



Chance Meetings

By Misa Izanaki

It was a beautiful day. The trees were wearing their fall colors, golds and reds that stood brightly against the dreary sky, and the air was crisp with just a hint of the cold to come. Of course, Nathan was too busy to enjoy any of it. Halloween was a few days away and book sales were up. People looking for costume ideas, party themes, books on witches and rituals, or just old books of ghost stories to scare the children with all seemed to home in on Nathan's shop. It wasn't overly surprising; he was known for having a very extensive selection. All the activity was good for the shop, but it left Nathan little time to himself.

He also had Halloween decorations that needed to go up. The inside was easy, the shelves naturally collected cobwebs so all he had to do was avoid dusting for a few days. After that it was just a matter of a few well placed skulls, rubber bats and maybe a squeaky rat or two. The shop was already old, and it didn't take much to give it the proper feel.

That was the easy part, Nathan still had the front of the store to deal with and that meant wrestling the old ladder out of storage. He hated that damned thing, which is why he had been putting it off for so long. No excuses now, though, not with Halloween only a few days away.

Nathan tip-toed and stretched his arm out trying in vain to ignore the sweat running into his light brown eyes. He was determined to get the fake cobwebs on the sign just right. The rickety, old step ladder creaked threateningly as he shifted his muscular frame. Nathan felt it wobble as he took another step. Damned Halloween decorations would be the death of him.

Well, not really, being half vampire did have its advantages. Nathan could heal almost any injury; he was strong, fast and he could extend his life just by taking in a little blood now and then. Part of him wondered if he would still be running the old bookstore and putting up Halloween decorations fifty or a hundred years down the road. He could see it happening. Hopefully he would get around to getting a new ladder by then.

The ladder creaked again and tilted dangerously. Nathan grabbed onto the wooden sign hanging over the door to balance himself, dropping his fake spider webs in the process.

“Hey!”

“Sorry, I—” Nathan blinked at the young man, who was now wearing most of his sign decorations, and almost fell off his ladder. He was the prettiest young man Nathan had ever seen.

Leaf green eyes glanced at him from a fine boned, almost elven face as slender fingers pulled the filmy webbing from silky, blue-black hair. “Um, a little help here...”

“Sure thing, are you okay?” Nathan hopped down to help untangle the gorgeous boy from his webbing.

The more predatory part of his brain found humor in that and the clean and slightly spicy-sweet scent the boy had didn't help things. He smelled and looked good enough to eat... Nathan pushed that last thought away quickly and busied himself with rescuing his cobwebs from the boy's shoulder-length hair.

“I'm fine, just a little startled, that's all.” The young man smiled brightly at Nathan. “It's not everyday I have fake spider webs dropped on me.”

Nathan shrugged. “It could have been worse. I could have fallen on you.”

“Hmm, squashed by a handsome blond... sounds like a good way to go.” The young man blushed as if he just realized what he said. “Um, do you want some help with that? It might be easier with two people.”

“Thanks for the offer, but I don’t want to keep you.” Nathan raked his fingers through his hair, tangling bits of errant webbing in the soft, blond spikes. It was nervous habit of his, though he wasn’t entirely sure what he was nervous about. Something about the young man made Nathan feel like an adolescent, trying to impress his first date. He hadn’t felt like that, well, ever. Vampires, even half bloods like him, never went through the more awkward stages of life, and Nathan was always thankful of that.

“It’s okay, I don’t really have any place to be right now.” The boy brushed a bit of hair behind a slender, pointed ear.

That would explain a few things. He was one of the fae folk. All of their kind were gorgeous and they had a sort of presence around them that turned most people into fawning puddles of goo. Hell, even vampires weren’t entirely immune to their gifts. It was odd to see one of them out and about. Fae folk usually kept to themselves, unless they enjoyed being the center of attention.

“Is this your place?” The boy shifted the bag he was carrying and glanced up at the old sign. “A Novel Idea... It’s a good name for a book shop.”

“Thanks, my mother thought it up. She was partial to puns.” Nathan held his hand out to the boy. “I’m Nathan, by the way.”

“Max.” The young man shook his hand warmly and looked toward Nathan’s antique ladder. “Why don’t you hold the ladder steady and I’ll go up and get your cobwebs situated?”

“Are you sure? I’d hate for you to hurt yourself on my account.”

“It’ll be easier that way.” Max set his bag down and smiled impishly. “I don’t think your ladder likes you much.”

