### An Unlikely Bond

**Summary**

‘Let the chase begin…’ Jared is a vampire hunter; Jensen is a vampire. Love at first sight? Hardly; Jared is a bitter, world-weary vampire hunter at just 22 years old, his sacred but lonely birthright. Jensen is more than 500 years old and has seen more than most can imagine, and has killed more than one slayer in the past; but as soon as Jensen sees Jared, something changes. He doesn’t want to kill Jared. He wants Jared in his bed; permanently. But Jared is no ordinary hunter, as proved by his age when most slayers barely survive their teens. Jensen has visions of the future, but can never see his own. Having been trained to fight from childhood Jared is without peer when fighting, but knows nothing of living. He’s never had a lover, his only relationship went terribly wrong, and he’s been deprived of many comforts in life. Despite having a trusted support network that would do anything for him and follow him to their death, in the end Jared is always alone.

### Notes

Prompt fill for imogen_lily
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Art by inanna_maat ([here](#))
Chapter 1

The bar was unusually crowded tonight being that it was a Tuesday and all. Jared barely had enough time to mix one customer’s drink before he was moving onto another, impatient partiers tossing bills his way and demanding that he get their drinks right that minute. Luckily, he’d been doing this since he was fifteen, so he knew what he was doing and he was good at his job. Sure, fifteen was a little young, and if anyone asked if he’d actually been there before he turned twenty-one, he would have denied it, but he knew the manager and she helped him out. There was only one rule; no drinking until he was legal and even then he was dry while working.

Of course, being a bartender wasn’t the only job Jared had; he also had the unfortunate task of being the vampire slayer. One person in the entire world is chosen to fight the forces of darkness and Jared just had to be that person. He couldn’t have been that lucky person who hit the lottery and had a perfect home life; no, he was the one who had to get his ass kicked on occasion and never get close to anyone because they might get hurt. Lucky him.

Then again, he supposed he shouldn’t complain. After all, the job did have its perks. Being openly gay wasn’t always something everyone approved of and on more than one occasion, Jared had to defend himself against homophobes and people who were just outright dicks and thought he was a sinner because he preferred his own sex as opposed to the opposite. And then there were the other gay men who came on too strong who needed to be dealt with; being the slayer certainly helped with all of that.

Like tonight when he was delivering another pitcher of beer to one of the tables on the floor and some pervert decided to put his hands on him. Jared had ignored it at first, figuring the man would get the hint and leave him alone. Unfortunately, the man wasn’t as smart as Jared had hoped and got even ballsier when Jared didn’t respond. As soon as the man’s hand moved to Jared’s dick, Jared grabbed his wrist and pushed back, threatening to snap the bone.

Fortunately for the creep who’d tried to put a move on Jared, Samantha Ferris, the manager of the bar, just happened to be coming out of the back and quickly pulled Jared off the guy. He was a pervert sure, but he was basically harmless. Chuckling when the guy pulled his hand back and cradled his undoubtedly fractured wrist, Samantha warned, “Next time I won’t stop him if you pull another stunt like that, Richie.”

With a small squeeze to his shoulder, Sam sent Jared back to the bar where there was another crowd of needy patrons forming. She then moved through the crowd and cleared tables that were no longer being occupied as well as searched subtly for anyone who looked suspicious. After all, Sam was well aware of Jared’s other job and let him have as much time off as he needed to work. Even if they were crowded and short on employees, if there was a vampire lurking in the crowd, Sam was the first one to tell Jared to get his ass out of there and save a life.

Sometimes, she felt bad for Jared as she watched him work. The kid pushed himself too hard and it was starting to show on his handsome face. Jared didn’t have a family; not really. His mother had died when he was four and his father was a drunken, abusive asshole who, in Sam’s opinion, didn’t deserve to breathe the same air as the rest of the world. She did what she could to help Jared, gave him a job and when he needed it, a place to crash. In all honesty, she viewed Jared as one of her own children and she tried to make him see that by doing everything she possibly could for the young man.

Her boyfriend, Jeffrey Dean Morgan, was Jared’s watcher and he also did everything he could for Jared. But no matter how hard Jeffrey worked at treating Jared like a son, the young man would
always go back to his biological father and inevitably return to them broken when the meeting was over, leaving Samantha and Jeffrey to pick up the pieces. One time, Samantha had been worried that they wouldn’t be able to help Jared recover. She remembered it like it had been yesterday, the worry still clear in her mind after all of these years.

Jared had just admitted to himself that he was attracted to men a few months earlier and he wanted to tell his father about this great guy he’d met. They’d been dating for about two months and Jared thought it was the real thing. Jake was cute and funny and he didn’t try to push Jared into doing anything that he wasn’t ready for. He was perfect as far as Jared was concerned and he didn’t want to hide their love from the rest of the world anymore.

When he revealed the news to his father, the older male had flipped, backhanding Jared so hard that even as the slayer, he was knocked on his ass. Of course, Jared had just learned that he was the slayer a few days earlier and hadn’t honed all of his skills yet by far, but it was still a task to get him on the ground. The verbal abuse had come once Jared hit the floor, his father screaming at him that he was a worthless piece of shit and no son of his was going to be a faggot who took it in the ass; the words hurt more than the slap and the kicks that followed.

As the slayer, Jared thought for sure that he would have fought back – at least thrown a punch just to get his father away from him; but he hadn’t. The shock of it all had been too great and Jared had just lain there and took whatever his father dished out. Later, he’d reprimanded himself for being such a wuss, but he knew that if presented with the same situation, he wouldn’t have done anything differently. It was his father and there was no way Jared could have struck him.

That night, Jared had shown up at Jeffrey’s apartment with a split lip and a cracked rib, tears streaming down his cheeks as everything slowly sank in. Samantha had happened to be there that night and it took all Jeffrey had in him to keep her from going to Jared’s house and giving that bastard father of his a piece of her mind. Really, in the end, it had been Jared’s pleading words that kept her in the apartment.

They’d begged Jared to leave that house, offering the spare bedroom up to the young man if he wanted it, but Jared refused to leave his father. Even if he was a jerk, he was still Jared’s blood and that had meant more to the young slayer than the cuts and bruises that would heal with time. So he’d gone back to the house after patrolling and lain awake in his bed all night thinking about what had happened hours earlier.

After three more beatings and a nearly broken arm, Jared had finally taken Jeffrey up on his offer, promising that he wouldn’t stay longer than he needed to even as Jeffrey told him he could stay as long as he wanted. The arrangement was much more convenient, Jeffrey was able to train with Jared when they each had a free moment in the gym under his apartment instead of having to meet somewhere else while they were free.

Nearly seven years had passed since that night, but Sam was sure she would never forget it. Jared had stayed with Jeffrey for three years before he moved into the one bedroom apartment he lived in now and the three of them had grown very close in those years. Still, Jared visited his father when he felt it was necessary and on occasion, he came back with some battle scars because of it; of course, most of those scars were emotional rather than physical which made Sam’s heart ache. Once she had even gone over to Gerald’s house and socked him out of mere principal alone.

Out of the corner of her eye, Sam caught a glimpse of a dark figure moving through the crowd, causing her instincts to sky rocket. She quickly caught Jared’s attention and subtly pointed to the man who was now dancing with a young blonde woman. He was a vampire; Samantha was sure of it. Although she wasn’t trained in the supernatural world like Jeffrey and Jared had been, hanging out
with them over the years had really helped her hone her own skills and now she was actually an asset to the gang.

Seeing the man Samantha pointed out, Jared’s eyes narrowed in disgust. It wasn’t bad enough vampires had to frequent his town, but now they were invading his work space, too?! One of these days, Jared just wanted to have a quiet, peaceful night with nothing to do other than work and have fun with his friends afterwards; was that so much to ask? He was twenty-two years old, after all and he was convinced that he wasn’t going to see twenty-five, which meant he barely had any time left to just hang out. The oldest recorder slayer lived to be twenty-six, and Jared was nowhere near as well trained as she had been, so he was sure that he was screwed once he reached twenty-five.

Occasionally, Jared dreamed of what it would be like to have a normal life; a father who didn’t beat him every chance he got, a loving boyfriend and their two adopted children along with the dog and the house with the white picket fence. Of course, Jared knew it was just that; a dream. He was never going to be normal or have any of those things. Jared had been doomed since the day he turned fifteen to be a freak; to be alone for the rest of his life, depending on how long that might be.

Right now however, Jared didn’t have time to dwell on how fucked up his life was; he had a job to do and a young woman to protect. Quickly, he mixed the last drink the final customer had ordered before he grabbed his jacket and followed the couple out of the bar. This vampire was at least smart enough not to just drag the woman behind the alley and kill her there; instead, he was taking her to the park nearby to do his dirty business.

Jared followed after them silently, keeping back far enough that he wouldn’t alert the vampire, though close enough that he could react when the thing made its move. Sure enough, once they were a decent way out and away from anyone who might hear the woman scream, the vampire attacked, pushing the girl against the monkey bars and snarling as he went for her throat.

Before he could do much damage, Jared shouldered him away from the woman, the vampire stumbling but not falling. It rushed Jared once it regained its footing, Jared throwing a good right hook which caused the vampire to fall on his ass. “Get out of here!” he ordered the blonde woman who was meant to be food, eyes falling on the recovering vampire once his victim was out of sight.

The vampire snarled at him when his food ran for the road and back to the bar, obviously angry that Jared had ruined his dinner. Of course, Jared was convinced he wasn’t going to have to worry about that too much longer. Again, the vampire rushed him and Jared threw another swing, missing his target and earning himself a knee to the gut for his mistake. He doubled over in pain for a moment before he was back up, landing a kick to the vampire’s abdomen and then another to its head before it could recover.

As the vampire went down again, Jared pulled the stake he carried from the inside pocket of his jacket, dodging a punch and grabbing the vampire’s wrist before it could pull back completely. His foot landed a solid kick to the back of the vampire’s knee, causing it to fall slightly as Jared yanked the wrist he had a hold of backwards, exposing the vampire’s chest moments before he plunged the stake through its ribcage, piercing the heart. Of course, Jared knew it wouldn’t kill the vampire, but the stake was drenched in dead man’s blood and it would paralyze the vampire long enough that Jared could find something to decapitate it with.

Luckily for Jared, today just happened to be the day that the gardener chopped down trees that had been hit during the bad storm a few days ago and the senile old man had left his chainsaw just lying around for anyone to grab. He could see the fear in the paralyzed vampire’s eyes as he started up the chainsaw and brought it down to his throat, squeezing his eyes closed as the blood splattered up against his face.
Once the vampire’s head was completely off his body, Jared wiped the blood on his face off with his jacket sleeve, the dark green color soaking up the crimson liquid, leaving a small stain; Jared would get that out later. Tossing the chainsaw aside, Jared grabbed the vampire’s jacket and began to pull him into the woods. Unlike in the television shows, vampires’ bodies didn’t just disappear; Jared actually had to bury them otherwise the police would get involved, which was something Jared couldn’t handle right now. He had enough on his plate as it was.

After the whole ordeal was finished, Jared headed back to the bar, giving Samantha a small nod to let her know that the job was finished. He knew that she worried about him every time he walked out on a hunt, so he would have to let her know how it went later. But for now, his focus was on the customers, going right back to mixing drink after drink for each drunken patron who hollered an order at him. Closing time was quickly approaching and the regulars needed to get their last fix, so Jared made sure to work fast, getting through the crowd in record time.

When the bar closed, Jared’s fun was just starting. As soon as the last patron left, Jeffrey and the gang came to have a little chat about what happened while Jared was on patrol and what Jeffrey thought of the vampire Jared had slain. Most of the time, they all agreed that it was just a routine hunt – a mere lone vampire who’d stopped for a snack – but tonight Jeffrey seemed worried; like he wasn’t telling Jared the whole truth about something.

When Jared confronted Jeffrey about it, however, the older male assured him that it was nothing to be concerned about, shooing the young man off to hang out with his friends; after all, Jared rarely got to have any fun and Jeffrey liked to give his slayer some alone time to just relax whenever he could. Mostly, it was when Jeffrey was trying to figure something out, so Jared rarely argued with him; tonight was no different.

“So, this chick that you saved,” Chad started, slapping Jared lightly on the arm to get the younger man’s attention, “was she hot?” When Jared and Sandy both gave him a look of disgust, he frowned as his brows knit in confusion. “What?!” he asked, getting a little defensive. “It’s a perfectly normal question for a straight guy! Am I right, Misha?”

Hearing his name, Misha quickly glanced over at Chad, frowning slightly as he tried to think of the right answer. “Probably not; though to be fair, I wasn’t really listening,” he finally answered with a small shrug. He was known to zone out during conversations more often than not, so he was sure Chad wouldn’t be surprised, giving another shrug when Chad merely rolled his eyes.

A wide smile spread across Sandy’s lips as she wrapped her arm around Misha’s shoulders and leaned in for a small, gentle kiss. “Misha doesn’t need to look at other women,” she assured Chad, giving the male a small glare. “He has me and that’s enough for him. Right Misha?”

Now, it was Misha’s turn to smile, his own arm sliding around Sandy’s waist. “More than enough for me cutie,” he assured her, leaning in to give her another kiss, this time more passionate, even as he kept it light so he wouldn’t make Chad and Jared uncomfortable. Especially Jared; he knew the younger male wanted to be able to have someone in his life, but as the slayer, it was nearly impossible. Misha didn’t like to rub it in that he was with Sandy for Jared’s sake.

Jared quickly turned the conversation back to Chad’s question as Misha and Sandy kissed, the young male wanting to give them both some privacy. “I wouldn’t know if she was hot Chad; I don’t look at girls like that,” he explained, wondering when Chad was actually going to get it through his head that Jared was gay and didn’t ogle women like he did. “I mean, I guess she was cute, but I was more focused on the vampire who was trying to kill me than getting a good look at the girl.”

Slowly, Chad shook his head, giving his best friend a small frown. “You couldn’t have looked at her for just a second? It’s always work, work, work with you,” he teased, gently nudging Jared’s
shoulder as he gave the younger male a small smile. “That’s why you need to start taking me out on patrol with you. I can inspect the ladies and get a phone number if she’s worth it while you kill the bad guys. I mean, the victims need to be looked after too, you know.”

The scoff that escaped Jared at Chad’s suggestion couldn’t be helped, the young slayer shaking his head. “Yeah, that’s exactly what I need,” he chuckled, “you on patrol with me so I can get you hurt; or worse.” Seeing that Chad was going to argue, Jared put his hand up to silence him before he even got started. “And don’t give me that crap about how you can protect yourself, because you can’t. The things I hunt are dangerous and I’m not risking your life so you can get a date, so just forget it.”

Although he wanted to argue a little more and ask Jared why he was being such a punk, Chad knew the moment was over; they were no longer fooling around anymore. Now, they were being serious and Jared was more than likely thinking about what had happened to Jake a few years ago, so Chad just kept his trap shut. When Jared got all ‘my job is dangerous and I can’t risk your life’ on them, they all knew it was time to drop that conversation.

After a few minutes of silence, Sandy smiled, clapping her hands together as she explained, “So Jared, I’m having a birthday party next week probably on Saturday at eight; think you can drag yourself away from slaying and work to be there?” She knew Jared was a workaholic, but this was her birthday party and she really wanted her friend there. And the fact that her cousin Matt, who just happened to be gay as well, was going to be there had nothing to do with it; nothing at all.

He wanted to skip out on it, but he knew that would have been wrong, so Jared nodded, letting Sandy know he’d be there. “Yeah, I guess I can stop in,” he muttered with a small smile. “I don’t know how long I can stay though because Jeff might want to train or something. I mean, he looks like something’s bothering him right now and I don’t know what that means for me, exactly.”

“Oh, don’t worry about that,” Sandy smiled, waving a petite hand in Jared’s direction. “Jeffrey’s coming too so if he needs you, he’ll already be there to grab you.” Smiling once more, she grabbed a handful of peanuts from the fresh bowl Samantha had brought them when they got there, popping one into her mouth. “Don’t worry about getting me anything either,” she added. “Just bring food. There’s going to be a lot of people there and I’m not cooking. So, whatever food you like, bring it and make sure there’s enough for a large group of people.”

It was a weird request as far as Jared was concerned, but he would follow it if that’s what Sandy wanted. After all, he didn’t have time to go shopping for a birthday gift with his two part time jobs and the task of being the slayer, so picking up some kind of food that he liked from the grocery store seemed like a much better plan. “All right, I’ll be there. With candy no doubt, so your party-goers better not all be health freaks.”

Another smile split Sandy’s features, the young woman quickly shaking her head. “Jared come on, you know me; I eat like a pig! Do you really think I could hang out with someone who counts calories or something like that?” Rolling her eyes she gave a small chuckle as she popped another peanut into her mouth. “Actually, your candy will probably be the first thing to go so if you want some, you should probably bring your own little stash just to be safe. Oh, and you should probably come by around seven thirty so you can get a good parking space.”

Chuckling, Jared assured her, “I don’t leave home without it.” Sometimes, patrolling was a waiting game and he got not only bored, but hungry too. Therefore, it was always smart to have a stash of something in his pocket; usually sour gummy worms, but Jared wasn’t picky by any means. As long as there was plenty of sugar in the snack, Jared would pretty much eat anything.

Sandy smiled softly at Jared before she turned her attention to Misha. “You, on the other hand, have to be there at noon so you can start helping me set up.” Frowning, she fixed the collar of Misha’s
jacket that she’d messed up while they were kissing earlier. “Both of my parents are going to be out of town and I don’t want to do it by myself.”

Without even making a face, Misha nodded, letting Sandy know he would be there when she wanted him to be to help her with decorations. That was why Sandy loved him so much; he never complained about anything that most boyfriends would undoubtedly whine about for hours before they moved on to another topic. Misha wasn’t like that at all. Maybe it had something to do with the fact that three days out of the month, he morphed into a werewolf who needed to be caged so he wouldn’t go on a killing spree, Sandy wasn’t sure; but whatever it was, Sandy loved it.

“I can come over and help out too,” Chad offered, giving a small hopeful smile. “Unlike yours, my parents are actually going to be home and they’ve just renewed their wedding vows, if you know what I mean, so I like to get out of the house as much as I can. And I’m really good at coordinating parking, so I can be there to help with that.”

Although she wasn’t sure she was going to need that many hands, Sandy nodded with a small smile. After all, Chad was her friend and if there was something she could do to get him out of having to listen to his parents reliving their glory days when they had been young and in love, she would take the opportunity. “I’m sure we can find something for you to do. Just come over whenever; I’ll be there all day.”

Once the birthday party talk was over, the four friends just sat at the table enjoying each other’s company in near silence. Every once and a while, Chad would make a comment or Misha would crack a joke, but other than that, their communication was silent. When you spend nearly every waking minute with the same people for seven years, you start to just be able to enjoy their company in silence.

At around four in the morning, Jeffrey and Samantha finally suggested they all call it a night, Jared hanging back until everyone was out of the bar before he closed and locked the door. Samantha had a key, but if Jared was there, he always locked the door for her. After all, she kept the key in her purse and Jared always had his stuffed in his pocket, so it was easier for him to grab his. Everyone said good night before Jeffrey and Samantha climbed into Jeffrey’s truck, Sandy and Misha jumped into Sandy’s Cobalt, and Chad climbed into his Neon, leaving Jared to walk the few blocks to his apartment alone.

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Soft moans filled the air as the woman beneath him arched into his body, fingers curling around the man’s own as she tilted her head to the side a bit, offering up more of her neck for her vampire lover. Cindy loved the times when he would just push her onto the bed roughly and tear into her flesh, knowing that he would never seriously injure her.

This had been going on for about a year and a half, and Cindy wasn’t afraid to admit that she was slightly addicted to the moments when she could lose herself in the sweet ecstasy of the vampire bite; it gave her a few minutes away from her own pathetic life and that was enough for her. After all, it wasn’t like she had anything worth living for; her job at the bar she worked at was becoming less and less exciting with each day and she was pretty sure Samantha was about to fire her and move that other part-time kid who worked there to full-time, which meant Cindy would be out of a job and have no money for necessities.

But right now, she wasn’t letting that plague her happy place as she arched into the hard body above her once more, knowing that when she moved, her heart pumped more blood through her veins, which kept her vampire happier for a while longer. The longer he was happy, the longer he would drink.
Today, however, her session was cut short by a rapid knock on the door, another soft moan escaping her when the fangs pulled from her neck. “Don’t answer it,” she pleaded, hand fisting in the short strands of hair at the base of the vampire’s neck once her hand was free as she tried to keep his focus on her. “Whoever it is will go away eventually. Just...keep drinking.”

If he hadn’t been entertaining himself with her for the last hour, he might have considered it, though since that wasn’t the case, he merely took her hand away from his hair and rolled off her, covering his naked lower body with the crimson silk sheets on the large king-sized bed he was laying in. “What is it?” he asked, casually slinging one arm behind his head as he waited for the person to enter.

As soon as she had permission, Katie pushed the door open and marched inside, the tears she’d been crying a few minutes earlier still drying on her cheeks. “He’s dead, Jensen!” she explained, feeling fresh tears burning her eyes. “Josh is dead!”

Pain shot through Jensen’s dead heart when he heard the news about his brother. He and Josh hadn’t exactly been close, but that didn’t mean he wanted him to die. Not to mention that now Katie would be crushed because of Josh’s death and she was of no use to Jensen that way. Turning his attention to Cindy, he muttered, “You need to go. We’ll pick up where we left off another time.”

With that, Jensen got out of the bed, letting the sheets fall from his fingers back onto the bed where they belonged. He didn’t care that he was naked; everyone in the clan had seen each other naked at one point and it wasn’t like he had anything to be ashamed about. He quickly pulled on some boxers and baggy black jeans, finishing the look with a dark gray T-shirt before he led Katie out of his room, closing the door behind him to offer Cindy some privacy to get dressed. “Tell me what happened to him,” he muttered as they walked down the long hallway leading to the main living area.

“It was a slayer Jensen,” Katie explained, brows knitting as she looked at the older vampire; her clan leader. Slowly, she shook her head, biting into her bottom lip as she continued, “I didn’t think there would be another one here so soon. I mean, you just killed that last one about twenty five years ago.”

A slayer? Well, this conversation just became a lot more interesting suddenly. Hearing Katie mumble about how he’d just killed one not too long ago, Jensen merely shook his head. “It doesn’t matter,” he assured her. “They’re like weeds; no matter how many you kill, they keep coming back.” Then again, that was half the fun, wasn’t it? Going on the hunt to find the next slayer; it always gave Jensen an adrenaline rush that was for sure.

Slowly, Jensen led Katie into her own room, figuring she could use some rest after such a traumatic evening. After all, he knew it wasn’t easy to lose a lover, and although they didn’t need sleep to survive, a good rest every now and then kept them strong; kept them energized. “Where did it happen, Katie? I’ll go see what I can find out. In the meantime, I want you to get some rest; you’ve had a long day and I can’t afford to have you crumbling from all of the stress. Especially if we’re going up against a slayer soon.”

Although she didn’t feel like resting, Katie nodded, allowing Jensen to gently push her down onto the soft mattress. “At the park,” she mumbled, slowly crawling under the blankets. “A few blocks away from the bar downtown; Blue Max. We were supposed to meet up there after we fed and when I got there, that slayer cut off Josh’s head with a chainsaw!” Shaking her head as tears slowly streaked down her cheeks once more, she muttered, “I was too late to save him. There was nothing I could do, so I raced back here to let you know what happened. We have to do something about this Jensen; we have to avenge Josh’s murder. Who knows who this slayer is going to go after next! Jensen, we have to stop him before he kills another one of us!”
Jensen gently quieted Katie with a small pat on the shoulder, trying to get the young woman to calm down as he pushed her back against the pillows. “We will Katie,” he assured her with a nod. “I’m going to head out right now and scope it out, all right. Everything’s going to be fine; just get some sleep. I’ll be back before you know it.”

Without giving Katie a chance to argue with him, Jensen left the room, sighing as he ran a hand through his hair. Maybe it would have been a good idea to lock Katie in that room with the way she’d been talking, but Jensen knew it would do no good. These doors weren’t meant to hold in vampires, after all. Of course, if Katie went off after this slayer without thinking it through and tried to get revenge on her own, then there was a large chance Jensen would lose another of his clan members to this slayer and he wasn’t willing to let that happen. So, he did the only thing he could think of that was as close to foolproof as he could possibly get; knocked on Christian’s door.

When the door opened, Jensen gave his old friend a small smile. “Hey, I need your help,” he explained, taking a step back so Christian could come out of the room. The naked state of his friend told him that he had just been intimate with his partner Steve and Jensen knew that Steve liked to take a nap afterwards, so he didn’t want to disturb him with their conversation.

“What’s going on?” Christian asked as he gently closed the door behind him, pulling his robe closed and tying it loosely in the front; after all, there was no need to show the entire mansion his goods. And he was fairly certain Steve wouldn’t appreciate that either since his lover was convinced that two or three of the other clan members had a crush on him. Christian had tried more times than he liked to think of to tell Steve he had nothing to worry about, but Steve was a very jealous vampire, so Christian eventually just gave up.

Sighing, Jensen once again ran his hand through his hair before he explained, “Josh is dead. Katie came to me a few minutes ago and started babbling about a slayer who killed my brother. She wants to go off half-cocked to get revenge and I can’t afford to lose her right now. Can you watch her? Make sure she doesn’t go anywhere?”

It was no secret that Josh and Jensen hadn’t been close, so Christian didn’t even bother to apologize for Josh’s death, knowing that Jensen probably didn’t really care all that much. But he did nod when he was asked to watch Katie, brows knitting slightly before he asked, “Where are you going?” More than likely, he already knew, but Christian just wanted to check and make sure he was right.

He was aware that his old friend probably already knew where he was going, but Jensen told him anyway, figuring it couldn’t hurt him. “I’m going to scope out the new slayer in town. I don’t know how long we’re going to be able to keep Katie off his tail, so I want to learn as much as I can about the guy in as little time as possible.” Smiling, he clapped Christian on the shoulder before he assured him, “I’ll be back soon. Just make sure she doesn’t go anywhere until I get back.”

Christian gave Jensen a curt nod to let him know that he would do as he was asked. “Hey, you be careful!” he called as he headed towards the hallway that would lead him to Katie’s room. He had his phone in his pocket so he could text Steve when he got there that he was babysitting in case Steve wanted to come keep him company.

The clan leader turned back towards his oldest friend with a wide grin as he assured him, “I always am!” At least he tried to be; so far, it had been working for the last five hundred years, so he figured he was safe enough at least. “I’ll be back before you know it!” With that, Jensen was out the door, heading straight for the bar Katie had mentioned. Sure, it was probably still closed right now, but it would open soon enough. And Jensen had all the time in the world to wait for the slayer to show up. After all, Christian was taking care of Katie and although he’d promised he would be home soon, everyone knew recon took a long time so they wouldn’t be expecting him home any time in the next
few hours at least.
Chapter 2

It was already sunrise by the time Jensen made it to the park, the bright rays of the sun making him irritable and itchy. Although the sun wouldn’t kill him, Jensen hated it when he had to walk out in it; most of the time he went back to the mansion with sunburn and that wasn’t something that he enjoyed, obviously.

The park was bare at this hour, not that Jensen had expected anything different; it was only six in the morning, after all. Luckily, he’d gotten here before there were too many fresh scents in the area, instantly recognizing one as his brother’s; the other was unfamiliar, which led Jensen to believe that it belonged to the new slayer in town. Maybe bringing Katie along would have been a good idea seeing as how she’d been here when Josh was killed; she would have easily been able to point out the scent of the slayer.

But Jensen had been doing this for nearly five hundred years, so he was going to trust his instincts and follow the first scent he’d picked up that hadn’t belonged to his deceased brother. It was rougher than he would have thought to track the human, his scent being almost everywhere within a ten block radius. First, Jensen had gone to a bar where the kid must have been, then he’d come across an animal shelter until finally, he reached an old apartment building that even he wouldn’t have stayed in; and Jensen had been in some pretty nasty places before he’d climbed his way up to the top where he was now.

Slowly, he pushed the door to the building open, that scent he’d been following washing over him, eyes flashing a moment before he could control himself, making his eyes shine an even brighter shade of green. Back at the park he’d just been following a scent, hunting; but now, having this man’s unique smell engulf him, Jensen was feeling like doing a little more than killing the young male. Generally, Jensen didn’t take male lovers, but for someone who smelled this damn good, Jensen would make an exception.

Hearing voices coming from the hallway, Jensen quickly pressed himself up against the wall, concealing his form from the new arrivals as he just listened to what was going on. He would make his presence known when the time came; but for right now, Jensen just wanted to get a feel for who this new slayer was and he didn’t think there was any better way than listening in on a juicy conversation.

“Jared, your rent was due yesterday,” the young slayer’s landlord explained, frowning at the boy as Jared came to an abrupt halt in the middle of the hallway. It wasn’t unusual for Jared to be late paying his rent, but he thought that maybe just this once, the kid would be on time.

When his landlord confronted him, Jared squeezed his eyes closed in annoyance, knowing full well how this conversation was going to pan out. “Yeah Mitch, I know; I’m sorry,” he apologized, turning to face the older male. “I’ll get it to you, I promise. I just need a couple more days. Samantha’s going to get my paycheck for me a couple days early and as soon as I have the money, you’ll get paid.”

A small frown came to Mitch’s face when Jared explained when he would have the money. “Jared, I don’t extend anyone else’s rent date and I shouldn’t be doing it for you,” he apologized, giving his head a small shake. “But since I know you’re good for it, I’ll let it slide this month.” Slowly, he moved a bit closer to Jared, invading the kid’s personal space. “There are other ways I’ll accept the rent from you, Jared,” he whispered, hand moving to slide up Jared’s thigh.

Before he could reach Jared’s crotch, Jared pushed his hand away. He had wanted to snap it at the
wrist, but he wasn’t sure how far Mitch would go if he did that and Jared couldn’t afford to lose his place right now. Hell, he could barely afford to keep this place so he knew there was no way he would be able to find another apartment with this same rent. And he wasn’t going to impose on Jeffrey again, no matter how many times his watcher assured him it was fine. “I’ll get you the money, Mitch,” Jared assured the older male, pushing past him and leaving the building.

Jensen waited a few moments after Jared had left before he followed him, eager to learn more about this slayer. Normally, his recon on slayers was meant for pure knowledge on how to kill them; but with this one he wanted to learn more about him for different reasons. From what he could tell, the boy was tall, lean and muscular with sun-kissed skin that Jensen wouldn’t have minded running his tongue over if ever given the chance. His hair was shaggy, kind of long and Jensen could only imagine it was soft and luscious.

Of course, he was getting off topic; he needed to know if this slayer posed a threat to him and fantasizing about pushing him into the mattress and taking him roughly wasn’t getting him anywhere. So he turned his thoughts to more productive matters like his brother and how this man had been the one to take him from Katie. If Josh hadn’t been dating Katie and he was just there because he was Jensen’s brother, Jensen probably wouldn’t have cared so much; but Katie was an asset to the clan and he couldn’t afford to have her moping around or pissed off because justice hadn’t been served, so he needed a plan.

He had no intention of killing this slayer, Jared, as he’d heard the landlord call him, but something did need to be done in order to appease Katie. Lying wasn’t an option because if Katie saw this man out and about after Jensen assured her he’d been taken care of, she would never trust Jensen again. So, he needed to think of something that would make both he and Katie happy; something that would punish Jared but still keep him alive for Jensen’s pleasure. Perhaps Christian would have something in mind; he would have to ask when he got back to the mansion.

When Jared turned into the animal shelter, Jensen stopped, not feeling that he should go any further. If he walked in there, it was likely Jared would suspect something, so Jensen decided that it was safer to stay out here and wait. After all, there was a bar down the street that according to his scent, Jared often frequented, so he could hang out there and wait for the kid to show up. He needed a drink, anyway.

As soon as he walked into the bar, another familiar scent caught his attention, eyes flashing once more when he saw Cindy behind the bar. Slowly, he made his way through the crowd, which was unusually large for a Wednesday afternoon, and knocked on the countertop. A wide smile came to his lips when Cindy’s eyes widened as soon as she noticed it was him. “Hey Cindy,” he greeted, taking a seat on one of the stools. “I’ll have a whiskey, double, neat.”

The smile Jensen had flashed her was quickly returned by Cindy as she poured Jensen’s drink, sliding it towards him once it was ready. “How did you get here?” she asked, leaning on the bar so she didn’t have to scream over the music. “I mean, I thought vampires couldn’t go out in the sunlight without burning to death.”

“You’ve been watching too many vampire movies lover,” Jensen smirked before he downed the whiskey, sliding the glass back to Cindy so she could fill it back up. The stereotypes that were placed on him because of the various vampire flicks out there were both amusing and offensive in Jensen’s opinion. More than once, he’d been strolling through the town and some slayer wannabe had tried to drive a stake through his heart thinking that it would kill him. People who threw garlic at him were his particular favorites; the looks on their faces when they realized their little herb hadn’t worked to repel him were priceless.
Another smile came to Cindy’s lips when Jensen called her lover, the woman focusing on the glass as she poured Jensen his drink in hopes that he wouldn’t notice her blushing. She wasn’t daft; she knew that Jensen only used her as a source of food when he didn’t feel like going out on a hunt and there would never be anything else between them, but that didn’t mean she didn’t wish for something more. In her opinion, Jensen was the perfect catch; he couldn’t reproduce so there was no worry of her becoming pregnant when she wasn’t ready, he was smart, cultured, not to mention damn sexy. Anyone would be lucky to have him as their lover.

Although she tried to hide it, Jensen didn’t miss the blush he got from Cindy when he addressed her as lover, and the reaction he got from her was rather flattering. But that wasn’t why he was here. Cindy worked here five days a week, so she must have seen the young slayer come in; now was the time he could get information on the kid without him knowing that Jensen was snooping. Taking the glass from Cindy once more, he asked, “So, you must know that kid who comes here often, huh? Jared, I believe his name is?”

A small frown came to Cindy’s lips when Jensen mentioned Jared, wondering what the vampire could possibly want with him. It wasn’t bad enough the kid was going to steal her job, but now there was a chance he was going to steal her vampire too?! Becoming slightly defensive, Cindy pulled back, arms crossing over her chest as she answered, “Yeah, I know him. He works nights here to pick up some extra cash. Why are you suddenly interested in him?”

It didn’t take a genius to see that Cindy was jealous the minute Jensen mentioned Jared, which brought a small smile to Jensen’s lips. He didn’t understand why Cindy was acting all defensive like this, but it was definitely something he wanted to explore. “I was just asking about him,” Jensen smiled, giving a small shrug so he didn’t give anything away to the jealous woman. “No reason in particular; Katie wanted to know a little more about him so I’m doing some recon for her, that’s all.”

Hearing Jensen’s explanation, Cindy quickly let her arms drop to her sides once again, a small smile coming to her lips. At least he wasn’t interested in Jared; that lifted a huge weight off her shoulders. “Oh,” she mumbled, giving Jensen a nod. “Okay. Well, I don’t really know much about him other than he’s pretty tight with the boss. And I think he might be taking my job here soon, so if you have any idea where I can get a new one, feel free to speak up.”

Head tilting to the side, Jensen asked, “Why do you think he’s going to take your job?” Just because the kid was in good with the boss didn’t mean she was going to fire Cindy; at least he hoped that wasn’t what it meant. Although there was really nothing between them other than the fact that she fed Jensen when he didn’t want to hunt, he still liked Cindy, and it would have been awful for her to lose her job to the kid just because the boss liked him better.

Just as she’d opened her mouth to answer Jensen’s question, Cindy quickly snapped it shut once more, head nodding towards the door a moment. “He’s here,” she grumped, rolling her eyes. “Probably going to ask Samantha if he can take an extra shift, which means I’m getting sent home.” Scoffing, she grabbed a rag and started cleaning a spot on the counter more roughly than she needed to. “It’s not like I need the money or anything,” she spat sarcastically. “You know, this is –” Her words were cut short when she noticed Jensen wasn’t there anymore, spotting the vampire moving through the crowd towards Jared. “Great,” she muttered under her breath, grabbing up the one hundred dollar bill Jensen had left before scrubbing at the same spot on the countertop.

As soon as Cindy mentioned Jared being in the bar, Jensen waited for the opportune moment and got away from the woman, knowing that if he stayed there too long, Jared might notice him. In the crowd, he was just another face, but if he was sitting at the counter, he then became a regular; and that was not going to happen. Besides, it was best if Jared didn’t see him yet; the element of surprise was something Jensen loved having.
He followed Jared to a table where the young male met with three other people; two guys and a girl. Friends of Jared’s he was assuming, quite surprised the slayer actually had people to talk to and be close to. Most of the time, slayers stuck to themselves out of fear that anyone they were close to might get hurt; the fact that Jared had friends led Jensen to believe that the young male was cocky and didn’t think he could lose. One of these days Jensen was going to have to show him otherwise.

But for now, Jensen needed to stay away from Jared; he needed to get back to the mansion and figure a few things out. There were ways to deal with this slayer without killing him and Jensen wanted to figure those ways out, which was a shock in itself. Usually, Jensen stalked the slayer and then killed them when the time was right – at least he had with the other three slayers he’d come upon. But with Jared, that was the last thing he wanted to do. Instead, Jensen wanted to play with this one; maybe keep him as a pet, he wasn’t sure. Of course, he knew everything would just fall into place when the time was right; it always did.

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By the time Jensen finally made it back to the mansion, it was nearly nightfall and he was instantly met with Christian and Katie, both badgering him as soon as he closed the door. “Calm down, both of you,” he ordered, shaking his head at the way they were acting. “Now, one at a time and it better be important. I’m not in the mood to play games with the two of you. It’s been a long day and I want to go to my room and just be left alone.”

Katie was the first to speak, looking up at Jensen with hopeful eyes. “Did you kill him?” she asked, biting into her bottom lip. “I mean, he killed Josh so I think he should have to die too. It’s only fair; an eye for an eye and all that.”

“No,” Jensen answered, a small frown passing his lips. It was going to be harder than he thought to convince Katie that killing the slayer wasn’t the best way to go, he could see now. If she wanted his head on a silver platter already, Jensen didn’t see her changing her mind about it anytime soon. But he was leader here and if she didn’t like his ruling, then she could challenge him and fight to the death to become the leader. And if she won, then she could do whatever the hell she wanted to Jared. Of course, Jensen wasn’t worried about that; no one was crazy enough to challenge him. At least, not since the last vampire who had tried and got himself put into an early grave for it.

