Promises

by BlackRoseEden

Summary

A contract made with the promise of death; a love created with the promise of hope. How will Sebastian survive the battle for Ciel's heart and eternal soul? AU, OOC.
Greetings!

In baaaaaaaack!

It's been a difficult couple of months for me, I wonder if life will get any easier, but I figured that if I can still write and share my mediocre work then there is still hope for me...

Many thanks to AnimeCujo for being my candle in the water.

Please read, enjoy and REVIEW FAVORITE AND FOLLOW.

Running to Stand Still

And so she woke up

Woke up from where she was

Lying still

Said I gotta do something

About where we're going

Step on a steam train

Step out of the driving rain, maybe

Run from the darkness in the night

-U2

"How many is he up to?"

"This is number 12." A feathery voice answered. "It happened a lot quicker than I thought it would." A pair of almond shaped earth brown eyes glanced at the tall figure in the driver's side of the car they were sitting in; the man much older and very tired.

Neon green dashboard lights glowed ominously in the pitch black darkness, the time was 2 am and the night sky rumbled deeply like a disgruntled giant. The two lone figures were still on their movements, staring ahead at the empty road they were parked by. Headlights beamed brightly, revealing absolute nothingness, but pavement slicked by the pouring rain and leading to a seemingly vacant end.

Cold rain pelted the windshield of the small beaten car, sounding like tiny bullets. "This isn't good." The ancient voice of the elderly man broke through the chorus of rain and thunder. "One more, and we are all lost." He turned to his companion, a young woman whose slight build and long black hair emphasized the striking beauty of her alabaster skin and innocent face. "How soon before they arrive?"

"3-4 hours." She replied, frowning her discontent. "But do not worry, Tanaka, I will be ready for
them, I promise."

Deep chuckling filled the small car, "Ah, Jerrica, are we truly ready?"

The newly asphalted highway cut a smooth black thick line across miles and miles of dark lush green countryside accented by row upon row of evergreens covered in a sheet of snow. It was still early morning and the sun had just begun to stretch her pink hued ribboned wide arms across the horizon. A buttery yellow dot of sun emerged amongst the trees painting the snowy landscape with a warm orange tinge.

This was Sebastian's third trip up to the historic Mohawk Valley known for some of the greatest battles between the Mohican and Mohawk Indian tribes. Tales of rampant bloodshed, massacres and vicious wars were abundant and stories about sacred burial grounds and spirits roaming the lands were even more common; however, the peaceful beauty of the rolling gray blue mountains, sparkling crystal lakes and breathtaking countryside seemed to masque a past full of strife.

Sebastian had been raised in the city, amongst the concrete playgrounds of a giant bustling metropolis; yet the serenity he found amongst a natural setting was far more soothing than the five cups of coffee he downed daily. Glancing right, his boyfriend of two years sat quietly facing the passenger side window. His petite hands were folded neatly on his lap as if he were listening eagerly like a well behaved little boy seated patiently in church.

"Enjoying the view?" Sebastian removed a hand from the wheel to brush his knuckles gently against the porcelain smooth cheek. "I went online and checked out the town's website, lots of nice photos of town fairs, antique shops, art galleries and a winery a couple of miles from the house." He cleared his throat and drummed his fingers on the wheel. "I also found a music shop."

Ciel continued staring out the window at the passing scenery. "Sounds nice."

Sebastian sighed. "Are you regretting this?" He felt a headache coming on.

"What? No!" Ciel turned to face him, dark blue eyes wide with worry. He hadn't realized how cold he had been. "No way! I'm sorry; it's just, so far from the city, that's all." He mumbled.

"The deal was we rent for a year, right?" Reaching to take one of Ciel's limp hands, he laced their fingers together and squeezed them tightly. "It's just one year, if you hate it, we go back."

"I know." Came a quiet mumble.

"I have a good feeling about this, Ciel." He smiled, tugging at his lover's arm so he could face him again. "A really good feeling."

Ciel pressed his lips. "About the move or about us?" He spoke lowly as if he was afraid of what the answer could be.

"Both." Sebastian brought Ciel's hand up to his lips and placed a tender kiss against the small fingers.

"Me too." He returned the smile. "I'm looking forward to setting up the house with you."

"Good!" Sebastian was pleased; this was the first positive response he had gotten from Ciel since they started the trip up from the city. "We've got enough time today to go stock the fridge from the country market and pick up our forwarded mail from the post office."
"What are you cooking tonight?" Ciel asked contentedly.

"Actually, do you feel like having dinner at The Bard's Pub?" Sebastian checked the GPS on the dashboard. "We don't need reservations."

"The Bard's Pub?" Ciel chuckled. "Are we going to be reading Shakespeare over a bowl of soup?"

"Yeah right." Sebastian laughed. "It's an English themed place, got great reviews for their food and service."

"I'd like that." Ciel hummed, once again looking out the window. "Sounds cool."

"I'm glad." A feeling of restlessness seemed to pass through the older male's chest, his eyes nervously scanning the distant look on the young man's face. "Hey, Ciel?"

"What?" He asked, noticing the car slowing down on the near empty highway. Sebastian maneuvered the vehicle to the side of the road and Ciel quirked an eyebrow, curiously watching as the vehicle was put into park.

"It's going to be okay." Long fingers swept into Ciel's hair as cool hands drew him close to Sebastian's face; their lips brushing faintly against each other. "We're going to be okay because I love you and we both wanted this, remember?"

A rose petal blush spread up from the young man's neck all the way to his ears. To Sebastian, it was Ciel's most endearing feature. The look of innocence suited the wide eyed finely featured student, making him feel protective of his younger lover, wanting only to monopolize every second of his life.

"I love you too." Ciel whispered, the heat of his breath sending shivers of pleasure throughout Sebastian's body as he inhaled the aromatic aura; a delicious mix of floral and musk emanating sweetly from his supple skin.

The first time he had laid eyes on the delicately framed young man was two years ago when Ciel entered his classroom at New York State University. The course title was History of Occidental Legends and Myths, a very popular class with at least 50 students attending the first lecture of the semester. As the large classroom began to fill up, Sebastian surveyed the faces of his new students and felt his chest constrict when his garnet colored eyes rested upon Ciel Phantomhive.

He had never been so arrested by a single individual in his entire life. The then 26 old was caught by a pair of the clearest sapphire tinted eyes he had ever seen, even the dullness of the room's fluorescent lights seemed to gleam in those sparkling orbs. A finely angled ivory cream face was crowned by a shining head of glossy and messily tousled slate black hair.

Sebastian had watched intently as the lithe figure seemed to float gracefully into the room, dressed casually in a pair of dark jeans, brown boots and a deep blue sweat shirt; he appeared aloof and detached from the rest of his peers. The 18 year old student spoke to no one, instead opting to find a seat at the back corner of the room far from everyone else. Sebastian was hooked, he knew it the second they locked eyes when his garnet colored eyes rested upon Ciel Phantomhive.

They were worlds apart, Sebastian being a brilliant and well received college professor and Ciel his first year student. The eight year age difference did not seem to deter either's desire for each other and the instant attraction and mutual interest only seemed to strengthen the connection.

The first year of their relationship would have been perfect, almost idyllic, had it not been for one almost fatal flaw; Ciel's infidelity.
"Kiss me." He breathed, flicking his tongue across Sebastian's lower lip. The moistness of the darting muscle caused a tightening in the professor's pants; the thrumming of his body becoming rhythmic with his soft breaths.

They kissed passionately, engulfing the air and wetness between them as if they were starved, hungry for one another. It did not matter how many times Ciel had admitted to sleeping with another man, it was a fact that Sebastian could not nor would not let him go. It was a love too deeply set within his soul, much like an unbreakable contract, and he was chained by his obsessive love for this one of a kind man.

Every time Ciel cheated, there would be the breakup and then the inevitable makeup. But this new move, this new home was to be their fresh start, their back-to-square-one opportunity to let go of past indiscretions and betrayals. This was their last chance to move forward together before their life together was destroyed before it had even begun.

"Come on, baby, let's get to the house." Sebastian's voice was husky, his hands roaming freely around Ciel's trembling body. "You want this, right?" He pressed the small hand down on his own hardened cock, sucking in a sharp breath as he felt his need being gently squeezed.

"Can I suck it now?" Ciel's thick seductive voice was intoxicating, pure lust pouring like water from his plump lips. "I wanna put it in my mouth and suck it till you cum. Will you cum in my mouth?" A lewd moan escaped Sebastian's throat. "I wanna taste you."

"Jesus, Ciel." He gasped, feeling the nimble fingers slowly unzipping his black jeans. "You're making me fucking harder!" Sebastian panted as Ciel dug his hand into his pants and deftly pulled out his lover's leaking member.

"When we get to the house, promise me you'll fuck me?" He pleaded, jerking his hand up and down the shaft, collecting beads of pre cum and then slowly sucking on his sticky fingertips. "promise me, please!" He whined.

"Yes!" Sebastian cried and hurriedly unbuckled his seatbelt, lunging at the inviting man before him. His hands were wound, tangled and desperate, in Ciel's dark strands, cradling the head as he devoured his mouth.

