BBS Smut One-Shots

by Melonbread96

Summary

Do I need to say more?

Notes
See the end of the work for notes.
The new guy caught his attention, and this doesn't happen very often. It's not unusual to see a masked criminal, his best friend always wore one. Luke normally worked with only Delirious, but circumstances had changed. They started doing more things with Vanoss' gang, and this left him with some leverage. He used it whenever he could, though he still had his own pride. It was always business, unless it was a night of fun. Luke was never going to get out of this prison anyways, not with his life sentence. He was in the gang life, then realized it wasn't much for him, he mostly liked working alone. Wildcat and Nogla was with him, when he spotted Ohm. The masked newbie just came out of solitary confinement, but it only lasted a day. Ohm had already gotten himself into a fight, and thankfully it was with an unimportant underling.

"Grab him," ordered Luke, which the guys didn't hesitate to do just that.

The prison life might've intimidated people, or become a person's hell. Luke didn't feel that way, this was his only source of paradise. He liked being locked up, even if he's forced to live by certain rules. A guard was bribed with some drugs, before they shoved Ohm into a bathroom stall. When the masked man tried to struggle, Tyler punched him hard in the gut. There was some more punishment delivered, until Ohm couldn't stop fighting anymore. He could hear the groan of pain, once Ohm was tossed onto the hard tile. Vanoss is already inside with Delirious, as his best friend pulled out a knife. It all depended on Ohm's answer, if he was smart, he would answer currently.

"Welcome Ohm, this is the BBS. I'm of course my own man, but not everyone gets that privileged," paused Luke, as he marched towards Ohm, "I've decided I want you for myself. You won't last long in this prison. I suggest you become my woman, bitch."

"Fuck you!" shouted Ohm, his words vibrated across the tiles. This made Luke deliver a swift kick to Ohm's face. It made the mask come off, then skid across the floor.

"I'm giving you one last chance to reconsider, or you'll regret it," growled Luke, he never had fresh meat talk to him like that. It's a level of disrespect, and he wanted Ohm. He could see Ohm becoming a potential threat, plus the man has a good body. The face was even better once it was revealed, those hazel eyes glared at him.

"I'll never be your bitch Cartoonz. You sick fuck," said Ohm angrily, then Luke motioned the rest of the guys over. This wasn't going to go well for Ohm.

"Take care of him, won't you?" asked Luke, and the response was immediate. Nogla grabbed him first, and pulled him into a hold. He's directly behind Ohm, and is holding both his arms. When Ohm started to struggle, Tyler punched him a few times, just to let the pain sink in further. His pants came off easily, and Ohm was trying to stop them from doing it. Delirious looked towards Vanoss for permission, and his boyfriend nodded his head. The knife is still out, and now it's against Ohm's jugular, "stop fighting, I might accidentally cut you." An insane chuckle echoed around, as a few droplets of blood ended up on the sharp blade. It was moved to cut Ohm's shirt up. Luke could hear
Ohm's pleas for them to stop, and it was like music to his ears. He had given Ohm a chance, though Ohm tossed it back into his face.

"I want to fuck him first," said Tyler, this made Ohm squirm even more.

"Do I get his mouth?" asked Delirious, his insane laugh came back.

"What about me guys? I don't want to be left out," pouted Noga, but they were all going to have a turn.

Ohm is finally naked, bloody and beaten up. He still had some fire in him, which Luke admired. It would be fun for him to tame Ohm, and maybe he'd let these men fuck him a few more times after this. The cuffs went on Ohm, it was given to them by a guard. Ohm couldn't really fight them, even if his hands weren't behind his back. There was too many, and he was at their mercy. Tyler pushed him down, onto his hands and feet, while Delirious unzipped his pants. The blade was against Ohm's throat as a warning, "if I get a few nicks, then so do you. I better not feel a single tooth, and if you bite me. I'll make sure to fuck your dead corpse, you slut." The only response Delirious got, was Ohm gasping and trying to pull away from Tyler.

A finger went inside of him, as Tyler tried to open him up. It was Luke's orders to prepare him first, so they don't risk internal damage. He didn't want a broken toy, and this wouldn't end on the first night. Delirious finally shoved his cock down Ohm's throat, and instinctively his jaw tighten, "what did I say about teeth?" A slap was delivered to Ohm's face as a warning. Nogla is stroking himself as he watch, though he knew he'd get a turn. Tyler finally got Ohm to loosen up enough, until he plunged inside. A deep moan escaped Tyler's lips, as he kept thrusting in half his length. Delirious is moving faster down Ohm's throat, which caused Ohm to drool and gag several times.

"God his ass is so fucking tight. It's sucking me in so much, I bet you wanted some cock you whore," snarled Tyler, as he finally pushed all the way inside, "how's his throat?"

"He sucks at this, but it feels good," replied Delirious, and he didn't stop making Ohm deep throat him.

"Come on guys, I want a turn," complained Nogla, he wasn't known for his patience.

Tyler seemed to be growing impatient as well, because he started pounding into Ohm harder. His grip on Ohm's hips were on tight, as he thrust in as fast as he could. This made Ohm pull his mouth away from Delirious, and moaned in pain. He wasn't enjoying the rough treatment, even if he'd get some sharp pleasure from hitting his prostrate. "Please stop, make them stop Luke," cried Ohm, the tears are running down his face. Luke replied to his pleas with a smirk, "You know what I want Ohm." There was nothing but tears, though it didn't stop Delirious from grabbing his face, then pushing back into his throat. It only took a couple thrusts, then Delirious pulled out to cum all over Ohm's face.

"It's my turn now to fuck this cunt," said Nogla gleefully, before taking over Delirious' position.

Ohm was barely handling the abuse, and eventually stopped crying. He felt a fresh wave of cum seep inside of him, which Tyler thrusts in a couple more times before pulling out. It's surprising that Vanoss stepped down from his viewing position, then he came closer to Ohm. There's no telling his expression from the sunglasses he's wearing. "Go head and fuck his ass, I'll take his mouth," ordered Vanoss, as this cemented his fate. Nobody was going to save him, especially not Luke, who put him here in the first place. Delirious pulled his boyfriend in for a kiss, then watched as Vanoss pried Ohm's mouth open. The Irishman is thrusting behind Ohm, now that his backside is more open.
This went on for an hour, as the men took turns in fucking him. Ohm was finally used up, crying on the floor. Luke walked over to him, pulled his face up. "I'll ask you again, will you be my woman?"

Ohm looked at him with frightened eyes, and no words were uttered. This made Luke shake his head, then moved him onto his back. He bent Ohm's legs, so he was basically showing his bare ass into the air. Luke pushed in immediately, and thrust in slowly. A few kisses were pressed into Ohm's jaw, before he thrusts his tongue into Ohm's mouth. There wasn't a response, but he didn't feel any resistance. It didn't take long for him to thrust in faster, feeling how loose Ohm's hole had become. He could feel a twitch inside, while the inner walls squeezed him. Luke liked the control over this person, and he knew the others wouldn't mind another go at him.

"You're my bitch, even if you don't realize it. I'll let them rape you as long as I want. When it comes down to it, you belong to me. They can fuck you, beat you, but you're all mine. I'm the only man you will ever need. Now tell me Ohm, are you my bitch?"

Chapter End Notes

I don't write gang bangs very often, since I like stories with a bit more romance. This is downright dirty, and I don't regret it for a moment.

I don't accept requests here, just on my Wattpad account. It just makes things easier on me, plus I'm a bit lazy lol.

The updates will be slow and inconsistent, since I don't have much time for writing. Sorry. Though I promise they'll be extremely smutty. X3

~Melon
**DaithiTerroriser : House Warming Party**

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Nogla had finally moved into his new home, and in LA of all places. This made Brian's day, as him and his fellow friends planned a welcome home party. His Irish friend loved to drink, like any potato loving fool. It's something they both can connect with, since Brian also left home to be closer with his friends. He didn't know what to give Nogla first, this left him feeling nervous and excited. At first he started messaging Marcel and Brock, who weren't exactly giving him the best advice. They suggested giving him food or booze, which he's pretty sure that's what everyone was going to give him. Evan might be the smartest person to ask, since his Canadian friend knew more about Nogla.

"Daithi is simple, just bring in a ton of food," suggested Marcel, as the guys talked about it, "it's not that complicated."

"You could give him action figures!" shouted Lui, before giggling at his own statement.

"I say keep it simple, I'm getting him a video game," Brock pointed out, but none of their advice helped.

"Why is it always so hard to give someone a gift?" asked Brian, he was starting to get a headache.

"Hey, what's up? Did I miss anything?" asked Evan, who just into Skype with them.

"You've got to help me, what do I bring as a house warming gift?" pleaded Brian, as he prayed that Evan was the answer to all of his questions.

"Star Wars," beamed Evan, making everyone laugh in the call.

"For fuck sakes Evan! You asshole, I was asking a legit question," raged Brian, as he ranted off, but no one bothered to care.

"I'm serious, Nogla loves star wars. He talked about it none stop, when he saw the new movie in theater," said Evan, like it was common knowledge.

It was the reason why Brian was looking through the internet, looking for the geekiest thing he could find. He was going to find the best damn house warming gift, even if it killed him. Some of the stuff was for kids, then he tried something for adults. Brian accidentally found some adult outfits, then he imaged Nogla in one of them. Nogla would make a sexy princess Leia. The skimpy outfit made his face turn red, then he went back to searching. He could image all the sexy posses he would make Nogla do. It was known from all his friends, that he likes Nogla. This made him a target for their jokes, when his friend wasn't around. They did keep his secret for him, which was a huge relief. He would take the taunting, instead of letting Nogla accidentally find out.

"Fuck it, I'm just going to buy it," said Brian, as he clicked to purchase it. He also bought a different gift, in case he chickened out.

This is how he made it to Nogla's door step, a few days from then. He knocked on the door, and it was Lui who answered. "Do your terminator voice," squeaked Lui, only to make Brian huff in annoyance. "Shut up, I'm not some one trick pony," complained Brian, as he was let inside. His gift never left his side, he couldn't let anyone else accidentally see it. Evan was surprisingly there, and would normally never leave Canada. It wasn't a huge party, but everyone was drinking and talking
up a storm. Tyler is chatting away with Craig, unaware that someone just walked in. "Hey man, it's
good to see you here," said Evan, they both hugged. His friend had spotted the gift in his hands.

"Put it in Nogla's room, he's been stashing it there," Evan informed him, so he did just that.

Brian came back to the room, only to see Lui flirting with Nogla.

"What are you doing, dark tall and Irish?" winked Lui, as he pulled Nogla by the collar, "We're
going to watch a movie, you should sit with me."

This annoyed him so much, but he didn't say anything. He decided to hit the booze instead, as he
started chugging the drink. Brian could handle his liquor, while he watched everyone gather around
the television screen. Marcel started talking to Nogla, which made him try his best to hold down his
temper, "you look good Nogla, did you get a new hair cut? I'm surprised everyone can keep their
hands off you." It's like everyone is flirting with him, Evan even whispered in his ear, making Nogla
blush. This made him wonder if the world was conspiring against him, or maybe he should just
murder his friends. They knew he really likes Nogla, his crush is bigger than the moon. Brian
watched as Marcel wrapped an arm over Nogla's shoulder's, trying to get them both even closer.

"Damn bastards, he's mine," whispered Brian, while he gritted his teeth. It's not like anyone hear
him, but someone had to notice that he's fuming.

The movie might've been good, but he wasn't even paying attention to it. He only noticed all the
guys swarming around his crush, while he acted like the chubby girl at the punch bowl. Brian drank
his second cup full, when most of the guys decided to leave. Lui was the last person around, who
even planted a kiss to Nogla's cheek. The glass is held tightly in his hand, as he watched Lui leave
the door. "Brian! I hardly noticed that you were here," said Nogla gleefully, but that was the wrong
thing to say. Brian pinned him into the couch, which only confused his friend further. He growled,
which made Nogla shrink into himself. This made his friend look smaller, and he wasn't about to lose
what should be his.

"I don't care who else wants you, I'm going to make sure you only want me," said Brian, as he grind
them both on the couch.

Nogla is in a sitting position, with Brian basically in his lap. They were practically around the same
height, but Brian is more built. He pulled Nogla into an aggressive kiss, then started pulling up his
shirt. "Take it off, I want you naked and needy," demanded Brian, and somehow Nogla didn't
question it. His own shirt came off as well, and Nogla ran his fingers over his chest. Brian didn't
even know if Nogla wanted this, until he was being dragged back down for another kiss. "I might
want to be yours too," said Nogla huskily, then it lit a fire in Brian. They both roamed their hands in
places, before Brian pulled him from the couch. He was going to take them to the bedroom, because
he still wanted to show him his gift.

Nogla wasn't complaining, while they both stripped off their clothes. The gifts were all over the bed,
and Brian pushed the rest of it off. He had forgot to bring lube, though he improvised. His fingers
were pushed into Nogla's mouth, then he ordered him to suck. Brian was growing hard from just
watching, then got between Nogla's legs. He prepared Nogla the best he could, by stretching him
with his fingers. It would be easier with some lube, or anything to help loosen Nogla up. Brian spat
into his hand, then lathered himself up. He'd push Nogla into the bed, then try to move in slowly.
This took a few tries, before he finally managed to slip inside. His friend is so tight, and he gasped at
the heat that surrounded him.

"Shit you feel good," moaned Brian, while Nogla pulled them even closer.
This started at a slow pace, though it was going to hurt no matter what. Nogla sucked it up, and did complain a little about the pain. They both ended up moaning, while Brian kept thrusting inside of him. He came first, then used his hand to help Nogla cum as well. Both of them laid there for awhile, before he remembered his gift. Brian got up to wipe them both down, then placed the box into Nogla's hand. It's the skimpy Leia's outfit, that he should have made Nogla wear. This would look good on Nogla's tall skinny body. They started to kiss again, as Nogla asked him to help put it own. "You really are beautiful," said Brian, who is now holding a man in a nice revealing dress. It didn't take long for them to fall asleep, while Brian held him from behind.

Meanwhile, in a Skype chat during all of this.

"What flavored lube do you think they're using?" asked Marcel, all of them are smirking knowingly, "I bought Nogla a whole box off different flavors."

"Do you think the Darth Vader dildo is too much?" asked Evan, who stuck with the star wars theme.

"It can't be bad as the lingerie I had bought for him. Nogla might be wearing it right now for Brian," Brock commented to Evan, who had no clue that they didn't use the house warming gifts.

"Damn, all I gave him was a sex doll, since he know all know Brian might pussy out," Lui pointed out, and nobody disagreed with that.

"Whatever they're doing, I hope it's bringing them together. If you know what I mean," said Evan, right as he put on his sunglasses, "Together as in, get that booty."

Chapter End Notes

I hope it's a little funny or at entertaining. I've been doing some of the requests, so maybe I will have a steady update for awhile.

I'm still working on my Ohmtoonz story, though it's kinda on stop. Since I'm doing all these one-shots.

Thanks for reading, the support is amazing.

~Melon
Ohm couldn't help but worry, when his lover is overseas. The war had gone on for years, and he'd only been given letters. This made him anxious, and he felt alone in their big empty house. His friends would try to cheer him up, Bryce would even take him out. There was plenty of men that would hit on him, though Ohm already had given his heart to someone. Luke promised that he would be back home alive. The letters had stopped for several month, making worry even more. It wasn't unusual not to get letters, especially when men saw combat. They were too busy fighting, and trying to stay alive. It didn't stop Ohm from crying, as he did some nights. Luke kept him grounded, made everything worth living.

He wasn't in the war, because he is attending college. His lover couldn't afford it, and Ohm had insisted in dropping out, just so they could serve together. "Are you crazy Ohm? Do you think I want that? I want you here safe, and knowing why I'm out there. I'm doing this for our country, but most of all. I'm doing this for us," said Luke in his memory, and those words lingered in his heart. Buddy started barking rapidly, while Ohm was cooking himself a small meal. He did this to distract himself sometimes. His dog was going crazy, even jumping around the couch. Ohm shouted for Buddy to be quiet, until he heard a door bell. There shouldn't be any visitors, and he didn't remember his friends asking to come over. He went to the door and opened it hesitantly.

"You're exactly as I remember you, cute as a button," uttered Luke, before they pressed their lips into each other.

"You're back early!" exclaimed Ohm, who jumped right into his arms. This didn't bother Luke, as he carried them back inside. Buddy is jumping at Luke's legs, trying to get his attention.

"You're such an excited little thing, and I'm not talking about the dog," winked Luke, before he put Ohm back down and closed the door.

Luke started to explain that he got injured in combat, but it wasn't that bad. His superior officer was just grateful, that he saved his life. This meant the man pulled some strings, then had Luke sent home. Ohm started searching him, like the injury might pop out of nowhere. "I got shot in the ass, which is embarrassing as hell," groaned Luke, while Ohm giggled at him. They talked for awhile, mostly Luke did the talking. He told him about the war, the turn of events. There was some gruesome parts left out, since he didn't feel like talking about it. When Luke said he was hungry, Ohm immediately went to the kitchen. He started looking some more stuff to cook, since he was only making himself a grilled cheese sandwich.

"You know I'm hungry, but I rather eat this fine specimen in front of me," said Luke, as he wrapped his arms around Ohm's waist from behind. This almost made Ohm drop the bread he was holding.

"Let me feed you first, silly," giggled Ohm, as he did his best to grab the ingredients.

They were going to have a meal together, like they use to do. Ohm couldn't help, but let Luke kiss him. Those hands wandered around, and he had to slap those hands away. He almost caved into this advances, especially when Luke kept saying nice things in his ears. They both hadn't had sex in so long, and even with temptation from other people, Ohm only wanted him. "There was some sleazy prostitutes around base, I swear my balls would contract back inside myself from looking at them. You have no idea how many times I had to touch myself, with only a picture of you," Luke rambled,
though he kept kissing the back of Ohm's neck. It was almost impossible to pry Luke off, so Ohm started to threaten to burn him with the hot frying pan.

"This is the thanks I get? I come home from being shot at, and my own boyfriend wants to kill me," teased Luke, though he eventually waited by the table.

"I miss you so much, I was worried a lot too," replied Ohm sadly, while he brought over their plate of food.

"I was always with you Ohm, in spirit," Luke reassured him, as he grasped his hand, "I missed you tons as well, especially when I'm stroking it."

It made Ohm roll his eyes then laugh. This is why he loves him, the silly man that knew how to cheer him up. The meal was easily forgotten, when Luke went over and swept him off his feet. They made their way into the bedroom, though they almost didn't make it. Both of them peeled off their clothes, while they're making out. There was a trail, when they finally got into the bedroom. Luke grabbed him by the waist, making Ohm giggle and hold on. They're both on the bed now, as they went back to kissing. Ohm's lips were raw from making out, so they pulled back, while he laid on his back. This is something he's waited for so long, after saying goodbye to the man he loves.

It wasn't easy, sometimes Ohm wished he tried harder to go with him. Luke kissed his chest, ran his tongue over his nipples. The attention was all for him, like he was the only man in existence. There's soft kisses planted on his waist, while the teased him, by not giving attention to his lower half. "Please Luke, I need more," begged Ohm, which sent shivers down Luke's spine, but the taller man wasn't giving in. There's kisses planted on Ohm's inner thighs, as it traveled down his legs. Luke went down to his toes, and tickled Ohm fiercely. He couldn't stop himself from laughing, then Luke went back up for more kisses. They're so wrapped up in each other, then Luke pulled back to get the lube.

"Luke!" whine Ohm, a cute pout on his lips.

"Hold on Ohm, I need to make sure I don't hurt you," replied Luke, who chuckled at his adorable boyfriend.

The bottle was in Luke's hands, as he lathered up his fingers. They went in slowly, Ohm tried his best to relax. His breath hitched, while it brushed against his prostrate. This encouraged Luke to add another, then move faster. The three fingers were eventually inside of him, before they were pulled out. Ohm let out another whine, since he wanted to feel full. He got his wish, once Luke started to push inside. His body was already a little loose, since he fingered himself often. Every time he did this, Ohm had thought about Luke, and the sexy times they had together. Luke was true to his words, as he went slowly inside of him. There was a small discomfort, but Luke distracted him with his hand, which pumped him slowly.

Ohm let out a low moan, then begged him to go faster. The pace sped up, as he pushed back into Luke. They're both panting, Ohm cling onto his back. It didn't take long for Luke to thrust in hard, both of them moaning loudly. He was getting close, so he quickly warned him, "I-I'm gonna cum, Luke!" Ohm moaned his name loudly, then came all over his hand. His inner walls squeezed him, until Luke came as well. They just laid there, both of them panting heavily. Once both of them caught their breath, Luke pulled out and laid on his back. The smaller man was pulled on top of Luke, then both of them fell asleep.

Ohm was the first one to wake up, he went to take a shower first thing in the morning. Luke still didn't get up once he finished. He started picking up their clothes, and when he got to Luke's pants, a wallet fell out of it. His curiosity got the best of him, as he went to check what was inside of it. The
wallet was filled with photos of himself, the very one Luke would look at during the war. This made him tear up slightly, though he's also smiling. The last photo made him blush, and he thought he threw it away. It's him in a sexy bunny suit, posing for the camera. His friends got him really drunk, and they thought it was a good idea. Ohm begged for the photo to be destroyed, but they sent it to him instead.

"I guess if this makes Luke happy, then he can keep it," mumbled Ohm, a blush ran across his face.

"Mm, Ohm?" asked a sleepily Luke, as he quickly put the wallet away.

"I'm just folding clothes, I'll make us breakfast later," said Ohm cheerfully, while doing just that. It was almost like the war didn't happen. He got his lover back, safe and forever with him.

Chapter End Notes

Can you feel the fluff tonight! *sings*

I've gotten some good news, and my situation has gotten better. It's not perfect, but a hell of a lot better than before.

Thanks for reading.

~Melon
"Another shot! Don't pussy out," chuckled Delirious, as he did everything to make Evan drink.

They were both very intoxicated, though there was a reason behind it all. Evan wasn't aware of it, while he tried to match Delirious drink for drink. He wasn't much of a drinker, so he easily lost to the taller man. His words were slightly slurred, and he didn't complain when Delirious suggested a game of truth or dare. Evan was allowed to ask Delirious first, and the masked man didn't chicken out. "I dare you to tweet a secret for the internet to see," the Canadian giggled, then Delirious swore as he did just that. They went back and forth, never once did it go to truth. Both of them were stubborn, though Delirious almost forgot why he was doing this in the first place. He knew all about Luke's crush on Evan. His friend was just too chicken to ask the Asian man out.

"I dare you to wear a dress for the rest of the night," smirked Delirious, he was grinning from ear to ear.

"I don't even have a dress," Evan pointed out, but this wasn't a problem. The masked man dug through his bag, that he had brought over for a sleep over. It's a very expensive and sharp looking red dress.

"Fine, but you have to wear your infamous clown make up," suggested Evan, though Delirious didn't really have to do it.

The masked man humored him, just to get the drunk Evan to wear the dress. His fingers were sloppy, as Evan tried his best to get the dress on. He had to get totally naked for it, and the dress is a tight fit. This was meant for a woman with large breasts, though his broad shoulders made up for it. Evan twirled in it, then giggled like an idiot. Usually he'd keep his composure, though the alcohol had a huge influence on him. Delirious steered him into the bathroom, then pulled out the clown make up. It's something he always had around him, just for his own weird entertainment. The make up went on, then he realized Evan is almost passed out on him.

"I think it's time for bed for you," said Delirious, as he picked him up and carried Evan into the bedroom. His best friend owed him big, especially with all the planning he's done.

A drunk Evan is now currently on Luke's bed, but this wasn't good enough. He pulled out his plastics gloves, then a shiny toy came out. It's small with a string attached to it. The controller is placed on the bed, with a note telling Luke how to use it. Delirious lube up the glove, then pressed it inside of Evan. This made the smaller man groan, though he didn't seem to wake up. The device is inside, before he walked out of the room. Delirious went outside of his house, then texted Luke. Both of them were currently roommates, though he informed Luke that he was going to be staying somewhere else. There's also a surprise in his room, which Delirious knows will make Luke curious.

"I am the best! Who said w-water can't go over a bridge?," chuckled Delirious, as he didn't realize how idiotic choice of words were.
Meanwhile, Luke was curious about the text. He knew that Evan and Delirious were both hanging out. It wasn’t in his place to bother them, especially when Delirious had planned this trip for so long. Luke thought he’d be the annoying third wheel, so he went ahead and watched a movie at a theater. This was making him wonder the while drive back home. He was planning on just going to bed right afterwards, probably check twitter on his phone. Delirious wasn’t the best with his plans, though that didn't stop his best friend from making them. Luke finally parked the car, then noticed that the lights were off. He thought maybe they both went out somewhere, maybe like a club or something.

It didn't take long for him to lock the door behind him, then walk straight to his room. He could see something on his bed, as he slowly brighten the room. Luke didn't turn the lights to a hundred percent, when he realized who was on his bed. The dress made him feel confused, then he noticed the controller on his bed. 'Have fun Luke, I have him all ready for you. Evan likes you, so stop wussing out. Make me proud!' read Luke, as he tossed the note away. He already knew how vibrating toys worked, since he had dated plenty of women before. This was a bit different, since it's made for men. It wasn't a huge dildo, but something to be inserted into the rectum. Luke turned it on in a lower setting.

"Ah! Fuck," moaned Evan, he started grinding on the bed.

This made Luke swallow, before he turned up the setting. He could watch Evan squirm on the bed, letting out some sexy sounds. His body is slowly getting hard, so Luke took off his clothes. Luke got on the bed, then checked underneath Evan's dress. There was nothing underneath, not even some sexy panties. His hand gripped Evan, then he started to pump him slowly. This had to be torturous, as the pace was never speed up. Evan finally opened his eyes, then stared up at him. Luke watched as Evan pulled him closer, then begged for him to do something. The alcohol hit his nose, then he realized how Delirious set this thing all up.

"Are you sure? We don't have to do this, unless you really want to," said Luke, who wanted the other person's consent.

"Please, I just want you inside of me," begged Evan, which made up his mind.

The toy was turned up to the max setting, and making Evan sing. His thumb pressed at the base, preventing the Canadian from coming. There was constant begging and moaning. Evan definitely wanted to cum, but Luke wanted to see him fall apart and needy. "Tell me again what you want, how you want it," purred Luke, while Evan thrust into his fingers. He easily pushed two inside, while giving the other person something to thrust himself into. "I need you inside of me Luke, please," Evan cried out, then the toy was turned off. This made Evan whine, before his legs were placed above his head. It went on Luke's shoulders, as he pushed inside. Both of them groaned, while he slid in. The dress is still on Evan, though Luke thought he looked so sexy.

"Fuck, the things you do to me," groaned Luke, before he began to pound into him.

The pace was sharp, and Evan grabbed the sheets. He started screaming, and their neighbors might hear it. They kept on going, with Evan begging him for more. Luke never though he'd come home to a sexy man in a dress. It's his biggest fetish, and Evan is the object of his desire. He'd have to thank Delirious so much after this. Evan squeezed around him, then came on his chest. It went awhile for Luke to pull out, then he admired his work. Evan is laying there with the dress drawn up to his stomach. His legs on each side of Luke, where there's cum seeping out of his hole.

"I hope you remember everything that's happened tonight, because I want to be able to do it again," said Luke, though he pressed a kiss on Evan's forehead.
"Luke," mumbled Evan sleepily, though he was shushed and told to rest.

They would both wake up, sweaty and a mess. It was all thanks to a crazy man who had nothing, but the best interest in his heart.

Meanwhile, there was a tweet from Delirious from their truth or dare game.

'I got my friends to hook up last night, one of them was made to wear a dress. This is my dirty secret.'

Chapter End Notes

In the beginning Evan dared Delirious to tweet a secret, in case you were confused by the ending.

I haven't been writing a lot, and this is basically my last work saved up. I apologize if you guys wanted a ton of updates. It won't be easy for me to have time to write and do stuff that I want. I apologize for that.

~Melon
It was innocent at first, when Jonathan noticed the open window. A cute Asian guy would dress where he could be seen, but only from across his home, from the second story. He didn't mean to watch, while the stranger took off his shirt, and discarded the article of clothing somewhere. The teen had no clue, as he was giving a strip tease to his neighbor. Jonathan would pull his eyes away at first, knowing it's wrong to watch someone. He's probably only a couple years older than the teen, at least that's his guess. His mother passed away, and this left Jonathan with the house. It was lonely inside, but now he had someone he could watch. The show only started, whenever the teen entered the room. He learned about his name, when he saw Evan with a name tag once. This meant the teen had some kind of job.

Jonathan would watch with fascination, as the Asian took off his top. He must've went on a run, because the teen took a rag and started to rub the sweat off himself. The teen dug through his dresser, then the show was momentarily over once he went into the bathroom. This would take some time, as Jonathan waited for him. The Asian didn't disappoint, when he stepped out of the bathroom. A towel around his waist, while he wiped the water from his hair. It's dark outside, so Jonathan took his member out of his pants. He started to stroke himself lightly, while Evan finally tossed the towel somewhere. Jonathan licked his lips, and pumped himself faster.

It wasn't surprising to see Evan sit on the bed, and started touching himself. The whole time Evan didn't know he was being watched. Jonathan slowed down to match the other person's pace, then he got a surprise when Evan pulled out the lube. It wasn't the liquid that shocked him, but when Evan lubed up a couple fingers, then reached behind himself. Jonathan stared now, his hand stopped moving from shock. Those fingers were pushed inside, while Evan had his rear directly in the direction of where Jonathan is watching. It was almost like a deliberate show, which he didn't mind watching. Both of them were moving in sync now, with Jonathan snapping out of his trance. The both of them came, and it was time for him to go back inside.

Jonathan watched for a little longer, only to see Evan clean himself off and turn off the lights. This bothered him for several days, and sometimes Jonathan debated himself for what he was doing. It wasn't right to watch his neighbor, while the person is masturbating. He couldn't help himself, the peeping turned him on and he would constantly touch himself during all of it. Sometimes he couldn't cum, but just enjoyed the high from just watching. The masturbating scene didn't happen for a week, which made Jonathan anxious. He wanted something to happen, and his only source of entertainment wasn't doing anything interesting.

His bills weighed on him, and he could barely pay rent. This meant Jonathan tried other methods to distract himself. He use to go out with Luke often, but he started feeling guilty, when his friend spent too much on him. This is free for him to enjoy, while he decided to make a small purchase. Jonathan went to a small garage sale, which he normally did to buy himself some cheap clothes. The neighborhood was on more of the poor side, then he spotted something that interested him. A cute looking owl onesie caught his eye. Jonathan bought it, but it would be too small for Evan. He went
and asked Craig to let him borrow his sowing machine. This allowed him to alter the outfit, so it would be perfect for the big teen.

There was extra material he could borrow, though nobody knew what he was doing. This was the case, until Luke decided to do a surprise visit. Jonathan is watching Evan currently, while he sat on his chair outside. Evan came into his room, with his bag and proceeded to do some homework on the bed. This was the best viewing spot, and some reason the bed was extremely close to the window. "Hey man, what are you doing?" asked Luke, which made Jonathan jump and fell off his chair. He swore a lot, but tried not too be too loud, "What the hell Luke? Why are you here?" This made him anxious, then he noticed Luke peering back up towards the window.

"I decided to check on you, since you hardly answer my texts. Is this what you've been doing?" questioned Luke, a serious look appeared on his face.

"W-well I uh, you see, I w-was trying too," stuttered Jonathan, while he panicked during the whole thing.

"I'm messing with you, I don't see anything wrong with it. Have you tried talking to him?" asked Luke, who clearly enjoyed Jonathan's discomfort.

"No I haven't, you know I'm not good with people," Jonathan pointed out, which is very true. He always seem awkward around people, and always kept everyone at a distance. Luke was the only exception, but his friend also knew the constant therapy sessions he would go into. His therapist didn't even know certain things about him.

"So you just watch him? You should try talking to him, at least leave him a note or something. Jonathan, you can't always hide from people man. I worry about you sometimes," said Luke, while they both walked back into the house.

There was no secrets between them, and Jonathan told his friend everything. Luke would tease him, though he wouldn't judge Jonathan for his weird obsession. The masturbating part was left out, but something had to be done. Both of them started playing video games, even throughout the night. "You know what? Just do something, take the first step. He might want to talk to you, anything is better than nothing," suggested Luke, which Jonathan took all his words to heart. His friend eventually left, after they ordered a pizza and ate their fill. Jonathan fell asleep, while thinking about what his next move should be. When he woke up that morning, he went to his shitty job.

Jonathan worked for a disposal company, which meant he drove a trash truck. The pay wasn't bad, but he is still paying off his mother's debt. She might be dead, though all the burden was still on him. He went back home after his hours of work, and spent a lot of time grooming himself. Jonathan wouldn't stop until he felt clean, and thought he looked good enough. It was almost like he was preparing for a date. After he did all of this, he went over the large wall, that separated their yards. Nobody had noticed him, and certainly Evan's parents didn't see anything. He climbed up the side of the wall, with the help of the ladder outside. Jonathan got onto the roof of the second story area. The room he would constantly watch, is now finally right in front of him.

"I can do this, it's very simple," mumbled Jonathan nervously, while he lifted up the window. It wasn't locked, but he pulled out a hammer.

He looked back at the door, hoping that it wouldn't open. His hammer tapped at the locking mechanism, until he bent it enough that it wouldn't work. It would take a lot of effort to get it back into shape, so now Evan wouldn't be able to keep him out. A box with the gift inside is placed on the bed. He just hoped that Evan would enjoy this. Jonathan placed a radio over it, with a small note that read, 'open the box first, then talk to me. -J' It didn't stop to just this, as he went straight for Evan's
dresser. He had watched Evan use it so many times, and he saw all the underwear inside.

A very sexy and revealing black thong caught his attention. Jonathan took it as his new treasure, then walked towards the bathroom. It was simple inside, but he still wanted to explore it. He could finally hear movement downstairs, and Evan talking below. This is the moment he should leave, though it's tempting to hear him speak. "Another day by myself, why do I bother thinking they could be home?" groaned Evan, which is the first time Jonathan has ever heard his voice, "It's so boring here, why couldn't my parents at least have a dog?" Jonathan finally moved away from the door, then went out of the window. He put away the ladder, then he had to act fast.

The whole time he panicked, and scolding himself for lingering around longer than he should. Jonathan quickly climbed back over the wall, then went to his favorite sitting position. It seemed like he made it in time, because Evan finally walked into his room. He couldn't hear anything, but he could tell Evan is talking. The Asian is staring at the present on his bed, probably thinking it's from his parents. Jonathan gripped the radio, though his eyes never left the other person. Evan picked up the note, his eyes scanning it. He looked around, like he was trying to find this mysterious J. It was too dark for Evan to spot him, as he continued watching. The box was opened, as Evan pulled up the onesie.

Jonathan watched as he put it down, and picked up the radio. His voice caught into his throat, when he hears Evan's voice, "what is all of this? How did you get it in my room? Who are you?"

"I can't answer two of your questions, but I can tell you something. I gave you all of it as a gift, I've been watching you every night," paused Jonathan, as he saw the frightened look on Evan's face. He wasn't sure if this was pushing things too far, but he couldn't stop now.

"What do you want?" questioned Evan, the fear evidently in his voice.

"I want to watch you put it on, take off everything," ordered Jonathan, as he started at the teen.

"What if I don't do it?" asked Evan, who noticed right at that moment, something else was in the box.

"Do you see a video tape? Put it in your television, I know you have one," demanded Jonathan, which he could see Evan hesitating to do this.

Evan did everything he was told, then he saw himself on the screen. This was the night he sat on his bed, and pushed his fingers inside of himself. Jonathan could hear a gasp, then hear the outrage in the background. "You're sick, why are you showing me this?" shouted Evan, who is also scared of what J could want. This was a long pause, before he answered him, "I want you to put my gift on, then I'll order you to do a few things. Leave the radio on, I want to hear everything. If you don't do this, I'll make sure your parents will see the extra copy of the video. Maybe I'll even leak it into your school." Jonathan could see him place the radio on the dresser, which isn't that far from the bed. The Asian slowly undressed, but clearly shaken by the thought of being watched. He's only in his boxers, but Jonathan ordered him to take those off as well.

"Sit on the bed, that's good. Now I want you to open the front part of your outfit, very slowly. Good boy," praised Jonathan, while he watched Evan do everything he asked, "I want you to touch yourself, a slow steady pace. Just lay on your back, and I want you to be vocal if you feel like making sounds."

He watched Evan touch himself, like the other nights, but it's a lot more stiff. It didn't seem like Evan was enjoying himself, though things would slowly change. Jonathan told him to reach into the box, where a metal toy laid inside. His hand reached inside of his pants, while he stroked himself from
watching Evan do all of this. "Rub it against your chest, circle it around your nipples. Good, but do it slower, make them nice and hard," said Jonathan, as he licked his lips. A small whimper escaped Evan's lips, and he definitely caught the sound. He let out a deep moan, while he knows Evan can hear his own sounds as well. This was something he wanted Evan to hear, as he squeezed himself and felt the precum drip.

"Mmm yes, I want you to reach towards the back. The outfit opens both ways. There's lube in the box, get that as well. You know what to do with it, just like in the video. I want to hear those pretty sounds out of your mouth," purred Jonathan, he started to stroke himself faster, but he wouldn't let himself cum just yet.

"Please don't make me do this," begged Evan, the tears are now running down his face, "I promise I won't tell anyone, just please stop."

"I said use the lube and open yourself up. Don't try my patience, I might itch to leave something for everyone to see," growled Jonathan, as he started to feel agitated from Evan's reluctance.

It seemed like Evan got the message, because he wiped his face and kept going. A couple of his fingers are lubed up, before he pushed inside of himself. Jonathan instructed him to move himself, so his ass would face him. He wanted to watch those fingers go inside, while he pleasured himself. Evan didn't know he was filming it as well, though the camera is attached to the house, where it wouldn't be seen. It wouldn't have the audio he wanted, but Jonathan is usually content with watching. He told Evan to speed up the fingers, while the other hand uses the dildo to fondle his nipples. Jonathan was surprised to hear Evan use his voice, once there was the extra stimulation.

"I want you to stop, get on all fours, your ass almost to the window," ordered Jonathan, while he watched Evan do all of this.

It didn't take much to get Evan moving, while Jonathan watched him do all of it. He then asked Evan to spread his cheeks, so he can get a good view of the pink hole. This made him groan, and play with the tip of his throbbing member. Jonathan would love to fuck that hole, but he's always been content with watching him. Evan was now ordered to slide the metal dildo inside of himself, until he came. There was a slight hesitation, then he watched as Evan lube up the toy. It was slide inside of him, as it went all the way inside. He didn't hear the loud moans, until Evan started thrusting it deep inside of himself. Jonathan is close as well, before he came all over his hands.

His victim kept going, until he came all over his bed. He gave Evan a few praises, none of them that Evan would ever want. This became a normal ritual for awhile, though sometimes Jonathan would give him a break. His friends thought that he was dating some cute guy from across the street, while nobody realized he forced the teen to do whatever he wanted. Jonathan never touched him, and made sure to never leave any evidence behind. His orders were brought over, he'd always wear gloves. Sometimes Jonathan wouldn't speak, just watch as Evan read the note, then get on the bed. There was no telling how long this would last, probably until Evan graduated his senior year. He now accumulated a huge collection of porn, but Jonathan never shared it.

This was their little secret.

Chapter End Notes

I know I'm sick and twisted for writing this. Lol. It wouldn't be a bad story idea, I've actually considered it. The pace would be much slower, if I did make it into a book. I
probably enjoyed writing this, way more than I should.

~Melon
"This sucks balls, why do I have to watch your lame asses?" complained Tyler, though he watched over them anyways.

Craig threw a party in his house, but they had to make sure nobody drove back home drunk. It was a large party, with a bunch of teenagers they didn't know. There was someone Tyler was crushing on, though he's also one of his best friends. Evan is popular and the captain of the football team. He didn't stand a chance, so many girls flaunt themselves in front on Evan. Tyler felt like he'd just make a fool out of himself, and decided to keep this crush a secret. A couple of older men were also in this party, like Ohm and Delirious. They were so much making out, and grinding on the dance floor, that he didn't mind sitting on the side lines. Tyler sipped his juice, while he watched everyone. Lui was basically giving Nogla a lap dance, which made him choke on his drink.

"So many horny idiots, while I'm sitting here getting blue balls," groaned Tyler, who unexpectedly got a response.

"It's not that bad, you couple be one of those sluts in one of the bedrooms," said Craig with a wink, as his friend joined him, "it's my house too, so I have to clean that shit up."

"Why did you throw this party again?" asked Tyler, though it's a genuine question.

"So we can get fucked up! Live a little my friend, we're only teens for so long," cheered Craig, before he gulped down his drink.

"Maybe I would be, if I wasn't the designated driver," mumbled Tyler, while Craig didn't hear a word of it.

His friend got distracted by a cute girl that started to flirt with him. This was Tyler's cue to leave, and maybe go back into the kitchen. Someone bumped into him on his way over there. "Shit, are you okay?" asked Evan, who just accidentally spilled some of his drink on him. "Oh great yeah, I like wearing vodka and orange juice. It brings out my eyes," said Tyler sarcastically, which made Evan apologize again. He decided to go into the upstairs bathroom, since so many teens were making out in the nearest one. Evan looked a bit tipsy, and moved closer to him. It seemed like his friend was following him, though there's no real need for it.

"I'm fine Evan, I'll just borrow one of Craig's shirts," explained Tyler, but the response made him stop mid step up the stairs.

"But Tyyylar, I don't wanna be alone," giggled Evan, who bumped him behind, then wrapped his arms around Tyler.

He was glad that Evan couldn't see him, his face is so flushed. "Fine, whatever," said Tyler nonchalant, though on the outside he's freaking out. They went upstairs, and straight into Craig's room. He had the key to the room, only because sometimes he'd run away from home, and stay at Craig's place for days. His parents didn't really appreciate having a son who also liked men. It made his life more difficult, but he tried his best to ignore his problem. Evan stumbled in the bathroom right behind him. Tyler had his friend sit on the toilet seat, then closed the door. The bathroom is a mess, with various things around. He took off his shirt, which caused Evan to pull at the seam of his pants.
"What to fuck do yo-" Tyler paused, one he felt Evan palming him through his pants.

"How big are you? Can I see?" asked Evan, a curious glance upwards towards Tyler.

This made Tyler gulp, then wonder if this was a good idea. Evan is clearly drunk, and he couldn't take advantage of him. His friend would never forgive him, though he wondered when was Evan gay. It's not every day some straight guy would be hitting on another dude, even if he was drunk. "Evan you should really stop," Tyler pointed out, the only reaction was Evan fumbling with his pants. The zipper went down, and it was unbutton. Tyler started brushing Evan's hand away, until he felt Evan licked around his bulge through the boxers. This was already making him hard, and he groaned as he felt Evan mouthing his balls.

"Fuck, shit, this is a bad idea," groaned Tyler, but it didn't take long for him to start moaning.

Evan decided licking around the fabric and teasing Tyler wasn't enough. The pants came off, then Evan started lapping up the precum. Tyler lost all of his restraint, when he sees Evan licking around the head of his cock, and staring up at him. He could feel that tongue running down his shaft, as one of his balls went inside of that mouth. Evan sucked on each one, giving it enough treatment. The mouth went back up, then finally took Tyler in his mouth. It seems that Evan has come experience, and all Tyler could do was hold onto Evan's head. He moaned loudly, started praising Evan for doing such a good job. This wouldn't last long, not with Evan being able to deep throat him.

Tyler came hard, and it felt like an out of body experience. He gasped and allowed Evan to milk him for all he was worth. It didn't stop there, Evan is palming himself through his pants. His friend is clearly hard, and wanting someone to help him out. Tyler reached over, and pushed his hand into Evan's pants. This made Evan moan, and encouraged Tyler to keep going. He'd stroke down the shaft, while making sure to give the head a little extra attention, as he thumbed the slit. Evan finally came all over Tyler's hand, and in his boxers. This ended with Evan resting his head on Tyler's leg, while Tyler didn't know what to do. He knew this was fucked up, but this is something he's always wanted.

"Let's get you to sober up," suggested Tyler, who steered Evan into the bedroom.

He reached over to take off Evan's boxers and pants. The whole he was doing this, he hated himself. Tyler wished he had more self control, not to molest his friend. This is probably the last time they'll be on speaking terms. Evan was going to hate him for this, only because he couldn't keep it in his pants. He reached into Craig's dresser, and got Evan to wear one of the boxers. Tyler finally put on a new shirt, then put the dirty clothes in the washing machine. The only thing he could do now, was drive some people home. His other friends were pretty drunk off their asses, but thanked him for driving them back. It was such a blur, Tyler hardly thought about the drive back and forth.

Craig spotted him, when he drove the last person home, "that was good shit, I should throw a part every summer."

"I guess," said Tyler sadly, who wasn't prepared to face Evan just yet.

"What's wrong?" asked Craig, as he felt very concerned for his best friend.

"I fucked up, Evan probably hates me," groaned Tyler, while he sat on the couch with his head in his hands, "I basically took advantage of him."

Tyler snapped his head up, when Craig started laughing. It pissed him off, and he told his friend to shut up. This only encouraged Craig further, but for some reason his friend sat with him on the couch. "How do you take advantage of someone who isn't even drunk?" asked Craig, a wide smile
on his face. Tyler gave him a questioning look, "What do you mean he isn't drunk? He smelled like alcohol." This made Craig shake his head, as he decided they should both walk back upstairs and check on Evan. Tyler was hesitant about doing this, especially if Evan is still wasted and could do anything. The door opened, only to reveal a sleeping Evan on the bed.

"I watched him Tyler, he only drank one drink. I know this because I made it for him. Now get back in their, and do some cuddling. Evan really likes you, I suggested he should try seducing your lame ass. I didn't think he'd actually do it," chuckled Craig, who eventually started laughing even louder.

Tyler was pushed back inside, and once the door closed Evan opened his eyes.

"Tyler? It's cold get in," mumbled Evan sleepily, which wasn't a demand that Tyler could ignore.

"How much did you drink?" asked Tyler, while he got into the bed and wrapped his arms around him.

"Uh, why do you ask?" questioned Evan, as he had a guilty look on his face.

"Never mind, it doesn't matter. Go back to sleep," ordered Tyler, then they bothrelaxed and passed out.

Chapter End Notes

It's some nice fluffy smut for you guys. I'm mostly just writing one more one-shot, and I'll probably go back to drafting my story. I don't really know how much time I'll have to write.

I've also been trying some new exercises. It burns! I've been feeling achy for days. It hasn't been very long, and I see some small results.

Thanks for reading btw. It's fun to make two characters do the nasty. xD

~Melon
It's his first day on the job, at the maximum security county jail. Evan had been in other prisons, but none quite like this. He knew it harbored the worst criminals, not only from this state, but from other's as well. This was what he'd been training for, ever since heard about it on the news. The place interested him, with all the horror stories he heard from guards from other jails. Evan loved a challenge, so he made sure he strives to work hard. He sucked up to the right bosses, then landed himself here. A guard name Brian would show him the ropes. It seemed like the guy hated his job, though the pay is extremely good. They walked around, while he got a good view of the place. Anyone would think it's a normal prison, but the prisoners are rarely let out of their cells.

"These wack jobs should be sent to an Asylum, but even those places can't help them. This is were the lowest of the lows go, and with reason. We only take them out for a bath, and that's it. They have their own toilet and bed. If any of them give you lip, just ignore it. I've seen guards get furious, until they make a mistake and get killed," explained Brian, as they walked past most of the cells around there. The guard lead him somewhere else, and too the more insane criminals, "I wish I could tell you to not go down here, but it's a part of your new job. Those stupid bosses think you can handle it, just because you've been to other prisons. I'll tell you right now, it ain't the same. You be careful of those down here."

An elevator came into view, as they both stepped inside. Evan felt anxious, mostly excited for the job. He wanted to see the worst the world has to offer, and be able to take care of them. It's not a job most people would want, but he wasn't like others. This was something he truly wanted, and maybe he'd know the reasons of why they killed. "I don't talk to them, they give me the creeps. I'll give you the run down of each person," said Brian, who really looked like he didn't want to be down there. The elevator stopped, as they both got out of it. Another guard is down there, and buzzed them to let them inside. Brian told him, that sometimes he would have to buzz himself in.

They were heavily understaffed, and in need of more guards. Not a lot of people would apply for the job, so that's part of the reason Evan got it so easily. The guard that buzzed them in, also replied that he left them the food cart. It was the first day, so he decided to make it easy for the rookie guard. Evan thanked the guard, who's name is Richard. The person wasn't all that friendly, though he appreciated the gesture. Brian pushed the cart around, until they got to a cell. An inmate pressed himself to the glass, and pulled up his mask slightly. "What do we have here? Fresh meat? Is this what you're serving me for breakfast?" ask Ohm, when Brian explained the prisoner and their reason for staying.

"That's so rude Brian. I'm not just a serial killer, I'm an artist. I've painted some amazing art work. You should become my latest masterpiece," said Ohm with a wide grin, though they kept on moving.

"This is Cartoonz, he's not much for conversation," Brian pointed out, as the person inside had his back towards them. The food tray was slide inside, as they kept on moving.

"Boo! I scared you mother fuckers," cackled Delirious, after he kicked his door, and made Evan jump out of his skin.

"This asshole is Delirious, don't let the clown make up fool you. He's one of the most dangerous down here," explained Brian, which only made the killer smile even wider.
"I'd love to carve a smile on your face, you fucking bitch. Say that to my face," growled Delirious, but Brian ignored him and slid the food try into the slot.

They passed through several inmates, some of them more crazier than others. Evan saw prisoners that seem normal, even polite when they got their food. A few of them stood out, but he wasn't sure which one would catch his interest the most. When all of the food was distributed, they left to get themselves something to eat. The guard buzzed them back out, and they got back on the elevator. "So what are your thoughts? Don't be shy," teased Brian, as they finally got to the top and got out. Evan really liked it so far, though he made it seem like it was okay. The guard's office was really nice inside. It had every accommodation they could ever need.

There's a break room, with a large fridge to put away his meals. A microwave and even a stove was ready to use. Evan has his own locker, so his stuff wouldn't be touched. The room has a security room adjacent to it, so they can watch the prisoners from their rooms. They have couches and chairs in the break room, with a large television on the wall. It was almost too cozy for a prison, but most of the guards practically lived here. Evan opened his locker, to put away his jacket for now. The place felt really hot, though the break room has air conditioning. He wasn't sure how the inmates could stand the heat. It almost seemed to inhumane, to get let them rot in a room.

"You get the next food cart from the kitchen, I've shown you it earlier. It's not difficult to do. You basically feed them every single meal, from breakfast to dinner. If you wanted, you could leave for a few hours and come back. The boss doesn't even know what we're doing," said Brian, who decided to leave for his break. He was too lazy to help Evan even further, plus he hated being down there more than he had to.

If Evan really needed anything, he gave him his phone number. They could text, and he'd be given instructions. The prisoner's meals were all written down on the board in the kitchen, so around lunch time he figured his way around the meals. It was already made, prepacked and just needed to be placed on the food cart. Richard had placed the cart back for him, so he started to pack on the meals. Evan had finally got the cart filled, and made his way towards the elevator. He rode all the way down, then finally got out. Richard wasn't around, so he buzzed himself inside of the place. This needed a key card, as he placed it in his pocket. The inmates seemed more alive, when he went to give them their meals.

"What's on the menu today beautiful?" asked Ohm, with a wide smile on his face, though it didn't bother Evan that much.

"It seems like it's a ham sandwich with mac and cheese on the side," stated Evan, and he knew Brian said he didn't talk to them. It didn't mean that Evan had to do the same example. It would grow boring real fast, if he spent most of his time talking to no one.

"No steak tartare? This place really has no class" tsked Ohm, who wanted finer dinning than what the prison provided.

The food wasn't bad, which is surprising to him. Evan slid the food through, then Ohm slid his old tray back. If they didn't send anything back, the punishment was no food for several days. It didn't matter if the prisoners starved themselves. If they died nobody would miss them. Evan moved over to Cartoonz' cell, his tray is already out to be picked up. The large metal bin has the trash, so it was dumped, and the dirty tray is placed on the cart. The mechanism for allowing the food to go inside the cell, has a two way system. It allows the food to go in, then Evan can open the door on the prisoners side after the food is in place. This made sure the prisoners couldn't reach over and harm the guards. Luke seemed like the best inmate when he didn't cause any trouble.

"Do you have a name?" asked Delirious, a wide smile on his face.
"I'm Evan, but I don't mind whatever you call me," said Evan, which he wasn't lying. It didn't matter if the name was an insult, or if the inmates hated him. He was only here to do his job, and nothing else.

"Evan? I like it, though maybe I'll give you a nickname. Everyone in the prison has one, if you want to belong," replied Delirious, his smile never wavered. The food was slid over, and Delirious seemed happy to see the pasta.

"This is so good, I wish I could give you a bite," hummed Delirious, though he paused and then decided to ask a question, "Why are you working here Evan? You seem like you belong somewhere else."

"I like working in places like this, it's very interesting. I think it's interesting to see the inmates, and know they would be in my care and nobody else," Evan pointed out, which seemed to only make Delirious even more curious.

"You want to know about us? I don't know about them, but I can tell you about myself," said Delirious and his smile looked more genuine than before. It was stretched, his eyes crinkled on the sides.

"I would like that," replied Evan, who really meant it. He would love to know all about Delirious, he might even do some research on the side. There would be case files, and the guards had access to them.

This went on for a week, where he'd serve the inmates their food. Cartoonz would even start talking to him, now that Delirious liked him. They're best friends, and sometimes he'd catch them chatting to one another from their cells. Evan didn't mind it really, he even felt bad for interrupting it. Ohm would flirt with him, though in a creepy fashion. He'd suggest that Evan should open his cell, so he could make him into beautiful art. This sometimes lead to Delirious shouting from across the narrow hallway. Delirious didn't like how Ohm acted towards Evan, like it was a sign of disrespect. Evan would never admit it, but he liked that Delirious would stick up for him. Especially when Ohm would creep him out, and talk about how he'd torture him. It seemed like this night Ohm was in one of his moods.

"What kind of poison are you trying to give me? I don't like these pills," hissed Ohm, a glare on his face as he kept talking, "I just want to carve your stomach open, and feed you this poison. I refuse to take it, you can't make me."

"I'll have to report it if you don't Ohm, you know the rules as much as anyone," replied Evan, but that seemed like the wrong thing to say. He watched as Ohm slammed his body into the door, and started swearing at him.

"You mother fucker! I'm not taking them, I don't watch your toxin. You come in here and make me. I'll cut you up, make you into a disgusting bags of meat. You don't deserve to be worshiped on my wall," screamed Ohm, though this seemed to upset someone else. Evan is still keeping his cool, even if the display scared him a little.

"Shut the fuck up Ohm! You don't talk to him like that, I'll beat your damn face in. Evan is kind to us, don't you dare scare him away," growled Delirious, his scary mask is now in place.

"It's fine Delirious, I'll just leave Ohm be. He can take his meds tomorrow, just don't instigate him," said Evan, which seemed to cause Delirious to calm down a little.

"I just don't like when someone says mean things to you," pouted Delirious, he started acting childish.
when he wasn't getting his way.

"I said it's fine," replied Evan, though he chuckled when Delirious grumbled and didn't like that answer.

The cart is pushed over to Cartoonz, while he handed him his food. He noticed that Cartoonz thanked him for the food, which he'd never say before. "Also thank you for calming him down, none of the other guards seem to do that. I hate seeming him worked up sometimes," whispered Luke, since he didn't want Delirious to hear what he said. It seems good that Evan was already fitting in, and that Richard was hardly around. The guard is always supposed to be down there as a precaution, but apparently he'd rather be doing something else, other than his job. Evan is finally moving over to Delirious, as he could hear Ohm destroying his room. There's a concerned look on his face, but everything will be okay. It's not like he hadn't been around rowdy inmates before, as he pushed the food over to his side.

"I'm sorry about Ohm, it just gets crazy sometimes. Just please don't leave, I don't like the other guards," pleaded Delirious, who really meant it. The other guards apparently taunted him, or looked at him like he's some piece of garbage.

"I'm not going anywhere. Delirious, it's really okay. I told you before, I like being in places like this," replied Evan, as he could see the tension leave Delirious' shoulders.

"One day you won't want to be here, and I promise we'll leave together," uttered Delirious, the words were actually really kind.

"But you're not allowed out of here silly, how would you get out?" asked Evan, but this only made Delirious hum and think to himself.

There was other inmates to feed, but Evan still lingered a little longer. It's not like he didn't know this was only a job. He just preferred Delirious company to the others, even if he was a jerk at first. The mask is intimidating, but it lost it's bark once Delirious started being himself. Evan had read the files, though nothing clicked. It's almost like Delirious was someone else on paper, and someone different in person. Evan really couldn't see the criminal hurting him, even if that was supposed to be the case. He finally moved onto the other inmates, as they needed to be feed. This cause Delirious to pout, and a part of him wished he could stay to chat with the masked man. There was just so much to be done, and it was his turn to close down the place. Brian even stopped helping him, probably thought he knew enough.

Evan would like to think he was getting the hang of things. The inmates were even starting to grow on him a little. There was moments that he was the only person in the restricted area. A lot of the guards hated being there, though some reason Evan couldn't wait to go to work. The days would just pass by, and he could deal with the angry outbursts. He should be reporting some of them a lot more than he has been. Whenever he filed a report, the inmate would face disciplinary action. They would be moved into a room, where they couldn't even talk to other inmates. This is why Evan rarely did it, and would often feel bad after making his report. A guard was injured when he reported on Ohm once. The guy wouldn't take his pills for a week. Ohm somehow maneuvered easily with his cuffs, and bit a chunk off the guy's ear off.

A couple of months had passed without incident.

Ohm went to his timid state, and Cartoonz was avoiding all forms of conversation with him. This left him to talk to Delirious a lot more often. Delirious just seemed to soak up the attention, even flirted with him. Evan didn't want to admit it, but he liked that Delirious did this. It's not like he wasn't attractive, but he hardly went out for himself. His work consumed him, and the prison became his
second home. The masked man would calm him, when his days weren't as great. Delirious made it so much more fun to work, while he handed him his meals. It seemed like the other inmates were nicer to him, because of Delirious' influence. This was weird, because it's not like Delirious could get out of his cell. Evan wasn't sure how Delirious got the respect from everyone else, though he wasn't about to question it. The cart was finally pushed over to Delirious' cell as he smiled at him.

"Evan! Oh my god, I'm so glad you're here. I think it's finally our shower day. I stink so bad," groaned Delirious, as that pout appeared on his face, "I don't know how you can tolerate my smell. My make up doesn't even look as nice."

"I can't bathe you until the other guards show up," Evan pointed out, only to make Delirious complain even more. It's a big precaution, and a large number of steps were taken when a guard takes an inmate to the showers.

"Please Evan, it would just be me. I won't do anything bad, I promise," pleaded Delirious, which only seemed to make Delirious seem childish.

He knew he was caving in, especially when Delirious wanted something like this. Evan even bought him a cheeseburger with fries, because the masked man pleaded enough. This lead to Cartoonz asking why he didn't get anything, and Delirious teasing his friend with the delicious food. "Can you wait until I serve everyone their food?" asked Evan, the response was a happy smile and a nod. He hoped he didn't regret this, though he also wanted to know what it's like to touch him. If his hands were rough or smooth, and what Delirious might smell like, despite any funk from not bathing for weeks. Evan went to each cell, and provided the necessary meals to each inmate. He came back to see Delirious waiting by the door, an excited look on his face. This was going to be done slowly, with as much care as he could muster up. The door is opened, once he told Delirious to put his hands against the wall.

"I'm just putting the cuffs on you, and leading you into the showers," instructed Evan, but this only earned a chuckle from the other person.

"I didn't know you were into kinky things. Maybe next time I cuff you?" replied Delirious cheekily, which made Evan roll his eyes.

The cuffs went on the front, even though he knew they should be forcing those hands on Delirious' back. Evan wanted him to be comfortable, as they walked with the cart. His gun is at his side, if Delirious choose to run. He opened the door with his key card, then left the cart by the elevator. They both got inside the small cramped space, and that's when Delirious moved in closer to him. Those arms pushed into his chest, and basically trapping him into the elevator walls. "You look so sexy Evan, I can't wait to let you run your hands against my chest," purred Delirious, and making Evan turn red. He had to take control of the situation, but Delirious leaned over and planted a kiss on his cheek. It moved over to his ear, as he could feel that tongue lap at it, and those teeth nip slightly. The elevator doors finally opened, which made him finally come back to his senses.

"No Delirious, we need to get you to the showers," said Evan, though he was glad his voice didn't falter. His heart is racing so fast, and the smirk on Delirious' face didn't help.

Delirious did seem to behave after that, and allowed Evan to take the lead. They made their way towards the showers, as Evan moved his cuffs to the wall. There is a bar, that the cuffs could connect with. This meant he had to take the cuffs back off, and put them around this bar. Evan seemed suspicious that Delirious wasn't putting up a fight. He always though that, no matter how much he got along with the inmate. There would always be a possible level of danger, even if he felt a bit safe around him. His knees bend, while he started undoing Delirious' pants. This made the mask man chuckle, and start to tease him about his position, "that's a nice view, are you going to use your
tongue on me? I won't tell anyone if you do." Evan just rolled his eyes, and kept on pulling his pants down. It was tossed somewhere else, while he pulled down the underwear next.

He swallowed when he saw the large erect member close to his face, though he pulled away extremely fast. "What's a matter Evan? Am I too big for you?" teased Delirious, which earned a swift smack on the leg, that probably didn't even hurt. Evan could hear the chuckle turn into a full blown insane laughter. There was times he wanted to hit the crazy person, though it wouldn't last very long. He got up to remove the cuffs from his wrist, just so he could get the shirt off. This would escalate the awkward feeling, and the embarrassment caused from removing Delirious' clothes. The cuffs went off, and back around the bar once the shirt was off. Delirious waited for the water, but Evan pointed it away from him. He allowed the water to heat up, then adjusted the temperature. This made him a little wet in the process, and he really didn't mind it. The stream of water hits Delirious' skin, as he heard the deep moan of relief.

"Are you comfortable? Do I still need me to adjust the water?" asked Evan, while he grabbed the sponge and bar of soap. There was also a long brush, but it didn't look comfortable for the person he might use it on. The other guards might not care about giving some form of rough treatment, though it mattered to Evan.

"I'm okay, as long as you use your hands on me," smirked Delirious, his clown make up is a mess, and was going to be removed in the process.

"If you're ever uncomfortable, please let me know," Evan informed him, before he started to lather up the sponge.

He's completely ignoring the hard on, that Delirious is currently sporting. The sponge glides over the broad shoulders and chest area. Evan scrubbed his back, then made sure to scrub those sweaty arm pits. He washed the excess, then lather the sponge up again. This would probably get his entire uniform wet. There was a long pause, which made Delirious glance back with a wide smirk, "is something wrong?" It sounded innocent, but it definitely wasn't coming from that mouth. Evan started removing his pants, along with the shirt and jacket. The cold air hit his skin, while he went back to work. He crouched down into the same position, the water hitting his back. His briefs were on for his own comfort, though nothing was comforting about this position. It started with Delirious' legs, as he began to wash each one. Something brushed up against his face, when he was about to ask Delirious to let him wash his feet.

"What the hell Delirious?" asked Evan angrily, once he realized the inmate intentionally placed his hips more forward, so his dick would hit Evan's face.

"Whoops, that's my bad," chuckled Delirious, which Evan was going to scold him, but he was interrupted,"actually open up that pretty little mouth of yours, please? I've been good right? I just want a little attention. I'll behave for as long as you want, I'll even let you control the pace."

This is such a bad idea, though when he looked at it. He knew Delirious has been painfully hard for awhile. It wasn't like the inmates get much physical attention, let alone anything sexual. The dirty thoughts just flowed through his head, and a part of himself didn't care. There was no other guards around, he had no family that would care about his actions. Evan knew he wasn't someone that a person would miss, unless it's the crazy killer asking for a blow job. He leaned over and gave it an experimental lick. The water dribbled from his head, while he looked back up at Delirious. This made the masked man groan, then begged for Evan to do more. It gave him a strong sense of control over the other person. He sucked on one of the balls, then ran his tongue over the sensitive part in the middle. Those moans got louder, when he turned his head, and licked the side of the shaft.

"Are you enjoying this Delirious?" asked Evan, as he grew more bold by the minute.
His attention went to the tip, running his tongue over the sensitive flesh. The slurping sounds were overridden by the running water. He started taking in more in his mouth, while trying not to gag. It wasn't the first time he'd done this, the girth is bigger than what he's use to. Evan moved faster, while abusing his own throat. This went on for awhile, as the shaft slid around. There was a few warnings, though he wasn't listening. A hand grasped his hair, then he felt the liquid hit the back of his throat. This made him pull back and hack everything out. Delirious started apologizing, yet Evan wasn't upset with him. The water started to run cold, so he got up to shut it off. He toweled himself off first, then wiped the excess water off of Delirious. It grew silent, until Evan leaned forward to dry his hair. Delirious used this to place his lips over the guard. This only made Evan pull back in surprise, as the crazy clown laughed at him. He only frowned, and continued to dry him off.

"You're not even going to kiss me back?" questioned Delirious, as he pretended to act insulted.

Evan surprised him, as he took off the cuffs and pulled him in for a quick kiss, "remember your promise, you said you'd be good. Now I want you to put your clothes back on."

This lead into a weird dynamic between the two. Evan was the only guard that could control Delirious, so they never intended to get rid of him. The other inmates were too scared to hurt him, or even talk to the guard. It made other guards speculate, though nobody knew the real reason. Evan who was a rookie guard, in his first maximum security prison, could do better than most guards, who worked there with more experience and time spent guarding this jail.

Chapter End Notes

Yeah... I accidentally spent waaay too much time on this one. I really enjoyed writing it, hopefully you guys like reading it.

I'm going to write one more, then probably go back to writing my story. I won't publish anything, until I'm satisfied that I've written enough.

Thanks for reading!

~Melon
Luke noticed the stares his boyfriend would give him. In the bedroom, Ohm would keep looking at his muscles. It was something he'd brush off at the beginning, since there was nothing serious about it. He asked Delirious at first, if having a boyfriend that's obsessed with his biceps were normal. This only made his friend laugh at him, then it was never discussed again. When they first made love, Ohm wasn't looking into his eyes. Luke noticed him staring at his abs, when he thrust deep into him. He just didn't understand why Ohm seem more interested in his muscles, than focusing on the sexy man who was pounding his ass. There was times he wondered if Ohm was dating him for his appearance. This was easily brushed off, whenever they played games together.

"Hey Ohm, we should go to the gym together. It couldn't hurt to lose some of that baby fat," teased Luke, as he tried to convince his boyfriend to come with him.

"Are you saying I'm fat?" pouted Ohm, which only made him look even cuter, "I'll have you know, chicks would die to have my physique."

"A pasty white dude, who eats donuts like nobody's business. I can see why they're jealous," replied Luke, who's only goal was the mess with him. This only made Ohm more upset, though it would never last.

Luke kissed his boyfriend goodbye, then always go to the gym by himself. It was like Ohm either avoided exercising, or just didn't like the gym. The place provided work out rooms, which he could exercise with other people. He also could lift weights, and have nobody harass him. It was like the perfect safe haven, but some reason Ohm didn't see it that way. He knew that his boyfriend loved him for more than just his body. Luke didn't even blame him for loving his muscles, especially when he'd take photos of himself and show them off. There was something else to it, and he didn't know why it bothered him. The obsession had to go so far, before Luke found out how bad Ohm had it.

This lead to him asking Bryce, if he noticed anything unusual about him. Ohm's friend wasn't any help, and he couldn't ask if Ohm was really into muscles. It lead to him getting Ohm into the bedroom more often, not that his boyfriend minded at all. The sex got more rough, and he made sure to always have his shirt off. Ohm would rub his hands all over his arms, as though they were meant to be worshiped. He'd even grab Ohm's hand and brush it against his stomach muscles. This somehow made Ohm pull back, instead of explore his muscles further. Luke wasn't sure how to make of it, though it was never pressed further. He even noticed Ohm avoiding him sometimes after sex, like he had done something wrong. There had to be a way to get to the bottom of it, and Luke was going to figure out this mystery.

"We should go out on a date, we haven't been on one in awhile," suggested Luke casually, the plotting was still in his head.

"We should go out for ice cream and hang out in the park," replied Ohm, he smiled at him without knowing what would happen next.

"Alright, get dress, but very casual. I'm going to treat you so special today," said Luke happily, before heading off to gather everything.

He grabbed a couple towels and some water bottles. There was some money in his wallet, so there
was no worries about that. Ohm got ready, while he everything got into the car. Luke got into the driver's side, and they made their way towards the gym. The music is blaring, and the whole time he wondered how upset Ohm would be at him. Luke drives right in the gym's parking lot, then he saw the smile that fell off of Ohm's face. "What is this Luke? I thought we were going on our date," said Ohm angrily, he wasn't even going to back down with an upset boyfriend. There was a point to make, and he continued to talk, "we are on a date, I thought I'd show you my gym first. The staff is friendly, and we can do exercises together." This wasn't going as well as he planned, Ohm is seriously mad at him.

The only thing that didn't make Luke decide to take him to the park instead, was that Ohm was willing to go inside. He could see the worried look on his boyfriend's face, as he tried to reassure Ohm. His boyfriend didn't have a membership card, so he paid for his day there. They got inside, and he took him to a work out class. Luke introduced him to the instructor, who was very polite and told him what exercises they would be doing. It didn't take long for people to pile inside, and nobody noticed Ohm is new there. The exercises happened, and thankfully they weren't difficult for beginners.

Luke only relaxed when he saw the smile on Ohm's face. This wasn't a total disaster, and both of them were sweating. He lead him to the weights, once the beginner exercises were over. Ohm wasn't into getting muscles himself, he could only do the small weights. Luke went ahead and grabbed a decent amount of weight. He took off his shirt, which only made Ohm stare at him. His boyfriend totally forgot, that he should be exercising as well. Around his twelfth arm crunch, he noticed the tent in Ohm's pants. They were both sitting on a bench, out in the open were anyone could see them. This only made Luke smirk, and decided to do something bold. His foot brushed Ohm's leg, which he could see Ohm jump in surprise.

"Luke, what are you doing?" asked Ohm, who looked around worried.

"Relax Ohm, nobody even notices what we're doing," Luke pointed out, though it seemed like Ohm still didn't like the idea.

"We're in public, we shouldn't be doing this," whimpered Ohm, who felt the foot now rubbing on his crotch.

This only turned Luke on even further. His boyfriend is turned on in his seat, and not knowing what to do about the assault. Luke was tempted to take Ohm, right in front of all of these people. Luke liked being in this gym, so he didn't want to go too far. He curled his arm with the weight in his one hand, this made Ohm stare at his arm. The pressure went around Ohm's crotch, making circles and teasing the flesh. Luke switched arms, so that he could come closer and lean over to Ohm. He turned his boyfriend, so nobody would see what he was doing. Ohm turned his head, as Luke flexed his muscles. It made Ohm stare at him, though he placed a hand into Ohm's shorts. He traced over the bulge in Ohm's boxers, before he put his hand inside of the material.

Ohm let out a soft moan, though it was quickly covered up. Luke kept lifting the weight with the other hand, and made it look like he was just exercising close with his boyfriend. His hand explored the thick shaft, before he stared fistng Ohm in his shorts. Luke did noticed a lady looking at them curiously, then realized she was mostly checking him out with his shirt off. It was too bad, because he was too busy trying to get his boyfriend off. His hand moved faster, not caring if anyone noticed them at this point. Luke didn't even realize, that he was turned on by the stares, or the thought of being potentially caught. He had to cross his own legs, so nobody could notice he was getting hard. Ohm placed his head on Luke's shoulder, mostly to cover his face and the moans trying to escape his lips.
His hand moved faster, to the point that Ohm almost came. Luke would tease the tip, feeling the precum that dribbled out of it, and definitely staining Ohm's briefs. He even went below, so he could squeeze his balls and tease the skin in between them. It was finally time to let Ohm cum, despite the few people glancing at him. Most of them looking for a place to exercise, and not trying to see what they're doing. Ohm moaned deeply into his shoulder, then came hard into his hand. Luke made it seem like he was sweating too much, as he pulled out his hand, and wiped the excess on his towel. The both of them put away their weights, though he had to have a hard talking with his cock, before getting up from the bench.

They walked out of the gym, without anyone else noticing what they were doing. Ohm's face was bright red the whole time, but it could be mistaken as over heating. Both of them went home, and had forgotten about having ice cream at the park. Luke did however learn that some obsessions and kinks weren't bad to have. He would pleasure Ohm at bars, and in restrooms. It seemed like the more eyes around, the more turned on he would feel. There was a mirror installed on their ceiling, because it turned himself on just to watch them make love. Ohm even didn't mind the casual jerk offs in the gym, as long as nobody noticed what they were doing.

They both loved certain things, and one of them was each other. Luke didn't mind Ohm's obsession with muscles. Ohm seemed to love Luke's obsession with exhibition.

Chapter End Notes

I haven't been writing much, I've been pretty lazy. I'll hopefully get back into the swing of things. I'm just not very motivated to write lately.

~Melon
His thirst was reaching his peak, he had to feed soon. It appears that hunting was getting more
difficult, with the humans approaching on his territory. Delirious had done everything to stay away
from civilization, and basically live off the woodland creatures. He'd scavenge for any scraps, any
source of blood he could find. A vampire needed to feed daily, even if it's in small quantities. When
Delirious was in his prime, he use to strike down on humans like cattle. The guilt weighed down on
him, as he decided to shift from that lifestyle. There's a cabin in the woods, where he didn't
remember one being there. Someone must've newly build it, when he was hunting in the northern
side of his territory. Delirious would move from different areas, so he didn't over hunt in one place.

This peaked his curiosity, and even if it was a terrible idea. He went onto the roof and examined his
surroundings. A couple of the windows were open, so he decided to creep into one of them. It was
just a guest bedroom, but he walked around to find the source. Delirious could hear a heartbeat, it
was stirring his hunger even further. The sweet sound made his mouth water. He wanted this morsel,
even if he'd regret it later. There was someone inside, when he finally opened the door. This person
is sleeping peacefully, unaware of the danger that just went into the room. Delirious approached the
person slowly, his fangs throbbing and wanting to sink into something.

The open window provided enough light for him. A sleeping young male with his back towards
Delirious. He didn't even think, his instincts were driving him. His arm wrapped around the person's
waist, which woke up the person slowly. "Erm, wha? I'm trying to sleep," mumbled the stranger,
who wasn't awake to think clearly. Delirious moved into the bed, behind this person, then swept any
hair from the neck. The heartbeat is steady, when he finally placed sank his fangs into the flesh of the
person's neck. This made the person underneath gasp in pain, then tried to pull away. It was too late,
Delirious is getting his fill on blood. There was a good amount of fight in this person, but they were
no match for a vampire.

The person eventually stopped fighting, just laid there getting his blood sucked. "I'm guessing this
isn't a dream. You're not going to kill me are you?" asked his victim, the question startled him.
Delirious pulled back, while licking the blood from his lips. His sloppy eating habit, made the blood
get on the sheets and pillow. The taste is sickly sweet, and more appetizing than the animals in the
forest. "No, I'm not going to kill you. I just need a bit of blood, that's all," said Delirious, as he finally
let the person go. They faced each other, just staring and examining each other. The person pressed a
hand to his own neck, mostly to apply pressure to the wound.

"I'm guessing you're a vampire. I wonder if I'm hallucinating or having a weird dream," said
Evan out loud, until the person decided to introduce himself, "I'm Evan, um, why aren't you going
to kill me?"

"I just need food, I don't want to kill anybody," replied Delirious, the situation was slowly getting
awkward.

"A vampire that doesn't want to kill? I think I've seen everything now," said Evan, who shook his
head, then let out a small chuckle.

"I have to go," uttered Delirious, he made his way towards the window.

"Wait! What's your name?" asked Evan, who really wanted to know this weird vampire.
Delirious said his nickname, before leaving the building. His strength is returning, and the blood was
more rejuvenating than ever. He missed the taste of human blood, and he didn't remember it being
this good. It should've been something he regretted, instead it become something that interested him.
Most humans were terrified him, Evan acted like a vampire was normal, or at in the realm of
possibilities. This human didn't try to run away, or scream in fear. The heart rate only accelerate,
when Evan tried to escape. It wasn't a long struggle, and the person relaxed during the feeding. None
of it made sense to Delirious, but he was grateful for the meal none the less.

His feet lead him back towards his home, a small building that's sheltered from the rest of the world.
Delirious would try to avoid the cabin, but sometimes he checked it out of curiosity. There was
chickens and even goats that were kept pinned up. He never touched Evan's food source, even if it's
more than enough for one person. The day that really attracted him was a deep smell of blood. His
worries risen for the stranger, that he'd watch on occasion. Evan would watch the stars out at night,
or just work on something in his tiny barn. There's a deer being strung up by a tree. This made his
anxiety go away, while he watched as Evan cut up a deer. The blood was smeared on his hands and
arms.

Delirious could feel his thirst, but kept it at bay. He had feed on some small rabbits earlier. It wasn't
much, but was enough to be considered a meal. There's a bucket underneath the deer, while the
blood dripped into it. "I know you're out there, I don't mind if you want to come over," shouted
Evan, so it would be loud enough for Delirious to hear. This made him feel startled, he didn't think a
human could realize a vampire was watching them. Delirious got out of his hiding spot in the forest,
then slowly made his way to the delicious smell. There's a small smile on the Asian's face, like a
relief that the vampire came over. He didn't know why a human would want a vampire for company.

"You can have the blood if you want, I don't have a use for it. I think it would be a waste just to toss
it out," said Evan, who motioned for Delirious to come over, almost like he was coaxing a scared
animal.

"You won't like seeing me feed," Delirious pointed out, which is very true. His feeding habits would
gross out most humans, but Evan just shrugged his shoulders.

"I've shot it to death, and I took it's guts out. I'm pretty sure you drinking blood won't be any worse,"
relied Evan, as he picked up the bucket.

There wouldn't be much blood coming off the deer anymore, though Evan placed a different bucket
underneath it anyways. Delirious watched as Evan handed him the bucket of blood, which the smell
flooded his nose. "If you want, I have cups in the house. The door isn't locked if you want to go
inside. I'll just cut up this deer and join you later," uttered Evan, and Delirious replied with a nod. He
made his way towards Evan's house, then placed the bucket on the kitchen counter. This is so weird
for him to be invited into someone's home. The cups weren't difficult to find, so he dipped it in the
blood, then took a drink out of it. It's still warm, the way he liked to drink it.

After he had his fill, Delirious wanted to leave the place. He didn't want to over stay his welcome, or
do something he'd regret. Evan came inside the house, when he was going to get up and leave. The
smile one Evan's face was almost too painful, like he didn't deserve the kindness. He thanked Evan
for the drink and tried to excuse himself. It seemed like Evan wasn't having any of it, "No please
stay, I don't get company very often. The town is very far from here, which I'm sure you know that.
You could even come back and drink your fill. I'll keep the blood in the fridge for you." This is all to
weird, he started to wonder if Evan is a vampire hunter. If the person was such a thing, then they
were very sloppy.

Delirious could kill Evan at any second, and there wouldn't be anything he could do about it. There
was also the lack of stake, or even any holy water around to use against him. He wasn't sure what the human's motives were, but he wanted to feed his curiosity. Evan put the bucket away in the fridge, but made sure no blood would spill out of it. There was a black trash bag on the floor, which reeked of blood to him. This must have the deer inside, but he watched as Evan opened a door away from the kitchen. It seems to be a basement, which Evan dragged the heavy bag down there. He couldn't help himself, he followed Evan, who had multiple freezers in his basement. The meat went into one of them, as Delirious helped him put the bag inside.

"I have to ask, why aren't you afraid of me?" questioned Delirious, but he wasn't sure if Evan would give him a straight answer.

"What if I told you, that you aren't the first vampire I encountered and still lived?" replied Evan, a cheeky look on his face.

"How did you live through that?" asked Delirious, his interest peaked even further.

"If I told you, I'd have to kill you," teased Evan with a smirk, but he didn't stop talking, "So why are you hiding from humans? Is it because you don't want to hurt anyone?"

Delirious didn't answer the question, but Evan was closer to the truth than he would've liked. He did get away from civilization, so he wouldn't hurt anyone. There was just something else to this, because Evan should be scared of something that could potentially kill him. Something was being left out, but he didn't push things further, at least in the direction about vampires. "Why are you away from people?" asked Delirious, who followed Evan out of the basement, and into the living room. This was slowly becoming a weird understanding between the two. It was like they both understood the need for solitude, even if it hurt to be alone at times. He just didn't what Evan could be potentially hiding.

"I accidentally hurt a lot of people in the past. I've basically ran away from my problems. It hasn't been easy, and I thought living here would be easier," replied Evan, a hurt look in his eyes, that gave away the false smile.

"It can't be as worse as what I've done, I've killed people," reasoned Delirious, while he watched Evan walk towards his bathroom, mostly to clean off the blood.

"I'll admit both are wrongs aren't the same, but we both did things we regret. I'm sure of that," said Evan, as he finally left Delirious alone to wash up. It didn't take long, and Evan had put on a shirt and some shorts.

They talked for hours, until Delirious realized he had to leave. The sun would eventually rise, and this would lead to terrible consequences. Evan suggested he stay in the basement if he wanted, he'd even bring down an air mattress. This might've been a tempting invitation, but he decided he should go. He didn't want to over stay his welcome. His questions were mostly answered, and he felt satisfied with knowing so much. Evan befriended him, mostly out of loneliness and wanted someone to talk with him. They were both alone in the woods, and maybe this is why he let a human talk him into stepping in that house. This is a dangerous friendship, but all the danger would lay on his new friend.

He just hoped he'd never be responsible for Evan's death.

The days went on as normal, and Evan would always invite him to his home. They would watch movies together, using the generator and television Evan had in his home. There wasn't a lot of electronically devices in the home. Evan mostly lived off the woods, and whatever he grew in his back yard. Delirious even enjoyed doing puzzles together, or even walking on a trail out in the forest.
It was scary how fast their friendship grew, and sometimes he noticed Evan staring at him. He started to wonder if this friendship was a good idea, especially with a human. There was times Evan would kill an animal, only to bring it home and drain it of it's blood. The hunter had no problem providing for the two of them, even if Evan didn't have to do that for him.

"Hey Delirious, could you do me a favor?" asked Evan, a nervous look on his face.

"What do you need?" replied Delirious, he suddenly felt worried that something was wrong.

"I'll be busy next week, so just don't bother coming over. Actually please don't come here. I can take care of everything, so don't worry about it. There's just something I have to do, can you do that for me?" questioned Evan, who really was requesting something strange.

"What are you doing? I can help, you know," suggested Delirious, the reply was his friend shaking his head.

"No! I want you to promise me you won't come over. I mean it, I'll come to you if I need anything," said Evan, as eventually Delirious agreed to it.

This only tempted his curiosity further, and he wasn't sure if he could keep his promise. It wasn't like Evan would know about it anyways, if he choose to watch the human from a distance. Delirious decided to do just that, when the week came up. He wasn't allowed over, which only prompt his spying to be more frequent. Evan didn't act any different at first, mostly he feed his life stock and tend to his crops. His friend went hunting one day, he shot himself a decent size deer. This wasn't unusual, since his friend would sometimes hunt more than he needed. Evan would go into town sometimes, to sell his extra meat for other goods. Delirious was starting to think it was nothing, maybe his friend needed some time to himself.

He wondered is he was slowly becoming a bother, and that he might be the problem. This all changed when Evan carried the deer carcass in the bag. It was placed into the back of his truck, then he went for a drive. Delirious followed him at a good distance, where he wouldn't be spotted. Sometimes it was like Evan had a weird six sense, because if he was too close, Evan could tell he was around. They got deep in the woods, the farthest path away from civilization. This wasn't good enough, because Evan started to hike out with his camping gear. His friend stayed the night alone in the woods. The black bag on the ground, which would slowly start to spoil. None of this made any sense, as he felt himself become even more confused.

In the morning, Evan ate breakfast and busied himself with getting more fire wood. Around lunch time, he would eat and take a small hike. Delirious wasn't connecting the dots, as something was stirring. He made sure to never get to close, and sometimes just watch Evan's camp, so that he wasn't watching Evan too long. Around night time is when it got even more interesting, as Evan opened the bag with the deer. The smell reached all the way to him, and it wasn't pleasant. Delirious never enjoyed old blood, while he decided to leave to hunt something for himself. When he finally came back, Evan started removing his shirt. He could only watch as his friend took off his clothes. This felt awkward, and maybe it wasn't the best time for confrontation.

"Evan? What are you doing?" asked Delirious, which made Evan jump and stop trying to remove his boxers.

"What am I doing? Why are you here?" Evan questioned back angrily, as he seemed panicked suddenly, "you know I told you to be gone for a week. Was following me necessary?"

"I couldn't help it. You were acting weird, and I wanted to know what's going on," said Delirious sheepishly, though feeling guilty that he broke his promise. He just couldn't help himself, especially
with all the secrets behind everything.

"I guess I deserve that, just don't be around when it happens," uttered Evan, at that moment he removed his boxers.

"But why are you here?" asked Delirious, then he saw Evan gasp in pain.

"It's starting, please leave," said Evan fearfully, though Delirious wasn't going to hurt him, "I said leave, you don't want to be here. Ahh fu-

His body fell down, as he twisted in pain. This only made Delirious panic even further, then crouched down to help him. Evan started begging for Delirious to run away. It would end badly for him, if he choose to stay. Delirious was too stubborn to leave, while he tried to help Evan through the pain. He watched as Evan's body shifted, there was hair growing on his body. Evan would claw at himself with his newly formed claws. His mouth shifted, becoming more dog like. This is when Delirious finally understood what was happening. He finally backed off, then decided to stand his ground. It would be dangerous to run now, like he was some sort of prey. Evan finally shifted into his werewolf form, and growl at Delirious.

This made Delirious back away slowly, as he watched Evan take the deer on the ground. His friend chewed on the deer meat, even the bones weren't left alone. The werewolf calmed a little, once it realized it's food source wouldn't be taken away. When the werewolf finally ate it's fill, it started to walk over to him. Delirious held his ground, even if he knew a werewolf is stronger than any vampire. It would sniff him, started checking to see what he was. Evan growled and pulled away, when Delirious reached out to touch him. His hand was out, without him moving an inch. This cause the werewolf to come over curiously. He watched as Evan sniffed his hand, then went back to checking him out.

Delirious managed to pet him, and watch the werewolf with fascination. It all finally made sense, that Evan lived away from civilization. He was wrong about them both having two different reasons. They both killed humans, and the guilt took them both here. Evan stayed as a wolf for two nights. During those nights, Delirious would take his fill in blood and give the body to the wolf. It seemed like a mutual pack, as the werewolf didn't see him as a threat. His friend eventually shifted back to his normal self. Evan was weak from the transformation, and this is when Delirious decided to take him back home. He carried there camping gear, then went back to place his friend into the truck.

"Are you mad?" asked Evan, his secret was finally out, "I can understand if you are. I should've told you, instead you were worried about me. Gosh I'm stupid, I could have gotten you killed."

"It's my own dame fault for following you, so no, I'm not mad," said Delirious with a small smile on his face. He would be too worried about being around a human. A werewolf was something he could risk, and he wouldn't worry about hurting his friend.

They finally drove to the house, where Evan took a long shower. Both of them watched some television together liked nothing happened. Delirious actually decided to stay the night for once, as Evan escorted him into the bedroom. "What was that?" asked Evan, once Delirious placed a gentle kiss to his cheek. The vampire just smirked at him, "I always wanted to do that, but I thought you were just a human." This only made Evan frown at him, then pushed him towards the door, "So what if I was a human? Would you have not kissed me?" They bickered until they reached into Evan's room. The blinds were closed, and he even placed a towel with some tape over it, just for good measure. It would be bad if some sunlight leaked through in the morning.

"I just don't want to go through the same loss again. It's not easy to watch someone die," said Delirious sadly, until he felt Evan push him onto the bed.
"Call me Vanoss, it's my werewolf name. You know, I wouldn't mind being a vampire even if I was a human. You do realize that," Evan pointed out, though Delirious only shook his head.

"I wouldn't do something like that to someone, it's not an easy life," replied Delirious, though Evan kissed him into silence.

"I get it, you don't want to put your curse on someone else. I wouldn't want someone to deal with being a werewolf. Always wondering who you will kill next, but at least we have each other," said Evan with a smile, as they started kissing again.

There worries were out the window once they started. Vanoss pinned his lover to bed, while trying to remove his pants. This only excited Delirious further, though he managed to switch their positions. They fought for dominance, neither one of them wanting to back down to the other. Delirious bit into Vanoss' neck, which only made the smaller man whimper underneath him. After the full moon, a werewolf was at their weakest. Evan is in his human form, which didn't help his fight either. They both made out, stripped each other of their clothes. Delirious cut into him, using the blood as a substitute to for lube. It didn't seem to bother Evan, as they growled and grunted. His fingers slowly prepped Evan open, allowing the moans to filter throughout the room.

"Fuck Delirious, hurry up. I get so needy after a transformation, I need it right now," begged Vanoss, they both rutted into each other.

"Call me Jonathan, I want to hear you scream my name," growled Jonathan, as they both got ready for the next step.

Jonathan pushed inside of Evan, making both of them moan deeply. His thrusts were gentle at first, until he pounded into him. Evan would scream, and beg for Jonathan to move faster. They kept on joining, until they both came. Their stamina was beyond human, as Evan pushed Jonathan onto his back. He positioned himself over the older male. Jonathan's member was aligned with his opening, while Evan used his hand to keep it steady. It was erotic for Jonathan to watch Evan lower himself onto him, and just rode him for most of the night. He would suck on his neck, leaving hickeys that would eventually heal. Jonathan would mark all over Evan's body, trying to claim the werewolf as his own.

The night ended with them both climaxing together. Evan came hard, once he felt it brushed against his prostrate one more time. It didn't take long for Jonathan to cum, then collapse from the overwhelming feeling. They just laid there and feeling content with what just happened. Both of them decided to take a shower, and change the sheets. For most of the morning, they were asleep and content with doing nothing for the day. Evan eventually left to feed his livestock, while getting Delirious something to drink. This seemed like a good enough life for two immortals. They did everything to get away from civilization, and to no longer hurt any humans. It meant giving up the interaction, that both of them would crave. The thirst was still there, but they no longer had anything to fear.

Both of them would protect each other, but not from the danger of others. They would keep each other safe, from the dark thoughts that came from being alone.

Chapter End Notes

I've done it again boys and girls, I made a steamy smutty plot thing.
I think how some stories mess up sometimes, is revealing everything to a reader. I think it's always nice to leave people curious (though not always needed). (:  

I'm not currently taking requests. I seriously need to work on ny Ohmtoonz story. 

Thanks for reading everyone! 

~Melon
It became the latest fashion to purchase a doll. Their hair in perfect condition, while the buyer dressed them in pretty dresses. Luke had been saving up for a doll, even if he didn't seem like the type to get one. He had no idea of the different designs, or what's the most popular model. It wouldn't matter if he bought an older one, as long as it was in his house. A lot of women would purchase one, just to show it off to her friends. They were meant to be just pretty, and basic necessities weren't needed for the doll. Those toys didn't eat, just dress pretty and smile. Some people bought them to do work, though the upper class would frown at it. Luke just wanted the extra attention at home, since a cat wasn't enough for him.

"Maybe we should buy a dress first, but what if it doesn't fit? Should I get a male or female model? There's so much to choose," said Luke rapidly, mostly due to the excitement.

"Relax, we'll find the perfect doll. I might even pick one out, if I like them. I just think they're a bit creepy," replied Delirious, who wasn't as fond of the dolls as his friend.

"They're so adorable though! You know how much I like cute things," Luke pointed out, while they walked into the doll shop.

They both decided the doll would have to come first. It's not like they knew what size it would be, or what accessories could be placed on the doll. Luke glanced around, preferring to roam instead of asking for assistance. He could see so many females dressed pretty in pink. In the male section, there was one that stood out from the rest. His friend made a face, but the price was too good. It was half the amount he was willing to spend, a great bargain. The model is so old, where nobody would want it. "Are you sure you want that one? You have enough money to buy something better. It's already used anyways," said Delirious, but it seemed like Luke made up his mind. The doll was cheap, and would need some extra care.

"I don't need an expensive doll, just one that looks good enough," replied Luke happily, as he decided to tell the shop keeper, that he's ready to make his purchase.

It was loaded onto his truck, the cash was exchanged. The doll is covered in dust, with the minimal care in the shop. It's glossy eyes and painted lips looked very dull. Delirious didn't understand why Luke couldn't buy a newer model. One that wasn't used, or had any issues. The price didn't seem worth it to him, even if it is a bargain. Luke dropped his friend at his home, before taking the doll back home. He'd let it borrow some of his clothes, then take it shopping later. The doll was placed on the kitchen table, once he got inside of his home. It was cleaned carefully, the old dress was taken off. Luke would throw away the gown, once he finished polishing up his new toy.

This made him wonder why nobody bought it. The thing might be old, but the synthetic skin felt real, compared to the other dolls he examined. It was only dirty, probably went through different warehouses. He imagined this is why it was clearly in the back, away from most prying eyes. Luke later went to his shop, since he was took classes on caring for his adult size dolls, and he's a toy
maker. There was so much to learn, and this would be trial and error. The face wasn't that vibrant, as he painted very lightly around the cheeks and lips. He put on a nice gloss, but not too bright to make it appear more realistic. Luke noticed that the skin is in good shape, while he took measure to rub some oils to make it even more smooth. The on switch was easy to find, and it would take two steps to trigger it.

This system made it difficult to accidentally trigger it off, especially if he had to opened up in the back. Once everything was finished, and the doll looked like new. Luke turned on the doll, then left to get a shower. Most dolls took awhile to reboot, and get ready to operate. It would have minimal functions, like talking and walking. These toys couldn't learn, or manage anything difficult. This is why some people used it for labor, which is frowned by most doll collectors. Luke washed up, and felt tired from his long day. He had work in the morning, as he decided to eat and take a nap. There was no one in the kitchen, when he went to get something to eat. This made him wonder where his doll went, while the panic surge through his body.

He started to look around his apartment, and found the doll in the guest room. It was looking around the place, checking the painting, which displayed a group of dolls playing together. "Who are you?" asked the doll, a curious look on it's face. This left Luke feeling excited, as he introduced himself. The doll nodded, then pointed at himself, "I'm Ohm, that's my name. At least I think it was, my memory is very foggy. I think there was an error, a forced shut down. Where is Ellie? She's my owner." It appears that the previous forced shut down wasn't a success, and most doll owners would force the doll back for a full memory deletion. Luke didn't know about this, and wasn't sure what he should do next.

"I'm not sure where Ellie is, since I just bought you. I know you're an older model, but I just purchased you from a store," said Luke, while he tried to figure out what to do next.

"So you're my new owner? I don't understand why Ellie would sell me," Ohm responded sadly, like he felt like he was tossed aside.

"Well I'm sorry, she's not here. I don't know what happened to her. All I know is that I bought you," replied Luke, as he decided to look for something to eat from the freezer. There was a bit of curiosity of what Ohm did before, "what did Ellie make you do? Did she treat you well?"

"Ellie is a very sweet little girl. She was made for me to play with her," said Ohm happily, his face would really cheer up from just mentioning her, "She would dress me up, and we'd play outside." If he was a good doll owner, he should really wipe out Ohm's memories. It was never good for a doll to be pinning over his previous owner, though they weren't supposed to have real emotions. Luke decided to leave it be, maybe figure out what to do tomorrow. He's too tired, and his work was on his mind. Ohm would watch him fix his meal, and the television was the only sound in the room. His clothes were too big on the doll, so Ohm would keep pulling up the baggy pants. It wasn't uncommon to use a doll for sex, and that's what Luke assumed that was what Ohm was used for. He was just going to give it a deep cleaning later, when he had time. This time it didn't seem like the case, Ohm was used as a real doll for a little girl.

"I'm going to get some rest, I have some work to do in the morning," said Luke tiredly, and started to get up to make his way towards his bedroom.

"Do you want me to join you? I'm usually around to chase away the bad dreams. She would always allow me accompany her, and rock her to sleep. Do you want me to do that with you?" asked Ohm, but Luke decided he'd rather go to bed alone. He hasn't shared a bed with another person in so long. Even this was just a doll, and nothing to be concerned about.
Ohm told him goodnight sweetly, though Luke wasn't use to having someone in his home. It felt nice to say goodnight to someone, before getting ready for bed. He'd brush his teeth, then take everything off except his boxers. Luke passed out in the middle of the night. When he woke up, he realized someone tuck him in, while he was sleeping. The doll must've done it, otherwise there was no other explanation. His kitchen was neatly organized, which surprised him to not hear the preparation noises in the middle of the night. A plate of eggs and sausage laid waiting for him. He could see all his dishes were done, and no piles of dirty laundry laying around. Ohm had wiped down the floors and counter tops.

"Good morning Luke. Do you prefer coffee or tea?" asked Ohm politely, and Luke told him he liked his coffee.

This was all weird for him, he wasn't use to the special treatment in the morning. It made him smile a little more, and thanked the doll for the food. A doll wasn't supposed to be this handy, if anything Ohm should only sit there and be pretty. Luke ate his food in a hurry, then got dressed for work. He had to quickly get out of the house, maybe grab some more coffee on the way there. The coffee Ohm brewed was better than the instant kind, he'd typically have every morning. His coffee maker was used only on weekends, when he'd take his work home with him. Ohm stopped him before he could leave the house, saying it was too cold to leave without a jacket. He'd thanked the doll again, then got out of the house.

His job was to make other little toys. The lower grade, which wasn't a big doll. These were for children, while he worked in the shop. Luke loves his job, mostly because he liked cute things. A guy like him didn't seem like the type to work in a place like this. His hands went to work, making the toys for his clients. The boss rarely bothered him, just checked him occasionally. Luke would go home, tired from working the long hours. Ohm would greet him with a smile, dinner was on the table. It seemed like the doll used the limited resources in the house. This made Luke reach into his wallet, and hand Ohm some cash, "Do you know how to go shopping? Maybe you could pick up some food. I know my fridge is almost empty."

"I've went shopping many times, I won't let you down. Is there anything specific you need?" asked Ohm, who happily took off Luke's jacket for him.

The extra care was actually sweet, and the food smelled good. There was vegetables on his plate, that he had no idea was in his freezer. Luke would enjoy the delicious food, while Ohm tended in the kitchen. It seemed like the doll spent all day cleaning, with the clothes on his body trying to fall off. The doll did borrow a belt, but it seemed like it could only do so much. "You seem better than the newer models out there. Who made you?" asked Luke, but it seemed like Ohm couldn't remember. His old duties were the only thing Ohm could recall. It mostly was being a caretaker for a little girl, and not only just her friend. Luke assumed the doll was tossed out, once there was no use for it.

This became their normal ritual. Ohm wasn't allowed to be in the bedroom when he slept, since Luke was a little worried about Ohm waking him up. He'd get up in the morning, get ready for work. His job would be done, then he'd come home to Ohm cooking him a nice meal. Whoever owned him before, made sure Ohm knew how to cook and get fresh ingredients. Money wasn't that big of a hassle, so he didn't mind Ohm buying fresh vegetables. It seemed to give him more energy, now that he was eating healthier. He didn't have to worry about laundry or making meals. Ohm seemed like the perfect companion, who never complained about anything. The doll would do it's job, but some reason Luke felt obligated to do something nice.

It was a Saturday, and Luke brought Ohm to the store. The shop was busy with customer, so most of the people frowned at his doll. Ohm stuck close to him, like it was worried it would get lost. This must be his imagination, because dolls didn't feel. They only acted cute, and were pretty for their
owners. Luke looked over the clothes, but it seemed like Ohm liked the men's clothes section better. It wasn't uncommon for owner to dress the male dolls up, like they were little girls. "You don't want a pretty dress or something? The lace on this one is pretty," Luke pointed out, though Ohm would just glare at him, and tell him the dresses were stupid. If he had any doubts that a doll had emotions, then this only clarified his thoughts.

"I'm not a girl, just let me pick my own clothes," complained Ohm, who pouted and didn't like being in the female isle.

"How about we compromise? I pick one dress, and you get to pick everything else. Deal?" suggested Luke, and was glad when Ohm took the offer.

Ohm wandered off into the men's section, while he was looking for the perfect dress for his doll. There was so many to choose from, and he didn't want to leave Ohm alone for too long. They should be shopping together, so he grabbed something that looked nice enough. He looked around, and spotted Ohm immediately. His doll is grabbing some shirts, while draping them over their shoulder. Luke grabbed them and placed them into the cart. They got anything Ohm needed, from socks to underwear. It was just normal jeans and t-shirts. The doll remembered his size, and got anything he wanted. People stared at them, when he got over the register. He made his purchases, then walked out of the store.

"You know, I could've grabbed a different doll. One that wouldn't mind dressing in lacy dresses," teased Luke, though his doll would smack him playfully.

"Ellie never put a dress on me, she did pick out my suits," said Ohm, as they walked back over to the truck.

The previous owner must've been wealthy. They owned a doll that basically acted as the little girl's caretaker. Ohm knew how to clean and cook, do everything a normal nanny would've done. When he got home, both of them put away Ohm's clothes. Luke didn't feel like cooking, or doing anything on his break. He'd just work on the tiny toy tomorrow, when he knew there was enough time. Ohm was going to go into to kitchen to fix him a meal, but Luke decided to order a pizza instead. They both sat by the couch, with Ohm unsure what do with himself. A movie was put in, while they watched the explosions. This was nice to relax and enjoy greasy food.

"Luke, can we talk about something?" asked Ohm, when the doorbell went off.

This must've been the pizza man, as Luke got up to answer it. He knew the doll wasn't normal, acted way more human than a typical toy should ever do. The pizza was brought over, while began to eat. "I was wondering if I could get a job. It's nice living here, but I have too much time on my hands. Sometimes I want to do other things, I might even learn what you do at work," suggested Ohm, though Luke wasn't sure how his boss would feel about a doll making other toys. There would be no explanation on how it was possible, as he told Ohm he'd think about it. If there was a way for Ohm to work, it's not like he wouldn't welcome the extra income.

"Oh thank you!" shouted Ohm, while the doll hugged Luke tightly.

"Be careful, you almost made me spill my drink," said Luke happily, and he couldn't help it. The look on the doll's face is priceless, there wasn't a cuter thing in the world.

Luke ate his fill, then Ohm put away the pizza box. They watched the rest of the movie together, then it was time for bed. Both of them spent most of the day shopping, but it seemed like the doll never grew tired. It wasn't alive, and could function a lot longer than a human. He got ready for bed, used the toilet before settling into the sheets. Ohm went into the room shyly, even though the doll
was told not to be here around nighttime, "Luke? Can I at least maybe tuck you in? I promise I won't be a bother." Anyone else might've found it annoying, but Luke thought it was adorable. The nervous doll waited for an answer, though Ohm walked slowly further into the room.

"Come in and close the door, you're coming into bed with me," said Luke, while patting a spot on the bed.

This made Ohm happily get into the covers, where Luke had patted down. They both snuggled into the sheets, then Ohm squeaked in shock, when Luke wrapped his arms around the doll. "You look so cute like this, all in my arms. Do you have other functions? Is it okay for me to explore a little?" asked Luke, who pushed Ohm further into the bed. The doll wasn't sure what Luke was asking from him, but he did allow Luke to do whatever he wanted. There wasn't a moment where Luke really explored Ohm. He only cleaned him up once, and was done with it. It started with Luke peeling off Ohm's shirt, then pulling down the pants. Whenever the doll looked worried, Luke would reassure him. He even planted a kiss on Ohm's chest, startling Ohm in the process.

"You look so sexy underneath me. I just can't help myself," said Luke huskily, the kisses went down the chest, towards his boxers.

It was leading toward something Ohm hasn't experienced just yet. His primary function was to take care of a little girl, and nothing could prepare him for what's to come. Luke took his time, mouthing where Ohm's penis should be. A tent was starting to form, which only encouraged Luke to continue. He slowly pulled the boxers off the smaller man, then tossed it somewhere. Ohm is fully naked, and unsure if he should do something, "Luke? Am I supposed to do anything?" The innocent look in the doll's eyes were too much, a pure soul wondering what's happening to him. Luke leaned down, then planted a soft kiss to Ohm's lips. This only made the doll stare at him questionably, though Luke kissed him again, licking Ohm's lips.

"I'll stop if you want me to," said Luke, as he did all of it slowly, mostly asking for permission.

"Why are you doing this with me? The master never did this. I don't understand," questioned Ohm, who must've regained some of his memory.

"I'm not your master either Ohm. Sure, I bought you and everything, but I'm not going to do anything you don't want to. I also think you look really sexy underneath me," replied Luke, he smirked at the shy doll below.

"Oh no, you don't have to stop. I just don't understand why you want to do this with me," said Ohm in a confused manner, which only made Luke kiss him again.

This time Ohm participated, tried to kiss back. It was done sloppy, not that Luke was complaining. Nobody would question what they were doing, since plenty of owners used their dolls for sex. There was clubs that have sex dolls displayed against glassed windows. Luke was taking what he wanted, as long as Ohm is a willing participant. They both kissed, until Luke started palming him. His hand grasped his member firmly, while he slowly pumped Ohm. A sharp moan escaped the doll's lips, sending blood down south for Luke. He never heard of such a beautiful sound, as he moved his hand faster. It wasn't certain if Ohm could cum or not, since he didn't put that into the doll. Some people liked to give their dolls fake ejaculation.

This went on for awhile, with Luke sucking on his nipples and delaying his orgasm. Ohm would start to beg him to do something, while he gave the other nipple some attention. His hand was no longer there, as he rubbed down Ohm's thighs. He finally stared at the member, which throbbed and wanted attention. It looked too real, and Ohm could almost pass for a human. Luke leaned downward to put him in his mouth, then tried to see how much he could put in. He hadn't done this
in forever, not with work getting in his way of dating. There was a pair of hands grasping his head, while Ohm moaned loudly. Luke started to bob his head, taking in as much as possible.

It didn't take long for Ohm to cum into his mouth, and he'd pulled away. He wasn't sure if he should swallow the strange substance, so he spat into a trash can. They both settled on the bed, Ohm still high from his orgasm. It seemed like the doll was determined to return the favor, as Luke watched Ohm crawl above him. "This isn't in one of my functions, you might have to guide me into this," Ohm pointed out, though the doll is a quick study. It went to work, trying to get Luke into his mouth. Luke was already hard, and the mouth was doing wonders for him. This went on for awhile, as he encouraged Ohm to keep going. His words were full of praises, and low moans.

He eventually came, then Ohm copied him. The doll spat out the cum, then got back into the bed. They cuddle for awhile, then eventually Luke fell asleep. It wasn't like he bought Ohm for sex, though the experience was extremely pleasant. Luke probably wouldn't have done it, if he couldn't resist the temptation. When he woke up, Ohm was already making breakfast. This felt right for him, almost like he's dating again. A part of him knew this wasn't normal, but Ohm isn't a typical doll. If anything Ohm seemed to worm his way into his heart, and made him feel something, he thought he'd given up on. Ohm watched him eat his meal, then saw him to the door when it was time to leave.

Everything was going perfectly, and he even went to a old job, to see if Ohm could possibly be hired. The place liked having dolls as laborers, which Ohm was happy to do. Luke would come home to prepared meals, and the feeling of being absolutely loved. His doll would kiss him, say things to brighten up his day. There was times he reminded himself that Ohm was only a doll, and was only programmed to do more than others. This would bring him down, while Ohm tried to figure out how to make him smile. He really wished it would be more simple, that being in love with an object was normal. It really wasn't, as Luke had difficulty accepting it. Delirious had no idea, and it seemed like Luke couldn't even tell his best friend.

One night changed everything for him.

"I still miss Ellie sometimes," said Ohm sadly, while Luke was eating his meal.

"What was it like? I bet it was amazing to live in a mansion," replied Luke, as he took a bite of his meal. He tried to steer the conversation away from the owner, but it would usually be useless at times.

"It was amazing at times, and others it wasn't," Ohm paused, deeply in thought of something. "Her parents never had time for her, and the master wanted me to keep her away from his affairs. Master would often bring random women home, while the mistress was away."

"So he had you watch his daughter, and slept with different women?" questioned Luke in disgust.

"The family had to look perfect, so no one had to know about it. I think Ellie knows, I haven't done a good job," said Ohm sadly, the weight of his mistakes were on him.

"Oh Ohm, you can't blame yourself. You shouldn't even have to hide something like that," Luke reassured Ohm, while pulling him into a hug.

This bothered Luke for the longest time, as the days went by. They would spend holidays together, and even celebrate his birthday. It was wonderful for Ohm to be in Luke's life. There was just one large problem, and he knew what he must do. Luke hired a private investigator, and even asked the shop keeper for information. It took a couple months, until they pinpointed her location. Ohm was wondering why they were taking a train out of town. He wouldn't tell Ohm anything, since this would be an amazing surprise. The train finally stopped, with a full grown woman waiting for them.
She looked nothing like the little girl, so it was no surprise that Ohm didn't recognize her.

"Ohm!" shouted Ellie, she ran over to hug him, "it's me Ellie, I can't believe you're still working."

"Ellie? Oh my god, I can't believe you've grown up. You're such a beautiful young lady," said Ohm happily, while Luke watched them both.

"I missed you so much. When father sent me to boarding school I was so devastated. I couldn't take you with me, and he told me they didn't need a doll anymore," cried Ellie, her tears staining the makeup on her face, "I didn't know they got rid of you, until I came back home for the summer. I'm so happy to have you back."

The both of them hugged, a girl reunited with her doll. Luke felt out of placed, with plenty of reasons to hurt inside. He felt good about bringing Ohm back to the person he cared about the most. It would all end here, as he decided to leave. Ohm belonged to a life of luxury, with someone to take care of him. His voice caught in his throat, but he finally spoke up, "I'm glad I finally got you two together, I think I should probably head back. You guys don't owe me anything either, since you shouldn't have been separated in the first place." He started walking towards the train station, so he could ride back out of there. It didn't feel like Ohm wasn't his in the first place, and Luke felt like this was the best time to say goodbye.

"Luke wait, don't go! Please don't leave me, I can't handle that again," pleaded Ohm, he held onto Luke, like he'd disappear forever.

"You have Ellie, I did my job. There's no reason for me to stick around, I really don't." Luke was interrupted with a kiss, that really surprised both Ellie and Luke.

"Did your job? My ass, your real job is being the jerk I have to take care of. The guy who hogs the covers at night, and leaves a big mess on the couch for me to clean. Quit being a baby, and wait for me," demanded Ohm, who really meant every word, "more than anything, your job is to be the best damn boyfriend. Whenever you like it or not."

This left Luke speechless, since Ohm never sasssed him like that before. He actually really liked it a lot, and wrapped his arms around Ohm's waist, "you win. Let's all have coffee together and go home."

Chapter End Notes

What does a person do when they can't sleep? Apparently write in the middle of the night. I almost feel asleep, but my kitty started puking, and now I'm a bit worried about her. The last time this happened, she got mysterious ill, and I took care of her.

I really should be writing my story, but I kinda haven't been writing much. Whenever I do write, it seems to be one-shots. You might see more from here or not, I'm not sure.

~Melon
A/N: Asking for Permission

I think some people don't understand the concept of asking for permission.

Whenever I get asked to use one of my ideas/plot, I just get very annoyed. Not because I get asked, because I already know the harassment that follows it.

I've always said no to using my ideas into becoming someone else's story. Why?

1. I don't know this person, therefore I don't know if I can trust them to give my ideas any form of life, or right sort of direction.

2. I hate seeing other people make multiple copies off each other, where the original gets lost, and people think an original is just another copy. (Not everyone reads a description.)

3. I'm generally not interested in writing a one-shot/story, just for someone else to benefit from my hard work. Just because they got inspired, and couldn't write something original themselves.

There's a huge difference between inspired, and just plain copying.

You can really like something, but write something entirely different from it, and without any details from the original.

I can't claim a prison theme, as my theme (or any other theme). What I can claim is the character development, their dynamics, and how the plotline is formed. If I've created a new character, I've got claim on it as well, even if someone slaps a different name on the person (just for the sake of claiming they didn't copy).

I can only claim the story and character development, and important plotlines.

If someone takes a huge chunk of my plot, and only make minor changes. It's still my idea, and a person has to ask for permission.

The problem is that, every writer that wants my plot/idea (and asks permission), can't take a simple 'no'.

~

Example:

'Can I use this idea into a book?'

"No, I'm not interested in giving any of my ideas away."

'But I like this idea, and I'll give you full credit.'

"My answer is still no, so please stop asking."

'My ideas really aren't that much like yours, I've made some serious changes. Just let me tell you all the details about my ideas."

"I've said no and I'm not interested in your added details, so stop harrassing me. I'm really not interested in giving my ideas."
"You can't really claim it as yours, it's my idea. I've made enough changes, so it's not really yours. You're really being unfair, and I don't see how you can take creativity from other writers."

(This isn't one person, but like, everything as a whole from multiple people.)

~

I'd facepalm, and wonder why I have to deal with this bullshit so much. I'm just someone who writes and enjoys what they're doing, instead of being harrassed to the point that I type back angrily.

If it really wasn't my idea, then why the hell are they asking for my permission?

Apparently if I say no to giving permission, the reaction is to throw a tantrum and insults. I feel like I'm watching a spoiled child rant off, and can't take the word no. It doesn't even matter how well known, or new the writer is. I've had writers with twice my views, being an ass for my work. Ugh.

Sometimes I wonder why I work so hard, just for someone to try and bully me into giving something up. It really is bullying, when you're demanding to use someone else's ideas. Despite me not wanting to do it, and those people send me messages that I'm a terrible person for it.

When I make my mind on something, I really mean it. I don't say no because I'm unsure. I'm saying no, since I truly don't want to give my ideas to a total stranger.

Imagine constantly being asked, harrassed, and being told you're stealing people's creativity for not giving away your hard work.

It seems like people don't understand, that I want my ideas to be my ideas.

I don't craft one-shots, just for others to make it 'supposedly' their idea.

Honestly, things like this makes me hate being a writer. I wonder if some people are really that dense, or can't create something creative themselves.

I don't see how using someone else's idea is being creative.

~Melon
"Who the fuck do you think you are?" shouted Craig, as he marched over to him, "Wanna go bitch? I'll take you on, right after school."

"Bring it pussy! I'll knock your gay ass all over the damn pavement," replied Tyler angrily.

"Let's go Nogla, we can't miss class," said Craig, though flipped Tyler off after his response.

"Yeah that's right, take your boyfriend and your faggot ass out of here," taunted Tyler, and the two looked like they might start arguing again.

It ended when they were going to be late for class, not that Tyler cared as much. His grades were already tanking, but Craig cared about doing well in school. This would be his last year, and somehow his rival was still trying to make things worse. He hated the guy with a passion, though neither swung their fists at each other, at least not yet. It was a matter of time before they tried to kill each other. The worst part was that, under different circumstances they might've been friends. Tyler had something against him since day one, only because who his friends were. Evan approached him before anyone else, and the dude seemed pretty amazing. Craig would hang out with the jocks, while Tyler was friends with the trouble makers and drug users. Nobody knew who first started it, but it seemed like they were destined to hate each other.

"Yo Craig! How you doing man?" asked Evan, who sat in his seat, his sunglasses on to make himself look cooler.

"Fucking Tyler messes with me every morning. He's such a god damn prick, I'd like to punch his face in," replied Craig angrily, though this was normal and made Evan nod in response.

"Maybe he just wanted to say hi to you every morning, you know, he gets to admire your face," chuckled Evan, and it only seemed to piss Craig off even more. It wasn't unusual for his friends to tease, like they had something for each other.

"Fuck you Evan," growled Craig, but it wouldn't last very long, since he'd concentrate to the teacher.

He would consider himself a model student, with good grades and joining different sports. His friends would encourage him to do better, while he tried to prepare for a good college. The only obstacle was Tyler, along with his friends. It seemed like Tyler wouldn't leave him alone, and would harass him whenever he had the chance. This would only piss him off, but there wasn't anything he could really do about it. "Why don't you both just talk it out?" questioned Nogla, but this was a stupid question. Everyone knew why they couldn't talk it out, and get over their differences. This only made Craig rolls his eyes, and Evan chuckle again. His Irish friend wasn't the brightest, and he should know that the two groups would continue to hate each other. It wasn't like anything could possibly make them get along.

"Nogla are you daft? We hate each other, and no amount of talking is going to change that," Craig pointed out, though it seemed like Nogla still thought differently.

"I don't know man, you could maybe try it. You both fight too much," replied Nogla, as it went on deaf ears.
Craig already convinced himself years ago, that they would keep hating each other, and nothing would ever change it. Tyler would steal any girl he was interested in, while doing anything to irritate him. It didn't help that he didn't like being around his friends, all of them would get on his nerves. Luke is known as a heavy drug user, and would throw wild parties. Jonathan would pick fights with some random guy, especially teens from different schools. These delinquents were a menace, not someone he wanted to be associated with. Marcel seemed the most chill, but even then he wouldn't talk to the guy. Craig did everything to avoid them, though Tyler had other ideas, and would harass him whenever he could. This was impossible to ignore in the mornings, where Tyler seemed to always spot him heading towards school. It was almost like the dude was stalking him, the creep.

His History and English class was a bore, even if Nogla and Lui made it more interesting. Evan only had two classes with him, and they would eat lunch together. Everyone would play basketball, even Lui who used his short legs to run the ball around. He just hoped that things would mellow out, but it seemed like luck wasn't on his side. He went into art class, and then went to lunch afterwards. Lui was the one to break the terrible news to them, and it was like his day couldn't get worse. Evan and Nogla shared a look, like they knew what was going to happen. Craig just didn't understand what they had against them, they could just try to ignore the other person, though it seemed like it would never happen. It was only Lui who giggled, like he thought the whole thing was hilarious.

"Are you fucking kidding me? Oh my god, why the fuck do I have to put up with this?" groaned Craig, while he placed his head in his hands, "Can't they just fuck off?"

"Maybe it won't be so bad," replied Nogla, but it was the wrong response. His friend sometimes tried to find a way to lighten the mood, unless he was upset himself.

"Shut up Nogla, this is my life ending," Craig cried out dramatically, though someone seemed to agree with him.

"This actually really does suck, I know we don't want to play with these guys. I'm not sure why they enlisted themselves into our basketball team, but we won't let them get to us," said Evan, who always tried to be the anchor to the group, "We can't let them get us down, or bullied out of the basketball team. Let's just stomp the competition like we always do, and try to be good sports about it."

"Yeah you're right, I just wish they wouldn't try to spoil our fun. They're such dicks," complained Craig, though Evan did make him feel a little better.

"At least you get to see Tyler's dick in the gym shower," giggled Lui, he teased Craig the most, whenever it came to his rivalry with Tyler.

"Oh fuck you, you prick," replied Craig, but the conversation ended there.

They didn't talk about the new possible players on the team. He'd complain about it to the coach, but he had a feeling it wouldn't do much. Tyler was made to play a sport like basketball, along with his other friends. They were fit and could manage on their own. There was one thing he just couldn't understand, why they suddenly decided to join this sport. It wasn't like they did this, out of the years they had been in high school together. Craig had a feeling they were plotting something, but whatever it was it couldn't be good. He didn't want to admit it, he was worried about a serious confrontation with them. His friends could take care of themselves, though he'd worry none the less. The rest of his day went by fairly fast, with mostly the teachers going over the class review. The first day of school is always easy, until they were given homework.

Eventually school finished, and he went straight to the gym. He would always sign up during the first day of school, and the coach would let the best players play. The others would be placed as bench players, who would only play if they were needed. Sometimes a teen could get injured during
a sport, or get too exhausted and needed a break. Craig liked the attention when he played the sport, a lot of girls seem to like him. Only a very few interested him, and sometimes dating got in the way of school. Tyler would always get the girl anyways, so he didn't see a reason to bother with it. His friends went with him, and geared up for practice. He could at least enjoy the basketball practice while he could, and glared at Tyler when he came into the room. It would be an immediate confrontation, with neither side backing out.

"Hey dumbass, yeah you, little pansy ass bitch. You, me, a little one on one," shouted Tyler, which probably got him the response he wanted.

"Oh fucking bring it, I'll knock that smirk off your face," growled Craig, but Evan intervened, before Craig could do something he might regret.

"Wait Craig, you don't want to do that man. He just wants to do some sneaky shit. Remember when he distracted you, so his friend could hit on that chick you flirted with?" reasoned Evan, as the coach tested out the new players.

Craig snapped out of it, and just flipped Tyler off. He wasn't anyone's fool, other than himself. His friends shot some hoops with him, since the coach already knew they were good. They went back home, all except for Craig. There was nothing more stress relieving, than staying back and shooting some hoops. It wasn't that he needed the practice, but something he did by himself. The courtyard seemed empty, the coach probably went off to check the baseball field, where his other team practiced. There was only one slight problem with being by himself, once he realized that someone came back inside. "If you're looking for the coach, he's not here," said Craig, who didn't really look at the person. This is probably his biggest mistake of the night.

"Who said I wanted to see the coach?" asked Tyler cheekily, which made Craig quickly look back at him.

"What the hell is your problem?" questioned Craig angrily, though this only seem to encourage Tyler to walk closer to him.

"You're my problem," stated Tyler, they were so close, and the ball dropped on the floor. It could be heard in the distance, bouncing until it came to a roll, "you drive me absolutely insane."

"I have done nothing to you, you're just an ass," growled Craig, their faces only inches away. This become an awkward staring contest, with Craig doing the glaring.

"Nothing? How about wearing those hot tight shirts, and flirting with every hot chick, when I absolutely want you all to myself? Maybe I've been inviting you after school, even though you're so fucking stupid, because I'm hoping to be alone together. Maybe I just wa-" Tyler was suddenly interrupted. They both started kissing, with Craig pushing him into the wall. The basketball hoop above them, and everything happening all at once.

"You're a little shit, do you know that?" asked Craig, who didn't really expect an answer.

"Eat my ass, just admit you secretly like it," replied Tyler, a huge grin on his face.

They started kissing again, both of them didn't care about the consequences. The sexual tension is so thick, it's impossible to ignore. It's the reason his friends would tease them, and why Tyler made sure Craig stayed single. He wanted the asshole all to himself, and nobody else could have him. Craig grinded into him, reached his hand into his boxers. This gave him an overwhelming sense of power over the other person. It was something he couldn't help but gloat about, "you want this? I could probably fuck you right against this wall. Would you like that?" His hand moved faster, making
Tyler turn into mush and moaning into Craig's shouler. This made him move slower, since he wanted to see the taller man squirm. Tyler might have the height, but he's more built.

"Say my name bitch," said Craig into his ear, which he could tell Tyler like the dirty talk.

"Fuck, just let me cum fuck boi," moaned Tyler, as the hand sped up, then slowed down again.

"I said, say my name, I want to hear you scream it when you cum," replied Craig loudly, but then a voice caught their attention.

"What are you two boys doing?" shouted the coach angrily, causing Craig to pull away.

"Fuck off old man, you're just mad because nobody will fuck your ugly ass," Tyler screamed back, and only escalated the situation.

This was Craig's first year of not playing basketball, though he had more time with his not so very secret boyfriend.

Chapter End Notes

I might have a secret that most people don't know about. I've always liked Tyler as a bottom, basically for any ship. It's not really favorable with most people who ship MiniCat, but I honestly don't give a shit. I'll most likely start writing more bottom Tyler, and stop writing bottom Craig in my MiniCat stuff. I'll be completely honest, I never enjoyed it in the past, so I hardly wrote any MiniCat moments in my old writing.

A few people might accuse me of purposely shipping things differently, than everyone else. For example, writing Evan as a bottom, when nobody else did.

I actually have always seen them this way, and it's just me having a different point of view on a ship. I don't purposely try to ship differently, in fact, it makes it more difficult to find stuff to read, and associate with people who don't ship like me. Don't assume that I try to be different, it just happens somehow.

I'm not sure why I bottom the opposite people from everyone else, it just happens (with some exceptions like Ohmtoonz. I bottom Ohm).

~Melon
The school had a new principal this year, as Ohm got ready for his daily duties. It would be his first time, while his nerves got to him a little. He cared about this particular school, so much as a kid. There was some bad memories, but he remembered a teacher being there for him, when he was at his roughest time. This left an impression on him, as his goal was to inspire the kids of the next generation. Ohm carried his suitcase, while greeting the other teachers before heading towards his office. His secretary handled a lot of his paperwork, though he had the final say in it. This year should have been mostly unexciting, except for one minor detail.

"Good morning Ohm, how are you this fine day?" asked Satt cheerfully, a cup of coffee in his hand.

"I'm doing good, do you have my papers ready for me?" questioned Ohm, who smiled just as much.

"I have, but um there's something I have to talk to you about actually. There's a student that might arrive in your office a lot, he has been causing all sorts of trouble every year," said Satt, which caught his interest.

"What kind of trouble?" asked Ohm, while getting himself some coffee.

"He smokes in the boys bathroom, and curses out the teachers. Sometimes he fights with the other boys, and gets his friends to get into trouble. I think the others join in, just to impress him. The other principle couldn't handle him, though I don't think he would admit it," explained Satt, and the younger male wasn't wrong about the teenager.

"Who is this trouble maker?" questioned Ohm, for the last time.

"His name is Luke," Satt informed him, and that's how his year began.

Ohm was left with a warning, and didn't think much of it. The other teachers would complain about the group of hooligans. He though it was just a bunch of rebellious boys, and nothing to be bothered over. It did surprise him, that it only took a week for Luke to end up in his office. Ohm wasn't impressed with what he saw either, while he sat in his chair. Luke placed his feet on his desk, as he told the teen to put them back down. This made Ohm sighed, and wondered what it would take to deal this person. It wasn't like notifying his parents would do anything, since it seemed like they didn't care.

"You were caught vandalizing the gym, along with a couple of your friends. They already are given detention, what do you think I should do with you?" asked Ohm angrily, as it seemed like Luke didn't seem to care either.

"How about kiss my ass? This is so stupid, I'm just gonna go back home," replied Luke, who started to get up from his seat.

"Do you want to be suspended? You really shouldn't do these things," Ohm pointed out, and it did cross his mind that maybe Luke wanted to get out of this school.

"You really shouldn't do these things," mocked Luke, as he smirked and chuckled at his principle, "I honestly don't give a fuck. Just give me the stupid lecture about how I'm a bad boy, then send me home," said Luke, while he examined his finger nails.
"I'm giving you detention, but it's not going to be with your friends. Be here tomorrow after school, or I might actually suspend you," growled Ohm, though it seemed like the teen still didn't pay it any mind.

"Whatever you say boss," shouted Luke, then left the building.

This was going to be harder than Ohm thought, and now he new why people warned him. He would go back to doing his paperwork, and went to the break room at times. The teachers were really friendly, and tend to say they liked the changes he made to the school. Ohm found ways to make the food healthier, and got funding from other sources. They could have updated books, and better desks. Luke arrived the next day an hour late, so it meant holding the teen even longer. There's a stack of files, that he'd have Luke put into order. Ohm went over what to do, while the other person looked bored. If the teen did it wrong, he'd have to start all over again.

"So I'm basically doing your work? And they say we're lazy," said Luke, while he shook his head. Ohm had another smaller desk moved into the room, just for Luke to have a place to work. They both started doing their own thing, until Luke started complaining about being bored, "this is so lame, how am I supposed to do this for two hours? Can't we have some music or something?" The complaining made him get up, and Luke probably thought he'd scold him some more. Instead he pulled open a metal cabinet, and placed a stereo on his desk. It started blaring out some hip hop and r&b music. "Oh shit, I thought you'd play old man music," teased Luke, and somehow Ohm was smiling as well. They went back to work, and the detention would only last a few days.

The surprising part, was that Luke actually did the work. His papers were organized, and he didn't mind Luke's off pitch singing. Luke's second night of detention went even better, there wasn't as much bad mouthing, though the teen would still mess with him. The room was filled with Luke talking, not all of was appropriate, "I brought these two bomb ass hoochies, one for me and my boy. Her boobs were fucking huge, especially when he bounced on my dick that night." Ohm shook his head, but didn't stop the story. It wasn't like he did any better as a teenager, he'd gotten into some trouble himself. This teen reminded of himself, especially chasing other teenage girls.

"Do you know what you want once school is done?" asked Ohm, who was genuinely curious.

"I honestly don't fucking know. Maybe I'll just sell drugs like my old man, like shit, I know I don't have a future," complained Luke, which actually did bother Ohm.

"Don't say that, I mean sure, your grades aren't the best. I really think if you just tried, you might be able to do something," Ohm pointed out, though it wasn't enough.

"Yeah fucking right, and I'm the mother fucking saint who ain't in detention," said Luke sarcastically, then looked sad all of a sudden, "I'm just going to end up in prison like the rest."

"I didn't end up in prison," said Ohm, which got more of Luke's attention than he thought.

"That's because you're mister goody two shoes, could do no fucking wrong," replied Luke, but this actually made Ohm chuckle at that statement.

"Actually I went to detention my fair share, and I even tried to beat up another student," uttered Ohm, and surprising the student.

"You got to be fucking with me, you a bad student?" said Luke in surprise, and finally he started smiling again.

There was less talking for the rest of the time, but Ohm actually felt proud that he made Luke feel
better. If some bad student could become an amazing principle, then maybe Luke had a shot at something. The third and final day of Luke's detention, he had him go over some papers for a teacher. They needed to be done, and he thought Luke had done well with the rest of the work. Luke could do really well, if he actually wanted to do something. It didn't surprise him that Luke started asking about his high school days, of how he'd get into trouble. Ohm use to smuggle alcohol and throw wild parties at his parents house, when they left on vacation or business trips. He hasn't had a single drink since then, and preferred to never have alcohol.

"I actually don't like alcohol either, that shit is nasty," agreed Luke, while Ohm typed away on his laptop.

"I'm glad you don't drink, it's terrible stuff and has gotten me into plenty of bad situations," said Ohm, as he looked over some documents.