Once she’d received her answer – the answer she hadn’t wanted – Katie merely shook her head and sulked off to her own room, slamming the door behind her to let Jensen know how pissed off she was. Jensen was more than capable of killing a slayer and they all knew it; he was stalling and Katie didn’t know why. But what she did know was that she didn’t like it and if she had to, she would either find someone else to take care of the slayer or do it herself.

After Katie stormed off, Christian scowled at his old friend, shaking his head at him. “Never do that to me again, Jensen!” he scolded, quickly wrapping his arms around Jensen. “I thought something bad happened to you; I called you like eighteen times and you never answered! What the hell, man?!”

When Christian wrapped his arms around him, Jensen knit his brows in confusion, wondering what he’d done to warrant a hug. It wasn’t that he and his best friend never hugged, it was just that when they did either something bad or something amazing had happened. As far as Jensen knew, neither of those things had happened lately. “Um… I was at a bar and the music was really loud,” he explained, knowing that it wasn’t a good enough excuse; he was a vampire so he could hear his phone no matter how loud the music was. “And, you know, I was doing recon and I don’t like to be bothered.”

Quickly, he pulled out of Christian’s embrace and tugged the other male down the hall after him to
his bedroom. “Listen, I’ve come into a slight problem and I need you to help me. Can you do that for me?” If there was anyone he knew who could offer him some good advice, it was Christian. Well, Steve was also really good with advice, but Jensen always felt that he should ask Christian first because of how close they were. If Christian didn’t have an answer for him, then Jensen went to Steve; and if Steve couldn’t help him, then he moved on to Sophia.

It wasn’t often Jensen asked for his advice, so Christian knew this must have been important, giving a small nod to let his friend know he would help in any way he could. “Sure, what is it?” he asked, settling down on Jensen’s bed, knowing that this was going to be a long conversation; it usually was when Jensen needed help.

Licking his lips, Jensen explained, “It’s the slayer. There’s something different about this one, Chris.” Slowly, he took a seat on the bed across from Christian, biting into his bottom lip. “I don’t want to kill him. I feel like I want…something from him. Something he can’t give me if he’s a corpse rotting in the ground.”

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Jared popped the aspirin into his mouth before he chased it down with a large swig of water, pressing his thumb and index finger against the bridge of his nose once he’d swallowed down the pill and water. Last night he’d had a very realistic dream about vampires who were out for his blood and he’d waken up with a headache; it wasn’t unusual of course, but Jared wished that it just didn’t happen at all. None of the other slayers had ever recorded problems with night terrors that generally came true. Figured that Jared would be the oddball there too; lucky him.

Of course, Jeff wasn’t any help with the matter, always going on about how good it was that it happened so Jared had an idea of what was going on before it actually happened. And Jared supposed it was a good thing when he thought about it in that respect, but he just couldn’t get past the fact that it made him more of a freak and left him with horrible migraines that seemed to last for hours on end no matter how many aspirin he took.

“Jared?” Sandy inquired, catching the younger male’s gaze with her own when he looked up at her. “Are you okay?” He didn’t seem to be himself right now, and it was kind of worrying Sandy. Usually, he was a happy, bubbly slayer and now he seemed to be distant and upset. If something was going on, he knew he could talk to them about it, so Sandy was just curious as to why he hadn’t yet.

His attention quickly snapped up to Sandy when she called his name, Jared giving her a small smile when she asked him if he was all right. “Yeah,” he answered, nodding slowly. “I just…have a bit of a headache. Last night I had this dream and I think it might mean something like the other ones I’ve had before. Just…waiting for Jeff to get here so I can tell him about it.”

With a small sigh, Sandy climbed out of her seat and walked over to Jared, placing her hands gently against his temples as she closed her eyes and concentrated. After a few seconds, she pulled back, giving Jared a wide smile. “Better?” she asked, her smile widening when Jared nodded. “I’ve been working on a spell that would get rid of your headaches and I think I might have mastered it. Just try not to do anything physical for the next hour; you know, just to be safe.”

A small chuckle escaped Jared when Sandy warned him against physical activity for the next hour, the young slayer giving his head a small shake. “I’ll see what I can do,” he assured her, his arms circling her waist as he pulled her into a hug. “Thanks; I really appreciate it. These aspirin are doing shit to get rid of this damn headache.”

Returning Jared’s smile, Sandy answered, “You’re welcome. I mean, what are friends for, right?”
She quickly returned to her seat beside Misha, giving her boyfriend a loving smile. He didn’t like it when she practiced her witchcraft because he was afraid she would hurt herself, but she was always very careful and after she did a spell, she would just smile at Misha and he would generally forgive her. Today was no different, the frown that had been on Misha’s face quickly turning upside down as he smiled back at his girlfriend.

Suddenly, Jeff walked into the bar, catching Jared’s attention. “Well, Jeff’s here so I should go talk to him,” Jared muttered, giving Chad, Misha and Sandy a small smile before he walked over to the table in the corner where he and Jeff sat when they needed to talk about official business. It was nice and secluded so there was no worry of anyone overhearing them at that table, which was something both Jeff and Jared appreciated.

He quickly made his way over to his watcher, taking a seat across from him and leaning his elbows on the table, getting closer to Jeff so they didn’t have to talk so loud. “Hey Jeff, how have you been?” he greeted, giving a small nod and a smile when Jeff assured him that he had been fine. Of course, they’d just seen each other not twenty four hours ago, but it was always nice to ask; at least that’s what Jared’s mother had told him before she died. “I, uh, I need to talk to you about something. And you might not…well, you probably won’t like it.”

When Jared told him that he needed to talk to him and he probably wouldn’t like it, Jeff gave a small sigh before he nodded, letting the younger male know he understood what he was saying. “All right, lay it on me son,” he muttered, preparing for some horribly awful news or to have a chat with Jared about some boy he was falling for. Of course, Jared had never come to him with relationship advice before, but he always told his slayer that he was here for him if he needed to talk; about anything. Although the dream was fresh in his mind, Jared was having trouble putting it into words, not sure how to describe certain things without making Jeff overreact. He really wasn’t sure why he cared about that so much; Jeff was going to overreact no matter how Jared worded the damn dream, but he would feel better if he didn’t give the man a heart attack with his word choice. “Last night I had another dream,” he started, biting into his bottom lip. “There were these, uh, vampires and they were out for blood, Jeff.”

Now, vampires out for blood when it came to the slayer was no surprise, but there was just something different about the way these vampires had acted; like they had some kind of vendetta to fulfill or something. “And then today I felt like I was being followed by someone all day. It was weird and it creeped me out. I mean, it might not be anything, but I think maybe we should up the patrol time tonight just to see if it’s something serious.”

All of Jared’s concerns were matched by Jeff, the older male wondering what his slayer’s dreams could mean. It wasn’t the first time Jared had dreamed of the future, after all and there was no way they could just ignore this. “Of course we should extend the patrols through the neighborhood tonight,” he agreed with a small nod. “But there’s no way I’m letting you go out by yourself. I’ll head out with you when the sun goes down; usually that’s when the vampires start hunting.”

Vampires could go out in the sunlight sure, but they were very odd about it. Most of the time they just stayed in because they preferred the night and the sun made them itch and sometimes get a rash, so it was best to patrol the streets at night. In a way, it was a good thing because there weren’t many people randomly walking the neighborhood at midnight, so it made everything a lot easier as far as Jeff was concerned. Then again, he wasn’t the slayer, so what did he know?

Jared nodded to let Jeff know he agreed with the plan, figuring it was as good as anything they had to go on. “Oh and there was one more thing,” he muttered, almost having forgotten while they were
making plans for later that evening. “I also saw this in my dream,” he explained, pushing a piece of paper with a drawing of a sun and three stars on it. “Does it mean anything to you?”

Taking a good, long look at the picture, Jeffrey slowly shook his head. “Not off the top of my head, though it does look familiar,” he answered, folding the paper and tucking it away in his jacket pocket. “I’ll have to do some research on it and then I’ll get back to you about it. Just remember, don’t go out on patrol tonight by yourself. I’ll call you when I’m ready to leave and we can go together.” Smiling, he clapped Jared on the shoulder as he stood. “In the meantime, I have a date with Samantha, so you’re in charge of the bar. She’s going to be paying you an extra dollar fifty an hour for however long you manage the place, so take good care of it.”

A small smile tugged at the corners of Jared lips as he gave Jeff a small nod, letting the older male know he would watch the bar and take care of it as though it were his own. Once Jeffrey was gone, Jared looked over to the table where his friends had been sitting, but it was bare now; they must have gone to that movie they’d been talking about earlier. They had wanted Jared to go, but he had work, so he was stuck. It always seemed that he was too busy for them and it made him feel bad; like a horrible friend. It was times like these when he kind of understood why the other slayers before him had been solitary.

With a small sigh, Jared pushed himself out of his seat and made his way to the bar, smiling at Cindy. “Hey, Sam’s not here so she put me in charge until she gets back,” he explained, scanning the crowd to see if he actually needed her to be here working. After all, he was sure she probably had a life outside of work. It was still early though and the crowd was pretty large already, so he didn’t think there was anything he could do about her being here. “Do you think you’d mind staying a few more hours if I need you to?”

The offer to stay a few more hours came as a slight shock to Cindy, though she nodded, more than willing to rack on the hours. After all, she needed the money; her rent was almost due and Samantha hadn’t really been giving her good hours this week. Maybe this Jared kid wasn’t all that bad now that she thought about it. Of course, that didn’t mean she wasn’t still curious as to why Jensen wanted to know about him; sooner or later, she’d get to the bottom of it, she was sure.

Once he had Cindy’s answer, Jared thanked her before he headed to the back room where Samantha usually stayed, plopping down into the large desk chair there as he heaved a heavy sigh. He didn’t want to have to go back to his apartment tonight because he knew he wouldn’t have the rent money he needed, which meant Mitch was going to propose another form of payment; he just didn’t think he could civilly tell Mitch no twice in one day and he was worried about the consequences of his actions if it came to blows.

If he asked very nicely, he was sure that Samantha would let him crash here for a few hours, but he didn’t really want to impose on her, so he wasn’t even sure he would ask. Jeff’s door was always open he knew, but if Jeffrey and Samantha were having a romantic date, they would probably want to carry it on into the evening and he didn’t want to interrupt that. After all, they were both very busy and probably didn’t have a lot of time to be alone together as just the two of them. He already felt bad enough about making Jeffrey come on patrol with him; he didn’t want to have another thing to feel guilty for.

But he didn’t want to think about all of that right now; he had work that needed to be done and he wasn’t about to let his personal life get in the way of it. After all, for all he knew, Mitch would be in bed by the time he got home and he wouldn’t have to worry about it at all. At least, that’s what he could hope anyway. With another sigh, Jared pushed himself out of his chair and walked out of the room to help Cindy with the large cluster of patrons, losing himself in the actions of mixing drinks and taking orders.
“You think you might have feelings other than hatred for this slayer?” Chris asked, brows knit in confusion as he tried to process everything that his friend had just laid out on the table for him. When Jensen needed help, he really needed help; Chris was beginning to see there was no middle ground when it came to advice for Jensen. Of course, after four hundred and fifty years of living with the man, he should have already known this, but he was slow on the uptake when it came to his best pal.

Giving a curt nod, Jensen answered, “Yes.” He saw the look on Chris’s face and frowned, shoulders slumping as he nearly pouted. “Don’t look at me like that,” he complained. “You weren’t there, Chris; you didn’t smell him. It was so damn good; I just wanted to blow my cover and bite him right there. But I didn’t want to drain him, which is odd. I just wanted a taste.”

Slowly, Chris nodded, still trying to process everything. “Well, you’ve been with humans before…and men, so I’m not sure what you want me to tell you,” Chris answered, hoping that he was at least helping out a little bit. “I mean, if it’s the fact that he’s a slayer, I think you can convince him that you’re not out to kill him. And if that doesn’t work, you can always lock him up until he develops Stockholm syndrome and then all of your problems will be solved.” Shrugging, he added, “Or there’s the option of turning him. I’ve never really given it much thought before, but could you imagine how damn awesome it would be to have a vampire who had once been a slayer as part of the clan?! He’d be damn near untouchable.”

As Christian went off topic about slayers becoming vampires, Jensen rolled his eyes, knowing that he really shouldn’t have brought up the biting part. “Well, I don’t think I’m going to turn him; I’d be afraid that he would lose that scent. And it makes him so much more enticing,” Jensen nearly moaned, barely catching himself before he let the small sound slip past his lips. “I mean, he’s not an unattractive man by any means, but I was first drawn to his scent.” Actually, Jared was very attractive; someone Jensen could definitely see himself with for eternity.

Christian smiled softly at his friend before he placed a gentle hand on his shoulder. “Well, whatever you choose, just know that I’ll be here to back you up one hundred percent.” With that, Christian stood and headed towards the door; he needed to get back to Steve. All of this talk about smells and biting made him horny and he needed Steve to take care of him before he became cranky.

A small sigh passed Jensen’s lips when Christian stood, the leader of the Aurelius clan giving his old pal a small wave as he walked out of the room. He had never been this torn before in all of his five hundred years on this Earth! It was the slayer’s fault entirely and he had half a mind to kill him right now just because of that. It wasn’t like he didn’t have ample amount of time and opportunity to do so, after all. In all honesty, it would have been simple; head into his apartment while he was sleeping and just take him out. At least it sounded pretty simple; if only he wasn’t so hesitant about killing this particular slayer. Damn this man and the intoxicating scent that he carried!

Really, all of this was Katie’s fault; or at least she shared in the blame. If Jared hadn’t killed his brother and set Katie out for blood, Jensen wouldn’t have been second guessing himself about taking Jared and making him his. But because of the circumstances, he was in quite a bind. On the one hand, he could have Jared and potentially lose Katie; and on the other hand, he would lose Jared before he even had a chance to really have him, but he got to keep Katie.

Call him selfish, but Jensen wanted both, dammit! Sighing, he flopped back onto the bed, allowing his eyes to close briefly. He would think about all of this shit later. Right now, he wanted to simply relax and think about anything other than the slayer. Of course, that was easier said than done; it didn’t matter what he seemed to be doing, but Jared would always pop into his head. He just didn’t understand it! They hadn’t even talked! Jared didn’t even know he existed and Jensen was pining for...
him like this; like he was a high school girl with a crush.

No, this wasn’t right; things like this didn’t happen to Jensen. They happened to Alona and Sophia, but not to Jensen. Something needed to be done about Jared and it needed to be done soon; before it drove Jensen mad.
Jared frowned at the bodies grinding up against him in the crowd as he made his way through it; some girls, mostly guys trying to engage him in dancing. Ever since the word got out that there was a ‘hot gay bartender’ working here, the bar had more or less turned into a gay bar with the occasional woman coming here in hopes of pulling Jared back to women. He wasn’t a big dancer, especially when it would mean he had to abandon his job to do so. Sure, Cindy was still here because the place was booming with life, but she probably needed his help.

So, he delivered the drinks that he had been carrying to one of the tables then worked his way back through the crowd, rolling his eyes when he was nearly groped by a few of the bolder patrons. He didn’t think that Samantha would have liked it if he’d broken a wrist while she was absent, which was the only reason these people still had full function of their hands.

Tossing the tray he’d been carrying onto the counter out of the way, Jared went back to helping Cindy take the orders of everyone crowding around the bar, throwing himself into his work until Samantha and Jeffrey came back. The sun had set about an hour ago, after all and Jared needed to get out there and save a life or two; the only problem was Jeffrey had given him strict orders to wait for him. Then again, Jared didn’t always listen to Jeffrey; and if he wasn’t in charge of the bar, tonight probably would have been no different.

At around one in the morning, everything seemed to die down; there were a few patrons left in the bar, the regulars who stayed until they were kicked out, but other than that, nothing was really going on. “So, you can head on home if you want to,” Jared explained, turning towards Cindy who was now wiping down the counter. “I can get the rest of that. Thanks for staying later; you were a huge help.”

A small smile came to Cindy’s lips when Jared thanked her for staying, the woman giving the younger male a small nod. “You’re welcome. You know, if you ever need me to stay late for you again, don’t hesitate to ask. I mean, I need the money and wouldn’t mind at all.” Maybe if she explained to Jared that she wasn’t well off, the younger male would put in a good word for her with Samantha and she could keep her job. At least that’s what she was hoping, anyway.

When Cindy told him that she could use the hours, Jared gave her a small nod. “Okay, yeah. I’ll talk to Samantha and see what I can do for you.” Smiling, he moved out of the way when Cindy went to get her coat, taking another order from one of the regulars who was still lurking there. Jared knew the guy; always came in around noon and stayed until closing in hopes of finding someone to take home. The man was obviously lonely, and Jared felt kind of bad for him.

Almost as soon as Cindy walked out, Jeffrey and Samantha walked in, a wide smile on the woman’s face as she made her way to the back room where she spent most of her night. On the way back, she stopped to put her hand on Jared’s shoulder. “Thank you sweetie,” she smiled. “Anything happen while I was out? I see the bar’s still here, not that I thought you would burn it down or anything, so things must have gone pretty well.”

Smiling, Jared merely shook his head, giving his eyes as slight roll. “Well, I let the patrons run around the bar naked and served alcohol to underage kids,” he teased, chuckling when Samantha gave him a small shove. “No, seriously everything was fine. I asked Cindy to stay a little later and help me out; I hope you don’t mind.”

“Not at all,” Samantha smiled, shaking her head to let Jared know she was serious. “I mean, there are always two of us here when the bar is open, so I’m kind of glad you kept her here.” With that,
Samantha headed into the back room where she tossed her coat and he purse before reappearing behind the bar once more, jangling the keys to the door to let everyone know it was time to get going.

Once Samantha had everyone out of the bar, she closed and locked the doors, heading back onto the main floor where Jeffrey and Jared were getting ready to pack up and head out on patrol. She was going to meet Jeffrey back at his place when they were done to finish up their date with a bottle of wine and a good movie. Slowly, she wrapped her arms around Jeffrey’s neck, giving her boyfriend a deep kiss. “Be careful out there,” she smiled, turning towards Jared and giving him a small smile. “Take care of him, all right?”

Another smile came to Jared’s face when Samantha told him to take care of Jeffrey, the young male giving the woman who acted as his surrogate mother more often than not a small nod. “Always do,” he assured her, grabbing his jacket and pulling it on. Turning his attention to Jeffrey, Jared asked, “You ready?” He was feeling a little restless and was very eager to get out there and patrol; it was like an addiction.

Jeffrey nodded when Jared asked if he was ready, kissing Samantha once more before he headed out of the bar, Jared in tow. He wasn’t all that thrilled about having to go patrolling with the younger male, his old bones not what they used to be; if he were to get into a fight tonight, he knew he was going to feel it for days. But there was no way in Hell he was letting Jared out of his sight after that prophetic dream Jared had experienced. And Jared could deny it all he wanted and say they were only dreams, but Jeffrey knew better. They were prophecies and he wasn’t about to let this one come true. If he lost Jared, that was it; he was leaving the council.

As soon as they stepped into the park, one of the vampires’ favorite nesting grounds, Jared could practically feel his body vibrating with adrenaline. The place looked quiet; but Jared knew better than anyone that looks could be deceiving. Suddenly, there was a small noise coming from behind the slides, causing Jared to quickly jump into action. No innocent victims were going to get hurt on his watch tonight.

The woman giggled as her boyfriend kissed her cheek and slid his lips down her throat to tease her neck, shoulders scrunching up so he couldn’t reach his destination. “What are you doing, Sebastian?” she whined, keeping her shoulders in place despite her boyfriend’s protests. “Stop that; you know we don’t have time for this. My parents are going to be home soon and if I’m not there when they get home, they’re going to freak out. I mean, you remember them, right?! They’re crazy about curfew!”

When she finally managed to get Sebastian off her, the young woman’s eyes widened, an ear splitting scream tearing from her throat as the vampire growled at her and shoved her against the slide, going in for the kill once more. However, before he could make his move, Jared grabbed him by the shirt collar and pulled him away from her, tossing the vampire into the open field a few feet away from them.

It didn’t take Sebastian long to recover, rolling onto his front and snarling as he pushed himself to his feet, rage in his eyes, which were focused on Jared. He quickly ran towards Jared, throwing a punch, ready to take down this new barrier that had come between him and his meal. His arm shot out, aiming for Jared, though the young slayer latched onto the vampire’s arm and yanked him backwards, then forwards before he twisted the arm and sent the vampire flipping onto his back.

Even on the ground, the vampire wasn’t about to give up Jared realized when he had to jump over the leg that shot out to trip him, Jared quickly grabbing the vampire by the shirt and ripping him off the ground, twirling them around so the vampire was about a foot away from an old oak tree in the
As soon as Jared released the vampire’s shirt, he kicked the vampire in the chest and sent him flying into the tree, a sickening crunch sounding when ribs were undoubtedly broken.

Meanwhile, Jeffrey moved to the frightened girl who seemed to be in shock and gently spoke to her, convincing her they were there to help and that there was nothing to be scared of. He then got her to move towards the car, waiting for Jared to finish up with the vampire. After a few more punches, Jared finally pulled the stake from his jacket and shoved it into the vampire’s heart, waiting a moment for the dead man’s blood to take its course before he unsheathed his knife and started cutting the vampire’s head off, blood squirting up and splashing across the left side of his face.

Once the vampire was dead, Jared gave Jeffrey a nod letting him know that he needed to get the girl out of there while he disposed of the body, waiting for Jeffrey’s return nod before he headed into the woods where he could bury the vampire’s corpse. There was a shovel deep within the woods where Jared buried all of the bodies so he didn’t have to carry one all of the time. After all, he didn’t have a car unless Jeffrey was with him and people might have been suspicious about a man walking around carrying a shovel.

By the time Jared was done burying the body, Jeffrey was gone, probably having taken the girl home and then gone off to be with Samantha. Jared didn’t mind of course; his apartment was only a few blocks from the park so he could easily walk there. Wouldn’t be the first time, after all. Plus, it gave him some time to clear his head and think about what his next move was going to be. Jeffrey would be calling him soon to make sure he was all right undoubtedly, so Jared made sure he had his phone on hand, knowing the older male hated it when he didn’t answer. The last time, he’d be scolded for days; and that wasn’t an exaggeration.

Sure enough, his phone started ringing, Jared smirking as he answered it. “Jeffrey, you just left a few minutes ago; of course I’m fine,” he assured his overprotective watcher, rolling his eyes slightly. “I can take care of myself, you know. Kind of goes along with being the slayer.”

He could practically see his watcher’s red cheeks as Jeffrey stammered, “Well, yeah, I know you can. But I worry; is that a crime?” Jared was like a son to him and his plans of staying with Jared all night to make sure he was all right hadn’t really worked out when the girl came into play; after all, taking care of the victim was their number one priority.

A soft chuckle escaped Jared as he shook his head. “No, it’s not a crime,” he assured the older male. “But how about you just take care of that girl and I’ll call you when I get back to my apartment, okay?” Again, he rolled his eyes when Jeffrey warned him that if he didn’t call, he would be getting a visit from him. “All right, I won’t forget. I’ll talk to you soon.”

With that, Jared hung up the phone, sighing as he shoved it back into his pocket, taking a quick glance at his watch. It was after three in the morning, which meant Mitch would be sleeping, hopefully. Jared really wasn’t sure he could handle another encounter with the older male today; especially after slaying. The adrenaline was still rushing through his system and he wasn’t sure he would be able to stop himself from hitting Mitch for suggesting he whore himself out to pay his rent. His apartment wasn’t that nice; half of the time, the hot water didn’t even work.

Sighing once more, Jared picked up his pace, shoving his hands into his pockets as he headed back to his apartment, hoping for the best. After all, it was really the only thing he could do. It wasn’t like he had magical abilities like Sandy and could make sure Mitch was sleeping when he got there. If only that were the case.

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Sandy frowned as she padded down the hallway of her apartment, glancing at the clock as she
walked by, her eyes widening when she noticed that it was three thirty in the morning. “This had better be damn important to wake me up this early,” she warned, pulling the door open and frowning when she saw Jeffrey standing there. “Aren’t you supposed to be with Samantha?” she asked. “What are you doing here?”

When Sandy finally opened the door, Jeffrey breathed a sigh of relief; he had been starting to think she was never going to answer. “I am supposed to be with Samantha,” Jeffrey assured her with a nod. “But I had to go patrolling with Jared to make sure he was all right and there was a girl there and now I can’t get her to go home.” Sighing, he explained, “I think she’s in shock and I didn’t know where else to go. Do you think you can help her?”

Although a spell would have been faster and easier than trying to take care of this traumatized victim, Sandy wasn’t that advanced yet, so she knew there was no way to guarantee the spell would work, which meant she wasn’t doing much in the line of helping. So, she nodded, giving her eyes a little roll. “I’ll help her,” she mumbled. “Just bring her in here and she can stay with me tonight. I’ll see what else I can do to help her after I get a few more hours of sleep in my system.”

A wide smile came to Jeffrey’s face when Sandy agreed to help the young woman out; he really could have kissed her at that moment. Quickly, he ushered the girl inside, explaining that Sandy was there to help and she could stay there for the rest of the night. Once the girl was inside, Jeffrey smiled again at Sandy. “Thank you,” he whispered. “You have no idea how much you’re helping this young woman right now.”

“Yeah, yeah,” Sandy mumbled, giving Jeffrey a small smile to let him know she wasn’t upset about this. “I’ll call you tomorrow when and if I’ve made any progress. Now, you go spend some time with Samantha.” Shaking her head, she muttered, “You are so lucky that woman is a night owl, otherwise I don’t think she’d put up with these late nights you’re pulling.”

After Jeffrey chuckled and waved good night, Sandy closed the door, smiling at the young woman who still looked like she had seen a ghost. “Hi,” she mumbled, running her hand through her hair. It had been a while since she talked to victims and she was worried she had lost her touch. “Can I get you a drink or something?” she asked, trying to break the ice between them as quickly as possible so she could go back to bed. Misha was probably awake by now and he was going to start wondering where she was.

Slowly, the girl nodded, letting Sandy know she wanted a drink. A few moments later, she was handed a glass of water and asked to have a seat on the couch; she obliged. After all, this woman was kind enough to let her into her home when she was scared, so the least she could do was take a seat and be civil.

Once the girl was seated, Sandy took a seat as well, pulling her jacket together in an attempt to keep out the chilly air of the room. “My name’s Sandy,” she smiled, hoping to get the girl communicating a little more; she hadn’t said a word so far and Sandy knew enough about victims to be sure that wasn’t a good sign. “Do you maybe want to tell your name so I know what to call you?”

She thought it over for a while, trying to see if there was any reason she couldn’t trust this woman before she finally mumbled, “Sophia.” Sandy had asked for her name, and that was all she was saying for now. After all, she couldn’t give too much information away all at once; Sandy had to work for that.

The fact that Sophia had opened up to her enough to reveal her name was a good sign. But other than that, Sophia seemed to be keeping quiet, her arms wrapped around her body as though she were hugging herself. Sandy wasn’t sure how she felt about that, but she had other things to worry about right now. If she could get Sophia to open up and talk about the attack, there was a chance she
wouldn’t feel so frightened. Licking her lips, Sandy asked, “Do you want to tell me what happened. Talking about it sometimes helps.”

Quickly, Sophia shook her head, letting Sandy know she didn’t want to talk about it. Everything was too fresh in her mind; the wounds were still too new and raw. “N-No,” she answered. “Not right now. I’m actually kind of tired; maybe we can talk later?” She would be able to talk about it later; just not right now. It wasn’t a good time right now.

It was probably better to get her to speak about it after some rest so she didn’t become hysterical as far as Sandy was concerned, the young woman giving a small nod to let Sophia know that she would wait. “Let me get you some blankets and a few pillows so you can be comfortable out here, okay? I’ll be right back.” She grabbed the spare pillows and blankets she kept in the closet before she returned to the couch, handing them to Sophia. “The kitchen is out that way; help yourself to anything you want. And the bathroom is through that hall, the second door on the left. Is there anything else I can get for you?”

Sophia shook her head when Sandy asked if there was anything else she could get for her. “No, thank you,” she mumbled. “I really appreciate you letting me stay here; it’s really nice of you.” She smiled as Sandy walked back to her room and closed the door, glad to finally get some time alone. After a few minutes without a sound in the house, Sophia pushed herself off the couch and headed into the kitchen, pulling her cell phone from her pocket and pressing one on the speed dial.

When she heard the rough voice on the other end of the line, she smiled. “Jensen, I’m in,” she explained. “Your plan worked perfectly; the slayer killed Sebastian and they welcomed me in with open arms.” As she listened to Jensen’s orders on the other line, she gave a small nod, making sure to remember each and every one. Jensen was a damn near genius and she was more than happy to help him with his diabolical plans; and it wasn’t only because he was the clan leader. She genuinely liked Jensen for the man he was; he always took care of his clan and he wasn’t an asshole about his power like most people were.

“All right, you got it,” Sophia smiled, saying a quick goodbye before she hung up the phone. This was probably not going to be a walk in the park, but she was up for the challenge; after all, when you’re meant to live forever, you have to enjoy life’s little challenges. Otherwise, Sophia was convinced, she would go mad with boredom. Then again, there was never a dull moment with Jensen, so maybe the challenges weren’t worth the risk sometimes. Nah, Sophia was anything but a wuss; she was a risk-taker and there was nothing that would make her stop what she did best.

Sighing, she headed back into the main living room and climbed onto the couch, pulling the blankets around her shoulders as she pulled her knees into her chest and rested her chin on her knees. It had been a long day already, and she was sure when Sandy woke up, it was going to become even longer; the girl would have questions and would probably want to get to know things about Sophia. But it was all right; Sophia would be ready for anything Sandy threw at her. After all, this wasn’t her first undercover gig, and it probably wouldn’t be the last, either.

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A wide smile came to Jensen’s face as he pushed himself back against his mattress, stretching out on the large bed. His plans were coming along quite nicely as far as he was concerned. All Sophia had to do was make Sandy and all of her friends fall in love with her and Jared would eventually become vulnerable. Then he would be able to make his move. Still, he wasn’t quite sure how he was going to handle Jared and Katie, but he would figure it out when the time came. After all, he was the clan leader and if Katie didn’t like it, he had the authority to override her opinion.

Of course, he didn’t want to have to use such drastic measures, but he would. He’d never felt
anything like this before and he wasn’t about to let it slip away because Katie didn’t approve. And anyone else who didn’t approve would meet the same fate as Katie; they’d be kicked out of the clan and forced out of the city by Jensen and his remaining clan members. He didn’t want to do it and he knew it would kill him to do so, but Jared had now become his number one priority.

All of his thoughts were making him a little restless, Jensen quickly pushing himself out of the bed and pulling on some clothes before he jumped out his window and raced through the woods to the park. He could smell Jared there, not that he was all that surprised since he knew the slayer had been here a few hours ago. But his scent wasn’t strong enough here; Jensen needed more.

Quickly, Jensen made his way through the park, following Jared’s scent until he reached the rundown apartment building the young male lived in. Jensen was sure Jared would be sleeping by now, so he scaled the building until he reached an open window and could smell Jared’s scent washing over him, eyes flashing bright green as he growled softly; he wanted this man all to himself and he wanted him now. But Jensen knew he couldn’t take Jared, unfortunately; he had to wait until the time was right and that wasn’t now.

That didn’t mean he couldn’t look, though; couldn’t be close to Jared and smell that intoxicating scent. It was a good thing Jared slept with his window open because Jensen was sure that if he didn’t, he would have shattered the thing so he could get to the slayer. As soon as he was inside, Jensen moved closer to the bed, watching Jared as he slept, frowning when he noticed that it seemed the man was in the throes of a nightmare.

If he wasn’t so worried about blowing his cover, Jensen would have reached out and stroked Jared’s cheek in an attempt to soothe his nightmares; but he couldn’t let Jared know he was here. Jared would surely try to kill him if he knew what he was right now, so Jensen knew he had to keep himself hidden for the time being. But that didn’t mean he wasn’t going to come here and watch the kid while he slept; the scent that Jared gave off was just too intoxicating for Jensen to stay away from.

His breaths hitched in his throat when Jared rolled over and Jensen could see the little sliver of the young male’s back where his shirt was riding up. He would have given his immortality to be able to touch Jared’s skin; to crawl into the bed and feel that body writhing beneath him. The thought forced a growl to bubble from his throat, Jensen barely stopping himself from actually crawling into the bed with the slayer.

Once the growl escaped him, Jensen heard Jared’s breathing change, heard the younger male’s heart rate picking up as he woke; Jensen knew he had to get out of there before Jared woke fully and he was discovered. Quickly, he turned and jumped out the window, not looking back because he knew if he did, there was no way he was going back to the mansion without Jared.

As soon as Jensen was out of the room, Jared woke fully, pushing himself into a seated position and looking around the room, confused by what he had just felt. He was sure there had been someone in his apartment watching him, and he’d heard something as well. But there was nothing here now, so he must have just been dreaming; no matter how real it had felt.

Sighing, Jared headed into his bathroom to take care of his business before turning on the water in the shower. It was daylight now and he knew that because it was Friday, he had to go to work at the animal shelter. He quickly walked into his room to check the time so he knew exactly how long he could take in the shower as he waited for the water to heat up, nearly choking on his toothpaste when he saw that he had ten minutes to get there.

The shower he took wasn’t exactly the most relaxing, but he did manage to get in and out in five minutes before he quickly dressed and headed out the door, his hair still wet though there wasn’t
much he could do about that. He knew that Robert wouldn’t mind if he was late because he’d told him on more than one occasion that he thought he was a great employee and would let a little slip up slide; but that didn’t mean Jared wanted to let the man down. He loved his job and he didn’t want to give Robert any reasons to put him on his shit list.

Luckily, Jared made it to the office with a minute to spare, slightly out of breath from running the whole way there. He smiled when he saw Robert, giving the older male a small wave before he put his bag down and started working. Animals needed to be bathed today for when potential adoptive parents came to pick them up and Jared wanted to get as many of the dogs bathed before the first customer arrived. After all, from his experience, no one wanted to take a dirty dog home to live with them.

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“Where have you been?” Christian asked as Jensen walked past him, a small smile on his lips. Of course, he knew where Jensen had been; he could smell the slayer all over the other vampire and he was standing a good two feet away. But Christian just wanted to make Jensen say it because the last time they were talking about the slayer, his leader had gotten all cute and he’d been blushing; kind of like a little school girl with a crush and Christian would have paid money to see that again.

A small frown came to Jensen’s face when Christian asked him where he had been, the clan leader quickly shaking his head and feigning ignorance. “I don’t know what you’re talking about,” he assured his oldest friend. “I was just taking a walk. Why do you have that stupid grin on your face? Damn, is it illegal for a guy to take a walk around here?!” With that, Jensen hurriedly moved to his room, rolling his eyes when he heard Christian laughing as he slammed his door closed.

It was official; he was obsessed with the slayer. When a man had him leaving his mansion in the middle of the night to go watch him sleep, there was definitely something wrong. Something needed to be done about this, but Jensen had no idea what. The one thing he did know for sure was that he wasn’t going to kill Jared; he would kill Katie before he killed Jared and that fact alone scared the hell out of him.

With a small sigh, Jensen threw himself onto the bed, groaning in frustration. He knew Katie would be hounding him the first chance she got about his progress with the slayer and Jensen just didn’t know what to tell her; and the thing that was making him even more angry was that when he brought Jared back to the mansion, he was going to have to tell Katie something and he couldn’t think of anything to tell her about that either. Jensen was in quite the predicament, and no one seemed to be helping him. Well, Sophia was off helping him right now by infiltrating the slayer’s tight circle of friends, but other than that, he felt alone.

Christian had tried to help, but he really didn’t give Jensen much and when he tried to talk to Steve, it was like the man was in heat or something and all he cared about was finding Christian and having sex. Then again, Steve was still a fairly new vampire, so the bloodlust probably hadn’t worn off yet, which would explain the sex, Jensen supposed.

He decided that he wasn’t going to think about any of that now though, instead stripping out of his clothes, leaving only his boxers on as he sprawled out on his bed once more. It was time for him to feed; being with Jared that little bit of time brought on some of his all too familiar feelings of bloodlust and Jensen didn’t like it. Sure, he hadn’t experienced it in years, but the feeling was something that stayed with a vampire no matter how old he got.

Reaching into his jeans pocket, Jensen snatched up his phone and quickly pressed nine on the speed dial. A small smile curled to his lips when he heard his lover pick up the phone, voice husky with need as he explained, “Cindy, I need you…now. Get to the mansion as fast as you can. Don’t even
knock, just come into my room. And baby, wear as little clothing as possible; I don’t want to waste
any more time than we need to.” Without giving her a chance to answer, Jensen tossed the phone
onto the floor beside his pants and impatiently waited for his meal.

Sandy handed Sophia the cup of coffee as she took a seat on the couch beside her new guest. She’d
made sure to get up early so they could talk before Misha woke up, knowing that once he was
awake, she probably wouldn’t get much out of Sophia; in her experience, victim’s generally didn’t
like to share their stories with more than one person at any given time when it first happened. And
Misha tended to give off this vibe that just screamed creep because of the way he acted sometimes;
he made light of every situation even when Sandy thought it wasn’t appropriate at times.

“How did you sleep last night, Sophia?” Sandy asked, starting off with basic questions just to get
Sophia open and relaxed. After all, people were more likely to talk if they were in a relaxed
environment. She smiled when Sophia merely gave a small nod to let her know that she’d slept well.
“Good, I’m glad to hear that.” Biting into her lip, she asked, “So…did you want to talk to me about
last night yet? And then maybe we can call your parents and get you home? I mean, they’re probably
worried about you, right?”

When Sandy asked if her parents were worried about her, it took everything Sophia had in her not to
laugh. Her parents weren’t worried about her; they were the ones who had turned her into this and
then beat her every day until she was begging for them to just kill her. If it hadn’t been for Jensen,
she would still be with those horrible vampires who got off on beating and raping her; so no, she
didn’t want to go home and she wasn’t about to give Sandy everything she wanted. Maybe a little
taste, but not everything.

She slowly licked her lips before she took another sip of her coffee, pondering how she was going to
word this. “I don’t-I don’t remember much of it,” she mumbled, eyes ticking up to Sandy in a silent
apology. “I think I might have gone into shock when it happened and there are only bits and pieces
that I remember.” It was a total lie, but she was confident in her acting skills; Sandy was eating up
her every word.