“Probably because I keep threatening to replace it.” Nathan handed what was left of the cobwebs to Max and braced the ladder. His cock was definitely taking interest... especially when the boy stretched, exposing a strip of smooth, golden belly. Nathan found himself leaning slightly, just so he could look up Max's t-shirt.

Max wasn’t up there too long. His nimble fingers made short work of the last bit of decorating and soon he was standing beside Nathan again admiring his work. “So, what do you think?”

“Perfect, can you come back around Christmas? I always have a bitch of a time with the lights.”

“I’d love too, but I may not be here.” Max crouched down to pick up the canvas grocery bag he was carrying. No one should have been that graceful...or beautiful. “The gate home opens in a few days”

“That’s right, it opens on All Hallows day, every what, fifty years?” Nathan folded up his ladder and shouldered it. “Are you going back?”

“I don’t know, yet. It depends...”

Nathan knew that wistful look anywhere. Even the Fae fell in love. It just hit them harder than most. “On a human boy, maybe?”

“We’re dating... I’m meeting him at a party on All Hallows Eve. He doesn’t know what I am yet, but I’ll tell him and if he still wants me I’ll stay.”

“That’s a big decision to make based on the words of one human.” Nathan shook his head. “I wish you luck.”

Max shrugged and turned to go. “It’s only fifty years. That’s a drop in the bucket for a Fae...” He winked at Nathan. “Or a damphyr.”

“Do you want to come in for a bit? Maybe stay for lunch?” Nathan pretended that he didn’t hear that last bit and wrestled his ladder back into the store. No need to bring his heritage up now, especially not in front of the neighbors. “I owe you that, at least.”

“Sure, as long as I’m not on the menu.”

Nathan held the door open for his new friend. “I was thinking of leftovers actually, roasted chicken, potatoes and a salad on the side.” He leaned close and whispered in Max’s ear. “I usually save pretty boys like you for special occasions...too rich for normal meals.”

“I’m probably older than you are, you know.”

“Maybe, but you still look like a boy to me.” Nathan followed Max inside trying very hard not to stare at that perfect, denim wrapped ass that sashayed in front of him.

Max’s eyes went immediately to the upper shelves “Oooh, you have quite a collection; a lot of these books are old too.”

“You have a good eye. Most of my private collection is up there. The newer stuff is on the lower shelves, that’s what most people are interested in anyway.” Nathan lead Max up the stairs to the loft. “Come on, lunch is this way.”

It wasn’t much, just a small sparsely furnished kitchen and living room with a bathroom and bedroom beyond a short hallway, but it was home. Thankfully it was clean enough for visitors too. Max sat himself at the worn, Formica table and watched Nathan fish things out of his fridge.

“How did you know?” Nathan set a plate piled with chicken and chunks of roasted potato and a bowl of greens on the table. He pulled a couple of plates and some silverware out of a corner cupboard and handed one plate and a fork to Max. “Few people see me for what I really am.”

“Humans aren’t as sensitive to the flow of things as my kind are. You felt different when we shook hands. You felt like a vampire, but I knew you couldn’t be one since you were out in what passes for broad daylight here.” He shoveled some chicken and potatoes on to his plate and ignored the salad completely. “The only thing you could be was a damphyr.”

“I’m going to have to watch myself around your folk.” Nathan sat down and piled salad onto his plate and topped it with a few pieces of chicken. “Something to drink? Coke? Beer?”

“Um, a Coke would be fine. Thank you.”

Nathan grabbed a can of soda for Max and a beer for himself. Max was staring at him and trying to be nonchalant about it. “What’s on your mind?”

“I didn’t know damphyrs could eat.”

“I am only half vampire. I eat...more than I should, sometimes. I have a bit of a sweet tooth too, which is why I’ve always been partial to Halloween. I also go out in the sun. Though, I’m not as fond of that as I am eating.”

“Do you feed on blood as well?”

“Once in great while and only when it’s freely given.”

“Oh...”

They ate for a while in silence. Nathan poked at his plate trying to find something to talk to Max about. His eyes wandered, trying not to stare too long at the lithe, little body that sat in front of him and caught sight of the bag Max had been carrying. Neatly folded in side was a large piece of butter-soft buckskin.

“What are you making?” He asked finally, finishing his last bit of salad. “I noticed you were carrying quite a bit of leather.”