"Ohm, I get my ass into plenty of trouble without it. I just don't like the taste," gagged Luke, making Ohm laugh in the process, "you have a nice laugh, I actually like it."

This was the first time his face turned red, and he hid it behind the screen. A student shouldn't have made him feel flustered, and yet it somehow happened. The music blared out, while both of them kept on working. When it was time for Luke to leave, and get his freedom back, some reason the teen didn't want to go. "Can't I stay here longer? Nobody will care if I'm somewhere else, my mom don't give a shit. She thinks I'll go to jail just like my daddy," said Luke angrily, and started complaining about his situation at home. Ohm would listen carefully, which made him feel some pity. His parents had divorced, Luke faced the worst of it. He didn't care about himself, or getting into trouble anymore. Luke did whatever he wanted, because nobody else cared.

"Sure, you can stay an hour longer, maybe we both can get something to eat," suggested Ohm, and felt great about bringing up Luke's spirit.


They went to a fast food joint, not that far from the school. Ohm bought them both a cheeseburger, and Luke started to open up more. It seemed crazy that they would bond so soon. A rule breaking teen, and the school's principal. Their age gape wasn't an issue either, since they liked a lot of the same things, and Ohm with his troubled past. Luke is eighteen, and Ohm being in his upper twenties. Both of them ate their food, and it seemed like Luke was still trying to find an excuse to stick around.

"Come on, I'll take you home, you can always come over to my office any time you want," said Ohm cheerfully, while dragging away the reluctant teenager. This wasn't his job, but it was something he had always wanted to do. He wanted to be a huge influence on someone, just like when he was a teen in high school.

"Thanks for taking me back home Ohm, this wasn't a bad first date," teased Luke, which only made him roll his eyes.

"Just get inside you weirdo, I'll see you tomorrow?" questioned Ohm, since he wasn't certain if Luke would be around once there was no detention.

"Only if I can do this," replied Luke, and before Ohm could figure out what it meant, he felt a pair of lips pressed into his.

"What the fuck?" said Ohm, as he shoved Luke right off him, "whoa Luke, no I, oh shit. I'm your principal and an adult, I can't do something like that."
"Nobody has to know, and I have noticed the stares," Luke pointed out, but then the teen looked nervous, "unless I saw it wrong and you weren't really interested."

"Luke, I do like you somewhat, but we can't do this. I'm sorry," apologized Ohm, and this only upset Luke even further.

"You god damn pussy. You like me, but no? Well fuck you," shouted Luke, as he ran to his house, then slammed the door behind him.

This wasn't exactly how he wanted a rejection to turn out. He shouldn't be surprised that Luke wouldn't take it well. Ohm just knew he couldn't risk his career, just because he liked some boy. It wasn't like he knew Luke long enough anyways, as he drove back home. There was still an unsettling feeling in his gut. After that particular incident, Luke didn't seem to get into trouble. Ohm assumed he's probably avoiding him, by making sure he didn't end up in detention. This was only a guess, but he didn't hear from him for about a month. When Luke and Jonathan was placed into his office, his secretary told him, that they smuggled alcohol in the school. It wasn't surprising to see them in his office, but the level of trouble Luke is still willing to commit. Ohm thought he had gotten through Luke, but apparently not the case.

"I see that you're still getting yourself into trouble," stated Ohm, though he's shocked on how upset Luke sounded.

"Oh fuck off Ohm, it's not like you care," growled Luke angrily, which was farthest from the truth.

"What do you mean I don't care? Luke, last time we were together, I felt absolutely terrible. You have to understand my position, and please don't think I don't care. I honestly think about you at times," replied Ohm truthfully, but he had to be careful with his words. They weren't alone with Jonathan in the room.

"I don't care what you think or feel," said Luke, with his arms crossed, and acting like an upset child, "you really hurt me Ohm, I thought you liked me."

"Oh my god, can you love birds just give me detention? I don't wanna hear this shit," complained Jonathan, which snapped them both out of it.

"Alright Jonathan, you'll be cleaning out the courtyard tomorrow with Mrs. Ferguson," replied Ohm, which left him by himself with Luke. Jonathan left immediately, after Ohm told him that information he needed.

"Why can't you just admit you like me? Nobody has to know we're into each other," Luke pointed out, and the room fell silent.

The teen sat down in front of him, while Ohm knew what he was asking from him. This would risk everything he worked do hard for, and Luke was barely the legal age. It wasn't like he was much older himself, exactly 6 years difference, once Luke turned nineteen. He knew the teen's birthday was pretty close, though the age gap might bother some people. "Alright, I like you too," admitted Ohm, which surprised Luke, "but you're almost nineteen and I'm twenty five. You're also just a student." This didn't seem to bother Luke, who got up and leaned closer to him. A smirk appeared on his face, like it was no big deal. "I was exactly right about you, you're a damn pussy ass bitch. It's alright because I still like you anyways," chuckled Luke, making Ohm frown at him.

Ohm motioned for him to come closer, though it only seemed to entice Luke even further. The teen was excited for any sort of attention from his favorite principal. They should be discussing his detection, but instead Ohm said something, that made him question his own hearing, "I said pull your
pants down and lean over my lap. I'm not going to tell you twice.” Luke practically scrambled to get
his pants off, and place his chest over Ohm's lap. Once he's in position, Ohm rubbed his hand over
Luke's bottom. His underwear in the way, as it was pulled down slightly. "You're really into some
kinky shit, not that I'm compl-" Luke was interrupted, with a loud smack and a stinging pain in his
rear.

"You will not smoke in the boys bathroom," said Ohm, a hand smacked him again, "you will not
bring alcohol or anything illegal to this school."

His hand kept going with his words, "you absolutely won't get into anymore trouble, or else I'll
punish you directly."

"F-fuck," stuttered Luke, while he felt that hand, just pounding away on his ass. A few whimper's left
his mouth, along with the humiliation he's feeling. It finally stopped when Ohm felt like he had
enough, though he could feel the hardness in his lap. Luke clearly liked being spanked, but this is not
going to be a reward. The teen complained, when Ohm said he wasn't going to help him with his
problem. He didn't want to leave embarrassed and with a hard on. This however changed their
relationship dramatically. If Luke was getting into trouble Ohm would punish him, and never get him
off. If he did good in school, Luke would get a reward. His favorite reward was probably the
weirdest, not that Ohm complained about it. They never labeled their relationship either, it was too
complicated for that.


"Does that mean I can have my reward?" asked Luke, while silently praying that Ohm would do it.

"Hmm, I don't know," teased Ohm, when he knew Luke deserved one, "you did punch Marcus a
week ago."

"He deserved it, he called you all sorts of nasty names," replied Luke, though it quickly shifted,
"please Ohm, I'll be good."

"Alright, get on my lap," said Ohm, who finally caved into the teen's pleas, "do you want me to give
you oral after I spank you, or do you want my fingers?"

"Please spank me, and fuck me Ohm. I'll be a good boy," pleaded Luke, while he placed a couple of
Ohm's fingers in his mouth. He sucked on them, and gave those pleading eyes.

"Only because you asked nicely," smirked Ohm, before he gave into it. This might risk his career,
and everything he worked so hard to achieve.

It was all worth it in the end.

Chapter End Notes

Yeeaaaah, don't expect me to write another bottom Luke one-shot. I actually really
struggled with this, even if it isn't apparent. I'm sorry if the pacing is bad, I tried my best.

I only decided to write Luke as a bottom for this Ohmtoonz, is because my friend is
really into it. I hope you like it Pastel. (: I'm certain you're surprised, because I said it
would be bottom Ohm. Hehe.
~Melon
I basicallydomoo: Time and Place

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

They hadn't been living together for that long, and Brock seemed like the perfect roommate. Marcel basically had himself a housewife, who liked to cook and kept the place clean. If he laid his clothes out on the floor, it would eventually be picked up. Some reason Brock never complained about it, even greeted him happily every morning. He had decided to go bowling with a couple of friends, though he hadn't realized that the place was closed for the day. Marcel had a small lunch, then decided to head back early. His friends would probably think of something to do next time, while he went back home. The sight that greeted him was unexpected. Brock is a very discreet, and very careful person. He walked into the living room, seeing that his close friend is touching himself on the couch.

"What the fuck is this?" shouted Marcel, mostly from the shock of it all.

"Oh shit, I didn't think you'd be back so soon," said Brock, who felt embarrassed about being caught.

"Just clean up, I'm going to bleach my eyes," replied Marcel, while he walked straight for his room.

He really hoped that Brock didn't notice the obvious boner in his pants. His heart rate is uneven, and he couldn't get the image out of his head. If the bowling place wasn't closed, he'd never see any of this. Marcel always knew his friend is attractive, to the point it was painful sometimes. Girls would hit on him, wherever they went. A few times a guy would make passes at his friend. It wasn't like he was blind, and now he's imagining Brock with his dick out. "Well fuck me, what am I supposed to do?" Marcel asked himself, while his panic started again. The door to his room was knocked, making him jump. He thought Brock would just avoid him for awhile, maybe even pretend it didn't happen.

"I just want to apologize for that, I'll keep it in my room next time. It's sometimes hard for me to get aroused, so I like to get out and-" Brock got interrupted, as he tried his situation.

"I can't hear you, la la la," said Marcel, while he plugged his fingers into his ears, "nope I don't want to hear that shit."

"I just want to say sorry. I'll make something to eat later, to make up for it," said Brock hopefully, then felt discouraged when Marcel didn't answer back.

It wasn't like Marcel to ignore Brock, but he just didn't know how to handle this. Brock is the logical one at times, and kept him grounded. He would just have to suck it up, and maybe talk again later. His friend did leave him alone after that, and he went and recorded with some friends. A part of him was worried about Brock joining, though it never happened. The whole time he smelled something wonderful, and it had to be coming from the kitchen. Marcel eventually ended the game, while saying bye to his friends. He stretched in his chair, then dreaded leaving his recording room. His friend will want to talk about it, being the rational one. If it were up to him, he'd avoid the situation entirely.

"I noticed you smell the food, it's almost done," said Brock calmly, as Marcel nodded his head. He watched his friend cook for a moment, until he found his voice again.

"Hey Brock, what happened earlier, don't worry about it. I've seen my fair share of dicks," joked
Marcel, though he didn't expect Brock to go with it.

"Oh really? Was mine at least decent compared to theirs?" asked Brock, a smirk on his face, "I like to think I'm a professional dick to people."

This left with Marcel laughing his ass off, and Brock joining him. It was almost like all the tension left, then the food was placed in front of him. He dug into his plate of spaghetti, which tasted better after his nerves had calmed down. They talked for awhile, mostly about the games they had recorded. It was like none of it ever happened. Marcel even decide to make more jokes out of it, "So what 'sprung up' the occasion? Was it 'hard' to be alone?" They were lame jokes, but Brock bursted out laughing. Marcel would die on the spot, if the roles were reversed. He was just glad that, his friend could handle something this embarrassing.

"Hey now, don't 'jerk' me around," replied Brock, the both of them giggling like idiots.

"I thought it was going to be more awkward, since you know, I caught you beating it off," uttered Marcel, who realized Brock leaning in closer.

"Maybe it's because a part of me was hoping I'd get caught," suggested Brock, which made Marcel choke on his drink.

"Stop fooling around, you almost made me choke to death," said Marcel in a confused tone, and wondering why his friend said that.

"I'm being serious, how long have we been friends? You do realize something between us, right?" asked Brock, though it would be a lie to say no. He wasn't blind, and there was signs of a different tension between them. It only started when they decided to room together.

"I don't know what you mean," lied Marcel, who wasn't fooling anyone.

"Oh I think you do," said Brock, while getting up slightly, and leaning close to him, "I also think you liked what you saw."

They both stared at each other, and Marcel had no clue who started it first. He remember leaning up from his seat, while having his lips pressed into Brock's mouth. Both of them kissed heatedly, while roaming their hands around each other. Marcel knew he's hard, and would like to do anything to take things into the bedroom. "Slow down, we don't have to quickly jump each other. We could even go on a few dates first," said Brock reasonably, though what's under his pants would like to disagree. This made Marcel growl, then pull him closer, "Oh fuck that, I'm not taking things slow. I've waited years for this you jerk." He could feel Brock kissing him again, their hands roaming around.

"Okay, maybe a little slow, but I can't wait that long," negotiated Marcel, which only caused his friend to chuckle at him.

"Alright we can move a little faster, but maybe not to the bedroom right now. I'll help you with your problem first," replied Brock, as it was answered with a kiss.

They moved it to the couch, which is ironic, as it had gotten them into this mess. Marcel pulled him out, then felt Brock do the same thing. Both of them started to jerk each other off, though going at a steady pace. When he picked up the speed, he could feel Brock do the same thing. They didn't stop kissing, and panting in between. It kept going until it got close, and Brock informed him that he was going to cum. Both of them agreed to do it together, while matching each other's speed. They came around the same time, and Brock had his head on Marcel's shoulder. It stayed like that, until they heard the door open. This gave a sense of deja vu, as someone stepped into the room.
"Oh for fuck sakes, you both finally hooked up. I just wonder why I had to witness it," complained Nogla, who was their temporary roommate, until he found a different place to move into.

"Uh sorry about that," replied Marcel, a wide smile on his face.

"We'll try to keep it in our rooms," suggested Brock, and the two of them couldn't help but laugh. Their Irish friend went into his room feeling irritated, and wishing the bowling place would burn down for not being opened. It was the last time he would rely on the banana bus bowling alley.

Chapter End Notes

This is actually my very first Ibasicallydomoo one-shot ever. How did I do? Tbh, I don't know Brock or Marcel very well, so excuse my work, if any of their personality was portrayed incorrectly.

I'll be doing some Halloween specials up next, and I didn't plan on doing two Ohmlirious in a row. It seems like the ship is more popular than I thought (kinda funny how requests work), lol. I'll have to put a little extra effort to make them different, and hopefully I don't screw it up.

Thanks again for reading, I really appreciate it.

~Melon
Jonathan had first met him at a party, his parents threw it for him. He had turned fifteen that year, but something was different. There was a boy about his age, who smiled perfectly from where he stood. It was in that moment he felt something, though he wasn't quite sure what it was. His mother later introduced him to the boy, along with the child's parents. They met later in high school, where they became fast friends. Luke even liked Ryan immediately, when Jonathan introduced him. He always liked the boy with the cute smile, and good grades. The same person who would get bullied, while trying to hide it from everyone. Jonathan of course beat up those boys, and warned them to stay away from his friends.

He's currently out of high school, with no real career path. His parents couldn't afford for him to go into College, and could barely get him a beat down car. Ryan would still come over to visit him, while he lived with his parents. There was just something different about that day, "we should move out of our parents home. Just me, you, and Luke. We could find a cheap place, where we don't have to live with our parents anymore. Come on Jonathan, just think about it. We don't have to be children anymore." He hesitated in giving Ryan his answer, with the fear of moving into the unknown. "I don't know, what if we can't afford to move out?" asked Jonathan, who had realistic concerns.

"We could at least try. I spoke to Luke about it, and he likes the idea. It would be so cool, the three of us. We could do whatever we want," said Ryan gleefully, determined to move out of his own parents house.

"I'll think about it," replied Jonathan, while trying to hide the reddening of his cheeks. There was no way he could say no, not when Ryan looked so happy.

They went into his room, and put on a movie. His old television was barely holding on, but Ryan never complained about it. Jonathan got them some popcorn and drinks, while all the scary scenes happened. He could feel his heart race, every time Ryan grasped his arm out of fear. The cheap jump scares didn't bother him, though he enjoyed Ryan moving closer. "Oh fuck, her head just came off. It seems so bloody," gasped Ryan, he's almost in Jonathan's lap. "Y-yeah," stuttered Jonathan, while he agreed with his friend. He could feel himself grow excited, as he tried to calm his body down. The movie was over, without his friend noticing the affects he had on him.

"The movie was so good, don't you agree?" asked Ryan, a smile on his face, though it slowly faded, "what's wrong?"

"I-It's nothing, I just forgot to do something," lied Jonathan, his excitement covered up by the sheets.

"Well I have to go home, see you later? Maybe we can watch some bad guys blow up," said Ryan excitedly, then quickly gave him a hug, "Just think about what I suggested. It would be so awesome to live together."

"Yeah it would," replied Jonathan, his body finally back to normal. He showed Ryan out of the house, then they both said their goodbyes.

It took a month of convincing, then he finally moved out. His father handed him some cash, though it really wasn't much. Jonathan appreciated it anyways, since his parents were always hard on cash. The place they moved into wasn't bad, and fit them all just fine. Luke use to live far from school and
his place. Now they could see each other every day, which was an improvement. His only real problem was hiding his feelings from Ryan. It had been something he tried his best to keep hidden. If his friend ever knew, then it would be the end of it. They all knew how to work on cars, so they found a shop that would hire them. The place lacked workers, and they would start at the bottom.

"I got myself a date tonight," bragged Luke, a smug look on his face.

"Who's the lucky girl?" asked Ohm, who's currently changing a tire.

"I think her name is Suzy, or maybe it's Sarah. All I know is, that I'm banging her tonight. I hope you don't mind me bringing her over," replied Luke cheekily, which made Jonathan roll his eyes.

"Eww gross, thanks for the warning," gagged Ryan, making Jonathan chuckle with him.

"Ya'll are just jealous that I got a date. She's prettier that any girl you could get," said Luke sheepishly, while working to change the oil.

"Maybe I don't want a girl," replied Ryan, making Jonathan snap his head over to him, "I could be interested in something else."

"Yeah, like your damn dog. You pay more attention to the mutt, then any girl I've ever seen," teased Luke, though they went silent, when the boss walked by.

They worked on their a separate vehicle, until it was time for them to go home. Jonathan decided to drive, first at a place to get some burgers. The food was taken home, where they ate and relaxed. "I still have a date, you love birds enjoy yourselves," joked Luke, while he went to groom himself. This would leave the two alone, not like they hadn't done that before. Jonathan liked having Ryan to himself, where his crush would give him all the attention. Luke left after he got ready, and Jonathan popped in a movie. They sat together like old times, and Ryan made popcorn. The horror movie would always make Ryan move in closer, and the jump scares still didn't bother him.

"Oh my god," screamed Ryan, his hands over eyes. He was basically in Jonathan's lap again.

"Everything is going to be fine," reassured Jonathan, he boldly placed his arm around his waist. He was trying to convince himself to make a move, and his nerves were slowly getting the best of him. His arm was eventually pulled away, while Ryan didn't seem to notice.

"That was so scary, I can't believe the killer found them," whimpered Ryan, making him want to comfort him even more.

"You big baby, it's just a movie," teased Jonathan, trying to lighten the mood.

"Fuck you, it's still scary," pouted Ryan, while they watched the rest of the film.

It was eventually over, as they had to go to bed. Jonathan decided to do the dishes, he liked nights like this. Ryan thanked him, then headed for bed. The door later opened, and Luke brought his supposed date over. Luke's girl is wasted beyond belief, and he was taking her to his room. This made him shook his head, though he didn't judge to harshly. If he wasn't interested in someone, he'd be living his life similar to it. He'd be chasing after chicks, and hoping to have one night stands. The girl didn't even care he was in the room, while she pulled the dress over her head. Luke picked her up, she was only in her bra and panties. Jonathan did the dishes and ignored all of it.

He went to bed afterwards, though the noises kept him up. There was moaning, and the girl was extremely loud. A pillow over his head, while he tried his best to block out the noises. It wasn't going to happen, so he decided to step out for a drink. He had a few beers, and the other two didn't
consume alcohol. There was nothing out of the ordinary, until he realized that Ryan's room was slightly ajar. This peaked his curiosity, though he really shouldn't snoop. It was like he couldn't help himself, as he crept closer towards Ryan's door. Jonathan was surprised by what he saw, he wasn't the only one with secrets. He could only stand there, and just watch.

"It's a nice grey color, but it's a little small on me," said Ryan to himself, the frilly dress over his shoulders. He twirled in the dress, in front of a large mirror in his room, "I should put it back though."

It is the dress from the girl that Luke brought home, and Jonathan recognized it. The door creaked, when he tried to close it. Their eyes met in that moment, and he saw the realization and fear on Ryan's eyes. "Jonathan? Oh my god, it's not what it looks like. I'm just, I was trying to," panicked Ryan, while he tried to think up a lie for Jonathan. The worried expression on his face, and he could see Ryan starting to tear up. This could ruin his friend, if everyone knew he's a cross dresser. Luke might not understand it either, even if he is open minded. Jonathan stared at first, still in disbelief. Ryan is more manly than most men, and only acted like a wuss during scary movies. This left him feeling all sorts of emotions.

"P-please don't tell anyone. It was only a one time thing," begged Ryan, hoping his secret won't be out.

"You look beautiful," said Jonathan, he stepped into the room. The door is closed behind him, with a surprised look on Ryan's face.

"Wait, what?" asked Ryan, a confused look on his face.

"I think you look simply beautiful in that dress," said Jonathan again, his face flushed, "I've never seen anything like it. It makes you look stunning."

His friend eventually got over the shock, and moved closer to him. They were almost nose to nose, where he could feel Ryan's breath against his cheek, "say it again."

"You look beautiful Ryan," replied Jonathan, the both of them looking deeply at each other.

His arms finally went around Ryan's waist, pulling him closer. He could smell the lavender on his skin, along with Ryan's natural scent. Every freckle and blemish on his skin stood out, so much clearer than before, now that they were so close. "You think I'm beautiful? Well, what are you waiting for?" smirked Ryan, pulling them even closer. Their lips grazing, as Jonathan finally got the hint. They started kissing heatedly, Ryan's arms around his shoulders. The back of Ryan's knees hit the bed, and they both fell over. This startled both of them, but it wasn't going to stop this. Luke is too busy to care about what their doing, and the girl too drunk to notice her dress missing.

"F-fuck, Jonathan. I don't know what I'm doing," said Ryan shyly, though it wasn't going to stop either of them, "have you done this before?"

"Oh yeah, I always sleep with attractive males in a dress all the time," teased Jonathan, who had never been with a guy before either.

"Shut up," pouted Ryan, his hand lightly slapped Jonathan for messing with him, "I mean it, I have never done this before."

"I haven't either, but we can figure it out," replied Jonathan, while silencing him with a kiss.

His movements were awkward, not certain if he should undress himself or Ryan first. They were both clumsy, with their clothes tossed over. Jonathan even fumbled with his belt a couple times, with
such haste he had Ryan help him. He finally got his pants off, then came the rest of his clothes. Jonathan tried to pry Ryan's leg's open, until he was interrupted, "wait, don't we need something for this, just to make this easier?" It took a moment for Jonathan to understand what he was hinting, as he went over to grab some lotion. Both of them weren't prepared for sex, so they had to make due with what they had.

Jonathan lathered up his hands, while the cap accidentally came off. The bed is smeared with lotion, until the bottle hit the ground, and making a mess there as well. This left him swearing up a storm, and Ryan trying to calm him down, "it's okay, I'll clean it up later. Let's just keep on going." He nodded his head, and picked up the bottle, he lathered up his fingers. One went inside, making Ryan squirm on the bed. His hand grasping the sheets, as another eventually went inside. They were both nervous, unsure if they were doing it right. Jonathan stopped suddenly, peering down at his friend, "wait, I have an idea." He reached over to the dress, leaving a smear of lotion over it.

"Why are you handing me the dress?" asked Ryan in confusion.

"Put it back on, it looks nice on you," replied Jonathan, and he watched him pull it over his head. He help smooth the dress down, but still exposing his waist. His fingers went back inside, since he wasn't sure how long Ryan has to be prepared. Jonathan felt nervous, and not wanting to hurt him. It took so long, that Ryan had to say something, "Just put it in already, you're killing me." The pout was cute, so he finally decided to give into his demand. He aligned himself, then moved in slowly. A lot slower than Ryan would've liked, but he felt amazing in the dress. Jonathan did shallow thrust, while the bed rocked with him. The creaking sounds reached their ears, since Luke and his girl had stopped.

They were being loud this time, as Jonathan couldn't control himself anymore. Ryan held his neck tightly, trying not to let go. His legs wrapped around Jonathan's back, while he pounded into him. "S-shit, you feel so good. Fuck, Ryan," moaned Jonathan, as shouted his name a few times. Ryan started to shush him, not wanting their roommate to hear everything. The bed creaked even more, when he somehow moved faster. His hand reached between them, just so he could pump Ryan with his thrusts. They both moaned loudly, not being able to control themselves. Jonathan came first, deep inside his friend. It didn't take long to stroke Ryan, and watch him cum as well. This was the most beautiful sight he ever seen, and didn't want to ever forget it.

"You are the most beautiful person I've ever met," whispered Jonathan, and he meant every word of it. He loved the man beneath him, so much that it hurt.

"Jonathan," replied Ryan, with so much emotion, that they started to kiss. They both laid there, until Jonathan pulled out, and laid to the side of him. Both of them were a mess, but neither of them cared. The dress was beyond dirty, with no explanation to give. Jonathan convinced himself, that he would get it washed, before Luke could wake up. They passed out instead, with Ryan in his arms. It was day time when he woke up, there was someone screaming above them. "What the hell? This is just sick, is he wearing my dress?" shouted the women, Luke is also in the room. His best friend was trying to calm down the situation. "Relax, we'll get it washed, and you can have it back," said Luke, though the woman walked out of Ryan's room, and kept on shouting.

This also woke Ryan up, everything dawned on both of them. Jonathan quickly got up, put on a his boxers. He noticed Luke still trying to calm the situation. "Just give me something to wear, those two faggots can keep the dress," said the girl angrily, though Jonathan was surprised about what happened next. "Fuck you bitch, you don't talk to my friends like that," replied Luke angrily, while he shoved her out of their apartment. The door slammed to her face, while she wore only her
undergarments. This left Luke and Jonathan looking at each other. Luke suddenly started to laugh, while shaking his head. It had been a crazy night and morning. His friend just witnessed the aftermath, since he slept with Ryan.

"It took you both long enough, but why the dress?" asked Luke, the curiosity on his face.

"He likes wearing it, is there a problem with that?" accused Jonathan, though Luke only chuckled and shook his head.

"I don't care what you two do, as long as he makes you happy," smiled Luke, he patted Jonathan on the back, "I'll make you both some pancakes, just put on some damn pants."

"Sorry about the girl," apologized Jonathan, while Luke went into the kitchen.

"Don't be, she ain't worth a damn," said Luke honestly, as he rummaged in the kitchen, "Ryan is one of a kind, but if he hurts you. I'll be the first to beat his ass."

They both chuckled, and Ryan finally stepped into the room. He was wearing nothing but shorts and a tight shirt. The only thing that crossed his mind, is how beautiful Ryan always looked to him.

Chapter End Notes

I've struggled a bit with requests lately. You guys sure know how to give me difficult ones. I only have one request left, and I'll most likely will not take any more requests for awhile.

Some of you know about my dad's situation, and I guess that's why I haven't been writing much lately. It's basically taken a lot of my motivation, and left my depression worse than usual.

The doctors thought he had a high chance of cancer, but thankfully it wasn't. When they misdiagnosed him, they had to check that. A doctor realized my dad has an irregular heartbeat, so he'll be sent to a cardiologist. The damn receptionist forgot to make an appointment, even though he went months ago.

When he was misdiagnosed, they also gave him steroids, which were pretty damn expensive. All it did was raise his blood sugar, and he's a diabetic. I had to monitor him closely, and see how hard it affected him. It's out of his system now though, and I try to make sure his blood sugar is normal.

He has severe muscle loss. His left arm looks like skin and bones, with his shoulder bone standing out. It can't be lifted, and it's affected his right hand now. He can still move his left fingers, but can barely do anything else.

My dad can't even pour himself a glass of water. I make his meals, try to help him grab anything. He's told me that bathing is difficult, but I can't help him there. I've been told he fell once, and really hurt himself. His right arm can lift things, but he can only do it for a few seconds.

My dad is miserable at home.

He complains a lot, and I'm constantly at his wrath. I still put up with it, while only
complaining it to my friends. It's affecting his legs now, and it makes me even more worried. He complains about chest pains, and losing muscle could mean it's traveled to his heart, making it weak. I'm always worried, and sometimes tired of being this way.

I just want him to get better.

I'll be fine though, I just won't write as much. Sorry if you guys have waited a bit long for your request. Please no pity either, I don't really like or appreciate that.

~Melon
"Hello Jonathan, are you still having nightmares?" asked Evan, he faced directly towards his patient. The room is bright, with a certain ticking in the background.

"They're more frequent, I'm not sure why," replied Jonathan honestly, while staring at his hands.

"Will you tell me about them?" questioned Evan calmly, not wanting to rush the other person.

"I dream about this cabin, it's mostly wood. There's this scary thing inside," said Jonathan, though his eyes reflected fear.

"Can you tell me what it looks like?" asked Evan, he wrote a few notes on his notepad.

His patient described a large figure, shrouded in darkness. It has piercing red eyes, a human like figure. The dreams have been getting worse, ever since the incident had happened. Jonathan wouldn't say what it was for the moment, just that it was traumatic. He would wait patiently, until his patient was prepared to tell him everything. They talked about Jonathan's everyday life, which mostly consisted of being around Luke. The two of them are like brothers, who shared similar interests. Evan is a therapist for patients with ptsd, mostly firefighters and cops. One morning, someone kept pestering his secretary. A man would keep asking for help, that he needed a good therapist.

It took some convincing, and he was curious about this man. He usually wouldn't allow some unknown patient into his room. They typically selected people that would come to his office, recommended them to him from different departments. The reason he took on someone like this, was because he saw how afraid Jonathan looked on that particular day. It might've seen like a crazy person, persistently trying to come into his life. Jonathan got on his knees the first night, and begged for his help. He couldn't ignore it, even with his best judgement to reject this person. There was just one thing about these sessions.

"It's been three months Jonathan, and we still haven't made any progress," Evan pointed out, though his patient tried to argue otherwise. He silenced Jonathan, then continued speaking, "I still don't know why you needed my help. Tell me Jonathan, the night you first came to me. Why were you so desperate for my help?"

The room erupted in silence, as he waited calmly. A part of him thought he wouldn't be answered.

"I was scared about what happened that night," said Jonathan, still peering downwards towards his hands.

"What exactly happened that night?" questioned Evan, there had to be more to this.

"I saw a woman, she was going back to her car. It was very late, and the contents of her bag accidentally spilled," replied Jonathan, he looked afraid to continue his story.

"It's alright, you can keep telling me," encouraged Evan, he wanted to know the truth behind all of this.

The woman dropped down to pick up her spilled cosmetics. Someone approached her from the bushes, then got up from behind her. This man wrapped an arm around her neck, squeezing the life out of her. Jonathan apparently watched in horror, not really knowing what to do. There was a hockey mask over his face, a knife in his hands, before he stabbed her in the gut. The man left...
without grabbing anything else, and into the darkness. There was just one odd distinctive feature, "he had red eyes." It grew quiet after that, Evan wasn't quite sure if he heard him correctly.

"Red eyes, like your monster?" asked Evan, mostly in disbelief.

"I know it sounds crazy, that's why I didn't say anything," replied Jonathan, his body shook with tremors.

"No I believe you, I think you knew what you saw. The red eyes might've been contacts, or the trick of the eye. Every since you saw it, that's why it has been plaguing your dreams. Have you told the cops about this?" questioned Evan, the reply was a quick shake of the head.

"What do I tell them? I saw a man kill someone with a hockey mask, and that he came out of a bush? They would have found the body, I'll be the only witness and suspect," stated Jonathan, his patient didn't have any useful information.

He didn't blame him for not going to the cops, and making him think it's his fault, would only worsen this session. Evan decided to change his statement, that it wasn't a bad thing for Jonathan to leave. The cops would find the body, he didn't have any involvement. Jonathan ran out of time, so another patient would arrive in a few minutes. He didn't blame his patient for not wanting to leave. They both got up, then walked over to the door. There was an awkward silence, before his patient turned to him. "Do you think I'm crazy?" asked Jonathan, the worried look on his face, made him place a hand on his shoulder.

"No, you're not crazy. It's okay to have nightmares, and be afraid of this," said Evan calmly, then unexpectedly Jonathan hugged him.

This was unprofessional for him to reciprocate any sort of affection. He didn't care about that in the moment, while his arms wrapped around Jonathan. It felt good to comfort someone, before releasing him from his office. There was only one appointment, after Jonathan had left. A fire fighter had witness some gruesome burns on someone. Evan did everything to reassure this man, and go over his mind. It wasn't much progress, but he got ready to go home afterwards. There was just one thing to stop him, as his secretary informed him of visitors. He didn't schedule anything, so he was surprised to see the FBI at his office.

"Are you Mr. Fong?" asked the officer, as he invited them into the room.

"Just call me Evan, can you tell me what this is about?" questioned Evan, who had no idea what this could be.

"We have a murder case in our hands, and we were recommended to you. Since we are going on first name basis, I'm Craig and this is Tyler. You use to be a therapist for the criminally insane, so we were hoping for your insight," said Craig honestly, a soft smile on his face.

"If you don't want to fucking help us, that's fine too. It's not like we think this will lead into anything," suggested Tyler, only to make Craig jab him with his elbow and swear at him.

"No it's fine, I would like to help. What sort of information can you give me?" asked Evan, while wanting to know anything he could find.

"Come to our office tomorrow, you know where the homicide department is located. We can show you some files, and maybe you can give us an opinion. Please come in, whenever you have time," replied Craig, then the two officers left.

Evan had forgotten all about his other patients, and he had to keep on schedule. He could only think
about today's events, the fact that Jonathan had told him about witnessing a murder. It could be all coincidence, but someone on his mind was making him think otherwise. This made him shake his head, and try not to think of crazy scenarios. He had to go home, and maybe get dinner and some rest. There was some progress from his patient, the police department trusted him to give them some aid. It didn't really mean that, anything was linked. Evan went home, did everything he told himself he'd do. The next day he went to his office, and went to all of his sessions.

His patients were mostly mourning, the loss of some form of life. Jonathan wasn't any better, as he talked about the dead woman. It seemed like Jonathan bear the responsibility on himself, thinking that he might've been able to prevent it. Evan would listen to it all, and comfort him the best he could. He wasn't sure how Jonathan was paying for these daily private sessions, when the price was overly expensive. His patient is a janitor, at one of the local casinos. They would talk for an hour, then the time was up. There was times that Jonathan asked him to see him afterwards, but it wouldn't be professional to see his patients outside of work.

"We could grab a burger or something? I'll even pay," suggested Jonathan, a look of desperation in his eyes. "I'm your therapist, not a friend. It wouldn't be a good idea to do this," said Evan, though he liked the idea of getting some food. "Why don't we do it just this one time? You said you had no other appointments afterwards. I won't bother you after this, please?" pleaded Jonathan, though it didn't end there, "I only go out with Luke, and he has a girlfriend. I don't really go out much, it might be good for me." It was like being baited, then hooked onto the lure, "fine, but no funny stuff."

The teasing lightened the mood, and Jonathan's face brighten up. Evan didn't want to admit it, but he liked seeing him smile. It was rare, mostly his patient would brood silently. They went out of the office together, his secretary had the day off. It wasn't like going to have a burger would change anything. He was however still in his suit, and this would make him stand out. Jonathan reassured him that everything would be fine, while they got into his truck. The thing was slightly filthy, which Jonathan kept apologizing for, before getting in and driving off. Both of them went to a drive thru, where they ordered their food. A part of him felt alert, when they started driving to the middle of nowhere. The detectives coming to his office played in his head, and Jonathan telling him about that murder. It was almost like one of those horror movies, where he'd become a victim, but instead they drove to a nice setting. Evan could see the stars clearly, and it's later than usual. Jonathan told him he was a night person, though this suited him just fine. He could swear that he was nocturnal himself, while they sat in the back of his pickup. Both of them eating burgers like it was nothing, while staring up at the stars. This almost felt clique, but he had a wide smile on his face. The murders left his mind, and all he could see was a clear blue. It was difficult to deny that Jonathan is attractive, that his blue eyes stood out too much.

"Do I have something on my face?" questioned Jonathan, while grabbing a napkin to swipe any ketchup that might be on him. "Y-yeah, I think you got it," said Evan, while blushing to himself. He was grateful of it being so dark, that it would hide it. "I like this, you and me just enjoying the night," said Jonathan happily, and he nodded back. "It is nice, maybe we can do this again," replied Evan, his burger already eaten.
They both relaxed for awhile, until Jonathan decided to drive him back to the office. A part of him didn't know what to expect, since nothing really happened. He felt nervous anyways, and not because of the murders. Jonathan made him feel something, though he'd deny it for now. There was structure that needed to be in his life, and he had to go back home. Tyler later picked him up the next day, after he did a session with a different patient. The detectives really thought he might help them, as a adviser for the FBI. Evan went into the coroner's room, where he could glance over the body. It was a female, roughly around the age of twenty. She had brown hair, and smooth skin. Her height was average with nothing special about her.

"I'm Lui, I work here as a doctor. I've been involved since the beginning, ain't that neat?" asked Lui childishly, a wide smile on his face.

Evan introduced himself, and looked over the injuries. There's a knife wound in the gut, but it wasn't meant to cause the immediate death. He was a surgeon, before he switched his position into psychologist. The death would be slow and painful, where her guts were seeping out of the wound. It was pushed back in, most likely by the doctor. Craig handed over photos of previous victims, that were transferred to morgue. They had been fully looked over, and the families had already pushed to have their bodies. All of the deaths were violent, meant to cause slow painful deaths. Some where either strangled, or stabbed to death. This was the signature of the killer.

"Is there any other evidence, that the killer might have left behind?" asked Evan, though to their frustrations, there wasn't any other evidence. There was photos of the crime scenes, though the killer hide anything from them.

"What do you think of this killer?" questioned Craig, everyone was looking over the photos.

"I think your killer is after women with average height, and around early twenties. They all have brown or blue eyes, with normal appearances. He has made them all suffer, like he might've had one person in mind," explained Evan, then he pushed the photos away, "I probably see as much as you do, I'm not sure if I can help. I'll continue looking over the evidence, and whatever you bring in. If you really think it would help."

"We could use the extra set of eyes. Just tell us anything that might help," replied Craig, a slight disappointment in his tone.

This was the moment Evan realized he say something, there was something he had forgot about. He started to bring up his patient, that they should try talking to him. There was certain rules he couldn't break, like patient doctor confidentiality. It didn't mean he couldn't suggest a possible witness, though he couldn't add anymore details. Evan even suggested he bring his patient over, and with his permission, maybe get the cooperation they needed. They liked the idea, though Tyler was more rough with it. "This asshole should help, who would hide a killer from us?" grumbled Tyler, while Evan left the building. He felt a slight relief from exiting, then went back to his vehicle. Jonathan didn't have an appointment with him until tomorrow anyways.

"I don't like fucking cops," growled Jonathan, his arms crossed and his body posture signalling his feelings.

"Don't you want to stop those nightmares? It might help with your therapy, if you talked to them about it. This would ease your mind, if you could help catch this killer, who keeps plaguing your mind," suggested Evan, though it would take a lot more persuasion, "I'll even drive you there, we could get something to eat afterwards. It might be nice to get to know each other."

This was bribery, and he knew this wasn't right. Jonathan ate it all up, he wanted to be around him. He was there when Jonathan told him the same story, of a woman murdered next to the car. Evan
watched Jonathan being lead into the cop's car, when being shown the scene of the crime. It was an
more recent kill, and the officers already knew this location. They would give Jonathan questions,
none of this made him comfortable. Evan knew he felt relief, when it was finally over with. Both of
went to a pizza shop, just like he promised. This had to be done, if it could somehow steer the case. It
might also help Jonathan with his therapy.

They sat inside the place, with Evan trying to reassure him. His patient had nervous ticks, sometimes
would mumble gibberish that made no sense. A lot of their sessions was about his nightmares, the
monster inside the cabin. Jonathan grew up in the woods, with only his father to take care of him.
His father hardly nurtured him, leaving mental scars behind. Something happened in that cabin, and
the masked killer seemed to have wrapped around that memory. Evan wanted to know what limits
could be pushed, what types of therapies could be applied in this situation. His methods were
unorthodox, and sometimes he did things that benefits only himself.

"We missed your session to talk to those detectives. If you want, you could stay at my place tonight.
It would be my way of apologizing," said Evan, who tried to make up for it.

"I would like that," replied Jonathan, his tone somewhat sad, "It just worries me, these kills and my
dreams. There's something I didn't tell you."

"It can wait until later, so that we can talk privately," Evan pointed out, as they ate their pizza.

There was something stirring, he could feel it. The killer and all these events were leading to
something. Jonathan paused his thoughts, when he placed a hand over his, "thank you so much for
all of this." They both smiled at each other, his heart raced a little faster. This was meant to happen,
Jonathan was supposed to be his patient. "You don't have to thank me, I want to do this," replied
Evan happily, he took another bite of his pizza. The food was eventually eaten, then they got into
Jonathan's truck. He felt full and content, while driving over to his place. Evan gave him the
instructions, until they had finally gotten there. It all happened so fast, and immediately after the door
closed behind them.

Jonathan wrapped his arms his waist, pulled him close so their lips would meet. He could feel
himself being pressed into the door, while Jonathan attacked his mouth. This was so wrong, though
he didn't care in the moment. Evan liked the thrill of it, like anything decision he made. A lot of the
time it was impulsive, while they kiss heatedly. They both grind into each other, causing some
friction. Jonathan eventually pulled away from him, allowing them both to breathe. It didn't take long
for both of them to start kissing again. "Wait, let's at least move this somewhere else," suggested
Evan, while pulling towards his bedroom. The hell with being professional, he wanted this person in
the moment.

It wasn't like his patient protested, Jonathan instigated the whole thing. A switched turned in both of
them, as they went into his bedroom. Evan was pushed down into the sheets, they went back to
kissing. Both of them threw clothes around them, though Evan tried to be more elegant with it. They
both got naked, with Jonathan pushing three fingers in his mouth. He lathered them up, before
feeling them being pressed inside. It was only one at first, until he was stretched with all three.
Jonathan kissed him in places as a distraction. There was marks on his chest and neck. He could feel
Jonathan suck on his nipples, making them slightly pink. Evan would pant, telling Jonathan to go
keep going.

"Fuck, you look so hot," praised Jonathan, before their lips met.

"Hurry up, I can't take the teasing," pleaded Evan, once they had broken their kiss.

It was passionate, with Jonathan moving slowly inside of him, the head pushed inside. There was a
lot of effort to get his body to relax, with only saliva to loosen him up. Jonathan would hush him, telling him sweet words in his ear. He'd feel that mouth everywhere, trying to claim him. They moved together, once it went inside. A slow steady thrust, that didn't take long to become frantic. "Please more, oh fuck, this feels so good," begged Evan, he never liked going slow. This was all it took for Jonathan to start pounding into him. The bed creaked with every motion, sending violent creaking noises into their ears. There was slapping of skin, and the sound of panting.

Both of them came around the same time, then laid there for awhile. Jonathan was the one to fall asleep, while Evan moved him to the side. He cleaned them both up, then took a couple aspirins. His bedside lover was asleep, so he had to wake him up. Evan made him take a couple pills, telling him it was only aspirins. The sleeping pills were in his system, while he got dressed. One urge was gone, and only replaced with another. He went into his closet to grab his bag, and another item. Evan walked out of the building that night, knowingly that he'd make it back in time. The mask was placed over his head, before he drove off.

"Tell me about those red eyes, where their any other details?" asked Evan, this was during the beginning of Jonathan's therapy. He wanted to make sure to nothing escaped this room. It had to be done correctly from the start.

"I-I think he wore a mask," replied Jonathan fearfully, he was shaking from experience.

"Good, what did the mask look like?" asked Evan, he waited patiently for him.

"It looked like an owl, mostly different shades of oranges and brown. He killed that woman, oh my god," whimpered Jonathan, he looked like the perfect victim.

"Are you sure it wasn't a hockey mask? The same man in your dreams?" asked Evan, though Jonathan would shake his head.

"No! It was yellow glowing eyes, and a owl face," shouted Jonathan, making Evan write down some notes.

"I think we should clear out your memories Jonathan, these are not good. Go back to your childhood memories, that man in the hockey mask. This is your killer, I'll make sure of it," said Evan coldly, while bringing a light to his face.

"What are you doing?" questioned Jonathan fearfully, though the therapist reassured him, that he was there to help.

"I want to clear your memory. You saw a woman killed by a man with a hockey mask. The very man in the cabin, who is your father. The killer is your father Jonathan, but you don't remember," Evan pointed out, though Jonathan refused those false details.

The light was brought over to the front of his face, with a ticking sound in the background. Evan repeated himself, allowing the light therapy to take affect, "The man wore a hockey mask, and killed that woman. She had cosmetics in her bag, and they fell out. Her hands tried to put them back, then he went over and crouched down. The knife stabbed her repeatedly in the gut." His sessions would continue, with him telling Jonathan false details. A killer that didn't really exist, was not present in Jonathan's mind. The real murderer wore a owl mask, and stabbed a girl repeatedly. Evan focused his mind for three months, hoping the therapy would work. He had hypnotized people before, and the detectives wouldn't suspect a thing.

"Tell me Jonathan, what does your dreams look like?" questioned Evan, he watched his patient closely.
"It had red eyes, and lingered in a cabin. The monster wants to get me," said Jonathan with fear in his voice, shaking from the made up memory. The only real fact, was that his father wore a hockey mask when he was a child.

"Did the monster wear anything?" asked Evan, the session continued, he really did like this patient.

"Oh my god, it had a mask. I think it was a hockey mask," replied Jonathan, the realization went through his thoughts, "my father killed those girls?"

"Excuse me?" questioned Evan, he certainly acted the part.

"I think my dad is the killer," said Jonathan, his voice shaking and the tears running down his face, "I see him in my dreams, and what he does at night."

This made Evan hug him, trying to calm his patient. Nobody saw the wide grin on his face, knowing that his plan had worked. Jonathan would never knew he was the killer, or that he did anything to get closer to him. He did like him, there was no question that he pushed their relationship. It took three months to fully get Jonathan's trust, and manipulate his memories. Evan had been burying the bodies near Jonathan's family home. Nobody would suspect him, or even know his owl persona, at least not anymore. Jonathan was his alibi, even if the detectives questioned him. The sleeping pills made his lover pass out, while he murdered that woman that night.

"Everything is going to be okay, I'll protect you," whispered Evan, hoping to calm Jonathan.

"What if I'm that man behind the mask?" asked Jonathan, making them both pull away slightly.

"Of course you aren't the killer, we were together all night. The news announced a dead girl, when you were in my house the entire night. I know you didn't do it," replied Evan, he wiped Jonathan's tears, then kissed him lightly.

"I have a feeling the killer will stop, once we put him behind bars. You have to trust me," explained Evan, and they went to the police department the day after that.

On the first night of therapy, Evan learned about Jonathan. He knew how Jonathan witnessed one of his kills, and saw a man wearing an owl mask. It might've been taken to the police, so he made Jonathan forget it for awhile. Evan played his role, being the well mannered therapist, just trying to help his patient. He made Jonathan forget, that he told him about the murder. The memory was altered, to a man wearing a hockey mask. A light would always shine into Jonathan's eyes, a ticking sound in the background. Evan's voice fizzing out, into just words telling him what his memories will become. The killer kept murdering woman, until someone else took his place in prison. There was only one thing that wasn't in Evan's plans. He started to fall for his patient, that meant he couldn't pin the murder on Jonathan.

It was his original plan.

"We tell the officers that your father did these murders, and you testify as a witness. Everything will be okay, I'll be there the whole time," said Evan, the lights flashing over Jonathan's eyes, with a lighting humming in the background, "You will tell them, you saw the killer take off his mask, revealing your father. I'll be there to see the whole thing."

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(I put it here, because AO3 said it was too many words for an end note)

I wanna say something you all can take back with yourselves, and just think on it. Of course, I'll talk
about my experiences with it. You could think this as a rant or a life lesson.

There is one important thing I ever learned in life, it is always putting yourself first.

It doesn't make you a bad friend, or even a bad person. I've thought for most of my life, that I had to put others first. If I didn't basically do what others want, and made sure they were happy. I had to be doing something wrong.

I've went through so many friends, who were never true to me. I had a friend who spread a terrible rumor about me, though I took her back despite her doing that. There was someone in my life, who kicked me out of a group of friends. Only because I had conflicting opinions, and didn't agree with everything she said. I had friends who lost interest in me, and thought I was too boring.

A friend might not be with you forever. What you always have is yourself, and if you're lucky your family. It took me so much wasted time, on people who didn't really care, while doing anything to make them happy, even if it was the expense of my own happiness. I've learned it's okay to be somewhat selfish, and do what makes yourself happy.

If you realize someone is making you miserable, you really don't have to keep this person in your life. I've kept toxic people, just so I wouldn't be alone. When I would've been better off by myself. I know what it's like to have years with no friends, but getting by just fine somehow.

I think we're all afraid of being alone, but we can always make new friends. We don't have to be stuck with our terrible situation. It's okay to fail and pick yourself up, then try again (which is easier said than done).

I've dealt with more than anyone should ever deal with. I have woken up in fear, just paralyzed from a nightmare. I suffer from ptsd, and have tried to kill myself multiple times in the past. I'm suffering from depression, and suicidal thoughts at times. Whenever I hear someone's problems, I sometimes shake my head, and wish we could switch issues. Which I feel guilty about sometimes.

Recently I had someone basically be an asshole to me, though they did apologize. They also tried to make me seem to be in the wrong (instead of themself) in the process, which doesn't fly by me. Especially if I didn't do anything to deserve such disrespect. I was like fine, we'll drop it and go our separate ways. A couple weeks afterwards, someone I knew wanted to catch up. She was friends with the person, who was rude to me. When I told her about the situation, her reaction was to make excuses. Basically acted like I had to fix it (despite doing nothing wrong), and trying to be friends with this person.

I had no interest being friends with this potentially toxic person. If anything I had learned, it was to take care of myself first.

I'm not sure why I had to be the "bigger" person, and befriend someone who was a jerk to me. She kept going on about forgiveness, which I told her I did. I forgave the person enough, to not go public with what they did and report them. Because what they were doing was harassment, and was about to break some copyright laws on my book.

Forgiveness doesn't mean taking someone in your life, and doing more than someone has given you. Forgiveness is being able to move on, and no longer holding a grudge on that person. I don't hate this person, but I had zero intentions of being their friend.

She told me in the beginning of this discussion, that she didn't pick sides. She spent over an hour, making excuses for this person, and saying they changed. Even though her friend lied, about trying to be my friend and lessening their actions.
She said her friend only had a bad day, and that people ignored her and she was tired of it. I'm sitting here, dealing with my own issues. I've got a father, who could be dying right before my eyes. He's getting worse, and I have to take care of him. There's pointless drama with my friends, where I had to drop some of them. The stress was killing me, along with the stress at home. I'm plagued with nightmares, and I wake up feeling like I should kill myself at times.

Though since I didn't go the extra mile, and take this person into my life. Who has lied about a few details (tried to make me seem terrible), and she stated has totally changed in two weeks (not even a month). I've got to accept the excuse of being too young or having problems, which having a bad day isn't a good enough excuse.

Which by the way, I hate the being 'too young' excuse. I've had people at age fifteen, or even older use this. If you're old enough to know your actions are wrong, and want to be treated like an adult. You have to own up to your mistakes to act like one. I think the most important part of life, is not being right. It is trying to grow up and become the better person.

I was trying to be the better person, by not being hateful and trying to attack someone who acted out. However, I'm not gonna further add their problems into my life, just because someone told me to do it.

I have to take care of myself, even if it sounds selfish. There is only so much I can take.

She left our friendship that night, because I wouldn't take her friend into my life. And that's supposed to be not one sided?

I choose my friends, and I only need the few that really care. I don't have to "fix" someone. I'm not someone's white knight, or fixer upper. There's no reason to make everything more complicated, and do something I might regret.

I don't have to take someone, who half asses their apology, and tries to make me into a bad person. Just because I got upset at their actions, and stood up for myself (like anyone who had someone be an ass to them). I don't have to take someone into my life, who can't be an adult in a tough situation. Who can't act like the better person, and tries everything to be right. Even if it might hurt other people in the process, or make excuses for their bad decisions. Instead of owning up to what they did, without blaming someone or watering it down.

I don't have to do everything to destroy this person either, or attack my ex-friend for leaving me (notice I don't name anyone). I can leave it be, and move on with my life. I have more important things to worry about, and I'll make new friends. I still have good friends in my life as well.

They say first impressions are important, and in that moment, you get to decide if you like them. Sometimes we might be wrong about someone, but my instincts have saved me from some hardships. I have a gut feeling about people, and too be honest I don't need either of them to be happy.

I'm not mad, or hateful despite it all. I can look at it, and go "oh well, it happened". I wasted my time on someone, who just doesn't get my perspective and that's fine.

We choose to either make ourselves miserable, and doing everything to make others happy. Try to fix them, and improve their lives.

Or we can focus on ourselves, and do what we can to make ourselves happy. If you can't help yourself, how can you help anyone else?
We don't have to complicate our own lives even further. I think the only thing we can do, is learn about ourselves and do the best we can. The most important thing is becoming a mature responsible adult, who can make mistakes. It is never easy, and it's always a learning process. I like to think we can always improve, and we're not always fully right all the time.

Only we can decide what kind of person we become, and how we face our problems.

~Melon
Someone came into the building, while Ohm waited patiently for this person. The careful footsteps carried all the way into the kitchen. It seemed like his victim just got back, from wherever they go during the day. His abilities were stronger at night, as he waited for the right opportunity. This human is breaching into his territory, but this isn't why he's doing it. A wide grin spreads into his face, the moment the person digs through the fridge. Ohm waits until he sits down in the living room, in front of a huge television. The device is on, and he goes over to the kitchen. It's not surprising that the person doesn't see him, not when he can carefully make no noise. He starts by dropping pizza box on the floor, one of the many leftover boxes from a previous night.

"Shit that scared me," laughed Jonathan, more out of shock than anything.

Ohm decided to up the chaos, by opening a few cabinets. He waited until Jonathan wasn't looking.

"What the hell is that noise?" asked Jonathan to himself, as he finally got up from his seat.

The surprised reaction from the person was priceless. He drifted away, just to laugh in his bedroom. This is also the room, that the human has decided stay inside. Ohm had died here years ago, out of a heart attack of all things. It wasn't surprising to see the human checking his kitchen, trying to see what caused all the cabinets to open. He decided to do one more thing, that might chase Jonathan out of the building. Ohm had to concentrate, forcing all of his energy into it. The chair started to move, making the person jump out of the way. It slid all the way into the living room, right next to where Jonathan was eating.

Jonathan quickly jumped out of kitchen, reaching for his phone. This made Ohm feel like he was victorious, mostly likely the person would leave right now. He decided to listen into the conversation anyways, "Luke, oh my god, you have to help me. I think I have a ghost in my house. No this isn't a prank, I'm being serious. There's some spooky shit going on, please help me." A part of him felt bad, but this is his home. Ohm waited, though nothing happened. Jonathan was still in the living room, staring at the chair while on the phone. He thought the person would just leave the house, mostly out of fear. The human is clearly scared out of his mind, but didn't seem to leave.

"He's so damn stubborn," said Ohm to himself, his arms crossed.

The person couldn't hear him, and there wasn't an option to do more. His abilities took a lot of his ghostly energy, this meant waiting until, forcing all of his energy into it. Ohm would watch Jonathan go into his room, and sit on the bed. It was like the person was waiting for something, and minutes ticked by. Time wasn't that important to a ghost, so Ohm wasn't worried about it. There was eventually a knock on the door, and he saw Jonathan rushing to answer it. Ohm never saw this particular person before, though he recognized the voice. He didn't like the idea of another person in his house, as he frowned.

"Thank god you're here, look at my kitchen. I didn't do that, and the chair. It just moved on it's own," exclaimed Jonathan, hoping to get Luke to help him.

"All right calm down, I did agree to spend the night. I doubt I'll see anything, but I'll protect your chicken ass," teased Luke, making Jonathan whine in response.
There wasn't a single thing he could do, even if he wanted to scare the friend as well. Ohm watched them the whole night, and in the morning Luke did leave. The friend spent the night at a guest room, while Jonathan paced around his living room. He noticed the human didn't get any sleep, and this might be good for himself. Ohm wanted to keep this human sleep deprived, and eventually leaving the place. Jonathan also left during the day, which gave some peace to himself. He didn't like the person being there, especially in his home. The human would always come back during the day, from what he wasn't certain.

"Fuck I hate this job," groaned Jonathan, he walked slowly into the kitchen. It was almost like Jonathan expected something to pop out of his kitchen, "This place is so damn creepy."

"Then why don't you leave?" growled Ohm, while he followed the human.

"I should have known something was wrong with the place. The bitch let me buy it for half price," complained Jonathan, as Ohm watched him closely.

"I don't want you here, and you clearly don't want to be here. You should just leave," said Ohm angrily, his mist balling up into himself, "Get out of my house!"

"It's always so damn cold, I bet the heater is busted," uttered Jonathan, as he started to make himself a meal.

Ohm would watch him cook, and say mean words to him. It wasn't like Jonathan could hear him, so he was basically talking to nobody. He gave up with shouting at the human, instead he thought of a way to scare him again. There had to be a way for him to get rid of Jonathan. It wasn't like he wanted to harm the human, just make him scared enough to leave. His abilities took a lot from him, as he concentrated. A lamp fell down, making it crash in the living room. Ohm did this, just when Jonathan started to walk back into the room. This made the person jump, and scream in surprise, "Fuck! Just fucking stop!" He just watched, while Jonathan got something to clean up the mess.

"If you want me to stop, you should just leave," responded Ohm, who wanted more than anything to get rid of him.

"Ow shit," said Jonathan, he accidentally cut his hand, when he was picking up the large pieces of glass.

"It serves you right, you should have left when I told you to," said Ohm, though he instantly regretted it.

"Oh my god, I'm bleeding so much. I just wanted to start over, and get my life back together. Why does this have to happen to me?" asked Jonathan, to nobody in the room, "Why does everything bad has to happen to me? I just want a nice place to live, and new friends."

Ohm couldn't look away, and immediately felt bad about it. Jonathan held his hand, and started looking around for his phone. He decided to use his abilities for something else, the phone was skidded over to the human. It wasn't like he was trying to harm him, the person did it to himself. Ohm floated back to his room, trying to keep his resolve of chasing the human away. He could hear Jonathan talking to his friend, even from where he was. It seemed like he was getting what he wanted, Jonathan is going to stay at Luke's place. The human cleaned up the mess, and wrapped his hand up. Ohm shouldn't have done it, though the damage was already done.

"Are you ready to leave?" asked Luke, and Jonathan only nodded.

The two of them left, leaving Ohm with the empty house. He should feel thrilled about the human
leaving, instead he felt something else. A feeling he couldn't describe, leaving him feeling slightly uneasy. Ohm could get rid of this Jonathan, he was certain of it. There was still some doubt in his head, as he stared at the broken lamp on the floor. The glass was the only thing swept away, and the trash around the house. This place used to be tidy, especially when he used to live there. It was one of the things that bothered him. Ohm looked around the house, stared at the pictures that were on displayed. He wondered why Jonathan only had photos of his friend, and a girl that looked similar to the human.

Around the same time as the other night, he saw Jonathan come home. This became a normal thing between them. Ohm would accidentally scare the intruder, thought for some reason Jonathan wouldn't leave. It took him several days to figure it out, while Jonathan barely had enough to pay his bills. The human wasn't rich, and the place was the only thing he could afford. There was one thing he didn't want to admit, Ohm was starting to pity this human. Jonathan only seemed happy to see his friend come over, where they would play video games. Sometimes Luke would bring movies over, just for the two of them to watch. There was even rare occasions, where Jonathan would bring a girl home. This would stir old urges, that he hadn't experienced in a long time.

Ohm used to be a play boy, and could get any girl he wanted. Jonathan would bring these women from night club, probably attracted to the bad boy look. The filthy small broke down place didn't deter them. He wasn't typically like this, but sometimes Ohm would watch. It wasn't like he could get aroused, though he missed having a body. Jonathan was having a night off, when he decided to try something. His only talent was to move objects, and maybe there was some other skills he could learn. Luke already came over, was playing games on his Xbox. He could only watch from this moment, until the friend left.

"Goodnight man, I hope you take it easy," said Luke with a smile, the two of them gave each other a brief hug.

"Goodnight asshole, drive back safely," replied Jonathan, while walking him out of the door.

Ohm waited for the right opportunity, basically watched Jonathan get ready for the night. The human would brush his teeth, and watched some television on his bed. It didn't take long for Jonathan to drift into sleep. Ohm floated over the bed, just on the side of this human. He would drift closer, until he started to move right over to the person's body. This made Jonathan shiver lightly, as he pulled the blanket over them. His plan would fail, if Jonathan woke up from being too cold. "I can't believe I'm doing this," said Ohm hesitantly, before seeping deeper into Jonathan's mind. It took him some time, then he slowly felt some sensation. He could feel Jonathan's breathing, and the soft sheets underneath his finger tips.

"Oh fuck, this actually worked," uttered Ohm, while hearing Jonathan's voice reflect his own words, and yet the human was still asleep.

His curiosity landed him into a weird position, as he ghost his hand over to Jonathan's boxers. The human didn't wear much of anything else, and it wasn't difficult to pull off. Ohm snaked his hand over it, feeling it grow slowly. He did a few strokes, while groaning from the pleasure. This wasn't his body, so this made it so wrong. It didn't stop him, his hand started to pump lightly. Ohm would moan and hear Jonathan's voice from it all. He was even more turned on, and his other hand rubbed his nipples. "I miss this so much," gasped Ohm, he was feeling himself close to the edge. There was just one slight problem.

A force pushed him out, making him panic even more. Jonathan's eyes opened, as Ohm felt shaken from losing himself. He wanted to go back into that body, and finish what he started. The voice had startled him at first, "was that a dream? It felt so real, I guess it was just a wet dream." The person
chuckled uniquely, before realizing they were still hard. Ohm started to feel guilty, though he wouldn't deny that he'd try it again, if he was given the chance. Both of their eyes landed on each other, the television illuminated the room. He didn't think anything of it, until he heard the human scream. Jonathan landed off the bed, the boxers around his ankles. This scared Ohm, as the two moved away from each other. His curiosity was the only thing to make him move forward.

"Wait, you can see me?" asked Ohm, he was startled by the whole ordeal.

"Yes I can see you, what the fuck are you?" questioned Jonathan, his voice went from fear to anger.

"I guess you can say I'm Ohm, the friendly ghost," chuckled Ohm, this all became quickly amusing.

Jonathan thought a moment, before he asked another question, "Do all friendly ghosts molest people?"

Chapter End Notes

I'll admit, this request was so much more difficult than the others. How do you write ghost porn? <.<

I'm excited for Halloween, and the one-shots that people will be writing. There will be spooky one-shots from me as well, though I wonder how I'll add smut into it. It's going to be a nice challenge.

I won't be taking in any more new requests, since I haven't been writing as much. If I get any ideas I'll write my own one-shots.

~Melon
"Hey bitch, what are you up to?" shouted Craig, who had been there since the beginning. It hadn't been long since Tyler moved into the new house, somehow they still kept in touch.

"Sucking your girlfriend's dick after school," smirked Tyler, while they walked together. His parents had kicked him out, once they had learned that he's gay. It wasn't acceptable to be gay in a extremely religions family, along with his father being a minister.

"Oh fuck off.. but seriously, what have you been up to? Do you wanna maybe hang out at my place?" suggested Craig, as it was immediately turned down.

"Nah sorry man, I have to unpack, there's so much shit to do," Tyler pointed out, and it wasn't a lie. He had to do a lot of unpacking, and getting his new place ready.

"I could help out then, we could make it a sleep over," suggested Craig wiggling his eyebrows, only to make Tyler shove him.

"If you come over, I'll never get anything done. Maybe next time," stated Tyler, before they got to the point where they always left each other.

"Fine, if you change your mind, then you know where to find me," replied Craig, he blew a kiss at him.

This made Tyler flip him off, then walked towards his way home. If anyone brighten up his day, then he wouldn't miss a moment with his friend. They loved to wrestle and play fight, though that was back when they were kids. There wasn't a secret they hid from each other, except for maybe one. He learned he was gay from having a crush, there wasn't any guesses on who it could be. "I'm so fucked, why do I have to love him?" groaned Tyler, as he kept on walking towards his own place. It didn't look very inviting on the outside, but the rent was extremely cheap. A lot of places wouldn't take him in, and he worked a shitty job.

His bags was scattered over the kitchen table, and roaches walked around the kitchen floor. It wasn't that he was a slob, but the place had some kind of infestation. The owner didn't care about the place, this meant he had to try and take care of the problem himself. He'd spray some poison around, while killing any bug in sight. "I hate my life," said Tyler angrily, then eventually gave up on getting rid of them all. The place is a dump, though the only one he could live inside. His parents disowned him, and Craig's parents probably wouldn't want an extra mouth to feed.

Craig had suggested he move into his guest room, he just couldn't do that to him. Tyler had some pride, even if it meant living in this filth. He made himself some microwaveable dinner, before stretching out in the couch. There was no television, but he had his phone on. This meant he'd watch some videos, and text all of his friends. He'd eat a microwavable dinner, then decided to go back to killing all the roaches in his kitchen. It was supposed to be the happiest year of his life, the one where
he would end high school and start college. Those dreams went crashing down, now that he couldn't afford it.

"This fucking sucks, but at least Craig can't see this. There's no way in hell I'm inviting him into this shit hole," groaned Tyler, once he finally killed majority of the bugs in sight.

He was certain he didn't get them all, but this would have to do for now. There was dishes to put away, yet he might use paper plates and keep them in his bedroom. The infestation was only in the kitchen anyways, though it's not like they couldn't detour from it. Tyler just felt safer to keep most of his stuff out of that particular room. His living room had one old beat up couch, with a coffee table in the middle. There was something to put a television on, but he didn't own quite yet. His bed hadn't been delivered to the place, so he had been sleeping on the couch. Mostly it was boxes of clothes and collectibles that he liked to keep. Tyler might act like a tough guy, though it was obvious he was still a bit nerdy as well.

Craig was more of the jock out of both of them. His friend went to the gym on weekends, while sometimes inviting him after he was finished. They would have coffee together, sometimes lunch. Tyler didn't even own a car, the bus would take him to work. There was times Craig would offer to take him there, but he knew Craig is busy with college life. He missed how it use to be, and a part of him wished he kept his mouth shut. If his parents didn't know, he'd be going to college with him. Tyler laid on the lumpy sofa, while staring at the ceiling. The room suddenly got cold, making him get up to dig a blanket from one of the boxes. A musty rancid smell entered the room, which he proceeded to spray some air freshener.

He laid back down, pulling out his phone since he couldn't sleep. There was scratching noises, that he decided were just a tree rubbing against the house. Something touched his foot, and he immediately got up. The sensation freaked him out, until the light from his phone shined on it. A roach ran down on the floor, making it's way towards the kitchen. Tyler got up and grabbed some tissues. He killed the thing quickly, a couple times he missed. When he walked into the kitchen, there was a family of roaches crawling around. This left an sickening feeling, before he turned on the lights and grabbed the poison. Tyler wasn't afraid of them, though it didn't make it any less pleasant.

Later during the night, he eventually fell asleep. When morning came his alarm went off, and he dug around for his wallet. There was only a few ones, which made him groan. He only had beer in his fridge, from the time he thought about inviting Craig over. This quickly went away, after his first night of the place. His friend would only worry more about his well being, as he stretched his arms. There was no bugs in his kitchen this time to his relief. He decided to check his phone instead, seeing that Craig had texted him. They were going to have some breakfast together, this wasn't really that new. A couple of their friends would be there, since this is how they typically caught up with one another.

Craig picked him up, once he was prepared to leave. His friend looked happy to see him, basically pulled him into a hug. Tyler would act like it was nothing, while his heart hammered away. He tried to keep his cool image, being someone who was edgy and wasn't cute. If anyone thought of him that way, he'd knock them out. They drove off, eventually the cafe came into view. Evan waved at them, his coffee already in his hand. There other friend was at the counter, waiting for his coffee to arrive. Craig pulled him towards the counter, so they could get their order. This left them some time to just chat.

"Hey pussy ass bitch, did you order yourself a girly ass drink?" shouted Tyler, directed towards his friend Jonathan.

"Fuck you man, I can do what I want with my life. I'm gonna enjoy my latte," said Jonathan, while
he flipped them off.

"Oh my god, you guys should just stop," interupeted Craig, with his very gay voice, "excuse me miss, I would like a double white chocolate cappuccino. None fat milk with extra foam please."

"Jesus fucking Christ Mini, that's so gay," chuckled Tyler, though his friend wasn't done just yet.

"Why thank you for noticing," replied Craig, his eye lashes fluttered with his responce. His hands on his hips, as he tried his best to look adorable.

Tyler couldn't help, but laugh his ass off at his friend's silliness. They both loved to pick at each other, at the same time he liked having someone to direct him around. Craig ordered his drink for him, like they both typically did. He didn't really care for fancy drinks, typically labeling them as 'girly'. It didn't stop him from drinking it himself, while they both walked over to the table. Evan is sipping on some green tea, this wasn't something Tyler could resist, "green tea? What are you fucking Asian?" They all laughed, knowing that Evan wouldn't mind it. "That's so racist," chuckled Evan, he looked over when Jonathan sat over to him, a drink in his hand.

"What are you doing for work?" asked Evan, mostly out of concern for him.

"I work fast food, nothing fancy really. I take people's orders and tell them to fuck off," shrugged Tyler, everyone could probably imagine it.

"Welcome to burger king bitches, give me your order and fuck off," added Craig, only to contribute to their silly conversation.

"What if a shark were to hold a burger?" questioned Jonathan, like it was a legit thing to ask.

"What are you retarded Delirious? Sharks don't eat burgers," said Tyler, rolling his eyes with his responce.

"No no, just imagine it. It could eat the burger whole," replied Jonathan eagerly, as everyone made fun of his idea.

"That would mean he could probably eat four cheese burgers in one go," suggested Evan, before he paused, "wait, why are we talking about sharks and cheeseburgers?"

"Because Delirious is a dumb ass," chuckled Tyler, only to make his friend whine at them.

They talked about their life in college. Evan and Jonathan were getting involved with video editing. It seemed like filming was their passion, and they might do amateur film making. Jonathan seemed to voice, that he wanted to do B rated horror movies. This only narrowed down to Craig, who wanted to continue the family business. He was taking business classes, along with cooking. His family owned a bakery in town, though his friend dreamed big. Tyler wish he could help Craig, it's just that his situation was worse off. After breakfast they left each other, except Craig who offered to drive him some more.

"This was nice, I like seeing them again. They make a cute couple," said Craig, which made Tyler choke on his drink.

"They're dating?" replied Tyler with a puzzled look.

"Of course you'd be that daft. They have been eye fucking each other for years," chuckled Craig, and then his work place appeared, "we really should do this more often. I miss you sometimes."
"You're acting more gay than usual," uttered Tyler with a soft smile on his face. He might say outrageous things, though he still has a big heart, "I would like that as well."

"Awww besties!" shouted Craig with his gay voice again, both of them hugged.

The only difference was that Tyler hugged him back. Tyler would love to just stay like that for awhile, though he needed to make money. He got off the car, then thanked his friend. It left him at a food joint, that he hated working under. This might've not been his first choice, and wasn't even his only job. Tyler worked here, while also being a security guard somewhere else. It sounded like it would be higher end, the pay wasn't much different. He didn't have a gun or anything fancy. This just meant that he guarded around the place, and sometimes he would just stare at a monitors. Tyler never liked either of the jobs, but at least one of them required almost no work.

The burger joint was busy later on, and he absolutely hated the people there. His boss was a know it all, while other workers didn't give a shit. It wasn't like Tyler was any better, he didn't care about the place. A few customers gave him some lip, and he'd love anything to tell them off. He'd place his fake grin, as they basically told him off or how terrible the service was. Craig appeared during the end of his shift, he was a little surprised to see him there. Typically he'd just walk back home, with the uniform still on. His friend waited for him, he had his bag in the back. They both started walking out of the place, and talking about whatever that came into mind.

"You know, it's never too late to invite me over," said Craig cheekily, hoping to hang out with his friend.

"The place is a dump, you wouldn't really like it," replied Tyler, which wasn't a lie.

"I don't care Tyler, since when has something like that kept me away?" Craig pointed out, once Tyler's place came into view.

"Fine, don't say I didn't warn you," grumbled Tyler, as he pulled out his keys to let them inside.

It seemed like nothing was out of place. There was no huge bug infestation, despite dealing with one for a few days. Tyler guessed they were hiding because it hasn't gotten dark outside. His friend opened his fridge, then frowned at it, "you still haven't bought any food? What have you been living off of?" This only made him shrug at Craig, then went over to grab himself a beer. It wasn't like he had much time to feed himself at home, not with everything going on in his life. "Dude, I don't even have a bed. I think food is the last of my worries," replied Tyler, while he pulled out a couple burgers from his bag. He placed them in there, once he realized Craig would come and see him.

"Eat up faggot, we'll go to the skate park afterwards or something. There's nothing really here anyways," suggested Tyler, the moment Craig sat on the couch with him.

"There is one thing we could do, I mean, you still have a nice couch," replied Craig, his eyebrows wiggled with his response.

"Fuck off Mini, you'll make me drop my burger," stated Tyler, though the whole time he felt self conscious. His friend moved closer to him, almost like he wanted something. It wasn't like he was stupid, but he doubted Craig liked him the same way.

"Oh please, I'll mostly likely come back later and buy you more food. What if I want to cuddle?" chuckled Craig, he was now pressing Tyler into the furniture.

"What are you doing?" asked Tyler, a deep concern in his voice. This time Craig did roll his eyes, then moved even closer, their faces almost touching.
"Jesus fucking Christ, Tyler. I've been hitting on you for the longest ass time, and you won't take a hint," said Craig, his hand now pulling on Tyler's collar, "would you act at least a little interested?"

"You've been what? Wait, are you seriously inter-" Tyler suddenly got interrupted, when Craig's lips pressed into his.

This time he didn't complain about the wasted food. His burger dropped to the floor, totally forgotten. Craig pushed him into the couch, both of Tyler's legs on either side, while he's straddling him. They were both making out, nobody was complaining or trying to discuss things at this point. Tyler could feel Craig's hand wander around, mostly under his shirt and feeling up his stomach. It slowly went downwards, tracing over his belt, he felt a sharp tug on it. This is when reality crashed down, and they both broke free for air. He still couldn't believe this was happening, not when he truly thought Craig only liked him as a friend.

"Shit, you have no idea how long I wanted to do that," said Tyler, his lips plump and swollen. It seemed like Craig was examining his work, then grinds down on top of him.

"You're such a dense idiot," replied Craig, not that Tyler would disagree with him, "I've done everything to get your attention."

"I just thought you were straight, what about your ex girlfriend?" stated Tyler, which wasn't the brightest idea.

"Are you fucking kidding me? I only dated her, because you acted like you weren't interested," replied Craig, a baffled expression on his face, "You even told me it might be a good idea, if I tried dating her."

"Only because I thought you weren't interested, shit I fucked up," groaned Tyler, his arms now covered his face.

This time Craig pulled them away, and kissed his lips again, "I still like you, even if you're stupid."

"Fuck you," complained Tyler, though he could see Craig smirking.

"I was hoping it was the other way around," suggested Craig, his hands now roaming Tyler's chest through the fabric.

Nothing was off limits at this point, they both really wanted each other. It might seem to be the wrong to do, and risking their friendship. They went beyond that point, as Tyler pulled down for another kiss. Craig took the initiative and started moving lower to suck on his neck. He'd leave hickeys and started biting softly on the mark. They would grind into each other, trying to form any kind of friction. This was the moment, that Tyler wished he had a bed. Anything they both could have sex on, instead of a shitty old couch. It wasn't how he imaged losing his anal virginity.

"Wait Tyler, do you have any condoms?" asked Craig, as the realization hits him.

Tyler shook his head, he didn't even have lube with him. This seemed to kill the mood a little, however Craig didn't stop what he was doing. He pulled out Tyler's belt, then undid his pants. Those particular pants were down to his ankles, as he slowly pulled down Tyler's underwear after that. "Oh that's so cute," Craig referred to Tyler's dick, causing Tyler to flip him off. "Oh shut the fuck up, and suck it," responded Tyler, with no heat behind it. He could feel Craig's hands touch him, rolling his thumb over the slit. This made him hiss, as he felt a tongue glide underneath his member. It was all teasing motions, while Craig kissed his thighs. The hand still pumped him, and made his toes curl.

"Oh Jesus, Craig," moaned Tyler, the mouth descended back on him.
It licked around the head, then slowly it took him in deeper. The room started to receive filthy words in the air. Tyler couldn't contain himself, not with that amazing mouth on him. Craig deep throats him, which he gagged a few times. He'd feel that mouth bob on him, the teeth grazing the underside. It was only pulled away, just for Craig to lick at his balls. Tyler started begging for more, he wanted to feel the mouth on him, "oh please, it feels so good." This must've made up Craig's mind, because he went back to sucking him off. He moved faster than before, taking as much as he could. Eventually Tyler came hot in his mouth, making Craig pull back and have a disgusted look from the taste.

"Swallow it down fuck boi," teased Tyler, though the only response was Craig flipping him off.

It was eventually swallowed down, not that his friend enjoyed it. He pulled his pants back up, and avoided kissing Craig. This left with Craig teasing him back, "what's the matter? You don't want to kiss me now? It didn't seem like you minded before I sucked your dick." Tyler wouldn't deny that, he just wouldn't want to taste himself however. He knew semen didn't have the best flavor, not that he minded Craig drinking it up. This is when he suggested Craig should go home, only to make Craig roll his eyes. His friend didn't want to leave, even told him he'd call his parents to let them know he was staying. Tyler tried his best to convince him otherwise, though this wasn't a conversation he'd win.

"I'm not leaving, and that's that," said Craig, with the most childish sounding voice.

"Fine, you win. At least go use my bathroom," replied Tyler, while Craig responded by blowing him a kiss and getting up.

There was never a moment where he could deny him. If Craig wanted to have a relationship, it would make him the happiest man on earth. He would also let him use him, if Craig only wanted sex. Tyler knew it was fucked up, but he'd do anything to keep Craig in his life. The whole time his friend was in the bathroom, he wondered how he got himself into this particular predicament. A part of him doesn't regret it, this is something he wanted. He's always wished they could have something more than friendship, so he'd take anything Craig would offer him.

His friend eventually came out of the bathroom, then Tyler brought out his phone. They would both watch some clips on his phone, until it got real late. Neither of them were that hungry, so he threw away their leftovers. The kitchen seemed roach free to his own surprise. It was like everything was going his way, even if he had a shitty job and living space. Craig always made his life better, while they cuddled on the couch. His friend draped an arm around him, pulled him into his chest. They watched it, until he accidentally fell asleep. There was only one thing he heard, before he had passed out.

It was a deep scratching sound, though it could have been just his imagination.

Craig was still there when he woke up, and he could sleep in if he wanted. He was wrapped up in his arms, both of the squeezed together in the couch. Even with his best effort, Tyler accidentally woke up the other person. "Oww my back, remind me to never sleep on your damn couch," complained Craig, he started to pull Tyler back into his arms, "where do you think you're going?" It wasn't like he didn't like the hugs and kisses, Tyler wanted to get them something to eat. He gave Craig a quick kiss, then went over to put his shoes on. His body felt stiff, though probably not as bad as his friend would feel.

"I'll be right back," shouted Tyler, while he walked out the door.

The cold air hit him, he wrapped his arms around himself. There was a small convenient store not that far away, as he went inside and grabbed a few things. When he finally got back, he realized a
large truck outside. A man in uniform asked for his signature. His bed had finally arrived, they brought the furniture in. Tyler followed the men into his place, with Craig looking puzzled from all of the excitement. The parts of his bed were taken to his room, with him guiding them to the correct destination. He thanked them all, until they finally left his place.

"I'm betting you're glad to finally have a bed," said Craig with a smile, he noticed the bags in Tyler's hand.

"You have no fucking idea. Maybe we could fuck around in it later," joked Tyler, though it seemed like Craig was actually considering it.

"I would fuck with you anywhere," winked Craig, as they went into the kitchen.

There was a couple roaches crawling around, Tyler swore up a storm. He grabbed the poison, then killed any of them that were still alive. The bait traps were already rigged with bugs, so he'll have to buy some more. This frustrated him to no end, and he wouldn't let Craig deal with this. His friend wanted to help, he told him to take the food back to the living room instead. Tyler didn't have a kitchen table anyways. He just thought they'd eat at the kitchen counter, where there was a couple of chairs. The roaches were killed, and so was most of his appetite.

"How long have you had this problem?" asked Craig, mostly out of concern.

"It's nothing I can't handle," grumbled Tyler, but it seemed like his friend thought otherwise.

He was at least grateful that Craig dropped the subject. His place was run down, and very old. A few problems with the place was about to happen. Tyler wasn't about to move, just because a few insects were around. Both of them started to eat the egg sandwich, and tiny bottles of orange juice he brought. Craig did offer to pay for them, but Tyler didn't want him to worry about it. His friend had classes to attend in the morning, they ate then he watched as his friend got up to leave. He offered to take him home, as he walked Craig to the door. They both looked at each other, and in the moment he felt his face heat up.

"I love you Tyler, just hang in there. We'll both think of something," said Craig sincerely, then placed a kiss on his cheek.

Tyler was left speechless, as he stood by the door way. He watched Craig got into his truck, and waved on his way out. His hand lazily raised up, while waving back. It was a moment that he stood there, watching the vehicle drove off. Eventually he closed the door, feeling a little more lonely than he did before. His house felt unexpectedly cold, and maybe a bit over bearing. It was like this sudden pressure, which Tyler couldn't really explain, and just decided to ignore the feeling. He went back to where the parts of his bed were laid about in his room. His hands worked automatically, trying to fit pieces together.

If he needed instructions, he'd always look at them later. This was time for him to figure out how to put everything back together. After a few hours, his bed was finally assembled. The framed looked the way it should, and his mattress felt nice. Tyler realized the bed was a little on the short side, once he got on top of it. He would probably complain about it later, though this was an upgrade to the other thing he was slept on. The mattress would creak with every movement, and the thing needed some sheets. It was silent for a moment, until he decided to get up and search through one of the boxes.

There was a box labeled 'bedroom stuff', as he searched for all the things he needed. The house has a washer and dryer, so he didn't need to worry about that. This house had a strange vibe, especially with the sudden scratching noises. It was probably him not being use to the silence, he thrived on
traffic noises and the sounds of his parents nearby. He knew he was lonely, and having Craig around made the day go by so much faster. The washer and dryer were in the basement, it gave him the creeps. Tyler walked towards the basement door, then looked down once it's opened. It was nothing, but pitch black down there. The rancid smell bothered him, and he almost expected something to jump out from the darkness.

He held his breathe for the moment, then walked down the steps. There was a basket in his arms, with the sheets inside. It also contained other dirty clothes that needed to be washed. Tyler knew he had been avoiding this section of the house, though eventually he had to use it, "quit being a pussy." After his words, he started to march down faster. Those words only did so much, as he flickered the lights on from the basement. It illuminated the center of the room, showcasing the filthy floor. He would have to clean down there, most likely would take him a few weeks, only because of work.

His feet lead him down the stairs, right towards the direction of the washer and dryer. Tyler placed the basket on top of the dryer, then opened the top for the washing machine. It was clearly empty from the inside, as he stuffed the dirty clothes in there. He had forgotten about the laundry detergent. This meant going back up, and back down again. There wasn't any other way around it as he groaned, then started to turn towards the door. Tyler marched back up the stairs angrily, with a sudden relief to be out of the basement. It was like some of the pressure lifted, while he grabbed the detergent from a different box.

There was a large slam that made him jump, he looked around. Tyler went into the living room, where the majority of his boxes stayed around. He didn't see a sign of the noise, as he walked back towards the basement. The door was closed, and he could have sworn he left it open beforehand. This gave him the creeps, and he wasn't sure if he wanted to open the door. "Man the fuck up, it's probably nothing," said Tyler to himself, the fear is creeping up on him. His hand grasped the door knob slowly, then turning it enough to open it. He wasn't sure what he'd find down there.

The only thing he knew, was that a part of him wanted to turn away.

Chapter End Notes

I'm making this into a two-shot, since I didn't expect it to be so long. This is my Halloween special for you guys. I've never written horror to this degree, and I really do want it to be scary. I think horror isn't easy to write, at least not correctly.

I've kinda got an idea, of what I want in my head, but sometimes my work ends up being a bit different. I just hope you all enjoy my spoopy attempt.

I really do appreciate all of the support you guys have given me. I've never seen my writing as that great, though somehow you guys think differently. Eventually I'll get back to taking requests, there's just a few things I want to write first.

~Melon
Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

It was completely dark, and Tyler had to reach forward for the light switch. His own words of encouragement didn't seem effective in this situation. He felt like something was down there, as his fingers moved over, finally flicked the lights on. The room was still poorly illuminated, and he didn't see anything down there. "It's nothing, just my imagination playing tricks on me," reassured Tyler, while he started to walk down the steps. His arms cradled the detergent, that he eventually placed on top of the dryer. There was only the sound of whistling, probably some air reaching into the room from above. He started washing his clothes, and decided to quickly go up the steps. Tyler was behaving like a child, running away from an imaginary monster. His feet finally made it to the top, the relief flooding his system.

"Fuck I really am a pussy, there's nothing down there," muttered Tyler to himself, he closed the door behind him anyways.

Most of his day was mundane, as he prepared for work. He went to the small nearby store, and grabbed himself a sandwich. His dinner probably wouldn't be any better. Tyler got dressed afterwards, knowing that this was going to be a long shift. He just wanted his bed ready, whenever he came back home. There was a sense of dread to go back down there, and it was unreasonable fear to him. It wasn't like he was a scared little kid anymore, ghosts and monsters weren't real. Tyler started walking over to the basement door, and wondering why he still hesitates to go down there. The door creaked when he opened it, like it always would.

His hand reached through the darkness, and switched on the lights. It must've been the lights playing tricks on him, he thought there was something moving in the shadows. There was mostly nothing in the basement, and everything was where he put it. The figure looked small, probably nothing to worry about. Tyler thought it looked like something crawling, though it wouldn't detour him from grabbing his laundry. He walked downward, nothing happened the entire time. The washing machine was opened up, before he placed them into the dryer. His bed wouldn't be made, but that was beside the point, he'd at least have clean sheets to use. Tyler walked up those steps quickly, just like last time he exited the room. This was certainly childish, though a part of him felt it was necessary.

He'd take the bus for work, as he walked out of his rented house. The bus stop was quiet a walk, while he made his over to it. There was other people waiting, this earned him some stares. A few of the people had already seen him, and would only glance at his direction. Tyler felt some relief to get on the bus, while purchasing a ticket. The ride wasn't long, nothing happened during the duration of the ride. His work place came into view, which placed him in a certain state of mind. He would go inside, make his rounds and eventually go back home. Tyler went straight for the office, where the other guards hadn't arrive just yet. On certain days he would work with different people.

Tyler glanced at the monitors, nothing was happening. He rare had any action during these moments. Only one time he encountered a homeless person, and ran them out of there. His boss had warned him about people like that, who tried to dig through their trash. It wasn't his favorite thing to do, but this was his job. He'd watch the monitors for awhile, then decided to stretch his legs. It was constricting to stay in once place for endless hours. Tyler got out of his work space, which mostly had chairs and screens. There was a small space to microwave a meal, or make yourself some coffee.
He used it often, whenever he thought he could get away with it.

His job was extremely boring, as he walked around the outside of the place. It would lead him into the building, where he'd walk down the halls. His flashlight was his only source of light, and poorly illuminated the place. Tyler's mind would play tricks on him, though he'd blame it on the basement experience. He was normally use to walking down the halls, where nobody showed up. Another guard might make him jump, and possibly tease him. There was nothing happening, while he made his rounds. Tyler walked back into the office, knowing that he wouldn't see anything. It's what he thought, until he noticed something on the screen.

He could barely make it out, the cameras were fairly old. Tyler knew it could just be nothing, or some trash that fluttered around. It looked bigger than any random item, and he moved closer to get a better look. His fingers were on the buttons, moving the camera more towards the object. He noticed it rocked back and forth, all dark and leaving a sickening feeling in his stomach. The other guard never showed up, there had to be some reason for it. Tyler wished the other person was here, so he wouldn't have to do this alone. His job was to investigate, and tell any strangers to leave. He had a feeling it might've been a person, then he realized it was moving.

It started to crawl around, the shape would expose what looked like white skin. He noticed the head, at least he thinks that's what it was. The thing would shift it's head from side to side, and it didn't look normal. Tyler started to feel fear gripping him, as he couldn't look away. It was almost like if he stopped staring, something terrible might happen. This person or thing, finally turned it's head slightly towards the direction of the camera. Half of the face was covered, though he could make out the eyes. It was piercing right through him, making him shake with fear. His eyes closed, from the blaring noise that invaded his ears. There was a terrible screeching sound, that was altered from the awful audio from the camera. He had to cover his ears.

"What the fuck!" shouted Tyler, his body involuntarily moved away from the screen.

When his eyes finally opened, the thing wasn't there anymore. It made him panic, glancing around the other monitors. There wasn't a single sign of anything around, and he knew what he heard. This odd creature or monster wasn't his imagination, at least he would prefer if it was. The noise played back in his head, it didn't sound human. Tyler was wide awake for most of the night, pacing around in the office. He didn't dare leave the room, and couldn't get the image out of his head. The thing stared at him, almost like he knew someone was looking back. His stomach twisted in knots, though he tried to keep himself calm. Tyler had to tell someone, there was only one person who he could truly trust with this.

Craig would probably brush it off, he would sound crazy. This is when he wondered if he should tell someone, especially when he wouldn't believe it himself. The rational side of him stepped in, and he decided not to tell anyone. Not until he had some proof, or if it happened again. It could just be passing by, at least it's what he hoped. Tyler knew he wasn't crazy, maybe an asshole, but he never portrayed himself as insane. He watched those monitors all night, almost like the thing would kill him if he didn't. Someone eventually came to relieve him of his shift, while some other guard took watch. Tyler must know he looked like shit, when he usually would take naps, if he was the only one working the shifts.

He went back to the bus stop, and got himself home. His phone buzzed on the way there, Craig wanted to know if he could come over. It's mostly likely because, they wouldn't be interrupted. Tyler liked his parents, they were just a bit nosy. He didn't want to be alone that day, he messaged him to come over. His house came into view, once he walked from the bus stop. A part of him kept thinking about the creepy creature, until he realized his bed sheets were in the dryer. Tyler didn't want to fetch them, especially when it was barely morning. He'd sleep on the couch, until Craig made his arrival.
His eyes drooped until he fell asleep, then woke up to someone knocking on the door. It really startled him, especially when he dreamed about something trying to eat him. He finally crashed down to reality, where he needed to answer the door. The knocks grew more impatient, as he shouted that he'd arrive, "Stop fucking knocking, I'm coming." Tyler stretched on the couch, feeling even more sore than ever. His feet slowly made his way over, and then he saw Craig once he opened the door. Craig wasted no time in hugging him, and telling him about his day. He felt so exhausted, that he'd just nod to whatever his friend would say.

"Are you even listening to me?" asked Craig with a frown, until he realized the tired look on Tyler's face, "Are you okay? I could come over another time."

"No!" shouted Tyler, then he quickly regret the desperate tone, "I'm totally okay with you being here, I actually didn't want to be alone right now."

"Awww you're lonely without me," gushed Craig, only to make Tyler roll his eyes, "well fear no more! I will smother you with joy and love."

This would at least distract him from the awful experience he had, the night prior. His friend had bags in his arms, which was put inside the fridge. He'd notice it sooner, if he wasn't a little sleep deprived and distracted. Tyler didn't forget what he saw that night, and Craig always noticed when there was something else going on. "Are you sure you're okay? If something is bothering you, I'm always here to listen," said Craig with concern filling his voice. His friend would hug him again, which he pretended he didn't need. It was almost like his worries washed away, despite the pain in his back as a reminder. He couldn't avoid this problem forever.

"Can I see your bed? You know, so we can get more comfortable?" hinted Craig, a sly wink from his eye.

"I uh, don't have the sheets on it yet," stated Tyler, knowing full well what would be asked next.

"Why do you not have it on?" replied Craig, who is apparently still worried, "did you sleep on the cough again? It's not good for you."

It meant he had to make up an excuse, Tyler just stated he forgot it in the washer. When he finally came home, it was still wet and he was tired. Craig looked a little skeptical, though it seemed like a reasonable explanation. His friend would still think something was bothering him, not like something wasn't. Tyler walked over to the basement, where he had left the sheets behind. He hesitantly opened the door, while Craig trailed behind him. The darkness below scared him, he didn't want to go back down there. Craig's voice startled him, which surprisingly Craig didn't seem to notice, "I'll make us something to eat. Go ahead and get your laundry." His friend started to walk away, and he wanted to call him back to himself.

Tyler started back into the darkness, feeling like something was watching him. His stomach churned, but he hesitantly reached for the light switch. This always left him with a nerve wrecking feeling, until he flicked on the lights. It was still not well lit, and nothing was down there. He would typically calm down, though the events from before still bothered him. Tyler tried reassuring himself, the thing he saw was at work. It wasn't at his place, so it wouldn't be down there. Every step he would made down the stairs, made him prepare to run back up. There was a foul stench in the room, that was worse then when he first got the place. He saw the laundry machine, and slowly went over to it.

The basket was where he left it, as he reached over for it. He opened the machine, expecting to see something. Nothing happened, though his guard was still up. Tyler shoved all the clothes into the basket, then reached for the top of the machine. Something didn't feel right to him, he was still going to grab everything and go. A sound startled him, a cold feeling ran down his neck and spine. He'd
turn around and hear heavy breathing. There was a weird wet noise, he wasn't sure what it was. Tyler dashed for the stairs, the fear motivating him to move faster. It felt like something was chasing him, but he didn't look back. The door slammed on him, once he reached the top. This didn't stop him from moving.

His basket was even dropped, mostly from the rush and instinct to survive. Tyler finally felt something solid in front of him, he'd grope for the handle, even if he couldn't see it. He felt around, and tried to open it. The thing was locked, only to make him panic. His friend was in the other room, there might be a chance Craig could hear him. This wet sound was coming closer, not really fast and yet his panic rises. Tyler slammed his fists into the door, screaming and begging, "Craig! Open the door! Help me! Please someone help me!" His feet was even kicking at the door, it was coming closer. There was tears running down his face, his words were starting to become gibberish. He'd scream his lungs out, until he fell forward.

Tyler finally looked backwards, seeing nothing behind him. Someone lifted him up, and he clung to them. There was words around him, none that he could understand. He'd just stare at the stairs, praying that the thing wouldn't get him. "Tyler, what's wrong? Can you tell me what happened," asked Craig, a worried look on his face. This only made Tyler move to shut the door, then slowly slide to the ground, the door to his back. His body started to rock, and the tears flowed down faster. "Oh my god, I was going to die. Don't make me go back down there," whimpered Tyler, while his friend kneeled down beside him. He could feel Craig hold him in his arms, trying to reassure him from any danger.

"You're going to be okay, I promise," said Craig, a hand was brushing though Tyler's hair, "just tell me what happened."

This was the moment he could spill about everything. It was the matter of if his friend would even believe him.

"I saw something at work, I know it sounds crazy. It probably followed me home, or maybe the thing is from my home. I'm not sure what's going on," replied Tyler quickly, which sounded insane to himself.

"What are you talking about?" interrupted Craig, he wanted answers from Tyler.

"This thing, it ain't human. I don't know what the fuck it is. Maybe it wants to kill me, but it's down in my basement," answered Tyler, his voice is shaking, "p-please you got to believe me. I know what I saw. It makes the weirdest noise, and it smells awful."

"Why would it follow you?" asked Craig, though it was the wrong thing to ask.

"I don't know, okay!" shouted Tyler, his face was in his hands, "it's going to get me."

"So you're saying a monster is trying to get you, and it's in your basement right?" stated Craig, just to get the facts. This made Tyler nod to the question, the fear still in his eyes, "If I went down there, would I find it?"

Tyler pulled him closer, begging him not to open the door. He didn't want anyone he cared about to get hurt, especially not Craig. His friend looked at him for a moment, then made up his mind. It didn't matter how much Tyler told him to stop, or even try to use his body to shield the door. He felt himself being pulled to the side, while Craig opened the door. The light bulb still buzzed from above, there was laundry scattered from across the floor. Tyler couldn't move, and felt like a coward. He was still sitting on the floor, a mess from what happened earlier. His throat is sore, the fatigue is finally registering. It was almost in slow motion, as he watched Craig walked down the steps. The
door wide open, with his hand holding it to dear life.

He didn't want the door to close on Craig, like it did for himself. His friend picked up the clothes and sheets from the floor, even placed them in the basket. The lights flickered, which made Tyler whimper. Craig walked back up with the basket, every step felt like an eternity to the taller man. He'd keep watching, then Craig made it to the top with the stuff in his hand. Tyler hesitantly stood up, his friend walked through the door and closed it behind him. They looked at each other, it was a huge relief to him. Both of them walked over to his room, and Tyler realized how tired he felt. Craig made his bed, told him that he'd take of it. His friend laid everything out, then rushed Tyler onto the covers.

"Get some rest, I'll still be here," ordered Craig, and a nap didn't sound bad to him. He could see his friend folding the clothes next to him. His eyes slowly closed, until he passed out. Tyler woke up to a dark room, fear spiked up as he looked around. He was wearing the same clothes, when he got up and immediately left the room. Craig wasn't in sight, this made him panic until he noticed him in the kitchen. It hadn't been used when he first got there, but his friend was cooking vigorously. This brought him some relief, then he walked slowly towards him. He could see the huge smile on Craig's face, the worried look was gone. Tyler wasn't sure what was running through his head.

"Hello sleepy head, are you feeling hungry? You haven't had breakfast or lunch, so I thought I'd make us sandwiches with eggs," said Craig happily, a plate is handed over.

"Thank you," replied Tyler quietly, this was so unlike him.

They ate quietly, both of them probably thinking of the same thing. He wondered why the thing didn't go after Craig, unless it left after the attack. It was apparent to Tyler, that the gross thing wanted to get him. The thing breathed heavily, the wet smacking and whatever noises it made. He only took a bite, then suddenly didn't feel hungry. "Eat," demanded Craig, he wasn't going to let Tyler starve himself. His friend would be persistent, so Tyler took another bite. They both ate silently, mostly he was trying to think of what to say. This was going to be one awkward conversation, and the first time Craig sounded skeptical. It hurts to think that his friend wouldn't believe him, but it couldn't be true. They had always supported each other.

"I think maybe you should see a therapist," suggested Craig, and Tyler couldn't believe what he was hearing, "I'm serious, I think maybe all the stress and living alone is getting to you."

"Are you fucking serious?" asked Tyler angrily, his voice raised even louder, "I don't need therapy Craig, something is trying to kill me."

"Something is in your basement, that apparently did nothing to me," stated Craig, his arms now folded in a defensive manner, "you've been having problems, ever since your parents kicked you out. There is no monster, you just need help"

"That's not fair, you don't get to judge me like that. I've been there for you, when you needed someone. I need you," growled Tyler, there was a glimpse of guilt in Craig's eyes. It was quickly shifted to resolve, when they kept on talking.

"It's exactly what I'm doing for you, I'm trying to help. You're stressed out, almost everyone has rejected you for being gay. I've been there you as well, and I'm telling you, there is no monster trying to kill you!" Craig shouted out the last part, both of them are standing and staring hard at each other.

"Get out," said Tyler, his voice cold and angry.

"Tyler, I'm just trying to help you," replied Craig calmly, with a hint of worry.
"I said get the fuck out of my house!" shouted Tyler, he started shoving and pushing Craig towards the door.

There was anger now in Craig's face, and this meant they were both going to be stubborn about it. "Fine, deal with your own problems alone. You'll eventually come begging to me," replied Craig angrily, he marched out the door without a word. Tyler stared at the door for a moment, then he heard something open. He looked around in fear, then realized his basement door opened for no reason. His feet immediately took him outside, then he locked the door. This thing could have his house for all he cared, as he stared into the darkness of the night. Tyler knew he wasn't going to sleep, his friend's car was in the distance. He might've messed up, but he wasn't crazy.

"Shit, why can't you just believe me?" asked Tyler, the question directed towards Craig, who wasn't there anymore.

It took him a long time to convince himself to go back into the house. The basement door was still open, and he quickly went to his bedroom. Tyler could barely sleep, knowing what was in the house. He locked the door, and even pressed a few boxes against it. His phone was on, the whole time he was fighting to stay awake. The past few days, it started to become a routine for him. Tyler would go to work, prayed that someone else was working with him. His fear would elevate, if he saw the thing on the monitors. It always happened, when nobody else was looking. A part of himself wondered if he was crazy, or just delusional.

This sprung up memories of when he was a kid, he'd watch too many horror movies. He was always afraid of ghosts, and his parents did put him through therapy. His imagination would run wild, make him think he was seeing things. Tyler's mother had told him about an imaginary friend he had, that he had no recollection of having. There was memories of seeing a little girl on a swing set, yet his parents told him hardly anyone went to the park. He might've just had wild imaginations as a kid, this was entirely different. Tyler couldn't blame it on being young, and having no friends. This had to be real, or everything he felt didn't mean anything. The worst part was that, Craig hadn't talked to him since.

'Craig I miss you, I'm sorry,' typed Tyler, then he started to erase it, 'please forgive my behavior.'

"Why does this have to be so fucking hard," groaned Tyler, he erased the text again.

Eventually he'd change his mind, then just went to the bus towards home. He would grab some sandwiches for dinner, and eat in his bedroom. His clothes would eventually need washing, and he went to a nearby laundry mat. The place was full of random people, needing to wash their clothes. Tyler hated living in fear of his own home, but he couldn't afford another place. It was too expensive, when he wasn't paid very much. The security job was only temporary, and they could cut him loose any time. He'd close the basement door, there was a lock on it, since he thought it could be secure.

His methods always failed, and the door would open on it's own. Tyler only went to the kitchen to get something in his fridge. Evan would let him come over to his place, though there wasn't a room he could crash for the night. He didn't mind sleeping on their couch, even if it wasn't very comfortable. His friends started to worry about him, and Tyler didn't want to make the same mistake. If Craig couldn't trust that what he was telling the truth, there was a chance the others would think he's lying. This left him to deal with his own problems. The house became his own personal hell, and he couldn't escape. Tyler even showered once, thinking the bathroom would at least be safe.

There was something outside his door, breathing hard, trying to get inside. He would feel his panic rise, but tried to keep quiet. The thing would always eventually go away, just scare him at random times at his home. It gave him a good scare, when he laid at the couch once. Tyler almost passed out,
until he heard the wet sound. There was a gargling to go with it, that wasn't there before. He'd turn his head, and the thing was right next to the couch. Twisting it's head and staring at him. He'd scream before running towards his bedroom, and locking the door. This was the first time he actually got a good look at it. It was like one of those cheesy Japanese horror films, where the girl with pale skin and dark hair tried to grab him.

He wasn't in a horror film, as he thought about what he saw. The thing left him alone, and he decided it did kinda looked like a woman. Tyler learned to slowly live with the thing, as he walked around his home. He could tell if the air change, and to leave for the bedroom for shelter. It was like the only place, that she wouldn't enter, assuming that it really was a woman. Sometimes it would make him angry, as he wondered why this apparnition was tormenting him. Most of the time he was scared for his life, thinking it might kill him one day. A week passed with those thoughts, and he finally received a text. Craig wanted to come over, and he had to make sure if this was something Tyler was okay with. He was still upset with his friend, but decided he would love to see him.

"Hi Craig, how are you?" spoke Tyler into the phone, he decided to go ahead and make the call.

"I'm really sorry about before, I just didn't know what to do. Evan told me how shaken up you where, that something might be wrong. I worry about you sometimes," said Craig guiltily, they both missed hearing each other's voice.

"Why don't you come over later tonight? I'll even cook us dinner," suggested Tyler happily, it was finally time to patch things up.

"Really? I would honestly love that," replied Craig, his voice more cheerful after being invited over for dinner, "I'll see you then."

This lifted Tyler's mood for the day, he didn't even care that he took the bus to his shitty fast food job. His coworkers noticed the difference, not that he cared about what they thought. It seemed like his work was going by much faster, and he forgot about the thing he should worry about. He should be allowed to have fun, without thinking that something wants to kill him. Tyler worked his shift, until it was over. A part of suspected Craig coming over to surprise him, but it never happened. He took the bus back home, as he went to the store first. There was some ingredients for dinner, along with stuff he could use to prepare for lunch.

Things were finally going his way, as he finally got home. Tyler went straight for the fridge, then realized the kitchen is freezing. He'd place the food on the kitchen counter, while opening the fridge to place some of the food inside. The signs were there, but he went back to grab another bag full of stuff. There was a terrible odor, before he heard the gargling wet noise. His eyes looked to right, to see nothing, then shifted to the left. The woman was crawling towards him, as he dropped the bag in his hands. Tyler moved to run, his feet slipped on the things on the floor. He hit his head pretty hard, but that wasn't his main concern. His screams filtered the room, along with the thing making it's way towards him.

It grabbed his shoe, before pulling at his leg. Tyler tried to kick it with his other foot, then scrambled on his back. She got on top of him, jarring her head back and forth. For a moment, he expected her to bite down on him, or do something frightening. They both just stared at each other for a moment, until her hands reached out and touched his head. "Someone please help me," cried out the woman, she ran towards the kitchen, "it was a mistake, I didn't mean to do it." A man loomed over her, then smacked her hard. Her body hit the floor, while he got on his knees. She placed a hand over the wound, basically balling and pleading.

"Shut up bitch, you fucking slut. You do as your told," growled the man, he'd smack her again.
She started to crawl on the floor, aiming for the basement. His foot met her stomach, as he repeatedly kept kicking her. Her screams could be heard, and it must've annoyed the man. The image shifted to him pulling a knife, while sitting on top of her. He slit her throat, then left her on the floor for awhile. She started to choke on her blood, started gargling and tried to make her way towards the basement again. It would be too late, her life was starting to fade. Tyler gasped, then stared at her. The body of a grotesques, mutilated woman. Her throat still looks slit, and her hands wet from touching her wound. This explained the wet slapping sounds, but he wondered why she tried to go into the basement.

"Did you have a weapon down there? What was so important?" he asked, then her hand rested against his cheek.

Tyler started to see her doing the laundry down there, and had all her supplies in the basement. She lived down there, more than the rest of the house. The kitchen was where she died, then he realized why she wouldn't go into his bedroom. Her husband slept there, and wouldn't let her inside. Tyler could feel the same type of fear, he himself had for her, that she had for her own husband. His voice eventually came back to him, "you don't have to stay here. There is a better place for you, okay? He's gone, so you can move on. I promise it's okay to move forward." She started to look less deathly, her skin started to have more color. The dead look in her eyes was more lively.

"Just cross over," said Tyler gently, as the woman smiled at him.

He was still laying on the floor, when he noticed she was gone. The room felt warmer, and there was a knock on the door. Tyler forgot about his dinner date, that he was supposed to try and get Craig back into his life. He'd slowly get up, then answered the door. Craig would hug him, then asked him about his day. His friend saw the mess in the kitchen. "I accidentally dropped everything, it's fine," stated Tyler, both of them picked up the items. They put every away in the fridge, as Tyler started to realize something. This home felt a little empty, now that she wasn't there anymore. He was terrified of her, when she tried to reach out to him. These spirits needed to realize they weren't alive anymore.

"Why don't we both make dinner tonight," suggested Tyler, he hugged Craig once he turned around and placed the last item away.

"I would love that," replied Craig, before pulling Tyler down for a kiss.

Four months later

"How long has this been happening?" asked Tyler, as he stepped inside the home.

"It's been a couple months, we just couldn't afford to move out," said the distressed woman, she seemed worried about his performance, "are you sure you can get rid of it?"

"I'm very sure ma'am. I've helped a few spirits pass on," replied Tyler, then he noticed the source.

The child's playroom was light up, while he walked towards it. She gasped and looked frightened about what could be inside. Tyler could see a figure amongst the toys. It was a little boy, who stared up at him. "Oh god, the toys are moving," she screamed, before ushering her own kids away from the room. It took him a long time, to realize that other people couldn't see the dead. He sat down next to the child, and watched him play with a toy fire truck. The dead child didn't look afraid, even offered for Tyler to play with him. Tyler held out his hand, and the boy reached out his. He saw how the kid died, it was from a sickness and his parents couldn't afford for him to get treated.

"Do you know where my mom and dad is?" asked the boy, he looked deathly pale and ghastly.
"I think it's time you moved forward. Your parents might be there, or they might not be. It's something they would want you to do," uttered Tyler, he noticed the ghost started to look a little more lively.

"But I'm scared," said the boy, he looked where he should be going.

"It's okay to be scared, I was scared once too," replied Tyler, a gentle smile on his face, "now get the fuck over there or I might have to make you."

The kid giggled, until the room went back to normal. Tyler was paid for getting rid of the spirit, and started to get out of the building. She offered for him to stay over for dinner, but he instantly refused. There was somewhere else he had to be, "sorry, I have my boyfriend waiting for me." Tyler walked off, with a couple hundred bills in his pocket. Craig was waiting for him outside, with the truck still running. He went over to give Craig a kiss, and welcomed the hug. His boyfriend looked so proud of him, it took awhile to convince Craig he wasn't seeing things. Tyler should've known his parents were hiding this truth from him as well, he could always see the dead, even from a young age.

"Let's go home, I want to fuck you long and hard all night long," said Craig, they both got into the car together.

"Can the dead woman in the house watch?" teased Tyler, making his boyfriend roll his eyes.

"You're never going to let that go, are you? How was I supposed to know a dead person is following you?" replied Craig, with false anger in his voice.

"My dick is going to be limp like the dead, if we don't go home and fuck each other silly," chuckled Tyler, while they drove off.

This was the life he was meant to have. His boyfriend at his side, and helping lost spirits when he can. The pay wasn't too bad either, but most of all, he wasn't afraid anymore.

Chapter End Notes

I apologize for the lack of smut. I'm sure that's why some of you came to read it. I just didn't find an appropriate moment to add it, and it would feel forced anyways. At least part one had smut, right?

This is my Halloween special for you guys. It is definitely my first attempt at horror, so I apologize if it's bad.

Thanks for reading and I hope to write more.

~Melon
"You all know what to do, otherwise Brock won't be too happy with us," stated Marcel, the guys were gathered into the Casino.

It was during business hours, though the staff showed them towards the back. Evan was feeling worried, mostly because he knew what happened during those situations. Nobody argued with their boss, that included themselves. The owner appeared in front of them in the back room. Marcel in the lead, telling the owner to have a seat. This business wasn't doing too well, and hadn't paid them the right amount. It was their job to collect, or they show what happens when payments weren't being made. "I hear you're late on your payments, care to explain?" questioned Marcel, a snarl in his throat, while the owner looked terrified to answer. Evan is only their for good measures, along with Terroriser by his side.

"Don't make me ask you again," shouted Marcel, his fist slams into the table.

"I-I'm sorry, please give us more time. We thought there would be more customers, and we're hurting from the economy," replied the trembling owner, making Marcel shook his head in response.

"I understand, we'll just be going," said Marcel, he stood with the rest of them.

Evan noticed the stare he was giving Terroriser, and the owner had a confused look on his face. He tried not to flinch, when he watched Terroriser walk over to him and started beating him. There was brass knuckles on his hand, while he pulverized his face. Terroriser beat him, until the man was unrecognizable. "Let's go," ordered Marcel, the two of them walked out of the back room. The place had a manager, that he watched Terroriser grab from outside the room. Probably too afraid to be involved with the confrontation, though still wanting to know the end results.

"You will pay me double what is owed, or next time I kill you and your family. We are keeping tabs on all our staff. Don't make the same mistake again," growled Marcel, a fist landed on the man's jaw to prove a point.

They finally left the place, with Evan having a sick feeling down in his gut. He hated doing this, but he couldn't leave. There was people he cared about, and they took him in when he had no one.

"Come one, boss is waiting for us," stated Marcel, everyone got into the car and drove off. Evan is in the driver's seat, behaving like the good low end thug. Nobody was in a lower position than himself, he did the worse jobs. Sometimes it was up to him to dispose the bodies, or beat up someone that didn't make their payments. They rarely killed anyone, unless it seemed like it wasn't being handled.

"Did you see his face? That man looked like he would've shiet his pants," chuckled Brain, they stepped out of the vehicle.

"You did good work, unlike this worthless piece of shit," said Marcel, he shoved Evan for good measure. There wasn't anything Evan could do about it, just allow them to treat him horribly.

"Well we all can't be lucky. You know I always get my way," smirked Terroriser, while they headed towards the boss, "I always win, and I always end up on top. I'm just one lucky son of a bitch."

"Easy goldly locks, boss will want us to be attentive, once we get here," Marcel pointed out, he hardly ever got too emotional. It was better for him to remain calm in all situations.
Their boss sat in his office, there was papers everywhere. It was like he didn't even notice him, until he looked up from the stack. "Did you do your job?" asked Brock, a sharp look on his face. Marcel nodded, a smile on his face. He explained the details, and they would go back if the manager didn't take care of the issues. Technically this meant the manager, was the new owner with the old one being dead. Brock gave them a glance, then went back to his papers. It was his way to dismiss them. The two of them started to walk out, though Evan still stood behind. Marcel shouted for him to keep walking, instead there was something he needed to say.

"Oh uh Brock, I need to discuss something with you," said Evan fearfully, there was consequences to aggravating their boss.

"Go on," replied Brock, he waved off the other two. This left them alone in the room, making it even more uncomfortable.

"I was hoping for some time off, I've been working hard for two years. I'll even do more work for the week, I just need some time to do something personal," explained Evan, the response was Brock pulling out a cigarette. His boss took a draft, blowing the smoke into his face. This made him cough, but waited patiently for his boss' answer.

"You think you deserve a break? I dragged out of that shit hole, I could keep you in it," replied Brock, an angry scowl on his face. Evan tried to keep speaking, though was immediately interrupted, "You haven't earned anything. I don't think you realize what position you're in, that you get nothing without climbing up. You're a spineless pathetic fool."

The words were dragged out, before Brock stood up, "I owe you nothing Evan. You will keep working, until I work you to the ground. Grow some fucking balls, for god sakes, learn to kill a man. You are lucky I brought you to this establishment."

Brock got out from his desk, making Evan flinch. He was ready for the damage, his body was slammed into the desk. A hand was pressing his face into the wood, and he could feel the tears running down his face. "I-I'm sorry," Evan cried out, the pressure was let off a little. Another puff of smoke swept over him, and he waited for the beating. None of it happened, he wondered if somehow Brock changed his mind. It was highly unlikely for it to happen. His shirt was pulled up, then a rush of pain came with it. Evan would scream, not that his boss cared. The cigarette was pressed into his skin, before tossed into the ground.

"I might have a use for you, so prepare for tomorrow. I should beat the life out of you, make you wish you drowned in whatever garbage heap you crawled out of," said Brock, who pulled out his pack of cigarettes. This made Evan think he was going to burn him again, instead he lit it and started to puff away, "There's some business you might help me with."

Brock was very vague about the details. Apparently he had to be there for a trade off. It could be any number of goods, that his boss liked to make deals with. Evan was finally let go, his hand grasping onto his injury. It still stung, the burning sensation lingered. Brock dismissed him, like nothing happened. His boss went back to his paper work, while he left to lick his wounds. If he wanted some time off, it was probably better off striking a deal with one of the other thugs. There was no way he'd make the same mistake. Marcel would also beat him, if he caught wind to anything he was doing. This made him decide, that maybe it wasn't worth disobeying his boss.

Evan went towards his own room, inside the same building his boss stayed at. Everyone lived here, mostly to keep in contact with each other. Tyler waved at him, though probably noticed the lack of reaction, or the fake smile on his face. His close friend approached him. He was one of the few people he could confide in, just that he didn't want to do it in this particular moment. "Hi Vanoss, the guys are going to have poker night. Do you want to come?" asked Tyler, a pleading tone to go with
It. Normally this wasn't something he'd pass on, but his wounds needed looking over. He noticed his friend looking at the bruising on his neck, where Brock grabbed him by the neck.

"No I'm good, I have something to do," replied Evan, his eyes were on the floor. He didn't like lying to his friends, sometimes it was just a necessity.

"Oh okay, the game ends at 2 am, if you're still up. My door is always open," said Tyler shyly, though gave him a warm smile. It wasn't like Tyler wasn't hit before, both of them were at the bottom, "there's ice in the freezer if you need it. I even bought some painkillers today, in case something happened."

They both said their goodnight, while Evan headed towards his room. He would probably use what Tyler suggested, only after his friend left for poker night. The burns still stung, and yet he was use to the pain. After treating himself, he slept on his stomach for the night. It took some sleeping pills to drown out his worries. Brock was where he expected, when he went to meet everyone the next day. They were gathered for something important, not that anyone would fill him into the details beforehand. Evan wasn't high enough in rank, like everyone liked to point out. Their leader looked pleased to see everyone, they were lounge areas.

"I have a big job for you, try not to disappoint me. There's a potential business partner, he has cash to spend. We just need to show our hospitality. I've suggested an exchange, one where we trade one of their people, for one of ours. It's like an insurance policy," explained Brock, thus making a few of the members nervous, Evan was one of them, "I've already picked someone for the job. He wanted some time off, and this would be the perfect opportunity."

This left an uneasy feeling in his gut, especially when Brock called him over. They were told that Evan would be exchanged for one of their men. It was only temporary, a month before they were get their men back. Evan glanced over to Tyler, who looked away. Nogla's eyes met his, a nervous glance as he did nothing. Brock told them all of the details, that their new friend was in the gun trade. They would benefit from foreign guns, and a new open market. This left Evan with no choice, despite not wanting to be in the care of an arms dealer. It would happen tonight, there was nothing he could do about it.

"It looks like you might be worth something afterall," smirked Marcel, which encouraged someone else.

"Yeah, if something goes wrong at least it wasn't someone important," chuckled Terroriser, "I like how we're always on top."

"It's going to be okay," whispered Mini, who was always shy and tried his best to not attract attention.

There was no other words exchanged, since Craig couldn't really do anything. Evan didn't need to pack his stuff, the other crew would have prepared for him. Brock did tell him to empty his room, by any means necessary. This meant asking one of his friends for help. Tyler allowed him to place his things in his room, not that he had much to begin with. His friend helped him pack, then hugged him inside his empty room. It wasn't fair for them, they didn't like this deal. "Just do what they say, I know you're smart enough to take care of yourself," said Tyler cheerfully, mostly to help Evan with his nerves. It wasn't true to him, Evan didn't see himself as a strong person.

"I'll try my best," replied Evan, they both let go from the hug.

It felt like forever, until he was being lead towards the garage. A lot of men were already there, waiting for the arrival of the other gang. Brock even looked anxious, basically barked orders at his
men. There was a black bag placed over his head, his hands tied behind him. Evan felt terrified, he tried hard not to shed a tear. He could hear voices, apparently the other person appeared with his own men. There was talking for awhile, then Brock must've taken the man into a private section of the garage. This is where the guards would stay sometimes, when someone needed to monitor this area. The garage doors were wide opened, Evan could feel the cold breeze against his exposed skin.

He could hear their voices again, Brock was one of them. A few of his men were whispering, when they had their little private meeting. Evan didn't like the sound of a man called Delirious, who's name apparently suited him. This man killed so many people, and went on a rampage on those who were in his way. "You're coming with me," ordered Delirious, his voice harsh and Evan didn't dare to disobey. His feet trailed next to him, a hand was around his forearm. They both walked together, until he was pushed into a vehicle. Evan wondered how he got himself into this predicament, and why fate seemed to hate him so much.

"Do you think anyone is following us?" asked a voice, that Evan had never heard of before.

"Just keep driving, I'll keep a look out," replied Delirious, his tone was slightly annoyed.

The ride was mostly quiet, eventually they got to their destination. Evan expected to be treated harshly, maybe be beaten to a pulp. His gang initiated people like that, he still had some scars from it. He could hear the door finally opening, while someone lead him through the place. There was no way for him to see, until the bag was taken off. It took some time for his eyes to adjust, then he realized it was some kind of living room. "My name is Cartoonz, you will be staying here for awhile. I just take orders from Delirious, but please let me know if you need anything," said Cartoonz happily, a smile on his face. This wasn't the rough treatment he was expecting.

"Of course I'll show you to your room, it can't be locked but I'll try to give you some privacy. It's impossible for you to escape this place, it has different security measures, plus a door that you won't be able to open," explained Cartoonz, his hands were being freed during this, "there is a kitchen and an entertainment room you can use. All the other rooms are restricted, and only a few people can access it. You'll mostly see Delirious and myself down here. Do you have any questions?"

"Um yes, why are you being so nice to me?" questioned Evan, he felt entirely confused.

"I don't have any reason to be rude, and I'm certain Delirious would be upset if I was. He likes to be kind to his guests, as forced as it might be. I'm sure you don't want to be here, but I'll try to make it comfortable here for you," replied Cartoonz politely, he acted lot like a secretary.

"Thank you," said Evan honestly, then he realized he forgot to introduce himself, "I'm Vanoss, I'll be in your care."

Chapter End Notes

What do you guys think?

I've known about 2P, at least what my friends tell me. I don't really read it, but the fan art look really cool. There's probably one thing some of you are wondering (not that I blame you).

Why isn't this like other people's 2P stories?
Or.

Why aren't you following the 2P story line?

I'm pretty sure there's gonna be at least one annoying comment, that tells me that I can't write it however I want. The truth is, I felt like writing my own reverse version of the BBS crew. I hate limitations, and being told I had to write something a certain way. Don't be that person, otherwise I'll tell you to fuck off.

2P is basically reversed BBS, for anyone that isn't familiar.

I've created Evan as basically at the bottom of the crew, and doesn't argue with anyone. He doesn't have a voice, or does anything to offend anyone. Unlike the typical Vanoss, who messes with everyone and likes being the center of attention. We all know Brock isn't the most noticeable YouTuber, but he'd make an interesting cruel boss. I've known him to be kind and understanding, so I think it's a nice twist.

What about Delirious? You'll have to wait for part 2, I'm not giving anything away.

~Melon
It was almost like he wasn't being held against his will, in a foreign place. His room was huge, bigger than anything Brock would ever give him. The door closed behind him, while he explored the place. It had everything he could want and more. His bed is enormous with a dozen pillows. He couldn't see outside, there wasn't any windows in his room. A large television was across from his bed, and with more options than he could ever dream of having. Evan was even surprised by the bathroom, that was practically bigger than his old room. This didn't make sense to him, he's Delirious' prisoner, and yet he was treated like a five star guest.

He would've figured it out in the morning, while he climbed into bed. It was exhausting to be worried all day, and spend most of the night in a car. This was the most comfortable bed he ever laid in, so it took no time for him to fall asleep. Someone woke him up, the lights were turned on. He could see Cartoonz with a tray in his hands, a dozen of questions that didn't quite register. The tray was placed in front of him, while Cartoonz put on the news. Evan stared at his food hungrily, it was more than he could ever eat. There was things from a simple piece of toast to poached egg. Not all of the food items were identifiable, and they were presented in a flashy manner.

"This looks good, thank you," said Evan, he grabbed his fork first.

"You don't need to thank me sir, it's my job," replied Cartoonz, though he looked pleased with his response.

Delirious didn't show up for most of the day, and Evan enjoyed himself even if he felt like he shouldn't. The place was huge, full of rooms that were divided by each section. There was a place to exercise, where all the weights and equipment were placed. He liked going there, along with the entertainment room. The television was huge in his bedroom, though one room was like a movie theater. A large row of seats, that were slanted in a way, so nothing would obstruct the view. Evan couldn't believe that he was aloud to watch anything, and play any games when he wanted.

The gaming room was by far his favorite, along with the snacks in the adjacent room. Cartoonz told him that Delirious liked to eat proper, though was more likely prone to snacking than have a simple meal. Evan would eat some crackers with cheese, while blowing up some zombies in a game. He was interrupted around dinner time. There was some tension in the air, when he realized Delirious would be eating with him. On the table, Evan noticed the rows of silverware, and the wine that was poured for him. This wasn't something he was accustomed to, so he hoped he didn't do anything outrageous.

The man was wearing a dark mask, with a red hoodie on his shoulders. Not exactly the wealthy man he imagined, that could possibly kidnap him. Everything around them exuded wealth, like he had never seen before. Cartoonz interrupted the silence, by bringing over a dish. It was the appetizer, some kind of fancy soup. Evan didn't know what to grab, and it would be rude to stare. His eyes were naturally lowered, though he glanced enough to see what Delirious grabbed for himself. He'd copy his movement, once he realized what was the proper protocol.

"I hoped you liked your stay, I wanted you to be as comfortable as possible," exclaimed Delirious, only his lips were exposed from the mask. It was lifted upwards, so the man could eat.

"Oh yes, I like it so far," replied Evan politely, he was afraid of saying the wrong thing.

"Do you have any idea of why Moo sent you? I'm curious on the person he selected," asked Delirious, all the attention was directed towards the Asian man.
"I'm just expendable, I doubt he cares about what happens to me," answered Evan, his fingers were fiddling with his pants, mostly out of nervousness.

"I thought as much, that he would give me someone he would consider useless," agreed Delirious, making Evan stare at his plate in shame, "I'm just surprised he sent me someone like you. I think you're probably better than what he gives you credit for."

"Oh no sir, there's nothing special about me. I was just lucky that anyone picked me off the streets," said Evan, they were both interrupted by Cartoonz.

Their appetizer was put away, though it was half eaten for the both of them. The main course was placed in front of them, and Evan didn't have the foggiest idea on what it was. It was certainly meat, but with some kind of sauce. This meat tasted weird, as he heard Delirious chuckle at him. He must've made an interesting face, though the laughter lessen the tension. "I hope you don't mind duck, it's something I have on rare occasions. It could mean the start of something great between you and I," said Delirious, his voice deep and husky. Evan knew he was blushing, as he tried to focus on his meal instead.

It didn't taste bad to him, just clearly very different. He finished eating and excused himself, but he was stopped suddenly. Delirious wanted to show him something, which left him curious and a little worried. They walked out from the dining area, from a room he hadn't explored just yet. It was the garage, and Evan wasn't sure why Delirious was showing off his cars. There was just something else to it, though it wasn't his job to think. He was typically the muscle, or just someone Brock would abuse. His men seem to think Evan was a fun punching bag. Delirious landed his hands on a sharp looking sports car, probably more than Evan could afford in a life time.

"Want to go for a drive? I feel stuffy sometimes, and I know you'll be stuck inside for most of your captivity," said Delirious, though it seemed like Evan wasn't sure about it, "come on, I'll drive you around town."

They both got into the vehicle, then drove straight out of the garage. Delirious used some kind of controller, and he'd need if he planned to escape. A large part of him didn't want to leave, not when the place was more than he could dream to have. It wasn't his for keeps, and Evan had to remind himself of this. They drove around, listening to classical music (probably Mozart). Delirious didn't speak much after that, they just enjoyed the night air. The sun was setting, when the car pulled up by the beach. It was the part of town, that most visitors didn't explore. The tourists didn't know about it, and Evan didn't have much time to relax himself.

"Wow, it looks gorgeous," shouted Evan, he pointed at the sky. It was full of orange and red hues, while the sun was gently caressing the sea.

"I love growing up here, before my family left the place. My father realized business was booming elsewhere, but I love this town so much. I had to go back to it," explained Delirious, a light chuckle escaped his lips, "You look cute with your lips lightly parted like that. Your blue jacket really shows off your eyes."

Evan didn't know how to respond, he just blushed and looked away. He wasn't good with strangers, and socializing wasn't his thing. An arm wrapped around his waist, making him stutter and fighting the urge to flee. They both stood there for awhile, eventually Evan loosened up and wasn't as tense. The sun slowly went down, then it was mostly dark outside. It was getting particularly cold around that time, so Delirious ushered them both back into the vehicle. This car didn't have a roof, as the cold air blew around them. Evan wrapped his arms around himself, and tried to stay warm. The garage came into view, the doors opened to allow them inside.
"I should've picked a different vehicle, I'm sorry about that. I just wanted to impress you," said Delirious, the building was much warmer than outside. Both of them stepped out of the car, then walked deeper inside. Delirious took off his hoodie, wrapped it around his shoulders. His nose was assaulted from the smell of the taller man, and Evan tried to ignore how much he enjoyed it. The attention wasn't something he was use to, while Delirious escorted them to a different room. He already knew about the entertainment room, though it seemed like the host wanted to watch a movie with him.

"What kind of movie do you like? I'm a huge fan of comedies," questioned Delirious, who really wanted to make sure Evan was enjoying himself.

"I like anything, I don't mind whatever you pick," replied Evan, as he settled himself in a seat. The temperature was turned up for them, probably Cartoonz' doing. A romantic comedy was playing, an arm was wrapped around his shoulders. Evan knew he'd have to get use to it, he just wasn't use to the feeling of another person. Unless it was someone beating him, or shouting in his face. Delirious asked if he needed anything, and he had Cartoonz get them some snacks. The movie went on, as they enjoyed some popcorn. He had a thing of junior mints, and Evan did like the movie. A small part of it made him teary eyed, and he missed being around his friends.

It eventually ended, and Delirious decided to escort him back to his room. A hand stopped him mid way at the door, and a gentle kiss was placed on the top of the Canadian's head. "G-goodnight," stuttered Evan, the door slammed before Delirious could reply. His heart hammered, and he didn't understand why such a successful rich man would be interested. He wasn't good for anything, which everyone seemed to remind him. The gang put him at the bottom, where everyone knew he belonged. Evan was only good at taking orders, they even teased him for being stupid.

"It's probably nothing, Delirious probably thinks it's funny to rile me up," said Evan to himself, with the only explanation he could possibly think of at the time.

