don't wear red very much."

"I've noticed," Jason said, smiling. "Come on, stud; let's sit on the couch and watch a little TV. We haven't been relaxing for a good while."

"What about the sanctuary? I thought that was relaxing?"

"Still, we were underground. I prefer being above ground rather than being underground."

Guy smiled and sat on the couch with Jason, reaching for the remote and clicking the TV on. Jason rested his head against Guy's shoulder and smiled as he felt his boyfriend wrap an arm around his shoulder.

"You seem to smile at every little thing, Jay."

"Is that a bad thing?"

"No, I like it when you smile."

"I like being with you, Guy. I would rather be a wanted man with you than an unwanted man and alone."

Guy smiled and pushed Jason onto the couch, crawling on top of him and kissing him.

"I'm glad you feel that way, Jason. You know how much it meant to me when you came home with me that night. I was nervous because I thought that I wouldn't be good enough for you."

"There's no one who could be better for me, Guy."

Guy smiled and kissed Jason again.

"It's been ages since I've made love to you."

Jason spread his legs.

"I know."

About an hour later, Guy was in the kitchen making them breakfast. Guy had dressed from the waist down in jeans, the muscles on his bare back flexing with every movement. Jason had redressed in shorts and an undershirt, but at the sight of Guy's naked chest, he felt like taking his own shirt off.

Jason didn't though. Besides, it gave him the chance to see his boyfriend's body in all of its clean-shaven glory. The only place Guy had hair on his chest was the short trail under his navel, and other than that he had no hair. Neither did Jason, so he was sure that his boyfriend just shaved it like he did.

Jason smiled at the thought and walked up behind Guy, wrapping his arms around him.

"What are you making?" Jason asked, looking over Guy's shoulder.

"Eggs and bacon, babe," Guy said, looking over his shoulder at Jason. "That all right?"

"Yeah," Jason said, kissing Guy's cheek before walking to the counter, sitting down in one of the bar seats. "Guy, do you think we're safe here?"

"I'm fairly sure we are," Guy said. "We got gassed or something, I think that's why we fell asleep so easily. If this place is so secret that my own father told the man to gas us so we wouldn't know where it was, I'd say it's secret."

Jason nodded, watching as Guy set his breakfast in front of him. Jason accepted the fork his boyfriend offered and speared a small bit of egg on it before putting it in his mouth, chewing.

"I hope it tastes all right," Guy said.

"It tastes fine. Why would you ask me that?"

"Because I don't cook very much. I was just making sure that it was all right."

Jason nodded and bit off a piece of his bacon, chewing it. Out of the corner of his eye, he caught Guy watching him. Jason gave his boyfriend an encouraging nod before swallowing.

"It tastes fine, Guy; don't worry about it."

"All right," Guy smiled. "I was just making sure."

They continued to eat, minding their own business and keeping conversation to a minimum. Whenever Guy glanced at Jason, Jason smiled and waved him off, reassuring him that the food was fine. Jason wasn't sure why his boyfriend had such a fixation with knowing if his cooking tasted fine or not, but he would play along and say it was fine if it made Guy feel better.

When they finished eating, Jason stood and took his plate to the sink, where Guy was standing, washing his own.

"I think we should watch the news," Guy said. "I want to see if

they're saying anything else about us."

"How come?" Jason frowned.

"It just makes me nervous, you know? We're criminals, and even though they had an idea of where we were at the sanctuary, they still had an *idea*. I don't want their ideas to turn into anything more than ideas."

"They won't find us here?"

"I already said this, but I don't think they will, Jason. You don't have anything to worry about."

Jason nodded. Although words weren't something he could go by, it made him feel better to hear Guy say that everything would be all right. Jason washed his plate before putting it on a dishtowel, walking back into the living room and sitting on the couch beside his boyfriend.

Guy grabbed the remote and turned the TV on.

"In today's news, the two men that have been confirmed of killing a local man have still not been found. Although authorities questioned the fact that the two men were hiding out in the woods near Las Vegas, nothing was found. Jason Scar and Guy Winters were last seen in Las Vegas in a hotel room together, they have not been seen since. Authorities have speculated that the two men are a couple and caution people to watch for them. That's all for today's news, and thank you for watching."

Guy switched the channel with a sigh, turning the volume down until they couldn't hear the voices of the women on the TV.

"I'm sure we'll be fine," Guy said with a short smile. "Come on, Jason; how are they going to find us when we don't even know where we are?"

Jason nodded, but it still bothered him. When Guy's arm wrapped around his shoulder, he was comforted a small bit, glad that he wasn't in this alone.

Jason leaned against his boyfriend's shoulder and closed his eyes.

A small bit of moonlight made a blade of light across them. Guy had fallen asleep shortly after they had made love, but Jason remained awake, looking out the window and watching the trees sway with the wind.

Jason was still worried about everything. There hadn't been a time since he and Guy had left California that he had been less nervous.

## His Touch is of Ice

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Of course, there were times when the burden was just a little lighter, but it was almost always on his mind.

“Jason?”

Jason jumped before settling back in Guy’s arms.

“You scared me.”

“I’m sorry,” Guy said, kissing his neck. “Are you all right?”

“I’m fine, why?”

“I was just wondering. You’re still awake.”

Jason nodded, sighing and rolling over, hugging Guy.

“I’m just worrying about too many things at once. I know you don’t want me to, but it’s hard, you know?”

“I know,” Guy said. “I hope me being here with you helps.”

“Of course it helps,” Jason frowned. “Why? Did you think that you being here *wouldn’t* help?”

“No, nothing like that... I like to be with you, Jason, but I know you need time to yourself as well.”

“I don’t need a lot of time to myself, Guy. I love you, and you know that it would hurt me to be without you.”

Guy smiled and kissed Jason, pulling him close.

“I love you, Jason. Go to sleep, all right?”

Jason nodded, rolling over onto his back as Guy pulled him close to his chest. Jason wrapped his fingers in his boyfriend’s.

Jason fell asleep that way.

That following morning, Jason woke up to the chill of the room. He shivered, drawing the blanket higher up himself and rolling over on his back, resting his forearm over his eyes. The light was blinding.

“Guy?” Jason asked. “Are you there?”

“Yeah,” Guy said.

“How come it’s so bright in here?”

“It snowed.”

Jason moved his arm away from his face and looked out the window. Small drops of snow fell in a soft, almost rhythmic pace. It was enough to catch Jason’s attention for a moment before he felt Guy move onto the bed with him.

“You want to shower with me?”

Jason smiled and nodded, kissing Guy before crawling out of bed and walking into the bathroom. They crawled into the shower together and stood there, letting the water run over their bodies.



“How long ago did you wake up?” Jason asked, looking up at Guy.

“Not too long ago. I figured you’d wake up soon, so I just waited to shower.”

Jason nodded and leaned against the wall, shivering as he felt drops run down his spine and the curve of his ass. If Jason had been alone in the shower, he wouldn’t be feeling these stray drops, but he had to move to give Guy some room as well. It didn’t bother Jason; it just made him shiver.

“You ok?” Guy asked, touching his arm.

“Fine,” Jason said with a small smile. “The water running down my body feels a bit weird.”

“Are you cold?”

“No, I haven’t been cold in a while, Guy. Remember? We had sex last night.”

Guy smiled and pulled Jason closer, hugging him.

“I remember,” Guy said. “I hate to think of you without our lovemaking, Jason. It doesn’t seem right.”

Jason nodded, drawing away and kissing Guy.

“Guy, we’re not stuck to the house, right?”

Guy gave him a smile.

“No. Might as well go play in the snow, huh?”

Jason ducked behind a rock just as he felt another snowball whiz past his head. He laughed and gathered a clump of it in his own hand, trying to see where his boyfriend went. Guy was so good at this it was pathetic.

“Guy?” Jason asked, loosening up and letting the hand with the snowball in it fall to his side. “Where are...”

Jason was cut off by a snowball hitting his chest. Jason grunted, stepping back as Guy came out from behind a group of trees.

“Cheap shot!” Guy called, laughing. “Sorry!”

Jason smiled and threw his snowball at Guy. Jason partially hit Guy in the face before he doubled over laughing.

“Sorry,” Jason said. “I couldn’t help it.”

Just then, they were distracted by the sound of a vehicle pulling up. Guy helped Jason up as they watched the dark jeep come up.

It was the vampires, coming to bring them rations.

Ignoring the fact that there were others there, Guy grabbed Jason and pushed him down into the snow, kissing him.

“What’s with you?” Jason asked, looking up at Guy.

“I thought it would be romantic,” Guy said with a small smile. “You know, us, in the snow?”

Jason smiled and heard the crunch of footsteps. Jason looked up and saw the black vampire, Stephen.

“Aren’t you two cold?” Stephen smiled.

“No, Stephen, we’re fine,” Guy said, standing and offering Jason a hand. “Did you bring us anything?”

“A little more food, some extra blankets and a portable heater. There’s supposed to be a blizzard coming up,” Stephen Said.

Guy nodded and wrapped an arm around Jason’s shoulder, smiling at the man.

“How much stuff is it?”

“Not too much,” Stephen said, rubbing his chin. “You two mind helping me?”

They shook their heads and followed Stephen back to the jeep, where they took the bags and boxes, carrying them into the house. It only took one trip with the three of them one trip, so it was better than having to go out more than once in the cold. Not that it bothered them on a massive level, but it was still cold.

“Would you like to stay, Stephen?” Guy asked. “I can make you some coffee or something.”

“No, that’s fine,” Stephen said, raising his hand. “I need to get going, thanks guys.”

“Bye,” Guy said.

“Bye,” Jason said, giving the man a wave as he walked out the door.

When they heard the jeep pull out, they looked out the window and watched as it disappeared through the dense mass of trees before turning to look at the items on the cupboard.

“At least we have more stuff,” Jason said, looking over at Guy. “It’s a good thing we’ve got a heater if we need it.”

“We wouldn’t really need it,” Guy said, coming up from behind and wrapping his arms around him waist. “We could just stay in bed, you know?”

Jason nodded and shivered as he felt Guy’s lips on his neck. Guy’s kisses still felt the same as they had the first time Guy had kissed him. They were electrifying, passionate kisses that no man other than Guy had ever given Jason. When Jason had been human, it had stole his

warmth away, but now it just seemed to make the warmth blossom within him.

Jason didn't refuse Guy, standing there and loosening up as his boyfriend continued to kiss his neck. It felt good to have Guy holding him like this, kissing him, giving him the kind of attention that he liked. Before Guy, only Jason's first boyfriend had remotely cared about him so much, but even then his old boyfriend hadn't tried to get back in touch with him. His last boyfriend had been a drug user, and that wasn't something he had wanted to get involved in. But Guy, he was perfect, something that couldn't be defined by human thoughts.

Jason was distracted from his thoughts as he felt Guy nibbling his earlobe.

"You ok, Guy?" Jason asked.

"Yeah," Guy asked. "Why?"

"Because you usually don't do this unless you're horny."

Guy laughed and kissed Jason's neck again.

"What are you, Jason?"

This was an invitation. Guy *always* asked questions like that when he was horny.

"I... I don't know," Jason said. "You want to go to the bedroom?"

Guy pulled away and tightened his grip on Jason.

"Yeah," Jason said. "Yeah."

Guy literally pounced on Jason when they got in the bedroom. Guy grabbed Jason's wrists and forced them to the sides of his head, pinning him down as he kissed him. Guy was hungry for Jason's mouth, and Jason didn't deny Guy any of it. Jason kissed him savagely and Guy returned that kiss. When Guy released Jason's wrists, Jason immediately slid his hand under Guy's shirt.

"Jason," Guy said, his hand rubbing the muscles there. "Take your shirt off."

Jason grabbed his shirt and ripped it off of his head just in time to feel Guy's lips on his abdomen. Guy kissed the skin there and made his way up his chest and to a nipple, where he licked at it before taking it in his mouth, suckling it.

Moaning, Jason gripped Guy's head as his boyfriend moved to his other nipple, giving it the same amount of attention before Guy ripped his shirt off, his hands going to his belt buckle until his pants were down, revealing his throbbing erection.

Guy hadn't been wearing underwear.

Guy's hands were at Jason's sweatpants before Jason could do anything. Guy pulled the pants away before he shoved his face into Jason's boxer-covered crotch, moaning.

"Guy..."

Guy wrapped his lips around the erection that was straining against Jason's boxers. Jason moaned, arching his back and bucking against Guy. Guy pulled Jason's boxers off and wrapped his lips around the head of Jason's cock. Guy moaned as his head bobbed up and down, taking more of Jason's cock in. Jason fell into some different part of himself as Guy blew him. Jason closed his eyes and enjoyed the sensations. Jason cried out and bucked as he orgasmed, lying there in a senseless daze as Guy drained him of his fluids.

Guy looked up and smiled, crawling on top of Jason, kissing him. He tasted himself in Guy's mouth and moaned, pulling away.

"Fuck me."

Guy wasted no time in fulfilling Jason's request. Guy threw Jason's legs over his shoulders, positioned himself, and slammed in. Jason cried out as Guy penetrated him, but the pain soon faded and he was thrusting against Guy. Jason moaned, feeling his boyfriend's sweat as it fell on top of him. Jason tasted the salt and reached up to lick the sweat that had formed on Guy's chin. Guy grunted before slamming all the way in, growling as orgasm took his body.

When Guy fell on top of Jason, Jason sighed and kissed Guy's cheek, drawing the covers up over their naked, sweaty bodies.

"You ok?" Jason asked, taking Guy's hand in his own.

Guy nodded, panting, trying to regain his breath. Guy's wide chest heaved up and down, trying to draw in more breath. Jason knew Guy was rough during sex, not that he minded; he *liked* sex rough. It was when Guy had to stop to take in breath that scared Jason.

"Do you have asthma or something?" Jason asked.

"No," Guy said, gasping the word out. "I don't. Just let my breathe for a second."

Jason nodded, laying there and keeping his grip on Guy's hand steady. Jason was starting to get worried. It bothered him that they couldn't go to a doctor to see if anything was wrong with him, but he would make sure Guy took it easy. They had never really exerted themselves, but sex was almost always when Guy ended up taking extra time to breath, especially when it was rough.

“Guy, I’m going to call Stephen and ask if he can get somebody up here to check out your breathing, all right?”

“I’m fine,” Guy said, rolling over and looking at him. “I was just a bit out of breath.”

“Guy, you’re *not* fine. You do this whenever you exert yourself too much.”

“Like when?”

“Like during sex.”

“Jason!” Guy laughed, rolling on his back and placing his forearm behind his head, resting it there. “That’s *sex*.”

“Even if it is sex, I want to have you looked at. I don’t want you dying on me up here. We don’t even know where we are, how can you expect me to get you to a hospital? Oh, and the fact that we’re wanted men doesn’t help much either.”

“All right, all right,” Guy said, waving his hand. “Chill, Jason. You do what you want, all right?”

“I always do, don’t I.”

Guy smiled and rolled on top of Jason.

“Yeah, you do.”

Jason smiled and kissed Guy, wrapping his arms around him before Guy shifted to his side.

They held each other until they fell asleep.

Jason woke up an hour later. Guy was still asleep, the covers just barely covering the curve of his ass. Jason smiled and crawled out of bed, pulling the blanket up until it was just below Guy’s muscular shoulder blades. Jason kissed his boyfriend’s shoulder before pulling his underwear up his legs, walking out of the bedroom and down the hall, into the kitchen.

Jason had seen a phone, but he wasn’t sure if it would work. Stephen had said that Guy’s father had wanted them in complete seclusion without any knowledge of where they were, but the phone *was* there. The phone was probably there for emergency purposes, to contact them. Guy’s father *knew* that they weren’t stupid enough to call somebody they shouldn’t.

*It was there, wasn’t it?* Jason thought, frowning and walking into the kitchen. *I swore I saw it earlier.*

Jason walked further into the kitchen and found it on the wall. He smiled, pulling the phone off of its rack and pushing the first speed-

dial button. To the side of that, Stephen had wrote his name there, followed by *In Case of Emergency*.

The phone was answered after the third ring.

"Hello?"

"Stephen," Jason said. "I'm sorry for bothering you."

"It's fine," Stephen said. "Did something happen?"

"We're fine, I'm just a bit worried about Guy though," Jason said, walking to the window and looking out at the snow. "He seems to have some breathing problems. Don't worry though, he's all right."

"You want me to get a doctor up there?"

"If you could, I'd really appreciate it," Jason sighed. "I'm worried about him."

"I know," Stephen said. "You love him, it's only natural to worry."

Jason nodded.

"When can you be here?"