A small frown came to Sandy’s face when Sophia started telling her that she didn’t remember much
because of the shock; it wasn’t uncommon in victims like Sophia, so it really didn’t surprise the
young woman. “Well, just tell me what you remember. Even if it sounds completely out of this
world; I promise I’ll believe you and I won’t laugh.”

Again, Sophia took a sip from her coffee mug, biting into her bottom lip after she had swallowed.
“My boyfriend Sebastian and I were in the park,” she started, staring at the floor so she didn’t have to
see Sandy’s reaction. “We were making out, ya know; it’s what all the kids around here do. But
when I told him to stop, he wouldn’t, so I pushed him away. His face…he looked like a monster.”
Biting into her lip once more, she turned towards Sandy, rolling her eyes before she added, “God, I
can’t believe I’m saying this, but he looked like a vampire. But that’s not possible, right?! I mean,
vampires aren’t real! Are they?”

For a long minute, Sandy debated on whether to tell Sophia the truth or allow her to be ignorant to
the truth for the rest of her life. In the end, she decided against lying, knowing that if Sophia found
out, she would never trust her again. Not to mention that if it happened again, Sophia would likely
get hurt, or even be killed if she was still in the dark about the creatures that walked among them.

Giving Sophia a small nod, Sandy answered, “Yes, they are real. And not only vampires, but other
creatures too. Things you thought were only in your nightmares; they’re out there and they’re
looking to make us their victims.” Slowly, she put her hand on Sophia’s arm, frowning when the
young woman jumped. “But there’s someone who can help you; who helps people every day and they don’t even know it. Jared Padalecki is a slayer; he kills things that want to hunt us. And I think you should meet him. I mean, you saw him last night, but I doubt you were really coherent enough to have a conversation with him.”

Although it took her a while, Sophia finally nodded, causing Sandy to smile widely. “All right, I’ll take you to him. He should be heading into the bar right now; he was supposed to meet us there after he gets off work between shifts.” Slowly, she stood, smiling at her new guest. “Let me just grab Misha and I’ll be right out.”

“Okay,” Sophia smiled, giving Sandy a small nod. “I’m just going to call my brother and let him know where I am; I’ll tell him to pick me up from there that way you don’t have to drive me back to my place.” Once Sandy was out of the room, Sophia quickly pulled out her cell phone and called Jensen, rolling her eyes when she got his voicemail. “Dammit Jensen,” she hissed into the phone. “When I call you, you’re supposed to answer. Look, we’re going to bar where Jared works, which I’m sure you can find by following his scent; meet me there as soon as you get this.”

She hung up the phone just as Sandy was coming back out, Misha in tow, giving both of them a small, warm smile. “I got his voicemail,” she explained, nodding a little. “But he usually checks it right away, so he’ll pick me up there.” In all honesty, she was kind of excited to actually meet the infamous Jared. A lot of conversations had been had about this young slayer at the mansion and she wanted to see for herself which side she was going to choose; Jensen’s or Katie’s.

As they walked out of the house, Sophia made sure to stick behind Sandy and Misha, observing the two as they made their way to the bar, which was only a few blocks away. After all, Sunnydale wasn’t a very large town so cars weren’t really a necessity unless someone was driving out of town for some reason. These two people kind of reminded her of friends she’d had before she was sired; they were definitely people she wanted to get to know more about and maybe befriend, which was a point for Jared, while Katie had yet to score.
“Oh Jensen,” Cindy moaned, head rolling on the pillow as she spread her legs wider for her vampire. Today, Jensen was drinking from the artery in her thigh – one of his favorite spots – and she was probably enjoying it as much as he was, if not more. She had actually been surprised by the call; usually after Jensen bit her, he didn’t call for another two weeks at least. It had only been a few days between bites this time, not that she was complaining. Whoever had made Jensen want to bite and fuck her like he had done was definitely a good person to have around in her opinion.

The vampire growled softly against Cindy’s flesh when she moved her leg, his fingers digging into her flesh as a warning for her to keep still unless she wanted to lose the limb. He was in no mood to play around right now; one of the side effects of the bloodlust he was feeling. If he wanted to, he could have ripped Cindy apart without much effort, but he knew that he would regret it in the end, so Jensen was holding on to every last shred of control he had. Though he knew if Cindy cooperated, everything would go so much more smoothly.

Damn that slayer for making him feel this way; never in his five hundred years of living had he ever felt like this about someone. Jensen hadn’t even felt this way about the woman he was sure he loved when he was the young age of two hundred. His bloodlust had been gone for about one hundred and fifty years and she hadn’t brought it back like most lovers would do; he hadn’t even spoken to Jared and he was making him feel this way. It just wasn’t right and Jensen needed to figure out a way to make this all stop before he hurt someone he cared about; someone like Cindy.

Finally, Jensen pulled off the woman’s leg, wiping the blood that had trickled out of his mouth on the back of his hand as he pushed himself to a seated position. If he went back to biting her, there was no way he was going to stop until there was nothing left in her to drink; he couldn’t do that so he needed to stop right now. What he really needed to do was get a hold of himself and fast. He was a danger to everyone around him when the bloodlust was this strong, including his clan. And some of the people in the clan were very opinionated, which would not go over very well with Jensen when all was said and done.

As he continued to struggle with his inner beast, Jensen leaned over, elbows resting on his knees as he put his hands over his eyes, breathing through the haze he was in. When Cindy began to climb off the bed, Jensen was hyperaware of her every move; he wasn’t ready for her to leave just yet. So when she passed him on her way to grab her panties, Jensen grabbed her wrist as he pushed himself to his feet, lips crushing against Cindy’s roughly.

Cindy moaned softly when Jensen kissed her in such a demanding way; she was actually kind of liking this. It made her feel wanted by someone for the first time in a long time and she really didn’t have to do much in order for Jensen to want her. All she needed was a beating heart and a willing body, both of which she had and Jensen wanted her. But right now, she couldn’t be willing to do anything, slowly pulling back from the kiss as she gave a soft chuckle. “Jensen stop,” she all but giggled, pushing the older male away gently. “I have a shift at the bar.”

Resisting him when he was like this was not a good idea, which Jensen tried to portray silently through his eyes as he looked at her for a brief moment. “Call off sick,” he all but ordered, pulling the woman back into a deep, hungry kiss, tongue searching out Cindy’s mouth, enjoying the familiar heat. Unfortunately for Cindy, she didn’t get the message not to disobey him and pushed away again, Jensen giving a low, deep growl as his eyes flashed bright green.

When Jensen growled at her, Cindy frowned, feeling a little frightened by the sudden change in the vampire. She had never seen him angry before and she was starting to wish she hadn’t just pissed
him off; he was very scary when he was even just slightly angry. So, in an attempt to placate him some, she kissed him once more before slowly pulling away. “I’ll be back as soon as Jared comes in for his shift, okay. I just can’t be late for work; not when my head is on the chopping block like it is now.”

At the mention of Jared’s name, Jensen’s eyes flashed again, the vampire feeling his cock twitch and harden for the young slayer. “Don’t bother,” he snapped, turning away from Cindy and grabbing his boxers. “I won’t be here.” If Jared was going to be at the bar, then so was Jensen. Of course, he wasn’t sure it was a good idea for him to be around the slayer when the lust was this advanced, but he was sure that if he didn’t see Jared soon, he was going to lose his mind. He would just have to be careful around the kid, that was all.

“What?” Cindy asked, her eyes widening slightly. “Where are you going?” She didn’t understand what Jensen was up to right now; he wanted her to stay here and miss work, but when she suggested coming back later, he wasn’t going to be here all of a sudden? Sure, she sounded a little bit like a desperate girlfriend trying to make sure her boyfriend wasn’t cheating on her, but she didn’t really care all that much; she kind of felt like one right now, in all honesty.

She wasn’t an idiot. Of course she knew Jensen probably had other feeders whom he slept with, but that didn’t mean she had to like it. And if there was a chance she could make him stop for one night, she was going to try like hell to do so. In her opinion, Jensen was her vampire and she had never been very good at sharing; especially when it came to something she really cared about. And although she knew her feelings weren’t returned with the same intensity, she really did care about Jensen.

The almost accusatory tone Cindy took with him when she asked where he was going kind of pissed Jensen off; it was definitely best that she left before she pushed the animal inside him too far. Turning towards her once he had his jeans on, he answered, “I’m going out. What are you, my fucking mother? You need a detailed report about where I go every minute of every day? Well, let me tell you something Cindy, I don’t answer to anyone! I am the damn clan leader; people do what I say and they keep their damn mouths shut about it!”

A deep frown came to Cindy’s lips when Jensen started to get mean about what he was saying; like he was on some kind of power trip, or something. “I wasn’t saying that,” she assured Jensen, shaking her head as her brows knitted in confusion. “What’s gotten into you, Jensen? You’re acting strangely. And I don’t like it.” Quickly, she grabbed her clothes and dressed, ready to get the hell out of this place; she didn’t feel safe here right now. “When you’re ready to stop acting like an asshole, give me a call.”

Before she could get out the door, Jensen was behind her, hand slamming against the hard wooden barrier that was blocking Cindy from leaving the room. He would not be spoken to like this by a measly human woman who only came to him in order to feel something because she was too much of a masochist to actually feel something with a human male. Jensen knew her type; the only time she was happy was when she had Jensen’s cock inside her and his fangs were ripping into her flesh. Well, Jensen wasn’t going to be used like this.

Another growl ripped from him as he violently turned Cindy around and stared into her eyes. Everything that happened after that was a blank to him as the rage took over. He wasn’t himself right now and he’d tried to warn the woman; Cindy had brought this on herself. The bloodlust was causing his head to pound and his cock to throb, though he knew there was no one here who could help him with that problem; the only person who could help him was someone he couldn’t have and it pissed him off. So, he took his anger out on the one person here who was powerless to stop him; Cindy.
For the first time in the last couple of weeks, Jared walked into the bar and it actually wasn’t overly busy; an average turn out for a Friday afternoon. Of course, he knew that later, when it was time for his shift to start, the place would pick up because it was the weekend, but it was nice to finally be able to relax while he was waiting for his friends to meet him there without having to worry about the throng of bodies and people who wanted to grope him. They would come out later, more than likely.

He didn’t see his friends sitting in their usual spot, so he figured that he beat them here, quickly making his way to the booth they had claimed as theirs when they first started hanging out here. Food was definitely going to be a necessity in a moment here unless he wanted to keel over and die of hunger; since no one was here yet, he decided now was as good a time as any to eat, quickly pushing himself out of his seat and heading to the bar to order some food. Sam made the best food around, after all so if he was going to eat somewhere, it was going to be here.

“Hi Jared,” Samantha greeted, a wide smile on her face. “Your shift doesn’t start for another two hours; what are you doing here?” She knew the kid liked this place, but there was a cutoff point where liking your work became a little creepy. Then again, Samantha knew that she was one of the best bosses around and knew that Jared liked spending time with her; and his friends who always came here to hang out when there was nothing else to do.

Smiling, Jared returned Samantha’s greeting, giving a small chuckle when Samantha asked what he was doing here two hours early. “The gang’s meeting me here so we can hang out for a few hours before I have to start my shift,” he explained, eyes ticking up to the menu behind Samantha as he tried to figure out what he wanted. There were so many good choices; Jared was having a really hard time choosing between them all. “I’m hungry but I don’t know what to order,” he explained to his surrogate mother, giving her another smile. “Surprise me?”

She returned the smile, giving a small nod as she turned and punched in an order into the register, figuring Jared would love what she chose for him. The boy was like a garbage pit after all; he basically ate anything that was put in front of him. “Hey, have you seen Cindy?” Samantha asked, a small frown on her face. “She was supposed to be here an hour ago and she’s not answering my calls. Usually, she’s on time; I don’t know what could be wrong.” Another frown came to her lips when Jared pulled out his wallet, Samantha shaking her head and ordering the younger male to put it away. He was an employee here and like a son to her; there was no way she was charging him for his meal.

Although he wanted to protest, he knew there would really be no point, merely giving his head a small shake as he pocketed his wallet. He was going to take Samantha out to dinner one of these nights and not let her pay for her meal as payback. “No, I haven’t seen her,” Jared answered with a small shake of his head. “Maybe she overslept; I mean, she was here pretty late last night. You want me to go check her house, make sure everything’s all right?”

Before Samantha could answer, Cindy walked into the bar, her hair falling in her face, covering the left side almost completely as she hung up her bag and jacket. “Sorry I’m late Samantha,” she apologized, keeping her head down. “I lost track of time.” And it wasn’t completely false; when she finally passed out, she had lost track of time. But she was here now and ready to work, hoping that Samantha hadn’t been talking to Jared about replacing Cindy because she was late. She’d been working here for a year and a half and she’d never been late before today; if she was fired because of this, she was going to be furious.

Jared was the first to notice that Cindy was using her hair to cover a large bruise on her cheek, the
younger male frowning as he leaned forward and pushed her hair out of her face. “What happened?” he asked, frowning deeper when he realized just how bad the damage was. The bruise was huge and it was very dark purple; it looked like it hurt a lot.

When Jared pointed out the bruise, Cindy noticed that Samantha was now looking too, quickly pulling her head back out of Jared’s grip and covering the mark as best as she could. “Oh that?” she asked, giving her head a small shake as she chuckled softly, eyes rolling at herself. “It’s nothing, really; I wasn’t paying attention in my karate class and one of the ladies hit me really hard,” she lied. She’d been hit all right, but not by some lady in her imaginary karate class; she’d been hit by a vampire over and over and over again.

Although she didn’t believe what Cindy was telling her, Samantha knew that the woman needed to get some ice on that bruise; it looked like it hurt right now and Samantha knew that the ice would take away some of the pain and help to keep the swelling down as well. Cindy was an attractive young woman, and single as far as Samantha knew; having a bruise on her jaw was not something that was going to get her good tips at the bar tonight, so Samantha figured she should help to at least get the swelling to go down. “C’mon in the back with me sweetie,” she offered, hand moving towards Cindy to let her know she was talking to her. “Let’s get some ice on that so it doesn’t swell.”

Much like Samantha, Jared didn’t believe that Cindy had been hit by a woman in karate class; he’d seen enough bruises in his lifetime to know when something was intended to hurt; and that bruise was meant to cause pain, maybe humiliation as well. Someone was trying to teach her a lesson, and it wasn’t just some petty thing that she would have been learning in karate class. This had definitely been personal.

But he wasn’t about to call the woman out on it. Clearly, she wanted to keep the truth about what had happened hidden and Jared wasn’t going to push her into telling him something she didn’t want to tell him. So, he merely waited for his food, smiling at Richard, who worked at the bar full time as the cook, when he brought it out to him before heading back over to his table where he waited for the gang. They were supposed to be here by now, but Jared could understand running late; he was late all of the time, so he would give them a free pass this time.

By the time they got there, Jared was already finished with his food and he was working on his second Pepsi. Immediately, he noticed that the woman he had rescued from the night before was with Sandy, a small frown coming to his lips. He hadn’t thought they’d known each other; being as close as he and his friends were, Jared was sure he knew everyone they hung out with aside from him, and this girl hadn’t been on the radar until last night when he saved her from becoming her boyfriend’s next meal.

“Hi Jay,” Sandy greeted as she slid into one of the bench seats, making room for Misha and Sophia as Chad took a seat in the booth next to Jared. She was smiling at her friend in hopes that because she was being so pleasant, Jared wouldn’t be too upset when he found out that she told Sophia what he really was. It had been a necessity as far as she was concerned; and Sophia seemed to be fine with it, so there was really no big deal that Sandy could see. Then again, she knew Jared would make a big deal out of it; he always overreacted about things he didn’t agree with, but then in the end everything turned out fine.

The smile he was getting from Sandy was a little unnerving, Jared knowing right off the bat that he was going to be getting some news that would probably upset him. After all, the only time Sandy called him ‘Jay’ was when she really wanted something or she was apologizing for doing something stupid; or both. Of course, he was going to let this play out before he jumped to any major conclusions; his friend at least deserved the benefit of the doubt. Maybe she was just in a good mood.

“Hey Sandy,” he greeted, looking towards Misha and Chad before his eyes fell on Sophia briefly,
ticking back to Misha. “What’d she do?” he asked, indicating who he was referring to with a tilt of his head towards Sandy.

Before Misha even opened his mouth to answer, Chad explained, “She told Sophia that you were the slayer.” Noticing that everyone was now staring at him either like he was an idiot, or in shock, Chad frowned. “What?!” he demanded, wrapping his arms around himself as he slumped down in his seat. “It’s better to just rip the Band-Aid off quick instead of playing with it.”

Jared wasn’t sure how he felt about this new information, biting into his lip as he glanced at Sophia before staring at the tabletop. He didn’t really like to tell people who he was because people were fickle and he never knew who to trust. Of course, Jeffrey, Samantha, and the gang were worthy of knowing – and his father, though the older male didn’t approve nor believe him – but other than that, it was a tricky subject. Most people would have run screaming for the hills, but Sophia was still here so he figured that was a good sign.

Right now wasn’t the time to get into a debate about it though, Jared merely turning towards Sandy and giving her a small smile to let her know that he wasn’t mad. “So, how are you holding up, Sophia?” Jared asked, figuring that was the woman’s name since Chad had used it. He remembered last night she had looked very shaken up, but right now, she seemed to be doing fine. Not that he was surprised; Sandy used to work with victims of violent crimes when she was paying for college so he knew she could handle any victim they came across. It was a handy skill to have when your best friend was the vampire slayer, he supposed.

When Jared asked her how she was holding up, Sophia gave the young slayer a small nod, smiling at him. He was a lot more attractive than the other slayers she had come into contact with; broad shoulders and muscles she could practically see through his shirt. If Jensen hadn’t already explained to her that Jared was off limits, she would not have hesitated to get with him; even a gay man needed to have a little fun with a woman every now and then as far as she was concerned. Besides, there were ways to persuade people to do what she wanted them to. “I’m doing all right; Sandy’s been a big help,” she assured Jared, biting into her bottom lip before she lowered her voice. “Um…did you, ya know, kill him last night?”

Slowly, Jared nodded, letting Sophia know that Sebastian had been disposed of. “Yeah, I did. He won’t be able to hurt you anymore, Sophia.” He smiled softly at the young woman once more, hoping that he was being comforting. She had been through a lot already and Jared wished he could go back to last night and erase it from her mind; no one deserved to have this burden on them. Before last night, Sophia had probably been an innocent girl ignorant to the evils around her. It was a real shame that she couldn’t have that luxury anymore. Jared knew that if he had the choice to go back to the time in his life when he had been an innocent, he would have done it in a heartbeat without a doubt.

A small sigh escaped Sophia’s lips when Jared assured her that he had killed Sebastian. “Thank God,” she mumbled, genuinely relieved to know that the one person other than herself and Jensen who knew about this plan the clan leader had come up with was dead. He was a liability and she knew from the start she was going to have to dispose of him; Jensen had come up with the perfect way and she was very pleased with the results. “I just…I don’t get it,” she continued, biting into her bottom lip. “I mean, I saw Sebastian out in the sunlight; we used to go to the beach every day for the last month and he didn’t even show any signs of being hurt by the sun’s rays. Aren’t…ya know, vampires supposed to burn up in the sunlight?”

Chuckling, Jared shook his head. “That’s a myth,” he explained. “Really, it’s only like a bad sunburn if they’re out in it too long. They won’t die because of it, but they’ll hurt like hell for a few weeks depending on how severe it is.” Some of the stereotypes really mused Jared; people would believe
anything they saw on television, he was sure of it. “Same with garlic, crosses and stakes,” he added, just to get it out there before she asked. “The only things that can kill a vampire are beheading and fire. Holy water will burn their skin, but it doesn’t really do much else.”

Sophia had to admit that she was pretty impressed with this slayer’s knowledge about vampires. The kid had obviously done his homework; he must have been very good at his job. “Oh…I see,” she muttered, giving Jared a small nod. “Well…um…I’m getting kind of hungry,” she muttered, not sure where she wanted to go with this next. She needed a few minutes to think and waiting in line for food was definitely the place for that. “Is anyone else hungry? I can pick you something up from the line while I’m up there.”

As soon as Sophia mentioned food, Chad quickly raised his hand. “Ooh me, I’m hungry,” he exclaimed, reaching into his back pocket to grab his wallet. “Could you grab me some nachos with extra cheese sauce and a taco? Just tell Richard it’s for Chad and he’ll know how it needs to be done.” Handing her the money, he gave Sophia a wide smile, watching her as she walked towards the bar.

Once she was out of earshot, Chad turned to Jared, giving a small groan. “God, she’s hot!” he nearly panted. “Don’t you think she’s hot?” When he got the look from Jared, Chad merely rolled his eyes, muttering that gay men should at least form opinions on women before he looked to Misha for reassurance. “Don’t you think she’s hot dude? I mean, if you weren’t with Sandy, you would totally try to get with her, wouldn’t you? I know I wanna try.” Frowning, he tilted his head to the side, eyes ticking towards Sandy for a brief minute. “Do you think she’d go for me?”

It was times like these when Misha wished he was a gay man, as well, giving his shoulders a small shrug when Chad asked him if he thought Sophia was hot. “She’s pretty, I guess,” he muttered, feeling confident enough with his and Sandy’s relationship to admit something like that; Sandy wasn’t the type to get jealous of other women because she was smart enough to know that Misha only had eyes for her. And it went both ways; Misha knew Sandy only loved him, so he didn’t mind if she said men were attractive, either.

“Which is why she’d probably never go for you,” Sandy teased, smiling at Chad to let him know that she was only kidding. As far as she was concerned, Chad wasn’t an unattractive man; not really her type, but definitely not unfortunate looking. “But she just found out her boyfriend was a vampire and now she’s dealing with his death, so I’d slam on the brakes there, big man. Give her some time to get back into the swing of things and if she’s still hanging out with us then, you should probably at least go for it. I mean, you might get lucky and she’ll say yes to a date.”

After getting everyone’s input, Chad smiled, feeling a little more confident in himself now that he knew he at least had a shot as long as he took it. He loved his friends because they were all so supportive of him and he was more than grateful for that. It was always nice to ask people what they thought he should do before he just did it, after all; he had a tendency to screw things up more often than not, so it was nice to get more than one opinion. Turning towards Jared, ready to start another conversation, Chad frowned, noticing that his friend seemed to be staring at someone. “What’s wrong?” he asked, thinking it had something to do with slaying.

While Chad, Sandy and Misha were debating about what Chad should do with Sophia, Jared had been watching the crowd; it was getting larger already, so Jared knew it was going to be a rough night. But he was ready for it. He enjoyed throwing himself into his work most nights; it took his mind off slaying until he could finally get out there and patrol. However, as he was watching the crowd tonight, one man caught his eye, causing him to frown thoughtfully. “I’ve seen that man before,” he answered Chad, not taking his eyes off the new arrival.
When Jared mentioned knowing some guy who he was watching like a hawk, Sandy turned, following Jared’s line of vision until she spotted the man he was looking at. “That guy in the leather jacket?” she asked, looking back at him once she saw Jared’s nod. “He’s cute; do you know him?”

Slowly, Jared shook his head, licking his lips. “I’ve seen him before,” he answered, frowning softly when Chad reminded him that he’d already said that and asked why he seemed so upset about seeing the guy again. Turning towards his friend, Jared explained, “Because I’ve seen him in a dream that I had a few nights ago,” he explained, giving a small nod when all his friends merely stared at him like this was the end of the world. “I have to go call Jeffrey. I’ll talk to you guys after my shift’s over.”

With that, Jared pushed himself out of his chair and headed behind the bar, explaining to Samantha that he needed to use the phone. Quickly, he grabbed the telephone and called Jeffrey, frowning when his watcher answered the phone in his ‘sexy voice;’ poor guy probably thought it was Samantha calling. Jared had left his cell phone at his apartment in his rush to get out of there this morning, so this was the only way to get a hold of Jeffrey now. “Jeffrey, it’s Jared,” he explained, a small smile coming to his lips when Jeffrey cleared his throat, the younger male nearly able to see Jeffrey’s embarrassment through the phone. “I need you to get down to the bar as soon as you can; that man from my dream is here.”

Once Jeffrey assured him that he would be there as soon as possible, Jared sighed, leaning against the wall as he closed his eyes. Something about this seemed wrong; there was something about that man that just wasn’t sitting right in Jared’s gut. And more than anything else, Jeffrey always stressed to follow his gut feeling. Now that he was thinking about it, maybe Jeffrey had been right all along about Jared’s nightmares being prophecies instead of just dreams; he didn’t want to believe it, but there was no other explanation he could think of that would make this man walking into the bar when he was here make sense.

Right now though he wasn’t going to stress over it; Jeffrey would be here soon and then they would talk when Jared went on his break. For now, he was going to try to forget about this and clock in since he only had two minutes before his shift started. He was hot; like his skin was on fire and he didn’t know why; he’d never felt like this before. Sure, he’d been sick, but this seemed different, like his blood was boiling and making him hot from the inside out. Roughly, he pulled his shirt over his head, leaving him in only his wife beater and jeans before he walked out into the main bar area, ready to start his shift and get home.

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“Oh my God Cindy, what happened to you?!” Sophia asked, her hand gently cupping the side of Cindy’s face as she turned the woman’s head so she could get a better view of the bruise on her jaw. Jensen was going to be pissed off when he saw this on her face; Cindy was one of his favorite feeders and he didn’t like it when people fucked with the chosen humans he went to when he didn’t feel like hunting. And there was no way the clan leader wasn’t going to notice that giant mark on Cindy’s face, no matter how much make-up she used in an attempt to cover it up. “Who did this to you? And don’t lie to me; I can make you tell the truth and you know it.”

Although every bone in her body was telling her to just keep her mouth shut and try out the karate class lie, Cindy knew Sophia wasn’t kidding; she could compel Cindy to make her tell the truth, so lying was really just a waste of breath. “It was Jensen,” she answered, biting into her bottom lip and waiting for Sophia to scream that she was a liar, or something. “I swear I’m not lying,” she assured the woman when all she received was a look as if Sophia was sizing her up to see if she would crack. “He just went crazy in the bedroom after he fed off me. He beat me up and then he must have left; he was gone by the time I came to.”
Eyes widening, Sophia asked, “He knocked you out?!” She hadn’t meant to sound so shocked, but this was a little unbelievable. Jensen was the calmest vampire she knew and now she learned that he had attacked Cindy for no reason and knocked her out. So much for being pissed when he saw the shiner. When Cindy nodded, Sophia frowned, shaking her head as she tried to think of what she should do about this. There was no way she could do anything alone; she was fairly new and Jensen had been around for five hundred years and killed two slayers. If she tried to take him, she would surely lose.

But if she got Christian and Steve to talk to him, maybe there was a chance they could get him to calm down. Of course, they would have to figure out what made him fall off the wagon to begin with. “Are you taking drugs?” she asked bluntly, knowing that if Jensen was feeding off Cindy and she was taking drugs, there was a chance Jensen was getting dosed. Vampires and illegal substances did not go over well; it caused their bodies to lose their balance and most vampires didn’t survive the detox.

Quickly, Cindy shook her head. “No, I’m not,” she assured Sophia. “When Jensen first started feeding off me, he explained what would happen if I ever had drugs in my system during his feedings. I would never do anything to hurt him, so I’ve been clean ever since we started this… relationship.” It was no secret that before Jensen, Cindy had partied hard; but not anymore. The last thing she wanted was to hurt Jensen in any way; even if he had just nearly beaten her to death. She was still in love with him.

Sophia was definitely amazed by the way Cindy cared for Jensen. Most feeder-vampire relationships weren’t so strong. Well, she wasn’t sure how Jensen felt about Cindy, but she was under the impression that he cared deeply for her; until now, that was. Now, she wasn’t sure what to believe because people generally didn’t attack people who they claimed to care for. Sure, there was the saying that you always hurt the one you love, but she always believed it to mean emotionally; not physically.

Sighing, Sophia reached into her pocket, pulling out her cell phone. “Look, I want you to do me a favor okay?” When Cindy nodded, Sophia continued, “I want you to stay away from Jensen for a while; at least until I tell you that it’s safe to be around him again.” She quickly added then before Cindy could ask the question that was forming on her lips, “Oh and I need a basket of your nachos and cheese with extra cheese sauce and a taco for Chad – he said that Richard would know how to make it – and I also need a bowl of the Asian stir fry with brown rice.”

She wasn’t quite clear on why Sophia was ordering so much food, but she punched it into the register anyway before she yelled back to Richard that the taco was for Chad. Once that was finished, she turned back to Sophia, frowning when the woman hung up the phone; she’d been talking to Chris, Cindy knew but she was still confused about what was going on. “Is Jensen all right? I mean, what’s wrong with him?” she asked, biting into her bottom lip to hide the slight quiver it had developed.

It was easy to see that Cindy was worried about Jensen, and Sophia didn’t blame her. Slowly, she shrugged, giving her head a small shake. “I don’t know for sure,” she admitted. “But Christian is going to tell the rest of the clan and we’re going to figure it out. I mean, it could be anything; one of his other feeders could be on drugs, so we’ll track all of them down and see what’s going on.” Taking Cindy’s hand, Sophia assured the young woman, “We’ll figure out what’s wrong with him and we’ll fix it. I promise.”

All Sophia could do when Cindy nodded was give her a small smile and squeeze her hands gently as support. “I should get back to the table where I’m sitting. Just have Jared bring that food over.” Turning, she started towards the table before returning her attention to Cindy. “And don’t forget, stay
“away from Jensen.” Once she received the nod from Cindy, Sophia turned and moved to the table once more, smiling as she explained, “Long line; but I got the food and the bartender is going to have Jared bring it over when it’s ready.”

Now that Jared was gone, there was an empty seat beside Chad and she’d heard his statement about how hot she was. She kind of thought Chad was cute too, so she was going to play with the little human for a while. “Scoot over,” she muttered, pushing herself into the chair beside Chad, smiling when the boy almost fell off the seat. “So, what did I miss?”
Chapter 5

Christian frowned as he walked into Jensen’s room, noticing his old friend wasn’t there. Sophia had sound distressed on the phone when she explained that something was happening to Jensen; he swore to whoever the hell was listening that if someone was dosing Jensen with drugs through their blood, he was going to snap that moron’s neck. No one fucked with his best friend and got away with it; only members of the clan were allowed to mess with Jensen and that was because it was all in good fun. The whole clan always messed with each other when they got bored, but when outsiders tried to pull something, there was hell to pay.

Sighing, he turned away from the door, closing it behind him; he needed to find Jensen before something bad happened. If Jensen was as bad as Sophia had made it sound, there was a chance he would hurt someone; the older vampire would be so upset when he realized what he’d done and Christian didn’t want to see Jensen go through something like that. Sure, they killed people from time to time, but they’d just gone hunting a few weeks ago and left a couple of bodies in the river, so it was too dangerous to go killing again so quickly.

He gasped softly when Steve came out of nowhere and shoved him against the wall, the younger vampire instantly moving to attack his neck with his lips and tongue. As much as he wanted his young lover right now, Christian knew he didn’t have the time to be veering off duty. Jensen was out there somewhere doing God only knew what and Christian had to go find him and stop him from doing something stupid. Of course, that didn’t mean he couldn’t steal at least one kiss, gripping Steve’s chin and pulling his face up so he could crush his lips against his lover’s, a deep possessive growl escaping him to be swallowed up in the kiss.

An answering growl escaped Steve as his hands moved to unbutton Christian’s shirt. However, when Christian stopped him from actually taking the shirt off, Steve pulled back, a small frown on his lips. He didn’t understand what Christian was doing; it wasn’t like he was shy about having sex in places other than their room. In all honesty, Christian was kind of an exhibitionist and liked to claim him anywhere he could. “What’s wrong?” Steve asked, looking into Christian’s eyes; they spoke volumes and there was definitely something wrong.

“It’s Jensen,” Christian explained, giving his head a small shake. “Something’s wrong with him and we don’t know what it is.” Biting into his bottom lip, Chris leaned his head forward then let it fall back, eyes closing as he allowed the pain to ground him; he was getting hard because of what Steve had been doing to him and he needed to focus again. “We think maybe someone is dosing him with drugs in their blood, but we’re not sure. Maybe it’s something else.”

When Steve heard that something was wrong with Jensen, he frowned, wondering what it could possibly be. He had just seen the older male a few hours ago, after all and he had seemed fine. His frown deepened when Christian suggested that someone was dosing him with drugs in their system, the younger vampire quickly shaking his head. “It’s the bloodlust,” he assured his lover, knowing exactly what was wrong with Jensen now that Christian explained where his thoughts on the matter were. Jensen was careful, after all; he would have never picked a feeder who was on drugs, or didn’t care enough about him to stay clean while their relationship lasted.

Now it was Christian’s turn to frown, confusion clear on his face. Jensen was a little old to be worrying about bloodlust; when a vampire reached the age of two hundred, if the bloodlust hadn’t faded then something was wrong with the vampire. And Jensen was five hundred, which was well past the age of bloodlust. Of course, there were exceptions to this rule, but Christian didn’t think Jensen would be one. After all, the man hadn’t showed signs of bloodlust in over four centuries, so
there was no reason for him to be experiencing it now.

Frown deepening, he gave his lover a disbelieving look. “So, you’re telling me that a five hundred year old vampire is experiencing bloodlust?” he asked, just to make sure he was getting this right. When Steve nodded, Christian returned his lover’s nod, not too sure he was buying all of this quite yet. “Well, how could you possibly know this? I mean, Jensen hasn’t been in bloodlust since before I met the guy! And he’s five hundred; generally vampires grow out of bloodlust by the time they’re two hundred.”

A small smile came to Steve’s face when Christian asked so many questions; the older vampire was so damn cute when he was flustered. “There are exceptions to the rule, Christian,” Steve reminded, rolling his eyes when his lover still looked confused as all hell. “Like when a vampire falls in love – true love – the bloodlust returns until the vampire’s first taste of his lover.” Smiling, he lightly punched Christian in the arm, his face turning a soft pink shade as he assured him, “You remember the bloodlust, don’t you? The way you felt about me until you finally made your move and got a taste; that’s what Jensen’s feeling now.”

Hearing it all laid out for him like this put everything into perspective for him, Christian giving his lover a small nod and a smile as realized that it was all true. Steve was right; Jensen was experiencing bloodlust and for probably one of the worst people to experience it for. After all, it wasn’t like the slayer was just going to sit there and offer up his neck for Jensen to bite; no, his clan leader was going to have to work at getting what he wanted. And Christian knew better than anyone else that there was no way Jensen would give up without a fight.

Fear gripped him tightly and refused to let go; if Jensen went after the slayer and he got hurt, Christian wouldn’t be able to let that slide. And unlike Jensen, he’d never killed a slayer before, so it was very possible that he would be killed in his quest for revenge. If that happened, the whole clan would eventually fade and die; without a leader, they were nothing and they all knew it. “I have to call Sophia,” Christian muttered, pulling his phone out of his pocket. “Jensen’s going after the slayer and she needs to keep him away from the kid for as long as she possibly can until I can get there.”

Jensen scanned the crowd as he made his way through it, looking for that shaggy mop of hair that he wanted to run his fingers through; of course, Jared wasn’t in the crowd, which caused Jensen to growl softly, his eyes flashing in his anger. He could smell Jared all over this place, which meant he had to be here. So, if he wasn’t in the crowd, that left the bar, Jensen’s eyes ticking towards the area where patrons were gathered around ordering drinks.

He couldn’t see through the slew of people if Jared was there or not, so he moved closer, trying to stay out of everyone’s way; he knew that if someone even looked at him the wrong way, there would be hell to pay for that person, so he was being careful. The last thing he needed right now was to hurt someone in the bar and alert Jared to what he was. But he needed to see the younger male; he needed to let Jared know he was here and he wasn’t going anywhere any time soon.

When he finally saw Jared, his eyes flashed once more, a deep growl coming from his chest; damn his slayer was hot! Jared had his shirt off and was only in a wife beater, those muscles of his bulging and flexing, soaked with sweat as he mixed drinks left and right. But Jensen had a feeling Jared wasn’t sweating because he was working hard; he could probably feel Jensen and it was making him hot. At least that’s what Jensen was hoping; when a person was bound to a vampire, they would burn hot in the vampire’s presence due to the chemistry between the vampire and human.

Although he was trying to keep his cool, Jensen nearly lost it when a man screamed out to Jared that along with his drink, he would take a lap dance. Jared was Jensen’s and no one was getting anything
from him unless that person was Jensen. If he hadn’t learned to pull in his anger unless pushed beyond his limits when he had been going through this the first time, the man would have had a fist through his chest and Jensen would have been snacking on his heart; luckily, Jensen had refrained.

If his heart could beat, it would have beat right out of his chest, he was sure; Jared was standing so close to him and Jensen was about ready to just reach out and touch him. Before he could reach him, however, Jared moved to the other side of the bar, talking to an older man about something; needless to say, Jensen was not happy about this. Focusing all of his attention on Jared and the man, Jensen blocked out the rest of the bar and listened.

“Yeah, he’s right over there by the bar,” Jared explained, eyes ticking over to the man he had seen in his dreams. It was more than awkward to have someone you’ve seen while you were sleeping come into the bar where you worked and actually exist; Jared didn’t know the guy from anywhere before, so he wasn’t quite sure why he had been dreaming about him. “I-I think you might have been right… about my nightmares being more than just your average, run of the mill nightmares. They might have been prophecies.” Shaking his head, he added, “But I don’t know why I would have been dreaming about this man; I don’t even know him. I mean, I’ve never even seen him before, Jeffrey.”

Slowly, Jeffrey nodded, letting Jared know he was listening and he was sure he was right about the prophecies; he had been saying that from day one, after all. He subtly stole a glance at Jensen, not recognizing the man either, though he knew if Jared was dreaming about him, he had to have something to do with Jared’s slaying life. Possibly a vampire, though he didn’t look like the usual vampires who walked into this bar, so what he had to do with it however was going to be the question they needed to find the answer to.

After he’d gotten a good look at Jensen, he turned back to Jared, giving the younger male a small shrug. “I’ll look into it,” he assured his slayer. “In the meantime, I think you should head out on patrol. Cindy’s still here so maybe Samantha will let her take your shift for a few hours while you go out and see what’s going on tonight. Just be careful Jared; if this man has anything to do with your other dreams, he’s probably dangerous. I don’t want to have to worry about burial plans for you anytime soon, so watch your back.”