He couldn't explain the fun nights they shared. Delirious would hang out with him, after coming home to whatever business he was attending. The both of them would watch a movie, play games and had a blast. Evan never saw him take his mask off, though he wouldn't dare ask. It wasn't in his place to ask for anything, since Delirious has done more than enough. His feelings were clear, and he hated himself for it. There was no way for a rich powerful man to take any interest in him. Brock broke him down into a man, who didn't deserve anything he was given. A part of him felt like he should show his appreciation.

"Is it a surprise?" asked Delirious curiously, they were both walking somewhere.

"I want to say something, before I take you inside," said Evan nervously, they were standing outside his bedroom, "I think you're amazing, you've done so much for me. Normally nobody pays attention to me, unless I'm given an order or I ask for something. The guys aren't like this."

His voice trailed off, he held in a sob and tried not to show any pain.

"You don't have to tell me," uttered Delirious softly, he felt like he had to protect Evan from everything. There wasn't a better reason to reassure the person in front of him, "I think I know what you go through, I've done my research. You deserve so much more."

The tears were filling running down his eyes, and he shook his head. "I-I don't," replied Evan, his voice was slightly shaky. Delirious seemed to hush him, while they stepped into Evan's room. This is when he wiped his tears, trying to make himself more presentable. It seemed like the other person knew what he was doing, as Delirious steered them over to the bed. Evan sat down first, feeling
another fresh hot wave of tears. He really couldn't understand why someone would be kind to him, "I really don't deserve this, I'm not anyone special." It seemed like Delirious words snapped his attention back, along with the determined look in his face.

"Don't say that, you only think that because they put those thoughts in your head. Evan, I know if you were in Brock's position, you could do wonderful things. Life is just not very far," stated Delirious, he leaned a little closer, "I think you deserve everything, that's why I'm slowly falling for you."

Evan felt his face flushed, his eyes widen from the confession. It happened so suddenly, and then they were both entangled with each other. Delirious is kissing him furiously, trying to map out his mouth. His arms were wrapped around Delirious neck, as they both fell down on the soft mattress. He groaned when he felt a hand groping him, caressing the slight bulge in his pants. They were moving fast, not that either really cared. All that mattered was that they both felt the same. Delirious would tug on his pants, trying to pull them off unsuccessfully. This is when he started to feel shy, though he was reassured with another kiss.

"You're so eloquent and beautiful," confessed Delirious, he meant every word of it.

The mask was tossed to the side, surprising the Asian more than anything. His eyes would scan his face, noticing the dark hair and blue eyes. They both grind into each other, causing any sort of friction. Evan finally lifted himself, so he could keep removing his clothes. Both of them eventually got naked, then three fingers were shoved into Evan's mouth. He sucked on them, got them nice and wet. "That's it, you're doing good," praised Delirious, those fingers reached around from behind. It burned slightly, until he got use to the feeling. One finger eventually became three, as he started panting.

Delirious would kiss his neck, suck on it until it bruised. Those teeth would graze the flesh, until he moved downward to lick his nipples. His tongue would swirl around it, his fingers still moving as a teasing sensation. "Oh god, please Delirious," begged Evan, he needed more than this. It only made the older man chuckle, before moving to position himself. A whimper was let out from Evan, though he was going to get what he wanted. It moved inside of him slowly, causing an uncomfortable feeling at first. He wasn't use to something so big, while Delirious took his time to let him accustom to the feeling.

His legs were over Delirious' shoulders, as the thick length moved deeper. It was finally in all the way, Evan just clung onto him. Delirious moved in slowly, mostly not to hurt his partner. The smaller man moaned, once it hit in the right spot. A constant flow of moans and begging filtered the air. Both of them were moving in a sloppy rhythm, and eventually Evan begged to be touched. A hand went over him, pumping with the thrusts. They came almost at the same time, and panted when they stopped. Delirious moved to pull out and lay on his side. He pulled Evan to lay on his chest. Both of them fell asleep, though Evan noticed that the masked man was no where to be found in the morning. After the amazing sex, it was like something changed. He noticed the odd behavior in Delirious that the man was avoiding him. He wondered if he did something wrong, or if he considered it a mistake. Evan decided it was probably for the best, he wouldn't demand anything from him. It was until they had dinner together, Cartoonz left the room to give them some privacy. They sat opposite from each other, while Delirious cleared his throat. It had to be something important.

"I haven't been totally honest with you, and you might hate me for it," said Delirious, a sudden pause, though Evan didn't say anything, "I'm actually here not as a business partner."

"What do you mean?" asked Evan, a confused expression on his face.
"I'm really sorry, I didn't think I would start to like someone. This was something I had to do, and you weren't part of the plan," admitted Delirious, but he quickly followed it up, once he noticed the sad look on Evan's face, "Delirious is my cover name, and this mask and hoodie isn't really my look. It's my disguise, I'm helping the agency in secret. I've collaborated with the FBI for ages, and this is our latest sting."

"Wait what?" said Evan, his voice startled on this new information.

"It's been my dream to help people. I hate the thought of someone dying or getting hurt, and I guess I wanted to be a hero," confessed Delirious, though this time his face flushed, "I guess it sounds cheesy, but when I'm Delirious it's like I'm a super hero. Instead I work for the law, and I try to lock the bad guys away. I didn't lie about loving this place, I remember growing up here. I understand if you loathed me."

Evan walked up to him, he could see the worried look in Delirious' eyes. His hands reached out to cup his face, and he pressed his lips into the masked man. This time Delirious looked confused, while he wondered what it all meant. "Then let's bust them together. You said I could do things, you believed in me. We should bring them down like super heroes," said Evan with a wide smile, the both of them started kissing again. It almost felt like a dream, where he was taken into a better life. He still had friends in the group, so he wasn't sure how they would respond. For once, Evan was going to do what he wanted.

There was a hidden entrance in the back of the base. Tyler had showed him once, and hardly anyone used it. Delirious managed to sneak inside, and get the important documents they needed. He found drugs and weapons in certain areas. It was enough for a warrant, before they busted them. Brock never knew of Evan's involvement, not that it mattered. His old boss would be locked up for a long time. A few of his friends were still by his side, he managed to convince Delirious to let them off. He had a huge influence on the investigation, so it wasn't difficult to make them uninvolved.

"This place is huge," gaped Nogla, he calmly looked around.

"Are you sure this place is safe?" asked Mini worriedly, he acted shyly with his question and yet it was Tyler hiding behind him.

"This place is amazing, I think you'll all love it," replied Evan happily, the door opened after they parked inside the garage.

"Hurry up, you all will be late for supper," uttered Cartoonz, though that's not who Evan was staring at.

"Welcome home," said Delirious warmly, he wore an expensive suit with a red tie. They both ran towards each other, and didn't pause for a moment to give into an embrace.

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I hope you guys enjoyed it, there's a lot of thought behind this.

When I thought of Delirious' opposite, I imagined a wealthy intellectual. Somehow I accidentally made Delirious into batman (without the cool gadgets). Haha. Especially with Luke as his butler, but some reason I didn't change it.

Now I'm gonna talk about the rest of the guys, I thought about them as well. We all know that the crew is loud, and attracts a lot of attention. They mean no harm, and just mess around. A horrible gang theme was probably my best solution, plus it would still feel like the crew.
When I thought about Marcel and Terrorizer, they are typically not as popular in real life. Marcel was calm and malicious in my book. I wanted him to be Brock's face of terror, when the boss wasn't around. We all know Terroriser complains often, and makes a huge deal when things go south. I've changed it to where, he's use to getting anything he wants, and is basically spoiled by his boss.

The part of the crew that's probably slightly above Evan, and are Evan's friends. They were there a little longer, and have a little more respect. Nogla isn't shy, but doesn't speak much. Craig is extremely shy, and will eventually open up. Tyler isn't as shy, mostly because he wants to make sure people are happy and comfortable.

I'm sure a very few of you have noticed, but Brock wants to make sure Evan stays at the bottom. He doesn't like competition, and the abuse seems to work.

I'd say the opposite for most of these characters, is to be antisocial and not knowing how to interact with others. The real crew entertains for a living, and has learned what people like.

You may agree or disagree with whatever I've written. The good thing about fanfiction, is that we can have the freedom to create whatever we want.

~Melon

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**Bonus Ending:**

"If my calculations are correct, it should cause a rift in the dimensions," said Delirious calmly, he was looking over his high tech machine.

"I'm sure it'll be fine," replied Evan shyly, his friends were also in the room. He might not ever be leader material, though some reason his friends looked to him for guidance. They were all anti social, and weren't good with people. It was typically Delirious who stepped in, and lead everyone. Evan was hardly second best, but it was sometimes the only option. Tyler would only speak up, if someone needed something. No one was more shy than Mini, he was also lethargic and low energy. Nogla seemed to be the most normal, but he didn't like to stand out either. He was the most calm out of the group, though he tended to blend in, and possibly be forgotten.

"Everyone put on your goggles, and we'll begin," instructed Delirious, he was currently wearing a white lab coat. The others immediately did what they were told, "Safety first."

The machine started up, everyone was holding their breath. At first nothing seemed to happen, then it started to lightly up. A purple hue washed over the room, as Evan clung to Delirious for emotional support. He wasn't good in confrontational or difficult situations. There was a few noises, then the machine started to spark with electricity. A few of them duck down behind some machines, afraid of being hit by something. Delirious shielded him, and had his arms around him. The room burst in smoke, making it difficult to see what was coming out. It was also extremely damaged from the energy overload.

"Get the fuck off me!" shouted a voice, it sounded a lot like Cartooncz.

"Ow my leg," whined Mini's voice, along with more complaining.

"You fucking fat fucks, someone better explain this shit," said Tyler's voice angrily, and the smoke eventually cleared up.

Everyone stared at the people, who looked almost like themselves. Vanoss was on the floor before
he brushed himself off, and walked over to the Evan behind the machines. They both stared at each other, fascinated and yet Evan felt a bit too overwhelmed. He clung onto Delirious for support, while the other Delirious in the room seemed surprised by his doppelganger. It was getting so confusing, and this new group started demanding an explanation. Evan started to think this was some weird nightmare, because the other Evan didn't act anything like him. Vanoss seemed to order his group to remain calm, and was in charge of the situation.

Evan wasn't a leader, so these people couldn't be real.

"Who the fuck are you people?" asked Vanoss, he was clearly speaking to Evan. Probably expecting his counterpart to act just like him.

"Nice to meet your acquaintance, I'm Delirious and this is my establishment. We mean none of you any harm," Delirious answered for him, and some reason Vanoss’ group laughed at his words.

"Oh my god. He might look like Delirious, but he sure as fuck don't sound like him," laughed the other Tyler, and the rest seem to agree.

This was going to be the weirdest week of his life. Once the machine was fixed, things should go back to normal.
Evan played around in the grass, and happily swung his arms. His mother was always close by, mostly watching over him and looking over their crops. It's peaceful in their tiny village. "What are you doing little bird," giggled his mom, it was the nickname she gave him. He looked up from the ground with a fist full of fresh grass. This made him get up and try to tackle his mom. She would only laugh more, with the tiny child clinging onto her. There was other children around, he would prefer to be around his mother. His father was out somewhere, probably getting their next meal. Evan was oblivious to everything, even when some people ran over and started shouting.

"Grab Evan and go," shouted his father frantically, his weapon is in his hands.

"What's going on?" replied his mother, fear evident in her voice.

Nothing was really explained, he was scooped up by his mom, then they just ran. Evan clung to her tightly, like he might accidentally fall. The fear from his mother, just seem to stream straight to him. It felt like forever, with his mother trying to keep moving. She was extremely exhausted, only paused a moment to catch her breath. A loud bang echoed around him, and suddenly he was falling. His ears were flooded with his screams, making him cry in the process. Another loud bang echoed, and suddenly it grew silent with only his cries. There was strangers walking over to him, they grabbed his mother's body first. A hand reached over to him, and all he could do was panic.

"No! Don't touch me," screamed Evan, someone was shaking him.

"Evan, it's okay. It was only a bad dream," said a soothing voice, that eventually calmed him down. Susan is his care taker, from the day he was brought there. She hugged him, and tried to sooth his worries. He'd eventually calmed down, though wouldn't say what he dreamt about. It plagued his thoughts sometimes, the death of his mother. A bowl of oatmeal with fresh strawberries were handed to him. Evan ate without any complaint, because this had become his life for years. This place kept him alive, and sometimes he'd be rewarded for obedience. They kept him locked up, away from anyone else. He wasn't sure why they were keeping him, or if his father was still out there. Evan only knew that they kept him, and fed him daily.

His care taker was distracted by a man, he looked scary in Evan's eyes. "We're moving him, this cage getting a bit small for his age. I think it's time to display him to the people," said the man, who he later found out was her boss. There was only two care takers that would visit him, and it just made this so much simple. She came back over to him, rubbed her fingers through his hair. "You're of age now, it's time for you to be put into a potential permanent home. Would you like that?" asked Susan, knowing that he wouldn't really answer her. Evan wasn't sure about leaving, he was use to his cage. His eyes glanced to the other person that lives with him.

Brock eventually woke up, didn't even noticed that he had a nightmare. He seemed to stretch, and wish Evan a good morning. The care taker left, once the food was placed inside. Evan stayed silent for awhile, as his roommate grabbed his own breakfast. His thoughts were on the move, he wasn't a fan of change. It sometimes ended up with shots, or were exam visits. "What'cha thinking about Evan?" asked Brock, a mouthful of oatmeal when he did it. This made him shrug, though his friend would keep pestering if he didn't answer. His best friend shoved more food into his mouth, not noticing the seriousness of his worries.
"We're being moved, I think. Someone new came in, and talked about putting me somewhere else," said Evan, he played with the last of his food in his bowl.

"I wouldn't worry about it. At least we'll be together," stated Brock, though it didn't get rid of Evan's worries.

There was just something brewing, and he wasn't wrong about it. They did some more exams on Evan, as the days went by. He didn't understand most of what those people said, his vocabulary wasn't the best for their language. Susan acted like good things would come, talking about the move that would eventually happen. Brock didn't seem bothered by it, which helped to soothe his own worries. They would play together in their small cage. Mostly it was play fighting, until they grew tired of it. He was eating his lunch one day, and suddenly grew very tired. There was three men, and Susan with them. This alarmed him, his friend reacted as well.

"Be careful, I don't want to scare him too badly," said Susan worriedly, not knowing her tone only scared them even more, "we only need to move the smaller one. The other one goes into a different cage."

"Noooo! I don't want to leave without him," shouted Evan, he was feeling the adrenaline over take the meds in his food.

"You can't separate us, we're family," Brock pointed out, though it seems that they didn't care.

They both worked to have someone to care about, and Brock held onto Evan. He threatened to hurt anyone who came near them. It was a struggle, and one of the men yelped in pain. Evan saw his friend bite into one of them, but this wasn't enough. He was pushed into the ground, with a needle in his arm. There was tears running down his eyes, and he would cry out Brock's name. His vision slowly become blurry, and he passed out in the process. Evan woke up in a different cage, and didn't recognize any of the different smells. He huddle into himself, shaking slightly from fear.

His other care taker walked side. Tom tried to coax him into eating, a bowl of food was on the ground. Evan was scared about being drugged again, maybe even pushed and forced to move elsewhere. The person's voice was soothing, though he didn't budge from his spot. They left him there for awhile, and his hunger eventually won over. "Where's Brock? I want to see him, why isn't he here? Why are you doing this?" shouted Evan, it was all on deaf ears. He curled up in his cage, until he grew bored from being in one spot. There was an open door, this brought out his curiosity. This might've been an awful idea, but he wanted to see what was on the other side.

There was so much noise, and all kinds of smells around him. He could feel the grass underneath his feet. Evan could see all the trees, and a small pond in the center. This caught him by surprise, as he started to explore the space. He noticed the metal wire that kept him in this place, not allowing him to escape. It surrounded the whole area, like he might just fly away. There was also something else he noticed, there was people walking by. They weren't anything like his care takers. Most of them pointed at him, and came in all shapes and sizes. Evan grew scared, making himself look small and crawled over to a tree, like it might help him escape.

"Mommy, what's that?" asked a child, a finger pointing with the rest.

"It's an owl sweetie, isn't it cute?" asked the mother, she started reading some facts on a sign about owls, that was near his enclosure.

More of these people would come, just staring at him for some reason. This made him feel self conscious, and he went back to the inner cage, away from prying eyes. Tom later explained to him, that it's his safe place. It's called a stress cage, where animals would go if they stressed out. Evan
knew the humans barely understood him, though he tried his best to learn their language. He was upset with Susan for the longest time, but he wasn't the type to hold a grudge. She started to explain to him, why Brock wasn't with him. It was probably to make him move on, and hopefully stop moping in the stress cage. They needed him out there, for people to stare at him instead.

"We in initially brought you both together for mating, but that was our mistake. You don't see him as a mate, owls don't participate in incest. Brock is more like a sibling, so we decided to get you both a different mate," Susan explained, like it made everything better.

"But I still want to be around Brock," cried Evan, he felt alone in his large enclosure, it didn't matter that his care takers visited him.

"Don't you want him to find a mate? He can't do that if you're with him. His mate is located in a different zoo. Maybe we'll bring you both back together, once you both get a mate," reassured Susan, and this was something he took to heart. He thought if he had a mate, then he would get his brother back. It didn't matter that they weren't related by blood, Brock is the only family he has. Evan nodded his head, and asked for her to get him one. If this would make them happy, and hopefully get his brother back. He'd do anything to put everything the way it should be. The new cage was a lot nicer, and the vegetation was enticing. It all didn't matter, if he was stuck all by himself with no one else.

Evan is more of a social owl, even if his nature was to initially be shy. He felt more alone than before, now that he only had his care takers. It was a relatively warm day, when he was laying out for everyone to see him. The visitors would point at him, though he'd sleep during the day. It was in an owl's nature to hunt at night in the wild. This didn't apply to him, and yet it was difficult to fight his instinct. There was a bit of rustling near him, not that he would bother. Nobody would go into his enclosure, especially when visitors were around. His care takers would always be messing with his inner cage, or do work when the place was closed.

Something flopped on top of him, making him scream in fear and tried to struggle away. "Wait Delirious, we don't know if he's friendly or not," shouted another voice, but Evan was more focused on escaping. He shoved the person away, and shivering in fear. His wings puffed out, as a way to make himself to appear bigger. This only made Delirious stare at him in awe, and his friend was the one to hit him. "Ouch, what the fuck? Why did you hit me Luke?" growled Delirious, the two friends started wrestling on the ground. Evan could easily make his feathers and wings disappear, though they appeared in mostly in defense. He watched the two strangers, mostly afraid of what they'd do.

"Say, what's your name? I'm Delirious, and this is Luke. You can call him Cartoonz," said Delirious with a wide grin, oblivious to Evan's apprehension.

"Why are you in my cage?" questioned Evan, not fully trusting these strangers.

"I have no idea," replied Delirious honestly, he seemed to stare at Luke for answers.

"All we know is that I was supposed to get a mate, I'm guessing that's supposed to be you?" wondered Luke out loud, and it all hit Evan at once.

This was supposed to be the mate he'd be given, the solution to his problem. Luke had the air of alpha male about him. His rugged appearance, and tall stature made everything obvious. Evan looked back over to Delirious, wondering why his friend was here. He wasn't allowed to have Brock, it wasn't fair that Luke could have his friend. They started talking about their lives there, how they were brought to his zoo. Luke's parents were captured a long time ago, he was born in captivity. When he told his story, the two looked at him sadly. Evan knew he wasn't a special case, most
people lost their families when coming here.

"I actually wasn't supposed to be here, nobody wants a weak alpha anyways. They found me in a dumpster, and didn't know what to do with me. I'm still a hybrid, so they decided to put me in with Luke. It's not like we'd breed, and Luke wasn't doing well without his parents," explained Delirious, the caretakers separate the parents from their children. It was to get the animals to rely on them, and not their parents.

"What are you exactly?" asked Evan, he stared at their weird features.

"I'm a big tall and sexy tiger," exclaimed Luke, he puffed out his chest to make himself look bigger.

"I'm just a raccoon," answered Delirious, a shrug with the answer.

It didn't feel lonely with the two other people. The caretakers didn't care about Delirious being there, since they weren't interested in breeding him. They sent Brock away, because it was important to pass his genes. Evan really did like the two, both of them behaved like brothers. This made him miss Brock even more at times, though it was better with them. There was just one thing, Delirious was acting weird with him. Whenever they ate together in the stress cage, his friend would hand some of his food. During the day, he felt Delirious snuggle up to him. He noticed Luke grinning at them, like he knew some sort of weird secret. There was also some teasing, that he just didn't understand.

"You both are obviously closer than usual," teased Luke, he made kissy noises with it.

"Shut up Luke! You're just jealous that someone likes me," complained Delirious, he whined with his answer.

"I like both of you guys," said Evan, only to notice the annoyed look on Delirious' face.

"You like me more right?" pleaded Delirious, his arms seem to wrap around Evan, while rubbing his cheek against his.

"Why would I like you more?" wondered Evan, the subtle hints just went past him.

Luke was laughing at them, mostly at Delirious' failed attempts. This would only make Delirious flip him off, and pout at Evan. It took him awhile to realize, that Delirious like him and more than just a friend. He'd follow him everywhere, compliment on his wings and hair. Evan would blush at it, tried to ignore those words. This made him feel embarrassed, especially with Luke's teasing. It also took him awhile to realize, that Luke didn't mind that his friend was into his mate. He noticed that Luke didn't even want him for a mate, not when Delirious was so interested in him. There was another reason to it, and Evan understood why.

"There's this really cute bunny, that would come around my cage at night. Before I had Delirious, he would come over, and cheer me up. He was so cute," said Luke in a happy gaze. It seemed like Luke wasn't interested in having a mate, when he wanted someone else.

"Ugh, shut up about Ohm. I hated that stupid bunny," mumbled Delirious, his arms folded in a scowl.

The caretakers didn't even noticed, or cared that Delirious was interested in Evan. They just assumed the tiger and owl would mate. Luke would easily over power Delirious, a raccoon didn't stand a chance. His body felt hot one day, boiling to the point he stayed in the stress cage. He'd whimper in pain, and Delirious was the first to notice. Luke liked being outside more, mostly because he liked people complementing him. Evan curled up in himself, and realized he instinctively placed his rear upwards. A hand touched his head, this made him jump and then relax. His friend
wouldn't hurt him, at least not intentionally.

"Are you okay?" asked Delirious, knowing that Evan wasn't feeling well.

"I feel so hot and my wings ache," whined Evan, he started to whimper quietly.

He tensed up, when he felt Delirious behind him. They were closer than normal, almost like they're cuddling. Those arms wrapped around him, he moved his head to the side. This exposed his neck, allowing for Delirious to bury his head into him. "You smell so fucking good," moaned Delirious, and started licking Evan's neck. It caused Evan to moan out himself, and pushed back into Delirious. They were both rubbing against each other, which Evan had to push backwards. "No don't stop," whimpered Evan, when he felt Delirious pull back. He gasped as he felt something weird, a tongue probed him lightly.

Delirious kept licking him, burying his tongue in deeper. It caused Evan to be unable to control himself, he pushed back into him, trying to get more of himself filled. The tongue was replaced with fingers, they seem to widen him even further. "Oh fuck, Delirious please," begged Evan, he wanted more than this. He might not know exactly what he wants, but it wasn't enough. This seemed to make Delirious chuckle, before adding a third finger. Those digits moved in quickly, trying to cause a nice friction. They were eventually pulled out, causing Evan to beg some more. He felt the weight back on him, before he felt something starting to nudge him.

"Evan, you're so tight," said Delirious, with a lust filled tone once he slipped in mid way, "It's so good."

It finally breached all the way, and both of them moaned loudly. Delirious started to lick his neck, sucking on it to leave bruises. The pace went faster, while he felt him inside his inner walls. He was so deep inside him, that he was basically screaming. Luke could probably hear them, which he was grateful that he didn't check on them. They were both against with other, until Delirious took full control. He basically felt the raccoon slam into him in a brutal pace. "Ah Delirious, fuck more!" screamed Evan, they were both so close. A hand wrapped around him, and both of them came around the same time. They both panted, just laying in their awkward position.

A sharp pain ran down his neck, though Evan didn't complain. It actually pulled them even close together, while he felt Delirious' posessive nature. There was one thing he heard, before he lost consciousness.

"You're mine, always be mine. We're mates for life. I'll never leave you alone," said Deliriously calmly, and took care of him.

Their care takers aren't going to like a raccoon mating with their owl, but that's what happens when people tried to tempt fate. It doesn't always go the way people want it. They couldn't change the fact that Evan was marked for life.

Delirious meant every word he said.

Chapter End Notes

I know Luke is usually portrayed as a fox. I'll be honest, I think he's better suited for a tiger. He doesn't even like dogs, and he has said he prefers cats (owns them too). I'm certain Luke wouldn't mind being a sexy tiger, lol.
When I wrote this, I didn't want you to know it's about a zoo. I wanted it to be in a perspective of a frightened animal. Sometimes zoos can be a negative and positive thing, depending on the circumstances. One thing I'm certain, is that when you think it was a human. I bet some of you thought Evan was in a fucked up situation. Who knows, maybe he is, at least he has Delirious.

~Melon

P.S. I might've forgot to post this... opps. I had in on my Wattpad account for days.. sorry.
His mind was blank at first, almost like a void of empty air. It slowly materialized, until he woke up startled. There was only one thing he knew, which was his name. He'd lift himself up from the ground, the sun shining on his skin. Everything hurt and ached, though the pain escalated when he went into a dark spot. Evan wished he knew where he was, as he spotted people all around him. They couldn't see him, no matter how loud he shouted or screamed, "Hey, can someone tell me where I am? Anyone?" His fear would rise, motivating him to run out into the busy streets. It was more surprising than anything, when he ran into someone. Instead of bumping into them, he'd materialize right through them. An initial thought that maybe he was a ghost, it would certainly explain everything.

"Oh shit," said Evan, startled by his appearance from a puddle. No one else could see what was in the water, but it reflected what's been behind him. He'd been so distracted with his panic, that he didn't realize he had wings. His hands reached out from behind him, touching the soft feathers. Evan ran his hands over them, unable to believe this was real. A halo was over his head, and everything seemed to click. He couldn't remember his past, but his knowledge was impeccable. There was only one conclusion to draw into, he's an angel, a very lost one. The knowledge only calmed him down a little, at least he knew what he was. A part of him felt like he wasn't always this way, and he was definitely correct in his assumption.

His body could float without much effort, which came in handy. Anyone who went through him, suddenly was in a better mood. Evan tested his skills, seeing the extent of his abilities. He had to put some effort into it, if he wanted something big to happen. Someone fell down, and he got someone to help them up. His influence reached to getting people to open doors for others, though probably not as big as his influence could potentially get. This was still a learning curb, and while he was into messing with his abilities someone appeared. The other person also had wings and a halo. They appeared friendly, but it didn't stop him from feeling worried. He had a feeling he could be hurt, some things felt too real.

"Hey now, calm your tits. I'm here to help you," said Nogla calmly, once the angel introduced himself, "I'm here to take you back to heaven."

A hand firmly grasped his own, before they floated upwards. The sky shifted and eventually distorted into a different plain of existence. It was most light in color, they were surrounded with grass instead of clouds. Evan always imagined heaven being exactly like the stereo typical thing, that was preached to him. There was angels everywhere, going around and fretting over the plants. He wasn't even sure why there was vegetation, or where exactly Nogla took him. This could be not heaven, it wouldn't surprise him if he was tricked. Someone approached both of them, a gentle smile on their face. "Hello Evan, yes I know your name. I've been watching you, it's my job to know about the new angels," said Brock gently, who now took his hand and steered him away.

They walked to a gentle pond, the water was flowing with variety of color. He'd glance at it, half
paying attention to Brock. An angel was born, wherever they died. It seemed that if a human did a
deed, that was so pure and good, they would be created into angels. Evan nodded his head at various
points, until Brock pointed him to his spot. He'd stay there, as his new home for the time being.
Apparently his new home, eventually became his permanent one. No one moved him from there, and
he didn't mind sleeping underneath the tree. He didn't need real food, just the nice sun shine above
him. All of the angels were released during the day, mostly to put their influence onto humans. They
weren't supposed to stay at night, where the real danger existed.

"Why can't we stay longer?" pouted Evan, he liked staying with the humans, instead of going back
home.

"You heard what Brock said, it's dangerous at night," stated Tyler, though more half ass his reply, "I
don't fucking like it either, but I don't wanna deal with his nagging."

Angels could still cuss, and say something vulgar. Every time Evan did it, he'd feel a repulsive shiver
go through him. He would only use it around Tyler, since he wasn't certain how the other angels
would react. They should be drifting upwards, he'd only been doing this for a couple weeks. This
was extremely young for an angel, and Tyler only had some years ahead of him. "Come on asshole,
let's get back before we get yelled at," groaned Tyler, once he realized Evan wasn't coming with
him, "whatever suit yourself." His friend took off without him, not the he needed his friend to travel
back. He spotted a sad human, and decided to influence them a little. It couldn't hurt to stay longer,
even if the sun was drifting downward.

"It's okay, you can do it. I believe in you," cheered Evan, his hand working his magic, making the
child seem a little less upset.

He'd go to other people, trying to help them in anyway he could. The sun was eventually gone, and
his powers grew so much weaker. Evan decided it was time to go back home, since he done enough.
His eyes glanced back at the child, who wasn't sobbing anymore. This made him feel better, as he
started to soar upwards. Nothing seemed to happen, as he tried to open up the skies to go back home.
He'd keep trying, and nothing was happening. "I'm so fucked," said Evan, fear just seemed to seep
into his very core. Brock was probably right, night time was dangerous. This made him decide to
hide, and he wasn't sure where to go. He didn't want to attract anything dangerous to the human,
even if the people couldn't see him.

Evan just flew off in a random direction, hoping that he'd find somewhere safe. He was going down
an alley way, when he turned a corner. There was something down there, their eyes glowing red.
The person's shape was very well hidden, though nothing masked those eyes. "What do we have
here, an angel?" said the stranger, their was eagerness in their voice. This person didn't feel safe, his
instincts told him to run. It was however rude to do that, and they might not mean him any harm.
"Who are you?" asked Evan, the figure came closer to him. He watched as a masked man appeared,
it looked even more scary than the red eyes. The rest of the person came under the light from a
nearby bar, and he could hear the smirk in his voice.

"Call me Delirious, so what's your name?" asked Delirious, who came right up to him.

"I'm Evan," replied Evan, his wings seemed to press into each other, like it was trying to protect
itself. He was clearly afraid, but he wanted to give a benefit of a doubt.

"What's a pretty thing like you, doing out here? Don't you know it's dangerous?" questioned
Delirious, an arm was placed over his shoulder.

"I know, I just didn't know I wouldn't be able to go home," said Evan, his body tensed further from
the contact, "do you know where it's safe?"
The masked man stayed silent for a moment, causing him to worry even more. An odd shrill laugh came out of him, like he asked something ridiculous. "Sure, you could come with me," answered Delirious, which made Evan smile and thank him profusely. He didn't want to be alone, usually another angel would accompany him. Tyler was just lazy with his job, preferring to stare at the humans, when he should be helping them. His new friend pulled his arm away, and started walking. Evan followed him close by, and then noticed others with red glowing eyes. He'd follow Delirious even closer, then grasped his hand. This made him wonder if he did something wrong, because Delirious would stop and stare at their hands.

"S-sorry," said Evan, he was about to pull his hand away.

"No it's okay, I just didn't expect it. It's kinda cute," chuckle Delirious, his hand held Evan's more firmly. Delirious' wings looked nothing like his own, and the person wore a simple blue hoodie and jeans. He kinda liked the web wings, it made him think of a bat. Someone walked over to them, a smirk on their face. "What's this Delirious? Did you find a cute pet?" asked Cartoonz, the person had introduced himself to Evan. He didn't like how the person would glance around him, like he was trying to undress him with his eyes. Evan pulled back a bit, when Cartoonz came closer. It wasn't Evan who stopped Cartoonz from coming up to him, Delirious seemed to block his path with his body, which allowed Evan to hide behind him.

"Fuck off Luke, I found him first," hissed Delirious, causing his friend to laugh at the situation.

"Okay okay, I'll leave you with your new toy," teased Luke, as he took off in a different direction.

Evan wasn't even sure where Delirious was taking him, but hopefully away from all those red eyes. This is when he decided to ask about it, "why do your eyes glow red, you even look different."

Delirious didn't stop this time, probably because he expected a question like it, or wasn't surprised that Evan didn't know what he was. They were still holding hands, and it felt nice to him. He felt a little safer with Delirious, making himself feel grateful he didn't run away. A part of him wanted to believe, that there was always goodness in others. They must've reached where they needed to go, because Delirious pulled him downward. A new pathway opened. The area was humid and warm, letting an unsettling feeling run through him. This placed looked charred, like it was volcanic.

"You want to know what I am?" smirked Delirious, while taking pleasure in Evan's confusion when his mood switched, "I'm what you would call a demon. There's no way I'm letting you go back home."

Evan didn't remember much after that, Delirious had hit him pretty hard. He didn't know where he was, and the ground didn't feel that nice. His eyes glanced up, only to see a charred up tree. It was somewhat like home, if it was burned to the ground. This made him feel sick, and wanting to get out of there. The next thing he realized, was that he was tied to this tree. His arms and waist were wrapped by a strange black smokey rope. It didn't hurt until he tried to struggle, and caused a mild rope burn on his skin. He'd whimper in fear, glancing around at the hungry eyes from the distance. There was a pond nearby, causing him to wish for home. Everything seemed similar to heaven, except everything was in ruins. He'd close his eyes, trying to calm himself.

"It's about time you woke up," smirked Delirious, he'd show off his sharp teeth.

"Why are you doing this?" questioned Evan, his eyes foggy with unshed tears. It really wasn't fair, and his lips trembled, "I-I haven't done anything to you."

"But I'm going to do everything to you," replied Delirious, a hand grasped the angel's face, "you might even like it."
This is when the tears finally fell, and he glared openly at the demon, "fuck you!"

"It's the other way around," said Delirious cheekily, only to have Evan spit at him.

It was to be expected, Evan was smacked hard against the side of his face. "You like it dirty huh? I can make you filthy," chuckled Delirious, like he found the act amusing. The demon wiped his face, from where he was spat on. This is when he panicked, Delirious was tugging on his pants, pulling them off easily. Evan started to beg for mercy, "please don't do this, I'm sorry, I'm just scared. You don't have to do this." A claw appeared from Delirious' finger, manifested from energy. It cut through his boxers with some effort. He starting pleading more frantically, and only caused Delirious to chuckle. The demon was actually enjoying his pleas. None of his words were making the demon stop, and tears did finally fall.

"I'll do anything you want, just please stop," begged Evan, there was only so much hope left.

"What I want is to fuck your hole," responded Delirious, while licking his lips and prying Evan's legs open.

The shirt was still on, until Delirious rip that open with his claw. He couldn't do anything, as the demon was going to have his way with him. Evan could scream and beg, but it would just keep going. His energy was weakening in this place, while he felt Delirious lubricate his entrance. A finger explored it, swirling around as he clenched around the intrusion. He didn't want this, and his body tensed. The demon started sucking on his neck, and biting down to leave a mark. A claw would swipe at his chest, leaving shallow cuts across it. Delirious would lap at the wound, tasting any drops of blood. His body tensed again, when he felt a tongue teasing his nipples. This whole time a finger was probing him, until another joined with it. Everything felt new to him, driving him crazy from the pleasure and pain.

"Hah ah, please," moaned Evan, it only encourage the demon further, but he wasn't done talking, "please ah stop."

"I'm not convinced. Your hole is so greedy, and you look like a whore in heat," chuckled Delirious, another was added, only causing Evan to accidentally cry out.

Those fingers were pulled out, only for something to push inside. It was too small to be someone's dick, and too big for fingers. Evan glanced downwards, regretting it immediately. He was being fucked by a blue tail. The length was longer than anything, and it could move rapidly. This left him a mess, moaning like he lost control. Delirious took advantage of this, slip his tongue into his mouth. His head was feeling dizzy, and kissing back without realizing it. Those sharp teeth were retracted, probably to not cause him pain. They felt smooth instead, like how they should normally feel. Evan was eventually released for air, as Delirious removed his tail. The demon moved closer, didn't even warn him. There was no slowing down, as he was pounded relentlessly.

A sharp pleasure ran through him, but the pain was still there. Delirious would pump him with his thrusts, grunted in his ear during it all. It eventually ended, as both of them came. It felt like forever down there, but at least he was cleaned. His energy was draining, he needed sunlight to survive. Brock had explained it to him once, without heaven or the sun from the human world, he would die. Delirious didn't believe him at first, until he slowly became weaker as the days passed. It didn't stop the demon from fucking him constantly, his insides were constantly filled. The rope wasn't even needed anymore, so Delirious could do him in any position he wanted. Something was going to happen, he noticed the demon pacing near him.

"Okay, I'm taking you to earth," said Delirious, it was like music to Evan's ears.
He was pulled upward, back to where he needed to be. The human area was still dark, and he realized he could finally go home. Tears were streaming down his face, a hand caressed his wings. "I bet you're thinking about leaving. If the sun is up, I can't go back home and I'm powerless. You'll however die in the darkness," explained Delirious, only making Evan wonder why he's telling him this. If this was all true, Evan could decide to never see Delirious again. The demon had been nothing but mean, using his body whenever he wanted. Those gentle touches only gave him false hope, but this time it seemed like he was going home. Delirious shouldn't be able to stop him. This was his thought, until Delirious jerked his hand, also pulling his wings in the process.

"Ahhhhh!" screamed Evan, the agonizing pain streamed through his shoulder and wing. A bone was snapped, making his wing limp helplessly next to him. He'd hold onto it, whimpering from the throbbing pain. It was in an odd angle, that it should never be in. Being held in front of himself, when it should always be behind him.

"Bye little angel, I'll be waiting for you," waved Delirious, the demon left without another word.

The sun was coming, and helped with the pain. He felt his energy rising, as he wanted to go home.

There was one problem.

Evan couldn't fly back home.

Chapter End Notes

This is for my new friend andreazuj. If you haven't seen her works, well I suggest checking them out. They're mostly bottom Evan H2OVanoss stuff, which is always fun to read.

I really do hope we become better friends as the days pass. I think you're an amazing writer. (: 

~Melon
"What's this?" asked Delirious curiously, a wide grin on his face.

"Just open it," said Evan excitedly, but there was one problem.

"I can't, it's not Christmas yet," explained Delirious, who held the small present in his hands.

"I um, won't be here on Christmas," replied Evan, it wasn't like he didn't want to be here.

"What!! No!! I don't accept this," shouted Delirious, he started screaming out curses and promising to kill every other guard there.

"Hey calm down, listen to my voice it's going to be okay. We'll just have fun today, it's still Christmas eve," Evan pointed out, though it wasn't good enough for the clown.

"This isn't fair, I've been good. They promised me we'd spend Christmas together," pouted Delirious, and Evan knew who told him that. One of the guards probably only said it, so that Delirious would behave. Hardly anyone could handle his secret prison lover.

"Well you can at least open your present early, and I brought some food for the both of us," suggested Evan, he pulled out a box full of brownies. There was also a burger, which calmed Delirious only a little.

It was almost like a miracle to the other guards, Evan could calm Delirious through anything. He'd seen Delirious covered in blood once, laughing manically before being talked back into his cell. A piece of the delicious brownie was in his hands, while he handed the rest through the metal device. They both ate a piece, as Evan talked about what's been on the news. His phone was pulled out, so he could even show him articles on it. He still knew he was handling a dangerous individual, and he took his precautions. There might a be a few he tossed to the side, against his better judgement.

Delirious has never harmed him, or even tried to hurt him. A part of him felt safe around him, especially if another inmate said anything harsh in his direction.

Ohm was one of the few individuals, that could get away with some insults. He would throw tantrums, or seemed relaxed. Evan didn't know which version he'd get, and it was one or the other. Cartoonz was actually secretly dating this crazy to his surprise, not that he'd inform the others about it. He also soon realized, that Cartoonz was just as dangerous and unpredictable. Some reason he seemed to be on his best behavior, whenever Evan was around. A part of him suspected Delirious might've had a hand in it. The inmates were so afraid of the two, and they are best friends. Evan eventually had to feed the others, despite Delirious pleading for him to stay. He never did see the clown open his present, probably still persistent about opening it on Christmas.

He did his job, got everyone their food and took a break afterwards. It was Richard's turn to watch over them. Evan really didn't like the thought of leaving early, but he wasn't supposed to stay long. The only thing he could actually think about, was the sad look on Delirious' face. Maybe he should try to come over on Christmas, but he wouldn't have a reasonable explanation of why he was there. "Merry fucking Christmas!" shouted Brian, he hugged Evan from behind, scaring and surprising him. They started talking about their Christmas plans, though mostly Evan lied about it. He didn't have Christmas plan or people to visit. His parents had already passed away, and there was no
siblings. It's probably why he grew so attached to the inmates, he had nothing else to look forward to doing.

Brian on the other hand, had many plans for his day. He was going to meet all of his family, and they were going to throw a huge feast. Evan just listened to everything, while nodding his head. His friend eventually excused himself, and he went over to his locker to change. On Christmas he'd actually be alone with nobody to celebrate it with. This really was pathetic, as he laughed dryly to himself. He got ready for home, then glanced back towards the pathway towards the prison cells. It was very quick, before he decided to head home. The cold wind whipped around him, making him pull his coat closer. Delirious was probably freezing in his cell, they didn't give inmates adequate shelter. The place would easily get too hot or cold, and he hated that about it. No one else cared about them, so he wasn't really all that surprised.

The house was empty when he went inside, the cold relinquished a little, as he took off his shoes. Evan would turn up the heat, and ordered a pizza. He'd play video games for awhile, and ate when his food arrived. It didn't take long for him to shower and pass out on his couch. A loud ringing woke him up, which made him scramble around for the noise. Evan wasn't quite fully awake, and he thought the noise was part of his dream. He'd eventually snap out of it, before finding his phone on the floor. The ringing stopped, as he was about to answer the call. It was from Richard, which really confused him. He was rarely called by the other guard, so he immediately called back. There was a few rings, then no answer back. This was very confusing, and something had to be wrong.

"Brian, I think something is happening at the prison," said Evan, he called the only person he could really think of in the moment.

"You're fucking telling me, we're all being called back in. Check your messages, it's very important. I can't talk right now, I'm in a tight spot," replied Brian, before the phone call immediately ended.

He did what he was told, there was a dozen missed calls. Some reason the one from Richard woke him up, as he checked for messages. His superior had left a message, saying it was important for him to come over. The inmates were let loose, so he should bring a weapon. Evan felt frightened at the thought of going back, then his mind wandered to Delirious. They wouldn't hurt him, not with his favorite clown inside. He'd just hoped he'd make it in time, before the other guards get over run. Evan placed on his uniform with a jacket over it. His pistol was in his hands, as he rushed to get inside his car. This could get very ugly, knowing that the worst prisoners were loose. He wondered how this happened, and if Delirious was involved. His car flashed the time, it was barely Christmas.

This really made him feel like Delirious was involved, as he gritted his teeth. He's always told Delirious to be on his best behavior. Evan really thought he was getting through to him. His car was parked outside, while his anxiety rose. He could feel his heart beating fast, like it was going to burst from his chest. This was the moment, there was no turning back. They were counting on him to help, and there was no way he'd leave the place in chaos. Delirious would be waiting for him anyways. The place looked normal at first, when he got through the double doors. His pistol ready if anyone tried to attack him. Evan knew the inmates might have guns, if they managed to kill some guards and take their weapon. The cops should eventually show up, he's surprised they hadn't already.

"Yes, so pretty. They look like Christmas angels," giggled a voice, once Evan turned a corner.

He felt like he was going to be sick, because the walls were covered in blood. They were smeared in patterns, and Ohm was dancing in the middle, like he didn't have a care in the world. A knife was in his hands, though what caught his eyes were the guards on the ground. They were naked and carved up, blood smeared around them, like they were making snow angels. "Evan?" said Ohm curiously, the psychopath finally spotted him. He'd raise his gun, and tried to remain calm. A knife couldn't stop
him now, until he heard the door behind him. There wasn't a lot of time to react, because someone grabbed him from behind. Ohm walked over with a sickening smile on his face, while he tried to fight off the other person. They were much bigger than him, and he'd immediately recognize the voice.

"Come on now, you should be happy to see us," chuckled Cartoonz, he had managed to slam Evan onto the floor. His gun went off from the excitement, though the bullet ricocheted off the wall. "Now that wasn't nice," said Ohm, he shook his head and came closer, "can I please add him to my art? I've always wanted to brandish my blade into his skin. He would look beautiful on the spot I left for him."

"You know how much Delirious likes him," scolded Cartoonz, which caused his boyfriend to pout, but accept that Evan wasn't his toy.

"Fine, can I at least cut up Brian?" asked Ohm, a giggle escaped his throat, "he looked so frightened, before he escaped my grasp."

Cartoonz shrugged, like he didn't care what Ohm did with him. This would make Evan protest, but he didn't have a say in it. He felt his cuffs around his wrist, then the taller man placed him over his shoulder. It was going to happen, even without his say. "Shouldn't you be more worried about the cops? They'll be here any minute," Evan pointed out, but there wasn't a response, at least not immediately. Both of them were heading towards the elevator, where their cells were located. "Yeah about that, I'm not too worried about them. They don't want us dead, just contained for some reason. We have a few prisoners of our own, just in case something happens," replied Cartoonz, the elevator doors eventually opened. Delirious was definitely waiting for him, he sat in Richard's seat. It was the guard box, that allowed people inside. Unless you had a card key to gain access, though the door is wide open.

"Hi Evan," smirked Delirious, he watched as his best friend placed him in the seat in front of him, "I knew we were supposed to spend Christmas together. Did you miss me?"

"Why are you doing this?" questioned Evan, but that was the wrong thing to say. This made the clown frown at him, then looming over by pulling him closer.

"You don't seem happy to see me. Should I change that?" growled Delirious, though it was like a switch went off. He started to smile again, like Evan didn't say something he didn't like, "I opened your present. It's really cute, a lot like you."

The box had some socks with teddy bears on it, along with some lipstick. Delirious didn't like not having his make up, otherwise his mood would worsen. A hand touched his cheek, and he knew he had to play along. It wasn't like he didn't like Delirious, they had some fun together. He'd keep thinking about those dead guards, those people he got a chance to know. They have families and kids, now all gone from a few crazies at a prison. "I don't like it when you don't pay attention to me," whined Delirious, he pulled Evan into his lap, "stop thinking about other things. We're supposed to spend Christmas together." A soft kiss was pressed into his lips, and he slowly started to kiss back. They pulled away, just to sit there for a moment. The clown still had his arms around him protectively.

"I almost forgot to give you a Christmas present," said Delirious, a wide grin on his face, before Evan was placed back into his seat, "let's make those sleigh bells ring."

"Only if we let Rudolph play," replied Evan, he decided to play along. It couldn't hurt his odds, "I hear reindeer games are fun."
"Let's see what Rudolph thinks, hmm?" teased Delirious, he groped him down there, and rubbed teasingly against his work pants.

There was plenty of reasons to be afraid, but Delirious wasn't one of them. Evan felt more excited than scared, probably because his lover was getting on his knees. It would take some time for the cops to find them anyways, and it's possible he wouldn't be able to see him for a long time. Delirious nudge his nose against his crotch, then started to peel Evan's pants off. A knife was pulled out, only to make him a little nervous. His shirt was expertly stripped and cut off his body. He'd feel a hand grope his muscles, while the knife did it's work. Evan was being revealed like a Christmas present, and he couldn't help noticing the lust in Delirious' eyes. His member was exposed to the cold air, then he felt warm lips around it. A moan escaped his lips, before he could bit down on it, trying to muffle the sounds.

"You taste good Evan," chuckled Delirious, he stopped for Evan to peer downward, then swallowed him whole.

"Fuck! Aah oh god!" screamed Evan, who squirmed in his seat.

Delirious' head moved up and down in his peripheral vision. The moans couldn't be held back, not when Delirious sucked him down like a pro. He'd feel teeth graze him, and a tongue tease him from underneath. Evan came fast and hard, barely keeping his focus. His clothes were placed back on, except for his ruined shirt. The cuffs came off, though Delirious placed his hoodie into his lap. He was ordered to put them on, and Evan did it reluctantly. They heard that elevator, but it was only Ohm coming down. His clothes were no longer soaked in blood, most likely from cleaning up. Evan watched as he hopped over to Cartoonz, and gave the bearded man a kiss. There was a sense of urgency, and Evan knew the reason why. The other prisoners on ground floor would probably give them a proper distraction, but the cops will eventually get down here.

"Does everyone remember the plan?" questioned Ohm, a grin on his face with a knife in his hands.

"We basically take the hidden underground route, and get out of this shit hole," grunted Cartoonz, he didn't want to be down here, when the cops go down the elevator.

"You're coming aren't you Evan?" asked Delirious, there's a worried look in his eyes, "I won't force you, but know that I love you."

Evan was silent for a moment, until he got up from his chair. He'd never thought he'd be given a choice, not when these criminals could force him. A small smile graced his lips, as he reached over to grasp Delirious' hand, "you know I can't say no, not when you pout like that."

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"Okay assholes, let's try this for the fifth fucking time," glared Tyler, though the group of idiots couldn't stop messing up.

"We wish you a mudda fuck'in Christmas," sang Delirious, before letting someone else take over.

"And a happy new year!" shouted Craig, an irritated look on his face, "can I go home now?"

"No, not yet, after Christmas songs, it's talking to the fans," replied Lui, his voice giddy with excitement.

"Just fucking shoot me. Put a gun up so far my ass, that I can't hear out of my fucking ears," groaned Tyler, who wished he was anywhere but actually here.
"Come on guys, cheer up, it's Christmas," Nogla pointed out, only to immediately be shut down.

"Fuck you Nogla, you potato eating fuck. We've been here since Christmas eve, doing that shitty song over and over again," growled Tyler, not noticing his boyfriend falling asleep on him.

"Alright!" shouted Evan, there was a crash and a surprise yelp from Craig.

"Are we gonna open presents?" questioned Lui, everyone looked relieved to see their leader.

"Uh Close, we have to start all over again. I forgot to hit record," said Evan sheepishly, only to have his friends ready to murder him.

Chapter End Notes

Merry Christmas everyone! :D

I've always listened and tried to respond to the comments. I'm on this site everyday, plus I get notified on my phone. Say hi if you want! I've always felt like my writing isn't that good, but for some reason you guys love it anyways. It's always brightened my mood, and writing has been so important to me. I'd never want others to dictate what I could write, or be limited in how to express my stories. I'll always write weird messed up shit, with whoever I want. Hehe.

There's some mean hate comments, along with my depression getting worse this year. My best friend kinda left me by blocking me, and didn't even say goodbye or anything. I sometimes wonder what I did wrong, and why we started drifting apart. I'd still care about her, and hope for her well being. Heh. But I guess I've always had the worst luck with bffs. There's ex-friends and ex-partners that have tried to get back into my life, that I've shut down. It's difficult to forgive someone, who's brought almost nothing but pain.

This year has been rough. I'm hoping next year gets easier, and that everyone has an amazing Christmas today. <3

I'll probably celebrate Christmas by punching a dinosaur on ARK. Lol.

~Melon
It wasn't like Ohm wanted to be this way, he'd stared at his obsession from across the room. They might be all in uniform, but he could spot his senpai at the distance. His whole body would seem neutral, but his heart hammered. This was the closest feeling to love, and he knew what he wanted. What they shared was an intimate bond, one that couldn't be shattered. He'd make sure nobody else would have Jonathan, even at the cost of others. They didn't mean anything to him anyways.

Jonathan had on a blue hoodie over his uniform, with a black wife beater, a cigarette between his lips. There was tattoos that littered his body, only adding to the appeal for Ohm. It was like nobody mattered in this world, except for his senpai.

They weren't even that different from age, only a year apart. Jonathan would maybe glance his way, or at least in his general direction. All the girls seemed to like his senpai as well, the bad boy appeal attracted attention. It didn't seem like the teachers approved, especially with his smoking in the bathroom or showing up drunk to class. Ohm would always watch, never to act on his feelings. There was only one incident that happened, which caused his obsession. Usually he hardly felt anything, just a dull emptiness in his heart. Some people would bully him, call him a faggot or freak to make themselves feel better. They weren't wrong, though it hardly mattered to him. Nobody knew what he was truly like, and it would've probably always stay that way.

It all changed a month ago. Everything. He loved senpai.

"Hey you, I think I recognize you," said Jonathan, at first Ohm thought he might be talking to someone behind him. Hardly anyone spoke to him, especially outside of school.

"You're probably thinking of someone else," replied Ohm, thinking it would end the conversation there.

"I heard you're a fag, all the jocks talk about it at school," smirked Jonathan, though it didn't get a reaction out of Ohm, he was use to this sort of attention. The older boy took a drag from his cigarette, before he spoke up again, "if you want we could swing by the back and get a quick fuck?"

Ohm wanted to respond, he really did. This wasn't normal typical behavior, he knew enough when watching everyone else. His parents told him he was odd, didn't respond like a normal child. This wasn't a question he expected to be directed towards him, and definitely not from one of the hottest guy in school. Appearances didn't matter to him, so Ohm did the only thing he thought to do. "I need to get home, I usually go there before nightfall," said Ohm, his voice sounded dull, and very uninterested. This didn't stop Jonathan from moving closer, a smirk on his face. "Come on, I'll show you a good time. It's the only thing a faggot like you enjoys anyways," chuckled Jonathan, practically pulled him roughly at first, until Ohm decided to walk with him.

"I'll even do all the work, just look pretty and let me fuck that tight little hole," smirked Jonathan, though the devious look only gave himself away.
Ohm wasn't use to anything sexual in nature, as he allowed Jonathan to take him towards the back. He could hear Jonathan grumbling about some whore that wouldn't put out, so he was glad to find the next best thing. Everything was instructed to him, he'd face the wall and put his hands on it. Jonathan did all of the work, like he promised. His pants were taken off, then some kind of lotion was smeared at his hole. It was all sloppy, and hardly enough preparation. A finger did manage to slip inside, trying to encourage his entrance to loosen up. Ohm didn't really blame him, he could smell the weed and alcohol under his breath. The initial pain surprised him, releasing a feeling he never felt before. It wasn't fear, mostly a thrill from the act.

His mind was blank for most of it, and his body was usually in it's relaxed state. Jonathan fucked him hard against the wall, without him uttering a single sound. This probably formed their bond, and now they were connected. They were meant to meet, share this experience together. Ohm would spot him at school afterwards, where Jonathan would chat with his friends. Everyone didn't know about their shared experience, and it was his special moment with senpai. If he ever saw Jonathan with a girl, it would boil up inside of him, a deep seated feeling of hate. He spotted them both in the boys bathroom, a girl he didn't recognize. Jonathan's voice was immediately noticed, as they fucked in the bathroom stall.

Ohm wasn't going to let this act slide, no one else was supposed to be with senpai. He'd wait for the perfect moment, when Jonathan grew tired of her. They probably fucked more than he could remember, while he spied on the two of them. Both of them weren't really in a relationship, though it would still irritated him. His perfect opportunity came, when the girl appeared in an alley way. He'd been following her, when she decided to go home. Jonathan hadn't fucked her in a week, tired of having the same 'pussy' as he would put it. His knife was taken out, carefully walked behind her. She didn't see it coming at first, and her screams still irritated him.

She fell lifeless, stab marks all over her body. Ohm pulled off his coat, wiped the blood from his face. He'd walk the rest of the way down the alley, without anyone noticing his deeds. There was a path he could wash up by the lake, nobody would even notice him. On the news, they talked about her death. Ohm didn't even smile, or cared about any possible link between the death and him. They wouldn't find him, the cops hadn't found him this far. The other bodies weren't going to be found either, and he done a better job of hiding them. He wanted the cops to find her, and more than anything. Ohm wanted his senpai to know he killed her for him. It was like rinse and repeat.

More girls would show up.

He didn't mind the extra work, it didn't interfere with the rest of his life. The cops didn't get a chance to find the new bodies, he decided to keep them. This way he couldn't risk getting caught, and he found way to lure them. All it would take is for him to tell them that, Jonathan wanted them to meet somewhere. Ohm would set the location and time, and the girls stupidly showed up. They didn't expect a nobody to be a cold blooded killer. He didn't care what they thought, senpai only mattered. His killing finally had a meaning behind them. This also formed a new feeling inside of him, his face creased and created something inside of him. It was like he was finally free, almost making him feel normal.

He could finally smile.

Senpai still didn't notice him since that night. Jonathan however got lot's of attention from others. Whoever slept with him, suddenly disappeared. It only caused him to joke about it, not take it seriously. They were only coincidences to him, though it did create something. "Hey Delirious, make sure to tone down the killing," joke Luke, the friend on his interest. Ohm actually liked the new name, and he was the reason it existed. It was almost like he made senpai grow into something else. He loved thinking that he changed senpai, as much as senpai changed him. They did share a bond
after all. Ohm finally decided it was time to act, his senpai must acknowledge him again.

"H-hi Delirious, I think the new name is cool," said Ohm nervously, trying to hide himself with his hand, biting on his thumb.

"Who are you?" asked Delirious, causing Ohm to feel confused. His senpai knew him, especially on the night they shared together.

"We um.." paused Ohm, his nervousness turned into embarrassment, it was surprising how much emotion he could feel. He was use to being numb, but he had to express himself, "we uh, fucked a month ago. You took me to the back of the broken old building one night."

"Oh yeah, did you want to fuck again or something? Maybe another time, I'm not that interested in faggots," chuckled Delirious, leaving Ohm to stand their by himself. The hallway grew silent, almost like nobody was there.

"But you gave me life," whispered Ohm quietly, barely audible to himself.

He didn't know what to do after that, he considered following his obsession. Ohm wanted Delirious to notice him, and it seemed like their bond was shattering. Both of them had changed. Jonathan with his new name and him with his new emotions. This left him empty again, he hated this feeling. Usually killing brought something out, but there was nothing. An emptiness so wide, he couldn't get out. He wanted to scream (at least feel anger), to do anything to bring the feeling back. Ohm did the only thing he could do, he went back to his routine. He had to do something different, he just didn't know what. Everything was just lost, by one particular moment. Ohm wasn't going to lose what he loved, there had to be another way.

His senpai couldn't leave him.

The idea came to him, when he was walking home. Some poor soul was being bullied, as Ohm watched from the side line. He didn't care about the act or the people involved. The words were what affected him the most, "please stop, I didn't do anything. Just don't hit me, I'll give you anything." This was the answer, he didn't know why he was so blind. The bully asked for money, and it was hesitantly handed over. If he couldn't get his way by the normal means, he'd have to do it by his own way. Ohm wasn't normal and he assumed Delirious wasn't either. They were meant to be together, just not like normal couples. He would do anything to show this to senpai, and his senpai just didn't know any better.

He'd make all the necessary preparations, working all the odd jobs around town. Ohm did almost anything to get the right amount of cash. There was tools he could use, and an old large building in the back. It use to be a shed, but nobody would use it. Mostly because it was rusty and filthy with all sorts of trash. Ohm cleared it up, told his parents to not bother his special place. They thought he just needed somewhere to be alone, his parents hardly ever intervened with his life. Ohm knew they were afraid of him, they just didn't want to admit it. He did everything to seem normal, but he guess that he couldn't fool the people who raised him. At least they didn't stop him, though they thought he was still reduced to killing animals.

Nobody else will know his secret, just him and senpai.

Delirious was a lot easier to fool then he expected. He was seen smoking pot at the old abandoned building, the very one they had formed a bond. It was like fate in a way, he was meant to be here. Ohm acted like his typical self, shy but stopping when anyone spoke to him. It seemed like one of those nights, and he offered to give what Delirious wanted. This time they got to the back, he got on his knees. There wasn't a real desire to learn this, expect to keep his senpai pleased. He'd suck him
hard and fast, until Delirious was fully distracted. "Hey why did you stop?" questioned Delirious, only to be hit with a taser and fell to the floor. Everything was going according to plan, senpai is where he should be.

"Let's go home," said Ohm, a smile on his face as he lifted the unconscious body.

They were going to be so happy together. His senpai and him, always together.

Senpai.

Senpai.

Senpai.

Senpai.

Senpai.

Senpai.

Only senpai.

Ohm woke him up with a start, trying to make sure there wasn't too much damage. He'd cuff Delirious to the wall, but allowed some movement. There was a different cuff to each hand, with some chain that extended from it. He expected the screaming, the accusations that were coming his way. The smile might've left his face, but he still felt it in his heart. They were meant to be like this, forever. "I changed your name and now I need to change you," said Ohm, of course their roles had to reverse. He couldn't stay the victim under Delirious, despite it causing the attraction he felt for him. His senpai was naked on the floor, only a blue hoodie draped over him. He would at least allow some of his former identity to remain. It wouldn't be fair if he made Delirious lose everything, while he himself retained almost all of his former self.

"What did you do to me? You sick freak!" shouted Delirious, he struggled to break the cuffs, they weren't going to budge. Ohm did make them himself, a lot of his tools were handmade.

"Don't do that, you'll hurt yourself. I'll get excited," said Ohm, trying to calm him, but only pissing off Delirious even more.

"Let me go you asshole," growled Delirious, but his words were ignored.

"It won't be the same anymore, this time I get to form the bond," exclaimed Ohm, he was messing with the zipper of his pants, "I'll even do all the work, just look pretty and let me fuck that tight little hole."

He reflected Delirious' old words back at him, and even pushed him into the wall. Delirious would struggle, but it was useless. They ended up on the floor, which was fine with him. Ohm was going to be true to his words, he'd do everything, it included all of the work. He'd push a finger inside, with some cheap lotion that he recognized. It was the same brand, the one he kept thinking about, until he recognized the scent. His movements were similar to their first time, fucking Delirious before he was even fully prepared. There was only one difference, which made Ohm start over and tried to lubricate him some more. Delirious wasn't naturally relaxed right now, his whole body would clench and try to resist him. This was fine, he'd still form their bond anyways. It was probably just scary for his senpai.

"It's okay, just breathe," reassured Ohm, though nothing of this calming. He'd eventually came inside of him, leaving Delirious reduced to tears and silently sobbing.
His senpai would understand one day, they were meant to be together.

Senpai was everything.

Chapter End Notes

   Deleted end note

   ~Melon
They had been spending all day together, just playing video games and having a fun time. Luke couldn't find a better friend, even if he tried. Both of them knew each other for years, with only a few real arguments. He could only depend on Delirious at times, even dated his sister. They still somehow stayed as friends. Delirious was even the one to comfort him after the break up. Both of them were shooting the enemy, probably some random teens on the server. Their pizza arrived, so he stopped to answer the door. It was however not their pizza at the moment. He was grateful that Delirious was distracted.

Luke put away his package in his room, then went over to play some more. The pizza man did arrive later, with a sausage and pepperoni pizza. "This is so good," said Delirious with his mouth full, they were both eating their fill, "what was the first person at the door?" He dreaded this question, but decided to lie about it. This wasn't his friend's business anyways, he didn't have to tell him anything. "It was just someone looking for their dog," replied Luke, which thankfully Delirious bought it. Sure, his friend could be dense and dumb at times, but mostly Delirious trusted him to tell the truth. This left him feeling a slightly guilty, though some things were best unspoken. He was certain Delirious had his own secret anyways.

"It's so lame that school starts again tomorrow," groaned Delirious, both of them couldn't agree more on that.

"School is such shit, like we don't even learn anything useful," complained Luke, as they enjoyed their food.

His mother was off with her friends, and his father was at work. They were both alone together, just like Luke wanted it to be. The pizza was eaten, then they went back to gaming. "Fuck you Luke, you did that on purpose," said Delirious angrily, only to cause Luke to laugh at him. He'd blew up his friend, just to see his reaction. They were even on the same team. It became a competition, who could kill the other person, when they should be eliminating the enemy team. This went on for awhile, until Delirious eventually had to leave for the night. He would try to convince his friend to stay the night, however Delirious promised to help his sister with her homework.

"Good night Cartoonz, don't forget to meet me at our usual place," said Delirious with a smile, he reached over to get a hug.

"Me forget? Your ass is always forgetting shit," chuckled Luke, as they both hugged it out, while Delirious' mom arrive to take her son home, "good night man."

Luke would wave and watch Delirious get inside the car. It didn't take long for it to leave, and he stood there for awhile. He's all alone, and he couldn't help wanting his friend to be around a bit longer. The cold started to get to him, and it was already dark outside. "Damn it's nice to get some fresh air," mumbled Luke to himself, before he stepped back inside. His father would get home soon anyways, as he decided to go into his room, most likely to play more video games. The box was still up on his dresser, forgotten on top of it. Luke would fall asleep, to a dreamless slumber. His alarm would disturb him early morning, and he wasn't much of a morning person.

Whenever he woke up, he'd shower and get dressed. It was like any other school night, though his mother would be in the kitchen. He'd thank her for the waffles, then eat them quickly. Luke wasn't a
perfect student, but he managed to get by somehow. His best friend was the same way, they were a lot alike from each other. There was only real difference, Delirious liked to follow him and allowed him to be in charge. If only his friend knew, then maybe he wouldn't like him so much. Luke had reasons for his secrets, as he prepares for school. He'd walk to school, it wasn't that far away. There was other students there, when he finally walked up to the building. A few teens were whispering, and he knew what they were talking about.

"The girls smell different, you know it's coming," giggled Lui, like it was something to celebrate about.

"We have to be kind and gentle with this kind of sit-chu-wation," replied Nogla, his friends would make fun of his accent.

"I just hope a girl with huge tits cross my path," chuckled Tyler, only to be shot down immediately.

"Oh come on Tyler, you're not even an Alpha," snickered Mini, who was one of the few Alphas in their group.

Luke quickly walked away from the conversation, he didn't want to eavesdrop anymore. Everyone knew that mating season was coming, and school would be cancelled for a week for it. Some students would have to come to school later, depending on if they had a mate. It was frowned on, for teens to get into a deep relationship that soon. There was one person Luke wouldn't mind mating with, but Delirious was his best friend and only that. It would never work out. He went into his science class, bored out of his mind once it started. A part of him wonders why teachers even bothered, it wasn't a skill they would use in real life. It went on for awhile, until he went into English class.

This wasn't his favorite subject, but there was obvious reasons why he looked forward to it. "What's up man, did you have any fun without me?" chuckled Delirious, his friend was almost always in a good mood. Except for whenever he was teasing him, even then Delirious wasn't totally put off from it. "I'm always having fun without your ugly mug," teased Luke, the class was going to start soon. His friend would complain like usual, and he wouldn't mind listening to it, just to tease him some more. It made going to school a lot more worth it, like there was only one person he cared about. Luke had other friends, Delirious was just his favorite. Gorilla came into the room, sat on Luke's other side. They chatted for awhile, didn't really pay attention to class.

"Delirious, Luke, how are you both doing?" asked Gorilla, it happened the very moment his phone buzzed his pocket.

"Pretty good, you?" asked Delirious, and it provided Luke the distraction he needed. Delirious would talk Gorilla's ear off, no problem.

He'd pull out his phone, knowing that the teacher wouldn't care. The email message really alarmed him, especially where it's from, 'we must inform you, of the current item that was currently shipped. It is the wrong item, and we apologize for the inconvenience. Please note that you will receive the right item in one week-' This is the moment his stomach dropped, he needed those pills. It would keep him in school, since he knew of the consequences. "I have to go, my mom messaged me. It's an emergency," said Luke, he'd immediately get up, trying to leave the room. The teacher tried to stop him, but he grabbed his stuff and left. His friends were alarmed, but he couldn't tell them the truth. This would also be the last time, he trusted a new site for something. The older one didn't have what he needed in stock anymore.

His parents weren't home, and he kept checking his own smell. Luke knew he should be taking his pills today. This was a few days early from summer break, also known as mating season. He knew his heats tended to start a little late, but he couldn't risk going to school anymore. 'My mom was
suddenly ill, and I decided to take care of her. So don't worry about me Delirious, we'll see each other after mating season,' texted Luke, hoping it would fix everything. He went over the email message, this time reading everything. They really did mess up his order, and now he was fucked. There really wasn't anything else for him to do, other than stay at home. "This fucking sucks," muttered Luke, he'd play video games afterwards. His day wasn't so bad, and he didn't mind missing a couple days of school.

'I hope your mom feels better,' texted Delirious, this brought a smile to Luke's face, 'make sure she drinks plenty of fluids. Soup is always good as well.'

His lie worked, and now he didn't have anything to worry about. This was what he thought, until there was a knock later on during the day. Delirious was at his door, looking very happy to see him. The feelings weren't mutual, and he tried to think of an excuse to make him leave. "What are you doing here? Shouldn't you be in your house?" questioned Luke, who couldn't find a good reason, that Delirious shouldn't be here. They hung out often as friends, only during mating season did they part ways. His friend suggested that two Alphas shouldn't be together, it would start fights. "My mom gave me some soup, so maybe it'll help," said Delirious cheerfully, he helped himself inside. This was going to be okay, Delirious might just stop by today and tomorrow. After that mating season will arrive, and his friend would leave him alone.

"Where is your mom?" asked Delirious, snapping Luke out of his thoughts.

"She's sleeping, so I'll take the soup from you. I also don't want you to catch her cold, you'll get sick if you stay," reasoned Luke, but his friend wasn't budging.

"I won't stay long, I just want to make sure everything is okay. You seem really bothered," noted Delirious, he knew Luke all to well, and he could tell something was wrong.

"I'm just worried is all, it's a very bad flu. How about this, I'll come over to your place tomorrow, after I make my mom some dinner and meds?" negotiated Luke, and finally it seemed to work. They would both hug it out, Delirious stayed a little longer to get himself a glass of something to drink. Luke even put on his coat, and offered to walk him back home. There was no harm, and he shouldn't have panicked in the first place. If he doesn't lose his cool, everything will go as planned. "My parents are out on a 'date', to bad you have to take care of your mom," muttered Delirious, probably wanting Luke to spend the night at his place. They would just hang out a little tomorrow, the last day of school for Delirious this time. It wasn't like he wanted to do this, but he really couldn't risk something bad to happen. "Yeah man, it would've been fun," replied Luke, they finally reached the door. His friend finally left, and decided to walk back alone. Mostly because Delirious didn't walk Luke to walk back home alone.

"That was so fucking close, stupid pills," muttered Luke, a scowl on his face, as he decided to make himself some dinner.

His parents did eventually get home, and this is when things changed. Luke was playing video games in the living room, a bowl of already eaten popcorn on the coffee table. He was immersed in the game, so he thought he was hearing things. "Luke sweetie, we're home, did you have fun while we're away?" asked his mother, as they shuffled around the kitchen. It wasn't like he wanted to do this, but he really couldn't risk something bad to happen. "It's mating season, it might've happened," suggested Luke, but inside he was freaking out. His heat couldn't start now, he promised Delirious they would hang out tomorrow. It never started this early, he blamed it on having no pills.

"I also don't have my suppressants, they accidentally gave me scent blockers instead, which I already
have," complained Luke, while the conversation went back and forth, "I'm going to have to rent an omega hotel, there's no way I can stay here like this."

Most omegas would rent one for a week, if the place wasn't fully booked. Luke wasn't sure if the place would even have any rooms, he should've thought of it earlier. His mother went to look one for him, as his mind fluttered with panic thoughts. It was mostly the hormones messing with him, that and being unmated. He felt stupid for not making sure to have extra pills, but thought ordering beforehand would be okay. Luke scolded himself for always doing things last minute. It seemed like there was some luck, because his mother managed to get him a room. This was paid with her credit card, which brought a huge relief to him. He'll just painfully ride it out, knowing that this heat will be awful. Luke was at least on birth control pills, which wasn't difficult for him to purchase. Suppressants were more tricky, and difficult to make. It was also very expensive.

Luke would eventually put away his stuff, then go to bed. He brought some painkillers with him, knowing his heat will escalate tomorrow. It didn't even take long for him to pass out, even with the cramps. The light peeking from his windows woke him up, making him groan and wish he was an alpha instead. He lied to all his friends about it, with only his parents to know his true gender. Any alpha would jump him, so this is why he couldn't stay. At least it has less affect on his family, but it would leave them irritated. Luke laid there for awhile, only got up to take the pain killers and water on his nightstand. He eventually got up, and decided to get his mother. This is when he realized she left, so he checked his phone. She decided to go to work, despite him being in heat. It would only mean that, he would get to the hotel, when she finally came back.

"Well ain't this fucking perfect. I'm fucking dying, itching to get fucked and my mom leaves me here," groaned Luke, he didn't trust to drive himself in this state.

He barely gets by throughout the day, and somehow manages to feed himself. It couldn't be anything hard on his stomach, so he stuck to soups and juices. A part of him forgot all about Delirious, but when it came around that time. Luke quickly texted Delirious, hoping his friend wouldn't show up, 'I'm sick, so don't come over. I accidentally caught it, and it's best if we hang out after mating season.' He'd look over his text, before sending to his friend that day. Luke would actually lay on the kitchen floor, not wanting to move and it was closer to the fridge. It was mostly because the tiles felt nice, while his skin felt like it was melting. His clothes felt like a huge burden, making his skin sweat even more. Luke wanted to take them off, but didn't want his mother to find him like this. It would be horrifying for any of his parents to see him, moaning on the floor naked.

"Luke are you in here?" asked Delirious, the door wasn't even locked.

"Delirious?" questioned Luke, he wasn't thinking straight, and that voice went straight down south.

His blood was boiling, so seeing Delirious was a blessing to him. There was a dark look on his friend's eyes, almost like he wasn't there. "Omega?" said Delirious curiously, he approached the person on the floor. It wasn't like Luke stood a chance, they both wanted to mate. It didn't even bother him, when Delirious started pulling off his clothes. He even reached down to help him, a large part of him wanted this. If only Delirious wouldn't hate him afterwards, especially if his friend didn't want this. Luke was bent in half, his hole already abused. His fingers had been ramming into himself repeatedly, trying to get some form of frictions. It seems that his mind wasn't thinking clearly, because he didn't want to be found naked. He still had his hands in his pants, trying to gain some relief.

"You look so good, so fuckable," chuckled Delirious, and it didn't take him long to slowly slide inside.

They both groaned, like a huge relief. Luke felt like crying, this feeling was amazing. He could feel
Delirious easily moving deeper, and gripped his shoulders once he's already deep inside. This was never supposed to happen, everyone should think he's a tough alpha. Now he's naked with his back to the floor, his legs over Delirious' shoulders, who's now thrusting in slowly. There was no shame left in him, he started moaning like crazy, "Ahhh fuck, shit, so good. Fuck me harder you damn whore." His words were damn filthy, and Delirious would only pound him harder and deeper. The thick smell of sexy surrounded them, and sometimes his back would slide slightly on the slippery tiles. Both of them were so into, they didn't hear the front door.

"Ohh god, so tight," moaned Delirious, his knot was forming, and it didn't take long for Luke to cum.

His inner walls squeezed Delirious, and this caused the alpha to cum right afterwards. They laid their panting, as the knot locked them together. There was a gasp, and Luke regretted looking over at the sound. This is how his mother found them together, with Delirious unable to move because they were knotted. There was a smile on his mom's to add onto his horror. It was like she wasn't even surprised to see his friend here. "I was wondering when you would claim my son," giggled Luke's mom, as he left the kitchen so they could collect themselves. This would be the most awkward heat he ever had, but also the most surprising one. He thought Delirious would get upset, now that his head is all cleared up. Instead he felt the alpha kiss him lightly, before they started making out.

It certainly wasn't the worst way to spend his first real heat.

Chapter End Notes

This is the first time I ever wrote Delitoonz. I hope it's not awful.

I hate and love you Tubbs, for getting me into this ship. You meanie. XP

Go follow YouTubbs4884, he's a really cool dude and friend.

This one-shot was actually pretty difficult for me to write. I've kinda stretched it over four days, and wracking my brain for how to write it. The main is that I wanted to write their characters differently, but they're so similar in so many ways

~Melon

P.S. My birthday is tomorrow, which is the 6th. I won't be around that much that day.
"Fuck you look hot," said Delirious, his eyes glazed over Evan's body.

"Shit, don't stop," moaned Evan, he was slowly adjusting to it, while the throbbing member slowly slid inside.

"It's okay, just relax," replied Delirious, he kissed him softly, as he started to move deeper.

He was finally all the way inside, just groaning from the feeling. Delirious didn't move, until he felt like Evan was prepared for it. They shouldn't even be doing this in the first place, but he taking those risks. Both of them were kissing, then he sucked on his neck, which was already marked up. He finally started moving, once he felt like Evan was ready for it. Evan was panting in his ear, screaming more from him, "f-fuck ahh oh god, more oh fuck." They moved with each other, enjoying the rough sex. There wouldn't be much time for them, so they were having sex in the garden. Someone might catch them, which thankfully nobody has done it yet. Delirious came hard first, panting as Evan whimpered for more. His hand went downward, then stroke him quickly. This caused Evan to cum all over his stomach, while they enjoyed the aftermath.

It grew silent, with the sun just peaking around the corner. He kissed his shoulder, before getting up slowly, despite wanting to stay. "I'll try to come over again, I just don't know when," apologized Delirious, knowing that it always ended up like this. His secret lover got up, and gave him a kiss goodbye. It was always sad for him to leave Evan, naked and alone. They knew what they were doing was wrong. Delirious found him when he was a child, running away from the castle because he didn't want to be married. It was common for royal children to already be engaged, where they didn't have a choice in their spouse. He found Evan crying, and tried to cheer him up. It seemed impossible at first, until he tripped and fell into a puddle of water. Delirious was covered in head to toe in mud, but he didn't mind it, when he heard the most beautiful laughter.

He was in heaven, whenever Evan was with him. They would play secretly together, until Evan's care takers found out what they were doing. Delirious had no idea it was the prince, but it didn't deter him when he did. A nobody like him shouldn't be around Evan, but he liked taking his changes. A thief always knew how to get their prize. He'd steal Evan's body, though probably nothing else. Delirious wanted to change that one day, as he walked around the open market. It was easy for him to find a target, someone who wasn't paying attention. He'd steal anything he could get his hands on, which was mostly people's satchel filled with coins. His target came into view, noticing they were to preoccupied with going somewhere. The man kept walking, as Delirious bumped into him, and he felt the bag in his hand.

"Oh sorry, I didn't mean to do that," apologized Delirious, who practiced looking embarrassed.

"Watch where you're walking, you lowly beggar," growled the man, as they walked the opposite direction.

"Thanks for buying me dinner," chuckled Delirious, once the man was out of ear shot.

The bag was pulled out, and he took a few turns. His friend scared him, just jumping out and wrapping an arm around him. "Hey man, looks like you scored a little, mind sharing the booty?" smirked Luke, though they would typically share anyways. Delirious rolled his eyes, but decided to
lead Luke to a place they could eat. There was plenty of street vendors, as they ate at one of them. A plate of meat and bread, from a place that didn't look particularly sanitary. They both ate quietly, just enjoying a small conversation. "So how was your little late night escapade?" teased Luke, knowing that talking about Evan would bother him. His friend was the only one to know about it, and thought it was hilarious that a thief managed to sleep with a prince. It was unheard of, and only made even more devious. Delirious wouldn't go into details, just bragged that he was getting some and Luke wasn't.

"I can get girls you know, boys too," huffed Luke, who wasn't currently attached.

"You're just jealous, that I can sleep with someone so amazing," muttered Delirious, he stuck out his tongue childishly, with all the chewed up food on it.

"Eww fucking disgusting, didn't your mother teach you manners?" said Luke, he feigned disgust, as they both kept on eating.

They would use up the man's money, then call it a night. Both of them slept on the streets, with a few other thieves huddled down by the fire. It was uneasy sleep for Delirious, he wished things were different. If only he was from a rich family, and being married off to Evan. This wasn't some fairy tale, while the cold wind blew around them. He'd pull a dirty blanket closer to himself, before passing out. It was like any other day for him, because he didn't expect anything new. A few people were whispering, so Delirious listened in on a conversation. Someone was talking about the prince, "have you heard? The prince has been kidnapped, and they're asking for ransom." This alarmed him, and immediately he panicked. If anything happened to Evan, he would never forgive himself. Delirious didn't have the cash, or the resources. He only had Luke to help him, and things weren't looking good.

"Okay slow down, so you're saying your lover has been taken? Well fuck man, I don't think there's anything you can do," Luke pointed out, but Delirious wasn't listening, "I'm sure his family is sending someone to pay the ransom, then you can go back to banging like crazy."

"You don't understand. I love him, what if they hurt him?" cried Delirious, he was so worried about his lover.

Luke changed his approach, deciding to help him get Evan back. They would steal a couple of horses, then lead out for a search for him. This sounded like the work of thieves, and they knew better than anyone when it came to stealing. The ransom party should be close by, probably didn't even leave the town. They might've bribed people to keep quiet, maybe even killed a few. Both of them would investigate the shadiest part of town, and search for clues on the missing prince. Luke set out to find some horses, Delirious went to get more of their weapons. He had some hidden, in a place where they use to grow up. It was only for emergencies like this, and at a desert town, it wouldn't be spotted. Delirious grabbed everything he needed then realized something suspicious. A wagon was outside, with a man looking around, all spooked.

He also had a pistol out, like someone might try to rob him. There was people arguing inside, probably getting ready to go out. Delirious sneaked over to him, being as silent as he could. His knife slit the person's throat, while his other hand went over the stranger's mouth. He'd open the wagon door, to reveal a very scared and tied up Evan. Luke was absolutely right, they didn't go very far. It wouldn't be surprising if part of the town was in on this, hoping to get some easy coins, and leaving off with it. Delirious immediately closed the door, then jumped up to the front. His hands were on the reins, when the front door opened. The horses dashed out, and he could hear gun fire. They were bound to get their horses, and go after them. This was a risky move, but he got off the reins, and opened the door. He'd grab Evan, and pull him up with him.
Evan's limbs were still tied up, and he used a knife to cut it. The horses were still moving, but he convinced Evan to get on one of them. Delirious dislodged the wagon from the horses, giving them the speed they needed. He'd take off his long cloak, and placed it over Evan. There's no way he wanted anyone to recognize the prince, it would be an embarrassment. The horses kept running, but Delirious managed to steer them. He'd grab the reins of the leading horse, and guided them out of town. They would eventually stop, as he looked back at the town and at Evan. They should be heading towards the castle, where Evan would become the new king. It wasn't something Evan wanted, he was never interested in ruling a kingdom. They would also be separated again. Delirious also knew Evan was also secretly gay, which meant being forced to bear children. It was like he made up his mind, he looked back at Evan, a smile on his face.

"This time I will steal you for real," said Delirious, he leaned over for a kiss.

"What are you waiting for then? Let's leave this place," replied Evan, he'd pull the cloak tighter on himself, "Maybe we can finally be happy."

"Okay, just hold on," warned Delirious, as the horses got moving again.

Meanwhile in the worst part of town.

"What do you mean the prince is missing? He was supposed to be ransomed, search for him and kill anyone who has him," said the leader of the kidnappers, before a gun shot went off.

"I don't fucking think so, you dumb asses are fucking dead!" shouted Luke, a rapid amount of shots went off. He recruited the help of other thieves he grew up with, and easily over powered the gang. It grew silent afterwards, and now there was one thing left for him.

Luke had to find the two love birds, that suddenly decided to elope and leave him behind, "those fucking assholes, when I find Delirious I'm kicking his ass."

Chapter End Notes

Please check out my new H2OVanoss book! It's called Distance Between Us.

"What do you look like?" texted Evan, waiting patiently for a reply.

It started as a question, Evan knew he couldn't get more. The distance between them would always be there. A screen separated them, but it should've been enough. He should be happy with what he has, but sometimes he'd want a little more. At times he felt like he asked too much, or just not enough. A message would blink on, only adding to his emotions.

"Wouldn't you like to know?" texted Delirious, with a hint of teasing.

It was everything he wanted to know.

~

There's also a new Ohmtoonz book from my friend Please check out PastelBling. It's called I'm Not a Dom, He is.
Thanks for all of the support, and give these books a chance.

~Melon
Evan woke slowly to a wet sound, while feeling the pounding in his head. It was a tiny room, mostly made of bricks with a metal door up front. The darkness didn't scare him, though being restrained was another thing. There was a cuffs attached to his wrists, where a chain lead from it to the wall. He noticed the cement flooring, along with the bleach smell like something was cleaned up. His whole body ached, as he tried to recollect on what happened to him. Everything was such a blur, and he was very drunk the night before. His legs were stiff from being in the same position, as he moved to sit up. A sound of a door opened nearby, then it got eerily quiet. There was footsteps, as he tried to listen in, though his head was still killing him. His door had some light filtering through the bars, but he couldn't really see anything past it. Evan could hear whimpering, though it didn't sound entirely like an animal.

"P-Please don't kill me. I have a family, they're in my wallet. I could ju-"

A hard bone breaking sound echoed around him, while a deafening scream came with it. The begging sounds didn't stop, along with something being smacked around. Evan flinched when he hear them, and even curled up into himself. He was fearful from everything he could hear, as he wondered if he as next. It was barely audible, but he could hear other people in the background. They were frightened from the sounds of it, though the sounds from the killer was still there. A series of chopping sounds could be heard, while Evan felt the bile rose in his throat. He was close to puking, though held it all in. His imagination was going wild, but he had to remain calm. There was some random sounds, like a rustling of a bag and others he tried to decipher. The place grew quiet once the killer left, then he heard people chatting away. Some of them incoherent ramblings, while others sounded out right scared.

"Hey new guy, what's your name?" asked the neighbouring cell mate.

"I'm Evan, who are you?" questioned Evan, knowing that they were in the same position.

"I'm Craig, and welcome to hell buddy. We're all dead in this fucking place," stated Craig, though it was most likely true.

A flood of questions erupted from Evan's lips, though he was asked to slow down. Mostly it was about this place, if Craig knew where they were. Apparently his cellmate knew as much as him, which was absolutely nothing. They were both people down at a bar, and then woke up down in this place. Both of them started calling it a dungeon, since it seemed appropriate. Evan recalled being hit very hard by something, once he got into an alley way. He felt like an idiot, since he should've
stayed with his friends. The streets didn't really bother him, and it didn't occur to him that it would happen to him of all people. This was just one irrational decision and Evan regretted it. Craig's story wasn't much different from his, so apparently the killer went after drunk idiots, who walked down an alley by themselves.

There was one thing Craig told him, which was that new people come down often. Sometimes there was nobody going down here, but some moments the killer was on a murderous streak. Evan tried to calm down, and take all the information in. He's stuck down in this dungeon, where a killer store people to be slaughtered. Nobody knew what they did with the bodies, but he didn't want to know. There had to be a way out, at least Evan hoped there was one. He'd mess with his cuffs to no avail, and the chain wouldn't budge. It was screwed in tightly to the wall, and there was nothing he could use. Evan was down to his boxers, with nothing to warm himself up. The place wasn't cold to his surprise, like a house was warming up his room. His thoughts stopped once he noticed Craig crying in the next room. He had been trying to escape for like an hour, though hearing this person's tears really broke him down.

A part of him wanted to give up and cry as well.

The next day came, and a door creaked open. He could hear those footsteps, and they only belonged to one person. His heart would always race, though the killer walked past his door. Another victim could be heard screaming, until it ended with a series of chopping sounds. Evan could feel himself getting dehydrated and hungry. The killer would leave without feeding anyone. Craig seemed to be his only source of moral. His new friend was actually funny and witty. They would talk about their lives before all of this. Evan worked in back breaking construction work. He wasn't really anyone important, and his strength wasn't doing him any good. No matter how much he worked on the chain, it still didn't give enough. The killer probably had been doing this for a long time, and knew how to keep people down there. Nobody knew how long this had been going, though Evan wasn't going to give up just yet.

Craig started talking about his life. He was working at a book store, along with his pregnant sister. Any money he could gather up, went to things like baby clothes and diapers. His sister was getting for her little girl, and Craig was doing his best to be a good older brother. The first night down there wasn't that bad, but then a couple days without food and water got to him. It drove his headache to become more painful, and the dripping sound to annoy him further. He wanted water so badly, and yet there was none in sight. Craig would even complain about being hungry, though saying rude things about the killer was fun for both of them, "I bet he has a small dick. He probably kills people, because he can't get laid." They would both chuckle, though sometimes it would get very deep. His friend would talk about how much he didn't want to die. There was things he wanted to live for, like seeing his niece for the first time. It was like their hopes and dreams meant nothing now.

The third day finally came around, as Evan could only think about water. His mouth was so dried up and he would do anything for a sip. He'd think about his disappointed parents, who wanted nothing to do with him. It was the reason he became a run away, then tried to live alone. His future didn't really look good before being captured, and now he would never get a chance to correct his life. Evan didn't want to settle down and have kids, like most men would. He wanted to find a partner that grow old with. It seems like it would never matter, as he heard the door open. There was footsteps coming straight for where his door was located. A part of him was scared, the other just wanted it to be over with. The waiting was killing him, and he knew there was no surviving this. It went past his door, then he breathed out deeply. A door opened next to him, and this time he sat up and pulled on his chains. This couldn't be happening to him, of course something like this could occur. A part of him hoped he would get picked first.

"No please don't kill me," screamed Craig, he was a pleading until Evan couldn't make out what he
"Don't, stop! Leave him alone. If you want to kill someone, I'm right here!" shouted Evan, directed to the killer as he could hear it coming.

His ears were pounding, as he heard Craig's painful screams. The rage overriding the fear and he balled up his fist. He could feel the rush of adrenalin, until his friend no longer made a sound. It was the same chopping sounds, the one he hated so much. Evan felt himself go numb, almost like his body was in shock. He knew this could happen, but he still wasn't prepared for it. There was tears running down his face, but no sound came out Evan's lips. The killer was eventually finished with cutting up his friend, and he could hear the bag. It irritated him, thinking that his friend was being put away like garbage. A part of him knew what he was doing was stupid. Evan didn't care anymore, he was going to die in his place no matter what he did. He'd wanted to go down kicking and screaming, at least do some damage. There was no way he was going to die, then achieve nothing in his life.

"I'll kill you," said Evan, it was more of a whisper, but then it the volume rose until he was screaming it out, "I'll fucking kill you! You hear me! You are dead, and I'm going to be the one to do it."

The killer definitely heard him, and went to his door once he was finished. A chuckling sound heard be heard from the other side, "One two Delirious is coming for you, three four and I'm coming to your door."

A blade ran against his door, along with an insane laugh to go with it. Evan was prepared for it to be opened, but the person left to the hallway. He heard those footsteps walked out, then the door being closed. It got very quiet after that, and Evan was went from upset to sad. Craig was one of the few people to help him in this place, the others didn't really speak to him. The only thing he could do was hold himself, and knowing what's going to come next. Delirious was definitely coming for his door, and it was going to be soon. This meant he had to escape, the thing he had been doing since he got there. Evan looked back down at his handcuffs, they were on so tightly. He thought about it for awhile, knowing he wasn't going to like this. It would be painful, and he read about it in medical books. His father was a doctor, so he had access to them. There was no avoiding it anymore.

He was going to die if he didn't at least try to escape.

The handcuffs were tested, as he tried his best to spit around it. A bacteria infection was the least of his problems, when staying alive was his number one priority. Evan took some deep breathes, then moved back to lean all the way. He wanted to have some pull on the cuffs, so he could do what had to be done. His mind was going through all the awful scenarios, and a part of him was panicking a little. If he didn't start now, he'd talk himself out of it. The method was called degloving, where the skin peels off the hand like a glove. Evan even saw photos of it, but it would still wouldn't prepare him for what he must do. He'd pull on the cuffs harshly, crying out in pain as he did it. This was actually working as the adrenalin started to sink in. His hand would be pulled several times, until the skin peeled enough for the cuffs to come off.

Evan knew he was going into shock, so he had to do everything now. His fingers were barely working, and he had to do it again. He was breathing too fast, and started to hyperventilate. It hurt to much the first time, and his good hand peeled back the skin. His screams flooded the room again, and he was dry heaving. It was to much for him to take, as he vomited acid into the ground.

Everything went downhill from there, as he passed out in that very moment. There was no way to figure out time it was when he woke up. The pain was throbbing in his hand, a burning sensation that caused him to whimper. He heard a door open, and he wasn't ready. A set of foot steps were coming, this time Delirious was singing to himself. It was like a sick lullaby, though Evan looked at
his only option for a weapon. His hands was hidden behind him, along with the object. Evan couldn't have grabbed it before, not when the handcuffs pulled him back far enough away from it.

The door opened, as he faced a man with a mask. "I never looked this forward to my next meal," chuckled Delirious, though Evan didn't know what he meant, "I've never had someone threaten me before like that. It's always, please don't kill me. You don't have to do this, oh please spare me. I find it hilarious." He could hear the psycho laugh, then walked over to him. This time he got to see the weapon, it was a machete in his hands. This explained the chopping noises, while the person approached him. Evan didn't have to fake being scared, he was afraid for his life. Once Delirious got up to him, then raised the weapon. He used a rusty nail he found in the ground, that he grabbed with his bad hand. It was jabbed with his good hand, now that the killer made himself open for an attack. This only seemed to distract the person, like the pain didn't register. Evan reared back and kicked him, at least try to get him off balanced.

The killer fell back, then immediately got back up. This was the only plan he had, and he got prepared to be slashed at. Delirious however didn't grab his weapon, and used his fist to punch him in the stomach. All of the air was knocked out of him, and Evan felt another collided with his head. There was a few more places those fists landed on, but he started to black out. It was the combination from blood loss from his hand, and the fact that he was being beat to a pulp. Evan could at least say he at least fought his best. When he finally woke up, he wondered if he died. His eyes glanced around the room, that he wasn't familiar with. Everything just seemed to confuse him further, as he realized he was in a bed, along with some fluids running down to his arm. He was starting to wonder if he was in a hospital, but this didn't look like one. This wasn't a hospital bed either, when he tried to get up. The world seemed to spin, and he laid back down again.

"Is sleeping beauty feeling better?" asked Delirious, he was sitting in the corner, where Evan didn't notice him, "I'll get you something to eat, after you recovered a bit."

"Wha?" asked Evan, clearly confused on what's going on.

"I think I like you," said Delirious cheekily, and then walked over to his bed, "I've never had one of my lambs try to fight me. Usually the big bad wolf that gets to eat goldie locks, while she begs for his life."

"Did you just reference little red riding hood?" questioned Evan, who couldn't believe what was happening.

"Don't worry goldie locks, I won't eat you. I've never had a playmate before, and I think you'll be perfect for this," explained Delirious, like it was supposed to make sense, "I've always wanted to keep one of you for fun, I just didn't know which one."

A needle was pulled out, making him try to scoot away. The pain ran through his arm this time, since he wasn't careful with it. Delirious already put a cast on him, so it would heal properly. The killer shushed him sweetly, before jabbing into the thing that's feeding him fluids. It's suppose to help him fall asleep, especially if he needed it for his recover. Evan did eventually pass out again, even if he didn't want to close his eyes. The medicine did it's job, as he woke up randomly during the night. He'd immediately pass out again, in and out of sleep. Delirious took care of him for days, nuturing him back to health. This mostly consisted with drugging him, and making sure to replace his bag with fluids. Once he's made almost a full recovery, Evan was still drugged up. His body would feel groggy, then he realized he was placed into a different room.

It had metal bars on the sides, along with an open bathroom and sink, for anyone to watch him use it. There was a bed pan, that was freshly clean and apparently used before. His limbs still ached, as he got up. He'd slowly made his way to the bathroom, while sitting down to pee. This was
embarrassing, but not as bad as being caught doing it. The killer walked in like he wasn't doing his business, and placed a tray full of food near his bed. "I'll start getting you to eat solids, but make sure to take your medicine before you go to bed," said Delirious, like this was a normal thing, "I've got extra toilet paper on the side over there, and some towels if you need it. Just make sure to wash your hands after you're done. I like my toys all cleaned up." A smirk evident from his face, before leaving the room. Evan just sat there, apparently stunned and done with his business. He'd clean up, then got into the bed. He was a bit hungry and ate the soup greedily.

The medicine was untouched, when he fell asleep. Someone was next to his bed when he woke up, and he immediately tried to pushed Delirious away. There was something in the person's hand, and his strength didn't fully return. It wasn't difficult for the other person to over power him, and held him down until he stopped struggling. "What did I tell you about taking your meds? Now open your mouth and take them. Otherwise I'll make you take them anally, which you won't like," frowned Delirious, though it seemed like Evan wasn't going to cooperate with him. He'd refuse to take any of his pills, as Delirious eventually let's him go. This made him think maybe that would be the end of it, since there was no way he was going to take any kind of drug from him. Evan still laid in his bed, curled up and hoping to figure out a way to free himself. The killer eventually walked back into the room, with a bag full of stuff.

"You had to make this difficult, don't you know I'm doing this for your own good? You should be grateful, I usually kill anyone who disrespects me," growled Delirious, as he took out some hand cuffs.

"Don't go anywhere near me," replied Evan angrily, but he was going to lose this fight.

He really did try to punch the other person, and maybe wrestle him down and get the keys. Delirious managed to hit him first, then sat right on his chest. His hands were placed above him, while he was securely restrained. The legs weren't a problem either for Delirious, when they were tied to themselves. It was in a way, where the knee was bent, while the lower and upper leg were pressed together. His pants and underwear were taken off for this, so his bottom was exposed to the air. Evan tried closing his legs, though Delirious got inbetween and spread them. This gave the killer an amazing view, while he struggled underneath him. A thing of medical lube was pulled out, before being spread over his hole. "Stop touching me pervert, sick asshole. When I get out of here, I'll fucking kill you," threatened Evan, though it only caused the other person to laugh, then plunge a finger deeper inside. His eyes were tearing up, while Delirious searched around.

There was some kind of powder pulled from Delirious' other hand. It was in a container, and the amount wasn't a lot. The killer could've just given him through a needle, though this was clearly for the other persons' enjoyment. Evan could feel the drug being pushed inside of him, making him squirm from the grainy feeling. "This is a smaller dose, I don't want my baby to get too much," teased Delirious, who apparently knew what he was doing, "I'm sure you'll start taking it properly, or I'll keep doing this." Those fingers kept moving around, until it started to dissolve inside of him. Evan relaxed once it was pulled out, though Delirious was still staring at him with the mask on. More like the killer was staring at his hole, while rubbing his thighs. A deep chuckle erupted from Delirious' throat, as two fingers were pushed back into him, causing Evan to squirm and wanting to pull away. There was more tears running down his eyes now, but he couldn't do anything.

"Shhh, don't cry sweet thing. I'll give you a nice treat for taking your medicine," said Delirious sweetly, though there was nothing nice about this.

The fingers moved faster, making Evan bit his lip. They were curled around, then scissor him slowly. The killer was searching around and stretching him. A smirk could be heard clearly, as he spoke up, "I think it's time for your reward. If you misbehave I promise to give you this every night." It was
clearly not a reward, but a punishment for his bad behavior. Evan watched as Delirious lathered himself up, before slowly pushing inside. His eyes weren't tearing up anymore, though he wanted to scream. He would swear at Delirious, call him all sorts of nasty names. It just wouldn't stop the other person. "Such a good fucking slut, saying all these dirty things for me," purred Delirious, as he quickened his pace, not caring if Evan was ready for it. This time Evan did scream, mostly from the pain. The killer pounded into him relentlessly, until he pulled out and came all over Evan's stomach.

"Get some sleep whore, I'll get your medicine and food later. Next time you make sure you take it," ordered Delirious, before freeing his legs and taking off the hand cuffs.

Evan curled up, until he was ready to wash away the evidence with a nearby sink.

Chapter End Notes

I'll admit, I'm using an old one-shot for this, for anyone who recognizes it. I've rewritten this, and added certain parts to it. I think it's an improved version.

I'm still distracted with my story, so sorry for anyone who wants me to update this more frequently. I however felt like making this, and it was a lot of fun.

If anyone is interested in sending me fan art. You can message me here, on my Tumblr which is the same username (Melonbread96).

Thank you all for reading, I really appreciate it.

~Melon
Ohmtoonz : Cafe Le Toonz

Ohm was sprinting at top speed, mostly to get away from the thing that's chasing him. It scared him so badly, and was a lot stronger than he expected. This is when he turned the corner from the sidewalk, and ran into someone. Their bodies hit each other so hard, that Ohm lost his footing and landed on top of the other person. He could hear the man swearing, obviously upset that someone hit into him. There was a deep panic in him, as Ohm turned his head and looked back from where he was running. A part of him expected to get suddenly attacked, like it might jump out and try to eat him. The guy underneath him pushed him slightly, and during that moment Ohm remembered that he was on top of someone. His face flushed slightly, though it didn't stop him from looking back again.

"Will you get the fuck off me? What the fuck is wrong with you?" questioned the angry man, not knowing the entire situation.

"I'm sorry, I was being chased," replied Ohm, as he finally got off the person.

It took all of Ohm's will power to look over to the other side, a wall hide everything in view from where he turned from. This is why he accidentally ran into the guy, mostly because he didn't see what was around the corner of the wall. The sight chilled him, as he felt himself frozen with fear. The man peered over as well, probably curious to see what Ohm was looking at. "There's nothing fucking there, what is there to be afraid of?" asked the stranger, though all Ohm did was run again like he really did see something. This person kept starting where Ohm was looking, but apparently saw absolutely nothing. Ohm however kept on running and didn't look back, he had to get home to where it was safe.

When he finally arrived at his door, he quickly hit his key codes and went inside his place. This still didn't make him feel entirely safe, as he double checked his security measure. There was symbols he drew all over the walls, and salt he placed wherever he thought they could come inside. Ohm added more salt to it, even if it didn't really need it. He decided to draw more symbols, and once he finally did all of that, did Ohm truly felt safe for the moment. Everyone thought he was crazy, and sometimes he wondered if he was. The bruises made him think otherwise, but his therapist thought he was causing it himself. Ohm eventually moved to another town, and stopped trying to seek help. He was afraid they might place him into a mental facility, where he'd never see the light of day.

"Why can't I just be normal?" whimpered Ohm, as he hugged himself and curled up on his sofa, "I can't take this anymore."

Tomorrow wasn't any better, as he decided to visit the local coffee place. The place was packed, and Ohm preferred less people. He'd get in line, trying his best not to accidentally touch anyone. It left him with an unpleasant feeling, which made him avoid most people. The line moved slowly, but he eventually got to the counter. It was the same man he saw when he was being attacked, though now he knew the person's name, since the name tag read Luke on it. The bearded man seemed to recognize him, as they looked at each other. "What would you like to order sir?" questioned Luke politely, though there was a slight frown on his face. Ohm quickly made his order, and now the cashier knew his name. He'd watch as Luke wrote his name on the cup, before making him something to drink.

Everything felt like it was moving in slow motion, as he moved to the side and waited for his drink. His eyes were trained on Luke, while the guy made his coffee. This was irritating the other person,
so Ohm finally decided to look away. "Ohm? Your drink is ready," said Luke, trying to seem professional while bringing his order. This only made Ohm quickly grab his drink, before walking away with it to a table by the corner. There was too many people to avoid all of them, someone eventually sat near him, but made sure not to talk to him. It was fine with Ohm, he didn't like talking with others. He couldn't relate to any of them. Ohm would just take out his laptop, and started typing. His life couldn't be normal, which meant he tended to stay at home. A normal job wasn't for him, so he became a writer. The book was basically based on his life, but his editor thought he just had a wild imagination.

Ohm would spend a couple hours there, even if he drained his cup long ago. He was stuck on his idea, not knowing where to take it. When a part of him wanted to quit, this is when he noticed someone walking over to him. There was plenty of people who left, and it wasn't busy anymore. Most people just came over in the morning to buy coffee, then quickly left. Ohm didn't really expect someone to come over to his table, let alone the cashier who made his coffee. "What exactly happened yesterday? You acted someone was chasing you?" asked Luke for the hundredth time, probably thinking he would get an answer. This made Ohm shrug at first, not knowing if he should tell him anything. It wasn't like he had anything to lose, because he moved around so often. "You wouldn't believe me anyways," said Ohm, which was probably most likely true.

"Just try me," dared Luke, who was now sitting at his table with his own cup of coffee.

"Shouldn't you be working?" Ohm changed the subject, hoping that he wouldn't have the time to talk about it.

"I'm on my break, I get thirty minutes to eat my lunch," Luke pointed out, showing that he has a muffin in his other hand, "So tell me what really happened."

"I was being chased by someone who tried to beat me up," lied Ohm, thinking it would be enough to satisfy the person's curiosity.

"Bullshit, I didn't see anyone out there. You were absolutely terrified out of your mind and I saw nothing," stated Luke, knowing that they both knew something was going on, "Just be honest and I'll judge for myself."

"Fine, I can see ghosts and demons," explained Ohm, not knowing if Luke would believe him, "I had a very strong one falling me, and it's been trying to get me for a long time. Are you satisfied?"

"Are you serious? It's not some kind of joke? Am I being punked right now?" asked Luke skeptically, since the story seemed a bit of a far stretch.

"What would I have to gain from it? Why should I lie? It's fine if you don't believe me, but I really don't care. Now if you'll excuse me, I think I'll be leaving," said Ohm a little harshly, as he tried to quickly get out of there.

It was surprising that there was no incident, from going and coming back home. Something would usually followed him, because they were attracted to his energy. The thought frightened him, but there wasn't much he could do about it. Ohm couldn't do anything for the dead, and they wouldn't stop appearing. He would go home and thought about his time with Luke. Most people didn't notice him, or thought he was absolutely out of his mind. People would see him just talking to air, but in reality he was telling one of those ghosts to leave him alone. Sometimes it would work, or it would keep bothering him without a care. Ohm had seen them since he was a child, which was the worst moments of his life. He grew up in fear, and wishing they would just go away.
A few more days would pass by, and Ohm would just stay home. His story was going well, but he had to send them immediately to his editor. He'd type away on his keyboard, when there was a loud banging. Ohm tried to ignore it, but then it got louder. His eye would finally glance away from the screen, to see a terrifying face smile at him from the window. It's long jagged teeth, which seemed yellow and ready to tear into flesh. The thing would run it's long claw against the glass, scratching at it now that it's been noticed. "Go away! You're not welcomed here!" shouted Ohm, his voice angry and terrified at the same time. A deep shrill sound escaped it's throat, and Ohm closed his computer. He'd close the blinds, then started checking all of his barriers again. The symbol on the walls where still there, and the layers of salt protected him. Ohm would get on the couch, curl up and wish it would be over.

It stayed by that window all night, just scratching at it constantly.

He stayed in his house for a week, but then food eventually started to run low. His story was doing very well, but the thing outside was terrifying him. Ohm hated this time, just being trapped because of his own powers. The ability to see the dead wasn't anything he wanted, though now he had to make that same tough decision. They weren't as strong during the day, but he still worried. This thing had been feeding on his fear for awhile now, probably had the strength to go after him once he left the house. There wasn't much of a choice, as he decided to leave through the front door. It didn't take long for him to notice it following him, while he ran towards the nearest place he could possibly think of going.

The cafe was packed like normal, as he waited in line. This monster shouldn't be able to find him. It seemed like it had difficulty tracking him in large crowds. Ohm tried to relax, while he fidgeted in line. The same guy was at the register again, like he usually was. Maybe the guy worked the morning shifts, as he approached the front. Luke would make his typical order, while Ohm was trying not to look at him. Everyone saw him as a crazy person, not that he blamed everyone. His actions were sketchy, and nobody would believe his story. "I already know your name, just wait as I prepare it," said Luke, a bright smile on his face. It made Ohm assume that maybe the guy pitied him, not that it would be the first. He waited at the side, until his drink was brought over.

Ohm also got himself a blueberry muffin, since he was a bit hungry. He'll go shopping at another time, and go home once he felt it was safe enough. His laptop was pulled out, as he began to type away. It seemed to calm him, just typing away on his keyboard. This cause him to forget his worries momentarily, until he had to go outside the cafe. Hours had passed, when someone decided to sit with him. "What exactly are you working on? I see you typing on it every time you come here," said Luke, who was truly interested in what he was doing. This wasn't something Ohm usually talked about, but he hesitantly told Luke that he's a writer. He didn't want to tell him that he wrote horror novels, or his real life story would sound like a lie.

"That's really cool, what do you write about?" asked Luke, he was trying his best to be more friendly this time.

His blood ran cold when he looked up, a face was pressed against the glass. Ohm wouldn't have even noticed, if he didn't try to answer Luke's question. This caused the other person to turn his head, to stare in the direction Ohm was looking at. The scary face was revealing it's teeth, then a scratching sound echoed against the glass. "What the hell? Do you hear that?" questioned Luke, who could clearly hear the scratching as well. The bearded man got up, then walked towards the glass. This was the oddest thing Ohm ever saw, as the creature backed up like it was slapped. It shrieked and pulled away from the cafe. Luke now had his hand against the glass, where he heard the scratching sounds. The thing looked frightened, like it was attacked by something.

"I still don't see anything, but you certainly act like you've seen a ghost," stated Luke, though the
older man seemed to be looking hard outward.

"How did you do that?" asked Ohm, clearly confused and full of questions.

"Do what exactly?" replied Luke, who now focused on Ohm.

"It just ran when you went up to it, I don't know how you did that," said Ohm in awe, but then a bit skeptical. It might've not been Luke, and something else was going on.

"I have no idea what you are talking about, I don't even see anything out there," Luke pointed out, before sitting back at the table.

The conversation was going no where, so Ohm steered the conversation else where. He decided to talk about his book, even if it might scare Luke away. It seemed like Luke loved horror, and like Ohm's ideas for his novel. They would talk about video games, and everything they liked. Once Luke's break was over, their conversation just ended. This gave Ohm some comfort when he got up to leave. He didn't want to leave the place, knowing that the creature was still out there. Ohm did leave however, and nothing happened to him. The monster did however come back that night, terrorizing him and constantly knocked on his window. This caused him to order some online groceries instead, since he didn't want to go out there. His mind lingered on Luke, despite the monster at his window.

It started to become a weird ritual for him in the past few days, as he went to the cafe that morning. His favorite barista was at the register, and always made his favorite drink. Ohm would type away on his keyboard, until Luke came out from his break. They would talk about random things, mostly about how Luke hated certain things about his job. The coffee machine would act funny sometimes, whenever he tried to start it up. Luke might work with someone he didn't like in the mornings. Ohm would listen to it all, and he would even wave at Jonathan who also worked there. His friend would tell him all about Jonathan's crush on the Asian guy who came over every morning. Evan worked with high end clients, which mostly consisted of taking photos. They both teased Jonathan about it, saying that he didn't have a chance with the guy.

"Fuck you guys, I could get someone like that," growled Jonathan, a frown on his face until a voice spoke up.

"Get who exactly?" questioned Even, who came into the cafe not that long ago.

"I-I uh, I um, I don't know w-what the hell I'm say'in," stuttered Jonathan, while he quickly got back to work, so he can make Evan's drink.

"I swear their both clueless, it's obvious they both like each other," Luke pointed out, the fact that Evan was turning red and Jonathan accidentally spilled coffee on himself, "he can make some of the drinks even better than me, and he only messes up when Evan is around."

"It must be nice to have someone like that," said Ohm softly, he smiled thoughtfully down at his laptop, "I wouldn't mind someone acting like that for me."


Ohm would start eating lunch there as well, since nothing happened. His friend's shift would end around lunch time, and sometimes Luke offered to walk him home. It wasn't like Ohm didn't want the help, but he worried about Luke seeing his place. The windows were now covered up from the inside, and there was salt by the entrance. He even wrote protection symbols in the inner part of his
door, hoping to keep them away. Luke's break was over, and Ohm always stayed a bit longer. He's
type on his computer, then hours later he got himself a bagel for lunch. It didn't take long for Luke to
bring his lunch over, and they ate together. Jonathan was also with him, though he'd catch the bus
later, since he lived a little farther away.

They would talk about different things, which Ohm always talked about his book. There was
something missing about it, but he wasn't sure what it was. He would ponder what could improve his
story, while his friends would throw in suggests. Jonathan suggested more blood and gore, which
Ohm didn't quite agree with, since his story was more suspenseful and scary. Luke didn't really
suggest anything, though always encouraged him to talk about what he has written. It would
sometimes help him, but for some reason he really was stuck. They eventually left the place, since it
was time to go back home. Both of them would walk Jonathan to the bus stop, before saying their
goodbyes. This would leave the two alone, while Luke tried to fill the silence. His friend didn't like
things to stay silent and awkward.

"You know I saw this new bakery downtown, it might be worth checking out. I could see all the
cakes and cookies by the window, they all look so good," said Luke, though noticing that Ohm
seemed more calm when he talked.

"I guess it sounds awesome, maybe the three of us could go there sometime," replied Ohm, not
realizing where the conversation was headed.

"Well I thought maybe since your novel was going well, and I wanted to treat you. Maybe we could
go there, just the two of us?" suggested Luke, clearly nervous about bringing this up.

"Are you asking me out on a date?" asked Ohm with a curious look, the bearded man seems to be
turning red and not being able to look at him.

"I-I didn't say anything like that, I thought we would just spend time together," muttered Luke lowly,
now that he was clearly a little embarrassed.

"It's okay if you want to make it a date, I don't bite," beamed Ohm, who felt like he was walking on
a cloud, just knowing that Luke seems to like him.

"Really? I mean, if you want it to be one," said Luke nervously for once, since he usually kept his
cool, "are you okay Ohm?"

There was something up by his house, making him freeze up. It shouldn't be out during the day, it
had been weakened since he last saw it. The monster must've gotten stronger off his worries and fear
of the thing. Ohm wanted to run, then Luke placed a hand on his shoulder, causing him to flinch
back and away. "Seriously Ohm, what's wrong? Is it out there?" questioned Luke, while he peered
around. It wasn't like Ohm didn't want to answer him, but the thing noticed him. It's wrinkled and
revolting skin in his view, while it drew out it's claws. His friend could see where Ohm was looking,
so this is when his fear risen. It might've been a fluke last time, when the creature ran from the cafe.
Luke might've not had a part in it. This is why when Luke raised his arms and started shouting, while
walking towards the direction of the thing. Ohm wished his legs wouldn't lock up, and he'd just
stood there trembling in fear.

"Hey you asshole, I can't see you, but if you come near me. I'll kick your ass," growled Luke, as he
ran at the thing.

"Oh god, no no no," whimpered Ohm, now on his knees and his hands covered his face.

There was no screaming, though something was eventually moving towards him. He didn't even
want to look, but peered upwards hesitantly. Ohm expected the thing to tear into him, maybe it walked past his friend. Luke bent down and wrapped his arms around him, while Ohm noticed the monster running away in the distance. It caused him to break down, just sob so hard in relief. There was soft whispers in his ear, just letting him know that everything was going to be okay, "that's it, let it out. I'm here with you, and I'll never let anything touch you." Ohm eventually did stop crying, but didn't want to get up. It took all of his strength to allow Luke to pull him up, then walk him towards his house. The thing was gone, some reason it was frightened by Luke's presence. This didn't make sense to Ohm, a strong demonic creature shouldn't be afraid of one guy.

"Come on, let's get you inside," said Luke, while Ohm handed him the keys.

"I'm sorry about my place, it's okay if you never want to see me again," muttered Ohm, clearly fearful of what they're about to walk into.

"Oh please, I doubt anything you have inside will surprise me. You tell me you see ghosts, and I still haven't ran away," Luke pointed out, when you finally got the door opened.

The lights were turned on, revealing all sorts of symbols on the walls. There was salt almost everywhere, trying to keep everything out of his place. Ohm knew what it looked like, someone insane must live here. "Okay I'm wrong, I am surprised. Maybe you can explain later on what all of this means," said Luke, as they went into the kitchen. They both got themselves a water, while Ohm explained it from the top. He didn't really hide anything from Luke, but his friend didn't exactly know the lengths of it. Ohm would constantly move because of those things, always paranoid that they might get him. There was some drawings he did, though his art wasn't the greatest. This lead him to write stories about his life, but as a fictional character. It was the only way to support his life style, where he was constantly running away.

"Well you don't have to run anymore, I promise to protect you," said Luke, who pulled Ohm into a hug. He meant every word he said, and would protect Ohm with all his might.

A month later, and a lot has progressed in their relationship. Ohm would still come to the cafe every morning, and they would do their normal ritual. The only difference was that Ohm decided to live with Luke, since it was the safest place to be. Those things would sometimes appear in the distance, but too fearful to approach them with Luke around. Ohm still never understood it, there was no explanation for what happened. It however made an interesting turning point for his character in his story. The main guy finds a woman, who for some reason made the monsters go away. This is mostly to appeal to the masses, as he made it a straight character. Luke even started reading his book, once he revealed his real name. The unthinkable also happened, while Ohm got inside to get his coffee.

"Your favorite green tea," said Jonathan, there was a wide grin on his face, "I'll see you in a half an hour my cutie."

"Jonathan stop, not with everyone around. They already know we're dating," stated Evan, along with a blush around his face.

"I'm sorry my little owlet," cooed Delirious, clearly enjoying his boyfriend's discomfort.

Ohm would make his order with a huge smile on his face, life seemed better than ever. He'd type away on his laptop, and finish his breakfast. Luke would come along and pick him up. They would usually eat lunch here, but they had planned for something special. It was unclear on why they never managed to go there, maybe it was because of them rushing into a relationship. Luke did everything to make Ohm comfortable, even made space for him to sleep in the guest room. There would always be some form of paranoia, as his room was decorated with protection symbols. Ohm lead him out of
the place, as they decided to walk to the bakery. It would be a nice place for a first date, and he didn't blame Luke for not bringing him sooner. The moving had taken some time, along with trying to get everything comfortable with his stay. Everything was however just perfect for both of them.

The bells chimed, while they walked inside. Ohm loved all of the deserts on display. A cute little cashier was up front, asking them what they would want. Luke immediately pointed at some chocolate truffles, along with some cup cakes and bagels to take home. Ohm wasn't sure what he wanted, but went safe with the chocolate chip cookies. He however decided to buy a cake, which caused his boyfriend to look at him. The lady smiled at him, before asking his name. Luke had no idea what was going on, which only made things even more perfect. His cake had happy one month anniversary on it, causing a surprised look on his boyfriend's face. Ohm actually pulled him in for a quick kiss, causing the cashier to squeal. They gathered up all of their desert and went home.

It seemed like the walk just blew past them, once they got inside the house. The weight of the food wasn't that difficult, as they started to put things away. Ohm got them the plates and a long knife to use. It was a peanut butter and chocolate butter cream cake, along with marshmallows on top. This was one of the best cakes Ohm ever had, while they both dived into it. A piece of cake was pointed in Ohm's direction, as Luke started feeding Ohm with his fork. They would both look at each other, and suddenly it all just happened. Ohm was on Luke's lap, a handful of cake in his palm which he brought over to his boyfriend. Luke licked it up wish ease, before licking and sucking Ohm's fingers. Both of them groaned, while they grinded on each other. There was a serious of swears and moaning, once they started kissing.

"Fuck you're so hot, I couldn't stay away." groaned Luke, he couldn't believe his luck right now.

"You better stop talking like that, or I'll ride you right here," panted Ohm, they started to kiss roughly again, just moving their heads side to side and sucking on each other's tongue.

Ohm managed to get Luke's bottom lip between his teeth, and tug on it slightly before letting it go. "I change my mind, that was the hottest thing I've ever seen," moaned Luke, once Ohm started grinding into him harder. They weren't going to make it to the bedroom, while he fumbled with Luke's belt. Ohm actually got up to get off, to Luke could get his pants and boxers off. They were both on each other again, as they both devoured each other's mouths. He tossed his shirt to the side, then got his own pants and underwear off. His boyfriend got completely naked as well, though Ohm started rocking their cocks together. It was a little slipper from the sweat and skin rubbing against each other. Things suddenly stopped, when Luke started reaching for his pants.

"If you're sure about this, I have everything we need," Luke pointed out, pulling out the condom and lube.

"Seems like you were expecting to get lucky," teased Ohm, while he grabbed the condom from Luke's hands.

He'd lather his hand up with lube, before rubbing it on his boyfriend's penis. Luke seemed to be enjoying it, feeling Ohm's hand on him. The condom slipped on easily, then a layer of lube went on it. Ohm is sitting on Luke's lap, but the bottle of lube was handed over. He was watching Luke pour a little on his fingers, before reaching around. It didn't really sting that much and the feeling was familiar. Neither of them were virgins, being in their thirties and both of them had some experience. Ohm felt his boyfriend slip his fingers inside, and moved around. Two fingers were no problem, for someone who gave himself anal massages during masturbation. It felt a lot different with Luke doing it, and he'd feel Luke started to kiss his chest.

His skin felt sensitive from not being touched by anyone else for so long. It felt amazing to have Luke's tongue run over his nipples, while being nipped lightly. "Stop teasing Luke, we've waited so
long. I want it so bad," begged Ohm, his arms were wrapped around Luke's shoulders. His boyfriend gave the other nipple the same treatment, by running his tongue in circles around the sensitive nub. Luke's fingers were finally pulled out, once Ohm was thoroughly lubricated. The head was pressing at the entrance, and took some time before it slid inside. They both groaned, mostly from the strong sensation. Ohm controlled the rhythm, while he bounced on top of him. It gotten faster, once his body got use to it. Only half of the length went inside, Ohm decided to finally slid it all in.

"Oh fuck, shit, don't you fucking stop," swore Luke, though that was the last thing either of them wanted.

"Ahhh Luke, I love you," moaned Ohm, though he suddenly slowed down once he realized what he said out loud.

"I love you too Ohm," whispered Luke, then they started to lock lips again.

It seemed like Luke got impatient, and started thrusting upwards. There was so much moaning in the room, until Ohm screamed from the hard thrusts. He kept shouting Luke's name, not even bothering to stay quiet. Both of them came around the same time, trying to get off their high. They both just stayed there for awhile, probably amazed that it actually happened. Ohm finally got up and decided to take a shower. "Why don't we take it together?" suggested Luke, knowing that Ohm wouldn't say no to this. His boyfriend helped him towards the bathroom, since his bottom was sore from what they just did. They just didn't notice one thing, something was by the window watching them. The monster couldn't get closer, but waited for the day that Ohm would finally drop his guard and it would get it's chance.

Luke would just make sure that would never happen.

Chapter End Notes

There's a bit of a story to this story. I actually gave PastelBling this one-shot prompt, but then suddenly I had a huge urge to write it myself. I guess that's the problem with me making requests, I like writing my ideas lol. I changed some details that I asked from her, but I think it's good.

Pastel if you're reading this, if you can't write the prompt it's okay. If you do write it I look forward to reading it. I just think how interesting to see our ideas on the prompt.

PastelBling is one of my friends on Wattpad, if anyone wants to find some good stories.

~

Another thing, I'm writing a How to Write Smut Book if anyone is struggling to write smut. It's a work in progress, but I'm doing it for fun and to hopefully help writers.

Thanks for reading!

~Melon
'I'm at the airport, don't be late,' texted Evan, they had been planning this for awhile now.

'Me late? As if, I've been looking forward to this for so long,' texted Luke back at him, since he really was looking forward to meeting him.

Delirious had introduced them, when Luke had first started his channel. They both hit it off, though Luke would rather play with a smaller group, or just one person. Evan seemed to surround himself with people, thinking it was more entertaining. It wasn't like he was wrong, but Luke would rather do things his own way. Delirious never attended Pax, so this left Evan to introduce him to his first event. Luke has never been to Pax before, so he didn't know what to expect. Both of their flights would almost arrive at the same time, Luke just got their first. He waited for Evan, as he sat at a small café inside the airport. His bags were already at his side, when Evan surprised him. Those strong arms hugged him from behind, before Luke turned to look at him.

"You look even better in person," admit Evan, he was smiling so wide at him.

"You don't look half bad yourself," agreed Luke, they both hugged once Luke stood up.

They were both slightly buff, just that he was much taller than Evan. Those glasses on Evan's face, also made him look even cuter. Luke couldn't help it, he would glance at him, through tried not to seem noticeable when he did it. Evan ordered himself a coffee, as they talked about their flight. It seemed like both of them felt tired, though it was always nice to fly first class. Both of them made sure to book the same hotel, and decided to share a taxi. Luke even offered to pay for the ride, but they ended up deciding to split everything. They talked about games, then eventually got up to leave. Evan knew his way around the airport, so he lead them towards the taxi area. The ride wasn't that bad, and both of them got themselves a nice room.

"Oh shit, mine is right across from yours," Luke pointed out, causing Evan to nod his head in agreement.

"I guess this will make things easier, since we're leaving together. Brock and the others will wait for us inside, once we go into our own booth tomorrow," replied Evan, before they both decided to call it a night.

"Goodnight boy next door," teased Luke, trying to lighten the mood before going to bed.

"Goodnight high school bad boy," Evan responded with his own teasing, as they both went into their own room.

Luke would order some room service, just some pizza for dinner. He would eat his food, then got ready for bed. His mind wandered to those adorable glasses on Evan's face, and how he wouldn't mind running his hands through his hair. This was a silly crush, but Luke would enjoy it in the moment. A small part of him hoped the teasing really meant something. Luke would wake up, then got dressed for his first day at Pax. He wasn't sure how he'll feel about it, especially when it came to meeting his fans. It wasn't like he considered himself a celebrity, even if Delirious made fun of his ego. Luke couldn't help it, if he knew that he was amazing at everything. There wasn't anything for him to pack, so he decided to knock on Evan's door. He heard a shout, then some more silence.
"Oh hey, give me a moment, I'm almost done," said Evan, there was only a towel wrapped around his waist. His hair was wet and obviously just got out of a shower.

"Oh uh, yeah sure," blushed Luke, he tried not to stare, but Evan's chest is right there.

"Thanks," beamed Evan, then the door was closed.

Luke would wait for his new friend, while there was some noise inside. The door eventually opened, as he was allowed inside. Evan was currently drying out his hair with a blow dryer. This caused Luke to stare, not knowing that men would blow dry their hair as well. It was something he saw as a feminine thing, not that he'd tell Evan that. His friend no longer put his hair up, instead combed it to the side. This made Evan look even cuter, at least that's what Luke thought in the moment. He wanted to run his hands through his hair, but decided to sit on his bed instead. It wasn't really a long wait, and Evan was finally ready to leave. They both got up, then started to leave the hotel. An Uber picked them up this time, since Evan had planned the entire thing.

The place was extremely packed, once they got to the place. Both of them had special badges, that allowed them to go straight inside. They also had body guards, mostly to keep the fans away from them. It was a little overwhelming for him, but Evan kept reassure him that everything was fine. Evan's friends were already at the booth, where they were going to give people their autographs. There was a huge line in front, but it hadn't even started just yet. People started to cheer, once they noticed Evan making his way over. Luke followed from behind, as the crowd went wild. It was a good thing they had protection, otherwise things could've gotten ugly. They both managed to get to their booth, then sat on their own seats. Evan was to his right, as Luke started chatting away with the guys.

"This is going to be fucking awesome," said Tyler, as he stretched and looked relaxed.

"Hi Evan, Luke, good to see you both joining us," greeted Brock politely, mostly being kind to Luke for being Evan's friend.

"Are you guys ready to rock?" shouted Lui at the crowd with his squeaker voice, enticing the crowd to cheer, "I say banana, you say bus!"

"Alright! You guys ready for this? It's almost time to start the autograph signing," said Evan to the group, at the moment Luke yawned. It wasn't like he wasn't prepared, just still tired from staying up too long.

The line started to move, once everyone was prepared to start the signing. It was one of the happiest moments of Luke's life. This wasn't like any other experience, as he signed so many things. His fans even showered him with gifts, just to show their appreciation. He couldn't help, but smile with everyone he took a photo with. Luke loved doing this, and it was even better to see the smile on Evan's face. There was some apparent shyness from Evan, but his friend would still pose for photos. It was amazing to watch sometimes, though he didn't really have the time for it. His fans demanded his attention, which he loved to give. They went on for hours, not even stopping for a break. After six straight hours of signing, they decided to call it off. Everyone was hungry and needed to use the bathroom.

Luke immediately left to take a piss, with others trailing behind him. After doing his business, he'd left with Evan again. They were going to somewhere to eat, along with the rest of the guys. He'd prefer to eat with just a couple people, but decided to tag along anyways. The guys apparently ate here often, and it was more expensive than what Luke would have typically choose. Him and Delirious were content with fast food areas, though this was nice and different. Evan sat next to him, while the guys decided what they wanted to order. Mostly Luke was quiet, which wasn't his typical
self. There was also a few other people he recognized, but didn't really game with. It was a little awkward for himself, but then Evan started to talk to him. He would bring up the games he liked to play, that he didn't post on YouTube. This got them both deep into talking about games, as they waited for everyone.

Everyone eventually decided what they wanted to eat, and the waiter did bring their drinks. A lot of them were planning on getting wasted, but that's not what Luke enjoyed. He might've tried it as a teenager, though he liked to stay sober minded and away from anything like that. Evan however was enjoying himself some whiskey and coke, and drained it like someone would try to take it away. Their food eventually did show up, and the guys were having a good time. Luke ordered himself a steak, and Evan got himself a burger. A lot of people ordered something delicious, while they drank away. Tyler was stealing the show a bit, talking away to everyone along with his girlfriend. This wasn't something Luke would normally enjoy, but it was nice. There was only one small problem with the night.

"Dude Evan, slow down. You always drink to fast when come here," laughed Tyler, thinking it was amusing.

"You're not the boss of me," giggled Evan, his laughter just filtered the room.

"You should slow it down," added Brock, knowing that Evan can get a little wild.

"Oh come on, live a little," beamed Evan, not really caring as he took another gulp of his drink, "let's get some shots here."

It was definitely not a good idea, though most of the people here wanted to get hammered. Luke stayed away from it, even if Evan tried to coax him to drink. Their table was the loudest, as Tyler and Panda tried to see who could out drink the other. It was actually close, though Tyler's girlfriend thought he had enough, and stopped the drinking game. "Yes, I am victorious!" announced Panda, but nobody truly knew who would beat the other. There was a slight pressure that alarmed Luke, and it was Evan leaning against him. He noticed his friend smiling at him, and then playing with his shirt. "We should probably go back to your room," whispered Evan, making Luke get up and to do just that. It was weird that Evan was flirting with him, but he hoped nobody noticed. Brock just had a concerned look, and he wondered if he did anything wrong. The three of them walked towards the restroom, while Luke called an Uber to come pick them up.