“It’s for my costume. That party on All Hallows is a masquerade.” Max wiped his hands and knelt down to pull stuff out of his bag. “I’m making leggings out of the buckskin and a breech cloth out of this.” He held up a piece of heavy cotton dyed a dark, deep red. “My date is going to be a cowboy, so I thought something Native American might be good.”

“You are going to be one sexy Indian.”

“Thanks. I’ve been doing research, but I’m still not sure if what I’m doing with my hair or if I should put some sort of design on the cloth.”

“Oh, I have a book that you might find useful, then.” Nathan stood and gestured for Max to follow him.

They headed back downstairs and Nathan stepped behind the front counter. He distinctly remembered seeing a book on Native American clothing in the hold pile. It was just a matter of finding it.

“Ah, here it is!” Nathan set a book on the counter and slid it toward Max. “Someone ordered this and never picked it up.”

“How much is it?”

“Don’t worry about it. Think of it as a gift.”

Max shook his head. “I can’t--”

Nathan just smiled and pushed the book into Max's hands. “Then think of it as payment for helping me today. I just hope you have enough time to finish your costume.”

“I--Thank you.” Max tucked the book into his bag. “For the book, and for lunch.”

“No problem, it’s always good to have a little company.”

Nathan ducked down to grab the large bag of mixed candy he had bought earlier. It was going in the small plastic cauldron next to the cash register and hopefully he wouldn’t eat it all by himself. He stood again, hoping that he could talk Max into taking some of it, but the boy was gone.

The sun was setting and Nathan was busy handing out candy to the first round of trick or treaters that came by the shop. It was always fun to see what costumes the children had on. Some of the parents had outdone themselves this year.

After another group came and left, their treat bags almost bulging with candy, Nathan sat down to reload and await the next round of children. The bell above the door jingled again. Nathan hopped out of his chair ready to distribute more sweets.

Max stood just inside the door with small box in his hands. He was bundled in a dark gray coat and had a feather tied in his dark hair with a bit of soft leather. The boy smiled as he caught sight of Nathan.

“Hi.”

“Hello.” Max pushed the box into Nathan’s hands. “This is for you.”

“Max...”

“Just take it. You gave me a gift and I need to give you one back, it’s as simple as that.”

“It’s a Fae thing isn’t it?”

“Yes, a gift for a gift...it’s our way.” Max watched eagerly as Nathan opened the box. “They’re pieces of apple covered in toffee. I hope you like them.”

“Ooh, I love toffee apples, and this makes them so easy to eat.” Nathan popped one of the bites into his mouth. The toffee was sweet and rich and contrasted perfectly with the tart crunch of the apple. Now that was good. “These are amazing!”

“Thanks.”

“Did you get your costume done?” Nathan hid the box behind the counter. He was keeping those all to himself. Well, unless Max wanted one.

“I did and I wanted to show it to you.” Max dropped his coat. “What do you think?”

Nathan blinked and almost fell over. Max was breathtaking. His bare chest was smooth and sleekly muscled and his breechcloth and leggings hung low on his lean hips, giving Nathan a glorious view. The buckskin clung to his long legs enticingly, leaving some of his inner thigh and the curve of his ass bare. Nathan swallowed dryly, trying to find something to say.

“Your, human boy is very, very lucky.” Nathan stepped closer, resisting the urge to touch. He glanced down at the pale leather of Max’s moccasins. “I envy him.”

“I—thank you.”

The old clock in the corner chimed seven times. He wanted Max to stay, but he wouldn’t ask. Max had another love, his human boy that he had staked so much on and Nathan wouldn’t keep him from that.

“You should be getting to your party. I’m sure your boy is waiting for you.”

Max knelt down and picked up his coat. “He is... Thank you, again.”

“I hope he gives you reason to stay.”

“I hope so, too.” Max slipped back into his coat and smiled at him.

Another horde of costumed children burst into the shop crowing in unison for treats. They distracted him while Max slipped away. Nathan sighed as he watched the young man dash down the street. He just hoped everything went well for him.

It was nearly ten o'clock when Nathan decided to close for the night. The flow of trick or treaters had stopped when the rain started. That was half an hour ago, but he'd stayed open a little longer just in case there were any stragglers or a certain fae man decided to come back.

He flicked off the lights and rescued the candied apple pieces that Max had given him. Those needed to be savored, especially since he might not be getting anymore. After the lights were off, Nathan flipped the open sign over and fished out his keys. Someone knocked softly on the heavy wooden door. He peeked out half expecting to see the hopeful face of a boy or girl hoping for one last bit of candy.