A small chuckle escaped Jared when Jeffrey mentioned burial plans, the younger male shaking his head. “I don’t plan on dying tonight, Jeffrey,” he assured the older male. He figured he would last until he was at least twenty five, so he wasn’t all that worried about tonight. Then again, when he got cocky, that’s when something bad would happen. “I’ll go talk to Samantha and get out there as soon as I can. And don’t worry; I’ll be careful.” Giving the older male a small smile, Jared headed off to find his boss, knowing that she would understand and let him leave early so he could go patrolling.

When Jared and the other man, Jeffrey, had finished talking, Jensen growled softly once more as he turned and made a beeline for the door. If Jared was leaving, then so was Jensen; and he would lead the young slayer into a trap where he could finally get what he wanted from the younger male. Of course, he wasn’t going to hurt Jared; never in a million years. But he was going to taste him; there was no doubt about that. Once he got a taste, then the bloodlust would subside and Jensen would be back to normal.

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Being a vampire was probably the best thing in the world, Sophia was sure of it as she pulled her cell phone out of her pocket, brushing off the odd looks by assuring Sandy, Misha and Chad that it had been on vibrate when it really hadn’t been. She quickly read that the call was from Christian before she smiled to the gang and excused herself, taking the call outside. “Christian, did you find him?” she asked as soon as she answered, not even bothering to hide the concern in her voice.
“Not exactly,” Christian answered, giving his head a small shake though he knew the young woman couldn’t see him. “He’s after the slayer, Sophia. Steve just told me that Jensen is experiencing bloodlust and he’s not going to be himself again until he gets a taste of the kid’s blood.” Sighing, he pressed his foot down harder against the gas pedal, getting the car to accelerate. “I’m on my way to the bar where the slayer works right now. If you see Jensen, don’t let him get to the kid. Or, you know, keep an eye on the slayer and if Jensen comes in, don’t let Jensen get to him. Whichever situation is easier for you.”

Before Sophia could answer, Christian hung up, willing the car to move faster so he could get to Jensen before his old friend did something he would regret. Just the other night, Jensen had told him that he didn’t know what to do about the slayer but he hadn’t wanted to hurt him. Christian wasn’t really worried about the slayer getting hurt, but he was worried about Jensen getting hurt; even if Jensen didn’t suffer any physical harm, the damage to his mind would surely be worse than any wound that would heal within moments.

Just as Sophia was about to head back into the bar, Jared walked out, nearly plowing Sophia over because he hadn’t been paying attention. “Jared!” she exclaimed, her eyes widening when she noticed that he had his jacket on and was ready to leave. “Where are you going? I thought we were all supposed to hang out after your shift? I mean, if you leave, that doesn’t really classify as hanging out with us.” Knitting her brows in confusion, she added, “And I thought you got off at two; it’s only midnight.”

Although he still wasn’t too sure he could trust Sophia, Jared figured it was the right thing to do to at least explain to the girl what he was doing. After all, she was a nice girl and if Chad actually took the shot at her and she wanted to date him, then she would be part of the gang; he might as well start practicing trusting her now. “I asked Cindy if she could cover for me a few hours,” he explained, fixing his jacket collar. “I have to run and do a quick patrol. Something’s come up.” Smiling, he patted Sophia on the shoulder before he assured her, “Don’t worry, I’ll be back before you know it. And we’re going to hang out after my shift. You should get back inside and stay with Sandy, Misha, and Chad. It’s not safe out here at night; you know that now.”

He didn’t give Sophia a chance to protest before he headed off in the direction of the park; it was where most of the vampire activity took place, so he always checked there first. After all, he had been doing this for a while and he had noticed that vampires are very predictable. For a breed who has been around for centuries, Jared would have guessed they’d be smarter; apparently, he was giving them too much credit.

Suddenly, the man from the bar was visible a few feet ahead, Jared stopping dead in his tracks when he realized it. He then slowly followed behind the man, making sure to keep close enough that he didn’t lose him, but far enough not to gain any suspicions. The element of surprise was always best when dealing with unknown forces, Jared knew. He saw the man turn the corner around the animal shelter and quickly followed, frowning in confusion when the man was gone. “What the hell?” he breathed, looking around the place but not seeing a damn thing. Something was definitely up with this man and Jared wasn’t going to give up until he knew what it was.

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“Hey, where’d Jared go?” Chad asked when Sophia came back into the bar and slid into the seat beside him. He’d seen his friend leave, but he couldn’t catch him and ask where he was going before Jared was gone. And since Sophia had been outside, he figured she might have seen which way Jared had gone; or maybe she may have even spoken to him before he disappeared.

When Chad asked her where Jared had gone, Sophia gave a small shrug. “He didn’t say exactly,”
she answered, taking a bite of her stir fry which had gotten there while she was talking to Christian. “Just told me that he was doing a quick patrol. But he said that he’d be back soon and we were still going to hang out, so I guess he doesn’t want us to leave without him being here.” Again, she poked her stir fry with the chopsticks before taking another bite, giving a small moan at the taste. “This is really good,” she mumbled, turning to Sandy and Misha. “Do you guys want a taste?” She merely shrugged when they declined, turning towards Chad and getting a decent sized portion in her chopsticks. “You want some? It’s really good just give it a try.”

Frowning, Sandy turned her attention to Misha, giving her head a small shake when she saw Chad eat off Sophia’s chopsticks and nearly have a heart attack because she was giving him attention; sometimes Chad amazed her with how silly he could be. “I thought that Jeffrey didn’t want Jared to go patrolling by himself,” she muttered, remembering that Jeffrey had mentioned that last night. “Because of the dreams Jared has been having; he thought they meant something more and he was worried about Jared.” Her frown deepening, she asked, “Did I miss something? I mean, Jeffrey’s sitting right over there and Jared is off patrolling by himself?”

Misha shrugged when Sandy asked about Jared and patrolling alone. “I heard him say that last night, but maybe Samantha talked to him about it and now he revoked the rule. I mean, Jared’s twenty-two and a vampire slayer; I think he can handle himself.” Of course, Jeffrey probably realized that even if he was there, he wouldn’t have been able to do much in the line of helping; the man was past his peak years and was more into the books these days. Just last week, Jeffrey had been complaining about how old he felt and cursed Jared and everyone else in his house for their youth. It had been pretty damn funny, though Misha was sure if he asked Jeffrey, the older male wouldn’t have seen the humor.

Her boyfriend’s explanation sounded logical enough, Sandy giving a small nod to let Misha know his answer was satisfying. “Yeah, you’re probably right; I mean, Jeffrey does sometimes treat Jared like a child, I guess. Maybe he finally realized that it’s time for Jared to grow up.” Frowning, she realized that Jeffrey had never had any children of his own. She figured that’s why Jeffrey treated Jared like his own son, and it was really kind of cute. After all, it was no secret Jared’s real father was an abusive ass, so it was nice that Jared had someone he could turn to.

Sometimes, Sandy wished that Jared would be more trusting of people so he could have more people to talk to. Sure, he had her and Misha, Chad when he was being serious and he also had Samantha and Jeffrey; but she wished that Jared could find someone to settle down with and start a healthy relationship with. Everyone deserved that; Jared especially in her opinion. The guy saved people’s lives on a daily basis, and if he didn’t deserve to find love, then no one did! But there was a fat chance of that ever happening; after Jared lost Jake, she feared that a piece of him had died with the other male and no matter how hard they tried to revive it, Jared just wouldn’t let it happen.

Before another topic of discussion could be started, Sophia was touched on the shoulder, the new arrival gaining Sophia’s attention. “Christian, hey,” she smiled, scooting over in the seat so Christian could sit. “Have a seat; we were just talking about growing up, something you still have yet to achieve,” she joked, bumping shoulders with the other vampire to let him know she was joking. She then turned her attention to her new friends and explained, “This is my brother Christian; Christian, this is Chad, Misha, and Sandy. You just missed Jared; he went out, but he said he would be back soon so you can meet him then.”

If Christian hadn’t known about Jensen’s plan to get Sophia to infiltrate the slayer’s gang, he probably would have been a dick about this; but he supported his friend’s decision – even if it was an awful one – and was nice. “Hi everyone,” he greeted, a small smile on his lips. “It’s nice to meet you all.” Giving a nod, he added, “Oh and I wanted to thank you guys for saving my sister last night. I always knew that Sebastian was a homicidal maniac; but I’m just the big brother, so I don’t know
They all chatted for a few minutes before Christian excused himself from the table. He had a very powerful vampire suffering from bloodlust to find and he couldn’t waste any time; Jensen was fast and he was smart. He knew there was no way his old friend would stop until he got Jared right where he wanted him and that scared the hell out of Christian. “Well, I should head out,” he muttered, pushing himself out of the chair. “Sophia, are you coming, or did you want to stay with your friends for a while?”

For a moment, Sophia and Christian communicated silently with their eyes, Sophia telling Chris to bring Jensen home safely and call her with any news and Christian assuring the young vampire that he would do everything in his power to keep that promise. “I’m just gonna stay here for a while,” Sophia then answered, a wide smile on her face. “I mean, at least until Jared gets back. Just leave the door unlocked and I’ll be home around four.”

Christian gave Sophia a small nod before he headed out, using his senses to lead him to Jensen. The older vampire’s scent had been all over the bar, which meant Jensen had been there, so he probably wasn’t too far away. He wished that Sophia was a little more observant because if she had been paying attention to the smells around her, she would have noticed Jensen was in there and could have kept him there. But Sophia was more of a party girl than a rational, level-headed vampire and rarely paid attention to her surroundings unless she thought she was in danger. Sometimes it got annoying.

But there was no time to dwell on that now; he had to get to Jensen before the slayer did. Christian just hoped he was fast enough, not sure how much of a head start Jensen had on him. And Sophia had told him that Jared had gone out, which he was assuming meant that Jared had gone patrolling; damn slayers and their needs to patrol the town. Really, if they just stayed in their territory and vampires stayed in theirs, none of this would ever be happening. So although he had no idea what was going on, Jared was just as much to blame for this as Jensen was.

Sighing, Christian allowed his head to drop back as he took a large whiff of the air; Jensen wasn’t far, he could tell. But he could also smell the familiar scent of the slayer, which wasn’t even that intoxicating as far as he was concerned, and Jared was close to Jensen. A soft growl escaped him as he ducked his head, eyes flashing before he set off at a dead run to reach his friend.

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He was so close, Jensen could practically taste him already. Jensen had been waiting for Jared to see him so the younger male would follow him and his plan had worked perfectly. Once he’d turned the corner, he’d scaled the animal shelter and he was now looking down at Jared, the young slayer looking confused about where Jensen could have gone. It was so damn cute, Jensen could have laughed at the sight. Of course, he didn’t because there was no need to alert Jared to where he was; not yet, at least.

Once Jared was in the right position, Jensen stepped off the rooftop and landed behind the younger male. Before Jared could do much to react, before he could even turn his whole body around, Jensen grabbed him, arms wrapping around the young slayer’s chest, holding him tightly so Jared couldn’t get his arms free and lifted the slayer into the air, turning them so that he could press Jared up against the building, pinning him there with his body as one of Jensen’s arms released Jared, fingers moving to fist in the young male’s hair.

A deep growl vibrated through Jensen’s chest before he yanked Jared’s head to the side, exposing the young slayer’s neck. He could feel Jared struggling and trying to fight, but Jensen was stronger and he wasn’t about to let the slayer get out of his grasp; he was moments away from getting what he
wanted and Jensen wasn’t going to let anything stop him from taking it. So he merely gripped Jared
tighter, ordering, “Stop struggling! This will only hurt worse if you keep that up!”

When Jared was told to stop struggling, Jared wasn’t sure if he wanted to laugh or cry. On the one
hand, it was hilarious that this vampire thought he was going to stop his attempts at getting free just
because he said so; however, on the other hand, just hearing the vampire’s deep, rough voice cause
Jared’s cock to twitch against his will. He had heard that voice so many times in his dreams and
woken up hard because of it, but he never would have imagined it belonged to a vampire. Now that
he knew, it made him sick.

“Get off me!” Jared yelled, realizing that this vampire was stronger than he was and there was no
way he was getting out of this grip he had on him. When his head was pulled to the side and his neck
was exposed, Jared felt like his time was over; he’d promised Jeffrey he would be careful and this
was the exact opposite of careful. At least when he was dead, he wouldn’t have to deal with all of
the shit going on in his life right now; wouldn’t have to deal with Mitch, or his father, wouldn’t have
to be the slayer anymore. He’d had a good run at least; most slayers didn’t live past their teen years,
so he supposed he had nothing to complain about.

But his mind kept going to Jeffrey and his friends, thinking about how upset they would all be if
Jared just gave up and let this vampire bite him. No, he wasn’t going to do that. “Stop!” he screamed,
trying to get his arms out of the vampire’s grasp so he could fight back. He had his legs, but this
vampire was smart and standing in a position where Jared had no chance of kicking him; he had a
better chance of falling on his ass in an attempt to get his foot to connect with the vampire if he was
being honest with himself.

Another growl worked its way out of Jensen when Jared kept struggling. He hadn’t wanted to do
this while Jared was trying to get away, but he knew that he didn’t have all night to stand here and
wait for the kid to get tired; he could smell Christian coming and he was coming fast. If his friend got
here before he could taste Jared, Christian might try to stop him and Jensen couldn’t let that happen;
Jensen needed this right now. Before Jared could say another word, Jensen tilted his head back
before letting it fall forward, fangs tearing into the younger male’s flesh. A soft moan broke from him
as Jared’s blood exploded across his tongue, the vampire wanting to drink all of it and be done with
this madness right now. But he wouldn’t do that; Jared was too damn sexy and smelled way too
good for Jensen to get rid of him. No way in hell; from now on, Jared was under his protection and
anyone who tried to hurt him would have to answer to Jensen. And he was going to start with that
landlord of Jared’s.

As the vampire’s fangs tore into Jared’s flesh, he squeezed his eyes closed, teeth grinding together as
he held back his screams. He had never been bitten before and now that it was happening, he had a
whole new feeling of sympathy for those victims he hadn’t reached in time and who had suffered this
pain. At least the vampire got what he wanted, Jared stopping his struggles because it only made the
pain more intense and was causing him to bleed out faster. Jared was going to fight to stay alive as
long as he could, so this vampire was going to have to drink a long time before he finally killed this
slayer.

The taste of Jared was almost as intoxicating as his scent, causing Jensen to nearly lose himself in the
sensations he was feeling; tasting and smelling Jared at the same time. He was sure there was nothing
better in the world. As he continued to take from Jared, he allowed his arm holding the younger male
to slide down Jared’s chest, feeling the muscles in the man’s torso flutter beneath his hand as though
the kid was enjoying this. Once he’d reached the waistband of Jared’s jeans, Jensen popped the
button with his thumb and index finger, dragging the zipper down before he shoved his hand beneath
Jared’s boxers, cupping the young slayer’s cock as another moan slipped past his lips.
When the vampire pushed his hand into his boxers, Jared whimpered softly, feeling more humiliated than he had ever felt in his life. He barely realized that his arms were free now, slowly moving his hand to reach into his jacket pocket and pull the stake from his jacket. This vampire really should have sucked faster if he was planning on killing him because now Jared was about to get free. Quickly, he slammed the stake back against the vampire, smiling softly when he felt the monster’s fangs pulled from his neck as a loud growl broke from him.

Jared turned around just in time to see the vampire stumble back and pull the stake from his abdomen where Jared had gotten him. He jumped slightly when the vampire growled again and looked like he was about to come after him again, worried that he hadn’t pushed the stake in far enough to let the dead man’s blood do its job. But he could tell when the vampire noticed he couldn’t move, Jared smirking as much as he could manage with the wound in his neck.

Now, Jensen was pissed. Jared had seemed like he had been enjoying this and then he just shoved a stake into his stomach; that wasn’t acceptable. Luckily for Jared, his blood had caused Jensen’s bloodlust to subside otherwise the younger male probably wouldn’t have lived to see morning. He growled as he moved towards Jared; but something was wrong. Slowly, his attention moved to the wound in his stomach, noticing that it wasn’t healing right away. His limbs started to feel heavy and his knees buckled, Jensen barely managing to move his arm fast enough to catch himself as he fell on his ass against the pavement. Dead man’s blood; it had to be. Well, wasn’t this slayer just so smart?!

Once the vampire was on the ground, Jared pulled out his knife, ready to take care of this pest before he went and snacked on someone else; however, he heard movement from a few feet away and quickly pocketed his knife, using his key to open the animal shelter where he could hide. There was no way he could take on another vampire in his current condition. He would go back out there when the threat was gone, but not until then.

He felt like a big girl hiding out in the animal shelter, but there wasn’t much he could do. Slowly, he made his way to the operating room and ungracefully grabbed a few supplies; sewing needle and thread, peroxide and bandages. Once he had everything he needed, Jared moved towards one of the mirrors in the room, head turning to expose his wound before he dumped the peroxide into it, groaning softly when the liquid did its job and started disinfecting his wound. As soon as that was done, Jared started stitching himself up, knowing that he was losing blood and fast. It hurt like hell, but he pushed through it and bandaged the wound as soon as he was done. Belatedly, he remembered that his pants were open and quickly fastened them again, feeling sick to his stomach, and not from the blood loss.

After he’d put all of the supplies he’d used back in their proper place and cleaned up the mess, Jared moved towards the door once again, listening for any signs that the vampires were still out there. He didn’t hear anything, so he pulled the door open, stumbling out of the building as he pulled his cell phone from his pocket, sending a quick text message to Sandy that he wasn’t coming back to the bar before he started walking towards Jeffrey’s house. There was no way he was going back to his apartment in this condition so Mitch could grope him when he wasn’t at his best. Besides, he wanted to talk to Jeffrey about what had happened.

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Knocks on the door alerted Jeffrey that someone was at his house, the older male frowning softly as he checked the time; only two o’clock in the morning, so there was no way this was Samantha unless she’d closed up early tonight. Sighing, he headed towards the door, pulling it open and nearly being knocked over when Jared all but fell into his house. “Jared?!” he exclaimed, helping the taller male to his couch and lying him down. “What the hell happened?” he demanded, noticing the bandage on Jared’s neck.
“Vampire,” Jared stated the obvious, eyes closing as he relaxed against the couch. “Came out of nowhere and bit me.” When he opened his eyes, Jeffrey was handing him a glass of orange juice, which Jared took, knowing the older male was trying to get his strength back up; Jared was more than happy to help with that. He didn’t like the helpless feeling he was experiencing now and wanted his strength back right now. “Mmm…did you find anything on this vampire who just attacked me? Like why I might be having dreams about him?”

Although he didn’t think now was the best time to be discussing these things, Jeffrey knew that Jared coped with what he considered failure by trying harder and pushing himself right back into the fight. So, he gave the younger male a nod before he went back to the table and grabbed the book he had been reading, bringing it back to the couch and handing it to Jared so the younger male could see what he’d discovered. “His name is Jensen Ross Ackles,” Jeffrey explained, licking his lips. “He’s over five hundred years old and he’s killed two recorded slayers in his time. I would imagine this is why you’re having dreams about him; he’s a threat to you and The Powers That Be obviously want you to know that.”

When Jeffrey explained who this vampire was, Jared frowned; it was him all right, and he was a definite threat to Jared. But the young slayer wasn’t as worried as he should have been probably. Closing the book, Jared tossed it on the coffee table in front of him before he downed the rest of his orange juice. “Don’t give me that look Jeffrey,” he scolded, shaking his head as much as he could without causing himself too much pain. “I’ll be fine. I know who he is now and I’ll be ready for him the next time we meet. He won’t walk away alive; I’ll make sure of it.”
Chapter 6

Jensen groaned softly in pain as Christian helped him onto his bed, the effects of the dead man’s blood finally starting to wear off a little, which left only pain in its wake. His body was slowly healing, but the gaping wound in his abdomen still infected with the blood so it was slow going; fortunately, it was getting there and in a few hours, Jensen was sure he would be good as new. At least he hoped so. He had to give Jared props though; the kid had courage and a lot of fight in him, which only made Jensen want to make him his even more.

Of course, now wasn’t the time to think about Jared; he had to focus on getting better and healing so he could go out there and actually do work instead of sit in a bed and grumble about how much pain he was in. Yeah, that wasn’t really his style. “Thanks Chris,” he muttered, giving his old friend a small smile. Christian was always there for him and Jensen didn’t think he let the younger male know how much he actually appreciated him. Maybe he would give him something extra special for his birthday this year to show his gratitude, or something. “What would I do without you?”

“Crash and burn,” Christian teased, well aware of just how appreciative his friend was of all the things he did for him. He and Jensen had been friends since before he could remember; a little while after he had been sired, he’d met Jensen and the older vampire had taken him in and showed him the ways of vampirism. Jensen had taught him how to hunt, how to feed, how to compel people to do whatever he wanted them to do; though he was also told that compulsion was a powerful weapon and it was only to be used when absolutely necessary, so he rarely paid any mind to that little lesson Jensen had given him.

A small chuckle escaped Jensen when Christian assured him that he would crash and burn without him; really, it was the truth, so Jensen couldn’t even deny that little jab. “Yeah, you’re probably right,” he admitted, smiling at his old pal. “Which leads me to my next thing; I have a favor to ask.” When Christian nodded to let him know that he could shoot with the favor, Jensen explained, “I need you to get everyone together tonight for a meeting in the lobby. Nine o’clock sharp. Make sure everyone is there, Christian, including Sophia. The slayer’s too dangerous; we needed to get her out of there. Break it to her lightly, but make sure she knows there is no room for argument here. She’s done with this.”

As Jensen spoke, Christian took mental notes, remembering everything that he needed to get done for his leader while he was out of commission. By nine o’clock tonight, Jensen would be fine he was sure, but right now, Christian was basically in charge and he took that very seriously. After all, Jensen trusted him to take care of things, and he didn’t want to let his friend down; let alone let his leader down. It was kind of a sticky situation to be the leader’s best friend, but Christian knew that he wouldn’t give Jensen’s friendship up for the world. “All right, I’ll make sure everyone knows,” he assured Jensen. “Is there anything else I can get for you before I start letting the troops know what’s going on?” When he received a shake of Jensen’s head as an answer, Christian lightly slapped the older vampire on the shoulder before heading out of the room.

Once he was in the main lobby, Christian let out a small sigh, giving his head a small shake as he sniffed the air around him. There were familiar scents all over the mansion, but they weren’t all fresh. Lord only knew where the entire clan was and he wasn’t really in the mood to go on a wild goose chase for eight vampires. It was already sun rise after all, and Christian didn’t really feel like getting a sun burn. The last time he’d been in the sun, he’d been sore and red for weeks; and to top it off, he had to listen to Steve moaning and groaning about not getting sex because Christian had gone and hurt himself. It had not been a fun experience and he didn’t intend to do it again.
So, Christian paid a visit to a vampire who he knew would have all of the answers; Jim. The older vampire knew everything it seemed and he was a damn genius. Before he had been sired, he was days away from discovering electricity; of course, then he had been attacked by a clan of vampires who left him for dead, though one had unknowingly fed Jim his blood when he had bitten his own tongue in his attempt to get at Jim. When they had gone, each spit at Jim and that vampire had happened to get his spit into Jim’s mouth, along with the blood that was still swirling in there from his self-inflicted wound.

When Jim had learned about Benjamin Franklin having stolen his idea, the vampire wanted to go find the man and rip his throat out; probably would have too if he hadn’t been caught by an experimental group attempting to research vampires in their desperate struggle to see what made vampires live forever so they could harvest it and stay alive and young forever. Jim had been there for centuries being tortured and poked and prodded by each new scientist that came in over the years before Jensen finally caught wind of the operation and took it down. Since then, Jim had been a part of the Aurelius clan and under Jensen’s protection.

Of course, Jim was a strange individual; kind of a recluse who stayed in his room all day and studied his countless books. No one really knew what Jim was looking for, but they left him alone none the less. Christian always believed it was because the other members of the clan were frightened of Jim; then, he wouldn’t have been the only one. There was just something about the older male that made Christian uneasy; it was probably the fact that he was so smart and isolated, but Christian couldn’t say for sure. Though, when he had a question, he always knew whom he should turn to, which was why he found himself knocking on Jim’s door and waiting for the older vampire to grant him access into the room.

The knock on the door caused Jim to look up from the passage in the book he was reading, a small frown creasing his brow as he wondered who could be knocking on his door. No one ever bothered to come talk to him, so this was a rare occasion; though he knew it meant that someone was probably in need of some help and figured Jim would have the answers for them. “Come in,” he called, turning his attention back to his book when he saw that it was Christian who had been knocking. “What can I do for you, Christian?” he asked, knowing that this wasn’t a social call; if it was, he would have probably fallen out of his chair because he was so surprised.

It was nice to know that Jim didn’t want to sit here and have a conversation with him before they got down to business; Jim was getting straight to the point, which Christian was grateful for. Jim was a nice guy and everything from what Christian could tell, but he just couldn’t talk to him like they were buddies. Somehow, Jensen had managed it, but Christian never had; he could have asked Jensen how to make it work, but he doubted the older vampire would have had a lesson for him in this. Social skills weren’t something Christian prided himself on, so he wasn’t even going to attempt anything with Jim. “I was just wondering if you knew where everyone was,” he explained, biting into his bottom lip. “Jensen wants me to let everyone know there’s a meeting at nine o’clock tonight and I don’t know where they are to let them know. Attendance is mandatory.” He could have used his cell phone, but this way he was getting Jim out of the way without having to come in here and say three words like a moron before he headed out.

Jim was pretty impressed with Christian’s tactics; he was coming in here to tell him about the meeting and using the excuse that he needed to know where the other clan members were as a cover. In all honesty, Jim thought it was brilliant. After all, it was no secret that Jensen was the only one here who could actually stand to be around him for ten seconds and make casual conversation, so this was a valiant effort on Christian’s part. “Meeting at nine o’clock, huh?” he asked, giving a small nod. “I’ll be there. As for the others, I heard Tom and Mike mentioning something about going to a club downtown to have some fun. Alona and Katie are at the river doing something and Sophia is… well, you know where she is.” Tilting his head to the side, he tried to think of where Danneel had
gone off to, but he couldn’t, which meant she was still here. “And Danneel is around here somewhere as far as I know. Oh, and Steve is in your room.”

Smiling, Christian nodded to let Jim know he had been listening to everything he’d said. Really, it never ceased to amaze him just how much Jim knew; even without leaving his room, he had known where everyone had gone and could tell Christian without even thinking about it too much. “Thanks, Jim,” he smiled, heading to the door once he received a nod from Jim. He knew he didn’t have to remind Jim that he needed to be there at nine o’clock sharp; once you told that vampire something once, he remembered it for the rest of his life.

As soon as Christian was out of Jim’s room and back into the hallway, he pulled his cell phone from his pocket and dialed Tom’s number, figuring that this way he could get both Tom and Mike out of the way because they rarely left each other’s sides. “Hey Tom,” he greeted when he heard the other male on the line. “Jensen’s called a meeting tonight at nine o’clock sharp so you two better be back here in time. You know how he gets when people show up late.” The last time there had been a late arrival, Jensen had them sent to the basement where they were forced to sleep with the rats; and the rats in the basement were hungry so if you didn’t get to them first, they got to you and it wasn’t a nice time.

“Another meeting?” Tom asked, turning to look at Mike in the passenger seat, a small giggle coming from him when the other vampire mouthed that he was horny and they should pull over. “That’s two this month; we should put this on the calendar!” He and Mike had been partying the whole day, so they were a little out of it, but he knew for sure there had never been two meetings in one month. “Gee, this must be important.”

A small frown came to Christian’s face when he heard Tom speaking; it didn’t take a genius to know there was something wrong. “Are you drunk?” he demanded, rolling his eyes when he heard the two vampires giggling loudly. “Dammit, guys,” he growled, shaking his head. “You know Jensen hates it when you go to bars and get shitfaced!” The last time these two clowns had gotten drunk, they nearly killed an entire village and Jensen had to clean up their mess. Needless to say, the leader hadn’t been pleased and he demanded that they be more careful unless they wanted tossed out on their asses.

More giggling erupted from the car as Tom assured Christian, “We’re not drunk; we’re just buzzed.” Smiling, although he knew the other vampire couldn’t see him, he continued, “Let Jensen know we’ll be there on time and there’s nothing to worry about.” And he wasn’t lying; he and Mike had only drank about three beers, which was barely enough to get them started, so everything was going to be fine. They would be sober by the time they got there and Jensen would never even know they had been out partying. Well, unless Christian tattled on them, which they were hoping he wouldn’t.

Christian knew he probably shouldn’t have believed a single word they said because they were both idiots, but he believed them, nonetheless. “Fine,” he muttered, not liking this plan already. “But if you two come here and do something stupid to piss Jensen off, then I’m not covering for the two of you; I will tell him why you’re acting like such morons and you’ll have to deal with his wrath on your own. Just don’t be late!”

With that, Christian hung up the phone before starting to dial Alona’s number. If she was with Katie, that meant he didn’t have to call Katie and let her know, so this was all making his job a lot easier. When Alona answered, Christian immediately got to the point, wanting to get everything done quickly so he could have some downtime before the meeting. After all, he did a lot of running around doing errands for Jensen and he deserved some time off too. “Hey, there’s a meeting tonight at nine o’clock sharp. Attendance is mandatory and Jensen said to make sure you aren’t late. Can you tell Katie when you get a chance?”
Although she knew Christian could see her, Alona nodded. “Yeah, I’ll let her know. She’s a little busy right now but when I get a chance, I’ll tell her. And I’ll make sure that we’re both there on time; don’t worry about it.” She mumbled a quick good bye to Christian when he thanked her before she turned her attention back to her weeping friend. Josh had been killed a few nights ago by the slayer and Katie hadn’t properly let herself cry it out until now; and that was only because Alona had nearly demanded that she come to the river where she and Josh used to spend most of their time and actually mourn for him instead of letting her rage bubble and fester inside herself until it destroyed her.

Of course, Alona wasn’t sure if Katie was actually letting go of Josh and mourning for him or if she was just crying because she missed him. There really was no way for her to tell, but she was hoping it was the former; the sooner Katie mourned for Josh and let go of the rage she was feeling, the sooner she could move on. And that was a natural part of the vampire way of living; all vampires had to find a mate at some point in their lives or they would die prematurely because of the loneliness they felt. Clearly, Katie and Josh weren’t true mates because if they had been, then there was no way Katie would be alive right now. But she wasn’t going to throw that into the woman’s face at the moment; after all, she had suffered enough as far as Alona was concerned.

When Katie came back over to where Alona was sitting, she wiped the tears off her friend’s face before she pulled the other woman into a tight embrace, her fingers carding gently through Katie’s hair. She hated seeing her like this, but there really wasn’t much she could do about it other than be here when she needed comfort. Alona hated the slayer almost as much as Katie did she would imagine because he had done this to her best friend; he had broken her heart by shoving a stake into her boyfriend’s chest and then beheading him before burying him in a shallow grave to hide the evidence. It made her sick.

After she’d gotten Katie to calm down a bit more, Alona spoke softly to her. “Christian just called,” she explained, her fingers still combing through Katie’s hair. “He said Jensen’s called a meeting tonight at nine o’clock, but he didn’t say what it was about. However, he did say that we weren’t supposed to be late.” Gently, she tugged Katie in a bit closer, offering up as much comfort as she possibly could. “Do you want to head back, or did you want to stay here a little longer. I mean, we have plenty of time before the meeting, but I thought maybe you’d want to get a little bit of rest and maybe some food?”

The only answer Alona received was a small nod from Katie at first. She didn’t feel like talking all that much right now because she was afraid that if she opened her mouth, the tears would start flowing again. But she realized belatedly that there had been two questions there and Alona probably had no idea which one she was answering. “I want to head back,” she answered, her voice cracking softly. “You’re right about sleep; I think I need some before the meeting. And probably food wouldn’t be a bad idea, either.”

Nodding, Alona stood, helping Katie up once she had her footing. “All right, c’mon,” she mumbled, keeping her friend pulled in close to her side as they made their way back to the mansion. She was hoping that Katie could snap out of this because right now, she was really worried about her; she rarely ate and rarely slept – not that vampires really needed to – but it was always best after traumatizing situations to sleep and stay nourished. “I’ll call one of the feeders and see if they’re available for you; I don’t think it’s a good idea for you to be out hunting on your own.”

Again, Katie merely nodded in answer, curling herself closer to Alona as they walked back to the mansion. She was feeling the heartache that she felt that first night after Josh had been killed and it was threatening to consume her. The only thing keeping her sane right now was Alona and she was trying to hold on as tightly as she could. After all, she knew if she fell over the edge, there would be no way for her to climb back up.
“What?!” Sophia demanded, her eyes widening at the new information she had just received. “He wants to abort the mission? After I’ve already gotten into this and become friends with these people?! ” When she heard Christian confirm her question, she quickly shook her head, though she knew Christian couldn’t see her. “Well, tell him I said no. I don’t start something unless I’m going to finish it and I plan on seeing this out, Chris. You can tell Jensen that if he wants me out of here, then he can come up here and blow my cover himself.”

He knew it wasn’t going to be that easy, Christian rolling his eyes when Sophia talked back. “Look, I’m just telling you what Jensen told me to tell you, all right?” he hissed. “If you have a problem with it, then you can take it up with him at the meeting tonight!” With that, Christian hung up his phone, not in the mood to argue with Sophia. He wasn’t in the mood to do much of anything right now because he was kind of pissed off that Jensen had been hurt by the slayer and still his friend had been all about complimenting the kid. If Jared seriously hurt Jensen to the point where Christian couldn’t help him, Christian was going to kill the slayer himself.

Angrily, Christian walked down the hall to his bedroom, pushing the door open and slamming it closed with his foot as he nearly ripped his shirt off. “Take off your clothes,” he ordered his lover, not caring that Steve looked busy right now. When Christian was mad about something, he always turned to Steve to take his aggressions out on. After all, the younger vampire liked it when Christian was rough with him, so he figured it was all right. And Steve never complained about it; he actually was a lot more vocal when Christian was rough with him for some reason.

A small smile came to Steve’s face as he watched his lover take his shirt off, slowly placing the song lyrics that he was working on into the drawer in his nightstand before he started stripping out of his clothes like Christian had ordered. He could tell that tonight was going to be a rough one, and he was more than happy to let it happen. Christian was so damn hot when he was rough and Steve wished he could get his lover to lose his cool more often.

Once he was undressed, he grabbed Christian’s wrist and yanked him onto the bed, lips instantly crushing against the older vampire’s. “Mmm…can tell tonight is going to rock,” he mumbled before kissing Christian again. “Think we’ll be done in time for the meeting?” He had heard Christian talking on the phone about it, and figured that his lover wouldn’t want to be late. Of course, if he was spending the time fucking Christian, he didn’t care if they forgot about the meeting all together.

Christian didn’t bother answering Steve’s question as he pulled him down hard against his body, arms circling the younger vampire’s. “Shut up, Steve,” he mumbled, not wanting to talk; he just wanted to forget that anything bad had happened to their leader and be done with it. So, he kissed his lover once more as he rolled his hips upwards against Steve’s eliciting a small moan from his lover before he rolled them over so that he was lying on top now. They would make the meeting, but he was going to use all the spare time he had now to take care of Steve and get rid of this burning anger inside him.

Something was wrong; Jared could tell that the second he woke up. He wasn’t in his room and he wasn’t sleeping on his bed. It took a while, but the memories from last night started to filter in; he had been attacked by a vampire and bitten. Jeffrey let him stay at his house and that’s where he was now. With a small sigh, Jared climbed out of the bed he had been sleeping on and slowly padded to the bathroom where he took care of his business and grabbed a quick shower, pulling on some clothes he had left at Jeffrey’s when he moved out to make himself presentable to his watcher and probably Samantha, he would imagine.
Sure enough, when he walked out into the kitchen, Samantha was there with a plate of pancakes waiting for Jared, causing the young slayer to smile as he thanked her and took the plate. She then handed him a cup of orange juice to get his electrolytes back up from the bite he had endured last night. “Now, drink all of that and then we’ll see about getting you a big steaming cup o’ Joe,” Samantha smiled, taking the glass as soon as Jared was finished with the orange juice. She was about to make Jared a cup of coffee, but Jeffrey had already beat her to it, another smile forming on her lips because she had the best boyfriend ever.

“So, how are you feeling Jared?” Jeffrey asked, making sure to watch his slayer very closely. After all, Jared never admitted to not feeling one hundred percent and Jeffrey wanted to know the truth. He figured he deserved at least that much.

The question caught Jared by surprise, the younger male giving a small shrug, hissing in pain when it caused the stitches in his neck to pull and stretch; he was going to have to get used to those soon before he pulled one out or something. “Um… I’m okay,” he assured his watcher. And it wasn’t a total lie; for the most part, he was fine. His physical damage would heal and the emotional, well he could just shove it down deep where it wouldn’t be able to bother him anymore; basically, it was just like those times when he visited his father.

Although he wasn’t sure if he believed him or not, Jeffrey left the matter go, knowing that Jared would only pull away if he tried to push him too hard. When Jared felt threatened, he would close up and Jeffrey didn’t think that it was a good idea for him to do that right now. Especially when they were in the middle of what he would suppose was a war. Judging by the information Jared had given him before he fell asleep last night, they were up against the Aurelius clan and the fierce leader obviously had his sights on killing Jared; it scared Jeffrey and he wanted to make sure his slayer was protected at all times.

Before they could start another conversation, Jared stood, downing the rest of his coffee before he placed his dishes in the dishwasher. “Well, I have to head out,” he explained as he pushed his chair in. “Robert wants me to open the shelter today and then I have to meet the gang at the bar before I start my shift.” Smiling, he clapped Jeffrey on the shoulder. “Thanks for letting me stay here last night. I’ll see you later.”

With that, Jared was out the door, knowing that Jeffrey was about to start a conversation about being more careful or something, and he didn’t think he could have handled that. He knew that he’d fucked up last night and he was going to make sure that it didn’t happen again; the next time he met Jensen, he was going to be ready for him, there was no doubt in his mind about that. But he didn’t want to think about his failure right now; it made him feel weak and nearly sick to his stomach. If he kept this up, he really was going to get himself killed.

But he made himself a promise that he wasn’t ever going to let Jensen, or anything else, get the drop on him and he planned on keeping that promise. At least that way he would be safe and nothing could kill him unless he screwed up in a fight, which he generally didn’t do. Jared had been fighting since he was about thirteen and he hadn’t lost a fight since then and he sure as hell wasn’t about to start now when it really counted.