He could not resist the alluring student with his doe like eyes and waif body and for two years he had been possessed by an indescribable force urging him to hold on tightly to Ciel regardless of the pain and humiliation his lover had given him. The act of forgiveness was one Sebastian knew and played all too well, but there was no regret, no second thought to looking past Ciel's cheating because in the deepest part of his heart Sebastian understood how much of an impact Ciel had on him. He would never abandon the young man; he would rather die than live his life without him.

Ciel tore his lips away from Sebastian, breaking their heated kiss in favor of lowering his head and laving the head of the newly exposed cock with his tongue.

"Suck it!" Sebastian rasped, closing his eyes and sliding a hand down the slender slope of his back, taking purchase of a pert mound and squeezing. Ciel groaned sending rumbling vibrations as he engulfed his lover's aching want. Sebastian rubbed the jeans covered backside, his fingers a few inches away from Ciel's twitching hole.

"God, you feel so-" A harsh rapping on the driver's side window caused Ciel to jerk up from his position, his head almost colliding with Sebastian's chin. A thin string of saliva stretched from Sebastian's crotch to his bottom lip and the older male froze for a second.
"Spider web." He thought numbly, wiping the sweat from his face.

"Sebastian!" Ciel hissed, clumsily tucking the man's throbbing member back into his pants. "Fuck! Turn around! It's a cop!" Sebastian whipped his head to face the window and gulped; a pair of narrowed amber gold eyes were staring right back at him.
Greetings!

Thanks for the support my yummy degenerate morsels! This is really different from my previous Fic "Simply Meant to Be" (BTW, be a peach and please check it out!) but I'm having loads of fun writing this story!

Anywhere...

Shout out to AnimeCujo and her kickass Fic "Revelations", if you haven't read it yet well get on that beast and ride it HARD.

YOU WON'T REGRET IT.

Read, Enjoy, Review, Follow, Favorite.

Thanks!

The woods are lovely, dark, and deep,

But I have promises to keep,

And miles to go before I sleep,

And miles to go before I sleep.

-Robert Frost

"Let's go over this one more time, because I'm having a real hard time believing everything coming out of your mouth." The steely voice was a razor slicing through every nerve in Sebastian's body.

Standing outside of his car on the deserted highway in the middle of rural upstate New York at 6 am, the tall man fidgeted nervously before the equally as tall County Officer. With their black hair, pale skin and striking good looks, from a short distance the two men could have passed for siblings. Unfortunately for the travelers, bearing a close resemblance did not subdue the predicament they were suddenly in and after being caught with Ciel's face perched comfortably over his exposed crotch, Sebastian had made a fumbling attempt at covering up their lustful activities with a blatant lie.

"You're telling me that you had a bug bite . . . down there?" The cop flitted his gaze downwards and smirked, "And your 'friend'," holding up air quotes, "was checking to make sure it wasn't infected."

Sebastian shifted his weight from one foot to the other; crossing his arms in a defiant pose. "Yes, that's correct."

"Bullshit." The officer snorted, glancing at the small figure in the car. "How old is he anyways? 15?"
"He's 20!" Sebastian exclaimed, the situation becoming much more serious than he had previously thought. From the moment he locked eyes with the cop he knew there was going to be trouble. "Look, I fucked up, ok? He's of legal age and I'm sorry, I should have used better judgment." He looked at the name badge in the officer's dark navy uniform, "Officer Faustus, please can't you just give us a break?"

"You're claiming he's legal?" Faustus cocked an eyebrow in disbelief.

Sebastian nodded his head. "Yes, yes he is!" He insisted. The officer reached around and sharply rapped his knuckles against the car window. Ciel jumped in his seat and looked up at the looming figure.

"Step out of the car." He ordered firmly. Ciel's hands trembled as he gripped the handle of the car door casting a frightened glance at his worried partner. He stepped out of the car and with bowed head, moved slowly towards the lawman. "If you're not a child then stop acting like a fucking child and look me in the eyes!" Faustus barked, clearly irritated. "Now present me with your ID!"

"Y-yes sir!" Ciel stammered, taking out his wallet and showing his driver's license to the seething man. "I have a passport as well-"

"Do I look like the jackass at customs?" He snarled, causing Ciel to flinch. "We're in the middle of bumfuck valley; not an airport!"

"S-sorry!" Ciel squeaked.

"He was just being cooperative." Sebastian growled, his anger replacing the anxiety he had been feeling before. "That's no reason to get nasty with him."

"I just caught your lame ass getting a blow job from an underage looking kid in your car on the side of a public highway!" Faustus snapped. "I suggest you shut your fucking mouth!" He turned his attention back to the ID in his hand and began to study it. Sebastian felt an unease slowly infiltrate his body when the glowering man's tense face began to relax. Ciel shuffled closer to the cop, nibbling on his lower lip as he sidled up.

"Officer, I'm sorry!" Ciel spoke in a small breathy voice, his large blue eyes rolling up to meet with the officers golden orbs. "We're new here; just moving in from the city and we just didn't think, that's all."

"Clearly." Faustus chuckled, tapping Ciel's nose lightly with his license. "And what exactly were you thinking?"

Ciel blushed. "I just couldn't help myself." He admitted coyly, his hand reaching up to take back the ID; fingertips brushing lightly over the long elegant fingers of the officer's hand.

"You really don't look your age." Faustus almost purred, stepping closer to the young man.

The sudden change in tone alarmed Sebastian, it was a tone he had heard countless times whenever he took Ciel out on dates or events and they would encounter other men. It was the unmistakable and melodic voice of lust. It was no surprise that the achingly beautiful young man could stir up anyone's carnal desires, but what bothered Sebastian was how Ciel never rebuffed their advances. In fact, he seemed to feed off it, like wood to a flame.

"Oh? And how old do I look?" Ciel said, a smile twitching dangerously at the corners of his mouth.

"Hm, I would say at least, but no more, than 16." Amusement flashed in the officer's eyes as his
fingers found purchase under Ciel's chin, tilting the face upwards.

"That would explain you wanting to protect me." He breathed, offering a glimpse of a row of perfect white teeth. "How chivalrous."

"Just doing my job, pretty." His fingers trailed down the milky scape of Ciel's neck, stopping at his collarbone. "If you were seeing someone, say, like me, I'd make sure nothing ever happened to you."

"I'm making sure of that just fine." Sebastian's curt voice broke the dazed moment between the officer and Ciel. "Can we leave already?"

Clenching his jaw, he gave Ciel a hard look. "We have to get to our home and unpack."

Faustus cleared his throat. "Where are you moving to?" He asked, the lustful tone suddenly absent.

"We've rented The Butler House, on Switzer Hill." Sebastian informed, his eyes never leaving Ciel who had ceased looking at the cop and now was instead staring at his shoes.

"That big house on the hill? That creepy one overlooking the river?" Faustus whistled lowly. "What are you guys, ghost hunters? That place looks like something out of a damn horror movie!"

"Funny you should say that!" Ciel chirped, he glanced at Sebastian. "My boyfriend is a professor of the paranormal and supernatural."

"Well la-dee-fucking-dah, your boyfriend's a professor!" He mocked, whipping out a business card from his pocket. He offered it to Ciel who promptly took it. "You're moving into my territory, stay out of trouble. If you need anything and professor over there can't provide it . . . ," he paused to look at a bristling Sebastian with eyes that promised nothing benevolent towards him. "Give me a call, k?"

"Thank you, Officer Faustus." Ciel rested the card to his lips and winked. "Or may I call you, Claude?"

"Call me anything." Claude murmured, scanning the young man's body. "Or anytime."

"Ciel! Get in the car!" Sebastian ordered, his face red with fury. Grabbing a hold of the car door handle, he wrenched it open and hurriedly sat down, buckling his seatbelt and slamming it shut. Every move he made was laced in pure anger and humiliation, watching the cop saunter towards his car, Sebastian had the sudden malicious urge to gun the engine and repeatedly run him over.

Ciel sat quietly, folding his hands on his lap as they drove on in silence for ten minutes, neither daring to break the awkward tension looming over them. Finally Sebastian had had enough.

"What the fuck was that about?" He spoke calmly, but it only made his tone sound eerie. Ciel did not reply. "I know you heard me so answer my question. What the fuck was that about?"

"Please don't curse at me." Ciel turned to him, his voice meek. "You know I don't like that."

"And you know I don't like it when you act like a fucking whore with other men!" Sebastian bellowed, gripping the steering wheel tightly as the flesh over his knuckles turned white. "Why, Ciel? Why? Why do you keep doing this to me?!" He slammed on the brakes, coming to a screeching stop at an intersection about a mile from the town.

He lowered his head, pressing his forehead against the wheel. Ciel's eyes widened at the sight of
his boyfriend's shoulders heaving from rage. It had been several months since the last time he had pushed the older male to such levels of anger and he had almost forgotten how frightening it could be.

"But I got us out of a ticket!" He defended weakly.

"You think I give a rat's ass about some fucking ticket?" He snapped his head up and glared at the now cowering student. "How far would you have gone? What's next, Ciel? You run a red light so you're going to suck his cock?!"

A dull ache formed in Ciel's chest, this wasn't what he wanted. Hurting Sebastian was never anything he did purposely. There was never malice involved, in fact, the professor stood highest in Ciel's heart among every person in his entire life, yet he continued to break the man's heart over and over again.

"You should just leave me." Ciel mumbled. "I wish you would just leave me."