"Can I talk to you for a moment?" asked Brock, since Evan went into the restroom to do his thing.

"Sure, what is there to talk about?" replied Luke, though he was worried that he knew where the conversation was going.

"Will you watch over Evan? He's very drunk and only gets like that with us. I'm a little worried about him finding his room," said Brock, probably knowing that their rooms weren't that far apart.

"Yeah sure, I can do that," muttered Luke calmly, mostly because he was relieved that it wasn't something else.

"Also, Evan really likes you. Try to be nice," Brock pointed out with a smile, knowing all along what's between them.

This made Luke feel embarrassed, while Brock slipped into the restroom. Evan came out right after, and it looked like he could barely steer himself straight. Luke decided to lead them out of there and outside. They would wait there for awhile, until the Uber showed up. Some of their friends were still inside enjoying their selves, but this was enough fun for him. It didn't take long to get back to their
hotel, since it was a couple minutes drive back. They could've just walked back, though Luke wasn't going to risk it. A drunk Evan walking down the street didn't sound like a great idea. The Uber came to a stop, and Luke had to help Evan out of the vehicle. He could smell the alcohol under Evan’s breath, and his friend wrapped hand around his arm. A blush crept over Luke's face, but he acted like it didn't bother him.

The only main thing on his mind was taking Evan back to his room, though he couldn't stop the smell of alcohol and cologne. A part of him was a little turned on, especially with his crush clinging onto him. Those words coming out of Evan's mouth didn't help either, "your muscles feel nice, it's so tight and good in my hands. Luke pay attention to me. Are we going to your room? Luuuuke." The whining and pleading was such a turn on, but he steered them towards Evan's room. He didn't even get inside, when a hand started grabbing him down there. "W-what the hell, Evan stop," said Luke, trying to get Evan's hands off him. It was going to be pointless to try and get Evan's keys off him, when the guy wouldn't stop touching him. This is when Luke gave up, and decided to take Evan to his room.

"Why are you ignoring me? Luuuuke, I just want you to take me to bed," pouted Evan, making things even more difficult than it should.

"Okay I'll take you to bed," stated Luke, while he reached around for his own keys.

His friend abandoned his pants, and ran his hand underneath his shirt. This caused Luke to swear, and wonder what entity was against him. Luke wasn't going to take advantage of his drunk friend, no matter how much Evan begged him. It could even ruin things between Evan and his best friend, if he wasn't careful. Especially if he molested Delirious’ friend, just because he couldn't keep it in his pants. Luke finally found his room key, and opened the door. He steered Evan towards the bed, and helped him lay down. This is when he went to his door and finally closed the door. There was so many thoughts racing in his head, as he looked back at Evan. This was such a bad idea, and there was no way he was going to sleep.

"Evan?" said Luke, wondering if his friend was still asleep.

It appeared that Evan did fall asleep, and this left Luke hard and wishing he wasn't in this situation. He decided to take a shower, and maybe try to get rid of his problem. Luke started to strip off his clothes, since Evan was asleep. They were both guys anyways, and he didn't feel self conscious about his body. It didn't take much for his mind to wander. Evan's messed up hair, and those pleading brown eyes. His friend was begging for him, wanting to be touched and so much more. Luke groaned, stepping naked in the shower without a care. He started to stroke himself a little, before turning on the shower. His imagination went wild, just imagining Evan on the bed and naked. A part of him wanted to be gentle, though he'd imagine himself moving inside of him.

His hands would stroke his length, while his other hand rubbed his scrotum. Luke started to moan loudly and panting in the thought of being balls deep inside of his friend. He came hard, his hands covered in his shame. It did feel awful sometimes, especially since Evan was in the other room just passed out. At least he didn't do anything worse, as he washed off and then dried himself. The room was quiet and dark when he went back in to get his clothes. Evan was still fast asleep, not aware of what just happened. Maybe next time Luke would do things the right way, and ask him out on a date. If he wasn't flat out rejected. A text buzzed on his phone, it was just Delirious asking how he was doing. Luke would put on his clothes, then answered back.

'Everything went well,' lied Luke in his text, then he erased it and changed his mind, 'I think I have a problem.'

'What is it?' questioned Delirious in his text, probably curious on what's going on.
'I have a drunk Evan on my bed,' texted Luke worriedly, like something might happen.

'Oh? Sex him,' texted Delirious with a winky face, clearly joking about it.

'I'm not going to do that idiot, he's drunk and asleep. It wouldn't be right anyways,' replied Luke in his text, groaning at the terrible suggestion.

'Hey man, you're the one with the drunk dude on your bed, that you want to bang. I have nothing wrong with it,' teased Delirious in his text, mostly amused that Luke was in this predicament.

'Shit up. What do I do?' asked Luke worriedly, since he really didn't know what to do with himself.

'You have Evan's keys right? Just go to his room and watch tv,' texted Delirious, which was actually good advice.

Luke was nervous about it, but he peered down at Evan. His friend looked so relaxed and happy in his sleep. He'd reach over and grasp the keys from Evan's pants. It was like he couldn't help himself, as he brushed the hair from Evan's face. His hand would reach up down and brush against Evan's cheek. Luke finally got the guts to lean down and kiss Evan on the forehead. A small confession escaped his lips, "I really like you Evan. Goodnight."

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Chapter End Notes

Luke is such a sweet guy, despite that rugged appearance. He's like a hard candy with a gooey center.

I've been writing a lot lately, and trying to get your guy's request done. I'm not really sure if I'll actually get through them all, but I've definitely taken note of everyone's requests and won't lose them. There's requests from both Wattpad and Ao3, so I have a lot of them. Maybe even too many.

I'll definitely spend more time on requests I like, but I'll still try to put some effort into prompts that aren't usually my thing. I'm not that into Pax centered ideas, though I tried my best.

I will do as many one-shot requests as possible, and I apologize if I never get to yours.

I'm preparing a new story with a ship I've never written before. I'm definitely nervous about it... especially when I'm planning to post it during exam week, because a certain movie is coming out around that time. Some of you might even guess what it is.

~Melon
Some of the angels were frantic, but nothing like Evan's closest friend. Tyler felt guilty for letting Evan go out at that night, thinking it was just one of Brock's stupid rules. He was later confronted by Evan's disappearance, by Brock himself. There was no reason to lie, and the first thing that happened was Brock slapping him hard across the face. "Do you know what you have done?" questioned Brock angrily, though it was also partially his own fault, for not warning the new angels the reason why they should not stay past night. Most of the angels didn't dare break the rules, though some of them acted different from their nature. Tyler was known to swear a lot, and didn't really bother hiding it much. There was so much anger in Brock's eyes, though he wasn't going to back down.

"Oh so this is all my fault?" seethed Tyler, letting the anger get the best of him, "what exactly is out there? There's something you haven't been telling us."

Brock looked away this time, since he was ashamed to admit that Tyler had a point, "demons come out at night, they torment humans and angels alike. I knew I should've told you-"

"But decided to keep that important information to yourself," said Tyler angrily, before preparing to leave, "I bet you thought it would make us curious if you told us about demons, so you just said the night wasn't good for angels. Most people stayed away, but not Evan. You're a real piece of work."

"I know I made my mistake, but it can't be changed. Evan is out there, probably dead or worse. It's suicide to go find him," stated Brock, though he noticed Tyler starting to leave, "where are you going?"

"I'm going to find him, asshole," said Tyler, he'd puff out his wings and went back to the human world.

It didn't matter how much Brock protested the idea, nobody stopped him either. The angels knew night time was dangerous, and Tyler did something he shouldn't. He was only a little older than Evan, by a couple years. The daily curfew didn't really bother him all that much, though he'd complain about it sometimes. When Evan decided to stay longer, it didn't cross his mind that it would be the last time he saw his friend. His rage was boiling over, from the thought that Evan could be dead. A large part of him wanted to save him, and he felt like he sentenced Evan to his death himself. He really should have stopped him and he didn't.

Tyler would have to live with that decision.

The sky grew dark, and he didn't know what to expect. He was located at the last spot he saw Evan, which his friend had disappeared yesterday. His eyes would scan the horizon, though ready to battle these demons once they showed up. Maybe if he was lucky, then Evan might not be that far away. Tyler didn't know how night time worked, though the area looked so different without the sun. His energy was draining, it was very small but he could tell it was consistent. The thought that Evan had been dealing with this feeling for a night, and now perhaps the second time, left a chill down his
spine. Tyler did spot humans around him, though something else that looked ominous. There red eyes would stare at him, and they had webbed wings.

The first one approached him, though Tyler acted before it could even speak. His hand would light up, before piercing it straight through the chest. It screamed as Tyler dragged his weapon out, and stabbed it again. He wasn't a normal angel, a few selected were trained guards. Some knew him as one of the gate keepers, though he never killed a demon before. His training just kicked in, and he had acted. It took a lot of energy out of him, then he noticed that he attracted the attention of others. The demon was dead, but more would come. Tyler swore to himself, his reckless action was going to get him killed. He didn't regret killing it however, since he was very sure it was going to hurt him. Four more of those things appeared in the distance, and he did the one thing he could think of to save himself, as he ran from his spot.

A burst of light flushed through his wings, while he flew faster than normal. His eyes scanned the area, hoping to see Evan. If he could find his friend, then he'd rescue him, while fending off the demons during the night. This was however another mistake, since he's a shining light in the sky. Almost all of the demons noticed him up there, looking around the area. Tyler could see them flying up towards him from all different directions, he wasn't sure which was the way to go. He just decide to pick a random direction, while readying his weapon. It finally morphed into a shining sword, which he threw it at a demons flying in front of him. His aim was good, as he made the weapon disappear and reappear in his hand. This cause some of the demons to be hesitant to attack him, and he used this to slash and flee from them.

The woods were his best bet, while his sword disappeared and his glowing stopped. They were obviously still following him, but he hoped he could lose them. Tyler would turn left, trying to shake them off his trail. Something grabbed him mid flight, causing him to instinctively fight back. The person pushed him down, then covered his mouth. "Shhh, they almost lost you. Just trust me and be silent," said the angel, only it's halo was a definite sign that he was one of his kind. There was only one thing one, this angel didn't have wings. He had ruined stubs on each side, like someone had ripped his wings off his back. The demons must've done this, Tyler thought as they could hear the demons in certain directions. This angel placed a grassy tarp over them, making them look like some kind of vegetation. He noticed the demons eventually disappeared, as the angel pulled the thing off them.

"What's your name stranger?" asked the angel, clearly trusting him and gave him a warm smile.

"What happened to your wings?" questioned Tyler, though they did eventually introduced themselves to each other.

"I'm Ohm, and it's a long story. I'll tell you it later, but let's go to my home first," said Ohm, while they rushed more into the forest.

It was a nicer home than he expected, the place was built with wood and something else. There was something else going on, and it must have an explanation. Tyler didn't want to be rude, so he thanked him for his hospitality. He even started explaining to Ohm, why he was down here in the first place. Ohm was making them tea, as they relaxed on his dinning room table. Evan was still missing, though maybe it was all of his fault. There was no way he was going to return, until he had brought Evan back home. "You said this was your home, what about heaven?" questioned Tyler, there was too much to be curious about. His new friend would shrug before answering him, "I was casted out, I broke one of their important laws." This made him even more curious to the situation.

"This isn't about me however, you must find your friend," said Ohm, who truly wanted to assist him, "I think I can help, but you must wait here."
"Are you fucking serious? My friend is out there! Probably dead because of me," shouted Tyler, truly devastated that he must do nothing.

"I guess I should tell you how I can help you, then you'll understand," replied Ohm, though letting out a deep sigh, "but maybe you're right, you could come with me. The risk is very high, and if we make any mistakes we won't save your friend."

There was no way Tyler was going to screw up this chance, as he thanked Ohm for his help. They would go out tomorrow night, since it was already almost daylight. He felt so drained just from one night, and that seriously couldn't be good for him. This also made him worry even more for Evan, if his friend was still alive. If only his friend ran into someone like Ohm, or knew more about fighting. Tyler wished he would've stayed out longer with Evan, and maybe find a way to protect them both. He couldn't stop thinking about how much he screwed up, when the sun finally came. Ohm lured him outside, so they can sleep and soak up the sun. They needed all the energy they could possibly get.

When it was finally night time again, did Ohm started to explain things to him. Apparently they were going to meet a demon, someone Ohm trusted. "What the actual fuck, we can't trust them," growled Tyler, and it seemed like his Ohm knew this was how he was going to respond. It was going to be a long story, and Ohm didn't want to waste time explaining it. He however gave him an ultimatum, if he wished to join him, "either you come with me, or stay here. It doesn't matter to me, but I will try to save your friend." Ohm started to leave the cabin, so Tyler's only choice was to follow him. There was no way he wasn't going to be a part of this, when Evan needed saving. It meant traveling to a certain distance, until they reached a hill that over looked the town.

"Can you please tell me why we're seeing this demon? Why do you exactly trust him?" questioned Tyler, he was on edge and wanting to fight something.

"I didn't trust him at first, thought the same thing as you, that all demons were terrible and angels were somehow good. There is no white and black, it's just that demons are encouraged to do bad deeds," explained Ohm, who seemed to be thinking on how to approach this personal story, "I decided that I was tired of the rules, the hierarchy of angels. I was at the bottom, mostly for my status and low level of light. I'm not made for fighting, not like yourself and others. After fifty years of spending time in mostly on heaven, trying to soak in better light to find my inner strength. It didn't matter what I did, my powers weren't good enough."

Ohm kept telling his story, how he tried to show off his skills to the angels in charge. He was still not good enough to be anything, but a babysitter to new angels. This left him frustrated as he decided to break the rules, go out and see those demons. Maybe if he slayed one of them, then the other angels would be more accepting. Instead Ohm had his ass beaten by one mediocre demon, who thought it was funny to make fun of his powers and wanted to kill him for sport. Another demon stepped in and saved his life, killed the one that was torturing him. His body was battered, and had claw marks from where he was scratched. It would take a lot of time to heal, and try to get back into heaven.

"I was so embarrassed, the demon wasn't even that powerful and I lost. Luke took me in, tended to my wounds and protected me at night. He found the cabin that I now stay in. I'm supposed to be dead, Luke was strictly given orders to kill any angel on sight. Some reason he took pity on me, and helped me heal enough to go to heaven," said Ohm, his face flushed from telling the story, "I broke a rule that had me exiled. I feel in love with a demon. This had cost me my wings, so I wouldn’t come back."

"Ohm!" shouted a voice, interrupting the story.

"Toonzy!" shouted Ohm, who wrapped his arms around the demon. Their lips met briefly, before
Cartoonz turned his attention onto Tyler.

"Who exactly is this?" questioned Cartoonz, since he didn't know him.

"He's Tyler, his friend was last seen here at night," explained Ohm, while he went into details about the disappearance.

Cartoonz started mentioning an angel being brought into hell. They knew it had to be the right person, though it's his own friend who keeps the angel. Delirious doesn't know about Cartoonz' secret relationship, and neither do the other demons. The demon isn't sure how he will convince his friend to give the angel up, to not kill Tyler's friend if he can't have him. This was really pissing him off, though Tyler held his tongue. This demon was the only person, who could possibly get his friend out of there. "Maybe you can convince him to be released back on the human world, since Evan can't survive there. Delirious has to either kill him, or let him free. An angel can't survive hell, at least not for long periods of time. We need the light to survive," explained Ohm, while they started to think of a plan.

"You're right, I might be able to convince Delirious to let him go after he's had his fun," said Cartoonz, though causing Tyler to finally snap. He'd grab Cartoonz by the collar, and glared at him.

"So that's it, that's your fucking plan? Just get him out of there, pretend you want to take him out. It's disgusting that your friend is just raping him whenever he wants it," spat Tyler, while getting ready to punch the demon.

"Hey now, I'm trying my fucking best here. I can't exactly grab something from my best friend, without looking so damn suspicious. I've got to think of my position in hell, and doing that challenges my friend. I'm not going to fight Delirious over your friend's stupid decision," replied Cartoonz, though this time Tyler did drive his fist to his face.

Something unexpected happened, as a flash of dark energy went at them. Tyler managed to dodge it, but then looked at the new person that just walked in. "Shit Mini, you were supposed to be at your post," stated Cartoonz, clearly surprised to see that someone had followed him. Apparently Mini noticed that Cartoonz had been acting suspiciously for the past few months, and decided to investigate on what it was. Ohm even looked prepared to fight Mini, mostly so their secret wouldn't get out. It was Cartoonz who had to step between everyone, and tried to calm down the situation, "Everyone wait, let's not start trying to kill each other. Mini is also a good friend of mine, he just found out something he shouldn't." This didn't deter Ohm one bit, his hand started to light up.

"We have to kill him, think about your position in hell. I know you can't lose that," Ohm pointed out, though Cartoonz shook his head and wouldn't get out of the way.

"Take one step closer buddy, and you'll be angel dust," glared Mini, hoping that his threat deter them.

"I'm not going to let anybody kill anyone. Besides, you gave up everything for me. If I really have to, I'll do the same for you," replied Cartoonz, he started walking towards his lover and placed a hand over the his.

Ohm finally calmed down, his weapon disappeared. There was a lot of explaining to do, as the story was told again. These two fell in love, but the only difference was that Ohm was caught. His sudden disappearances caused some suspicion, and an angel followed him. Luke had given a black rose to him, as a gift and a symbol of their undying love. The angels learned of Ohm's betrayal and exiled him from heaven. Mini was silent during most of the story, since earlier he was confused on what was going on. The demon only saw Tyler punch his friend, and that's why he sent an aerial attack at
him. Ohm still didn't trust Mini, thinking he'd immediately report this to the other demons. This is when Cartoonz had a really good idea, which everyone would just have to deal with.

"Okay so I know you both don't trust Mini with this secret. I have to at least try and save Evan, and get you two both back to heaven. I'll however worry about Ohm, even if I have to move him somewhere else. I don't even care if I have to be exiled from hell, I'll however make sure to make things right," huffed Cartoonz, like these things could be easily done, "this means Mini stays with you guys."

"What!?!" protested Mini, along with the two angels, "you can't be serious. They wanted to kill me, and now you want me to stay with them?"

"You wanted to prove that your loyal, and here's your chance. I want you to protect them every night, until Evan is free from hell. Unless you think you can't do it," said Luke smugly, knowing that Mini didn't like to back down from a challenge.

"You can't be fucking serious," complained Mini, grabbing his hair then releasing it, "fine, nobody would notice anyways. Delirious is too busy, and all the other demons are doing something. I can go with them, but I'm going back to hell in the morning. There's no way I want other angels spotting me."

"No deal, you're staying with us the entire time. It's either that, or we just kill you right now," threatened Ohm, who didn't want to take his chances. This secret could end the lives of too many people, including Luke if things really went south.

It took some convincing, but Mini decided to stay with the two angels. Tyler wasn't happy about it either, or their ridiculous plan. He had to wait for Evan to be release, and he wasn't good with waiting. This only frustrated him left him wanting to punch something, probably the demon they're with if Mini annoyed him enough. Cartoonz eventually left, since he had other duties. His job was more important that what other demons had, and probably wouldn't have light consequences like Ohm had for his disobedience. They were lead out from there, and back towards the cabin. The demon was however making things worse, and Tyler was right about his suspicion about the guy being annoying.

"Gosh my feet hurt, how much more of this?" pestered Mini, with neither of them answering him, "the silent type huh? That's cool, though it's gonna get boring real fast with just me talking. Usually it's just me who talks a lot anyways, but that's mostly what you have when you're in hell. A whole lotta nothing, and other demons trying to act like tough shit."

"Ugh, do you ever shut up?" argued Tyler angrily, though this seemed to encourage Mini further.

"Oh so you can talk, I think things will go well between us. I mean, sure you're an angel and I'm a demon. Eventually everyone likes me, even if takes awhile or a few years. It's struggle that so many demons are so alike, a little boring. I however would think angels might be cool to hang out with, I hear their so different from us," babbled Mini, like he didn't hear the protest in Tyler's voice.

The cabin finally came into view, causing Tyler to finally relax and hoped that the demon would finally leave him alone. His wish wasn't granted, because Mini immediately taken a liking to him, at least more than Ohm. It was probably because that angel would rather have him dead, then guarding them right now. Tyler however was slowly wishing he could kill Mini as well. There wasn't that many hours to the night, before the light would come out. He wanted the sleep, and to feel the sun on his skin. This is when he turned his head and noticed something, there was a large grin on Mini's face. It only made him frown, until the light came and the demon looked surprised. The awe struck look and seeing Mini look at the sun for the first time.
"It's so beautiful wow, everything is just lighting up," said Mini gently, as Tyler picked a good spot to soak up the sun, and eventually get some sleep.

It didn't stop Tyler from peering at Mini, who was staring at his hands, and being amazed that it had an orange hue to them. Demons apparently didn't know what the sun was like, and he thought it would be difficult to sleep with Mini around. This wasn't the case however, since angels normally slept at night in heaven, and demons slept in hell during the day. Mini just laid next to him, though complained a little about his energy was draining away. They laid their peacefully, until Tyler finally fell asleep. When night finally came, neither of them had anything to do. Ohm went to see Luke, and preferred to do it alone. This meant a lot of time together, even if that's the last thing Tyler wanted. Mini was a nuisance to him, always following him around and even touching his wings.

"How about this, you go ahead and see your demon friends for a few hours. I'll pretend you were here the entire time," suggested Tyler, since he wanted to get rid of him.

"No way and have Luke find out, and kick my ass? He's a lot stronger than he seems, I just can't believe he's seeing such a weak angel. He could have anyone he wanted," said Mini, as they wandered around the woods, "besides, they're sooo boring. Let's torment the humans, like we haven't been doing it for years. What's so fun about work? The only fun I have is eating the burning fruit in hell, or having sex with another demon. Let me tell you, the sex is almost as fun as the fruit, which isn't much."

"Oh yeah? At least you don't have to listen to angels compliment each other every day, like a couple of faggots. When it's not praising each other, it's let's encourage the humans to do well. And sex? Forget about it, sex might as well be a disease to angels," replied Tyler, scowling while he did it, as he recounted how much he didn't like the other angels.

"Why don't we have sex then?" asked Mini, like it was the most normal thing ever. This caused Tyler to sputter and shake his head. It however didn't deter Mini at all, "I'm serious, you complain about zero sex, and I'm getting boring sex. Why don't we make it interesting?"

They looked at each other, almost like they were trying to size each other up. Tyler was clearly more tall, but had zero experience with it. This wasn't from the lack of trying, since the other angels tried to stay modest and without sin. He wanted to say screw all that, even if it wasn't their way. "I don't know, I should be worried about my friend. Not having sex with some random demon that stalks his friend," Tyler pointed out, though this only caused the demon to roll his eyes. Mini waved his arms towards the area around them, as he tried to make his own point, "we're in the middle of nowhere, and we'll be here for who knows how long. Do you just want to walk around and stare at the trees? Sex is normal to demons as breathing air, it's fun and sinful. If done with the right person."

"I still don't know about this," said Tyler, though it was mostly for himself.

"I think you're just a big scaredy baby," smirked Mini, knowing it was going to go in a certain direction.

"What did you say?" huffed Tyler, since nobody has ever suggested that he was a coward.

"You heard me, since you're just a little cherry, afraid to be eaten. You don't allow people to taste it, because you're afraid this big bad demon will get a nibble," chuckled Mini, knowing it was riling him up.

"I'll show you who's afraid," growled Tyler, and then they started kissing.

It was more of a two skulls bumping into each other, and their teeth hitting. They both held their
mouths, and groaning from the sudden pain. "Ow fuck, no wonder you're scared, that was awful," complained Mini, but it didn't really stop there, "come here, I'll show you how it's supposed to be done." The demon pull him in for a kiss, though it was gentle at first. Tyler allowed him to take control, since he had no idea what he should do. There might've been a chance he did do this before, maybe in another life. It was that he didn't remember any of it, and everything seemed new to him. Mini was sucking on his tongue, and grinding his own against Tyler's gum. They pulled back for air, as Tyler tried to copy what the demon was doing. It was very sloppy, but he enjoyed his first time.

"I'll admit, not my best kiss ever. You were like a statue at first, a cute statue," said Mini playfully, before gliding his hands on Tyler's waist.

"You really do never shut up," replied Tyler, though this time he had a playful smile on his face.

"Trust me, during all of this. It will be you who's loud," whispered Mini, into Tyler ear before taking the earlobe in his and tugged.

They had their hands all over each other, just trying to feel each other out. Mini was really fascinated with his wings, how soft they felt and the fact that they were very sensitive. Apparently demons fought a lot, so getting their wings tugged on was normal. When Mini pulled on his wings lightly, Tyler flinched and didn't know how to feel about it. The feeling didn't hurt, but the roughness was a surprise. "Take off your clothes, I'll try to take it slow. Just don't be scared cherry," teased Mini, knowing that calling Tyler cherry would get under his skin. It seemed like every was going so fast, one moment he was hating this demon and now they were having sex. He knew he was doing this mostly for the excitement, he's always defied angel laws and seemed different from the others. It's probably why he liked Evan so much, his friend was new and didn't judge him.

"I said get naked. Do it before I strip you myself," threatened Mini, but he was smiling the entire time.

They didn't take off their clothes like normal people, since all they had to do was make it disappear. Anything on their body was materialized with energy, though it could be taken off by someone else. This is when Tyler started to feel self conscious, now that they're standing in front of each other naked. He had no idea what he was doing, which Mini had to take control of the situation. "Just follow my lead, and you'll be fine," coaxed Mini, they sat on the grass, as Tyler as pulled onto the demon's lap. Their shape was a bit different, he was tall and skinny. The demon was shorter and muscular, but was around average height for a male. Mini started kissing his lips, trying to get rid of the awkwardness. It seemed to travel down Tyler's chest, as he'd feel Mini's hands on rubbing up and down his spine.

"Shit, I don't know if I can do this," said Tyler honestly, now that he couldn't act tough enough for the situation.

"You're doing great, just relax. We don't have to go all the way," Mini pointed out, though he brought their shafts together.

The hand started to stroke them both, as they both let out a groan. Tyler rested his head on Mini's shoulder, while his legs were on either side of the demon. His breath was getting shallow, and then he realized he was going to cum soon. It was very embarrassing, as he tried to think of something else. He knew his lack of experience was showing, and he'd only been touching himself when he's alone. Tyler came fast and started to pant afterwards, a voice was whispering soothingly in his ear, "That's it, you did good. You feel so good against me." His eyes closed, and that hand was rubbing on his sensitive slit on the head. A soft hiss escaped his lips, as Mini leaned over to capture his mouth again.
The hand finally left him, and he could hear Mini stroking himself. It didn't take the demon long to cum afterwards, as they just sat there all sticky and warm. "Sorry for being lame in the sack, god I suck," groaned Tyler, while he continued to scold himself. The demon grasped Tyler's chin, and forced him to look into his eyes. "No it was good, very different. I'm use to typical sluts who want a quick fuck and leave. I like this sort of change for once," muttered Mini, and this time he kissed him lightly on the lips. They both eventually moved, mostly because it was getting uncomfortable. The night sky was nicer than what Tyler remembered, and they just laid in the grass. His thoughts eventually went to Evan, but the demon easily dragged his mind from those thoughts. He'd rest his head on Mini's shoulder, then started to fall asleep.

It was taking Luke longer than what anyone anticipated, just to convince Delirious to release the angel. Tyler woke up to the news a couple days later, and he was furious about it. He'd push Mini away, since he couldn't stand to look at another demon right now. Mini was however very persistent, always following him and evading his space. Those hands would always touch him, which he'd finally cave in and they would do stuff with each other. They never actually went all the way, mostly because of Tyler's reluctance. He never thought a demon wouldn't force someone, like when they force humans to do terrible deeds. Mini wasn't like any other demon he'd seen before, not that he'd seen many. It's apparent that the demon didn't expect his behavior either, as they kept surprising each other. This seemed to draw them both into each other.

When enough days had passed, and Delirious had finally released Evan. Tyler had waited for him, hoping that his friend could be saved. This also meant saying goodbye to Mini, which he reluctantly did. On the last day of staying there with the demon, he actually got a surprise. Mini brought him to the spot that they'd typically laid in, or just messed around. A flower was in his hand, though it looked wilted and very dark. The demon actually looked nervous for once, before he spoke up. "I hope you like it, this wasn't easy to get. The others will think I'm a pansy, if they saw me doing this. It's from one of the garden's in hell, but it's very restricted. I want you to have it, because well..." paused Mini, though he grabbed the side of Tyler's face and kissed him quickly, "I really like you cherry. I know we'll never be a thing, but I'll really miss you."

"Mini, I fee-" Tyler was interrupted, before he could finish his sentence.

"No don't tell me, or I won't want to let you go. Just be with your friend, he'll need you more than ever," said Mini, then the demon seemed to blend with the night and disappear.

It felt lonely to wait for morning, as he wanted to call the demon back. Instead he waited, his heart felt heavy and for some reason he really wanted to confess his feelings. A part of him was slowly falling for the demon, because Mini wasn't like the angels, he was someone very unique to him. Morning finally did came, and he noticed Evan slowly making his way to the woods. Almost like he was trying not to be seen. His naked body startled him, since it meant that Evan couldn't even materialize his clothes. He'd grab his friend when he finally fell from the lack of energy, and swiped the sweat and hair from his face. Evan looked skinner than what he last seen him, and he reeked of sex. This left him feeling angry, and wanted to punch something. He'd swear revenge on this Delirious, and maybe try to kill him one day.

"It's okay Evan, I got you. I'm never letting anyone hurt you again," whispered Tyler, knowing that his friend was in pain.

"Please don't let the others see me, just not like this," pleaded Evan, his hands gripped weakly onto Tyler's clothes.

"I won't, I know somewhere else to take you," stated Tyler, before picking up his friend bridal style, and taking him to Ohm's cabin. If anyone knew the treatment of demons, it would be that angel.
I'm sure some of you notice that it's the sequel to H2OVanoss Red Eyes one-shot. I actually got a request for a demon/angel theme, so I kinda decided to continue on it. What do you think?

I've also got a new book out called "High Tower".

It's my first ever spideypool book, so I'm a little nervous and excited about it. Please check it out.

The prince must climb up the high tower to fetch his fair maiden. Opps wrong story.

Or right story, considering that Deadpool is climbing up the Avengers tower to see a certain someone. He has only one goal in life, it's not even to scarf down tacos this time. Nope, the famous merc with the mouth has one goal in mind, and he must get it at all cost.

This just so happens to involve a skinny nerdy, who loves photography. It rhymes with Feter Farker, and smells like lavender and take out food.

Thanks for reading guys!

~Melon
There was just something about his roommate, the dude was really cute and very outspoken. Sometimes when he was studying for the exams, he'd hear the guy shouting at a game. Luke would love to see him flustered, though not just in a normal setting. He wondered what it would be like to have him in bed, panting beneath him and pleading him to go further. This is where the fantasy would end, because he had no idea if the guy was even interested in him. They would only see each other on the hallway, and the cute guy would say hello or wave. Luke didn't even know his name, just a pretty face and a bright smile in his memory. There was so many times he thought about just knocking on his door, and just asking him to hang out. It was very unusual for him to act shy, but around this person, it was an exception.

"I'm telling you, he actually waved at me when I bought a soda," said Luke dreamily, while thinking about the man of his dreams.

"Ugh, just tell him you want to ask him out on a date already. I still remember hanging out at your place, and you making goo goo eyes at him, when we left to go get burgers," groaned Jonathan, just wanting Luke to just go on a date already.

"What if he rejects me? It would be awkward, we live right next to each other," Luke pointed out, not knowing what to do about this.

"Fine, just stare at him like a love sick puppy, and wonder if he will like you back," said Jonathan sarcastically, knowing that just doing it would be the best suggestion.

They talked awhile about it, until he heard a knock on the door. It could be anyone, probably one of his friends surprising him. Luke opened the door and dropped his phone, it was the very guy he was thinking about. "Um I'm sorry to bother you, I'm Ohm. I need your help, could you hear me out and do something for me?" pleaded Ohm, though it seemed like Luke would do anything he asked. The bearded man eventually picked up his phone, and became a stuttering mess. It seemed like Ohm thought it was a no, and suggested he could ask someone else. "No! I-I mean yes, I could help you. I j-just, give me a moment," replied Luke, while he tried to pull himself together. It wasn't like he expected the man he had been fantasizing about, to just be right in front of him.

"What did you need help with?" asked Luke, since he really had no idea.

"I broke up with my ex-boyfriend, and he broke into my place while I was gone. I don't really feel safe there, so would it be okay if I stayed here for the night?" questioned Ohm, now he looked like the nervous one.

"You're gay?" said Luke to himself, mostly because he was shocked by it.

"If that makes you uncomfortable that's fine, I can find some place else to stay. I'm just low on cash, and I'm not sure what to do," stated Ohm, who had a real dilemma on his hands.

"Oh no, I'm actually bisexual myself. I just thought you were probably straight," replied Luke, and it seemed like everything was in his favor to be around his crush, "Sure you can stay, I only have one bed though."

Ohm didn't seem to mind being on the couch, but that wasn't something Luke was going to accept. If
there was one thing Luke could do, was move some of Ohm's stuff into his apartment. The bed wasn't even that big either, the same size of his own. Luke knew he was in good shape, so he decided it was best to move Ohm's bed into his place. He blushed whenever the cute guy thanked him, as they set to work. Both of them moved the mattress first, then disassemble the frame of the bed. They had to put it back together in Luke's place, which meant Ohm would be sleeping in the living room. There was only one bedroom, along with a kitchen and an area to entertain guests. It wasn't that big, but they would make it work. Luke wasn't sure about Ohm moving into his room, since he felt like maybe Ohm needed some privacy at night.

This became a weird roommate situation between the both of them. Ohm would come home late at night from work, while Luke had weird hours from going to college. It seemed like Ohm didn't have money for extra schooling, so it meant he had to work for money. Luke suggested that Ohm didn't have to pay for anything, but Ohm insisted on paying somehow if he stayed too long. He didn't really blame Ohm for not wanting to be alone, and staying for several nights or longer. After a couple days it seemed to have settled down, he'd be doing homework on the living room table, when Ohm would come into the the place. His roommate looked exhausted, and ready to crash somewhere. Luke patted a seat next to him on the couch, and watched as the younger man just went limp and still wearing his uniform.

"I hate my job so much, I swear I can't take it anymore," complained Ohm, he really did seem really fed up with something.

"Did something happened at work?" questioned Luke, since he wanted to help in anyway he could.

"This sleazy looking guy was hitting on me. I had to just suck it up and serve him drinks. He kept calling me baby and wanted me to call him daddy. It was so awkward, and after my shift was over he tried to grab my ass," said Ohm angrily, he let out a sigh and kept talking about it, "I got a bouncer to do something about it, and my manager got upset. Apparently that guy spends a lot of money, so he can do whatever the hell he wants."

"If I was there I'd beat his ass, and get kicked out for you," replied Luke honestly, his blood was boiling at the thought that some guy acted that way with him.

"You're too sweet Luke, but I wouldn't want that to happen. I can't risk losing this job, even if I don't like it. The tips are good, despite all the sexual harassment," admits Ohm, since he really needed the money, "I also need to keep sending money home, I don't want my sister to end up like me. Some drop out who has nothing going on in his life."

It was probably the wrong thing to do, and he didn't even know why he did it. Ohm looked so sad, like someone kicked his puppy. Luke leaned over him, and pressed his lips into his. They didn't even know each other very well, and it was the reason he quickly pulled away. "Shit I uh, I don't know why I just did that," admit Luke, then he started apologizing profusely, "shit shit shit, I'm sorry, I shouldn't have done that." A sudden tug was on his shirt collar, before he was brought back down. Ohm was actually kissing him, and it shocked him so much. He eventually started kissing him back, and they went through the emotions. Luke wrapped his arms around him, almost like he could protect him from everything. This wasn't a very long kiss, but Ohm rested his forehead on his chest, as they laid on their side on the couch.

"I feel like I could trust you with everything, and I don't even know you that well," admit Ohm, they were both just still laying there.

"I feel the same way," replied Luke happily, and still couldn't believe his luck, "I've actually liked you for awhile now, I was just too worried to make the first move."
"You liked me before all of this?" questioned Ohm, who was now looking back at him.

"Yeah, I would see you sometimes when I came back from class. You were always so friendly and nice," stated Luke, wondering what his crush thought about it.

"I'm friendly with everyone, silly," teased Ohm, and then they started kissing again.

Things started to move fast after that, Ohm pulled Luke towards his bed. This made Luke protest, but his roommate would silence it with another kiss. "Humor me a little, I'm stressed out and I think this is exactly what I need," Ohm pointed out, so this is when Luke just went with the flow. It wasn't like Luke knew how far this would go, as Ohm got on the bed (which is in the living room) and pulled Luke on top of him. They were grinding and making out, just getting really into creating some sort of friction between them. Luke would taste him, sucking on his tongue, before going lower and licking his neck. Ohm only paused it for a moment to take off his shirt, and this is when Luke started to hesitate. This was all going so fast, while Luke would rather take his time with it. He didn't want to rush into something, that they would both regret.

"Actually, maybe we should stop," suggested Luke, as he tried to pull away.

"No don't, come on Luke. It's not like we both don't want it, please? I just want a good fucking tonight, just forget about everything that's going on," pleaded Ohm, and it wasn't something Luke could turn down.

It seemed like he was a sucker for cute guys, especially if they were asking for sex. Ohm pointed towards one of his bags, since all of his stuff was in the living room. This made Luke stumble off the bed, and grabbed everything they would need. He went back to the bed, and noticed Ohm stripping off his pants and underwear. The naked sight made him hard, and he feel the tightness in his pants. Luke couldn't believe he was getting laid, not after only having Ohm here for a couple days. He'd take off the wrapper on the condom, and stroke himself a little. Ohm asked for the lube, as Luke handed it over. When he noticed Ohm pouring the lube onto his fingers, then pushing a finger into himself, he almost came on the spot. Luke looked away, and tried to keep calm. There was no way he was going to ruin this, as he tried thinking about things he didn't like. An image of Jonathan in a thong seemed to make him wilt a little.

The condom went over him, as he reached over for the lube that was placed on the bed. Ohm seemed to be enjoying himself, now using two fingers to spread himself open. This made Luke stare at Ohm's face, while he stroke himself. It didn't take much convincing, once his new lover told him he was prepared for it. Luke started to question himself again, but looking down at a panting Ohm, he knew he couldn't stop himself. The tip took some effort to press inside, and the heat was overwhelming for him. It slid slowly inside, and he realized that Ohm's body was already use to this. Almost like Ohm had been having sex with someone else in the past days, or just masturbating daily. Luke wasn't going to question it, just thrust in all the way, that made them both groan. The widen passage made it easily for Luke to thrust slowly into him, and it didn't take long for him to fuck him harder.

"Ahhh! Oh yes, fuck me more. It feels so good," moaned Ohm, his arms were wrapped around Luke's neck.

Luke had his hands on Ohm's hips, and raised them up for deeper penetration. He'd rotate and kept aiming for where Ohm would scream out. They wouldn't last very long, and Luke would kiss his cheek to Ohm's neck. The quick thrusts somehow got faster, while he used his strength to pound him into the mattress. Ohm surprisingly came first, swearing and moaning as he did it. This was the most beautiful sight Luke has ever seen, as he came right after him. Both of them laid there for awhile, mostly to try and catch their breaths. They were exhausted from the sex, but Luke decided to take a
shower. He was surprised Ohm followed him, while he planned on getting clean. Both of them ended up having sex in the shower, while Ohm wrapped his legs around him and Luke had lifted him against the tiles.

It didn't exactly become the relationship Luke wanted, especially when Ohm would just come home from work and wanted sex. They didn't exactly have a normal relationship or went on dates. The bed was eventually returned to the apartment, as Ohm stopped making payments to that room. Both of them shared Luke's room instead, and they both paid rent. It might've not been perfect, but he was happy with what he got. He'd even brag about it to Jonathan, who wanted absolutely nothing to do with it. His friend however eventually met Ohm, when they gamed at his place. It seemed like Jonathan liked Ohm as well, especially when the three of them were playing video games. Things however got weird, once Ohm sent him a text that he would be staying somewhere else for the night. This made him worry, but he thought that Ohm was most likely staying at a friend's place. Luke trusted him, and wasn't going to keep asking him questions.

The situation got worse, when Ohm kept disappearing off somewhere.

"Where have you been going?" asked Luke, but he wasn't going to interrogate him, just make sure everything was okay.

"I'm just going to see someone, don't worry. I've known him for years, and I just wanted to catch up," replied Ohm, and that's when the conversation dropped.

They did have sex that night, Ohm was eager for it and there was only thing bother Luke in the back of his mind. Both of them hadn't done it for four days, since Ohm went off somewhere. It was probably nothing, but when he pushed inside of his lover. He couldn't help but notice how easy it was to thrust into him. Ohm should've tighten up from the lack of sex, but he moved in easily while Ohm gripped his back and moaned. Luke would thrust into him harder, and held onto him like he might just disappear from his sight. It would be unusual if Ohm was masturbating at his friend's house, but maybe he was looking way too much into it. They both came around the same time, and this time Ohm only had the energy for one round. It wasn't unusual, since sometimes Ohm would be too tired from work.

"Just know I really care about you," said Luke, while he pressed a kiss to Ohm's temple.

"I care about you too," admit Ohm, as they snuggled into each other, making Luke's worries leave for the moment.

A week after, and it seemed like everything was going well in their relationship. Sometimes Ohm would leave for his friend's place, but Luke would go spend time at Jonathan's when that happened. It was normal for his new lover to go off somewhere else, and Ohm did make sure Luke knew that he wasn't ready for a serious relationship. They basically mostly had sex and played video games with each other. Luke did listen to Ohm's problems, and hoped they would turn their relationship into more than friends with benefits. This is what he thought, until he decided to surprise Ohm at work. He thought maybe Ohm would like a ride, and have someone else take care of him. The workplace wasn't that far away, and when he paid to go into the place, something terrible came into his view. Ohm wasn't working the bar, since his shift was over. It seemed like Ohm was sitting in some other dude's lap, and flirting with the guy.

"What the fuck are you doing?" asked Luke angrily, he was prepared to punch the guy underneath Ohm.

"Oh Luke, I was going to eventually tell you," said Ohm nervously, though he had every right to worry.
"Tell me what? That you're banging some other dude?" shouted Luke, and things were going to get ugly.

"I don't know who you think you're talking to, if you have business with my boyfriend. You'll have to deal with me first," argued the guy, that Ohm was slowly getting off from.

It was a good thing Ohm was crawling off the man's lap, because Luke punched the guy hard on the face. Security had to come in and take him away. Luke was swearing, and wanted to get back at him. The place kicked him out, but he didn't regret what he did. Ohm seemed to ran outside, when he finally got to his car. It seemed like his lover was shouting at him, but he didn't want to hear it. Luke was tired of the bullshit, and his instincts were correct, something else was going on. He'd get in the car, and Ohm got into the passenger side before he could protest. There was no way he wanted to be in the vehicle with Ohm, not after what just happened. They were both apparently upset, and Ohm was yelling at him for hitting the guy, instead of just being concerned about losing Luke.

"Fucking get out Ohm, you're luckily I still have feelings for you. Otherwise I'd consider hitting you as well," lied Luke, because there was no way he could hit Ohm, even if things went back.

"I'm sorry, you knew we weren't really in a relationship. I've been seeing my ex, after he apologized. I thought the sex was great, but I wanted to get back together with him," explained Ohm, but it was only making Luke even more upset.

"Get the fuck out, get out!" shouted Luke, which it seems Ohm was reluctant to do.

This did break them apart, as he never wanted to see Ohm again. When Ohm finally came back the next day, mostly to retrieve his stuff. Luke wouldn't be swayed by apologies, or even want to stay as friends. If Ohm wanted just friendship, he shouldn't have started anything else with him. He'd watch Ohm grab his stuff, while loading it into his boyfriend's car. The boyfriend looked like he wanted to murder him, not that Luke really cared about the guy. Once everything was loaded, Ohm went over to hug him goodbye. Luke wasn't having it, and backed away when he tried. They both looked at each other, the tension was very heavy in the air between them. "I really am sorry Luke. I know I kinda lead you on, but I didn't lie about not wanting a serious relationship with you. I wanted the sex, a distraction from my problems," admit Ohm, before he finally left back to his boyfriend's car.

It wasn't exactly the happy ending Luke wanted, as he angrily went back inside and played a fighting game to let out some steam. Jonathan even listened to his problems silently, and was there when he needed someone. Luke hated all of this, the feeling of rejection and Ohm doing something behind his back. Eventually he got over it, tried dating after a month from the suppose break up, when they didn't have a real relationship in the first place. A cute girl caught his eye, though it wasn't the same. They broke up after a few days, and his thoughts went back to Ohm. He really missed him, not just the sex, but being able to spend so much time with someone who just understood him. Both of them use to talk about their problems, talk about their dreams and hopes. It was like he lost all of that, or maybe he didn't have a chance with it in the first place.

After a second month from the incident, Luke started going back to his normal self. He didn't pine after Ohm that much anymore, and his friends had helped him during his hardest times. Jonathan came over more often, tried to get him out of the house and to see girls. They even went to a gay club, but it seemed like Jonathan met someone there instead. A cute Asian guy was flirting with his best friend, and he was happy that someone was in a happy relationship. Things became better in the third month, he thought about Ohm a lot less. Jonathan even brought his boyfriend over, so the three of them played video games together. There was still something missing, but he would look past it all. Luke knew he didn't need someone else, to actually be happy with his life. College was a good distraction, and he had other hobbies, mostly it was video games.
The only thing that seemed to have interrupted his life, was when he heard a knock and went to the door. Luke never thought he'd see Ohm again, and didn't really know what to do.

"Can I come in? I know it's been a long time, but I really felt like seeing you. I miss you Luke," said Ohm, he looked so nice and smelled too good in the moment.

This was when Luke needed to make a decision, let Ohm back into his life or shut him out for good.

Chapter End Notes

Do you think Luke should give Ohm another chance?

~

I've realized something as a writer, that can be pass onto other writers. I remember at one point feeling frustrated and very lost, while not knowing the balance between what I wanted to write, and what people wanted to read.

Often times people would tell me, "just write what you love." This however wasn't the right answer. If you still want lots of people reading your stories, and still enjoy what you're doing.

What is the best balance between what you want, and what readers want?

I've finally figured it out, the answer to that problem. You have to open yourself up to disappointment, and to keep experimenting with your writing. Never blame the readers for what they like, and adapt your interests into there's.

It all comes down to knowing and understanding your audience. The readers for BBS ships, want mature adult themes. Sure, some of you are very young teens, but cute and childish themes only goes so far. A lot of you guys want drama and tension, along with an interesting story.

I've learned that high school themes are interesting to readers, because a lot of you are still in high school. Though there's still so many possibilities and options to write. I'm still testing and pushing the boundaries, and I hate being limited. It's why I love writing for you guys, because you allow me this sort of freedom.

I'm sure some of you have noticed that this smut book, isn't mostly focused on smut. This book originally was just an experiment of mine, to see if readers are okay with a smut book, that isn't all about the smut (a bit of trickery on my part). I wasn't disappointed, in fact, I was surprised on how well this book did.

Thank you all from the bottom of my heart.

~Melon
"Are you Tyler? The Chief has told me so much about you, and all the work you have done. I like to welcome you to this department," beamed Gorilla, who is currently in charge of the homicide department.

"I hope I won't be too much trouble, I've been aiming for this job for so long," Tyler admits, since he had been working hard to work here.

"Of course, now let me introduce you to the building," insisted Gorilla, before giving him a tour around the place.

It wasn't as huge as Tyler expected to be, but they all had their own office. Gorilla showed him the break room, which a few people greeted him. They were getting ready for the day, mostly getting coffee and something to eat. The interrogation rooms weren't that far from the computer room, where they could search for any information that was necessary for a case. There was a total of five interrogation areas, where each detective could be alone with a suspect. Tyler could feel himself become nervous, though inside he was excited as well. It was his dream since he was a kid, after a certain unexpected event that happened in his life. He wanted to make a good impression on everyone, he was known previously as just a joker amongst his friends and coworkers. This was the big leagues, and he wasn't going to mess it up.

"Who's this young cadet you're just prancing around with?" questioned Luke with a smirk, trying to get a reaction from the new guy.

"This is Tyler, the partner I was talking about," replied Gorilla, while he noticed the frown on Luke's face.

"Are you shitting me? He look like he's fresh out of training, I don't want to be someone's babysitter," complained Luke, and this is where Tyler had enough.

"Well fuck you too pal, I bet I can solve anything you can. You big dumb stupid hick," said Tyler angrily, throwing off the bearded man for once, "say something you pussy ass bitch."

"I change my mind, I think I like him, he's more feisty than the other partners you tried to me up with. Alright, I'll take over Gorilla. I have teach this idiot how things run around here," informed Luke to his superior, almost like Tyler wasn't in the room.

Once they were both alone, Luke pulled him into the break room. It seemed like the guy had no interest in teaching him, most likely wanted some coffee and go about his business. Tyler however wasn't going to be blown off, like he was some dumb cadet fresh from college, "I'm not a cadet, you know, I've served under the L.A. police department for a year."

There was an amused look on Luke's face, that Tyler didn't like one bit. Luke was going to answer when someone interrupted them both, a friend of his partner apparently. "Is this him? Oh hi, I'm Jonathan, everyone calls me Delirious though, because I like examining the bodies for evidence,” beamed Delirious, like he might've made a new friend. At least this person seemed a lot more nice, as they introduce themselves to each other.

"Don't waste your time, he won't last a week," stated Luke like it was some sort of fact.
"Fuck off asshole, you don't know me. I barely just got here, what's your deal?" complained Tyler, he was glaring at him like holes might start burning through Luke's face.

"Don't mind Luke, he just doesn't like working with nobody. I'm one of the few people he'll put up with," answered Delirious, while Tyler had no idea how close the two friends were.

"Because I don't need no damn partner," Luke pointed out, like he was above working with others like everyone else, "I didn't need it before, I don't need it now."

"Look, I don't like you either, but until our boss places me with someone else. Can you not be such a dick?" questioned Tyler, he wanted some kind of compromise, even if he didn't like him.

"And stop all the fun? You should see how riled up you can get," smirked Luke, while he left Tyler with his best friend and decided to back into his office. There was coffee and a donut in his hand, as he went off to do whatever that needed to be done.

Tyler thought about just going to his office, and mope over there. It seemed like Delirious had other ideas, when someone else walked into the room. "Hi there, I'm Ohm. I'm actually Delirious' partner" greeted Ohm, while they shook hands and got to know each other. Tyler was actually happy that, Delirious talked him into staying in the break room with him. The three of them chatted and ate something. Ohm was more of a health nut, he had protein shakes and energy bars. It didn't exactly taste the greatest, but Tyler tried them anyways as a kind gesture. They hadn't been partners for that long either, though Gorilla had a gift with pairing up the correct people together (or at least according to Delirious). Ohm didn't like touching the dead bodies, and preferred doing the interrogations. This suited them both fine, since Delirious liked doing the opposite.

They talked until they had to leave to finally start working. His boss probably wouldn't like it if he slacked off on his first day. There wasn't much going on, just small cases that anyone could solve. Tyler was on the bottom, so that meant a lot of paperwork. This also caused him to avoid Luke as much as possible, since he really didn't have to deal with him. It however seemed like, Luke wanted to interrupt his day. His partner didn't even bother to knock, just walked into his room like he owned the place. Tyler glared at him from above his paperwork, but this didn't seem to bother the bearded man at all. "Let's go out to lunch. I don't want to get chewed out, because I didn't try' to get along with my new partner," said Luke, almost like Tyler was some kind of nuisance he had to take care of in the moment. All of it seemed to piss Tyler off, but he would deal with it anyways.

They weren't however alone, Ohm and Delirious was with them, when they left for food. Gorilla even came over to go have lunch with them. Everyone acted like some kind of big family, which reminded Tyler of his friends. He started to wonder if joining homicide was a bad idea, but then watching this changed his mind. "It's my turn to pay, so let's all eat up," insisted Gorilla, since apparently everyone took turns bringing lunch for everyone. It was just some sub sandwiches, which Tyler thanked his boss for buying him one. They ate at the break room, just enjoying each other's company. Tyler only spoke whenever someone spoke to him, but he mostly kept to himself. Luke was however very loud, and made himself known to everyone. They would crack jokes, and make the most of their short break.

"You should see the look on Delirious' face, when he looked down and got all confused. The dumbass didn't realize we moved the body after we took some photos. He started thinking it got up and started walking," Luke teared up while telling his story, while Delirious just punched him on the shoulder and pouted.

"It's not my fault, you guys said that the person wasn't dead," groaned Delirious, who didn't realize his friends were playing a prank on him.
"Oh come on Delirious, it's so obvious the person was dead. His eyes and mouth were wide open, and there was blood everywhere," chuckled Ohm, clearly finding the situation amusing.

"Man, you guys suck. I thought maybe the person was just unconscious," complained Delirious, while his friends laughed at him, "I could've sworn the body moved a little when I first saw it."

"The best part when Delirious freaked out, and started shouting that the witness walked out and disappeared. All I had to do was talk to him enough, that he didn't realize we put it in the body bag, which was still in the room," laughed Gorilla, as he added details to this story.

Tyler thought it was all hilarious, and laughed at the best parts. He looked over, and noticed Luke immediately looking away. It made him wonder what was Luke's problem, it's not like he volunteered to be his partner. If this situation was so bad, then he should just complain about it to Gorilla, instead of going along with this. One by one, they all went back towards their office. This gave Tyler a lot to think about, his first day was actually really interesting, even with all of the paperwork he had to do. Delirious and Ohm together was the most entertaining, and he suspected something was going on between the two. Gorilla also didn't act like a normal boss, he actually acted like one of the guys and just a friend to everyone. His thoughts went back towards his old job, along with his friends in his department.

Tyler kept reminding himself, that being a detective was all he ever wanted.

After a few weeks of mostly paperwork, and no huge case being given to him. It was like everything worked on clock work. The guys would arrive in the morning, talk to him in the break room. They would all leave to go to work, and then later during lunch one of them would buy food. Tyler wasn't the exception to this rule, as Luke reminded him to grab something. Sometimes the guys would go out and eat somewhere, they weren't restricted to the break room. He even got to watch Ohm interrogate someone, and the guy was really good at it. Ohm would make the person feel guilty, and acted like a supportive friend. This wasn't the only act the person could do, but it was something that Tyler could witness, and it was impressive.

A big case came in, when he was deep asleep. The phone call came, and he was rushing to get dressed with one hand on his phone, while the other tried to get everything on. Luke was telling him the directions, that he had to get there immediately. This is why he drove two miles away to a gruesome sight. There was a car sitting in the middle of the road, which would usually take awhile to catch the interest of other people. Most cars would just drive around it, as Tyler picked a spot to park. A couple of regular cops were around, and they were explaining that some innocent bystander ran into this scene. The woman's dead body was clearly in the vehicle, on the driver's side with her head going slack on her. He also noted there was no immediate sign of trauma.

"There is no witnesses so far, just that one person walking to the park that saw this. She was walking her dog, when she noticed the car lights and the fact that it was just sitting there. We should probably go door to door and ask around, see if there was any other possible witnesses to the scene," said Luke, as he started to take charge of the area.

It didn't take long for the rest of the guys to show up, except for their boss. Ohm was letting Delirious take charge of the body, and decided to knock on the doors with them. Tyler wondered if one person should really be the only one looking over the body, but Luke reassured him that he took a quick look. They asked around, and went to each of the nearby homes. It seemed like nobody saw anything, and most people were asleep around this time. This left them frustrated, but maybe the people who knew this dead woman had some answers. Delirious had taken all the potential evidence they needed, which mean sweeping for finger prints and getting the body prepped for forensics. There was just one thing that really bothered Tyler more than anything else.
"You would think someone would have heard something. The woman has no gun wounds, but she clearly has strangulation marks. It still looks fresh, maybe hours ago since death. I don't think this a normal case Luke," Tyler pointed out, thinking that his partner would probably fight him over this.

"I think you're right, something else is going on. The first thing we have to focus on is who this woman is," replied Luke, while they got back into their own vehicles.

They went back to the station, along with everything that Delirious had collected. She didn't have her wallet, so for now she was just a Jane Doe. Her fingerprints weren't in the database, so she didn't have a criminal background. Tyler would type away, trying to find some kind of link to the woman. He'd check around their database, hoping to find something that he missed. This is when he found a break through, when going through car records. It might really be her car, and they had a name to their Jane Doe. Tyler went to share this with his partner, but it seems that Luke figured it out before he had a chance to share this information. They were headed off to meet her parents, and hopefully get more information. It however became even bigger than what they expected, and Tyler noticed how upset Luke suddenly got.

"Shit, just fucking shit. We're going to have to hand this to the FBI, and just when we were finally having a big case. Her family is out of our jurisdiction and in a couple states away," said Luke, feeling frustrated that they have to give the case away.

The first person they had to tell this to, was of course Gorilla. Their boss decided to immediately inform the FBI of their findings, and they would have to collect the evidence they could provide. "This is such bullshit, we haven't had a big case in so long. I was so looking forward to this," admit Luke, he looked really upset about all of this, "not saying I want to see a dead girl, I can't imagine what her family will think once they see her body. I just wanted to do something big, solve her murder and get the asshole in prison." They both shared the same feeling, as they had to go back to work. Everyone was told to forget the case, and move onto other investigations. There hadn't been much murder cases, expect for the occasional accidental murder gone wrong, or some kind of crime of passion. None of these took much investigation work.

"Hey, why don't we just ditch work for once, and just grab a beer?" asked Tyler, though it wasn't unlike him to lighten the mood. He just never did this with Luke of all people.

"I don't drink, and I'm not sure if we should do that," replied Luke, who was still down about the whole ordeal.

"Come one, humor me. I feel down about not being able to do my first real awesome case. All the other ones suck in comparison. Do this for me?" pleaded Tyler, and it seemed to do the trick.

"Fine, but only this once," muttered Luke, while Tyler celebrated on the inside for getting this to happen.

They went into a local sports bar, where people knew Luke already as a detective. One of the locals even offered to buy his partner a drink, but it seemed like Luke really didn't drink at all. Both of them sat in a booth in the back, talking about the case they didn't get. They were bummed about it, though not as much as Luke was in the moment. Tyler was the only one drinking of the two, even if it was still in the morning and they were eating chicken wings. Luke would bring the conversation about women, which they started talking about their exes. This lead into a much more deeper conversation, one that Tyler never thought he would have with someone like Luke. His partner didn't even look fazed when he told him his secret.

"My last lover was actually a guy, a cop actually. He was my partner, but then he broke up with me for some girl. She was actually nice, a lot sweeter than I am. I even think they were a better match for
each other," paused Tyler, he'd take another sip of his beer, "I really liked him, you know? His nice smile and his bubbly energy. Mini decided that guys weren't for him, and he finally found someone he could settle down with."

"Sorry that happened to you man. I had something a bit different, but I didn't get a guy I wanted either. Actually, you have to promise you won't tell anyone about this," said Luke, clearly worried about his own secret getting out.

"Of course, not like I have a reason to tell anyone. I hardly know anyone anyways, and you're probably the closest thing I have to a friend," replied Tyler, as the both of them smiled at each other with that sentiment.

"You damn sappy bastard, I didn't think you were the type. Anyways, I actually had a thing for Ohm. I know what you're thinking, I'm not a bad looking guy, so I should be able to get him easy. It's just that my best friend had the same eye, on the same guy. I didn't even have the guts to tell Delirious, that I liked him. It hurt to watch my best friend make out with the guy I wanted, I started acted very distant. The jerk noticed, but I still couldn't tell him what's wrong," explained Luke, on why he didn't get the guy he wanted.

"Dude that sucks, I'm really sorry about that. Maybe you can find a guy you like more," stated Tyler, then he realized Luke staring at him like he had something on his face.

"Maybe I did find someone I like more, and the dumbass is staring right at me," chuckled Luke, as they sat there looking at each other.

It wasn't like Tyler never had been confessed to or asked out. He was just startled by the sudden confession, and then realized Luke grabbed his hand and moved closer. "If you don't feel the same, that's fine. I will however ask you properly. Want to be this cool and amazing guy's boyfriend?" questioned Luke, making Tyler roll his eyes at what he just said. His hand however intertwined with his, and Tyler could feel the butterflies in his stomach. They leaned into each other, and kissed for the first time. It was actually very slow, no saliva was exchanged and he felt like he was on cloud nine. They pulled away, and then Luke acted like nothing happened. Both of them talked about other things, though Tyler couldn't help but feel the burning on his cheeks. He really did have it bad, and he didn't know why.

Neither of them were open about dating, and nobody else knew about it. Delirious didn't even know, even if he was Luke's best friend. They decided to keep it a secret, so if things weren't going in the right direction, they could easily break it off. Both of them didn't want to start any kind of drama, as Tyler went into the storage area. The case was still bothering him, and he was surprised to see Delirious still down there. The guy apparently hadn't give the stuff to the FBI yet, since they still held it for a awhile. They might come down any minute, just to collect everything for the case. Tyler decided to take another look at it, and it seemed like him and Luke weren't the only ones bothered by it. All of the stuff was laid out on the table, just waiting to be examined by anyone.

"Hey idiot, what are you doing?" questioned Tyler with a smirk, he was mostly just messing with him.

"N-nothin' I wasn't doin' anything," said Delirious worriedly, like he was caught he was doing something wrong.

"I'm just fucking with you, I want to also look at this stuff," Tyler joked around, then peered at all of the items.

Delirious swore at him, not that it bothered Tyler any. The stuff looked as exactly as he remembered,
but then there was photos of the park. He didn't exactly explore that area, Ohm had volunteered to do this. It all hit him pretty hard, like it was something he wasn't suppose to remember. Tyler suddenly felt sick, as he kept looking at the pictures. The dead girl didn't even bother him this much, as he could feel the bile rise to his throat. He barely managed to puke his guts out into the trash can, it almost hit the floor. This alarmed Delirious to go grab his Luke from his office. His head started to spin a little, and he didn't know why he felt panicked. The park made him feel something, like dread and a sudden disgust. Tyler had never been this to this park, but it reminded him of something, though it was like his head was trying to get rid of it.

"Tyler are you okay? Should I take you to the hospital?" asked Luke worriedly, though it seemed like Tyler was going to be okay.

"No, I'm fine. I just suddenly felt really panicked and needed to puke. I think I saw a park like this one, but I can't remember all the details. It was so many years ago, and I was just a little kid," stated Tyler, while he let his partner lead him out of the storage area where they store the evidence.

His boyfriend showed his concern for him, and he really did appreciate it. Tyler waited in Luke's office, as he was later handed a glass of water. Gorilla was later told about this, and he was told to go home. Luke however decided he could spend the day with him, and maybe he'd feel better that way. It seemed to work, while they worked side by side. Tyler wouldn't have liked going home, and feeling like a wuss who couldn't handle a couple crime scene photos. The park made his stomach churn, but there had to be something else to this. Luke told him he didn't have to do anything, though that was the farthest from the truth. It would bother Tyler, until he did something about it. If he didn't press to find the answers, and why his mind acted the way it did, and made him physically ill.

"I want to visit the park I used to have around my home, it's actually a couple states away. I'm not sure if Gorilla would okay this, but I think it has to do with the case," said Tyler, then he frowned after he spoke, "I know you probably think I should drop it, but I have to do this."

"Hey now, I'm on your side. If you think we should do this, then let's go on a road trip," replied Luke excitedly, not knowing that it was exactly what they were going to do.

Gorilla was surprised about the news, that Tyler thinks he knows a way to get more information on the case. It wasn't even there's to investigate, but their boss was also their friend, and allowed them to take the week off for their little adventure. They had left out how they would get more information, or what exactly happened and Tyler's panic attack. Both of them would have to prepare for their sudden vacation time, which meant going back home and packing. Luke did however asked him again, if this was okay for him. Mostly because Tyler had thrown up, and panicked over something like a photo. There was no telling on Tyler's reaction to being placed at the park, that he had childhood memories from. He really did understand Luke's worries, but he had to do this.

"We can back out at any time. If you feel like you can't do this, just let me know," informed Luke, but there really wasn't anything else he could say, because he wasn't going to talk Tyler out of this.

"I really want to do this, and I'll be fine. I'll let you know when I'm not," replied Tyler, then they gave each other a quick kiss before heading back home.

It was an unexpected surprise for Tyler in the morning, when he woke up to someone ringing at his door. Luke had a huge grin on his face, along with coffee and breakfast sandwiches. They ate and then got prepared to leave. Tyler put on his uniform, and got out of his pajamas. His partner thought he looked cute in them, with pigs on his oversized onesie. It was something his mom bought for him, since his mother called him her little piglet. He use to be a bit over weight as a kid, and now he was just tall. Tyler might be taller than Luke by a little, but it seemed like Luke liked taking charge of everything. Evan use to boss him around, not that he minded. The follower in him made him listen to
Luke, as they got ready to get into the car. They would take Luke's vehicle, as they planned to drive for six hours.

His bag was already packed for the next day, and he placed his stuff in the trunk. They both got into the car, then Luke pulled them out of the drive way. Tyler still felt sleepy, so he decided to sleep during the ride. He woke up an hour later, feeling a little car sick and asking Luke to find a place to park. They stopped at a gas station, where they took a small break. After that, it seemed like whatever Tyler was feeling just passed. The rest of the hours flew by, as they talked about random things and listened to music. A sick feeling was deep in his stomach, and it wasn't just the car ride. Tyler had to give him further instructions, once they got to a certain destination. His skin was crawling, and he felt like throwing up. The park did eventually came into view, though they decided to stop at another gas station first. This time Luke gassed up again, and told Tyler to get anything he wanted

The only thing on his mind, was to get a bottle of water and some pills for nausea. It was hitting him hard, and he knew his boyfriend noticed. They both got back into the vehicle, and just parked near where they had to be. "If you decide you want to back out now, I can easily turn the car back," said Luke, who didn't want to force Tyler to do anything, but Tyler shook his head and got out of the vehicle. The place didn't change much since his childhood, except for an extra slide he didn't remember being there. His stomach really did churn, and he puked in the grass. Everything hit him at once, the memory he tried to suppress all of these years. "Shhh, this is our little secret. Now be a good boy, and don't say anything. I'll buy you ice cream later, just keep quiet," said a familiar voice, as he recalled everything that happened.

"Are you okay?" asked Luke, a deep concerned look on his face as he rubbed his back.

"I'll be fine, but I think I know who the killer really is. I remember trying to 'run away' as a little kid, because my mom wouldn't get me a bike I wanted. I was so stupid and young. I'd go out the back door, while my parents were sleeping. There was a park not that far from our house," said Tyler, he pointed at one of the nearby houses, "I saw my Uncle zipping up his stuff into a bag, with a strangled girl on the ground. I didn't exactly stopped him, kept my mouth shut and wanted to forget everything. Who knows how long he's done it, but you might want to tell the FBI about this."

A month passed by, they were working like normal again. Tyler went to see a therapist, after revisiting something he regretted a little, that he opened up. It was a good thing to do, because they did catch the guy. His Uncle kept some souvenirs at his house, so when they had a search warrant. They managed to charge him for multiple cases of first degree murder. This was a huge weight off his chest, and even if this wasn't there case. It seemed like the guys wanted to throw a party, now that his Uncle was in prison. The guys had surprised him with a cake in the break room that morning, and they all jumped out from the tables, that they normally ate from at every day.

"Surprise!" shouted the guys, and this was more than what Tyler expected to get. Luke cut his slice for him, and everyone started to dig into the food. Gorilla congratulated them both, though Luke pushed all of the credit onto Tyler.

"You did good, you'll make a fine detective," praised Gorilla, and it meant a lot to the new detective.

"It was so cool how you and Luke went searching for clues, and figured out who it was," added Delirious, though nobody knew that it was Tyler's Uncle in prison, or the other details added into it. Their boss was probably the only exception, but Gorilla wasn't going to say anything about it.

"Yeah, it was really cool. You both make a great team," Ohm complimented, while stuffing more cake into his mouth.

The guys ate their fill, but it seemed like Luke had more for Tyler after the small party. It eventually
disbanded, and Tyler did try going back into his office. Luke however dragged him towards one of the interrogation rooms, which left Tyler confused on why they were going there. The room was very dark, until he turned on the lights. There was a thing of chicken wings, from the sports bar where they had their first confession and real date. Tyler also noticed a nice looking expensive watch, which his boyfriend immediately placed on his wrist. "Congratulations on solving your first big case," said Luke, before pressing his lips into him. Both of them were kissing heatedly, while Luke steered him towards the glass. Nobody should hear them, or even know they're in this room. Tyler still felt like anyone could be walking into the other room, and watch them from the other side of the glass.

"You look slutty like that, all worried and yet wanting to get that dick," chuckled Luke, as turned Tyler around and pressed his chest into the glass.

One of Tyler's arms were behind his back, while his boyfriend had a good hold on him. He'd groan, then tried to see if he could get out of it. This wasn't his best attempt at escaping, maybe because a part of him didn't want to do it. A breath brushed against his ear, and then he'd feel Luke rub his hard on into his backside. "Do you want me to do you here? Where anyone can see you?" questioned Luke, knowing how it was affected Tyler right now, "just imagine it, you up against the glass and someone walks in while I'm plowing your ass." A low groan escaped his lips, and Tyler didn't want to admit it, this actually sounded really good to him. He had never bottom before, even with his previous boyfriends. Luke made him want to try new things, and he'd probably really like it.

Luke seemed to grind into him from behind, just whisper dirty things into his ear. A hand sneaked into Tyler's pants, unbuckling them and went into his underwear. His flesh met with the cold air, but it seemed like Luke took no time in pumping with a steady rhythm. The side of his face and chest were pressed on the glass, but he was grinding his ass back into Luke, hoping that his boyfriend would fist him faster. A part of him was losing his mind, imaging his new friends on the other side watching. "Do you like that babe? You look all sexy like that, pressed up against it, and moaning like a damn bitch in heat," smirked Luke, then his hand moved even faster with his face. Tyler bucked into his hand, trying to get more of that friction, and he eventually came hard from the stimulation. He was panting now, not moving even if Luke moved back to clean his hand.

"I'm glad you showed up and became my partner. I was only teasing when we first met," confessed Luke, once he turned Tyler around and helped him get cleaned up.

"You're such an ass sometimes, but I guess you're my ass," chuckled Tyler, before pulling Luke back in for another kiss.

Not much later, Ohm was searching for his boyfriend, and found him in the break room. There was just something wrong, as he noticed Delirious sitting on a chair and hugging his knees.

"Delirious? Is something wrong?" asked Ohm, who pulled up a chair to sit with him.

"Oh my god, I'm scarred for life," whimpered Delirious, while Ohm hugged him.

"What happened babe?" questioned Ohm, but he never got a real answer. All Delirious told him was to not go into the interrogation rooms.

Chapter End Notes

What do you guys think? I put a lot of effort into this rare pair, and it was a lot of fun. I
think Luke and Tyler make very interesting detectives.

What are some of your favorite rare pairs?

~Melon
It wasn't like it was his fault, but sometimes he hated going to school. He had ditched more times than he can count, which meant going into detention. His parents didn't care about him, and his father wasn't even in the picture. Ohm didn't really consider his mom loving or even caring to him. She would normally come home hooked on drugs or even brought men over to sleep with. It wasn't like he didn't notice what she was doing, when those men would leave and she'd be counting her money. Ohm made it none of his business, since it kept the roof over his head. His mother didn't bother making sure he was fed, so that meant stealing what he could to get a meal. School really didn't seem important, not when his life was absolute shit.

"It seems like you're finally here, hello Ryan," said the cheerful teacher, that Ohm clearly didn't recognize, "I'm Mr. Patterson and I'll be the person to supervise your detention."

"Okay, yeah, whatever," mumbled Ohm, who had no interest in being here. The only thought was to maybe go to one of his friend's place, so they could smoke pot and then he'd finally have something to eat.

"You know Ryan, it's just the two of us, so I've decided to bring something," stated Patterson, knowing that it would get the teen's attention, "I hope you like donuts."

"Um, thanks," replied Ohm, since he didn't know what else to say.

His stuff was placed at the desk once he picked a spot for himself, while he got up and hesitantly got himself a raspberry filled donut. It tasted pretty good, and the teacher looked more laid back then he expected. Mr. Patterson actually looked really cool, especially with the beard and sunglasses. Ohm was just going to run back to his seat with his treat, mostly to be by himself, but it seemed like the teacher had other ideas. "What are some of your interests? Got any interesting hobbies?" asked Patterson, as they both sat on one of the seats that are normally for students. The back of the seat was however in front of the teacher, while Patterson leaned against it with his legs hanging on the sides, and his arms resting on the top. Ohm never seen a teacher acted like this, like he wasn't a teacher.

"I don't really have that many hobbies, unless playing video games counts," said Ohm, though his subconscious wanted to add stealing to that list. It was the two things he was actually good at doing.

"I like video games too, I play GTA after school whenever I'm free," replied Patterson, he finally took off the sun glasses, while they ate the box of donuts on the desk. They were both basically leaning on Ohm's desk, not that it really matter to either of them.
"Mr. Patterson, why are you treating me to donuts and not telling me to do work? I've been in plenty of detentions, and they aren't like this," stated Ohm boldly, though he immediately looked away, "not that it isn't a good change."

"Well it's just you and me. I hardly count being tardy too many times, as something to be severely punished over either. Just try to show up at school more often, okay?" replied Patterson, while he tried to reassure Ohm a bit, "besides, it's just us two. I don't think you'll out me over donuts and just relaxing. Call me Luke by the way, especially when it's just the two of us."

"Oh okay, call me Ohm. Ryan doesn't really bother me, but nobody calls me that anymore," lied Ohm, there was still one person to call him that.

"Alright Ohm, whatever you say boss," teased Luke, as he ruffled his hair playfully.

The touch was unexpected, though not entirely unwelcome. Ohm wasn't use to someone wanting to touch him, unless it was his mother who beats him at times. She would get so drunk and violent some days. "Keep playing hooky, and you might be seeing me more," added Luke, which still had that teasing tone to it. After eating the few donuts the teacher brought, they did talk about some things. There was sodas brought over as well, a luxury that Ohm sometimes didn't have. His homework was however eventually brought out, and it was Luke who helped him through the work. This was better than anything anyone has done for him, mostly because the other teachers didn't care. His friends always wanted something from him, most likely to use him and go steal something expensive. Luke didn't seem to want anything from him, at least from what he could tell.

Ohm eventually had to leave, because detention was over. It was the first time he didn't want to leave, mostly because of all of the attention. His house wasn't that far away, so he walked a mile until he got there. She was kneeling on a couch, blowing some dude he didn't recognize. The guy didn't even see him, and neither did his mother. There was days he didn't show up, so his mom probably thought he wasn't coming over tonight. Ohm just kept walking down the hallway and into his bedroom. He didn't see a point in interrupting, and his mother was probably high on drugs anyways. His bed was the most inviting thing as he laid in it, knowing that it was too soon to fall asleep. There was loud moans from the guy, because of the thin walls of the tiny house.

A pillow was pushed over his head, trying to block out the sounds. This is when he thought about just going to a friend's place, but instead he dug through his stash and decided to get high. The sounds did eventually stop, and yet they were far from over. They had moved it to her bedroom, where Ohm didn't want to hear it anymore. His music was turned up high, not caring if he interrupted them this time. Ohm would smoke and let the hit take him. It would give him an intense case of the munchies, with nothing for him to actually eat. He'd sigh and wish his life was different, probably with a real father and mother. His thought went back to that teacher from detention. Luke was most likely in his thirties, too young to be father material. It still made him smile, and the way the teacher was so understanding and patient with him.

His night eventually drifted, and he did fall asleep.

The second day he went down for detention, Luke seemed happy to see him. It was just the two of them, so his teacher suggested going out somewhere. Ohm would ask him where, but apparently they were going to get burgers and stuff. He didn't need much convincing to get into Luke's car. Some rap music came on, and they were heading off to a gas station. Luke said something about needing gas first, plus they could grab a couple things. This was the first time he could just grab what he wanted, instead of trying to steal from the place. Ohm never got caught, though it didn't stop him from feeling on edge. He'd grab some sodas and chips, because that's what Luke asked him to do. His eyes would scan over the alcohol, but he couldn't buy any.
Ohm wasn't even old enough to buy cigarettes, which he really felt like having a smoke. Instead he looked around the candy isle, and decided to grab himself a candy bar. Luke came back inside, most likely so he could pay for the stuff. It wasn't the only thing his teacher grabbed, because he'd watch as Luke went and got some beer. They didn't head towards the register right away. Ohm allowed himself to be pulled to the side, while he wondered what it was about. "Do you want anything else? I can get you something you usually can't get. Maybe something stronger than beer?" asked Luke, though the beer was fine with the both of them. They went to the register, as Luke asked for a pack of cigarettes, the ones Ohm wanted. It still surprised him that his teacher was getting him booze, let alone this.

They walked away with all of the stuff, as they put everything in the back seat. Luke then pulled into a fast food drive thru, and ordered them some food. Ohm didn't say what he wanted, not that it mattered. Nobody was going to pass up free food, especially burgers and fries. This is when they pulled up into Luke's place, and got out of the vehicle. It took some effort to get everything inside, but they somehow managed. Everything was set on the kitchen counter, and the first thing Luke grabbed was two beers. Ohm trailed behind him with the burgers, and settled in the living room. They agreed on a movie, after talking for awhile. It all seemed to be going so fast, not that Ohm had a problem with it. His life has always been full of unexpected events, but none quite like this.

"I think you'll like this movie, I usually watch something like this with Jonathan," said Luke, when it started playing, with his mouth stuffed with some food.

"Who's Jonathan?" questioned Ohm, though a little part of himself was feeling a little jealous. He couldn't help it, his emotions were confusing and Luke seemed so nice.

"Are you jelly Ohm?" teased Luke, it wasn't difficult for him to read the teenager, "well don't be, we're just best friends. He's so attached to his boyfriend, that I'm surprised he can still teach."

"I-I'm not jealous," muttered Ohm, his face now flushed and feeling embarrassed.

"Mhm, sure Ohm. Next you're gonna tell me that you don't find me attractive," added Luke, like it was a normal thing to say to his student from detention.

There was this odd tension between them, and Ohm really wasn't use to it. A hand even rubbed his back, once Luke got done with his burger. It eventually stopped, until an arm was placed over the couch and rested on Ohm's back. This left the teenager to feel even more nervous, and his face probably gave everything away. The movie was actually good, while Ohm finally started to relax after some minutes passed by. It was one of those cliche horror movies, but it got him a little engaged. Luke eventually got up to get more beer for them, then sat down even closer. The hand however went on his lap this time, and Ohm looked over at him. There was some kind of lustful look in Luke's eyes, that Ohm never imaged would be directed at him. His eyes closed, when Luke leaned over and kissed him.

It moved slowly at first, a shy kiss with his new teacher, a very scandalous thing. Ohm never lived a normal life anyways, and opened his mouth to deepen the kiss. He didn't mind the tongue that plunged inside, even sucked on it and kissed back. A normal sixteen year old boy usually had some experience, and Ohm wasn't an exception. Sex wasn't new to him, but he didn't know as much. Luke would push him down on the couch, the beers and movie forgotten. They were both apparently going to just do it right there, without a care for the consequences. It seemed like Luke was planning this anyways, not that Ohm minded at all. He'd let him pull off his pants and underwear, then watch as Luke took lube and a condom from his pocket. This was definitely planned out.

Ohm would remove his shirt, not minding that he was naked and Luke wasn't. "You're such a slut Ohm, already spreading your legs and inviting me between them," teased Luke, not that it wasn't a
lie. They both however wanted it, despite the age difference. A finger took some time to glide inside, after Luke had lubricated two of them. Ohm would take in a deep breath, when Luke would push in another. He'd slowly exhale, trying to relax himself in the moment. His friends liked to fool around, have sex casually with high school girls. This was entirely different, but the change was welcomed. Luke would massage him from the inside, as they started to make out. Ohm would groan, when the other hand started stroking him. His body wasn't use to having anything inside, so it took a moment for him to adjust. It took even longer for Luke to lube himself along with using a condom, and trying to just breach in.

"Relax, just breathe with me. I'll do this slowly," coaxed Luke, so he could eventually move deeper and hopefully faster.

The gentle treatment seemed nice, a hand kept stroking him, as Luke kept moving inch by inch. Once it was fully inside, it had actually stopped. Luke would kiss his nipples, then started to play with them. This was supposed to distract both of them, until it moved all the way out and slammed back inside. "Oww ow, Luke that hurts," complained Ohm, his body hadn't been prepared for the sudden movement. His lover apologized, then started moving slower. It didn't matter that it burned, and Ohm was still feeling some pain. Luke was going to keep going, until they both enjoyed it. The pain mixed with the sharp pleasure that ran up his spine. Ohm started moaning, gripping onto Luke's back, while they fucked on the couch. Both of them eventually came, and everything seemed to slow down from there.

"If you want to get some sleep, we can move it to the bed. I'm actually really beat," stated Luke, who actually looked tired.

"Okay," replied Ohm, not caring if he had homework to do, because he was also tired himself.

They got dressed, not minding the mess they just made. Luke had tossed the condom away at least, and gathered up some of the stuff into the fridge. This is when Ohm stumbled around, trying to ignore the sharp pain from his hips. The bedroom wasn't difficult to find, and he'd help himself to the warmth of it. He'd close his eyes, letting sleep take him for the moment. Ohm was so use to staying up late, and just doing everything he shouldn't. He'd feel the bed dip eventually, as Luke joined him for some sleep. They both passed out, with Ohm snuggling up to his new lover. Nobody would care about where he was, or even think anything about him being gone. Ohm just knew this is where he wanted to be in the moment, safe and in his arms.

The third day of detention, Ohm kept thinking about waking up to Luke and breakfast. It was the perfect thing for him, and he enjoyed every minute of it. This time however, when he went into detention, there was a different teacher. There was other students, which made Ohm panic. A part of him wanted to skip out, and so he did just that. Ohm didn't care if the teacher told him to come back, he just wanted to go back to hanging out with Luke. He'd curse to himself, not knowing exactly where the man lived. It wasn't like he paid attention to the drive, and now he didn't know where to find him. Luke apparently found him instead, walking towards the direction of where detention would be.

"Oh good, I was going to pick you up later. I just didn't volunteer to watch them this time, but I thought maybe I'd drop by. Why aren't you there Ohm?" questioned Luke, once he noticed that Ohm seemed to be leaving.

"You weren't there," replied Ohm, he felt like crying from joy.

"Come on, let's get you back to detention, I'll be with you if that makes you feel better," suggested Luke, which Ohm nodded his head immediately and joined him.
It was only two other delinquents in detention, so it wasn't a bother to him. Luke chatted with the other teacher, which Ohm also didn't care about. His mind wandered, wondering if what they had was really anything, not that it mattered. Ohm was just happy to get what he could. The attention was new, and he enjoyed every minute of it. It felt like forever, as he started doing his homework. He could eventually go home, once it was all over. Luke walked out with him, talking about some kind of teacher board meeting he went to this morning. This kinda struck Ohm oddly enough, that here was a teacher, going to a meeting after banging one of his students the day before. Mostly it was exciting for him, this very taboo relationship.

"Did you get all of your work done?" asked Luke, which Ohm nodded, letting him know that he was finished with his homework, "well that's good. We can go to my place and order a pizza."

They hadn't done much talking last time, and it's strange that Luke never asked about his parents. Most adults wondered if the parents would be worried, or if he had to contact them before doing anything. Ohm always had the freedom to do whatever he wanted, since it was almost like having no one. His mother didn't care what he did, she was mostly interested in getting drugs through sex. He'd sigh, thinking about the negative side in his life. A hand brushed through his hair, reminding him that he's in the car with a handsome man. Luke smiled at him, but kept looking back at the road. It made his worries go away a little, knowing that he had this weird relationship. The man was probably in his thirties, and here he was, a sixteen year old boy.

"Here we are, home sweet home," said Luke, once they drove up to the house.

It was exactly as Ohm remembered it, as he dropped his bag next to the couch. There was something bothering him, but he decided to say something. "Hey Luke, I don't want to make it awkward," muttered Ohm softly, almost like he didn't want to be heard, "I was wondering.." A part of him started to back pedal in his head, then the hesitation got to him. "Well um, what are we exactly?" His voice was barely a whisper, so Luke had asked him to repeat himself. It was like his throat was trapped, and he couldn't talk. Ohm wasn't sure if he should ask, because maybe what they had really wasn't anything. This scared him a lot, thinking that the only good thing in his life is just a lie. Just like the other aspects of his life, which he told himself were good, and was just something he did for survival.

"Come one Ohm, spit it out. I promise I don't bite," teased Luke, though when he noticed Ohm looking away and staring at his lap, he'd tilt Ohm's head towards himself, "Hey now, whatever it was I care about it. I won't think it's silly, and I'll give you an honest answer."

"Well.. what are we exactly?" repeated Ohm, once he finally found his voice. He was so nervous with the possible answer.

"Oh Ohm, we're anything you want us to be. Boyfriends, lovers, or even just friends if it's too much," stated Luke, as he pressed his lips into his.

"I-I'm fine with being boyfriends," blushed Ohm, his face felt so red and it was a little embarrassed. Luke would kiss his forehead, and Ohm believed him when he said he loved him. It was all too much, while being everything he wanted. Their relationship was kept a secret, nobody knew about it. They would most likely be more open about it, once Ohm had graduated from high school. This meant waiting for more than two years, which felt like a life time to Ohm. He however didn't have to go back home, and he'd just take a ride to Luke's place, if his boyfriend wasn't busy with something. Sometimes their would be meetings, that interrupted their usual pattern, or Luke had decided to give his time towards students in detention. Ohm learned to walk to the place, even if it was a bit far away and was a forty minute walk. If anyone asked why Luke was giving him a ride, they'd lie and say that Luke was related to him.
Ohm no longer had to go home to drugs, or his mom banging some stranger in the house. He was still smoking cigarettes, just not as much and without stealing them. The booze was also nice, but since it was always in the house. There wasn't exactly a need to always get wasted, especially when he had a loving caring boyfriend. A lot of time he'd cook dinner, tried to keep the place clean after doing his homework. This also meant giving Luke sex, even if he wasn't really feeling it. Sometimes Luke would drive them home, and then ordered Ohm to give him a blow job before their food arrived. They didn't always make dinner, so they would sometimes order out. Ohm always did what he was told, and get one his knees for him.

Their relationship wasn't exactly normal, and yet Ohm was fine with it. He didn't mind what other people thought, even if things were messed up in the eyes of strangers. Nobody had to know about it anyways, and if the relationship didn't last. Ohm would still be thankful to get what he could.

Chapter End Notes

I bet there's gonna be at least one butt hurt person over this fic, but that's to be expected. I've written rape before, so I don't think I'll get much backlash over this. There's always white knights, that think it's not okay to write something dark and inappropriate. I guess Stephen King didn't get that memo, when he wrote about those underage boys who had sewer sex, in the ending of IT (I wish I was making that up, lol.).

I think there's a history of very fucked up books, and yet people still enjoy and respect those writers. I'm definitely not some professional, but I'm also not into being limited to writing nothing but safe topics.

I love controversial and dark fics!

What's your favorite dark and messed up book?

~Melon
Ohmtoonz : Dull Grey Wings

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Ohm wasn't lucky, not compared to the people who were born with beautiful wings. He thought it was because he was a Beta, which normally had plain brown or grey mixed with either white or black. His wings were just a dull grey, an unattractive color. Everyone thought he was a Beta, since his wings were not very flattering. This suited him just fine, he could live like a Beta like his parents. Things however changed, when his first heat hit him at age fifteen. Ohm was mortified, especially when he didn't realize the symptoms and embarrassed himself at school. It was like holding a sign, telling all the Alphas to fuck him. The only blessing and curse, was that no Alpha was interested in him. They would all reject his dull scent, along with his bland wings.

His parents couldn't afford college or for him to live there any longer, so he was kicked out at age eighteen. The moment he graduated, he was left to fend for himself. This wasn't a problem for most Betas, who immediately fit in with society. Ohm's Omega status made things more difficult, even if most Alphas didn't want him. He was seen as a child bearer, and most jobs were for Betas and Alphas. This wasn't going to stop him, as he utilized any money he had saved when he was in high school. Whenever he was given Christmas or Birthday money, he kept them all in a savings deposit. There was also summer jobs he took, when his scent was much weaker. Even through his first heat, strangers on the streets might mistake him for a beta. He'd use his money to purchase cheap scent blockers, that seemed to work just as well.

YouTube seemed to be the best thing in his life, and nobody could tell what his face looked like or what second gender was. He'd started out playing with random friends. Ohm wasn't secluded to one person, while he tried everything to make money. The scent blockers were never used again, not once he was financially stable. It however didn't help his dating life, not when Alphas weren't attracted to his weak scent and wings. This wasn't going to stop him, he was determined to find someone to love him. Ohm's first love was a Alpha female, who was the great girlfriend for a long time. She however found another Omega male, that had a pleasant scent and the most gorgeous pink and white wings. He didn't really stand a chance against something like that.

Ohm decided he didn't need to focus on love after that, as he closed up his heart. His heats would come, but he had toys to satisfy that hunger. It was almost not enough, but he managed to keep his appetite for a knot at bay. He had showed photos of himself to close friends, who immediately assumed he was a decent looking Beta. This didn't surprise him, and he didn't even correct them either. Everyone was oblivious to his second gender, while most people flaunted it. His life changed however, when he was playing a battle royal game. Delirious faced off against him, and after that, they decided to get to know each other. This lead him to meeting Cartoonz, a very attractive and aggressive Alpha. His first interest was on Delirious, who also hid his second gender and appearance.

"Hey good looking, what's cooking?" flirted Ohm, knowing that Delirious would just play along.

"We are cooking up explosions!" cheered Delirious, while they set up to blow up people.

It didn't take long for him to ask Delirious out, but apparently his friend didn't like him like that. There was a particular Omega that Delirious had his eyes on, and his friend told Ohm that he was only interested in 'Omegas'. Delirious apparently was an Alpha, who didn't have a thing for Betas. This was how he let it slip about his second gender. "Actually I'm a Omega," said Ohm casually, though his heart was hammering in his chest. It's like it didn't even faze his friend, because all
Delirious said was 'cool', like being a male Omega was normal. The thing was, Ohm knew he was rare, despite being a very dull Omega. Most Omegas were clearly female, not that there wasn't a few exceptions. This was the same for female Alphas, they were just not that common.

"I love you Ohm," confessed Luke for the first time, and it surprised Ohm immensely.

"Eh wha?" replied Ohm awkwardly, not knowing if his friend was just joking around. They were both clearly recording, and playing a game together.

"I stroke myself every night just thinking about you. I'll scream, 'Oh Ohmie, touch my ding dong all night long'. I'll cum and unicorns will shoot out my ass," laughed Luke, now that it was obviously a joke.

They would both laugh, and Ohm swore there was this weird awkward sexual tension between them. Things got even more interesting, once Luke talked about inviting him over. There was no way he was going to say no, he might even get to hang out with the rest of the guys. It might've been awkward that Delirious rejected him, but things seemed to settle back to normal. Luke was the one to spill the beans to him, since he had no idea that Ohm had asked Delirious out. Vanoss and Delirious were dating on the side, so the public didn't know about it. This must've been the Omega Delirious was talking about, but oddly enough he wasn't that upset about it. Luke seemed to distract him again, while they went into position to shoot some people. His interests might've went to someone else, someone he knew was out of his league.

Ohm went to the airport one morning, knowing that Luke was waiting for him. They had planned this for weeks, and he'd finally get a chance to meet them all. None of them seen his appearance before, but they agreed to meet at a nearby McDonalds. He started to feel nervous, wondering if he'll see the disappointment in his friend's face. Of course that wouldn't happen, because Luke wasn't interest in him like that. His hand ran through his wings nervously, a bad habit he had, whenever he was worried about something. Ohm knew exactly what Luke looked like, especially those large red and black wings. There were beautiful compared to his, Omegas would die to get an Alpha like that. He couldn't help it, he'd stare at Luke's Instagram photos sometimes, and knowing that he didn't stand a chance.

"Luke over here!" called out Ohm, once he spotted Luke in the distance. His friend was looking around for the source of the noise, and then their eyes met.

"Ohm is that you?" questioned Luke, while the shy Omega nodded his head, "Holy fuck, you look amazing."

This wasn't the response he expected, when Luke pulled him in for a hug. The strong Alpha scent smothered him, even more powerful than he expected. It made his scent seemed pathetic in comparison, though it felt nice to feel those arms and wings wrapped around him. Luke pulled away, mostly to steer them out of the airport. They were both going to stay at Luke's house, despite Ohm's protest to be in a hotel, which happened in the days of planning. The car also smelled like Luke, along with another Alpha scent. This one was a bit weaker, and there was only a few guesses on who it was. There was also the scent of a Beta, which Ohm secretly hoped that Luke liked Omegas more. There was no point in hoping, not when an Alpha of that high in status, could get any Omega he wanted.

They drove over to Luke's place, and his bags were in the guest room. Both of them settled in the living room, while Luke ordered a pizza for them. The jet lag was slowly getting to him, not that he was that surprised. His hand started running though wings again, though something startled him. "Your wings are pretty soft, what do you use with it?" asked Luke, who came behind the couch and ran his fingers through the feathers as well. Ohm became a stuttering mess, but eventually said he
didn't use anything special. He was certain other Omegas smelled better, had flashier wings and were probably even more soft to the touch. The hand moved to messed with Ohm's hair, which he protested. Luke dropped into a seat next to him, as they decided to watch some random action movie. His eyes were however getting heavy, and he closed them for a moment.

Ohm didn't mean to fall asleep on the couch, but his sleep schedule was messed up, and it actually felt really comfortable. He woke up to a small blanket over him, as he pushed it off to sleepy look around. Luke was no where in site, probably went off somewhere else. This left him feeling alarmed, knowing that his scent went to distress. It was one thing he hated about being an Omega, sometimes he couldn't help let his scent show his emotions. There was nobody in the house, when he made his search. He just waited in the kitchen, and got himself a glass of water. Ohm also took a slice of cold pizza and nibbled on it. He wasn't that hungry, though it occupied him. The sound of a door opening alarmed him, though he stayed put in one spot.

"Is he really here or are you just messing with me?" asked Delirious, which Ohm could tell from the voice.

"Oh he's here alright, and he's a lot cuter than what I expected," replied Luke, not knowing that the Omega could hear him, "you should see him, he was sleeping so peacefully on the couch."

They finally spotted him in the kitchen, while holding a slice of pizza in his hand. Delirious actually looked really attractive with his blue and dark grey wings. The blue matched his eyes, and the tattoos on his arms gave him a rugged look. Ohm rushed over to give him a hug, though it didn't really last long. It seemed like Delirious came over to mooch on free food as well, not minding that it's cold. They talked about games they would like to play, that they usually wouldn't do. Luke had an extra pc in his gaming room, and Delirious could play with them when he was in his own place. Everyone also talked about movies, or maybe spending time out by the nearby lake. There was a lot of possibilities, though Ohm felt a little smaller with the two big Alphas in the room.

Their wings were so much nicer than his.

Luke decided that he wanted to spend some alone time first, which Delirious wiggled his eyebrows suggestively. Ohm would watch the two best friends wrestle each other a little, because Luke was telling Delirious to shut up. It was the first time he noticed Luke being flushed, because usually his friend was the one to start flirting with everyone. There was something different, a change he couldn't put his finger on. They all settled on a movie, a horror one this time. Ohm had no problems with that, though he wasn't sure how alone time with Luke would turn out. The lake however sounded nice, even if he would have to be around a bunch of strangers. His thoughts drifted a lot during the movie.

Delirious eventually left, and some reason Ohm still felt a bit tired. They decided to get some sleep, after being up for most of the night. It was going to be interesting in the morning, especially when Ohm woke up to terrible singing and something burning. Luke apparently wasn't really paying attention, because the kitchen was smoking and the fire alarm went out. A wave of profanities came through the house, while Ohm sleepily walked into the kitchen, "fucking shit, what the hell did I do wrong?" The site surprised him, as Luke opened the windows and dumped the burnt pancakes into the trash. Ohm couldn't help it, he smiled and then started laughing. He couldn't believe Luke was so bad at cooking, that he couldn't even get breakfast right.

"Shut the hell up Ohm, that's the last time I try to make you some amazing pancakes," complained Luke, he started looking for the pancake batter.

"If your pancakes are always like that, I think I'd rather skip it," teased Ohm, who decided to take it in his own hands to take over.
Apparently the Alpha decided that, he could trim the bottom of his beard, while the pancakes were on the stove. He didn't really cook much, mostly just ordered out. Ohm would still mess with him, saying that his dog buddy wouldn't even eat those pancakes. His would probably die, if it was up to Luke to feed them. "Oh screw you, like you can do better," pouted Luke, not knowing that Ohm actually loved to cook. It was something he did, whenever he had the spare time. The pancakes came out perfectly, despite all of Luke's protests. They ate noisily in the living room, the television was on and Luke was talking about the lake. This was either going to be really fun, or Ohm suspected that it would end in disaster.

The drive wasn't far, and they planned to eat lunch afterwards. Luke had brought them towels and sunscreen. His truck also carried a jet ski in the back, which they planned to have fun with. Ohm wasn't that worried about sunburn, not when his skin tanned very easily. It wasn't the same for the bearded redneck next to him. They parked and got out by the lake. A few people were already there, and more could potentially come over. Ohm was wearing black swimming truck, and Luke was wearing a red and white one. The sun made Luke's wings look even more glorious, and was stretching and showing them off. It did make Ohm feel envious, because his wings were so pitiful, while he tried to make them look as small as possible. He started to feel a bit insecure, noticing the people around the place even more.

"Help me get it in the water, so you can ride on the back," chuckled Luke, as they pushed off the jet ski into the lake.

"Why can't I drive it?" complained Ohm, hoping that his pleading might convince him, "will you please let me?"

"Sorry Ohm, but the bitch always ride bitch," teased Luke, knowing that it'll get under the Omega's skin.

They both settled on it, and Ohm wrapped his arms around Luke's waist, despite the complaining. It was actually fun, especially when they drove around really fast. "Fuuuck yeah! Go faster!" shouted Ohm, knowing that it wouldn't take that much convincing. Luke was driving around the lake, pointing at places that were nearby. There was a dock, along with homes around the place. This was a community owned lake, so it was nice for everyone to share. They rode around for an hour, then Ohm decided he was starting to get hungry. The jet ski pulled over to dry land, but then Luke pushed him into the water. It was game on, while Ohm grabbed his arm and pulled him in with him. Both of them wrestled in the water, though it was clear that Luke was stronger than him.

"No fair, that's cheating. You pushed me in first," pouted Ohm, who tried to twist out of Luke's grip, but was instead dunked into the water again.

"Losers weepers Ohm, and the losers get wet," joked Luke, once the Omega's head was back up. Ohm however started flapping his wings so that Luke would get also get soaked.

Some reason they were both laughing, both of them in shallow water. This is when Ohm started making a break for it, he tried to run away and tripped in the process. He turned around in time, back to the grass, but this time the water only reached his chest. Luke pinned him down, and some reason they weren't laughing anymore. They started to realize, that they were both just in swimming trunks. The Alpha had caught the Omega, which caused them both to be blushing. Luke did something that surprised him, those wings stretched over them, which blocked out some of the sun. He also felt Luke pressed his lips into him, leaving him startled. A knee pressed into him, causing him to get hard. The scent got stronger, trying to entice him.

Ohm did think of fighting it, but Luke was devouring his mouth. The kiss was quick and deep, the tongue just started exploring his mouth, in any direction that Luke wanted. His head was feeling
dizzy, probably from the long ride and wrestling in the water. He was certain the kiss might have something to do with it as well. Luke pulled away, started kissing his neck where an Alpha would normally mark. It finally caused him to snap out of it, despite his arousal. "Get off!" screamed Ohm, as he pushed Luke hard off him. It didn't take much effort, not when Luke was focused on pleasing him. There was a wave of uncertainty, and he tried to ignore the bulge in his pants. The Alpha looked like he got slapped, but then Luke looked so guilty.

"Shit, I fucked everything up. I thought.. just maybe.." said Luke in a panic tone, like he just screwed up the biggest thing in his life, "I'm sorry, I thought you might feel the same."

"Why are you doing this?" asked Ohm, feeling stunned and finally getting up from the grass, Luke did the same thing.

"Gosh I'm such an idiot, I just really like you," confessed Luke, thinking that he just molested his friend, "you can hit me if it makes you feel better."

"Wait no, I like you too. But why me? There's a lot more prettier omegas out there than me, who have nicer wings and smell better. You could have anyone," replied Ohm, his real feelings finally came out, "I'm just really dull, not interesting. You have it all, especially with that muscular body and cool looking wings. I'm just plain old Ohm, grey wings and barely an Omega."

"Ohm.." muttered Luke, he came closer and presented his wings out, making them look bigger. It was one thing Alphas did, to show off to an Omega, that they were interested, "I don't need no flashy Omega, or some damn flashy wings. I like your wings, they're soft and calming. A lot like your personality at times, they really suit you. If I can have anyone, why can't I have you?"

"I don't see why you would want me," wilted Ohm, trying to make himself seem small again.

"Because I found an Omega who makes me happy, and your light scent and grey wings is just an extra bonus for me. They also make you look really cute Ohm, so small and make me want to run my hands through them," Luke whispered the last part into Ohm's ear.

It didn't come unnoticed to Ohm, he could see Luke presenting his wings more. Almost like saying, 'look at these, I'm a good catch'. Luke didn't really have to try hard for him, if anything Ohm should be trying to win this Alpha, that was way too good for him. Luke nuzzled his face, then ask him softly, "now can I please kiss you again?" They kissed again, not caring who actually saw them. Things really did change after that, and Ohm still couldn't believe his luck. A part of him still thinks that, he didn't deserve such a good strong Alpha. Luke didn't care what other people thought, and ignored Omegas who tried to present their wings to him. It seemed like the Alpha only had his eyes on Ohm, and it couldn't be any more perfect.

Chapter End Notes

Okay so maybe this story is more fluffy, than it is smutty. Hopefully you guys can overlook that.

I seriously need to stop getting distracted with new ideas, and finish up more requests. I guess my brain doesn't get the memo. I'll try to get to them all eventually, I'm just a little all over the place and need to sit down and eventually write them all.

Thanks for reading! The support is amazing.
~Melon
"A long time ago, a war was waged between monsters and men. It was an even battle, so many lives were lost. There was a very brave young soldier, willing to disguise himself. He learned of their plans, and even ate and talk like them. It turned the tide for the humans, but only a little. They were still strong in numbers, willing to lay down their lives to destroy the humans invading their lands," said Evan's mom, while she was reading the same story, that she had read to him many times.

"Mom," interrupted Evan, he looked up at her from his bed, all tucked in and ready for sleep.

"Yes sweetie," smiled his mom, these were a few moments that they managed to spend time together.

"Is it okay to feel sorry for them? The monsters? We went to their land, and attacked them," said Evan, his heart reached out to these monsters, unlike most human children would, "now they're our pets, and I feel like they should be treated with lots of love."

"You're right, we should treat them with lots of love. Now I'll read the rest of the story, and you'll go to sleep," whispered Evan's mom, her voice was very soothing in the moment, "one day you'll have your own very monster."

It was Evan's twelfth Birthday, and his parents became even more busy. This was different from hearing the bed time stories, when he was only four. Now he would have his very own monster, and his parents could easily afford him one. Evan went to public schools, lived in a billion dollar mansion. His life was in luxury, but there was only one thing on his mind. He'd race down the stairs, despite his servant chasing after him, "I'm finally getting my own monster! I don't have time to eat, we have to hurry and go." This caused his butler to protest, along with his nanny that were trying to keep up with him. Evan was finally at the bottom of the stairs, while he started to tuck in his shirt and straighten out his hair.

"There's no rush Evan, we'll get to see the monsters soon," said his nanny, who acted more like a mother to him lately. His parents were too busy running a company, and they couldn't make time to pick up his first monster.

"I'll eat in the car, come on!" shouted Evan, he started walking out the building, knowing that his limousine was out there.

The driver apparently wasn't prepared for him, because the guy was having a smoke. Evan watched him panic, and quickly put it out. He waited for the driver to come over, and opened the car door for him. Lauren the nanny however stopped them from leaving, she was going to come with them. She also wanted to grab something for Evan to eat, while they drove off. Evan was so impatient, as he kept wondering what monsters were out there. Most wealthy children picked out very high end monsters, the ones with proper obedience and were usually older. He didn't really care for a pretty monster, who did everything by command. There was something else he had in mind, once they finally started to drive there.

It didn't take long for them to get there, and Evan had been munching on a bagel. The place was huge, probably the size of his mansion. Evan got out, once the driver opened his door. A seller came out immediately, and the tour had begun. His eyes went everywhere, looking from various monsters
around him. He wanted something like the monster from the stories, the one that lead troops into battle. Where parents told spooky stories of monsters eating bad children, who managed to escape and hide under their beds. Evan wasn't interested in almost every single monster he was shown, and their tour slowly became tedious with him not wanting any of them. Lauren tried to pitch in, saying various good things she liked in the monsters. None of these seemed to persuade Evan at all.

"I don't want any of them, I want to see the most scariest dangerous monsters you have," huffed Evan, though the seller didn't seem to want to sell a dangerous monster to a young teen.

"What about a younger monster?" suggested Lauren, since maybe a young one could be taught, "then Evan can get his scary looking monster."

This seemed to be the compromise Evan needed, because now they were looking at younger monsters around his age. Some were even older, by around five years or more. A particular one caught his eye, as he stopped walking. The mask looked terrifying, along with the blue glowing eyes. "What the fuck are you looking at?" growled the monster, which the seller told him was called Delirious. There was however another monster next to this one, who had red horns and looked devilish. Cartoonz smiled at him, showing off his long fangs. This is exactly what he wanted, but apparently those two grew up in the cage together. It was all decided in his head in that moment.

"I want both of them," said Evan, which nothing was going to change his mind.

"Evan, hun, your parents said to get you one monster," replied Lauren, but even she could see what would happen.

"I don't care, they would let me have both. They look so scary, and I want them," Evan pointed out, knowing that his parents would allow him to have both, his arms folded defiantly.

This was how they ended up with two monsters, that had no obedience training. Evan wasn't even allowed around them, which he protested a lot. He didn't see how it was fair to pick them, and not be allowed to play with these teenage monsters. They were both older than him, and hanging out with older boys seemed even cooler. His parents were later notified, and even went to see the monsters a week after getting them. Evan would still attend school, though the entire time he'd complain about not being around them. A surprise visit from his mom made him settle down some, but he still didn't see how they could be too dangerous for him. They were still teenagers like him, and someone could just watch them. He thought it was so unfair, so after a few months he thought up a plan.

Evan pretended that everything was okay, that he just needed a moment to get the anger all out of his system. This seemed to fool the servants, though Lauren still watched him closely. He'd still read stories about the monsters, and was all he could really think about. It didn't affect his studies much, not with several tutors and the extra attention he was given in class. Everyone had gotten into bed, and he knew his butler had the keys to every room. He acted like he forgotten to purchase a book, that he needed for his class. His acting was enough, and his butler went off to fetch it for him from a store. Evan got out of bed, and decided to break into the butler's room. The door wasn't even locked, because he requested it so last minute. There was various keys, but there was one he didn't recognize.

He ran off with the key in his hand, knowing that he only had so much time to do this. The monsters were held outside, away from the building. Evan noticed a cage in the distance, as soon as he walked out. There was foliage and a small building inside the cage, that his parents had built before he got his monsters. A sudden nervous pause hit him, once he gotten to the door. Evan started to wonder if they would like him, especially with Delirious' first reaction. He'd face his fears, knowing that he'd finally get to see these monsters. The cage was finally opened, and he started to walk inside. It was quiet, and he thought maybe there were in the house. There was only a small rustling sound, before
someone pinned him to the ground. He started to panic, not knowing what to do in this situation.

"What do we have here? Is this our dinner?" smirked Cartoonz, clearly amused by the small teen.

"Ugh, like I'd actually eat that," replied Delirious, as he finally came into view.

"Are you going to say anything?" asked Cartoonz cheekily, at the prey underneath him.

"You look so cool," said Evan in wonder, then his mouth just kept going without much thought, "how big are your horns? Have you killed people? Can your fangs go through bone?"

"You're a weird kid, I think I like you," muttered Cartoonz, as he let Evan go from his grasp.

"Well I don't," grumbled Delirious, though he didn't like most humans.

"Now don't hurt the kid's feelings, he's not like full grown adult," Cartoonz pointed out, hoping to persuade his friend to give Evan a chance, "he's supposed to be our human anyways, he did pick us."

"Which is why I don't like him," growled Delirious, causing Cartoonz to roll his eyes at him.

"At least he picked us both, kept us together. It's at least something," Cartoonz reminded him, before deciding to carry Evan over his shoulder, "why don't we get you back inside. We'll act like the responsible ones for once."

Evan wanted to show them his room, and Cartoonz decided to go along with it. Delirious didn't seem happy, but followed them anyways. The older monster decided to carry Evan on his back, because it was so much easier to carry the teen that way. His room was located up the steps, and not that far from there. They went inside, and the monsters seemed impressed from the size. It was bigger than most adult rooms, and could probably hold five people, if that many decided to sleep in there. Delirious was the one to leap on the bed, and dive mask first into the pillows. "Will you stay? you should all live in here," said Evan excitedly, not caring about what consequences would occur to them. Cartoonz ruffled his hair, didn't have a problem doing what the young teen wanted.

The butler had a heart attack, once he learned about the monsters disappearance. Lauren even went straight to Evan's room, just to make sure the young master was safe. He was however sleeping in bed, along with two monsters that unconsciously snuggled up to him on either side. She was supposed to get their security, force the monsters out of the room and back into the cage. It seemed like the nanny smiled instead, and closed the door. Evan slowly got what he wanted, two monsters that he shared a room with. He'd go to school, while his monsters went to obedience training. This meant learning the proper manners, and knowing how to react to a leash and collar. Delirious still seemed to act like he hated him, but still snuggle up next to him every night. It was probably because of Cartoonz' influence, that everything seemed to work out.

Evan grew up with the monsters, as they spend time with him when he was out of school. He still had to do extra curricular activities and studied every night to keep his grades up. Delirious started to slowly like him, while still trying to act tough. The other students stared, when he was being picked up by two monsters. Cartoonz was a lot older, and eventually had permission to drive Evan to school, after a couple years of obedience training and some trust behind him. Delirious would be sitting in the passenger's seat, and wouldn't get out with all the students walking around. Evan felt a sense of feeling proud to show his monsters, even if they're only there to pick him up. He'd get in the back seat, and smirk from the envious looks of the other students.

When Evan graduated from high school, his monsters were there for him. There was just one odd
thing, he noticed them starting to fight over him. "Stop hogging him Cartoonz, I was the one to bring him his cap and gown," growled Delirious, who was trying to score brownie points with the teen. Luke had a teasing smirk, since he knew how to push all of Delirious' buttons, "You didn't even like him, when we first came here." The two monsters were bickering, while he started to strip out of his clothes. It was nice to have them, but he didn't understand why they kept fighting all the time. When he realized they both liked him, he wasn't exactly sure what to do about it. The both of them were exactly everything he wanted.

"Guys stop fighting, or I'll be late for graduation," stated Evan, though it was far from the truth, he was actually early.

"You know I like you right? I just didn't know better when we first met, that you're so amazing," said Delirious, while he hugged Evan from behind, once the younger teen had everything off except boxers.

"It's really a sad sight, you're trying too hard Delirious," smirked Cartoonz, while receiving a glare from the response, "hey if you want to look like a needy bitch, then go right ahead."

"Like you don't touch and hug Evan any chance you get," growled Delirious, which might lead into another fight.

"Guys stop!" shouted Evan, getting the attention of both monsters, they both had a special place in his heart. There was no way he could choose one, "I-I like you both. If I really had to choose, and hurt both of you. Then I guess I have to choose neither, and not hurt anyone."

"Or you can choose us both," Cartoonz smirked, then looking over at Delirious.

Their some kind of mental agreement between the two, that Evan didn't exactly understand. His gown and cap were on his dresser, and he was the president of the student body council. This is why he wanted to get there early, make sure that everything was perfect. Cartoonz and Delirious had a very predatory look in their eyes, causing Evan to walk backwards and into the bed. His legs hit the side, then he was laying on his back. There was devilish looks on their faces, while Cartoonz got between Evan's legs and Delirious sat near his head. "W-wait," protested Evan, mostly because he didn't want to be late, and he didn't know what was going gone. When his boxers were pulled down, that's when the realization hit him.

"Why do you get to do it first?" complained Delirious, as he ran his fingers through Evan's hair.

"Does it really matter, we both get to have him," replied Luke, the smirk was still on his face as he dug through his pants pocket. A thing of lube came out, while Delirious was already pulling down his own pants.

"Are you okay with this?" asked Delirious, who wanted to make sure Evan wasn't being forced into anything.

"Go ahead, gosh this feels like dream. The two hottest monsters in my room, and I get to be with both of them," Evan pointed out, then allowed Delirious to lean over and kiss him. It wasn't innocent, as he felt that tongue plunge right in, and started rubbing against his.

A finger started to probe him, and it did feel a little weird. It wasn't like he never did it to himself, especially after all those wet dreams he had, and got teased by the monsters in his bed when they noticed his morning wood. The other hand stroked him lightly, though Delirious was tilting his head to the side. Evan was a little startled, when he felt the tip slip into his mouth. His head was rocked back and forth, while he felt Cartoonz starting to add a second finger. He wasn't about to just lay
there, so Evan grabbed the base of Delirious' cock and started to stroke him. The head was still in his mouth, while he twirled his tongue around it. Delirious seemed to groan, enjoying the sensation around his dick, "fuck this is good." There was three fingers now inside of him, as all of them started to slowly grew impatient.

Evan was flipped on his stomach, while being on his hands and knees. Cartoonz took no time in lubing himself up, and started to breach inside. This left Delirious to grab his face, and get him to suck him again. It didn't feel bad to be fucked on both ends, while Evan started to deep throat Delirious. The pace behind him was a little slow, but didn't take long to become brutal thrusts. Evan was the first one to cum, mostly from the stimulation from both of them. Delirious came right after, and pushed all the way in and came down his throat. There was a flood of cum in his insides, though they didn't seem to be done with him. Once he caught his breath, and one of them handed him a glass of water. After a few minutes, it was Delirious behind him, and Cartoonz abusing his throat.

His graduation was a blur, Evan didn't even remember everything he said during his speech. All he remembered was the students cheering at him afterwards. He planned to move out, and live near his college after this. His monsters would be with him, most likely doing their own college courses, that his parents were willing to pay for. The only thing he really hoped, that nobody noticed his limp when he went up the podium. It didn't surprise him that his parents couldn't make his graduation, but it didn't really matter to him. Cartoonz and Delirious were his lovers, and even his best friends. His wish to have some of the most scariest monsters at his side came true. Evan just didn't realize he was getting much more than just two terrifying monsters, he found the two people that truly made him happy.

He did after all, picked them both from the very start.

Chapter End Notes

I don't often find stories that I actually really love to read, so I want to recommend something to you that I found.

It is a H2OVaNoSS story called Chance by Sakura_Lawliet on AO3.

I'm not sure why this book doesn't have that many reads, it's just so good and I'm so hooked. Just give the book a chance, and you certainly won't be disappointed.

~Melon
"What do you want Cartoonz?" asked Delirious, while he walked around him.

"Please," whimpered Cartoonz, every part of him wanted it.

"Please what Cartoonz? I can't give you anything if you don't tell me," taunted Delirious, while his eyes glanced at his handy work.

They've been wanting to do this for awhile now, but it took some time for Luke to be fully comfortable with it. There was steps needed to be taken, so that Delirious knew his limits. This might've been pressed before, though not past anything Luke had ever wanted. He enjoyed the degrading words, the intense pain that would be inflicted on his body. Delirious learned exactly what he wanted, and they had become lovers throughout it all. A thumb was pressed between his lips, and he wetted them immediately, as he sucked on them. Luke liked the attention, tried to get anything he could from his masked lover. His legs were in the air, along with his arms being tied behind him and just hanging.

"I want you to hurt me," confessed Luke, once the thumb was removed. This caused the younger man to chuckle at him.

"Hurt you how?" asked Delirious, his eyes watched him like a predator.

"Anyway you want, just please do something," pleaded Luke, which seemed to be the correct words to say.

His entire body was placed in a huge sex swing, where there was a hole in the back to place his arms through. Luke also had his legs hanging on each side, where Delirious had tied him. There was also another hole, where his ass was hanging from. This wasn't the most comfortable thing to be in, but for Luke it was almost like floating. A hand traced over his rear, before a hard slap was met with it. Delirious started slapping him repeatedly, his ass was getting sore from the repetition. This made him slowly harden, though feeling constricted by the cock ring around his length. Luke would groan, wanting more of this brutal treatment. He was ordered to tilt his head back, and Luke did this without hesitation.

"Fuck your throat feels amazing," groaned Delirious, grabbed Luke's face and started immediately thrusting into it harshly.

It didn't matter that Luke's face was upside down, feeling his entire body move with the thrusts. Luke had great control over his throat, and only gagged slightly while breathing through his nose. Delirious pulled out, after abusing his throat for awhile. This made Luke wonder what would happen, once he was told to relax and adjust his head back. There was a sharp slap across his face, making him wince and startled from the sudden action. Another hit was met with his abs, but this time Delirious punched him there with his closed fist. His muscles tighten instinctively, most likely
trying to protect himself. Luke closed his eyes, and felt waves of direct hits at his abs and stomach region. This made his torso feel so sore from the assault.

"Do you want me to stop?" questioned Delirious, though it sounded more teasing than actual concern, "are you a pathetic wimp? Can you not take it Cartoonz? Do you want to cry?"

"No, please hit me more," begged Luke, as he felt a hand pet his head.

"You're doing so good for me, I'll give you what you want very soon," said Delirious, he sounded pleased which made Luke happy.

A sharp pain ran through his thighs, as he gasped though he took it anyways. Delirious was slapping his thighs, then ran his nails over them. Those fingers applied a deep pressure, trying to bruise the skin. Another session of sharp slaps were met against his ass, as Luke moaned from the pain. "You fucking slut, you like this so much. Want me to hit you, until I fuck every single hole," smirked Delirious, as he moved again and this time a sharp kick was delivered on Luke's side. This wasn't going to leave any lasting damage, just enough to make Luke groan from the sudden pain. The swing was now moving from side to side, as it kept on rocking. Delirious stopped the motion, then got between his legs. There wasn't much of a warning, while the fingers went inside of him.

"You've already prepared yourself for me, what a needy whore," teased Delirious, as those fingers continued to search around.

"Don't tease me Delirious, I want it so bad," pleaded Luke, his member was hard and dripping in this moment.

"I don't know, I could just see if you'll cum without it," replied Delirious, while he reached over and started fist ing him.

The need to cum became very overbearing, as he felt that hand pumping him fast and suddenly stop. Luke would start to beg him to fuck him, that he needed Delirious' big cock inside his ass. Three fingers were moving inside of him now, and the hand was pressing at the base of his member. Luke eventually felt those fingers leave him, as he hoped that he could cum now. There was a long pause, until he felt lube against his urethra, the hole at the tip of his penis. He felt a sharp burning pain inside his member, as a sound tool was slipped inside. It was thinner than a pencil, but felt huge in his urethra. This made him squirm, while Delirious started thrusting it slowly in his most sensitive area. Luke could feel it finally move as deep as it could, then his masked lover started moving it in a rotating motion.

"I think you deserve your reward," said Delirious, as the tool was removed and a soft kiss was placed against his member.

There was a cry of relief, once he felt Delirious starting to press the tip inside of him. This felt amazing for him, just knowing that his Dom was finally going to pound into him. The motion was surprisingly slow, which was driving him crazy. His body wanted it, needed to feel his lover passionately fuck him. Delirious must've finally took pity on him, because the thrusts finally did start to move faster. Luke started screaming, once it was finally at a brutal pace. He wasn't going to last much longer, especially when that cock ring was finally removed. It wasn't surprising that he came first, all over his stomach and thigh. His lover kept moving, until he could feel Delirious finally satisfied.

His limbs felt tired, while he felt Delirious slowly unt-tying him. Their fun was finally over, but he enjoyed all of it. Once Luke felt that his hands were free, he reached over for a kiss. They both kiss heatedly, as he moaned into it. Delirious moved away, just to release his legs. There was no way he
wanted to move, though when his Dom ordered him to get up, he reluctantly obliged to the command. His feet met the hard floor, and then a cloth went over to wipe him. A sudden cheer erupted in the room, as Luke ran his eyes through the crowd of people. He had forgotten about them, especially when there was only one person he cared to pay attention. Delirious put away the tools and toys, as the next couple would arrive on the stage.

"You did good Luke, I'm very proud," praised Delirious, even if this wasn't the first time they did this.

"Delirious," said Luke suddenly, which he rarely spoke out after their play time.

"Yes Luke?" questioned Delirious, as they were walking towards an empty room.

"When will we do this again?" asked Luke, who seemed to finally relax once they're both alone.

"Whenever you feel up for it again, I know it takes a lot out of you," replied Delirious, as they both got on the couch, which Luke was resting his head on Delirious' lap and laying fully on the furniture.

"I want you to make me bleed next, once the bruises are gone. Is that okay?" questioned Luke, his eyes were slowly starting to close.

"I would love to make you bleed, now get some rest," ordered Delirious, then pulled a blanket over his Sub.

Chapter End Notes

I might've really gotten into the smut in this one, but I really like bdsm. There's so many options for sex, when you have so many tools and toys to us. Plus I'm a natural sadist, so the violent parts were exciting.

I hope you guys like it, thanks for reading.

~Melon
"Hello Miss, welcome to the BBS host club, may I ask what is your type?" asked Evan politely, once he noticed a young woman walking into his building.

"I'm not sure," said the woman, while she noticed Evan calling over the guys to stand in a horizontal line.

"Please choose whatever catches your eye. We have a cute childish type," Evan pointed towards Lui, then at Nogla, "along with his partner who is the oblivious boyfriend type."

She seemed to peering at every guy, while Evan introduce the new client to them.

"We even have a couple of the bad boy type," said Evan, as he showed off Delirious and Cartoonz, "the last two is the prince charming type, and the sarcastic asshole type."

"Fuck you Evan, I'm supposed to be the cool type," glared Tyler, which made most girls avoid him, except for the exceptional few.

"We also have the boy next door type. Please don't be shy, and choose your pick," stated Evan,
while he ignored Tyler for the moment.

The woman pointed at Delirious, which honestly surprised Evan. She must've saw something in him, maybe she was into tall dark haired guys with blue eyes. It didn't really matter, as he watched Delirious escort her to a table. They served various treats, like cakes and other desserts. Some woman even went for healthier choices, as they served different kinds of salads. Evan would wait for the next woman to arrive, and of course they had a choice between the various men that were in the club. Every day it was Evan's job to introduce each guy, unless they were regulars. Some woman came so often, and they always asked for the same specific guy. Brock and Marcel were in the back preparing the dishes, were they couldn't be seen.

Evan knew the hosts were more like over priced waiters, but the rich girls didn't seem to mind. He'd over charge everything, and yet they still kept coming. A few girls would even hit on him, though he wasn't one of the choices. His job was more like a greeter at the door, who helped young woman choose their favorite man. The place was very packed tonight, as each one had a girl they were hosting. There was different lines, depending on which guy the girl wanted to see. Evan made sure each girl had their turn, and had waiting chairs for those who waited longer than others. He still had it written down, which girl would go where. These woman had no idea what happened when everything closed.

"I'm sorry, but we're closing soon. If you want to make an appointment for tomorrow, please stay and I'll arrange it," shouted Evan, as he got the attention of all these ladies.

"I'm so tired, are you coming with me soon?" asked Delirious, while noticing all the girls coming up to Evan.

"Hold on Delirious, I have to book a few and I'll get back to you," replied Evan, which he brushed him off, just to make the arrangements for tomorrow.

"Okay fine, I'm gonna see if they have any leftovers in the back," pouted Delirious, who knew Evan was usually busy afterwards.

It took about an hour to book some girls, then he finally closed the place. Evan did feel exhausted, while slowly taking off his bowtie. Their uniform was a white top, along with a black bow tie and pants. His boyfriend was probably still waiting for him, so he went directly towards the kitchen.

"Delirious stop! Evan control your boyfriend, he keeps stealing the cookies!" screamed Marcel, though the only thing Evan could do was laugh. Delirious indeed have a tray full of cookies, and was trying to get out of Marcel's grasp. He managed to grab his boyfriend, then pull him in for a kiss. It didn't matter that Delirious had a mouth full of cookies, when there lips pressed together momentarily.
"Here's the cookies," said Evan, which he managed to steal from a distracted Delirious. He ignored the gross out look from Marcel, and proceeded to take his boyfriend out of the kitchen.

"I want to fuck you up on one of the tables, but I don't think I can," admit Delirious, he'd been entertaining girls for eight straight hours.

"I wouldn't mind it either, except our friends are here," Evan pointed out, while steering them to a table.

"I don't care, they can watch if they want," chuckled Delirious, who received a playful shove and another kiss.

They started making out at one of the tables, not caring who really saw them. Most of the guys were leaving out the back, when Evan was making those appointments. Both of them decided it was best to just go home, and do the same thing tomorrow. "Hey love birds! I drove you guys here,
remember?" shouted Tyler, who got their attention, and even made Evan pull back immediately, "if you're done sucking face, we need to go." Mini was already in the passenger seat, politely waiting for them all to show up. They got into Tyler's car, then it drove off. Everyone shared rent and lived in a house together. It might seem crazy for eight people to live in one place, but some reason it seemed to work out.

"I'm making potatoes and ham, if ye don't want it. Make your own damn food," said Nogla, as he went from the living room into the kitchen.

"I'll help, make sure you don't burn anything," chuckle Lui, while he followed his own boyfriend.

"I'm hungry Luke, we had potatoes for like three days straight. Go get us some food," pleaded Ohm, who was trying to coax Luke from the couch they were sharing.

"You go get up and get food. I'm not moving from this spot, and nothing will make me," frowned Luke, while he folded his arms, and tried to act tough.

"Please Luke, I'll serve you dessert later. I know how much you like carrot cake," Ohm tried again, but this time it seemed to work.

"Fine, the things I do for a pain in the ass like you," groaned Luke, as he got up to get them some food.

Delirious seemed to be heading straight for his room, so Evan went to Luke before he left. He offered to pay for whatever he was going to get, if he brought enough for several people. The money was handed over, as he plopped himself next to Ohm. They were both still in uniform, too tired to move and just watched something randomly on the television. Most of the guys were probably changing out of their clothes, or doing something in their room. Evan realized he left his bow tie at the club, though he'd just fetch it tomorrow morning. It was just another tiring day, while they watched some random murder mystery. There was some whispering and hush sounds from the kitchen, but Evan didn't bother getting up.

"Can you believe we've been doing this for so long? We all manage to live together, and hang out all the time. It's honestly the best thing ever," smiled Ohm tiredly, though they could both agree on it.

"Yeah, I'm still surprised Delirious asked me out. He seemed so into the club, I thought maybe he'd hook up with one of the girls," admit Evan, which bothered him for the longest time, though he was happy to be at least friends.

"Oh please, you two having been making googly eyes at each other for so long. I bet you both touched sausages on the first date," giggled Ohm, as he tried to make it seem like they did stuff.

"We actually haven't gotten that far, just mostly kissing and a little extra touching. What about you and Luke?" asked Evan, which he started to change the subject.

"What about me and Luke?" questioned Ohm, since he didn't really know what he was wanting to know.

"How far have you two gone?" smirked Evan, he now turned the tables on his friend.

"Oh, well I introduced him to my rabbit hole, and we eat carrot cake all the time," winked Ohm, who was one of the few, that actually knew what it meant.

They both went back to staring at the television. Later there was a sudden movement, and arms wrapped around him from behind the couch. "What the fuck," screamed Evan, until he heard his
boyfriend laughing at his expense. The laughter went straight to his ear, which he groaned and tried to wiggle out of his grasp. Delirious planted a kiss on his cheek, before letting him go, to sit on the couch. A questioned escaped his boyfriends lips, which he just shrugged, "what are you watching?" It was just some show that Evan was kinda half watching, so he could vaguely tell the plot. They all started watching it, when Luke came back with the food. Everyone was probably starving, and burgers were the perfect dinner.

Delirious was the first person to grab the burgers from Luke, and dig into the food. They all grab some food, when Mini and Tyler walked in all dressed for bed. There was enough food for everybody, and what didn't get eaten would be left the in fridge. Hardly any leftovers would be safe the next day, since the guys loved to eat greasy foods. Evan enjoyed his food slowly, as he watched his boyfriend scarf down his burger. A small smile was on his face, while he looked back at the television. It was a decent night, which was typically normal for everyone. His eyes would slowly close, then he realized that maybe he should get to bed early. He'd start to get up, and head towards his bedroom. The uniform made him feel all stuffy and constricted, so he started to take off that first once he was inside.

"Are you doing a strip tease for me?" chuckle Delirious, once he entered the room.

"We seriously need a break, though it's a lot more busy during the summer," stated Evan, as he took of his shirt and pants.

"Mm yeah, I wish we would go down to the beach and have fun," replied Delirious, who went behind him and started kissing Evan's neck, "or we could have some fun here."

"I'm too tired," said Evan honestly, then he tossed his clothes into the laundry hamper, before pulling away from his boyfriend, "maybe another time."

It didn't take much coaxing for Delirious to join him on the bed. They would turn off the lights, and kiss each other goodnight. Evan closed his eyes for the final time and did manage to quickly fall asleep. He'd wake up early the next day, then immediately got up and put on some jogging clothes. His boyfriend could sleep through anything, so he wasn't too worried about waking him up.

Everything was ready, and he went downstairs to go for a walk. Evan did all of his exercise routine in the morning, that way he could stay in shape. Brock was up as well, prepared to join him. They would talk about the club, what could be improved or changed. Mostly his friend talked about kitchen items and menu ideas. There should be some summer specials they could do, as they discussed the possible options.