When he finally got to the shelter, he started right away, washing dogs and getting them ready to be adopted. The animals needed fed and the litter boxes needed changed, so he did that as well. He was really getting into the work, always happy when he got to spend time with the animals as he clipped a Chihuahua’s toenails and placed a bow on her collar. “There you go,” he smiled, using his index finger to pet her tiny head. “You’re all pretty and ready to meet your potential new family.”

By the time Robert came to work, Jared already had everything tidied up, all of the dogs washed, the
cats fed and their litter boxes cleaned and he’d managed to get three dogs and two cats adopted. There were only a few minutes left in his shift, and since Jared had done such a good job while Robert was away, he let the younger male leave early so he could have a few more minutes with his friends before he had to start his second job. Jared worked harder than any other kid Robert knew and he thought the boy deserved a break every now and then.

Thanking his manager, Jared headed out the door and walked the few blocks to the bar where he knew his friends would be waiting for him. Of course, he was sure he was going to have a lot of explaining to do, but he was prepared for it. After all, it wasn’t that big of a deal; he’d been bitten, but he was fine and he wasn’t going to allow it to slow him down. He was the slayer and he had a job to do so he needed to be spry and ready for anything that popped up; if he let every little scrape slow him down, there was no way he would have lived as long as he had.

Sure enough, as soon as he walked into the bar, he spotted the gang sitting in the booth they had long ago claimed as theirs. It took him a few minutes to make his way through the crowd, but once he reached the table, he forced Misha and Sandy to scoot down, knowing that Chad probably wanted to be on one side alone with Sophia so he could work his magic. It would be a little awkward for Jared if Sophia and Chad actually started to date he was sure, but that didn’t mean he was hoping Sophia would turn the older male down. Chad was his best friend and he wanted him to be happy; even if that made Jared a fifth wheel when they spent time together. It wasn’t like they hung out all that much lately, anyway, with Jared always being busy with work, so it wasn’t going to be a huge problem.

As soon as he sat down, Sandy wrapped her arms around him, Jared hissing in slight pain when her arm pressed against his stitches. “Hi, Sandy,” he greeted, hugging her back so she would let him go. He gave her a small smile when she pulled back, wondering why she had given him the hug in the first place. It wasn’t like they didn’t hug or anything, but they didn’t hug like that very often. “What’s up?” he asked, looking around the table at all of the people there, hoping to get some kind of clue as to why they all looked so damn shocked.

Finally, Chad piped up, eyes wide as he exclaimed, “Dude, you got bit last night! What the hell?! You couldn’t let us know so we could come check it out sooner?!” He frowned when Sandy kicked him under the table, mumbling that she didn’t have to abuse him all of the time before he slumped down low in his chair and decided to keep his mouth shut. Chad hadn’t been saying anything about it; he just was shocked that Jared had been attacked and then didn’t tell him. They were best friends! He had been under the impression that Jared told him everything. Of course, he was aware that this was probably a sore subject because Jared didn’t like to lose, so maybe that was why Sandy had kicked him under the table.

“Oh yeah,” Jared mumbled, shaking his head slightly. “I was going to tell you guys, but I wanted to talk to Jeffrey first. And then I fell asleep there, so I guess I forgot to give you a call. Sorry.” Really, he wasn’t lying; he had intended to let them know. But when he got to Jeffrey’s he had just been so tired and he’d stayed up talking to his watcher about Jensen half the night so when the bed was offered to him, Jared didn’t even hesitate before he had slipped into it and fallen asleep.

A hand landed on his arm before Sandy assured him, “Don’t worry about it Jared, we understand.” Looking at Chad, she continued, “You were probably tired last night and all that matters is that you’re okay. You are okay, right?” When Jared nodded, Sandy smiled, giving a small nod as to say that the conversation was over. “Good,” she said, turning her attention to Misha who also nodded to let his girlfriend know that he agreed with whatever she was saying.

In all honesty, Misha hadn’t really been paying attention to what was going on between Sandy and Jared. He was too busy thinking about the last time he fucked up and how he was still paying the
price for it to this very day. After all, being a werewolf wasn’t all that it’s cracked up to be. He had to stay in a cage three nights of the month so he couldn’t be around Sandy or anyone else after the sun set. It wasn’t any way to live and he just hoped that Jared didn’t get turned into some creature that he fought because he was reckless. Misha wouldn’t have wished that on his worst enemy.

Turning the conversation away from Jared and his injury, Chad asked, “So, who’s scarier; Dracula or the wolf man?” Since he had learned that Jared was the slayer, Chad liked to play games of which monster was the scariest. Last time, it had been between the wolf man and the creature from the Black Lagoon and the wolf man won. So this week, the reigning champion was going against one of the most famous monsters of all time. He frowned when everyone just rolled their eyes and shook their heads. “Oh come on,” he complained. “Just play this one last time and I’ll quit after that.” Of course, he had no intention of doing so, but it got his friends to play nonetheless.

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Jensen frowned as he walked out of his room and down the hall, knowing that at least one person was going to be late to the meeting and he was going to have to yell at someone. He didn’t really have the energy to do that right now, so it would have been nice if they were all there on time, but he wasn’t going to bank on it. After all, trying to get a group of vampires together in one place at the same time was like pulling teeth in Jensen’s experience.

Surprisingly, when he got there however, everyone was present; Chris quickly moving to stand by his side in case Jensen needed some help. “All right everyone,” Jensen started, eyes scanning the crowd. “Before I start, are there any questions anyone has for me?” Seeing Katie’s hand shoot up, Jensen shook his head, not even needing to hear the question. “No Katie, I didn’t kill the slayer,” he explained. “I don’t feel that killing him is revenge enough, do you? I mean, death is so quick; and once he’s dead nothing will bother him, right?”

When Katie nodded, Jensen could see the curiosity in her eyes, causing the older vampire to smile. “There’s another way to make him pay for what he did and I intend to find it. And when I do, I’ll let you know first thing.” Once that was taken care of, Jensen turned his attention to the group once more. “Speaking of the slayer, I want everyone to stay away from him. He’s dangerous and I can’t afford to lose any of you right now. If you see him while you’re out, I want you to tuck tail or run; don’t engage him in a fight because you will lose and it will be the end of you.” Jensen knew that from first-hand experience; if it hadn’t been for Christian, Jensen would have surely been killed.

The group merely nodded when Jensen gave the order to stay away from Jared; none of them had really been interested in throwing down with the slayer because they all knew how dangerous slayers could be. After all, the last one Jensen had faced nearly killed half of the clan before Jensen stepped in and took care of him; damn bastard thought he was going to mess with the Aurelius clan and get away with it. Well, Jensen had showed him that was for sure.

Since no one had questions, Jensen dismissed the group, giving a small sigh as he turned and started heading back to his room. However, before he could get too far, he was pulled aside by Jim, who shoved a book into his face and demanded that he read the passage Jim had highlighted. Of course, Jensen knew that if Jim was talking to him it had to be important. Sure enough, his eyes widened once he’d read the passage, giving Jim a look as to ask if this was really true before he turned and nearly ran out the door. As much as he wanted to stay clear of Jared for a while, he needed to get in touch with him now.

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A small sigh escaped Jared as he walked into his apartment building, breath hitching in his throat when he saw Mitch standing at the entrance of his office leering at him. He wasn’t in the mood to
deal with him right now, but he was pretty sure he had no choice. As he got closer, he braced himself for the flirtatious comments and the touching he knew was going to come, only to have someone intercept him before Mitch could get to him.

He felt the hand on his arm and it was cold, leading him to believe that this person had either just come from an icebox, or it was a vampire. Quickly, he yanked his arm out of the new grip and turned to face the new arrival, glaring in hatred when he saw that it was Jensen. “Get away from me!” he warned, keeping his voice a low hiss so Mitch, who was coming closer to them, wouldn’t hear him. “I know what you are and I’m surprised you’re dumb enough to show up here. I thought you were supposed to be one of the smartest in your clan, Jensen.”

“Shut up,” Jensen hissed, rolling his eyes at Jared’s comments. It was only a matter of time before Jared found him out, he knew that; though he had been hoping that he’d have a little more time to ease the kid into it. But now wasn’t the time to dwell on that. “We have a problem Jared, and it goes way beyond your petty little grudge against me. Now, keep your mouth shut and get your ass upstairs because we need to talk.”
“I don’t take orders from vampires,” Jared hissed, eyes ticking to Mitch to make sure he wasn’t close enough to hear. The older male was getting really close and Jared just wanted to get out of here right now before Mitch pissed him off and he lost his temper. “Why don’t you just get the hell out of here before I shove another stake into you? And this time, you don’t have your clan to come rescue you; I think I can take you out once and for all.” That was the only reason he hadn’t last time; he had been so close and then that other vampire came and Jared had to retreat in his weakened state.

Rolling his eyes, Jensen assured the young slayer, “If you were going to kill me, you would have done it as soon as you realized that it was me.” It was actually funny that Jared thought he could bluff Jensen; the older male was a vampire who had been around for five hundred years, so he knew all of the tricks in the book. “Now, quit trying to lie and follow me upstairs.” He wasn’t in the mood to play games and if he had to, he was willing to knock Jared out and carry him upstairs.

Finally, Mitch made it over to them, eying up the way Jensen and Jared were standing and the way they had been speaking to each other in low, hissed tones. It sure as hell didn’t take a genius to figure out that they were fighting. “Is there a problem over here?” he asked, attention mainly focused on Jared, eyes unable to stop from checking the younger male out. He wanted to know what was hiding underneath those clothes; and one day, he was going to finally get his answer. It was all just a matter of time before Jared gave in.

The young slayer was about to shake his head in hopes that it would make Mitch leave him alone, but Jensen stepped in, pushing Jared behind him. “Yeah, there’s a problem,” he assured the landlord. “I don’t appreciate the way you’re eying up my boyfriend and if you don’t stop, you’re going to be leaving this place in a body bag; am I making myself clear?” He almost couldn’t hide the smile that came to his lips when he saw how damn scared Mitch looked by the threat; he had been meaning to take care of this old boso and now he was pretty sure he had managed it.

Jared’s eyes widened when Jensen threatened Mitch, but he was really only pissed about Jensen calling him his boyfriend; yeah, that would be the day he lost in a fight. The look on Mitch’s face was pretty funny though, Jared had to admit. But he figured that he should set the record straight in case Mitch decided that he would watch them in order to crush some sort of suspicion. After all, it wasn’t like he and Jensen were going to be hanging out all of the time and he sure as hell wasn’t going to be putting his lips anywhere near Jensen; that would have made him vomit for sure.

So, he shook his head slightly and started, “He is not my –” However, before he could get the sentence out, Jensen grabbed him by the front of the shirt and yanked him down into a hungry kiss; something else Jensen had been meaning to do. Of course, Jensen didn’t get very far with it because Jared had tensed up and he wouldn’t open his lips to allow Jensen access, so the older vampire just gave up.

He then turned his attention to Mitch, glaring at the older male before he warned, “I’m very possessive. Now, if you’ll excuse us, Jared and I have some very important business to attend upstairs.” He grabbed Jared’s hand then and tugged the younger male away from Mitch and up the stairs, not wanting to be down there with the old pervert any longer because he wasn’t sure how long he could manage to keep his cool. Seriously, he didn’t understand how Jared could live here; the condition of the place was enough to make Jensen wish he didn’t have to be here, but there was that landlord and it made everything so much worse. Slamming the door behind himself, he snapped his fingers to get Jared’s attention. “Are you home in there, Jay?”

“Don’t call me that!” Jared ordered, finally snapping out of his trance. Jensen had kissed him, and it
actually felt kind of good. But there was no way he was thinking like that because Jensen was a vampire and Jared hated everything about him. “Why are you even here? I thought I told you to leave me alone!”

Lifting his index finger into the air, Jensen argued, “Actually, you told me that you were going to stake me and then kill me, which we’ve already established was a lie.” Slowly, he moved towards the bed and took a seat, eyes focused on Jared. “And as for why I’m here, well we need to talk, like I said.” He wasn’t sure why Jared was being so damn difficult, but he didn’t like it. All he was trying to do was help and Jared was treating him like he was a piece of dirt on the bottom of his shoe. “We have a problem and in order to fix it, we’re gonna have to work together, Jared.”

When Jensen told him that they were going to have to work together, Jared scoffed, quickly shaking his head before even entertaining the idea. “I don’t work with things that I was put on this Earth to slay, Jensen,” he assured the vampire, crossing his arms over his chest as he set his jaw in stubborn lines. He wasn’t about to become friends with Jensen so he could stab him in the back when he wasn’t looking; he’d already let the vampire get the jump on him once and he sure as hell wasn’t going to let it happen again that was for sure.

Now, Jensen was getting angry. Jared was acting like a high and mighty child and he was getting tired of it already. Angrily, he jumped off the bed and grabbed Jared by the upper arms, slamming him into the wall behind him. When Jared tried to struggle out of his grip, Jensen tightened his hold on the younger male so he couldn’t get away. “Listen to me,” he demanded, pulling Jared away from the wall and slamming him back into it to get his attention. “This is huge; it’s way bigger than you or me and if you want to live through it, then you damn well better listen to me!”

He realized pretty quickly that he wasn’t going to get out of Jensen’s hold, so Jared stopped struggling and did what he was told, glaring at Jensen. “Fine,” he spat. “What is it that’s so pressing that you need to come here and bother me?” Jared was staring to think that maybe Jensen had a death wish or something, but he wasn’t about to mention it because of the position he was in.

A small smile came to Jensen’s face when Jared seemed to calm down slightly, the older male releasing the slayer before he walked back over to the bed and plopped down onto it, frowning at how damn hard it was. “How do you even sleep on this thing?” he complained. Seeing that Jared didn’t seem to want to make small talk with him, Jensen got right down to business, standing once more because the floor under his feet was a lot more comfortable than the bed under his ass. “Maybe we shouldn’t talk about this here,” he suggested, looking around the room disgustedly. “I mean, you’re manager is creepy and he probably has this place bugged or something. And those weird little camera things so he can see you naked and shit.”

As soon as the words came out of Jensen’s mouth, Jared felt his stomach roll; it would be just like Mitch to do something like that now that Jared thought about it. “Well, where do you suggest we go then?” Jared asked, not willing to risk Mitch listening in on them. After all, if he heard Jared talking about vampires and creatures that only children believed in, then he probably would have some explaining to do. “And before you even suggest it, we’re not going to your place. I’m not suicidal.”

Jensen rolled his eyes when Jared told him that he wasn’t suicidal, not sure what that had to do with anything. Besides, he wasn’t about to take Jared to the mansion after the speech he had given about staying away from the slayer; that would have been an idiotic move. “I don’t know; you pick the place since you obviously don’t trust me.” They were going to have to work on that if they were going to be partners in this thing. After all, Jensen had to trust that Jared was going to have his back in case something happened, and right now Jensen didn’t even trust the slayer to have his front.

Slowly, Jared licked his lips, thinking of where he would want to go for this meeting with Jensen; in
all honesty, he didn’t want to go anywhere with this vampire, but he would be ready if something happened. He wasn’t about to let his guard down around Jensen again. “I want to go to the bar,” he answered, knowing that he would be safe there; his friends were always hanging out there and Samantha and Jeffrey were there too so he had nothing to worry about.

“Bar’s closed,” Jensen answered, shaking his head. Just because Jared worked there didn’t mean that he could get in at any time he wanted. And even if he could, Jensen figured he probably would have wanted to go to someone else’s house where he would feel safe since he was obviously a little uncertain about Jensen. “How about we go to one of those restaurants that are open all night? Have a midnight snack on me?”

It took everything Jared had in him not to laugh at Jensen when he suggested going to a restaurant. “What is this, a date?” he asked, shaking his head. “I’m not going to a restaurant with you; do you know how that will look to people who don’t know the situation? I mean, this is a small town and news travels fast.” He still couldn’t believe Jensen had told Mitch they were dating and kissed him right there. If any of it got back to Jeffrey, Jared was going to have a hell of a time explaining it to his watcher.

Smirking, Jensen stepped a little closer to Jared, hand moving to card through the young slayer’s hair. “That depends, do you want it to be a date?” he asked, laughing when Jared pushed him away and seemed disgusted by the very suggestion; he would come around eventually. “Seriously, if we go to a restaurant, it’ll be just business. I mean, we can even sit at different tables and talk on cell phones if you want to.”

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Jared smiled at the waitress as she sat him down at his table, ordering a coffee before he pulled his cell phone out of his pocket. Jensen had given him his cell phone number before they left the apartment and now Jared was scrolling through his contacts looking for it. Clearly, the information that Jensen had to tell him was pretty damn important if the vampire was willing to go through all of this trouble to tell him about it. “All right, what’s this news that you’ve been trying to tell me all night?” Jared asked when Jensen finally picked up the phone, smiling softly when Jensen complained about Jared making them sit at separate tables.

Frowning, Jensen shooed the waitress away, handing her his menu since he had no intention of eating any of the shit they were offering; he was hungry for blood, not burgers. “There are vampires coming into town,” Jensen explained, keeping his voice low so the few other patrons who were here couldn’t hear him speaking. “Old vampires; among the clans, they’re known at master vampires. I don’t know exactly when they’re getting here, but I do know that you’re in danger.”

As Jensen spoke, Jared listened carefully, hoping that whatever Jensen was telling him wasn’t just a trap to get him occupied with something else while Jensen started the apocalypse, or something. “Why are you telling me this?” he asked out of the blue, suddenly curious as to why Jensen wanted to help him since last night he had been using his fangs to tear into Jared’s flesh. “I mean, last night you were trying to kill me and tonight you’re trying to keep me alive? It just doesn’t make sense to me.”

Of course, it would seem to Jared like he had been trying to kill him last night; Jensen was prepared for that. However, he didn’t have an answer to Jared’s question, and he couldn’t explain the bloodlust without letting Jared in on the little secret that he might have been attracted to him in a big way. That would have only made Jared hate him more probably and Jensen didn’t really handle rejection well; he had to ease Jared into the information so he had a better shot with the slayer. “Because I hate the master vampires more than anything else that could be in this world,” he
explained lamely. “So any chance I can get to stick it to them, I’m going to take it. But there’s no way you can do this alone, so you need me.”

Although he didn’t want to admit it, Jensen was probably right; he didn’t know anything about master vampires and he had a feeling Jensen did. After all, he was the one who had tipped him off that they were coming, though Jared wasn’t entirely sure he could trust him yet. “Fine,” Jared muttered, satisfied with Jensen’s answer for now. “So, how do you suggest we take them out? I mean, I’m guessing you don’t get the title of ‘master vampire’ for being a huge pansy, am I right?”

“No, you don’t,” Jensen assured Jared, giving his head a small shake as he looked over at the young slayer from where he was sitting. The kid was damn sexy and Jensen could feel the slight hint of bloodlust coming back just thinking about all of the dirty things he wanted to do with the younger male. Quickly, he shoved those thoughts away, frowning when he heard Jared tell him to stop staring at him. “I’m not staring at you,” he argued, rolling his eyes. “I’m making sure that no one sneaks up behind you. Weren’t you listening when I said I don’t know when the master vampires are coming to town? And they’re out for your head, so I’m making sure they don’t catch you by surprise.” The excuse sounded good to him, at least and Jared seemed to buy it when all he did was roll his eyes and take another swig of his coffee.

Belatedly, he remembered that Jared asked how he would suggest they take out the master vampires, the older male giving a small shrug. “I’m not sure how to take them out exactly. Other than staying close by each other so when the time comes, we’re ready, I don’t think there is much more we can do.” They were really going to have to work hard at getting along otherwise they would be sloppy and the master vampires would kick their asses for sure. Right now, Jared was being unreasonable, and he needed to stop that if they were going to make this work. “Look, I think we should start spending more time together; maybe I’ll come patrolling with you tomorrow night.”

Shaking his head, Jared answered, “No, I can’t go patrolling tomorrow night. I have a party to go to.” He had already promised Sandy that he would be there so there was absolutely no way he was bailing out just because of this new information. He rolled his eyes when Jensen demanded to know what was more important than saving his ass from vampires, shaking his head once more. “Well, my friend is having this birthday party and I promised her that I would be there. I’m not going to skip out on it because some vampires are coming to town, so don’t even suggest it.” He was bad enough keeping dates with his friends because of slaying and this was Sandy’s birthday party; there was nothing that was going to keep him from going to this thing at least for a few hours.

In Jensen’s opinion, a party wasn’t exactly a pressing issue when powerful vampires were coming to town in search of Jared’s head on a silver platter, but then he was five hundred years old, so what did he know? “Fine,” he nearly hissed into the phone, not doing a very good job of hiding his annoyance. “Then we’ll go tonight right now. Get your check and meet me by the register.” With that, Jensen hung up, quickly pushing himself out of his seat and heading towards the register where he waited for Jared.

It took the young slayer nearly five minutes to get his check, but when he finally met Jensen at the register, Jensen plucked the check from between Jared’s fingers as Jared was reaching for his wallet. He’d said that this was going to be on him and he had meant it, tossing down a twenty before grabbing Jared and pulling him out of the building, smirking at the younger male’s shocked expression. The bill had only been about two dollars for the coffee, but Jensen wasn’t worried about it; after all, money was the least of Jensen’s worries.

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The vampire ran full speed ahead at Jared, snarling as he got closer and tried to tackle the young
slayer; however, Jared side stepped the vampire and kicked him in the back, sending him falling into the headstone of one Mrs. Finklestein, the headstone toppling over under the weight of the vampire. Before the vampire could get up, Jared grabbed him by the back of the shirt and tossed him onto the ground, grabbing the sword that had been kicked out of his hands earlier.

One downwards swing and the vampire was done, his head slowly rolling towards Jensen’s feet and stopping only inches away from actually touching the other vampire. “Sloppy,” Jensen muttered, looking up at Jared as he stepped over the head of the deceased vampire. “You telegraph punches, leave blind sides open and you took way too long to slay that one little vampire.” He was being a bit nitpicky, but if Jared was going to be ready for these vampires, he was going to have to be at his peak. And if that was his peak, then their problems just got much larger.

A small frown came to Jared’s face when Jensen told him that he was horrible, basically, the younger male giving his head a small shake. “I’d like to see you do better,” he mumbled, brushing himself off since the vampire had actually managed to get him onto the ground a time or two. “And besides, I’m the one still alive after this little encounter, so obviously, I’m the better fighter. I was fine.”

“Well fine isn’t going to get you through a fight with what you’re coming up against Jared,” Jensen argued, moving closer to the younger male, eyes slowly moving over Jared’s body. Jared was breathing heavy and his heart was beating very fast; it all reminded Jensen of sex. “You have to be great,” he added, tearing his gaze away from Jared before he started off in the direction of his mansion; he couldn’t be here anymore. This slayer was making him go crazy! “We’ll pick this up again soon,” he assured Jared. “I have to get back to my clan before they start to wonder where I am.”

With that, Jensen was gone, Jared barely seeing him leave he took off so fast. Sighing, Jared headed off in the direction of his own apartment, definitely ready to get a little bit of sleep. After all, he’d been up early that morning and it was already after two in the morning. If he didn’t get enough sleep, he wouldn’t be very much fun at this party he was going to and then he would have let Sandy down even more than if he hadn’t gone at all.

As soon as he climbed into his bed, Jared was sleeping it seemed. He had been more tired than usual and even his hard, uncomfortable bed had felt like paradise when he laid on it. His sleep was anything but peaceful, however, the younger male having dreams of bodies slipping and sliding together, slicked by sweat and lube as they moaned and kissed passionately. The dream was very vivid, Jared almost able to feel the hands on his own body as they slid up the male’s arms and back in his dream; it felt like one of his nightmares that Jeffrey called premonitions, only this was different than that. After all, Jared had never had a premonition about sex before.

Soft moans began to break from his throat as the dream continued, Jared’s hips canting forward only to be met with thin air; unlike in his dream, he was alone and there was no one to offer him any pleasure. So, he rolled over onto his stomach, grinding against his mattress in an attempt to get some relief.

He was just starting to get into it when he finally saw the face of the man in his dream, eyes snapping open as he jackknifed awake, breaths still panting out from between his parted lips as he looked around his apartment to make sure he was alone. Jared wasn’t sure why he was having dreams about sex with Jensen, but he sure as hell didn’t like it. There was no way in Hell that was ever going to happen; Jensen was playing with his head somehow and Jared was going to figure it out.

Until then though, he decided that he would just stay up for the remainder of that night, not wanting to risk another dream; especially when his dick was still twitching from the first one. He busied himself by taking a shower and brushing his teeth before he watched a little bit of bad television until
the sun came up. He still hadn’t reached a good explanation as to why he had been dreaming about sex with Jensen, but he did know there was no way he was going to tell Jeffrey about that dream for sure. After all, Jeffrey couldn’t analyze that dream probably; though Jared was sure the older male would try until he ran out of options and then repeat the process.

Sighing, Jared headed into the bathroom and took another shower before he got dressed for work at the animal shelter and headed out. Once he was done with his shift there, he would be heading to Sandy’s party since Samantha had closed down the bar for the evening. In all honesty, he would have rather been working at the bar, but he wasn’t going to let anyone else know that; it would have been rude to make Sandy think he liked working more than hanging out with her and the gang because that wasn’t the case. He just didn’t like crowds, and he had a feeling this party was going to be crowded.

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Sure enough, when Jared walked into Sandy’s house, the place was nearly packed full. A small frown came to his lips when he spotted Sophia and Chad making out in the hallway, Jared giving his head a small shake at the sight. Then again, he supposed he should have been happy for his friend — and he was — but he didn’t think they had to be displaying their affection publicly like they were doing right now. But Jared had never been in a serious relationship for more than three months, so what did he know? The times had changed since the last date he had been on and public displays of affection were probably in right now. Or at least that seemed to be the general consensus since there were about ten other couples doing the same thing.

He wasn’t there for five minutes before Sandy came out of the kitchen and hugged him, the young woman practically throwing herself into his arms as she smiled and exclaimed how happy she was that he had made it. “Of course I made it,” Jared smiled, giving Sandy a big squeeze before he released her, smiling down at his friend. “So, this place is packed. I hope you don’t have anyone else coming because if you do, I don’t think they’re going to fit in here.”

“I know,” Sandy chuckled, giving her head a small shake. “This was supposed to be a small get together with friends and I haven’t even met half of the people here. We can blame Chad for that; he posted that he was going to a party on Facebook and people kind of started to show up. You should see Jeffrey’s face; he looks like he’s about to blow a gasket or something!” She knew that Jeffrey didn’t like crowds, which is why she wanted a small party, but there was really nothing she could do about it now. The damage was already done and the best she could do was keep him away from most of the people by having Misha distract him.

When Sandy told him that Chad was to blame for this, Jared couldn’t really even act surprised. The guy was nice and always had good intentions, but most of the time, those intentions went south. “Oh, I brought these,” Jared muttered, reaching into his jacket pocket and pulling out a family sized bag of 
Sour Patch Kids, a family sized bag of Swedish Fish, and a family sized bag of Gummy Bears. “I didn’t know which ones I wanted more of, so I bought them all,” he explained with a wide smile, dimples denting his cheeks.

Sandy smiled when Jared handed her his bags of candy, giving her head a small shake. “I’m going to put these in the kitchen with the other snacks. Go and mingle; I don’t want to see you hanging out on the wall all night. Do you want a drink?” Again, she smiled when Jared nodded, assuring him that she would be right back with that before she headed off into the kitchen, leaving Jared alone to mingle, as she had called it.

She wasn’t gone long before Jared was grabbed from behind and put into a headlock, the familiar laughs of Chad filling his ears as his friend demanded that he say uncle. “Come on Jared, say it! Say
uncle!” Chad shouted, laughing happily as he tightened his grip slightly. He knew Jared could have gotten out of it if he had wanted to, but he gave a victory cry nonetheless when Jared actually said uncle. “Wow, that’s the first time I’ve ever gotten you to say uncle,” Chad smiled, obviously very pleased with himself.

Shaking his head, Jared ran his fingers through his shaggy mop of hair in an attempt to at least make it look a little better after Chad’s little game. “Yeah, don’t get used to it,” he warned, silently letting Chad know that he had only done it because Sophia was here and he hadn’t wanted to embarrass his friend in front of his new girlfriend. “So, I hear you’re to blame for this party that seems to have gotten out of control. What do you have to say for yourself?”

Without hesitation, Chad answered, “That I am the man!” When Jared merely shook his head, Chad clapped him on the shoulder and started explaining, “You see, no one wants to go to a party where there are going to be no guests. Sandy had prime opportunity to throw a huge hootenanny and she was going to have a shindig. I had to save this perfect chance for her to have a huge party. She’ll thank me later.”

It was highly doubtful that Sandy would be thanking Chad for this later, but if that’s what his friend wanted to believe, then Jared wasn’t going to tell him differently. Before they could even get anymore words out, Sandy was back with his drink and she had a man on her arm, which didn’t sit too well with Jared. Of course, Sandy had a huge smile on her face, so he figured he might as well entertain the idea, whatever it may be, until she left the room to mingle with her other guests. This wasn’t the first time Sandy had tried to hook him up with someone and it probably wouldn’t be the last; he wasn’t a huge fan of her newly found matchmaking skills, but he would deal with it because she was his friend.

Once he had his drink, Jared downed it in a few gulps, knowing that he was going to have to be drunk in order to get through this night. He didn’t miss the look he got from Sandy, Chad and Sophia though he did try to ignore it as Sandy explained, “Jared, this is Matt, my cousin. He’s from out of town, but he’s looking into staying here for a while so I thought it would be a great idea if the two of you hung out for a little while. I mean, he doesn’t know anyone here and as my cousin, we’ll probably be hanging out a lot, so it’s a good chance for him to get to know one of the gang members.” Smiling widely, she walked past Chad and Sophia, grabbing them both by the elbows and pulling them away with her to give Jared and Matt some alone time.

“Hi,” Matt greeted, obviously feeling a little awkward about this arrangement. “I’m Matt Cohen. I hear you’re Jared Padalecki and one of the very few people my cousin actually talks to at this party.” When Jared nodded, Matt smiled widely, pointing towards the kitchen as he suggested, “You want to go get a refill on that beer?”

Again, Jared downed his second drink and filled it with a third before he and Matt walked into the living room and took a seat on the couch where they began casual conversation. It was kind of nice to be able to just sit there and talk with someone and not have to worry about slaying or vampires or anything else. He hadn’t been able to do it in a long time and Jared had forgotten how good it felt. Of course, this man was leaving again soon probably unless he found something worth staying for, so there was really no commitment Jared had to worry about either; it was the best thing he could have asked for at a party like this.

After about two hours of just talking and joking around, Matt leaned in and pressed his lips to Jared’s, attempting to coax the older male into kissing him back, but Jared wasn’t having any of it; apparently, he wasn’t drunk enough to go wild yet. Matt was sure that he would get him there. “I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to do that,” he stammered, shaking his head. “I just…you’re really hot and funny and nice and I thought we were connecting.” Shaking his head, he reached out for Jared’s cup and suggested, “Let me get you another drink and we’ll forget this ever happened. I promise I won’t try
Although it was against his better judgment, Jared gave a small nod and handed Matt his cup, waiting a little awkwardly on the couch for Matt to get back. The kiss hadn’t been what freaked him out, so he wasn’t quite sure why Matt was apologizing like that. What had really freaked him out was when his eyes had closed, all he saw was Jensen and he remembered the way the vampire’s lips had felt against his and it had made him sort of disoriented; especially when he opened his eyes and it had been Matt kissing him. Those damn dreams from last night were throwing him off his game and he didn’t like the feeling.

As soon as Matt came back with his drink, Jared downed it quickly once more, not even realizing that the beer was a little bubblier than it should have been. All he cared about was getting so drunk that he forgot about the vampire who had molested him two nights ago, kissed him last night and somehow made him have sexual dreams about him; that’s all he wanted to do and the beer was going to help him with that no matter how many he had to drink. If he had to, Sandy would let him crash here.

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A small frown came to Danneel’s lips when Jensen pulled her into his room, the younger vampire not sure how she should take this. They had been together before, but she had been under the impression that was a one-time thing; never to happen again. At least that’s what Jensen had said the next morning when he was getting dressed. “What are we doing?” she asked, catching the door knob so she could close the door behind her.

In all honesty, Jensen wasn’t even sure what he was doing. All he knew was that Danneel and Katie were pretty close and he was going to need an ally in all of this when Katie found out he was working with the slayer instead of unleashing his master plan to make him suffer for what he had done to Josh. Of course, she wasn’t as close to Katie as Alona, but she was a lot easier to manipulate. “Look, I need you to keep Katie calm when she finds out that I’m working with the slayer instead of trying to get revenge for what he did to Josh. There are vampires who are older than me coming to town and they’re out for blood. Rumor has it, they’re going after Jared and then when he’s out of the picture, they’re coming for me. I can’t die right now; I haven’t even gotten to live hardly!”

Rolling her eyes, Danneel snapped, “Quit being so over dramatic, Jensen. Now, you want me to lie to one of my best friends so you can feel better about what you’re doing with the slayer?” She just wanted to make sure she had this right. When Jensen nodded, she returned the nod, giving a small shrug before she answered, “All right, I can do that. But you’re going to have to give me something more than just your gratitude for this, Jen.”

Now, it was Jensen’s turn to frown, wondering what the hell Danneel could want from him in return for lying to her friend about what he was doing with the slayer. Danneel was usually out and about with random people trying to have some fun so Jensen admittedly didn’t know much about the woman. However, the way she was practically undressing him with her eyes didn’t leave much to the imagination. The last time they’d had sex, Jensen assured Danneel that it would never happen again, but apparently she was in the market for a repeat. “You mean you want me to have sex with you?” he asked, just to verify that he wasn’t getting the wrong idea; he wasn’t, giving a small roll of his eyes as he walked over to the bed and stripped out of his shirt. “All right fine, get over here.”

She didn’t have to be told twice, Danneel quickly pulling her shirt off and climbing into the bed with Jensen, pushing the other vampire down onto the mattress as she straddled him, smiling down at her clan leader. “Don’t sound so depressed,” she chuckled. “Don’t you remember how good we were together the last time?” Before she gave Jensen a chance to answer, she leaned down and crushed
her lips against his, knowing that Jensen didn’t like to kiss people during sex; but if he wanted her to keep his secret, he would do things her way.

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Something was wrong; Jared could feel it. He hadn’t had too much to drink, only about four cups, maybe five, but no more than that. Still, he felt like he was swimming through quicksand and he couldn’t move faster than a snail. Slowly, he managed to make it up the stairs, stumbling into the first room he saw with a bed. Maybe all he needed was to lie down for a while and everything would be all right; at least he hoped that’s what the problem was.

Jared basically fell onto the bed once he reached it, rolling onto his back with a small groan. The room was spinning and it was making him kind of sick, the young slayer closing his eyes in an attempt to make the room stop moving. However, when he felt someone climb onto the bed with him, Jared’s eyes snapped open, the young male shaking his head slightly as he tried to scoot over on the bed, but his body wouldn’t listen to him. “Don’t,” Jared mumbled, words slurred in his weakened state when the new arrival placed his hand on Jared’s chest and allowed it to slide downwards, a soft moan escaping the male as he felt Jared’s muscles rippling beneath his hand. “What are you doing?” Jared asked, breaths picking up slightly when the man started undoing his pants.

“Shhh,” the man whispered, giving his head a small shake. “It’s all right Jared; I know you want this.” Once Jared’s pants were unbuttoned, he dragged down the zipper before he hooked his thumbs into the waistband of Jared’s boxers and jeans, tugging the material down the pliant young man’s body. “It’s pretty obvious with the way you were flirting with me all night, don’t you think?” He climbed off the bed and pulled Jared’s boots off so he could get the jeans and boxers off the rest of the way before he crawled back onto the bed and settled himself between Jared’s legs. “Don’t worry Jared,” Matt whispered, giving his head a small shake as he lied down on his stomach, hand wrapping around Jared’s flaccid cock. “I’ll be gentle with you.”

A small whimpered cry broke from Jared as Matt’s lips wrapped around the head of his cock, the other male trying to get Jared hard against Jared’s will. He mumbled for Matt to stop, trying to push him away, but his arms wouldn’t work and his legs wouldn’t kick at the man and get him away. He was forced to just lie there and take whatever Matt was doing to him, Jared feeling tears welling up in his eyes as his head rolled on the pillow in a pathetic attempt to shake his head. “Stop,” he pleaded, licking his lips as he panted out his breaths, nearly sobbing when his cock started hardening on its own accord.

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Chuckling, Sophia pushed Chad away from her neck where he was kissing her, shaking her head. “Not here; I get very…interesting when someone kisses my neck,” she explained, leaning in so she could whisper in Chad’s ear. “Save it for when you take me back to your place.” She chuckled once more when Chad seemed so surprised that she had suggested it, rolling her eyes slightly when he gave a very obvious fist pump. He was a silly little man, and she kind of loved it.

Her brows knit in confusion when she saw Jared stumbling up the stairs, the man Sandy had introduced him to earlier watching him with a gleam in his eyes. “You know what,” she mumbled to Chad, gently shoving him away again. “I’ll be right back. I’m gonna get a drink. Do you want me to get you one?” When Chad nodded, she smiled, heading into the kitchen before she doubled back and moved towards the couch where Jared and Matt had been sitting.

The smell of Roofalin was heavy in the air, causing Sophia’s eyes to widen as she pulled her cell phone out of her bag and dialed Jensen’s number. She wasn’t sure if Jared had been roofied, but she didn’t want to risk Jared getting hurt and she couldn’t exactly go up there and see if everything was
all right. After all, she had an image to keep up. “Jensen, something’s happened to Jared,” she explained, knowing from Christian’s little slip up that Jensen had a thing for the slayer. “1630 Main Street,” she explained. “Get here as fast as you can; I think he might be in trouble.” With that, she hung up the phone and headed back into the kitchen, her hands shaking as she poured a drink for herself and Chad.

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“Where are you going?” Danneel demanded, frowning at Jensen for pushing her off of him. “We haven’t even gotten started yet!” She had barely gotten Jensen’s jeans undone when the phone rang and no matter how many time she told him to ignore it, he didn’t listen. And now he was leaving before she even got her reward.

Quickly, Jensen pulled his shirt on, not even bothering to button it before he headed towards the door. “Something’s come up,” he explained. “I have to leave.” He was about to leave the room, but Danneel had to run her mouth, threatening to tell Katie what was going on if he didn’t get back in the bed and give her what she wanted.