"Tomorrow morning," Stephen said. "I'll call the man and get things arranged."

"All right, thank you."

Stephen only grunted a reply before the phone went dead.

Sighing, Jason placed the phone back in its place.

*Oh well, Jason thought. There may not have been a friendly goodbye, but at least he's coming up here.*

That was enough for Jason.

"Jason, why did you have to go and call somebody up here?" Guy asked as Dr. Martin gestured him to take his shirt off. "I said I was fine."

"I know you said you were fine," Jason said, watching his boyfriend unbutton his shirt. "But I don't think you're fine, Guy. I'm just worried about you."

"He's right," Dr. Martin said, looking up at them. "If you have some kind of breathing problem, you need to have it looked at. Who knows what it could be."

Guy glared at the man for a moment, but his eyes turned to him when Jason placed a hand on Guy's arm.

"It's all right," Jason reassured his boyfriend.

Guy smiled and kissed Jason's cheek before sitting on the counter, as Dr. Martin had asked him to.

"Do you have any previous kind of breathing trouble?" Dr.

Martin asked, taking his stethoscope and placing it to Guy's chest.

"No," Guy said, grimacing as the man moved the cold metal across his chest. "Not that I'm aware of sir."

Jason gave his boyfriend a small nod and walked over to where Stephen was. The African American vampire was leaning against the counter where the stove and fridge were, his arms crossed over his chest, his dark glasses concealing any kind of emotion.

"Thanks, Stephen," Jason said. "I really appreciate you bringing somebody up here."

"It's no trouble," Stephen smiled. "Anything to help, Jason."

Jason nodded, returning his eyes to his boyfriend. The doctor continued to move the stethoscope around, stopping only to ask Guy to breathe in a different way. Jason watched his boyfriend's abs shift with every move, studying the detail of the muscle there.

Guy looked up and smiled at Jason.

"All right," Dr. Martin said, gesturing Guy to get off the counter. "You're done."

Guy smiled and jumped off the counter, walking to Jason's side and wrapping an arm around his shoulder.

"So, what's wrong with him?" Jason asked, touching Guy's chest just above his heart.

"I don't think he has asthma, but I can't be sure. I wouldn't normally prescribe an inhaler, but hey, you're vampires, right? It's not like a little inhaler won't hurt you, right?"

"What *will* hurt us?" Jason asked, feeling his lack of knowledge of what he now was fading.

"You *can* die," Dr. Martin said, smiling. "Everything can die."

"I know that," Jason said. "But what *can't* hurt us."

"Old age, prescription medicine--like overdosing or taking something wrong--poisons, cancers and other sicknesses, stuff like that."

"That's all?" Jason asked, frowning.

"Why, were you expecting something else?"

Jason shook his head. An image of a bullet bursting from a cyclopean eye and flying into Gerald's chest caused him to grip Guy's hand even tighter. Jason had closed his eyes, and he hadn't even noticed it until Guy turned his face up to him.

"You ok?" Guy asked, smiling.

Jason nodded.

"Yeah, I'm fine."

Jason smiled and accepted Guy's kiss.

"We'll get going," Stephen said, standing upright and waiting for the doctor to gather his stuff up. "Was there something you had to give him, Martin?"

"Oh, yes," the man said, reaching into his suitcase and withdrawing an inhaler. "Just take a puff of this if you get out of breath. Just watch out for it; you might give yourself a nasty bump to the teeth if you're not careful."

"Thanks," Guy said, giving them a wave as they walked out.

Jason smiled, glad that his boyfriend finally had something to use if he got out of breath.

"See, told you something was wrong," Jason said with a smile.

"Ah, shucks, Jason," Guy said with a smile, leaning in close. "You *always* seem to know when something's wrong."

"That's because I keep an eye on you," Jason said, placing a finger on the tip of Guy's upper lip. "You'd get yourself into trouble if I didn't."

"Sure I would, babe," Guy said, wrapping him into a hug. "You know I would."

Jason smiled and embraced Guy for several long moments before he sighed.

"You won't ever leave me, right?"

"What do you mean, Jason?"

"I mean like... Like... You won't leave me?"

"No," Guy said. "Why would you think I would leave you?"

"I mean, would you ever leave me in death?"

Jason looked up at Guy and felt a few stray tears come to his eyes.

"I'm not going to die on you, Jason," Guy said, kissing his tears. "If you're afraid of that, don't worry, because I'm not going to die on you anytime soon."

Jason smiled and kissed Guy.

"Thank you," Jason said.

"For what?" Guy asked.

"For being with me."

Guy smiled and embraced Jason again, shoving away every single little worry he had.



# 7

They loved where they were living. Who *wouldn't* love living in a huge mansion-esque log cabin? The two of them kept to themselves and didn't have to worry about other people bothering them. They could stay up as late as they want, play music as loud as they wanted, and could make love anywhere in the house without having to worry about drawing the curtains.

This was one of those times where the curtains *didn't* have to be drawn. It was post-sex for the two of them. Guy was behind Jason, kissing his shoulder blade and neck. Jason shivered and moaned as Guy hit the spot on his neck that he liked.

"You like that, baby?" Guy asked, continuing to kiss that spot.

Jason nodded. How could he *not* like that spot? It was the spot that Guy had kissed when he had sired him. That spot--although the same color as the rest of his skin--was different. That spot was the place that Guy could kiss and send him into complete ecstasy, even if it was just a small kiss.

"Yeah," Jason gasped. "Guy, please, stop."

Guy pulled away.

"Sorry," Guy said. "Guess one time a day's enough, huh?"

"No, it's not that," Jason said, crawling up beside Guy and pulling the blankets up them. "It's just that spot."

"That's where I was kissing you, right?" Guy asked. "When I was siring you?"

Jason nodded, taking Guy's hand and interlacing their fingers.

"I like you kissing me there, but I don't want to have sex again. Are you mad?"

"No, I'm not," Guy said with a smile. "Besides, I probably shouldn't."

Guy reached for the inhaler on the nightstand and grabbed it, taking a puff and letting out a chest full of air.

"That's *a lot* better," Guy said with a smile. "Thanks for having the doc come up here, Jay."

"It's fine," Jason smilef, letting his head rest against Guy's. "You know that I'd do anything for you."

"I know that, Jason. You know I'd do anything for you, right?"

“Yeah, I know,” Jason laughed. “Remember back in Vegas? When you grabbed me and turned us into ice before we hit the water?”

Guy laughed and kissed the top of Jason’s head.

“How about we go outside in an hour or something?”

Jason looked up at his boyfriend.

“How come?”

“I want to show you something.”

Guy had made it into his clothes quicker than Jason had. His boyfriend had crawled out of bed and had ran downstairs dressed only from the waist down, leaving Jason still fumbling with his pants.

“Damn things,” Jason said, swearing and tossing them against the wall. He walked to the dresser and pulled a new pair out, pulling them up his legs before he pulled a sweater over his head.

Shaking his head, he gave the pair of pants he had just been trying to pull on a kick before walking downstairs, grabbing his coat before looking out the window, trying to find his boyfriend.

Guy wasn’t anywhere in sight.

*That’s odd, Jason frowned. I hope he’s ok.*

Jason knew that Guy could take care of himself, but then again, his boyfriend was a daring one. He was the one who had suggested they play wild man and vault down the side of the building with curtains and a sheet, and who had suggested that they walk through the forest in their underwear to the vampires’ home. He laughed at that thought before opening the door.

Jason shivered, pulling the coat over his head and shoving his fingers into his armpits. He looked around, trying to see where Guy was.

“Guy!” Jason called. “Where are you?”

When Guy didn’t answer, a cold sweat broke out on Jason’s back. Several horrible thoughts rushed into his head. What if his boyfriend had stepped in a snow-covered hole and broke his leg? Or what if he stepped down from an area and dropped into so much snow that it suffocated him? The doctor never said snow *couldn’t* kill him.

“Guy!” Jason screamed. “Where are you?”

Above, blackbirds flew to the sky in a dark laughter after Jason screamed. He felt tears break the surface of his eyes as he began walking, trying to find his boyfriend.

“Guy, this isn’t funny!” Jason sobbed. “Come on, it isn’t...”

He felt a snowball hit the back of his head.

“Got you!”

Jason turned and punched Guy in the chest, causing his boyfriend to grunt and step back before Jason wrapped his arms around Guy.

“I fucking *hate* you,” Jason cried, burying his head into his boyfriend’s chest. “Don’t you *ever* do that to me again.”

“I’m sorry,” Guy said, wrapping his arms around him. “But I wanted to see if you could see me.”

“What?” Jason asked, looking up at his boyfriend. “What do you mean?”

“I was standing right by the door, Jason.”

Jason looked back at the door and shivered. There was nothing unordinary about the door.

“Guy, what are you saying?”

“It’s a trick,” Guy said, withdrawing from the embrace but grabbing Jason’s hand. “Come on, I’ll show you.”

Jason nodded and followed Guy, wiping away the tears as his boyfriend led him back to the door. Guy let go of his hand and stood against the wall, smiling.

“Just watch.”

Jason nodded, watching his boyfriend intently. Jason expected Guy to do some kind of magic trick or escape into some kind of trapdoor by the house, but nothing happened. Guy just stood there, his eyes closed and his hands resting against his sides.

“Nothing’s happening.”

Just as Jason finished, Guy disappeared.

Jason’s jaw dropped.

“Holy shit! Where are you?”

“Here.”

Jason jumped as he felt Guy’s hands as his side. Jason looked over his shoulder and saw Guy form from the air.

“How did you do that?”

“Easy,” Guy said. “Well, sort of, anyway. You just have to think you’re not there.”

“That’s all?” Jason asked. “There’s something else to it.”

“Yeah, well, there is,” Guy said, stepping away and rubbing the back of his neck. “It has to be cold.”

“That’s it?”

“It works better when it’s snowing, since we can vanish easier.”

Come on, try it.”

Jason nodded, closing his eyes, pretending that he wasn't there. When he opened his eyes, he could still see his hands.

“It didn't work.”

“You need to relax. Don't think about doing it, just do it.”

Jason nodded, sighing and closing his eyes. He didn't think about anything at that moment. He just thought about being in a timeless, endless space of nothing. When he opened his eyes and looked down at his hands, he couldn't see them.

*Cool, Jason thought, grinning. Payback time.*

Jason carefully made his way around Guy, watching his boyfriend. Guy was completely oblivious to the fact that he was no longer there. He was watching the wall, and after a moment he started whistling, hooking his fingers into his pockets and looking up at the sky.

Jason grabbed a handful of snow and pelted him with it.

“Hey!” Guy said, turning around.

Jason laughed and thought of being visible again. He saw his hands appear before him again.

“I did it!” Jason said.

“You did what? Disappear or give me payback?”

“Both,” Jason said, smiling, walking up to Guy and kissing his cheek. “Sorry about punching you.”

“It's fine,” Guy laughed, wrapping an arm around him.

“I thought we couldn't do a lot of fancy vampire things?” Jason asked. “I mean, you said that blood-drinkers can fly.”

“If they want,” Guy said. “We have a few things, but we're not as old as they are.”

“What else can we do?” Jason asked, wanting to learn more.

“Disappear, like I just showed you. We can turn ourselves or other things into ice. Suck heat out of people to keep ourselves alive. That's pretty much it.”

Jason frowned. He hadn't expected much, but he had expected more than what Guy had told him.

“It makes me feel a little weaker, knowing that we're not as strong as the others,” Jason said.

“We've always felt weaker, Jason. The only good thing about us is that we're almost as human as we can be.”

That night, Jason and Guy enjoyed a relaxing bath in the hot

tub. The basement was nice and large; wooden, like the rest of the house, with a billiards table in the center and a stereo system above the grand fireplace.

“Jason?”

“Yeah?” Jason asked, looking up at Guy.

“I was just making sure you were all right.”

Jason nodded, feeling Guy’s naked flesh adjust underneath him. Guy placed a hand on Jason’s chest before kissing the side of his head.

“What was that for?”

“Because I wanted to,” Guy said. “You haven’t been feeling cold lately, have you?”

“No,” Jason said. “Have you?”

“No, I was just making sure. If you do feel cold, Jason, tell me. You know I don’t care if you’re on top.”

Jason nodded, smiling. He was the recessive one in the relationship, but Guy wouldn’t refuse him to be on top if he needed or wanted dominance. It wasn’t often that Jason was on top--as he liked Guy being on top--but it was always nice to be the dominant one once in a while.

“What are you smiling for?” Guy teased.

“Oh, just thinking about what you said.”

“Pervert,” Guy laughed. “Just kidding, babe. You know I like it when you do me, don’t you?”

“Yeah, but I like you being on top,” Jason said. “It makes me feel more secure.”

“Why?”

“I don’t know, it just does. It’s something weird like that, you know?”

Guy nodded, wrapping his arms around Jason.

“You can tell me anything, baby.”

Jason nodded, feeling Guy’s hands unlace themselves, where they settled on the muscles of his abs.

“You care to tell me why it makes you more secure, Jason?” Guy asked.

“It just... I don’t know how to explain it. I guess after Doug...”

“Doug?”

“The heroine addict.”

“Oh,” Guy said.

“Anyway, after Doug started using me for sex, it made me feel

like less of a man than I really was. He was emotionally abusing me most of the time, and the only time I really did feel like a man was when he fucked me. It made me feel like I had *some* kind of purpose for being his boyfriend, you know?"

Guy nodded, kissing his cheek.

"You know I would never use you, baby."

"I know," Jason said, gripping Guy's hand. "You're not that kind of man."

"If I'm ever doing anything to hurt you in any way, tell me, Jason. I don't want to hurt you and not know that I am."

"You're not hurting me, Guy," Jason said. "You haven't hurt me once since we've been together."

Guy kissed his cheek again.

"I'm glad."

The next morning, Jason woke the sound of the heater starting up. Jason felt for Guy at his side and found that he wasn't there.

*He must've got up already,* Jason thought, rolling over on his back. *He's not in the shower, so he must be in the living room or in the kitchen, making breakfast.*

Jason turned to look at the clock.

It was only six-thirty.

"That's weird," Jason thought. "He doesn't get up until seven on most days."

Jason laughed and threw his legs over the bed, pulling a pair of underwear up his legs before he walked out of the room and down the hall.

"Guy?" Jason called. "Where are you?"

Expecting Guy's voice, Jason stood there for a moment, waiting for Guy to call back to him. Guy could've gone downstairs, but even then Guy would have heard him.

"Guy?" Jason called again. "Where are..."

Jason trailed off as he saw the note on the counter. He walked over and picked it up.

*Hey, baby. I'll be back in a little while. I called Stephen and had him come up and get me. I'm going to a safe place to get something done. Don't worry, it's nothing bad or anything like that.*

*Love you,*

*Guy*

Jason nodded and set the note back on the counter, walking over to the couch and seating himself, reaching for the remote and flicking the TV on. Jason didn't plan on sitting there for too long, but at least the noise would distract him. Jason and Guy had only been apart for a few times, and having Guy gone--especially during times when they were two of the most wanted men in the country--made him nervous.

"Hope you come back soon," Jason said before standing and walking to the kitchen, ready to make himself some breakfast.

About two hours later, Jason heard the door open. Guy walked in and gave him a small, forced smile.

"Hey, babe," Guy said, grimacing as he shifted out of his coat. "Sorry I left."

"Where were you?" Jason asked, standing and walking toward Guy. "And why do you keep grimacing?"

"I was down at a vampire joint with Stephen," Guy said. "And as to why I'm grimacing, let me take off my shirt."

Guy carefully and slowly stripped his shirt off to reveal that sculpted chest of his. Jason's eyes were immediately drawn to his left nipple, where a small, black ring was now connected to his flesh.

"You pierced your nipple?" Jason asked, coming closer and looking at it.

"Yeah, and it hurt like a bitch too," Guy said, wrapping an arm around Jason. "I figured I'd get it redone."

"Redone?"

"Yeah. Not too long before I met you, I had it pierced. Then I took it out and then forgot to put it back in. It closed up."

Jason nodded and let his finger slide along the slick metal, careful not to hurt Guy in any way. Jason couldn't imagine getting his ear pierced, much less getting his *nipple* pierced.

"So... What do you think of it?"

Jason looked up at Guy and smiled.

"I like it."

"I figured you'd like it."

"How?"

"Just figured you would."

Jason smiled.

"It's a fetish," Jason admitted. "It turns me on."

Guy smiled and kissed Jason, walking to the touch with him.

"You just get up, babe?" Guy asked, noticing that Jason was still in his underwear.

"No, I've been up for a few hours. I just didn't feel like getting dressed."

Guy smiled and wrapped an arm around Jason.