Once his job was over, he'd come back into his room and take a quick shower. Around this time his boyfriend would finally wake up, say a very lazy good morning before leaving to get breakfast. Evan got cleaned up, his uniform on tidily, while grabbing the hamper to load off their dirty laundry. Mini greeted him in the laundry room, as they both gathered all the dirty clothes, and got them washed. They would finally went down to get breakfast with the others, and eat anything they could. Marcel was preparing food this time, since it was his turn. Everyone was getting eggs and sausage, along with milk or orange juice. Delirious seemed to be finished, and just watching the television in the kitchen. At least Evan got to sit next to him, while grabbing his plate full of food.

"But I want Cheerios, we don't have any," cried out Lui, who apparently ate all his cereal the day before, and just realized he didn't have any.

"For the last time, I'm not going to the store just to give you some damn Cheerios," said Marcel angrily, looking like he might beat someone with the spatula.

"I want it, I want Cheerios! Give me Cheerios," squeaked Lui, thinking it was hilarious to get under
"Come on Lui, it's not that bad. Maybe Marcel make your breakfast look like a face, the sausages can be eyes and the eggs are the lips," suggested Nogla, though he was mostly looking at Marcel when making this comment.

"Fine, whatever gets him to eat it," grumbled Marcel, while he was cooking Lui's eggs.

"I hope the lips move, I'll call it Mr. Egg," beamed Lui, who was still using his very childish squeaky voice.

Things went by like normal, with some of the guys laughing or bickering about something. Evan was so use to it, he'd ignore most of it, while sipping his delicious coffee. It was time for all of them to leave, as Evan gathered them all along. This was usually chaotic, with everyone scrambling to leave the house and arguing with who would go in what car. Evan decided to drive this time, which Delirious usually followed any decision he made. Cartoonz and Ohm went with them, as they all got into the car and drove to the club. There wasn't anyone there yet, not that anyone was surprised. It was too early for customers to come over, especially since they only opened around certain times. Once they parked the car, Evan looked over the schedule.

They were the first ones there, which meant Evan opened the place for the guys. When everyone got inside, he started telling them what girls they would get during certain times. If they had open spots, and what to expect on the menu. Evan did this every time, even if the guys already knew what to expect. This kept them consistent, and always vigilant with what they had to do. A girl came inside, and he surprisingly recognized her. She was the one that was new to the club, who picked Delirious from the crowd of guys. There was no schedule for early morning, so he did his usual skit. Not really expecting anything different, and knowing that most girls wanted to try different host members. Things however didn't turn out the way he expected them.

Chapter End Notes

I thank Jhanyaiartist for doing this collab, and it was an interesting and new experience for me.

I always think it's amazing that people can draw so well, and send me art for my stories. This is a bit different from that, but I definitely would do it again if offered the opportunity.

Please go follow this person, and check out her art!

P.S. I'll be making this into a two-shot, so be prepared to look for that.

~Melon
"Hello Miss, welcome to the BBS host club, may I ask-" but Evan was suddenly interrupted, despite trying to do his usual routine.

"Delirious is fine, he was very fun to be around last time," said the young woman, she smiled directly at his boyfriend.

"Of course, please enjoy yourself," replied Evan calmly, but inside he felt very annoyed and a tightening feeling was around his chest.

They all agreed if they did this host club, none of them would act jealous or do anything to jeopardize the place. None of these girls knew about their private lives, and it would continue to stay this way. Evan would wait, while more girls would show up. This caused him to calm down slowly, since work always seemed to be a good distraction. It was his idea after all, gathered all his friends, then start a host club for money. The only problem was that, he never expected to fall for one of them. The next girl came to see Ohm, as Evan delightfully allowed her in. More girls would come inside, some of them not asking for a specific person. A loud laugh hit his ears, and one of them was the maniacal laughter that couldn't be mistaken as anyone else.

Evan looked over, seeing his boyfriend and her laughing. He'd frown and stared for a little too long. His hand gripped the small note pad, that he had been recording all his information on. "You're so funny, I haven't had this much fun in so long," said Delirious, which was barely audible, since it was from across the room, but apparently loud enough for Evan to hear it. This jealous feeling had to go away, as Evan counted in his head and even went over the names of the customers in order. He'd managed to calm himself enough, that he put on a fake smile for the next girl. The day went by, and the girl seemed to be heading towards the exit. At least that's what he thought, until she walked over to him.

"Excuse me, can I make an appointment?" asked the young woman, who seemed to be acting politely.

"Of course, what is your name and who would you be seeing?" questioned Evan, as he started to write everything down. He'd even ask for a time, but she immediately said the earliest available.

"My name is Miranda, and I'd to be with Delirious," said Miranda sweetly, and left once he told her that it was arranged.

She was absolutely stunning, long blonde hair and dressed in a nice light purple dress. Evan took in a deep breathe, then would let it out slowly. It was stupid for him to feel jealous, when Delirious was only interested in him. There was doubts in his head, since his boyfriend never dated guys before. This shouldn't stop them however, since they both really do like each other. He'd wave his dumb thoughts away, and went through the day like normal. Some other girls spent time with Delirious like usual, there was nothing different about it. The only thing bothering him, is that his boyfriend never had a regular before. Evan should've expected it, as those thoughts would slowly creep in his head, then he'd brush them away again.

"Okay everyone, we are closing. Please stay to make arrangements for tomorrow," stated Evan, as girls came over to book their appointments.
"Evan, Brock made a pie, do you want me to save you a slice?" asked Delirious, who always lingered for some reason.

"Okay yeah sure, just let me do this," replied Evan, who dismissed his boyfriend immediately.

The girls eventually left, and things went back to their usual routine. Something however began to change, as everyone worked hard during the summer. There was no off days, unless someone was sick or had to go somewhere. Occasionally Brock or Marcel would leave for a couple hours, while the other one stayed to make the orders. This was so someone went shopping for food, or anything else they needed around the house. They already had regular deliveries to the club, so nobody had to worry about going out to get items for food dishes. Everyone had to keep this up, until summer was over and then things would slow down.

There was just one problem for Evan, the woman named Miranda was still seeing his boyfriend. She even asked Delirious to hang out with her once the place was closed. He only knew about this, because Delirious told him about it. His boyfriend was only flattered by the offer, but Evan felt extremely annoyed with this. There's no way he'd tell the guys about it, not when they would probably make fun of him for being jealous. Instead these feelings were bottled up, and he kept seeing the two chatting and having fun. Evan couldn't see how Delirious was enjoying himself so much, when it was just another customer. It bothered him even more, when his boyfriend started bringing her up in conversations. Delirious would talk about some of her interests, and things that she had accomplished.

"If you're that interested in her, why don't you ask her out?" asked Evan angrily, which he immediately regretted.

"What? No Evan, it's not like that. She's just a really nice person," replied Delirious sadly, and after that he never mentioned her again, "I love you, okay? I would never do that."

They hadn't really talked about it since, and Evan regretted acting like a jerk. At least it happened in their bedroom, so nobody else had to witness his terrible behavior. He still felt bad about saying those words, and tried to make it up to him. Evan would go out to get food, despite feeling tired and grabbed Delirious' favorites. There was even more junk food in the house, along with him kissing and hugging his boyfriend more often. Things seemed to go well, but he was still annoyed when he spotted that Miranda girl. She was extremely chatty, and would even hold Delirious' hand as they walked over to the table. Evan would suck up his pride, and ignore the hurtful thoughts as best as he could.

It bothered him that some girl, could spend more time with Delirious than him.

Miranda came over early like she normally did. She smiled at him, and arrived on time for her appointment. Evan would force his smile, and allow her to be with his boyfriend. It would so dumb to feel jealous, but he really couldn't help those feelings. More girls would come in, as he allowed them inside. Things seemed to be the same, until he looked over. It wasn't as busy as before, mostly because it was a Sunday and some people went to mass. She was leaning over his boyfriend, doing something that didn't look right to him. His blood started to boil, and his legs just started to move. If he didn't know better, Miranda was leaning over to kiss his man. The two looked up at him, once he marched to their table.

Evan didn't know why he did it, maybe it was all the pent up emotions and anger. He grabbed Delirious up by the arm, which his boyfriend started to argue but allow Evan to do it. His hand grasped the front of Delirious' shirt, and he started kissing his boyfriend in front of her. There was a commotion in the room, probably because people were realizing, that Evan was kissing Delirious in the club. He'd pull away, then just ran for the exit. His heart hammered, and he just collapsed outside.
next to a wall. Evan felt stupid, like he just screwed up everything. The most important rule they had, and he just shattered it without a thought. Nobody was supposed to get jealous, and show what they really did behind the scenes. The door finally opened, and Evan didn't even turn to see who it was.
"Evan, are you okay?" asked Delirious, while he went over to him.

"I fucked up so badly, but I didn't want her to kiss you. I've been so upset about this for weeks, and I'm just so mad at myself," replied Evan, he hugged his knees and sat on the floor.

"She wasn't try to kiss me. I had something in my eye, I think it was an eye lash, and she was trying to get it out," Delirious pointed out, which probably didn't make Evan feel better, so he kept on talking, "everything will be okay, because I love you and we'll somehow work this out."

It did make him feel a little better after hearing those last words, though he knew everything was his own fault. Evan allowed Delirious to pull him into his lap, and they just stayed like that for a little while. His boyfriend had his arms around him, while there was a leg on either side of him. He actually enjoyed being hugged from behind, and let a hand grasped his chin to make him turn his head slightly. They started to kiss, which went slowly until it started to deepen. "You know, the guys
are inside trying to calm everything down, that'll probably gives us a few minutes to ourselves," smirked Delirious, which wasn't the most appropriate thing to suggest, but the damage was already done anyways. This is why Evan went back for another kiss, knowing that they might not get a moment alone afterwards.

"Fuck you're so hot Evan," said Delirious, his eyes slightly dilated and had that lust filled look.

"I'm not sure if we should," stated Evan, but he wasn't exactly stopping it either.

"I think it's cute that you get jealous," chuckled Delirious, who was now sneaking a hand underneath Evan's shirt, "wanting me all to yourself."

"What if they guys come out to check on us?" Evan pointed out, though his words faded once Delirious started to make his move.

"I guess they can watch, as I make you beg for it," smirked Delirious, while he knew he was going to get his way.

This time Evan was moved, so he Delirious could touch him easily. In the back of the building, there was an alley way. Not too many people walked through there, which gave them some form of privacy. There was a chance that someone might hear them, but that only added more to the excitement. Delirious was unzipping Evan's pants, and this time there wasn't a protest. They were making out like a couple of horny teenagers, that couldn't get their hands off each other. A hand slipped into Evan's pants, while he felt his boyfriend jerk him off. He moan into their kiss, knowing he wouldn't last long, because they hadn't done it in forever. His nice white shirt and black pants was also going to be filthy, once they were finished.

It only took some strokes, before he came all over Delirious' hand and himself. He felt embarrassed, that he didn't last very long. They hadn't done it since the busy season came, and it was probably the reason he couldn't hold back. "You really wanted it, couldn't wait for me to touch you," teased Delirious, then a door opened nearby. There was some noise, mostly a couple of their friends making grossed out sounds nearby. They were definitely caught red handed, not that it was the first time it happened. Evan still remember his friends catching them, trying to do it in the kitchen once. This was however much worse, since Evan made a scene at the club. Now they were fooling around on the ground, behind the building. At least it wasn't all of their friends.
"For fuck sakes, I'm not dealing with this" complained Marcel, who apparently stormed back into the building.

"You guys need to get a fucking room. Jesus fucking Christ, controls yourselves," groaned Mini, though this was a normal reaction from him.

"Now I need to wash my eyes with bleach, we'll talk about this later," said Tyler, as he also decided to leave.

"Evan, clean up, we'll talk once we get back home," stated Brock, which he tossed over a cloth for Evan to use.

Their friends eventually all left together, while Evan wondered what kind of consequences he'd face.

~

Six months later

"Hello Miranda, would you like the usual?" asked Evan politely, as he glanced over to his boyfriend.

"Are you two going to kiss?" questioned Miranda, while she looked really hopeful for it.

"If that is what you want," said Evan, but he was suddenly grabbed by Delirious.

"Who cares what they want, I want a kiss," smirked Delirious, who immediately started kissing Evan hungrily.

"You two are so cute, I need to take a photo of it," squealed Miranda, as she pulled out her phone to do just that.

This certainly wouldn't have happened when they first opened the place. Delirious escorted her to a table, that wasn't too far from where Evan was located. It seemed like Miranda wasn't interested in Delirious romantically. She just wanted a friend, someone who could talk to her when she was lonely. This was even better for her, because now Miranda felt like she had a gay friend to tell all her problems. Evan liked all the changes as well, so did his friends. Things seemed to be less stressful,
especially when summer time had been long gone. Everyone did manage to party at the beach, after Evan's little scene at the club. It all changed for the better.

"Hello Miss, welcome to the BBS 'yaoi' host club, may I ask what is your type?" asked Evan, as a new face had showed up at the club, "we have many gay couples for you to choose from."

He'd walk over to the guys, that weren't paired with any girls just yet.

"We have the cute pair," said Evan, who showed her towards Lui and Nogla, then moved onto Craig and Tyler, "we have the prince and princess pair."

"Fuck you Evan, I swear I'm gonna grab my bowtie and shove it up your-" Tyler was interrupted, while Evan moved onto the last pair that wasn't seeing a customer yet.

"We also have the devilish and angelic pair," said Evan, as he pointed towards Cartoonz and Ohm, before finally going over the last couple, "and if you're willing to wait for about twenty minutes. You can also be here for me and Delirious, which is the worth the wait. We are after all, the perfect pair."
I give a lot of credit to Jhanyaiartist for motivating me, and suggesting to do this collab.

I really hope you all enjoyed this two-shot, and thanks for reading.

~Melon
"Please sit here, and we'll get started," said Brock, while his patient was on the examining table.

"Should I take out my mechanical eye?" asked Brian, as he already reached over to fidget with it.

"No, I'll see if I can access the damage," stated Brock, then proceeded to look over Brian's chart about his biotech parts.

There had been so many enhancements made, because Brian had lost an eye and had scarring and tissue damage. It wasn't uncommon for people who served in the military to lose some limbs, and be exchanged with mechanical parts. Brock came back over, and informed him that he was going to reach towards his face. Most doctors just immediately probed his eye, so Brian was at least thankful for that. He tried to relax, while most strange doctors started removing his part, without trying to make sure he was okay with it. It wasn't like he could currently see out of it, that was the problem with his metal eye. Ever since a disruptive frequency messed with his enhancements, he hadn't been able to use it.

"Are you feeling any discomfort, can I do anything to make you feel comfortable?" questioned Brock, while everything went through procedure.

"Yeah, you can get me a bottle of water," joked Brian, but then was surprised to see the doctor suddenly leave the room.

A bottle of water was placed in his hand, he hadn't had anything to drink, ever since they pulled him from the battle field and immediately into the room. Brian took a gulp, then noticed how patient Brock was being there for him. Most doctors get paid by the patient, and just wanted to immediately get him pills and he'd get his eye back some days later. It made doing anything more difficult, while being pulled from most training on base made him frustrated. Soldiers were forced to take breaks in between being injured, even if it wasn't what Brian wanted in the moment. He wanted to shoot the people who messed with his eye. His doctor came back, and wanted to know where else he was injured.

"It's just my eye doc, apparently they don't think I'm useful without it," frowned Brian, then he felt a comforting hand on his shoulder.

"I'm sure you're plenty useful, just let me fix it right now and I'll get you back out there," suggested Brock, and was another surprise for the cyborg.

"Really? No, here's some painkillers. We'll send you an eye, whenever we fucking feel like it," joked Brian, but he was also frustrated when he said it. A part of him though Brock would get upset with his language and attitude.

"Nope, I can get it all done now, but you're welcome to stay the night and take advantage of the ice cream we give for free, when we get injured soldiers," chuckled Brock, who actually really meant everything he was telling Brian.

Things went by rather smoothly, as Brian felt Brock reach back to remove his eye. Anything that Brock did, he was immediately told what was going to happen. This left Brian feeling surprisingly comfortable, and Brock's words started to feel soothing. His doctor took out the metal eye, and then
started going over it with his tools. It took some time, while Brock started talking about the different parts just to have some conversation in the air. This was a lot better than awkward silence, and Brian really did like hearing his voice. The repairs were made, sadly over in around twenty minutes. Brock came back and then suddenly his face was flushed. He was never taken care of like this, where a hand tightly held his chin, and a moist fabric was lightly rubbed and around his eye socket.

There was still sensitive nerves in there, but Brock was so gentle to not irritate his old wounds. Most people were appalled by an open socket, but instead Brock was blowing into it after cleaning it. This was so the cooling effect was around the area, where some weird oils were rubbed in. Brock had pulled back to clean his metal eye, and the entire time Brian was trying to calm himself. It looked almost brand new, all shiny and with a different lens. "Why is it red?" asked Brian, who was generally curious about it. This is when Brock explained that a new product came out, and had the latest technology to have better infrared and night vision. It made him appreciate the doctor even more, especially with the new changes.

"You can go ahead and get that ice cream before you leave. I'll just sign your release forms and you're free to go anytime you want," Brock dismissed him, and actually did pull out his release forms in front Brian.

"Thanks doc, would say let's meet again, but that would mean getting hurt," chuckled Brian, though he didn't mind getting the same treatment again.

"If you do get injured, I'll be the one to patch you up," replied Brock, before waving him off.

Brian didn't believe he'd see the same doctor, and would be lucky enough to get such good treatment. He didn't feel like some kind of weird cyborg freak, and like someone trying to fix his eye. The cafeteria was nearby, so he left to enjoy himself and actually left with ice cream in a styrofoam cup. Brock lingered in his head the entire time, though nobody knew his sexual preferences. This would just go into his spank bank, which didn't hurt to have when going back to space. He was only a lowly body guard, who guarded the captain on their trips. It wasn't like they went far either when they flew, because they mostly transported supplies to other areas. They were mostly a few days to a week, and were often extremely dull. Sometimes they would get attacked when they landed, or was taking the supplies out of the ships. It was his job to keep everyone safe.

A week went by without an incident, but then when they were about to leave a planet. There was a gun shot that echoed around the ship. Brian didn't feel it at first, just acted on instinct and shot at the people nearby. He'd signal his partner to get behind the crates, and then fire back into them. This is when he finally noticed the pain, along with the bleeding wound on his stomach. Brian immediately got to work, ignoring that he should do something about his gaping hole. A plasma rifle was in his hand, while he took out the two guys shooting at him. The pain was slowly getting to him, and he applied pressure to his wound. A low groan escaped his lips, before he decided to retreat. Their ship had a doctor, though not as well equipped as a military hospital.

"I'm not fucking dying today," growled Brian, then he marched up the ship's back entrance (which is also the cargo bay), knowing that he could get shot at any moment.

His memory was a little foggy after that, he did remember coughing up blood. Someone was with him, maybe it was Vanoss their captain. Delirious was probably out there still shooting, because he lived for that kind of stuff. He did remember seeing Nogla, and maybe there was Craig. After that he didn't bother trying to remember what exactly happened. Brian was in and out of conscious, then when he finally woke up for real, he noticed he was in a hospital bed. There was no way he was going to move much, not in his current state. Nobody was around, and he reached over to feel his
eye. Someone had taken it out, leaving him feeling extremely vulnerable. He hated when people did that, took on of his precious parts that he could really say was his own.

"I see you're awake, sorry I took your eye. I thought you'd still be asleep, while I cleaned it up for you. You've been laying here for a few days, but it's good to see that you're making a fine recovery," said Brock, polish in his hand, as he was currently shinning up Brian's eye.

"Well gee thanks doc, I love it when people take my stuff without permission. Can I have it back?" replied Brian angrily, then immediately regretted it when seeing the sad look on Brock's face. He was being a brat, and he knew it.

"It actually pressed too deep into your skin, when you fell down. I tried my best to rid of the irritation when you were asleep," stated Brock, ignoring Brian's sudden temper and then leaned over to put it back in, "please allow me to get it back on."

"Oh okay," answered Brian, then he allowed his doctor to place a hand on his chin, then put in the device gently into his eye socket.

There was something between them, as Brock also showed him that he removed his metal leg. It was showing some signs of rust, probably from the weather and hadn't been looked at in years. A new one was being ordered, and they had his size on file. Brian knew his doctor didn't have to do that, most doctors didn't bother with seeing what he needed. His stay was for another week, at least that's what Brock told him. Their medicine was more advanced, along with the medical equipment. A nurse never did show up to his surprise, but Brian hated nurses, since they treated like some weak amputee. Brock asked if he needed anything, there was a television nearby, as he showed him a remote and it's settings. His bed also had controls on it, while his doctor explained it to him.

This wasn't a normal hospital stay that he was use to having.

Some stranger would bring his food, but he was still on fluids to stay hydrated and have pain meds given to him. Brock would come in to change his fluids for him, would even clean his leg that had his missing foot. A wet cloth ran over it, which smelled floral and nice compared to some of the chemicals he was use to smelling. There was just one awkward thing that happened, after staying there for two more nights. Brian was watching some weird medical drama show, when his doctor came in. There was a container of water, along with a sponge and other things. He's been able to use his bathroom on his own, even if sometimes Brock asked if he needed assistance with his restroom needs. It was something entirely different.

"I bet you feel pretty filthy laying in the same clothes for so many days, and I thought maybe it's time to freshen you up," beamed Brock, while he put on some plastic gloves and had a wheel chair nearby.

"I guess I could, what would I have to do?" asked Brian, he was very unsure about all of this.

"Just hop on here, and I'll take care of the rest," explained Brock, which he watched as Brian got into the wheel chair.

There was only a medical gown on him, and Brock was coming over to him to remove it. This left him feeling awkward and a bit shy. He never had any confidence with his body, so many missing parts and scarring on him. Brock seemed to act like he wasn't seeing anything usual, just went on his way to lather his chest up with some scented water. Sponge baths were weird, and not something Brian really liked, as he tried to cross his leg and didn't quite work the way he wanted. "Keep your legs apart, I'll need to clean there too," ordered Brock, while his sponge moved down from the chest towards his stomach. A large part of him felt mortified, once he realized he was half hard. There was
no way Brock didn't notice it, not when the sponge was near that location. Some reason Brock didn't say anything about it.

It was pulled away, and then Brock asked for one of his arms. This was wiped gently, and the sponge was dunked several time in the water. He wasn't relaxed at all, despite his doctor telling him to do just that. Every part of him felt on alert, even when he was told to hand over his other arm. "Brian, are you okay? Should we do this another day?" asked Brock, who is trying to do it at the pace of his patient, but the only response he got was Brian shaking his head. There was no way he wanted it to stop, and he wasn't exactly sure why. All of him was getting worked up, when Brock asked permission to clean his privates. He was also given an option to do it himself, but all Brian did was nod his head and felt flushed up to his ears. The sponge touched his balls at first, but then he also felt those fingers pulling and tugging them to get better access.

"Is this okay? Do you need me to stop?" questioned Brock, though he only slowed his movements a little.

"I'm sorry, I don't know what's wrong with me," said Brian, now he was hiding his face with his hand, and now his length is fully harden once Brock touched it, "I guess I haven't been touched in while."

"This is perfectly fine, it's a normal bodily response," replied Brock professionally, but what his hand was doing wasn't.

His toes curled from his leg that wasn't missing, as he finally peered through his fingers. Brock was using the sponge to clean his length, even pressed gently around the tip. He gasped when that hand starting pumping him, as he finally reached to grip the doctor's shoulder. Some words were mumbled from his mouth incoherently, but he couldn't stop himself. He enjoyed every minute of it, until he came quickly into Brock's hand. It was cleaned up, and then the cleaning supplies were put to the side. This felt almost unreal, when Brock picked him up from the wheel chair and put him on the bed. His head slightly gone from his high, though he was instructed onto his stomach. A different sponge moved around, gliding over his shoulder blades and down his back. He'd close his eyes, enjoying it so much he actually fell asleep.

Someone must've dressed him, because he woke up with a different gown on. His metal leg in place, which wasn't there before. It was a slightly different model, but very similar to the one he use to have. Brian got up and started walking around, mostly to test his new leg out. He couldn't believe how well it all worked, and he'd have to thank his doctor. His face suddenly turned red, and he couldn't really explain what he was feeling. All of him wanted to see Brock again, though after what happened a nurse came in to assist him. Brock stopped visiting as much, and would only show up when a nurse was around. Once he was finally released, he felt a little empty inside. Normally he felt excited to leave a boring hospital, but instead when he got dressed he planned to do something else. There was certain people he could question, try to get answers while he searched for where he could meet up with Brock. He even asked Vanoss for a couple days off, which the captain had no problem giving him. Brian finally figured out where he lived, though after what happened a nurse came in to assist him. Brock stopped visiting as much, and would only show up when a nurse was around. Once he was finally released, he felt a little empty inside. Normally he felt excited to leave a boring hospital, but instead when he got dressed he planned to do something else.

"Brian, can I ask why are you in my residence?" questioned Brock, though there was a slight smile on his face.
"I'm a needy impulsive bastard, and I had to see you. Like shit, you can't just make me shoot my load and avoid me like that. You fucking prick," growled Brian, but he didn't expect to hear Brock laugh and then wrap his arms around him.

"I didn't expect you to respond like that," stated Brock, though he just stayed hugging him, "when you were acted so cute and telling me you wanted it. I went and stopped behaving like a doctor, because I could tell you liked me too. Then I had to take a step back, and do my job properly."

"You didn't have to do jack shit. I loved every minute of you being around me, so you better not fucking stop," replied Brian with an agitated tone, though was kissed on the cheek to his surprise.

"Okay, I'm not sure where we'll take it from here, but at least we both know we like each other," said Brock, they hugged each other tighter than before.

"And don't you avoid me again, or I'll track your ass down and kick it with my metal boot," mumbled Brian, and things did change for the both of them.

It came to a huge surprise to Brian, when he went off to a mission and then tried to visit Brock. His new boyfriend wasn't anywhere to be found to his irritation. He thought maybe Brock tried to get out of the relationship, or something equally as bad. This left him in a foul mood, until they were put on another mission. It made him feel like there was nobody in the room, because he stood where he normally would as a guard, which at Vanoss' side. Brock came into the main flight room. Where the controls were located along with the captain's chair, and people who managed the steering and missile controls. He stood there feeling stunned, as Vanoss introduced to the group of their new doctor. Brock only looked at him once and winked at him. There was only a few words Brian mumbled under his breath.

"That little shit."

Chapter End Notes

This was really fun to write, and I did it for a friend of mine.

I really like after care and hurt/comfort type of stories. It seemed perfect for Brock to take care of Brian.

I hope you all enjoyed it, and thanks for reading.

~Melon
There was only so much time left for him, as he stumbled towards a nearby building. His shirt was soaked with sweat, and he only had so much water. Evan started going inside carefully, and the door wasn't even locked. He was worried about that, but some people have already evacuated a long time ago. The first thing he usually did was check if it was safe, but he couldn't do that in the moment. Instead he peeled off his shirt and went straight for the faucet. No water came out, much to his distress. There was a foul smell where he was, though when he opened the fridge he found the source. Evan gagged and left the door open to air out. His eye glanced around for any water, even if it wasn't warm it would help him. When he found none he went to check the freezer.

There was ice trays and had water in them. This is when he decided to be careful, while taking them each out individually. The water would have to be boiled before use, just in case it wasn't safe to drink. He'd look around the cabinets, searching anything he could use. Evan found a pitcher at the bottom, though a large wave came over him. His body ached, as he gasped in pain and tried to be silent about it. There was no way he was going to make it much longer, so the pitcher was placed next to the ice trays. He was hunched over, though his pants had to come off. They were peeled away slowly, along with his boxers. Once everything was off, he'd couldn't hold back the sounds of pain. It was going to get worse through the end of the night, and during these times he wished, he wasn't what he was.

A growling sound was heard, immediately pulling him to alarm, though he didn't want to get off the floor. One of them were coming, he could feel it. His machete was on the counter top, with the other stuff he laid down. Evan peered up, just to see it coming right at him. He tried to get up, but it pinned him down. This wasn't the way he wanted to die, not naked and some disgusting corpse on top of him. If even one scratch got on him, he would be infected and dead. The thing didn't smell the best either, while he struggled to get the upper hand. A rush of slick escaped him, making him feel even more urgent to get away. It suddenly stopped moving, which he pushed it away and managed to crawl enough to a safe distance. This didn't make sense to him, the dead don't stop trying to eat the living.

"Shit, what do I do?" muttered Evan, the weapon was right above where the zombie was kneeling.

There was no way to tell what it was doing, a hockey mask was over it's face. It gave Evan some hope that he might not get bitten. This was probably his only chance, as he rushed for his weapon. The dead person just still sat on the floor, as he went and grabbed his machete. Another sound came into the house, though Evan was too distracted to kill the zombie on the floor. It seemed to make gurgling growling sounds, before getting up and running after the sound it heard. Evan stood there dumb founded, a machete in his hand and the dead thing running off. He heard a struggle, until he noticed a person was trying to fight off the zombie. It was the man trying to hunt him down, because the Alpha apparently thought since the world went to hell. He would try to take Evan as an Omega for himself.
This was the reason he had to constantly flee, and didn't have time to search for suppressants. Evan had a feeling he wouldn't be able to get any even if he tried. The hospitals were crawling with the infected. He noticed the man getting ready to grab his gun, and the zombie couldn't quite bite him. There was only one solution to this, as he unhooks the mask, watching as the blood bath happened. Evan sank to his knees, feeling more slick run down them. He didn't want to watch the zombie eat the man, so he looked away. There was sounds of chewing, probably the reason he wasn't being bitten currently. It would only last for so long, but he realized he couldn't get up again. His adrenaline was fading, and he could feel the urge to mate get stronger.

"Not this shit again, get off me!" shouted Evan, who felt the undead person get behind him.

It took everything to fight his instincts, every part of him wanted to present himself. This is when he smelled something unusual, which made him freeze up and the zombie rest his head on his shoulder. A smell of an Alpha in rut hit him strong, and he suddenly got dizzy from it. He hadn't had an Alpha before, and his body wanted it. Evan tried to get out of it's grasp weakly, knowing that any zombie would normally bite him. There was something going on instead, while he felt a hard member on his back. He couldn't believe he was going to die by being fucked by a zombie. This is when he struggled even more, while it growled in his ear. His fear pheromones must be saturated in the air, along with his heat.

"Fuck it, just do it. I don't even care anymore," said Evan, once he finally caved into the zombie Alpha's advances.

It started to move around, until he felt it finally mount him properly. His body was already starting to relax, once the head started push inside. Evan would stay on his hands and knees, while he allowed himself to get fucked from behind. The door was wide open as well, allowing anything to come inside. It started to move more vigorously, once the zombie was all the way inside. He couldn't believe he was actually moaning, feeling a sharp pleasure along with the pain of being penetrated for the first time. Evan always hated being an Omega, though he never thought anything like this would happen. It took a moment for both of them to get off, and then he came first all over the floor. A bite came right on his neck, making him panic and thinking he was going to die on the spot. It only went so far, as the undead person bit only enough to leave a mark.

A rush of cum came inside of him, while Evan decide to just go limp on the floor. He was tired and thirsty, while he could feel that knot start to form. Everyone knew how dangerous zombies where, only a direct blow to the head killed them. It was still moving inside of him, the knot rocked a little, until the zombie finally decided to settle down and not move. Nobody would know anything about this, a zombie who would mate with a human. Evan decided he was probably a dead man now, a bite mark along with a fresh wave of cum in his ass. If he wasn't infected, then he'd be very surprised. There wasn't a single person who lived through this, at least not to his knowledge. Anyone who bit would turn, and so this must be his turn to die. He didn't have anyone anyways, all of his friends were dead.

The knot eventually disappeared, so he was free to get up. His ass was slightly sore, but he went to check his bag. There was only two water bottles left, not nearly enough for his heat. He drank one of them, mostly because he hadn't drank in awhile and he just went through a hard session on the floor. Evan knew he couldn't have a shower, though now he looked at the zombie. It almost made him choke on his water, because the zombie wasn't half bad looking. The guy was probably a little older, dark hair and the most gorgeous blue eyes. They always had a dazed look on their face, which normally gave away what were. He could also smell it, though he guess it must've been newly dead. Evan decided to screw it all, and share his heat with some random zombie that decided he wasn't dinner.
The only thing that made the person look menacing was the blood on his face, since the zombie did recently chewed on someone. He'd watch as the undead person went back to his meal. Evan wasn't going to watch, so he went towards the kitchen. A roll of paper towels were found, so he cleaned himself as best he could. Everything in him wanted to sleep, and he knew normally Alphas would take care of an Omegas needs. This meant providing food and water, which a zombie couldn't exactly provide him with. The pitcher was filled, then he checked the gas stove. It somehow still worked fine, as he started to boil the water. Evan stood there for awhile, since sitting would hurt too much. The entire time he wanted to lay down, but once it was done he would take it off the stove and shut it off.

He decided to get some sleep, then noticed the zombie was done having his fill. It seemed to walk over to him, which Evan grabbed his machete just in case. The thing only stood there, a glazed look on it's face and not doing anything. This is when he placed the bag over it's shoulder, and decided to make it haul his stuff up the stairs with him (after he cleaned it's face). He'd shut the front door first, before going up to get some rest. It's been a long night for him, and he didn't want to question what it all meant. If the infection was spreading, he should be dead by the morning. The Alpha followed him into the bedroom, while he closed the door. He put food and water on the dresser, and then plopped on the bed. This is when he noticed the zombie still standing there, the bag still over his shoulder. Evan pulled it off, mostly because it was weird for a zombie to hold his stuff.

He started to try to go back to sleep, but it was too weird for some dead thing to be at the foot of his bed. Evan pulled the thing into the bed with him, then closed his eyes.

Chapter End Notes

I guess I'm ready to start writing more again, wooo! I took some time off writing, so I don't burn myself out. I'll get back to my story "Deep Throat" as well, I've been neglecting it a bit.

Thanks for the support everyone.

~Melon
It's been a day since his heat ended, and having an Alpha to use actually made it bearable. Evan wasn't sure why he didn't turn, or how he wasn't dead that night. The zombie took care of his physical needs, while he used whatever water and food he had. It was a good thing he boiled some water as well, because his heat lasted four days until it was finally over. There was something strange about this zombie, it would follow him and didn't really respond much. He did notice the body down the stairs trying to move around, as Evan had to use the machete to kill it, during his period of having his heat. Every part of him felt exhausted, and now he had to look for more supplies. His water was gone, which was his biggest issue. Evan did have some food left, but it would probably only last him another day.

"Come on, we need to move," said Evan, now that he was starting to get use to having a zombie companion, "there might be water in one of those stores, I haven't checked them yet. I bet there swarming with dead people. If only I could get a shower, I reek of this heat smell."

The entire time he was talking to the undead person, while it kept following on foot. Evan couldn't stay in the building, not when he preferred to travel and search for supplies that way. A local grocery store was nearby, though it was also crawling with the dead. He glanced back his own zombie, which he placed the hockey mask back on it's face. Sometimes Evan was worried that it would turn on him, so half way through his heat he had put it back on. It didn't bother the zombie at all, since it didn't respond to much. "I hope it doesn't bother you, that I'll be killing a few of them. Do zombies care when you attack a different zombie?" pondered Evan, knowing that it wouldn't respond to him. He started walking, noticing that the zombies didn't respond to him immediately.

They seemed to react when they came close enough, and then the strangest thing happened. His zombie started to growl at them, while moving in front of him. There was some grunting and growling between them, but then eventually the three undead people started walking away. Evan stood there stunned the entire time, but kept his machete out. The zombie would follow him inside, and there was more undead in the place. He knew that watching them constantly would be impossible, and those things were looking at him. They would start walking in his direction, until his zombie started growling at them. One of them was getting bold, moving to get closer to him. This is when his undead companion went at it, though the hockey mask kept bumping into the thing.

The other undead person bite his zombie on the arm, and Evan panicked and swung. His machete made a direct impact into the other, and then it dropped down and didn't move. A wave of strong Alpha scent went over him, which mostly stunk of aggression and the pheromones for fighting. "Will you knock that off? I can't bare to smell that no more," growled Evan, and his zombie strangely stopped growling himself. This time he reached up to remove the hockey mask, which the same glazed look stared back at him. The zombie seemed to calm down, once it realized it was just him next to it. Evan decided to keep the mask off, at least his zombie could defend himself, if it at least had it's teeth to use. He looked over the wound the other zombie made, but it wasn't deep enough to break the skin.

"You're really something else, you know that? Come on, I need to find water," ordered Evan, which his zombie happily followed along without any commands.

It was like there wasn't any other undead, because most of the other zombies would back off with his around. There was plenty of food to pick from, and the place had around five dead things still inside.
Evan quickly went to isle with water, and noticed large things of plastic water bottles haven't been touched. It would be a waste not to try and get some of them. He went to get himself a shopping cart, which a few was just sitting inside the place. It was filled up with water bottles, then he looked around for can food. Another wave of aggressive scent came off his zombie, causing him to frown and look over. He noticed a new one walking in, but it immediately backed off from them, since it was much smaller in size.

"Will you please stop doing that, you don't have to get yourself hyped up every time there's a zombie," groaned Evan, as he decided to keep moving and get all the supplies he needed, "you're making me dizzy and delirious with your scent."

It kept growling, though followed Evan to the section of different canned soups. There was a lot of selection, despite all the food that had went bad. Once his cart was filled up, he got prepared to leave. Things were going to change after that, as Evan realized that only a very few undead people would even challenge his zombie. After getting tired of calling his zombie, it or thing as the days went by. Evan started calling the zombie Delirious, because of the heavy unwanted Alpha scent that would come up when his own kind was around. It was worse around zombies that were once Alphas, like Delirious thought one of them would steal his prize. He was grateful not to deal with the zombies outside, but wished sometimes that Delirious would tone it down.

After a week of traveling and living with his own zombie. Evan started to feel like it was normal, he even found a house with a working shower, though it would only have cold water. Delirious was easy for him to wash, it would just stand there as he used soap and shampoo on him. There was some relief when it didn't smell so bad anymore, which was very strange to Evan, because most zombie decayed at a certain rate. He thought maybe a week wasn't enough time to notice, but Delirious seemed to stay the same. Whenever he had any meat, his zombie would eat some with him. There wasn't a way for it to tell him if it was hungry, or if there was something it really needed. Evan just took care Delirious as best he could, which was odd for an Omega to do for an Alpha, but their case would always be beyond what's normal.

Evan was walking with Delirious that morning, after eating a can of chicken noodle soup and giving a can to his zombie. It seemed like Delirious could eat anything he did, just that it didn't have normal hand coordination, and ate from a bowl like a dog. He spotted two people in the distance, so then he started to wonder what he should really do. Delirious was clearly a zombie if anyone looked at him, so Evan placed a hockey mask over his head. He kept it just in case, there was any need for it again. They could have guns, but having an undead boyfriend had it's perks. If one of them attacked, Delirious wouldn't react to any gun shots or blows. There was also the worry that Delirious might attack, without any provoking because they were human. Most zombies still had that extreme desire to feed on flesh and mutilate any human in sight.

"Are you friendly?" shouted Evan, he was prepared for the worst in the moment.

One of them turned around sharply, a crowbar in his hand for defense, "w-what? Who are you?"

"I'm Evan and this is my friend Delirious, I want to know if you're friendly," repeated Evan, not knowing if this was a good idea or not for him.

"I'm friendly, but I wouldn't get too close. My friend might not be too friendly with other people. I'm Ohm, this is Cartoonz," said Ohm worriedly, like he thought Evan might pounce at him.

A strong scent and then growling came out of Delirious, though this time Evan held his arm to hold him back a little. The other person was just standing there, their back towards them. This was unusual, but he wasn't sure if he should say something about it. "I have a small place, I only stayed there for about a day. The water runs, though it doesn't get warm," said Evan, which he hoped that
maybe they could try to trust each other. Ohm looked back at his companion, then finally turned him around. It was obvious why the other person didn't really respond at first, until Evan walked close enough. Cartoonz started growling at them, with Ohm holding onto his arm as well. This was startling news, knowing that there was someone else going through the same exact thing.

"You too? Hold on, I need to show you something," stated Evan, which alarmed Ohm, but all he did was remove Delirious' mask.

"Oh my god, there's another zombie like Cartoonz?" muttered Ohm in disbelief, but it seemed to be the case.

Delirious seemed to rush at them, which easily got out of Evan's grip. He screamed for his zombie to stop, but then Cartoonz got in front of Ohm and started growling. It wasn't like he really thought it out, as he went to grab Delirious to pull him away. Ohm seemed to be doing the same thing with Cartoonz, then the two zombie were growling and yet not moving. This was like some kind of weird stand off, but then Ohm started to whine lowly. "Make the same sound, Cartoonz always backs off when I do it," said Ohm, which Evan embarrassingly made the same low whining sound from his throat. Delirious seemed to stop, though their zombies were sniffing the air. It was going to be a weird friendship from that point.

"You can touch Cartoonz if you want, he doesn't really bite unless he wants attention. He's always leaving marks, when he wants something," explained Ohm, which apparently Cartoonz liked to mark where ever he can on Ohm.

"Delirious doesn't do that, but he always growls at every single zombie he sees," replied Evan, mostly annoyed with that certain habit that his zombie has.

"Cartoonz only does that when one of them acts aggressive. Otherwise he's pretty chill," said Ohm, as they started to exchange details.

There zombies would just stand there without a care, and Evan wondered what were the odds to meet an Omega with his own zombie.

Chapter End Notes
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Would you guys but okay with a part 3?
"Hello Mr. Jefferson, what can I do to make your stay more pleasant?" asked Ohm, as he immediately went to take his bed pan.

"Could you get me some water? Just call me Tom, and thank you," coughed the older man, which he was wheezing and had difficulty with breathing.

"Of course, I'll get it right after I rinse this out," insisted Ohm, before leaving the room to do just that.

The hospital wasn't that large, but had plenty of patients which needed his care. It was understaffed, and Ohm just saw the challenge as something to make his day more interesting. He'd take care of the bed pan, then grabbed a new clean one for the patient. Tom wasn't looking so good, though seemed to have a kind heart and would smile when Ohm walked in. A glass of water was handed over, then he asked if he was prepared for his medicine and pills. The food tray was also in his hands, which was put down on a small standing table nearby. Tom would thank him again, though made no move to eat. Ohm started asking if he needed anything else, but was only asked to change the channel. He'd put on the news, then excused himself from the room.

Things changed once he was called in to help with an emergency patient. Apparently someone got into a car accident, and he had to assist the doctor with whatever he needed. Ohm walked into the operation room, though stood there frozen on the spot. Someone was biting into the doctors neck, while he noticed the other doctors panicking in the room. He didn't know what to do, other than to immediately leave. There was also screaming down the hallway, and people running down and from something. A person almost threw him off balance, and bumped him hard to get away. Ohm finally saw what was causing the commotion, as his eyes met with a dozen people getting attacked. He had to leave the place, but then he thought about poor Tom stuck in his room.

"Tom, I have to get you moved," panicked Ohm, once he rushed back into the room.

"Now slow down, what's the matter son?" asked Tom calmly, unaware of the danger that would be coming soon.

"People are evacuating, and I think you should come with me," said Ohm, as he pulled the wheelchair that was next to the bed, "I'll get us to my car and then we'll wait it out, until it's safe again."

"Give me a moment, I need my oxygen. It's so hard to breathe," wheezed Tom, though it looked like he wasn't going anywhere.

The old man's breathing got deeper, and then he started shaking. Ohm didn't know what to do, other than hold him down on the bed so he wouldn't hurt himself. A sudden large amount of vomit came out of Tom's mouth, then he started coughing up blood. He noticed the screams grew loudly outside, and still he didn't move from his spot. Tom was most likely dying right in front of him, and he couldn't save another one. It was like nobody was ever safe, and he would have to leave the body behind. Ohm started to leave the bed, looked over what he could grab for a weapon. There wasn’t really anything useful for him to use.

"Tom? Are you okay?" questioned Ohm, once he noticed the older man suddenly sitting up from the
Tom however turned around and growled at him. There was only one decision for Ohm to make, as he ran from the zombie and heard it banging on the door, when he finished closed it. They seemed to be everywhere, any direction he looked, someone was getting mauled by them. Ohm started walking cautiously, unsure of where he should go for safety. A few of them spotted him, as he ran down one of the hallways and tried to escape. The place would be difficult to leave, not with so many dead lingering around and trying to find someone to bite. His only solution was to go into one of the storage rooms. They were hammering on the door, and his only exit is where they were waiting for him. It took a moment of listening to them, until they seemed to move onto something or someone else.

"Who's there?" asked a man's voice, causing Ohm to be startled then check the source of it.

Some handsome looking guy was sitting on the floor, next to what looked like a corpse, because it's head was bashed in. Ohm was thrown back by the sight, but he noticed the man clutching his arm in pain. He immediately went over to him, as the guy hesitantly showed his arm. It was chewed up badly, so Ohm went back up to look for something to use. They started talked to each other through this, got to know the other person's name. The dead thing was apparently a zombie, the thing people watched as TV series or movies. It seemed so surreal, but the evidence was all around them. Ohm grabbed some supplies to use on him. Something to disinfect the wound, and also stitch it up.

"This will hurt, it's peroxide and the best thing I can offer right now. Take these pills, and just try to bear with me," said Ohm, while he prepared himself to operate on the patients arm.

"Fine, whatever you gotta do man. I know this is gonna hurt like shit," groaned Luke, while he presented his arm.

It didn't surprise him to see Luke wince in pain, while he dosed his arm in peroxide, then allowed for it to bubble. He'd try to clean it as best as he could, then dosed it again for good measure. The needle was brought out, as he started to sow his arm up. Once it was all finished, Ohm asked him if he could get up. Both of them moved away from the body, and sat in the storage room floor. They were still out there, and so many would surround them if they left. Ohm was having a difficult time finding the positive in all of it, since his world would never be the same again. It was clear that they were most likely going to die down there, and he never got to do anything he truly wanted in his life.

"Everything is going to be okay, once I start to feel a little better I'm going to get us out of here," stated Luke, almost like they weren't in the worst place for a zombie apocalypse.

"Are you kidding me? We're so dead, our only exit is probably crawling with so many of them, and we don't even have a weapon," replied Ohm angrily, but then his voice slowly faded into sadness, "I never even got to have a successful career, of becoming one of the few Omega doctors out there. I wanted to prove myself to everyone, and I can't even do any of it anymore."

"My dream was to settle down, find a nice Omega and protect that person, along with anything they wanted to be. None of those dreams matter anymore," exclaimed Luke, as he was trying to make a certain point, "We've seen the movies. I'm going to die from this bite, but before that I'll make sure you leave this hospital. Even if it kills me or worse, like turning into one of those fucking things. So stop your damn complaining, and let's think of a way to get you out of here."

There was plenty of scalpels for them to use, but that meant a lot of close quarter combat. The shelves of supplies didn't do them much good, and then he noticed Luke was starting to run a high fever. His body was really sweating, along with him suddenly laying on the floor and feeling weak. Ohm knew the changes of saving him were slim, but he became a nurse for the reason to save lives. He'd start by opening one of the containers full of bottled water, that they would sometimes give to
patients. They didn't have food, but the water would last them awhile. The entire time he hoped that Luke would make it, that somehow he wouldn't have to try to escape alone. Most of the night he spent nurturing him, until he accidentally fell asleep.

"Stop that, I'm tired," mumbled Ohm, not realizing what's happening next to him.

A sudden pressure went on his neck, causing him to be alarmed, until he felt a sharp pain. He screamed and immediately tried to escape the other person. His body naturally gave off his distress smell, but he noticed that it had stopped. Whoever was above him still had their teeth on him, but the pain was more bearable. It finally pulled away slightly, while Ohm touched his next. There was definitely a mark there, but more blood then what was actually necessary for one. He'd turn around and gasp from what he was seeing, Luke didn't look as human anymore. His eyes were glazed, and drool was dripping from his mouth. Ohm did the only reasonable thing he could think of in the moment, he'd grab a scalpel and aim it at it's eye.

The zombie seemed to growl and snap at him, while the blade wiggled around it's eye socket. Ohm tried to sick it deeper, but he was on his back and it was now on top of him. He noticed the blade dropped somewhere near them, once it got loose from his grip. It bit his shoulder next, though the pressure wasn't nearly as painful as before. The amount of fear pheromones would gag a normal person, and yet the zombie had a different reaction to him. Luke's mouth was definitely still on his shoulder, as he noticed something hard rubbing on his knee. It made him turn red, knowing that a zombie was basically humping his leg. Ohm was chocking on a nice calming Alpha scent, and then he felt mortified that he was slowly getting wet from it. His heat shouldn't be around for another week, though an Alpha in a rut could easily trigger it.

He tried to get away, even push it's chest away from his person, but the Alpha was too strong. Ohm was only wearing a white nurse top and a skirt, while the zombie got more excited when he started dripping more. It wasn't like he didn't think about wearing anything underneath, but sometimes he hated wearing boxers or briefs near his heat. His member was so sensitive during those times, and then he instinctively raised his leg up, then tried to put them back down. Ohm didn't want to mate with some random zombie, even if he might turn from being bite like Luke did in that moment. There wasn't much of an option, while he felt Luke move more between his legs.

The head was being pushed against him, and he knew his body was lubricating him enough for this moment. Ohm started taking in slow deep breaths, while he couldn't fight his instincts much longer. His head felt dizzy, and his legs raised up to allow the Alpha inside of him. Luke didn't even wait that much for him, as the head started to slip easily inside. There was a slow thrusting motion at first, where the zombie pushed all the way in, until he went almost all the way out. A steady repetition happened, while Ohm held onto his shoulders. He could feel some blood drip on him as well, which came from Luke's eye, before moving increasingly faster.

Ohm screamed as he was getting fucked hard, and he was mumbling and begging without meaning to do it. The knot was going to form soon, though he felt a fresh wave of cum filling him up. His hand moved down, stroking himself despite the shame and coming right afterwards. Luke thankfully didn't move anymore, and would stop leaving marks in places. He'd start to relax a little, despite a menacing dead person on top of him. The bleeding eye was bothering him, and he noticed some surgical supplies he left on the ground, for when he stitched up Luke's arm. Ohm went to work on fixing his eye tiredly, his legs now spread and his feet the floor. Luke was still in between them, grunting and moving his hips slightly, which meant Ohm had to hold his face still enough.

"Now how are we getting out of here?" asked Ohm, not knowing that the answer was right above him, "it's never safe where we're going."
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~Melon
Their farmer had been complaining about their low milk production, which Delirious could hardly care about. It was until he heard about them getting more cows. He started to worry about the possibility of replacing them, but it seemed like his best friend didn't share the same worries. "Oh come on man, it's not like there's too many of us around. What are they going to get, regular cows?" snickered Cartoonz, at the thought of being replaced with animals, that didn't produce the same quality of milk as them. They weren't really normal, since they were a hybrid mix between human and cows. This meant they didn't produce as much milk, though what they produced was more expensive and often sought after.

"Aren't you at least a little bit worried? What if they get a chocolate cow, that looks better than your fat ass," joked Delirious, as he mostly sat there hooked up to a machine.

"Oh please, you know everyone loves fat butts these days," chuckled Cartoonz, while he went along with the joke, "besides, if there is another chocolate cow around, I'd bang his ass so hard he wouldn't be able to walk."

"Ugh, I don’t want to imagine that," groaned Delirious, though the talk only bothered him a little.

They were attached to their own machine, as a tube with a suction device was attached to them. Cartoonz would sometimes do some fake moaning, only to try and piss him off. Delirious had been use to all of his antics, so he mostly ate the vegetation he was given and sat there on his ass. Those days were boring, which he sometimes tried to get the thing off himself without much success. There was a band that went around their waist, keeping the device where it should be. A fresh spout of milk came out of him, causing Delirious to groan, while complaining that he was over sensitive because of the constant sucking around his member.

"In you go! It's your first day, so tomorrow we'll get started," said the farmer cheerfully, though that's not what caught Delirious' interest.

"Holy cow, those are some hot guys," whistled Cartoonz, he was clearly checking them out from across the room.

"Shut up, what if they hear you?" groaned Delirious, though he couldn't stop staring at them either.

"Which one do you want to fuck? I kinda like the one with the blind fold over his face. It kinda makes him look a little mysterious," stated Cartoonz, which thankfully they didn't have interest on the same cow.

Both of them were silent, once the two newcomers were coming in their direction. Delirious was freaking out a little inside, especially in his embarrassing position of having some machine basically sucking his dick. They however seemed friendly, and the two guys introduced themselves. His eye was on the strawberry milk cow, who seemed a little shy around strangers. "I'm a new creation, a big hit with the younger generation. Everyone likes to drink soy milk these days," stated Ohm, who seemed proud of producing more healthier milk than the rest. Cartoonz however seemed to be rolling his eyes, and saying that soy was gross. This caused a heated debate between the two, while Evan decided to stay around his stall.
"So we'll be hooked up to one of these?" asked Evan, he seemed wary about it, and didn't seem to like the idea of something on his privates.

"You eventually get use to it, even if I don't really like it," replied Delirious, as he decided to change the subject, "how did you come into North Carolina?"

"Oh, I was transferred over, after my owner was doing illegal sales. I'm moved here from Canada, when he didn't even have a permit to have exotic animals," explained Evan, which is why he ended up here in the end.

"There's not a lot of sleeping spots, but you could share mine," suggested Delirious, not knowing if Evan would go for it.

"Thanks, I don't really know anyone besides Ohm, and I only know him from few days ago. It's a little scary to be moved into a barn for the first time. These machines don't exactly make me feel better either," said Evan sadly, though was surprised to feel Delirious wrap his arms around him.

It wasn't like he had much clothes on, but it didn't really bothered him too much. A life of a cow meant a lot of embarrassing situations, and they didn't have choices like normal people. He'd tell Evan that everything would be okay, and if they gave milk to the farmer every day, than nothing bad would happen to them. It wasn't like they were for eating, an awful fate for some of the animals, that were no longer seen as half human. Evan eventually curled up in his hay, as they talked about random things. Another moment of fresh milk came out of him, while Delirious tried not to be obvious that he just came on the spot. He'd groan and huff quietly, until it passed through his system.

"How often do you have to go through that?" asked Evan, he was genuinely curious about the machine, even if it scared him a little.

"We get hooked on it every other day, so we always have a moment of rest. It's still exhausting to be forced to orgasm multiple times in one day," complained Delirious, it wasn't his favorite thing to do, "I'm not even supposed to masturbate, and this thing barely does it for me."

"Could I help some how?" asked Evan, he really meant to make it easier for him.

"I-I uh," stuttered Delirious, since he didn't really know how to answer that.

His face was so red, and he noticed Evan immediately apologizing and turning red himself. This was clearly not what he meant, but Delirious wished he was coming for that cutie instead of a machine. He felt himself growing hard, which usually took a lot longer with such a dull suction on him. Evan would look at him with his brown eye, and those pouty cute pink lips. Delirious knew that dirty thoughts were coming into his head, while a part of him wondered what it would be like, to be inside of something that wasn't suction device. He'd lick his lips, and then decided to become a little bold. It wasn't like he had many options, and Evan seemed too good to be true.

"You could help me, maybe see if you could get this off. The farmer usually keeps a key, but maybe we could use something else," suggested Delirious, though he had no clue if anything would work.

"Okay, just wait here. I'll look around," replied Evan, as he wandered off away from him.

This is when Delirious waited a long moment, wondering if his new friend would come back. There was some noises, and then he noticed Ohm and Cartoonz making out their stall. He'd groan and shook his head, not wanting to see what the two love birds were doing. He wasn't surprised that Cartoonz was getting some action, even if it was something simple like kissing. His mind wandered back to Evan, his ass that walked away and had a little bounce to it. Delirious knew he was drooling
a little, just thinking about what it would feel like to have those lips around him. The suction feeling started to change into lips in his head, and he started to moan lowly to himself. When he was close to coming again, he noticed Evan walking back into his direction.

"I think I found something, there was a paper clip on the floor. I'm really good at that sort of stuff, but maybe one of the guys know how," said Evan, who was currently thinking to himself.

"G-good idea, fuck, I like it," moaned Delirious, though he was laying on the floor by now and trying to cover his face.

He finally came again, though a lot more satisfied that the last couple of times. Evan seemed to walk away, while Delirious wondered if he noticed what happened earlier. It took a moment for him to recover, as he heard the others muttering to each other. The suction became annoying again, though he couldn't really take it off. Ohm was the one that surprisingly came over to him, though he had the paper clip in his hand, which was bent in a certain way. He was asked to show his hips, and tried not to react when Ohm lowered himself towards his crotch. Delirious would watch as he picked the lock, and then the thing was finally off of him. There was a huge relief, and for the moment he started to rub his sore member.

"Hey, come here you two, Evan spotted something we didn't notice before," shouted Cartoonz, which got their attention.

There was an opening, but too high to climb up towards it. If only they had something to use, but Delirious couldn't think of anything. He wasn't usually the person who came up with the plans. "I think if we managed to push one of the milk machines over there, we might be able to climb up to it," said Evan confidently, like he was certain would definitely work. They would try it tomorrow, because the farmer could come back at any moment. Everyone started chatting with each other, mostly about random things they enjoyed, before being forced into this situation. The barn doors were being messed with, and they only had a couple of hours to talk to each other.

"Quick, hook yourself back up!" screamed Delirious, while he panicked to get the suction device back on his crotch.

The farmer got in, though didn't notice that Delirious just put it back on. He seemed eager to see how much milk they produced, but frowned when he noticed it was less than before. Delirious would listen to the man talk to himself, then he seemed to round up Ohm and Evan to put them in a separate pen from theirs. His device came off first, then the farmer went over towards Cartoonz to take his off. Things seemed normal, though they were put in their own pen for the night. Cartoonz always laid next to him on the hay, though their minds were clearly on the new cows. It could get rather cold sometimes, but they got use to the harsh nights. Delirious dived deeper into the hay, trying to cover himself up as best as he could.

"Hey Delirious, I can't sleep," whispered Evan, who seemed to be shivering on his side.

"Just count sheep, they're like very furry cows," suggested Delirious, though it wouldn't do any good for the other person.

"I'm just scared of the machine, what if it hurts? You didn't look very comfortable with it. I don't really want to be hooked into the thing," said Evan worriedly, while he moved around trying to sleep himself.

"It's going to be okay, I won't be milked tomorrow so I'll try to help make you feel more comfortable. You'll forgot your worries about the machine, once I'm with you the entire way. I promise you that," replied Delirious sincerely, trying to ease the concerns that Evan had.
"Thank you, goodnight," muttered Evan sweetly, which was music to Delirious' ears.

"Goodnight Evan," answered Delirious, before he fell asleep himself, and ignoring the teasing kissy sounds Cartoony was making.

When he finally woke up, he noticed that the door was open and Cartoony had already left. The farmer seemed to be getting ready to hook up Evan to the same machine, that he had on almost all yesterday. It however had something he never saw before, which were placed over Evan's nipples. He noticed how scared he looked, so he immediately went over and decided to calm him down, "Evan look at me, everything will be okay. It feels a little uncomfortable at first, but slowly your body will adjust to it." It seemed that the farmer was annoyed with his mooing, because he was shooed away, but Delirious didn't move very far. The farmer eventually left, leaving him to help Evan though the new experience.

"It feels weird," complained Evan, he started tugging on the suction device.

"Don't do that, you might hurt yourself," said Delirious, while he pulled Evan's hands away from it, "I promise I would take care of you, and I'm going to do it now."

A kiss was planted softly on Evan's sensitive neck, which Delirious could hear him gasp in surprise. He'd suck on it, lightly bite over where he knew Evan would most likely enjoy the sensation. Delirious moved in front of him, rubbing his hands over his chest. They landed on the things giving suction on Evan's nipples, then tugged them slightly. "N-no stop, that feels weird," whined Evan, though it only encouraged Delirious to do it more. Since Evan didn't have any clothes on, other than the top that exposed his chest. His fingers went lower, touching where Evan's hole would be. He'd pull them back, then spat on his fingers, before trying to push one in. There was some protest, but he could tell that Evan was enjoying himself.

"It's okay Evan, just don't fight it. I'm making it easier for you, and the best way is to want to cum," explained Delirious, and he knew one way that Evan would really enjoy it.

"Okay, just go slowly," replied Evan hesitantly, mostly fearful of the potential pain.

Delirious would spit more on his fingers, as he added a second on. He'd take his time with it, going slowly like Evan wanted it. His own member was leaking, and it was the precious milk that his farmer didn't want him to waste. It wasn't like Delirious cared, as he finally put in three fingers inside Evan. Once the hole was nice and stretched, he'd start to pump himself and spread all the leaking milk on his member. Delirious would slowly push inside, trying to go all the way in him. Evan seemed to slowly sit on his lap, and grip Delirious' legs tightly. They seemed to fit perfectly, as he was finally all the way inside. It took all of his will power not to move, and allow Evan to control the pace.

He watched as the sexy person started to bounce on his dick, which Evan seemed to be enjoying himself. It only took some time, before Delirious couldn't control himself and gripped his hips. His thrusts were moving upwards, causing Evan to moan and lose himself. There were both loud, trying to get each other off. There was so much dripping from that hole, and onto Delirious' lap. His fists were on the ground, while he pounded upwards into the sexy man. Evan came first, which meant him tilting them, so that he could fuck Evan as he laid on the ground. It didn't take long until he came as well, and they were both breathing hard. There was another set of moans, that he didn't noticed until they finished.

"Oh yes, ah fuck, right there Toonz," moaned Ohm loudly, which was obvious to the two people hearing them.
"You like that you bitch, fucking take it," shouted Cartoonz, making them wonder why they hadn’t noticed them having sex earlier.

Delirious pulled out of Evan, and then they both laid down on the hay. This would be the first and last delivery of strawberry milk that anyone else would receive, because after all of that happened. Ohm had picked the locks, then they pushed his milk machine towards the window at the top. There was soy milk being sloshed all over the floor, which none of them cared about. Cartoonz was the first to climb, since he was more bold and knew that he was fit enough for it. Delirious followed afterwards, but had some hay in his arms. They took turns handing the hay to Cartoonz, until they made a large enough pile to land on. They were finally going to do it, escape and find a new way to live.

It seems that the people will have to find a new source of milk.
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~Melon

P.S. All the credit goes to Jhanyai for her milk AU. I asked to write it and got permission, so all the ideas are from her. I just did my own spin on it.
It was late at night when Luke finally came back home, he felt exhausted and mentally drained. His mood immediately changed when he opened the door, smelling some sort of amazing dinner in the kitchen. Brock could be seen stirring a pot, along with frying something in a pan. He'd take off his shoes, and watch as his sub came over to him. They would kiss slightly, though he felt sticky with sweat and grease. "I'm gonna take a shower babe," said Luke, as he did just that and went towards their bedroom. His clothes were shed off as he walked, knowing that his partner would obediently pick them up later. He washed himself thoroughly off, then got dressed in the bathroom. There was just one thing he wasn't expecting when he got out of the shower.

"What are you doing?" smirked Luke, once he realized he caught his boyfriend in the act. Brock was sniffing one of his shirts, which he thought was gross, though his boyfriend must've thought otherwise.

"I-I was j-just gathering up your things," stuttered Brock, his face bright red and then quickly grabbing everything to be put on the hamper.

He'd tease him a bit more, but he was starving, and noticed his dinner was on the table. His sub eventually showed up, while he sat down and waited. Brock would bring him some water, before they started to eat together. There was some light music playing in the background, though they promised to always have some conversation during dinner. His sub was hesitant to speak, so there was a moment of silence, until his boyfriend was brave enough to talk, "so how was work?" The work was dull, though Luke liked to work with his hands and zone in on repairs. He liked being a mechanic, and fixing up normal every day vehicles. Brock talked about his work at home, which he did on his laptop. It was mostly selling his handmade collars that he'd took pride in.

"Does puppy want to play today?" asked Luke, despite being slightly tired, he always made time for his sub. They were happy together, even during the busy days.

"Yes please, after dinner?" replied Brock, he was still flustered from earlier, though wanting to have some fun.

"After you clean up a bit, and get the dishes done. I'll get the playroom prepared," stated Luke, then they focused back on their meal.

There was a buzz of excitement in the air, since they hadn't been intimate for awhile. It wasn't anyone's fault, it was during the busy season and holidays. Luke automatically put his dishes in the sink, and headed for their room. His toys were organized by himself, since Brock wasn't allowed inside without his permission. The place was always thoroughly cleaned, after every session they had. He still remembered Brock being a cute quiet sub, who had a motherly feel towards the others. Luke liked that his sub was in charge of the others subs, though wanted him for guidance in other areas. An outfit was also in the room, that was a small leather thing that went over his chest, it formed an x shape over it. He wore tight black pants, and placed the toys he was going to use on the side.

"Can I come in?" asked Brock from the other side, he was obediently waiting for orders.

"Yes, step inside and face the table," commanded Luke, while he watched his sub obediently.
His partner never wore clothes when stepping into the room, because Brock knew what he wanted. It didn't take too much training, though he had to learn everything his sub liked. "Don't get on it entirely, have your stomach against it and ass in the air. I want you to spread them," ordered Luke, he watched as Brock laid his stomach on the table, then spread his cheeks exposing his hole. The sub didn't say anything, while Luke went to get a flogger. It had little leather tails on the end, which could hurt if hit hard enough. He'd start with light taps, which grew slowly more stronger, as he continued to hit Brock's ass with it. A strong hit connected on his sub's balls, getting an immediate reaction. Luke acted like nothing happened, as he kept hitting around the ass cheeks.

The treatment stopped, as he reached over and placed the collar on. He'd start rubbing his ass soothingly, praising him slightly while doing it, "good boy, that's it. You're doing so well." His hand started to pet Brock's head lightly, then roamed down his back while he did it. Luke ordered Brock off the table, then on the floor. His sub immediately got on his hands and knees, while Luke grabbed a leash. There was going to be other plans, as he decided they could go for a walk into the living room. He'd tug lightly, and Brock obediently followed him, leaving the play room door wide open when they exited. Their room always had pillows on the floor, so that he could have his sub sit there. Brock might clean them while he's away, but they were always put back.

They finally arrived on the couch, while Luke sat down and told Brock to sit on his sore ass. There was no complaining, while he started to pet his head more. "I hide some snacks in the room, do you want some?" asked Luke, before letting Brock get a better look at the bag in his hand. His boyfriend was into eating healthy snacks over junk food, since they both decided to live a little healthier. It was just a simple strawberry, though he put some in Brock's mouth anyways. Luke knew his pet already ate dinner, so he wouldn't feed him too much. He'd watch as his pet chewed on it, though looking very content. The next were grapes, which he took the time to put only one in his mouth. Brock readily opened his mouth for grapes, as Luke kept feeding him more.

"You're so cute, now make sure to get it all," said Luke, putting the bag to the side, though having the hand next to Brock's face. He'd watch intently while Brock licked them all, and even sucking the digits. Luke ordered him to turn around, then he started to see if he could get a finger inside. His boyfriend didn't play with himself while he was gone, it was one of his rules. It still felt tight, so he pulled out some lube and started to prepare him. It was nice for him to let out some steam, from all the hard work and dealing with annoying customers. A finger went inside, so he kept on going. Luke grinned when he got two inside, and noticed Brock letting out a low moan. His pet was really feeling it, and he felt prideful to make Brock feel those things. Once he thought he stretched him enough, he pulled out a vibrator and decided to slowly slid it in. The vibration was set to medium, while he got up to grab Brock's face.

"Now I want you to suck me off, can you do that slut?" questioned Luke cheekily, though Brock wouldn't complain, he complied to anything Luke would want.

A thumb stretched the side of Brock's mouth, before he thrusted the head inside. The warmth felt amazing, once he felt his pet wrap his lips around him. He'd set the pace, thrusting slowly mid way into that mouth. His hand reached over, then started thrusting the vibrator in and out. "Why am I doing all the work? Come on, lick me up," ordered Luke, who decided to pay more attention to the vibrator, while Brock did some deep throating on him. His mind went foggy only for a moment, once he felt Brock take it all in hard and fast. He moved the vibrator faster, trying to see if Brock would cum. The only rule for this pet play is for Brock to not use his hands. It was like his pet liked having a dick repeatedly being shoved in his throat, as he let go of the vibrator and decided to fuck it raw.

"Fucking take it all in you cum slut, you like me using your mouth," moaned Luke, as he continued
to abuse it by thrusting in harshly.

When he finally pulled out, he noticed Brock breathing in deep breaths of air. Luke would stroke himself, then cum all over his lovers face. He took a moment to enjoy the aftermath, then reached over to pull out the vibrator. There was some whimpering, though he ignored Brock's pleading eyes. This only meant Luke needed a moment to gain his composure, then telling Brock to put his face on the floor and his ass back in the air. The vibrator was immediately shoved back in, and this time in maximum vibration. It was thrust in a pattern, knowing where to move it, so that Brock would feel it abusing his prostrate. There was a few more thrusts, until his pet came all over the floor. They were both almost done with their session.

"Now lick it up, and come here," ordered Luke, which his pet did immediately, as he watched Brock lick up his own cum. Once it was all over, he reached over to take off the collar, though Brock rested his head on his lap, while neither of them moved. His hand was still however caressing his lovers head.

Chapter End Notes

This is a request from a friend. I never thought I'd write Mootoonz, but it's actually fun.

What are some of the rare pairs you guys like?

~Melon
The area seemed peaceful, while Evan relaxed by the gate. His job could get boring at times, especially with no action. There was a slider on the door, so he could peer out and see what's out there. He only used it so often, when they need to allow people out and to let people in. Nobody was allowed inside without following the proper procedures. Tyler was with him this time, and he liked the guy. Both of them started around the same time, which made them fast friends. They only worked there for two months, following Brock's orders at the gate. His boss had more important measures to attend to at times, and this would be the first time they managed the gate by themselves. At least his friend was around to keep him company.

"I'm sweating my balls off, they could at least give us cold water," complained Tyler, since their guard box only had the bare minimum for them, "I'm tempted to sneak in the storage area and drink some whiskey. Anything to make this shit tolerable."

"You know we have something important today. Brock is really counting on us," stated Evan, though he knew Tyler was only being himself, "I could use a drink too."

"Damn straight we do, we've been here every single day. Nothing ever happens," Tyler pointed out, then they stood there waiting for them.

They were only allowed in the storage area, if their paperwork deemed them to give out extra supplies. The only things they could give out would be listed, and everyone had to share as a community. There was so many lives depending on them to guard the gate, and only they were standing in the way. Sometimes there would be four guards around the front, which was normal for a large place. It was guarded on two sides, the front and back. The crew finally showed up, while they started to do their job. Evan asked for their papers, making sure it matched his orders. This was definitely the people he was waiting for the entire time. They already grabbed the supplies they needed beforehand. It mostly consisted of firearms and melee weapons. He was also giving them dried foods and water, which was mostly fruit and jerky.

"I have to do a head count, please display your tags," ordered Evan, as he started counting them. Tyler was the one hauling the stuff into one of their trucks. There was however something wrong, "wait, I'm sorry but you have an unauthorized person on this trip."

"It's only one trip, and I promised Emily that we'd take her along," explained their leader, though orders couldn't be broken. It would be Evan's own ass on the line, not the people that showed up at the gate.

"I'm sorry, but orders are orders. You can all pass, but she can't. If she does leave, I can't allow her back inside. All of you know the rules," said Evan, while feeling annoyed as it continued.

"Come one now, she's sixteen and she should learn to shoot a gun. She's not old enough to be authorized a gun, and I can't even let her out of the compound without a good reason. Just allow this one time," pleaded the leader, and this is when Evan realized this was his daughter.

"It's not up to me, I'm just following my orders. If you want to take it up to my bo-" Evan was interrupted, with the man glaring at him and leaving.
His daughter stayed behind, with her dad telling her to go back home. She looked really upset, though Evan wasn't going to lose his job over this. He did agree with her learning to shoot a gun, but he wasn't going to make that decision. Evan knew he was only just a guard. It was possible his boss wasn't even high enough to make that call, though Brock probably knew someone who could. The people were allowed past the gate, as he pulled open one of the large doors. Tyler was on the other side, helping him with letting people outside. They were prepared to shoot at anything, that tried to get in and the trucks rushed out. Brock informed him that these people were supposed to check the perimeter, making sure that nothing dangerous was around.

"Fucking assholes, like we'd risk our lives so his daughter can go out," said Tyler angrily, though both of them wished things were differently.

"I don't really blame him," replied Evan, he grabbed his water bottle and started to sip from it.

"Don't defend guys like that, being so selfish when we're just trying to keep everyone safe. He knew that she wouldn't be allowed through. We're new on the job, so they expect us to fuck up," muttered Tyler angrily, while they stood there for a few more hours.

Their gate was mostly made out of wooden planks, though it was constructed well with metal connecting them. It had a metal handles to grab onto, which were wrapped poorly with cloth. This was so nobody burned their hands while touching it in the heat. The slider was almost as big as their head, so they could see out easily. Evan could only laugh at their pitiful guard box, which barely fit one person, and had an area where someone could stuff something near their feet. At least there was two at each side, so he didn't have to share one with Tyler. They already felt very cramped, with only a small amount of shade from their guard box to cool them. It's been forever since he had air conditioning, or something simple as a fan to cool them down.

The people eventually came back, since they heard banging at the gate. Evan opened the slider and peered through it. Sometimes he was worried about seeing a gun on the other end, though it was always the people that needed to get inside. They would go through a certain procedure. Tyler decided to lead this one, so he would have a break from their bullshit. He just hoped his friend didn't lose his temper this time. It was done properly, while he watched from the side. Their leader presented with the papers, then they were allowed in. Both of them did a head count, looking over their tags. They had to list what they used up, how much ammunition and food resources were left. Once that was over, they had to take away any weapons the group was given. It didn't go unnoticed, that some of them were giving them dirty looks.

"Okay, you're free to go," stated Evan, then he watched everyone get in their vehicles and leave inside.

The community did their part, and everyone had a role inside.

"I hate this job, it's not like we want to do this shit," complained Tyler, but they had one of the better jobs.

"At least we just guard the gate all day, I can't imagine going out there," Evan pointed out, knowing that those people probably have it rougher outside, "though they choose that job, they should suck it up."

"Bunch of fucking whiny babies," spat Tyler, as started pacing near his box, "I sometimes hate to be cooped up, but I don't make other people's lives more difficult."

"What are you talking about? You're always difficult to me," joked Evan, knowing it'll rile him up, though they would end of laughing.
His friend tackled him, and for a moment they weren't being very professional. They wrestled around on the ground, until Evan decided to give up. He might be more muscular, though Tyler had the height and weight advantage. They both got up, then decided to go back to their box. The rest of the day was boring for him, though that was always normal. Three guards showed up this time, relieving them of their shift and Evan left to get something to eat. He didn't exactly feel like going to get something, since sometimes he wanted to go alone. Tyler offered for them to hang out, but he felt tired and wanted some rest. They both parted ways, and he head straight for his own place.

Only so many people could afford their own room to stay. Guards were one of the higher paying positions, though Evan got himself one of the smallest places for himself. He didn't need too much, and he was just grateful to be alive. There was still a bit of a mystery of what could be out there, but he decided it wasn't any of his business. Evan always followed the rules, and did what he could. He might have moments of messing with his friends, though work was a different thing entirely. His place finally came into view, while he searched for his keys. The apartment only had two rooms, one with a kitchen and living room. The other one was his bed and bathroom. This was better living conditions than most, and he was happy to just have that.

There was ramen noodles, along with some cheese he managed to get. He'd heat up his wood stove, then made himself a hot meal. After he ate, he went outside to shower. It took up valuable resources, so it costs a bit more to get cleaned. Evan kept some water jugs in his house, then bathed in the community shower. This was shared by everyone, though the person had to provide their own water to clean with. He'd fill up the top, then step inside to strip out of his clothes. Once he was cleaned up, he wrapped a towel around his waist and carried the empty jug back. It made him feel a little human, which wasn't much in a place like this. Evan knew of the dangers out there, but he slept well knowing that those things couldn't get in.

He just hoped that they never will.

After some moments of sleep it was time for him to work again. At least he didn't have the night shift, which he dreaded and worried about getting. Evan heard the horror stories of guards being attacked at night, so he prefer working early in the day. He got dressed in his uniform, made sure his tag was on correctly. His breakfast was only a bowl of tomato soup, then he got back towards the gate. There was the same three guards still there, while he relieved them of duty. It didn't take much time for Tyler to show up for work as well. They would chat for a moment, then he went off to the storage area. His friend would watch the gate while he was gone, and he took one of the vehicles that was meant for work only. The car was a piece of junk, though it was a luxury for anyone to have.

Evan loaded up lots of weapons, along with things he wasn't sure why he had to pack up. He never questioned his job, always did what he was told. There was moments like these he was glad he was only a guard, when he drove back towards the gate. There was a sheet of paper, which he wrote down his use of the vehicle. The community monitored everything, as he wrote down the time he got the supplies. This is when they waited for their arrival, and four vehicles showed up. They looked excited to go out, a large group of young men, along with a few older ones in charge. Evan knew they wouldn't be smiling after their trip, and he was glad to only be sending them off. A few of them were even bragging about going.

"Let's kill them fuckers! This time they’re the ones hunted!" shouted one of them, as they cheered and looked prepared to shoot something.

"These are your supplies, I just need to see your paperwork," said Evan calmly, it made him relax when he was just going over the procedures.

"Of course, get in line boys, he needs to do a head count," ordered the leader, who handed over the
important papers, along with getting everyone to stop acting up.

There was clearly someone who knew what they were doing, even if the rest of them didn’t. Everything seemed to check out, as the guys grabbed the gear this time, not needing the guards to help out. They were still trying to show off, flexing their arms and some of them showing off their guns. He felt a little bad for their leader, while he got the gate prepared to be open. The latch in the middle as taken off, while he opened the slider. There was nothing outside, so he signaled Tyler to help him open it up. Everyone got into their vehicles, then they were let outside. The gate closed behind them, as they both quickly got it shut. He always had a small rush of adrenaline, whenever he opened the gate. Sometimes there as moments of worry, whenever he did it.

"Who were those guys? They didn't look like normal scouts like yesterday," asked Tyler, who was genuinely curious.

"They're hunters, they track those things and kill them. Sometimes if they're lucky, they will bring back some supplies," replied Evan, then he paused, a frown on his face, "if they're unlucky, they'll all be dead."

"I would hate to be one of them," stated Tyler, which Evan agreed entirely, since the last thing he wanted to become was a hunter.

It would be like signing up for war and being a soldier, back when that was the most dangerous job. Things have changed, and now they worried about a different danger. They waited by the gate, nothing seemed to happen for awhile. Evan started thinking about his life before this, the chaos that happened. He was very young, and there was still things he didn't know about. The elders of the community only told him he was safe, and to do his part in helping out. His job use to be just working at a trading shop, since cash wasn't a viable option anymore. Nobody used cash to buy their groceries, but they traded goods. It would mostly be food and water, sometimes other various objects.

A large knock interrupted his thoughts, causing him to jump and his blood run cold.

Evan started to wonder if the hunters forgot something, since it was only an hour since they left. Hunting parties usually would last almost all day, unless someone was injured. He'd open the slider, not expecting to face a hockey mask. The man wore a blue hoodie over his head, along with long black pants and shoes. This person was covered entirely, so that no skin was visible. His guard was up, though he didn't want to seem rude. "Could I help you with something?" questioned Evan, he didn't know what else to say in the moment. A part of him felt slightly worried, though he knew the person couldn't get past the gate. Another part of him wondered how he got here, without any of the hunters spotting him. Tyler seemed to be paying closer attention, once he realized it wasn't the hunters either.

"Please give us anything. I'm with a few others, we just need anything you can give. We're all hungry and thirsty out there," pleaded the masked man, though his voice sounded genuinely in need of help.

"Sorry, we can't help outsiders. Unless you have papers and a tag, we can't let you in. We're also not allowed to take supplies out, unless they're for the people of this community," explained Tyler, which the person outside only stood there, probably not knowing what to do after being rejected.

"No wait, I have some supplies I could spare," said Evan, not knowing why his lips moved. It might be because he knew what it as like to be hungry, without anyone to help him.

"Evan, what are you doing?" questioned Tyler, after he pulled him to the side.
"It wouldn't hurt us to help them. We don't even need to go outside. I'll pack a few things, then I'll hand it over," Evan pointed out, though his friend still didn't like it.

Tyler wasn't going to rat him out, though he felt uncomfortable waiting with the outsider. It wouldn't take Evan long anyways, as he took the vehicle that was only meant for work. His apartment was close, though he didn't want to carry everything. He'd look around for any cans and water bottles he had. Once everything was gathered up, he'd put them in plastic bags to be carried into the car. When he drove back to the gate, he noticed the slider was closed and Tyler looking annoyed. A part of him worried that he turned away the outsider, though his friend came over to help him take everything out. The person was still waiting for him, when he opened the slider. All the bags were set at the foot of the gate, though Tyler interrupted him, telling him it as a bad idea.

"Sorry it took me a moment, I had to get to my place for the stuff," said Evan, as he ignored his friend. It wasn't like he was taking from the community, this was his own stuff to give. Nobody would even notice the small amount of gas he used from the car. The first bag was full of cans, so it took some pushing and maneuvering some of them into the gap in the door. "Thank you, this really means a lot," said the masked man, he seemed to appreciate everything Evan was doing for him. It took four more bag to be pushed through, though when he got to the last one something happened. Evan was only trying to get the water bottles over to him, which meant pushing enough that his hand got on the other side with the bag. He felt a strong grip on him, as he tried to pull away immediately by instinct.

"What are you doing? Let me go," said Evan fearfully, his arm wouldn't budge, no matter how hard he pulled at it. He couldn't even pull the slider shut, because his arm was still through it.

"My name is Delirious, you will seek me out," chuckled the masked man, when finally pulled up his mask slightly.

There was no way to see what he was doing, which caused him to panic even more. The person was even strong enough to pull his arm further over, he’d feel his sleeves being pushed upwards. A rush of pain entered his arm, causing him to gasp and struggle even more. Tyler appeared with one of his guns, and getting prepared to open the gate. "Wait stop, you open this gate, you don't know what you’re letting in. Please don't open it," pleaded Evan, despite the pain he was feeling, which slowly grew numb and he knew was the affects of the venom. He never felt it before, but he heard of stories of people getting bitten. The person finally let him go, pulling down the mask immediately so he couldn’t get a good look at his face. Tyler pointed his gun through the hole and fired, only to barely miss the target.

"Oh fuck, what do I do?" panicked Evan, while he took out his arm and closed the slider.

He'd lean against the gate, feeling fearful and scared of what would happen to him. This is when he looked up, only to see his friend pointing a gun at him. It felt unreal, like maybe he was in some sort of nightmare. Everything was normal and dull the day before, and now he was most likely going to die. He wondered what he did to deserve all of this, if only he didn't break the rules for once. Some reason when he first saw the masked man, he felt compelled to help him. A part of him wondered how someone could survive out there, but now he knew the consequences of his actions for not being more careful around outsiders. Hardly anyone could survive outside the community, he should've noticed the signs. The person did cover himself up for a reason.

"I-I don't want to have to kill you Evan," said Tyler shakily, clearly not wanting to pull the trigger.

"Just do it, I'm most likely a dead man," replied Evan, his head towards the ground still, not wanting to see his friend shoot him.
"Get up, right now!" shouted Tyler, which only seemed to confuse and scare Evan, "you still have the keys right? Leave and take the car with you. Don’t make me change my mind, just go."

This really wasn't his day, but at least he wasn't going to die right in this very moment.

Chapter End Notes

Go follow fzzzzzzzz, who drew this amazing art. She's one of the most amazing artists out there. You'd be crazy not to check her Tumblr.

This had been an amazing collab, and I hope you all love it like I do. Please read part 2 when it comes out.

~Melon
The gate was opened for him, while he got into the car and left the compound. There was only one reason he lingered out a little longer, because the bags were still outside the gate, from where Delirious had grabbed them. Evan parked his car, then started to put everything inside the vehicle. At least he had something, despite it being the supplies he tried to give to the outsiders. He still wished he was more careful, though his own kindness got the best of him. His bite mark was still bleeding, though he decided to keep moving. The blood was slowly soaking his sleeve, as he tried to think of a place to stop for the day. Everything went wrong, and he knew the hunters were still out there. Tyler couldn't kill him, but someone might do it.

He'd look back towards the compound, at the gate he guarded every day. It grew smaller as he drove away, and he never thought he'd leave the place. Evan felt empty inside, knowing that he was leaving everyone behind. Tyler would explain the situation to Brock, probably told some lie of him escaping the place. More people would come hunt him down, his friend only bought him some time. The people were scared, they wouldn't want a previous guard attacking their place. He started to feel slightly dizzy, so he eventually pulled over around some other broken down cars. There wasn't much in the glove department, so he took off his shirt and tied it around his arm. Evan knew he should've done it sooner, though it wasn't the worst mistake of the day.

There was no map in the car, so he stepped out and decided to check all the other cars. Most of them had useless papers, though eventually he found what he was looking for in the moment. The only problem, was that he wasn't sure where he was on the map. Evan grew up on the compound, and didn't know anything about the outside world. He felt so scared and wanting to go back home. The place wouldn't accept him back however, so he got back in the car, and decided to go a random direction. There was a town nearby, so he settled for that. It was definitely abandoned a long time ago, nobody was around in this place. He'd take out a water bottle from one of the bags, then took a long drink from it. After everything that happened this day, he didn't feel hungry and slightly numb.

It was like everything slowed down, because he stood there feeling shaken. Evan couldn't go back, and those things were still out there. He didn't know exactly what they were, but people called them monsters. They had long canines and ripped people into pieces. Most of them looked human, though there wasn't a shred of humanity left in them. At least that's what he heard, until one of them tricked him. The masked man told him he'd seek him out, but it was the last thing Evan wanted to do. He couldn't even end himself, since he didn't have a gun. There was noise in the distance that caught his attention. At first he wasn't sure what it was, until he realized they were vehicles. This could only be the hunters, as he rushed for his own car.

His fingers fumbled nervously with the keys once he sat down. Evan knew he was panicking, while the car started up. He'd do a U-turn, trying to face the opposite direction of them. There's no way he could head back towards the compound. The only decision he had was to go a different random direction. Evan gunned it, trying his best to get away. If he didn't try to escape, they would pull him over and ask questions. This would be fine, but he was half naked with a bloody shirt around his arm. His actions caught their attention, because he noticed them trailing behind him. He wondered if he could get away, what he should do to make the hunters loose him. The drive went on for around ten minutes, until he wondered why he was trying to escape.

Evan didn't want to be one of those monsters.
The vehicle started to slow down, and he realized that the vehicles were copying him. Most likely going to approach him slowly, before realizing he's infected. He'd stop the car, just sitting in the driver's seat with his hands on the wheel. His head rested on it, wondering how long until they blew his head off. "Get out of the car," said the leader, the voice was slightly muffled since the windows were up. It was repeated at him, maybe they weren't shooting because he wasn't a monster yet. Evan turned his head, noticing that a pistol was pointed at him. He'd have his arms up, letting the person know he wasn't dangerous. When he made a move to open the door, something happened. A large body moved so fast, that it knocked the man down.

There was screaming and shooting, so he froze with his hand still on the handle. A gush of blood hit his window, making it difficult to see what was happening. It all eventually went quiet, then he saw the masked man at his window. Delirious had a large bloody hand print on his mask, along with traces of blood on his hoodie. Evan thought about moving to start the car, but his eyes wouldn't look away. He couldn't move, like some sort of paralysis took over him. The person grabbed his car door open, then pulled him out from his arm. Every part of him wanted to run, his eyes still following the other person's blue ones. They didn't look natural, like they were too blue and almost glowing. This is when Delirious pressed him up against the car, still only holding him by his arm.

"I knew following you was the right decision. You provided us with a nice distraction," chuckled Delirious, he look more menacing then ever, "what's the matter? Cat caught your tongue?"

"Seriously? You have me pinned to a car, and that's your best line?" asked Evan sarcastically, knowing that it wasn't his best decision to taunt his killer.

The thing that surprised him was that Delirious was laughing hysterically, it didn't sound natural, "I really like you. I'm glad I decided not to kill you out of the rest, you're different."

There was others around Evan realized, but they were gathering up the dead bodies. Not all of them were killed violently, in fact, most of them looked intact. This is when Evan realized they were being gathered up as food, which made him feel sick. Delirious seem to notice Evan's lingering eyes, because the man moved closer to him. The mask could be felt being pressed against his face, the cold feeling of porcelain. Evan's focus was all on him now, while he watched him remove the mask slightly. He didn't realize it before, but the sunlight was damaging his skin. It didn't stop the person from licking the side of his cheek. A thumb pried open his mouth, then he felt a tongue being shoved inside. This made him feel disgusted, but it didn't last very long.

"I think it's time we go home," muttered Delirious against his lips, before pulling away and then quickly placing Evan over his shoulder.

"It's been so long since we had a human to play with," smirked one of the monsters, though Delirious was flipping him off.

"Fuck off Ohm, he's mine," growled Delirious, he started to walk them towards the vehicles that belonged once to the hunters.

"You're no fun, you're just mad I have Toonzy all to myself. All you have is pointless toys," taunted Ohm, knowing he could easily piss him off.

"Both of you knock it off," shouted the person in the devil mask, he was the one loading up most of the bodies.

"But Cartoonz, I just want to play," chuckled Ohm, as they all got ready to leave.

The entire time Evan was struggling to get out of Delirious' grasp, but it didn't seem to bother the
other person. It didn't matter if he tried to wiggle out, or even use his fist and feet to swing at him. Nothing seemed to hurt the masked man, then he was shoved into one of the vans. It locked from the outside, so now he was shouting and pounding against the door. At least he wasn't being put in with the dead bodies, but this wasn't what he wanted. Evan felt the vehicle moving, making him nervous and unsure what to do. This was a long drive, while he grew bored in the back. Hours would pass him by, and there was nothing to distract himself. There was a muffled conversation in the front, though he guessed the couple were up front.

He could feel it eventually stop, then there was a long pause. Evan could hear the movement, but it seemed like they weren't getting to him right away. There was no way he could run away, even if he bolted when they opened the door. Any access to the driver's seat was impossible, because he couldn't squeeze through the small closed window. The doors were finally opened, revealing Delirious to stare at him. They were both looking at each other, like someone might make a sudden movement. "We can do this the easy way, where I let you out and free from this van. Or you can try to fight me, and I leave you here instead," said Delirious calmly, though there was a hint of a smirk in his tone, "personally I like it when they fight".

"What are you going to do to me?" questioned Evan, hoping that whatever it was, things weren't going to get worse.

"Well, I thought I'd start with bringing you in for dinner," replied Delirious, he walked backwards slightly to give Evan some room to walk out, "after that, it’s really up to you."

They brought him towards a subway of all places. It was dark down there, though the guys had brought flashlights with them. Cartoonz and Ohm were leading the way, though Delirious was walking close to him. The place gave him the creeps, while they started walking down the dark tunnels. This is where they had been hiding, underground and away from the sun. It all made sense to him, he wondered why the hunters haven't thought of it sooner. Evan realized why there was such a long drive, there was probably a city nearby. Brock told him about nearby towns and cities that existed past the gates, but didn't go through enough in details. His legs felt stiff from being in the van for so long, as they kept on following the dark passage.

"Make sure this guy stays close, the others might not be so nice around a human," said Cartoonz towards Delirious direction, though there was only a grunt in response.

"We wouldn't want anyone else to play with him," winked Ohm, it could only be seen because the flashlight suddenly was pointed up at himself.

"He's not for playing with, and definitely no touching," growled Delirious, it was meant as a warning.

"It's not fair though, we don't get fresh human very often. Those guys we grabbed won't taste so good after a few days," Ohm pointed out, the two men were now glaring at each other.

"Okay guys, home sweet home," interrupted Cartoonz, once they got to where they needed to be.

It was actually a subway train, which shouldn't have been a surprise, though he was anyways. They had been living in the thing, which the windows had been closed up and the thing was painted with graffiti on it. Ohm was the one rushing in first, then turned on some of the lights. Delirious seemed to linger, so Evan just stood there unsure what to do. Once the two men were inside the train, they were finally alone. This left him panicked even more, his heart was racing again. The masked man basically molested him last time, and he wondered what he'd do next. His eyes would watch as Delirious sat on the front of the train, then patting the spot next to him. He was hesitant to sit with the monster, though he didn't have much of a choice.
"The infection will take probably some nights to change you. I only gave you a small bite, but I could infect you more so you'd change faster. I'm offering you a good deal, you'll be living with us and being feed. We aren't like the scary bed time stories you hear at night," explained Delirious, who wasn't sure what the other person would decide to do.

"If I refuse? I choose to just die instead?" challenged Evan, since he felt like he had nothing else to lose.

"Give it some thought, you might like it. I guess if you still want death, I'll give it to you once you fully turn. Not everyone gets this chance, we tend to kill anything we hunt, otherwise we get extra competition, "replied Delirious, he sounded very sure of himself and then stood up to stand in front of Evan, "I've decided you'll be staying with me, and don't even think of escaping. At night is when others come out, they own the streets along with us."

This was the end of the discussion, because Delirious ushered him from his spot, and into the train with the others. There was a lingering smell of food in the air, like someone was cooking something. Evan couldn't possibly think they ate anything but human flesh, though he could clearly see Ohm with a small gas cooker on the floor. "Don't even think about mooching on my food, last time you almost ate all my soup," said Ohm angrily, but he perked up a little those eyes landed on Evan, "though I don't mind sharing with him." Instead of a normal response, this time Delirious would just flip him off. This is how their interaction ended, while Evan was being steered deeper in the subway. He started to wonder what else he heard wrong about monsters, if they were eating normal food.

"Why do you eat humans, if you can eat that?" asked Evan, he was genuinely very curious about it.

"It's so we eat their souls," chuckled Delirious, then he gave the real answer, "I'm messing with you. We need some meat every day, otherwise we can't think straight and start to lose our minds a little. It's not like we need a lot, just enough to sustain this weird hunger for it."

"Oh," replied Evan dully, he didn't really know what else to say about it.

"Don't worry about it man, eventually you get use to it and it seems normal," stated Delirious, when they finally approached the room.

Evan couldn't think of how he'd ever eat people, and think it was something normal. He refused to believe it, and sat on the bed on the floor. This was a train, so they had to walk past one section with a large bed in the middle. It most likely belonged to one of the two other monsters, at least that's what he expected. "You might hear those them at night, they're so annoying. Especially with the moaning and shit," grumbled Delirious, as he basically told Evan that the two were together. He'd sat on one of the chairs on the side, since he wasn't sure if he should be on Delirious’ bed. The masked man seemed to stare at him, before finally deciding to leave and make them some food. This left him to wonder where they stored the bodies, because he waited a long time in the van. They wouldn't have just thrown it away.

It was probably a fifteen minute wait, as he realized how hungry he was. Evan had only breakfast that morning, it was slowly moving towards night. If it was human flesh, he'd reject it immediately, there was no way he'd eat people. Delirious finally came back with two bowls of beef stew, which looked normal and he hoped there wasn't pieces of human in it. The bowl was placed on the seat next to him, while Delirious seemed to sit a seat away from him. He'd watch as the mask was loosened, then tilted slightly upwards, only to reveal some lips. There was no hesitation on the other person’s part, as he watch Delirious eat a couple mouth full of food. When his eyes finally looked a little upwards, he realized Delirious was staring at him as well.

"Eat up, it's not much and from a can. It's all I can offer right now," said Delirious, while he put
another spoonful in his mouth.

This is when he finally started decided to eat, and the beef tasted older and slightly rubbery. It was definitely from a can, which made him relax a little and eat more of it. They would eat their fill, then Delirious took their bowls away. Evan was starting to feel tired, mostly from the traveling and going through his emotions. Delirious finally came back with a glass of water for both of them, which he greedily grabbed onto, then drank his fill of it. This felt refreshing down his throat, while he asked for the bathroom. It was not that far, as he was given directions. Evan thought about escaping, but also considered the warnings. It was dark out now, more of them would around. He had better odds of waiting until morning to escape.

After using the bathroom, he noticed Delirious bringing in an extra blanket and pillow. Evan couldn't help but stare at him, now when the monster finally took off his mask. The person almost looked human, thought the skin was much more pale and the eyes weren't normal. This is when Delirious flashed him a wide grin, revealing his sharp teeth along with it. "Let's get some sleep, sorry but I only have a spot for you on my bed. Unless you wanna try sleeping on those uncomfortable chairs," said Delirious, while he got into the covers. A part of him consider sleeping on the chairs, though he thought better about upsetting him. Evan didn’t want a monster to be angry, so he was playing along for the moment.

He started to fall asleep instantly, then later woke up randomly during the night. His body was on fire, it burned while he felt all achy and sick. Delirious seemed to be asleep, when a sudden urge to puke overwhelmed him. The only decision was to try and get off the bed, which he barely managed to do himself. He'd puke all over the floor, then started to dry heave. A hand started to rub his back, startling Evan from the sudden feeling of it. "Relax, everything will be okay. Your body is just trying to reject the infection," muttered Delirious soothingly, which seemed to work. Evan would even close his eyes, and feel another dizzy wave wash over him. This time the monster held onto him, keeping him from falling over.

Somehow he was steered back into bed, a wet towel cleaned his mouth. He was shaking slightly from tremors, feeling the most ill he ever felt in his life. Delirious would come back with more water for him to drink, saying something about staying hydrated. His memory went foggy after that, mostly falling asleep from exhaustion. When he woke up there was a wet cloth was over his forehead, along with water and painkillers nearby. Evan quickly took the pills, hoping that they would take some of the achy feeling. His memory went foggy after that, mostly falling asleep from exhaustion. When he woke up there was a wet cloth was over his forehead, along with water and painkillers nearby. Evan quickly took the pills, hoping that they would take some of the achy feeling. His movements must've alarmed someone, because he saw Delirious walking back into the room. He had a thing of soup for him, but this time it was chicken with noodles. Evan wasn't even sure if he could eat, though the monster told him to at least take a couple bites.

This went on for hours, and he wasn't feeling much better. A hand started stroking his hair, then he felt Delirious slowly sliding the blanket off him. He was wondering if he was hallucinating a little. His clothes were being stripped off, because of all the sweat clinging onto him. It felt better than he would like to admit, feeling a damp cloth rub on his stomach and chest. "Do you want me to stop?" asked Delirious, who surprisingly wanted his permission this time. The only thing Evan did was nod, mostly because he didn't want it to stop. Those hands would rub everywhere, making the ache more tolerable. It felt so good to be cleaned, when he was turned slowly on his stomach. Evan would groan when the hands would rub his back and thighs. He didn't even complain when his boxers were pulled off.

The only thing to suddenly alarm him, was the feeling of those hands on his rear. There was still a cloth rubbing on his skin, though Delirious was basically groping him. He tried to complain, though the hand would also rub his legs soothingly. His eyes started to close, until he something wet lick his legs. "What are you doing?" asked Evan, though he sounded almost drunk or newly waking up. The monster would just shush him, then went back to licking and nipping his thighs. A sharp pain entered
his leg, causing him to gasp and try to weakly pull away. It didn't seem to bother Delirious, who was sucking on his blood now. These were the very fangs that ripped into flesh and tore into anyone that the monster wanted. There was no more pain, when Delirious seemed to pull away and checked his arm.

"It looks like the infection has already changed you," chuckled Delirious, when he pulled off the shirt with the dried blood.

Evan finally glanced at it, realizing that the wound had healed up. He later looked away, not wanting to know what else had changed. Those hands were wiping more sweat off him, though he felt Delirious go back up and started kissing his shoulder blades. It was almost like a game, while those sharp teeth taunted his skin. "You look really nice like this," complimented Delirious, his gaze was all over him. The frantic kisses turned towards his neck, where the fangs sunk deep again, causing his fever haze to grow stronger. He'd feel the monster rut behind him, grinding into laying back side. His mind was getting foggy, and Evan was having a difficult time keeping his concentration. Something was shoved near his mouth, which he tried to turn away from.

"I think it's time you finally change," whispered Delirious, he was doing it right next to his ear.

"No," mumbled Evan, though everything was slipping.

Something wet and moist hit his lips, in which he felt very thirsty. His instinct told him to latch onto it, and he bit hard on whatever was in front of him. He'd hear a sound, that was similar to an injured animal. The metallic taste filled up his mouth, and it was the last of his memory for the moment. Evan woke up in the middle of the day, startled and being able to see clearly in the darkness. He could also hear his heart beat, like it was right in his ears. Someone had dressed him, after he was cleaned up. This is when he finally decided to get up, then went straight for the bathroom. It had a window that wasn't bordered up, as he started to climb out of it. His strength was returning to him, as he felt stronger than ever.

Once he landed smoothly on the ground, he started to run for it. Evan was so focused on moving, he didn't realize his speed. He finally made it towards the entrance, only to see the three monsters standing there. They stopped right before where the sunlight would touch the ground. All of them were looking out, until he was close enough. "Come here Evan, you should see this," coaxed Delirious, knowing that Evan would do it mostly out of fear. The other two glanced at him, but went back to looking back out into the sunlight. Evan finally walked over to him, though he wanted to run towards the light. He started to form a plan in his head, which he would act obedient, but he would rush towards safety once they weren't expecting it.

"I know what you were before I grabbed you. It gets boring to just guard this spot. This is the entrance to the subway, one of the ways the humans could enter here," explained Delirious, knowing that Evan was listening to him intently.

"What Delirious is trying to say is, we have the same job. Guard a place, making sure no danger enters here. It's why we picked you," added Ohm, though it was startling for Evan to learn that they picked him.

"It was either you, or a few other choices. You were just dumb enough to help a stranger. Have a kind heart," said Cartoonz, all three of the monsters were smiling now, "we need people who care enough to join."

"Welcome to the community, you're one of us now," greeted Delirious, as he knew Evan could no longer go back into the sunlight.
Chapter End Notes

This is a mix between different monsters, and theories people have thought for them. I didn't have a specific one in mind, but I did keep thinking about vampires and werewolves. Sometimes I'd think about zombies and the monster under the bed.

I hope you all enjoyed it, and tell me what you think. Thank you all for reading.

~Melon
It was like any other day for Brock, while he was watering the plants that morning. Nobody would normally disturb this place, that only housed people who believed in being one with nature. He decided on this life style, after some very poor life choices and committing a few crimes. Brock decided to dedicate himself to being a monk at a little temple. This kind of life was very new to him, but he decided to live with the other monks. They took anyone in who was hungry, or needed a place to rest. His body and robes needed a washing after sweating in it for a few days, and that's when he decided to gather up some vegetables and place them into the storage building. Once it was done, he'd grab himself some spare robes, before making his way towards the river.

The air still felt cold with a chill, but it didn't bother the monk. Brock was going to cleanse himself, then maybe go inside for silent prayer. He went through a normal pathway, when he noticed something unusual. Someone was laying on the dirt path, where he was needed to go through. It didn't matter why the person was there, Brock immediately went over to see if he needed some assistance, "are you okay? Can you speak? Do you need something?" A sudden tug was on the front of his robes, then he basically fell on top of the person. The man was obviously awake now, but did the most unusual thing to him. This person was actually kissing him, trying to reach inside his robes for a feel. It might've scared anyone else, but he grab that offending hand and pressed on a pressure point.

"Ow ow ow, okay I give," said the stranger, who wore dark robes with a bandage over one eye.

"I wanted to know if you needed help, not to be fondled. It's very rude to do that," scolded Brock, which made him seem like a parental figure to most people around him.

"I'm sorry, okay? When you asked if I needed something, I thought you were giving me permission. The names Terroriser, if you must know," stated Terroriser with a frown, he was acting like Brock was the rude one, "And if you wanted to help, you'd let me keep going."

"Don't you know who I am? I'm just one of the monks that guard this sacred area, what makes you think molesting people is okay?" questioned Brock angrily, though he wasn't as upset as he seemed.

"Well isn't it obvious? I needed it," replied Terroriser, before he got up then started to brush himself off.

It seemed like an interesting day, and despite everything that happened. Brock offered to take him to the temple, where he could rest and eat something. The person seemed to refuse his generosity, and got up to leave. He thought it was the oddest thing, but he still decided to make his way towards the river. When the water finally came into his view, he realized it was already occupied. Someone with very red skin and long horns was washing in the middle of it, where he'd normally pick to bathe. It was rude to stare, and sharing was a normal philosophy for a monk. "Excuse me, is it okay if I join you?" asked Brock, despite being worried about joining someone that didn't look human. There was a predatory look in the person's face, while the man started to introduce himself.

"The names Cartoonz, gorgeous, why don't you just hop right in? I've got room for you and a few more hot bodies to go around," chuckled Cartoonz, as he seemed to be admiring himself from the reflection on the lake.
"Oh thank you, I normally bathe in here alone, but I don't mind the company," replied Brock kindly, ignoring the odd behavior and name from the stranger.

He'd slowly start to peel off his robes, which only had some homemade underwear underneath it. Brock noticed the man was staring, though they were both men and in need to be cleaned. Once everything was off he'd quickly step into the water, mostly expecting it to be cold like it usually was. The water was strangely warm, which was welcomed against his skin. He'd dunk himself into the water, then fetched his soap to wash himself. This is when he realized Cartoonz moving closer to him, and starting to invaded his space. "Can I help you?" asked Brock warily, though he hoped things didn't escalate. The man was practically pushing him against one of the rocks, and trying to get between his legs.

"You could help me, by treating me to a snack," smirked Cartoonz, like he was staring at a meal in front of him.

"I'm sorry, but I'm not interested," said Brock firmly, his glare was stern and he wasn't backing down, "now if you would give me some space, I would greatly appreciate it."

"Don't you know what I am? I could bring all your sexual fantasies to life," purred Cartoonz, like he was giving him some kind of gift.

"Like I said, I'm not interested, now back off," replied Brock confidently, knowing he wasn't going to back down. He'd even palm the beads around his neck, if the other person tried anything.

"You're very different, hell, I've had monks give into temptation before. You reek of sexual frustration and have so much lingering sexual desires that I could satisfy," Cartoonz pointed out, like he could read everything on him.

"I'm just here to take a bathe, nothing else," said Brock with a frown, while he refused the person again, then pushed him away enough to go towards a different part of the river.

It was uncomfortable for him, but he managed to wash up and then leave. He'd put on a different robes, while still wet and his hair sticking to his head. Brock still didn't fully give himself to the monks, and his hair was one of the things reminding of him of his prior life. The others would try to convince him to shave it all, but he decided it was one part of his identity he couldn’t give up. His vanity was one of his worst sins, as he walked back towards the temple. He would pray away those feelings he had, and the slight arousal and shame he felt. It was left by the river, and around the pathway. None of them were welcomed touches, though it wasn't like he didn't like the kiss or being pressed against the rocks. They were taught as bad things, and those demons were his final temptation.

Cartoonz wasn't exactly wrong about him.

After a few days he kept to himself, making sure the garden thrived in it's conditions. The only meat he ate was fish, despite it being against the monk's religion. He was after all, very new to this life style and hadn't fully adjust into it. His thoughts would linger onto the two men, and he ask the other monks about it. Apparently Cartoonz and Terroriser were two well known incubus near the temple. They couldn't get into the place, but lingered around like armed guards. These demons didn't mean any harm, though they would temp any nearby monks with the desire for the flesh. Brock couldn't even deny he was tempted by the thoughts of two demons, and their arousing bodies. He would however keep refusing them, as he had to make his way towards the river again.

It was the only way they got water to drink, as a stream ran towards it. He'd normally volunteer for any of the jobs, since he wanted to fit in with the others. This life wasn't easy, while he tugged on his
robes and kept going forward. The two demons were there, easily tempting just from their appearance. "Good morning," said Brock cheerfully, trying to seem like he was only there for a friendly stroll. He'd place the water into the basin, when he realized that one of them were coming over to him. Terroriser offered to carry it, since it was nothing to him. The demon could easily lift anything, and would brag about carrying tree limbs over his shoulder. The only response was to refuse politely, but the demon seemed to insist.

"It's really no trouble at all, it's not like I'm here to bite your head off. See, it weighs like nothing," said Terroriser, as he grabbed the basin off the ground easily, and carried it in one of his arms.

"I see you've taken an interest too, though you always lack style," chuckled Cartoonz, while he teased the other demon.

"Oh fuck off, all you do is show off your muscles and pin them down saying weird shit. I'm normally a gentleman, but I kinda lost my control last time," complained Terroriser, which he looked back at Brock, "sorry again by the way, didn't mean to jump you like that. I was just really hungry, and you kinda snuck up on me."

"You got surprised by a human? Man, you really are so fucking lame," laughed Cartoonz, while receiving the finger from the upset demon.

Brock for once didn't mind the help, even if the company was odd and strange. The two demons walked with him back towards the entrance of the temple. They were both obviously wanting more from him, though Cartoonz was less subtle about it. A part of him didn't want to be a piece of meat, and seen more as a person. It did however made his days more interesting to have two demons around, even if one of them were busy off somewhere else. Demons were normally seen as evil vile creatures, though those incubus scared away anything trying to harm the forest. The monks only took what was necessary, while planting and growing what they could. Some reason Brock didn't mind having a couple of demons interested in him, as long as they respected his boundaries.

Chapter End Notes

There will be a part 2, I just need to get around writing it. I hope you enjoyed this one!

This is also a birthday gift for a friend. Happy Birthday Kaycee!

~Melon
MooTerrorToonz (Part 2) : Last Temptation

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It only had settle down a little for him, though he still worried slightly about having a couple of incubus as neighbors. They weren't physically harmful, even if one of them seemed to like to over step his boundaries. Brock was content with being one of the monks, even if he didn't give up some of his older values. When he was overlooking the garden, his nerves were slowly getting the best of him. It was time for him to bathe again, and he had clothes that needed to be washed. The only reason he didn't do it sooner, was his growing worries of running into one of them. He would still go out and do his chores, bring water and other various vegetation that grew outside the temple. His worry was more towards bathing and being harassed by a certain demon.

Brock carried his dirty laundry in a wooden basket, his clean clothes were in a bag on his back. There was a couple elderly monks that he would greet on his way, but his trip through the dirt path was uneventful. He was surprised to see nobody in his favorite bathing spot, not even Cartoonz was there to harass him and eye his naked body. Everything was laid out on the bank of the river, before he decided wash everything first. There was a bar of soap, along with a wooden board with grooves on it, so he could wash them more thoroughly. Brock would scrub them harshly, trying to remove all the filth from it. The water felt very cold, unlike when he first met the red incubus. It was like Cartoonz has a certain affect on the water.

"Hi, I hope I'm not interrupting. You remember me right?" asked Terroriser, then he started to scold himself, which he probably didn't realize Brock could hear him, "of course he knows me, who could forget some molesting asshole?"

"No you're fine. I'm just washing my clothes," replied Brock politely, as he went back to lathering up the next one.

"I could help if you want, that is if you need it," said Terroriser hesitantly, like he was worried of saying the wrong thing.

"I'm fine with washing these, but maybe you could help me hang them?" asked Brock, only because it felt awkward and he thought he'd take some pity on him.

"Sure, just hand them over to me," answered Terroriser happily, before grabbing a couple wet robes to be hanged on some tree limbs.

Things were a little more awkward when he handed over some undergarments to Terroriser, though they were both men and it wasn't that strange. Once everything was washed, he decided it was finally time to take a bath himself. He'd strip off his clothes, then got into the water. The bar of soap was back into his hands, while he started washing the clothes that was on his bare back. "I can leave if you want, and you can hang the last bit of it," suggested Terroriser, as the incubus really did consider what Brock might want. This actually seemed really sweet, though he decided that Terroriser could stay, since he was being on his best behavior. The last of the clothes were handed over, then he grabbed his soap and got deeper into the water.

"You know, that's Cartoonz' favorite spot, right? He usually bathes here and seduces anyone he can, since the water moves fast enough and cleans up his messes," stated Terroriser, once he came back from hanging them, "it pisses me off, because he doesn't even allow me here."
"Then why are you here?" asked Brock curiously, since Terroriser had never been spotted there before.

"Because he went off to this fancy pants meeting, that for some reason I'm not allowed in. Those self righteous assholes think I'm not good enough for it," Terroriser seemed to pause in mid thought, "I also might've screwed up. I've made some awful choices in the past."

Those last words hit Brock hard, he knew all about making mistakes and poor decisions. It's why he was at the temple in the first place. "Never mind, you probably don't want to hear about it. I actually came here to wash myself, since that jerk isn't here. It would piss him off, knowing that my naked butt in in his favorite spot," smirked Terroriser, until he frowned at himself, "But yeah, I'll let you continue your bath." Brock felt some sympathy for the incubus, it was probably why he said those things, "no wait, you could join me. I really don't mind." He'd watch as Terroriser's sad expression, turn into a bright smile on his face. The demon stripped out of his black robes shamelessly, then jumped right in, creating a large splash in the water.

"Yes! This feels fucking fantastic!" shouted Terroriser, while dipped back underwater and swam around. Things went south quickly, once he got all of it out of his system, "shit, I probably shouldn't have done that."

"Are you okay?" questioned Brock, he was actually deeply concerned, especially when Terroriser was holding his head and leaning against the wall.

"I'm fine, I just haven't really eaten in a few days. It's different kind of hunger, then what humans could get," said Terroriser, as the demon tried to pull himself together, "I just need a minute."

"Is there anything I could do to help?" questioned Brock, which he actually meant it.

"Oh yeah, sure, maybe if you gave me a kiss," said Terroriser sarcastically, thinking that wasn't very likely.

"Would that really help?" asked Brock, though his voice had more conviction and certain of himself.

"Well I mean, I am an incubus. A kiss is like a small snack. Anything would help really, and I've been starving for awhile. Unlike that asshole, who's probably having an orgy right now. I'm just not like that," said Terroriser honestly, as he dryly chuckled to himself, "I'm not a very good incubus am I? Starving myself, until I really need it, then I do something stupid."

This was all the convincing Brock needed, before he reached over to kiss him. Terroriser was a bit taller them him, so he placed his arms around his shoulder, forcing the demon to lean more downwards. They were actually kissing, though it felt awkward and out of place at first. Once the incubus snapped out of it, did the kiss get more heated and more controlled. Brock wasn't very confident in the kiss, even if he initiated it, but Terroriser had no problem with sucking on his tongue. He'd feel the incubus grind into him, and somehow he was against the rocks again, like the time with Cartoonz. This was very different, and he welcomed the subtle touches. The incubus finally pulled away, so both of them could breathe. They were both leaning against each other, though trying to catch their breathe.

"You're one hell of a kisser," praised Terroriser with a chuckle, he started to nuzzle into his neck, "and a cutie."

"Um thanks?" replied Brock awkwardly, almost like he's some kind of shy school girl, which he kind of hated.
"I really needed that, especially from an amazingly hot guy," said Terroriser, once he pulled away slightly, "I'll let you get back to bathing, I need to wash up as well. Let me know if you want to do that again."

Some reason Brock felt slightly in a daze, as he watched Terroriser walk away. This certainly wasn't what he expected, when deciding to live at a temple. He'd wash up quickly, not trying to meet Terroriser's gaze, as the demon was washing up as well. Once everything was done, he did a reluctant goodbye and put on his robes after he dried himself. The first thing he did was take all the wet clothes into his room to dry, then prayed silently in the temple. Brock wished he didn't give into temptation so easily, but it was the reason he was trying to be a monk in the first place. He was easily persuaded into sinful decisions, especially if they pushed enough from others. After his silent prayer, he would have some warm tea and his dinner. It was only a bowl of rice along with some pickled cabbage.

Brock had difficult sleeping, though he eventually put everything away and kept his clothes hanging nearby. It was a weird dream that woke him up, leaving him sweaty and slightly hard. The details were foggy, mostly it was some kind of figure trying to give him pleasure. There was no way he would touch himself at a sacred place, so he got up and wrapped a thick robe around himself. He'd usually sleep in the nude, which this night was no exception. Nobody seemed to be stirring in the night, the monks were fast asleep. Brock silently made his way out of the building, all his thoughts trying to recall the sexual dream. Once he gone a bit away, he settled next to some bushes, that hide him fairly enough.

His hand would caress himself gently, trying to create some kind of friction. He finally gave into his desires, once he sat down with his knees bend and slightly spread open in front of himself. Brock was reaching through his robes, stroking himself slightly. Every part of him was trying his best not to make a sound, this was the last thing he would want the monks catching him doing. He'd start to stroke himself more quickly, just thinking of the possibility of getting caught. A sound interrupted him, and it sounded like it was somewhat close. His heart was hammering, though he yelped when someone grabbed him from behind. There was a deep chuckle in his ear, while the person settled behind him, two long red legs on each side.

"You look like you're having fun, don't let me stop you," said Cartoonz huskily, before nipping his neck and his mouth tugging on his ear lobe, "go ahead and touch yourself, there's nobody else to see it."

"Fuck," gasped Brock, once he felt both of those hands pinch and play with his nipples. He still however didn't move his hand.

"Maybe you need some encouragement," suggested Cartoonz, as he brushed Brock's hand away, then decided to touch him.

This was surely bliss, while Brock groaned, feeling that hand stroke him quickly and those lips suck on his throat. It all happened so quickly, making him feel immediate shame once it was over. He came all over Cartoonz's hand, as he watched the demon pull it back, then started to lick it clean. "You taste good, better than I imagined," groaned Cartoonz, as he savored the taste on his tongue. Those arms held him, and even though Brock felt slightly upset with himself, he also was feeling tired and comforted. The incubus seemed to say sweet things in his ear, that he was wonderful and attractive. His eyes slowly started to droop, before he started to fall asleep.

"I think I found the perfect one," smirked Cartoonz, while he carried off with his prize.
Did you guys want a part 3? Or do you wanna come up with your own ending?

This was a lot of fun, and so far they both are approaching Brock differently with their own way of getting his attention. Who do you think will get closer to Brock?

Thanks for reading!

~Melon
"Where the fuck is he Cartoonz? I know he's fucking in there you asshole, I can smell his scent all over this damn place," growled Terroriser, he meant business when he came into the other person's territory.

"It's nice to see you too," joked Cartoonz, while the two don't realize that Brock had already started waking up and hearing them, "I do have him, I don't deny that."

"Then let him go, he doesn't belong in your creepy lair," replied Terroriser angrily, though this is when Brock finally sat up to look at them. The sheets would fall off his chest, which he was in someone's makeshift bed.

"Now wait, I want to talk first. I'll let him go, right after you and I have discussed things," stated Cartoonz, then he leaned against the wall. They were apparently in some kind of cave, when Brock got a better look around.

"Well go ahead and talk, I don't have all day," huffed Terroriser, his arms were crossed and defensive.

It felt invasive for him to watch, though he felt like he had the right to know what was going on. The last thing he remembered was falling asleep, after Cartoonz had pleasured him that night. Brock still felt some shame for allowing it, but he had other things to worry about. "Don't you want a taste first? I know you've been wanting to taste him, ever since you've met him," smirked Cartoonz, before he grabbed Terroriser by the hair, then did something very unexpected. The larger incubus was kissing the weaker one, though the response was immediate. Terroriser smacked him hard across the face, which Cartoonz seemed to be smirking and licking his split lip. Brock's body was immediately tense, getting prepared to act if things escalated even further. He didn't want to watch them hurt each other, even if they were just demons.

"Fucking ass, all this because I bragged that I kiss him? Are you really that petty and jealous?" asked Terroriser heatedly, his fists were clenching at the thought of what Cartoonz probably did.

"Yeah, I am all of those things, just not for the reasons you're thinking," replied Cartoonz, his face was still smug and sure of himself.

"Get fucking over it, I did it so many years ago. Do you really have to do everything to make my life miserable? I killed your disgusting partner, and now you can't let me have one thing. You even followed me to the one place, I thought you wouldn't go," Terroriser paused, mostly to try and calm himself a little, "It's done, your friend isn't coming back. He will never come back, and I'm glad he's gone."

They were staring at each other, and it seemed like a conversation that necessarily a long time ago, though it was finally out now. Brock felt out of place, from hearing the argument. He wasn't sure if he should interrupt, but he got up anyways. Mostly because he wanted to comfort Terroriser, since the incubus was clearly hurting. Cartoonz on the other hand was giving him a hard stare, like he was trying to find the right words to say. "Terroriser," said Brock, which snapped the incubus from his stare down, and look over to the human he wanted to see. His robes were loose, but he got up anyways and tried to tighten them as he walked. The only problem was that Cartoonz stepped in
front, so that his back was facing him, and blocking his view of Terroriser.

"Move," growled Terroriser, he was apparently done with talking.

"I don't hate you, and I don't want you to be miserable. You probably don't believe me, but I followed you for another reason. Talk to me when you've calmed down and can think clearly," said Cartoonz calmly, trying to reason with him.

"I don't care for your bullshit reasons, or how you don't supposedly don't hate me. I'm leaving!" shouted Terroriser, as he did exactly that.

Cartoonz seemed upset, going deeper into the cave and away from them. The situation wasn't good for any one of them. Brock didn't have a lot of options, so he decided to follow Terroriser. There was tension in the air, and Brock wasn't sure if he should press the topic. The only thing he did was wait, while walking calmly with the incubus. "It was a long, probably long before you became a monk," said Terroriser shakily, though Brock immediately grabbed his hand to calm him down. He understood the feeling of regret more than any other person, which is why he decided to become a monk. There was so much grief in Terroriser, despite him saying that he was glad that the other person was dead. Something else was going on, he could feel it.

"Cartoonz was good friends with this one demon, I wouldn't say very close, but they were getting to that point. This demon however wasn't an incubus, more of a prick who liked killing humans," shuddered Terroriser, like he couldn't believe something like that could exist, "basically this guy started cutting into my territory. I was famous for getting a lot of sexual partners, sleeping with anything that would allow me. I'm not too proud of that."

They stopped at the entrance, and Brock decided it was that moment he should pull him into a hug.

"I saw this bastard torturing some girl, which I had slept with before. She seemed slutty, sure, but I didn't think she deserved to be violated and put into so much pain. I could taste all of her agony, and I just snapped," mumbled Terroriser sadly into him, though more on the situation, than killing someone who deserved it, "I killed him, then all the other demons got word of it. I've disposed of her body, since I didn't want anyone to find her like that. She deserved a little decency. After that I got kicked out of the big boys corner, and went into hiding. Somehow Cartoonz found me, and hasn't left me alone."

"But he hasn't tried to kill you," Brock pointed out, thinking at least there was one good thing.

"Hasn't killed me yet, I think he wants to torture me first," said Terroriser, he finally pulled out of the hug, "and once he does what he wants, I can't exactly stop him from ending my life. It's why I mostly avoid him, try to act like I don't know what's going on."

"Talk to him, figure out the real reason he's. I'll be there if you need it," exclaimed Brock, before giving him a quick kiss on the lips.

Terroriser seemed stunned for a moment, before he finally spoke up, "I don't think I can do it, I'd rather let it just die down and forgotten."

This is when Brock decided to take action, he would confront Cartoonz for him. He gave Terroriser one last kiss, before walking towards the cave. It was dark and damp, though some reason the place had a eerie glow to it. This was enough for him to be able to steer himself inside, while he tried to find the person. Cartoonz was eventually found pacing around, mostly mumbling to himself. There was things that were knocked down, probably due to a fit of rage. Their eyes finally locked on each other, then he noticed Cartoonz trying to relax himself. Brock decided he should be the one to break
the silence, and got them both to sit somewhere. This wasn't really any of his business, though he started to care about them along the way. He wasn't sure why he got involved with the life of two incubus.

"Why don't you tell me why you wanted Terroriser's attention. It's clear that you did all of this, just to get to him," said Brock, though his tone wasn't accusing, he sounded more curious and wanting to know anything.

"I can tell he likes you, like he won't shut up about you. Once I had some business done, at a place what you humans would call 'the demon world'. I decided to pay you a visit. It didn't really take much to get you aroused, and get you here. I know Terroriser would smell your arousal and your cum in the air," explained Cartoonz, as he was dragging out the conversation, "I'll admit, I was a little envious he picked you. Especially since I've been doing everything to get his attention, and he wouldn’t give me the time of day. He has been talking more to me, now that you've been around though."

"You still haven't explained why you want to be around him," Brock pointed out, but it wasn't the reasoning he was expecting.

"Isn't it obvious? I've got a crush on the guy. Sure, all you other bitches could come to me, and I'd get my fill. He's different, and then I realized you were my ticket to him," said Cartoonz smugly, knowing that he was right about it, "I thought at first when I smelled him on you, he was just desperate. Never thought he'd pursue you again, and then you'd be all making out."

"So you're not upset him killing your friend?" asked Brock, as he wanted to get the full story.

"Maybe at first, when he just killed the guy. Terroriser got it all wrong though, he's not my friend. He was just the guy who hired me, and paid me very well. You might wonder why I needed the cash, but money there could get more than a place to stay," replied Cartoonz, then he got up to get them both something to drink.

Brock would listen to the entire story, apparently Cartoonz did leave to kill Terroriser, mostly because the guy murdered his employer. Things changed after he heard about the corruption the person was doing, then the real reason Terroriser murdered the man. It was a more heroic act, then even Terroriser would even know about. "I even started hunting all his little thugs, that were still loyal to the creep. I'm cleaning up, trying to get Terroriser back there and with me. I want to make it safe for him," Cartoonz admits, then hands over some water over to Brock. A voice startled both of them, as the very person they were talking about came out from the shadows. It's a form Brock had never seen before, and the bandage was off Terroriser's face. He could see a huge gash were his eye use to be, and where most likely he'd been attacked before. The demon’s skin was also pale, and had turned dark in certain areas.

"You could've just pinned me down and told me everything, you know. It's not like you had to involve Brock," said Terroriser, as he helped himself to one of Cartoonz whiskey bottles on a shelf nearby.

"Like that would change your mind about me," replied Cartoonz, while he rolled his eyes, "you have no talent for anything, really, I'm not why I'm interested in your ass."

"But you are interested in my ass," smirked Terroriser, before gulping down the liquid and burning his throat.

"I guess you both can work things out now, I'll excuse myself," said Brock politely, then getting up from his seat.
"Wait, Brock, don't leave me alone with this jerk," pleaded Terroriser, though mostly it was a fear of facing something, he'd been avoiding for a long time.

He did however leave them both alone, then decided to head back towards the temple. Brock was somehow okay with leaving the two incubus, wanting what was best for both of them. There was something else, but he hadn't told them. Cartoonz might've felt it, or least know there was something about himself. He'd use to be a crime boss, ordered men to kill people. A part of him felt like a ruthless murderer, but he'd had hope that things would one day change. His mind still lingered on the friendships he'd ruined, and the lives he destroyed. Brock knew he didn't deserve forgiveness, let alone the attention of one incubus that liked him. Terroriser didn't make a mistake, even if it got him on the run. There was nothing more evil than someone who saw lives as nothing but play things and pawns. The incubus wasn’t like him.

"I deserve this," muttered Brock, thinking that maybe this temptation wasn't that bad, but he didn't deserve either one of them.

A week later he was still watering the garden, making sure the plants flourished. His head still had hair on it, which grew wildly in the middle. The monks still disapproved of it, but it reminded of him of his crime boss life style. A part of himself that he couldn't remove, because the memories were still there. Brock knew he was the true monster and not them. After his morning chores were done, he decided to fetch more water for the next day. There was a basin in his hands, while he made his way towards the river. He however didn't expect two incubus waiting for him. "It's about time you finally came back here," said Terroriser cheerfully, since Brock had been avoiding outside for awhile, "we wanted to see you." This is when Brock hesitantly walked over to them.

"We've decided that since you've been dealing with our shit, and you've been so nice to us. I guess we kinda uh," Terroriser sputtered, not knowing the right words to say.

"We decided that we wanted you to be a part of this relationship," added Cartoonz with a smirk, he looked prepared to eat him alive.

"I-I actually still like, well l-like you," stuttered Terroriser, then he decided to be bold, and placed his hands on either side of Brock's shoulders, "wanna try going on a date with us?"

"What he wants to say is, can we fuck you?" chuckled Cartoonz, knowing it's cause a reaction from the other incubus.

"Fuck off asshole, I'm trying to be romantic," growled Terroriser, and the only reaction they got was Brock laughing.

Once he stopped, he finally got to admire what was presented to him. There really was only one response to them, "sure, where do you want me?"

Chapter End Notes

What do you guys think? Was anyone surprised by Cartoonz's secret crush?

At least both of the incubus are still interested in Brock, even if Cartoonz was using him. Things seem to work out in the end.

I also might've had another Brock in mind when writing this story. Let me know if you
know what I'm talking about. It could even be considered a continuation of a different one-shot.

~Melon
Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"Everyone! I gather you all here to discuss today's arrangement. I've spoken with the opposition, and have come to a conclusion. It has been decided that one of us will be arranged to be married to the other side," said their leader, causing a commotion in the room, which was eventually settled down, "This will further bring two great nations together and finally bring our country as one. I haven't decided on a person to be married off, so if anyone were willing to be wed. Please speak up now."

The room finally fell silent, and Ohm didn’t really blame the people in the room. He'd adjust his suit, then got up from his seat. There were plenty of people gathered around for this important meeting. They have discussed multiple times with the opposing side, which was to arrange a peace treaty. It might've been the old ways, arranged marriages were no longer as common. This was however decided the best option for both sides, in hopes to keep peace between them. "I volunteer myself," Ohm spoke up, while he could hear some of his friends protesting, "I'm not in a marriage and you all know me for my important status as Secretary of finance. Please consider me as a selection." He'd sit down after speaking up, while only a couple more people volunteered for the arranged marriage.

"Ohm, what the hell are you doing?" seethed Delirious, he seemed ready to talk some sense to him, but he had to speak very quietly.

"We'll discuss this later," muttered Ohm quietly back. He went back to adjusting his appearance, mostly to make sure his tie was in the right place.

It would be a great honor for him to be married off, and be transferred to the other country. His treatment might not always be the best, though Ohm hoped that his sacrifice wouldn't be in vain. There was more chatter and their leader discussed about more important topics. Once everyone was dismissed, did Ohm get up and decided to finally talk to his best friend. They had known each other for a long time, and had helped one another. Cartoonz was also with them, looking slightly nervous, because he thought maybe they would start fighting. Ohm wasn’t sure if an argument would start, but he had a good chance of being picked for marriage. They needed someone that represented them, and he was their best option. This marriage would change his life in every possible way.