"I-I can't." Sebastian pressed his hands against his face and exhaled. "You know I can't, Goddammit."

The sun had risen in full sunflower yellow casting warm rays against the chilled landscape. Everything seemed alive and dead at the same time, the black skeleton trees framed in white powder bathed in life giving sunshine. The wintertime used to make Ciel feel lonely, until he met Sebastian. Since then, he was never alone, the man who promised to never abandon him was always true to his word.

"Me too." A petite hand slowly slid up Sebastian's arm and rested on his shoulder. "I don't want to let you go either." Ciel admitted.

"You promised it would be different up here." He shook the hand off and sat up in his seat, staring ahead. "If you're not even going to try then why the fuck should we even bother?"

Ciel closed his eyes, resting his head back against the head reg. He loved this man, it was a truth he would never deny. "We have promises to keep." He said softly and Sebastian sighed; he knew this conversation too well. The eventual giving in to Ciel was imminent and the sooner he let this go, the sooner they could get to their new home.

"Right, Right, promises to keep." He threw the car into gear and checked the GPS. "We've wasted enough time, let's just get going."

They drove for another ten minutes before entering into the sleepy town of Fultonville, NY. Their rented home was only a mile from town and Sebastian figured that it was too early for any stores to be open they should stop by the house first before taking a walk into the town marketplace. The weather channel had predicted a mild day, bright with sunshine and clear blue skies, and it offered the couple an opportunity to take in the local surroundings of their new home without being uncomfortably cold. Snow piles were melting along the sides of the gravel road leading up to Switzer Hill giving Sebastian a morbid feeling deep inside his gut.

Like the land is bleeding, he thought, glancing sideways at Ciel who had remained silent for the duration of their trip. He was anxious to get into the house, hopefully their new abode would reignite the young man's earlier enthusiasm.

The crunching sound of freshly packed snow and gravel followed them as they turned onto the long trail up the hill. A red brick colonial styled home with black roof and dark shutters stood like a
crimson sentinel overlooking the rows of trees aligning a frozen river. In the summer the house had been surrounded by lush foliage, wild blazing orange tiger lilies and evergreen trees; now it seemed lonely and desolate amongst a winter's grave.

Sebastian had first viewed the property last June, admiring the 17th century styled home with its intricate woodwork and old world charm. Ciel had found the listing online and had contacted a real estate agent immediately upon discovering the affordable rent and close proximity to an upper middle class town.

They were leaving behind the hectic and manic world of city life, the heartache of Ciel's affairs, and the stress of making ends meet on a restricted budget. The student only had one more year to go before graduating and Sebastian insisted on taking care of expenses during that time. This move was a crucial turning point for them as a couple as it would either make them or break them.

"Home sweet home." Sebastian muttered, turning the wheel to maneuver the car in front of the cobblestone walkway.

"For some reason it looks much bigger." Ciel mused, stepping out of the car and breathing in the crisp air. "Pop the trunk open. I want to get our bags in so we can go into town and eat."

"Yeah, I'm starving too." Sebastian agreed, raising the rear lift gate and hoisting two large duffle bags onto his arms. "I'll take these and you grab the rolling suitcase."

"K." Ciel lifted the bag and set it down on its wheels, rolling the bag behind him as he made his way up to the front door. Sebastian watched the thin form gracefully amble towards the house and the shock of blue gray hair against the snowy landscape felt oddly nostalgic, as if he had seen that and felt this before.

Taking a deep breath, the older male fished the keys from his pocket and strode past Ciel. "Shall I carry you across the threshold?" He teased, planting a heavy kiss against his lover's smooth cheek.

Ciel blushed. "If we were married I guess you'd have to, right?" He smiled shyly, rubbing his fingertips against his face and enjoying the tingling heat left by Sebastian's lips.

"Let's see how this year goes." Sebastian turned the key and pushed open the door. "Perhaps you'll be Mr. Michaelis before summer's end."

Ciel felt his heart filled with an overflow of hope and love; to be forever attached to Sebastian was his greatest wish regardless of the countless arms he had tumbled into in the past two years. The fervent want to be bonded with his former professor was strong and unwavering.

"A whole year?" He cocked an eyebrow as Sebastian strolled into the house. "Do I get credit for good behavior?"

"Let's not get ahead of ourselves." He chuckled, shrugging off the bags onto the floor of the large foyer. "Come in, Little Lord, your manor awaits you." Extending his hand out to the young man, beckoning him with a warm grin to enter the house that would be their new start for a year; to become the catalyst of a fresh beginning.

For a split second the world seemed to shift under his feet as if the rotation of the earth had stopped and decided to reverse itself. The strange movement caused Ciel to stagger and he dropped the handle of the suitcase with a loud clatter as he tried to steady himself against the entryway wall.

His nose twitched as there was a slip of a scent, bitter and acidic, wafting through the air. Ciel looked at Sebastian and knitted his brows, why didn't he seem affected? He thought as he pushed
himself off the wall in order to stand upright.

"You ok?" Sebastian cocked his head, his hand still extended. "Stop being a drama queen and get over here." He chuckled.

A roaring rush of wind, thick and pungent viciously slammed against the student's face nearly knocking him down with the smell of sickly rotted garbage. It was so strong that it almost forced him back outside. His eyes began to sting and burn as a wave of nausea rolled over his shaken body; the bitter taste of bile gurgled in the back of his throat. Caught completely by surprise, Ciel tripped over the suitcase on the floor and crashed against a wooden side table. He held onto it desperately trying to keep from collapsing onto the floor.

"Ciel!" Sebastian shouted when the young man suddenly doubled over and began heaving globs of thick drool with traces of reddish pink streaks trailing from his gaping mouth.

"Seb-!" He coughed before retching a yellow gelatinous liquid. Sebastian watched in horror, his eyes wide with fear and disbelief.

"Corpses!" Ciel gasped, clutching his stomach as a searing pain tore through his midsection like bolts of hot electricity. "I-It smells like c-corpses!" He screamed, spraying bile through gritted teeth.

Sebastian told himself to move forward and grab Ciel who was beginning to convulse, yet as much as he willed himself to move his legs, stretch his arms out, physically get to his suffering lover, he found himself incapacitated. Not one inch of his body could move. He was completely frozen in place.

"Ciel! I-I can't move!" He cried out in frustration.

"S-Sebastian!" Ciel gagged, his vision blurring to the point where darkness and light were intermingled in a watercolor landscape. The smell had grown steadily, a wretched musky fleshy stench that was almost unworldly. Fear gripped his heart as he struggled to breathe through his mouth, tasting more sour death on his tongue, threatening more retching and pain to follow. "The smell! It smells l-like d-dead fucking bodies!"

Sebastian drew in a deep breath through his nose, but there was no detectable stench of rot and decay. He again attempted to move his body, desperate to get to Ciel and help him, but he was rooted helplessly to the floor, standing like stone with only his face capable of changing expressions.

Is this a nightmare? He thought, this can't be real, it just can't!

"Why aren't you helping me?!" Ciel wailed, his voice raw and pleading, terror clearly evident in his glassy eyes and contorted face as he squeezed his stomach while another rippling spasm of pain rumbled deep. "I-I'm dying!" He screeched.

"I can't fucking move!" Sebastian roared, and as much as he tried, he was numbed to all outside forces, his legs seemed weighed down by concrete slabs, his arms limp and useless. Frustration and anger mixed with utter terror tore through the dark haired man's system; what if Ciel died?

He could pinpoint no smell at all, no hint of the "corpses" Ciel had frantically pointed out nor could he see anything in the foyer that could produce such a monstrous effect on any human being. But the fact that he could not move, that frightened him the most. Was this a stroke? An aneurysm? His mind raced through countless plausible possibilities, anything to reasonably explain why Hell
had descended upon them the minute Ciel crossed over the threshold. Was there a gas leak in the house? Chemical poisoning?

Before Sebastian could sum up anymore explanations, he felt the invisible constriction miraculously lift from his body and he fell forward heavily onto the floor. Realizing that he had been finally released, Sebastian scrambled to his feet and launched himself at the trembling form. He cursed loudly, slipping on the puddles of putrid liquid, but he managed to wrap his arms around Ciel's waist and lift him up into his arms.

"Ciel, baby, come on! Stay awake!" Dark red eyes worriedly took in the gray pallor of the almost unconscious man. "I'm taking you to the hospital!"

Blue orbs shot open, but they were dull and unseeing. "It's gone!" He whispered, his voice weak and small. A sheen of sweat covered his face and neck as he trembled. "The smell... i-it's gone."

Ciel clutched his lover's arms and held on tightly, his gaze tired and eerily serene. "I'm home" He rasped before passing out in Sebastian's embrace.

The rhythmic beep of a heart monitor echoed in the cool air as Sebastian watched Ciel sleep soundly on the white sheeted hospital bed. After the young man passed out, he had scooped the listless body up and rushed him to the local hospital. Sebastian was thankful he had purchased a new GPS, the town and its surrounding vicinity were still largely alien to him. Saint Mary's hospital was a half hour away and had a 24 hour emergency room, it was their best bet and the closest in proximity.

The ER staff immediately jumped into action and a nurse calmly spoke with Sebastian about medical histories and insurance information while a Dr. Ash Landers ran basic tests on the still unconscious Ciel. Two hours later, Sebastian still had no solid answers as to what had occurred to them. Why did Ciel react so violently to a nonexistent smell? Why couldn't he himself move to help his ailing lover?