Instead Nathan found Max. He had lost his coat somewhere and looked winded and drenched to the skin. "Hello, Nathan..."

"Max! Come in before you catch something." Nathan let the young man in and locked the door behind him. Everything else could wait until morning. Max felt like an icicle and that was reason enough to hurry him upstairs.

First things first, he needed to get some warmth back into the poor, shivering body. Then he could find out what happened. Nathan ushered Max up stairs and set him down on the couch while he grabbed a towel from the closet and the comforter off his bed. He had so many questions, but they could wait until Max was warm and dry again.

A pile of wet leather sat on the floor and Max stood in the kitchen drying himself off with a handful of paper towels.

"Here, this might work better than the paper ones." Nathan handed Max his towel. He was trying very hard not to stare, but it wasn't working.

"Thanks." Max just glanced up at Nathan with the faintest blush coloring his cheeks. He took the towel and finished drying off. "I didn't want get your couch all soggy."

"Oh..."

"I'm making you uncomfortable, aren't I?" Max dropped his gaze to the floor, looking a little hurt.

"No, you're just...very tempting. It's been a long time since I had anyone up here, especially someone as pretty or as naked as you." Nathan stepped forward and wrapped Max in the comforter he was carrying. "You make me hungry."

"For sex or blood?"

"Both...but I'm not one to just pounce on someone, unless he's willing of course."

“I see...”

“So...what happened to you tonight?”

“I was going to tell him as soon as I found him at the party...but I never got the chance.” Max curled up on the couch, still bundled in Nathan’s down comforter. He looked so sad and hurt. It made Nathan want to hold him, to sooth the ache in his heart. “I found him kissing another boy.”

“I’m so sorry...”

Tears streaked Max’s face but he wiped them away quickly with the back of his hand. “My mother warned me that he wasn’t the one... I should have listened to her.”

Nathan scooted closer and wrapped his arms around that lithe, little body and held it close. Max snuggled closer, resting his head against Nathan’s broad shoulder. Oh that was nice... He still wasn’t sure what Max was talking about but he didn’t mind listening either, especially with him curled against his chest like that.

“The one what?”

“The one I’ve been waiting for...to share my heart and life with.” Max lifted his head and whispered into Nathan’s ear. “She said my beloved would only be half human...”

He didn’t just hear that, did he? Nathan took a deep breath trying to calm down, but that didn’t help either. Max’s scent just filled his nose, making things worse. His fangs dug into his bottom lip as the hunger nagged at him. “You think I’m the one you’ve been waiting for?”

“Who else would it be? You are the only half-blood I know.”

What the hell was he supposed to say to that? What the hell was he supposed to do with a lap full of pretty, fae? Well, he could think of a few things, if Max was willing. “Me?”

“Yes, you, my sweet and handsome damphyr.” Max cupped Nathan’s face in his hands and looked him in the eye. There was curiosity in those eyes and the faintest hint of fear. “Would it hurt if you drank from me?”

“A little, but it feels good too.”

Max tilted his head back, baring the soft curve of his throat. “Will you show me?”

“Max...”

Slender fingers touched Nathan’s lips, shushing him. “I want to share everything with you... my body and my blood. And yes, I’m sure of it.”

“Thank you, love.” Nathan lapped at that warm throat, savoring the sweetness of Max’s skin. His fangs sank easily into soft flesh, making Max gasp sharply.

Slender fingers tangled in Nathan’s hair holding him close. Blood, hot and salty filled his mouth. It was richer than he was used to and so intoxicating. Max whimpered and arched against him. Nathan could feel the young man’s cock rubbing against his side. He was going to wear a hole in the comforter, he was so hard.

“Don’t stop, please!”

That was the danger. He could drain his friend dry if he wasn’t careful, and Max would be more than willing to let him. That was the true lure of a vampire, even a half-blooded one like him.

“That’s enough!” Nathan lapped at the tiny holes in Max’s neck. His saliva would heal the wounds and leave little more than a bruise, just another handy aspect of being at least part vampire.

“But I was so close...”

“And I could have killed you.”

“You have too much control for that.” Max let the blanket drop and slid both hands under Nathan’s shirt. “We’d be naked by now if you didn’t.”

“You are naked, love.”

“And you’re not...it hardly seems fair.”

Nathan tugged his shirt over his head and tossed it aside. “You need to get off me if you want me out of these jeans.”