"Don't you know what this means? You'll lose your job, give up everything just to be a sacrificial lamb. I thought you were smarter than this," argued Delirious angrily, though looked less menacing when given a stern look.

"Since when are you this insulting of my decisions? Usually you support anything I do, follow me in any direction I take. You're not the type of person to speak up against me like this, even if you don't agree with it," replied Ohm angrily, while he held his ground, "I know what I'm giving up, but I also know what I'm gaining from all of this."

"You'll lose us too, you know that? We might not even see each other again," said Delirious sadly, they were walking down the hallway, towards Ohm's office. Cartoonz was trailing quietly behind them.

"Delirious, let's just talk about this in here," suggested Ohm, once they appeared to their destination. The three of them stepped inside, not knowing what the future would bring them.

"I think Ohm should do what he wants, and nothing would change his mind. We have to support our
friend," stated Cartoonz, who jumped into the conversation, "I also really doubt he would stop seeing us either, we both know how stubborn he is. Married or not, Ohm will do what he wants."

"I guess you're right," agreed Delirious hesitantly, though he was still worried.

"Thank you, both of you," said Ohm, who tried to give a friendly hand shake, but his friends gave him a enveloping hug.

Things would change after a week of planning, and finally being chosen (and he was obviously was the leader's first choice).

This was an honor Ohm would willingly accept, knowing that it would bring the two nations together. It wouldn't stop the hatred that existed, he wasn't that naive. Ohm knew it would take time for the nations to heal, and finally become one again. Some historical records had been destroyed, though they had been fighting for centuries. He was glad that this would stop the killing, even if it was only for the moment. The two leaders would be meeting, along with his potential new husband or wife. Ohm didn't have a preference, as long as it was someone in power. It's been his goal in life to climb to the top, and he had succeeded for the most part. Nobody was going to stop him, when he went inside the room.

"Nice to meet you, I'm Vanoss" said the other leader, who had a kind smile and radiance to him, "This is my second in command."

"It's uh, good to finally meet," said a man in a hockey mask, quite similar to the one his friend would wear, "I'm Delirious."

"I know of a Delirious myself, but I guess that's not very surprising," replied Ohm, since there was some strange similarity between the two nations.

"Really? What is he liked?" asked Delirious in awe, though they were interrupted.

"It isn't the time for that right now, we should discuss important matters," stated Moo, who is Ohm's current leader.

"Sure, let us all have a seat," added Vanoss, then they all sat down and tried to get comfortable.

Ohm kept glancing at Delirious, wondering if this was his future husband. The Delirious he knew was gentle and kind, using his position to help others. He had heard about this Delirious however, who is a general and liked to lead troops into battle. This left a nervous feeling in his gut, but he acted indifferent to the situation. "I like to first apologize. The person we've chosen wants to meet in a more normal setting," said Vanoss, as he did look apologetic, "it was his idea, and since he volunteered for this marriage. I though he had this choice." Moo was ever the negotiator, and suggested that Ohm should go see him now. This however made Ohm uncomfortable, and preferred his future husband in a meeting setting. At least he would have the advantage of the others around him.

Now he would have to face the man alone, without any support. The man must've thought of this strategical approach.

"Alright, I will go see to him right away. Where does he want to meet?" asked Ohm, knowing he'd walk into unknown territory.

"You'd be traveling back with us, and we'd bring you to your new living situation," said Vanoss calmly, but he looked empathetic and worried about his feelings, "if that doesn't sit well with you, we could always do this another time."
"No that's fine, I'll pack tonight and we can leave whenever you are ready," replied Ohm, who had a million thoughts on his mind.

This was happening quicker than he thought, and he wouldn't have much time for goodbyes. It suited him better anyways, he hated saying his farewells. There wasn't many people he'd consider friends, and more like business partners. He'd lose his positions once he left, Ohm was certain of it, and they would elect someone else. There was some suggestions he could make, and he wanted Delirious to take his former job. They were still talking in the background, though he was only half listening. Once the meeting was over, he got up and decided to go straight home. He was professional in whatever he did anyways, and this wouldn't be any different. Ohm would start packing immediately, while ordering for some food to arrive at his place.

"How was the meeting?" questioned Delirious in a text, which was immediately answered.

"It went well, I however didn't meet my future suitor. We'll meet in his selected place," replied Ohm in his text, then he put it aside, so he could continue to pack.

There was some messages in between, but his mind was on his travel. Ohm would finally get to see the other country, which he loathed and fought so strongly against for so many years. It was until he meet Cartoonz and Delirious, did his mind finally changed and wanted peace instead. His life was going to be changed further, and he couldn’t mess this marriage up. He would have to be obedient, while doing things by his husbands standards. This wasn't difficult for him, since he's been known to follow orders from other people. Ohm cared more about the person's position, and how it would enhance his life. He'd imagine this was an extremely important person, especially to be put into this marriage. Maybe another important person in Vanoss' life, which would have a high status.

"I might be gone for a few days, I'll contact you later," texted Ohm, before he turned it off since he needed the rest.

There wasn't that many bags, and they were all organized neatly. Ohm didn't own a lot, despite his wealth. He preferred to concentrate his efforts into work, instead of his personal life. When it was finally the time to leave, he went off with the other versions of Vanoss and Delirious. They were nothing like the people he knew. Vanoss seemed more relaxed, though very cheerful and strong with his decisions. Delirious would follow everything his friend did, and seemed obedient in certain aspects. Ohm couldn't help it, sometimes he'd stare at them, wondering if this was just an odd dream. The flight wasn't too long and when they landed, his bags were being checked thoroughly. A hotel was already booked for him for a certain amount of stay, so he didn't have to worry about it.

"He wants to meet you at the hotel bar at midnight. I just got a message from him," said Vanoss, as he was checking his text message.

"I'll be sure to see him," replied Ohm, once he realized who Vanoss was talking about.

The first thing he did was get himself a taxi, then went immediately towards the hotel. His two bags were with him, as he went over towards the front desk for his keys. "You look sharp Ohm. I don't usually see you dressed like this. What's the special occasion?" asked the manager at the desk, and apparently the person thought he knew him. Ohm always knew himself to wear business attire, along with different colored suits and vests. He couldn't imagine himself wearing something else, so he shrugged then asked for his key. The person seemed to want to chat more, but he didn't even have to pretend to be exhausted. A small amount of jet lag was affecting him, as he excused himself.

There seemed to be a few more people who recognized him, leaving him to feel uncomfortable. His other counterpart must've been popular, and social with everyone and even the help. Ohm frowned at poor people, thinking they were beneath him, along with his social class. The elevator took him to
the correct floor, as he stepped out and straight for his room. He felt some relief once he placed the key in, then walked inside. This was the luxury he was used to receiving, and the room was very extravagant. Ohm suspected this was Vanoss' doing, since the man was very powerful. After inspecting the room, he started to shower and make himself more presentable. If the person who he'd wed was a man of high social standings, then he wanted to be worthy of those standards.

His body was thoroughly scrubbed, along with giving himself a water enema to clean out his body. He'd assume the other man would want to be on the giving end, which was fine with him. Ohm wasn't new to sleeping his way towards the top, and he was going to be married to this person. After everything was clean, he would dry himself and prepare for a nap. He wasn't going to engage in sexual activities in his tired state. Once his nap was over, he'd check the time. A couple of hours had passed, then he ordered himself a salad from room service. Ohm didn't want to eat anything heavy, and ruin all the work he had done. There was a lot of pride in himself, for all the grooming and steps he'd take to improve his appearance.

Midnight eventually came after all the waiting, and he rushed down to the bar. Ohm was dressed in a fashionable black suit with a green inner vest. His black bandana was over his face, which had green trim on the top and bottom. There was plenty of people at the bar, and he waited for awhile. After twenty minutes, he decided to get himself some whiskey on the rocks. He would slowly grow irritated as time passed, while he wondered if the other man would show up. Ohm was growing impatient after an hour, while he had another drink in his hand. Someone eventually slapped a hand on his shoulder, causing him to turn around. For once he was glad the bandana was over his face, because he couldn't believe what he was seeing. The person looked like him, but also really didn't. He'd let out a frown, showing his disproval.

"Sorry I'm late, I had some extra work I had to finish. I hope you didn't wait too long. Do you want another drink? I'll be paying," said the other Ohm cheerfully, while ignoring the angry energy coming off the other person, "Evan told me you were also called Ohm, so you can call me Ryan. If that makes things less confusing."

"Is this some kind of joke?" asked Ohm, who wasn't pleased at all and watched Ryan sit down.

"What do you mean?" replied Ryan, he looked very confused, "do you mean two Ohms getting married? I guess that is a little odd, but I'm okay with it, if you are."

"Do you realize what you are wearing? A grey hoodie and grey sweat pants? I would never be caught dead in it," stated Ohm, he was cringing at the other person's attire, "at least zip up your hoodie. What are those? Rabbit ears on them?"

"Well... Yeah.. I've always dressed like this. I guess we really are opposites," said Ryan, who gave out a dry chuckle to lighten the mood, "not that I mind. I'm not sure about marrying someone who's exactly like me, and you are totally different. The suit looks good on you, just looks a bit uncomfortable."

"It isn't about being comfortable, it's about how you present yourself. I thought they would marry off to someone with high social standings. Not some street bum," criticized Ohm, as he took a long drink from his glass, like he wanted to get drunk.

"I'm sorry you feel this way, but shouldn't we at least get to know each other? I don't think you're being very fair," Ryan pointed out, hoping they could at least come to some kind of mutual understanding.

"What isn't fair is that I'm giving up my lively hood, my home, and my freedom. Just so I could be with someone who isn't what I was hoping for," said Ohm bitterly, while he stared at his drink.
They were quiet for a moment, though Ohm sat down next to him and ordered himself a drink. It was getting awkward, though one of them broke the silence. "Just give me a chance, that's all I'm asking from you. If it doesn't work out, I'll send you back home and I'll try to marry someone else. Okay?" pleaded Ryan, he seemed sincere and trying his best. Ohm finished his drink and got up to pay for it. He could see the defeat in the other person's eyes, so he finally spoke up, "then let's go in my room, just fix yourself a little first." They walked together, despite the awkward tension between them. Ohm didn't know what to expect from his doppelganger, but seeing the other display his emotions so freely. He couldn't believe there was a version of himself like this.

"What exactly is your position?" asked Ohm, as he tried to engage other person.

"Secretary of finance, it's where I'm in charge of finances of certain important projects. The nation would crumble, if we didn't balance where our money goes, and what gets funded," said Ryan, then he smiled at him, thinking this discussion would bring them together, "What is your job?"

"Also Secretary of finance," replied Ohm, though he was in disbelief that they would have the same job, when the person didn't wear any business attire. He really questioned his decision to get married, but it really was too late to turn back now. Ohm wasn't the type to quit, and didn't like to lose. It would be embarrassing for him to turn back home, with his metaphorical tail between his legs. They walked quietly to his hotel room, and then he shut the door behind them. Ryan was already enjoying himself, while he immediately bounced onto the bed. Both of them came there for a reason, though Ohm wasn't quite sure if they both had the same thing in mind. The first thing he offered was a drink, which his counterpart immediately requested soda water. They were certainly two very different people, as he poured himself some whiskey into a glass.

"I'm not going to keep exchanging pleasantries, so how do you want it?" questioned Ohm, before he downed the hard liquor in one go. He certainly needed the extra encouragement to continue.

"How do I want what?" replied Ryan innocently, like he didn't know what it meant.

"Do you want me to fuck you on your back or stomach? Why else would I bring you to my room?" asked Ohm cruelly, noting the surprised look on the person's face, and watching him choke on his drink.

"I didn't, I mean, I thought we'd just talk," sputtered Ryan, who clearly didn't understand how Ohm operated, thinking they could at least get to know each other before the wedding.

"You said you wanted a chance, or are you backing out?" challenged Ohm, thinking it would scare the other person away and possibly humiliate him, "I'm not interested in anyone who doesn't know their way around the bedroom, so either act or get lost."

There wasn't a verbal response, but he noticed Ohm getting off the bed, then quickly marching over to him. His doppelganger grabbed him by the tie, then smashed their lips together. It wasn't very gentle, though the both of them were making out. He'd have to give him credit for being an excellent kisser, and pulling him towards the bed with the same tie. Ohm didn't like having his suit wrinkled, so he eventually slapped the other person's hand away. His top was neatly pulled off, while he sat on the bed to make things easier. Ryan however sloppily took everything off and threw them on the floor. It made Ohm cringe, but he didn't expect much from a hopeless bum. He'd neatly fold everything and place them on the dresser, then noticed a pair of arms around his waist. The other person was kissing his neck, almost like he trying to set the mood for what they were about to do. It however wasn't the case.

"You know, we don't have to cut straight to sex if you don't want to," Ryan pointed out, since he usually took relationships slow and wasn't the type for one night stands, "we can watch a movie and
just cuddle in bed."

"As romantic as that seems," replied Ohm dully, he wasn't interested in being emotionally close with someone he was marrying for personal gain, "my offer stands, and if you're too worried about me abusing your hole. You can back out right now, and I'll tell Vanoss you're not interested."

"You're really an ass, I'm trying hard to connect with more than just with our bodies," said Ryan angrily, and he pulled away so they were both facing each other, "fine, if this is what you want. I'll give it to you."

Ohm was suddenly startled, when he was pushed onto the bed. It didn't really take much for Ryan to get on top of him, then pulled down his briefs to reveal himself. "I heard that despite being opposites, usually we'd have some things in common. I hope you like weiners, like I do," chuckled Ryan, since he was now pressing it into his face. This wasn't the predicament Ohm was expecting, but they were both stubborn and weren't the type to back down. He hesitantly took it into his mouth, which Ryan was controlling the pace. Ohm would act like he was the more dominant partner, but he really didn't have any experience as a top. It was probably why he let Ryan fuck his throat, and easily controlled his breathing through his nose. This motion was skewing his bandana a little, which he quickly adjusted.

"Oh god, I'm going to cum," warned Ryan, then he came all over his face.

"Revolting, get off so I can wipe my face," growled Ohm angrily, which his counterpart easily complied. There was a moment of awkward silence, in which he noticed Ryan responded by turning on the television, as he cleaned up.

"What? I thought maybe we could use a little noise," said Ryan worriedly, not knowing if he upset the other person by doing something else.

"No it's fine, maybe we should stop here," suggested Ohm, mostly because his sexual partner already shot his load, and he noticed that Ryan didn't look prepared for another.

"Oh! This is a classic, we should totally watch this," stated Ryan happily, since he decided to search the channels.

"Yeah.." replied Ohm happily, they certainly did have some things in common, not that he would admit it out loud.

They both watched one of their favorite movies, and passed out on the bed together. Ohm will worry about the marriage and being compatible another time.

Chapter End Notes

Just in case anyone is confused, it was following 2P Ohm's point of view. I've written selfcest before, just not with the BBS Crew. I think Ohm was perfect for it, and you guys get to see the difference between them.

I really hope you enjoy this, and look forward to the Halloween specials that are coming up. Thanks for reading!

~Melon
Evan was preparing everything for Halloween, and knew that his boyfriend went out last night. It was something Delirious did without much warning, other than a text saying he'd be away. When he heard someone going through the front, he immediately assumed it was him. The mask however was different, along with a machete that didn't look like the one Delirious had owned. His man only took off with his knives, and he knew that because the weapons were always hanged by the entrance. Evan smiled at him anyways, despite the dirty appearance. There was often times that Delirious would get filthy, then come home to wash up. This was because of the jobs they took, which they would both sometimes do together. It made him think of the time of when they first met.

"Hey babe, leave the weapons over there, I'll have them cleaned up. You know the rules, leave the dirty boots and blades at the entrance," stated Evan, though he was still grinning, "did you have fun Delirious?"

There was no real answer, and he wondered what happened to Delirious' clothes, because he didn't remember him leaving without his hoodie.

"Are you tired? It's unusual for you to be this silent. Why don't you give me your coat, and you can take a bath. I'll have food ready," said Evan calmly, while he went behind him to remove it for him. Once the boots and coat were off, he noticed the machete placed on the side. Something was off, but he'd ask about it later. Most people who were tired from work wouldn't want to talk too much anyways, though Delirious would at least reply to him. Evan thought maybe he had a rough day, so he cut him some slack. The coat was put into the washer, while he noticed that it smelled a lot like the river they lived near. Delirious insisted they live in this location for some reason, and Evan assumed it had something to do with work. He would go into their room, then went to fetch Delirious some clothes to wear when he was done. It seemed like his boyfriend tossed all the clothes on the floor, which he'll pick up soon. Their bathroom had the warped glass, where someone's shape would be visible, but nobody could see their naked body.

"I put out some baggy clothes for you. I'll get these washed as well, while I make you some breakfast," said Evan, as he also put out a couple of towels for him to use.

Everything seemed back to normal, while he knew Delirious would be more chatty after he ate. It's their favorite holiday, so he made breakfast sandwiches. There was also something special he was preparing for dinner, which he left in the fridge. They were going to have so much fun tonight, and he couldn't wait to deliver some tricks. Every Halloween him and Delirious would egg and desecrate a house, of the man who would always call the cops on them. The guy was clearly homophobic and rude, but they had ways of getting him back. Mostly they got called for disturbance, and their neighbor would suggest to the cops that they were too loud. All the cop would do was tell them to turn it down, and wish them a good day. Evan really did look forward to throwing toilet paper all over the guy's house.

His food was made, then he poured them both some orange juice. Some reason Delirious still wasn't ready, so he decided to start eating without him. Eventually someone was walking down the hallway, and Evan smiled at him. The clothes were oddly a little small on him, and he wondered what it was. Maybe Delirious pigged out on junk food, though he also had a fast metabolism. He just decided to shrug off those thoughts, because it was Halloween, and it wasn't a day to worry. "I'm
making burgers tonight, they're your favorite. We can eat and watch some horror movies tonight," said Evan cheerfully, though it fell when Delirious wasn't talking to him. He started to wonder if he did something wrong, then suddenly there was a knock on the door.

"I got it!" shouted Evan, as he bounded from the chair, leaving the masked man to eat his breakfast. The disturbing part was that, when he got to the door, he was staring at his boyfriend. 

"It's so cold tonight, I thought I'd freeze my ass off," said Delirious, while he immediately took off his boots, and placed his axe by the door.

"Wait, if you're here, who's in our kitchen?" asked Evan fearfully, not knowing who could be possibly eating their food and was wearing Delirious' clothes.

"Did someone look like me come in?" asked Delirious, though the look on Evan's face probably told him everything, "I've been meaning to tell you."

His boyfriend didn't get a chance to finish, because Evan rushed into the kitchen with the axe. He was going to murder this intruder, and even raised it up over the guy's head, "I don't know who you are, but nobody impersonates my man."

"Evan stop!" shouted Delirious, as he grabbed Evan's hands to stop him.

"What are you doing?" questioned Evan, while his arms were still above his head, and holding the axe. Some reason the man who was eating with his mask slightly up, acted like it was normal and kept on eating.

"That's my dad," said Delirious, which caused Evan to let go of the weapon and allow it to be taken away. "I wanted to surprise you, and I invited him over. He was supposed to meet me by the river, that's why I was looking for him last night."

"You idiot! Next time tell me your inviting your dad," replied Evan, as he lightly punched him on the shoulder, then hugged him, "I would've gotten everything prepared for him, and now I look so stupid."

"You look amazing, now go get cleaned up. I'll go eat breakfast," complimented Delirious, until he looked over at the table, and realized his dad was eating his food. Which made him groan and complain, "you could've at least saved me some."

This is when Evan left to the bathroom, and decided to do what Delirious suggested. He did need to wash up, and get ready for Halloween. They both agreed wearing a costume, while messing with the guy's house. Evan wondered if Delirious' dad would join in their tradition, or just stay at the house to watch television. There was just something else he was missing, though he couldn't deny the resemblance. The dad looked so much like his boyfriend, from the mask and comfortable clothes. His built was a bit more bulky, and Delirious' dad was also taller. Evan wondered why he didn't notice it sooner, though the father did give him the silent treatment. It was almost like they were both Jason fans, at least that's what Evan would always compare his boyfriend.

After he was cleaned and put on his Michael Myers outfit, he realized that the guys were hanging out in the living room. It wasn't every day he would try to kill his boyfriend's dad, so he thought he should at least apologize. When Evan tried to speak up about it, some reason Delirious was laughing. "You can't kill him even if you wanted to do it. Sorry I never told you sooner, but my dad is Jason Voorhees," chuckled Delirious hysterically, though noticing the scared look on Evan's face when hearing the news, "don't worry, I told my dad about us. I think he likes you, don't you dad?" Jason didn't seem to say anything, actually he never spoke up during the entire encounter. "I'm sorry for
trying to chop you with an axe," apologized Evan, even if it wasn't necessary, he thought he should do it anyways.

"What do you have planned?" asked Delirious, since he knew him well enough.

"I have pumpkins we can carve, though I only have two," replied Evan, since he really didn't plan for his father to be over.

"It's fine, me and dad can carve one up together," suggested Delirious in a giddy fashion, then went with Evan to get the pumpkins.

Things seemed to be less awkward, once they put everything on the coffee table. Evan would trace out the face, before starting to cut into it. Delirious and Jason however immediately started to chop it up. It was mutilated without a thought between the two. They might look similar to each other, even seemed to enjoy the same level of violence. Evan couldn't shake that, when it came to talking they were total opposites. His pumpkin was finally carved into a traditional look, and Delirious' pumpkin looked like someone broke it's skull open. The pumpkin might've had a face, but it was extremely messed up and almost recognizable. "I've got the got the best pumpkin ever!" shouted Delirious, causing Evan to laugh and carry off their decorated pumpkins to be placed in the front yard.

"You're such a mess, you have pumpkin guts on you," chuckled Evan, while he started to brush off the pumpkin from Delirious' hoodie, once he finally stepped back inside.

"I would love to rub my mess on you," flirted Delirious, not caring that his father is in the same room, and gave Evan a quick kiss before helping him clean up.

The first movie they started watching was the Friday the 13th films, which him and Delirious already do as tradition for every Halloween. At least now Evan knew why his boyfriend insisted on it, and wanted to watch them every single time. Some reason Delirious knew everything his father wanted, because around lunch time he knew that Jason wanted something to eat those burgers. They ate and watched more horror films, until eventually it grew dark. Sometimes they would give out candy on Halloween, but this time they would just pay someone a special visit. Evan put on his Halloween mask, while Jason and Delirious were still dressed as themselves. He did wash Jason's clothes, so the serial killer put back on his own attire.

"He won't even know what hit him," said Delirious with a devious laugh, he was really looking forward to this.

"Remember to not be seen, and trash this guy's place," stated Evan, once they finally got there.

Both of them started egging the house first, allowing it to stick to the roof and hit the windows. Delirious was the first to throw the toilet paper, and get it around the place. They would kick down the jerks mail box, which would most likely be put right back up. It was just a little vandalism, and it was the lightest of the crimes they have ever committed. This is when Evan realized that Jason disappeared, they hadn't seem him since egging the guy's house. He wondered where he went, and had a bad feeling about it. Delirious seemed to think it was no big deal, until they heard screaming in the house. They both rushed inside, and surprised that the door was unlocked. Jason was pinning the guy into the wall, only holding the guy by his neck.

"Dad, you promise no killing when you came over," groaned Delirious, his arms were folded and he looked disappointed.

"Oh shit, maybe we should leave," suggested Evan, since he didn't want to get involved with this murder.
"...." said Jason, who dropped the frightened man, and started to walk past them out the front door.

The homophobic asshole looked so scared, pissing himself on the floor. Evan didn't really feel any remorse for the guy, actually he started laughing at him. His boyfriend joined him, and started pointing at the guy who wet himself. "That's what you get, mess with us and get a visit from Jason again," chuckled Delirious, before the both of them left the place. This was certainly an interesting Halloween, even if they scared their asshole neighbor to death. Evan actually started run a bit to catch up to Jason, thanking him for scaring the guy. He actually liked having a serial killer for a father in law, and a crazy boyfriend who loved him dearly. This would be one of the most amazing Halloweens ever.

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"W-who's there?" asked Chibi Evan, he looked around fearfully.

"Don't be scared, I'll protect you from anything," Chibi Delirious pointed out, before showing off his non-existent muscles.

They were both walking home, from going out and trick or treating. Ohm and Cartoonz were doing it with their Chibis, so they volunteered to take them as well. Something seemed to be following them, at least that's what Chibi Evan felt like was happening. He was usually the brave one, but once he spotted a man in a mask with a machete. A large scream erupted from his throat, before he climbed on top of Chibi Delirious. His hand was pointing in the certain direction, but the man was strangely gone. It didn't matter if the other person kept telling him he'd keep him safe, Chibi Evan really feared for his life, until he finally got to the front door of their house. There was two pumpkins in view, one of them crudely carved up.

"There's someone following us, he looked like-" Chibi Evan's voice dropped, because the man was now in their home. He screamed and got ready to run outside, until Evan picked him up and tried to calm him down.

"Relax, this is Delirious' dad," explained Evan, which the both of them watched Chibi Delirious run over to Jason.

"Dad!" shouted Chibi Delirious, before giving Jason Vorhees a big hug.

This seemed like the perfect Halloween for everyone, as they got prepared to put away the candy that the Chibis brought home and got ready for bed. Chibi Evan still eyed Jason carefully, half expecting the man to try something. What he didn't realize however, was a Chibi version of Jason was watching them from the window, who was the real culprit to following them to the house. Chibi Jason walked in once everyone got to bed, locked the door and placed the weapon and other various stuff away. He went into the guest room, knowing that the larger version of himself would be on the bed. Everyone and their Chibis went to sleep, knowing that their whole family was finally home.

Including a head of a certain neighbor, that now rested by the door.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for the lack of smut, but I'm hoping you guys will make an exception for a
Halloween special.

I originally was going to post this on Halloween, but my girlfriend won't be around during the holiday. It honestly makes me wanna cry, though I guess me and her will celebrate it a little early. Exams are coming up, and it's understandable that education comes first.

I will however post another special on here, which will be smutty and hopefully fun for you all to read.

~Melon
There was chanting in the air, as Ohm focused his energy into the circle. Everything was marked with his blood, and lit with candles to where his guardian should be summoned. Most people were either born with them, or later appeared in their life. He however never had a guardian, and most children made fun of him for it. Now at the age of twenty, and currently in college. All his efforts were focused on casting this spell, which he had found in his grandmother's attic. She raised him as a child, unlike his parents, she was the gifted one of the family. There was so much spellcasting secrets in the place, though he went through the one about summoning. This was probably not his smartest idea, but he was desperate.

"I now command you to reveal yourself!" shouted Ohm, once he said the final words.

He'd peer around the room, though noticing that nothing was happening. The candles didn't flicker, and the room was still dark. Ohm repeated the last words, hoping that something would happen. His faith started to fade after a few minutes, then he decided to go to bed. Everything would be placed away later, since he had classes in the morning. He felt ashamed that even with the help of incantations, everything he seemed to do magically would fail him. The first thing he did was to go his room, then brushed his teeth in the bathroom. Ohm got on his pajamas, then set out for bed. It wasn't that difficult for him to sleep, despite beating himself up for his failure. He needed the rest, and setting everything up took hours. After preparing for bed Ohm was fast asleep.

Something or someone was moving next to him, though he mumbled and turned over. Everything was telling him to go back to sleep, because his alarm didn't set off just yet. Maybe he woke up for no reason, then something went in his pajama bottoms. At first he wasn't sure what it was, and when he opened his eyes he didn't see anything. It was rubbing against his crotch, causing him to let out a soft moan. Ohm thought it could've been a dream, so he closed his eyes and was enjoying the sensation. The pressure got harder, until it wasn't there anymore. A low whine escaped his mouth, but then he felt it inside his boxers and pulling him out. "W-what?" muttered Ohm sleepily, though it was slowly jerking him off. Apparently it was a hand, and he didn't bother with fighting it. He hadn't let himself get off in so long, if it was some kind of kinky robber. The person was probably doing him a huge favor.

"F-fuck," groaned Ohm, though mostly muffled into his pillow as he hissed it out.

"I didn't think you'd be that easy, are you a virgin?" teased the voice, and the bed started to shift as he got closer, "wake up sleepy head, you summoned me. Remember?"

Ohm slowly turned around, not knowing what to expect, until he remember about summoning his guardian. What he didn't expect to see, was a demon licking the cum off his fingers. "Call me Cartoonz, I'm a class S type of demon if you need to know the details," Cartoonz introduced himself, while realizing the shock look on Ohm's face, "what's the matter? Demon caught your tongue?" This really did woke him up immediately, as he started to scramble and tried get away. It caused him to falls off the bed, taking half the sheets with him. Ohm didn't mean to summon a demon, everyone else had a very angelic guardian. They would or wouldn't have angelic wings, depending on how powerful they were. If the angels wanted to reveal them either, because that was a choice.

"W-what do you want? I don't have anything," questioned Ohm, as he remained worried.
"I was going to ask you that, you did summon me after all, or did you forget? I guess as your new guardian however, with the contract sealed with your blood. We're officially forever trapped together," chuckled Cartoonz, thinking the situation or maybe Ohm's expressions was hilarious, "That is, until you die of course."

"Oh," replied Ohm, he finally started to stand up and off the floor, "I wasn't really expecting, well-"

"A demon? Yeah, I hear about that sometimes, demons that get summoned or choose a human to protect. It ain't very common, but I guess you're stuck with me," smirked Cartoonz, while baring his sharp teeth as he grinned, "don't worry, I feel when you're in pain. If you're scared I feel that too, and I also happened to think you're cute."

The demon was apparently flirting with him, not what he was expecting from something that could easily kill him. It's true that Cartoonz would feel his physical pain, but that doesn't stop some demons under contract. Ohm just felt lucky he wasn't turned into dust, at least not yet. He started to glance at the time, and he was thirty minutes early. This made him groan, and then he decided to explain to Cartoonz that he was going to college. Ohm wanted to become a pastry chef, which he was fairly good at doing. It mostly had women in there, but he managed to make a few friends in the place. A few other guys were interested in cooking, maybe not necessarily in becoming a baker. Cartoonz decided to help him with going to classes, though Ohm wasn't certain what that entitled. He quickly went into the bathroom to wash up.

Once the right clothes were on, he set out to toward the kitchen. Usually it would be some cereal in the morning, before he dashed off to classes. There was eggs and toast on the table for him. "I wasn't sure what you'd like, but I think most humans eat this," said Cartoonz, then waited there like he was expecting some sort of praise. Ohm thanked him for the food, then quickly ate his fill. He'd eat in a hurry, then went to get his bag. The only problem was that the demon seemed to be trying to follow him out the door. There was no way he could be seen with a demon for a guardian, everyone would freak out and he might even lose his chance to fit in with everyone. This is when he remembered that he was a little early, and could set some ground rules. It wasn't uncommon for college students to bring their guardian to class.

"Okay, you can only follow me under one condition. Nobody can know what you are, if anyone asks you're an angelic guardian," stated Ohm, who noted the disgust in the demon's face.

"Oh hell no, I'm not pretending to be one of those things. Who do you think I am?" protested Cartoonz, who folded his arms, and refused to budge.

"Then I guess you're staying in my room, which will last about four hours or more. I'm going to class and practicing my cooking skills at a friend's house afterwards. There's no way I'm bringing you looking like this," replied Ohm sternly, knowing he was going to win.

"Fine," said Cartoonz angrily, before shifting his appearance. It changed from his red skin towards a normal skin tone, and his horns and tail disappeared.

This satisfied Ohm enough, then they started to head towards class. Cartoonz did actually look normal, though he couldn't deny that it actually made him hot as well. A hot demon that was also his, not something he would ever imagine in his life. The class room was mostly empty, since he was still a little early. He'd set out his notebook, and got prepared for his English class. Ohm might've been going to college to learn about baking, but he still had to take basic classes. Delirious and Brian eventually showed up, along with their guardians. They both obvious had angelic and cute guardians, which was very unlike his own. His friends seemed surprised to see his guardian, but they couldn't talk much when the class started.
The teaches would drone on, while he took his notes. Ohm could tell his friends wanted to ask him questions, but he was trying to pay attention to the board. This went on for more than an hour, until class was finally over. He knew it was coming, when they heading towards Delirious' place. "Come on, tell me. When did you get him, and how?" asked Brian, as he was extremely curious and holding Moo's hand. Ohm went over what happened, though clearly left out some details. He told about how he found his grandmother's spell books, and how he summoned a guardian through a blood contract. "Isn't that very dangerous?" questioned Evan, who is Delirious' angelic guardian, and the person who was most concerned with their little group. Moo seemed to be in agreement, which was normal for guardians to react towards something harmful.

"Okay so maybe I shouldn't have played with magic, that I don't know too much about. Nothing bad really happened," lied Ohm, because summoning a demon was definitely bad in the eyes of society.

"Ohm's right, and he got a cool looking angel to boot. At least he seems really charmed by you," winked Brian, since he noticed the stares Cartoonz was giving his friend.

"Just please try to be more careful in the future," pleaded Moo, while they finally reached their destination.

Ohm just hoped that nobody suspected that he was keeping a demon at his side.

Chapter End Notes

There will be a part two, but not written by me. I've decided to do a collab with another writer, so look out for the next part and enjoy!

Also check out Psyxko who is my collaboration partner, if you want more content.

~Melon
"By the way, Cartoonz, what class are you?" Evan asked Ohm's new guardian as they began to unpack the ingredients they needed to make a blueberry pie and apple tarts; the two pastries Ohm have been having some trouble to make. "Oh, I'm class S," he responded casually, which made the two angels gasp in awe. Ohm smiled softly to himself as the three guardians began talking animatedly about their ranks as Brian and Delirious helped him set up, giving some tips as well. He wasn't as good at pastries as Delirious was, nor was he an expert in the kitchen as Brian, so he was elated that they were his best friends and always keen on helping him achieve his dream as a pastry chef. "Don't forget to preheat the oven, man," Brian warned as he diced up the apples. "I already di-"

There was a sudden flash of movement and Ohm suddenly found himself looking up at Cartoonz, who was leaning down on him and holding his hand, which was mere centimetres from coming into contact with the hot oven. "You're lucky I was keeping an eye on you. Don't want you burning yourself now, do we?" Cartoonz's lips grazed past Ohm's ear, sending a shiver down the smaller man. Unbeknownst to everyone in the room, his low and sultry voice was really turning Ohm on.

"Y-Yeah, right..." Ohm lightly pushed Cartoonz away, covering his reddening face with the back of his hand and coughed awkwardly. "I better get back to it, I'll let you have a taste later," He distracted himself by putting the unbaked blueberry pie and apple tarts into the oven carefully. "I'll eat anything that's from you," Cartoonz smirked, ruffling his hair and going back to talk to Evan and Brock, leaving Ohm even more flustered. Ohm had always been a shy person; he tends to keep to himself since he doesn't like to mix around with other people all that much. He was the cute introvert that many girls had an eye candy for, though he preferred guys instead. So he had no clue how to react except out of embarrassment to being flirted by his extremely good-looking guardian demon. It wasn't very common for a guardian and his bonded partner to be together, but it definitely wasn't the case for his two friends and their angels. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Brock giving a sweet kiss on Brian's cheek as he fed him an apple slice. Delirious was eyeing Evan with a hungry look, due to the teasing Evan has been doing to him. Maybe Cartoonz would like to have a relationship like that... "No," Ohm mumbled softly, shaking his head in embarrassment. He barely knew him and he's already having erotic thoughts with him in bed.

Later on into the night, Ohm packed up his things and decided to head home with Cartoonz, much to the worry of Evan and Delirious; Brock and Brian had left earlier in the evening. "You should stay over, you know that bad demons roam the streets at night, pouncing on unsuspecting people," Delirious said, looking outside the window warily. Evan nodded in agreement, his angel wings fluttering anxiously. It is a known fact that demons in general (before Ohm knew Cartoonz) lurk in the shadows of the night and prey on humans, even more so those without guardian angels. Ohm never ventured out after dark because of this, but after summoning Cartoonz, who was a guardian demon no less, he felt slightly safer. "Demons always have bad intentions and are evil in every way possible. They terrorize humans whenever they can, and even us guardian angels can't always hold them off, no matter what class we are," Evan looked pointedly at Cartoonz, whose face had an unreadable expression, but Ohm saw his fist was clenched so tightly his knuckles became white. "We'll take our chances," He placed a gentle hand on Cartoonz's arm, which relaxed slightly under his touch. "Besides, my house isn't that far from yours, and I'd really hate to impose." Bidding Delirious and Evan goodbye, the two of them stepped out into the quiet night and began their walk home.

"By Satan Himself, I would've punched them in the face for talking shit like that," Cartoonz
grumbled, sulking beside Ohm. "What do you mean?" "I mean that not all demons are like that, there are some pretty decent ones that I know of. I can't believe those stuck-up angels with all their holy bullshit could just stereotype us like that. We have feelings too." Ohm looked up at him and gave him a warm smile. "For the record, I thought you were going to kill me on the spot when I first met you, but I guess I was wrong, and I think you're cool," He gushed, and Cartoonz looked away from him, secretly glad that Ohm couldn't see the faintest pink in his cheeks. "Not so bad yourself, Ohm," He ruffled his hair affectionately. Ohm couldn't help but wonder if it would lead to more, but that thought was immediately stopped when he was shoved hard in the chest and he flew backwards, landing a few feet behind.

Cartoonz doubled over, heaving from the pain he felt that was inflicted on Ohm. As Ohm struggled to stand up, his hazel eyes met with vanti black ones, and its smile showed fangs as he was hurled back onto the ground. "Well, well, look at what we have here~" The demon traced a finger down Ohm's chest, before using his talons to scratch it, and Ohm screamed in pain. "Stay the fuck away from him, Tyler!" Cartoonz staggered towards him, shedding away his human disguise and showing his true demon form. "Hey look, it's Toonz, come to join the fun in killing this pathetic human," Tyler grinned, but Cartoonz leaped at him, pinning him down. "Ohm is under my protection, so get lost, asshole," Cartoonz snarled, giving Tyler a black eye. "Mini, back me up here!" Another demon materialized and effortlessly pulled Cartoonz off Tyler, a bored expression on his face. "Can't last one night without me, can you?" He sighed, pulling Tyler up. "I want that human dead, but Toonz decided he was going to be those pussy guardian demons, so he's going to be dead too," Tyler bared his fangs and snatched Ohm up by the neck, slowly crushing his windpipe. Behind him, Cartoonz struggled to breathe, but crawled his way over to Tyler and delivered a firm blow in his abdomen. Wheezing, Tyler released Ohm and Cartoonz caught him in his arms. "I got you," He whispered to Ohm, who had tears in his eyes and his chest raw and bleeding, "I got you." There was a cry from behind them and Ohm managed to glimpse Delirious running towards Tyler and Mini, knife a blazing, with Evan behind him, his eyes wide with shock upon seeing Cartoonz's true form. Ohm whimpered, shrinking away from his friends and looked up at Cartoonz. He gave him a tired grin and uttered a few incomprehensible words, and suddenly the cacophony of fighting changed to the gentle rustling of leaves.

Cartoonz held Ohm gently, being careful not to hurt him further. Ohm wasn't sure where they were exactly, but Cartoonz had assured him that he was in a safe place, so he relaxed a little, but hissed in pain from the scratches he got from Tyler. "W-Where are we?" He asked as Cartoonz laid him carefully on what must be grass, but it was purple, leaning against a thick tree with blue leaves on it, a breeze blowing through them, giving off a sense of serendipity. "This is my hideaway. It sits in the space between Heaven and Hell, and it overlooks the never-ending horizon. No one else knows this place but me," Cartoonz glanced out for a moment before turning back to Ohm, reaching for his torn shirt. "You've been badly hurt, I'm sorry, I should've been on guard," He muttered. "It's fine. You saved me anyway," Ohm said shyly. Cartoonz smiled and slowly pulled off the remaining torn fabric, leaving Ohm's chest exposed the cold wind. Ohm shivered as Cartoonz's fingers ghosted his chest, tracing the scratches and looking at them with concern. "These are more severe than I thought, and I don't have any supplies with me..." Without warning, his head suddenly dipped low until Ohm could feel his lips on his chest. "What? W-Wait, what are you d-doing?!" He started to squirm but he was held fast by Cartoonz, who moved on top of him and looking at him with his penetrating gaze. "Close your eyes if you don't want to look, but trust me, okay?" Hesitantly, Ohm shut his eyes and felt something warm and wet glide over his wounds.

It was a really strange feeling, but it didn't hurt. Ohm's eyes fluttered open and his cheeks instantaneously flushed when he looked down and saw Cartoonz licking his blood off his chest. Weirdly enough, Ohm was strangely aroused by this. Cartoonz caught him staring and he paused for a moment. "Demon saliva has healing properties, which is why we usually lick over our wounds.
Since we're bonded by blood, it should work on you too," He explained, but Ohm didn't want him to stop. He leaned his head back against the tree and gave Cartoonz a look that made him grin devilishly. "I know what you're feeling Ohm, and to be honest, I've been feeling it for a while too." Without hesitation, Cartoonz slammed his lips onto Ohm's, and Ohm could feel the forked tongue slither down his throat.

Cartoonz broke the kiss and began leaving a trail of hot kisses on his jaw and down his neck, grazing his fangs on his tender skin. "Ah~ Cartoonz..." Ohm murmured airily, reaching to run his fingers through the demon's hair. "Call me Luke." He felt him sink his fangs into a sensitive part above his collarbone, and he cried out. "I've marked you, now no one can touch you but me, and only me," Luke said huskily, sucking on the bite, making Ohm moan louder. After bruising his neck for a while more, Luke kissed down Ohm's chest, tracing one finger over the newly formed scars, while his other hand sank lower and into Ohm's jeans. Ohm felt like a moaning wet mess, practically unraveling at Luke's mere touch as he began to palm him through the fabric of his briefs. Luke moved from his chest and went back to kissing him as he yanked off Ohm's jeans and underwear in a flourish.

Ohm pulled away and pouted, tugging at Luke's clothes. "This isn't fair, take them off, " He whined, earning a chuckle from the demon. "As you wish, gorgeous, " Luke took off his shirt painfully slowly so Ohm could ogle at the Adonis body that lay beneath, also pulling off his jeans and boxers too. "It's my first time..." Ohm whimpered. "I'll be gentle, promise," Luke placed two of his fingers in his mouth and slathered them with his saliva, then lined it up against Ohm's entrance. "This is going to hurt a little..." Slowly he pushed a finger inside, and Ohm reached out and dug his fingernails into Luke's arms, hissing slightly. Luke connected his lips against his, distracting him a little. After a moment, he began to slowly pump his finger in and out, loosening Ohm's hole as Ohm rested his head against his shoulder, still feeling uncomfortable. "You're still pretty tight, I'm going to insert another finger, okay?" Ohm nodded feverishly, and Luke slid another finger inside, and Ohm gasped. Luke pumped his fingers in Ohm and soon Ohm felt the initial pains fade into pleasure, and he began to groan quietly. "I... I think I'm good, Luke... Mm~" Ohm said breathlessly. Luke looked up at him, a soft expression spreading across his face. He didn't want to hurt Ohm. "Are you sure?"

"Yes, I-I want you... inside me..." Luke took out his fingers and lined himself at Ohm's entrance, and as gently as possible, he pushed himself inside, giving Ohm some time to adjust to his size. "Fuck... you're so tight~" Luke kissed him and Ohm moaned into the kiss, tangling his fingers in Luke's hair. He shuddered from the electric touch of Luke's fingers and the pleasure that he felt, and he began to buck his hips to get Luke to move. "Stop making me wait, fuck me." Luke chuckled deeply at Ohm's words. "Gladly."

Luke pumped inside him at a steady pace, keeping his promise about being gentle. Ohm wrapped his arms around the tree for support, letting all sorts of sounds escape his throat. "Faster, Luke... Please~" Luke obeyed and thrusted faster into him, and Ohm moaned loudly. "I want to hear you scream my name~" Luke growled in Ohm's ear, easily lifting him up so Ohm straddled him, suddenly pouncing into his ass mercilessly, and Ohm mewled, gripping Luke's shoulders tightly. "Fuck..., Oh God~" Ohm could barely make sense from all the waves of pleasure that was flowing through his body. Sweat glistened both their bodies, ripples of heat emitting from the human and his guardian demon. "Close~ Luke..." Ohm felt a knot form in his abdomen. "Me too, baby," Luke groaned, reaching out to stroke Ohm's shaft, earning a pleasurable sound from him. Luke moved at an even faster pace than before, and Ohm swore he could see stars at that point, screaming Luke's name and releasing all over his chest and Luke's. Luke came shortly after, filling Ohm up entirely until some of it began to spill out.

Luke pulled out of Ohm and Ohm collapsed back onto the grass, looking up to see the soft warm hues of the sky. Luke crawled on top of him, blocking his view with a dazzling smile and a gentle kiss on Ohm's forehead. "I never thought I'd fuck a demon before, that was amazing," Ohm booped
his nose against Luke's. Luke laughed and laid on his chest, returning to human form and taking Ohm's hand in his. "Yeah, I didn't think I'd fuck a human too, much less a cute one." Ohm flushed at his comment and covered his face with the back of his hand, hiding a smile. The two lay tangled in each other's embrace, watching the passing clouds. "Oh yeah, the secret's out," Luke turned to Ohm. "What secret?" "I may have turned into demon form in front of your friends..." "Oh God, I can only imagine their reactions... and they're not pretty."

Brian, Evan, Del and Brock were actually more than understanding with the fact that Luke was a demon, though they were slightly upset with the fact that Ohm didn't have enough faith to tell them. "Really, if you told us earlier, we could've just let you leave my place without fuss and not worry over your ass. But it was good I left the house to check on you two," Delirious sighed, taking a sip of his water. "Took a lot of me to banish them back in Hell, but I'm glad the two of you are safe," Evan grinned, sitting in Delirious's lap comfortably. "I can't believe I missed all that! What was it like, being attacked by an evil demon?" Brian exclaimed, staring at Ohm with impress. Brock swatted his head, and Brian yelped. "Don't be insensitive," Brock looked at Luke apologetically, but he laughed and shook his head. "It's all good. Thank you for accepting me," Luke nodded at the four of them, settling his arm around Ohm's waist. Ohm hummed happily and leaned his head against his chest, finally being able to feel grateful that he now had a guardian at his side, especially one that was his demon lover. He had a feeling things are going to be different from now on- "OHM IS THAT A HICKEY?!" Ohm felt himself blush darkly and covered his neck. He had been dreading this since they got back from Luke's hideaway. "CARTOONZ PUT IT THERE, DIDN'T HE?!!" Luke raised an eyebrow. "Well, we're partners forever, aren't we?"

Chapter End Notes

Give a big applause to Psyxko for writing part 2. It was a lot of fun working with you, and I have a thing for weird fantasy stories, so this worked out very well.

I'll still be preparing a smutty Halloween special and will be around on Halloween. I can't wait to celebrate my favorite holiday with you guys.

~Melon
"Dude, you can't be serious. It's Halloween man, there's a party at Cartoonz's place and we can't miss it," said Tyler, who was folding his arms, and was very disapproving of his decisions.

"I still have homework to do, and we have classes tomorrow," Evan pointed out, while he was trying his best to do just that, until his friend interrupted him.

"So? Skip it then, this is an opportunity of a life time. Plus that dumb fuck will be there," stated Tyler, as he tried to make an obvious good point.

"Fine, just this once. Let me get dressed. I was going to see him later tonight anyways," said Evan, since he was finally convinced and got up from his desk.

"Yes! You won't be disappointed," replied Tyler cheerfully, then stepped out of the room to give him some privacy.

Some things never changed, not that Evan would want anything to be different. College did make him buckle down and study a lot more, though that happened for all students. Tyler even seemed to be taking college seriously, though he enjoyed going to parties. His friends would often try to drag him out of his room, but with very little success. This was however very different, since his boyfriend loved this holiday. They both agreed on dressing up as villains this year, since the fiasco that happened during the last Halloween event. Evan didn't want to think about it, instead he got dressed and went to grab his friend. There was however one problem, Tyler wasn't answering his door. He'd knock harder this time, only to hear a shout to wait, then some more noises came.

"Just wait a fucking second, Jesus Christ, or so fucking help me," shouted Tyler, though those words faded, once another voice appeared.

"Give us a moment, we're not entirely decent," Mini added, which didn't leave much to the imagination.

His friends eventually opened the door to their room, but only one of them was dressed. Mini's costume was the superman of all things, because he thought he would look cool in it. Tyler however wasn't into dressing up, and only wanted to go to the party to get wasted. Everyone was ready to go, but it seemed like they wanted to critique his outfit first. They were both obviously teasing him, though Evan knew they meant well enough. "Um Evan, I think you accidently went into the women's section," chuckled Mini, as he explained to Tyler who Evan was clearly dressed up as. The traditional Harley Quinn costume is for women, but this was something his boyfriend wanted to see him in. Evan tugged on his jester's hat, hoping it would swallow him up. He prayed nobody else would recognize his outfit, because maybe this was a mistake on his part.

"Are you also wearing panties under there?" teased Tyler, while they started to walk towards Cartoonz's apartment, since he didn't live at the college like the rest of them.

"No," replied Evan, but his face was extremely flushed, and he didn't know how much more embarrassed he could possibly be.

"Wait one gosh darn second here, does that mean Delirious is the Joker? Typical, he really is a clown after all," said Mini, his eyes rolled slightly as they eventually got there.
"Yeah he is, this was actually his idea," admit Evan, hoping his friends would eventually lay off him.

"Awwww how sweet, he asked you to dress up as his bitch and you did it. Kudos to you," teased Mini, which meant Evan's wishes wouldn't be granted that night.

The place was extremely packed with people, and swarming with so many dancing bodies. This meant he had to maneuver between all of them, hoping to find his man. Instead he spotted someone else, that he didn't immediately recognize. Ohm's voice gave him away, but the Spiderman outfit made him look different. Evan also couldn't help but noticed that, the outfit on Ohm was really showing off his ass. It all made sense to him now, once he peered back at himself. His own skin tight outfit didn't leave much to the imagination, and he could only guess that both men schemed out these outfits for a reason. His friend immediately smiled at him, then pulled him in for a hug. They hadn't really hung out much throughout the college year.

"Evan, it's so good to see you. The alcohol is in the kitchen if you're thirsty, or you can look for one of the people that are passing drinks around," said Ohm, as he pulled away from the hug and then looked around, "but if you want to find Delirious, he's around here somewhere. I lost sight of him maybe around ten minutes ago."

"Thanks Ohm, I'm sure I'll find what I need," replied Evan, before he went back into the swarm of bodies, hoping that his boyfriend would be somewhere nearby.

It's been some time since he had any alcohol, but that's to be expected from all his studying. Evan went into the kitchen, only to find some girl hitting on his man. This caused him to frown, but then he watched for a moment. His boyfriend actually looked bored, while the girl tried to get his attention. She would even try to cling onto him, which he noticed that Delirious was trying to move away from her. It was until they locked eyes, did he notice on the smirk on his boyfriend's face. This wasn't going to be good, as he noticed Delirious wrapping an arm around her waist and pulling her closer. The only reason Delirious was doing this was to make him jealous, plus his boyfriend was being a dick. He'd march over to them, which they could see him clearly walking over.

"Mister J, I didn't know you liked to hang around common whores. I'm a little disappointed in your taste," stated Evan with a frown, but then he bat his eyes at him and then turned slightly so his ass was in their direction, "But if you want a classy one, you'll have to come get me."

"Oh shit," muttered Delirious lowly, probably so nobody else could hear him. He dropped the girl so fast, then followed Evan towards the drinks.

"You know, I was going to let you seduce me into the bedroom. Now I'm not too sure," said Evan casually, but he kept glancing over at him.

"I'll make it worth your while, doll face," smirked Delirious, he was playing along, like some kind of fantasy role play, "besides, you already know you're mine."

"Why don't we ditch these people, and go to my place?" asked Evan, thought it wouldn't take much convincing.

He was grabbing himself a drink, when Delirious immediate pulled him closer. They were kissing, not caring who could see them right now. "I don't think I'll even make it to there," admit Delirious, so he guided Evan out of the kitchen, his hand somehow wandered downward. Both of them were still kissing in between steps, but it became apparent, that they would have to stop, so they can get to their destination. They kept bumping into people, but they eventually wandered into Cartoonz's room. It already had two people trying to have sex in the room, though Delirious was fairly good with scaring the couple out of there. The door was locked, then Evan sat on the bed. Despite what
his friends might say, or how they would tease him for dressing up as a female villain. He knew his looks could kill, and right now it was torturing his boyfriend.

"You have no idea how badly I want to tear into that ass," muttered Delirious, who pressed Evan down in the bed, and whispering against his lips. They were kissing again, though Delirious was pressing those kisses down his chest, and Evan could clearly feel everything through his tight suit.

"Then what are you waiting for Mister J? I'm waiting for you to ride your Harley," winked Evan, since he didn't drop the act once they first laid eyes on each other.

Delirious seemed turned on by the nickname, and started aggressively pulling off his own clothes. At least Evan was a little more careful with his outfit, because it could easily rip if he wasn't careful. His underwear slide off with it, and now he was naked for anyone to see. Delirious seemed to put the purple jacket back on, like he wanted to stay in character, "I'm going to make you scream, wouldn't you like that?" Those fingers seem to trace over his skin, as Evan watched his boyfriend go lower and kissed his inner thigh. A small bottle of lube was taken out of his boyfriend's coat pocket, then it started to lather up his entrance. He already prepared himself, right before he put on his costume, which was the reason his friends had enough time to have sex. At least it was now his turn, and Delirious didn't wait long to put it in.

"Fuck you're so damn tight, you like that slut?" asked Delirious, before he grabbed Evan by the jester hat, and tugged hard on it. The hat was held on with bobby pins, so Evan could feel them pulling on his hair.

"Yes pudding," gasped Evan, which would only entice him even further, "I want it hard and fast, like how I enjoy everything else."

"That's my girl, always for the thrill of it all," praised Delirious, then he was kissing Evan aggressively, while pushing all the way in.

"F-fuck, ugh, aaah," moaned Evan, his nails were digging into his boyfriend's back, not that it matter to either one of them. The pace was fast, while he held into the man that's pounding him, "oh god Delirious."

It was a minor slip, but Delirious seemed to kiss his cheek gently in response. They somehow moved faster, once Evan started moving with the thrusts. Both of them were close, and he knew this wouldn't last much longer. His eyes closed, then he came all over his stomach. Delirious would just keep moving for a bit longer, until he came inside of him. They laid there for awhile, trying to catch their breath. A knock on the door startled both of them, and Evan wondered who was bold enough to interrupt them. His boyfriend eventually got up, mostly from the irritation of the knocking. Evan just tried to reach for some tissues to wipe himself off, and pulled the blanked with him. A Deadpool character stepped into the room, once Delirious opened the door. They were both caught in the act, and the only thing he could do is try to quickly get his clothes on.

"What the fuck Delirious, couldn't you do that at your own damn place?" questioned Cartoonz angrily, though he was only going to scold the two of them.

"Why so serious Cartoonz?" chuckled Delirious, since he knew it would piss off his friend further.

This would be one of the most amazing Halloween nights, as Delirious pranced around naked talking to a fed up Cartoonz. It didn't take long for Ohm to stop in to see what was going on. Evan just hoped that they even make it to his place, without all of his friends knowing about it.

Chapter End Notes
Happy Halloween everyone! (:  

I hope you like this super hero and villain themed one-shot. It was definitely fun to write Evan and Delirious doing their kinky roleplay.  

~Melon
"1, 2, 3, 4, the other team will be no more! 5, 6, 7, 8, we're gonna set them straight! Go bears!" shouted the cheerleaders, while Delirious glanced at them momentarily.

There was one person who caught his eye the most, despite the other very cheerful members. Evan looked good in his cheerleader uniform, and his swinging pom poms. It made him forcibly look away, because he had to focus on the game. Each side was close to winning, though the ball was on their side. They just needed one more touch down, which he was supposed to catch. The ball flew into the air, when he positioned himself. This was the perfect moment, as he caught it and a member from the other team slammed into him. Delirious wouldn't let go of the ball no matter what happened. They scored the finally point and managed to win the game. Every part of him wanted to celebrate it with someone else, but his teammates helped him up and pulled him away.

"That was amazing," praised Cartoonz, while he slapped Delirious on the back, "everything went so smoothly."

The big win happened a month ago.

This was how Delirious became one of the most popular guys in school. The girls would flaunt themselves around him, and normally any other teenage guy would be thrilled about it. There was just one big problem, when he went to practice that morning. His big win was still on everyone's mind, but when he got into his uniform and went outside. The same thing seemed to always happen.
"Hey faggots, shake those pom poms for me," shouted one of the football players, causing Delirious to frown and yet do nothing about it. "Kiss my big hairy ass," shouted Panda, he even slapped his own butt at them to make a point. His eyes met with Evan, but Delirious quickly looked away. Sometimes he wished there was something he could do about it, though it would mean losing his good reputation.

"You're just jealous we look good in these shorts," said Mini, while he seemed to prance around like he owned the place, "we make this shit look good."

"Hell yeah we do! Oprah eat your heart out, we're the ones to give out the boners. You get a boner, and you get a boner," added Panda, as he went along the silliness.

"Alright, it's time to shake our asses, and get the guys excited," stated Evan, since he was the head male cheerleader. It wasn't much of a title, when there was only the three of them, but he took his job seriously.

This took everything for Delirious to look away, then start joining the guys. Some of the jocks were assholes, and it was common for people to be homophobic. It's the reason why Delirious had never been open about his sexuality, and even dated women in the past. Some rumors even went around that he's a ladies man, when it certainly wasn't the case. He just saw the popular girls as nothing but hoes anyways, and he'd rather have someone else. His focus was back on practice, even if his eyes would sometimes land the cheerleaders. The other guys would look as well, but most likely at the female cheerleaders. Delirious planned on working up a sweat, just to forget some of his problems. He liked football, though sometimes he'd rather go home and play video games. Whenever Cartoonz joined a sport he was known to follow.

It went by him so fast, and after an hour of hitting his body into a tackle dummy or practicing his throws. Delirious was back into the locker room, but not to change like the rest of the guys. He'd always wait for everyone to leave, since it was after school when they would usually practice. Some of the guys used the showers, though Delirious only took off the padding and helmet. Cartoonz didn't even wait for him, because his friend knew what was going to happen. He'd browse through his phone, pretended to be too distracted and acted like he didn't notice them leaving. His only wish was that they would move faster, so that it would happen sooner. Once everyone went back home, he would just sit on the bench until someone came in. His phone was put away, and a smirk appeared on his face.

"What's a cheerleader doing here?" chuckled Delirious, despite the fact that he'd been waiting for him.

"You know why," replied Evan, before he sat on Delirious' lap and started kissing him. The mixture of sweat and dirt always turn Evan on, especially the football jersey on his boyfriend.

"This outfit looks so cute on you, while you shake your booty for everyone. I'm actually jealous that I never get to watch the entire thing," said Delirious, which he meant every word.

"There's no need to be jealous, when I can give you a private show right here," replied Evan, while he nipped and tugged on Delirious' bottom lip, then started to grind down on him.

They were both clearly enjoying themselves, but Delirious wanted to get him naked, despite how he liked the cheerleader uniform on his body. Evan looked gorgeous in anything he wore, and had developed muscles to carry the female cheerleaders. The top came off first, while he peeled it off him. Delirious knew he liked getting fucked, while he kept the football jersey on. He'd peel off the shorts off next, which almost showed off Evan's ass. Once the tight briefs came off, he have Evan on his lap and they were making out. There was a hint of bubble gum, along with everything that was
Evan. Delirious would suck on his tongue, thrust it along the side of his mouth. This amazing man had captivated him ever since they met, and he felt lucky to have Evan sitting on him.

"Tell me what you want," teased Delirious, since he wanted to drag it out further.

"Please just do anything," pleaded Evan, his nails were digging into his back, "don't make me beg for it. I wanted all throughout practice to get a taste."

"Mm, you're lucky that I think you're so cute," muttered Delirious against his lips, before kissing him hard and rough.

Evan slowly got off of him, just to sit on his knees. This was the view he wanted, while his boyfriend brought out his member. The cold bothering him slightly, though those hands immediately started stroking him. He'd been sweating during practice, and the smell was definitely very strong. It didn't seemed to bother Evan, who immediately took his balls into that sweet mouth. Delirious groaned as he watched him, just moving slightly upwards to lick the underside of his shaft. The tip would be teased next, until Evan finally took him in his mouth. This felt like heaven, since Evan had a wider mouth than any girl, and could deep throat him without much difficulty. He'd even grip Evan's hair, before thrusting into the side of his mouth.

"Fuck your mouth feels good," moaned Delirious, while he moved to hit the back of Evan's throat.

His boyfriend must've expected the shift, and took the entire length easily. Delirious would however pull out so he could breathe, then decided it was time to move forward. He'd get up and move them to the showers, then started to strip off his uniform, despite any protest that might be coming from Evan's mouth. It was quieted, once he pushed him against the shower wall and started kissing him. The water was turned on, but it felt freezing. "You have to let the water heat up, idiot," chuckled Evan, though he was only teasing him and went for another kiss. Delirious pushed Evan's face into the wall, where Evan's back was facing towards him. He'd grip his hips, then admire the ass that's in front of him.

"Do I need to lube you up?" asked Delirious, since he didn't want to hurt him.

"Would you?" added Evan, while he looked back at him, "I'm probably a little loose from last time, but I'll need it."

This meant Delirious would have to walk back and get his pants, which he groaned and did it. The lube was eventually found, and Evan had his back to the wall now. He noticed the smirk on Evan's face, like he was excited for what happened next. The bottle was in his hands when he walked over, though Evan seemed to have dug his hands onto Delirious' shoulders, then climbed on him, where his legs would be on each side of him. This called for rough sex, while he accidentally poured most of the lube on his hands. They were kissing even more rough than before, almost like they were trying to fuck each other with their mouths. His fingers reached around with one hand, as the other tried to keep him steady on the wall. Once it went inside he realized it already felt fairly slick, though the extra lube would help.

His dick slide in easily, while he thrusted upwards. The water is still pouring on them, and nobody knew who was wasting so much of it. "Move faster, I really want it. Please Delirious," begged Evan, who held onto him tighter, and even started trying to thrust downwards. It was never easy for him to try and fuck someone standing, and Delirious needed to keep his balance. He'd spread his legs slightly, mostly to keep his bearings, then started pounding him roughly into the wall. Their moans would echo against the tiles, and Evan was screaming random profanities. His boyfriend came first, probably from being over stimulated by the rough treatment. Delirious came right after, and finished inside of him.
"Fuck I love you," confessed Delirious, as he kissed his cheek lightly and put him down gently.

"I love you too," muttered Evan, who looked tired and content, "we should probably get back home. Will you drive me there?"

"Sure, let's get cleaned first," replied Delirious, as he started looking for the soap, even if the water had began to turn cold again.

They were exhausted from everything they did, so they got cleaned up and dressed. Delirious took him home easily, since Evan lived near the school. He however had to drive fifteen minutes longer, before going inside and seeing just his mom. His father had left them years ago, not that he cared about it. There was some homework, which he decided to put it off like he usually did and do it another day. Instead he put on some pajamas, and started to text Cartoonz. Evan also left him a message, causing him to smile. High school life was hard sometimes, but he was grateful to have a boyfriend. They might hide it from everyone else, expect for their friends, though it was obvious to anyone who know them. Both of them were head over heels for each other.

'I'm going to play with Cartoonz, I'll see you tomorrow. Love you my cutie pie,' texted Delirious, he put several hearts and kissy faces on it.

'Delirious... I told you not to use weird nicknames,' scolded Evan in his text, though it obviously didn't bother him that much, 'love you too, dummy.'

‘Love you more my little owlet,' teased Delirious, before they said their goodnights, and he went back to his game.

This relationship was everything he wanted, as he played until he passed out. His alarm was the thing to wake him up, causing him to quickly get ready for his classes. There was plenty of clothes in his closet, which he just put anything on that he grabbed. Afterwards he'd go eat some cereal, then kissed his mom goodbye. He went inside his car, and prepared for whatever his day gave him. Sometimes he'd want to give Evan a ride to school, though usually his boyfriend would rather walk there, and thought the exercise would do him some good. The school came into view, as he parked at his usual spot. There was plenty of students around, while he walked down the hallway. Delirious however stopped walking, when what caught his eye made him freeze up.

"Where's your gay pom poms fag? You always show your ugly face around our practice. Why don't you just quit? Nobody wants your queer ass cheering for us," said one of the football players, though he wasn't in uniform. There was two other guys with him, but he's the instigator.

"Leave me alone, okay? I don't want any trouble, and I'm not doing anything wrong," argued Evan back, though one of the guys sucker punching him in the back of the head. The main bully punched him in the gut.

"Doing nothing wrong? How about being in our school faggot, nobody wants you here," sneered the main bully, before he tries to hit Evan again, who shield his face with his arms. They managed to hit him hard enough that he fell down, and they were kicking him.

Delirious told Evan before they decided to dated, that he didn't want anyone to know he's gay. He knew that people would start to hate and judge him. When his boyfriend decided to join the cheerleader squad, because he was a football player. At first he was upset about it, but then sometimes he'd watched Evan practice, and nothing turned him on more than it. There was no way to crush Evan's dream to cheer him on, and be a part of what he did. When he saw those guys hitting him, it was like he couldn't stop himself. His body moved, before his brain could even react to it. Evan had told him about the bullying, though he never mentioned them hitting him. Maybe it finally
escalated, because he only saw one bruise on his boyfriend from before. This caused his fists to clench, then he hit the main bully in the face.

"Get the fuck off him!" shouted Delirious angrily, not caring if he got a few hits on him, he'd swing at anyone in his path, "you're all fucking dead, all of you!"

He'd made the leader fall down and the guy seemed to be clutching on his face. The other two did step in to hit him, though Delirious managed to hit one of them before getting a hard hit to his side. "Lay off my friend you assholes," growled Cartoonz, as he jumped into the fight, since he went looking for Delirious. Both of them managed to beat up the three guys, letting them run off with bloody faces. Delirious didn't care about that, he wanted to make sure Evan wasn't too hurt. There was tears in Evan's eyes, but he seemed to have gotten up and hugged him. A few people where chatting to each other, and had watched the entire thing. Delirious quickly looked him over, hoping that he wasn't too injured.

"Wait sorry, I shouldn't have hugged you in front of everybody," apologized Evan, as he tried to quickly pull away. He was most likely thinking about how Delirious' imagine, and how Delirious didn't want the other teenagers to know about them.

"I don't care about that, are you okay?" questioned Delirious, though he only saw a bloody lip and there was probably some bruising he couldn't see.

"Yeah I'm okay, thank you," said Evan, while he tried to act like didn't know each other that well.

Delirious wasn't having any of it, while he grasped Evan's face to turn it slightly, before he kissed him. Anyone who passed by would most likely see it, not that he cared. They didn't have to hide it anymore, and they would deal with the hate together.

He wouldn't let Evan deal with it alone. Not anymore.

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"Delirious and Vanoss congrats! You came out, because you're the best!" cheered Mini, while he did a twirl and posed.

"Go team go!" Shouted Panda, while he jumped out from behind a tree.

"Panda, that's not what we rehearsed," scolded Mini, though they kept moving, like it didn't happen.

"I'm sorry okay? I'm so use to repeating that line over and over again, like when I'm holding up a sign and begging for cash," replied Panda, as he got into position, where he could pick up Mini, "or when I'm on a street corner saying. 10 for a blow job, and 20 for anal. Kissing is extra."

"What the fuck are you on?" laughed Mini, though it caused their downfall, a very literal one. When Panda picked him up by the hips, the laugh and awkward movement caused them both to fall back.

The entire time Delirious was staring at them from his driveway with Evan in the car with him. A part of him wanted to drive away, while the two were distracted. He couldn't help the smile on his face though, even if their friends were causing unnecessary attention. They all seem to give their support, even with something silly thing, like turning up unexpectedly at his house.

Chapter End Notes
Go follow Jhanyaiartist for more amazing art.

Also check out her nsfw account Jnswart.
They were moving him into a different sector, where he would be treating a different kind of patient. Most doctors wouldn't take on this type of work, though Evan was determined to prove himself. He also needed the money for family, because after the deadly incident people were struggling. Evan had hope for the future, as he was being escorted inside of a military jeep. There was soldiers and other doctors from the building he just came out from, though this place would be different. His relocation was in a hot zone, where another catastrophe could potentially happen. The jeep eventually stopped, so he got out of the vehicle. He'd look around the place, which looked like an older building. This left him feeling very awkward and insecure about his predicament.

"Sir, I was given orders to drop you off. Please grab your luggage, so I may depart," said the soldier, which caused Evan to move towards the back seat.

He'd grab all his belongings, which only fit inside one bag. There wasn't a lot for him to own, not when he mostly sent money back home. Their currently also had to be changed, after the incident as well. Evan placed the bag over his shoulders, then set out towards the building. The only moment he glanced back, was when the vehicle took off. It all felt like it was happening so fast when he stepped
inside, the secretary immediately greeted him and seemed friendly. "Ye be Evan? Your first patient will arrive in a couple of hours, please make your'sef at home," said Nogla cheerfully, before handing him the keys, "your room be 303B, thir' floor." This meant he had to start walking, even if there was so many questions in his head.

"Thanks," replied Evan, while he rushed for his own safe haven.

This was clearly not a normal hospital, as he walked around. There people being rushed inside, some looking sick and others frightened. Evan felt some of his own courage leave him, until he got into the room. His office looked nice, and he noticed the papers on his desk. Someone was kind enough to give him the information on his patient. There was also several other files, most likely other patients he would have to see the next day. Evan quickly sat down and looked at a photo. A male patient who was a bit older than himself, and seemed to have the condition since birth. He'd keep flipping through records of previous hospitals stay, along with a list of allergies. This person seemed to only have one clear problem, which couldn't be avoided.

Evan would make himself sticky notes, then placed them at the side of his desk. It might've not looked very professional, but they would help him become organized. After he went over the files of his two patients, he'd try to relax at his desk. The place would offer him less work, and would be a blessing for some doctors. He however felt worried and wanted to be careful of his line of work, otherwise he might get himself killed. There was also a computer nearby, with the password and username written down neatly near it. Evan quickly booted it up, and then proceeded to change the password to his own liking (as was instructed on the card). Mostly his time seemed to drift, while he played some random game that were on it.

His time was eventually up, and a couple hours seemed to feel longer with his worry. The computer was shut off, then he went to another room, where his patient would meet him. There was however someone already inside, and didn't look anything like the photo. "Oh hi, I'm Ohm. I'll be your nurse, so if you need anything I'll be here," greeted Ohm, he even brought out his hand to shake his, "it's a real pleasure to meet you doctor. Especially someone who is brave enough to do this line of work." Evan noticed the firm handshake, though the nurse had a kind smile. A nurse was necessary for any hospital, so he wasn't surprised they would give him one. Ohm was also the person to leave the files on his desk, and left notes to possibly help him.

"Would you like some coffee? Your patient will be here in around five minutes, but maybe you want something to calm your nerves," asked Ohm, since he noticed the tension on Evan's shoulders.

"Oh no thank you, could you deliver me the necessary syringe and tools instead?" questioned Evan, while he started to wash his hands at a nearby sink, before putting on some gloves.

"Of course, I'll be right back," replied Ohm, before he walked out to get everything.

His surgical mask came on next, which he had packed in his bag. It wasn't that he didn't trust the surgical masks from this hospital, though this was his lucky mask. There was an tiny owl imprinted on the front, from the first hospital where he learned his trade. The moment he put it on, his patient had walked inside. Evan recognized him from the mask he was wearing in the photo. A hockey mask seemed unusual, though not in a place like this, where almost everyone seemed to be wearing strange masks. "Please have a seat, I'll be with your shortly," said Evan, before put down the patient's files, and looked over his doctor's uniform. He wanted to make sure there would no accidents, as he walked over to him.

"You look new, never seen you before," stated Delirious curiously, though the mask didn't give anything away, "can I ask you a question, doc?"

"Sure, what do you need to know?" asked Evan, his voice slightly muffled from the mask.
"Are you crazy or stupid? I like to think I'm crazy, totally loco," chuckled Delirious, though his laugh sounded insane and making the point of being crazy, "we're all dead men in this hospital doc."

"I don't think you're all dead, just very sick and need assistance," said Evan politely, while he went closer to exam him, "now if you would please remove your mask. I can begin the procedure."

"Are you sure you want to do that? Not afraid of catching it?" questioned Delirious, as his last two words were said more sternly.

"Thank you for your concern, but I need your mask off to do my job. If you're nervous we can do this appointment another day," replied Evan, though to his surprise Delirious immediately removed his mask.

It wasn't exactly what he was expecting. Delirious looked his age, but he was wearing clown makeup. There was an insane smile on his patients face, and he looked giddy that he managed to surprise Evan like that. The doctor however quickly collected himself, then walked back over to the sink nearby. He'd went to get a cloth, before walking back over to him. "I'll have to remove your make up, if that's alright," stated Evan, as he proceeded to walk back over to him. Delirious didn't seem to mind, and even looked at him smugly. This is when he decided to immediately get to work, which he started wiping the makeup off his eyes first. "Close them for me," said Evan, then he wipe them both individually. He could faintly smell the dirt and cheap woody cologne on his patient.

The thing he noticed the most were Delirious' eyes, that open up once he was finished with them. Evan needed to clean his lips next, which he was staring at for probably too long, but was necessary for the job. He'd even accidently lean unconsciously closer, trying to make sure they came off properly. "Like my lips? I think all lips look good in red," chuckled Delirious, which caused Evan to look up, "what me to redden your lips for you?" It sounded inappropriate until his patient had added, "because I have some lipstick in my pocket. You probably don't want the germs though." Evan decided to ignore him, and proceeded to clean his face. It looked better without the makeup, at least to himself and not having that distraction.

The first thing he was going to do was give Delirious a normal examination. Evan started by looking at each eye, then testing their reaction to light. He'd stick a tiny flashlight to his eye, then afterwards asked him to only follow his finger with them. Everything seemed normal, while he asked to hear his breathing with a stethoscope, and even tested his reflexes by hitting his knees with a certain tool. Once that was done he asked him to stick out his tongue, the only problem was that his patient was being cheeky with him. Delirious stuck it out, though his mouth needed to open up wider. There seemed to be a gleam in his eye, and Evan wasn't really in the mood for anything so troublesome.

"Please open wider, so I can stick this wood depressor on your tongue," said Evan calmly, while trying to stay professional.

"I can also put other things in my throat, you know," replied Delirious with a smirk, before doing what he was told.

It took a couple more tests, until Evan wrote everything down and was done with. Ohm had arrived with the needles he needed, which was just an average flu shot. Delirious however was glaring at it, like the needle might jump up and stick him right away. When he walked over to him, his patient scooted away. "Thank you nurse, now Delirious please give me your arm," stated Evan, though nothing was happening. "I hate needles, they suck," pouted Delirious, as he looked more childish than ever. A short sigh escaped Evan's mouth, even if he wanted to catch himself. He asked for Ohm to leave the room, then sat on the patient's seat with him, which could be moved however he wanted.

"It won't be too bad, why don't you give me your arm. I'll go slow and we can talk for a moment,"
said Evan, which he noticed Delirious hesitantly giving it up, "good, now what do you do for work?"

"I do what most immune people normally do, bash some heads in," replied Delirious with a shrug, then he leaned over like he wanted to whisper in Evan's ear, "what did you do before this?"

Evan started to apply the peroxide to area, then placed a band around his arm to slow down the flow of blood, "I worked in a normal hospital, performed standard check ups and gave out vaccinations."

"Bullshit," uttered Delirious, who was staring at him in the eyes, and seemed to not look offended, he was even smiling at him, "a normal doctor wouldn't come here, it's suicide, I think you did something else. If you were one of them, you wouldn't leave your nice fancy office to come here and into harm's way. I think you came here, so you can get all of that."

"Fine, you probably already know what I am. I'm just a field medic," muttered Evan, though he immediately stabbed the needle into Delirious' arm, since the patient was distracted enough, "there, now you can leave."

Delirious seemed to act like he was leaving, though he stopped then turned around. He still had that smirk on his face, and a know it all look before he spoke up, "I think I like you doc, might keep you around longer." His patient stepped out of the room, and for some reason Evan finally let go of his breath that he had been holding. This might be a challenging position for him at first, until he became accustomed to working on them. Ohm walked into the room, when he removed his gloves and was washing his hands. It seemed like he was lucky to have such a good nurse, because the person gave him some space, while taking away the needle and everything else. Evan started to wonder what it would be like, if his other patients would be as strange. Those thoughts lingered, as he took off his surgical mask and left for his office.

Chapter End Notes

This one- shot has a part 2, so look forward to it. I'm slowly getting back my drive for writing, but I might not post anything for awhile after this. I need to focus on making Christmas gifts to the people I care about. Mostly it's just me drawing and writing, lol.

Thank you so much for reading.

~Melon
"Shut up nurse! I know what's best! If I want a break and have a cup of coffee, I'll do it," shouted one of the doctors, as Evan started to walk into the break room.

"Hello there, I heard that they were transferring in new patients, my name is Dr. Felix and this is Dr. Mark," stated Felix, while he pulled out his hand to shake his.

"A pleasure to meet your acquaintance," said Mark, which he had a wide smile and a sturdy handshake, when it was his turn to shake Evan's hand.

They seemed like nice enough doctors, who just lingered there. Sometimes between patients they could take breaks, because all of it was done by appointment. None of them were sent their to be surgeons, at least that's what they told him. Evan did tell the same lie he has told Delirious before, but the other two bought it. There didn't seem to be a point to tell them, that he was only a lowly field medic. His training was minimal, and he mostly stitched up injured soldiers. Some doctors looked down on him, and this was the best position he could set out for himself, even if it was dangerous. The two seemed friendly enough, and they were entertaining to be around. He didn't even have to try hard for them to like him, or talk about random things.

"It's nice meeting you two, have you heard any juicy rumors?" asked Evan, though it was his way of joking around.

"Yeah Mark, are there any juicy rumors?" smirked Felix, which he nudged him with his elbow.

"I told you it wasn't like that," replied Mark, who looked upset that something was being brought up, "He's just a pompous Irish arse, that keeps questioning my credentials."

"Well I don't blame Jack. I'd be worried about working under you, if I were him," teased Felix, while he sipped his coffee calmly.

"What about you and Cry? Both of you seem to be getting all cozy together," Mark pointed out, as he tried to find leverage against him, "and he seems like a weirdo, always lingering around hallways and talking to himself."

"Shut up Mark, he's really not that bad. Besides he's infected, it's not like I could date him even if I could," Felix pointed out, though this seemed like a big mistake.

"Oh so you are interested in dating him," teased Mark, while he made kissy faces at him.

Evan would have liked to stay longer, especially since they were hilarious to watch. However he had an appointment with a patient, so he immediately excused himself. The doctors didn't seem to notice that he left, though he hoped they did. When he was leaving the break room, he couldn't help but think that this was a strange hospital, full of even weirder people inside of it. He wondered if this job was a good choice, as he finally got to the room, where he had to meet his patient. There was just
something catching his interest, when he heard whispering inside of the room. Evan knew he should just walk in, and eavesdropping was a rather rude thing to do. His own curiosity won him over, while he listened by the door.

"I don't see why it has to be him, but he keeps insisting on it," muttered the patient, since Evan noticed that there could be no other person in there, and his nurse confirms it for him.

"But Toonzy, I don't see why you're stalling. This was your idea," complained Ohm, while there was shuffling going on inside.

"I know it's my idea, I just don't want us to get caught and I don't think we need more people," replied Cartoonz, as there was more noises inside, "I especially don't want to see anything bad happen to you."

"Don't worry about me Toonzy, he doesn't suspect a thing. We'll start the procedure when it's right," stated Ohm, though was no more talking afterwards, just sounds of two people kissing and fabric rubbing against each other.

This made Evan unsure of going inside, but then that would make himself look suspicious. He decided to finally go in, and acted surprise to see his nurse and patient going at it. "Oh uh, is this a bad time?" questioned Evan, since nobody expected him a little early, and apparently it made him sound innocent enough. Cartoonz was the one to reply to him, since Ohm was very startled, "not at all, I'm just here for check up, right?" Evan pulled out all his supplies, though asked Ohm to retrieve him the flu shot. Unlike Delirious who evaded his space, and seemed to be flirting with him.

Cartoonz however looked bored, and uninterested in seeing him. This might've been a normal hospital visit for most of his patients.

"You know, Delirious has told me about you. I don't see what's so special about field medic," said Cartoonz casually, even if the words were a tad insulting, "you look like a normal average doctor, that just wants to bump up into a better position. Tell me uh, Dr. Fong, what exactly do you think of us? The infected monsters that live around you."

Evan did notice Cartoonz reading his name tag, it was the only reason his patient could know his name, "I know that you're all dangerous, and highly contagious. It's just however not by choice though, and if it's contained nothing should happen."

"So you don't mind us, being all infected with the zombie virus? You don't think we might suddenly go feral, and start attacking everyone?" questioned Cartoonz, who never bothered to take off his devil mask, and looked intimidating in the moment. All immune patients wore those masks, mostly to prevent the spread of the zombie virus.

"I'm sure if you were going to attack me, you'd already do it by now," replied Evan, as he went towards the sink to wash his hands, then started to put on his doctor's mask, "now if you would take off your mask so I may proceed."

Cartoonz actually looked fairly handsome under his mask, though he looked too smug and cocky for his own tastes. His nurse came back in that moment, and Evan asked him to place the shot where he could reach it. The check up went the say way, as he had done with Delirious the other day, along with some of the other patients he had seen. Some reason he had a feeling that all the infected patients knew each other, though he wondered how Ohm was involved. He was starting to feel suspicious of them, even if he didn't know what there was to be suspicious about. Evan gave him the flu shot last, and it seemed like Cartoonz was fine with needles. There was a sense of relief and some tension leaving him, once the check up was finally over.

"I'll see you later Ohm," said Cartoonz, before he left the room, along with the rest of the tension.
"Please disregard what you saw earlier, we're not suppose to get romantically involved with our patients," stated Ohm nervously, and Evan wondered what he was talking about, until he remembered about seeing the two of them kissing.

"It's fine, I have nothing against it, it's really none of my business," replied Evan, hoping that it was the right thing to say.

"Oh thank you Evan, I really don't want our superiors to hear about this," uttered Ohm, then the conversation was eventually dropped.

The entire time Evan still wondered what Cartoonz and Ohm were talking about. It also had something to do with Delirious, who also made him feel uneasy and suspicious. This is when he decided to excuse himself, and dig a little further himself. Maybe he could go through some files, or see if any supplies were missing. Once the information was gathered, he'd decide what to do about it. Evan went back into his office, though there wouldn't be much breaks between patients. A part of him wondered if it was just his imagination going wild, especially since he had been outside for so long. He'd fought off so many flesh eaters, along with patching or even executing anyone who got infected. This was his job as a field medic back then, once he got a job after the mass spread of infection and the incident that killed many.

His shift was eventually over, and he immediately went towards the supply room. A doctor didn't normally enter here, which meant he'd look suspicious. Whenever he needed supplies, usually Ohm would get it for him. However he knew how hospitals usually supplied themselves, because he wasn't always a doctor. Usually he'd get the most dirty and filthy work. Evan started looking around for any signs, that something was taken. There seemed to be less syringes and scalpels, along with things used to either wrap and clean a wound. The supplies seemed lower than what a typical hospital of this size should have. He'd ponder all of this, when he felt something slipped over his mouth, which smelled of chloroform. Both of them would struggle against each other, but it was of no use. His consciousness was slipping and eventually his body was going limp.

"He seems to be waking up," uttered one voice around him.

"Good, make sure he's held down," replied another voice.

There was more talking, which Evan only understood bits and pieces of it. He could also hear movement, while his eyes slowly opened. His first noticed that there was two people in the room, along with various medical equipment around him. They were up to something, and he was fearful of what it could be. "Hey cutie, it's nice to see you up. I wouldn't want you to miss what happens next," chuckles Delirious, while he went over to him. This is when Evan realized his wrists were strapped down towards his sides. He couldn't get out of it, even if if he tugged on them hard. Both of them seemed to ignore his struggling, though his feet were free to kick around. His clothes were also gone, leaving him even more afraid of what will happen next. The masked man started running his hands through his hair, which he tried his best to pull away.

"Let me go! Help! Help!" shouted Evan, as he tries hard to be heard from someone else.

"No one can hear you, we're not in the hospital. You're in my home," Delirious pointed out, while removing his mask and revealing his face with clown make up, "only we can hear you scream and I like what I'm hearing."

The smile on his former patients face creeped him out, though Evan couldn't get away, "why are you doing this?"

"Because," Ohm spoked up for the first time, since he finished whatever preparations he was doing,
"you kept snooping around and even heard my conversation with Cartoonz. I'm not sure how much you heard, but we can't risk you ruining our plans. I think it's better this way, Delirious certainly agrees with me."

"What are you going to do?" asked Evan fearfully, not knowing if he wants an answer to the question.

"I'm going to infect you," replied Delirious happily, as he pulled out some lube and moving towards the end of the bed.

"No please don't, I won't tell anyone about this. I don't want to turn," Evan cried out, while letting the straps dig and bruise his skin, "just kill me, anything but this."

"Shhh, I'll be gentle," shushed Delirious, before he started moving on the bed.

There was only one option now, Evan started to try and kick him off. At first he almost threw the other person off balance, with a swift kick to the person's side. However Delirious decided to lean over him and between his legs. It wouldn't matter how much Evan struggled, because his right leg was being strapped on his right side. This was over his arm, and then his left leg went down on his left arm. He started to hyperventilate, though he'd tried closing his eyes to stay calm. Ohm finally came into his view, though it's a small container in his hand, "here, it's a muscle relaxant. This should calm down the patient." There was an evil look in the nurse's eyes, before he stepped out of the room. They were both left alone, and Evan had given up on fighting. He knew there was no escape now.

"It's okay. I've used this before it's a rectal gel. This will relax your insides and open you up," explained Delirious, though Evan already what this gel was.

He'd feel the slick substance at his opening, which started slow at first, but eventually two fingers went inside. Evan hated to admit it, so far it didn't feel so bad. It was when he noticed Delirious stopping to put a lubricant on his member, did he started to panic again. Some reason those fingers went back to work on his opening, and his assailant was stroking himself along with it. He'd force himself to look away, and then he'd feel him kiss along his chest. "So pretty, can't wait to see it happen," said Delirious huskily, and then the fingers were out. A large part of him expected a lot of pain, though the muscle relaxant did it's job. It would slide in easily, and he'd feel a slow pace working inside of him. Evan felt a hand snake around him, which also felt nice as Delirious stroked him with the tempo. Everything started to move faster, and a sharp moan accidentally escaped his lips.

There's a clear smirk on Delirious' face, knowing that he was giving Evan some pleasure in it. When they're both eventually close, that hand moved away and Delirious gripped his hips to thrust in faster. A sudden flood of liquid filled him up, and he could see the other person catching his breath. When Delirious came to his senses, he'd jerk Evan until he came as well. It was finally done, he was going to be a dead man. Evan had no idea why they needed a zombie, or how they thought nobody would notice him missing. Someone would eventually check up on him, at least hear if he preferred the transfer to this hospital. There was some hope that they would pay for their crimes. The straps were taken off his legs, though he'd just lay there.

"Are you both done?" asked Ohm, once he stepped into the room, though his mask wasn't over his eyes.

"Yeah, we should clean him up and move him," replied Delirious, as the two talked to each other.

"You need to clean up too. I can't believe I have to do your dirty work this time. Cartoonz still
doesn't think we need new members, but I can be quite convincing," stated Ohm, and this time Evan got a better look at his eyes.

"You're immune too?" said Evan with a surprise tone, the immune weren't allowed to be doctors and nurses.

"Surprise? Let's just say we figured out a way to make more of us, which is a complicated process. When the immune has something processed through their bodies (saliva and semen), then it's diluted enough for a normal person to take in," explained Ohm, which some people might not understand, but Evan clearly did, "in other words, you won't turn into a zombie, you'll be one of us. The contact with his fluids won't kill you."

This time Evan couldn't speak, because this could be the oddest cure that could exist. They could all become infected and immune, if people were willing for it. He just didn't know why they picked him.

Chapter End Notes

I'm gonna talk about something more serious, so if you wanna stop reading this author's note that's fine by me.

Lately I've been asking myself why I'm in this writing rut, where I had so many ideas and yet zero motivation.

The answer is obvious, but I didn't wanna admit that something was affecting my ability to write. Mostly because I didn't wanna admit how hurt I was by someone's actions, and wanted to feel like I got over it.

I'll give a brief explanation, but basically I was hurt by two people who I thought were my friends. One of them I foolishly gave a second chance despite her actions and regretted. It hurt even worse to know that one of them that I thought was close to me, I hear, is calling me toxic and other things.

It's tough to write when it spiked me into a deep depression, and I didn't wanna face the facts that it was doing that.

I'm finally over it and writing again, and I'm finally feeling happy after the ordeal. I still feel sad and upset about it, but at least I can bounce back, like I usually do.

Thanks for being patient with me and showing your support. It really does help a lot. More importantly, I thank my friends and gf for having my back.

Go support while you're at it HyperRedFox. She's my oldest friend and has been there when I needed it. She writes YouTube ships like H2OVanoss, so I thought I'd give her a shout out.

~Melon
"Mr. Voorhees, you're under arrest for the murder of Dr. Augustine and his associates. Come quietly or I will have to use force," shouted Vanoss, thousands of people were watching them, as they stood on top of the bridge. There was a news crew down below, along with a helicopter looming nearby.

"..." muttered Voorhees quietly, and nobody could make out what he was saying. Vanoss however predicted the villain to attack him, despite the fact that the person couldn't win. The odds were against the villain, and the world would see the reign of superheroes coming to life. It was the beginning of a new era, where people could depend on him.

This was months ago, though something had caught his interest. Evan was cleaning his weaponry, which he did mostly on habit, and not because of necessity. Crime had gone down, once he kept putting criminals behind bars. There was chaos of course, and he couldn't stop everything that was evil. He however felt a sense of pride in himself for making the city a better place. A message came up on his screen and it was from one of his friends, he could tell from the way the computer beeped. Currently he was down in his lair, which existed in the woodlands, away from civilization. His friends would call it his 'tree house', which would give them a few chuckles. Evan liked thinking they were just a bunch of friends playing around, until the very important things came up.
'You should see this, it's all over the news. H2O Industries back in business and under new management. Apparently Voorhees has a son, so what do you think we should do about this? Should we do something?' asked Lui in the message, which immediately got Evan's attention and focused on finding news articles.

It was apparently everywhere, all the news articles were talking about it. Jason Vorhees son named Jonathan Denis was taking over, and left Evan feeling worried. This seemed like a legitimate business, but he wasn't going to drop his guard. H2O Industries was basically a normal company, that produced certain things that he needed to study up on. It was rumored to be runned by dirty money, or rumors of being run by the mob. Voorhees might've been a criminal, but the company was run by financial backers, and powerful people who had their money invested in it. This however didn't mean it couldn't have some corruption behind it, this actually made him feel more assured that there was Evan thought maybe once Voorhees was over thrown, someone else would've taken over. He didn't expect that person to be his only son.

"This makes everything more complicated. What should I do?" Evan asked himself, since he didn't know the answer.

Some reason he didn't feel like sitting idly by and not doing anything. There had to be a way to gather information, then see if Jonathan is actually following in his father's footsteps. When he went onto the official website, this is when he formulated a plan. Evan was going to investigate him alone, so there would be less suspicion. It seemed like the perfect plan, and he was going to stop the corruption from the place, once and for all. A large part of him believed that Voorhees' son would commit crime, just maybe more behind the scenes. He started to fill something out on the screen, then submitted it once everything was done. Evan also notified his friends, and decided to tell them his plan. They would be worried and concerned, though this wasn't his first time going undercover.

"I'll reveal you for the scum you are," said Evan softly, while feeling very sure of himself and sitting in front of his massive computer.

It only took a couple days, before he was requested for an interview. His resume wasn't very impressive, though that's the way he wanted it to be. Evan wasn't for a higher paying job, he went to apply for the position of being an office runner. This consisted of delivering documents and packages, and being physically fit enough for the job. He knew it wouldn't guarantee him any information, though it was the best he could do. His super hero career made it difficult for him to afford much, though he usually borrowed and did odd jobs. Brock had him as one his employees at his clothing store, which was enough of an alibi for him and how he made his money. He'd give the money to his friend from odd jobs, who laundered the money through his business. It might've sounded illegal, though Evan couldn't have made a living any other way.

After a couple days, he received a call, telling him that he was selected for an interview. Evan wore a nice dress shirt, and some other decent clothes. The interviewer seemed to like his energy, along with the fact that he was young. It helped that he was confident and also social. This came with the experience of being a super hero, because he learned to work with law enforcement and civilians. When he came back home, Evan waited patiently for the call. There was still a small chance they might not hire him. He did feel nervous, especially being in a huge skyscraper with hundreds of employees. It was probably around twenty floors, though that was an assumption. Evan sat by the computer, looking through old files, when the call finally came.

"Hello? Yes, I'm Evan and I'm still interested. I could come in tomorrow, anytime you would need me," said Evan cheerfully, though there was butterflies in his stomach, "of course, I could arrive at 7 am. Okay, thank you and bye."
After the phone clicked, he threw his fist in the air in celebration. Evan got the position, though now he had to focus on not screwing it up. On the first day of his job it was tedious, he worked hard on delivering things and would be moved between different departments. This is when he realized that this wouldn't be as easy as he initially thought. It might not even get him the information he needed. His friends also had mixed responses. They were all proud of him, but some of them thought maybe it was a waste of his time. Especially when the red alert would buzz on his phone and he had to ignore it. Evan put it as a typical phone dial, though he knew what it meant. The third day on the job was different, as he went into the break room, though he wasn't there to relax.

"I don't think I've seen your face before, the name is Jonathan," beamed the owner, which totally surprised Evan.

"Oh I've only worked here for about a few days," replied Evan nervously, he didn't expect to run into him here.

"How do you like it here?" asked Jonathan, who was trying to engage him into conversation for some reason.

"I'll be honest, it's a bit tough. I'm constantly on my legs and trying to get things done," stated Evan, then he pulled out multiple styrofoam cups to pour coffee in, "right now I have to get coffee for everyone."

"Would you make me one? I'm rather busy and my secretary fell sick this morning. I'm trying to get everything sorted out," said Jonathan with a frown, which explained why he was in the break room.

"Can I ask you something sir?" questioned Evan, though he was hoping that the man wasn't too busy, and it wasn't too out of line to ask questions.

"Sure, though call me Mr. Denis or Jonathan," answered Jonathan, his face had a kind smile and seemed approachable, despite being the owner of the company.

"Why are you talking to me? There's a lot of other important people in the break room right now, that might be more interesting to talk to," Evan pointed out, which he wasn't wrong.

They were in a kitchen like area, where he was making the coffee. It also had like a dining area, where it had multiple chairs and tables for employees to use. The answer however wasn't what he was expecting from the owner, "why would I talk to bunch of old farts, when I see someone closer to my age making coffee with the cutest smile." It must've been a trick of his imagination, plus it was very early morning. There was no way his new boss just hit on him. "I know there type, trying to get good with me, so they can get a raise or promotion. You don't seem to be doing any of that," stated Jonathan, before grabbing the coffee from Evan's startled hands and walking away, "thanks for the coffee." Evan watched Jonathan chuckle at him, before walking off.

It was the first time anyone startled and shook him that much. He wasn't sure how to feel about it, but he did know he had to get closer to him.

Evan went back to doing his normal daily routine. He'd get everyone coffee, which was for his boss and other senior employees. It would lead to one of them putting him to work, which would sometimes mean getting stuff for the fax machine, or moving heavy boxes into the office area. His job was mostly labor inducing, which was fine with him. When he was doing his superhero gig, it meant a lot of moving around and doing things he didn't always necessarily want to do. The worst part was that his boss was a prick, who liked to be verbally abusive, "where were you? These should've been down here a half an hour ago. Don't just stare at me like an idiot, get the rest of it." Around lunch time, he had to get into his car and get everyone lunch. A part of him felt like a
delivery boy, who had to cater to their whims. In a way it kinda was.

Jonathan had been on his mind, but not much during work. When he got home and finally shed off his work clothes, was when he got to really think about him. There was something odd about Jonathan, though mostly he realized he was charmed by him. It wasn't really going to go anywhere though, because his job was to investigate him and nothing else. He felt like maybe his love life was really lacking, since all it took was someone to be nice to him. His friends were nice, though his work didn't leave much space to date other people. Evan did see other people, but that was mainly work and saving civilians. Sometimes his friends would tell him he'd work too hard, especially his close friend Brock. Maybe this would be good for him, if the job wasn't so tough. It wasn't something he couldn't handle however, he's been through worse.

Evan would order a pizza for the night, then get prepared for bed. Mostly he'll watch a couple movies and eat his food. His friends would text him, while he waited for it. It took about ten minutes for his pizza to arrive, as he paid the guy a decent tip. The night was dull, just like his life at work. He wondered if it was even worth going undercover, especially when nothing was getting accomplished. Evan decided to give it a couple weeks, before he considered quitting. If anything else, he could learn the layout before he broke in, as his superhero alter ego. The pizza was good and the movie was decent. When he was watching it, he managed to fall asleep. A tall dark stranger accompanied his dreams, while he snoozed in front of the screen.

The alarm woke him up like usual, as he quickly got dressed for work. It was a black and red dress shirt, along with black pants. Evan would brush his teeth, then went to drink some coffee in the morning. He didn't have time for a big breakfast, so he grabbed a bagel and head out the door. The drive there was silent, and then the building came into the view. This place use to intimidate him, but now he was getting use to it. H2O Industries was bigger than any other building around the city, and would stand out from the rest. Evan quickly went out the car and made his way inside, so he could get into the elevator. A few employees he recognized were inside, as he tried to squeeze in between them. His floor was already picked, since some of them were headed towards the break room.

The place was so busy inside, with some people placing their work all over the table. Despite the name H2O industries, it didn't deal with water or anything of that sort. This company dealt with crafting phones and other electronics. It was how the former owner could deal out private scams, and was doing illegal things on the side, or at least that's what he heard. The most wealthy people were into some form of crime, though it was done behind closed doors. Evan immediately started making the coffee, though this time he was more on edge. He noticed Jonathan walking into the room, and didn't realize this until now. When the owner stepped inside, almost all eyes were on him. Jonathan's appearance demanded everyone's attention, even if it wasn't intentional.

"I see that you're making coffee again, is some of it for me?" chuckled Jonathan, like he expected some of it, though he had every right since it's his place.

"Sure, last time you had it black. Do you want the same?" asked Evan, as he immediately poured it.

"Actually yes, though pour one for me and you. I need you to come with me," said Jonathan casually, while he grabbed the cup from his hand like last time.

"May I ask why?" questioned Evan, as he noticed the people staring at them.

"Of course, but not around the vultures. I'll need you in my office, and don't worry. I've already texted your boss about this," Jonathan pointed out, and only waited a moment for Evan to make his own coffee.

The entire time Evan was trying to rack his brain on what he could've done. If he did or said
anything to upset someone. It didn't make sense if he was in some kind of trouble, his own boss could just fire him. Evan also doubted they figured out that he was a superhero, and yet he was still nervous and a little panicked inside. He'd follow Jonathan into the elevators, when it opened and a few people stepped into their floor. They were obviously staring as well, though Jonathan seemed to act like it was normal, and maybe it was. Both of them got inside, which Evan felt awkward and out of place. "It's so difficult to be without my secretary and I was hoping you could help me," explained Jonathan finally, so that Evan could know the situation, "I know you're not trained for it, but it's just for today and then my secretary can come back for the rest."

His only response was to nod, of course he was chosen to do some other kind of work. Evan really didn't have any experience as a secretary, but didn't want to disappoint what would be his boss for the day. They finally went to the upper floors, though they had a few stops with a few people going in and out. It felt strangely intimate just standing in the corner of the elevator with him, when they were alone Jonathan would talk passionately about the company. Apparently he wasn't expecting to take over it, despite that being what his father wanted. Jonathan didn't have as much education, or the drive to run the place. His best friend however decided to become CEO, and did the job for him. The entire time he couldn't help it, he allowed himself to relax while listening to Jonathan's voice.

"I've never really been that close with my dad, but I guess that doesn't matter. I'll need to run this company and keep it going. Even with everyone thinking I'm doing something illegal, and the cops are itching to find a reason to search this place," said Jonathan sadly, before the elevator doors finally opened to their stop, "this is it, I hope I didn't bore you about the company."

"Oh not at all, I think it's interesting," replied Evan, though when they stepped out he hesitated for a moment. His boss seemed to notice, because Jonathan stopped for him, "I think you might be a good guy, despite everything your father has done. Unless you do something that proves otherwise, I don't think you have anything to worry about."

"You're the first person to tell me that. I know what they're saying about me, even my employees. They just don't care, as long as their getting paid though," stated Jonathan, however he seemed to smile softly at him after saying it, "please come inside."

The office was huge with a double door, and a secretary's office at the entrance. This must be where Evan would work, though he wouldn't know what he's doing. Jonathan invited him inside the office, which had an open feel to it, along with glass windows for the walls. Evan was staring at the large desk in the middle, along with a couple leather couches with a small table in the middle. It felt very industrial, though the large view of the other buildings were nice. He could look down and see the cars zooming down the road, along with pedestrians walking towards the shops. "I see that you like it," said Jonathan cheerfully, when he realized that Evan kept looking around, "I was overwhelmed when I first stepped into my own office. The view is amazing." Evan knew he wasn't wrong, though he decided maybe it was time for him to get to work.

"So what should I do?" asked Evan, since he didn't have much of a clue.

"Mostly answer phone calls, and make sure I'm not late for any of my appointments. I've got everything down in writing, which should make it easier for you," replied Jonathan, as he handed over a notebook.

It was clear that whoever written down the notes, was most likely very organized, and worked as his boss' secretary for long enough. The writing was eligible and very organized, down to the very persist timing that he should do things. There was even notes on how he should reply to incoming calls he would be receiving. Mostly the caller would be sent either to Jonathan or Luke, which Evan had no clue on who the latter was. Jonathan had him sit in front of his desk first, while they drank
their coffee. This made him feel on edge to get working, mostly because he was so use to on his feet all the time. His boss however seemed kind, and did the talking so Evan didn't pressured into it. They didn't talk about much, just Jonathan going over the notes and reading them out loud.

"I'm sure you'll read it more on your own time, but I hope it helps," said Jonathan, while he handed back the notebook to Evan, "it'll be so much more difficult for me to do this alone, so I hope you don't mind doing the work. Otherwise I'll have to find someone else."

"It's no problem at all, thank you for giving me the opportunity," uttered Evan back, though he sounded very stiff and rehearsed from his speech.

When Jonathan dismissed him to go back to work, there was a slight worried look on his face. Evan thought maybe he was seeing things, as he started to get up. However there was something Jonathan wanted to say, "If you ever feel too overwhelmed or need some help, I don't mind telling me if you do. I'll pull someone else from a different department to lend you a hand." It was probably the nicest thing anyone has said to him, since he had been working here. Evan actually felt a little surprised, before he smiled at him brightly, "I'm sure I'll be fine, I'll let you know though." This was the end of the conversation, because he stepped out of the room and yet he felt a little less worried. It was like the very thing he needed to hear, before working on something he's never done before. His friends always said he was a fast learner.

The job actually came almost natural for him, at least the notes made everything easier. Evan hoped that his nervousness didn't show up in his reply to the calls he had received. Most of them were transferred to Jonathan, which seemed like the correct thing to do. Around lunch time, he pushed a number to dial for his boss' number and informed him that he had a lunch break and a meeting an hour afterwards. Things went smoothly, though he couldn't help but think of his superhero job. Sometimes he felt like a secretary for his friends, making sure they attended their meetings. He would schedule all the appointments, and make sure they had all the equipment they needed. It was probably why the job seemed easier than it should, so Evan kept doing his job. Sometimes he even got call from the law enforcement for back up, and had to transfer the information to his friends if he couldn't make it.

"Hello this is Mr. Denis' office, who may I be speaking to? Do you have an appointment sir? Sorry, but you can't speak to Mr. Denis without an prior appointment. What time would be most suitable to you? We have 11 am on Friday, or maybe perhaps you prefer 1:30 pm on Saturday," suggested Evan, since the person might have a better chance choosing, if they were given some options, "of course, you'll be scheduled for Friday at 11 am. I'll inform Mr. Denis of your appointment."

This is when he noticed some movement on the corner of his eye, Jonathan had just came out of his office. Most likely to take his lunch break, the only problem was that Jonathan was walking in his direction. Evan eventually ended the call, and then looked over at him, "did you need me for something?" There seemed to be a huge smile on Jonathan's face, though it looked slightly scheming. "I was hoping we could have lunch together, as a big thank you for the help. It's my treat," said Jonathan casually, and Evan wasn't the type to turn down free food. He was worried about leaving his post, but his boss reassured him. The calls would be transferred over to Cartoonz' secretary, so it wouldn't be a problem. A button was pushed on the receiver, then Jonathan escorted him from his desk.

"I hope you like burgers, I'm starving," muttered Jonathan, while he lead them out of the building. A part of him expected his boss to have a driver, though instead they left the building and stepped into a nice BMW. Jonathan was on the driver side when they got in, and he quickly pulled out. They actually drove further away than what was necessary, though mostly because from Jonathan's
explanation, he wanted to get away from people he knew from work. The place wasn't too fancy, though it was still a restaurant. It was like a place where families would go into for special occasions, but not something Evan expected from a man who ran a company. Both of them went inside, and was welcomed immediately from the greeter. She escorted them to a table, then reassured them a waitress would arrive to take their order.

"Thank you for taking me out to eat in a place like this. I was a little worried I'd be under dressed for something more fancy," stated Evan, since he didn't wear an expensive tuxedo like Jonathan was wearing.

"It's no problem, and pick whatever you want, it's still my treat. I eat here all the time, especially when I was a kid," said Jonathan with a smile on his face, though his eyes seem to give away that he was thinking of something very dreamily.

"With your dad?" asked Evan, though it was probably the wrong thing to say.

"No, he was always busy. He hardly had any time for me, and my mom basically raised me," replied Jonathan with a frown, and then they were interrupted by a waitress who wanted to know what drinks they wanted.

Evan only got himself a water, though Jonathan wanted a coffee. It was much later in the night to be drinking caffeine, but it didn't seem to matter to either one of them. They both waited ordered their food, which Evan decided to get the same thing as his boss. The place wasn't too packed, and they sat a bit farther in the back away from most people. It felt oddly relaxing, while he didn't have memories of being in the place, he wouldn't mind coming there again. Both of them seemed to have silently agree not to bring up work, instead brought up their interests. Evan couldn't say he was a super hero on the side, but he could bring up his love for hockey and video games. There seem be a sparkle in Jonathan's eyes, when he was talking about GTA V.

"That's one of my favorite games too. I just don't have the time to play it as much anymore. Me and Luke would blow each other up so many times, you should've seen us," said Jonathan, it almost seemed like nothing could bring down the happy look on his face.

"Same with me, though my friends would sometimes rage when I kill them. It's so hilarious, and I kinda miss playing it," agreed Evan, which they both talked fondly of other games they liked.

"I have your cheeseburgers and fries," interrupted the waitress, as they placed the food in front of them.

It felt odd that he had never known Jonathan before, and yet he felt so at ease with him. This is his boss and he should feel more intimidated. Evan felt like he was seeing a long lost friend again, while they ate and talked in between. There was moments Jonathan would talk with food in his mouth, not the he complained about it. It was something his friends would do, and one of them guys would usually complain about it. A part of him felt like Jonathan would like his friends, maybe he would like to meet them. This is when he frowned at himself, and he realized he forgot what he was there for. Evan knew he was undercover, though under his real name. If Jonathan ever realized he wasn't serious about working at the company, or found out he was spying on it. He wasn't sure if he could handle his hurt expression.

"Is something wrong? Are you okay?" asked Jonathan, who apparently noticed the sad look on Evan's face.

Evan needed to quickly cover it up, and he sometimes hated how good he was at it, "oh no sorry, I was just thinking that, I'll go back to my old work after this. Once your secretary comes back."
"Don't worry about it, you won't go back there if you want. I could probably use two secretaries, it's not like I can't afford it," reassured Jonathan, while he didn't have a clue on what was the real reason.

This left a tight feeling on Evan's chest, he hated lying to him like this. It wasn't like he had the courage to tell him the truth either. Evan quickly put on a fake smile on his face, before replying to him, "really? Are you sure?" Jonathan seemed keen on having him as a secretary, which they would see each other more often. It made a large part of him feel sick to his stomach, because after his investigation. He knew he would have to quit the company, and hurt his new friend. Jonathan didn't feel like a boss to him, but it wasn't like Evan was admitting out loud. After they got done eating, they would both head back to the car. Jonathan would take them back to the company where they would go to work. There wasn't much talking afterwards, and the drive back somewhat uncomfortable for him.

When they got inside the building, he stepped back into his desk and computer. Evan started writing down the contact numbers and name of the employers that had called him. A little device was attached to the computer he was using, so he could gather the data he needed. He was utilizing the hacking he learned from his training, and tips from his friends. Once everything was transferred into a flash drive, it was quickly placed into a briefcase. It made him feel a little dirty, when other times he would do this without much thought. Jonathan is a good man, at least in his eyes. He seemed interested in him, even in a flirty way, which Evan guess was just Jonathan's way of teasing him. Once work was over, he left and took some of the stress with him.

It was apparent that he didn't have to do it anymore, if he just quit it would be the end. The information he wanted to gather was in his hands, but for some reason he decided to keep moving forward. At least if he worked there for a few more months, then it'll see more believable that something came up, and he had to quit. This was what he was telling himself, though Evan didn't want to admit it. He was starting to really like the boss. Jonathan was charming and fun to be around, plus they shared similar interests. It was also obvious to himself, that Jonathan was watching what he was saying, even around him. Probably because Jonathan grew up southern, and wanted to seem more professional. The man was clearly nothing like his father, at least from his observations.

When he finally came home and ate dinner by himself. He was too tired to play any video games with his friends, and the only thing on his mind was Jonathan. Evan shook his head, and watched some TV before bed. It wasn't good for him to get attached like this, though he wasn't certain what to do about it. Once he fell asleep, all his worries went with him. He woke up and went to work the next day, though he kept telling himself he was only undercover, and the job didn't mean anything. When the days passed, he couldn't help the fact that he liked him so much. Jonathan seemed more flirty, whenever his face would flush. Usually this left him flustered, and unable to respond to it. Evan wasn't use to that sort of attention, especially when the attraction was mutual.

The other secretary eventually came to work, yet the guy didn't seem surprised to see him. He even had someone else with him, so another computer and telephone would be installed. Squirrel seemed young for the job, but he was good at what he did. The nickname came from his twitchy behavior, and constantly fiddling with something. He hadn't worked there long either, but much longer than Evan had. Both of them seemed to get along, while they worked along side each other. Evan got the new computer, while Squirrel went back to his work station. Things seemed natural, and the work very easy with the two of them together. It was apparent that two secretaries weren't necessary, though some reason Squirrel never questioned about him working there.

More days would pass, until Evan had worked there for a couple weeks. This is when Jonathan surprised him, and it happened after work. Squirrel was getting to excuse himself, when their boss stepped out of the office. Evan felt his face growing hot when he noticed his colleague smirking at him knowingly. It didn't make anything better, when Jonathan walked straight for him. "Can I speak
with you privately in my office?" asked Jonathan, he didn't even look bothered that someone else
was watching them. The only thing Evan could do was agree to follow him, as they went into the
office. His heart was hammering and the door closed behind them. He wasn't sure what this was
about, or if something had gave away his intentions of working there.

"I was wondering if you would like to have dinner with me," said Jonathan nervously, like he wasn't
sure if Evan would agree to it, "I know it's not really right for me to ask you out, being your
employer. I just shit, I like you man."

When Jonathan let his real way of talking slip through, Evan couldn't help but smile at him, "sure,
let's ditch this place and get some burgers."

This is when they decided to leave the room, which Evan noticed that Squirrel was gone. They both
seemed nervous around each other, mostly because they liked each other. Evan wondered how he
got himself into this situation, this was so wrong of him. He was only supposed to find out of
Jonathan was doing any illegal activities, not go on a date with him. His father was the one he put in
prison, where he might rot if the man never escaped the place. They both walked out of the building,
when his phone buzzed. Moo had sent him a message, though it could wait. He'd shut off his phone,
and went into the car with his date. It's been so long since Evan had been in a relationship, especially
with how much time he spend fighting crime. This almost felt unreal to him.

He thought maybe they were going to the familiar burger joint, until he realized they were driving
elsewhere. Jonathan hadn't invited for him to eat with him since their first time. This made Evan
wonder where they were going, and if Jonathan had planned something beforehand. They were
headed towards a casino, which made him even more nervous. Both of them got out of the car, and
he wondered if he should say something. "It has a nice restaurant in this place, I hope you don't
mind," said Jonathan, though Evan didn't really have any complaints. They went into the building,
while he followed his boss' lead. It was packed with people, who were mostly dressed casually.
Things changed when they went into the upper floors, where the more expensive restaurants were
located. This was only a little more fancy than where he would usually dine in.

"I think you'll like the food, the steaks are so fucking good," Jonathan pointed out, when their
hostess lead them towards their seats.

Something was slightly off, when Evan realized they were being lead into a secluded area. It must've
been his super hero instincts making him want to flee, and not be trapped in a room. He had to calm
himself, and remember that it was only a date. The table had candles in the middle, with roses
arranged around it. This seemed oddly romantic and staged, and there seemed to be a smirk on
Jonathan's face, since he seemed to be staring at Evan's stunned look. "Wow, this looks amazing,"
complimented Evan, as they both took a seat. A waiter came in quickly, and started to pour them
champagne. There was already water on their tables, though the waiter asked them for their drink
requests.

"This is fine," said Evan, then he took a sip from his glass.

"I didn't take you as a champagne person," chuckled Jonathan, before he ordered himself a beer.

"Well I didn't think you'd drink beer, but I guess we're both full of surprises," teased Evan, though he
didn't usually drink champagne, because it was too expensive for his taste.

Their food had already been arranged, as the first meal arrived. They were first served veal with
some kind of sweet sauce, which tasted fairly good to him. Evan savor the taste, as both of them
were a little awkwardly quiet. He wanted to scold himself for acting weird, but he felt some pressure
because it is a date. Jonathan however was the first to break the silence, "what did you do before
working for me?" This question meant he would have to lie, which always left him feeling guilty. His cover was that of a store clerk, so he had to give out his convincing story. Evan already knew a lot about Jonathan, from what he told him, and whatever public information he could find. The next dish came after he was done talking, it was some kind of beefy soup which was even better.

Each meal was a very small portion size, though that was typical of fancy restaurants. Their conversation was lead back to video games, because it was much simpler than talking about anything else. They were both acting a little off, but only because of the setting. Evan actually would've preferred hanging out at his place, and the words just slipped from his tongue, "I wouldn't mind just having a couple beers and playing some games with you." This put a devious smirk on Jonathan's face, like he got a certain idea. It caused Evan to gulp down his alcoholic drink, which the waiter immediately refilled. "You know, we can do that and more at my place," Jonathan pointed out, which caused Evan's face to flush and look away.

"I would actually like that," said Evan quietly, before taking another big gulp from his drink. If they were going to talk sexy to each other, then he would need some extra courage, "how about we go to your place tonight?"

"You would like that wouldn't you? I didn't realize that you're so damn kinky," laughed Jonathan crazily, which sounded more wild than any other laugh that Evan had heard, "sorry, I didn't expect that coming from your mouth."

"It's fine, I kinda like it. I would like it even more at your place," flirted Evan, he knew it would only lead to one thing.

Both of them decided to skip the last meal, and go straight to dessert. Jonathan was going to lead them out of the restaurant, which was probably where he should've taken them in the first place. Evan finished his drink and then stood up. He really hoped he wouldn't regret this decision, but he knew that this wouldn't last. A long lasting relationship was impossible, at least with his line of work. They both went to the first floor, and out of the building. Jonathan was leading them out of there, though Evan couldn't help but wonder how they were going to do this. It wasn't like he had much experience with guys, and he hoped Jonathan knew what he was doing. They went out to the parking lot and got inside the car. This was either a really good or very bad idea.

The ride felt longer than it should, as they arrived at a huge mansion. It reminded Evan that he was getting involved with a very rich powerful man. This was the very first time he felt intimidated, but then Jonathan' voice interrupted him, "we're here, and don't worry. The servants have already left. They don't work this late." It wasn't what he was worried about, though of course Jonathan would hire people to work at his estate. They both got out of the vehicle and went towards the place. Evan really couldn't help himself, he was staring at everything, from the large staircase and tall ceiling. A part of him felt like he should leave, though he already committed himself into this.

"Do you want something to drink?" asked Jonathan, while he steered him into a room with a bar.

"Yes please, something strong," replied Evan, while he hoped it would calm him down.

"Of course," chuckled Jonathan, who poured them both some rum and coke.

Some music started to play as Jonathan started to set the mood. Evan felt himself being dragged into the middle, and was taken into a slow dance. Neither of them even had a drop of more alcohol, but maybe they didn't need it. Both of them swayed into it, and moved naturally into each other. Jonathan even leaned his face over and started to kiss him. All his worries started to melt, as they kissed softly and then more hungry as it progressed. Their arms were all over each other, trying to feel each other. "Stop groping my ass," laughed Evan, once he felt a hand touching his backside. "I
can't resist that booty," replied Jonathan, who chuckled in response to it. This felt like something special, and a part of him knew he couldn't truly have him.

It was a sad thought, but it was the truth.

They eventually moved to the bedroom, where Jonathan started removing his clothes. Evan would get on his back and pull Jonathan over himself, once they were on the bed. Both of were naked and grinding on each other, while passionate kissing in the darkness. Jonathan only stopped to get some lubricant. This was necessary if they were to go any further. One finger slipped inside, and he was so tense during it. His new lover kissed him on the forehead to reassure him, and tried to get him to relax. Another finger eventually joined it, as he felt Jonathan kiss his chest and then suddenly graze his teeth over his nipple. This felt foreign and strange, though he started to enjoy feeling a tongue moving in circles on it.

The same treatment happened to the other, he started to realize he was moaning. Evan had never been stimulated from the front and back before, but didn't really mind it. Jonathan eventually pulled away to pour the lubricant on himself, and started to place Evan's legs over his shoulders, "just take in a deep breath and exhale, I'll try to go slow." It wasn't as painful as Evan imagine it would be, though there's an uncomfortable pressure on his abdomen. His breathing was even and his lover did move inside slowly. He'd feel it move all the way in, until it moved out again. The pace eventually quicken, causing Evan to grip his shoulders. They both rocked into each other, and he was getting louder with each thrust.

His head was getting hazy and he came without a warning. Jonathan was still moving inside of him, but eventually pulled out and came all over the sheets. They were both panting, trying to catch their own breath. Evan could move, so he decided to lay on the bed. It took some time for Jonathan to get up off the bed, and decide to take a shower. "I'll be back and you can go next, once you can stand up," smirked Jonathan, who seemed proud that he reduced Evan into this state. The only thing Evan did was nod his head, and watch as his lover walked away. He laid there for awhile, just wondering what he was doing. This is when he looked over and noticed a slightly opened closet. It peeked his interest, and he was supposed to investigate this man, which was his only excuse to snoop around.

Evan barely managed to get up, and walked over to it. What he saw left him paralyzed, then left him staring at what's inside, "no, no, no. This can't be happening."

It was however happening, and inside was a hockey mask and a hoodie. This belonged to the notorious villain. There was also weapons and plenty of extra outfits for his lover to wear.

Evan was falling for Jonathan who was Delirious. He wasn't supposed to be in love. A super hero couldn't be with a criminal, and he didn't know what to do.

Chapter End Notes

Merry Christmas Everyone!

I made this fic as a Christmas present to my girlfriend, and I hope she likes it. It took forever to make, since it's a lot longer than any of my other one-shots. The drawing also took some time, but hopefully it puts everyone in a kick ass mood for Christmas. X3

I've been wanting to do a superhero au, and oddly enough a dream gave me my idea. It's when I decided to combine superhero with an office au. I know superhero aus are
extremely common, but hopefully it's different enough (I haven't read what other people post).

Thanks for reading!

~

Merry Christmas Jhanya, I wuv you tons!

~Melon
"Welcome to the Athena guild, how may I assist you?" asked Evan very professionally, as he had never seen these faces before. They were clearly adventures, but not from their guild.

"We would like to transfer to this guild," said one of them, who was clearly a warrior class.

"Of course, please allow me to get the paper work. Can you both read and write?" questioned Evan, since sometimes he would have to fill them out himself, if they didn't learn how to do it.

"Both of us can, so just get us what we need," replied the warrior, while Evan slowly got up to do just that.

There was only one slight problem, though he was grateful that the guild let him work as a receptionist. Evan had to carefully get up from his seat, then grab his staff from the side. It however wasn't used for magic this time, as he used his weight on it to finally get up. These adventurers were clearly staring, but at least weren't saying anything rude about it. He'd finally got his balance, then slowly limp his way towards where the paperwork would be located. Evan could hear muttering from everywhere, which he learned to ignore it. Everyone couldn't be talking about him, though didn't stop the paranoid feeling he had at times. The paperwork wouldn't be fun for a couple of fighters, one of them seemed more buff than the other. If he'd guess, the other one was probably a rogue or a scout.

"Here you go, please get back in line once you're done. If you have any questions then please feel free to ask," said Evan with a smile, though neither of them had one.

Mostly it was adventurers coming over to him to seek out quests, though occasionally he'd get a new person seeking to become an adventurer. It was tough sometimes, especially with the crowd of people and huge lines. They would get a quest from the board, then bring it to him. Evan of course would give them more details, if it wasn't on the parchment. Mostly adventurers asked about the payment, though more experienced ones ask other questions. He would have to answer them as best as he could, though he wasn't an adventurer, at least not anymore. The two men finally showed up, and they had filled out the sheets. Evan looked over them, making sure nothing wasn't accidentally excluded.

"Delirious is it? You forgot your signature here, but other than that, you both should be squared away," stated Evan with a smile, which he was referring to the slightly smaller of the two.

"So what else do we do, or should anything else happen?" questioned Cartoonz, who was the warrior's name written on the sheet.

"Since you already informed your guild that you are no longer affiliated, we will give you new tags once we are given the paperwork from your guild. It would confirm all the information you've give us, and it might take up to two to three days," said Evan honestly, as he expected the uproar.
"Two to three days, are you fucking serious? What are we going to do without work for those days? We can't go on quests without our new tags," complained Cartoonz angrily, though from their armor they were clearly high ranking.

Evan thought on it for a moment, then decided he would take a risk and giving these adventurers a chance, "very well, I guess I can make an exception. I'll have your tags made, and they should have your proper rank that you have written down. I'll still confirm it with your former guild, but I'll at least get your sorted today."

This changed the mood of both of them, it was clear on their faces. The only reason Evan was making this exception, was because it was difficult for any adventurer to get such armor, as they were wearing now. One of them wore armor made from dragon scales, though the rogue wore some blacken leather armor. He'd guess it was probably enchanted, though there was some platemail attached to certain parts. Evan started the busy work of pulling some papers from below his desk, and then filling out the forms requesting their information. The last part was to get up and get them their new tags, which was always a struggle for him. It was the reason he was so grateful to get the job, because hardly any place would hire him.

"I could get them for you, if you want," said Delirious, who seemed to be eyeing on here he was limping.

"It's no problem, I'll be back in a bit," replied Evan, as he started to limp faster away, though it tired him a lot once he dug through the backroom and stood for so long.

This room contained many tags, from various elements, along with other items he searched through. They were both silver rank, which was the third highest rank. The only thing higher was gold and platinum, though gold only worked in castles or private body guards. Platinum heroes were extremely rare, and mostly told in legends. These men were the highest rank for on the field, if they weren't lying about their rank. Evan eventually came back with silver tags, which had the emblem of their guild. He sat back on his chair weakly, the pain in his leg bothering him, where he was injured so many years ago. Most guild receptionist had to beat the names into the tags, which was practiced many time to get it done perfectly. This however wasn't what Evan did to get their names on it, since he had a different method.

"Elements of fire hear my call, bend to my words and burn those who oppose me," muttered Evan, as he closed his eyes and concentrated on both tags, while he casted a basic flame spell. It would glow red from the heat, though he manipulated where it would burn. The names appeared from on the hot metal, which seemed to really impress them. "That's so cool, what else can you do?" asked Delirious excitedly, though trying to pick up the hot tag, "ow ow ow, fuck! This shit hurts!" It probably wasn't very professional, but Evan actually laughed and watched as Delirious put the two sore fingers in his mouth to soothe them. "Idiot, you can't just touch them, they have to cool off," said Cartoonz in an agitated tone, and his tough appearance would intimidate most people.

"Ice, cold, chill through my words, and freeze my enemy," chanted Evan, as his basic cold spell worked to chill it enough to cool down, but not necessary caught the metal to break.

Both adventurers grabbed their tags happily, then thanked him for doing this for him. It was his job, so Evan thought nothing of it. The guild had hired him, because they thought an ex-wizard might be a good worker. It wasn't like he couldn't cast spells anymore, he'd proven that in the very moment that he could. There was just other reasons that had stopped him from doing what he once loved.

Another adventurer appeared in the line, looking to hunt down giant rats in the sewer. Evan would place on his friendliest smile and present the person with the details. Life always moved on, and another adventurer would show up. This was just how it was as a guild receptionist, as he busily did
his job. The only thing to interrupt him was some yelling.

"I said you're too low for this quest, are you deaf along with being retarded?" questioned Tyler angrily, while he dealt with his own adventurer in front of him.

Evan let it be because eventually it'll work itself out, if it did get out of hand, Tyler was known to beat up adventurers and kick them out. He however wished his friend would handle it a little more gently. The night would soon go on, as he did get a couple of stubborn adventurers himself. It was his job to advise them on what to do, but he couldn't exactly stop them. No adventurer could be denied any work, as long as they had signed up for it. There was many times where Evan had to bring the bad news to their family, and if they had no relations their equipment was used for the town. This wasn't a big place, though not small either for a guild. It provided just enough adventurers, or even inspiring ones that would get killed.

When his shift was over, he quickly got out from his chair and grabbed his staff. Evan would stretch out each arm individually, and then try to stretch his legs. His butt was hurting for sitting so long in his seat, though it couldn't be avoided. Nogla was the one to help him close up, since Tyler was more concerned with leaving the place. His friend smiled at him, putting the paper work away, while Evan went looking for his keys to close the doors. They both moved by routine, and managed to get everything done. Evan locked everything behind them, once they exited the building. He felt exhausted from working all day, though he normally asked for long shifts. Sometimes his friends thought he was crazy for working so much, but he didn't really have anything else in his life.

"We should gather up the guys, and have a night out. You know, like old times?" suggested Nogla, while they both walked over to the house they shared together in town. There was other people who lived there too, and everyone shared rent.

"Yeah, that does that sound fun, maybe on a weekend," agreed Evan, though the likeliness of him taking so much time off was unusual for him.

"Then it's settled, all of us will eat potatoes and pork at this here place I found," chuckled Nogla to himself, as they managed to get back home.

It took them a little longer, since Evan had to limp his way over there. Brock and Marcel seemed to be already home, probably came back from a short adventure. At first it was only Evan working at the guild place, but then he started asking them for their help. Tyler was immediately the first person to volunteer, despite complaining that a desk job was boring. The place use to be understaffed, and yet things changed once they joined. It was mostly unheard of, that adventurers would become a receptionist. Now the guys would take turns to help him, because Evan knew he wasn't fast in his work. He was smart and effective in anything he did, but didn't mean his disability didn't hinder him somewhat. At least they still kept him around.

"I just made dinner if you guys are hungry," said Brock cheerfully, and the smell of meat drifted into the air.

"I'll take some to my room, I'm beat," replied Evan, while he did just that, and got himself a plate with beef and bread.

The guys were chatting with lots of enthusiasm, though Evan didn't feel in the mood to chat with them. He'd go into his small room and ate quietly. It barely fit a bed and dresser, though he still managed to have some space on the floor. Evan would carefully sit on his bed, after he put his empty plate away on the dresser. His legs would ache, reminding him why he became a guild receptionist. It's been so many years ago, though it flashed in his memories like it was yesterday. All because he made one dumb mistake, almost getting his entire party wiped out in the process. He was grateful to
be the only one who was became disabled, and his friends all still alive. This was the only thing he could ask for, as he rummaged through his bag that was beside his bed.

A potion was pulled out, as he sipped from it slowly. The bitter taste hit his tongue, and he slowly started to feel tired. Evan put everything back on the floor, before he started to drift back into sleep. His friends never blamed him for all his mistakes, but he'd never forget. If only he had more experience, the knowledge to defeat those thugs, then maybe he wouldn't have ended up this way. It was the risk of being an adventurer, though everyone knew this. Evan was just one of the lucky ones that made it, as he finally fell asleep. His dreams eventually became nightmares, despite him trying to get restful sleep. He'd wake up squirming and gasping, then hoping that none of his friends had heard him. This is when he realized he forgot to cast a certain spell.

"Oh spirits hear my call, come forth so that there shall be no sound," chanted Evan, as he casted silence into the room to deafen any noise. This was a much higher ranking spell, since it evoked into a range of space.

It would take a much longer time to wake up, but when tomorrow came, he was back to work once more.

Evan was back at his desk job in the morning, while Tyler was placing up the quests. Adventurers would sometimes wait very early hours, just so they were the first ones to choose. Some jobs offered more money than others, especially lengthy escort missions. Anything that took more time than just slaughtering some monsters were worth more, though more dangerous ones were often good on coin. They would sometimes ask for their reward in the morning, but usually Evan got that during the end of his shift or in the middle. Later during the day, a man with a grey mask and white robes appeared. It was like Evan knew immediately he must from that unusual party.