"Mr. Michaelis?" Sebastian looked up and stood from the chair he had been occupying next to Ciel's gurney. Dr. Landers was standing at the doorway of the small room with a clipboard in his hands.

"Yes!" He replied hurriedly, extending his hand to shake the other's. "Thank you for taking care of Ciel!"

"Please, do not thank me, it's all part of the job!" The doctor smiled kindly, casting a quick glance at Ciel. "He wasn't in bad shape when you brought him in, but the fact that he's been out cold throughout this entire time tells me that he must have really exerted himself to the point of exhaustion."

"I've never seen anything like it." Sebastian shook his head, shuddering at the memory. "He almost seemed... possessed." Red eyes brimmed with tears as he sat back down with a heavy thud, covering his face with his hand.

"Hey, hey, easy there, no need to get that way!" Landers reached out and patted his shoulder. "You'd be surprised how many cases I see like this every single day. In fact, what happened to you both is quite normal!"

Sebastian looked up. "Normal?" He retorted. "What's so normal about what we went through?"

The doctor grabbed a rolling stool and sat down facing Sebastian. He opened his medical chart and
began thumbing through various pages. "I ran an MRI, CT scan and an echocardiogram on your boyfriend; these tests measure brain wave patterns, take photos of the cerebral graph and search for deviations in heart rhythms." Tapping the chart he gestured towards the slumbering student. "All normal." He stated simply. "No tumors, no erratic heartbeats, no neurological malformations, zip, zero, nada."

Sebastian shook his head. "Then what the fuck happened?" He growled, growing steadily irritated with the whole situation. "I know I didn't imagine Ciel screaming about smelling fucking rotting bodies and throwing up some yellow shit all over the floor!"

"He experienced a Grand Mal." Sebastian drew in a sharp breath at the smooth calmness of the doctor's words.

"A what?" He stammered, his skin suddenly felt ice cold. "A Grand Mall?!"

Violet eyes widened for a second before the doctor smiled. "No, no, it's a Grand Mal, not mall." He corrected. "It's also known as a Tonic-Clonic Seizure."

Sebastian blinked, he was beyond confused. "Ciel had a seizure? He's never had one for as long as I've known him!"

Landers shrugged his shoulders. "These are general types of seizures which may occur during any point of a person's life. They often happen without any warning. These seizures are caused by abnormal electrical activity throughout the brain causing violent convulsions and leading to a loss of consciousness."

"But why did Ciel get one out of the clear blue?" Sebastian probed, not satisfied with the answer.

The silver haired doctor sighed. "You see, there are several triggers." He began counting them off on his fingers, "sudden drop in blood sugar, a stroke, debilitating diseases, extreme stress-"

"Stress?" Sebastian echoed, eyeing the peaceful man snoring lightly. "Uh, well, the move to come up here was a bit stressful." He admitted sadly, "and about a half hour before we arrived at the new house we had just had a fight."

"Well, there you go!" Exclaimed the doctor, throwing his hands up. "Although that may well be the cause, I suggest Ciel come back in the next few days for tests in order to determine whether or not he suffers from epilepsy."

"Jesus Christ!" Sebastian groaned, rubbing his temples with his fingers. "Epilepsy?"

"It's all precautionary of course." Landers assured. "If he happens to suffer from it there are plenty of suitable and appropriate medical options to choose from. People live everyday normal and highly functioning lives even with episodic seizures, try not to get too worried about this."

"Ok, I'll take your words into consideration, but," Sebastian folded his hands under his chin, resting his elbows on his lap, "explain to me why I couldn't move to help him."

"Shock." Dr. Landers quickly answered, he tilted his head and smiled at the frown on Sebastian's face. "You're not superman, Mr. Michaelis. Seeing your lover in such a frightening state would send anyone into shock, but what matters most is that you both have a clean bill of health and no one was hurt."

Yes, we're ok. Sebastian assured himself, no one was hurt.
"I promised him a long time ago that I would stay by his side and protect him." He stood from his seat and turned towards the hospital bed brushing his hand gently against Ciel's cheek. He had begun to mumble and stir, sure signs that he was awakening, "And I intend to keep my word, no matter what."
Chapter 3

Greetings!

Thank you all so much for the great reviews! The story has started off rather strangely but my life is one big strange mess right now so WHAT-THE-FUCK-EVER right?

I hope you all stick around for the craziness, this story and my beloved AnimeCujo are all that's keeping me focused and sane these days so READ ENJOY REVIEW FAVORITE FOLLOW!

Love, hugs and awkwardly long squeezes with my hands trailing down your back...

BTW please read and review AnimeCujo's awesome Fic "Revelations" as well as my previous Fic "Simply Meant to Be"

"People are strange,
when you're a stranger.

Faces are ugly,
when you're alone."

-The Doors

Driving back from the hospital afforded Sebastian some time to reflect upon the disturbing morning he and Ciel had just experienced. It was almost noon by the time they returned to the house and he was more bothered by the strange events than when they had first left the ER parking lot.

The run in with that bastard cop should have been an omen, he thought sourly, turning the wheel sharply up the gravel road.

Blue skies accented by a few puffy white clouds seemed oddly out of place surrounding the historic rented home especially after what the doctor had told him. Regret flickered in his heart, what if taking Ciel out of the city had been the proverbial straw that broke the camel's back? What if the sudden move up to the middle of nowhere had stirred up a latent condition within the young student's fragile mental state? If it turned out that Ciel was indeed epileptic and stress was the culprit, Sebastian would never forgive himself. Thinking back on how Ciel had reacted upon entering the house caused him to shiver at the memory . . . it smells like rotted corpses! The phrase echoed in his mind.

"Back already?" Ciel mumbled and yawned, rubbing his eyes with his fingertips. He had fallen asleep during the ride from the hospital. "God, I feel like I haven't slept in days!" Doctor Landers had advised bed rest for a day or two since Ciel had suffered such a violent episode; his energy was sapped and it would take more than just a couple of hours to recuperate.

Ciel yelped in surprise when his passenger side door was opened and a pair of long arms scooped him bridal style from the car. "W-Why are you carrying me?" He squeaked, cheeks ablaze with
embarrassment. "I-I can walk on my own!" Sebastian strode steadily up the cobblestone walkway carrying his petite lover with ease.

"Because you're still really unsteady on your feet." He replied, stopping momentarily to offer a warm smile to the squirming young man. "Besides, I need practice carrying my blushing bride into our new home." He teased and Ciel stopped struggling to stare at the grinning man.

Sebastian loved having those deep ocean blue eyes set directly on him; he felt as if they could see right through to the very core of his being. Only Ciel knew his true self and only Ciel could catch a glimpse of Sebastian in the raw and not run away from the reality of who he truly was. At that moment, Ciel saw his lover being honest and loving; opening up the very real possibility that no matter how difficult a situation was, their relationship would be a permanent deal.

"I love you so much." He breathed, wrapping his thin arms around Sebastian's neck and placing a tender kiss upon his lips.

"I love you too." He whispered against Ciel's rose petal mouth.

They continued to the door of the house; Sebastian could feel the frail form in his arms tense up. No doubt Ciel was fearful of another episode.

"You have an appointment with the staff neurologist next Monday." He informed, pushing the door open; in his haste earlier he had forgotten to lock it.

"Why?" Ciel pouted. "It's not like they found anything wrong with me." Sebastian chuckled at Ciel's expression, setting him down on his feet.

"It's to rule out epilepsy." He explained.

"Epilepsy?" Ciel bit his lip, nervously looking around the foyer.

Sebastian nodded, carefully slipping off the young man's pea coat and opening the hall closet. "I made the appointment early in the morning before work-"

Ciel shook his head and whispered. "I'm sorry."

"What are you apologizing for?" Sebastian looked back at Ciel in confusion. "Nothing's your fault here!"

"It's just . . ." Ciel chewed on his bottom lip and kept his eyes firmly planted to the floor; head slightly bowing in shame. "Nothing can be easy when it comes to me. First we had to move up here, now it's this epilepsy-"

"Stop right there." Sebastian interrupted firmly. "No one said you had epilepsy. It's just a precaution, ok? Don't automatically assume the worst." His arms encircled Ciel's waist, pulling him into a protective embrace.

Cocooned within the safety of the older man, Ciel let out a shaky sigh. "Yeah, but-"

"But nothing." Sebastian buried his face in the coolness of blue gray hair, inhaling deeply the sweet smell. "And nothing's ever easy with you because you're not some humdrum average Joe who would bore me to tears with a simple life filled with simple ideas." He cupped Ciel's face in his hands, their eyes locking in a gaze filled with understanding. "Everything is an adventure with you, Ciel; good or bad I wouldn't have it any other way."
"There's plenty of stuff I'd change." Ciel retorted.

"But it all led us here, right here." Sebastian nuzzled the side of Ciel's neck, his lips tracing the swan like expanse of milky white skin. He could feel goose bumps rising against his tongue as he licked and nipped the exposed collarbone. "Doesn't that feel good?" He purred seductively, enjoying the shivers emanating from the delicate body in his arms.