"I'd offer to take your last piece of clothing off, but I'm not up to it."

"It's fine," Jason said, kissing Guy's cheek. "I don't care. I'm just glad you're back."

"Were you worried about me?"

"I'm always worried about you."

Guy smiled and took Jason's hand, raising it and kissing his knuckles. Jason smiled at his boyfriend's gesture of affection.

"I know, baby. I worry about you all the time. We worry because we love each other, you know?" Guy said.

Jason nodded and smiled, leaning his head against Guy's shoulder.

"Want to get in the tub?" Jason asked, looking up at Guy.

Guy smiled and brought Jason to his feet with a simple pull of his hand.

"Is it supposed to snow tonight?" Jason asked as he let Guy settle up against him for a change.

"I don't know," Guy said. "Thanks for letting me lay on you, babe."

"You're sore from the piercing. I'll take care of you."

Guy smiled and tilted his head up, lightly kissing Jason before resting his head back on Jason's shoulder.

"Where did you get it done?" Jason asked, running a damp hand through his boyfriend's blonde hair.

"Some vampire joint named *El Vampiro*."

"It was a Spanish place?"

"Yeah," Guy laughed. "Who would've thought that I'd get a piercing in a vampire joint?"

Jason smiled and rested his hand on Guy's shoulder.

"What kind of vampires were they?"

"Blood drinkers."



The room was silent for several moments before Jason spoke.

"Did they do anything to you?"

"No," Guy said. "I think it was only because they knew I was a 'prince,' as my father calls it. I wouldn't have gone in there if Stephen hadn't been there with me."

"So, do you know where we are?"

"No. Stephen put me in the back of the jeep. There's no windows in his jeep except the front."

"You couldn't see out the front?"

"He had a drape. He said he'd move us if I moved it, so I didn't. I like living here, don't you, Jay?"

Jason nodded, glad that Guy had followed his better judgment and left the drape closed. Jason liked living here with Guy, and he liked the fact that it was just the two of them up here.

Jason felt Guy's hand touch his, and he let his boyfriend's hand guide his own to the muscles on his stomach.

"You ok, Guy?" Jason asked, wondering why his boyfriend had just decided to place his hand on his chest.

"Just need to feel your touch," Guy said. "That's all, Jay."

Jason nodded, sighing and leaning his head back as Guy readjusted himself against his chest. It felt good to just lay there in the warm water of the hut tub with his boyfriend leaning against him. Jason kept his hand on Guy's chest and closed his eyes, relaxing, enjoying this moment.

Jason thought back on what Stephen had said about the snowstorm.

*I wonder when that will hit us, Jason thought, frowning. I hope it won't get too bad.*

Jason heard Guy mumble something, but when he looked up he saw that his boyfriend wasn't turning his head to look at him.

Jason smiled.

Guy had just fallen asleep.

Jason wrapped his arms around his boyfriend and held him, making sure that he wouldn't slip away into anything but sleep.

That night, the cold was what bit at Jason's skin. It wasn't Guy's gentle nibbles, as he was fast asleep; it was the cold. Outside, the snow fell slowly in nice, even teardrops of ice. Jason felt Guy shift on the bed, trying to get the rest of the blanket for himself. Guy had been trying to

do this for an hour now, so Jason finally gave up and let Guy take the rest of the blanket.

*If he's cold, I'm not going to keep him cold,* Jason thought, walking to the armoire and grabbing a few blankets out of it. *I don't even want to attempt to mess with the portable heater.*

Guy would know how to mess with it, but Jason wasn't going to wake Guy up just for that. Jason didn't dare try to mess with it himself. He knew that there were people who messed with portable heaters and were dead the next day because their house burned down.

Jason threw another blanket over Guy and crawled into bed, covering himself up while throwing the third and final over the two of them. That would keep them warm for the rest of the night.

"Ugh..." Guy moaned. "Cold."

"Are you awake, Guy?"

When Guy didn't answer him, he nodded and closed his eyes. Jason knew Guy occasionally talked in his sleep, and he didn't take any notice of it. Guy wouldn't be cold after he started heating the blankets up with his body heat.

Sighing, Jason scooted over until their backs were touching, hoping sleep would come easier now that he and his boyfriend's bodies were touching.

That following morning, Jason and Guy were in the kitchen eating breakfast when they heard the blare of a voice from outside.

"Come out with your hands up! We know you're there!"

Jason and Guy jumped from their seats and went to the window. As Jason thought, it was the police. Several cruisers and even more SWAT trucks were outside, weapons trained on the house.

"Guy!" Jason cried. "What do we do?"

"You have a minute to get out of the house before we come in!" the voice called back.

Guy wasted no time in walking to the wall and moving aside a piece of obviously noticeable wood, revealing a red button. Guy slammed his fist on it and almost immediately a screech of metal slamming down over the windows and doors come in. Screams of bullets tore through the air as they flew from the house.

The house shook and groaned before they heard more metal came sliding down.

"What else is going on!" Jason cried, looking at Guy. "Why is

there more screeching?”

“Stephen said something about there being a dome that covers the house.”

When Guy said that, the last bit of light that had been in the house died off. The sound of a heater or some kind of generator kicked on shortly after that.

“What was that?”

“To let air in,” Guy said. “Come on, baby; let’s sit on the couch and wait this out. Somebody should call and be here to help us soon.”

Jason nodded and walked over to the couch with Guy, sitting down beside him.

Jason started to cry, and Guy didn’t care; Guy simply held Jason and said that everything would be all right. But would it really be all right? Now they would have to leave because they knew where they were. Jason *liked* living here, and now he and Guy would have to leave.

“I don’t want to leave,” Jason sobbed.

“I know, baby,” Guy said. “Neither do I.”

\*

Guy and Jason had been sitting on the couch when the phone rang. Guy blinked, trying to tell if the sound was real or not. When it continued, Guy shifted his sleeping boyfriend off of his chest and walked to the phone, answering it.

“Hello?”

“Why are you whispering?”

Guy gave a small sigh as he heard Stephen.

“I don’t know,” Guy said, rubbing the back of his neck. “I’m nervous.”

“I wouldn’t blame you. What happened?”

“They found us, Steve. Can you get us help?”

“Yeah, we can get someone up there tomorrow morning,” Stephen said. “But until then, be careful. Remember, there’s compartments that you can slide open by every door. And if they do someone manage to get in--which is highly unlikely--there’s a trapdoor in the basement behind the stairs.”

“A trapdoor?”

“Yeah,” Stephen said. “We put it in just in case the metal bullet fails.”

“The bullet?” Guy asked, frowning. “What are you talking about, Stephen?”

"It's the metal cone that goes over the house, but we call it a bullet. I *really* need to let you go, Guy. I need to get someone ready to come up there. You and Jason take it easy, all right. I know how hard it's been for him to deal with all of this."

"Yeah, I know."

"All right, just be careful. Go into your bedroom with him, get some rest, make love if he feels like it. Just tell him it's all right and that everything's going to be ok. Don't mention the trapdoor unless you have to."

"Yeah, I'll be sure not to do anything stupid. Thanks, Steve."

Stephen hung up the phone before Guy could even attempt to say goodbye. With a sigh and a small shrug, Guy hung the phone back in its cradle before walking over to the couch, lying down beside Jason. It hurt, knowing that they'd have to leave this place. Guy had gotten used to it and started to like it, but there wasn't anything he could do.

*Father will do something, Guy thought. We'll probably just keep moving around like this until we can't go anywhere else.*

Shaking his head, Guy closed his eyes and tried to fall asleep.

\*

Jason woke up an hour later. Jason felt Guy's breaths on the back of his neck, and for a moment it scared him. Jason thought it was someone else before he actually remembered that they were safe in here and that it was only his boyfriend beside him.

"Guy," Jason whispered. "Are you awake?"

When Guy didn't answer, Jason sighed and scooted back against him. Feeling Guy's body against his made Jason feel better about being locked in their house in metal, surrounded by the darkness around them.

*Maybe I can find some candles, Jason thought, getting off of the couch. I can still see, it's not like it's pitch black.*

Jason made his way over to the cabinets and startled fumbling through them. At first, all he was able to find was silverware and plates, but as he dug deeper he found a few candles.

"Yes," Jason said. "I found them."

Jason pulled a few out and closed the cupboards, grabbing the matches and stopping before he saw a pack of cigarettes.

*Guy must've got a pack when he was down getting his piercing,* Jason thought, grabbing the pack of smokes and walking to the coffee table.

Jason set the candles out and struck the match, lighting the three he had pulled out quickly before taking a cigarette out. He let the tip hover over the candle until it was lit, and then he pressed it to his lips and took a long, lengthy drag. He coughed after that, but it made him feel better.

Guy moaned beside him before rolling on his back.

"You found candles, baby?"

"Yeah," Jason said, giving his boyfriend a smile. "You want a drag?"

Guy nodded. Jason passed Guy his cigarette, watching Guy rise before he placed the smoke in his mouth.

"You can get another, if you want," Guy said, running a hand through his hair. "I don't care."

"I'll just share yours, if that's all right."

Guy nodded and took another drag before passing the cigarette back to him.

"You're not much of a smoker, are you?" Guy asked. "I know you don't smoke a lot, but I know you like the occasional one when I get cigarettes."

"I don't smoke a whole lot, no," Jason said, blowing smoke out of his mouth. "I had almost broke the habit before I met you."

"Sorry about that," Guy said.

"I don't care," Jason laughed. "Besides, we're two of the most wanted men in the country right now, the least I can do is have a cigarette."

Guy laughed and kissed Jason.

"As long as it doesn't ruin your pretty teeth, baby."

"You don't have stains on yours either," Jason said. "Is that natural, or what?"

"I guess it's natural. Vampires have a lot of weird stuff. I guess our teeth are just naturally clean all the time."

Jason smiled and passed Guy the cigarette before he could go any deeper with the 'vampires having pearly whites even when smoking' idea. Jason's thoughts, once again, trailed off to the fact that they were locked in their house as he looked at the candles.

"Is help coming?" Jason asked, taking the cigarette as Guy offered it.

"Yeah, baby," Guy said. "Tomorrow. Stephen said to take is easy and not worry about anything."

"All right," Jason said with a smile. "It's good to know that we won't have to wait that long."

Guy smiled and embraced Jason, kissing his cheek before taking the cigarette from between his lips.

"It won't be much longer," Guy said. "Not much longer at all."

Even though Jason didn't have the moon to look at, he still had Guy in bed beside him, and that was all that mattered. Guy had offered sex, but they never did have it. Guy even asked if he wanted to be on top, but Jason had sighed and shook his head, saying that he didn't want to have sex. Normally, he might've accepted the invitation, but not now.

They were encased in a metal shell, and it changed his mood entirely.

"Babe?"

Jason felt Guy's hand on his shoulder and fell into the touch, allowing his boyfriend to pull him against his chest.

"You ok?"

"Yeah," Jason said. "I'm fine. Just scared, that's all."

"The bedroom door's locked, baby," Guy said, kissing the back of his neck. "And remember the gun I have?"

Jason nodded. How could he not remember the wicked-looking pistol that his boyfriend had pulled out of the wall? It was another small reassurance that they would be safe if anyone got in, which was highly unlikely.

"I'm still scared," Jason finally said.

"I know," Guy whispered. "But don't be scared, baby. They'll be gone tomorrow."

The way Guy said that made Jason wonder what would happen to the men who were waiting outside for them.

In the early hours of the morning, Jason was woken by the howl of wind. Apparently, Guy sensed his distress, as he pulled Jason back against his chest.

"I think this is it," Guy said. "I think they're here."

"What are they doing?" Jason asked as he felt his boyfriend's head resting against his own head. "Guy?"

"They're just getting rid of the men," Guy said, yawning. "That's all, Jason."

Jason shivered and melted into Guy's chest, thankful for his boyfriend's warmth. He didn't know what Guy meant by '*just getting rid of the men*,' but he hoped it wasn't something that they would have to worry about.

"Should we get up?" Jason finally asked.

"No," Guy said. "Go back to sleep, Jason. We'll get up when we need to."

With a nod, Jason sighed and closed his eyes, trusting Guy's better judgment.

When Jason woke up, he was moving. Jason bolted from his sleep and found that he was in the back of a vehicle. He turned and saw that there was a curtain drawn across the area in front of them. There were also no windows, so the only light came from a small rectangle on the ceiling.

"Where are we?" Jason asked.

"I don't know."

Jason looked over and saw Guy. Guy was wrapped in a sleeping bag from the waist down, revealing the bare muscles of his chest and his dark nipple ring.

"We just woke up and were driving?"

"Yeah," Guy said. "That's how I woke up, anyway."

When the car suddenly stopped moving, Guy swore and stood.

"Hey, Stephen! Why'd you stop?"

When the silence came, Jason shivered and looked over at Guy. Guy gave him a reassuring smile and mouthed, 'No worries.'

That was when the back of the jeep burst open. A pair of arms grabbed Guy and forced him out of the vehicle, where other men started to crawl in after Jason.

"Guy!" Jason screamed. "Guy!"

When a man grabbed at Jason's arm, he screamed and punched him in the face before jumping out of the jeep. Jason was running toward an armored truck, where the men were trying to push Guy in.

"Run, Jason!" Guy screamed. "Get away from this place!"

Jason screamed Guy's name again before his boyfriend was pulled into the armored truck. When the other men drew guns and approached him, Jason jumped into a group of trees and tumbled down an invisible drop.

Jason cried Guy's name before he passed out.

# 8

Jason woke to the screams of the wind. The cold bit at his naked upper body, and though he was a vampire of the ice affinity, there was nothing he could do to stop feeling the bitter cold of both the wind and loneliness. They had come so fast, but the worst was that Stephen had betrayed them.

No. Stephen betraying them wasn't the worst. The worst thing about this whole experience was that Guy was gone, kidnapped by a psychopathic vampire.

*Why?* Jason thought as he stood, rubbing his arms, trying to bring warmth into them. *Why would Stephen do this to us? Where would he take Guy?*

Jason didn't know where Stephen would take Guy, but right now, he needed to get out of here. He began walking in one direction, and although he knew chances of actually getting out of the forest were slim, he figured he could do it. And then it hit him, harder than he thought it would.

Jason couldn't go anywhere because he was still wanted for murder.

"Why?" Jason screamed, tears coming to his eyes. "Why?"

Birds took flight at Jason's screams, and when he fell to his knees he let the tears fall.

*Guy, please, help me get through this.*

Jason wasn't sure why he was the one crying. He should be crying for Guy because his boyfriend was the one who had been kidnapped. He was fine; Guy was God knows where.

Jason got back to his feet and began walking toward the road.

Maybe--just maybe--Jason would get lucky enough and find an ice vampire.

*Please, Jason thought, trying to open his mind, like Guy had mentioned. Come help me. I'm in trouble. My boyfriend's been kidnapped.*

Jason found the road soon enough, and before long he was taking shelter in a drainage pipe, waiting for the storm and someone to come for him.



Guy screamed as he was strapped down to a metal table. The men around him were scientists, *human* scientists. They were pulling masks over their faces and gloves over their hands, subtly implying that they thought he had some kind of disease.

Stephen's form appeared in the corner.

"You bastard," Guy growled.

"Why resort to violence, Guy?"

"Because you kidnapped me you son of a bitch!"

The scientists ignored Guy's screams for the most part, but some were agitated by his screams. One man put a gloved hand on his gloved chest.

"Sir," the man said, keeping his hand on his chest. "You need to calm down."

"Get your hand off me, you bastard," Guy growled. "What are you going to do to me?"

"We're running tests on your blood, sir. Don't try to fight us. We have other ways of dealing with people who may be beneficial to humankind."

"Like what?" Guy spat.

Although Guy couldn't see the man's smile, he could tell by the way the mask moved on the scientist's face that the man had indeed smiled.

"Torture, for one."

Guy grimaced at the man's words and nodded, trying his best not to show his pain as he felt the needle slip into his skin. It went in deep, but when it stopped he relaxed as he felt his blood being drawn.

"Please don't hurt me, sir," Guy said, looking at the scientist who had been talking to him. "I just want to see my boyfriend again."

"Your boyfriend would have been better off coming with us, Guy Winters," the scientist said. "Of course, we will find him in due time."

"What'll you do with me?" Guy asked.

"You'll stay here. You're safe and you have nothing to worry about. I--as well as my colleagues--know that you and your boyfriend are wanted for the murder of a man."

"We didn't murder that man," Guy said, turning his head away. "It was a mistake."

"I will correct myself then. You were *feeding* on this man and killed him. An accident, no?"

Guy nodded, sighing as the needle slipped out of his arm.