That was the last straw; Jensen wasn’t going to sit here and let someone under him on the food chain tell him what he could and couldn’t do. He wasn’t that kind of leader. Angrily, he moved towards the bed and wrapped his hand around Danneel’s throat, eyes flashing bright green as he warned, “You will not speak to me like that, Danneel. In case you forgot, I am your superior and you will treat me as such.” Releasing the woman, he turned towards the door once more. “Consider that your first and only warning. I want you out of my room by the time I get back and you’d be wise not to piss me off again.”

With that, Jensen was out the door and heading towards his car, knowing that if Jared was really in trouble, he was going to need it so he could get Jared out of there. Of course, Sophia hadn’t been very specific, not that Jensen needed to know much more than Jared being in trouble to get his ass moving. Whoever was responsible for hurting Jared was going to have to answer to him; and he wasn’t going to let the individual off lightly, either, of that he was sure.
Chapter 8

Matt finally pulled off Jared’s cock when he felt the member was hard enough, crawling off the bed and standing to the side as he merely stared at Jared. He knew he had some time before the roofies wore off, so he wasn’t worried about being quick right now. Slowly, he popped the button on his jeans, dragging the zipper down just as slowly before he pushed his jeans and boxers down in one shove, stepping out of the fabric carefully so he wouldn’t fall over because it was all tangled up in his shoes, which he kicked off as well.

Still moving slowly, Matt pressed one knee onto the mattress beside Jared’s head, hand wrapping around his own dick and giving it a few strokes until he was fully hard. He then fisted his hand in Jared’s hair, turning the younger male’s head so that he was facing his member, biting into his bottom lip as he pressed his cock against Jared’s lips. “You better not bite me,” he warned, pushing himself a little harder against Jared’s lips since the other male seemed to be pressing his lips very tightly together in an attempt to keep Matt out. Matt still wasn’t worried about it; he would make Jared open his mouth sooner or later.

After a while of Jared not taking the hint, Matt began to get angry, wondering just how stupid one man could be. There was no way Jared was getting out of this, so it was smart to just go with it and not make Matt angry; at least that’s what Matt figured, but apparently Jared had other ideas. Angrily, Matt gripped Jared’s cheeks, fingers pressing into the hinge of his jaw hard in an attempt to force Jared’s mouth open. “Open your mouth, dammit!” he hissed, smiling widely when he managed to complete the task at hand.

When Matt grabbed his cheeks and pried his mouth open, Jared groaned softly, trying to move his head away so that Matt couldn’t shove his dick into his mouth, but Matt was stronger than he was at the moment because of the drugs in his system. He couldn’t believe that this was actually happening to him right now; and the fact that it was Sandy’s cousin who was doing it to him was even harder to believe. But he wasn’t going to let this happen without a fight; he was the slayer after all, and even drugged up, he still had teeth. Of course, he’d heard Matt warn him not to bite, but he wasn’t afraid of this man. Jared was afraid of what he was going to do to him if Jared couldn’t stop him, but he wasn’t afraid of Matt in general; he wasn’t afraid of anyone.

His plan to bite the other man’s dick went out the window when Matt shoved himself so far into Jared’s mouth that he couldn’t breathe, the young slayer gagging as black spots started obscuring his vision. He learned real quick to breathe when Matt pulled out so that he wasn’t gasping for air that he couldn’t get when Matt shoved his hips forward and slammed his cock into the back of Jared’s throat. When Matt’s hand tightened in Jared’s hair, the young slayer panicked, wondering what else Matt had in store for him, feeling the tears that had welled up in his eyes slip down his cheeks and into his hair as Matt moaned and ordered him to suck his cock.

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The car had barely been put into park before Jensen jumped out of it, slamming the car door behind him before he was running into the house. It didn’t take him long to find Sophia, silently asking where Jared was because he noticed that she was with one of Jared’s friends and he didn’t want to blow her cover. Her eyes ticked towards the stairs, letting Jensen know that Jared was up there somewhere.

Once he was up the stairs, it was easy to figure out where Jared was because he could smell the younger male in the room. He tried the door, but it was locked, so he stepped back before lifting his leg and letting it fly forward, the door snapping underneath his boot before Jensen moved into the
room. What he was met with when he stepped inside made him see red, the vampire snarling as his eyes flashed a bright green.

Jensen didn’t even think as he moved towards the man who was hurting Jared, grabbing him up and slamming him into a wall. The guy was lying there not moving so Jensen moved towards the bed and grabbed Jared, pulling him into a seated position. “Jared,” he mumbled, hands sliding into Jared’s hair and pushing it out of the younger male’s face. “Are you all right, Jared?” A sigh of relief escaped him when Jared nodded, Jensen returning his nod as he pulled the younger male into a brief hug. He knew that the only reason Jared wasn’t pushing him away was because Jared was probably too out of it to even care but that didn’t matter right now; Jensen was just relieved that Jared was okay.

A noise from the other side of the room caught Jensen’s attention, the vampire snarling as he turned his head towards the sound. The man who had been hurting Jared was up now and he was trying to get to his feet; well, Jensen wasn’t going to allow that. Quickly, he moved towards the man and grabbed him by the throat, squeezing the man’s air supply off and smirking maliciously as the man gasped and grabbed at his hand, trying to pull it away from his throat. Jensen wasn’t going to let this man live so he could hurt Jared again, that was for sure.

“Jensen, don’t,” Jared mumbled, giving his head a small shake as he tried to push himself off the bed. Of course, he didn’t get very far because the drugs were still in his system and he was feeling very weak; the feeling wasn’t something he was used to and he didn’t like it at all. “He’s…Sandy’s cousin; don’t hurt him.” He could only imagine how much Sandy would hate him if he let something happen to her cousin.

Although he wanted nothing more than to snap this worthless piece of shit’s neck, Jensen refrained, allowing the man to fall unceremoniously onto the floor as he released his grip on the man, heading back over to Jared as Matt coughed on the floor a few feet away. “C’mon,” Jensen muttered, grabbing Jared’s pants off the floor and helping Jared into them before he put Jared’s shoes on for him. “We’re getting you out of here,” he explained, getting one arm wrapped around Jared’s back and the other under his knees before he lifted Jared off the bed and headed over to the window. He knew he couldn’t let people see him with Jared after all, so this was the only way they were going to get out of the house.

When Jensen lifted him into his arms, Jared groaned in annoyance, shoving at the vampire’s chest with as much strength as he could muster. “Put me down,” he ordered, trying to struggle out of Jensen’s arms. “I’m not an invalid; I can walk!” Right now, he wasn’t sure how true that statement was, but he sure as hell didn’t want Jensen carrying him like he was some kind of girl who couldn’t take care of herself. He was more than capable of taking care of himself; he was the slayer, dammit! There was no way in Hell Jared could take care of himself right now and Jensen was well aware of it. “Shut up and let me help you,” he snapped back, repositioning Jared in his arms because the younger male had struggled out of the safest position for him to be in when Jensen was about to jump out a window. “I’d suggest you hold on,” he warned before he stepped off the window ledge, making sure to keep a tight grip on Jared as he landed on his feet on the pavement below the house. Giving one quick look at Jared to make sure he was all right, Jensen headed to his car, gently placing Jared inside before he climbed into the driver’s seat and peeled out of Sandy’s driveway, speeding off in the direction of the mansion.

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The sluggish feeling that he was experiencing right now reminded him of the night that he had turned twenty one and Chad had insisted on taking him to the bar and getting him drunk. It was something
that he had vowed never to feel again and he was a little pissed that it was happening now. Of course, this time it wasn’t really his fault; not entirely at least.

He didn’t remember much about the night before, only that he had been drugged by Sandy’s cousin and he’d forced him to give him a blow job. Everything after that was kind of a blur, bits and pieces flitting through his head every now and then but nothing solid. Jared just hoped that Matt hadn’t gotten any further than a forced blow job; he wasn’t sore though, so he figured nothing else had happened. Well, his throat hurt a little but that was probably because of the rough treatment Matt had been giving him.

One thing he did remember was that he’d dreamed of Jensen again. Actually, he was surprised he didn’t wake up to see Jensen sleeping next to him; that’s how real the dream had felt. Suddenly, he realized that he wasn’t in his bed, and this wasn’t his apartment, looking up at the ceiling in confusion as he pushed himself into a seated position. Now, he was really confused; this place wasn’t familiar at all and Jared couldn’t remember how he’d gotten here, which was causing him to panic a little.

Slowly, Jared pushed himself into a seated position, squeezing his eyes closed when the room started spinning. Once he felt that the room was a little more stable, Jared pushed himself out of the bed, stepping into his boots before he headed to the door. All he was worried about right now was getting out of here and back to his own apartment where he could shower and get ready for work.

Jared almost got lost twice, but he finally managed to make it to the front door, pulling it open and heading out into the brisk afternoon air, stumbling away from the mansion in the direction of what he knew was his apartment. After all, it wasn’t hard to figure out; there was only one mansion in this town and Jared knew that his apartment was east of it. Of course, he had no idea who lived there or what he was doing there, but he wasn’t really dwelling on that right now. The only thing he was focused on was walking straight and not getting hit by a car.

It took him about half an hour to walk back to his apartment, Jared rather surprised when Mitch merely looked at him without trying to come on to him in any form; not even a suggestive glance. Maybe Jensen’s little scheme actually worked on the older male; Jared could hope, at least. Sighing, he made it up to his room without incident, quickly stripping out of his shirt as soon as he closed the door. A shower would make him feel better; he was sure of it.

Before he reached his bathroom, however, Jared jumped, noticing that he wasn’t alone in the room. He quickly pulled his shirt back on, glaring at his unwanted guest. “What are you doing here?” he demanded, pushing his hair out of his eyes. He didn’t remember telling Jensen that he was allowed to just come over any time he wanted. If it were up to Jared, Jensen wouldn’t be here at all; ever.

“Don’t cover up on my account,” Jensen smiled, pushing away from the window where he had been leaning. He moved closer to Jared and gave a small shrug when the younger male asked what he was doing here, eyes raking over Jared’s form. “You weren’t supposed to leave while I was out,” he chastised, having been under the impression Jared would stay there until he got back so he could answer any questions the younger male might have had.

Slowly, Jensen reached out and cupped Jared’s cheek, fingers playing in the soft strands of Jared’s hair that he could reach. “Are you all right?” he asked, knowing that the last time Jared had been awake, he’d been pretty shaken up. And the kid had every right to be; after all, he had been getting raped and if it hadn’t been for Jensen coming to his rescue, Matt would have succeeding in getting what he’d wanted from Jared.

When Jensen cupped his cheek, Jared pushed his hand away, brows knitting in confusion. “Don’t touch me,” he mumbled, taking a step back so Jensen couldn’t reach him anymore. He wasn’t sure
what this vampire was playing at, but he wasn’t about to fall victim to Jensen’s charms. Some people may have fallen for his tricks, but Jared wasn’t just anyone; he knew everything there was to know about vampires and he wasn’t about to let Jensen manipulate him into trusting him so he could stab him in the back later. “I’m fine. Why do you care?”

It was so easy to forget that Jared was a ruthless vampire slayer who hated his guts when he looked into those sweet innocent eyes of his. But Jensen knew that he was going to have to remember sooner or later because he didn’t want to hurt the younger male if Jared decided to get a little feisty and attack him for touching. “I care because I need you around in order to save my ass,” Jensen lied, knowing that he couldn’t tell Jared the truth; couldn’t tell Jared his true feelings. “As long as the master vampires are after you, they’re not bothering me. Which is why I’m trying to help you kill them.”

A small frown came to Jared’s face when Jensen explained his reasoning behind helping him, the younger male having figured it had something to do with Jensen saving his own skin. “Well fine,” he muttered, giving a roll of his eyes as he took a step towards the bathroom. “I have to get ready for work, so you can show yourself out, right?” The guy had no trouble showing himself in, so Jared didn’t think the opposite would be too hard for him.

Jensen decided that he wasn’t ready to leave while Jared was in the shower, the vampire listening to the younger male singing softly as he cleaned himself. He would have given anything to be in that shower with Jared, feeling the younger male’s skin beneath his as he ran his soapy hands over his body; one day he was going to make that a reality. But for now, he was just going to fantasize about it.

Suddenly, there was a knock at the door, Jensen’s head snapping towards the large wooden barrier between Jared’s room and the hallway. He knew who was on the other side, able to smell Mitch’s familiar scent the second he knocked. Angrily, he pushed himself off the bed and pulled his shirt off, unbuttoning and unzipping his jeans before he yanked the door open. “Can I help you?” he asked, glaring at the older male.

As soon as the door opened, Mitch’s eyes widened, having figured that Jared was alone in the room since he saw him go up without Jensen and no one had come in through the front door since then. “I’m here to see Jared,” Mitch answered, his voice shaking slightly. “His rent is way past due and I can’t give him any more of an extension.” Actually, the real reason he had come up here was to make Jared come to his senses and finally realize that just giving Mitch what he wanted was the best option for him and it would make his rent disappear until next month; but Jensen was here and he didn’t want to make Jared’s boyfriend mad after that last threat.

The landlord was easy to read as far as Jensen was concerned, seeing right through Mitch’s little lie about his reason for coming here. Reaching into his back pocket, Jensen pulled his wallet out, flipping it open before he flicked his credit card out of its slot. “Do you take MasterCard?” he asked, grinning at Mitch when the older male took the card from him. “I’ll be down to pick that up on my way out,” Jensen assured the landlord before he closed the door in his face and flopped down onto the bed, waiting for Jared to get out of the shower. He made sure to fasten his pants up and pull his shirt back on before Jared came out because of what had happened to the younger male last night; he didn’t want Jared to think that he was trying to force him into anything, after all.

“Your landlord’s probably one of the creepiest people I’ve ever had the displeasure of meeting,” Jensen muttered when he saw Jared come into the room, eyebrows rising as he checked out Jared’s delicious body. He looked really good with beads of water dripping off his sun-kissed skin; Jensen kind of wanted to lick the water droplets off Jared’s body. And he didn’t even like water most of the time.
Jared jumped when he heard Jensen speaking to him, grabbing the front of his towel before he turned and looked at the vampire. “What the hell are you still doing here?!” he demanded, frowning deeply at Jensen. “I thought I told you to leave!” He didn’t know what was so hard to understand about him not wanting Jensen around; it wasn’t like he hadn’t been completely clear about it, after all. At least he thought he had been pretty clear when he told Jensen to let himself out before he’d climbed into the shower. “Have you been here the whole time?!”

Nodding, Jensen pushed himself off the bed, keeping his distance from Jared because he knew if he walked over there right now he wouldn’t be able to keep himself from touching among other things. “I chose not to listen,” he answered simply, giving the younger male a small shrug. “Now, are you coming with me to patrol or not?” As far as he was concerned, they had a date with a cemetery and a couple of vampires he knew were going to be there tonight.

Quickly pulling on a shirt, Jared answered, “I’m not.” He then stepped past Jensen and dug through his drawer for a pair of boxers, pulling them on under the towel before tossing the towel into the hamper beside his closet door. “I have to go to work; some of us actually have to work to make a living, Jensen.” Jared had a feeling Jensen never had to work a single day in his life; well, unless you counted killing the rich and stealing their money work, which Jared didn’t.

Although he wanted to tell Jared to just skip work and come with him anyway, he knew that the younger male would never go for it so he saved his breath. “Fine,” he muttered, giving a small roll of his eyes. “When are you done?” He had a feeling it would be some ungodly hour, but he didn’t mind much. After all, Jensen was a vampire and he didn’t have to sleep, so it wasn’t like he had any plans later.

Now it was Jared’s turn to roll his eyes, pulling on his jeans before he plopped down on the bed and started getting his shoes on. “My shift ends at three, but I’ll probably be talking to Jeffrey and the gang, so I wouldn’t bank on me being out of there until four thirty at the earliest.” Of course, he knew that it was probably going to be later, but Jensen could wait for him if he was that eager to get patrolling. If it were up to Jared after all, he wouldn’t be invited, though he knew that if he told Jensen not to come, the vampire would probably come just to annoy him.

He barely managed to hold back the groan that wanted to escape him when Jared told him that he wouldn’t be out until four thirty at the earliest. Jensen didn’t want to wait that long; hell, all of the vampires would probably be gone by that time. “Can’t you skip talking to your friends? I mean, three o’clock is pushing it, but by four thirty, the vampires are all going to be gone for sure,” he complained, knowing that if Jared wasn’t going to work with him, there was no way they were going to succeed.

In all honesty, Jared was only going to stay longer because he thought Jensen wouldn’t have waited that long. But by the way Jensen was talking, Jared knew he wasn’t going to just skip out on this unfortunately. “Fine, I can be out of there by three o’clock, but no earlier than that,” he grumbled, not exactly happy about this new arrangement. Most of the time, Jared worked alone and if he had wanted a partner, he’d have taken Chad up on his offer to buff up and become part of Jared’s “slaying team” as he had called it. Jensen sure as hell wouldn’t have been his first pick that was for sure. Actually, Jared was pretty certain that he wouldn’t have had Jensen on his list of people to slay with period.

Once all of that was settled, Jensen stood, heading towards the door and pulling it open. “Great,” he smiled, knowing that this was all pissing Jared off and kind of enjoying it. “I’ll be there at two fifteen to have a drink and then we can go from there.” Before he gave Jared a chance to argue, Jensen was out the door, heading down the stairs and getting his card back from Mitch on the way out. He hoped that the older male would finally leave Jared alone after this, but he wasn’t going to bet on it. After
all, he knew people like Mitch and they couldn’t help themselves. It was like something inside them made them keep going back for more even when they knew there was no chance of it ever happening. Jensen was sure that it was an actual disease and there should have been medication for it, but he wasn’t a doctor, so no one listened to him when it came to medical advice.

After giving Jensen a few minutes to get completely out of the building, Jared grabbed his wallet, his keys, and his cell phone before he headed out the door, knowing that he was going to be early for work, but also knowing that the gang would probably be at the bar so he could hang out with them for a while. However, on the way there, something hit him; last night, Sandy’s cousin had tried to rape him and Jared hadn’t gotten a chance to explain it to Sandy. Now, Matt had probably given her a different story and there was a chance one of his best friends was mad at him right now. The thought of that happening made Jared sick to his stomach, even more so than the actual near rape had, the young male slowing his steps slightly as he entertained the idea of actually turning around and not leaving for work until he absolutely had to.

But he decided against it, forcing his legs to keep moving in the direction of the bar. He hadn’t done anything wrong, after all and if Sandy chose to believe her cousin over him then that just showed him where her loyalties lay. Of course, he would be devastated if he lost her as a friend, but somehow he would manage to get over it; he hoped, at least.

Sighing, he pulled the bar doors open and walked inside, biting into his lip when he saw the table where his friends were sitting; he knew they were going to have a lot of questions for him, and he just hoped that he didn’t have to get into a lot of details about everything. After all, Jared had been drugged and the only thing he really remembered about the incident was Matt nearly choking him with his dick, so he wasn’t going to be very helpful with the details. Then again, he was pretty sure they wouldn’t want to know everything that happened; just the main things and Jared remembered that.

Moments after he walked in, Chad and Sophia were motioning him over to the table, Jared giving a strained smile and a small nod to let his friends know that he was on his way. His feet felt like they were being pulled down by weights as he made his way over to the table, giving another strained smile as he took a seat by Chad and Sophia, figuring that it was safer over here just in case Sandy was mad at him. “Hey guys,” he greeted. “What’s up?”

“Hey guys, what’s up,” Sandy mocked, rolling her eyes as she turned her attention to Jared with a glare. “What the hell is wrong with you?” she demanded, shaking her head slightly at the hurt she was feeling. When the party had ended, she’d found Matt passed out in her parents’ bedroom. And when she had asked him what happened, she’d found Matt passed out in her parents’ bedroom. And when she had asked him what happened, he’d told her that Jared completely freaked out on him and then had some other guy come into the room and double team him, which resulted in him passing out with a black eye and a split lip. “Why would you have someone attack my cousin like that?!”

Quickly, Jared shook his head, frowning in confusion. “What are you talking about?” he asked, having known this was coming, but he hadn’t really been prepared for it. “I didn’t have anyone attack your cousin! He attacked me, Sandy!” Seeing that his friend was confused, Jared explained, “Matt and I were talking on the couch and we had a few drinks; the next thing I remember, I’m stumbling up the stairs and falling into a bed and then Matt’s there taking off my pants! I didn’t touch him, I swear!”

Sandy knew that her cousin had a tendency to lie, but she never thought he would lie to her. Then again, Jared had never lied to anyone that she was aware of and she hadn’t seen him leave the party, either. “But…” she mumbled, shaking her head. “He told me that you asked him up to the bedroom with you and then when you kissed, you had some guy with light brown hair, freckles and bright green eyes come in and beat him up.” Again, she shook her head, a tear rolling down her cheek as
she realized how ridiculous that sounded; Jared didn’t even know anyone with freckles! “Oh my
God Jared, I’m so sorry; this is all my fault! Did he…I mean…did he hurt you?!"

When Sandy asked if Matt had hurt him, Jared quickly shook his head once again. “No, he didn’t.
He tried, but something must have happened; he didn’t touch me,” Jared lied. After all, Sandy was
already broken up enough; she didn’t need to know that he’d given Jared a blow job and then forced
Jared to give him oral pleasure. None of his friends needed to know that as far as he was concerned.
“And it’s not your fault, Sandy. I should have been more careful about what I was drinking.”

Shaking her head, Sandy mumbled, “It’s not your fault, either.” Biting into her lip, she grabbed her
purse and scooted out of the booth she was sitting in. “I have to go home and get him out of my
house now,” she explained. “I’ll be back before your shift ends so we can hang out after you’re done
working.” With that, Sandy was gone, leaving the bar with Misha quick on her heels since he had
the car tonight.

Now Jared felt like a real asshole, sighing as he climbed out of the seat he was in and moved to the
other side to give Sophia and Chad more room though they didn’t take it, preferring to sit close
together, apparently. He didn’t want to talk about what had just taken place, and Chad got the
message, which Jared was thankful for. They sat in silence for a good five minutes before Jared
stood, explaining that it was time for him to clock in as he headed to the bar.

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The night had been slow, so Samantha let Jared leave a little early, the young slayer moving to sit
with his friends in their booth as he waited for Jensen to text him that he was ready to leave. Jensen
had been in here earlier as he’d said he was going to be, drinking a whiskey and babbling to Jared
about meeting at his place the next time they needed to talk because he didn’t like Jared’s apartment.
Of course, Jared had told him that there was always the option of leaving him alone, but Jensen
didn’t seem to like that plan.

A few hours before Jared’s shift ended, Sandy had called and explained that she wouldn’t be back
for the night, choosing to just sit at home with Misha and take comfort in her boyfriend after what
had happened with Matt and Jared. Apparently, Matt hadn’t taken the news that Sandy was aware
he’d lied well and there had been a huge fight between the two of them and now Matt had disowned
Sandy as a member of his family. Although Matt was a douchebag, Sandy still loved him and it hurt
that he would do something like that.

At two fifty five, Jensen finally text Jared to let him know he was waiting outside, Jared bidding
Chad, Sophia, Samantha and Jeffrey a good night before he headed out, frowning when he saw the
car in the parking lot. “Are we driving there?” he asked, having figured they’d be walking to the
cemetery Jensen had referred to earlier. Being in a car with Jensen wasn’t something he wanted to
do, after all.

“It’s kinda far away,” Jensen explained, hitting the roof of his car excitedly. “Get in!” He climbed
into the driver’s side moments before Jared climbed into the passenger seat, Jensen smiling at the
younger male before he peeled out of the lot and headed towards the cemetery. Jensen hadn’t been
lying when he said it was far away, having to drive into the next town before he finally made it there.
Once he was there, he cut the engine, smiling when he realized that Jared had dozed off in the seat
next to him. It was clear that Jared was dreaming and Jensen kind of didn’t want to wake him for that
reason, but they had work to do, so he shook the younger male’s shoulder. “Jared, we’re here,” he
explained when Jared blinked his eyes open to look at him before he climbed out of the car and
headed towards the gates, knowing Jared would follow him.

Sure enough, Jared followed, frowning the whole way since Jensen seemed to find it necessary to
bump shoulders with him the whole time they were walking. It was bad enough that in the car, Jared had been dreaming about having Jensen naked and rutting against him while Jared was pressed up against a wall also naked, but now Jensen was touching him and making the images flash in his mind even while he was awake. In all honesty, it was slightly disorienting and Jared kind of just wanted to go home because of it.

But they were already here and any chance Jared had to kill a vampire and save an innocent life, he was going to take it. “So, how do you know there are going to be vampires here?” Jared asked, not really trusting that Jensen wasn’t bringing him out here to kill him himself. Before Jensen could answer however, Jared was grabbed from behind, the vampire lifting him off his feet and tossing him in the opposite direction, Jared hitting the ground hard and rolling into a nearby headstone, the young slayer giving a small groan of pain.

He wasted no time getting up, noticing that Jensen was now battling with his own vampire as the one who attacked him began to approach once more. Jared threw a few punches but the vampire evaded them easily, lashing out and punching Jared in the gut. Before Jared could regain his balance, the vampire grabbed him by the back of the neck and threw him into a headstone, Jared’s weight causing it to crumble as he rolled over it, landing on the ground behind it and coughing slightly. The dream he had of Jensen in the car really had him jangled and it was screwing with his slaying, which he was not happy about.

Again, Jared tried to push himself up, but the vampire was faster than him, straddling him and pinning his arms to the ground on each side of his head. Pain flared through his wrist when the vampire touched him, leading Jared to believe that when he tried to catch himself after his fall, he might have fractured his wrist. The vampire let out a rough snarl before it leaned down, fangs bared and ready to bite Jared; he thought that he was surely a goner.

Suddenly, the vampire was pulled off him and blood splattered onto his jacket and jeans, Jared frowning at the mess of his clothes before he looked up at Jensen who was frowning down at him. “Not a word,” he warned, using his good hand to push himself off the ground, shoving Jensen away from him when he tried to help. “Don’t touch me!”

Any other time, Jensen probably would have listened to Jared’s warnings, but not this time. He could tell that Jared had been hurt and he was going to take care of him even if he had to do it while the slayer was kicking and screaming like a child having a tantrum. “You’re hurt you fucking moron!” Jensen snapped, grabbing Jared’s forearm and pulling it towards him as he gently touched Jared’s wrist, feeling for any breaks or cracks in the bones. He frowned when Jared hissed in pain at the light contact of his fingers, not feeling any cracks in the bones, but there was slight swelling. “You just sprained it,” he explained, licking his lips as he gently released Jared. “Let me help you.”

Although he wanted nothing to do with Jensen and the vampire was lucky Jared was even working with him now, Jared knew that if he sprained his wrist, it was either deal with the pain later when it got too bad to ignore and possibly be forced to go to a hospital or let Jensen help him; and since he hated hospitals more than he hated Jensen, he gave a small nod, letting the vampire know that he would let him help. “Fine,” he mumbled, allowing Jensen to lead him to the car and open the door for him.

With Jensen driving like a maniac, it took about half the time to get back as it took to get there, Jared frowning when Jensen came around and pulled his door open again so he could get out. “You know, I’m not an invalid,” Jared complained, climbing out of the car, cradling his bad wrist. “I still have another hand and I don’t need you to open doors and stuff for me. So just stop.”
Now, it was Jensen’s turn to frown, shaking his head as he closed the door behind Jared. “I thought you were going to shut up and let me take care of you,” he muttered, leading Jared to the mansion’s front entrance and showing him to his bedroom where he planned on taking care of his sprained wrist. Once he had Jared on the bed, he headed into the adjoining master bathroom and grabbed a few supplies, walking back out with an ACE bandage and a few aspirin to take the edge off the pain.

While Jensen was grabbing the supplies he would need, Jared looked around the room, feeling a deep sense of familiarity here. Suddenly, it hit him; Sandy had mentioned that Matt explained his “attacker” as someone with light brown hair, freckles and bright green eyes. Those were all characteristics Jensen possessed, which meant Jensen had to have been in that room the night before. Maybe he had been how Jared got out and that was why he didn’t remember leaving.

When Jensen came back into the room and tossed the ACE bandage he had in his hands on the bed, Jared frowned at him, watching as the vampire poured a glass of water and held it out to Jared along with a couple of aspirin. “Last night,” Jared started, ignoring the fact that Jensen was trying to give him pain pills, “you were there.”

Slowly, Jensen took a seat, giving a small nod to let Jared know he was right. He had hoped that Jared wouldn’t remember since he had been a little out of it the night before, but apparently he wasn’t that lucky. “Yeah, I was there,” he answered, placing the pills and the water on the nightstand beside the bed; he had a feeling this was going to spark a conversation and he wasn’t going to hold that shit the entire time.

Jared gave a small nod when Jensen confirmed his suspicions, biting into his bottom lip gently. “Tell me what happened.” If Jensen was there, then he probably knew everything that had gone on, which meant he could fill in the blanks in Jared’s head; all he wanted was to be able to confirm that Matt hadn’t gotten any further than forcing him to give a blow job and Jensen could confirm that he was hoping. “Please?”
The only reason Jensen started telling Jared what he knew was because the younger male had said please; if he hadn’t asked nicely, almost desperately, Jensen probably would have told him to forget about it, nothing had happened. And it wasn’t a total lie; nothing really happened once he got there other than a few shoves and a rescue mission. “I don’t know what happened before I got there,” he started, giving his head a small shake. “But when I saw what he was doing to you, forcing you to give him a blow job, I shoved him into a wall and made sure you were all right. You were disoriented from the drugs he gave you, but other than that, you seemed fine. So, I helped you get your pants and shoes back on and I jumped out the window with you in my arms and brought you back to my place to sleep it off.”

As Jensen explained what happened, Jared nod, biting into his bottom lip when he realized Jensen wasn’t going to be able to tell him if Matt had raped him because he hadn’t gotten there in time. He didn’t think that Matt had gotten that far, so he was going to leave it at that. “Why didn’t you just take me home?” he asked, eyes ticking up to meet Jensen’s. “I mean, weren’t you worried that bringing me to a mansion full of vampires would result in some of their deaths?”

“I know my clan can take care of themselves,” Jensen assured Jared with a nod. And his clan was under strict instructions not to engage the slayer, so he wasn’t really worried about that at the time. “And I wasn’t taking you back to your sleazy little apartment where your pervert landlord could finish off the job that Matt started while you were passed out.” He couldn’t believe Jared would think he’d do something like that. Jensen was a vampire, sure but he wasn’t a monster. “Now give me your arm.”

Although he hadn’t gotten all of the answers he’d wanted, Jared decided to let the matter drop, giving a small sigh as he held his arm out to Jensen. He winced slightly when the vampire touched him, the sprain worse than any other sprain he’d ever had before; he was blaming it on the drugs still being in his system, but he was pretty sure the real reason was the dreams he was continually having about himself and Jensen. When Jensen offered him the pain killers and water again, Jared took it, downing the water in one swig to wash the pills down his gullet.

He gave a small nod when Jensen asked if he was all right, biting into his bottom lip as Jensen finished wrapping his wrist. It felt a little better now that he couldn’t move it the wrong way and although he wasn’t about to admit it, he was grateful for the help. When he went back to his friends, Jared knew that he was going to have some explaining to do, so he figured he might as well try to think up some lame excuse as to why that vampire had gotten ahold of him and almost got the best of him; the only problem was, his mind was a blank right now because flashes of all of those damn dreams were flitting through his mind right now.

It didn’t take a genius to realize that Jared was staring at his lips, Jensen smirking slightly as he simply held Jared’s wrist gently. “You know, you can kiss me if you want to,” Jensen whispered, keeping Jared close when the younger male seemed to snap out of his dazed state and look at him with a small frown. He knew that Jared was going to deny it, but Jensen could see the want in his eyes. Slowly, he cupped Jared’s cheek with the hand that wasn’t holding the younger male’s wrist, leaning in slightly so that he was mere inches away from Jared’s lips, leaving the option open for Jared to close the gap. “I can see you looking at me with that…want in your eyes. Just do it.”

Using his good hand, Jared quickly shoved Jensen away from him, shaking his head. “I don’t know what you’re talking about,” he denied, moving to the side of the bed before he stood, grabbing his jacket from the chair Jensen had tossed it over and gently pulling it on. He knew that he had been
staring, but he didn’t think he had want in his eyes; Jensen was making things up and Jared wasn’t going to fall victim to his trap. It was all because of the dreams anyway, which Jared was still convinced Jensen had something to do with; maybe he shouldn’t have taken those pills now that he was thinking about it. Sure, they looked like mere aspirin, but they could have been something else for all Jared knew.

When Jared pushed him away and denied everything, Jensen shouldn’t have been surprised; after all, Jared was still on the kick that he hated Jensen, so admitting that there was want in his eyes would have been too much to ask. But he wasn’t ready to let this go so quickly. Before Jared could leave the room, Jensen came up behind him, slamming his hand against the door beside Jared’s head, forcing it closed so Jared couldn’t get out. “Admit it,” he whispered, face pressed close against Jared’s so he could speak low in the younger male’s ear. “You try to hide it, but deep down, you’re just begging for me to make the next move.”

Jared’s breathing picked up a bit when Jensen ordered him to admit his feelings. He didn’t have feelings per se for Jensen, but there was definitely an attraction there; though Jared was blaming that on his strange and unwanted dreams. “You’re wrong,” he argued, pushing Jensen’s hand off the door and yanking it open, heading out of the room and the mansion before Jensen could try anything else tonight. Jared was tired and he didn’t want to deal with this shit.

As soon as Jared got home, he was met with a receipt being shoved into his face. “Tell your boyfriend he left this here earlier in case he wants it,” Mitch ordered, obviously not pleased by the fact that Jared’s rent was now paid; and he wasn’t the only one. Generally, Mitch got what he wanted, but Jared was a hard nut to crack, which was really getting to Mitch. “And if he’s going to keep coming here and giving me those threatening looks, I’m going to have to insist that he doesn’t come back.”

A small frown came to Jared’s face when Mitch told him that Jensen wasn’t going to be allowed back because of the looks he was giving him. “Yeah, I’ll tell him,” Jared muttered, not really caring what the older male was telling him. Suddenly, Jared’s phone rang, causing the younger male to jump slightly before he pulled it out of his pocket. “I have to take this,” he explained, holding up his phone. “Nice talking to you.”

With that, Jared was gone, answering his phone on the way up the stairs. “Dad, what’s wrong?” Jared asked, knowing that his father only called when there was something wrong. “Did something happen?” He frowned softly when the older male explained that he wanted to see him, wondering what this could possibly be about. His frown only deepened when his father explained that nothing had happened and he just wanted to see him, Jared getting very confused now. “Well…I’m just about to get some sleep, but if you want me to come over later, I can. Just tell me what time.” There was a pause as he listened to his father. “All right, I’ll see you at five.”

Gerald snorted out a laugh when Jared explained that a vampire had gotten the best of him. Sure, Jared had tried to explain to him that he was the slayer before, but he hadn’t really bought it back then and he sure as hell wasn’t going to start believing it now. “So, you’re still into that whole slaying thing, huh?” he asked, rolling his eyes. There was no such thing as vampires and his son needed to be locked up in a loony bin in his opinion.

The laughter that came from his father cut Jared like a knife, the younger male squirming in his seat like he was a child about to get scolded for doing something wrong. “Yeah Dad,” he muttered, giving his head a small shake. “It’s not something you can actually get rid of. I mean, it’s a calling; I’m the only one who can do it.” He knew that his father wasn’t exactly a believer, but that didn’t mean he had to laugh about it.
Shaking his head, Gerald mumbled, “You need to get some professional help, son. I think you’re nuts.” He took another swig of his beer before he continued, “There is no such thing as vampires, Jared! And it’s time you start acting like a man and stop playing these childish games!” Moving towards the fridge, Gerald plucked a number off the fridge, tossing it towards Jared. “Here’s the number of a friend of mine who can help you get over these delusions. And he can also help you get over that other problem you have; you’re going.”

A small frown came to Jared’s face when his father told him that he was going to get professional help. He didn’t need professional help because he wasn’t crazy; he was actually the slayer, and even if his father didn’t believe him, that didn’t make it untrue. “What other problem?” Jared asked, slowly moving to stand. “You mean being gay?” When his father merely grunted in answer, Jared scoffed, shaking his head once more. “I can’t believe you. I’m not sick and I don’t need help! Being gay isn’t something you can cure, Dad! It’s who I am! Same with being the slayer. And if you can’t accept that, then I guess you can’t be part of my life anymore. Not that you were even ever a part of it!”

Tears slipped down his cheeks as he ran out the door, ignoring his father calling after him; he couldn’t be there anymore. Some part of him wanted to believe that it was just the booze talking and that his father would be better once he was sober; but he knew it was a lie. Jared ran until he reached his apartment building, sliding down the wall and sinking to the steps as he sobbed softly. Something about this argument seemed different; like his father was actually out of his life forever. And even if the man was a major creep, he was still Jared’s father, the only family he had left, so it hurt like hell to lose him.

Suddenly, Jensen was standing beside him, the vampire merely looking down at him with those damn sympathetic eyes Jared hated and loved at the same time. “What do you want now?” Jared asked, trying his best to hide the fact that he had been crying. Of course, it must not have worked very well because Jensen was now sitting beside him, his hand hovering inches away from Jared as though he was going to touch him. “Don’t,” Jared warned, fresh tears welling up behind his eyes as he thought of what his father said about his sexuality being a sickness that he thought he could cure. That had hurt so much more than his denying that his son was a slayer.

If it hadn’t been for the new tears in Jared’s eyes, Jensen would have left without a word; but he could tell that Jared was upset and he wanted to help make it better. He ignored Jared’s warning not to touch him, gently wrapping his arm around Jared’s shoulders and pulling the younger male in against his chest, his free hand slowly carding through Jared’s hair. Much to his surprise, Jared didn’t fight him on it, merely turned his head and allowed Jensen to hold him while he cried on his shoulder. It was a huge breakthrough with Jared and Jensen hoped that it would break the ice between them a little bit and it would happen more often.

After several minutes of Jensen merely holding Jared as he cried, the younger male slowly pulled away, licking his lips as he stared at the vampire holding him. Jensen had been right earlier; Jared really did want to kiss him, even if he didn’t want to admit it to himself. Right now though, Jared wasn’t thinking as Jensen leaned in and pressed his lips to Jared’s, fingers tangling in the younger male’s hair as he ran his tongue along the seam of Jared’s lips, begging for entrance. Jared parted his lips on a moan, tongue tangling with Jensen’s own as he gripped the back of Jensen’s shirt, pulling the older male closer to him as he allowed Jensen to ravage his mouth.