He gave Ohm the same treatment, he'd crafted out his tag after he had Ohm fill out some paper work. The person left afterwards, didn't even look at the available quests. Most likely because Evan noticed he was upset, because his party had left without him. This was common sometimes, especially with higher ranking parties, that didn't always needed to depend on all the members to be present. Around noon is when he saw one of them, and he looked absolutely filthy. "I'm here for the reward," explained Delirious, who slayed a large ogre during a quest, and started bragging about it, "you should've seen it! He'd swing this massive club, and I like slide right underneath him. When I got behind him, it was like bam, I got him in the legs."

"Oh that sounds exciting you must be so tired from your trip," said Evan with fake enthusiasm, it was part of his job as well. Sometimes he had to act to the part, because these adventurers were their source of income. The guild didn't go out to fight, instead they gathered up quests from villages and even castles. This was either done by adventurers, or their own scouts, though mostly it was done by the person that requested it. It was common for a village to ask for a quest to be available in their area, so the adventurer would slay whatever that was terrifying them. This usually wasn't the bigger paying jobs, but adventurers somehow made a living off of it. Evan's job paid even less, though he was grateful for having it anyways.

"You know, you're kinda cute. When does your shift end?" asked Delirious, while he was clearly hitting on him.

"I'm sorry, I don't date adventurers," replied Evan quickly, since he was often hit on by female adventurers, though didn't expect this guy to do it as well. It also made him feel a little upset inside, because this guy didn't know him, and was most likely just interested in getting in his pants.

"Really? Well that's a shame," said Delirious sadly, and he looked sincere about it, "I was thinking about maybe spending the money I just earned, and we could go eat lunch at the nearest inn."
"I have your earnings here sir," stated Evan, as he quickly changed the subject. 

Ogres were extremely powerful, and ten times bigger than any man. They had such devastating swings, and often used large clubs crafted out of trees. The earning was a lot, and most women wouldn't mind leeching off a guy like this. A silver rank wasn't anything to frown on, but Evan wasn't into that sort of thing. He'd rather find someone that liked him, though that would be a rare feat. "I wouldn't be able to walk there anyways," muttered Evan, and yet he didn't mean to say it out loud. His house wasn't far from the guild place, and that's why his friends had purchased it. This is also the reason he didn't go out much, or did anything but worked there. There seemed to be a glimmer in Delirious' eyes, and he seemed to look hopeful.

"What if I carried you there? I'm actually really strong," said Delirious, though he ruined the moment by flexing his biceps.

"I'm sorry, but I really do have to go back to work and you're holding up the line," Evan pointed out, so the adventurer would take the hint.

"Maybe next time then," replied Delirious cheerfully, like he ignored the fact that he just got rejected.

Evan didn't really think much of it, because it was normal for adventurers to hit on the pretty receptionist. He remember in the past girls would hit on him, when he use to wore light leather armor and had a very polished gold and black staff. Those days were however over, and he went back to wearing civilian clothes. Evan also remembered wearing robes, though he felt awkward to wear something his friends would tease him on, because they called it his dress. The black and red robes looked amazing on him, but he had to try to forget about the past. He wasn't an adventurer anymore, and was only a lowly receptionist.

"Next in line please," said Evan cheerfully, which covered up what he was truly feeling. He had to act professional after all.

The very next day the three man party showed up, wanting to do a bandit quest. It always brought up fresh memories, though he would make himself presentable and go over the details. Only Ohm seemed to be interested asking the important information, "how well armed are these guys? When were they last seen?" Evan could only tell him the latter, though the village could give the rest. He'd watch as they got ready to leave, but something unusual happened. "I'll come back tomorrow after my quest, and maybe we can eat something delicious together," said Delirious with a wink, before disappearing with the others, who had already started walking without him.

This couldn't be a usual thing, at least that's what Evan had thought. He didn't really know what to make of this flirty Rogue, but he did feel a little annoyed. It felt nice to be hit on, and be known that someone could be interested in him. Evan however felt like it was so weird, that some random stranger would take a liking to him. He wondered if the person was into disabled people, or just thought he'd be really easy to sleep with. It didn't matter what it was, because Evan was planning on turning him down every time. There wasn't time for any romance, or silly thoughts. Another person came to his desk, and this meant that he had to go to work. His smile came back on his face, and he'd say the same line. Everything worked like clock work, though some reason he didn't mind.

"Welcome to the Athena guild, you must be new. How could I assist you?"
There will be a part 2, since I'm in the process of writing it.

I was inspired by Goblin Slayer, which is an anime. I've read some of the manga and any anime episodes available. I'm also currently reading the light novel, which is the original. As you can tell, I'm obsessed. XD

I'm sick with the flu, so be patient with me. I'll hopefully get better soon, but I'll keep writing in the meantime. Thanks for reading!

~Melon
After so much time has passed he wondered what made him persistent, the rogue would come back from his quest around noon and always tried to ask him out. It didn't matter how many times Evan rejected him, some reason the guy wouldn't take a hint. Delirious also never failed to flirt with him every morning, while ignoring the snickering of his friends. There really wasn't any explanation for it, as Evan started to open up the place. Adventurers were already coming inside, despite the quests not being posted just yet. Tyler was always in charge of retrieving them, though he would always complain about his job, "this sucks, I hate getting up this early. Why are they such a pain in the ass." It only caused Evan to chuckle, and get all the paperwork onto his desk. He'd sit in his usual spot, not knowing what the day would bring.

"I remember when we were adventurers, and you'd always complain that the quests didn't arrive soon enough," Evan pointed out, though it's been so many years ago.

"Well, that's in the past. I didn't realize what a pain in the ass it is," groaned Tyler, while he gathered up the papers for the quests.

A small smile was on Evan's face, and this time it was genuine. His friend use to be his vanguard, and always guarded the front. He liked to think that Tyler was always defensive, because he was like that in combat. Nogla's calm demeanor entered the room, though Evan knew better from his friend. Sometimes even Nogla would have shouting matches with the adventurers, and had a hot temper to go with it. There was even moments were Evan would instigate that rage, and it would make work more bearable. "I remember those days, I'd always tell him to calm down and be patient," said Nogla, who was his former shaman, while ignoring the fact that Tyler was flipping him off. Evan couldn't forget those days, and yet he'll never get them back.

"Welcome to the Athena guild, how may I assist you," said Evan cheerfully, and didn't miss a beat with his usual speech.

The line continue to move, as more adventurers signed up for quests. It didn't take long for the usual three to show up, and Evan happily asked to see the paper with the quest on it. All quests were put up on the bulletin board, that way adventurers could bring it to a receptionist. This was the way they conducted business, though most adventurers would just say that's just how they started their adventure. "We'll take the escort mission," stated Ohm, as he handed it over, then he started asking questions. Evan's face went pale a little, though tried to answer as much as he could. There was more details this time, since they were supposed to escort a woman with a high standing. This would normally be for gold ranking adventurers, though the fact that it was far trip, sometimes they were given to silver ranks.

"This missions will take you up to five to seven days to complete, depending on if you're delayed at all. She will be at his estate and you will be escorting her from her carriage," explained Evan, since they would most likely need horses to travel with her.

"It's a piece of cake, we can handle it," replied Ohm, and it did sound like easy money.

"Hell yeah we can, I'm so pumped up for this that my nipples are hard," added Cartoonz in a joking manner, as he joined Ohm's banter.
"Hey are you okay?" asked Delirious, while his friends were both chatting with each other, and not really paying attention to their interaction.

"Yeah I'm fine," answered Evan quickly, as he put on a fake smile. He didn't mean to let it slip, but he was feeling slightly anxious and worried.

"Well if you ever have a problem with someone or something, I'll fight them off. I'll do it with on hand," bragged Delirious, while he started to act a little like his old self, "but seriously, I'm always here if you need me."

It really sounded genuine, causing Evan's face to flush and took a little longer to answer, "I'm fine, really, but good luck on your adventure."

"Maybe this time you'll go on a date with me when I come back," said Delirious hopefully, though he was shot down immediately.

"Sorry, I don't date adventurers," replied Evan, and chuckled when Delirious deflated a little and his friends were teasing him about it.

"Shot down again I see, it's been over a month now. When are you going to let it go?" questioned Ohm, as he laughed at the situation.

"Don't even try Ohm, his stubborn ass can't learn," added Cartoonz, but the two were just having fun with it.

"Shut up! It might happen," pouted Delirious, while the three of them finally left to go on their quest.

There was an uneasy sense of deja vu that he didn't like, but Evan had to shake it off. Another adventurer come up to him, and he had to be professional. Delirious would be like any other adventurer, he'd eventually lose interest. It was dangerous for a receptionist to get attached to them, especially fall in love with someone of that life style. Adventurers didn't always escape death, and lived their lives as carefree as possible, almost like they were invincible. Evan lived like that once, until he made that fatal mistake. His legged ached again, a phantom pain that reminded him of it every day. He'd smile at everyone, did his job, more importantly he wouldn't fall for someone. It wasn't like anyone would want him like that anyways.

The days would pass by and felt mundane to him.

A part of scolded himself, when he felt disappointed to not see him. Of course they wouldn't arrive in the morning, or even at the evening to claim their reward. They were still on that quest, but he didn't want to admit it. Evan actually missed having Delirious around. The rogue was obnoxious, loud, and more importantly couldn't take a hint. Delirious also made the days a little more exciting, as he boasted about his quest. Most adventurers didn't bother with it, since he was only a receptionist. They would write their report, and then get their reward. There was no point in telling him their adventure, and yet it was like Delirious wanted him to experience some of it. This left an ache on Evan's heart, but a good one.

He forgot how fun it was to be an adventurer. Over the years he grew bitter, but mostly towards himself. A part of him use to felt envious of them, and even jealous that they could explore the world. Now he was grateful for what he had, while still alive for something, maybe some kind of purpose. The days grew into a week and there was still not sign of them. Maybe there was delays, or they could've been attacked. There was a reason why people needed to be escorted, bandits loved to ambush people. Evan gripped his pen tightly, trying to wish those negatives thoughts away. He only grew even more worried and concerned, when nine days had passed and still no sign of them. It was
impossible for him to deny, that he was attached to him.

"Have you heard? Our new silver ranks were badly wounded, but managed to take out those thugs," said Marcel, since it was his and Brock's turn to work at the place.

"Those things happen sometimes, I'm sure they'll be back," replied Brock, though Evan's friends stared at him when he quickly got up and limped over to Marcel with his staff.

"Do you have their names? The details to their quest?" asked Evan desperately, while he abandoned the adventurer that he was supposed to be helping.

Evan's friends seemed to be at a loss for words, because they have never seen him this worried and scared in a long time. He didn't even bothered to wait for an answer, and went to look for the quest sheet. It was in his memory on how long ago it was, as he dug through the stacks of papers in the back room. This had information on where they were supposed to escort this person, so there was hope that they were trying to rest there. "I won't be back today, close my line for me," shouted Evan, as he started to limp out of the guild place. His friends probably wanted to stop him, but they still had their jobs to do. He'd apologize to them later, right now this was more important.

There was pain circulating through his leg, and yet he'd ignore it and continued forward. In his panic state he went straight for home, as he needed to prepare for the trip. Evan was surprised to see Brian inside, who had his armor off and looked exhausted from a long journey, "hi Evan, how have you- wait, where are you going? What's the rush here?" His friend kept shouting at him, though he went inside his room and shut the door behind him. He had various things lying around, but he specifically opened a drawer in his dresser, before grabbing all the items he would need. Brian was at his door when he finally opened it, but he tried to walk past his friend and was stopped. There was no time to delay, and yet he couldn't get past him.

"Wait Evan, tell me what's going on," said Brian worriedly, and was eager to help out.

"I have to go, move out of my way!" shouted Evan, which he tried to act tougher than what he felt.

"God damn it Evan, you will not do this to us again. You can't just shut everyone out, when we want to help you. So help me now, tell me why you are in such a hurry?" questioned Brian angrily, yet to his surprise Evan actually caved in.

"P-please you h-have to let me through, Delirious is probably seriously hurt and I need to help him," replied Evan shakily, while feeling weak from the burden on him, "I'm not letting someone die again, not when I can do something."

"Then let me help, I'll take you there. I mean how are you going to get there with your legs like that?" Brian pointed out, then decided to go with Evan without any hesitation.

They both packed their things, knowing it would most likely be a long trip. Evan noticed that his friend was tired from his journey, but didn't want to show it. Brian even got Evan to lean on him, while he carried their luggage. One was on his back, and the other on his other side. Both of them walked slowly, until they went to the other side of town. This was tedious, though they both could manage it. A carriage seemed to be waiting for them, as Brian paid for it and told the driver their set location. Everything was happening so fast, and for once Evan felt tired enough to rest in the back. His friend was also exhausted, and leaned against some boxes. It's been forever since Evan left this town, and went out with a purpose. He'd close his eyes, knowing that it would be a few hours to get there, and Delirious might need him.

It did take four hours, until the horses took them to the town they needed to be in. Evan got out
immediately, while feeling some relief of getting out of a cramped space. None of it was doing any good for his leg, though they moved forward. "If they're here, I'd check the temple. The high priest and priestess should be tending to nearby adventurers. I'll get us a place to stay for the night," stated Brian, as he hauled off their luggage with him towards any available inn. The lights were mostly out, and night had already arrived. They traveled for so long, that morning would eventually come. Evan set off for the temple, hoping that he wasn't too late. His journey was too long, and Delirious could be injured for days.

"Greeting adventurer, do you have any wounds that need healing?" asked one of the priestess, though that's not what he needed.

"Has three adventurers arrived here? A rogue, warrior, and healer?" questioned Evan, while he hoped they were here.

"There might be a group like this, please come in," answered the priestess, as she guided him inside the temple.

She went to other healers, and asking them the same question he asked her. One of the priest nodded his head, and insisted that Evan should follow him. Every part of him hoped that maybe, he was only over reacting and that the rogue was safe. It was however to his horror to see all three of them injured, and placed into a room together. The temple had restorative water, which people said were blessed by the gods. Adventurers would travel far for it's healing properties, and some would even try to steal some of it. Delirious was in the water, while only his head wasn't submerged. There was signs of distress from the others, who were also in the water. Cartoonz had a huge gash on his chest, like some large sword had cut through his armor.

"Delirious are you okay?" questioned Evan, as he quickly rushed to his side and noticed the rogue looking up at him, when he immediately got into the water. His clothes were getting soaked, though his one small bag was placed on the side.

"Evan? Am I dreaming?" questioned Delirious, who chuckled and tried to reach up at him. This was when Evan noticed the problem, and immediately grabbed his arm, "you've been cursed."

"Yeah, some damn dark elf attacked us with some other bandits. His spell got me, and it's been spreading through my arm," said Delirious, though he seemed more keen on staring at him, almost like Evan might suddenly disappear, "are you really here?"

"Yeah I'm here," replied Evan, while he held his hand gently, then started examining the curse on it. It's something he's seen before, so at least that was some saving grace. The healers probably only dealt with minor curses, and the complexity of this one would make it more difficult. Evan started digging through his bag, hoping that he had the right ingredients. He wasn't a healer, but he knew about alchemy. It was rare for a wizard to not work potions, unless they preferred to focus only on casting more devastating spells. This however wasn't his path, as he got injured and decided to learn more about herbs. The restorative water was helping the aches on his leg, while he got to work. Delirious was watching him, probably too amazed at everything he's pulling out of his bag. It was enchanted to fit more stuff, than what it was supposed to hold.

"It's not going to taste very good, but you'll have to suck it up," teased Evan, while he tried to lighten up the mood, "you should be lucky that it hasn't grown much. At this stage it's easy to deal with. Are the others cursed?"

"No we're fine, I'm exhausted from using to much spells," stated Ohm, since he decided to talk, and
was a reminder that they were still there.

"Speak for yourself, do you see this thing on my chest? It'll probably scar," complained Cartoonz, as he shifted in the water.

"Poor Toonz, he's got an ugly scar. Want me to kiss it better?" taunted Ohm, which made the two bicker amongst each other.

Evan tried to concentrate on helping Delirious despite the distraction. He'd put the right ingredients into his bowl, then started grinding them up with a thick wooden tool. A knife was drawn out, as he nicked himself and started putting it in with the rest. Blood magic wasn't very common, but his friends went on adventures and got him anything he wanted. Mostly Evan would ask for spell books and herbs, which is why he was prepared. He was also willing to give up a bit of himself, just to perform this spell, "please spirits hear my call, mend and bend to my will." The paste was already spread over Delirious' arm, when he started casting it. This remove curse spell took some extra chanting, while Evan whispered it softly over and over again. It almost sounded like a lullaby.

Most casters get tired after casting three or four spells, so this meant that Evan would be okay. The curse started to lift and dissipate on Delirious' arm. This is when Evan finally relaxed, and then decided to finally hug his favorite adventurer. He'd travel for hours, worried for days over someone he barely knew. Some reason Evan still really liked this flirty dense rogue, who didn't take a hint for over a month. "Does that mean you'll let me take you on a date now?" asked Delirious, as those words immediately broke all the tension. Evan's only response was to start kissing him, like the other person might suddenly disappear on him. This is when he decided to give love another chance, and maybe not let his disability define himself.

They started going on their first date, once Delirious made a full recovery. This would take a couple days.

Evan was still limping with each step, though he looked forward to walking around town and doing things he didn't tend to do. He'd put on his best outfit, which was his red and black robes. It felt foreign, but his new boyfriend encouraged him to become the wizard he wanted to be, even if he couldn't walk very well. He'd even put on some long dark red knee high socks, just to cover up the damage. The final touch were some long black boots, that had his Vanoss' insignia on them. This was his adventurer name, before he tossed it aside to become a guild receptionist instead. His friends also supported his decision, and weren't even surprised to hear that he was going on a date with this rogue. Everyone knew that Delirious was flirting with him, and it wasn't like the rogue was hiding it.

"Evan, oh my god, you look amazing," said Delirious, who actually wore less armor and instead wore blue cloak over his leather vest and black pants.

"You look really good yourself," replied Evan cheerfully, as he limped his way over to him, "so where are we going?"

"It's a surprise," smirked Delirious, like he as up to something no good, though for some reason Evan followed him anyways.

They were walking to a priest to his surprise, though the mage looked very old and gather them to teleport somewhere. It made him very unsure of where their date location would be, but he still looked forward to it. Some adventurers weren't very clever with their date location, though Evan had high hopes for this one. The old man started to do his chant, then they suddenly appeared in a building made out of stone. There was other people there, as Evan recognized the place. He started wondering why they were at the temple, since they only been there for Delirious' recovery. Evan would glance over at his boyfriend, but the smile never gave him away and he couldn't read him.
"I guess this isn't a normal date, but I thought we'd have dinner here and then you'll see the gift I have for you," explained Delirious, as he suddenly looked a little nervous, "I hope you don't mind."

"No it's perfect, thank you," replied Evan honestly, and it was perfect as long as it was with him.

When Delirious was recovery, he had to leave the next day, despite him wanting to stay with him. His friends needed all the help they could get, and he went back to work reluctantly. At least his boyfriend was very understanding, even if they both didn't want to be separated. Now they could spend as much time together as possible, as they had a room to themselves. Delirious had taken him to one of the restorative bath houses, and explained that he paid to have the place empty for the night. This made Evan blush and immediately reached up to remove his robes. A hand had stopped him, and Evan wasn't sure what was making him more red, either the rising steam or the man that wanted to undress him.

"I didn't want to force you to walk around, I know it hurts a lot. I thought maybe you'd enjoy this instead, since you didn't get a chance to enjoy it last time," explained Delirious, though that smirk never left his face, "plus I get to see your booty."

"You jerk, I knew you just wanted to get me out of my robes," joked Evan, as he allowed the other person to slowly raise the robes upwards, because it was the only way to take them off. The entire time he felt nervous, as the article of clothing was pulled over his head. Delirious was staring at him, and making him feel self conscious, "you look beautiful." Those words startled Evan, which made him hold onto his staff tighter. He didn't think anyone would say that about him, especially looking at his scarred skin. There was also traces of old burn marks, which was a result of training and his old failures. His boyfriend had him sit on one of those stone benches, before slowly taking off his boots for him. The way Delirious was undressing him, was almost like he was afraid Evan would break with his touch.

"Don't be too surprised, but it's not very pretty," interrupted Evan, when the boots were off and only left his knee high socks.

"All of you is pretty," chuckled Delirious, as he slowly peeled the sock down and kissed the exposed flesh. This moved at a normal pace, until it finally came off and exposed a normal foot.

"Wait! I'll take this one off," insisted Evan, then proceeded to bend down and peel the sock on his bad leg.

He couldn't even look at Delirious, while the sock finally came off. There was even an audible gap from his boyfriend, which wasn't much of a surprise, the flesh did look ugly underneath. "Who did this to you?" asked Delirious angrily, like he was going to kill the person who was responsible. Instead Evan shook his head and let out a fake smile, "it's very old and from a mistake I made on a quest. We can stop if you want." A part of him thought they were stopping, because his leg killed the mood. He felt a hand grasp his leg lightly, before he saw Delirious kiss the blackened charred looking skin. It however wasn't because of any burns, this was an old curse, which no longer moved or grew. This was very similar to Delirious' curse, though cured by someone will less experience and efficiency.

"I swear by my life, I'll protect you. If anyone hurts you again, I'm gonna kill them," stated Delirious with meaning, then scooped Evan into his arms.

They were both headed towards the water, in the shallow area where Evan can sit and lean against the edge. He'd look up to see Delirious removing his clothes, and then getting in with him. It did feel safe to have the rogue on top of him, while they kissed feverly. Those kisses were trailed down his chest, as he'd feel Delirious experiment with his licks and started sucking on his nipples. The odd
sensation made him hard, as they grind into each other in the water. "This is all about you tonight," said Delirious, before he suddenly disappeared down in the water. Evan started to wonder what was happening, until he felt a hand on his member and then someone starting to suck him off. This was one of the things he's never tried before with any partner.

His hands underneath, and one met a shoulder and the other on Delirious' hair. It took everything for him to not push him down and choke him. "F-fuck," moaned Evan loudly, as he didn't care who heard him. His boyfriend was really good, and he rarely touched himself or allowed this kind of pleasure. It wasn't because of any religion, mostly it was the neglect he had for himself. Delirious eventually came up for air, though started pumping Evan harshly with his hand. It didn't take long for Evan to cum and then collapse on him. He'd close his eyes, knowing that Delirious would take care of the rest. They both held each other, knowing that this was all they needed. This was definitely one of Evan's best dates so far.

"One day I hope you tell me the entire story," said Delirious, who finally broke the silence.

"There isn't much to tell," replied Evan, but he knew it most likely needed to be said, "I was cursed during an adventurer. My friends trusted me to escort this princess, and instead of doing my job. I got very distracted, because she was flirting with me and hadn't been pledged to marry anyone. Of course I thought about getting laid, and then forgetting about her afterwards. It's something me and my friends do a lot."

"It's okay, we all make mistakes. We've all messed with pretty girls," muttered Delirious, who held Evan's hand and tried to reassure him, once he abruptly stopped talking.

"It was just so stupid, I should've been more alert and helped keep watch. Instead I was trying to fuck some royal chick in the back of the carriage," said Evan painfully, while he decided to continue, "we were being attacked and I got out with my pants trying to fall off. My friends were trying to fight them off, and I don't remember the rest too well. Apparently one of the bandits managed kill her, and we failed. The same man cursed me, so I've regretted it ever since. I just miss being an adventurer so much."

Everything was finally out in the open, and even though Evan was crying, he also started to feel better.

"I promise I'll get you fighting out there with me, and I promise I'll find a way to cure your curse. More than anything, I promise to find the man responsible."

Some reason Evan felt like Delirious could do it.

Chapter End Notes

I finally posted, which I wondered how long it would take me to do it. I'm still extremely sick, but I'm getting better each day.

My birthday is this month on the 6th, though I don't really expect much from anyone. Except for my girlfriend, since she likes drawing stuff for special occasions. :

I think I'm gonna write something just for myself on my birthday, though I don't think anyone will really read it. I'm really into Goblin Slayer anime, and I ship Goblin SlaterxSpearman. It'll be fun to make anyways.
Thank you so much for reading.

~Melon
This was the first time he ever done this, but he knew these guys were professional. They were in the business for years, so he trusted them to take good care of him. Squirrel only thought about trying this, after Gorilla told him about this job. Apparently his good friend worked in the sex industry, where they made porno for cash. At first he was a bit apprehensive about it, though the porn stars were check for aids/hiv every week. The pay was also very good, and he trusted Gorilla more than anyone. Usually his friend was only the director of these shoots, this would be an exception, since Gorilla reassured him that he'd participate in it. This might seem weird for Squirrel to want his friend to be in the same sex video, but they had been fuck buddies recently and it seemed rather fun.

"Good to see that you could make it, just have a seat over there. The others will arrive any moment," said Gorilla casually, since they had to wait for the other porn stars.

Squirrel did do his researched, when he asked who would participate. He felt it would be awkward
to do a twosome, and pretend there was romance in it. The situation would be better if it was just straight dirty sex, at least that's what he preferred. There was also the curiosity of having multiple partners and having his first orgy. He's still young, so it couldn't hurt to try something new in a safe environment. Gorilla reassured him that he could stop any time he wanted, and if it got too much for him, they would stop filming. There wasn't anyone else inside, since he was early. Squirrel looked around, as he noticed the large bed nearby. He was sitting on the only couch, which had a small table nearby. It had various toys on the table, while he guessed they were for him.

"I hope I'm not late," said a voice, as the door opened and the person quickly stepped inside.

"No you're good Ohm, actually we're only waiting for two more guys," replied Gorilla, who was messing with the cameras, while making sure they would all work and had enough battery life.

Ohm actually seemed friendly, and didn't mind talking about his experience. He seemed to do both bottom and top, along with experimenting with various kinks. They were also doing it for the money, but Squirrel felt like he was going to be in capable hands. "Do you have any preferences? I don't mind doing them on you if you want," asked Ohm, as he tried to make him comfortable. The problem was that Squirrel wasn't very sure what he liked, and only done the basic stuff, which was just missionary style. He didn't have too many partners, or much experience with sex. It's why he decided to give this a try, and the money couldn't hurt either.

"I'll make sure you're fine with everything when we get started. The other two can get too wrapped in it, but I'm a lot more tame," said Ohm honestly, as they discussed a bit on what would happen, "I actually talked to Cartoonz about it, and he agreed that we would start out slow. Unless you prefer it more aggressive."

"Slow is fine, but I like it fast too," replied Squirrel, while he still felt nervous and yet a little reassured, "I kinda like it a little rough though."

"Have you cleaned yourself out?" questioned Ohm, since he wanted to make sure Squirrel would be ready.

"Clean myself out?" asked Squirrel in a confused tone, and wasn't sure what he meant.

"You know, clean out your back side, your hole," said Ohm bluntly, though noticed how embarrassed Squirrel looked, "Gorilla, Squirrel needs to clean himself. Do you have something he could use?"

It seemed like Gorilla knew exactly what he needed, as Squirrel wondered what it was. A weird oval shaped object was placed in his hands, though it also had an opening which was narrow and straight. Squirrel could squeeze it, as it let out a some air out of it. He was told to go in the bathroom, and fill it up with water. This processes should be repeated, until he managed to clean out anything that could be inside his bum. His face was bright red, while he quickly went into the bathroom to do just that. After filling it up three times, and letting the water out into the toilet, Squirrel came out with his face still flushed. There was now some new people in the room, who he knew were the other porn stars.

"I'm going to place the cameras, I got to make sure we get all the right angles," said the camera man, which looked like a friendly chubby bearded guy, "is this our star?"

"Yeah, he's our new guy. Panda, why don't you put one on the ceiling, I've got a rig for it," replied Gorilla, while the two set to work.

"Hi there, I'm Cartoonz and this is Delirious. We're the guys that will be pounding your ass,"
chuckled Cartoonz, as he seemed to look at their bottom with a teasing gaze.

"Be nice Toonzy, this is his first gang bang," Ohm pointed out, then he smiled at Squirrel kindly, "don't worry, everything will be fine."

"Is he into pain? I like it when I can hurt them a little," laughed Delirious insanely, though he was hit on the shoulder by Ohm, "what, I'm not lying." He rubbed his sore spot as he pouted.

"Be nice you two, or I'll make sure it's just a twosome," glared Ohm, but that would most likely not happen. None of the porn stars were in charge of the scene, it was up to Gorilla to pull someone out.

Since Gorilla was the director, also participating in the scene, he was the one to tell Squirrel to get undressed and on the bed. He started to peel his clothes awkwardly, while suddenly feeling shy and embarrassed. This is when his nerves started to creep up, and he started to panic a little. "You're doing fine, just lay on the bed," said Gorilla calmly, which seemed to help a lot. It reminded Squirrel that he wasn't in any harm, and his friend would let him bail if he suddenly changed his mind. It would suck for everyone else who wanted to get paid, but he wasn't going to do anything he didn't want to do. They knew he hadn't done porn before, as he eventually got naked on the bed.

"Now get on all four, one of you start getting him prepped. The scene will start with one of you eating him out, and the other will get a blow job from him," instructed Gorilla, as the other porn stars started to get on the bed.

Squirrel noticed that only Ohm was watching, since they couldn't all do him at once. Everyone was going to have a turn with him, at least that's what he was told. Panda was adjusting the camera, and letting them know when it was in focus. It was Cartoonz that was licking his back side, he even bit into his plump ass lightly, which made him yelp more out of surprise than anything else. "Open up your mouth bitch, I want you to get a good taste," smirked Delirious, as he gripped his hair tightly, and then used the other hand to slap his dick into Squirrel’s face. Gorilla looked like he wanted to interrupt, though Squirrel reached out with one hand and started putting him in his mouth. The girth was big, though his throat would adjust to it. Squirrel also felt two fingers probe in, after Cartoonz spat at his hole.

"He feels so damn tight, I can't wait to feel this on my dick" said Cartoonz, before he slapped his butt, causing Squirrel to react and accidentally choke on Delirious.

"His other hole feels really good as well," chuckled Delirious, who decided he liked the choking sounds and forced more of himself in Squirrel's mouth.

This wasn't exactly the slow pace that Squirrel was expecting for his first porno, but he wasn't complaining. The rough treatment was turning him on more than he was expecting it. Cartoonz started spitting on his hand and rubbing himself, before spitting at his hole and tried to go inside. There was a slight burn, though Squirrel could feel the large girth. It was much bigger than his previous partners, but he did prepare himself. He tried to relax himself, in both ends as Delirious was also fucking his throat ruthlessly. Squirrel could feel Delirious pull back, then announce that he was going to cum on his face, "make sure to get a good shot. I'm going to give him a facial."

It was apparent that Delirious was talking to the camera guy, and he could see Panda in his peripheral vision. The cum sprayed all over his face, which burned his eyes a little when he kept them open. Cartoonz was going at a slow pace behind him, though was going faster and grunting like he enjoyed it. Squirrel started letting out his own moans, as he was really feeling it. His hard on was against the bedding, so he couldn't really touch himself. When he felt Cartoonz pull out, he was a little confused until he could feel him cum on his back side. "Me next, I want to fuck him," said Delirious giddily, then he immediately got behind him. Someone interrupted them however, so they
started arguing over who could go next.

"Delirious you had some of your fun, let Ohm have a turn," interrupted Gorilla, who seemed to be trying to direct it. Somehow Squirrel felt like his friend was being slightly protective, because Delirious was being a little aggressive with his mouth earlier.

"Just let me do my thing man, you know I get this shit exciting. The viewers will be want to see me pound his ass," argued Delirious, and he started to spit into Squirrel's hole and turn him on his side.

"I don't mind waiting. Let him have his fun," added Ohm, which ended the discussion.

The filming was still going, and there would certainly be some editing. Delirious really didn't hold back, as he immediately went fast and started getting into it, "take my dick you fucking slut. You like that shit? Damn whore, want my cock so deep inside of you." It was the normal dirty talk, so Squirrel didn't mind. He even started moaning loudly, while feeling the other person use him. The bed was creaking so loudly, and then he felt Delirious bit down on his shoulder hard. There was nothing gentle about this, but then he felt the man cum inside of him. Squirrel still hadn't cum, as he noticed his own member was throbbing.

"We could've had a nice shot, you could've came on his stomach instead. Did you have to cum inside?" questioned Gorilla, though the immediate response was a crazy laugh from Delirious.

"Sounds like someone is a little jealous," smirked Delirious, as he slapped Squirrel's ass hard, then got off the bed, "he really is a good slut. I'll have to fuck him again in another shoot."

"I guess it's my turn, so Squirrel get on your back," said Ohm kindly, and he did interrupt so that nobody would say anything else.

It didn't go unnoticed that Gorilla was frowning, but he did pick the three to do this. Squirrel got on his back, and allowed Ohm to immediately slid inside. His legs were placed over Ohm's shoulders, though he could feel Ohm place kisses on his sore shoulder and on his chest. "You've opened up nicely, and that cum makes it easier to move," whispered Ohm softly, then he would move in a slow pace. When Squirrel felt Ohm kiss him, he was a little surprised. He'd allow it and open his mouth, though the kiss was absolutely filthy. Squirrel felt Ohm pull away slightly, then started to ground into him. There was definitely some skill in Ohm's thrusts, as he made sure to move where it felt really good.

"Right there?" asked Ohm, then he kissed his chin, before rotating his hips.

"Yeah, oh god, that feels really nice," replied Squirrel, and this was much different then what happened with the other two.

Ohm started moving faster, once he learned where Squirrel liked it. A hand even started to pump him with the rhythm, as they both came almost at the same time. He was filled with him, and it seems like Gorilla didn't bother even saying anything about it. They might all have their turn to do that, while he tried to catch his breath. "Do you think you can go on longer?" questioned Gorilla, who came over to the bed and then moved next to him, "I can stop it here, we have enough footage." The only reply was Squirrel shaking his head, and then Gorilla started laying on the bed. This is when Squirrel was instructed to get on top of him, so most likely he would ride him, at least that's what he thought.

"Cartoonz get over here. I don't really want my face in the film, so focus the camera work on him. Maybe even focus on Squirrel's hole," ordered Gorilla, as everything went into motion.

Squirrel was leaning over Gorilla, he was basically sitting on his dick. Cartoonz went behind him
and slid inside, and positioned himself, so the camera man can get a good shot on the hole. It was
certainly something Squirrel had never done, while he felt Cartoonz move harshly inside of him.
When he felt Cartoonz getting close, he moved out and called Delirious over. This is when he felt
Delirious start to fuck him again, as the bed creaked with the motion. The entire time he was looking
down, and noticed Gorilla staring up at him. A hand even reached up to move the hair from his face.
Squirrel even enjoyed the small kiss Gorilla gave him, which wouldn't be on the film.

"Ohm your turn," said Delirious, once he pulled out and didn't finish.

His hole was very stretched by now, and cum dripping out of it from previous actions. Ohm moved a
lot slower, probably more considerate to how much Squirrel's body went through. Gorilla told him to
get up, once Ohm was done with his turn. He was made to lay on the bed, and then the camera was
focused on his face. The three of them were masturbating, until all of them came on him. Gorilla was
the only one to step away and watch. Squirrel even notice that Gorilla was still hard, and didn't even
get a chance to have a turn. When he tried to suggest that Gorilla should have his fun, all the cameras
were being shut off.

"Excellent job guys, we're all taking a quick break," said Gorilla, and then some of them headed
towards the showers.

Only Ohm stayed by to ask if he was okay, though everything was more than fine. His new friend
even got him into the showers with him, as everyone started to get washed up. Panda was probably
in the bedroom looking over the footage with Gorilla. When everyone was cleaned, he noticed that
the guys were putting on their clothes. This must've been it, this was what a porn star felt like. He'd
have to ask Gorilla to let him do it again, because it was a lot of fun and easy money. Everyone was
clean as well, so he didn't even have to bother with condoms. The clean up was annoying, but totally
worth feeling all different types of dicks inside of him.

"Excuse me, is this the right place?" questioned some hot guy, that just walked into the room, "I'm
Evan, I'm supposed to do an orgy."

"Yes this is the right room, we're just doing clean up and then we'll set up the scene," said Gorilla,
who staged for the three guys to have sex with another person.

"Cool, please treat me well," said Evan happily, before putting down his bag, which had his spare
clothes.

Both Evan and Squirrel looked at each other, then he noticed the big smirk on Evan's face.

"So, who has the bigger dick?" chuckled Evan, and this is when Squirrel had a feeling they would
work together in the future. At least be in a scene together with someone else as their partner.

Chapter End Notes
THRU...
Go follow Jhanyaiartist on tumblr for more amazing BBS drawings!

Also check out her nsfw account Jnswfart

This was really fun to make and you guys asked for a gangbang. XD It was extremely close though, so maybe eventually I'll make a Ohmtoonz animal au, since it was second place.

Thanks for reading!

~Melon
It was always done by routine.

Tyler would check the house, make sure nothing got inside. This was done before he even ate anything, or even used the bathroom. Once the inspection was over, he would check to make sure that nothing got moved or disturbed. Eventually the place felt safe enough, and he'd use the toilet, then later go into the kitchen to find something to eat. His reserves were low, so he swore loudly and grabbed what little cereal he had. It tasted slightly stale, which he complained about and yet eat anyways. The last thing he'd do was text his friends, some of them were not awake. Most of them probably didn't get up, until past noon and when it was dark.

'Yeah, I'm up. Nothing new happened, which nothing has been happening. I still think you're just being paranoid,' texted Evan, though he wasn't done talking, 'I'm planning on throwing a party at my place tonight. You should come over, it'll be fun.'

'How do I know that you're not one of them?' questioned Tyler in his text, but he could already imagine the disappointed look on his face.

'Really Tyler? You always theorize that something is going on, and locked yourself up in your room. Maybe you need a change, so please consider coming,' replied Evan in his text, and that ended the conversation.

It wasn't that Tyler didn't want to go to the party, this sounded a lot of fun. He was just worried that his friends weren't who they were, or if there was some huge plot to get him. It's been awhile, since he saw them in person. After he paced around in the living room, another message buzzed on his phone. This one was from Mini, which he decided to ignore, 'Morning Tyler, do you want to hang out today.' Tyler just didn't trust any of this, and decided that he should go out for food instead. He didn't want to shut everyone out, it's just they might be out to kill him. "Yeah that's right, I'm not letting them get me. Fuck this, not gonna get me," muttered Tyler to himself, as he paced around some more. Everyone probably wanted to kill him, at least that much he was certain.

"They're not going to fucking kill me, fuck that shit!" shouted Tyler into the room, not caring about what could hear him.

The first thing he grabbed were his weapons, which he put into his backpack. Once everything was put away, Tyler finally decided to get out of his house. His car was in the drive way, but he didn't trust that either. Maybe they put something dangerous in it, or what if one of them were hiding inside. "Breathe in, and slowly out," said Tyler to himself, so he didn't start to hyperventilate and have a panic attack. They weren't going to get him, and the store wasn't far. This is when he decided to walk there, instead of using his own vehicle. His life was so messed up, and he didn't remember the last time it felt normal. It's been like this for years, but he was getting use to it.

The building eventually came into view, though he didn't trust it either. Nobody was really outside, since it was so early in the day. Tyler contemplated if he should do this, but he needed the food. He quickly searched through his bag, though he wasn't sure what he wanted. A bat suddenly went into his grasp, as he decided it was good enough. When he walked over to the store, there was a closed sign on it. This didn't matter to him, and he immediately shattered the glass, causing a huge noise. If they were to come out, this should attract them. Tyler waited a moment, but didn't see any movement.
inside. He hesitantly went in, then decide to move fast and grab whatever he needed.

There was a duffle bag in his other hand, which he loaded it up. Once he got what he needed, he thought he heard something. Tyler immediately grab his gun, so he could slow down anything that might attack. His anxiety picked up, and he didn't care who he shot. If someone came at him during this time, they were probably asking for it. He might be stealing from a store, but this was necessary. It was the only way for him to survive out there. When he heard another movement, this is when he decided to fire in that direction. A loud scream met his ears, along with a woman crying, "no please no, someone help! Someone please help me, I'm bleeding!" He decided it was time to leave, and he got out of the building.

"Damn these assholes sound like the real thing," muttered Tyler, as he kept talking to himself. "I'm not crazy, they just want to trick me. It's their fault for trying to kill me. I don't want to die, this is not my fault. Evan doesn't believe me, but what if he's one of them? Why do I keep talking to him?"

His feet quickened like someone might get him. The building finally came into the view, as he unlocked the door. Tyler decided it was time to make an inspection, while he put all his belongings to the side. The food could wait as well, though he did put the frozen foods in the fridge. First he looked over the boards on his windows, which allowed a little light in, but covered a lot of the empty spaces. Nobody was in any of the rooms, and his back door was firmly locked. His gun was out just in case, even if it didn't kill them. It was just enough to stop those things from coming at him, at least enough for him to get away. Tyler however felt extra paranoid, and decide to start scratching more markings on his walls. It was already littered with marks, that he had done during his stay.

"I'm safe, I'm safe, I'm safe," uttered Tyler over and over again, as he rocked himself from the floor. He didn't even remember getting on the ground, but he was breathing fast, "breath in and slowly out."

Everything went back to normal, and he eventually got up. They weren't going to get him, and he would make sure of it. Tyler checked everything again, and even made a new mark on his fridge. This seemed to satisfy him enough, as he put away his knife. There wasn't a moment where he left without a weapon, and they were always on his person. He'd even sleep with them on the bed, and taken them to the bathroom. If things got too bad, Tyler would usually move and live elsewhere. There had been to many moves, that he couldn't count them all. The traveling sometimes got to him, but he always felt like he was being chased, like something was always trying to get him. It did however gave him some peace, once he manages to kill some of them.

'Tyler are you okay?'

'You haven't messaged me in so long.'

'Are you coming to Evan's party? It's going to be a blast.'

'Tyler I'm seriously worried about you man, you're so distant with us. At least talk to one of us.'

'Hey Tyler, do you want to hang out? We could go see a movie.'

'Tell us where you are, I'll come see you. I promise I won't take much of your time, I just want to make sure you're okay.'

'I heard that you hurt someone. Please tell me this isn't true.'

The last message got to him, and he couldn't read the rest. Tyler immediately shut off his phone, and got on the floor. His house had all the chairs, and even the sofa put into one room. He slept on a
mattress that sat in the living room, because he didn't want anything to sneak up on him. Some reason he never threw his phone away, or blocked any of them. There was a reason for it, even if they were driving him crazy. Tyler felt so lonely living by himself, and not having any company. He'd start to rock back and forth, with his hands over ears. A part of him wish he could just shut it all off, make all his thoughts go away. Maybe a part of him was going insane, but he didn't want to admit it.

"I'm okay, I'll be okay," muttered Tyler, before he got up from the floor and decided to distract himself.

This is when he set out to put away all his food, that he just got from the store. It would last him awhile, but he really should've gotten more. Tyler also considered moving again, since they might have found him. He just felt so tired, and decided to make himself some coffee. There wasn't a minute that went by, that he wished he could get some easy sleep. Any little sound left him paranoid, and he felt like someone might be watching him from his walls. Tyler decided to get some exercise done, so he started to do some push ups and pull ups. When it was around noon, he went for a short jog outside and came back to eat something. Everything seemed quiet for the moment, but he dreaded the night.

When it was around dinner time he started to pace around, just talking to himself in a worried panic, "they're going to find me, I just know it. What will they try next? I have to prepare, that's right. If I'm one step ahead, they can't get me." Tyler didn't feel too hungry, but he decided to eat anyways. There was some jerky and nuts he found in the store, which he could barely taste it. The entire time he was expecting them to show up, so he had all the lights turned off. He didn't want his place being lit up, otherwise his place would become a beacon for them. This darkness always left him feeling unsettled, because they liked using the darkness against him. It made it almost impossible to sleep, but he still found a way.

It was quiet at first.

"Tyler, are you in here?" asked a eerie voice, though Tyler sat in the shadows in his living room, so they couldn't spot him, "come on Tyler, isn't it boring to live alone? We could keep you company."

His heart was hammering, and they could probably hear it, "don't be afraid Tyler, we just want to be friends. Come out and play with us."

"Shut up, shut up, shut up, fuck off assholes!" shouted Tyler, while he rocked from his seat with his hands over his ears.

There was a short moment of silence.

"Tyler it's me, please listen. I'm just very worried about you," said a familiar voice, which it took a moment for Tyler to recognize who it was.

"Mini?" questioned Tyler, though he wasn't happy to hear that voice.

"That's right, I'm worried about you. We're good friends, please don't tell me you forgot about us," pleaded Mini, as he tried to convince him, "now open the door please. I know you've done some bad things, but I want to help. Just open your door and let me in, so we can talk."

"Fuck you cunt! You just want to kill me, but none of you will get to me. I'll kill you all, every single one of you," replied Tyler angrily, and he grabbed his gun to shoot the person that was once his friend, "just try to get in, I'll make sure to shoot your head off."
There was a loud bang against there door, causing Tyler to jump, but he still had the gun pointed at
the door, "god damn it Tyler, please let me in. You don't have to be this way, let us help you."

"Nobody can help me," whispered Tyler, though it was barely audible, "and you don't want to help,
I see through your lies."

"I'll be back tomorrow Tyler, and I'll bring the guys. Stop being stubborn, damn it, or else you won't
like what happens next," warned Mini, while he seemed to walk away from the sounds of his
footsteps.

The entire time he didn't trust Mini to be gone, so he started checking around his house and making
sure they couldn't get in. There was only two bedrooms in the place, one of them full of furniture that
he put there himself. It also had a master bedroom, which he never slept in, instead the mattress was
in the living room where he usually put it. The place was open concept, so finding the kitchen was
easy. Tyler didn't sleep that night, despite how much he should've. He felt terrified since Mini's visit,
and once it was morning he started to pack. All of his stuff was put into the car, after he checked it
three times. He wanted to make sure that none of them were hiding in his ride.

Once everything felt safe enough, he finally got into the vehicle and backed out of the driveway. His
paranoia was getting to him, while he looked around. Tyler wondered if they were watching him,
probably from one of the houses. He searched for eyes, but didn't find any. This is when he started to
drive away, hoping to find some kind of salvation, that probably didn't exist. There was no way he
trusted people, any of them could be those things. His ride took off, though he avoided major
highways. They tended to be blocked off, probably caused by them. Despite his better judgement he
turned on his phone, and noticed all the notifications. Mini must've told the others that he found him,
otherwise the messages shouldn't be so persistent.

'Tyler, we're glad to find you. Please just come back.'

'Tyler pick up, come on man I'll keep calling. You're not well, please just answer your messages.'

'I heard you talked to Mini. We're coming buddy, just hold on. Everything will be okay.'

'You're not well Tyler, please seek help. It's not normal to hear to voice and see things.'

"I'm not fucking crazy!" shouted Tyler, as he started punching his dash board with one fist, "shut the
fuck up! Shut up, god damn it."

His phone was shut off harshly, before he tossed it in the back seat. Tyler ignored the throbbing on
his fist, and kept on driving in a random direction. They weren't going to find him this time, he only
made a simple mistake. When it got around noon, that's when he knew he had to pick a spot. This
was the worst part about moving, since he knew they were out there. He'd usually picked a place that
had a for sale sign, since they didn't tend to occupy them. It's almost like they lingered where they
once lived, almost like parasites. Tyler would park his vehicle and grab his gun. If things got too bad,
he'd just keep on driving. It was extremely risky to drive at night, but he rather do that then stay the
night where they could get him.

"Any of you fuckers inside?" said Tyler, as he started to pick the lock.

His gun was aimed, when the door was finally opened. He'd make sure nobody was hiding behind
the door, before he started moving deeper into the house. All the rooms were checked, and there
seemed to be no sign of them. Tyler let out a deep sign, once he realize there wasn't anyone in this
place. This is when he started moving all the chairs into one room, then started putting his markings
on the walls. It was starting to get dark, so he couldn't risk going back outside. He just hoped they
didn't tamper or destroy his food, which he would need. Tyler had the mattress in the living room, though he noticed a large window nearby.

"I'll have to board that up later," said Tyler to himself, as he only did it to give himself some privacy.

"Who are you talking to?" asked a voice, which immediately startled Tyler, as he pointed his gun at the window.

"Who the fuck are you?" questioned Tyler angrily, and he hesitated to fire, mostly because then it would be able to get in.

"Rude, but if you must know I'm Smiity, and you are?" asked Smiity politely, while the two stare at each other.

"I don't have to tell you that," glared Tyler, who still had the gun on him.

"I could just call you grump asshole, if that tickles your fancy," chuckled Smiity, as he didn't act fazed by the other person, "say, wanna see some epic memes?"

"Seriously? You find some random person, and that's what you ask?" replied Tyler, who was definitely unamused and annoyed by this person, "and don't call me asshole, you cunt."

"Fine, okay, I'll admit that was rude. At least give me a name, it's only polite," said Smiity, though that wasn't working, "how about this, if you tell me your name. I'll promise to leave tonight, deal?"

"How can I trust you?" questioned Tyler with a frown, the gun was slightly lowered, but he didn't realize this.

"I guess you can't, but what do you got to lose?" Smitty pointed out, which he started swinging on one of those swinging chairs, which Tyler didn't notice before.

"Fine it's Tyler," muttered Tyler, though he when he blinked, the person seemed to have disappeared.

A part of him wondered if he imagined the entire conversation, though he started to noticed how exhausted he was. It wasn't like he wasn't worried about that person coming after him, or trying to find a spot he might've missed in the house. His body made the decision for him, as his eyes start to droop and he laid down on the mattress. It was the best sleep he had in while, though he woke up all panicked and immediately start up his routine. He'd check all the rooms, made sure there wasn't a place they could get in. Once it was done, Tyler would go into the kitchen. The only problem was that he didn't have his food, and now he really started to panic and rush outside. Smiity could've destroyed his stuff, but when he walked over to the car, none of it appeared to have been touched.

Tyler was extremely careful, as he checked everything. It however seemed like Smiity wasn't hiding in his car, and he could get everything inside the place. This seemed good for him, as he got everything inside. He should probably move again, but he still felt exhausted. Instead Tyler decided to stay for another night, and probably start traveling tomorrow. It couldn't hurt him to stay for awhile, especially if they couldn't get in. A part of him wondered if Smiity would show up again, which was very possible. A part of him felt worried that the other person would try something, though another felt slightly curious. They didn't usually talk to him and leave, and those things would try to coax him out of the house. Tyler just hoped that person never returned.

He'd eat some oatmeal for breakfast, along with some apple juice he had found from that store. It was almost like the world didn't go to shit, since plumping and electricity still worked. Tyler had a theory that they kept the cities running, so it would coax people into staying. It wasn't like he knew how to
survive out in the wilderness, or feel safe out there. They could probably kill him easier, if he didn't have a house to stay in. Some reason they couldn't get into buildings, which he didn't understand the reasoning behind it. Maybe because it was the protective wards, or the boards kept them out. Whatever the reason was, Tyler was grateful for the protection, because he might've been dead already.

His meal was eaten, and immediately his hands itched for his phone. There was no way he was going to go looking for it in his car, when he wanted some peace from them. Tyler felt lonely by himself, and having no one to converse with. It a screwed up way, this was the thing to torment him and yet he was obsessed to see those words appear on his screen. He missed his friends so much, but they probably weren't his friends anymore. A part of him hoped, that maybe one of them was still normal. The only distraction for him was some exercise, as he did his usual routine. After doing some sit ups, he'd go outside and go on a light jog. Tyler wouldn't wander far from his place, and he needed the outside air to clear his head. Once that was over with, he'd go back inside and eat some lunch.

"I wonder if he'll show up," muttered Tyler, though they always showed up, none of them would leave him alone.

He'd spend some of the day watching some videos on his laptop, with the headphones in his ear, so there wasn't much noise. Around dinner time he'd eat some crackers, since he didn't feel hungry around this time. Tyler would wait now, his gun nearby and staring towards the window. He could see the swinging chair out there, which had chains on each end, and could fit around two people. After a few hours, his paranoia went up, as he checked around the house. Maybe Smiity found a way inside, so he wanted to make sure nothing could get in. Now he wondered if he should've boarded up the place, despite planning on leaving the next day. This caused him to pace around after searching, as his hand gripped the gun tightly.

"Hi, how are you doing? Did you miss me?" said Smiity's voice, causing Tyler to jump out of his skin and put the gun in his direction, "how rude, and I even got you a gift."

"Why would you give me a gift?" asked Tyler angrily, though he started to feel slightly curious.

"Now I'm usually not the person to pry, but I noticed you didn't have a lot of stuff in your vehicle, so I've taken the liberty to get you something," replied Smiity happily, almost like a happy puppy who wanted to show off.

"Wow, I can't wait to see what you brought up," uttered Tyler sarcastically, but he was like that even before everything happened.

"Ta da!" shouted Smiity, while he pushed the thing into view with his foot.

It seemed to be a box, and Tyler had no clue what was inside. The person tilted the box slightly to it's side, so that he could get a better look. This had various different food items, as Smiity pulled some of them out. He'd show some of them individually, as he displayed them in his hands. "I hope you like some of these, I picked them out myself. If you let me in, I could put them inside," suggested Smiity, as it was the wrong thing to say. Tyler immediately pointed the gun back on him, and started shouting, "you're not getting inside, so back the fuck off. If you even try, I'll shoot your god damn head off." Tyler started breathing hard and fast, he had to keep his head cool however. This thing might try to kill him.

"Relax, breathe in with me, that's it. A nice good deep breathe," said Smiity calmly, as he started exhale and noticed Tyler's breathing was following it, "do it again, breathe in and out."
"D-don't come in," muttered Tyler weakly, he was stupidly having a panic attack in front of him. He wasn't even sure why he was having it, when he's faced much worse situations.

"I won't, you're doing fine. I'll stay right here, and you can pick these up in the morning. Everything will be okay," stated Smiity, and strangely Tyler started to feel okay with those words.

"Now I'll leave, so you can get some rest. Goodnight Tyler," said Smiity, before he left, but this time he could be seen in the distance as he walked calmly down the street for Tyler to see.

It all happened so fast, and Tyler started wondering what the hell happened earlier. He didn't get much sleep, though eventually he passed out. When it was morning, Tyler didn't feel very well and didn't feel up to moving again. Instead he decided to board up the windows later. It couldn't hurt for him to have a lazy day. This didn't mean he wouldn't start his routine however, as he started to check the house. Nobody was inside of course, and he started to eat some bland oatmeal afterwards. When he was eating on his mattress, this is when he remembered about the box full of food. He'd quickly go outside, and see that it was still there, right next to the window. Smiity was such an odd person, and Tyler wasn't sure what to make of him.

Most of the foods were in cans, or boxes that were never opened before. Tyler still felt paranoid, but he hated to go out foraging for food. This is when he decided to count his blessings instead, while putting the food away in his kitchen. If Smiity did somehow poisoned him, it didn't really matter, and Tyler would've welcomed the much needed peace. He wasn't sure why he was still trying to survive, but he knew he didn't want to be caught by them. They were capable of such terrible horrors, and he witnessed so much of it. At the beginning it was chaos, while they rampaged the streets. Nobody knew how to protect themselves, but he was somehow lucky. If only Tyler knew about it sooner, maybe his friends wouldn't have become one of them.

Sometimes he would also wonder if Smiity was real or his imagination, only because his mind would wander so much. It wouldn't surprise him if he was imagining it all happening, since he wanted some form of companionship. When it was his friends however, it felt too raw and painful, though he'd still keep his phone with him. Tyler decided to watch some movies, just to distract himself. He'd even look through the cabinets, and found some fruit gummies to snack on. When it got around lunch time, he decided to start boarding up the windows. The first ones he started were the two bedrooms, since he preferred a place with the same number of rooms. Once that was done, he'd board up the kitchen window and made sure to add some extra markings.

There was just one problem.

"Do I really want to board that up?" Tyler asked himself, as he stared at the untouched window in the living room. This was the very one, that Smiity would visit him.

After he stood there a moment, dripping with sweat and feeling slightly exhausted. Tyler decided to leave it alone, and then went to take a shower. When this was done with, it was already time for him to eat some dinner. All the windows were boarded except one, which took a lot of time and effort from him. This was why he wasn't planning on doing it, but maybe he could stay there a little longer. He wasn't sure why he wanted to stay, though there was one idea. Tyler didn't want to admit it, a part of him was hoping the other person would show up. Maybe his night would be a little less lonely, even if the other person was one of those things. It was driving himself insane to have nobody with him.

"Ayyy, Tyler, did you miss me?" asked Smitty, who jumped on the swinging chair and balanced on it easily, what do you feel like doing today?"

"Why are you even talking to me?" questioned Tyler, as he stared and frowned at him.
"What can I say, it's a little lonely out here. All the people had left, mostly because there's a lack of food here," replied Smiity honestly, though he hoped down and then leaned closer to the window, "me however, this is my home. I wouldn't want to be anywhere else."

Tyler was silent for a moment, wondering what he should ask next. The words just reached his lips, only because he was thinking it, "are you even real?"

"What do you mean, am I real?" questioned Smiity, as he sounded slightly offended, but quickly he smiled, "want me to prove it?"

"Sure, what are you going to do?" asked Tyler hesitantly, though his curiosity was getting the best of him.

"Come here," coaxeded Smiity, he even bought out a finger and wiggled it towards himself in a 'come here' motion, "come on, I won't bite. Unless you're scared."

"Fuck you," growled Tyler, as he got up angrily and went slowly towards the window, "I'm not a pussy."

He might've said those words, but a part of him was scared out of his mind. The gun was in his holster, while he moved closed to the window. This was a stupid idea, and it might get him killed. His heart was racing, and Smiity could definitely hear it, since he was probably one of them. Tyler was almost at an arm's length, though he wasn't going to move any closer. This is when Smiity breathed into the glass, and started drawing a heart on it. There was a nice smile on his face, as he wrote 'S & T' on the window. "There, if you ever wonder if I'm real. Just breathe onto this window, and it'll show up," explained Smiity, as he moved away and then sat on the chair. His eyes moved from Smiity, then to the writing in front of him.

"What? Did you expect me to jump through the window? Maybe bite into your neck and suck your blood?" questioned Smiity, who lifted up his glasses slightly. Tyler thought maybe he saw red eyes, or maybe they were blue. Those multi-colored glasses weren't helping with his questionable sanity. Smiity's lips were still moving, "don't worry, our situation isn't much different. I hope you can eventually learn to trust me."

Tyler should've said something, but his words were caught in his throat.

"I'll be keeping this however, like a souvenir," said Smiity, while he revealed Tyler's phone in his hands, the only link he had between his friends, "goodnight Tyler."

"Bring that back! Bring it back you asshole!" screamed Tyler, though the person seemed to vanish so quickly, right back into the darkness as he came.

Chapter End Notes

As some of you know, I've tried researching and getting into Krii7y, but I actually like Smii7ycat instead. Opps.

I'm not very sure if I wrote Smiity correctly, since it's my first time. I also don't know him very well or that long. I'll apologize in advance, if it's bad at all. I've only watched him for less than a month.
I just think his interactions with Tyler is just so cute. I had to write them!

Let know if you like it, and thanks for reading.

~Melon
A part of him wondered if it was still his imagination going wild on him, though the other part wanted to kick this person’s ass. Tyler couldn’t believe he had done something so stupid, and now he couldn’t leave without it. He had thought about destroying the phone many times, even tossed it when he was upset. In the end, there was no way he could go without his phone, and he felt insecure to not see their text messages. They were probably trying to drive him insane, but he missed them so much, before they became monsters. Most of the night he sat there, wondering what he should do. It was surprising that he got any sleep, though maybe it was because he cried some of the night. He felt so pathetic, just laying on the mattress with snot down his face.

He had to get it back, he still had some hope that some of his friends were normal.

When he woke up that morning, he felt like shit, and was tempted to lay in for the day. His routine however always won him over, it didn't matter if he did it late. Tyler eventually got up, then started to check the house. There was nothing around, and he went into the kitchen. He'd lost his appetite, but decided to eat some oatmeal anyways. The food that Smiity gave him only pissed him off more, though he couldn't refuse it. His dread to go scavenging outside was a lot greater, as he stuff the food into his mouth until it was gone. It wasn’t easy to out smart them, not when they think so clearly. Smiity didn't seemed to show any weakness, so he wasn't sure how to approach this.

"Maybe I'll have to do some scavenging after all," muttered Tyler, while he tried to think of the best way to tackle this, "or maybe I should just wait it out."

Some reason it didn't matter where he went, his friends would always find and torment him. They would most likely want Tyler to have his phone, so that they could constantly text him. It would be so stupid to keep this item, that was driving him slowly crazy. He just couldn't do it. Tyler caved into everything, but he wouldn't die, at least not yet. If they were going to chase him to the ends of the earth, then he wasn't going to give in so easily. Insane or not, he was too stubborn to just lay down and die. The only choice was to keep running away, hoping to one day to loose them. This of course was impossible, and he'd expect them to show up any day now. It was the only way to get his phone after all, so he wasn't going to leave.

"Fine asshole, we'll play your shitty game," muttered Tyler, as he finished his meal and decided to do some exercises.

If Smiity wanted to mess with him, and make him stay, then he'd do just that. Tyler would make sure he'd regret it, while he went for a heavy jog this time, and kept running to clear his head. This slowly became a mistake, when he started running almost at noon and it was getting cloudy. He didn't predict for it to start raining, while he felt the small droplets. They were going to try and get him, especially when the sun was slightly covered and cast the place in some darkness. His gun was at least at his side, so he picked up his speed, expecting them to chase him. Tyler wasn't wrong, as he noticed two of them ran from a building and went after him. He'd start running faster, but only slowed down to shoot at them. They were so much faster then him, and he couldn't make any mistakes.

When he finally got to the door, he'd quickly slip inside and started to breathe hard. He just barely escaped what could be his death. His clothes were soaking wet, while he wanted to peel them off. Tyler turned on the lights, and then he suddenly realized that one of them was in the room with him.
They could get inside, when he wasn't in the house to claim it. This was how it worked, these monsters couldn't come inside without permission. It however wasn't his place once he left, which is why he was always cautious about when he left. The thing was on the ceiling, only a room length away. It was sniffing the air, until their eyes meet. "Geeeeeaaahh," it screamed at him, before crawling on all fours in his direction and still upside down. This monster moved faster than normal, and looked terrifying as he made it's way towards him.

"Eat fucking lead," shouted Tyler, while he shot it down from the ceiling.

It let out another shrill scream, but was quickly getting it's bearings. He needed to act fast, as he pulled out a stake from his hip. The thing lunged at him again, and hit him hard into the wall. Tyler could feel the sharp pain in his neck, but he also had the stake in it's heart. The monster fell back and quickly turned to dust. His hand laid on the wound, while he made his way towards the back door. More of them would come, so he shut it and then made his search around the place. They would smell his blood, and most likely try to get inside with any means necessary. Another one suddenly appeared from one of the bedrooms, probably hoping to ambush him. It was his blood that lured it out.

"You want it? Come and fucking get it," growled Tyler, as he shot in it's direction and some of the hits landed.

This time he didn't hesitate, and went for the kill. His shots kept coming, until he ran out of bullets, and then he shoved stake into it's heart. Tyler felt exhausted and drained at this point. He's in so much danger if they were still in the house, but his back slid against the wall, as he slowly hit the floor. Some reason he felt slightly numb and dizzy, though he wasn't going to die here. It took a lot of will power to walk into the kitchen, and reach for his med kit in one of the drawers. There was also a mirror, so he could finally see the damage. The monster tore into his throat, but not enough to kill him. Tyler brought out a needle, and decided to sow his skin shut.

He couldn't speak at this point, instead his focus was on sealing the wound. The pain would set in soon if he didn't hurry, and his adrenaline had started to die out. When he was half way through it, the pain started to sink in, though he kept on going. Once this was done he just sat there for awhile, just not moving from his spot on the floor. Tyler sat there for a few good minutes, until he decided to get up and go towards the sink. His nose was filled with the smell of iron, and when he poured rubbing alcohol over it. This over powered the smell of blood on him. He'd bandage up his neck and then put away his med kit. Everything was done once he changed his clothes, and he grabbed his bag for some ammo. His hands were shaky, but he sat down and put them in his gun.

Tyler would have to stop doing his morning jogs, especially after this incident. He couldn't believe that it got so cloudy so fast, but he didn't know this area that well, and he had been too distracted in his thoughts. At least if he killed all of them in his place, then it would mean that he had placed his claim. This was how it worked, even if he didn't understand it. If he was the only person in this place, and he killed them all off, then the house would his to claim. They couldn't come in without his permission, though he wasn't about to give it. There was other things he didn't understand about them, but Tyler just used everything to his advantage. His neck wounds was throbbing and reminding him of his stupid decision to jog outside.

"I should've stayed near the house. I hate these fucking vampires," muttered Tyler, as he slowly started to relax.

One of them had managed to bite him, but he wasn't worried. This wasn't the first time they had done this, but it wasn't enough to turn him. Vampires converted by giving blood, after they had sucked enough blood themselves. Tyler only knew about this, since he'd seen it happen before. Mini was
The first thing he did was get into his car, though he checked around to make sure nobody was in it. His drive didn't take long, before he spotted a nearby church. Tyler knew it might rain again, so this was a huge risk. He'd step out and enter the place carefully, and expected them to rush at him immediately. It actually happened when he went inside the church, and three of them ran at him. This time however he had his crossbow, which he used during emergencies like this. The only reason he didn't use it as much, since the reload took forever and it was heavy. Tyler managed to kill one, before the other two were almost on him. He used his shot gun to immobilize them, and putting a stake through one of them.

"Just fucking die!" swore Tyler, as the other already got up and jumped at him.

He was knocked to the floor and it was trying to bite him. His unloaded crossbow in his arms, was the only thing between them, though he pulled out his pistol and shot it in the head. This would only buy him some time and he push it off himself. Tyler grabbed another stake, then shoved it into it's heart. His own heart was hammering in his chest, while he tried to catch his breath. They weren't going to stop, until he'd kill them all. This is when he realized that his wound had started bleeding through the bandage. If anymore were in the building, the blood would have drove them insane and after him. Nothing seemed to happen, but he reloaded his crossbow anyways.

Tyler sat at one of the benches, and started to unwrap his wound. At least he had brought his backpack, which had his first aid kit. He started to tend to it, and bind up his wound again. The entire time he felt paranoid, always looking at the place. It had high ceilings, and decorated glass. This building still wasn't safe, despite it being a place of worship. Tyler never considered himself a religious person, though nothing explained why holy water worked. It wasn't the easiest thing to get either, since the place was so huge. Sometimes it was a favorite place for them to stay, because they

"Let us in, we won't hurt you."

"We can help you, we want to be friends."

"Open up now! Or else you'll regret this."

Tyler pulled out his laptop, then put some earphones in. He wasn't going to listen to them all night, at least tried to block them out. This happened every time they found him, though these weren't his friends. They were most likely vamps around the area who didn't leave. His mind wandered to Smiity, who he suspects is one of them. The guy however acted very strange, and he didn't understand him at all. It was also finally night time, so he didn't understand why Smiity didn't appear. If this person was a monster, then it should be no problem for him to be around the others. It took a long time for him to fall asleep, and he avoided the living room. They were staring at him from the window, causing him to feel uncomfortable.

When he did wake up, he was slumped on the kitchen floor with a blanket over himself. They were of course gone when the sun was up. It was finally time for him to prepare, as he did his morning routine. All the rooms were checked and then he had some jerky for breakfast. He made up his mind to find a local church, which they sometimes liked to hide in. If he could find some holy water, then he could shoot them to kill. Tyler gathered up all his weapons, including his gun and stakes. His injury was still a concern, but he put on new bandages and some cologne to get rid of the smell of blood. They had a sensitive nose, so even if they smelled him, some of them might want to avoid it. Not all vampires were smart, but some could almost pass for a human.

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knew humans would come to churches. He managed to get lucky, and found some once he was done.

"I don't want to stay here longer than I should," said Tyler, while he filled up a gas canister full of it. He made sure to label it as 'holy water', so he didn't accidently put it in his car.

Once he had enough to carry, he'd go outside and put it in his car. His next stop was at a gas station, where he used his credit card to get his gas. There was no reason for him to get inside the building, and risk getting injured again. Tyler did consider grabbing some food, but he was going to take fewer risks. His injury didn't help him, and it could get cloudy again like last time. When he spotted a local grocery store, he thought about going inside. It however wouldn't have what he wanted, since garlic went bad so easily. Tyler thought about growing his own, though he rarely stayed at one place. He also wasn't very good at keeping things alive, his friends were proof at that.

There was however a hardware store, which he wanted to check for wood to make into stakes. Tyler got back into his vehicle, then pulled up towards the garden section. It actually had light filtered into the outdoor area, so he didn't have to be worried about being attacked. Some of the plants were alive to his surprise, and he realize why that was the case. A sprinkler system was currently spraying them with water, so a lot of the plants were still alive. Tyler actually picked a tomato and tasted it. He'd savor the taste, since he didn't have one in forever. It could get dark at any moment, so he decided to come back another time for the vegetables.

There was some red eyes staring at him from inside the building, as he decided to not go inside. He'd have to gather up wood another way, while he went back to his car with something else instead. Tyler never expected to see garlic growing in a place, but he immediately grabbed a couple pots with him. Maybe his luck could change, and he could learn to grow things for once. Those eyes were still following him, as he hoped they weren't the smart ones. It seemed like vampires were in different categories on how dangerous they were, though he didn't understand them. Tyler didn't care to know too much about them anyways, and would rather focus on just killing these monsters.

The drive wasn't too far from his home, and he got inside without any danger. He'd search the place first, making sure nothing got inside. Afterwards Tyler started putting more things in the place, so that he could work with them. It got around noon, when he finally got everything where he wanted it. His focus was a little off, while he ate some canned soup that Smiity had gave him from before. It's weird to use his food, but if he was correct. Smiity probably didn't need it, since he was a vampire. A part of him wondered if he was wrong however, because Smiity wasn't acting like them. Everything didn't make sense to him, and a part of him wondered where Smiity went when he was attacked.

"I'll just work once it gets dark, those bastards already know that I'm here," said Tyler angrily, as he ate his food and watched a movie on his lap top.

Mostly he was wasting time, but he felt tired. His body needed rest, and he was working himself too hard. It didn't take long for them to show up, once it finally got dark. Tyler didn't bother with eating, since he didn't feel hungry. They were talking to him, trying to coax him to go outside. All of them were staring with their red eyes, and it was absolutely terrifying. The lights were on this time, because they already knew where he was, and he felt safer with it on. Tyler would check the other rooms due to his paranoia, and to get away from their sight. He wondered if Smiity would show up this time, though he hadn't seen them. When time went by, he started to fed up with their constantly talking.

"I should do something about this," muttered Tyler, he knew they could heard him from outside.

They were listening to his every movement, which he tried to not have another panic attack. Every
part of him wished Smiity was around instead, or even his friends that have hunted him down all these years. Tyler went over to the potted plants, that he put in the kitchen. He'd pull off the garlic that were ready, then placed them into a bowl. They were trying to figure out a way inside, Tyler could hear them walking on the ceiling and they were above him. It was a very odd thing, if one of them tried to get inside, they would wither in pain and start bleeding profusely. This was the consequence for entering without permission.

"Alright, it's all done," said Tyler cheerfully, and he created a garlic paste.

When he went towards the window, they seemed extremely excited. Some of them probably wanted to attempt going towards the window. Tyler however dipped his hand into the bowl, and pulled out his hand. The reaction was immediate, and it was almost like they were hissing at him with their strange noises. He proceeded to smear the large window with garlic paste. His hand however paused at where Smiity had written on it. Tyler started breathing on it, and then he saw it, a heart with their initials. Smiity was definitely real, so this wasn't his mind playing tricks on him. A soft smile appeared on his lips, though he was probably crazy to be hoping that someone like Smiity would visit him.

"I like to see you fuckers try to get in now," said Tyler, while he flipped them off and then decided to get comfortable mattress, after he washed off the paste from his hands.

It wasn't very peaceful, since they were making so much noise. Tyler had to block it out with some ear plugs that he found once. He finally slept due to exhaustion, and his dreams would always turn into nightmares. This woke him up a few times, but he managed to get to sleep again. If he was going to die, at least he hoped it wouldn't be done by some random stranger. Tyler would eventually wake up, feeling terrified until he realized he had been sleeping. He'd immediately start up his routine of checking the rooms, then ate some canned beans for breakfast. This time Tyler didn't feel like working, but he needed to make some stakes. There was some furniture in the house he could work with, that he had put in the spare room.

Tyler spent a couple days preparing his place for what he expected would be like war. His place had various weapons he could use, along with bullets he dipped in holy water. At least he didn't have to bother with his crossbow, unless it was absolutely necessary. There was stakes in each room, so he could easily find one and kill anything that got inside. He actually went back to the hardware store, where he saw all those plants growing. If they tried to starve him out, they would need a lot of time for it. His food was in good shape, and it felt like war was coming. There was just one thing bothering him, and he couldn't stop thinking about a certain person. It's like he disappeared for good.

"Where the hell did Smiity go?" muttered Tyler, as he was sharpening a piece of wood, which use to be a part of a chair leg.

"Why? Did you miss me?" asked Smiity, who suddenly appeared in front of the window, "sorry I haven't been here for awhile."

"Where were you? It's been so many days," complained Tyler, though he wouldn't admit that he missed seeing him.

"Well you see, your place has been swarming with those things. I couldn't come here even if I wanted to do it," Smiity pointed out, then got comfortable on his swinging chair.

"Why aren't they here this night?" asked Tyler, since he was feeling suspicious and the vampires had appeared every night since they found him.

"Let's just say I created a distraction, and got them moving in a different direction. They're not
exactly smart or the type you should be worried about,” explained Smiity, then he started walking towards the window.

Tyler was expecting a drastic effect on Smiity, especially since he smeared the windows with garlic paste. It surprised him to see Smiity putting his hand on the window and leaning in. "I also noticed that you have some injuries, do you need some medical supplies?” questioned Smiity, though Tyler replied with the shake of his head, "well that's good, I wouldn't want anything bad to happen to a cutie like you." If he didn't know any better, Tyler thought maybe Smiity was actually flirting with him. He frowned and folded his arms, but his face betrayed him as he blushed a little. At least it was dark, and the other person shouldn't be able to see it.

"So.. what do you feel like doing tonight?" asked Smiity, while he seemed to stretch his arms and show off his stomach a little.

"I don't know, it's too dark to play any games. I'm afraid if I turned on the lights, it might attract them," replied Tyler, though he was fine with just a casual conversation.

"They won't see it, they're all the way into another town. At least most of them are. If you want, we can talk about what we did before all of this happened," suggested Smiity, since the both of them agreed to not take risks in the end.

"I would like that," agreed Tyler, and he was slowly really liking this person, despite his lack in trust in people.

He wasn't so sure if Smiity was one of them anymore, especially when the garlic didn't bother him. There was even more protection around the walls, though that's just to keep them out. Tyler talked about his friends, and his dull job that he didn't miss as a construction worker. Apparently his new friend wanted to become a comedian, and it wasn't working out for him. Both of them didn't live glamorous lives, though they somehow still ran into each other. After a long night, Smiity eventually left as he usually did. This time Tyler went to sleep easily, without the bad dreams he was accustom to having.

When he woke up, he'd notice his morning wood and very dirty dream. Tyler groaned into his pillow, before deciding to get up to wash himself. His clothes were being peeled off, and then the imagines from his dream came back. Smiity was definitely attractive, along with a mysterious undertone. It wasn't like Tyler could help himself, as the water started running a little hot and his fantasies going wild in his head. He'd imagine Smiity pushing against him, while they grind into each other. His member was starting to harden more, and he couldn't really ignore it. The water was turned on full blast, as he started to pump himself.

"You like that you slut," chuckled Tyler, while he imagined thrusting into Smiity's mouth.

Maybe the other person might enjoy it, while he imagined two different eye color staring up at him. This was mostly because he wasn't sure what color Smiity's eyes were, and it honestly didn't matter. It's been forever since he had touched himself, or wanted to imagine this kind of scenario. A hand reached upwards, as he pinched one of his own nipples and groaned. He's more sensitive than he thought, and suddenly he was overcome with pleasure. Tyler came all over his hand, which the water washed away easily. It suddenly dawned on him on what he just did, as he eventually turned the water off and started to dry himself.

"It doesn't matter anymore, the world is fucked anyways," muttered Tyler, though some reason he felt like it mattered a lot.

He had a stupid crush on someone.
His friends never showed up, as the time passed by. Smiity was always there with them, and they even started watching movies together. Tyler had this huge plot to go on an all out war with these vampires, and yet nothing was happening. His friends should know where he is by now, so he didn't understand it. The days would pass, while he hardly left the place. Some days it would rain, which made the cloudy day dangerous at times. Tyler found ways to stay in shape, though he worried about what will happen. His phone actually left him mind for once, but then it was reminded to him one night.

"Hey Tyler, do you still want your phone back?" asked Smiity, who looked up him during their card game. They agreed to keep the lights on, and place from the opposite side of the glass.

"I actually forgot about it, but yeah, I do want it," replied Tyler, as he watched as his new friend pulled out his phone from his pocket.

"Why do you need it? Sorry, but I looked through it and it's obviously not normal. These people who text you, your friends, they're not human are they?" questioned Smiity, but he noticed that Tyler was staring at it intently, "give me a reason and I'll give it back."

"I think I've known deep down that they're all not human anymore, but I just can't let it go," said Tyler sadly, he felt so emotional to think about it, "they're all I have, and I know they've been trying to kill me. I just don't know what I'm living for anymore."

"It's okay, sorry I took it. I think I understand why you have it now, I also have something I still keep," replied Smiity, while he pointed towards his own face, "I wear these glasses because it's something a friend gave me. I don't really use them to actually see."

Tyler would watch as Smiity got up from his seat, and the cards were left forgotten. It wasn't like they could play cards like normal people, so Tyler would tape Smiity's cards to the glass. Smiity pointed towards the direction of the door this time, "I'll hand it over now, if you want. I can also just leave it as well." There was no pressure, and Tyler felt like maybe he could finally trust him. His friend probably had reasons for taking his phone, in fact he probably wouldn't have stayed if he didn't. He'd nod his head and then went towards his door, but when he got to it he hesitated. This could be a trap, though Smiity hadn't tried to come in for over a week now. Maybe he could learn to trust someone for once.

"Are you sure I can come in?" questioned Smiity from the other side, as he sounds slightly unsure, "we don't have to do this if you don't want to do it."

"Yeah I'm sure. You're my friend, so I think it's okay," replied Tyler, if the other person was a vampire, he would keep some distance between and have time to react. It wasn't like he never dealt with many of them, so one wasn't that dangerous.

Smiity just walked inside without Tyler opening it, and shut the door behind him. There seemed to be a wide smirk on his face, before he suddenly spoke up again, "thanks for inviting me inside, I wouldn't be able to come in without it."

This is when Tyler realized he had been tricked, and he quickly tried to reach for his pistol around his waste. Everything just happened so fast, and Smiity grabbed his hands quicker than any vampire he encountered. There was a sharp pain, before he was flung into a wall. His head started to feel dizzy, and then he was somehow on the ground. Smiity dragged him back up on wall, and held him there, "I never thought you would do it honestly, but I realized all you needed was a friend. One that you didn't know was turned on or not. They're all waiting outside you know." Tyler could feel his face being turned with Smiity's hand, and then he saw them. They were all outside and waiting for something.
"Nice friends you have by the way, they greeted me immediately, a few nights after I had your phone," said Smiity cheekily, then he leaned closer so he could whisper into his ear, "they weren't sure of my plan, but you didn't give them many options. It's time you finally joined us."

Tyler felt those fangs puncture his neck, as he tried to get out of his grasp. It didn't matter how much he struggled, his strength was leaving him, and Smiity was too strong. His body slumped to the floor, once Smiity was done drinking his blood. This is probably the moment he was going to die, but then Smiity sat on the ground with him. He didn't want to look up, see that taunting look on the other person's smug face. His breathing was getting more shallow, and this was probably going to be the end. Smiity's hand grabbed his face again, though more gently than before. He wasn't expecting to suddenly get kissed, as he hated that his body reacted to this. A tongue slipped inside, and he could taste the blood filling his mouth.

It was too late to spit it out, he accidentally swallowed some due to the sudden surprise kiss.

"Welcome to the pack," said Smiity, and he pulled off his glasses to reveal his blue and red eyes. This wasn't a normal average vampire.

Chapter End Notes

What did you guys think? I bet some of you were wondering what was going on during the first part. At least now everything is all cleared up. I wonder if anyone expected a vampire story, or just thought that Tyler was crazy.

Anyways, I hope you all enjoy this. I'll be working on a part 2 on a different one-shot.

Thank you all for reading!

~Melon
"Ohm there's something I wanted to talk about," said Cartoonz casually, since he invited him into a Skype chat.

"I have something to say as well," replied Ohm, so they both had a certain topic on their mind, "but you go first."

"We've been dating for four months now, and knew each other for years. I think we're both probably fed up with this online dating," Cartoonz pointed out, which they hadn't really done anything beyond kissing their first night together.

"Cartoonz I don't.." Ohm was interrupted quickly, as Cartoonz kept talking over him.

"I think we should break up," muttered Ohm sadly, it could barely be heard, so Cartoonz wondered if he was hearing things.

"Excuse me?" replied Cartoonz, he couldn't believe what he was hearing.

"I can't give you what you want, and I know you won't be happy," stated Ohm, now his eyes couldn't look at the screen anymore, "you would be happier with someone else."

"Bullshit!" shouted Cartoonz angrily, though he didn't mean to raise his voice, his anger was just getting the best of him, "I love you Ohm, and I don't see why we shouldn't be together. I want to
grow up together, get old, and have kids. Did I do something wrong? If I can fix this, please just tell me how."

"There isn't anything we can do, so just drop it. I really think it would be better if we went our separate ways," said Ohm, but there was clearly tears in his eyes and they started to fall, "I-I'm so sorry Cartoonz, I told you w-we shouldn't be together."

The call ended and Cartoonz started at the screen in disbelief. He was prepared to take their relationship to the next level, instead Ohm was rejecting him for some reason. It didn't add up, and he felt like punching something. Maybe someone talked Ohm out dating him, or there was some issue he didn't know about. Cartoonz really did wonder if he did something wrong, or if Ohm's insecurities were getting the best of him. If his boyfriend didn't feel the same way, then Ohm shouldn't be crying over it. Instead of beating up his laptop to pieces with his fists, he grabbed his mug and smashed it into the wall. His coffee was flowing down from it, but he didn't really care. The only thing he did was sit on his bed, wondering what he should do.

'Ohm, when you're ready to talk to me. Please send me a message. I want to know what's wrong, and why you think we shouldn't be together. Just know that I love you with all my heart,' typed Cartoonz, as he left the message on his Skype.

The next thing he did was message Delirious, in case his friend knew of anything. It took a few minutes for his friend to finally message him back, 'I have no idea man. Maybe you're going in too strong? You do kinda smoother him.' Cartoonz wondered that himself, and a lot of times Ohm would complain about it. Some reason he felt like that wasn't the real reason, but he wouldn't shut out that possible option. 'I just wish I knew why he's doing this,' texted Cartoonz, while they messaged back and forth. It only calmed him a little, though he wanted to scream and break everything out of frustration. If only he could be face to face with his boyfriend, because he wasn't accepting this 'breaking up'. He wasn't going to give up on them without a reason for it.

Cartoonz wasn't doing any better the next day, and he was only playing with his best friend. Delirious could tell his head wasn't in it, so he was pulling out more jokes and trying to be funny enough for the both of them. Once the recording was over, his head was still thinking about Ohm. If only he knew why his boyfriend was doing this, and Ohm hadn't message him back. Instead he was ignored on both Twitter and Skype, because he messaged on those two accounts. "Maybe give him some space," suggested Delirious, since he didn't know what else to tell him, "he might be dealing with something." It wasn't like Cartoonz wouldn't give Ohm space if he asked for it, this was certainly something different.

"Do you really think that would help?" asked Cartoonz, as he really hoped that Ohm wasn't serious about breaking up.

"He's ignoring your messages, nothing else you can do about it man," Delirious pointed out, and only stick around longer because he was worried for him, "do you know where he lives? Maybe you could surprise him instead."

"I don't.." replied Cartoonz sadly, when he thought about it, he only met him once at his own place, "do you really think I'm trying to move us too fast? I wonder if I scared him away."

"Maybe he got tired of your ugly mug," chuckled Delirious, who tried to lighten the mood, they both knew each other enough to know he's joking, "but seriously though, just wait for him to get out of this funk."

"Okay, just let me send him one last message," said Cartoonz while he was typing it up, and ignoring his friend's groan since he didn't let up just yet.
'Please think about it for a few days, instead of just breaking up with me. I love you so much, and I don't want to lose you. If you're absolutely serious about not being together, I want to at least be friends. I need you in my life. I'll wait for your response, and please don't just break up with me over a text. Let's at least meet up, one last time. I want to know why you don't think we should be together.'

He'd glance over message over and over again, before hitting the send button. Cartoonz hoped that Ohm took this message to heart, instead of just ignoring him. This would end up being the most difficult days of his life, while he was basically pining over his boyfriend. It hurt knowing that Ohm might not want to be with him. A part of him wanted to ask around, but his friend liked keeping things private. It wouldn't be good to tell this to multiple people, and have it spread around. Delirious was good with keeping secrets, and wouldn't tell a soul about it. His mind did wander towards Gorilla and Squirrel, though they probably wouldn't have better advice on this issue.

"This really fucking sucks," muttered Cartoonz, as he didn't feel that hungry.

It was a sad lonely night, as he decided to order a sandwich and call it a night. Despite everything Ohm was doing, he hoped he was doing better than him. Cartoonz just wanted him to be happy, even if they weren't together. He'd check his messages, despite knowing that it wasn't likely that Ohm would message him back. There was only Gorilla asking when their next session would be, but nothing else was on there. His food eventually arrived, as he ate it without really tasting the food. Afterwards he'd prepare for bed, and wondered how he could fix everything. It was going to be a long restless night, as he pulled out his phone, while laying in his bed.

Cartoonz tossed and turned for most of the night, though he did manage to get some sleep. He'd notice the feathers on his bed, which he wondered if the stress was getting to him. It's when he went into the bathroom did he realize his wings were molting, so this was normal for him. Sometimes he'd have his partner to groom his wings, but his love life wasn't in a good place. Cartoonz spent some time going through his wings, and trying to take out any loose feathers. It was done as he went to check his phone. He was surprised to see a message, which made him slightly hopeful. Maybe they could work things out, or at least he would have a chance to fix whatever it was.

'If you have time next Thursday, I could invite you to my place. I'm sorry for ignoring you, it's just very tough for me. I'll send you the address and explain everything,' texted Ohm, on his Skype account.

'You don't need to apologize, I just want to know that everything is okay. I still want to know why you want to break up, but maybe we could work on this, and get through whatever you're having problems with. I miss you Ohm,' replied Cartoonz, as he quickly sent it, and decided to get some cereal for breakfast.

It didn't take much for him to bounce back, he wasn't the type to morn over something forever. If they couldn't do anything about their relationship, then Cartoonz would just accept it. This didn't mean he was giving up, far from it, and he planned to get things back to normal. Delirious had also messaged him, so they planned to record some games. Things were looking up, as he went through the day without any problems. There was one more message from Ohm, that cheered him up a little. It was so short, but it was the thought that counted, 'I miss you too Toonzy.' Maybe he could even get Ohm to text him a little more often, at least keep the conversation going.

This however ended up as the longest week of his life. Ohm only sent short replied of 'okay' or 'no I can't', though at least it was something. Cartoonz felt like a pining animal throughout the day, while he hoped that Ohm would message him more often. He'd still record more videos, and even made extras for when he was gone. This would be the first time he would get to see Ohm's place. It left
him very curious and his alpha self wanted to mark it as his territory, like it was only for the both of them. When Wednesday came around, he was so antsy and made Delirious annoyed with him. Some of his stuff was packed for the trip, along with his laptop and tickets he'd already bought.

"Calm down Cartoonz, you've already paced from the kitchen and living room like three times," said Delirious angrily, though he wasn't too upset, since he understood the reason. They were both hanging out at Cartoonz' place, since neither of them knew how long he'd be gone for.

"What if things don't work out? What if I fuck up?" questioned Cartoonz, which he went back to pacing towards the kitchen again.

"You won't fuck up man, I usually fuck things up, not you. I know you will find a way to make everything work," Delirious pointed out, though groaned because Cartoonz was still antsy about everything.

"I don't know, I just worry that we'll break up and he'll hate me for something," stated Cartoonz while he finally decided to grab himself some water to drink, just to have something to occupy his hands.

"If things somehow don't work out, you still have me and the guys. It's not like you can't meet someone else," replied Delirious, as he was sipping his own soda, "he'd be crazy to leave you without a good reason, and you said he looked upset about doing it."

"I guess you're right, I just wish I could calm down," muttered Cartoonz, before he plopped himself down on the couch next to Delirious.

The two of them decided to play some video games, at least have something to distract him. This seemed to work for the moment, though he couldn't stop himself from thinking about it. Ohm had even sent him a text that morning, 'tomorrow is Thursday, I'll buy you ticket if you haven't done it already. Just make sure you get here safely.' Cartoonz already let him know he already had everything planned, so nothing would get in their way of meeting each other. He even paid for a hotel, just in case they couldn't settle things. Delirious was only around, since he offered to buy food and give support. It seemed like his friend however regretted his decision a little, because Cartoonz was driving him a little crazy.

Once his friend had left, this allowed his mind to wander back into thinking about Ohm. Cartoonz was still worried, though the hope didn't fade away. He just hoped he didn't mess everything up completely. Thursday morning eventually came, and he had a flight to catch. He took the quickest one he could get, as he got a quick shower and got dressed. Ohm hadn't messaged him this time, much to his disappointment. "I'll be on my flight soon, I'll let you know when I'll be at the airport," texted Cartoonz, while he ate some cereal and then got into his car. Everything felt surreal, while he drove all the way there. He only had his bags with him, along with his phone and a set of ear phones.

There was so many people around, while he waited in line to get inside. The security would scan him and his luggage, before allowing him to get to his plane. It wasn't the first time Cartoonz had traveled, so he knew what signs to look for and where to go. A friendly stewardess helped him inside the plane, and his luggage was taken from him. He'd pull out his phone to listen to some audio books, because he preferred that over just reading it. After some time had passed and the plane had taken off, somehow he had managed to fall asleep during his flight. When he woke up they were almost there, and his nerves were coming back at him. There was no telling if Ohm would come pick him up, or maybe he'd just get a taxi. He just hoped everything went smoothly.

The plane touched down and all passengers were escorted out. Cartoonz finally put his phone out of airplane mode, and checked his messages. "Okay, I'll be ready to come get you," texted Ohm hours
after Cartoonz' text, which meant it happened during the flight. He felt a lot happier to see this text, and had to refrain from using his wings from all the excitement. It didn't stop him from worrying and wondering if he'll screw up, but he still wanted to see Ohm again. The last time Ohm was at his place felt like ages, though it was only a few months ago. He'd message Ohm back and let him know he just got to the airport.

Cartoonz waited outside, his luggage at his side and he was located near the taxis. He knew he stood out, so it shouldn't be too hard for Ohm to find him. His worry was still there anyways, because there was so many people at the airport. There was a chance Ohm could've missed him. The wait took fifteen minutes, until he noticed Ohm walking over to him. "Ohm! It's good to see you again," said Cartoonz, while he pulled him into a hug without much of a thought. He could feel him stiffen underneath him, though Ohm didn't push him away. There was that familiar smell that felt like home, and yet he couldn't describe it. Cartoonz could also smell the slight distress, so he quickly pulled away and grabbed his bags.

"I have my spare room prepared for you, and I bought some extra food. I'm not sure if you want to stay at my place, but I've got it organized," stated Ohm, his wings were droopy and he looked a little sad.

"Thank you Ohmie, I really am happy to see you," replied Cartoonz, though he wanted to kiss him so bad, but he held that back instead, "I'm ready when you are."

Ohm lead them out towards the parking lot and into his car. A part of him wanted to laugh, because the car was also a light grey like Ohm's wings. It was almost like his boyfriend accepted that this was his color, and just went with the flow. Cartoonz put the luggage in the back seat, then got on the passenger side. The whole car smelled like him, so it was very nice. There was no other smells, which surprised him. Sometimes he'd allowed his friends into his vehicle, especially Delirious when they went out to hang. His nerve over worked and he had this tired feeling, but the jet lag was nothing compared to his worries. This wasn't just a normal trip, as he reminded himself, this was Ohm wanted to talk about something very serious.

"We're here," said Ohm, when they finally parked at his apartment building, "it's not really much, but it's home."

It housed multiple people, so they had to climbed up some steps since the elevator was broken. At first Cartoonz was stubborn about letting him touch his bags, because he didn't want Ohm to carry them up. He'd eventually cave in, and allowed Ohm to carry one of them with him. They finally got to the third floor, and Cartoonz started to wonder how Ohm could feel comfortable in this place. His neighbors probably would file a noise complaint, if he lived that close to them. Ohm finally got to the door of his room, and fiddled with the keys. The place wasn't that big, but good enough for one person. His dog was already gone, so there wasn't Buddy in sight. This made Cartoonz wonder how lonely he got in there.

"I'll take your bags to your room, it's just over there. My room is over here," explained Ohm, since there was only two rooms, that had their own bathroom. His guest room was also Ohm's recording room.

The living room was connected to the kitchen, so that was basically all there was. Cartoonz placed himself on the couch, when Ohm refused to let him do anything else. When the Omega finally came back, he could smell the distress in the air. There was different level of smell that Omegas could give off, and he knew the difference. This wasn't like the emergency help kind, more like a lingering stress smell and worry. It made his Alpha self want to hold him, and do everything for it to go away. It made his wings fidget a little, while Ohm came over to sit on the couch with him. This left an
awkward silence into the room, even though the television was turned on and they were supposed to be talking.

"We could play some video games if you want, or maybe order Chinese food?" suggested Ohm, who tried to clear the air, "actually yeah, I'll get us some food."

Cartoonz really wanted to say something, but the Omega is in a frantic pace. This probably wasn't going to be easy, especially since Ohm wasn't talking about it. Ohm was asking about what kind of dish he'd want, though chicken was fine with him. He wondered how he should bring it up, but no matter what, it was going to be a deep talk. His boyfriend eventually placed the order on his phone, and then sat with him, though a little further away then he would've liked it to be. It couldn't stay this way, so he had to be the one to bring it up. They were going to talk about it eventually anyways.

"Ohm, we need to talk. Why did you think we have to break up?" asked Cartoonz boldly, though every part of him was tense and he expected the worst.

Ohm couldn't even look at him, while he stared sadly at the floor with his hands on his lap and he was picking at one of his fingers, "do you remember what you've always wanted? You wanted to start a family with me, have a house and kids."

"I remember, and we would have the cutest kids ever," beamed Cartoonz, but his smile immediately went away, once he noticed the hurt look on Ohm's face.

"My heat is coming up, though it's coming a lot sooner. It might happen this week, and I was so excited. I was going to say to you, let's have kid! We're both in our 30s, and it seemed like the right time for it," stated Ohm, which made Cartoonz wondering where this was going.

"Isn't that good news? Why break up over that?" questioned Cartoonz in a confused tone, though Ohm immediately cut in.

"I'm not done, just listen. I thought about trying to have kids, so I went to a health clinic. The kind that Omega goes to about their heats, and sometimes we get our suppressants there. I wanted to see about having kids, because it's something I know you would want, and I want it too," explained Ohm, but then he started choking up and the tears started to fall, "I can't have kids. The doctor said I'm infertile."

Cartoonz didn't even have to think about it, he immediately went over to him and pulled him into a hug, "everything will be okay Ohm."

"It's not okay, I can't give you what you want," cried Ohm, who had his face pressed into Cartoonz' chest, "I thought you wouldn't want me after knowing that, you deserve an Omega who can bear your kids."

"I don't care if you can have kids, well I do and I don't. I wanted kids with you, because I love you Ohm. If I can't have kids with you, I don't want it from some other Omega," replied Cartoonz, while he rubbed Ohm's back and wings, trying to comfort him the best he could, "I love you, only you. If we have to, we can adopt some kids. We can still have the family that we both want."

There was a knock on the door, but both of them ignored it. Their food could wait and more than anything, Cartoonz wanted him to know that he loved him no matter what. After Cartoonz wiped away his tears, he kissed his lips. It was the one thing he really wanted to do ever since he came there. They would make things work, even if they lived so far away, or couldn't have kids of their own. Both of them would find a way to get through all of this, at least Cartoonz wasn't going down without a fight. Ohm had finally stopped crying, and tried to regain his composure. This is when
Cartoonz was getting up to get the food, after he handed Ohm some tissues that were nearby.

"Now no more silly talk about breaking up, because I'm not going anywhere. Okay?" said Cartoonz, who pressed a kiss to his forehead before he decided to move to the door, "now let's eat something and watch some movies together."

They had their food and then cuddle up into each other on the couch. Cartoonz meant what he said, so when Ohm's heat did came early, which was three days from when Cartoonz had first stayed at Ohm's place. Their neighbors could probably smell it, and made Cartoonz more paranoid that some other Alpha might want it. "Relax Toonzy, I've never had another Alpha be interested. This isn't my first heat here, so just calm down," reassured Ohm, who kissed him on the bed they were sharing. It was like his fantasy was coming to life, when he watched Ohm take off his clothes and got on his hands and knees. All omegas need to be in this position to get some relief.

Cartoonz would kiss everywhere he could reach, around his shoulders and his neck. He wanted to let his Omega know that he was loved, and that he cared about him so much. It did break his heart that they wouldn't have their own kids, some little red and grey winged babies. Ohm laid his chest into the bed, with his backside still in the air. The distinct smell of lust and what's uniquely Ohm's musky smell lingered around. It was much weaker than other Omega scents, but that didn't deter Cartoonz at all. He knew this is a good mate, who could make him very happy. His fingers moved inside, trying to stretch the insides for easier access. It surprised him that it was so loose, and he never had an Omega in heat before.

His only experience with the smell, was it lingering on some Alpha who was buying more food, or an Omega who was slowly getting their first signs of heat. Cartoonz pulled his fingers out, then stroked himself lightly. He was painfully hard, and Ohm's heat triggered his rut a lot sooner than it should. It felt amazing inside of him, as he groaned from the sensation. "Fuck, oh my god, you feel so good," gasped Cartoonz, as he started to form a good pace inside of him. There was a low moan and then chuckle from Ohm, "don't you mean, Ohm my god?" He swore that this Omega was made for him, the witty humor and gentle person that was all Ohm.

"Shit, you're just sucking me in," said Cartoonz, while he looked down at how he slide in and out of him.

"Please move faster Cartoonz, I need it," pleaded Ohm, and it didn't need any more encouragement than this.

The pace went much faster, while Cartoonz thrusted deep inside of him. There was moans from both of them, and then his face buried into his neck. He was going to cum soon, but before he did he bit hard down where the neck and shoulder meet. Cartoonz could here Ohm let out a loud moan from it, before they both came around the same time. His knot was forming once it happened, and they both just rested like this for the moment. Both of them relaxed into each other, once Cartoonz moved them to their sides. They fell asleep once his knot had wilted and he could pull out. He'd pull the blanket over them, and then they got some rest.

Cartoonz knew eventually he would have to go home, so after sharing Ohm's heat for a week, he finally went back to the airport and went back home. It was like everything was back to normal, and he texted his boyfriend every day. They both knew they loved each other, especially Ohm's texts of 'I love you' with little hearts on it. One day he was cooking some burgers on a grill, after he had invited his friends to his place. They were out in his backyard, as the smell of meat and smoke was around them. Delirious was munching happily on his burger, while Squirrel and Gorilla were having fun splashing around the pool. His phone buzzed in his pocket, and then he looked over to see the message.
'We have to talk about something,' texted Ohm, which it must've been something important.

'Are you finally going to move in with me?' questioned Cartoonz in his text, which he really hoped this time his boyfriend had considered it. His house was more than big enough for the both of them, with four bedrooms and a large kitchen.

'I have thought about it, but that's not what I wanted to talk about,' replied Ohm in the text, and now this is when Cartoonz started to worry.

'Don't tell me you want to break up again,' teased Cartoonz, though now he was really worried and nervous.

'No, I just got a letter in the mail. The lab results were mixed up with someone else. I can have kids,' texted Ohm happily, it had a smiley face and everything.

Cartoonz felt so happy, and then he had a sudden panic and excited feeling. He didn't exactly did it with Ohm with any protection, and they did share Ohm's heat.

'I'll check with the clinic, but there's a chance I might be pregnant. We weren't exactly safe with my heat,' texted Ohm, while the entire time Cartoonz stared at it, wondering if this was actually happening.

He might actually become a daddy.

Chapter End Notes

Follow Jhanyaiartist for her amazing art for this one-shot, and her other drawings on her account.

Also follow Nszirliafw from Tumblr for their lovely fan art, which was for first part of the one-shot.

Thank you all for reading, and I promise to eventually get to the requests. I'm just less motivated with some of the less positive comments around.
However, I will still be writing on my spare time, I just might post less after a couple of one-shots.

~Melon
Something wasn't quite right, though Evan didn't know what it could be. A lot of his employees weren't showing up, and he just noticed Ohm coming in late. His friend looked worried for some reason, while Evan was just cutting up the fresh fruits that they put into drinks. The bar looked empty and it's supposed to be a hot spot for Omegas. This was what made the place different from the rest, since he specifically made it Omega friendly and safe for them. It wasn't like Betas or Alphas wouldn't show up, though usually it was because their Omega date brought them there. They specialized in fruity fun drinks and finger food for their customers. Evan prided himself on this place, but now he wondered why there was so few people around.

"What's wrong Ohm?" asked Evan, as he put away his knife and cleaned off his hands.

"We should close this place now. The mafia is coming, and who knows what they'll do," replied Ohm worriedly, though he noticed that Evan didn't budge on this.

"Let them come, if they're paying customers we should welcome them with open arms," stated Evan, which Ohm was staring at him like he just grew an extra head.

"Did you not hear me? It's the mafia! They've decided they own this town, once they killed the mayor and settled into the nearby hotel. If we don't leave, who knows what they'll target next," said Ohm fearfully, hoping that Evan would see some reason.

"I didn't slave away to abandon this place. I've worked too long and hard, if they kill me over wanting to run my own bar, then so be it. I'm not leaving Ohm, I'm sorry," apologized Evan, while he decided to start cleaning the already clean bar top. "do you have any idea how difficult it is for an Omega to own a bar? I'm currently paying rent that's higher than any price, just because of what I am. It's not easy when people don't believe that an Omega can run a business."

"Evan.." said Ohm sadly, like he wanted to say something.

"I'm not done. After fighting hard and even working three jobs in the past, I'm not going to run and leave everything behind. If you want to go, then go, I'm staying right here," uttered Evan strongly, like he had a purpose in this place, and that's all that mattered.

"If you're staying, then I'm staying here too. I'm not going to abandon my friend," Ohm finally added, then went behind the bar with him.

This was when Evan realized that only his friends had showed up to help him. Tyler and Brock were his servers, and Nogla was his other bartender. It mostly because he didn't trust his friend to serve food or drinks. Nogla was the person to poor the beer for them, and make sure they had clean glasses to work with. Panda and Marcel is there chef in the back, so they had everything they needed. Nobody ran away once he had called and asked for their help, this made Evan wonder if he could live with himself if anything happened to them. He slowly started to feel guilty, and his anxiety grew while he waited for customers. It was getting a bit late as time went by, and not a single person had came just yet.

"Maybe nobody will show up," said Nogla casually, as he started to pour himself a beer that he shouldn't have, "well fuck them bastards, damn cowards. I'm not afraid of them mafia guys."
"Damn fucking straight, screw these mafia assholes. Who do they think they are?" agreed Tyler, and that's when the door opened.

Evan panicked a little on the inside, when he stared at all these men in suits and guns. Some of them even held machine guns, which they couldn't deal with if things got ugly. They were still customers, even if they looked more rugged than what he was use to having. Only two of them approached the bar, while the rest of them men seemed to have found a table to sit at. He could tell that the two men were the boss', because what they wore was expensive Italian leather suits. "I want a beer," said one of them sternly, and the other barked out that they wanted the same thing. This was the time for Evan to show his real charm, while praying that nothing bad would happen.

"Of course, but could I interest you in something else?" asked Evan politely, while he noticed Nogla trying to quickly open as many bottles of beer as he could. They didn't stock as much beer as other bars, since they usually sold other drinks.

"What's your name?" asked the boss, he wore a blue theme to his outfit, which was a blue tie and dress shirt. There was also a strip of blue around his hat.

"Evan, sorry for not introducing myself, I'll be your bartender for today," apologized Evan, while his eye momentarily glanced over at Ohm, who was chatting with the other person.

"It's fine man, I'm Delirious and my friend is Cartoonz. We tried to go to several bars, but some reason they're not open," grunted Delirious angrily, which Evan would have to do something about. It wouldn't be good to have an upset mafia boss at his bar.

"I hope to keep you entertained then, may I suggest some cocktails?" questioned Evan, though he noticed that Delirious didn't look like the sort of person who would want that.

"Sure, if you can get me something an Alpha would want," chuckled Delirious, almost like he was reading his mind.

"How about a blow job?" smirked Evan, as he watched the look on his face.

"Wait are you serious?" asked Delirious, who looked extremely surprised at what Evan just suggested, and even more confused when Evan started bringing out whip cream.

His hands started to work, and it wasn't that difficult of a drink for him to make. He'd add the ingredients to the shot glass, and the last step was to add the whip cream into it. "Here you go sir, a blow job," said Evan smugly, like he dared him to say something about it. What happened next was Delirious laughing insanely, and then smiling widely at him, "I think I like you." The last thing Evan was expecting was a compliment, before watching Delirious grab the shot and down it. He'd wait to see his response to the drink, though it looked like he enjoyed himself. One of the rules of bartending was to not drink, but he was going to break it for tonight.

"Do you know why it's called a blow job? You drink it without using your hands. Let me demonstrate," stated Evan, while he started to make another blow job and noticed Delirious staring at him intently.

"Do you normally give your customers a blow job?" questioned Delirious, as he said it in a very teasing tone.

"Only the good looking ones," replied Evan flirtatiously, which he never thought he'd flirt with someone so dangerous, "now watch me."

The glass was on the bar, so he leaned his head down and picked it up with his mouth. It would
choke some people, but he had done this before, just to impress his friends. Evan tilted his head up and gulped the shot. He would put away the glass, and lick up the remaining cream. Delirious seemed extremely interested in him now, and was about to speak up, when they heard some loud noise. "Fuck you asshole, I'll fucking kick your ass," shouted Tyler angrily, and then Evan knew he had a situation in his hands. He quickly tried to excuse himself, then walked away from the bar. His focus was so much on his friend, that he didn't realize Delirious was following him.

"Please gentleman calm down, I'll have free drinks being served," said Evan worriedly, as he noticed one of them pointing a gun at his friend's head.

"He fucking grabbed my ass, the cock sucker," growled Tyler, while he rolled up his sleeves and acted like he didn't care about the weapon.

"Put your gun down, what the fuck do you think you're doing?" questioned Delirious angrily, causing everyone to freeze up and Evan to quickly pull Tyler out of this situation.

"I want to have a nice drink for once, do I have to shoot all you damn fools?" glared Delirious, while he started to lecture them, but one of them started to talk back.

It was the first time Evan ever saw someone get murdered in front of him. Delirious just pulled out his gun, and shot the guy for mouthing off. This was a warning for the rest of them, while Evan quickly brought Tyler into the kitchen. Brock couldn't serve the rest by himself, so he asked Marcel to take over for his friend. Tyler could do some work in the kitchen, and it seemed like Panda didn't mind this. The day was going so well, though his friend had to pick a fight. It wasn't like he blamed Tyler, he wouldn't appreciate some drunk guy grabbing his ass. This was just how it was at other bars, which was why he wanted to create a safe place for Omegas. He couldn't hide in the kitchen, so it was time for him to walk back out there and face everything.

"Sorry for the interruption, what would you like next?" said Evan calmly, while he hoped that Delirious wasn't in a shooting mood anymore.

"Just get me anything," replied Delirious, though the anger wasn't at him, "sorry about my men, they could learn some more damn respect."

"No offense taken, how about a rum and coke?" suggested Evan, since he felt like maybe Delirious could use something strong, "or I could give you something with tequila in it."

"I like tequila," replied Delirious, his mood was slowly improving with their conversation, "I'm surprised you came back. I thought I scared you away."

"I'll admit, I'm a little scared, but you're the customer. I also expected this kind of thing, since you're part of the mafia," explained Evan, while he was making the drink for him, "here you go, one tequila sunrise."

The drink was three different colors, which was supposed to be like a sunrise. This colorful drink didn't look like anything Delirious would drink, but Evan watched as he took the glass and easily took sips from it. Evan was even more surprised when he ordered more cups full of it, and after four glasses he decided to cut him off. It didn't matter who the customer was, he didn't allow any of them to get too drunk. Delirious would whine at him, and it kinda made him look a little less tough. When Evan didn't relent, this was when Delirious decided to go back to the hotel, but did something surprising before it. He'd watch as Delirious grasped his hand and placed a kiss on it. It was extremely cheese and oddly put a smile on his face.

"I'll see you tomorrow Evan," said Delirious huskily, before rounding up his men and taking his best
His hand was strangely tingly, while he watched them all leave. This started to become a regular thing for them, as the town slowly went back to normal. The mafia ran their business, but didn't seem to expect much from them. It was almost like their place to relax, and get drunk when they weren't working. There was other towns and cities they owned, from what Evan had heard. Only a few deaths had occurred in his town by the mafia, but it wasn't like this place wasn't any more dangerous. He had seen crime first hand, and even was beat up in the past for his valuable possession. If anything else, the mafia offered him protection for his services. It had only one issue to which Evan couldn't help but notice.

"I miss having my Omega customers here," Evan admits, as he started to make him an alcoholic fruity drink, "it used to be so lively with all of them."

"Do you want us to leave? I can do that for you, but I kinda don't want to go," replied Delirious, who finally grabbed his newly prepared drink and took a sip, "what is this?"

"Sex on the beach, I thought you'd like it," said Evan with a smile, while he started making drinks for other people at the bar. After seeing Delirious enjoy fruity cocktails, it seemed like it gave everyone else permission to have it, "I wouldn't want you to leave either, I like having you around. The landlord is even nicer to me, he stopped ripping me off."

"I wonder how that happened," chuckled Delirious, though they both who did this, "maybe he had a change of heart."

"You seem to change a lot of people," added Evan, while he watched Delirious smoke and drink his alcoholic beverage.

"Have I changed you?" asked Delirious, he was leaning closer to him, like he wished he could reach further from the bar.

"Maybe, I like to think in a good way. Do you know what I did before owning this bar?" questioned Evan, since this place use to be a mid size town with everyone having a certain role.

"Let me guess, were you an escort?" teased Delirious, and the response was for Evan to immediately swat his hand away from his side of the bar, and then take away his empty drink.

"No, I use to be the sheriff. Until the town grew too big, and then the mayor decided we didn't need those roles anymore," stated Evan, as he let out a small sigh, "I use to be really respected, and even chased out the last mafia out. It was a much smaller group, not as organized as yours. Once they found out I was an Omega, you can see why they immediately stripped my role away."

"That's a shame, I bet you would make a good mafia member," replied Delirious, as he watched Evan make four drinks at once for the other guys.

"I even still have the gun," muttered Evan quietly, before reaching under and pulling it out, "I've never shot anyone with it, the town preferred to hang people."

"Is that why you name your bar 'Salem'?" questioned Delirious, and the only response was a short nod from Evan.

One of the rules of the bar, was that nothing left the place. This was why Evan and him could talk about these things, and sometimes Delirious would talk about his illegal operations. From what Evan learned about his mafia customer, it is that they smuggled in drugs and weapons to make their money. Delirious didn't use the drugs, but they had the best weapons they could get their hands on. It wasn't
any of Evan's business, though he was a little interested. Since he use to be on the side of the town, Evan knew how the place operated and now he saw the changes. There was times he offered some advice or suggest a certain drink to calm him. More importantly they both used this time to relax and forget their worries.

"How did you bribe the police force into your side?" asked Evan, as he was no longer a sheriff anymore, and just any bystander.

"They didn't exactly have much of a choice, once I found the place the mayor and sheriff was visiting. I took them both out in one go," smirked Delirious, while he prided himself in his own work, "I also had Cartoonz' help with this work."

"I've noticed that Cartoonz has taken a liking to Ohm," said Evan, while he glanced at the two, who were now more away from them, so they could get cozy on their side of the bar, "Ohm use to be my investigator, and we worked well as a team. I guess the town couldn't handle two Omegas running the law."

"I wonder if I would've gotten this town so easily with you around," muttered Delirious to himself, though neither of them wanted to think about being on opposing sides.

"Who knows, at least I run a bar instead," replied Evan, as he started to make Delirious a new cocktail, "I miss it sometimes, and my old code name. I wish this town was called Salem again."

"I could change it for you, I own this place now," Delirious pointed out, and this time he held his hand, stopping Evan from what he was doing, "I could even offer you this town."

"You're too sweet Delirious, you almost make me forget that you're a god father," said Evan sweetly, and then pulled away his hand to finish the drink.

They were both definitely attracted to each other, despite some of his friends disapproval. It was mostly Tyler and Brock being worried for him, but for once Evan was tired of playing the nice guy. He tried being on the side of the town, which got him no where, except for a bar that barely paid enough for him. It was Delirious and his men that helped him lower his payments, along with spending their money on food and booze. Evan didn't exactly charge them any less, because this was still a bar and he needed the cash. Some reason the wealthy god father didn't mind, and even started pulling something from his coat pocket. A small box appeared, though it was bigger than what would fit just a ring.

"I got you something, I hope you like it," said Delirious nervously, which made him seem more human than anything else, and that was needing Evan's approval of certain things.

Evan slowly opened it and revealed a necklace with a large red stone on it, "I can't accept this, it's too much."

"Of course you can, I want you to have it. I've had a jeweler in town to make this especially for you," explained Delirious, though he noticed the hesitation from him, "I wanted a red jewel, that's almost as pretty as you."

"Delirious.. we've only known each other for a little over a week, we're not even dating," Evan pointed out, but his eyes kept going from the gem and towards the man who gave it to him.

"We could change that, you know? How about going on a date with me?" asked Delirious, awhile held his breath and waited for an answer.

This was one of the biggest decisions Evan would ever make, and dating a god father was serious
business.

"Okay, how does tomorrow morning sound?" replied Evan, and the response was immediate. He was really doing this, dating a man who could give or destroy everything, "just be here, and I'll take care of the rest."

It didn't surprise him that Delirious agreed to it, and the god father was probably use to other people handling certain things from him. If they were going to date, then the other person would have to know more about himself. Evan went home after the bar had close, and the customers went home. He was actually excited for this date, since he hadn't dated in so long. Mostly his time was into running his bar, and making sure that he had a steady income. There was just something special of this place, the town attracted people like him and Delirious. When morning had finally came, he started preparing the place for his visit.

"I hope he's not dressed up in that suit, I hadn't thought about it until now," said Evan to himself, and sure enough the god father was dressed in a fancy suit.

"Good morning," greeted Delirious cheerfully, while he helped himself inside, "you look really good."

"Thanks, though you're over dressed," Evan pointed out, while he placed the silverware on the table.

"What's wrong with that?" frowned Delirious, as he looked over himself, "I think I look really good."

"You'll also attract unwanted attention. I don't want people afraid, while we're walking down the street," stated Evan, which he finally decided to walk over to him and give him a hug, "it's really good to see you though."

"Good to see you too, and I guess you have a point," replied Delirious, who hugged him back and kissed his cheek.

"I'll get the food, go ahead and have a seat," said Evan, as he noticed the surprised look on Delirious' face, since the man didn't expect to eat at his bar.

Panda had decided to help him, and had bought ingredients last night for him to cook. It was mostly eggs and bacon, along with some toast on the side. When Evan bought out the food, he noticed that Delirious had taken off his coat and made himself comfortable. "This looks good," complimented Delirious, while he grabbed his fork and immediately took a bite, "I hope you're just as tasty." There was that flirtatious behavior, that sent butterflies in his stomach. Evan hoped that person didn't realized what he was doing to him, because he was blushing and looking at his food.

"I guess you have to find out," said Evan boldly, like he was daring him and then started to cut into his eggs.

"Don't mind if I do," replied Delirious, who surprised Evan by leaning over and giving him a quick kiss on the lips.

They were both really looking at each other now, like they wanted to make out and ditch the rest of the plans that Evan had made. Delirious behaved himself throughout the rest of breakfast, while he talked about his business. Apparently there was a snitch that he had taken care of, along with some other loose ties. Evan noticed he looked a little tired, and the man probably wasn't a morning person. This would make his life a lot more interesting and dangerous, if they were to get involved. He already knew the stakes in dating him, but some reason he didn't care at this point.
"We can do some shopping if you don't mind," suggested Evan, as they were finished with eating, and Delirious was helping him with taking the dishes into the kitchen.

"Whatever you want doll face," chuckled Delirious, while he tried to mimic a more mafia sounding voice.

"I'd like to see you in some normal clothes," explained Evan, while he dragged him out of the bar once they were done.

They were definitely getting stares, as Evan walked with him down the street. The bar was close to other stores, and the area was populated with so many people. A lot of it was tourism, which had attracted the mafia in the first place. Evan took him to a clothing store, that was around twelve blocks away. It didn't seem like Delirious minded the walk, as Evan felt him grab his hand. This made his face flush slightly, while he couldn't stop thinking about the fact that everyone could see them holding hands. Everyone would know about them at this point, since rumors spread so fast in this town.

He also knew the owner of the place, while they finally stepped inside and looked around. It's where he got most of his clothes, and they weren't very expensive. Delirious got dressed in jeans and a black shirt, along with a blue hoodie that caught his eye. They agreed to dress each other up, though Evan didn't expect his date to be looking at dresses. "I'm not a girl you know," frowned Evan, since he never went with the Omega stereotype. The god father looked back at him, and held a nice red dress that had caught his eye, "it's only for one night, please?" This pleading blue eyes should be criminal, though it's not the only crime Delirious had done already. He could swear this man was stealing his heart.

"Okay fine, just this one time," stated Evan, while he took the dress and went into the dressing room.

His date however decided to step in with him, as he was getting ready to take off his shirt. "Let me help you," said Delirious, with the most mischievous look on his face. Evan wanted to kick him out, but they were both guys and it wasn't like the other man would see anything new. His shirt was tossed up on the dressing room wall, which was flimsy, and didn't even touch the ceiling. He'd kick off his pants, then do the same with it. Once the dress was slipped over his feet, it was lifted up and onto his shoulders. Delirious started to zip up the back for him. When he turned around, he was pinned to the wall, which shook a little from the sudden movement.

"I can't keep my hands off you doll face, you're so beautiful," said Delirious huskily, while he pepper him with kisses on his neck on and chin, "I wouldn't mind doing you right here and right now."

"Then what's stopping you?" asked Evan, as they grind into each other, not caring who heard them and threw caution to the wind.

Delirious must've kept his tie in his hoodie pocket, because he pulled it out and then put them around Evan's waist. This worried Evan a little, especially when the tie was placed on one of those hooks, that people put their clothes on. His arms were above his head, but this concern melted away, once Delirious had his hand under his dress and started touching him. They caressed his stomach and thigh, while ignoring his hard on completely. "Fuck Delirious, are you just going to tease me?" questioned Evan, which was met with a chuckle and Delirious groping his butt for the fun of it. This made him feel like a teenager, this reckless sex where anyone could find them.

"I know you like it," whispered Delirious in his ear, as that hand finally grasped him and pumped him slowly, "maybe you could convince me to do more."

"You asshole," moaned Evan, once he was really starting to feel it, and Delirious mouth was licking
and sucking his neck, "please, just do something."

"I think you can do better than that," teased Delirious, though he was still stroking him slowly, trying to drive him slowly insane, "you do look cute in that dress."

Evan was glaring at him, though he could get out of his restraint if he wanted to do it. A part of him felt too excited to end it all, so he decided to play along. Maybe he could even bargain his way out of it, "please Delirious, I'll even suck you off." There was a more pleading tone, and it wasn't like Delirious had much restraint when it came to him. An arm was around his waist, while Delirious released his hands from the hook. Evan could feel some stiffness in his arms, which wasn't entirely pleasant. He was also being pushed down onto his knees, as Delirious cupped his face gently. There was only one thing to do now, so he reached over to unzip his pants.

It must've been so constructed, under all those layers of clothing. He didn't even waste time once he got him out of his underwear and pants. Evan would give it a few strokes, before licking the head and glancing upwards. Delirious was smirking down on him, almost in a mocking way, though he could see the lust behind them too. This is when he decided to tease him a little, mostly be licking the underside of his shaft, while tracing his tongue over his balls. It took a moment for Delirious to grip his hair, before moving his pelvis to his face, which cause that member to press into Evan's cheek.

"Open your pretty little mouth, come on," coaxed Delirious, while he watched Evan licked the head and then sucking on it lightly.

He knew Delirious would eventually lose his patience, so he put half of in his mouth and then started to laugh a little, sending vibrations down that member. Evan liked getting a little payback, for the teasing his date had done earlier. His mouth was moving slowly up and down, while he had a good control of his gag reflex. After putting in his mouth halfway for the third time, he decided to swallow him down and let it rest against his throat. There was an appreciative to be heard, as he could feel the hair against his face. Evan started moving more quickly after that, and Delirious was no longer griping his hair. He could feel him brushing it out of his face, along with stroking his cheek.

"That's it, oh fuck," moaned Delirious loudly, before he warned him when he was close, "oh god, I'm gonna cum."

Evan pulled away just enough time to get sprayed in the face. His own hardness only grew worse after the blow job, and Delirious pulled out a handkerchief to wipe his face. He was sat on the tiny bench, which was located in the dressing room they were in. It didn't even cross his mind that Delirious would return the same favor, until the dress was pulled upwards and he'd watch as Delirious put him in his mouth. Evan didn't have as much control when getting head, he moaned very loudly and tried muffling it with his hand. After feeling that mouth on and expertly sucking him down, Evan came after a short amount of time. This time however Delirious swallowed it all up, and even licked him clean.

"Come on, let's get to my place. We can clean up and have lunch. Now fix yourself and get ready to go," ordered Delirious, who despite wearing these ordinary clothing at the time, still looked powerful and could take down anyone his own size or more.

"Okay, does that mean we're a thing?" asked Evan, since he wasn't sure what this exactly was or could be.

"Yeah, it's a thing," chuckled Delirious, while they got out of the dressing room and paid for their clothes.

Luckily there wasn't that many customers in the store, though the cashier seemed to know what they
were doing. She was just afraid to say anything about it, because of who it was in that dressing room. Evan allowed his new mafia boyfriend to hold his hand, and lead them to his car. He never thought a townie like himself could be dragged into this, at least now when the town first started. A part of him missed town of Salem, but another couldn't wait for this new adventure. It was like fate had other ideas for him, while he got into the car and Delirious drove him to the hotel that the mafia was staying at.

"Maybe after lunch, we can hang with the boys. I wouldn't want to miss staying at that bar of yours," said Delirious happily, and then finally arrived at their destination, "who knows, maybe we could rule the all the towns together. I could make you my mafia wife."

"I wouldn't mind a little mayhem and destruction. A little murder never hurt anyone," replied Evan with a smirk of his own, "I've always wondered what it would be like to be a part of the mafia anyways, even more what it would feel like to be with you. Maybe even have a couple of kids."

His friends always said he had big dreams, nobody expected an Omega to be more ruthless than the Alpha God father himself.

Chapter End Notes

Happy Valentine's Day!!

I wrote this for my girlfriend jhanyaiartist . She likes guys in dresses and a bit of Omegavere fun. (;

When I started writing this, I didn't realize she didn't know about a game called Town of Salem, so hopefully this will get her interested, even if it's nothing like the game. Lol.

~

I love you tons J, I'm excited and scared about meeting you next year and finally living together. It's a big step, but I'm willing to fully support your dreams and do everything I can for you. I've never met anyone so amazing and wonderful, though I'm always worried about screwing things up. You seem to be the joy in my life, and I'm sad on days when you're gone. I'd do anything to keep you safe, and sometimes I want to keep you all to myself.

You've made it the happiest 6 months of my life. Happy Valentine's love.

~Melon
The temple was what Squirrel used for a place of silent prayer, and to seek guidance from the gods. There was other priests who maintained this place, though he was more vigilant than the other young newly priests. He had graduated earlier than most, while he had decided to make it his quest to destroy evil, and help those who needed it. It was his first time in town, as he ventured towards a small goods store. Squirrel picked a few rations to take with him, along with other extra provisions. It didn't take him long to learn about a demon in their forest, who fed on the locals and their farm animals. This sounded like they needed a priest to banish this demon, despite him barely becoming what he was.

"Where do you think I would find this demon?" asked Squirrel, while he watched the store owner count the items, before determining the price of the goods.

"Follow up the east river, and towards an old wooden cabin. It used to be used by hunters, but ever since the sighting of this vile creature. No one ventures out in that direction anymore," explained the store owner, who finally game him the price and Squirrel started paying him, "I know you're are new priest, but I'd advise from going there."

"It's my job sir, so don't worry. That demon won't harm anyone any more," beamed Squirrel, as he had a bounced in his step, and grabbed all his stuff before taking off outside.
What he didn't see was the worried look on the man's face, while the store owner wondered if this young man would be okay. Squirrel happily placed his stuff on his horse, and on the mule that he had following him. He'd set his way east, while searching for this river that the person was talking about. When it was finally sighted, he allowed his animals to drink from it. All priests were assigned a town to protect, so it was one of the reasons he felt like he could take care of this. The temple assigned them to places, which were more there speed, and because the demon had halted their attacks for some time. This was a very small town, mostly filled with farmers and other people of trade.

"I hope I'm going the right way, I can't wait to show everyone what I can do," said Squirrel to himself, as he had a lot to prove and wanted to show that he could take care of everyone.

He'd never seen a demon before, but there was illustrations in old books and the stories that other priests told him. Squirrel also practiced his faith daily, and knew the right words to ward one off. His hope was that after he proved himself, maybe the town would provide him with a small temple and he could start teaching people his faith. Squirrel was determined to eliminate this demon for good, and have something to boast about for once. Everyone looked at him and saw a kid, which he wasn't that young, but he felt like he needed to earn their respect. Immediately his thoughts were interrupted once he spotted the cabin in the distance. It looked abandoned, and very old with foliage growing out of it.

The only solution to eliminating this demon was to investigate this place, and hopefully do it before it got dark. Squirrel intentionally set out for early morning, because demons grew stronger at night. It was the reason the town had a curfew, and the bar didn't even open late anymore. He started to grow more scared, when his horse wouldn't budge, when it got closer to walking distance. This is when he decided to leave the animals by the river, so they could drink and eat whatever they needed. They shouldn't wander far off, and he didn't plan to stay long if there was no sign of it. His steps were slow, while he walked as quietly as he could.

"Everything is going to be okay, it's not even dark out," Squirrel reassured himself, as he finally walked to the front of the cabin.

It didn't take much of a push to open the door, and there was an eerie creak when it happened. Nothing had jumped at him so far, but the place was so dark. He left the door open wide, just to try and get some light inside. Squirrel wished he brought a lantern with him, because he couldn't really see much. His arms reached out, as he followed one wall. There was something he bumped into, causing him to yelp and want to run away. When he eventually got the courage again, he felt around what he supposedly walked into. It made him feel a bit stupid, as he realized it was only a chair. When he felt around even more, he could feel a table inside. This is when he decided this was enough exploring, and there wasn't anything in the cabin. At least he hoped there wasn't.

Squirrel was about to leave, when he heard some footsteps and so he quickly dived under the table that he felt around. At least the table cloth would cover him, as he tried not to scream. He was breathing hard, so he tried to keep that under control. There was a low sound, then he realized it sounded like a person humming to a certain tune. Squirrel listened intently, while he heard this person fumbling with something. He was still terrified under the table, because he was breaking and entering into someone's place. Maybe there was no demon, instead he went inside some hunter's cabin. There might be some hope however, if he explained himself and his priest robes would give him some alibi.

"I don't remember leaving the door wide open, maybe the wind did this," said a gentle voice, making Squirrel think even more that this was possibly a normal person, "now where did I put my lantern."
This is when he should pop out, because it would look suspicious if he didn't. Some reason the fear kept him under there, as the person lit some candles and flooded the room with some light. "Much better, I wonder if I have some meat left," said the voice, while there was more movement around him. Squirrel hadn't been spotted underneath the table, and the cloth had still kept him hidden. This also meant he couldn't see other person and what they were doing. More than anything he wished he could pray out loudly, but then this person would hear him. He hoped that he wouldn't get caught, or maybe he'd get the strength to come out. This is when Squirrel started to think negatively about himself, he was he would being cowardly and not facing whoever it was.

If he couldn't face a normal person, then he wouldn't have a chance against a demon.

"S-sorry for c-coming into your house," stuttered Squirrel, as he slowly came from under the table. The person was immediately startled, while the man wore a black cloak and some dark brown pants. It didn't look like normal attire for a hunter, though he hadn't been around too many outsiders to really judge. This is when the person finally turned to show his face, but then Squirrel screamed and then held onto the chair so he wouldn't fall. His worst fear was facing him, as he stared openly at this demon. They both stared at each other for awhile, until the demon turned it's back to him and went over to the fire place. This left Squirrel to be slightly confused, though he didn't dare move an inch. His mind was screaming to do something, anything to attack this demon.

"I haven't had outside visitors in a long time, even my friends had went north on a quest," spoke the demon, though he quickly revealed his name, "call me Gorilla, all my friends call me that. I don't remember my old name anymore."

"S-stay back demon!" said Squirrel in a panic, he couldn't even think of those prayers, not when he was starting to have a panic attack.

"You can relax, I'm just reaching for my pot over there. You do realize you're in my kitchen?" questioned Gorilla with a chuckle, before he walked past the stumbling priest, "is tea okay? I don't have a lot of provisions, but I can at least do that."