"It was an accident," Guy said as the female scientist placed a cotton wad and a band aid over the needle entry point, tears coming to his eyes. "I never wanted this to happen. All I wanted was for me and Jason to live together and be happy."

The scientist slipped his mask off and smiled at him, revealing a snow-white beard.

"Don't worry, son," the man said. "You and your boyfriend will be together soon enough. Maybe by then we'll have cured or developed something for the better of mankind."

\*

Jason felt the hand on his shoulder and burst from his sleep, flailing his arms at the intruder.

"Leave me alone!"

"It's all right, I'm here to help."

How long had he been sleeping?

Jason opened his eyes and saw the face of a young man possibly no older than sixteen. The beginning hints of a beard were just forming along his chin line, plainly spelling out his youth.

"Are y-you one of us?"

"Yeah," the kid said, blinking, revealing the lighter blue ring around his dark blue eyes. "I am. Come on, I'm going to take you back to the place."

Jason nodded and followed the kid back to the road, where an old black car was parked.

"What's your name?" Jason asked.

"It's Jonas," the kid smiled.

"How old are you?"

"Sixteen."

"And you *can* drive, right?"

"Chill," the kid said, laughing at the 'chill' comment. "I can drive just fine."

With a small sigh, Jason walked around the car and crawled into the passenger seat, strapping the seatbelt over his bare chest and marveling at the warmth the heaters put off.

"How long have you been out here?" Jonas asked, starting the car, pulling his own seatbelt over his chest and rubbing his hands in front of the heater.

"I... I don't know," Jason sighed. "Guy got kidnapped by them, and I..."

“Who’s Guy?”

“My boyfriend,” Jason said. “Guy told me to run. Even though I didn’t want to, I still did. I ended up running into the woods and stepping off a drop. I’ve been out here for a few hours at the most, but I’m not exactly sure how long it’s been.”

“Good thing we can stand the cold, eh?” Jonas smiled as he started the car. “It’ll take us a few days to get there.”

“Where are we?” Jason frowned. “They couldn’t have taken us that far away.”

“Who couldn’t have taken you that far away?”

“Guy’s father wanted us to stay in hiding. Kid, do you know who I am?”

Jonas looked at Jason for a moment before his eyes went wide.

“You’re one of the men who’s wanted for the murder of that guy.”

“Yeah,” Jason said, rubbing the back of his neck. “It was an accident. I’m a newly-sired vampire, and when I first fed, Guy helped me. It got out of control and we ended up killing the guy. Look, where are we? Guy’s father wanted us to stay in hiding, and he did it so well that we don’t even know where we are.”

“We’re in Arizona, near Phoenix,” Jonas said. “Look, do you want to go to the nearest vampire haven or not?”

“Yes,” Jason said. “I do.”

Jonas nodded and scratched at the hair on his chin before starting up the car.

“You hungry?” the kid asked. “There’s chips in the compartment.”

Jason nodded and opened the compartment, grabbing the chips and tearing the bag open.

“Thank you,” Jason said, looking over at the kid. “I appreciate it, Jonas.”

“Are you sure you’re ok?” the kid asked, stopping the car and pulling over at the side of the road.

Jason shook his head and sighed, feeling Jonas place a hand on his arm. The kid gripped his arm and gave him a small smile.

“I’m not ok,” Jason said as he looked at the younger man. “My boyfriend’s been kidnapped, I feel bad because I’m not with him, I’m freezing.”

“Here,” Jonas said, unbuckling his seatbelt and slipping out of his coat. “Take mine.”

Jason looked over at the kid and nodded, unbuckling his seatbelt

and slipping into Jonas' coat. Jonas was the kind of guy he would've been into had he been a few years younger. Jonas had nice, broad shoulders and muscular arms with shadow starting to come in along his jaw and on his upper lip. He had nice, close-cut hair like Guy's, making him a very attractive young man.

"I'm sorry," Jason said, turning his head away. "Thank you for your jacket."

"If you mean you're sorry for looking at me, don't be," Jonas said with a smile. "You're a good-looking guy yourself."

"Are you gay?" Jason asked. "I'm sorry, I shouldn't have asked that."

"Don't you know that most of the ice vampires are gay?" Jonas asked, starting the car. "Yeah, I'm gay. I have a boyfriend. I've had sex. I was sired only earlier this year."

"I shouldn't have asked," Jason sighed. "Don't worry, I'm not going to come on to you or try to force anything on to you."

"I know," Jonas said. "Besides, I'm your same size. I could easily kick your ass."

That brought a smile to Jason's face and a laugh from his chest.

"Thank you, Jonas," Jason said. "I appreciate it."

That night, they stopped at a small rest-stop place. Here, an all-night fast food joint was connected to the main office, whereas the rooms were placed in their own separate lots in small, two-person rooms. Jason sat on the bed with his shirt off, waiting for Jonas to come back with the food.

Thoughts of Guy were lingering in his mind, but they faded as the door opened, Jonas walking into the room.

"Here," Jonas said, setting a bag near Jason. "That's your stuff. Cheeseburger and fries."

"Thanks," Jason said, opening his bag and unwrapping his hamburger. "I appreciate it, Jonas. If I had money, I'd give it to you."

"Don't worry about it. I brought extra money because your message was shaky. I could tell you were in some kind of trouble."

"And you just came? If I were you, I would've stayed at home with my boyfriend."

"I *had* thought about that," Jonas grinned, taking a bite out of a French fry. "Tyler had wanted me to stay in bed with him, but I *knew* that you were in trouble."

“How?”

“Deep conscience thing,” Jonas said, tapping the side of his head. “You get what I mean?”

Jason nodded and finished eating, walking to the garbage can and throwing his empty bag inside it before walking back to the bed.

“How much longer is it until we hit the haven?” Jason asked.

“Two days at the least,” Jonas said as he stripped out of his shirt, revealing toned muscles and golden-tan skin. “You getting down in your underwear or what?”

“I’ll just wear my jeans,” Jason said. “I’m not going to do anything to you.”

“I know,” Jonas sighed, unbuckling his belt and stripping down to his boxers. “I trust you.”

“You seem to be a bit nervous though.”

“My father raped me,” Jonas said, rolling over and turning his head away from Jason. “That’s why I get nervous around men I don’t know.”

“I’m not going to rape you,” Jason said, walking over and patting Jonas’ shoulder. “I’m not that kind of guy.”

“I know you aren’t, that’s why my knife isn’t by my bed.”

Jason frowned, looking to where Jonas’ pants were.

“You have a knife?”

“Tyler wanted to come with me, but I wouldn’t let him,” Jonas said. “You’ll see my boyfriend’s personality when we get to the haven. He was the one who killed my father after he raped me. He doesn’t like people trying to take advantage of me. He’s the one that gave me the knife.”

Jason nodded and returned to the bed, turning the single lamp on the table off in the process. He gave Jonas a quick goodnight before crawling into bed, softly sighing, feeling bad for the young man.

*He’s so nervous around men just because of a sick father,* Jason thought.

“Night,” Jason said again. “Thanks for coming and getting me. I appreciate it.”

“Can I ask you something?” Jonas asked, rolling over to face him.

“What is it?” Jason asked, looking at the young man.

“Were you asleep that whole time?”

Jason frowned, trying to remember if he had been sleeping for those three days that Jonas had been traveling. He couldn’t remember

exactly, but he was fairly sure that he had been.

“Yeah,” Jason said. “I think I was.”

“All right, well, night,” Jonas said, rolling over and facing the wall.

“Night,” Jason said, just before closing his own eyes.

Thoughts of where Guy was would haunt the rest of Jason’s waking hours.

\*

That night, Guy had been given his own small room with the godly gift of a bed. A man didn’t know that a bed was a godly object until he was imprisoned against his will or in a place where he couldn’t get to one. Men of the older times knew that beds were godly items, but nowadays men just did what they pleased and went to bed at night either by themselves or with the ones they loved.

Guy knew that a bed was a godly item, and he would never forget it either. He sighed and looked down at his arms, seeing the needle marks in them. They had taken blood more than once, and now he was beginning to feel it. His head was woozy, his stomach was sick, and he felt like dying right there.

“Mr. Winters?”

Guy jumped as he heard the scientist’s voice.

“I don’t know your name, sir,” Guy said as he turned, looking at the frost-bearded man through the glass that separated them.

“My name is Doctor Preston, Mr. Winters.”

“Yes Dr. Preston, sir,” Guy said. “What is it you need?”

“I need to give you an identification number,” the man said, holding up a small metal object with a series of numbers on it. “It will go on your wrist.”

Guy looked at the object and grimaced. The man pushed a button. Soon, the object was red-hot.

“Please, sir,” Guy said, tears coming to his eyes. “Don’t do this, please.”

“I have to, Mr. Winters,” the doctor said. “If you try to fight me, I have a man trained on a machine gun. See that camera in the corner?”

When Dr. Preston pointed to a camera in the room, Guy turned his head and nodded, seeing the signature trait of a Gatling gun around it; the small holes were the bullets would come out.

“If you attempt to fight me, I will have you shot. Do you understand?”

"Yes, sir," Guy said. "I do."

"You won't see your boyfriend again if you fight me."

"Yes sir," Guy said again, bowing his head and giving the man his wrist. "I understand."

The man grabbed Guy's wrist and did it quicker than Guy had expected. The burning-hot metal hit his skin and his body naturally reacted by making the skin cold. He screamed in pain as the doctor held the metal there, but he didn't fight it. Steam erupted from his skin and tears flowed down his face, but he didn't hide them.

"There."

When the doctor released Guy's wrist, Guy quickly placed his wrist to his bare chest, looking up at the doctor as tears flowed down his face.

"I hate you," Guy sobbed. "You kidnap me and force me away from my boyfriend. You take more blood than you needed to. And now you're branding me like I'm a bull? You, sir, can burn in hell."

The doctor backhanded Guy, sending him to the nearby wall.

"You *ever* speak to me like that again, I'll do worse than that!" Preston roared. "You hear me?"

Guy nodded, turning his head away and crying.

"Good!" the man laughed. "You know who's boss now and that's all that matters. Get to sleep; there will be more tests tomorrow."

When the electronic door closed and the lights went off, Guy crawled toward the bed and crawled into it, blowing on his wrist, trying to ease the burning feeling. He looked at the numbers. They meant nothing to him, so he ignored them and continued to cry.

"Jason," Guy whispered. "Please, help me."

\*

"Guy!"

Jason was upright in bed, sweat running down his chest. He had heard Guy scream in his sleep, he knew that.

"Jason?" Jonas asked, walking over to the bed. "What's wrong?"

"Bad dream," Jason said, wiping tears from his face. "Guy's being hurt by the people who kidnapped him."

"How do you know?"

"You can't feel what your boyfriend feels when you're away from him?" Jason asked, looking up at Jonas. "You can't feel what he feels for you?"

"I know he misses me and that he's worried for my safety. You

mean like that?”

“Kind of,” Jason said. “It’s kind of like that. I’m so deeply in love with Guy that I know what he’s feeling. They’re hurting him, Jonas, and I need to help him.”

“How are you going to do that?” Jonas asked. “You gonna go in there, guns blazing and all?”

“Who knows,” Jason smiled. “I might have to do that.”

“You’d die for him?”

“You wouldn’t die for your boyfriend?”

“Of course I would!” Jonas said. “You think I wouldn’t? Do you honestly think...”

Jonas went quiet as Jason started crying again. Jonas stood there in dumbfounded silence for a moment before sighing, turning and walking over to the wall.

“I’m sorry,” Jonas said. “I shouldn’t have went off like that.”

“It’s all right,” Jason said. “It’s not your fault.”

“No, it is my fault.”

“It’s not,” Jason said, rising from the bed and walking over to Jonas, setting a hand on the younger man’s shoulder. “I’m upset, Jonas.”

“I know you are,” the younger man said, reaching up and gripping Jason’s hand. “I’m sorry.”

“Don’t be,” Jason said. “Since we’re both up, how about we get ready to leave? Go shower, Jonas, then I’ll shower.”

The younger man nodded and disappeared into the bathroom, giving him a small smile before he closed the door.

“I have a lot to be thankful for,” Jason said.

A few hours later, they were headed toward New Mexico, on their way to the vampire haven near Albuquerque. Jason was nervous, mostly because Guy wasn’t with him and because for one of the first times since he had become wanted, his thoughts strayed back to his father. He wondered if his father was disappointed or worried.

*My dad knows I wouldn’t kill somebody,* Jason thought with a thankful sigh.

“You ok?” Jonas asked.

“Yeah,” Jason said with a small, forced laugh. “Just thinking about my dad.”

When Jonas didn’t reply, Jason felt bad, remembering that Jonas’ father had been the man who had raped him and made him



uncomfortable around strange men.

"I'm sorry," Jason said.

"It's not your fault. You have a right to think about your dad."

"Do you want to talk about what happened with your dad?"

Jason asked, turning to look at Jonas. "I'm here to talk."

"I've just met you," Jonas said, bluntly. "Why should I open myself up to you?"

Jason nodded and sighed, rubbing the sleeves of Jonas' jacket, which he was still wearing.

"Yeah, I get what you mean," Jason said. "Sorry."

Jonas didn't say anything. The young man only continued to drive down the almost-deserted road.

"I wasn't trying to be rude," Jonas said.

"I know," Jason said. "Don't worry about it. I know it's hard to open up about those kinds of things."

"He was drunk," Jonas said.

Jason nodded, keeping quiet as a sign for Jonas to continue on.

"He had got intentionally drunk, like he did almost every night," Jonas said. "This was earlier this year, before I had become a vampire. I was dating Tyler at the time, and this was *before* I knew he was a vampire."

"Anyway, my dad got drunk, came into my room and raped me. He tore my underwear off of me and forced me onto the bed, grabbing my wrists and pinning me down. He said that he'd kill me if I fought, so I gave in. He hurt me so bad, and I was just a virgin."

"Thankfully, Tyler was coming over that night. He walked in on us and I screamed for him to help me. Tyler grabbed my dad and threw him off of me. Tyler grabbed the gun out of his pocket and shot him five times until he was dead."

Jason waited a short moment before asking his question.

"What did the police say?"

"They didn't," Jonas said. "Tyler grabbed me and we took off. He took me out in the woods and he gently made love to me, turning me into a vampire. We've been living at the haven ever since."

Jason nodded and sighed, feeling bad that he had brought up the conversation in the first place. He couldn't even begin to imagine what it would've felt like to have been raped by his own father. He had heard stories of such kinds of incest between father and son, but most of them were of the passionately-sexual variety, not the violent rape acts.

"Are you in love with your boyfriend?" Jason asked.

"Of course I am! What kind of question is that?"

Jason shook his head and sighed.

"I was just wondering."

"Oh, I see," Jonas said with a sigh. "Guy, right?"

"Yeah," Jason said.

"He's all right, Jason."

"You think so?" Jason asked, looking up at Jonas.

"I know he is. I don't think they're going to hurt him."

"But you don't know that," Jason said, turning his head and looking out the window. "That's the problem."

"No, I don't know if they're hurting him or not, but I don't think they are. Do *you* think they're hurting him?"

"No," Jason said. "If they are, it's not life-threatening. Guy knows how to keep his head in place. He's not *that* stupid."

Jonas gave a small nod and sighed.

"You hungry?"

"Why?" Jason asked.

"Because there's a fast food place up here, and I'm stopping."

\*

Guy looked up just in time to see Dr. Preston coming through the door. He had a syringe in his hand, the cap already off the needle.

"Blood," the man said without any emotion.

Guy sighed and offered his arm, grimacing as the man buried the needle in his flesh.

"Why do you need so much?" Guy asked, looking up at the man. "It's making me sick."

When the needle came out, the doctor backhanded Guy. Blood ran from Guy's nose and down to his lips, where he could taste the salty tang of it.

"I'm sorry, sir," Guy said, keeping his head bowed. "It's making me sick."

Guy was slapped again, but this time only with the hand. Normally, the doctor backhanded him roughly, but this time it was only a stinging slap.

"I'll take as much blood as I want, you hear me?" the doctor asked.

Guy gave a weak nod, but the doctor grabbed his chin and forced Guy to look up at him. Guy nodded again, feeling more blood run down

his nose.

"Use a towel, you fucking animal," the man said, turning and walking toward the door. "You may be useful for something in your blood, but past that you're dirt."

"Sir," he said, standing. "My boyfriend..."

The doctor pulled something out of his pocket and pointed it at Guy, and after that all Guy felt was a jabbing shock in his abs. He cried out and fell to his knees.