When Jensen moaned softly, Jared’s eyes snapped open and he realized what he was doing. No, he couldn’t let this happen. Quickly, he pushed Jensen away from him, giving his head a small shake as he stood. “I can’t—I can’t do this,” he muttered, turning and heading into the building, ignoring Mitch as he ran past him and up the stairs. Once he reached his room, Jared slammed the door closed and headed into the bathroom, quickly stripping out of his clothes and jumping in the shower, trying to forget everything about what had just happened between him and Jensen.
Jensen was a vampire and Jared knew what he had just done was wrong. Thinking back on it now, Jared felt sick that he would let his guard down like he had; Jensen killed people, dammit! And it was Jared’s job to make sure he didn’t get the best of any of the victims he had sworn to protect. If he got involved with the vampire, Jared had a feeling that he would forget that Jensen was a killer and that could be detrimental to him.

Once he was out of the shower, Jared quickly got dressed before he headed out the door and walked to the bar. After all, he had a shift to work and just because he was a little disoriented and upset didn’t mean he could just skip out on his job. He had a feeling Samantha wouldn’t like that too much and he didn’t want to upset one of the only people he really cared about. Besides, if he threw himself into work, Jared was sure that he’d forget all about the events of this day; for a little while, at least.

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His theory had been correct; he hadn’t thought about anything that happened that day the entire time he was at work. However, as soon as he clocked out and bid his friends a good night, everything came back to him, the young male feeling a sense of loathing and worthlessness wash over him as he entered his apartment building. It didn’t take long for him to realize that he wasn’t alone when he walked into his room, Jared quickly flicking on the lights to see who his guest was.

A deep frown marred his features when Jared realized that his father was sitting on his bed, the younger male having thought that he had been pretty clear earlier about not wanting anything to do with the man from now on; apparently, Gerald didn’t get the message “Get out,” Jared ordered, tossing his keys and cell phone on the nightstand so he wouldn’t have to look at his father. He didn’t think he could stomach the sight of the man right now.

Before Jared knew what was happening, he was on the ground, pain flaring through his right cheek. He could hear his father screaming something, but he wasn’t really paying attention, still a little dazed after the backhand he had received. He didn’t have a chance to recover before a foot connected with his gut, Jared quickly curling into a ball and using his hands to protect his head. His father had abused him enough times for Jared to know that the only thing to do when it happened was stay down and outlast the blows.

He heard Gerald screaming at him that he was an ungrateful little shit, a worthless waste of space, a faggot; each word cut like a knife and hurt much more than any of the blows his father had been landing, though he wasn’t sure why. Gerald abused Jared and it was clear that he didn’t care about his well-being, though Jared still loved him and couldn’t help but want to please him. Then again, after the outburst this afternoon and now this, Jared was starting to rethink his love for the man. He could have easily overpowered Gerald every time his father got this, but Jared just couldn’t fathom the idea of hurting his father. The man had raised him and even if his life hadn’t been all that great after his mother’s death, Gerald was still his father!

All of a sudden, the blows stopped, Jared hearing a snarling moments before a crash and a grunt. As quickly as he possibly could with the new aches and pains in his body, Jared pushed himself up off the floor, looking towards the wall where he heard the crash, eyes widening at the sight he was met with. “Jensen, no!” Jared screamed, limping over to the vampire and grabbing his bicep. “Stop it; let him go!” If he hadn’t been worried that sudden movement would have cause Jensen to snap his father’s neck, Jared would have forced Jensen to move, but he didn’t want to risk it.

With one final snarl, Jensen released Gerald, shoving him back against the wall for good measure before he ordered, “Get out of here.” He waited until Gerald scampered away, the other male nearly pissing his pants as he ran out the door and down the stairs before he turned to Jared, fangs retracting. “What are you doing?” he asked, clearly upset that Jared hadn’t been even trying to
defend himself.

“I live here,” Jared answered, not understanding the meaning of Jensen’s question. “What are you doing?!?” He was really getting tired of Jensen showing up and hurting people around him; especially people he semi-cared about. After all, if Jensen ever showed up around his friends and tried to hurt one of them, Jared wasn’t going to let him off so easily. Since this was just his father and Jared was grateful for the beating to have been cut short, he was going to settle for just yelling at Jensen right now.

Rolling his eyes, Jensen elaborated, “I mean what are you doing not defending yourself! You’re the slayer! Why didn’t you fight back?!” He wasn’t sure why, but seeing Jared on the ground doing nothing to the man who was hitting him really pissed Jensen off. Jared had the skill and the power to fight back, yet he had just lain there curled up in a ball like he was some kind of scared little child who was taking a beating.

A small frown came to Jared’s lips when Jensen explained what he had been asking, Jared licking his lips as he slowly shook his head. He’d asked himself that same question on many occasions and he’d always had the same answer. “He’s my father,” Jared explained lamely, hurt eyes ticking up to Jensen’s own angry ones before he turned away and gingerly sat on the bed, not really in the mood to deal with all of this right now. “What are you doing here, anyway?”

It hurt Jensen to see Jared so upset, the older male slowly moving to the bed and kneeling in front of the slayer. Slowly, Jensen reached out and cupped Jared’s cheek, frowning softly at the split lip and the bruise that was forming on the opposite cheek. “I came to check on you; make sure you were all right,” he answered, thumb slowly tracing over Jared’s bottom lip. “The master vampires are in town and they were at the bar when I got there looking for you. Sophia told me that you went home already, so I came over here looking for you.” Seeing the fear in Jared’s eyes, Jensen quickly added, “Don’t worry, they didn’t hurt anyone; they only stopped in and asked about you before they left. But I don’t know if they’re going to follow your scent back here, so I wanted to check and make sure you were all right.”

As much as he hated everything about Jensen, he had to admit that his hand on his cheek and his thumb tracing his lips felt really good, Jared remembering how great Jensen’s lips had felt against his earlier that day. The images from his previous dreams began flashing through his head again moments before Jared gripped the front of Jensen’s shirt with his good hand and pulled the vampire closer to him, lips crushing against Jensen’s, Jared ignoring the pain from his split lip.

When Jared kissed him, desperate and hungry, Jensen moaned, for a moment just sitting there to see if Jared was going to pull away like the last time. Realizing that this was really happening and Jared wasn’t moving, Jensen allowed the hand on the younger male’s cheek to slide back and fist in Jared’s hair, Jensen kissing Jared back, giving it as good as he got. As the kiss continued, Jensen slowly pushed himself off the ground, pushing Jared back against the bed as he pressed one knee on the bed beside Jared’s opposite thigh, straddling the younger male before he allowed his lips to slide down to Jared’s throat, knowing the slayer needed to breathe even if Jensen didn’t.

Soft gasps and panted breaths escaped Jared as Jensen worked his neck with his lips and teeth. He knew that he probably should have been shoving Jensen away right about now, but he just didn’t have the energy; and he kind of didn’t want to push him away, either. His hand gripped Jensen’s shirt, hips bucking up against the vampire’s own as Jared felt his cock hardening in his jeans. It was wrong and he knew it, but right now, he wasn’t caring about that as Jensen lapped at the bite mark he had given him a few nights earlier.

Another gasp escaped Jared as Jensen ripped his shirt down the middle, pushing the tattered shreds
of fabric aside as he sucked Jared’s pebbled nipple between his lips, gently nipping it before flattening his tongue over it to ease the sting of his teeth. He absolutely loved how responsive the slayer was being and that Jared wasn’t pushing him away. Jensen had thought for sure that by now Jared would have come to his senses and pushed him away. But until that happened, Jensen was going to make the best of the time he had.

His lips slowly moved down Jared’s body, tongue circling Jared’s navel before dipping inside, nipping the edges of Jared’s belly button playfully as his fingers worked open Jared’s jeans. When he felt the younger male tense however, Jensen stopped, slowly crawling up Jared’s body and kissing his lips once more, moving one leg so that it was pressed between Jared’s. “What’s the matter baby?” he asked, not even realizing that he’d called Jared baby until it was too late.

“Stop,” Jared muttered, giving his head a small shake as he pushed Jensen back enough so that he could sit up without butting heads with the older male. He needed a few minutes to think and Jensen kissing and touching all over him wasn’t allowing him those minutes. If he went through with this, there was no going back; he would have to live with the knowledge that he had allowed Jensen to have sex with him. But his dreams were still flashing through his head and Jared was pretty sure that this was just something he was going to have to try in order to make that stop.

Slowly, Jared turned at the waist, reaching into the nightstand drawer and pulling out a small tube of lubricant, biting into his lip as he handed it to Jensen, noticing the vampire had a mixture of shock, confusion and pleasure on his face. “I’ve never…um, I’ve never done this before,” Jared admitted nervously, refusing to meet Jensen’s eyes as he pushed the rest of his shirt off before his hands moved to the hem of Jensen’s T-shirt, once again ignoring the pain in his left wrist as he pushed the vampire’s shirt up and off his body.

It was kind of a shock to him that at the age of twenty two, someone as attractive as Jared had never had sex before. Of course, he supposed that just made it better for him since he was Jared’s first and the slayer had nothing to compare it to. Not that Jensen thought he was bad in the sack, but with Jared he wanted everything to be perfect and knowing that this was Jared’s first time kind of took some of that pressure off him. “Don’t worry,” Jensen whispered, leaning in and pressing his lips to Jared’s. “I’ll be gentle with you.”

As Jensen started to push Jared back down onto his back, Jared shook his head again, refusing to lie back. “W-Wait,” he mumbled, hand sliding down Jensen’s bare chest to the waistband of his jeans. “I want these off first.” It was awkward sitting in the room half naked with Jensen here still in his jeans. After all, Jared didn’t want to be the first to reveal himself to the vampire. The sooner Jensen had them off the better as far as Jared was concerned. He was grateful when Jensen moved to help him with the fastenings, the pain in his wrist making it hard to do much of anything.

Once Jensen’s’ jeans were off, Jared allowed the older male to push him back down on the bed, eyes closing as Jensen used his lips and teeth to work Jared’s neck and chest once more. Jensen slowly sliding down lower until he reached his destination, all but ripping Jared’s pants off so he could see the younger male in all his glory. A small smile came to Jensen’s face as Jared spread his legs a little wider as his hands fisted in the sheets when Jensen nuzzled against his manhood, another low moan escaping Jared as Jensen’s nose moved through the soft curls between Jared’s legs, hot breaths softly panting out against Jared’s sensitive cock.

A small smile came to Jensen’s lips as he placed both hands on Jared's hips then, holding him down so he wouldn't buck up as he sucked the tip of Jared's leaking dick into his mouth, moaning in the back of his throat, letting Jared feel the vibration. It had been a long time since he'd done this, and he was a little out of practice, which was leading to slight apprehension. Nevertheless, he slid lower on Jared's cock, relaxing his throat as he allowed Jared to bottom out against the back of his throat.
"Oh God, Jen," Jared gasped, one hand releasing the sheets beneath him and carding through Jensen's hair, tugging lightly on the soft golden brown strands. He attempted to lift his hips, but Jensen was still holding him down, causing Jared to whimper softly before curling the hand in Jensen's hair into a tight fist, needing to take his mind off the need to move his hips.

Jensen slid his mouth up Jared's cock, flicking his tongue along the underside as he continued to moan around Jared, one hand moving to jack the lower part of Jared's cock that wasn't in his mouth anymore. His head began to bob then, moving up and down on Jared's hard shaft, hand chasing after his mouth. Meanwhile, his free hand moved to palm his own hard cock, more moans vibrating along Jared's dick.

This was just too much. He didn't think he could take it anymore. His hand in Jensen's hair tightened as he arched his back, head rolling on the pillow as he moaned and gasped, panting breaths through parted lips, chest rising and falling with each one. "Please," he begged, desperately bucking his hips and driving his cock deeper into Jensen's warm, wet mouth. Chad had told him that sex felt great, but he'd never said it felt this good.

Slowly, Jensen pulled back, letting Jared's spit-slick cock slip from between his lips as he looked up at his lover. "Please what Jared?" he asked, his hand still tugging relentlessly on the younger male's hard member. He had no problem giving Jared what he wanted, but he was going to make the slayer beg for it first; after all, he didn’t think Jared shared the same feelings he had for him which meant this was probably just sex to take his mind off of everything happening in his life right now. Of course, Jensen was fine with that because it meant that he was getting what he wanted and he really didn’t have to work too hard for it.

Licking his lips, Jared shook his head, not knowing what he wanted exactly. After all, he was pretty new at this. "I-I don’t know," Jared admitted, giving his head another small shake. "I just…oh God please…” He had no idea how to word his needs so he hoped that was enough for Jensen, knowing that if the vampire didn’t do something soon, Jared was going to kick him out and he would finish off by himself.

A small smile came to Jensen's face when Jared begged him for something he wasn’t even sure how to word. Luckily for Jared, Jensen knew exactly what he wanted and he was going to give it to him. Nodding, he crawled back up Jared's body, kissing and nipping all the same areas he had done on his way down, once again paying special attention to Jared's navel and each of his nipples. Once he reached the younger male's mouth, he kissed him firmly, wedging himself between Jared's legs comfortably. Again, he dipped his head, kissing Jared's lips hungrily, tongue delving into the younger male's mouth, mapping out the wet cavern. As he kissed Jared, he popped the cap on the lube, spreading some of the gel onto his fingers before he shoved lightly at Jared's thigh, getting him to spread his legs further apart. "You ready?" he asked, biting his lip as he looked into Jared's warm, champagne hazel orbs.

When Jensen asked if he was ready, Jared quickly nodded, licking his lips once more, kind of liking that he could still taste Jensen there. As odd as it might have been, Jared was kind of getting used to the idea of Jensen being around and liked it, much to his surprise. Something was playing with his head, he was sure; but right now he was just focusing on Jensen and how damn good this felt.

Jensen bit his lip to stifle the loud moan that wanted to break from him when Jared's inner muscles clenched and squeezed his finger tightly. "Ungh...God," he breathed, his free hand moving to stroke Jared's cock once more. Feeling that Jared was starting to adjust, Jensen began to move his finger, slowly sliding it almost all the way out of Jared before pushing back in, a little deeper with each thrust. Soon, he added a second finger, making scissoring movements inside Jared's tight entrance to loosen him up for his cock. He made sure to angle his fingers so that when he thrust in he would be
brushing against Jared's prostate, wanting to get Jared worked up even more so than he was right now.

At first when Jensen's finger slid into his body, Jared hissed in a breath, eyes squeezed tightly closed as he adjusted to the burn of having Jensen's finger inside him. Thankfully, Jensen gave him ample amount of time to adjust, and even after beginning to move, he treated him as though he were glass, making sure to be very careful. When his lover's fingers slid across his prostate, he gasped, moaning in pleasure as his back arched, trying to get closer to Jensen.

Finally, Jensen slid in a third finger, continuing to move the digits in and out of Jared's tight ass for another few minutes before pulling away, grabbing the lube again and squirting another generous dollop into his palm. He then grabbed the base of his cock, stroking himself from root to tip, spreading the lube liberally all over his length. Slowly, he then slid his cock into Jared's stretched hole, pushing in inch by inch until he was sheathed balls deep inside Jared, pausing to allow the younger male time to adjust. Seeing that Jared looked like he was in pain, Jensen frowned in concern. "You okay?"

As Jensen pushed into him, Jared gasped, hissing in another breath at the stretch and burn of Jensen's cock being thrust into him. His fingers gripped at Jensen's shoulders, blunt nails digging into Jensen's flesh leaving little crescent moon shapes in their wake. His eyes slowly slid open when he heard Jensen speaking, nodding slightly. "M'okay," he assured him, nodding once more just to let him know he wasn't lying.

After a few more minutes of just staying still, Jared experimentally moved his hips, moaning softly when the action caused Jensen's cock to brush against that sweet bundle of nerves inside him. "You can move now," he instructed, nodding. "C'mon Jen, move."

Jensen didn't need to be told he could move twice, pulling his hips back only to thrust into Jared once more, a low moan slipping past his parted lips. One hand moved to press palm-flat against the mattress beside Jared's head while his other hand continued to work Jared's hard as steel cock, thumb ghosting over the tip, smearing the leaking pre-cum there and using it as lube to help the slide of his hand.

Low moans and groans spilled from Jared as he arched his back, hips thrusting as he pushed his ass back against his lover's cock buried deep inside him and then into Jensen's fist, sliding against his achingly hard dick. His legs wrapped tightly around Jensen's waist, feet pressing against the firm globes of his ass, making sure he wasn't going anywhere.

"Oh God baby, you're so tight," Jensen groaned, dipping his head before trailing hot, open mouthed kisses along Jared's long neck, causing Jared to arch his neck back, giving Jensen more access as he moaned and panted.

The attention Jensen was lavishing on his neck was enough to make him cum right there, but Jared held off, wanting to last at least as long as Jensen. Sandy had once told him that she had the most pleasure during sex when she and Misha came at the same time – which was much more information than he had wanted at the time – but he was going to test that theory. As Jensen continued to tug ruthlessly at his cock, Jared's head rolled back and forth on the pillows, hips thrusting desperately as he tried to push Jensen impossibly deeper into his body, heat spiraling through him to pool low in his groin.

Seeing Jared like this had Jensen nearly cumming prematurely. He was so fucking hot with his face flushed as his lips parted as his breaths panted out, muscular chest rising and falling with each breath. And the way he had his legs wrapped around him was so damn good. He could feel his own orgasm nearing, causing his thrusts to become faster, more urgent, erratic.
He couldn't take it anymore. Each thrust the vampire made caused his cock to jab against Jared's prostate, his dick begging for release. "J-Jensen, m'gonna cum," Jared warned, back arching off the mattress as he continued to push back against Jensen's cock. "Cum with me, Jen! Oh God!" His balls drew up tight against his body, muscles tensing, nipples hardening to tight buds before the first ribbon of spunk shot from his cock, wetting Jensen's hand.

As Jared came, his inner muscles squeezed Jensen's cock, bringing Jensen over the edge, Jared's name tearing from his throat. His hand on Jared's cock never let up as he worked Jared through his orgasm, his erratic thrusts slowing before finally coming to a stop, Jensen collapsing on top of Jared, breaths still panting out, hot breaths fanning over Jared's neck and shoulder briefly before he rolled off him, just his arm remaining as he tugged Jared’s limp body closer to him.

A small smile came to Jared’s face as he felt Jensen’s lips on his neck again, the younger male slowly rolling so that he was on his side facing Jensen. “Mmm…” he moaned softly, hand moving to cup Jensen’s cheek, thumb brushing against Jensen’s plush bottom lip. “What did you do to me over these past few days to make me allow that?” he asked, not really expecting an answer, though he got one anyway.

“I’m just awesome like that,” Jensen smirked, leaning in and pressing his lips to Jared’s in a hungry kiss. After all, he didn’t know how long he had until Jared kicked him out, so he had to steal all the kisses and touches he could manage right now. “Was good, right?” he asked, biting into his bottom lip. “Like…good enough that you might want to do it again?”

Jared shook his head at Jensen’s question, eyes closing as he snuggled up closer to Jensen’s body. “Not right now; m’tired,” he mumbled. “When I wake up we might have a repeat performance if you’re lucky.” With that, Jared was sleeping, his breaths evening out as he scooted closer still to Jensen.

Needless to say, Jensen had a wide smile on his face as he merely held Jared while watching him sleep. Being in the same bed with the younger male as he watched him sleep was so much better than being on the other side of the room and Jensen silently prayed to whoever was listening that this wasn’t just a one-time thing.
A noise from outside Jared’s apartment had Jensen snapping his head towards the door, brows knitting with curiosity as the sound rang through the room once more. It didn’t wake Jared so it wasn’t too loud, but with Jensen’s powerful hearing, it was easy for him to pick up. Slowly, careful not to wake Jared, Jensen slipped out of the bed, pulling on his jeans and T-shirt before he opened the door, cautiously moving into the hallway, closing Jared’s apartment door behind him in case whatever was out here was after Jared; the door would make it easier for Jensen to protect his sleeping lover.

Something whipped quickly past him, Jensen’s head snapping in that direction before turning the opposite direction as the thing whipped by him once more. He wasn’t sure what he was dealing with right now, but he stood stock still, readying himself for an attack. Sure enough, the thing whipped past him again, Jensen quickly reaching out and grabbing it only to have his attack countered and his face and chest slammed into the door behind him as he was shoved around, a petite, warm body pressing against him as cool breath fanned over the back of his neck and his ear.

“You silly boy,” a woman whispered in his ear, tongue snaking out to run along the shell of Jensen’s ear. “Did you really think you could stop me?” A devilish smirk came to her lips as she whipped Jensen around to face her, knee shoving between the vampire’s legs as her hands trailed down his muscled chest to the waistband of his jeans, stopping just before she reached his dick. “You know better than that, Jensen.”

Anger rose inside him as he was manhandled, Jensen growling low in his throat as a warning for the woman to let him go. “Genevieve,” he greeted softly, giving her a cocky grin. “I didn’t know it was bitch week in town; I would have gotten you some flowers or something had I known you were coming to celebrate.” Genevieve and Jensen went way back; as far back as Jensen could remember almost since she had been the one to sire him. Of course, their friendship had gone south when Jensen refused to allow Genevieve to tie him down by forcing him into becoming her mate and the woman had gone completely crazy; when she tried to burn him alive, Jensen finally got away from her, knowing that the next time she pulled a stunt like that, there was a chance he wouldn’t have made it out. “Get off me.”

Genevieve smiled coldly when Jensen spoke, shaking her head slightly. “Still the same old Jensen I’ve been so very fond of for the past five hundred years,” she smiled. Leaning in, it seemed as though she were going to kiss him though she stopped inches away from his lips before she whispered, “You reek of the slayer.” Slowly, she pulled back, smiling manipulatively at Jensen. “Where is he, Jenny?”

The fact that Genevieve was here for Jared only caused Jensen to get angrier, the younger vampire giving his head a small shake. “I don’t keep tabs on him Genevieve,” Jensen lied. “I was with him earlier and that’s all I know.” Frowning, he shoved her hands off him before he asked, “Why do you care where he is anyway? I thought you were done with humans; and going after a slayer? Not your smartest move, Genevieve. I mean, you might have been around for a while, but you should leave the vampire slayer killing to the professionals.” The last time he had checked, Genevieve had been afraid of slayers anyway, so he knew there had to be an underlying agenda here that she wasn’t telling him about.

Although she didn’t like the fact that she was getting lip from one of her own, Genevieve had to pride Jensen on his courage, even if she didn’t say anything out loud. The man had a pair, which was probably what she loved the most about him. “Well, I’m not looking to kill the slayer, Jensen,” she
assured him with a small shake of her head. “I’m here because I’m trying to find him for a couple friends of mine. You probably know them; Frederic and Mark. The master vampires looking to kill the slayer. Well, they said that I could play with him for a little while before they torture and kill him, so I was just here to collect. And then I smelled you around here so I figured I’d play with you a little while.”

Slowly, a frown came to her lips as she looked around the place, shaking her head. “I thought you were living large in a mansion somewhere downtown,” she muttered. “What the hell are you doing here in this dump?” Her eyes widened slightly as she realized the answer to her question, another smirk forming on her lips. “Oh my God, this is where he lives isn’t it?” she asked, chuckling softly. “Jensen, are you getting it on with the slayer? Wow, I mean, I always knew you were a fucked up vampire, but this?! This takes the cake.”

Again, Genevieve shook her head. “Now I know why you don’t kill humans. You hunt them sure, but you never kill them. Well, not unless they’re hunting you and won’t listen to reason; like those slayers before this one. You take on feeders so you can survive, but God forbid you’d actually hurt one of them.” Her head tossed back as she laughed once more, Genevieve getting a real kick out of this new information. “You live for the hunt Jen, but never for the kill because you actually love humans. You’re sick.”

He never admitted it to himself, but Jensen really did love humans. There were rules in his clan about killing humans and if they weren’t followed by all of the members, the person who broke the rule was sentenced to death, which Jensen carried out himself; he didn’t stand for disobedience and he sure as hell didn’t tolerate killing innocent, unsuspecting humans for sport. Under extreme circumstances, he cut the vampire who broke the rule a break, but it was very rare that ever happened and there had to be one hell of a good reason for it.

When Genevieve tried to move past him and get into Jared’s room, Jensen growled, grabbing her wrist and yanking her away from the door. “You’re not going in there,” he assured her, fangs extending as he braced himself for a fight. He thought for sure Genevieve was going to attack, however she merely turned around and walked down the stairs; Jensen wasn’t sure what that was about, but he knew that it couldn’t be good. Quickly, Jensen turned towards the door and opened it, slamming and locking it behind him, which caused Jared to jerk awake, the sleepy slayer looking around the room in confusion as his brain slowly woke up.

The first thing he realized was that he was naked, Jared quickly grabbing the blankets and pulling them snugly around his middle, licking his lips as he looked up at Jensen who was moving around the room distractedly picking up Jared’s clothes. “What are you doing here?” Jared asked, eyes widening slightly when the memory of what he and Jensen had done not twelve hours ago sank in.

Jensen didn’t even realize that Jared was only just now remembering what they had done, too worried about his encounter with Genevieve to really be thinking about much of anything else. “We need to get out of here,” he explained distractedly, grabbing a bag out of Jared’s closet before tossing clothes into it, grabbing anything that Jared might need while he was away. “It’s not safe here; they know where you are now and I can’t protect you here.”

“In case you forgot, I’m the slayer,” Jared reminded, throwing his legs over the edge of the bed and grabbing a pair of clean boxers out of the bag Jensen was haphazardly throwing his clothes into. “I can take care of myself. I don’t need you here; I don’t need anyone here taking care of me.” He was really getting tired of people thinking that he needed to be protected.

Under different circumstances, Jensen probably wouldn’t have gotten so pissed when Jared protested, the vampire quickly turning and grabbing Jared’s upper arms, shaking the younger male as
he yelled, “This is bigger and stronger than you are Jared! You can’t protect yourself here and I can’t be here to do it for you twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. It’s only a matter of time before they come here for you and we need to be out of here before that happens!”

With that, Jensen slammed Jared’s bag closed, releasing Jared so he could zip it up. “Get dressed; we’re leaving,” he ordered, watching as Jared plopped down on the bed and angrily pulled on a pair of sweat pants because they were the only pants Jensen hadn’t tossed into the bag he was holding. He then grabbed a hoodie and pulled it on, standing and waiting for Jensen to lead the way to wherever they were going.

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Once they were in the mansion, Jensen slammed and locked the door, calling out for Jim as he grabbed Jared’s wrist and started dragging him towards his room. He wasn’t about to let Katie see him here; he didn’t need that headache right now. It was bad enough he had to worry about keeping Jared safe from the master vampires; he didn’t need to keep him safe from his clan too. Unfortunately, as Jim came out of his chambers, so did Katie, her eyes widening when she saw Jared.

Angrily, Katie shoved past Jim, walking straight up to Jensen as she demanded, “What the hell is he doing here Jensen? I thought you said we were all supposed to stay away from him and you’re bringing him here?! Are you trying to get us all killed?!” She was still pissed off about Josh, even if she and Alona were starting to become more than friends now. Josh had been her boyfriend and she loved him until Jared took him away from her; that wasn’t just something you forgot about.

Shaking his head, Jensen growled as he shoved Jared in the direction of his room, knowing that the younger male knew where to go because they’d discussed this on the way over. “I don’t have time for this, Katie. Jared’s staying here and that’s final; if you don’t like it, then you can take it up with the rest of the clan and try to overrule me. But trust me when I tell you, this is not the time to challenge me, little girl.” He saw the fire in Katie’s eyes die down a bit before he turned his attention to Jim, ignoring Katie as she stormed off in the direction of her own room. “They’re here; they found Jared and I don’t know how much time we have before they find him again. Tell me how to stop them; I need to be strong enough to stop them. Help me?”

It wasn’t hard to see the desperation in his leader’s eyes, Jim knowing that the look must have meant Jared was very special to Jensen. Although Jim had never experienced true love for himself, he had seen a few other vampires in love, Chris and Steve being only one example as well as Tom and Mike, so he knew what this was. “I know how the two of you can become strong enough to fight them,” Jim assured Jensen. “Though I’m not sure you’re both going to like it very much at first.”

“Tell me,” Jensen demanded desperately, knowing they didn’t have much time. “I need to be able to stop this; I have to protect him.” He knew it wasn’t going to be easy, but he had to do it, even if it meant giving up his own life to save Jared’s. Jensen would have gladly died if it meant Jared would live to see another day. He frowned softly when Jim told him to follow him, doing as he was told out of sheer curiosity.

Jim led him into his room where he had a slew of books tossed about the room as though he had been researching something. He motioned for Jensen to take a seat before he grabbed one of the open books and brought it over to the older male. “It’s all in here,” he explained, pointing to a particular paragraph in the text. “Basically, it’s a bonding ceremony; you and Jared must bond, mind, body, and souls if you wish for this thing to work. It won’t be easy, but it will make the two of you strong when you’re around each other because of the need to protect each other.” Biting into his bottom lip, Jim explained, “There is one catch though. In order for this to work, both parties must
want it, which means that Jared has to love you and you him in order for this to be successful.”

When Jensen turned his attention away from the book and up to Jim, the vampire asked, “Do you love him, Jensen?” He was pretty sure he knew the answer, but he wanted to be one hundred percent sure, not ninety. After all, Jensen and Jared’s lives hung in the balance here and if it didn’t work, then it was very likely they were all doomed.

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A wide smile came to Fredric’s lips when Genevieve told him that she had found the slayer; and the fact that he was with Jensen only made his job so much easier. Jensen had been a thorn in his and Mark’s side since the day he rebelled against Genevieve and decided to go live his own life. Of course, at first things had been fine, Jensen having been at the bottom of the food chain and about as low as a piece of dirt on the bottom of Frederic’s shoe; however, when he climbed up the social ladder and became a clan leader, that’s when the problem’s had started. And each time they tried to locate Jensen and take care of him, the little sneak would already be relocated.

He wasn’t sure why Jensen had stayed up until now; clearly the slayer held a huge impact over what Jensen was doing and it was the perfect in for him and Mark. To get to Jensen, all they had to do was threaten the slayer. And he would be willing to bet it worked both ways, Frederic looked over at Mark as another smile curled his lips upwards. “Good work Genevieve,” he smiled. “You may go; we can handle it from here.”

She frowned when she was told they could handle it, wondering just who they thought they were dealing with. “What?” she asked, her eyes narrowing slightly as she gave her head a small shake. “Oh no, I’m not that easy to get rid of. I found him and you said I could play with him before you killed him. That’s the only reason I agreed to help you and I’m not leaving until I get what I want!” Jared was hot and Genevieve just wanted a few hours alone with the boy to give him the ride of his life before he died. “I guess you’re stuck with me until this is over,” she explained, placing her hands on her hips in a triumphant manner.

Her victory was short live however when out of nowhere, one of Frederic and Mark’s servants came up and swung a blade, ruthlessly taking off Genevieve’s head for her back talking before walking away, another servant coming to clean up the mess. Frederic and Mark seemed unfazed by the beheading, the two vampires merely taking another sip from their blood-filled wine glasses to celebrate their own victory; by this time tomorrow, they planned on having one dead slayer and one dead Aurelius clan leader.

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Jared frowned as he heard the door opening, head snapping up to look at the new arrival, body relaxing once more when he realized that it was only Jensen. He hadn’t really wanted to ward off any of the other vampires in the mansion since they clearly had some kind of grudge against him; at least the blonde one who had met them at the door seemed to, anyway. His frown only deepened when he realized that Jensen seemed upset about something, the younger male wondering what that man at the door, Jim, he believed Jensen had called him, said to Jensen to make him angry. “What’s wrong?” Jared asked, figuring that if he wanted to know, he was going to have to ask himself since Jensen seemed to be keeping quiet.

The look on Jensen’s face matched Jared’s for the most part, a deep frown marring his features as he thought about what Jim had said. In order for this bonding thing to work, Jared had to be in love with Jensen and he just wasn’t sure that the slayer was. He knew that he loved Jared, but that wasn’t enough; the feeling had to be shared, which was where he was hitting the snag. When Jared asked him what was wrong, Jensen bit into his bottom lip before he moved to where Jared was sitting,
leaning over the younger male moments before his lips crushed against Jared’s, one hand moving to fist in the silky strands of his slayer’s hair.

A soft, shocked moan escaped Jared when Jensen kissed him, the young slayer not really sure what he wanted to do with this. On one hand, it felt really good to kiss Jensen again; however, on the other hand, Jared kept reminding himself that it was wrong because Jensen was a vampire and Jared was a slayer. Even if they wanted this to work out, it never could. They were from completely different worlds and Jared just didn’t have it in him to hope for the best; not after everything that had gone wrong in his life so far.

Slowly, Jared pulled back, licking his lips as he asked, “What are you doing?” His breaths were panting out and his cheeks were slightly red, his cock stirring in the sweat pants he was wearing from just that one little kiss. But he knew that if he was aware of Jensen’s agenda, everything would be put into perspective and he could think again; at least that’s what he hoped, anyway. Because right now everything was a jumbled mess inside his head and he didn’t like it at all.

If it had been up to Jensen, he would have just continued to kiss Jared and never stopped; but it clearly wasn’t up to him and now he was pegged with the question of what the hell he was doing just barging in here and kissing Jared. Of course, the younger male hadn’t pushed him away very quickly and he’d kissed back, so that was progress at least as far as Jensen was concerned; maybe there was hope for them after all. “Do you love me?” Jensen asked, figuring that it was best to just blurt it out instead of beating around the bush; they were on a tight schedule, after all.

“What?” Jared asked, taken back by the blurted out question. He wasn’t really sure he heard Jensen right at first, but when Jensen repeated the question, jade orbs boring into Jared’s own hazels, the young slayer was at a loss for words. Jared wasn’t really sure how he felt about Jensen, but he did know that he didn’t hate him; not anymore, at least. That had to count for something, right? “I don’t-I don’t know,” he admitted, giving his head a small shake, feeling heat rush to cheeks.

That hadn’t really been the answer he was looking for, Jensen’s heart sinking a little in his chest before he pushed down the unwanted emotions threatening to escape him. Now wasn’t the time for him to fall apart. At least Jared hadn’t blurted out “no” as soon as the question passed Jensen’s lips; again, Jensen was taking that as progress. “How can you not know?” Jensen asked, slowly leaning in again and pressing a kiss to Jared’s lips, keeping it short and sweet this time. “I mean, you either love someone or you don’t; there’s no in between.” At least not in Jensen’s world, there wasn’t. “So, do you love me; yes or no?”

Another small frown came to Jared’s lips when Jensen told him there was no in between, not agreeing with the older male. Clearly Jensen didn’t have many friends because Jared loved his friends, but it wasn’t the same kind of love Jensen was asking for; he wasn’t in love with his friends. Thinking back to the night before when he’d let his walls down and let Jensen in, Jared realized that there was no way he could have, no way he would have ever done something like that unless there was something there between him and his partner. He bit into his bottom lip gently before he gave a small nod, looking up at the vampire he never thought he’d grow to even like, let alone love.

His hand slowly moved to cup Jensen’s cheek as Jared leaned in and pressed his lips to Jensen’s, initiating the kiss for the second time in less than two days. When he felt Jensen’s tongue sliding along his lower lip, Jared parted his lips, allowing Jensen the access he was searching for, the vampire’s tongue tangling with Jared’s own as Jensen pushed Jared further back on the bed so he could climb onto the mattress with him.

By the time they broke the kiss, Jared was panting out his breaths, his cock tenting his sweat pants to show just how aroused Jensen was making him with all of this kissing. “Was that a yes?” Jensen
asked, giving Jared a small smile when the younger male nodded, leaning in to steal another kiss. “Good,” Jensen mumbled, hand sliding into Jared’s hair, allowing his nails to gently rake over Jared’s scalp. “Jim told me a way to make us stronger; so we can beat these vampires before they have a chance to hurt anyone.”

Jared nodded in answer to let Jensen know he was listening, his eyes slowly closing as Jensen raked his nails over his scalp. It felt a little like he was being pet, but it felt really good, much to Jared’s surprise. However, when Jensen took his hand off him, Jared’s eyes snapped open, frowning as he watched Jensen bite into his own arm. “What do you want me to do with that?” Jared asked when Jensen extended his arm towards him.

“You have to ingest my blood,” Jensen explained, licking his lips. “I’ve already drank from you, so we’re already half done.” He found it slightly odd that they had been half bonded before they ever met and Jensen hadn’t even known it. When he heard Jared start to ask if it would turn him, Jensen shook his head. “No,” he interrupted. “The only way for you to become one of us is if you were close to death and I gave you my blood so you wouldn’t die. You’re fine right now, so this won’t do much other than make you stronger.”

Although he was hesitant to drink from Jensen, Jared trusted the older male to know what he was talking about. Slowly, he licked his own lips before he brought Jensen’s arm to his mouth, lips closing around the wound as he pressed the flat of his tongue to Jensen’s bleeding wound, moaning softly at the taste of his vampire. The blood wasn’t all that great, but the taste underneath the blood, Jensen’s skin, was pretty damn amazing.

He drank until he thought he was going to throw up from the thick blood resting in the back of his throat, Jared pushing Jensen’s arm away as he coughed, working hard to keep the blood in his stomach. When he felt Jensen’s hand on his back, it felt like a fire was igniting between them, and judging by the look on Jensen’s face, he felt it too. Jared hungrily leaned in and captured Jensen’s lips then, pushing the vampire down against the mattress as he straddled his hips, hands sliding under Jensen’s T-shirt as his tongue pressed between Jensen’s lips, seeking Jensen’s own tongue.

It took everything he had in him for Jared to pull away from Jensen, knowing that they had work to do and this wasn’t going to get them anywhere. “We should…go find my friends,” Jared suggested. “They can help us figure out some plan of action here with the vampires. Especially Jeffrey; he’s good with that kind of stuff.” With one last kiss, Jared pushed himself off Jensen and the bed, moving to his bag and grabbing a pair of jeans to change into. He could feel Jensen’s eyes on him as he changed and he kind of liked it, turning his head and giving Jensen a small smile as he fastened his pants. “C’mon, they’re probably at the bar by now.”

As soon as he left the room, Jared ran into Chad, his eyes widening slightly as his friend turned to face him. “Chad, what are you doing here?” Jared asked, only now realizing that his hoodie was askew because of the kissing and touching Jensen had been doing earlier, Jared quickly moving to right his clothes. He frowned when Chad completely ignored him and moved past him to Jensen, wondering what the hell Chad would want with Jensen.