"Everything you do to me feels good." Ciel whispered, closing his eyes as the fear and tension melted away with the soft touches. "More." He demanded in a shuddering breath, pressing his hardening length against Sebastian's own prominent arousal.

The man shook his head. "Doctor said you need to rest." He murmured, feeling the heat pour from Ciel's body and slowly drive him mad with desire. "No strenuous activities for a couple of days." Sebastian mumbled as he placed another kiss to the small temple.

"Doctor should mind his own business." Ciel cut in, his hands busily unbuckling his boyfriend's belt.

"Baby, I don't want to hurt you." Dark red eyes flashed with concern as nimble fingers pushed their way into his pants and cupped his tightening sac. "Ah! Fuck!" Sebastian groaned at the delicious feeling of Ciel kneading and rubbing him skillfully.

"I'm hoping you do." He grinned, face full of mischief and want.

Shoving all reason and sensibility aside, Sebastian pushed his eager lover towards the foyer. "Not this time." He growled, unbuttoning Ciel's shirt with careful speed. "This time I'm going to be slow and gentle."

"Slow and gentle?" Ciel snorted, rolling his eyes. "Did I just meet you? It might start that way," Ciel felt his back make contact with the wall, "but we both know what eventually happens."

"Oh?" Ripping off the young man's shirt, Sebastian stepped back to admire the delicate curves and dainty frame of his lover. "Educate me then." He teased in a husky voice. "What usually happens, Mr. Phantomhive?"

Grabbing fistfuls of inky black hair, Ciel forcibly pulled Sebastian towards him devouring his mouth in a wet and animalistic kiss. They released their mouths only to gasp for air with reddened lips and glassy eyes. "You mess me up," Ciel panted lustfully. "You turn me inside out." He licked his lips with a sensual air, eyes narrowing and heady with hunger. "And I love every second of it."

"Oh! Please pardon the intrusion!"

Sebastian froze upon hearing the high pitched voice coming from within their home.

Intruder! His mind screamed, panic quickly setting in. Sebastian's first instinct was to protect Ciel; grabbing him by the arm, he shoved the shocked student behind him, effectively becoming his human shield against the trespasser.

"Really, babe?" Ciel whispered behind him."Even I could take her on."

What the hell? Sebastian thought, immediately calming after taking in the cowering five foot visitor with coke bottle thick glasses and a head of hair as red as the shamed blush blazing furiously on her face.

"Who-Wait, why are you in our home?" Sebastian demanded, relaxing his stance. Obviously the
young woman in the maid's outfit was not a physical threat to them. Wait, he narrowed his eyes at her, Maid's outfit?

"I-I'm so sorry!" She cried, bursting into a tearful sob. Her hands shook as she lifted up the mop and bucket held by them. "There was s-such a t-t-terrible m-mess here and I was only t-trying to do my j-job!" Hiccupping loudly, she set the cleaning tools on the floor and wiped her nose with her sleeve.

"Please don't cry!" Ciel begged, emerging from behind his looming boyfriend while attempting to button up his shirt in an inconspicuous manner. He produced a small package of tissues from his pocket and handed them to the girl who was now weeping pitifully into her hands. "You just startled us, that's all." He spoke softly, running the tissue under her wet chin. "I'm Ciel and this is my boyfriend," stifling a snicker, he threw a smirk at the black haired man. "And apparently now my bodyguard, Sebastian. We're renting this place for a year."

"My name is Mey Rin." She sniffed shyly while adjusting her glasses. "Part of your lease calls for a housekeeper, that's why I'm here."

"A housekeeper!" Sebastian tilted his head. "I don't recall reading this on the lease Mr. Druit faxed us. Are your wages included in the rent?" He had never formally met the real estate agent who dealt with the paperwork and money tied to the property. had always sent his secretary, Nina Hopkins, to show Sebastian and Ciel the house. It seemed a bit odd at first, but Sebastian had chalked it up to conflicted and inundated schedules.

"Oh yes, sir!" She replied, nodding her head quickly. "Laundry too! The company that owns this property is very fastidious when it comes to the upkeep of the Butler House!"

"Well this sounds awesome to me!" Ciel smiled, shaking Mey Rin's hand. "I hate doing laundry!"

"This comes as a bit of a surprise." Sebastian admitted, scratching the side of his head. He was still doubtful of the deal presented before him. "Will you be rooming here as well?"

"Yes, sir!" She chirped, blowing her nose noisily and earning a giggle from Ciel. "There's a servants room downstairs in the basement next to the winter pantry and laundry area." Noticing the older male's hesitant demeanor, Mey Rin quickly picked up the mop and bucket. "I won't be in your way, I promise! I work from six in the morning to four in the afternoon, then I retire to my room and leave the rest of the house to your privacy!"

Sebastian crossed his arms and mulled over her words. His teaching assignment at the local college kept him out of the house for most of the day while Ciel attended his own courses and did private tutoring. Having a housekeeper would indeed lessen the stress of keeping up with the large house. Eyeing the timid creature before them, Sebastian felt no threat from her.

"Alright, I'm on board." Sebastian extended his hand to Mey Rin, "and obviously, so is Ciel." He chuckled, shaking her hand and motioning towards his beaming lover.

"I'm so happy!" She squealed nearly dropping the mop and bucket, "and I just finished sprucing up the place! For some reason there was an awful mess in the foyer this morning! I think an animal got into the house and made a mess right here!" Pointing to the spot where Ciel had retched puddles of blood tinged bile just a few hours ago.

Ciel glanced at Sebastian from the corner of his eye. "Hm, really?" The man hummed, nudging the student in the ribs with his elbow. "An animal, you say? Filthy creature." Ciel glared at him.
"At least it's all cleaned up, right?" He snarled, sneaking a pinch on Sebastian's arm.

"Yes sir! All cleaned up!" Mey Rin laughed, "But since I've already tidied up and freshened the bed sheets in every room I will be leaving early today to run some errands!"

After confirming the weekday schedule with the spritely young lady, the pair saw her off in her car, a beat up Jeep Wrangler with weather worn tires that looked as if they could barely hug the road let alone handle the snow and ice in a rural landscape.

"I wonder how much money she could possibly be making?" Sebastian sighed aloud, placing his arm around Ciel's shoulder as they walked into the quaint and dimly lit living room. "That car has seen better days."

"Yeah, but you know what?" Ciel looked up at his lover with a smirk. "I just got the best idea!"

Garnet eyes gleamed with interest. "Oh?"

Plump lips smiled sweetly as blue orbs gleamed brightly. "How about we dirty up those clean sheets right now?"

Angelina Durless detested pigeons.

Her older sister, Rachel, used to admire the hordes of bustling birds in the city parks when she had been alive, once commenting on their sweet and docile dispositions. Shrouded in gray and white feathers, like murmuring nuns scuttling along concrete sidewalks in search of crumbs for daily nourishment. The woman did not share in her older sister's romanticized version of the loathed sky rat.

Durless despised their incessant cooing, the filth crawling all over their matted feathers and the way they intruded in almost every aspect of a city dweller's life. They were everywhere and in her proper opinion, they should all be poisoned and swept away with the test of New York City's rotting garbage.

She sat in her large and ridiculously priced leather chair facing the floor to ceiling window in her publishing house office. As one of the top literary agents of Libre Publishers, she enjoyed one of the swankier corner offices in the 6th Avenue building. Known for her fire engine shoulder length red hair with an attitude and wardrobe to match, it wasn't unusual for the denizens of the publishing world to quake in fear upon the mere mention of her name. Yet to her chagrin there were only two people who seemed entirely unfazed by the strikingly beautiful woman also known as "Madame Red".

Lau, a hugely successful Libre editor and Ran Mao, his "secretary". She equated the pair to pigeons, scuttling nuisances with a tendency to murmur nonsense and annoy her to the very limit of her sanity.

"Dirty pigeons." She muttered, turning herself around in the chair in order to face the odd Chinese man with his scantily clad right hand girl seated comfortably on his lap.

It's the middle of winter and yet this bitch is wearing a black mini and tight see through white t shirt, she seethed quietly, these two should be poisoned and swept away as well. It pained her to know that her beloved sister was gone from her, sent to an early grave when they were in their late teens, but human debri like Lau and Ran Mao were still walking the earth.

Lau smiled pleasantly at her, as if he could read her thoughts and took a languid drag from the long
thin brown cigarette held between his two fingers. He blew a thin wisp of bluish smoke into the air, the sickly sweet smell of cinnamon and cloves permeated the room, leaving Angelina grimacing in disgust. "Hey Red." He drawled, grazing Ran Mao's exposed thigh with his fingertips. "Where's my manuscript?"

Angelina scowled, roughly yanking open her desk drawer and threw a hateful look at the grinning man. "Where the hell are my cigarettes?!" She demanded furiously.

Lau chuckled, waving a lazy hand in the air. "I'll give you your cigarettes when I get my manuscript."

Angelina clicked her teeth in disgust. "As if I couldn't just get up, walk downstairs, cross the street to the store and pick up another pack, asshole!" Slamming the drawer shut, the contents on top of her desk shook.

"True, but at least I'm inconveniencing you and that," obsidian eyes gleamed brightly at her, "brings me uninhibited joy."

"I see, so now I'm the source of your joy?" Standing up slowly and walking around her desk, Angelina leaned against the side and crossed her arms. "May I assume that Ran Mao is not fulfilling your needs lately?"