*Taser*, Guy thought, fresh tears coming to his eyes. *It hurts so bad.*

"If you keep asking questions, you won't *ever* see your boyfriend again," the man said. "I'll kill you."

"Kill me and you won't get anything out of me," Guy said, standing.

Guy dipped into his vampire powers and chilled the air around him. He concentrated as hard as he could, but he only managed to chill the room only slightly before he fell to his knees.

"You won't be able to get out of here that easily," the doctor said, falling to a knee and grabbing Guy's chin again, forcing Guy to look up at him. "Try any tricks and I'll start cutting you, and they won't be little cuts either. They'll be *deep*."

"Y-Yes sir," Guy gasped. "I understand."

Smiling, the doctor gave him a pat on the shoulder before leaving the room.

All Guy could do was run into the bathroom and vomit, his bloody hands desperately holding the sides of the toilet.

*Jason*, he thought. *I love you. Please, don't leave me here.*

\*

The two of them sat in the car eating hamburgers and French fries. Jason kept looking up and out the windows, making sure that no one was taking interest in Jonas' black car, the one that was just sitting there. The car--with it's European mafia-style--was a sore thumb.

"What's wrong?" Jonas asked through a mouthful of hamburger.

"I'm nervous," Jason said, taking a bite out of his fry.

"How come?"

"Your car is a sore thumb."

"You want me to get out of here?"

Jason gave a small nod, sighing and looking over at Jonas.

"I'm sorry," Jason said. "I'm still wanted, you know?"

“Oh. That’s right. Sorry.”

Jonas immediately started the car up and drove the short distance out of the small rest stop. When they were a good ten minutes away, Jonas pulled over on the side of the road and picked his food back up.

“Thanks,” Jason said. “I appreciate it.”

“It’s no trouble,” Jonas smiled. “You know, you have your head in order, that’s always good.”

“I *have* to have my order,” Jason sighed, crumbling the hamburger wrapper and stuffing it inside the bag, along with the empty carton that the fries had been in. “I’m on the run from the law. I’m surprised that I haven’t broken down and cried yet.”

“You’re a strong guy,” Jonas said as he stuffed the carton and plastic into the bag, pulling off the side of the road and continuing down their path. “I don’t think I’d be as strong as you if I were in your situation.”

“You would be,” Jason smiled. “You would be.”

Two days later, Jonas pulled into the parking lot of a building that resembled a prison.

“Is this a prison?” Jason asked as he got out of the car, hugging Jonas’ jacket close to his body.

“Yeah,” Jonas said with a laugh. “An abandoned one, anyway.”

“How many of us are here?”

“A hundred or so. I don’t know the exact amount, but... Well, yeah. This is our place.”

Jason nodded and looked up at the prison as he followed Jonas up to the back doors. The bars on the windows creeped him out because it reminded him of what Guy was probably going through.

*Please, be safe,* Jason thought, feeling a tear slide down his cheek.

“You ok?”

“Yeah,” Jason said, looking up at Jonas. “I’m fine.”

Jonas gave him a sad frown, but reached out and patted his shoulder.

“We’ll get him back,” Jonas said. “If the humans took him...”

“They did,” Jason said. “They looked like scientists.”

“Well, ok, let me rephrase that. We *will* get your boyfriend back.”

Jason nodded, but jumped as he heard a man cry out in surprise.

“Tyler!” Jonas cried as the man came up and wrapped his arms around Jonas. “God, I’m so glad to see you.”

“Good to see you too, babe,” Tyler said, kissing Jonas. “Who’s this?”

“This is the guy who was calling to me. His name’s Jason.”

Jason smiled and shook Tyler’s hand. Jason took in Tyler’s strong features, much like Jonas’, and the clean-shaven face that the man had. He *had* to be older than Jonas, and was probably somewhere around twenty, if not older than that.

“Where were you?” Tyler asked Jason.

“In Arizona,” Jonas said, eliminating the need for Jason to talk. “He said that his boyfriend’s father hid them in the mountains, from the humans.”

“Oh,” Tyler said. “So you’re the guy the news has been talking about?”

“Yeah,” Jason said. “And now the human scientists kidnapped Guy.”

Tyler grimaced.

“Why don’t we go inside?” Jonas suggested, bringing Jason’s mind out of the fog of doubt that it was in.

Jason nodded and followed Jonas and Tyler into the haven, all the while starting to feel worse and worse about his situation. When Tyler wrapped his arm around Jonas’ shoulders, another tear slid down Jason’s cheek. When Jonas looked over his shoulder and at Jason, he whispered something to Tyler, which made Tyler draw his arm away.

“Well, here we are,” Tyler said as he stopped at a door.

Tyler opened the door, and Jonas walked in. Jason waited for Tyler to walk in, but when the man just stood there, he walked up and gave him a small smile. Tyler smiled in return and gestured him inside.

“Wow,” Jason said as he looked at the room. “I didn’t think it was this nice.”

The room that would have normally been a small security room was decorated in nice, rich brown colors. Pictures had been put up and a small window brought light into the room. The large bed against the wall was positioned right under the wall, and at the foot of it was a loveseat, which faced a large television set.

“Thanks,” Tyler said with a small smile. “I tried to make it look nice.”

“There’s electricity here?” Jason asked.

"The TV runs off a generator. It's just a DVD player, but it's better than nothing."

Jason nodded, slipping out of the jacket and handing it to Jonas.

"Thanks for the jacket," Jason said with a smile. "I appreciate it."

"You mean you were out in the cold without a shirt?" Tyler asked, sitting down on the loveseat. "I mean, we're vampires and all, but *day-um* You're one tough cookie, especially since Jonas got out of bed at three in the morning to go get you. And you were in Arizona, or somewhere around there?"

Jason nodded and sat on the floor, leaning against the wall.

"Yeah," Jason said with a short laugh. "I was running from them after Guy told me to run and fell off a drop. Then I had in a drainage pipe until Jonas got there."

"*Day-um.*"

Jason gave a small smile, and after that a short laugh escaped out of his chest. It made him feel better, knowing that he had others with him.

"So," Jonas asked as he sat on the loveseat with Tyler, snuggling in close to his boyfriend. "How are you going to get Guy back?"

Jason looked up at the two of them and sighed, feeling tears slide down his cheeks.

"I don't even know where he is," Jason said.

"Then do what you did to get me out there," Jonas said.

"Do what?"

"Reach out to him with your mind. Maybe he'll be able to tell you where he is."

Jason sighed and shook his head.

"He wasn't able to teach me anything past disappearing in the snow and cold," Jason said. "I couldn't contact him."

"You contacted me," Jonas said.

"Yes, but I didn't *try* to do that. I just *wanted* someone to come find me."

"Well," Tyler said, speaking up for the first time in a few good minutes. "Then *want* to be able to talk to your boyfriend."

Jason gave a small nod and sighed, closing his eyes and beginning his first attempt to try and contact Guy.

*Guy... I love you. Tell me where you are. I'll come get you.*

\*

This next beating was worse than his previous ones. Before, Guy

had just been backhanded, but now he had been *beat*. Fresh blood was still wet on his chest, and one of his eyes was almost swelled shut. His kidneys were on fire and he could barely move without crying out in pain.

Guy was in the fetal position, waiting to see if the doctor would beat him anymore.

*Guy... I love you. Tell me where you are. I'll come get you.*

"Jason?" Guy asked.

Another kick was sent into his side, which caused him to vomit blood.

"Your boyfriend won't get you out of this," the doctor, peering into his face. "Now, tell me that I'm the master and that you'll do anything for me."

"I won't," Guy said, blood stinging his split lips.

*Water*, Guy thought, trying to reach out to Jason. *Please, Jay.*

*Water.*

The doctor kicked him in the groin one last time before leaving the room, and only when the frost-bearded man left the room did Guy cry.

\*

"WATER!" Jason screamed as he opened his eyes, jumping to his feet. "Water! Where's water?"

"Woah, woah!" Tyler said, jumping to his feet. "Holy shit, Jason. You scared the hell out of me!"

"He's by the water!" Jason said, grabbing Tyler's collar and shaking him. "Where's the water?"

"What water?" Tyler asked. "What water?"

"Jason, let go of my boyfriend," Jonas said. "Water... Tyler, that lake near here? What's the name of it?"

"You mean Conchas lake?" Tyler asked, frowning. "That's not anywhere near here, Jonas; it's a three-day drive."

"He's *there*!" Jason screamed. "We've gotta go get him!"

"We will," Tyler said, grabbing Jason's hands and prying them away from his shirt. "We'll go tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?" Jason asked, new fresh tears flooding his eyes. "He was hurt, guys."

"Hurt?" Jonas asked.

"We were wrong, Jonas! They *are* beating him!"

Jonas frowned.

"We've got to go get him, Tyler. We need to leave today," Jonas said.

"You're going with him?" Tyler asked.

"I've got to. He can't go in there, guns a'blazin' by himself." Jonas said with a grin.

"Wait a *minute*. Who the *hell* said that you were going, much less with guns?" Tyler asked, narrowing his eyes.

"I'll go alone," Jason said, standing. "I can save him by myself."

"You seriously think you could go into a place where there's armed guards and save your boyfriend?" Tyler asked, crossing his arms over his chest. "They'll kill you."

"I'd die for my boyfriend," Jason said, turning his head, not even bothering to wipe his tears away. "I'd fucking *die* for him."

Tyler watched Jason for a moment and sighed. Tyler's arm snaked around Jonas' waist, and Tyler looking into Jonas' eyes for a short moment before nodding.

"I know how you feel," Tyler said. "Because I'd die for my boyfriend too."

"We'll get the guns from the guys," Jonas said. "They'll know what we have to do."

\*

*I'm coming to get you, Guy.*

*Alone?*

*No, I'm not coming alone.*

*Who's coming with you?*

*Others, Guy.*

*Others?*

*Ice vampires, Guy. I'm coming to get you out of there.*

That brief and stressful communication with his boyfriend almost made Guy pass out. He had lost so much blood--both from the beatings and from it being drawn out of him--that he had been on the verge of passing out after Jason had contacted him.

Guy sighed, thankful that the lab was now quiet. The scientists had gone to their own rooms for the time being, until six o'clock in the morning, as he had been judging Dr. Preston's visits by.

*Bastard*, he thought, now knowing better than to speak out loud, because the camera would catch his voice. *I swear I'll kill him once I get out of here.*

Since there was no running water other than the toilet and the



sink, he couldn't shower. He hated that. He had been here for a good four or five days and the doctor still hadn't given him a chance to shower. He didn't dare ask the man because he remembered that the mere mention of his boyfriend's name had put the doctor into a furious rage.

He attempted to stand and cried out, deciding that it was better to lean against the wall instead of trying to stand and get to the bed.

*The bastard would probably hurt me for getting the sheets bloody*, he thought, looking down at the dried puddle of blood below him. *The least I could do is get out of this puddle of blood.*

He cried out in pain as he began shifting himself across the floor, but he was soon leaning against the wall just under the large glass window that covered the north section of the wall. He closed his eyes and laid his head on his arms, sighing, fresh tears coming to his eyes.

*Jason will come soon*, he thought. *He'll come and get me out of this hell.*

\*

They were kept from going that night due to complications with getting the guns. Jonas had gone down and talked to the headman and explained their problem, but they had to check out with the leader's permission before they could leave.

The man said that he would get an answer to them by tomorrow morning.

Jason sat in the corner, just getting over another bout of crying. He *hated* this. He didn't want it to be like this, not at all.

*They're going to kill him before we get there*, Jason thought, wiping his tears away. *They'll kill him and put his body on display for the whole world to see.*

"You ok, Jason?"

Jason looked up just in time to see Tyler squatting down beside him. The man's shirt was off and he was down to his underwear, ready for bed.

"No," Jason said. "I'm not."

"Let's go to bed," Tyler said, offering him a hand. "We'll get something worked out in the morning. If the man doesn't get back to us by dawn tomorrow morning, I'll *force* him to give us the guns."

"You couldn't do that," Jason said as he stood, walking to the love seat and laying down on it. "I'm not that stupid."

"I can do what I please," Tyler said, patting Jason's shoulder.

“Besides, I...”

Before Tyler could finish, his cell phone rang.

# 9

Although Guy felt like passing out, he didn't. The man had come into the room shortly after he had situated himself against the wall under the glass. Thankfully, Dr. Preston hadn't beat him.

The doctor held a cell phone in his hand.

"I'm going to make a call," the doctor said, openening the cell phone, looking up from the numbers and at Guy. "I've found out who your boyfriend's with, and I have the guy's number."

Guy nodded, although he kept his eyes downcast. He had learned soon after the beatings started that avoiding the man's eyes was a good thing, unless--of course--the man's words were directed toward him. Dr. Preston's words hadn't been *directly* directed toward him, so he kept his eyes down.

"Aren't you going to say something?" the doctor asked as he pressed the cell phone to his ear.

"What do I say, sir?" Guy asked, raising his head. "I don't know what you want me to say."

"Do you want to talk to him?"

Guy stared at the doctor for a moment, trying to decide what he wanted to do. Of *course* he wanted to talk to Jason; his mind screamed and his body ached to hear his boyfriend's voice. The doctor's words could be misleading though, so he waited for a moment, watching the man's eyes to see if they would reveal any kind of key emotion.

Finally, Guy spoke.

"Yes, sir. I do want to talk to him."

The man smiled.

"Good, because someone just picked up the phone."

\*

When the phone rang, Jason didn't know what to expect. Jonas crawled out of the bed and walked over to where Tyler's phone was. Jonas bent down, flipped it open, pressed it to his ear and said hello before looking at Jason.

"It's for you," Jonas said, handing the phone to Jason.

Jason took in a deep breath and wiped the tears from his eyes before placing the phone to his ear.

"Hello?"

"Hello, Mr. Scar. Do you know who I am?"

Jason frowned and his brow parted in thought.

"No, sir, I don't," Jason said.

"You have right to know who I am, Mr. Scar, because I'm the one who has your boyfriend."

The short cry that escaped Jason's chest obviously pleased the unknown man on the other end of the phone, as a chuckle escaped him.

"Oh, I figured I would get that kind of response out of you, Mr. Scar."

"Please, don't hurt him," Jason begged, fresh tears flowing down his face. "Please sir, God bless you, don't hurt him."

"He's been fighting me, Mr. Scar. He's a bit roughed up."

Jason choked out a sob and wiped more tears from his face.

"Why did you want to talk to me, sir?"

"I want you to come down to the base, Jason. I want to experiment on you as well."

Jason's muscles tightened at the man's words, and for a moment he almost lost grip of the phone. Then--almost suddenly--every single muscle in his body relaxed and he got control of himself.

"Will you let him go if I come?" Jason asked.

"Why should I let him go if you come?" the man asked. "What do you have that's so special?"

Jason frowned. How was he supposed to answer such a question? Would he reveal something to the man that he had been keeping away from everyone since his transformation, even Guy?

"I don't know how to tell you this, sir."

"Then explain it to me, Mr. Scar. Explain it to me."

Jason sighed and looked over his shoulder at Jonas and Tyler, who were standing there watching him with concerned eyes.

"My heart hasn't beat a single time since the ceremony."

The disturbed silence that came from the other end of the phone startled Jason, but he kept his cool. He *had* told the truth, and it was something that he wouldn't lie about. Ever since Guy had kissed him and nearly killed him in the bonding ceremony back at Guy's home haven, his heart hadn't beat once, as far as he could tell. He was still a living, breathing person, but his heart had not beat once.

"I don't know what this means," the man said. "But I will release your lover on the condition that you allow me to experiment on you."

"I won't let you open me up, sir," Jason said. "But stick your

tubes down my throat, put me in a drug-induced state and view my heart whatever way you want. But if you open me up, I *swear* I will know it, even if you put me in a coma to do it.”

The man’s laughs startled him, but Jason kept calm, even though every bit of his body was on fire. He was afraid that whatever ice was inside him would melt, turning him into a puddle of bloody water on the floor.

“You have a deal, Mr. Scar,” the man said. “By the way, your boyfriend has asked to speak with you. Would you afford him this luxury?”

“Yes!” Jason cried. “Yes!”

“First I want you to tell me where you are, Mr. Scar. I want to know *exactly* where you are.”

Jason looked up at Tyler and Jonas and frowned. Fear was racing through him like some drug that an addict took. It was acid, acid that was burning at his very core of emotions. Would he reveal where he was to this man and risk the other vampires just to be able to see Guy?

“I can’t reveal where I am, sir,” Jason said. “But I will meet you at the wood near where I am. You do know where I am, right, sir?”

“Yes, Jason. I know where you are, I just don’t know where you are *exactly*. I’m giving the boyfriend the phone. You have five minutes.”