Max plopped himself back onto the couch, watching Nathan eagerly as he stood. The boy was almost bouncing, so Nathan decided to take it slow. He stretched a little then ran one hand down his six-pack and tugged at the button of his jeans.

“Nathan!”

“I thought you might like a show.” Nathan kicked off his jeans. Max was so much fun to tease. He hooked his thumbs in the waist band of his boxers, sliding them down just a little.

“I want to touch you not watch you.” Max tugged the soft cotton down and pulled him back on to the couch. Max straddled his legs again, running his fingers through Nathan’s chest hair. “You’re too handsome not to touch.”

“Flatterer...” Nathan sat back and let Max explore all he wanted. Slender fingers trailed over his pecs, tweaking his nipples. They moved lower following the thin line of hair to his groin.

Max's eyes widened as he wrapped his hand around Nathan's heavy length. "We're going to need lube and lots of it."

"Don't worry, we're covered." Nathan stood again, holding Max against him and carried the boy to the kitchen. He set Max on the kitchen table and grabbed a bottle of olive oil off the counter. "See?"

"I'm not a salad."

"I never said you were, now roll over." Nathan set the bottle down and patted Max on the ass.

Max hopped off the table and leaned against the edge with his butt in the air. "Like this?"

"Perfect."

It was hardly romantic, but there would be time for that later. Nathan knelt down, running his hands over that pert, perfect ass. He slid one hand between Max's slim legs and rubbed against his balls. He was so soft... well, most of him. Max's cock was rock hard and dripping with pre-come. Nathan pushed those velvety cheeks apart and teased the tight, pink pucker between them with his tongue.

Max moaned and pushed back against Nathan's face. He must have liked that. Nathan lapped at him, alternating between short stabs with his tongue and sucking kisses. He wrapped his hand around Max's slender cock and stroked him. The boy gasped and his entire body rippled.

"Nathan, stop... I—aahn!" Max shuddered and slumped against the table, panting.

"You are gorgeous when you come." Nathan stood, licking his sticky fingers. "And very tasty."

"Really?"

"I think so." Nathan leaned closer and kissed Max hard. He pushed his tongue into Max's soft mouth, letting him taste the remnants of his own orgasm. "See..."

"I'll bet that you're yummier."

"You can taste me later, love. I want to fuck you." Nathan dripped oil onto his fingers and pushed one of them into Max's ass.

"Bu—oooh!"

Nathan eased his finger in and out, coaxing Max to relax and open before adding another. He moaned again and his body rippled around Nathan's fingers. Damn, Max was sexy and tight. That sweet, little body was going to feel amazing around his cock.

More oil dripped against Max's ass. Nathan scissored his fingers stretching Max a little more. He pulled all the way out and pushed three back in twisting them slightly.

Max glanced over his shoulder, his eyes pleading. "Nathan...no more teasing...I can't bare it."

"All right, love..." Nathan rubbed more oil into his cock and slid the thick shaft against Max's ass. "Here I come."

The tip of Nathan's cock pressed against Max's hole and pushed inside. Slowly but surely he inched his way into tight, gripping heat until his hips were pressed against Max's soft cheeks. Oh, that was good.

Max rocked against him, encouraging Nathan to move, to fuck him. Nathan pulled back and slammed forward, making the boy groan. Max tip-toed, lifting his ass to take Nathan deeper. "Harder, Nathan, please!"

How could he refuse that? Nathan flipped Max onto his back and slipped back into him. His cock pushed deep, sliding over Max's gland. The boy arched against him, those slender hands digging into his shoulders and tangling in his hair. Long, lean legs wrapped around him pulling him closer. Max's slender cock rubbed against him leaving a wet trail against his belly. Max was close, Nathan could feel it.

Max pulled Nathan into another kiss, moaning into his mouth as he came. Nathan groaned as that sweet, little body clamped down around him, milking his cock. He snapped his hips forward, filling Max with hot come.

"You are amazing..." Max sprawled on Nathan's table catching his breath.

"So are you." Nathan nuzzled the boy's cheek contentedly. He glanced at the clock on the microwave. It was nearly one in the morning. "I guess this means you're staying."

"I am... I seem to have found something to keep me here after all." Max smiled and kissed Nathan's nose.

"That would be me, I hope." Nathan picked his pretty boy up and carried him to the bedroom.

"Of course." Max nibbled on Nathan's chin teasingly. "You did say you wanted help with those Christmas lights."

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