" Aren't you supposed to attack me? M-maybe try some evil curse?" squeaked Squirrel, while he was now using his chair like a shield.

"I'm guessing that's what you're here for, except the curse part. I haven't heard of any priests doing that, but demons don't do that either," said Gorilla in an amused tone, as he filled the pot with water and put it on his metal stove, "I have some fish I put on some ice, I forgot about it over there. We can have that and some potatoes."

It only further confused Squirrel, as he watched this large demon work in his kitchen like a normal person. He was sent there to protect the town, but nothing was making any sense to him. This demon wasn't attacking him, or even trying to take over his body, which he heard of some people getting possessed. Squirrel noticed the purplish skin, and the piercings on the man's face. The demon had a face of an elephant, though the rest of him looked human. His panic attack eventually passed, while he sat on the chair he'd been clinging onto. Gorilla had been ignoring him for the rest of the time, as he was cooking something on his stove. This is when it occurred to him that maybe he should leave.

"Leaving so soon? I just got the tea ready, it's still hot, but give it a few minutes," said Gorilla calmly, who had noticed Squirrel getting up from his chair, "please sit, it's been so long and I wouldn't mind some company."

Maybe it was out of stupidity, or out of the kind nature he had. Squirrel sat back down, then noticed Gorilla placing down two cups of hot steaming tea on the table. The words were coming back to his
head, and he wondered if he should try to banish the demon right now. If the tea was even safe to drink, or if he had stumbled into a terrible trap. "You can relax, I don't bite. I haven't tasted human in a very long time, and I don't plan to start now," stated Gorilla, who noticed the fear on the young priest's face, "I just live alone, and mind my own business usually." There was now an even bigger pot on the stove, which smelled amazing to Squirrel, who hadn't eaten much during his trip.

"So tell me about yourself, which temple are you from?" asked Gorilla, as he finally sat on the other side of the large table, and grabbed his tea.

"I'm from the temple by the woodlands up north," muttered Squirrel quietly, since he still felt shy and scared.

"I've seen that temple, on the outside mind you. It's not a bad place, but I think you're a bit young to be sent out so soon," said Gorilla honestly, before he blew on his cup and took a sip.

"I'm the highest scoring in my class, and I attend all the prayers," Squirrel piped in, while he took pride in his work at the temple, "I-I could take you down if I wanted."

"Oh really? Do you even know how strong I am?" questioned Gorilla, though he was still very amused, "It would probably take five high trained priests to get me, if they could find me."

"I found you!" added Squirrel, with much more enthusiasm than needed.

"Why yes you did," said Gorilla fondly, while he got back up to check on their food.

The demon never once tried to attack him, he even brought him some fish stew, which had a pleasant taste and more seasoning in it then he thought it would. There was also bits of beef, though it was more tough like it was probably dried. Squirrel was hesitant to eat or drink anything, but he was brought up to be kind and accept anything that was given to him. It was mostly Gorilla doing the talking, and the demon had settled there for a few years. There was crops growing from a certain distance from the cabin, and he even had chickens and pigs even deeper, so that the villagers wouldn't find them. This wasn't what Squirrel was expecting, especially the kindness in the demon's voice.

"It will be getting dark soon, you should probably get back to town," Gorilla pointed out, as he reached over to grab both of their bowls. He even noticed when Squirrel flinched and moved away from him, when he was reaching for his.

"Yeah, I should go. Um, thank you for the meal," said Squirrel, while he quickly got up and made his way out.

When the door was finally closed behind him, he didn't know what to think or do. This was the dangerous demon that the town was afraid of apparently, at least that's what he heard from the rumors. It left a lot of questions in his head, as he went back to his horse and mule. They had wandered off some ways, but he managed to find them. Squirrel followed along to river, and back into safety of the town. Nobody was outside, since the curfew was still there. The tavern was still open when he got inside, and Squirrel decided to head towards his bed.

After a few days of getting to know the town better, and avoiding the certain problem he had been contemplating about. Apparently these attacks happened far in the past, maybe even before Gorilla had been around, though he didn't mention to anyone about seeing the demon. Squirrel didn't want anyone to become curious, then search for that particular cabin. There was some people that went missing, so people assumed that it was the act of demons. The people were superstitious, though for good reasons. This is when Squirrel decided to go back into the cabin however, because it was his
job to remove anything evil. Gorilla might've seemed nice, but maybe the demon could be fooling him.

The priests had taught him that evil would lie, and try to make him wander from his ways.

It was time to banish this demon, and send Gorilla back to the depths of hell. Squirrel went to check over his pack, and he only had his medallion for protection. This was given to him by a high priest, so maybe it was enough to give him the strength he needed. Last time he wasn't fully prepared, because he hadn't encountered demons before. This time however he was going to get rid of him. Squirrel only brought his horse this time, and a few rations to eat before he got there. When he got to the cabin however, this time Gorilla was no where in sight. He had left his horse by the river again, and decided to search by foot. It didn't take long for him to hear chickens, and seeing someone tend to their cabbage.

"Good morning priest," said Gorilla calmly, he didn't even get up from his sitting position, as he was pulling out some weeds.

Squirrel had to be strong and started marching towards him, his medallion was also against his chest, "by the holy spirits and his name, I banish you to the great beyond. Go back de-"

His words were cut off, when he tripped over a hole on the ground that was dig up by gofers that Gorilla had been dealing with. It made him face plant into the ground, and the air was knocked out of him. There was some laughing from the demon, then a very concerned voice since he didn't get up. "Squirrel, are you okay?" asked Gorilla, who came to his side, and started to check for bruising, "can you stand up?" This wasn't how it was supposed to be, he was meant to do great things, not make a fool of himself in front of the demon, who was now trying to help him. Squirrel managed enough to pull away and sit down, though he held his sore face. It was a little scraped form the landing.

"Why don't we come inside? I could patch you up," suggested Gorilla, though he sounded very worried about him, "I've got some herbal medicine I can use."

"Why are you like this? Aren't you supposed to be a demon?" questioned Squirrel, while he allowed Gorilla to help pull him up. It didn't take much effort with his tiny frame, "don't you know I'm trying to banish you?"

"Well let's just say, I'm tired of being like this. I wanted to become a different person," said Gorilla kindly, as he pushed the bangs from Squirrel's face, "it would also be a shame to hurt such a cute priest."

His face was very flushed from the compliment, though he looked away and allowed himself to be lead towards the cabin. Squirrel wouldn't admit it, but he was slowly thinking this demon wasn't so bad. He was also growing more curious about him, and wanted to know more of why Gorilla became this way. If the demon was tricking him, then he was surely falling for it. Maybe it was his own inexperience, that would become his downfall in this situation. Gorilla opened the door, and then quickly lit some candles. Squirrel was handed a wet wash cloth to clean his face, and then he watched as Gorilla mashed up some roots and leaves. They were applied to his face, and he was told to keep them on for a couple hours.

The bruises would eventually go away, but as time passed he started to really like this demon. Squirrel started to make it a daily habit to visit, mostly because he told himself he was just making sure the demon wasn't causing any trouble. Gorilla could either be found outside relaxing, or tending to his small garden and feeding his animals. They started to become fast friends, despite Squirrel's attempts of trying to get rid of him. It seemed to only amused the demon, when Squirrel tried to do his chants, but it didn't really have much of an affect on him. This is when the priest would help him,
and even bring stuff that Gorilla couldn't get. Mostly because the demon wasn't welcomed in the town, and couldn't make trade with anyone.

"I feel kinda bad, it's not fair that you can't go there," complained Squirrel, though it seemed to make Gorilla chuckle at his antics, "if only the people got to know you, they'd see how nice you are."

"I haven't always been nice, I don't blame them for being afraid. I use to think I knew it all, even did things I shouldn't have done," admit Gorilla, while the two of them were feeding his chickens.

"What did you exactly do? How did you become a demon?" questioned Squirrel, as he was so curious and wanted to know more about him.

"I don't remember those details, I just remember being a demon. My friends were the ones to find me, and helped me learn all about what a demon was supposed to be. I'd kill people with them, eat the flesh of the town folk for nourishment. When I finally decided that it wasn't a life for me, I went ahead and stayed at this abandoned cabin. My friends didn't exactly approve of my decision, and then left when I wouldn't kill people with them."

"So you didn't kill a anyone from this town?" asked Squirrel, who had stopped throwing down feed for the chickens.

"I hadn't, but I had done it in other towns. I'm glad you didn't meet me then, I wouldn't have hesitated to harm you," said Gorilla sadly, then he looked outward and looking very lost in his thoughts.

"That's all in the past though, and you're a um.. nice demon?" replied Squirrel in a question form, though he nodded his head, and then hugged the distraught demon.

He'd buried his head into his chest, and noticed that Gorilla had stiffen under his touch. It didn't take long for the demon to relax, and then Squirrel felt those arms wrapped around him. "You're a strange young priest, thank you," muttered Gorilla happily, then he pulled away just to plant a kiss on Squirrel's cheek. It however landed on the priest's lips, because Squirrel moved and didn't notice what Gorilla was doing. They both pulled away, while blushing from what had occurred. Squirrel wanted to say something, but his hand was over his lips in embarrassment. He hadn't really thought of Gorilla that way, especially as him being a priest and his friend is a demon.

"Will you do it again?" squeaked Squirrel, though he was blushing harder and couldn't look at him.

"Sure, come here," Gorilla urged him closer, and then they kissed again.

Chapter End Notes

Follow [Jhanyaiartist](https://jhanyaiartist.tumblr.com) from Tumblr as well!
Good morning, priest.

By the holy spirits and his name, I banish you to the street beyond. Go back to...
Can you stand up?

Why don't we come inside? I could patch you up, I've got some herbal medicine I can use.

Can you stand up?

Why don't we come inside? I could patch you up, I've got some herbal medicine I can use.
Melon
"We have various eye seeing pets for you to choose from, do you have any preference?" asked the young woman, who sounded like she was maybe around late twenties or early thirties.

"Maybe one that's not shy? My old dog buddy was so friendly. He lead me everywhere no problem," suggested Ohm, since his recent eye seeing dog passed away, and it took some convincing for him to get a new pet.

"Of course, all our pets are well trained and we will find one that suits your needs. Do you have any preference to the animal or breed?" questioned the woman, while he could hear her writing something down.

"I don't really have a preference. I do like dogs, but I'm open to anything," stated Ohm, while he waited for her to leave the room.

After being introduced to a few dogs, Ohm didn't seem that interested in any of them. Some of them would wander around the room, and ignored him when he called them over. He started to wonder if this way a good idea, but maybe it was because they weren't wearing their working harness. Ohm however wanted a pet he connected with, not just a tool to help him walk around different various places. This is when she suggested something else that he could choose from, "we also have some rare hybrid pets, if you would like to try our experimental breeds." There was no limit to opens, so he asked her to bring him one. When she left he tried to relax himself, he felt so trapped in the small
"I know you might prefer dogs, but we have Cartoonz. He's our newly trained cat," said the woman, though it seemed to interest him, because he never heard of an eye seeing cat.

"So what's your name anyways?" questioned a rough voice, which had a southern accent to it.

"I'm Ohm, who's this?" asked Ohm curiously, since he didn't understand why there was another person in the room.

"I'm the cat dumbass," scowled Cartoonz, which he had a scolding tone of voice, "never heard of one of me before?"

"I'm sorry Mr. Wrecker, maybe he needs more training," said the woman, who was frowning at the cat hybrid in the room.

"It's fine, and to answer your question Cartoonz. This is my first time meeting a hybrid, I've actually never heard of one before," explained Ohm, while he grew more curious about him.

"Well I'm not much different from you, other than I can see and lick my own ass," said Cartoonz cheekily, then he started to walk over to Ohm.

There was clear footsteps on the tile floor, and Ohm felt mostly curious than anything else. He wondered how big this cat was, and if it looked more human or feline in appearance. "Is it okay if I see your face? I do it by touching you with my hands," explained Ohm, which he thought he would immediately be shut down, though instead Cartoonz grasped his hands. It startled him at first, though his hands were on each side of Cartoonz's head. There was a deep chuckle, before the hybrid spoke up, "go ahead feel around, just be careful of the ears." Ohm hesitated a little, though eventually grew more bold as he felt around his face. He could feel the scruff of a beard, along with some spikey hair.

"So you do have cat ears, they feel kinda nice. I almost thought someone was playing a prank on me, when I felt a normal face," said Ohm with his pleasant smile on his face, he didn't realize that Cartoonz was staring at him and admiring what he was seeing.

"Okay I pick this one," Cartoonz told the woman, once he pulled away from Ohm and made his decision.

"It's not your decision, and I think I should take you back," replied the woman sternly, which she plan to be doing because Cartoonz wasn't having an attitude problem.

"The hell you will, I want to go home with him," argued Cartoonz, though who knew why he made this decision.

Ohm quickly cut into the conversation, so that things wouldn't become any more heated, "It's fine, I would like to take him home. See if he's a good fit for me."

"Are you sure?" asked the woman politely, though she was scowling at Cartoonz who had a big grin on his face, "well, I'll get the paperwork."

This left them in the room with each other. Ohm still hadn't gotten over the death of his best friend and pet. Buddy was everything to him, but it also meant he needed a new pet to help him move around. If he didn't have an eye seeing pet, he'd loose the bit of freedom that he enjoyed. It would make going shopping difficult, or even taking a normal walk. At least this cat seemed very vocal and nice to listen to, he didn't like the silence sometimes. "How far is your place anyways? I hope it's no where near here. I hated those cage they locked me up in, and the food here is absolute shit,"
complained Cartoonz, who didn't seem to care if Ohm answered him.

"I live in a couple cities away, but I think you'll like it. The place isn't very big, but I live next to a park and some places we can eat at," answered Ohm, as the woman eventually entered back into the room.

The paperwork was filled out, and now he owned Cartoonz legally. She started explaining how to put on Cartoonz' harness, though it was confusing and he couldn't exactly see it. His cat however glared at her, which he couldn't see, and started putting it on himself. The leash was put in his hands, along with a bar that's against the back of the harness. This also meant that the bar was located on Cartoonz' back, so could be lead easily. If he choose that way of holding onto him. Ohm settled for holding the leash that's attached to the harness, as his new pet lead him out into the parking lot. He still felt a little afraid, since he's having a new eye seeing pet, which meant he didn't know what he should expect to happen.

"The Uber should be here soon, let me know when it arrives," explained Ohm, while it didn't take long for his ride to arrive.

Cartoonz seemed obedient enough, even with his cocky attitude. They eventually arrived at his home, after a forty five minute drive. Ohm's house was definitely small, along a small cul-de-sac. He'd fish out his keys once they got out of the vehicle, and he had paid the driver. Both of them were apparently tired, though he suspected his new cat to be hungry as well. The door was finally unlocked, and he reached over to try and feel around the harness. "Can't keep your hands off me?" joked Cartoonz, who stood there, while Ohm felt around and eventually took off the harness. It wasn't like he had to do it, but it's something he's always done for buddy. Once he no longer needed his dog to lead him around, he'd take off the work harness so it let his pet know it was no longer work time.

"Okay, I'll order us some food. Just make yourself comfortable, tomorrow we'll go shopping and buy some stuff you need," said Ohm, who knew that Cartoonz didn't have another change of clothes, and didn't really own anything. "is Chinese food okay?"

"Can we get chicken? I love some orange chicken right now," replied Cartoonz, while he settled on the couch and started to relax.

"Sure, I'll also get us some fried rice and an order of sweet and sour pork," added Ohm, while he counted his steps and made his way towards the phone.

The food eventually arrived, though this time Cartoonz answered the door and allowed the delivery guy inside. Ohm sometimes gave people the wrong amount, though he always hoped that people would be fair with him. He'd reach into his wallet, and tried to figure out the right about. "I'll just take these bills, and I'll give you some change," said the delivery man who took some money from his hands, and the only thing Ohm could do was thank him. What he didn't realize was that Cartoonz was watching the exchange extremely carefully, and then seemed to be making the oddest cat like growling sounds. It only made Ohm wonder if something was wrong.

"Are you fucking kidding me? One of them is a hundred bill, and I don't think Chinese food is that expensive. You better give him that back, or I'll have to get your supervisor involved," growled Cartoonz, who seemed to have grabbed Ohm's wallet from his hands, and got the cash back from the delivery guy.

"So sorry, it was just a mistake," replied the delivery guy, though the man thought Ohm would be an easy score, since he was blind.
"Here's your cash, and don't you dare expect a tip. I already know the tip is included," added Cartoonz angrily, as he made sure the right amount of cash was given back, and he escorted the guy out of the building.

"Is he gone now?" questioned Ohm, who was currently in shock, and didn't move from his spot in the kitchen, right next to the counter with the food.

"Yeah, he's gone. The nerve of some fucking people," said Cartoonz angrily, but he started to speak more softly, once he noticed the worried look on Ohm's face, "everything is okay now, why don't we eat?"

"Okay," replied Ohm, as he tried to reach around for the food, and feel inside the bags of take out. They both agreed to eat on the couch, and forget about what happened earlier. Ohm decided he wouldn't call that place again, though he wondered if this delivery guy had been at his place before. It was possible since he liked Chinese food, and sometimes he didn't want to leave his house. Cartoonz was somehow more useful, because unlike owning a dog. This hybrid was exactly like a human except a few animalistic behaviors. His cat made him a plate of food, and then helped him back over to the couch. It is his house, so he knew his way around the place. Ohm just thought it was kinda sweet that such a big person was so concerned about him, and tried everything to make sure he was okay. There wasn't a single regret he had for getting Cartoonz, since another dog would just make him think more about buddy.

At first it was a little awkward, because it was almost like he got himself a new roommate to live with him. Cartoonz didn't act like a pet, or even ate pet food. They ate their Chinese food and then sat on the couch and watched a movie. It was more like Ohm was listening to a movie, but he liked the dialogue and Cartoonz talked so much, that he got to hear everything that was happening. He felt tired after the long day, from getting an eye seeing pet, to the drama of the Chinese food fiasco. His pet lead him over to his room, even if he could find it easily himself. There was a spare toothbrush in his room, which he had to try and find with Cartoonz’ help.

Ohm wasn't prepared to have a pet that's so human, so all the dog food he had bought, would most likely be donated to a nearby pet shelter. Evan was the person who suggested this place that he got Cartoonz, since he was considering it himself. They also had different varieties of eye seeing pets. If only his friend would've told him about the hybrids, or maybe he wasn't paying much attention.

"Hey Ohm, where am I sleeping?" asked Cartoonz, since he really didn't know where he would be placed. Of course he didn't think this through, and was expecting to let his new eye seeing dog sleep on his bed. "Um," muttered Ohm, the tooth brush was still in his mouth, while some of it was dribbling down his chin. He'd spit it all out in the sink, before he decided to answer him, "I'm not sure."

"I could sleep on the couch," suggested Cartoonz, since he didn't mind as long as it wasn't at the company he was taken from.

"Shit, I'm so sorry Cartoonz. I didn't think this through, I was expecting to bring home a dog. My spare room has all my computer stuff in it, would sharing a bed be okay?" asked Ohm, after he rinsed his mouth and decided to speak more properly to him.

"I am fine with the couch Ohm, I wouldn't want to steal your bed from you," replied Cartoonz nervously, this was the first time he didn't sound sure of himself.

"I really don’t mind, and my bed is big enough. The couch isn't the most comfortable place to sleep with your size anyways, you're too tall," Ohm pointed out, since it barely sat two people on it.
This is when it was all decided, and Cartoonz would be sleeping with him. There was a reluctant agreement with his hybrid, as they finished with brushing their teeth and left the bathroom. His lights were touch sensitive, so all he had to do was move the bar on the wall to either dim it or shut it off. Ohm felt extremely tired and put on some pajamas in the bathroom, and decided to dim the lights. He'd hand over the remote to Cartoonz, and allowed him to watch some television while he slept. Cats were night time predator animals, so it didn't surprise him that Cartoonz didn't feel tired. His pet was also allowed to leave the room, and do whatever he wanted. This is when Ohm started to drift and fall asleep.

Even though cats were more active during the day, it didn't mean Cartoonz didn't cat nap on the bed, after he had watched a couple episodes. The entire time Ohm was sleeping, his hybrid cat did leave to explore the tiny house after his nap, and even raided the fridge. There was so much time on Cartoonz’ hands, that he even went inside the spare room, that had the computer and other various computer parts. It had padded walls and very good sound proofing. This is where Cartoonz decided to stay and find a game to play, while Ohm slept for most of the night. The only time he got up, was once to use the restroom. When morning finally arrived, he'd hear someone making breakfast. His heightened smell could already tell that it was eggs and bacon.

"I hope you don't mind, I thought I'd borrow your kitchen," said Cartoonz happily, though he seemed to glance at Ohm who sat down.

"I don't mind, it's technically your kitchen too," Ohm pointed out, since they were going to live together for now on.

"Oh yeah, I guess it is. So how do you like your eggs?" asked Cartoonz, though it seemed like his owner didn't mind how it was prepared.

They were having scrambled eggs, and Ohm immediately dug into it once it was done, "oh so good, I miss having home cooked food in the morning. Which reminds me, I'll be heading to work soon. I work at a computer repair shop. Will you be okay on your own?"

"I'll be fine, I've been alone almost all my life. I had a few friends, but after they took my best friend away. It's only been me," stated Cartoonz, but there was some obvious sadness in his voice, "do you like your job?"

"Oh yeah, it's nice. The owner allows me to work in the back, and I like being there by myself," answered Ohm, as he did notice the change in topic, but didn't comment on it, "I have a friend who drives me there, since we both work there."

"Oh that's nice of your friend," replied Cartoonz, as he finally finished making his eggs and sat with him.

Ohm left to get dressed, since he was still wearing his bunny pajamas. It was just a cartoony print of bunnies on it, but he really liked them. He also didn't notice Cartoonz smiling at him, and what he thought of him in those clothes. Once in his bedroom he'd put on a a grey dress shirt, and some black pants. It didn't take long for someone to knock on his door, though this time he wasn't the one to answer it. There was chatter in his living room, when he grabbed his laptop and other equipment to put his suitcase. They seemed to be laughing about something, and Ohm hoped they weren't talking about him. His friend was full of mischief and trouble of him, though they still managed to get along.

"Hey Ohm, are you ready to go? I was talking to your new squeeze, and can I say he's quite the eye candy," giggled his friend Adam, which a lot of his friends would call him Nanners.

"Yeah I'm ready, though we're not a thing," muttered Ohm angrily, because he knew his friend was
"You mean yet," replied Adam with more giggling, and he started to guide Ohm out of the house.

This was probably going to be a long day. Ohm however stopped at the door to say one more thing, "I'll be home around four or later. It depends on if they need me for something else." Sometimes he'd get held back by a customer, which seemed to happen a lot if someone's pc suddenly stopped working, and they came over for an emergency repair. "You forgot to add, honey I love you, bye," teased Adam, which Ohm groaned and got into the car with him. This really was going to be a long excruciating day. He could feel how much of a pain it already was, as Ohm gave a reluctant goodbye to Cartoonz, and his pet said his goodbyes as well. Once Adam started teasing him, it only meant the rest of his friends would do it too.

His job wasn't that exciting, but he worked so well with his hands. If he could feel around the parts, then eventually he could find the solution to the problem. Sometimes he'd have to ask someone what was on the screen, though mostly he messed with the mother boards and other equipment. Ohm was a natural with fixing things, his friends thought he could fix anything. One of the problems he wanted to solve was at home, because he noticed Cartoonz' odd behavior. He seemed more hostile around strangers, though he probably didn't see a blind man as a threat. Someone probably wasn't very kind to him, or maybe it had something to do with him being a hybrid animal.

Ohm knew he wasn't an expert on cats, but he'd try anyways. At least he had Adam with him. "You want to know about cats, well my friend, you came to the right person," smirked Adam, who was working right next to him, "Cats show their affection through actions, like purring and following you around. Of course your case is a little different, but when it comes to all animals they all like food. Maybe try fish or poultry?" His friend was giving him some tips about cats, he even suggested getting some catnip. Ohm wasn't sure if it'll have the same affect on Cartoonz, and it didn't affect every cat the same way. Someone else wandered into the room, because he could hear the door opening, and someone walking into the room.

"Who got a cat? Adam, you better have not brought another cat into our home, or so help me god," said Max in an irritated tone, this however was typical for the two to react around each other.

"I promise I'm not, you have to trust me. Ohm here is the one with the cat," replied Adam, as their attention was on Ohm now, "I've seen him, he's tall and handsome. You should be worried Max, those hybrids are good looking."

"Oh please, the day I worry about you replacing me with a hybrid. Is the day I throw you out of the house," huffed Max, while Ohm was listening to the entire exchange, "or maybe I'd get a dog hybrid, and see if you like it."

"Is little Maxie jealous?" teased Adam, as he loved messing with his boyfriend, "I know you'll never replace me though, you'd miss me."

Max just rolled his eyes, when Adam tried to look cute and placed his arms up and knuckles to his face in a certain way. They all eventually went back to work, and it was just Max at the register to speak with customers. This was their business, so he was surprised when Adam offered to drive him back home early. There was still some teasing of Cartoonz being his boyfriend, though his friend was doing him a favor of letting him spend extra time with his cat. Max was also understanding, and Ohm would be paid the average amount. His work was also taken with him, as Max carried the pc with him into Adam's back seat of his car. It was only a couple hours early, but Ohm did promise Cartoonz he'd take him shopping, despite how exhausted he would feel.

"Now tell me, why did you get a cat?" asked Adam curiously, while they were driving back to
Ohm's house.

"I'm not sure, Cartoonz wanted to come home with me. It sounded like a good idea at the time," answered Ohm with a shrug, since he didn't really understand it himself.

"I would almost think you brought him home, because he's cute. If you could actually see him," giggled Adam, once they finally arrived to their destination, "get your boyfriend to help you take your homework home."

"He's not my boyfriend," pouted Ohm, who did what Adam said and got Cartoonz to carry the pc inside.

His friend eventually left, and they were both inside. It was somewhere around two pm, so both of them had some time to do some shopping. He just wanted to relax on the couch for a bit. "You know, we don't have to go. Actually, I don't want to go out," said Cartoonz stubborn, while he folded his arms, and joined him on the couch. None of Ohm's clothes would fit the bigger man, and it was clear that Cartoonz couldn't live with just one pair. Ohm wasn't sure what to say to convince him, but he thought about what Adam suggested, "Are you sure? We could go out for sushi as well, after we just buy a couple things. It won't take too long." There was some silence for a moment, and he started to wonder what was going through his head.

"Okay, but if I want to go back home, we leave," said Cartoonz, who sounded slightly upset for some reason, "I don't need much."

"Then it's settled, just let me relax a little. My shoulders hurt a little," stated Ohm, as he suddenly felt startled by the hands that descended on him.

"Let me help work them out, you feel tense," suggested Cartoonz, as he started to rub his shoulders, and tried to get Ohm to relax a little, "they don't call me magic hands for nothing."

"I don't think anyone calls you that," replied Ohm, but they both seemed to chuckle and were in a better mood.

It felt so good to have someone massage his shoulders, and nobody has touched him like that in so long. This did feel like magic in a way, as Ohm melted into it, and even out a soft groan when Cartoonz started working on a knot. His eyes were even starting to drift a little, but his new pet didn't leave him. He however remembered what they were supposed to be doing, so when the massage was over he got up to look for the harness. This mostly involved searching around with his hands, until Cartoonz told him he found and would start putting it on. Ohm however grabbed his wallet and his keys. At least he lived near a shopping center, so all they had to walk fifteen minutes until they got there.

"Where is this shopping place anyways?" asked Cartoonz, as they started to get out of the house, "I need to know what direction we should go."

"We both turn right from my house, and just keep going straight. Once we find a road we have to turn right again, but you should see stores eventually from there," explained Ohm, which was easy enough directions for the cat.

Cartoonz lead them easily, while making sure they didn't walk into traffic when they finally got to the busy road. They eventually cross and towards the shopping center of the place. Ohm instructed him on where to go next, since he's been in the store several times. It wasn't a big clothing store, but he preferred it since there would be less people inside. Cartoonz lead them inside, and they headed towards the men section. The entire time he just held onto the shopping cart, because he was letting
Cartoonz pick out any outfit he wanted. Apparently his pet wasn't that picky, though had to go in the back to try on some clothes. When his cat came back out to lead them towards the pants, this is when they got interrupted.

"Mommy, I want to pet the kitty!" shouted a child, which startled both of them.

"Can my child pet your cat?" asked the mother, though Cartoonz seemed to ignore them, while Ohm was pushing the cart and being lead by him.

"I'm sorry, he's working. It's not legal to pet an eye seeing pet," apologized Ohm, as he hoped that would be enough.

"Mommy mommy, I want to pet him. Now!" screamed the kid, who was getting more annoying by the minute.

"Just let her pet him a little, it would only take a moment," pleaded the mother, though she was starting to sound more angry as time went by.

"He said I'm working lady, so piss off," hissed Cartoonz, or at least it sounded like a hissing sound.

The kid was crying at this point, and the mother said some rude words in their direction. This wasn't exactly how they wanted their shopping trip to become, and then Ohm realized he was slowly getting a panic attack. Everyone in the store was probably staring at him, he didn't even want to imagine what they were thinking. "It's okay Ohm, I'll take us to the dressing rooms. You can sit inside for a moment," said Cartoonz, while he started to lead them again, and away from those rude people. This however wasn't the first time Ohm encountered someone trying to pet his eye seeing pet, since many people had petted buddy while his dog was working. It had always left him panicked and unsure what to do.

"We're here, just hold onto my arm, I'll get us both inside," Cartoonz informed him, before leading him in and letting him sit down on the bench, "now relax okay, I got you."

"Thank you," replied Ohm quietly, though was surprised when Cartoonz started to caress his cheek and kissed his forehead.

"You're so cute Ohm, I wanted to bite that stupid woman and scare that kid off. If I did that, I know they'll take me away from you. I've been burning up ever since I saw you. I don't understand why I want to be around you so badly," confessed Cartoonz, then this time he did kiss Ohm's lips softly and immediately pulled away.

This time Ohm reached his hands out to feel his face, so he wouldn't miss Cartoonz' lips. They both kissed softly, and it was nice. It wasn't much off kiss, just two lips pressed into each other. They were moving at a slow pace, as they both decided to just sit there for awhile. Cartoonz eventually decided it was enough time just sitting around, once Ohm told him he was okay to move again. The only thing they needed to grab was pants and underwear for the hybrid, so Cartoonz just grab some he thought would fit him. After that they went to the register and made their purchase. Neither of them mentioned the incident, and decided to go home instead of the fancy sushi place. This was enough adventure for the day.

~

Ohm finally decided to introduce Evan to his new pet. Only Adam had really seen Cartoonz, though that's because he took him to and from work. Evan however wouldn't tease him about his odd attraction to the hybrid, and he also wanted to what kind of eye seeing animal his friend had gotten.
They were both blind and understood how difficult it was, compared to someone who never experienced it. He'd taken Uber again to get to Evan's house, so they were just waiting outside. It took some time for his friend to open the door and hug him. When both of them stepped inside, there was a sudden excitement. The cause of it was very unexpected.

"Holy shit, Delirious?" questioned Cartoonz, before he rushed over to his best friend who was on the couch.

"Cartoonz? Oh my god, I thought I'd never see you again," said Delirious honestly, as he got up to get a hug.

The only thing Ohm did was stood in the living room, wondering what exactly was happening. At least it sounded like his hybrid was happy.

"Hey is that your bitch?" chuckled Delirious, though he was referring to Ohm.

"Watch your mouth," scolded Evan, which seemed to have an immediate effect on Delirious who started pouting and tried to use his raccoon charm on him. Despite the fact that Evan is blind and couldn't see it.

"Who's the whipped bitch now?" laughed Cartoonz, and noticed that Delirious was flipping him off.

Somehow Ohm felt like everything would be alright, and that having two hybrids in the room wouldn't be so bad.

Chapter End Notes
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I hope everyone is okay with the lack of smut lately. I've been more on a fluff mood.

~Melon
It was summer time, a period where High School students were excited about getting out of School. This was the first time his parents had enrolled him into a Summer camp, where he could meet other people his age. Squirrel wasn't shy, as he went onto the School bus that lead to the place. There was students from various ages, while he walked down with a smile gracing his face. He sat near the front, since it was open and he was so excited about this. His parents weren't exactly doing well monetarily, though they promised to get him into camp, if his grades were good enough. He felt so giddy, and gripped his backpack in front of him when he finally got comfortable in his seat.

The only problem was that he didn't recognize anyone, at least not yet. It was mostly older kids, which he felt a little intimidated. Squirrel had just finished his first year of high school, and even made some normal friends. He was the geek who attended band class and did the clarinet as his instrument. It wasn't like he was popular, there was plenty of bullies that messed with him. This is when he slowly got nervous, because maybe the other teenagers wouldn't like him. They might find him annoying, since he has so much energy and couldn't contain himself at times. Those negatives thoughts didn't last very long, when someone finally approached him.

"Is this seat taken?" asked an older teen, who was probably a couple grades above his, and wore glasses along with a hoodie with bunny ears.

"No it's not, I'm Joe, but you can call me Squirrel," replied Squirrel happily, though it was obvious on why he got the nickname.

"I see," chuckled the older male, before they decided to introduce himself, "I'm Ohm, but my real name is Ryan. Nobody calls me Ryan however, and all my friends have nicknames too. You should meet them, we come to summer camp every year."

There was a huge wide smile on Squirrel's face, because he was even more excited than ever. He was already making a new friend, and will most likely meet the others. Ohm even explained about the events that happened during this trip, since they do the same things every year. There wasn't many freshman that would join, after their first year of high school as well, since most of them probably prefer enjoying their summer at home. It was more common with the older teens to go on this trip, and just hang out. There would be swimming competitions, along with other various sports that people would do. His new friend didn't really care to know or remember them all.

"Me and my friends always join swimming, even if I'm not that in shape, I always do it. You should see my friends, they take it more seriously," explained Ohm, who took out a book, but didn't even start reading it, "you should meet H2O first, he's crazy about the water."

"It does sound exciting, and I haven't joined swimming before. I can't wait!" squeaked Squirrel, as his voice suddenly cracked, which got him his famous nickname along with all his energy.

"I just have to ask one thing before I introduce you to my friend," stated Ohm, who was studying the look of his face.

"What's that?" questioned Squirrel, as he started to worry again.

"How do you feel about gay people?" asked Ohm, which was an odd question to ask, while Squirrel
wasn't sure where it came from.

"I have no problem, I think they're okay," admits Squirrel, though he would still wanted to know the reason for the question.

"Well me and my friends are gay. Actually, one of them is my boyfriend," explained Ohm, as he finally smiled again since he like this answer, "it's why I actually sat next to you, I can tell you're new and usually nobody opens a seat for me. Sometimes the guys will try to trip me when I go to the back row. There's a bunch of assholes who might start something with you, if you hang out with us. I understand if you don't to."

"I guess that's okay, I'm already bullied in school," Squirrel admits sadly, though his friend bumped his shoulder into his, and handed him a book.

"Cheer up, it's going to be so much fun, just you wait. Oh and meet the others, we'll have a blast," said Ohm cheerfully, while he brought out another book from his bag, and knew that reading was the best way to deal with the long bus ride.

It took an hour, before the bus arrived to their destination. Ohm seemed to rush out quickly, so Squirrel ran up behind him. The place was huge and there was already some students around the place. This left Squirrel feeling a bit small, though he took to Ohm for any direction. Apparently the others were already there, or arriving soon, because some of them rode other buses or just drove there. Squirrel felt envious that some of them were old enough to drive. He was lead towards the different cabin, and Ohm asked for his sheet, that would explain the activities he could join and where he'd be sleeping. There was a nice smile on Ohm's face, while Squirrel watched him look over it.

"Okay so, you won't be in the same cabin as me. I know exactly where you'll go, and don't worry, your bags will be already in the room. I'd hurry and pick one, before everyone takes the top bunks. Trust me, you want to pick your spot," explained Ohm, who walked him over to the cabin, though he pointed at another cabin nearby, "I'll be staying in this one, so come find me when you're done."

Squirrel only had his back pack, and his tiny luggage was in the cabin like Ohm told him. There was a couple older kids he didn't recognize, but he quickly took a top bunk like Ohm had suggested. He liked that they had bunk beds, and the wooden cabin felt a little homey. It was everything he was hoping for and more, as he placed his bag up on his bed. Squirrel didn't really think he should unload everything, when there was no dressers or anything for him to use. At least the bag would make it apparent, that he had chosen a spot. This is when he hopped down, and quickly left to go see Ohm again. His friend however wasn't in the cabin, but instead was outside talking to someone. This guy was much bigger, and very intimidating.

"This is the freshman I was talking about," Ohm pointed out towards Squirrel, which they both glanced over in his direction.

"Nice to meet you Squirrel, Ohm has said some nice things about you. I'm Cartoonz by the way, Ohm's boyfriend," Cartoonz introduced himself, and even pulled out his hand to shake his.

"It's nice to meet you too," replied Squirrel happily, while he shook Cartoonz' hand very vigorously, "I hope we can be friends."

"Where the hell is Delirious anyways? He's always late," muttered Cartoonz angrily, as he seemed to have turned his attention back on Ohm.

"I don't know, he's your best friend. Shouldn't you know this?" questioned Ohm back, while they
talked about their missing friend for a moment, until Ohm suggested they go towards the cafeteria.

"You'll like the mess hall, it's huge. We get our food buffet style, so choose what you want," informed Ohm, though it was Cartoonz who took the lead and got them towards the place they needed to go.

It was big inside with long tables and rows of chairs along side of them. The main focus was the line that had started to form, because they all wanted to eat something to eat. Ohm and Cartoonz mostly talked to each other, while the line moved slowly. When their turn finally arrived, Squirrel grabbed himself a plate, and started to slowly pile on what he wanted. It was mostly the pizza and mac n cheese that caught his attention, though Ohm suggested he put something green on it. This is when he placed some broccoli and green beans to the side. At the end there was different drinks to choose from, though Squirrel grabbed himself a small thing of milk. They sat towards the door side, away from where most of the other teens sat at.

"You'll have to get use to Ohm acting like the mom, he always tells us to eat our greens," teased Cartoonz, before he placed a kiss on his boyfriend's cheek.

"But you don't eat enough veggies," complained Ohm, as he took a bite of his salad, since that's what he mostly put on his plate.

"At least I'm not as bad as Delirious, he tries to eat cheese burgers every night," Cartoonz pointed out, while he dug into his plateful of meat loaf.

"You're still pretty bad," Ohm rolled his eyes, when he noticed Cartoonz wiggling his eyebrows at him.

An upset voice interrupted them, when everyone was almost finishing up their meal, "who's this? And why is he in my spot?"

"He's one of us, so shut up and sit," ordered Cartoonz, while the other all boy pouted and sat next to him.

"I'm Squirrel, sorry for taking your spot. I don't mind moving," said Squirrel hurriedly, in a most frantic and panicked tone, though the person seemed to have shrugged at him. It didn't help that he thought he looked hot, with the piercings and the tattoo that peeked from those short sleeves.

"It's fine, I never liked that spot anyways," replied Delirious, before he took a large bite out of his burger, and was eating bits of fries in between.

This is when Squirrel knew immediately he felt something, because his face was flushed and he couldn't maintain eye contact. Cartoonz might've been intimidating for a different reason, but Delirious was to attractive for him. It seemed odd that these were Ohm's friends, though maybe it's because Cartoonz is his boyfriend. Ohm seemed more nerdy, while the other two looked like the type that would beat him up. They started to chat about random stuff, though Squirrel took small glances at Delirious who was eating. He normally wasn't this shy, at least once he got to know someone. There was that funny feeling, that seemed to stretch outward from his chest.

"We should all get some rest, it's been a long night. The food should help us all sleep," suggested Ohm, though he frowned at Delirious’ response.

"Yes mom, I'll also make sure to cuddle with my teddy tonight," chuckled Delirious, and this must've been a bit of a joke between the three of them.

“We all know you don't go straight to bed” Ohm pointed out, though the response was another
shrug.

Squirrel felt grateful that they allowed him to join their little group, as he did decide to retire for the night. When he said goodnight to the rest and left the cafeteria. There was just something he didn't expect to find outside the cabin. His bags were laid out in the mud from the rain the night before, as if someone just chucked them there, and didn't want his stuff to be inside. A part of him wanted to go back and ask his friends for help, but he decided to grab his two bag and go inside. He was still confused on what was going on, and there was a couple of jocks inside who where chatting with each other. They turned and saw him, and there was a large grin on both their faces. Every part of him wanted to run away, though he stood his ground this time.

"Why were my bags outside?" asked Squirrel, he tried to seem brave, but he was very scared.

"No faggots allowed in our cabin. Go be a fairy somewhere else," laughed the jock, and his friend decided to laugh with him.

"I-I was assigned to this cabin, I'm allowed here too," Squirrel pointed out, though he was frightened and frozen on the spot when the guy walked over to him.

"What point of no gay fags do you understand? Beat it," said the jock angrily, before deciding to shove him on the ground, and they started laughing as Squirrel fell hard.

His bags even touched his clothes, which smeared mud in places. The jocks stopped laughing once they noticed the mud on the floor, which apparently they would have to clean up. This was enough of an excuse to shout and kick him from the floor. Squirrel could only defend himself with his arms, and curl up into himself. "Avoid his face, just kick him on the sides," ordered the lead jock, who was the one who talked to him, while the two of them continued. After being kicked enough times, they let Squirrel get up and leave. There was tears on his face, while he grabbed his bags and walked to the only place he could think of at the time. Ohm told him where his cabin would be, and he hoped he could do something.

"Stop it, I need to sleep," giggled Ohm, though he was busy trying to escape his boyfriend, who was holding him and preventing him from getting on the bed.

"O-ohm," stuttered Squirrel, as the two finally noticed him, there was a few other people in the room, but they didn't seem to know what to do.

"Oh my god, Squirrel, who did this?" asked Ohm, and this time he could get out of Cartoonz' hold, because he was in shock to see this.

"I'll kick there ass, just tell me where they are," added Cartoonz angrily, he walked over to Squirrel as well, though stopped when Ohm grabbed Squirrel by the shoulder's and looked him over.

"Your arms are so bruised up, can I lift your shirt up?" asked Ohm, while he wanted to have permission to do this, when Squirrel nodded his head and he lifted it up. A small gasped escaped Ohm's lips, and then he sounded even more upset, "what did they look like? Where did it happen? It's okay Squirrel, you can tell us."

"T-they threw my stuff out in the m-mud, right by the cabin. They must've seen me hanging out with you and the guys. They're staying in the same cabin as me," replied Squirrel, though his face was covered with snot and tears.

"Here, let me wipe your face," said Ohm calmly, while he took out a napkin from his pocket and started doing just that.
"Tell me which cabin that is, I'll beat them so hard," demanded Cartoonz, though he seemed to back off when Ohm glared at him.

"Now is not the time, our friend needs us right now. I'm also not going to let you get kicked out for this, we're going to the nurses' office and we're going to explain what happened," stated Ohm, which his boyfriend didn't argue with him.

His muddy bags were left right next to Ohm's and Cartoonz' bunk, so that he didn't have to worry about it. They would clean it up in the morning, and Squirrel allowed himself to be lead into the nurses' office. Ohm held his hand and even spoke to him calmly, explaining what exactly would happen, "now it's mostly the nurse looking over you, and putting down where the bruises are. I know you don't know who these boys are, but we should do this as soon as possible. You could even explain that they're from the same cabin as you." It did make Squirrel feel better, that he could take some action against them. He didn't really approve of fighting, even if he was grateful that Cartoonz would do that for him.

The nurse seemed surprised to see the three of them arrive, especially on the first night. Squirrel was obviously a little muddy, and there was a couple visible bruises. They did avoid his face, so it might've not been noticed right away. She told him to take off his shirt and shorts, and get on one of the medical beds. Ohm reassured him that he would stick around, though instead the woman asked for the two of them to leave. Squirrel pleaded with her to let them stay, but it seemed like the nurse wanted to work without a distraction. He felt more scared to be alone in the room, without having Ohm to relax him. The nurse looked him over, and wrote down where his bruises were located. She asked him about where it happened, and who could have done this.

"We'll have you moved tomorrow, once I've spoken with the camp counselors. I don't have a different bunk we can put you in," said the nurse, and it only made him worry even more.

"But I can't go back there, they might beat me up again," said Squirrel worriedly, and he'd rather sleep on the ground, then go back to those bullies.

"You could go and ask someone to switch bunks with you from a different cabin. I'm sorry, we can't do anything for you right now," answered the nurse, while she handed him some spare clothes to change into.

The curtains were drawn back, as he stood there for a moment. Squirrel hoped his friends didn't leave, and he wished they were with him right now. He wanted to cry again so badly, though he started to put on the clothes he was given. It was just a white shirt and blue gym like shorts. When everything was done, and he drew back the curtains. She came back with his clothes in a plastic bag, and told him he could wash them later. This was the moment for him to leave, though she did hand him a water bottle and some pain killers. He took them right away, and the shock of the attack already wore off. His sides really hurt, along with his back and legs. The shorts he was wearing now, currently revealed a bit more of the bruising.

"Squirrel, are you okay?" asked Ohm, once he saw Squirrel step out of the nurse's office and back outside. The two of them had been waiting for him.

"I don't know," answered Squirrel honestly, though he felt physically awful and emotionally drained, "I just want to sleep."

"Me and Cartoonz agreed to share a bunk, you can have mine," said Ohm calmly, as they headed back to his cabin, "you don't have to worry about where to sleep, and which cabin to go into. Me
and Toonzy like napping next to each other anyways."

"Well Ohm is a cute cuddle bunny," agreed Cartoonz, though he grinned at the blushing boyfriend who tried to pretend that he didn’t say that.

It might've sucked to get beaten up, but once they walked inside the cabin. He was allowed the top bunk, and it felt nice to finally slip under the sheets. His friends were chatting away to each other on the bottom, and some reason the night wasn't totally ruined. They all said goodnight to each other, and somehow he preferred to stay in this bunk. Squirrel was just happy that he had new friends who cared about him. He woke up sore the next day, and he thought about going back to the nurse's office to get more painkillers. It was just that he didn't want to seem weak, or reliant on something. Ohm apparently had already woken up, and he was changing out of his pajamas and into some normal clothes. This made Squirrel quickly look away to give him some privacy, and he thought about his dirty bags.

"Good morning Squirrel," said Ohm cheerfully, once he was finished and had his bunny hoodie on, "did you sleep okay?"

"Morning, I slept fine. I was tired from the ride and everything," Squirrel admitted, while he got down from his bunk.

"I made sure your bag got cleaned, I hope that was okay. I also have some painkillers for you to take," replied Ohm, while he handed over a water bottle and pills.

"Thank you so much," said Squirrel, before he pulled him into a hug, he didn't care if his sides were still hurting.

"You should thank Delirious. I knew he wouldn't go to bed just yet, and after talking to Cartoonz. I thought Delirious wouldn't mind doing some stuff for you," stated Ohm, which honestly surprised Squirrel, because him and Delirious didn't really know each other, "and don't worry, he's a sweetheart. He made sure to talk to the coach of the swimming team this morning about you, and spoke to one of the counselors. We already know the nurse is pretty lazy, she probably already forgot about it. You're staying in this cabin with us. They think you and Cartoonz switched bunks."

"Still thank you, and I'll thank Delirious when I see him," blushed Squirrel, as he thought about the hot guy who did all of this.

It only made him even more curious about him. This person had hardly even spoke to him, and had done all of these things. There was a possibility, that Delirious did it because Ohm is his friend. Squirrel liked to believe that maybe Delirious did it, because he was a genuinely nice person. He'd watch as his friend shook Cartoonz awake, and even pounced on him and on the bed. "Wake up sleepy head, it's time to get dressed and eat breakfast. You know you want pancakes and bacon," giggled Ohm, as he tried hard to get his stubborn boyfriend up. Squirrel seemed to smile when he glanced at the couple, and remembered to put on his clothes. His bags looked like they were never dirty, and the floor had already been cleaned. This made him wonder even more about this mysterious man.

Chapter End Notes

This is a request for some Squirrelishious camping. I thought about doing this first, since I like rare pairs and it seemed fun to do. I'm hoping the requester doesn't mind the
changes. I sometimes change things on requests, so I have a bit more freedom with it.

There will be a part two, since I accidentally wrote too much. I'll sometimes go a bit overboard. Lol.

Thanks for reading, you guys are awesome.

~Melon
Squirrelirious (Part 2) : Summer Camp

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

There was a row of men lined up against the pool, and suddenly they shot out and dove into the water. Squirrel watched intently, but the person ahead was what caught his attention. He could see those muscles in action, while Delirious moved fluidly into the water. It seemed effortless, almost like the water was working with him, as it moved against his body. The entire time he was holding his breath, until he saw Delirious get into the other side. This is when the swimmers did a flip, and then push themselves back towards where they first dove. Squirrel watched as he moved quickly through the water and finished before anyone else. He noticed the other swimmers eventually caught up, but no where in leagues of his new friend.

"That was amazing," said Squirrel shyly, once he noticed Delirious coming over to him where the benches are, though mostly to get the towel that was left there.

"You say that every time you watch me," chuckled Delirious, as he was wiping down his hair, "when are you swimming with us?"

"Ohm still thinks I should heal up a bit more," pouted Squirrel, since he had been resting for a couple of weeks and had been on pain meds, "the bruising is almost gone, but the nurse said that I'm basically healed up."

"I could give you some lessons after dinner," said Delirious with a smirk on his face, "it'll be our little secret, just don't tell anyone about it."

They both hushed up once Cartoonz and Ohm walked over to them. All three of them were on the swim team, though Ohm was least in shape, and Cartoonz was probably helping him out of the pool. "So what were you two talking about?" asked Cartoonz with a hint of amusement in his voice, it was like he knew something was going on, "are you two going on date?" It was another thing about their friendship, Cartoonz liked teasing the two, once he realized that Squirrel had a crush on Delirious. This affected him a lot and made him blush, but Delirious however rolled his eyes and dismissed it. The two of them are best friends, so Delirious was used to his childish teasing.

"You look a lot better, the one spot on your leg is a little tender looking. I think eventually you can go swimming with us," noted Ohm, who started inspecting Squirrel's bruising, and even grabbed one of the towels and started drying himself off as well.

It seemed like his body was healing up, but some reason those jocks never got into trouble. He even got to learn those names, and realized they were both star football players of his High school. Todd and Brad were also from rich wealthy families, so they were popular with the girls and the teachers. Apparently these guys got away with almost anything, and all they had to say was that they didn't do it and didn't know who done it. Cartoonz still wanted to beat them up, but Ohm was the only person talking him down from it. This also meant that Squirrel wasn't left alone, and always had a friend with him. Those jocks still acted up a bit more, when it was just him and Ohm. Delirious however had more of a reputation of getting into fights, and it seemed like they avoided him when he was around.

"Let's go get some lunch, I'm like starving," groaned Cartoonz, while the three of them left towards the locker room.

Squirrel really did wish he could join them, but it seemed like his two friends were correct. Ohm
would basically a mother hen, and even put cream on his bruises and made sure he took his painkillers before going to bed. It was mostly to make sure he could get some good rest, before going to sleep. Some reason he didn't mind it all, even enjoying the attention he usually didn't get. His parents were on the poor side, lived in a trailer park and hardly noticed him. This was also the reason why this camping trip meant everything to him, because it was the first time they paid for him to go on an expensive trip. He also hated what the jocks did, since he's mostly rested and didn't do much. It almost felt like a waste, if it wasn't for his new friends.

They all went into the cafeteria, and this time Squirrel followed Ohm's example. He'd get himself a chicken salad, along with steamed carrots and spinach on the side. Cartoonz would tease them for eating mostly leafy greens, though Squirrel wasn't picky and there was still some meat. There was also another thing that was truthful, was that Delirious would always try to get himself a cheeseburger, if he could get away with it. Ohm was the one to scold him, and made sure Delirious ate something healthy. It was almost like they were more like family, instead of just being an odd group of friends. Cartoonz would call them all his brothers, except for Ohm who he was dating.

"Oh oh, Squirrel should go hiking with me and Cartoonz. It's going to be so much fun, and I even packed some sandwiches that I stole," bragged Delirious, since he always got his ways of getting things, "I even smuggled some beer and water with me."

"No Delirious, me and Squirrel are going to do arts and crafts after this. I'm not letting you smuggle a fifteen year old with you, to do something that's not on the activity list, just to drink beer," replied Ohm angrily, which there was no way he was letting them take their young friend.

"That's so boring, you take Squirrel there every day. He must be tired of it. At least come with us, and make sure we don't get into trouble," suggested Delirious, since he knew Ohm well enough, that it was the only way to allow Squirrel to join them.

"Fine, only because you both would get in so much trouble without me," agreed Ohm angrily, though it seemed like a win for them.

It was the one thing Squirrel hadn't been allowed to do, since he was injured and couldn't move around much. He was excited about going hiking, though he wouldn't be allowed to drink. The others shouldn't be allowed to drink either, though they're seventeen and going onto their senior year after Summer camp. This would mean that Squirrel would no longer be a freshman, and moving into his sophomore year. It still felt surreal to him, that he was hanging out with some older boys, who actually enjoyed his company. If it wasn't for Ohm, he wasn't sure if he'd have such a good time, even with the beating that happened because who he was friends with.

"So where are we hiking to?" asked Ohm, since he wanted to at least have an idea.

"We're going toward the forbidden lake, the one with the lake monster and ghosts," answered Delirious creepily, and only causing Squirrel to worry more about this trip.

"Oh please, there's nothing haunted about it, and there are no monsters. We've been in beaver lake multiple times, the camp counselors just don't want us dumping and polluting it. Some dumb teens even almost drown in it, and some even do," Ohm pointed out, as they got up to dump their trash away properly, before getting ready to leave the cafeteria.

"The lake monster tries to drown them," said Delirious all spooky like, though mostly trying to scare the new guy of their group, "he finds people swimming in his lake and then bam, gets them under and drowns them."

"There are no lake monsters," stated Ohm angrily, while the two of them bicker with each other.
Cartoonz was the one to reassure him on the side, while the two of them were talking. "don't worry, if there is a lake monster. I'll beat him up for you Squirrel."

It did made Squirrel feel a little better, especially since he wasn't going there alone. They had to walk off a certain way, and it almost seemed like they were heading off to one of the activities, but instead they headed off to the trees. Delirious made sure they wouldn't be spotted, and they wandered through the forest. This did make Squirrel worry again, though Ohm even reassured him that they went through this path many times. They go to this camp every year, and knew the place even better than some counselors. It was however a very long hike, though Cartoonz and Delirious had their bags full of stuff. At least they had plenty of water and snacks with them, if they somehow managed to get lost.

The hike probably took around twenty minutes on foot, as they followed the trail. It was mostly the guys doing the talking, while they eventually got to the lake. It was very huge, and a lot bigger than what Squirrel had expected. There was even a dock, that had a couple of small boats on it. They spot a single counselor in the area, so they decided to settle and put all their stuff at the dock. Squirrel watched as Delirious and Cartonz got to the very end, and even dipped their feet in the water. Ohm was the one to look back and smile at him, before going through their bags to see what they brought. The water actually looked nice, even if it also looked terrifyingly deep. He even enjoyed all the trees and even the mountains in the distance. It was the perfect view.

"Squirrel come here, and join us. Unless you're scared that the lake monster will get you," teased Delirious, though it wasn't Squirrel who responded.

"There is no lake monster! Stop making stuff up," replied Ohm angrily, as he pulled out a bottle of water for himself, "only you would think a lake monster in scary."

"It is too scary, I wouldn't want something to grab me and drag me to the bottom. That's where the bodies lay and forgotten," explained Delirious, though it only got Ohm to roll his eyes at him.

Squirrel decided to be bold for once, and joined Delirious at the edge of the dock. Cartoonz was also there, so he hoped that meant it was safe. He'd dip his legs into the water once he sat down, and it really did feel nice. This is when Delirious decided to kick up some water to hit Cartoonz with, Squirrel got some of it too, since he was close by. This is when the two of them started to wrestle, and Squirrel tried to get away. Ohm was also yelling at the two of them for immature, though that's the last thing Squirrel heard before accidentally falling into the water. It reached over his head, as he panicked and accidentally took some water in. He immediately started coughing when he emerged, there was also a pair of arms around him, while helping him put his hands on the dock to keep his head up.

"Are you okay? I'm sorry, I didn't think you'd fall in," apologized Delirious, who was the one who jumped in after him.

"Y-you idiots! Can you both stop acting like kids for even a second," complained Ohm, though he seemed glad to see that Squirrel was okay.

"Yeah, sorry man, I just wanted to get a little revenge against this asshole," chuckled Cartoonz, who was referring to his best friend.

It seemed like there was no harm done, and Squirrel didn't know what made him do it. He looked at Delirious' worried face, and then splashed him when he wasn't expecting it to happen. "I'm taking revenge too!" shouted Squirrel, as he squeaked when Delirious splashed him back. There was a
louder splash in the distance, which happened to be Cartoonz deciding to join in. "I'm surrounded by children,“ muttered Ohm, who also jumped into the water to join in the fun. They were all splashing each other, and Ohm even got on Cartoonz’ back and dunked him under. Squirrel thought it was funny, until Delirious easy pushed him down. Everyone was laughing and having a good time, there was no harm being done.

"I haven't had this much fun in ages, we should do this again," declared Delirious, once everything had settled down.

"Yeah, I had a lot of fun too," agreed Squirrel, as they both smiled at each other. This was probably the best camping experience ever.

"Let's got out of the water, we're all soaked," Ohm pointed out, so they started to get out, until they heard voices.

"The lake monster," said Delirious quietly, though this time Ohm splashed him right in the face.

"Shut up about the lake monster," growled Ohm, while the voices came closer.

This time they realized that a couple of camp counselor's were checking on the boats, and they had to be quiet. It also meant they couldn't get back on the docks without being caught. "Swim to the sides," said Cartoonz, since it was the best strategy for them, if the followed along the docks, they could eventually find land. Squirrel however wasn't the best swimmer, and worried about being caught. There was a hand suddenly grabbing his, and then he realized that Delirious had a cheeky smile, before he said anything, "hold your breath." It was the only warning he had, as he was taken under, and then he felt a tug on his hand. Squirrel realized that Delirious was doing the majority of the swimming for him, but he still kicked his feet along with it.

They eventually reach land, but stayed by the edge of the dock. Those counselors stayed there for awhile, and then eventually left. It was very lucky for them, because they didn't notice the bags.

"That was a close call," said Delirious with some relief in his voice, and then realized that they were still holding hands, "your hands are soft." It was whispered so gently, that only Squirrel could hear it. His face flushed, while he quickly pulled away due to embarrassment. He thought maybe Delirious was just messing with him, like he usually did with his friends. His thoughts were however interrupted, when Ohm and Cartoonz came over to them. It seems like nobody got caught, and they might be safe enough to grab their stuff.

"Well that's a relief, I was so sure we'd get caught. Totally worth it," smirked Cartoonz, as he was the first one to get out and walk over to their bags.

"I'm not sure if we should do it again, we could've gotten in so much trouble," argued Ohm, though nobody could deny that they were having fun.

"Oh honey bun, you should know that you signed up for trouble, when you dated me," replied Cartoonz cheekily, and walked more quickly with his boyfriend trailing behind him.

"Sometimes I regret it, you jerk," pouted Ohm, though the two started kissing, and it somehow made everything better.

"Ewww get a room," groaned Delirious, as him and Squirrel also got out of the water, "nobody wanna see that shit."

"You're just jealous that Squirrel doesn't kiss you like that," teased Cartoonz, while the two friends went back at it again.
Squirrel actually enjoyed himself, despite his friends messing with him and almost getting caught. His heart hammered in a good way, whenever he looked at his new crush. It was undeniable now, he liked Delirious and it was obvious to everyone. He just had no idea if his crush knew or not of course. They didn't touch the alcohol, despite that being the reason Delirious and Cartoonz went down there for, since Ohm was throwing a fit over it. They instead started hiking back towards the cabins, though they would go towards the showers by the swimming pool. Apparently Delirious had a key, and could get them access to it. There was public showers, though nobody wanted to get harassed and run into those jocks.

They all washed up and went into their separate stalls, which only had some distorted glass to hide behind. When he got out of his stall, which he made sure to place a towel around his waist. Squirrel didn't expect a naked Cartoonz chasing an also equally naked Delirious. His face was so red, and he went back into his stall to cover his face. There was a knock which caused him to jump, but it was just Ohm who kindly handed him some gym clothes. They all agreed that going back their smelly river clothes probably wasn't the best idea, and the coach didn't mind anyone borrowing them, as long as they returned them and wrote down on a sheet that stated that they borrowed it.

It took him a moment to get his clothes on, and then convince himself to step out. The naked guys were no where in sight, so he thought it was okay. They were however in the locker area, though putting on their clothes. Squirrel got another look of Delirious' backside, which he quickly looked away. He couldn't deny that he had a nice butt, and the tattoos on his back were difficult not to stare at. There was so many, and he didn't know the meaning behind them. Once everyone was fully dressed, they all decided to come down to dinner. It was around this time did Squirrel feel tired from his long day, and just wanted some rest after a good meal. He was startled when Delirious placed an arm on his shoulder.

"Don't forget those private swimming lessons, sneak out when they're asleep and come to the pool," whispered Delirious, though this time he was more obvious about it.

"What are you two whispering about?" asked Ohm, who was apparently suspicious, but only got a smirk as a response from Delirious.

"Maybe he's confessed his love for Squirrel," answered Cartoonz instead, while he wiggled his eyebrows, and everyone went into the cafeteria.

There was of course a long line waiting for them, and they probably looked odd wearing gym clothes. Squirrel could hear some snide comments from people, though Ohm told him to ignore it, since it was typical of homophobic teens. This also meant he had a new reputation of being a queer, and it didn't help that Delirious had his arm on him. It was the reason for the decision to pull away, that and it was a bit embarrassing. He noticed the surprised look on Delirious' face, but he looked away and tried to pay more attention to Ohm. Squirrel was always open to explore his sexuality, and it was this age that everything was so confusing. The only thing he wanted was to be accept amongst his peers, but he really didn't know what to do about his feelings.

They all picked something to eat, but at least now Delirious was busy talking to his best friend. Ohm also had his attention, and talked about all the latest books that would be coming out, that he wanted to read. Squirrel might've been half listening, though everyone ate and then that's when it was time to retire to the cabin. They all said goodnight to Delirious, before the three of them walked back to the cabin. Cartoonz seemed to be all over Ohm, not that it seemed like he minded. Both of the even kissed, when they got inside. Squirrel decided to quickly change into some pajamas, though he took a quick note on where his swimming trunks would be. He never knew if he'd ever use them, but brought them to the camping trip anyways.

Everyone said goodnight, once they all got situated on the bed. Some reason Squirrel waited
throughout the night, but he wondered why Delirious wanted to go swimming when everyone was asleep. His face flushed as he thought about what they could be doing, but it was probably something innocent. He'd wait a good couple of hours, before he thought everyone was asleep. This was the first time he regretted getting the top bunk, because he could hear it creak and there was a slight shaking as he got down. The two of them seemed to be sleeping, since Ohm was burying his face into Cartoonz' chest. Squirrel watched Cartoonz snore lightly, while he backed away slowly. It didn't occur to him to get out of his pajamas, but he was already close to the door.

He took some time to open the door, then lightly close it on his way out. This is when things got tricky, because he had to avoid being caught by the counselors at night. Sometimes they would patrol out, trying to catch some teen wandering out, when they should be sleeping. Squirrel was grateful that he didn't get caught, as he made his way towards the gymnasium. The door wasn't locked, and he shut it behind him. Delirious was already there, and even doing some stretches, which was normal for someone who was on the swim team. They both smiled at each other, as Squirrel made his way towards the locker room, but was stopped by his voice.

"You can change here, we're both guys," Delirious pointed out, since it was typically normal for guys to change around each other.

"I-I don't know," stuttered Squirrel, though it seemed like the older teen got up and started walking over to him.

He was frozen the entire time, and even watched as those hands went towards his top. "It's fine, I'll even help you," smirked Delirious, while he was doing just that, and even removed a couple buttons, "come on, it would be faster if you helped." His face probably hadn't been redder in his, while his fingers moved up and felt weak. Squirrel could feel him grab his hand, and even pull it up towards the older boy's lips. Delirious kiss them gently, and then leaned towards him. It all just happened so fast, when he closed his eyes and felt those lips now pressed into his. They were both kissing lightly, though he could feel a tongue enter and taken control.

Squirrel didn't have any experience, though he tried to follow along. He'd feel as Delirious rubbed his tongue against his, and even sucked on it lightly. His head was feeling dizzy, until the older boy moved away. It wasn't exactly how he expected his first to be like, but it actually felt nice to him. They both leaned in for another kiss, not that either of them minded. Those hands however were moving against his buttons again, while he was being expertly kissed and his shirt removed. Delirious pulled away again, just to look at his work, "you look like I kissed your brains out." There was that insane laugh, that he never heard before, but he was definitely enjoying it. His pajama pants came off next, though those hands tugged on his boxers lightly.

"These have to come off too," said Delirious huskily, and it was leading into something.

"I-I've never done this before," replied Squirrel honestly, while he started growing more nervous.

"Do what before, go swimming?" teased Delirious, as the boxers were pulled down, and then he admired what was revealed.

A small squeak escaped Squirrel's lips, though the older boy walked away and went back to the water. It was a clean invitation for him to hurry up and join him. Squirrel wasn't going to leave him waiting, so he tried to quickly get it off and put on his swimming trunks. The water was unsurprisingly cold, while he shivered and walked in. "Come here," coaxed Delirious, who pulled Squirrel into his lap, as they sat on the steps. They started kissing again, while the water only went up to their waists. A hand even grabbed his butt, and squeezed a little. Squirrel didn't mind the groping, as he started to unconsciously grind down on him. Both of them were enjoying each other, and made a nice friction against their swimming trunks and bulge.
"How far do you want to go with this?" asked Delirious, as he clearly would go far, but not without the other person's permission.

"I don't know," answered Squirrel, since he really didn't have any experience, "anything you want?"

It was said as a question, since he wasn't very sure of himself. Delirious kissed his shoulder, before putting his hand in his trunks. A low moan escape Squirrel's throat, before noticed the other hand going onto his own. This is when Delirious pulled them both out, and then he gripped both their members together into his fist. He however grabbed Squirrel's hand, so that it replace it. "This way we can both feel good," explained Delirious, while he started convincing him, by kissing on his neck and started sucking on it lightly. Squirrel's hand eventually did move, though he couldn't believe he was actually doing this. A light hickey formed on his neck, when Delirious moved towards his chest.

His hand did start to move slower when he was getting close, and this is when Delirious took over and pumped both of them. They were both going to reach their climax, as Delirious bit him lightly over his new mark. Squirrel didn't last long after that, and felt over stimulated when he noticed the older boy still going. It took some time, though Delirious did eventually cum. They both just laid there, trying to catch each other's breath. It felt good for Squirrel to be held for awhile, as he closed his eye and enjoyed it. Some time went by and all they did was sit there for awhile. Delirious eventually decided they should probably clean up in the locker room, and get some rest, at least Squirrel should do it. Both of them eventually got up from the water, and grab the towels nearby.

"Why do you stay up every night?" asked Squirrel, while he started with his hair first.

"I can't sleep, I've got really bad insomnia. The coach let's me practice every night, so I just stay here," Delirious admits, as he was also drying himself off.

"Why don't you come to my bunk tonight?" suggested Squirrel, since he didn't mind it, and maybe Delirious could get some rest.

"I don't know man, I might not sleep with you in my arms," teased Delirious, though he was hinting at something else.

This really was the best Summer camp Squirrel ever experienced, and he even got himself a boyfriend to share it with.

Chapter End Notes

This was a very fun request, and I can't wait to start doing others.

I however promised my girlfriend I'd do another fun collab with her. X3

The next fic however is top secret, and is going to be extremely dark and smutty. I won't say more, but if you're into forbidden stuff, you're in for a treat.

~Melon
There were plenty of stray animals that wandered outside his apartment. Anthony was too caring to ignore them sometimes, and would leave food out for them to eat. He was particularly late one night, and noticed some stray cats wandering around the alley. This is when he decided to go into the nearest gas station, and buy some cat food and some jerky for himself. There was also a sale on water bottles, and he always carried a bowl in his bag, in case of these moments. They were waiting for him when he came back, as he opened the cans quickly and let them eat. The bowls were also laid out, as he poured water in them. All of them looked very a bit healthy, though some of them seemed afraid of him.

"It's okay little ones, eat as much as you like," cooed Anthony at a distance, because he didn't want to frighten them, "eat up, I'll bring more if it's not enough."

"Can I have some too?" asked a voice, as someone with rags over himself appeared, but the ears and tail gave himself away as a hybrid cat.

"Oh uh sure," replied Anthony, before he dug into his bag, and brought out some jerky. He started to walk over to him, but he noticed the scared look on his face and him flinching away, "actually I'll leave it here, just make sure to eat it before the little ones do."

The jerk and extra bottle of water were placed on the ground, then Anthony started to leave the alley. He was surprised to see a stray hybrid on the streets. They were known as luxury pets, that only the rich could afford. His mind wandered to the poor hybrid, even if he kept trying to remind himself that he had to go home. Anthony always walked to work, since he owned a tiny restaurant. It was the reason he could afford his small apartment and could feed the strays. There was times he gave the homeless some money, though he felt lucky that he wasn't one of those living on the streets anymore.

Anthony knew what it was like to be hungry, and sleeping in the dumpsters in the past. He wasn't always good with money, but everything seemed okay for now. His apartment came into view, as he started to get inside. There was another lucky thing about his living situation, because he lived on the first floor and could go immediately inside. The strays could even walk over to his door, and meow whenever they wanted to be feed. He could hear them fighting sometimes at night, but that was normal for territorial cats. Anthony started to close his door, then turn on the lights. His jacket was peeled off and tossed at the couch.

There wasn't much food in the fridge, but he settled on a microwavable burrito. The numbers were pushed in, as he waited for the steaming deliciousness. It eventually dinged and then he pulled it out. His food was piping hot, and he carefully took it out. Anthony turned on his television and ate by himself in front of the screen. He would watch a few shows, before deciding to crash and get ready for bed. The first thing he did was brush his teeth, then slipped into some pajamas. His thoughts however wandered to the poor hybrid that was most likely sleeping outside. It was then he heard a scratching sound, then a faint meow when he stepped outside his bathroom.

"I'm coming little ones, daddy will bring you food," said Anthony cheerfully, before grabbing his bag of dry food and a couple of bowls.

They were waiting patiently for him, as he started to pour them in. He enjoyed the little crunching sounds, and he noticed that one of them started to push at each other for the food. Anthony left to get
more bowls, since there were four cats outside. All of them would also need water, but he had a pitcher for this. He'd lay out all the bowls, and then gave them plenty for food and water. These ones however weren't scared of him, and he had been feeding them for a few months. They would even let him pet them, but after they got done eating. This is when he looked out and noticed a couple of yellow eyes staring at him from the distance.

"Oh hi again, do you want something else to eat?" asked Anthony, as he noticed the person narrowing his eyes, "my name is Anthony, some people call me Panda. Can I ask for your name?"

There was a small mutter that he couldn't hear, before he could make out something, "the name is Brock."

"Nice to meet you Brock, do you want maybe something warm to wear? I do have extra clothes," replied Anthony, once he heard him talking, "they might be a little big, if you don't mind."

"Do you have something warm to eat?" said Brock softly, though he looked very cautious and not very trusting of him.

"Yeah I do, hold on," answered Anthony, before he went inside and started to heat up another burrito. He also looked inside his dresser and pulled out a few shirts and pants.

"Just set them outside," said Brock, once he saw that Anthony came back out with everything in his arms.

The cats seemed to have finished eating and even started rubbing against his legs. He left the door open, so that some of them could sleep inside if they wanted. There was even some litter boxes for them to use, though stray cats still liked to wander outside. Anthony placed everything outside his door, though some of the cats seemed interested in the burrito so he picked it back up. They both looked at each other, and he wasn't sure if he should keep it on the floor. He eventually found his voice again, "why don't you come inside, it's warm in here. I'll even leave the door unlocked, I just need to get some sleep." The person didn't reply, just stared at him. This is when Anthony decided to go back inside with the food, and lay it on his table.

"I'm so tired, okay little ones, get some sleep," mumbled Anthony, since a couple of them decided to stay.

He'd start walking towards his bedroom slowly, then opened his door to lay down. If the hybrid tried to rob him, he didn't really own a lot at his place. His wallet was probably his only possession he cared about, along with a gun he kept in his dresser. Anthony fell asleep quickly, not soon after his head hit the pillow. He'd wake up once his alarm went off, and he wasn't sure if the hybrid took the food. If it was still laid on his table, then most likely he'd eat it cold. This wasn't the first time he left a burrito out and he always ate leftovers. The food however was gone, and the plate was actually in the sink. Another surprise for him was seeing that someone was sleeping on his couch. Anthony didn't want to wake him up, and he realized that this person was the reason the cats didn't wake him either. Brock must've let them out when they meowed, and stayed in the warm place for refugee. It wouldn't be a problem for Anthony, if this person wanted to stay longer. He just made sure to bring his wallet, and go back into his room to change. This was done very carefully, and he planned to go ahead and have breakfast at a nearby coffee shop. Once Anthony was prepared to leave, and started to make his way towards the door, this is when he heard the other person waking up. He froze at first, since he didn't know what to do. There eyes eventually met, though the keys were in his hands and he was ready to leave.

"Uh hi, I have to go to work, so I hope you don't mind being left alone," said Anthony awkwardly,
though he pulled out his wallet as Brock sat up and looked at him curiously, "here's a ten, so go get whatever you want for breakfast. I'll leave it on the table for you."

He placed it there, because Brock still seemed a bit afraid of him. At least he ate the food and Anthony was glad that he made himself comfortable. This was his notion to leave, and he quickly left his house and locked the door behind him. Maybe Brock will still be there when he came back, though he really doubted it. At least the hybrid had a nice place to rest, and could feed himself for a bit. Anthony quickly walked over to the coffee shop and got himself a coffee and a muffin. His place only served lunch and dinner, though in the morning they did prep work. He'd have to hurry over, before the guys complained that he's slacking off. It didn't matter if he's the boss, if his friends were helping him run the place.

"About time, I thought I'd have to slice these vegetable by myself," complained Evan, though he was much more lazy than the rest of them, at least when it came to working.

"Quit busting my balls, I'm here aren't I? I'm not even late this time," replied Anthony cheerfully, before grabbing an apron and putting it on himself. He however decided to eat first and drink his coffee.

"You're lucky you're no late again, I'd kick your sorry ass to the fucking moon," said Tyler angrily, though he always said things like this and never hurt anyone.

"MMmm this muffin is so good, so tasty," smirked Anthony, since he enjoyed messing with him, "the best muffin I've ever had."

"I'm about to shove that muffin up your ass, you goddamn bitch," scowled Tyler, who was currently cutting poultry on his side.

"OOooh yeah, talk dirty to me, maybe I like muffins in my ass. They're so soft and I could probably fit ten of them," chuckled Anthony, as he went along with it, which caused Evan to laugh like he usually does at their antics.

It was the usual busy day, he had the regulars come over and eat along with new faces. There was something about a good day's work, as he kept himself busy and making sure that the cook was stocked with enough food. They served lunch and dinner, so he worked until 8pm, but enjoyed the break before and after lunch time. His friends and him even cooked their own food, when they took their breaks. When it was time for him to go home, he decided to bring some cooked fish with him, which he sometimes did for the stray cats. Anthony put them in his bag and started making his way out of the restaurant. His next stop would be at the gas station, where he could grab more cat food on the way.

They were waiting for him in the same alley, and he noticed that the hybrid was there too. Brock actually looked a little cleaned up, and even wearing the clothes that he left for him. It was a lot better than those rags, and it seemed like the person was wearing a jacket that he didn't remember giving him. He didn't really mind it though, since he should've probably offered him one. Anthony was just too tired that night, so he opened a few cans of wet food and even poured water in some bowls. This is his usual, while he notice that Brock was watching him. It was more of curious glance, instead of the glaring he had before. His bag was opened again, and this time he brought out the cooked fish and the cats seemed to immediately go for it.

"Do you want some too? I saved a couple if that's okay," said Anthony, while he bit his lip nervously, since he wasn't sure if Brock would trust him, "I even cooked some rice and eggs to go with it."
The food was already warm and would get cold soon. It was all in a plastic container, though he hoped that the hybrid would trust him enough to approach him. "I can leave it on the floor if you want. I was thinking maybe you could eat it on the way to my house, then you can come inside and get warm," suggested Anthony, but he was the type to quickly lose his confidence, "it's okay if you don't want to. I understand if you want to be left alone, but me, I hate being alone. It's why I come to this alley every day, and even invite cats to my home. They're so cute and-" This is when he started rambling, while he didn't realize that Brock was approaching him and grabbed the container in his hand.

"Thank you," muttered Brock softly, as he clutched the food, like he treasured it more than anything, "can I really come with you?"

"Sure! Ah sorry, I didn't mean to make you jump, I'm just excited to have someone in my home," replied Anthony happily, while they started walking towards his place, where it would be warmer and a nice place for the hybrid to sleep for the night, "it's been forever since I had any company, except for yesterday when you accidentally stayed the night."

His words kept flooding out of his mouth, but it seemed like Brock didn't mind. The hybrid was so silent, as they walked towards their destination. Both of them eventually got towards his tiny apartment, and he fished out his keys to open the door. Anthony already felt himself relaxing when he stepped inside his own place, "home sweet home." He went over to turn up the heat, though Brock shut the door for him and immediately went to curl up on the couch. It seemed like the hybrid didn't care if he had any utensils, because Anthony saw him eating with his fingers. This made him wonder how long Brock had been a stray, and if Brock ever had a place of his own. Some reason he couldn't imagine the reason why anyone would abandon someone like this.

"Maybe if you're still hungry, we could order a pizza. I already ate a little at the restaurant, but I can eat some more and we could even get dessert," said Anthony calmly, as he sat next to Brock and grabbed the remote.

"I'm okay," replied Brock, though his body got tense, since Anthony sat so close to him, mostly because there wasn't a lot of space on the couch.

"I really don't mind, in fact, I should probably call them now. It takes awhile for the food to arrive, and cold pizza is still good pizza," added Anthony, which he reached over for the phone and started dialing. He made sure to place everything he needed near himself.

After ordering some food, he put on some kind of detective cop television series. It was plainly obvious that Brock was still cautious with him, and kept glancing in his direction, because there was still that lack of trust. This is when Anthony decided to just stare at the television, like it wasn't really happening. His body eventually started to relax itself, while he could feel the exhaustion from working all day. This caused a domino effect, as Brock slowly started to relax around him. The minutes went by quickly, before there was a knock on the door. There was an immediately reaction from the hybrid, who dash off the couch, then used it to shield himself from whatever intruder it could possibly be.

"I'll get it, it's most likely the pizza guy," said Anthony loudly, mostly to reassure Brock that it could only be this.

It was definitely the pizza delivery boy, who gave him the pizza as he paid for the food. The person quickly left after being paid, and then he brought the box with him over to the couch. Brock crept slowly back over to him, though still acted very jumpy. "Come here, let's share this delicious pizza. I even bought us some Oreo cake," stated Anthony, before patting on the seat next to him, and then placing the dessert on the coffee table. He noticed that Brock moved very slowly over to the couch,
before hesitantly reaching over for the food. Some people might just like meat on his pizza, though Anthony liked having all sorts of toppings. It had olives and peppers, along with the delicious mushrooms that he dug into.

"Thank you," said Brock politely, though his voice was very soft, as he already started taking a bite.

"You're very welcome, eat as much as you like," replied Anthony, while he kept the pizza box on his lap, since he was use to living alone, therefore nobody to judge his bad habits.

"I don't think I can eat a lot, sorry," apologize Brock, after he ate his one slice. His stomach wasn't use to having so much food.

"It's okay, sometimes I'll eat half of this pizza by myself. I'll save the rest for tomorrow," explained Anthony happily, while he enjoyed the food and watched the show.

Once he ate his fill and put the box down, he realized that someone was lightly snoring next to him. It was actually very cute, and he wondered if Brock meant to fall asleep there. Anthony didn't really have a guest room, since he couldn't afford much. He spent a lot of money on other people, and cats on the street. The only indulgence he gave himself was good food, and a nice place to sleep. This is when he helped himself to a slice of the small cake, and then put everything away in the fridge. It actually felt good for him to have company, even if this one didn't talk very much. Anthony grabbed a blanket and then placed it over Brock. There was a slight mumble, and he thought the hybrid woke up when he turned over, but apparently the person was still asleep.

"Goodnight Brock," said Anthony softly, before he headed for bed himself.

They slowly got use to each other, even if they had some misunderstandings and rough times. Anthony loved having Brock live at his place, and even bought a rug and some pillows at the foot of his bed. Some reason Brock wouldn't sleep on his bed, despite all of his coaxing. It was kind of like having a pet, except for the fact that Brock could speak and do things. It took some getting use to, once he started giving Brock some money that he could spend. His hybrid started making dinner, since it gave him something to do. Once they lived for a week together, he started to realize that Brock seemed bored, so it was the reason his hybrid would wander outside and do stuff that he didn't know about.

This is when he had a brilliant idea.

"Everyone meet my new employee," beamed Anthony, when one morning he got Brock all dressed up and took him to his restaurant. His friends were however not surprise about this newcomer, since he talked nonstop about his hybrid.

"At least he doesn't look like a dumb shit, like you," teased Tyler, since he enjoyed messing with others, as much as others messed with him.

This is when a low almost hissing sound came from Brock, "What did you say?"

"You aren't deaf, are you?" smirked Tyler, though that dropped from his face, when Brock started walking over to him and looked like he was prepared to attack him.

"Whoa, Brock it's okay. Tyler is always like that, he means no harm," explained Anthony, while he grabbed him from around the waist, so Brock wouldn't try to bite him. It was one of the bad habits his stray seemed to have, at least that's something Brock did to him at the beginning.

"I'm going to scratch his face off," hissed Brock, but after some coaxing, he was pulled towards a corner of the kitchen, where he could just work with Anthony on chopping up some fish.
There was a clear mistrust from his hybrid towards his friends. The only surprising thing was that Brock leaned towards him for comfort and safety. He even noticed Brock eating some of the raw fish, when he went off to throw away some of the fish bones and guts. A small smile graced his face, before he went over to clean their station. Brock somehow beat him to it, and grabbed a rag and some cleaning supplies. Anthony had showed him where everything was located, but he was still surprised that his hybrid was taking the initiative to do the work himself. This is when he gently placed his hand on Brock's back, there was a large amount of tension, until he started talking and that's when he noticed that Brock was melting into his touch.

"You're doing a good job, I might have to take you to work with me every day," said Anthony in a pleased tone, while he rubbed his back and then reached upwards to pet his head. It seems like the best place to rub was the ears, as he heard a low rumbly of something similar to a purr, "you might even become my best employee, if you keep it up."

This is when Brock looked up at him, his eyes half lidded and there was a certain look he couldn't distinguish. It didn't stop Anthony from petting him, though someone interrupted them. "Oh my god guys, get a room," groaned Marcel, who sometimes scolded them for doing gay stuff in the kitchen, "we have people to feed in an hour, everything has to be made." This made him pull away, but he noticed that Brock looked disappointed by it. Both of them went back to work, as he put away the fish and got them working on the poultry. Anthony made sure he didn't taste the food again this time, despite hybrids being able to digest certain foods that human's can't. They had to make sure they had enough food for the customers.

It took almost an hour to finish, though they used the rest of the time for clean up. Marcel and Tyler are their head chefs, since they preferred cooking over working with customers. Anthony would give help to wherever they needed, either in the kitchen or out in the dinning area. He was however unsure if Brock was ready to serve food to people, so he decided to keep him on kitchen duty. His hybrid however hadn't been trained to cook in their kitchen just yet, which meant he hesitantly put him in the care of the other two. Anthony however kept checking up on him, and was glad that Brock didn't bite Tyler, despite threatening to do it. Evan served everyone perfectly, and the guys were gossiping about a certain something.

"Do you see that guy making goo goo eyes at Evan?" smirked Marcel, since they could see it from the server window, where they placed the plate of food for the servers to reach and give to customers.

"Like he stands a chance, I don't care how much money he has. The guy looks like a punk ass bitch," stated Tyler angrily, though he always acted like this, "besides, I don't think Evan is even interested in him."

"Why? Because you think Evan is interested in you?" teased Marcel, which got Tyler to flick pasta at him as retaliation.

"Shut up Marcel! It's not like that," pouted Tyler, as he went back to plating spaghetti for a customer.

"Mhm, sure it isn't. I see how you act around him," chuckled Marcel, while he was putting Brock in charge of soup duty.

Anthony was grabbing plates from the window, when he heard the conversation. He knew a lot of reoccurring customers that came to his establishment. Jonathan always requested Evan when he sat down, so they started to automatically send him over. It was apparent to him that something was going on, because he remembered seeing Jonathan hand Evan a slip of paper once. His customer also left very big tips, which meant the person also had a lot of money to spend. He also noticed that sometimes he saw Evan blush at something Jonathan would say, and it seemed like Evan would
shush him at times. If he had any guesses, he'd suspect the two were already dating.

"Where's my order? I asked for it so long ago," complained Ohm, who waited by the window, and trying to rush the cooks.

"Wait up you dumb bunny fuck, I'm trying my best here," shouted Tyler angrily, but they enjoyed doing this kind of banter.
"If you don't hurry with my order of burgers, I'll shove one of those wieners up your bum," chuckled Ohm, while they bickered back and forth, "and you know how much I like wieners."

"Fuck off Ohm, I can only work so fast, you pussy ass bitch," growled Tyler, but he was almost done with the food.

"Oh wait, hold that for me, someone just walked in," said Ohm in a distracted tone, when he noticed that his favorite customer walked in, "Luke! do you want your usual?"

They were very busy today, but Anthony managed to help serve the food, but now he went back inside the kitchen, so he could help with the cooking. What he saw however surprised him, because Brock was flipping burgers with the guys, and apparently wasn't on soup duty anymore. It was the easiest job anyways, so he felt a swelling of pride in him. Anthony had no idea the hybrid could cook, though apparently Brock was full of surprises. "I got the meat done, get a number 9 and 5 out," shouted Brock, as he was working well with the other two, once his mind switched to work mode. It seemed like his new employee is a fast learner, so he stepped back out to help with serving the food.

"Okay closing time! Serve the last people and wrap this up!" shouted Anthony, once they were almost done. Everyone looked relieved to go home, though Anthony always made sure that everything was done properly at the end, and that the door was locked after the last person left.

"I'm getting the fuck out of here, bye losers," said Tyler, while he took off his apron and started heading for the door.

"Give me a moment, I want to do some last minute cleaning," replied Marcel, but was interrupted.

"I'll do it, I told Tyler I would get the cleaning done," Brock pointed out, so he already got started.

It felt good to see the last customers leaving, and Ohm clearing off the tables and wiping them down. Anthony was helping him a bit, but walked into the kitchen to help Brock with the dishes. He eventually realized they were the last two in the place, since it didn't take long for Ohm to clean up. Brock even playfully splashed him, causing an abrupt war. "You fiend! Prepare to be wet!" declared Anthony, while they splashed at each other, and then he pushed Brock into the sink and tried to dunk him. This is when he realized how close they were, and his face turned red. His hybrid was the first to make a move, since he was starting to pull away. A surprised sound escaped his lips, when he felt Brock pressed their mouth's together and put his hands on his shoulders.

"Thank you, I really enjoyed myself. Can I keep working here?" asked Brock worriedly, since he never had a place he considered his own, and the work felt so satisfying for him.

"Of course, as much as you like," replied Anthony, before he leaned back over and started kissing him back.

There seemed to be a deep purring sound that came from Brock's voice, that Anthony didn't mind. Their kissing was leading into something, as they started grinding into each other. He wanted him so badly deep down, but didn't want to scare him away. Whenever these doubts came up, Brock
seemed to bring him back with some smaller kisses against his lips. It surprised him to see Brock pulling his own pants down, along with his underwear that he kicked off. The hybrid was already starting to get wet, and pulling Anthony more towards himself. Anthony couldn't believe his luck, but at the same time seemed to be holding back. Maybe it was mating season or something, because summer was coming soon.

"Hurry up Anthony, take off your pants," said Brock eagerly, which seemed like he didn't have the same hesitation as Anthony did, "stop being a wuss, and fuck me already."

"Okay, you're the boss," replied Anthony, his courage came back, once Brock gave him permission.

He'd watch as Brock climbed backwards onto the counter, and spread his legs slightly. The hybrid might've done that with other partners, but it didn't matter for Anthony. It was only them, and he was really falling for him. His fingers graze at the entrance, just feeling how Brock was dripping and getting ready for him. Anthony stuck a finger inside, and then easily put a second one in. This is why hybrids were expensive, and sought after by the rich. They were usually used as play things, but for Anthony it wasn't about that. He'd finger him until his passage widen, and then he felt Brock's nails dig into his back. Their lips met again, this time in a more fevered kiss.

"Please Anthony hurry, I want you," pleaded Brock, which gave Anthony the courage to plunge inside.

It was the most amazing feeling, the tightness and heat was perfect. Anthony moved very slowly, mostly because he was afraid of hurting him. Brock however pushed against him, begging him to move fast and hard. They eventually go into a pace that satisfied them both, and Anthony tried to hit the same spot, once he figured out where Brock liked it. Both of them kept moving in sync, with Brock pulling him in and Anthony thrusting into him. There was a loud moaning around the room, both of them were fairly loud. Anthony came first, and caught his breath for a moment. It didn't take long for him to reach over, and help Brock come to a climax.

"I love you Brock."

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"Welcome, would you like the holiday special? There's a discount little ones and couples tonight. Can I also start you on some refreshments?" asked Anthony politely, towards his new customers, that just sat down for the evening.

"Anthony!" shouted a voice from the kitchen.

"If you would excuse me for a moment. What is it? Something better not have burned in there," shouted Anthony while he marched towards the kitchen, he didn't realize that Evan quickly stepped in to help his customers.

Anthony walked in expecting the worse, until he opened the doors and was pounced by a certain someone. "Happy Valentine's day," purred Brock, while he held onto him, he wore a pink apron with hearts on it, "do you like it?" He was referring to the cake in the center of the room. His hybrid learned a lot about cooking throughout the days. Brock even had more talent than he expected, and seemed to act more tame, the more time they spent together. There was those weird urges his hybrid would suddenly have, but at least it didn't happen around the others. It made him feel so proud, that Brock was doing so much for him. He just couldn't have found a better partner.

"Well, what do you think?" questioned Brock nervously, since he spent so much time on a three layered cake.
"It's perfect, thank you," said Anthony, before pulling him into a kiss.
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This was definitely fun to make, and it's time to spread the rare pairs!

I might not post much for awhile, since I'm working on something, and I'll be headed out to Arizona next week. It's gonna suck to be away for 12 days, while not having much time for writing or drawing during it. At least in May it should pick back up, so I'll see you all then.

Thank you all so much for reading.

~Melon
A/N: To The Readers

For the readers that are concerned, about when I'll return to writing. Honestly, I'm not sure.

I promise I didn't die off the face of the earth lol. If that's what people are assuming or joking about.

I have a job now, and my boss is trying to get me the most hours possible. Mostly because, I can work at any time, day or night.

This has left me exhausted and not really feel like writing. The creativity is there, and I'm still getting new ideas in my head. There are moments I want to write, but just too tired to do it. This is obviously frustrating for me, though I can't put writing stories above working and helping out with my family.

I might eventually post out a h2ovanoss story (not sure if I should talk about the plot), though no promises on that. I've got only the beginning written down, and I left it unfinished. I'm sure other writers know how frustrating it is to have unfinished works, and I have a few.

I did have other plans for you guys, but I'm not even sure about doing it anymore. Like I wanted to try live writing streams, along with something else that's top sectet. I'm however thinking maybe I won't have time for it, and it'll add extra stress for me, which I really don't need.

Mostly I'm writing this, to let you guys know that I won't be posting as much anymore. It kills me to not be able to write, when I really want to do it. I however have other responsibilities, that demand my attention.

Thank you all for understanding.

~Melon
Cartoonz : A Warm Body

Chapter Notes
See the end of the chapter for notes

"I don't know. I'm just always agitated and stressed out. This work is like killing me man, and I feel like I'm missing out on something," Cartoonz admits, while he speaking to his best friend, "I've tried dating, it just tires me out even more. I want to get laid sometimes, but everyone knows who I am. I'm not sure if I'm ready for a serious relationship just yet. The commitment scares me, you know?"

"I feel like I have the opposite problem, I don't understand how you can run that place and not go crazy," replied Delirious, who was referring to the company that Cartoonz owned. It's a billion dollar industry, and one of the newly biggest gaming companies around their nation, "you need a break man, like let someone else handle it for a bit."

"Who would I trust to do that? No offense, but I don't think you can do it," Cartoonz pointed out, though the response was a shrug at first.

"I don't know man, but you got to find someone. Maybe give your CEO some more work, or hire another person," replied Delirious, as he reached for his beer and took a sip.

They decided to meet at a more private bar, which might have some dangerous or odd people around. The only reason Cartoonz agreed to show up, was that Delirious thought he found a solution to his problem, since something needed to be done about it. There was just something about this city, that ran things that are illegal and yet kept hidden from the average person. Delirious had gotten himself in some shady work, since he preferred it over the corporate kind. A desk job didn't suit him and he seemed to refuse any offer Cartoonz had given him. This is why Cartoonz went to him for help, because he thought maybe he needed something to take the edge off.

"Sorry I'm a little late, my last client seemed to not understand the rules around here," said Vanoss, as he stepped into the scene and sat next to the both of them, though made sure to sit on Delirious' side.

"What is he doing here?" asked Cartoonz with a frown, he didn't like this at all, even if Vanoss was the right person to get black market goods from.

"You said you wanted to get laid, or something like that. Vanoss could help with it, he knows people," replied Delirious, which was very true, but there was just one problem.

"I don't like his line of work, and I'm not doing some random filthy prostitute," said Cartoonz angrily, while he folded his arms and seemed more guarded.

"Can you leave us both alone? I'd like to speak to your friend privately, please Delirious?" pleaded Vanoss sweetly, though someone like him was anything but sweet, while he wanted to hustle Cartoonz into something.

"Are you sure? I don't mind waiting here," stated Delirious, but Vanoss waved him off, before pulling out a cigarette and offering his new client one, "want a smoke?"

"No thanks," replied Cartoonz, as he watched Vanoss take Delirious' seat, once he had left the place, "I'm still not interested in whatever you're selling."

"But you haven't heard my offer," Vanoss pointed out with a smile, while he lit one for himself and took a puff, "have you heard of warm bodies?"
Cartoonz had heard some details about them, and it sicken him to think of about it. They were people who sold themselves for money, and the client were allowed to do anything to them. He heard the horror stories, about people being murdered because they entered this line of work. Vanoss was notorious for selling these warm bodies, and mostly to high end clients. It was even more expensive than buying a pricey escort. This was also offered to Cartoonz, but Vanoss added that, he thought maybe he was more the type to want a warm body. There seemed to be a heavy power play involved, and a warm body was supposed to do anything the person wanted. Some escorts have given up names of their clients, and have created controversy for some cash.

"I'm not interested," said Cartoonz flatly, because he thought he'd rather be sexually frustrated then do something so immoral, "I won't treat someone like they're less than a person."

"You don't have to, actually I have a set of rules for my clients. They aren't allowed to leave any lasting damage, no tattoos or piercings, or doing anything that would leave a mark that won't go away," replied Vanoss, as he finished half of his cigarette and blowing the smoke in the opposite direction, "the person would follow your every command, you could treat them like a nice pet or person, as long as they don't leave the room I give you. I'll even let you try it for free for a couple of times. Don't tell me that doesn't catch your interest, I'll even provide all the tools you'll need, since you're not allowed to bring anything except for yourself. It's more of a protection thing really, so that the clients don't bring something that's harmful."

"Well how thoughtful of you, you've thought of everything," said Cartoonz sarcastically, though it was slowly making him interested.

"I have thought of everything, and I don't force people into this kind of work. Some people prefer to have someone control them, and I've met people who seek a certain level of pain for pleasure. It's just a perk for them, that they're getting paid for something they enjoy," stated Vanoss, who put out his cigarette, despite not being done with it, "just think about it, there's no strings attach. They won't even get to see your face, or know your name. I'll even choose the best one for you. All you have to do is give me a call."

A card was handed to him, before he watched Vanoss walk away. It took a moment for Delirious to get back in the room, so he quickly put it in his pocket. He should just throw it away, but instead he decided to drink and forget about it for the moment. Delirious was asking him what he was offered, though Cartoonz didn't want to talk about this right now. They instead talk about other things, like the football game or a current movie. There was just something bothering him, that he would even consider even trying it. Cartoonz felt a little disgusted with himself, but he really wondered what having a warm body would be like. If it's just some person in a room, just waiting for some casual sex. There was just this odd curiosity about it, especially since it's so taboo and he shouldn't even consider buying someone for the night.

Cartoonz eventually left for home, he took a taxi back to his apartment and slept on it. He had work the next day anyways, and was the reason he only drank a couple of beers. His mind had forgotten all about it, until he realized he accidentally slept in his clothes from the night before. Vanoss' card was still in his pocket, so he placed it on the nightstand. It still puzzled him why he didn't just throw it away when he should. Maybe he could call Vanoss for some drugs, or something to take the edge off and help him relax. Cartoonz went through his old routine of putting on a suit and only drinking coffee in the morning. He'd come to work on time, and go straight to his office. His secretary would greet him, and even asked how his day was, though he wasn't much of a morning person.

"You have two new meetings for Friday and Saturday. I also have you scheduled for a meeting with the board today, and to look over some new documents for the new game," said Ohm cheerfully, since he's the secretary and it was his job to make sure that everything stayed organized, "Oh and sir,
your tie is a little crooked, can I get that?"

It wasn't like Ohm waited for a reply, and Cartoonz just let him do it. Cartoonz watched as he leaned forward, then placed his hands on him. He always thought his secretary was so cute, and it's the reason why he picked him. They however worked together, and it wouldn't seem right for the owner/boss to date one of his workers. Ohm gave him a bright smile, once it was straightened out. It was these moments he wished he could just ask him out for a date, though he still wasn't sure if he was ready to commit to someone. Cartoonz couldn't ask him for casual sex either, so it settled as nothing else. He'd go to the boring meeting, and even fill out some even more exhausting paper work. A part of him wanted more excitement, and it wasn't the difficulty of his job that was killing him.

He was needing something new.

His home felt empty when he came back, and he only had a couple of cats to welcome him at the door. If he picked up someone at a bar, rumors would spread around wildly and he didn't risk anything bad happening to his company. The only bad PR he could potentially have was Delirious, though people hardly know anything about him, other than he's his best friend. It was just that the rich turned their nose at common people, and Cartoonz being new money made things more difficult. He couldn't just date like a normal person either, without the media getting wind of it. A large part of him loathed being so popular, but it did have some perks. It meant he could produce the games he wanted, and even get to test them at home. The other things involving his job however wasn't as exciting.

Cartoonz started dressing in his bedroom, and that's when the card caught his eye. He didn't touch it, but he still felt disappointed in himself for even considering it. Warm bodies had a bad reputation for a reason, like buying a hooker off the street, it just seemed like bad business. His hand however reached for the card, as he looked over it. There was nothing special about it, other than Vanoss' name and business information. He could at least know more about it, before he started to consider it. This is when he found himself dialing the number, and then waiting as it starting to ring. It took three rings, before someone was on the other line.

"Hello, this is Vanoss, please state your business," said Vanoss smoothly, professional as always and going straight to it.

"Hi Vanoss, it's me Cartoonz, I'm Delirious' friend. I was hoping to know more about these warm bodies you were talking about," said Cartoonz, as he hoped the conversation wouldn't be too awkward.

"I see, so you are a little interested," said Vanoss, a hint of humor in his voice, before he decided to continue, "First off, I have my clients get themselves tested at the clinic. I don't allow anyone who's HIV positive or have STDs, to use any of my warm bodies, and they must get tested once a week."

"Okay, I can do that soon," replied Cartoonz, while he thought on it, "I can do it this Monday or Tuesday, should I fax it too you?"

"That's not necessary, I know all the clinics in this area, and I have my ways of getting the information I need," Vanoss pointed out smoothly, since he had so many connections, "so what do you want to know about them?"

"Well, what exactly would it be like?" asked Cartoonz, it was the part he was the most curious about, "do they just lay there or do they just get right to it?"

"They take orders, I'm sure you'll figure it out, you're a big boy. If you really wanted to know, you
should try it. I just have to add one thing, they don't talk. My warm bodies are trained to be obedient, and do whatever the client desires. They don't speak, only follow," answered Vanoss, who was moving papers around and doing something, from the noises that were going through the phone, "So is it settled? Should I make arrangements?"

"I have one last question, how sure are you that none of this gets leaked out? My reputation could get ruined for this," said Cartoonz sternly, while he waited for the right answer.

"There's ways to keep people quiet, even if those methods might be permanent. I'm giving you one of my best Cartoonz, and I know who you are, and what's at stake. If word gets out about it, I'll lose business too. All my high end clients will get scared and won't work with me," replied Vanoss, as he stopped what he was doing, so that he could give him his full attention, "so to answer your question, I'm very certain. I'm putting my reputation on the line. Take it as a favor for a friend, if you want, or maybe I like the idea of making future business with you."

It wasn't a lie, most people would want to do business with him. Cartoonz knew he was worth so much money, and that Vanoss was just a shark in the black market. This city was so corrupt, that warm bodies seemed legal even if they weren't. He just had to give him an answer, as he heard more paper shuffling in the background. It didn't matter the reasons why Vanoss wanted to do business with him, in fact, they wouldn't be doing business if Delirious didn't get them both introduced. His best friend had been talking about a crush, that he was wanting Cartoonz to meet him. This might even be the very person, because his friend hardly introduced him to people in his line of work. He just hoped that he wasn't making a mistake.

"When can it start?" questioned Cartoonz, as he basically signed himself away to the devil.

"I'll call you when I made arrangements, just get yourself checked. I have a weekly waiting period for all my clients in the beginning, when it comes to these warm bodies. Sometimes they need that much time to recover, though with their permission I can do it with less time. It just depends on how long it takes on your part, once you get tested," answered Vanoss, then the conversation was cut short, since there was other clients he had to talk with.

It really did make Cartoonz hope that he wasn't making a mistake, but at least nobody else would know about it. He wouldn't even tell Delirious, unless there was a reason for it. This would just be one of his dirtiest secrets, and maybe he'd give up after seeing the warm body. It was a free trial anyways, Vanoss let him know that he could try it a couple times for free. Cartoonz would tell himself it was just harmless fun, and he wouldn't do anything he shouldn't, well at least nothing more than paying for illegal sex. He took a long shower after that, then ordered some food. It was time for him to repeat the process of his boring mundane night, before he went back to his dull job and go to meetings that were very important. He even went to the clinic like he should and got himself tested.

When the call came, that's when he finally got excited again.

"Hello?" answered Cartoonz, as he was at his desk at the time, and filling out some important papers. His cell phone number were only given to very few individuals.

"I can get you scheduled for Thursday night, would that be okay?" questioned Vanoss, as he finally got the test results, and got things arranged, "if not, I could probably arrange for Saturday."

"Oh no, Thursday sounds fine, when should I arrive?" asked Cartoonz, though he couldn't believe he was really doing this.

"I'll text you the address. I'd suggest you arrive around midnight, since I'll have everything prepared by then, and not a second sooner. I like making sure everything is arranged properly, especially since
this is your first time," explained Vanoss, though it almost sounded like he was getting ready for Cartoonz to lose his virginity, "and remember, he doesn't talk and only follows commands. The place also closes around 4 am, so you have more than enough time to have fun. If you're done, just leave. My warm bodies know what to do once it's all finished."

"Okay, uh, thanks," replied Cartoonz awkwardly, then the call ended and he did receive a text. It came with a photo with a drawing of the area, probably something Vanoss gave to all his clients, that used the warm bodies.

This was really happening, unless he wanted to chicken out and call to cancel it. Cartoonz went through his day, along with his other days. He felt like time went too slow, as it was the only thing he was actually looking forward to trying. It did bother him deep down, this was so wrong and immoral, and yet he told himself it was just his curiosity getting the best of him. There was no other reason why he would want to try this. Delirious would even sometimes hang out with him after work, or he would try a new game on his computer. This was some of the few distractions he had. When Wednesday finally arrived, he was at another dull meeting. It was just his employees showing their latest ideas and designs, so he had to approve of some of them, and reject the others. The entire time his thoughts drifted to the warm bodies, until the meeting was over.

When the days went by so slowly, and he almost felt like everything was normal.

When Thursday night came around, he couldn't believe he was doing this. The place looked so shady, like one of those red light districts, where the prostitutes were against the glass showing off their bodies. The only difference was that there was no glass, but there was multiple door and rooms for people to go inside. There was also a large plump man who was texting on his phone, who sat at the front of this building, which looked a bit like those movie theater windows, though for people like Cartoonz to get himself a night with a warm body. He approached with caution, and he made sure to bring a gun with him. It was licensed him since he had all the training, when he had the time to get a gun permit. The man finally looked up at him, though his phone was still in his hands.

"What's your business?" asked the big guy, as he finally put his phone to the side, and his name tag had the words 'Panda' on them.

"I'm here to see uh, one of those warm bodies," replied Cartoonz awkwardly, hoping that this would go over quickly, since he really didn't want to linger too long.

"Vanoss sent you? I can tell you're new, you must be that client. Wait a moment please, I'll get your key," said Panda, before he got up and reached over to the side, "your room is the third building on the left, C5, it shouldn't be hard to find." He wasn't wrong, since there was only four buildings around, not including the tiny guard place that Panda sat in.

Cartoonz quickly thanked him for the key, before quickly walking away. He started feeling like having cold feet, especially when everything felt wrong about this. The buildings didn't have a second floor, but it still had the vibe of a dingy motel. This made him wonder why the rich were so into warm bodies, when there was nothing but the smell of cigarettes and another unknown musty smell. It was the moment he stopped at the door, and contemplated his decision, if he should go inside or not. His curious nature won him over, so he opened the door with his key. The room however didn't look what he expected, because he thought it would have a cheap motel feel inside as well.

There was a long leather couch, which had straps on it for some kind of use. The walls were a slight grey color, though it looked normal. His eyes went towards the bed, which had red sheets and dark red pillows on them. It also had someone on it, who had their knees tucked in and obediently bowing towards the door. There was also a black leather mask over it's head, which covered anything from
sight and even concealed the mouth with a zipper. The eyes were even covered, so the warm body
couldn't see him. It could however still breathe, because it had a couple of slits that allowed the
person to breathe through their nose. There was also slits on the ears for the person to hear, along
with leather cat ears on top. Cartoonz stepped into the room cautiously, then closed the door behind
him.

It didn't react, just stayed on the bed in the same position. This is when Cartoonz finally found his
voice, "I wonder how long you've been kneeling there, why don't you get off the bed?" The warm
body immediately reacted to his command and got off the bed, and just stood there. It also wore a
one piece leather suit, which could be unzipped from the collar to the waist. Cartoonz also noticed
the zipper on the back end, and not just on the front once he started to examine him. He lead this
person over to the couch after he was done. He remembered some of Vanoss' rules, and they were
also texted to him, incase he forgotten. The only new rule was that he wasn't allowed to remove their
mask, since the warm bodies identify was to be protected as much as his.

Vanoss protected the client and the product after all.

"Knees on the floor, that's it, good boy," said Cartoonz calmly, while he situated him on the floor, as
he stayed on the couch. He could do anything to him, but he also wasn't sure what to do. There was
various toys around him, though he rather not touch them without prior knowledge, "I want you to
use your mouth."

This is when he realized that the warm body didn't move to touch any of the openings, including the
mouth that was sealed. Cartoonz reached up and opened the zipper, and stick his thumb inside. A
tongue immediately lapped at it, which slowly started to turn him on. The warm body couldn't see
him, so Cartoonz pulled himself out and started to stroke himself a little. He'd slowly direct the
person towards his crotch, and it didn't take long for the warm body to start putting it in their mouth.
This felt amazing for him, while he stroked their head. Cartoonz however frowned, when his hand
met with leather instead of hair like he did with his past partners. It seemed like he didn't have a
choice, though he continued to run his hand over the leather and scalp area.

"Fuck this feels amazing, go a little faster," moaned Cartoonz, once the pace quicken and the warm
body could easily put it deeply in his throat, almost like it didn't have a gag reflex. He'd even push it
down and make it take him deeper, until he let go and allowed the person to breathe.

After the warm body had sucked him hard and deep, it didn't take long for Cartoonz to cum down
his throat. "Oh shit sorry," muttered Cartoonz quickly, though he realized that it didn't matter because
the person drank it up, and even leaned forward to clean him. This warm body definitely had some
training, and he wondered what this person had endured. He'd tuck himself in, and then pulled the
person towards the couch with him. The warm body really did allow anything, as Cartoonz laid on
his back and got the person to lay on top of him, his arms wrapped around him, since he missed this
intimate contact. They laid there for awhile, and a part of him wondered how uncomfortable that
leather suit must feel.

"I can't keep thinking of you as warm body, it's going to just make me crazy. I feel like you need a
name," said Cartoonz quietly, he was slowly growing tired and this position felt sort of nice, "I bet
you've been called things like slave or something like that, though that’s not very original. You do
however look like a black cat with those cat ears, how about Neko?"

The body shifted slightly, and Cartoonz wasn't sure if this was a good sign. It seemed almost fitting
for him, since this body was in all black and his for the night. His eyes would close, while he listened
to the other person breathe slowly, though he accidently dozed off for a moment. They didn't really
do much, except get a blow job and a nap with his warm body. Neko didn't seem to voice anything,
just like Vanoss had told him and it didn't seem to bother him at all. Cartoonz eventually left, and Neko would stay on the couch facing the door. He almost didn't feel like leaving, because now he would go back to an empty home. It also made him feel slightly bad to leave the other person by themselves, though he felt like someone would come pick him up.

Chapter End Notes

To my readers,

This story has 3 parts and is my anniversary gift to Jhanya.

I just need to finish writing the last two parts, because my job is keeping me busy from it...

~~~

Now to J,

I love you tons, happy anniversary!

Can you believe that we've been dating for a year now? It's so crazy and amazing at the same time. I've never been with someone for this long. Most of my past relationships were for a few months, or a lot less. It's why I feel like I have so many issues, it's difficult to believe that someone would actually like me. My past partners were either just interested in the beginning and later lose interest, or just straight up cheated on me for whatever reasons.

I haven't had a good healthy relationship before.

I wouldn't say our relationship is perfect, we're both a mess at times. We both have our issues, but we work on it, together. It's because we really care about each other, and don't wanna lose each other.

I still can't believe we meet each other, because you messaged me one day, saying that you liked my writing. Apparently you wanted to do a collab, without an idea to draw on. I suggested a host club, then the rest was history.

If I could go back in time, I'd do it again. With a lot more dicks. XD

~Melon
The week went by smoothly, while he conducted his normal legal business. Cartoonz also followed
the rules, since he's a new customer, and he didn't see the warm body for those days. His mind
would however wander and thought about it, as he sat at his desk. It bothered him a little bit, at least
when it came to the morality of the situation. He however already set up another 'appointment' with
Vanoss on the matter, and he would be seeing his Neko again on this Thursday, which was today for
him. This was the very reason why he felt anxious at work, while constantly glancing at the clock.
The phone rang out and startled him, before he answered it. His mind wasn't really on work, not that
Cartoonz really cared.

"Sorry to interrupt boss, but you have a call," said Ohm on the other line, he didn't sound that
apologetic, "it's very important."

"Okay, forward the call," ordered Cartoonz, as he waited for the other person to do it.

It become another dull chatter, though very important for his business. They talked for an hour,
mostly on stuff they had already discussed before. Once the conversation was over, Cartoonz felt like
he wanted a drink. Delirious had convinced him to meet again at the bar tonight, mostly to get his
mind off work. He didn't tell his best friend about his deal with Vanoss, that he was using a warm
body. A part of him felt like maybe he should talk about it, but another felt like he didn't want
anyone to know he was doing something so scummy. His best friend probably wouldn't judge him,
and yet he felt like it wasn't anyone's business to know about it. Cartoonz instinctively reached for
his phone, glancing at the new location he was given.

"I'm going to see you tonight Neko-chan," chuckled Cartoonz, before he heard the door opening and
Ohm appearing in front of him.

It was just more paperwork, which he tolerated doing. Ohm would do most of it, but some things
needed his approval and signature. The rest of the night he filled them out, until it was time for him to
leave. Ohm did a friendly goodnight, when he left his office. Cartoonz still thought he looked cute,
especially in the dark grey business suit. His secretary was so his type, which was a very capable
person with a charming personality. A part of him wished they didn't have a business relationship,
otherwise he would ask him to join them at the bar. It wouldn't be very professional, so he left his
building and then went to his car at the parking lot. At least he would see that pretty face every time
he went and left from work.

He drove towards the bar with his music blasted up. At least his mind wasn't on the warm body for
the moment, though once he left his car it did creep in slowly. Delirious wasn't at the bar when he
entered, but his friend was known to be late. Instead Cartoonz went over to the bartender and asked
for a beer, anything to relieve some of his stress from work. It was a fifteen minute wait, when they
finally arrived, and he just sat there on a stool scrolling through his own phone. His best friend
however wasn't alone, there was two other people with him. One of them he recognized, but he other
one he had no clue. They both joined him at the bar table, where the bartender started serving them
drinks as well.

"You already know Vanoss, my date," beamed Delirious, as he clearly seemed to be enjoying
himself, "and this is Joe, but we call him Squirrel."
"Delirious, I didn't know this was a date," replied Vanoss with a confused expression on his face.

"I'm only joking," cackled Delirious nervously, but he tried to brush off the obvious nervousness that appeared when Vanoss said those words, "I just thought more the merrier, and Cartoonz finally gets to meet Squirrel."

Cartoonz was internally groaning, because he already realizes what his friend was doing. Squirrel was his date for the night, and Vanoss was supposed to be for Delirious. He really does love his friend, but the guy was sometimes an idiot. This meant he had to just play along, while Squirrel sat on his right and Delirious on his left. Vanoss seemed to be doing the same, since he wasn't oblivious to Delirious' flirty nature and subtle hints. Cartoonz introduces himself to Squirrel, hoping that the guy didn't recognize him. The entire situation would've been awkward, if he wasn't such a social person. He immediately picked up a conversation with his clear obvious new date. They seemed to enjoy each other's company.

"I actually work for Vanoss, I'm sure you understand his line of work," stated Squirrel casually, while he sipped his beer.

This really did threw him off at that moment, though Cartoonz tried his best not to show it, "Oh? What work is that?"

"It's none of your business Cartoonz," answered Vanoss for him, while he was pulling out a cigarette, "my worker doesn't need to explain his job to you."

There was clear tension now, so Delirious tried to calm things down, "guys, we're here to have fun, let's not fight."

"Fine, you're right. It's none of my business," agreed Cartoonz, though it only meant that Squirrel was doing something dirty and Vanoss didn't want it to be heard.

"Don't take it personal Toonz, we're all professionals here," smirked Vanoss, but it might as well sound like a scolding to him.

Things started to mellow out, after a few beers and having Squirrel distract him. Cartoonz had to admit, Squirrel seemed really cute and a little shy around him. It got more interesting when the guy placed a hand on his inner thigh, and started to bite his lip. It seemed like Squirrel's action's weren't shy however, not that Cartoonz had any complaints about it, not even when the hand moved upwards and started to rub him gently. "My work is the pleasure kind," whispered Squirrel gently into his ear, so that Vanoss couldn't hear him, "if you want some fun." This did have his interest, and the hand felt good on his slowly growing hard on, but he grabbed the hand and put it back on Squirrel's lap.

"I kinda have something to do afterwards, but maybe another night," explained Cartoonz, though he didn't bring up the fact that a warm body was the reason.

"You tease, keeping a man waiting and wanting," flirted Squirrel, as the slight rejection didn't deter him.

"Maybe tomorrow night?" suggested Cartoonz, as he didn't want this to end.

"Any night you want me, big boy," winked Squirrel, while he emptied down his beer.

He wasn't sure when he started to get a bit careless, but Squirrel is attractive and the guy didn't seem to know who he was. There was also a possibility Squirrel is a warm body, or at least one of Vanoss' escorts. There was a clearing of the throat, before Vanoss got up and went over to him, "we need to
talk." Cartoonz didn't back down from intense situations, instead he usually thrived in them. If 
Vanoss was going to scold him with flirting with one of his workers, then he shouldn't have brought 
him along. Delirious looked a bit confused, while Cartoonz followed him away towards the men’s 
bathroom of all places. There was thankfully nobody inside, though anyone could potentially just 
walk in.

"You sure you want to mess with him? It could be a mistake," asked Vanoss, while he blew some 
smoke towards the side.

"Why not? Isn't that why you brought him here?" asked Cartoonz sternly, his arms were now folded.

"Think about your reputation, Squirrel is the low end part of my business. I don't think I need to 
explain why it's a bad idea, plus didn't I give you an adequate distraction?" stated Vanoss, like a 
warm body should be all he needed, but it’s clear that Vanoss wanted to protect his interests.

"What if I just like the guy? You also didn't answer my question," Cartoonz pointed out, while he 
leaned against the wall next to a mirror.

"I didn't bring him, sometimes Delirious and Squirrel work together," explained Vanoss, though he 
immediately answered the question that popped into Cartoonz' head, "and no, Delirious isn't the 
same line of work as Squirrel, so don't get any weird ideas."

Cartoonz still didn't know exactly what Delirious did for work, "alright, but you can't stop me if I'm 
interested."

"No I can't, but I'm telling you to be smart, since you are my important client. Sorry that your friend 
Delirious, my worker, brought Squirrel as your so called date. I only came here to talk business 
actually, I've chatted with your warm body," stated Vanoss, which caught Cartoonz’ interest, and 
was the entire reason Vanoss agreed to show up at a public setting, "he's agreed to meet more often, 
as long as there aren't any lasting affects on his body. You've been pretty gentle with him, and no, I 
get no details from your warm body. I can tell, he hasn't been limping or asked to be out of 
commission."

"He really said all of that?" asked Cartoonz, but there wasn't a reason for Vanoss to make anything 
up, he was just surprised that the warm body was okay with seeing him more. They only had two 
sessions in the past, none of them went farther than a blow job.

"Yeah he did, seems to enjoy your time together," chuckled Vanoss, as he flicks his cigarette before 
putting it out, "You can be with him not only on Thursdays, but Sundays as well. If you really want it. 
After this, you'll be paying me for his time. My warm body costs ten grand a night." This was most likely the real reason that Vanoss was warning Cartoonz off Squirrel. Money.

It seemed like a lot of money to most people, but for Cartoonz he could easily spend the cash. This 
was the reason he was chosen as a client, "that works for me, is tonight still free?"

"Yeah, though I'll still pay him. I'm sure you understand that he generally gets a cut," replied Vanoss, 
then their conversation ended there.

This is when Delirious decided to peek inside and check on them. It didn't matter however, because 
they got most of the conversation out that they wanted. His friend looked at them both suspiciously, 
before he spoke up, "what are you guys doing in the bathroom?" Vanoss immediately smiled at 
Delirious and turned on the charm, even grabbed his hand and lead him out. Cartoonz however stood
there for a moment, mostly to collect his thoughts before heading out. They both went back to the bar and Vanoss was the one to order them a round of drinks, since they were on him. He noticed that Delirious was still holding Vanoss' hand, and having a happy hazy look. A part of him hoped his best friend knew what he was doing, because Vanoss seemed like a very dangerous man.

"Let's drink to a new formed friendship, and good times," toasted Vanoss, while raising his bottle of beer.

"All the friendships! And more.." muttered Delirious, though the last part was very silent. His face was slightly red, though anyone could mistaken it for the drink.

"Babe, I'm so happy you're back," cooed Squirrel, before wrapping himself around Cartoonz' arm, "Delirious has been telling me all about you, while you were gone. I can tell we're going to have so much fun together."

"Oh did he?" asked Cartoonz, while he raised his brow at his friend, then felt more guarded. He didn't want Squirrel to know who he was, sometimes his best friend did and say really dumb things.

"It's okay sweetie, your secret is safe with me," winked Squirrel, as one of his hands wandered over his chest, "you know, if you changed your mind. We could have fun at your place right now."

"That's okay, I have some things I need taken care of, I have to go," replied Cartoonz quickly, before he got up from his seat and immediately tried to leave.

A part of him hoped that Squirrel didn't know to much about him, and he hoped that this wouldn't affect him badly in anyway. Delirious seemed to complain immediately about him leaving so soon, as well as Squirrel. This didn't matter to him as Cartoonz got up from his seat and headed towards the door. If the media ever get a hold of the fact that he's hanging out at shady bars, along with paying for sex. It would be the absolute end to him, and maybe Vanoss was right, even if he didn't like the guy. Squirrel might be risky to sleep with, and he has a warm body for the night. He however would like to think that Delirious wouldn't intentionally get him in trouble, his friend usually looked after him. It's the reason he considered sleeping with Squirrel, was that and the guy is totally his type and unaffiliated with his business.

They all said their goodbyes to him, while he made his way outside. He'd done this so many times, meet Delirious at the bar, than he’d immediately drove back without an issue. It's not like he drank that much anyways, and he's use the effects of driving with some alcohol in his system. When his house finally appeared and he went inside, his cats immediately appeared at he door. They were so happy to see him, while he took off his coat and left his shoes at the entrance. His maid would feed his pets while he was gone, so he didn't worry about them usually. Cartoonz' mind started to drift to his warm body again, wondering why the person was wearing a cat outfit. It's almost like someone knew him too well, that he loved cats more than anything. Those black cat ears were just perfect on the person's head.

"I can't wait for tonight," said Cartoonz dreamily, while he thought about his time with his warm body, the way that mouth felt around him. He was prepared for the next step.

He'd done some research beforehand, whatever he could get from the internet. There was various sites that talked about bdsm, and some people explained some rules on there. Cartoonz wasn't a foolish, at least when it came to thinking about trying them. He knew he didn't have the experience, or confidence to try something that could be potentially harmful to his partner. At least he wouldn't try something out his league of expertise. Instead his decision went to some stuff he was interested in, that didn't sound too difficult. He could also do things he already knew about. The warm body wouldn't complain anyways, almost like a pet that allowed for anything to happen.
It seemed like the night went slowly, while he read silently to himself. When the time finally arrived for him to leave, the excitement came back to him. His legs were slightly jittery when he left his house, then got into his vehicle. The cats seemed to have followed him to the door, where he had left them. Usually this left him feeling guilty, though his mind was elsewhere. Cartoonz started to think of the different things he could potentially do, how rough he should play it. The other two times he was a bit exhausted, that's what work did to him. It seemed like he was more awake than usual, and he was feeling his pent up sexual frustrations, that would last from the lack of doing it. When the place finally came into view, he parked the vehicle.

A familiar face seemed to be there.

"Cartoonz?" muttered Delirious, who sat at his booth, mostly to guard the place and people’s keys, "why are you here? How did you find this place?"

"I uh, well I'm here for someone," explained Cartoonz vaguely, since he was caught off guard himself.

"What kind of someone?" asked Delirious, before he thought to himself and then realization hit him, causing him to smirk at his best friend.

"Just shut up and hand me the damn keys," growled Cartoonz, though it lost some of it's bite.

"Okay, but you haven't answered my question," chuckled Delirious, who was stalling, and giving Cartoonz less time to see his person.

"Fine you jackass, give me the keys so I can see my warm body," answered Cartoonz angrily, while putting his hand out.

"That wasn't too hard," teased Delirious, as he handed the keys over, "have fun, I know I did earlier." It seemed like Delirious hinted that something happened between him and someone else.

A crazy laugh filtered the air, while Cartoonz walked away and uttered something about idiotic friends. His Neko was waiting for him, so he couldn't waste anymore time. The buildings all looked the same, as he glanced around for the particular room. He eventually found it, and then started to push the key in. Cartoonz hit the lights and saw his favorite warm body on the bed. The place looked absolutely the same as the other one, with the grey walls and red bed sheets. He'd close the door behind him, before walking over to his person. His warm body didn't move, didn't even look up, not that the warm body could see anything. The mask covered it's eyes, though it had slits around the nose and a zipper for the mouth.

"Did you miss me?," asked Cartoonz softly while he petted his head.

There was a slightly reaction, as his Neko moved his head with the hand. This is when he remembered to give orders, because the Neko needed them to perform. Cartoonz told him to get up and take off his clothes. This is when he watched as the Neko feel around the bed to get off it, before reaching the front to unzip the front of the chest piece. The body suit was almost like a swimsuit, though the bottom looked like shorts. He'd watch as the warm body pushed it off his shoulders, so that the upper part of the outfit was on the warm body's back. The lower portion was still on him, so Cartoonz watched as the person bent forward, mostly to pull it down from each leg and all of it landed on the floor. His Neko was now naked, save for the mask that couldn't be removed.

"Good boy," praised Cartoonz, while he grabbed his hand and lead him back on the bed.

This time he laid down, and had the warm body on top of him. There was certain things he wanted
to do, his hands roamed the person's side and his thumbs trace those very cute nipples. Cartoonz enjoyed touching the tan skin against his palms, and wondered what kind of training the warm body went into. The skin made him think of a certain someone, a certain secretary started tanning when summer came around. He couldn't let his mind wander to other things, as he started kissing and sucking on his neck. There were no sounds, as he reached up to unzip the mouth part of the mask. Maybe he could finally hear something, he'd been dying to get the warm body vocal, even if they weren't allowed to speak. He would love to hear it say his name.

His hand reached over to stroke what's between Neko's legs, while Cartoonz watched as his back arcs and pushes a little into his hand. He likes seeing him like this, with each leg on each side of him, and both hands on each side of his head. When he leaned up to kiss him, Cartoonz mostly felt the leather. This did bother him, but he couldn't do anything about it. A soft annoyed sound escaped his lips, before he plunge his tongue inside. The warm body immediately kissed back, though let itself be dominated. It tasted very sweet, almost like it ate some kind of candy before coming there. He pulled back to look at him, though all he saw was a black mask with cat ears. His hand moved away from his member, though he pulled him down so they can grind into each other.

"I want you to ride me," said Cartoonz huskily, since most of his partners wouldn't bother with it.

The people he dated in the past were dull, and were satisfied with the same predictable sex. They didn't bother with this, because it would be too much work, or they thought it's too embarrassing. He immediately placed his Neko's hands against the front of his pants, once he got him to lean back a little. There was no other ordered needed, because the warm body seem to know what he needed to do. Neko immediately unbutton it, then started unzip his pants. This meant that Cartoonz could watch, with his hands folded behind his head. The pants were only pulled down slightly, as those hands reached inside and pulled him out. "Wait," ordered Cartoonz, causing the warm body to pause all of his movement.

A bottle of lube was pulled out of his pocket, since Cartoonz didn't bother with what the room already had. In a way, this probably broke some sort of rule, not that he cared at all. He wasn't supposed to use his own stuff. Cartoonz lathered up two fingers, before reaching under and searching for his hole. It wasn't difficult to find, and he noticed that it already felt a bit stretched, like a warm body was supposed to expect some form of penetration. This is when he decided to massage the area anyways, since he liked it if his partner enjoyed it as well. He started kissing and licking at Neko's chest, while he fingered him slowly. His movements didn't take long to go faster, and then he heard it. A long drawn out moan escaped his lips, and it caused Cartoonz to stop, but only very briefly.

"You like that?" cooed Cartoonz, then he started to suck hard between the neck and shoulder, as he hoped to cause a hickey.

He only pulled back to examine it, as a small reddish hue started to appear. This is when he pulled his fingers out, then started to steer Neko's hips and align himself. A low moan escaped Cartoonz' mouth, when his warm body sank down and easily took the entire length. It was so tight and squeezing him deliciously. He moved Neko's hands, so they rested on his shoulders, before he gave him an order, "move." There was no hesitation as the warm body started to ride him. They were both moaning now, though he could tell that his Neko was trying to be more quiet. He'd tell the person to let out his voice, but that would only make the person try harder to be silent. Cartoonz had an idea, as his knees bent and he planted his feet and hands on the bed. He'd push upwards and try to hit the previous spot.

"Ahhh," moaned the warm body, the first clear loud sound from this person.
They both started to move fast, trying to get that sensation again. His Neko moved vigorously with him, and he was enjoying the view from above him. When they were both getting close, Cartoonz reached with one hand and wrapped it around his member. They could try to cum together, while he quickened the pace. Neko immediately moved faster with him, as the sound around them grew louder. It was Cartoonz who came first, probably since the warm body had more experience than him. His hand went back to moving, once he caught himself and realized he had stopped. His Neko seemed more stubborn, but he eventually came on his hand. This left Cartoonz feeling satisfied and glad that they both found pleasure in it.

"You were so good, come on, come here and lay down," ordered Cartoonz, who felt the warm body get up and his member slide out from his favorite Neko.

They both cuddled into bed, just enjoying the after glow of sex. Cartoonz really missed this, just having sex and not worrying about the consequences. It's been so long, and not worrying about the relationship problems that came with them. His Neko rested his head against his shoulder, while he held onto him. Both of them stayed like this for a long time, and perhaps they could've gone for another round. All he wanted was to enjoy the moment, until his time was up. His eyes darted to the clock on the wall, though there was plenty of time to stay like this. Cartoonz wondered if someone would arrive to kick him out, if he stayed too long. Maybe it was Delirious' job to make the clients leave. He still couldn't believe that this was his friend's job, and now he understood why Delirious didn't talk about it.

Delirious was going to give him so much shit for this afterwards, sleeping with a warm body, and he'd do it for a laugh.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for the wait, my life is pretty busy with work and then I got a bit sick. It's also difficult to get motivated to write, when you go without it for days to weeks. Hopefully you all enjoyed it.

Let me know what's your favorite part so far.

Thanks for reading!

~Melon

End Notes

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