And those five minutes Jason would cherish.

\*

When the doctor handed Guy the phone, Guy pressed it to his ear and choked out a word that he had wanted to say in a true loving meaning for what seemed like eternity.

“Jason?”

“Guy,” Jason said. “I love you. Are you all right?”

“I’m fine,” Guy lied, looking back over at the doctor. “Are you really coming here, Jason?”

“Yes, Guy. They’ll let you go if I come.”

“But what about you? What will they do to you?”

Jason sighed from the other end of the phone.

“I don’t know what they’ll do to me, Guy. But remember something, Guy. What goes down will always go up.”

Guy nodded and looked back over at the doctor, thankful that he and Jason’s relationship was deeper than anything a madman could do to him.

“I love you,” Guy said. “I’ll see you when you get here, Jason.”

"I love you too Guy," Jason said. "So much."

"Bye," Guy choked out.

"Bye."

When the phone went dead, Guy sighed and attempted to stand, but the doctor quickly pushed him into a sitting position. He cried out but kept his cool, reaching out to give the man the cell phone.

"Your boyfriend doesn't know what he's getting himself into," Dr. Preston said. "He doesn't have a goddamn motherfucking clue."

"He won't let you control him," Guy said. "He's stronger than I could ever be."

The blur of the man's hand slammed into Guy's cheek, spelling more blood from a nose that was already broken.

"You better shut the fuck up, boy," the doctor said. "I don't care how smart you think your boyfriend is, or vice versa; I'm going to expose the vampires for what they are and proclaim them as a global health hazard."

"You're a fool," Guy choked out, laughing. "No one will ever believe you."

The second punch split his lip open again, and although the pain was immense, Guy kept his cool, laughing.

"You are in for a beating," the doctor said, pulling something from his pocket. "I said I would hurt you worse if you defied me."

The sound of a stiletto switchblade being released from its inner prison rang loud in his ears, and when the doctor started to make the small cuts on his arms, he cried out, unable to defy the man for fear that he would lose his life.

\*

Jason stood near the tree line of the woods, not too far away from the prison that the vampires were using as a home. He was waiting for the helicopter to come and get him.

*A helicopter was what he had said in this morning's phone call, Jason thought, sighing. A helicopter is a helicopter. What else am I supposed to expect?*

He pushed his hands into his pockets just as he saw the dark object come from the sky. He shielded his eyes with his arm before the helicopter landed nearby. A man stepped out of the helicopter and approached him.

"Mr. Scar," the frost-bearded man said, offering his hand. "My name is Sean Preston. I'm the head scientist at the research facility

we're going to."

"I'm not going by formalities, sir," Jason said, shaking the man's head just to be polite, and even then the man didn't deserve his politeness. "I just want you to do what you need to do and let me and Guy go."

Dr. Sean Preston smiled and gestured him along. Jason followed the man and stepped up and into the helicopter, where he strapped himself in and held onto a handhold.

"You don't have to be nervous, Mr. Scar."

"I'm not nervous," Jason said. "I'm angry."

"With who?"

"With you."

The doctor only laughed.

"Angry with me, Mr. Scar? Your kind might hold the secret to eternal life."

"We're cursed, you know?"

"Oh, I know you are cursed. All power comes with some form of curse, Mr. Scar. My curse is violence."

Jason's muscles tensed up, and they did so visibly at that. His grip on the handhold tightened, causing his knuckles to turn a light shade of red.

"Are you nervous, Mr. Scar?"

"Yes, sir. I'm afraid you might try something to break the deal we made."

"I won't break the deal we made, Mr. Scar. Once we run a few tests on you and get seminal fluid from both you and Mr. Winters, everything will be fine."

"Our come?" Jason asked, flushing. "Sperm, sir."

"Yes, Jason. Your sperm. It's you and Mr. Winter's semen we're more interested in though."

"Why?"

"Mr. Winters has told me that feeding off of a human with vicious desire and ejaculating into the body during lovemaking is what turns you into a vampire. Is this true?"

"Yes, sir. It's how he turned me into a vampire."

Jason turned just in time to see Sean Preston smile.

"Good. The more information we have, the quicker this will go along."

When they landed, Sean Preston quickly lead Jason through the building and to a large observation area. Here, a small bed was leaning against the wall, the only thing in the room. Jason couldn't see any sign of Guy, if this was where he was.

"Is he here?" Jason asked.

"Yes," Sean Preston said, pushing a button to open the electronic door. "Go in."

"I don't care if you lock me in there," Jason said as he walked toward the door. "But I won't give you what you want if you try anything with me."

"Oh, don't worry," Sean Preston said with a small smile. "I won't do anything."

Jason watched the man for a short moment, trying to decide on what to do. Guy was right through that door, why shouldn't he just walk in and see his boyfriend? Who cared if he got locked in there? It would only break the deal they had, and he could always contact Jason and Tyler if it was needed.

Shaking his head, Jason walked into the building and turned in a complete circle until he found Guy.

Jason cried out as he saw his boyfriend.

"Jason," Guy said with a weak smile. "You're all right."

Jason ran to Guy's side and looked at his wounds. Guy's nose looked like it was broken, his lips were split and he had cuts all over his body. Tears came down Jason's face as he leaned forward and kissed Guy's cheek.

"I told you he wasn't cooperating with me."

"You bastard," Jason growled. "You were torturing him to get what you wanted!"

"I warned him that I would resort to torture if he didn't tell me what I wanted," Sean Preston said, a grim smile passing over his face. "Didn't I, Mr. Winters?"

When Guy didn't answer, Sean smirked and tossed a few towels and rags on the bed.

"Now that you're here, one of the two of you will give me the information I need. The bed's big enough for the both of you. We'll draw the curtains over the window from now on. There's no need for us to see passion burn between the two of you."

"You're not getting on my good sick, you sick fuck," Jason said. "You think I would force him into sex in the condition he's in?"



“He said you were the stronger one,” Sean said as he walked out the door, closing it behind him. Then, after pushing a button outside, Sean continued. “Besides, it seems as though you’re either the stronger one or I’ve broken Mr. Winters down to a most pathetic state.”

Jason screamed and lunged at the glass, slamming his fist right where Sean Preston’s face was. The man didn’t even flinch. Sean Preston only laughed.

“It’s shatterproof, boy.”

“I’m no boy!” Jason roared. “I’m a man! I’m twenty!”

“You and Mr. Winters have agreed upon your age difference?”

“Screw off!” Jason roared. “I don’t care if he’s six years older than me!”

“He may be older than that,” Sean Preston said with another smirk. “You’re immortal.”

The curtain closed with a push of the button. Jason felt heat rush into his cheeks, but it quickly faded when Guy laughed.

“What is it, baby?” Jason asked as he fell to a knee, touching Guy’s sweaty face, running a hand through his sweaty, strawberry, blood-tipped blonde hair. “He hurt you bad, didn’t he?”

“My hair’s covered in blood, isn’t it?”

“No,” Jason lied, pulling his hand back and wiping it on his jeans, leaving a dark smear. “It isn’t.”

“You don’t need to lie to me,” Guy said with another weak laugh. “I know it is. Don’t listen to him, Jason. He’s trying to make you think that I’m a liar so we’ll turn against each other.”

“I know you’re not a liar, Guy.”

“Stay strong, Jason. Do it for me, at least.”

Jason nodded and sighed, stripping out of the shirt Tyler had given him and grabbing the towels, walking into the bathroom and wetting one with warm water before walking back out, bending down beside Guy.

“I’m going to get as much of this as I can off of you,” Jason warned, touching Guy’s face. “It might hurt a little.”

“Nothing you could do would hurt as bad as what that bastard can do,” Guy said. “He cut me with a knife, kicked my kidneys, shot me with a Taser. A little cold water won’t hurt me, Jason.”

Jason nodded and sighed, beginning to run the towel over Guy’s chest.

When the wounds revealed himself, Jason started crying, and he

passed on a small bit of comfort by gently kissing Guy's bloody, split lips.

That night, Jason helped Guy into the bed and slept with his boyfriend for the first time in days. His arms were wrapped around Guy, his hands resting on Guy's chest, right below his pectoral muscles. He felt the nipple ring against his finger and slid his hand down, not wanting to disturb Guy.

*He could've died if I would've been a few days later,* Jason thought, feelings tears run down his face. *He could've died.*

"Jason?"

Jason jumped in surprise, but withdrew his arms from Guy's chest, standing and walking to the opposite side of the bed, crawling into bed with Guy.

"You didn't have to move."

"It hurts for you to roll over," Jason said. "I can move. I just want to make you comfortable, Guy."

"I couldn't have anybody better than you, Jason," Guy said. "I love you."

"I love you too, Guy," Jason said. "What did he say about..."

Guy shook his head, pressing a finger to his lips.

*It's best not to talk about it,* Guy said, his voice coming clear through Jason's head. *See that camera in the corner? The man said there's a machine gun or something on it. He said that he can hear what we're saying too.*

Jason looked over his shoulder at the camera, sighing as he saw it gleam in the darkness.

*All right,* Jason said, softly kissing Guy. *I love you. Go to sleep.*

Guy nodded and smiled, closing his eyes before falling asleep. Jason snuggled in close to his boyfriend's back and breathed in his scent, thankful that Guy was still alive. He breathed in his boyfriend's sweat, his musk, his blood, and he shivered, knowing how close he was to losing him.

"I love you," Jason whispered, right before falling asleep.

"All right, Mr. Scar," a male scientist said as he walked into the room. "Doctor Preston wants seminal fluids from the both of you."

Jason turned to look at Guy, who was still sleeping. Jason looked at the man and sighed, his eyes returning to the small cup. That was where the man wanted Jason to come. The man wanted Jason to jerk off

and then come into that small jar.

"He's sleeping," Jason said. "And hurt."

"Doctor Preston wants seminal fluids from the both of you," the man repeated, setting the two small vials on the nightstand. "You have twenty minutes before I come back for them."

The doctor left the room without taking a look back at them.

Jason looked at one of the cups and sighed, turning and shaking Guy's shoulder.

"They want it," Jason said. "Our come."

"Hmm?" Guy asked, rolling over, grimacing before opening his eyes. "I thought you would get us out of that?"

"That was part of the deal," Jason said. "The doctor said you said something about our come."

"I told him it turned us into vampires," Guy said. "That's it."

"I don't want any of them to see us," Jason said. "So I'm going in the bathroom."

"There's a camera in there too."

Jason sighed and handed Guy his vial, stood and began walking to the bathroom, stopping before turning around.

"You sure you don't want me to help you?"

Jason hadn't asked the question because he was aroused or wanted to suck Guy off. He wanted to make sure that Guy was all right. He knew his boyfriend was hurt--Guy could've been dead had he not got here--and he just wanted to help.

"I'm not letting you reduce yourself to that, especially not while we're here," Guy said, sitting up, his hand going to the front of his jeans. "Besides, you probably couldn't get me hard anyway."

"How come?"

"Well, for one, I'm scared shitless," Guy said. "And for two, it would disturb the hell out of me. I'm not going to let you suck my cock like some porn star, Jason."

"You'd be the porn star, Guy," Jason smiled. "You're bigger, you've got more muscle, and God's gift to you, you're blonde."

"What does being blonde have to do with me being a porn star?" Guy asked.

"I'm just throwing something out there."

"Hey!" the man who had come in earlier. "Hurry up, you two!"

Jason's smile instantly faded, and when he saw Guy's smile fade, it almost broke his heart.

"I love you," Jason whispered.

"I love you too, baby," Guy said. "So much."

Jason hadn't done it for a while, but before he met Guy, the only sexual relation he had had been with his hand. Now, as he leaned his head back, he softly whimpered as he stroked his hardness. He whimpered because he didn't want to do it, but he also whimpered because there *was* pleasure in it. He imagined it was Guy's hand and not his, that Guy was whispering encouraging, sexual things into his ear. He imagined Guy saying, 'God, baby' and, 'I love you so much, Jason. So much.'

Jason came back to his senses just in time to readjust his cock. He softly cried out as he came, but soon the bottle was full, his orgasm still producing more come. He stood and set the small bottle on the countertop, pulling his underwear up from around his ankles and shoving his cock in before he pulled his pants up.

*That wasn't as bad as I thought it was*, Jason thought as he buttoned his jeans in place, then buckling his belt. *It could've been worse. They could've been watching us.*

God, Jason didn't know *what* he would have done if the doctors and scientists had been watching them. He wasn't the kind of guy who could willingly do something like masturbate in front of another man. He was the kind of guy that didn't get naked in front of other men unless he *had* to. Not that he was shy--he didn't have *anything* to be shy about; he had a nice body and a fair-sized cock--but it was still unnerving, watching someone's eyes wander over you like they did when you were naked, measuring your size, if you were muscular, if you were fat; they *always* judged.

Jason shook his head and walked out of the room just in time to see Guy pull a blanket up his naked waist as the man walked in.

"You two done?" the doctor asked, crossing his arms over his chest.

"Yes," Jason said, handing the doctor his bottle.

Guy also handed his vial to the man, but kept his eyes turned down. The man only grunted a thanks before he left.

"You ok, Guy?" Jason asked, sitting on the bed beside his boyfriend.

"Fine," Guy said. "I just don't like the idea of giving my seminal fluid to them."

“How come?”

“Because they might be able to do something with it.”

“If they can cure a disease, that’s a *good* thing, Guy.”

“But what if they do something else with it, Jason? I don’t know what they could do with it, but still.”

Jason shook his head and crawled up to Guy’s level, letting Guy rest his head on his chest.

“Your heart isn’t beating.”

“It hasn’t been for a good while, Guy,” Jason said with a smile. “Ever since the ceremony.”

“Then that means...” Guy trailed off.

“That means what, Guy?” Jason asked. “What does that mean?”

“It means that you’re a pure vampire, Jason. Pure vampires are something that we rarely come across.”

“What does it mean to be a pure vampire, Guy?”

“Well, for one, your powers will be stronger,” Guy said.

“Guy, what are you...”

*You need to get the others here*, Guy said in his mind voice. *And soon.*

*Why, Guy?*

*Because, Jason; your powers might be able to get us out of here.*

\*

Jonas gasped as Tyler thrust into him one final time. Tyler had just came and was now holding himself in place, waiting until his orgasm was over until he fell in bed beside him.

“You ok?” Jonas asked, smiling, feeling his boyfriend’s sweaty hands move from their place on his upper chest, right below his armpits.

“Yeah,” Tyler gasped, pulling out and falling in bed beside him. “I am.”

Jonas nodded and snuggled in close to Tyler as he covered them up. Jonas smiled and inhaled his boyfriend’s sweaty smell, kissing his neck before resting his head on Tyler’s shoulder.

“You ok?” Tyler asked, wrapping an arm around Jonas.

“I’m fine,” Jonas said. “Why?”

“You seemed a bit distracted for these past two days.”

“Would it kill the romantic mood to say that I was worried about Jason?”

Tyler shook his head and smiled, kissing the side of Jonas’ head.

“No, it wouldn’t. You have a right to be worried about him.”

"I know, but... I shouldn't be worried about him, Tyler. God, you're my boyfriend, the only thing I care about. Why should I worry about a man I just picked up off the side of the road and brought here?"

"Because you were the one that received his message, Jonas."

"What does that matter?"

"What matters is that you need to learn that things happen for a reason," Tyler said, readjusting his back, causing Jonas to sit up. "You wouldn't have got his message if you weren't meant to pick him up."

"Why do you always go on about this fate crap when something happens?" Jonas asked. "You..."

"Are you going to listen to me or not?" Tyler asked in his stern, almost commanding voice.

Jonas nodded and sighed, sinking back against his boyfriend as Tyler wrapped his arms around him.

"Sorry," Jonas said.

"You just have a bad habit of interrupting when you don't need to, baby," Tyler said, leaning over Jonas' shoulder and kissing his cheek. "That's all."

"I know I have that problem. I've had that problem for a long time."

"Don't think about your past, Jonas," Tyler said. "He's gone."

"He's my ghost, Tyler," Jonas said, looking out at the lonely space of room that had once been a security room before the building had been abandoned. "Everybody has a ghost, Tyler."

"I don't have a ghost," Tyler said, wrapping his arms around Jonas.

"You're stronger than I am though," Jonas said. "Stronger than I could ever be."

"Don't say that," Tyler said. "You're strong."

"No, I'm not strong."

"Yes, Jonas; you are."

"No, I'm not. I mean, come on, Tyler. I was *raped* by my *dad* for hell's sake! How is that strong?"

"He was a big man, Jonas. You were just fifteen back then. You were skinnier too."