Lau chuckled playfully. "Haha, dear lady, you are fulfilling one of my needs. On the other hand, Ran Mao is the root of all my perversions."

"I didn't need to hear that." She pushed herself from her desk with a huff and promptly sat back down in her chair.

"Careful, careful, Madam Red." Lau wagged a reprimanding finger at her; the serene gaze he once held for her suddenly shifting into a chilled fixed stare. "A door, whether wide open or a crack, is still open." He spoke coolly.

"What are you talking about?" Angelina snapped, darting her eyes away from him.

Lau chuckled lowly. "Who knows?" Shrugging nonchalantly, the coldness in his voice disappeared, turning airy and empty. "I say many meaningless things, however, I recall having a conversation with you about a certain brilliant professor with writing skills above and beyond your current clientele. Yet here I am, awaiting a manuscript that clearly does not exist."

She shot the man an annoyed look. "He needs more time-"

"You opened the door, Red." He cut in, sitting up and shifting the silent dark eyed girl on his lap, "Don't tell me there's nothing on the other side?"

It was bad enough that Lau was scrutinizing her every move and decision making for the last six months after a deal she had been working on for a movie rendition of one of their top clients had gone sour, but to be mocked? No, there had to be an end to this constant humiliation!

Slamming her fist on her desk, Angelina spoke through gritted teeth. "Dammit, Lau! I'll have that manuscript on your desk before the week is through! For once, back off and let me do my job!"

The strange pair exchanged amused glances. "Fine." He replied simply, taking another long drag on his cigarette.

She blinked owlishly. "Really?"
"Oh yes!" A puff of translucent smoke curled slowly from his lips. "You have one more month. The deadline was extended last night during our board meeting."

"You asshole!" She yelled. "You son of a bitch!"

Lau flicked his ashes carelessly on the carpeted floor. "Tut tut. "He cooed. "I love your fiery passion, but please refrain from sullying the air with such profanity in front of Ran Mao." Lau lovingly stroked his companion's silken black tresses. "She has such a sensitive soul."

"There's something very wrong with you." Angelina hissed, pointing to Ran Mao, "and that one, can she even speak?" Shaking her head furiously, she rose from her chair. "Get out!" She seethed. "Get you and that mute out of my office! I've had enough of your crap!"

Sighing deeply, the slight man patted his china doll on her rump, easing himself from the chair. "Indeed, our meeting has reached its limit." The odd duo made their way to the door. "Do make sure to give that fascinating writer of yours my regards." Lau turned his head to face Angelina, a shit eating grin plastered on his face. "I am anxiously awaiting his work."

"Bastard!" She screamed as the door slammed shut behind them.

"Has contact been made?"

"Yes, a violent one in fact."

"Hohoho, so he intends to begin collecting this early?"

"We are ready for him, we will not hold back."

"Watchful waiting, my dear. Patience in this matter will serve us well."

"How long before we begin?"

"One month."

"One month . . ."
Greetings!

Here I am, once again throwing this meager little story at you. Seems like my chapters are going to become longer and more plot heavy because the story is morphing into something bigger than I had expected. It's got me all excited hehehe, thank you all for the great reviews and support!

Please don't forget to check out AnimeCujo's masterpiece "Revelations"! She's amazing and she's MINE!

ALL MINE!

MINE MINE MINE!

Read, Enjoy, Review, Follow, Favorite, THANK YOU!

I am milk

I am red hot kitchen

And I am cool

Cool as the deep blue ocean

I am lost

So I am cruel

But I'd be love and sweetness

If I had you

I'm waiting

I'm waiting for you

I'm waiting

I'm waiting for you

I am weak

But I am strong

I can use my tears to

Bring you home

I'm aching

I'm aching for you
Ciel felt an icy draft curl itself around his toes as he stood in front of cherry wood double doors in the second floor hallway. Mey Rin had been gracious enough to identify and mark the various rooms with bright yellow post-its. The room he was about to enter was designated as "Master Bedroom" and it was one of four rooms on the second floor at the end of a long hallway. Two of the other rooms had been marked as "guest bedrooms" and the fourth was a full bathroom complete with a stocked linen closet.

Upon inspecting the third floor, the couple had discovered two average sized offices with windows facing the front yard, a small den complete with a futon and a television plus a door which led to the walk up attic. They had no desire to begin exploring any further so they headed back to the second floor. Lurking in their minds were other much more pleasurable desires to explore.

"I await your orders, Master." Sebastian's voice was like a heated breeze sifting through Ciel's bluish strands, sending shivers down his neck as he felt his lover's firm body press against his back. His hand touched the cool brass handles of the doors and with a turn and a push the doors swung open.

Scanning the spacious room, he quickly noted the freshly painted deep gray walls accented by bright white molding. What appeared to be a king sized bed centered the room facing the doors flanked by a pair of simple dark wood night stands each with its own deep cream shaded lamps. A matching wardrobe closet was cornered in the left and a washed pine vanity complete with an oval mirror was against the wall to the right.

Dark gray and white striped curtains framed the two large windows where hints of light filtered lazily through the shades. In all, the room was quaint American taste; it harkened back to simpler more innocent times. Ciel felt the sudden urge to sully every last inch and crevice of the room.

"I want to dirty this place up." He whispered breathlessly, turning around to face the dark giant looming over him. "Get me on that bed and make me cry." Ciel purred seductively.

Large hands crept up the student's narrow waist and slid slowly down the small of his back resting comfortably against two pert mounds. Squeezing them gently, Sebastian growled at the delicious feeling of his lover's tight youthful body.

"Take off your clothes." He commanded lowly, pushing Ciel roughly into the room, red eyes flashing with desire. "And get your ass on that bed."

"Make me." He taunted, lifting his chin in defiance. "I'm the master here-hey!" Sebastian lifted his shocked boyfriend by the collar of his jacket and flung him onto the bed.

Pillows tumbled to the floor as Ciel wrestled against a pair of long and lean muscular arms effortlessly pinning his body into the sinking softness of the mattress. The feel of Sebastian's toned and sinewy body stretched protectively over Ciel's diminutive self-sent euphoric waves of heat throughout the student's body. This was what Ciel loved the most, the moments when he felt small and lovingly overwhelmed by Sebastian's size and strength. When this solid, yet gentle man blanketed his own elfin like frame shrouding him in spicy smelling smooth alabaster toned skin, it was enough to make Ciel dizzy with lust.

Sebastian straddled his hips, busily unbuttoning his shirt while hungry eyes eagerly scanned the enticing young man laying patiently on the bed. He groaned inwardly at the sight of Ciel's hair spread like dark waters amongst the white down comforter; skin so pale it could almost melt into
the overstuffed cover.

"God, you are fucking beautiful." Sebastian whispered huskily, leaning forward and placing a kiss on Ciel's chin. "I love you." He breathed passionately, still as captivated by Ciel as the day he had met him. Since then, Sebastian's mind body and soul; had all been to the blue eyed student who would not leave his side.

Unknown to the pair of amorous lovers, nearby on the side of the road where the hilltop revealed only the top two floors of the Butler House, was a car parked with an engine purring quietly like a sleeping kitten. Two pairs of eyes watched the house with great interest; one with calm serenity and the other alight with impish curiosity.

"I think they're finally home!" An excitable voice exclaimed, its owner bouncing up and down in the passenger side seat. "Let's go!"

"Your excitement brings great joy and light to this day." The older male behind the wheel smiled, pleased with his young partner. "How lucky are these two whom will be soon acquainted with your generous and amiable spirit!"

"Sebastian!" Ciel cried, his arms pinned behind him as he gasped into the plush comforter. "Fuck me harder!"

Sweat pooled on the small of the writhing young student's back as his lover roughly thrust his slick and glistening cock into his tight ass. The "lovemaking" between Ciel and Sebastian usually resorted to a brutal sexual assault upon the young man's seemingly frail frame, but as Sebastian had quickly discovered, Ciel loved to be violently fucked. In fact, the student often goaded his former professor with verbal abuse and the occasional smack in the face. It was just how their sex life went and they knew no other way.

"Lift your hips, bitch." The black haired man hissed through gritted teeth. His long fingers dug into the pearl white flesh of Ciel's slim hips. "I wanna go deeper!"

"Ah! God!" He keened.

"He's not helping you right now!" Sebastian growled, grabbing a fistful of Ciel's hair and jerking him upright, his dick sliding deeper into the tight cavity. "You better say a fucking prayer because I'm tearing you-

Ding-dong. Ding-ding-dong.

The sound of a doorbell chiming followed by a steady stream of knocks echoed throughout the house and both men stood frozen, quickly glancing at each other.

"Keep quiet," Sebastian whispered, pressing his hands against Ciel's thighs and rocking his hips slowly. "They'll go away, whoever the hell it is."

"Maybe it's important!" Ciel whispered back, slapping the insistent hands off his body and wiggling from their grasp. "What if it's a delivery or something?"

"Fuck. No." He hissed and Ciel clicked his tongue in annoyance.

"Did you forget I still don't have half of my shit in this house yet?" The young man reminded.

"Since when are you the adult?" Sebastian snorted, detaching himself reluctantly off of his lover.
"Since I'm waiting for a package from the college!" Ciel rolled away from his man and grabbed the strewn clothing from the floor. "If I don't get those papers today I can't go to classes on Monday."