Pointing at the vampire in front of him, Chad explained, “I was just coming to find you, Mr. Ackles. I was wondering if you minded that I date Sophia. She said that you were a little picky about vampire and human relationships, so I’m here to tell you that I’m in love with her and would really appreciate it if you would consider letting her see me.” Finally, Chad took a deep breath, biting into his bottom lip as he waited for Jensen’s reply. Sophia had warned him that Jensen could be a brute sometimes, especially when he was in a bad mood and Chad found himself praying to whoever was listening that he’d caught Jensen on a good day.
When Chad asked him if he could date Sophia, Jensen gave a small smirk, knowing that Sophia had only made Chad ask to see if he would really do it. That meant that she obviously cared about the boy, so Jensen was perfectly fine with them being an item; after all, he was dating the slayer, so he really couldn’t judge the men Sophia wanted to date. “I don’t care what you do,” Jensen assured him with a small shake of his head. “But I’m warning you now, if she gets hurt because of you, I’ll kill you.”

A small, scared chuckle escaped Chad as he gave a small nod to let Jensen know that he understood what he was saying. A few days ago, Sophia had revealed that she was a vampire because their relationship had been getting more serious and she didn’t want to lie to him anymore; of course, he was fine with it. After all, how many people could say they were dating a hot vampire?! He was about to high tail it back to Sophia, but he realized that Jared was here, frowning at his best friend before he asked, “What are you doing here?” In his haste to speak with Jensen, Chad hadn’t even noticed that Jared was here before now, running through scenarios as to why Jared, the vampire slayer, would be in a mansion full of vampires. He couldn’t think of anything that didn’t require a weapon, which Jared didn’t have, so he waited for an answer, frown still firmly planted on his lips.

Now, it was Jared’s turn to frown, rolling his eyes at Chad’s lack of observation. “I’m here with Jensen,” he explained, knowing that he would have to tell them sometime that he and Jensen were an item; and Chad was with Sophia, who was apparently a vampire, so he figured Chad would understand better than anyone else. “We were just about to head over to the bar to talk about an upcoming threat. Did you and Sophia want to meet us there?”

Quickly, Chad nodded, always in the mood to talk with Jared about vampire slaying. “Yeah, let me just go grab her and we’ll meet you guys there. I’ll call Sandy and Misha and you can call Jeffrey; Samantha’s probably already there, so we’ll just call her over to the table when we get there.” Smiling giddily, Chad ran off in the direction of Sophia’s room, eager to get her and get moving. After all, things had been kind of quiet around here and even if he couldn’t do much to help, Chad still loved a good fight. He chose to live vicariously through Jared.

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Once they had everyone at the bar, Samantha making up some lame excuse about a health inspector who was supposed to be showing up so that she could close the bar early, Jared started to explain about the master vampires and what their agenda was as far as he knew. He could tell that Jeffrey didn’t like the idea of them going after these vampires, but he also knew there was nothing else they could do at this point, so he didn’t voice his opinions. “I was thinking we could have your clan help us out,” Jared explained, turning his attention to Jensen, who merely nodded in answer.

“I just have one question,” Sandy piped in, turning her attention to Jensen. “When is this battle going to happen?” The more she knew about it, the better she could prepare for it. And then there was Misha; he couldn’t go out for the next three nights because of the full moon, which meant they were going to be one player down in this fight.

Slowly, Jensen shook his head. “I don’t know exactly,” he admitted. “I would guess within the next few days, but that might be pushing it.” Biting into his bottom lip, Jensen added, “For all I know, they could attack within the next few minutes. Jim would probably be more helpful in this area than I am.” Quickly, he pulled out his cell phone, texting Christian and telling him that he needed to get everyone over to the bar so they could deliberate.

Sandy quickly mimicked Jensen’s actions, mumbling, “No, that’s not going to work. Misha…he’ll be locked up in Jeffrey’s basement for the next three nights because of the full moon.” She wasn’t about to battle without her boyfriend. Everything that they’d helped Jared with for the past few
months, they’d done together and this just wasn’t going to work if she couldn’t have Misha with her.

A small chuckle escaped Jensen when Sandy told him that wasn’t going to work, the older male shaking his head as he explained, “I don’t think they care about when your boyfriend is locked in a cage to be honest with you.” They didn’t care about anything unless it got them what they wanted faster, Jensen was sure. And Misha being out of commission would only make things easier for them, so there was no way they were going to wait. As soon as they found Jared, they were going to take the first chance they had to attack and Jensen needed to be ready for it.

Before Jensen and Sandy could get into an argument, Jared interrupted, “We’ll figure out a way to make it work, Sandy.” He wasn’t sure how, but he would figure something out. After all, having Misha would have been a huge advantage to them, but if they had to keep him locked up, there was really nothing they could do about it. After all, it wasn’t like they could just let him loose so he could run off and kill people. Misha would hate himself in the morning if that happened and Jared didn’t want his friend to suffer like that.

The rest of the clan as well as Misha showed up a few minutes later and quick introductions were given before everyone was put to work. Chad, Sophia, Katie, Alona, Mike and Tom were all put on weapons detail, in charge of making sure they had enough firepower for when the fight came. Sandy and Misha were sent on a mission to get as much dead man’s blood as they possibly could so the stakes could be dipped into it while everyone else was engrossed in research. Samantha made sure to keep everyone hydrated, glad that vampires seemed to enjoy liquor as much as humans did since she was fresh out of blood to serve them.

After a few hours, Jensen walked over to the table where Jared was sitting, leaning over the younger male and pushing the book away from him. “You look tense,” Jensen whispered in Jared’s ear, lips gently pressing against the side of Jared’s head before Jensen pulled back, hands slowly moving to massage Jared’s shoulders and upper back. He smiled when Jared moaned softly, relaxing under his fingers. “Feels good, doesn’t it?” he asked, eyes ticking up to the clock hanging on the wall, a small frown coming to his lips when he realized that Jared had been awake for nearly thirty six hours.

Again, he leaned down, this time wrapping his arms around Jared’s waist. “C’mon, you need to sleep,” he mumbled, pulling the chair out so Jared could get out of the chair. He could see that Jared was making no move to get up, frowning once more at the younger male. “You’re no good to them if you’re tired; it’ll only make you weak and off your game.” Grabbing Jared’s hands, Jensen tugged him out of his chair, noticing how tired his lover looked. “Just a few hours; I’ll be there the whole time and my clan will be out here with them so nothing bad happens. Please baby? For me?”

He was beginning to understand why he hadn’t wanted to be around Jensen earlier, Jared not liking the way he was pouting and the fact that Jared couldn’t resist him when he did it. “Fine,” Jared mumbled, giving his head a small shake. “There’s a mattress in the back that Samantha sometimes lets me sleep on; we can go back there for a few hours. But I don’t want to sleep long Jensen, I mean it.” When Jensen nodded to let Jared know he understood, the younger male allowed Jensen to pull him to the back, yelling out to his friends that he was going to catch a few hours of sleep. Jensen had a point after all; he was no good to his friends if he was tired and off his game.

As soon as Jensen had Jared on the mattress, he pushed him back so that he was lying down, moving to take Jared’s boots off before he unfastened the younger male’s jeans, tugging them off his body as well, shaking his head when Jared protested. “It’s uncomfortable as hell to sleep in jeans,” he explained, pushing Jared’s hands away from his as he took the fabric the rest of the way off Jared’s body and tossed them onto the floor beside the bed. “Now be quiet and go to sleep,” he ordered, pulling the blankets up over Jared’s lower body before he climbed into the bed behind him. His arm wrapped around Jared’s middle, tugging the younger male back against him before he pressed a light
kiss to the back of Jared’s neck. “G’night baby,” he muttered, smiling softly when he felt Jared’s breathing even out, indicating that he was asleep.

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A soft knock on the door alerted Frederic and Mark that it was time to get moving. “Come in,” Mark bellowed, frowning at the servant as he bowed before the two master vampires. He was pretty sure he would never tire of having people bow at his feet; it made him feel so important and…better than everyone else.

“Sir, it is seven o’clock,” the servant explained, biting into his bottom lip as he kept his head down. “The car is packed with the supplies you asked for and the vampires are ready when you are. Reliable sources confirm that the slayer and Jensen are both going to be at Ferris’ Pub and Grille researching for ways to overpower you both until midnight tomorrow.” He nodded when Mark thanked him for the information, slowly bowing once more. “Is there anything else I can get for you, sir?” Again, he nodded when Mark told him no before he retreated to the other room to fetch their coats.

Once the servant was gone, Mark turned his attention to Frederic, a wide smile on his face. “Are you ready to go?” he asked, his smile widening when Frederic nodded. “Just think, in a few hours, this town will no longer have a slayer or a vampire protecting its citizens. What a perfect place to start a new family. And we’ll start with the vampires of the Aurelius clan. Anyone who chooses to go against us will be killed, but those who choose to stand with us shall become part of our new order.”

Laughter filled the room as the servant entered and handed off their coats, Mark and Frederic snatching them up before ordering the servant to leave. Once their coats were on, they both headed out the door, each getting into their own car before they headed off in the direction of the bar they had been told about, both ready to bag themselves a slayer.
Jared moaned softly as he felt lips pressing against the back of his neck, the younger male smiling as he rolled over onto his opposite side. His eyes slowly blinked open and his smile widened when he saw Jensen smiling down at him. “Hi,” he greeted, his sleepy smile more of a goofy grin now as he leaned up and kissed Jensen’s lips. For a minute, he could forget that they were about to go to war with master vampires and he actually felt normal, not worrying that his boyfriend is a vampire and he’s the slayer. Right now, Jared’s a normal, twenty-two year old man waking up in his lover’s arms and kissing him good morning.

The smile on Jensen’s face matched Jared’s own smile as he mumbled, “Hi.” Jared was really cute when he was sleepy Jensen was beginning to see, which of course only made the younger male so much more attractive. “You ready to get up?” he asked, though he wished he didn’t have to. If it were up to him, he’d let Jared sleep for the next ten hours because the kid really looked like he needed it. But he hadn’t been out in the actual bar for the last four hours while Jared slept, so he wanted to get out there and see where they were with all of this master vampire business.

Although Jared could have slept for another day or so, he nodded, letting Jensen know he was ready to get up. “Yeah,” he mumbled, slowly pushing himself into a seated position. He really didn’t want to get up; didn’t want to leave the room where he could at least pretend that he wasn’t in the middle of the fight of his life. His eyes slowly moved to Jensen’s lips, Jared licking his own briefly before his eyes ticked back up to Jensen’s. “Kiss me,” he whispered, hand curling in Jensen’s T-shirt as he pulled the older male closer to him. He wasn’t sure if they were going to get to kiss again soon and Jared didn’t think he could last another moment without having those sinful lips on his own.

He didn’t have to be told twice, Jensen quickly closing the gap between himself and Jared before his lips crushed against his slayer’s, one hand fist in Jared’s hair while the other pressed against the mattress behind Jared, holding Jensen up so he didn’t fall onto his lover. When he pulled back, Jared was panting out his breaths, the younger male’s cheeks flushed red with arousal, which was evident through the thin cotton of Jared’s boxers.

Chuckling softly, Jensen shook his head, leaning over Jared’s lap so that his mouth was inches away from the younger male’s tented underwear. “Down boy,” Jensen ordered, pulling back to smile at Jared. “We have work to do; no time for that right now,” he continued, crawling closer to Jared with a small smirk on his lips. “But if you play your cards right baby, there might be time for that later.”

“Promise?” Jared asked, a lewd grin of his own coming to his lips before he shoved Jensen back slightly. “I need my pants.” When Jensen didn’t grab them for him, Jared frowned, moving to do it himself, though Jensen grabbed his hips and stopped him from moving and closer to his jeans before the older male shoved him back against the mattress. “What are you doing?” Jared asked, smiling up at Jensen and the obvious lust in the older male’s eyes.

He’d had every intention of leaving Jared hanging so that when he took care of him later it would be so much better, but Jensen just couldn’t take it. When Jared had leaned over him like that, Jensen had lost it and he needed to have his hands on Jared; needed to have his mouth on Jared. “I can’t resist you,” Jensen explained when Jared asked what he was doing. “We have a little bit of time before they start to wonder how long you’re going to sleep.” Gripping the waistband of Jared’s boxers, Jensen tugged them down, tossing them into the corner of the room before he gripped Jared’s engorged member, moaning softly when Jared made a soft pleased sound in the back of his throat. “Might as well make the best of it, baby.”

After a few moments, Jensen removed his hand from Jared’s dick, shushing his human when he
heard him whimper. His hands then slid around Jared's ass, sliding over the firm globes to his hips, tugging Jared closer to the edge of the bed so he could maneuver more comfortably in this position. After he had Jared where he wanted him, he allowed his hands to slide down the younger male's hips, caressing the smooth flesh of Jared's sides before he rested his hands once more on Jared's thighs. With one final smile shot towards Jared, Jensen dipped his head, sucking the head of Jared's cock into his mouth.

Feeling Jensen taking his penis into his mouth caused a loud moan to tear from Jared's throat, head dropping back as he squeezed his eyes closed in pleasure. God, it felt so good to have his vampire's mouth on him, sucking on him like he was a damn lollipop, or something. It was so much better than when Matt had been doing it, and this time when Jared's cock swelled even more, it was because he was actually enjoying himself.

"Oh, Jensen..." Jared gasped, one hand moving to fist in the too short strands of Jensen's hair. "So good, babe. Don't stop, Jen, please? More..." Gently, he pulled Jensen's head down, coaxing him to take more of his cock into his mouth, wanting to be surrounded by the moist heat that was slowly driving him crazy.

Moving his hand to grasp the base of Jared's shaft, Jensen began to stroke the lower part of Jared's cock, slowly doing as Jared was begging and taking in a few more inches of Jared's length. His head bobbed up and down gently, worried that Jared was going to lose it and just buck into his mouth and nearly choke him because he was so wired. Luckily, that hadn't happened yet, but there was always the possibility. Nevertheless, Jensen took more of Jared in, not stopping until he had all of Jared down, throat relaxing as he swallowed, allowing the younger male to feel his throat work against the head of his member.

As Jensen worked Jared, his cheeks hollowed out, sucking hard, wanting to give the younger male the best damn blow job of his life. Meanwhile, one hand moved to cup Jared's balls, gently squeezing them before he rolled them between his fingers, humming around Jared's length all the while.

"Yeah...God," Jared moaned, hips thrusting shallowly into Jensen's mouth, not wanting to hurt the other male. Then again, he was a vampire, so it wasn't like he had to breathe. Was it possible to choke someone who didn't breathe? Jared wasn't sure, and he really didn't want to find out at this particular moment. Right now, he just wanted to enjoy the fact that Jensen was blowing him, and it was so damn good.

Another moan tore from Jared's throat as he felt Jensen fondling his balls, Jared's breaths beginning to once again come out in slow, shallow pants. He had already been unbelievably worked up before Jensen started in on him, and now he was about ready to burst in an embarrassingly short amount of time. But his body felt like it hadn't been touched in weeks – although he had just been touched about twenty-four hours ago – so really could Jensen blame him?!

"Oh, Jen..." Jared warned, licking his suddenly too dry lips. "Jensen...babe...gonna cum!" Not two seconds after his warning, Jared's body nearly convulsed as the first ribbon of cum shot out of his cock, coating Jensen's throat. He continued to moan as Jensen worked him through his orgasm, squeezing his balls every now and then, lips closed tightly around the base of his cock.

Once Jared came down from his post-orgasmic high, Jensen wiped the little dribble of cum that had spilled from his lips off the corner of his mouth, watching lustfully as Jared fell back against the bed, completely sated. He then climbed into the bed with Jared, hands slowly sliding over Jared's sweat-slicked skin, insisting that he didn't need Jared to take care of him. That could be saved for later; if they survived the battle, anyway. Jensen was so scared Jared was going to get hurt, or worse and he
just couldn’t let that happen. There had to be something he could do to make sure his lover was safe, and Jensen was going to figure out what that something was before it was too late, of that he was sure.

A small smile came to Jared’s lips as Jensen caressed him, the younger male nearly falling asleep before he caught himself, giving a small groan of displeasure at the thought of moving. “Are you going to give me my pants now?” he finally asked, knowing that if he didn’t get up now, there was no way he was going to do it. He thanked Jensen when the older male retrieved his jeans for him, quickly pulling them on and adjusting himself so that the bulge wasn’t so obvious before he grabbed Jensen’s hand and pulled him with him out into the main part of the bar.

The sun was shining, which mean that he had at least slept for three hours, which he supposed was good enough. Half of the time, he only got about an hour and a half, so four hours was a large stretch from there. “What did I miss?” he asked Jeffrey, taking a seat beside his watcher as he gazed over at the book he was reading at the moment. It seemed that Jeffrey was focusing his attention on finding everything he could out about these vampires – Mark Pellegrino and Frederic Lehne, according to the names on the biographies Jeffrey was reading.

A slow shake of Jeffrey’s head let Jared know that he hadn’t missed much, the young slayer knowing enough about his watcher now that they didn’t even need words to communicate with each other. After all, Jeffrey was really busy right now and he didn’t want to ruin his concentration by starting a conversation with Jared about what they had discovered while he was sleeping. Not that they had really learned much, but they had learned that the two vampires were step-brothers and had been together for as far back as the history books went. That had created a bond so strong between the two of them that they were linked to one another permanently; so if one was wounded or killed, the other would feel the same pain his step-brother had felt.

Maybe that was the link; as Master vampires, they weren’t going to be easy to kill, Jeffrey was certain of that. However, if Jared could get them separated and kill one of them, the other wouldn’t be able to go on as well and it would make him easier to kill. Hell, some of the books he’d read actually mentioned the other half begging for death because without his step-brother, there was nothing left to live for; that would have made their job a whole hell of a lot easier if it actually happened that way.

Since he could tell that Jeffrey was busy and didn’t want to be bothered, Jared slowly stood and headed over to where Sandy and the rest of the gang were sitting. He wasn’t sure when Sandy and Misha had gotten back, but now they were all dipping stakes and arrows into dead man’s blood, so Jared grabbed a jar and started helping. “So, do we have a plan for when they come?” he asked, knowing this would probably end much better if they had a plan. After all, this was new to everyone and Jared was a little worried about how Jensen’s clan was going to work with his friends. They were vampires and Jared had told his friends that all vampires were sick, vile, and evil creatures so he could only imagine what his friends thought about them. Well, everyone except Chad since he was dating Sophia, who was a vampire.

Sandy quickly shook her head in answer. “Not really,” she mumbled. “All we have is try to stay on the offensive and don’t die.” Shrugging, she added, “It sounded a lot better in my head, though when I say it out loud like this, it doesn’t really make much sense. I mean, if they’re out to kill us, it’s going to be hard to stay on the offensive, right? Should we try to be on the defensive? Or would that just make it easier for them to get what they want?” Shaking her head, she rambled on, “I’ve never been in a fight before; I don’t even know what to do right now!”

When Misha put his hand on her shoulder, Sandy’s babbling stopped, the young woman closing her eyes as she placed her own hand over Misha’s taking comfort in her boyfriend. Tonight when all of this was going down, she wasn’t going to have him here so she was going to take all the comfort she
could get from him right now. She had every intention of using magic tonight, though she wasn’t sure she should tell Misha, or anyone else right now, about her plans. For the last few weeks, she had been practicing a lot, knowing that there was something big coming and wanting to be ready for it. The spirits talked after all and sometimes she could listen in; and they had been talking about this battle since last month.

Of course, when Sandy had listened in about the battle, she hadn’t believed a single word of it; however, she felt that it would be best to prepare anyway, just in case there was some truth to what the untrustworthy spirits were saying. Now, she was glad she had followed her gut instinct and practiced every chance she got; she was ready now to face these vampires, she was pretty sure. There were only two ways this could end; she could prevail and they would all be safe, or the vampires could twist her magic and make her turn on her friends. Needless to say, she was hoping it was the former, but the possibly of the latter scared her to death.

Suddenly, the lights went out and there was a slamming sound as though the door had been closed, Jared’s instincts on high alert as he started to move towards the door. He was stopped almost as soon as he made a move, Jensen’s firm grip on his elbow keeping Jared in place. “Jensen, let me go,” Jared ordered, giving his arm a sharp tug. He needed to be out there! Something could be happening and Jared needed to make sure it wasn’t anything bad. With these vampires in town, everyone in the city was in danger and none of them even knew about it.

“No,” Jensen all but growled, pulling Jared backwards, the younger male caught off guard, which caused him to stumble step into Jensen’s chest. The smell of death was in the air, Jensen knowing that meant the master vampires were not too far away. He would have recognized that scent from anywhere; it had been the first thing he had smelled when he came back as a vampire. It was like death followed Mark and Frederic wherever they went, and they always reeked of corpses. Each vampire had their own unique scent, though these two shared theirs and it had to be the worst Jensen had ever had the displeasure of smelling. “They’re out there,” he explained, pushing Jared behind him. “I can smell them.”

Although the way Jensen worded his statement made Jared feel kind of sick, the younger male had to give his boyfriend props for remembering the master vampire’s scents after all of these years. He wasn’t quite sure why Jensen was acting so strangely about this, having figured Jensen would have known that they weren’t just going to stand in here and wait for the bad guys to attack. The element of surprise was gone for sure, but Jared could still get the first move, which was what he thought would win this fight for them. “Jensen, if they’re out there, that’s where we need to be,” he explained, trying to get past the vampire, though Jensen stopped him. “Jensen, move dammit!”

A deep growl erupted from Jensen’s throat when Jared tried to move again, Jensen shoving him against the wall and pinning him there. He could hear the commotion behind him, Jared’s friends undoubtedly moving to grab weapons and help their friend as his clan moved to stop them, but he wasn’t worried about it right now; he knew his clan wouldn’t hurt Jared’s friends unless they were ordered to and Jensen sure as hell wasn’t giving the order. “Something’s wrong out there,” Jensen explained, shaking his head. “There are different scents; ones that I don’t recognize and until we know what’s really out there, you’re not going anywhere.”

The silence that fell over the room was quickly broken when Christian mumbled, “Uh, I don’t think any of us are going anywhere.” When all eyes in the room turned to him, Christian tried the door knob again and was met with the same result. “Doors aren’t opening; we’re trapped in here.”

Brows knit in confusion, Jared shoved Jensen away from him, moving to the doors to check for himself, Jensen quick on his heels. Sure enough, they were trapped in here; though by what, Jared had no clue. He saw Jensen closing his eyes and taking a deep breath, wondering what the hell he
was doing before he realized that Jensen was probably scenting the people outside. “There are two people close to the door,” Jensen explained, licking his lips as he opened his eyes, focusing his attention on Christian. “I don’t recognize the scents, but there’s power in them; witches maybe?”

At the mention of possible witches, Sandy moved through the bar lit only by the sun shining through the windows, pushing past Jensen and Christian as she placed her hands on the door, feeling the power radiating through it. “They’re using dark magic,” she explained, brows knitting as she tried to undo whatever the hell they were doing that was keeping them locked in this bar. If they were stuck in here, then the master vampires already had them on the defensive, which was exactly where they didn’t want to be. “I think it’s a shielding spell used to keep us in,” she explained, pulling away from the door so she didn’t have to feel all of that dark energy flowing through her anymore. “We need to get out of here. We can’t stay here; by the time the sun sets, Misha’s going to turn and then we’re all in trouble.”

If it had been up to Jensen, they would have just killed the wolf so they didn’t have to worry about him, though he kept his opinions to himself, knowing that if he uttered his feelings on the matter, Jared would have been pissed off. His attention turned towards Misha, giving a small growl as he grabbed Jared and pulled him into the back of the bar once more, shoving him down onto the bed. He pressed his index finger against Jared’s lips when he saw that the younger male was about to speak, Jensen not in the mood to listen; it was his turn to talk. “If they’re using dark magic out there, this is serious. It’s dangerous and we need to find a way to get out of here. Is there a back door?”

Slowly, Jared shook his head. “No, Samantha said it was easier for people to break in and get us from behind if there was a back entrance,” he answered. “What’s the big deal about these damn witches anyway?! In case you forgot Jensen, we have a witch on our side!” Sure, Sandy wasn’t into the whole dark magic thing, but she was a pretty decent witch nonetheless. There had to be something she could do in order to help them out of this bind they were in.

“Who, Sandy?!” Jensen asked, shaking his head as he gave a snorted chuckle. “She’s about as useless as Steve when all he’s thinking about is sex!” Seeing that his comment upset Jared, Jensen rolled his eyes. “I’m sorry, but it’s true. She’s not powerful enough to go against the ones who use dark magic. As much as it hurts, good doesn’t always prevail, Jared.” Again, he snorted out a chuckle as he spat bitterly, “These days it hardly ever prevails.”

Jared’s frown deepened when Jensen spoke, the younger male giving his head a small shake. “We can do this Jen,” he assured his lover. “We just have to be smart about this and come up with a plan. I mean, there are still a few hours until sun set, which means we have time to plan. It would be smart of them to attack when the sun is down so that we’re in complete darkness. And vampires are stronger when the sun isn’t beating down on them, right?” When Jensen nodded, Jared mimicked the action, his hand gently cupping Jensen’s cheek. “We’ll figure this out.”

Again, Jensen nodded, his own hand moving to cover Jared’s on his cheek, head turning to press a kiss to Jared’s palm. “If we’re going to get out of this, our timing is going to have to be perfect,” he explained, thinking that he might have had a way to get them at least out alive. “We’re going to need to see what’s outside; how many vampires are out there, where they are and what other weapons they have to use against us. We’re also going to need to talk to Jeffrey and Jim, figure out what they know about these guys; I mean, there had to be something in those books, right?” He smiled when Jared nodded, quickly leaning in and crushing his lips against Jared’s before he pulled back. “Let’s get to work.”

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Only a few minutes remained before the sun set and they were still trapped inside the bar, not that
Jared was surprised. They’d figured out there were eight vampires outside, one witch and one warlock, and then the master vampires themselves were standing off to the side as though they were merely waiting for the war to unravel. Another thing Jared wasn’t surprised by; most of the big bads decided to send in the little guys first, in his experience.

Over the last few hours, Jared had been informed that the master vampires shared a binding link, which was a huge breakthrough in their research. Now all he had to do was focus his attention on one of the vampires and the other would feel every little thing he did to his step brother. Also, he’d learned that Jim knew a thing or two about magic, which was useful to Sandy, who drank up every little thing Jim was telling her. Furthermore, the learned that as long as Misha didn’t fall asleep, he would remain in his human form, so they didn’t have to worry about him morphing and killing them all while they were trapped in here. Jared was beginning to think that they might actually have a shot at winning here.

As the minutes ticked by and everyone was getting ready for the sun to go down and the battle to start, Jensen grabbed Jared and pulled him off to the side, running the backs of his fingers over the younger male’s cheek. “I want you to be careful out there,” Jensen instructed, the hand that was holding Jared’s own tightening slightly. “If you think you’re getting too deep in it, yell for me and I’ll be right there, okay?” He smiled when Jared nodded in answer, leaning down and pressing a kiss to the younger male’s lips. “Oh, and if one of them goes to bite you, let it happen,” he explained, shushing Jared when his lover started to ask why he would do that. “You’re bonded with me. If either of them tries to drink from you, my blood that’s in your system will poison them. Something a very possessive vampire thought up when she thought her lover was cheating on her.” Frowning, he added, “Turned out he wasn’t, but the spell stuck anyway.”

A small chuckle escaped Jared when Jensen explained the reasoning behind his new plan, the young slayer giving his boyfriend a nod. Slowly, Jared leaned down and crushed his lips against Jensen’s, lips instantly parting to allow Jensen access to his mouth. He moaned softly when Jensen’s tongue mapped out the wet heat of his mouth, the sound being swallowed up in the kiss and Jensen fisted his hand in Jared’s hair, pulling the younger male closer with his other arm. “I love you,” Jared whispered when they finally broke the kiss, hazel orbs shining with love and trust as they stared into Jensen’s own jade greens.

Before Jensen could speak, Mike muttered, “They’re moving out there.” He had been told to keep an eye out and if any of them moved, he was supposed to speak up; after all, movement meant that something was going to happen and they needed to be ready for anything. These were the master vampires, which meant they were stronger than even Jensen, so there was a good chance they were going to fight and lose. But at least they would go down fighting; Mike always knew that’s how he would die.

Jared’s attention snapped to Mike when he spoke, the slayer moving towards the window to see what Mike was talking about; however, before he could get too far, Jensen grabbed his arm, stopping him in his tracks. “I love you too,” Jensen smiled, feeling the need to let Jared know that in case he didn’t have another chance to tell him. He didn’t plan on dying today, but he had to prepare for the possibility. After all, these vampires had been around longer than him and were a lot stronger than he was; Jensen didn’t really like the odds here.

Sure enough, there was movement outside, Jared quickly grabbing a stake and shoving it into his hoodie sleeve, knowing that it was going to come in handy. He then moved towards Sandy, licking his lips as he looked at his friend. “Are you ready?” he asked, giving a small nod when the woman nodded in answer. She was going to set the whole thing off by turning night into day, so it was a lot of pressure; and Jared knew Sandy didn’t perform well under pressure.
Mere moments ticked by before the doors burst open, vampires swarming in with the witch and the warlock quick on their heels. The master vampires waited outside and showed no sign of coming in, but Jared was ready for it; if they wouldn’t come to him, he had no problem going to them. He heard Sandy scream something beside him and suddenly light flares through the building and out into the night, Jared giving a faint smile before he came into contact with one of the master vampires. The other fled in the opposite direction, probably waiting for Jensen, but Jared wasn’t thinking about him right now. At this moment, all Jared was focused on was the vampire in front of him who already had him on the defensive end, Jared blocking punch after punch as he tried to get the upper hand.

“You’re a rather good fighter Jared,” Mark replied, a sly smile on his lips. “I think maybe we should change our plans around a bit and turn you instead of just killing you.” Another one of his punches were blocked, causing Mark to burst into laughter, clearly amused by how well Jared was handling himself. “It’s never been done before, but now that I think about it, a vampire slayer turned vampire would really know his way around the world and he would probably be damn near indestructible. I think we should try it out on you, don’t you?”

When Mark told him that he wanted to turn him, Jared growled in frustration, grabbing Mark’s arm and twisting it roughly before landing a solid kick to the vampire’s abdomen. “That’s never going to happen,” Jared assured him, grunting in pain when Mark countered his attack by shoving him away and kicking him in the chest, causing Jared to stumble backwards, though he managed to keep his footing. Angrily, he regained his balance and started throwing punches at Mark; most of them were blocked, but he did get a few good hits, even if Mark seemed unfazed by his attacks.

Laughter erupted from Mark when Jared told him it wasn’t going to happen, knowing that whatever Jared said didn’t really matter. If he and Frederic wanted to turn Jared, they would; and there was nothing this little boy could do about it. “You’re a lot better at fighting than the other slayers we have faced,” Mark complimented, grabbing Jared’s previously injured wrist and twisting Jared’s arm behind his back, his free arm wrapping around Jared’s throat as he pulled him in closer. “Unfortunately for you, it’s just not good enough.”

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Meanwhile, Jensen had Frederic around back, the younger vampire actually getting a few hits in and managing to keep the vampire on his toes. Of course, Jensen knows that his focus is off because he’d seen Jared moving towards Mark moments earlier and he was worried about his lover. It was that same worry that got him a solid fist to the jaw and sharp kick to the ribs, causing Jensen to double over, which left him wide open for the punch that came next, sending the younger vampire to the ground.

Shaking his head, Frederic kicked Jensen in the stomach, frowning when Jensen curled into a ball to protect himself from more blows. “You know Jensen, I have to say that I’m a little underwhelmed with your performance here today,” he commented, making a ‘tsking’ noise as he shoved Jensen onto his back with his foot, stepping on the younger vampire’s throat, though he knew he couldn’t have been doing much harm since Jensen didn’t breathe. “I’ve heard great things about you since your departure from Genevieve and I must admit, you are falling quite short.”

A deep growl escaped Jensen as he shoved Frederic’s foot off his throat, grabbing the older vampire’s ankle and pulling on it, hard enough to force Frederic to the ground. “Wouldn’t want to disappoint,” Jensen muttered, jumping to his feet and kicking Frederic in the gut as he was starting to recover, forcing the vampire onto his back. His next attack was blocked, however, Frederic quickly getting to his feet and grabbing Jensen’s wrist as he threw a punch, rolling the vampire over his back and sending Jensen to the ground once more, still holding Jensen’s arm before he gave it a hard twist, popping it from its socket, eliciting a loud cry from Jensen.
The scream drew Jared’s attention away from Mark, who he had just been about to stake; that break in concentration allowed Mark to grab Jared’s wrist and force it inwards, smiling when he shoved Jared’s wrist so hard that he staked himself in the gut, the slayer’s eyes widening slightly as he realized that he was wounded pretty badly; fortunately for him, the stake didn’t penetrate the muscle so he knew he would heal without medical attention because of his body’s supernatural ability to heal because he was the slayer. “Like I said,” Mark cooed, “just not good enough, Jared.” He roughly pulled the stake from Jared’s body, tossing it to the ground before he stuffed two fingers into Jared’s wound, licking them clean with a smile on his face. However, his smile quickly faded into a frown when he realized that something was wrong. “What did you –?” he started, eyes wide with realization before he started sinking to his knees.

Jared watched as Mark fell to the ground, foam spilling from between his lips as Jensen’s blood mixed with his own. Quickly, Jared grabbed a nearby shovel, moving towards Mark once again. “Guess it was your performance that just wasn’t good enough,” Jared smiled, slamming the metal head against Mark’s neck, severing his head from his body. He didn’t stay long to celebrate his victory, Jared quickly running towards the back of the bar where he’d heard Jensen scream moments earlier.

As soon as he reached Jensen, he breathed a sigh of relief, seeing that his lover had Frederic’s head in his hands. “Jen,” he breathed, walking towards his lover. Jensen met him half way, both throwing themselves into each other’s arms as their lips found one another in a sloppy, desperate kiss. “Are you okay?” Jared asked when the kiss broke, hands and eyes roaming over Jensen’s body to check for wounds. “I heard you scream.”

Quickly, Jensen nodded, holding Jared at arm’s length as he looked over the younger male. “I’m fine,” he assured his lover. “What about you? You’re bleeding.” The fact that Mark had hurt Jared made Jensen furious, the possessive side of him wanting to go over there and rip Mark’s limp body to shreds, though he resisted. All that mattered was that Jared was alive and he was in his arms. When Jared nodded to let him know that he was all right, even if he was bleeding, Jensen pulled him back into a kiss, tongue instantly pushing into Jared’s mouth to tangle with the younger male’s own.

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Inside, Jensen and Jared could tell that everyone was a little battered and bruised, though they seemed all right. Danneel had a few large scratches along her arms and a couple across her throat, but other than that, she was fine. Misha and Sandy had blood all over them, but it didn’t seem to be theirs, the exploded bits and chunks of the witch and warlock evident on the floor as Jensen stepped over what was left of them.

Bodies of dead vampires were strewn all over the floor, and Jared knew that they were going to have to clean up the bar before they opened again, but right now, he just wanted to bask in the glory of their victory. The master vampires were dead, which meant the threat to Sunnydale was gone; at least until the next one came along, anyway.

When Jared finally made it over to Jeffrey, his watcher placed his hand on Jared’s shoulder, a wide, proud smile coming to his lips. No words needed to be said; everything came through in the look, Jared smiling widely back at Jeffrey to let him know that he understood what he was trying to say. The moment was interrupted by Mike, who was behind the bar holding up two bottles of Jack Daniels. “Drinks anyone?” he asked with a wide smile on his lips. “I’m buying.”

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“Jared, come on!” Jensen whined as he pushed himself to a seated position on the bed. “How long could it possibly take you to pack? I mean, you don’t really have much.” They had been here for
forty five minutes while Jared packed everything he owned into a few suitcases and Jensen sat here watching the younger male move. Three weeks had passed since the master vampires had been vanquished and Jensen had finally talked Jared into moving in with him; now the only obstacle in the way was Jared packing his damn bags.

Chuckling, Jared mumbled, “I’m almost done. Just give me one more second.” He zipped the last of his bags before he smiled at Jensen, tossing them onto the bed and pressing each hand palm flat against the mattress on either side of Jensen. “All ready,” he smiled before he kissed Jensen’s lips, his moan being swallowed up in the kiss. “You gonna carry my bags?”

A small smile came to Jensen’s lips when Jared asked if he was going to carry his bags. “Mmm…I don’t know. Am I going to get a reward for my good behavior later?” Even if he wasn’t, he would still carry Jared’s bags, knowing that the younger male was still a little sore from the wound he’d received in battle. But it was always nice to get a treat for being nice, which was why he’d asked.

Another smile came to Jared’s lips as he nodded slowly. “A big one,” he assured Jensen before he pushed away from the bed and headed out the door. “As soon as we get to your place, I’ll start your reward. It might take a while to finish.” He planned on getting Jensen into a nice bubble bath where they could soak and then he would start foreplay there before he moved them to the bed where he planned on having Jensen make love to him until he couldn’t remember his own name; it sounded like a great time for him and he was pretty sure Jensen was going to love it to.

Of course, as Jared had figured, Mitch wasn’t going to let him leave that easily. “Jared, you can’t leave right now. I mean, your rent was just paid!” Mitch exclaimed, trying anything to get Jared to stay. After all, Jared had been the only one of his tenants who he couldn’t get to sleep with him for a favor and it was really doing a number on Mitch’s self-esteem. He needed to get Jared into bed before the younger male left for good. “Jared, please?!” Mitch begged, hand falling on Jared’s shoulder as he attempted to turn the younger male around.

Now, Jared wasn’t playing. He’d given Mitch two weeks’ notice so he could find a new tenant, and Jared wasn’t about to let his pervert landlord stop him from leaving. When Jensen growled in his throat, Jared shook his head, quickly turning and throwing a punch, which landed solidly on Mitch’s jaw, knocking the man to the floor; after all, Mitch was no longer his landlord, so Jared didn’t really care about hurting him anymore. And Mitch knew enough not to go to the police and press charges for assault because Jared had too much dirt on him for that.

As soon as Mitch was on the ground, holding his jaw in shock, Jared turned back around, tucking himself into Jensen’s side and smiling when his boyfriend got the hint that he wanted him to hold him. “I’ve always wanted to do that,” he admitted, pushing the door open and walking out as Jensen threw his head back with laughter.