"He still raped me," Jonas sighed, lying on the bed and closing his eyes. "How bad is it when you can't even fight your own father off?"

"He said he would kill you if you fought."

"Better to die than to get raped by your father."

Tyler's slap was hard and without emotion. Jonas grimaced and turned his head away.

"You never hit me."

"Unless you're being stupid."

"I'm not being stupid!" Jonas cried.

"Yes you are, baby," Tyler said, drawing Jonas close. "You *are* being stupid, because you know how much it would hurt me if you were dead?"

Jonas nodded and cried into Tyler's chest, glad that his boyfriend was able to keep him in line so well. Tyler was everything; his boyfriend, his love, his spirit, his mind, body and soul. His boyfriend was the only thing that had kept him from killing himself, because if he had been raped by his father and it had gone through all the way--with his father coming inside of him--he would have killed himself.

*Jonas, you need to get ready to come get us.*

Jonas stopped crying and thought over Jason's sudden message.

*Why?* Jonas asked.

*Because we might need help getting out of here. Guy's just told me that I'm a pure vampire, and if that has anything to do with whatever they're trying to get out of us, they might keep us here.*

*All right,* Jonas said. *If you need us, just tell me. I'll get to the boss first thing in the morning.*

Jonas sighed as the message ending, bringing his thoughts back to the present.

"What's wrong?" Tyler asked, frowning.

"Jason thinks something bad might be about to happen," Jonas said. "And we might need to go get him soon."

\*

"NO!" Jason scream. "You bastards! Let me go!"

The shock that went through Jason's body stunned him, making him cry out. When it was finally over, he yielded to the men who held him in place, bowing his head.

"It wasn't part of our deal," Jason said, letting tears fall from his face. "It wasn't!"

"I never keep deals that don't go in my favor," Doctor Preston said, tipping Jason's chin up so he could look into his eyes. "Haven't you got a clue, boy?"

"I'll get out of wherever you put me," Jason said, glaring at the man. "I'm stronger than you are."

“You *think* you’re stronger than I am, boy,” Preston smiled. “You only *think* that.”

Jason couldn’t fight anymore. He bowed his head and looked down at the two marks on his abdomen. They bled freely into the waistband of his jeans.

“Take him to Sector A, men,” Preston said. “I don’t want to take any chances with this one.”

Jason sighed and let the men carry him off.

*Be strong, Guy. Be strong.*

\*

Guy cried for what seemed like an hour before the doctor came in, and even then he didn’t stop crying.

“I thought you were better than that,” Guy said. “I thought you were, sir.”

“I could hurt you right now, Mr. Winters,” the doctor said, pulling the switchblade out of his pocket. “I could cut you again.”

“Please, no, sir. Please, I beg you.”

“Give me a good reason why I shouldn’t hurt you,” the man said, releasing the blade. “Give me *one* good reason.”

Guy bowed his head and remained on the bed. He felt new tears come to his eyes and let them fall.

“I can’t give you a reason, sir,” Guy said, tears falling onto his bare chest. “Please, I ask you out of the goodness of your heart. Don’t hurt me, sir.”

For several minutes Guy sat up, crying, hoping that he wouldn’t feel the blade of the knife against his skin. It had hurt so bad before. The doctor had made small, short cuts into his skin, but the most painful ones were the deeper ones under his right arm, ones that would turn into scars.

“You want me to spare you for a day?” the doctor ask. “You want me to spare you from a day of pain, don’t you.”

“I want you to spare me, sir,” Guy said, looking into the man’s eyes. “But if you’re going to hurt me tomorrow, don’t wait.”

The doctor watched him for a moment before drawing closer, grabbing his wrist and holding his arm still as he made a quick cut above the upper portion of his wrist.

“It doesn’t hurt,” Guy said, closing his eyes, crying. “Nothing you can do can hurt me, sir.”

The doctor dug the knife in deeper.



"It will never hurt," Guy said, tears now flowing from his eyes. "I won't cry out, I won't scream; I won't do *anything*, because that only shows weakness."

The doctor only continued to dig the knife in deeper. Guy never cried out. This obviously angered the man, and Guy knew this. He would not give in to the doctor, not at all. He would not give in to the torture that the man was afflicting him with, because to scream or cry out would only show his weakness.

Finally, it happened. The knife hit his bone, and when the doctor began to saw, he tasted blood in his lips. He swallowed and coughed, extra blood coming from his mouth.

"You're a stubborn bastard," the man said, pulling the knife away. "You won't give me what I want, will you?"

"You want me to scream or cry out," Guy said, wrapping the sheet around his wrist, trying to stem the flow of blood. "You want me to show weakness to you."

The doctor smiled and was about to continue on with the torture before a man walked in.

"Sir, the other patient had to be sedated."

"Good," Doctor Preston said. "Tend to his wrist. There was a small... Accident, if you may."

When the doctor left, the man who had taken Guy and Jason's semen walked up to Guy, bending down beside him.

"Please, tell him not to hurt me anymore," Guy said, now crying *and* sobbing. "He's going to kill me if he keeps hurting me."

When Guy pulled out his hand and showed the extent of the doctor's damage, the man nodded.

"Here," the man said, grabbing a needle and some medical thread. "I need to stitch this up. Would you like morphine?"

"Would you give me that luxury, sir?" Guy asked as he laid his head on the pillow, looking at the name. "Please, tell me your name. I want to know the man who shows me so much kindness."

"It's Adam Rice," the man said with a smile. "My name is Adam Rice."

\*

When Jason woke, he *knew* it was because Guy was now asleep and well. He didn't know what the doctor had done to his boyfriend, but he knew that Guy had been tortured in some bizarre way. He started crying, knowing that the doctor was inflicting so much pain on his

boyfriend and none on him.

*Jonas and Tyler need to come out here, Jason thought, crying, burying his head into the pillow. They need to come out here with guns. They need to help me and Guy. They need to get us out of here.*

Jason didn't know how they would get in though. He didn't know how Jason and Tyler would break into the base and save them like two wild men on a suicide mission. He *knew* for a fact that Jonas wasn't like that, even though his boyfriend Tyler could've easily been Tarzan if he wore a fur loincloth.

*Jonas, Jason thought, clawing at his sheets in desperation. You and Tyler need to come get us. You need to bring others with you, too. There's too many men here for just the two of you to come.*

Jason sighed and closed his eyes, letting sleep take him.

\*

"Sir!" Jonas called as he pounded on the headman's door. "I *must* speak with you!"

"I said go away, boy!" the headman called out. "Wait until morning."

"Sir!" he screamed. "They're going to die if we keep waiting until the morning!"

The door opened to reveal a dark-skinned man. The man's chest was covered in sweat, and behind him a young man that didn't seem any older than Jonas himself lay, waiting for the headman to come back to bed.

"What is it, boy?" the black man asked. "Can't you see I was busy?"

Jonas looked past the headman and at the young man, sighing.

"Yes sir."

"What is it then? Make it quick."

"Jason and Guy..."

"I said *wait until morning*. I..."

"Listen to my boyfriend, Deon."

Jonas sighed as he heard his boyfriend's voice, feeling Tyler's hand rest on his shoulder.

"What is it, Tyler?" Deon asked, his face contorting with confusion.

"Jonas' friend is in hell, that's what."

"His boyfriend too," Jonas added. "Jason told me they were torturing him."

“And what do you expect me to do?” Deon asked, crossing his arms over his chest, leaning against the wall. “I’m standing here in my underwear talking to a boy who’s friends are in trouble. What am I supposed to do? It’s after midnight for Christ’s sake.”

“We want you to wake the base up,” Tyler said. “We want you to give us permission to go and save them.”

“Save them? For Christ’s sake, Tyler. They’re just two men.”

“They’re two men who are special,” Tyler said. “Guy sired Jason, and made him a *pure* vampire.”

Deon stared at Jonas for a moment before frowning.

“What does that have anything to do with it?”

“Guy’s special, sir,” Jonas said with a sigh. “And they’re taking blood and whatever else they can from them. What if they do something with their blood? They’d expose us! They might be able to turn us into weapons, and you know what would happen after that? They’d hunt us down!”

Deon frowned and nodded, looking back in at the young man who had been sharing his bed.

“All right,” Deon said. “I’ll wake them up in an hour. Is that all right with you?”

Jonas gave a small nod, sighing as the door closed.

“Well, they’ll be out of there soon,” Jonas said, wrapping his arms around Tyler. “Right?”

“Right,” Tyler said. “Right.”

\*

Guy woke up to the pain in his wrist, and right then and there Adam was at his side.

“You ok?” Adam asked.

“My wrist,” Guy said. “It hurts.”

“I’m sorry,” Adam said, placing a pill in his hand before grabbing the glass of water. “Take this.”

“You don’t have to stay here with me,” Guy said.

“I know, but I want to make sure you’re all right.”

“You’re not like the other men and women,” Guy said. “You actually have compassion.”

“It’s because no one deserves to be tortured like you were and still are,” Adam said.

“Adam...” Guy trailed off, sighing. “You need to stay here with me.”

“Why?”

*Because*, Guy said, hoping that the man could hear him.

“What?” Adam asked, blinking, looking around.

*Others are coming for us*, Guy continued, satisfied that the man could hear him. *They’re going to save us. There might be a fight.*

Adam stared at him for a moment before nodding.

“I will,” Adam said. “Thank you.”

“No, thank you,” Guy said as he popped the pill in his mouth, accepting the glass of water Adam handed him. “I appreciate it.”

\*

When Jason should’ve been waking up to the peaceful sound of small birds chirping and cars passing by outside, he woke up to a cold, dead silence. He opened his eyes, his situation immediately flooding back to him.

*You’re in a madman’s home*, Jason thought, frowning. *You weren’t in Guy’s arms. That was only a dream.*

Jason sighed and rolled over just in time to see the door to his cell open.

It was Doctor Preston, holding a syringe.

“Blood,” the man said. “I want it.”

Jason sat up and offered the man his arm, grimacing as the needle slid into his arm.

“Your blood is richer than Mr. Winters’,” the doctor said, looking up at him. “You are aware of that?”

*Don’t tell him anything!* his mind screamed. *The bastard doesn’t deserve to know what you know.*

“It is?” he asked. “I didn’t know.”

“Well,” the doctor said. “It is.”

When the needle slid out of his arms, he sighed as the man put a cotton wad there, placing a band-aid over the cotton wad.

“Why aren’t you hurting me?” Jason asked.

“What?”

“Why aren’t you hurting me like you were hurting Guy?” Jason asked again, narrowing his eyes on the doctor.

“You’re a better specimen. There’s no reason to damage you in any way.”

“So you kidnap Guy and torture him to get to me, you motherfucking bas...”

The blow hit Jason hard. He flew off the bed and landed on the

floor, blood running from his nose.

“You want me to hurt you?” the doctor roared from above him.  
“You want me to...”

Jason heard the door open, which he guessed caused the doctor to stop screaming.

“Is something wrong, Dr. Preston?” a man asked.

The man’s voice was familiar. It was the voice of the man who had taken Jason and Guy’s semen.

“No,” Preston said. “I was just about to get going.”

With that, Preston left the room, leaving Jason alone in the room with the man.

“Are you all right?” the man asked, bending down beside Jason.

“Who are you?” Jason asked. “And what do you want?”

“I’m Adam,” the man said. “Guy’s friend.”

Jason sighed his relief and sat up, pinching his nose to keep the blood from coming out.

“Do you know about, well, you know?”

Adam nodded, smiling.

“Guy wants to keep me safe,” Adam said. “Yeah, you get my point.”

Jason nodded, nervously glancing up to the camera in the corner of the room.

*Yeah, I get what you mean,* Jason thought. *I get exactly what you mean.*

“Soon,” Jason said. “Soon, it will all end.”

Adam smiled.

“Good, because I’ve been wanting to get away from society from a long time. One of you is going to sire me once we get away, one of you vampires.”

The doctor didn’t come back to day, but Adam kept leaving and coming but. Jason assumed that Adam was going back and forth between his and Guy’s cells to keep an eye on both to them.

*He’s protecting us,* Jason thought, looking over at the trash can, where a few bloody tissues lay on the top. *He’s keeping us from getting killed.*

Jason hoped that Jonas would get here soon enough. He hoped that the kid would be smart enough to bring more than just himself and Tyler. Jason *knew* that Jonas was a smart kid, but from how he acted

around Tyler, Jason guessed that Jonas could be a little thick-headed sometimes.

*At least he's getting help,* Jason thought, sighing. *I'm going to owe the kid my ass once he gets here.*

Jason knew Jonas would get it worked out. Tyler would help Jonas, so Jason didn't have anything to worry about.

*Get here soon, Jonas,* Jason thought, looking up as the door opened, revealing Preston. *I don't know how much longer the doctor's going to wait to start hurting us again.*

\*

"Your wrist ok?"

"Yeah," Guy said, opening his eyes, weakly smiling at Adam. "I've been keeping it numb."

"With your ice?"

"Yeah," Guy said, softly laughing. "It doesn't hurt that way."

"You're still letting blood get to it, right?"

"Yeah," Guy said with another small smile. "That's how wounds heal."

"You guys don't heal your wounds?" Adam asked, setting his hands on his knees and leaning forward in his seat. "I thought that's what vampires could do?"

"We can't do that; only the blood drinkers can."

"And how come you two managed to get wanted by the FBI and all that?"

"A mistake," Guy said. "It was Jason's first time feeding. I shouldn't have joined in, but he needed guidance. To be a vampire like we are, Adam, is... It's sexual, extremely sexual. We *need* to be sexual in order to survive. That's why many of our kind are prostitutes or strippers."

"You feed off energy, don't you?"

"Sex is one of the greatest kinds of energy," Guy said. "It's been going on since the beginning of time. When you make love to someone, it produces energy. I'm sure you already know that though."

"Yeah," Adam said, rubbing the back of his neck. "My wife..."

Adam stopped speaking as Guy gave him a solemn, concerned look.

"What?" Adam asked. "What is it?"

"You're seriously considering becoming a vampire, right?"

"Yeah, why? I mean, what's the big..."

"Your wife won't be able to provide you with the nourishment you need," Guy said, sighing. "You know why the ice vampires are gay, Adam? It's because two men having sex is stronger. Testosterone is strong with one man, but when you put two men together, it multiplies."

"You're saying it won't work then?" Adam asked.

"Unless you wanted to be cheating on your wife with other women, or maybe even another man, it wouldn't work."

"I..." Adam trailed off, turning his head away.

It was only obvious to Guy that Adam was deeply troubled by his decision. Guy didn't know the reason why Adam wanted to become a vampire, but he could imagine the reasons. Maybe Adam desired eternal life and youth. Maybe Adam desired that sexual prowess that all vampires had. Maybe Adam just wanted to get away from the troubles of the modern world.

"You died in the explosion," Guy whispered.

"What?" Adam asked. "What are you saying?"

"The base will have to go," Guy whispered, his eyes nervously darting to the camera's onyx eye. "We want to erase the evidence of anything they are testing on. You really want to become a vampire, Adam? I won't ask your reasons, but I'll do it. Jason will understand. But in order to become a vampire you need to disappear. You died in the base."

"My wife..."

"You think your wife is cheating on you, don't you?"

Adam's face went blank. All expression washed from that slate that had once been carved with a great design. Those tattoo-like lines of that design were now covered with the sand that the ocean of life brought in. Life was a big ocean; Earth was our water and we were the fish, constantly swimming around. Some people were minnows, afraid of the world; some people were fish, confident; but some fish--those more dangerous fish--were sharks, and they were only out to get you.

"Y-Yes," Adam finally said. "I know she is."

"And you have no problem with taking a man as your partner?" Guy asked, looking into Adam's eyes.

"No," Adam said, drawing closer to Guy. "I don't."

When Adam's lips touched Guy's, Guy didn't do anything to drive away. Guy kept the kiss for a short moment before pulling away, looking into Adam's eyes.

"I will sire you," Guy said. "For a while, you might feel attraction

to me. I want you to know right now that Jason is the man I love. It might hurt for a while at the start, but I can't return your emotions."

Adam nodded, giving Guy a small, thankful smile.

"When do you think they'll be here?" Adam asked.

"Jason will tell me," Guy said. "Because I'm sure you already told him about our plan."

Adam nodded and smiled, standing, looking toward the glass window.

"Nobody saw me," Adam sighed. "Thank God."

Guy nodded and smiled, thankful that nobody had seen him.

If somebody *had* seen Guy kissing Adam, Guy expected that he would've been beaten, and much worse than he had been before.

\*

They were in an armored truck by the next morning. Jonas sat close to Tyler, thankful that his boyfriend was so close to him.