"Right, right." He snorted, rolling his eyes. Another round of doorbell chimes and incessant knocking caused Sebastian to whip his head up and scowl. "I'm coming!" He yelled, irritation clear in his voice.

"Well, that's not very accurate now is it?" Ciel snickered as Sebastian threw him a hateful glare. "Now stop pouting and finish getting dressed." He gently scolded at the glowering male, tucking the stray strands of slate hair behind his ears to make himself look more presentable. "I'm going downstairs."

Watching his petite partner head out the bedroom, Sebastian sighed and shook his head. He didn't get the kid 100% yet. Even though they spent almost every second of their lives together, Ciel was still an enigma. They were just in the middle of a sweat inducing sex-fest and in one snap moment the student decided it was far more important to answer the door than finish him off. It was understood from the get-go that education was extremely important to Ciel, no one appreciated that trait more than Sebastian, but the lack of predictability behind the blue eyed student's often rash actions drove the older man to the edge of reason sometimes.

"Can't even argue his logic." He muttered in defeat, reaching down to pick up his socks from the floor. "I don't get that damn brat." Sweeping his hands against the glossy wood floors, a strange texture seemed to catch his attention.

Scratches?

Furrowing his brows, he pressed his fingertips against the floorboards flanking the bed and knelt down to take a closer look. Could it have been my imagination? He thought, peering closer to where his fingers had felt a slight raise in the natural woven patterns. He was almost certain there was something carved, something scratched onto the surface of the floor.

Barely visible golden traces of raw wood seemed to glow and then fade away as his hands sought out the intricate swirls. Tracing the faint lines on the floor he could tell that most of whatever it was resided underneath the bed. This was odd, he tilted his head and reached gingerly under the bed to feel more of the scratched encryption. Shaking his head, he admonished himself for quickly assuming that this was purposely done. For all he knew, the mild gouges could have been caused by sloppy movers shuttling furniture back and forth.

"What a shame." He mumbled, lifting the bed skirt to take a closer look. "Refinishing wood floors is expensive-"

"Sebastian!" Ciel called from downstairs, jerking his head up from his kneeling position and almost stumbled backwards at the sound of the frantic call.

"Ciel!" He cried, scrambling to his feet and rushing out the door. The sound of his lover's voice was desperate and what was worse, it sounded choked! Sebastian thundered down the stairs and skidded to a stop at the sight that lay before him in the foyer. "I'm beginning to hate this section of the house." He sighed, rubbing his head, trying to unsuccessfully ward off a headache. "I see you've met our new neighbors."

"Get . . . off . . . me-ack!" Ciel grunted as he tried to unravel the pair of arms currently encircling his neck in a vice-like embrace. A head of violet tinged dark hair was buried in his neck.

"By Krishna, you smell so familiar!" Light golden eyes danced in delight as the young man, who
had immediately attached himself to Ciel the moment he had opened the door, ran his nose up the creamy expanse of his neck. "You smell like sex!"

"The fuck!?" Ciel yelped, shoving the young man off of his person. "Don't touch me like you know me!" He shouted. Backing away slowly he suddenly noticed the much taller and regal looking man standing near the doorway holding a medium sized cardboard box in his hands. "And who the fuck are you?" He demanded, rubbing his reddened neck.

"How rude!" Even with those words, the strange young man beamed brightly, motioning to his tall partner to come forward. "And we came with gifts! You should be thankful that Agni and I are such good neighbors!"

"Eh-Excuse me?!" Ciel sputtered in disbelief, making Sebastian chuckled at the stunned look on the student's face.

"What a shock." The raven-haired man drawled, looping an arm around Ciel's waist and pulling him into his arms playfully. "Another man throwing himself at you." He planted a quick kiss onto the plump lips to ward off any protest and winked. "Relax babe, Soma here has been chomping on the bit waiting to meet you."

"Wait, you know these people!" Ciel cocked an eyebrow and scrutinized the smiling pair.

From the deep rich caramel brown of their skin, defined faces and accents it was obvious that they were from India or of Indian descent. Both wore simple clothes, jeans, boots, and were still bundled up in their winter coats, scarves and hats, but there was a refined air about the two that set them obviously apart from any average local in those parts. They appeared comfortably out of place without a care for how unique their cat like eyes and elegant accents were. Ciel could detect the sweet scents of exotic spices, chocolate and foreign flowers floating about their persons. In taking time to step back and assess the overly zealous neighbor, he suddenly realized how strikingly beautiful the younger of the two was.

"Ciel, you're staring." Sebastian whispered lowly. "Quit it."

"Please forgive us for our abruptness! It is my fault!" Ciel and Sebastian turned to look at the tall man who wore a long black wool coat, his shock white hair loosely wrapped in linen cloth. He too was quite handsome with sharply angled facial features and a voice filled with sincerity and strength. Stepping forward, he presented the brown box to the pair. "I had suggested to my prince that it would be expected of a good neighbor to welcome new friends with good will and good food!"

"Prince?" Ciel echoed, glancing at the grinning man with a skeptical eye. "You're a prince?" He snorted.

"Don't be rude, Ciel." Sebastian gently chided, releasing his hold on his boyfriend. He bowed slightly to the gentleman and retrieved the box. "Thank you, Agni, this is most kind of you and Prince Soma."

Agni smiled and returned the bow. "Eat in good health and prosperity, Sebastian."

"We graciously accept these gifts." Sebastian turned to Ciel and slightly widened his eyes. "Ciel?" He asked expectedly.

"Oh! Yeah! Thank you!" Taking a quick sniff, Ciel's stomach grumbled and whined at the savory smells wafting through the air. Whatever was in the box was emitting the most delectable smells of
meat. It was an oddly familiar scent, one that seemed to harken back to his days in the city. "Curry!" He exclaimed, lifting the lid of the box and peering inside. His mouth instantly watered at the flavorful piles of palm sized golden mounds steaming fresh from the deep fryer. The promised treat was one of his favorite meals. "Curry buns! This is freaking awesome!" He cried.

Soma laughed gaily, clapping his hands with a self-satisfied flourish. "Once again I chose the perfect gift!"

"Yes, my prince." Agni crowed, casting an indulgent look at his young partner. "You are perfection."

What was it between those two? Ciel wondered, it was obvious that there was some form of relationship between them, but to place the ridiculously jubilant young man with the gracefully elegant older man was almost too comical for words.

"Are you two... a couple?" Ciel queried, flicking a pointer finger between the two and looking from Soma to Agni. "I don't mean to be nosy-"

"Of course we are!" Cried Soma, flinging his arms around Agni's waist and squeezing tightly. "He is my lover!"

"Ok, well, that wasn't quite necessary but, yeah, thanks." Ciel muttered, hearing a low chuckle behind him. "But thanks for the food so, um, you can leave now-"

"Ciel!" Sebastian sent a sharp open hand smack behind the back of the bluenette's head, earning a yelp from his lover. "What's wrong with you?!" He hissed, snatching the box from Ciel. "Apologize, now!"

"No need, no need." Agni assured, gently tugging at Soma's coat. He offered a warm smile and beckoned his partner to follow him to the door. "We were rude not to have called you ahead of time to announce our intentions. Please forgive us, we must take our leave."

"I have a paper to write for my class on Monday!" Soma huffed, pouting his discontent. "And Agni has to get to work."

"So you'll be cooking tonight at the pub?" Sebastian asked hopefully.

"Yes, Bard only cooks on Tuesdays and Wednesdays. Ironically enough, those are our slowest nights." Agni laughed good heartedly. "Will you be coming by later?"

"Of course." Sebastian shook hands with Agni and waved goodbye to Soma. "It was good to see you again, Prince Soma."

"Of course it is." Soma snorted in a haughty manner. "I am royalty, you know!"

Ciel watched wide eyed as the pair walked out of their home and drove the short distance to their own home down the road. "Sebastian, is he really a prince or just full of shit?" He placed the box of curry buns on the hallway table and followed Sebastian out of the foyer.

The raven haired man sighed, he had taken a seat on the plush dark brown couch in the great room just outside of the foyer. He was tired from their long strange first day in the house. "No of course not." He smirked, patting the empty space next to him in a silent plea for Ciel to sit next to him. He ached to feel the young man's warmth against his body. "Agni is his legal guardian and caretaker since Soma is a bit... um... delusional."
"I don't get it." Ciel frowned, plopping down next to his tall lover and snuggling into his side. "How the hell are they lovers? And what do you mean by delusional? And better yet, when did you first meet them?" Sebastian almost moaned at the amorous display in their close proximity. It made his heart beat faster whenever Ciel curled himself into Sebastian's body as if seeking a nest to burrow safely in.

"First off, Agni took guardianship of Soma after they became lovers." Sebastian began, humming at the sight of Ciel's small feet tucked neatly under his lap. "Secondly, Soma suffers from mental illness due to a traumatic childhood."

"No shit." He scoffed.

"I'm serious." Sebastian looped his arm around Ciel's shoulders and pulled him closer. "I met Agni at the local pub one night last Spring when I had finalized the lease and was staying overnight; he's their cook." Ciel nodded and rested his head against his lover's chest. "After a bit of polite conversation we discovered that we were neighbors and got to talking about how we both had male significant others. To be honest, I was really surprised when he confided in me about Soma's condition."