"It's all right," Tyler said, touching his shoulder. "Don't be nervous."

"You sleep next to me when we stop, Tyler," Jonas said, interlacing his fingers with Tyler's. "They'll rape me if they get the chance."

"I'll sleep next to you tonight," Tyler said, kissing his cheek. "I won't let anyone hurt you, Jonas."

Jonas nodded, sighing and tightening his grip on Tyler's hand.

"I love you," Jonas whispered to Tyler.

"I love you too," Tyler whispered back.

That night, Tyler's arms were wrapped around Jonas. Tyler had since fallen asleep, but Jonas was still up. Unbeknownst to the men, Jonas was watching them have sex. They had elected to sleep outside instead of sleeping in the small, cramped truck, but a few of the men had decided to give in to their sexual desires. Jonas watched men blow and fuck other men, he listened to the slap of skin on skin; he watched and listened to it all.

It made Jonas feel guilty. It made him feel like he and Tyler should be a part of this, but Tyler was sleeping. Jonas wasn't going to wake him up just to have sex outside.

"Hey, kid!" one of the men called, the man tightening his grip on another man's hips as he thrusting in and out. "How about you come blow some of us?"



The laughs that came from the other men caused Jonas to roll over, burying his head in his boyfriend's chest.

"Don't you think it would be nice to have a boy on his knees, sucking our dicks, guys?"

The other men laughed, but Jonas ignored them. He was afraid that if he did anything, he was going to get raped. That was his worse fear; to be raped. His father had hurt Jonas when he had raped him, and Jonas didn't think that the second time around wouldn't be any better.

"Hey, kid, come over here and suck my..."

"Fuck off," Tyler suddenly said.

The men went silent as Tyler spoke.

"Come on, Jonas," Tyler said, standing, bending down only to grab the sleeping bag. "We're sleeping in the truck."

The other men laughed at them as they walked back toward the truck, but Jonas felt better. He felt better now that Tyler was taking him to sleep in the truck.

"Thanks," Jonas said as Tyler closed the back of the truck, sliding the steel lock across the door. "Won't Deon get mad at you if you do that?"

"Deon knows about your fear of strange men," Tyler said.

"But I know those guys."

"And they're so high on sex that they want you to suck them off? Come on, Jonas; Deon's smart enough to know that when a guy is horny, he'll rape another man to get off."

Jonas nodded and sighed, laying down on the floor with Tyler, snuggling in close as Tyler covered them up.

"Thank you," Jonas said.

Tyler only smiled and wrapped his arms around Jonas.

\*

Jason knew that Jonas would be here soon, preferably in the next day or so. Jonas had contacted him early yesterday morning to say that they were on their way with at least three dozen men.

*That's good, Jason thought as he sat on the bed, drawing the sheets up around him. At least we'll be rescued then.*

But what would happen after that? What would happen to Jason and Guy? Would they have to live at the prison haven with Jonas and Tyler, or would they have to leave and find a new home?

*I hate running, Jason thought, sighing, trying to keep his*

emotions under control. *Look what one mistake did. It cost me everything I was. It cost me my home, my normal life, my job.*

Jason sighed. Although he had lost things, he had gained something out of all of this. He had gained Guy's love from it, and for that he was thankful. He would run for Guy, he would. He didn't care if he had to stay in hiding for the rest of his life, as long as he had Guy there with him.

*In the end, that's all that really matters,* Jason thought, smiling. *As long as I have Guy, nothing else matters.*

Jason smiled.

That had made this journey worth it, and all of it would be worth it in the end. Jason would finally be able to live with Guy in peace. Even if they did have to go into hiding, it didn't matter; as long as Jason was with Guy, he didn't care if he had to hide for the rest of his life.

In the end, love was what had put all of these barriers up...  
And it would be all that broke them down.

# 10

It happened when Adam was in the room with Guy. Jason had mentally called Guy, saying, *This is it, Guy. They're here. I gave them the word. They're going to come in and start shooting at everybody, no matter who they are. Only the people in our rooms will be spared.*

Guy hadn't responded with any more than a yes. He looked over at Adam and saw the man's concern.

"They're here," Guy said. "Stay in the room, Adam."

"Where am I supposed to..." the man began, but was cut off as the lights began to dim.

"In the bathroom," Guy whispered, the power flickering on and off. "Hide in there, or else you won't live to see the light of another day."

\*

When the lights went off, Jason stayed in the bed. At first, he had figured that he might be able to get out of the room, but then he realized that he would be cut down in a rain of bullets.

*The windows are shatterproof*, Jason thought, looking at the windows. *And they're high.*

Hopefully, the windows would be able to withstand the bullets that would more than likely be hitting them. Jason was more than sure that the windows were able to withstand bullets, but he didn't want to take any chances by standing up.

*Stay in bed, Guy*, Jason thought, reaching out to his boyfriend. *And tell Adam to get down. Sparks are going to start flying.*

\*

*...Sparks are going to start flying.*

Almost on cue, the roar of bullets started.

Guy ducked his head and made sure to keep low, thankful that the bed was so low to the ground. If it had been any higher, he would have rolled off of it and hid under the bed. He didn't want to risk getting hit by bullets.

"Adam!" Guy called. "Stay in there until I tell you to come out!"

Although Guy couldn't hear the man, Adam called something out. It was probably along the lines of, 'All right!' or, 'Yeah!', but Guy wasn't going to worry about it right now. All that he was worried about was the Armageddon that was happening outside.

The bullets that slammed into the windows forced guy to keep his head down, but every so often he *did* look up. Guy looked up to see the flashed of gunfire. This particular time, he saw the female scientist fall against the window, where bullets slammed into her before she slid down in a bloody mess.

*She was all a part of this*, Guy thought, trying to keep his guilty conscience at bay. *They all were. Everybody here was out to harm you just to gain something, all except Adam.*

Adam's face flashed before Guy's mind. He felt the man's touch on his arm, the breath of his face, Adam's lips against his own. Guy knew that Adam was a good man and wanted to please his wife, but in the end Adam had gotten the bad end of the deal. His wife had cheated on him, and now Adam wanted salvation through fake death and becoming a vampire.

*Jason*, Guy thought, thinking of his boyfriend at that moment. *If anything happens... Just know that I love you, I love you so much.*

\*

Jason blinked as he heard Guy's voice in his head.

*Nothing's going to happen*, Jason thought back. *Nothing's...*

Jason was cut off in mid sentence as a man stumbled through the door. In pitch-black darkness, he remained frozen until gunfire lit up the area.

It was Doctor Sean Preston standing in the doorway, a gun held in his hand, the cyclopean eye pointed right at him.

"You can't get away," the doctor said, laughing that hyena's laugh he had when he was experiencing a little more than just his usual insanity. "You'll ruin it all!"

When the flash went off, Jason didn't know what to expect. He willed with all his might to stop the bullet, and in that moment, he *did* believe he would stop the bullet. It was set in stone, carved in wood, etched in blood; it was *all* of those things and more.

The bullet dropped to the ground, shattering in small teardrops of ice.

"WHAT?" the doctor screamed. "HOW DID YOU..."

Jason jumped to his feet and knocked the gun out of the doctor's hand. When it hit the floor, another shot went off, coming dangerously close to hitting Jason in the foot. He grimaced as he felt the bullet whiz by, cutting a gash in the side of his ankle.

"YOU WILL DIE!" the doctor screamed. "YOU *WILL*!"

Jason cried out as the man hit him in the side of the head, but it was a short-lived pain. The man was old, not too old, but older than Jason was, and the old were the weak. Jason shoved the man into the wall and glared at him.

“Y-Y-Your eyes,” the man gasped. “Your eyes!”

Jason wasn’t aware of the fire in his eyes, but he did see the glow that had came across the doctor’s face. Jason didn’t know how or why his eyes were doing this, but he knew that he was accomplishing something only a vampire like him could accomplish, something only a *pure* vampire could accomplish.

“You hurt Guy,” Jason said, stepping toward the man, watching as the almighty doctor sunk into the corner. “And you hurt me, but worst of all, you hurt Guy.”

Jason stepped toward the man, now upon him. He reached down and grabbed the man’s wrist. The doctor’s cries set him on fire. Jason felt warmth like non other. He knew that he was draining this man, feeding off of him through something other than his lips.

*It’s not all sexual*, Jason thought as the warmth continued to seep his body. *It’s raw power as well.*

Before Jason, the doctor’s skin gradually paled until it was blue. The room chilled, and soon the breath was coming out of their mouths in that all-too-familiar white aura. The man tried to mouth something, but ice was beginning to envelop over him. Soon, Doctor Preston couldn’t move at all. Doctor Preston was turning into ice.

“Burn in the coldest hell, you bastard,” Jason whispered, malice pouring from his lips like dark poison.

The doctor tried to say something, but those words were forever lost as the man was engulfed in ice.

Before the light could fade, Jason picked up the gun and aimed it at the ice sculpture of the man.

The shot bloomed like a beautiful, cold rose, and what had once been a madmen bent upon finding fame through a forbidden creature burst into drops of ice that didn’t deserve to shed their tears.

\*

When Jonas saw the flash of the shot, he knew that it came from Jason’s cell. Panic made him lunge at the door, but someone grabbed his arms.

“Someone could be in there,” Tyler whispered. “Don’t go.”

“But Tyler, I...”

“Get down!”

Jonas didn't know who screamed to get down, but when Tyler pushed him to the floor, he didn't care. A flash of a machine gun being fired sprayed through the night. He saw Tyler's body jolt three times before his boyfriend fell to the floor.

“NO!” Jonas screamed. “TYLER!”

One final shot silenced the man who had shot Tyler down.

\*

“GUY!” Jason screamed as he ran out of the cell, seeing the other men around him. “GUY!”

Jason pushed past the other men and ran across the large room, toward Guy's cell. He was oblivious to the men around him. He pushed them out of the way, screaming his boyfriend's name over and over as he ran to Guy's room.

Before Jason could get to the room, he stopped, a shadow crossing over the room.

“Guy?” Jason asked, raising the gun. “Are you there?”

The shadow stopped and turned to face Jason.

“Jason?” Guy asked. “Are you there?”

Jason stared at Guy before dropping the gun. It fell to the floor, empty, the last shot long gone. Jason ran to Guy and wrapped his arms around him, crying, burying his head in his boyfriend's neck.

“You're alive!” Jason cried, looking into Guy's face. “You're alive.”

Guy gave Jason a weary smile and hugged Jason the hardest he ever had, despite the pain that was running through his body.

“Yes,” Guy said. “I am.”

\*

Jonas sat at Tyler's side, sobbing. His boyfriend was dead, Tyler was dead. Tyler, who had saved him from his abusive father, who had taken him away, who had been his first.

“Tyler,” Jonas said, tears running from his eyes. “I love you so much.”

Jonas held Tyler's hand the hardest he ever had, sobbing. He screamed as loud as he could, tears pouring down his face like hot acid.

“Jonas?”

The most beautiful thing spread through Jonas as he heard Tyler's voice. Jonas looked down at Tyler and smiled, sobbing, watching as Tyler parted his vest to reveal bulletproof armor.

“God saved me,” Tyler said, smiling. “He did.”

Jonas continued to cry as he buried his head in Tyler's chest.

\*

"Guy," Jason whispered as they stood there, holding each other in their lover's embrace. "We did it."

"Yes, Jason," Guy whispered. "We did."

Jason held Guy, and at that moment, he didn't care as Jonas called to him. Jason's hands remained around Guy. His eyes were closed and his mind was finally at peace, despite the fact of the hell that he had just went through.

They had made it...

And now that it was the end, it *was* all that mattered.

# Epilogue

In the end, they *did* destroy that base. They had set fire to the control room, and as they drove off, they saw the explosion. By the time anyone would have seen it, they would've been gone, far away from where they were.

Jason and Guy were in the same bed. They showed each other their love through kisses and touches, their hands exploring each other like virgin lovers that had never experienced mature love. When it ended, they held each other in bed. Guy's body was covered in scars, especially the one on the top of his wrist, which was only a reminder of what had happened.

They laid in bed for a few moments before Jason finally spoke.

"What did I do back there, Guy?" Jason asked, looking at his boyfriend. "How did I freeze him?"

"I can't answer that, Jason," Guy said. "I don't know how you did it. Maybe it was anger, maybe it was fear, or maybe it was love that made you do it."

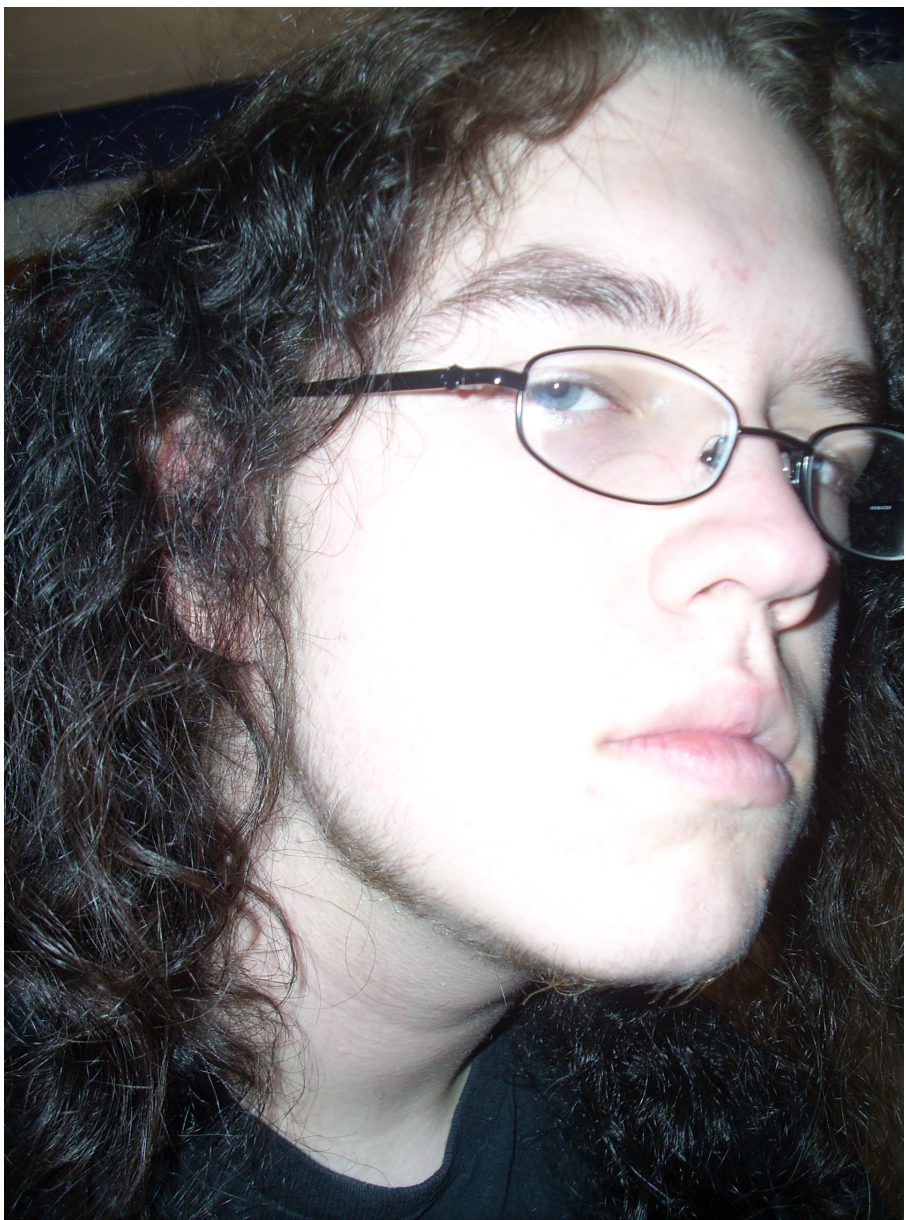
Jason nodded and accepted that answer. He smiled, kissing Guy and closing his eyes, laying his head on Guy's chest.

Guy had told Jason something shortly after they had left the base, right after Jason had mentioned him freezing the doctor. Guy had looked at him, had stared into his eyes and had smiled. He had muttered five single words, and now, as Jason thought back on those words, he knew that those would be the words he would remember until the end of time, whenever that came.

He would remember those five words.

*Your Touch is of Ice.*





#### ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Kody Boye broke into the horror scene in May 2007 with his short story *[A] Prom Queen's Revenge*. He has gone on to author stories such as *Notice Me*, *Love Bites*, *Happy Ending*, and *Mauldgen*. To learn more, visit him online at [www.kodyboye.itrello.com](http://www.kodyboye.itrello.com).

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