"That he's crazier than a shit house loon?" Ciel snorted.

"No." Sebastian retorted, his demeanor suddenly serious. "Soma has Disassociation Disorder." A look of shock swept over Ciel's face, he felt a pang of regret over his callous remark.

"Split Personality?" He stared unbelieving at Sebastian. "How's that possible? He looks like he's my age! Is it a chemical imbalance or something?"

"Unfortunately, no." Rubbing his forehead, the dark eyed male shook his head. "Agni is actually a distant cousin of Soma's, they both lived not too far from each other in the city. Apparently, Soma's parents were wealthy but completely f*cked in the head cocaine addicts."


"Yeah, they were abusive both verbally and physically to that poor kid. Everyone in their family knew about what was happening, but no one wanted to stick their nose into their business so once Agni turned 18 he moved into his own apartment and took Soma with him." Sebastian explained calmly.

"How old was Soma?" He asked.

"He was, I think, around 13 or 14 years old?" Sebastian knitted his brows trying to recall what Agni had told him. "It caused an uproar within the family, but Agni said he had threatened to go to the police if they went after Soma."

Ciel whistled in amazement. "That's freaking crazy."

"Yeah, but that's not all," Sebastian continued. "After a few months, Agni noticed Soma having these strange bipolar type moments where he would start acting like an entirely different person. I have to admit, he did the right thing taking him to a psychologist, pretty responsible for his age at that time." He appraised. "Turned out that during the worst times of abuse, Soma would create an alter personality, a prince, in order to escape the horrors and pain of his life."

"So you're telling me that the kid I just met isn't really Soma?" Ciel was incredulous. "That wasn't even a real personality?"
"Hard to believe, eh? When he's stressed or really at his mental limit he shuts down his primary personality and slips into the persona of a prince from India. I suppose it makes him feel more powerful, more adored, maybe even more precious as a human being." Sebastian reasoned, shrugging his shoulders.

"Ah Jesus, Sebs, I just realized something." Ciel looked up at him with panic. "Soma said he had a paper due on Monday, right?"

Sebastian nodded. "Yea, and?"

"Is he going to New London University?" Ciel gulped. "Like me?"

Sebastian smiled sweetly, squeezing his boyfriend tightly before leaning in to whisper in his ear. "Even royalty needs an education."

Evening had set in early with a deep indigo sky around 5 o'clock and after much grumbling and whining, Sebastian decided that a hungry, cranky and unsatisfied Ciel wasn't worth spending the rest of his life in jail for murder. Or at least aggravated assault, he thought sourly as he led a grumpy Ciel to the car.

After their conversation on the couch the young student had decided to run upstairs to their bedroom, unpack his clothes and take a hot shower. Sebastian grieved the loss of their interrupted sex play, the dull ache in his crotch would be present for at least another hour, but he figured that it was probably best to catch a meal at the pub and go straight back home to bed.

"Crazy, this day has been just unreal." Stretching his arms above his head, he heard an audible pop from his tight back and grunted in discomfort. Shifting his body on the couch, "Crazy, just fucking crazy." He sighed, looking around at the sparsely furnished living room with its minimalist decorum.

The muted winter landscape seemed to highlight a feeling of emptiness surrounding the centuries old house, but it wasn't just the visual vacancy that seemed to unnerve Sebastian. It was the feeling that he had been in this same house when there had been warmth, life, and clarity. A strange sense of déjà vu had from day one haunted the professor; it was one of the reasons he had chosen to rent the Butler House. Sebastian being a researcher to the core felt an immediate stirring within his gut that there was something very special about the house and he wanted the time to find out why.

There would be a reconciliation of his relationship with Ciel, the healing of the shattered trust within their love would soon begin and Sebastian's dream to finish his new book on paranormal activities and urban legends would also come to fruition. But in the end, nothing would be worth having if Ciel wasn't by his side. He had determined this ages ago, on nights when he held the trembling young man naked against sweat soaked skin, tears overflowing from ocean blue eyes while the older man reassured him that he would never abandon him. Sebastian needed Ciel more than he would ever admit; Ciel was his substance, his everything.

"I'll wait for you, baby." He whispered, dark red eyes glancing upwards towards the stairs as the sound of the shower echoed throughout the still house. "I'll wait for you as long as you come to me."

Cottage styled yellowed lights painted the snow covered sidewalk in a golden stream while a deep purple late afternoon sky loomed quietly overhead. Sebastian and Ciel stood outside the small corner brick faced pub inhaling deeply the smell of grilled meat and spices that poured like an appetizing perfume from the slightly ajar wooden door. Welcoming sounds of intermingled voices,
loud laughter and music gave the English themed restaurant an authentic feel. This place was the real deal, they had agreed with amused glances and watering mouths.

"Let's go in, shall we?" Sebastian smiled, placing a soft kiss against the crown of Ciel's head. A rush of scarlet painted a cute blush on the student's ivory cheeks as he looked away, a pleased grin twitching at the corners of his mouth.

"After dinner . . . can we?" He ventured, glancing up hopefully.

Sebastian opened the door with one hand, his other arm encircling the young man's waist. "Yeah, I'd like that."

The icy crisp air suddenly gave way to the comforting heat of a stone fireplace situated in the center of the small pub. Around seven round tables surrounded the dining area while to the right, four booths aligned the wall. There was a lively crowd present, animatedly chattering over pitchers of beer and steaming hot plates of succulent fried food. Everywhere they turned they saw friendly faces of all ages enjoying each other's company; as well as, the freshly prepared fare Agni was cooking.

Dark wood paneling, faux candle sconces and large color framed photos of what appeared as the English countryside adorning the walls made the couple feel as if they had stepped back in time to a place far from their odd rural surroundings. The bar lining the perimeter to the left was wooden as well with shiny brass accents and cabinets decorated with Waterford glasses and bottles of varying types of alcohol. Rainbow sparkles of crystalline light bounced off the prismatic cut of the beautiful collection and expensive drink ware, earning an approving hum from Sebastian.

"Do you see the Waterford crystals up behind the glass doors of the cabinets?" He pointed out, motioning to Ciel to take a seat at the bar. "Right there is thousands of dollars of fine Irish crystal."

Before Ciel could respond a low chuckling was heard breaking through the mingling sounds of the busy pub.

"Well la-dee-fucking-dah! Is that what you highly educated people like to talk about at a bar?" Sebastian turned slowly, his jaw clenched in irritation as red eyes met with mischievous golden orbs.

"If it's educated," he spoke curtly, his arm tightening around Ciel's waist. "How did you understand it?"

Claude had been sitting at the bar watching them as they entered; they had been completely oblivious to his presence. He wore a soft black T-shirt which clung to his admiringly toned and muscled chest and abdomen; Ciel silently swept his eyes over the milky white arms and distressed deep blue denim jeans hugging his long legs and Claude's smirk grew wider; the quiet once over had not gone unnoticed.

"Good evening, Pretty." He purred, choosing to ignore Sebastian's remark and he sent the fidgeting student a devilish smile and a seductive wink. "Didn't think I'd see you again this soon." Ciel felt his entire face erupt in a heated blush.

"A-Are you disappointed?" He stammered, feeling the painful stab of Sebastian's glare drilling a hole into the side of his head. He didn't understand why he couldn't say the right things during these situations, it never ceased to amaze him how whorish he sounded.

"Not at all." Claude slid from his chair and stood in front of Ciel, calmly folding his arms over his
chest. "Just figured after being at the hospital today you'd be home resting up, or something like that."

"How the fuck do you know that?" Sebastian cut in, his eyes wide with fury.

"Well hello to you too, Professor-" Claude goaded.

"Answer my question." He bristled, uncaring about how the bustling conversations within the small pub had lowered to interested whispers and curious onlookers.

Shaking his head slowly, the law officer locked eyes with the seething male. "You're some miserable shit, eh?" He snickered, clearly enjoying himself. "Think about it Einstein, I'm the chief of police in this backwards wormhole so I know everything that goes down around here."

"Including confidential patient information?" Sebastian shot back.

Claude clicked his tongue in annoyance. "Calm the fuck down, all I know is that Pretty over here was checked into the ER and that he's fine, big fucking deal, nothing to get your panties in a twist."

"His name is Ciel." Sebastian growled. "And he's mine."

"Get this shit straight," Claude stepped back and sat back down on the bar stool. "I say what I want, I do what I want, and I don't give a flying fuck who belongs to who and who the fuck it is-"

Sebastian gave him a wry smile. "You're nothing but a big insignificant fish in a small insignificant pond-"

"Sebastian!" Ciel grabbed his boyfriend's arm and pulled him away. His anxiety over the two men snapping at one another was escalating and it reminded him of too many painful incidents in their past that had been caused by his own foolishness.

"It's alright, Pretty." Claude laughed, picking up a mug of frothy beer and taking a quick sip. "Most men generally feel insecure and cranky around me. Can't blame professor for getting all riled up when I'm around. Kinda pathetic, if you ask me."

Ciel frowned and rubbed Sebastian's arm as if to soothe him. "Come on Sebs, let's go grab a table. This is getting stupid."

"Nice seeing you again, blue eyes." Claude grinned. "I'm sure we'll... bump into each other again."

"Bastard!" Sebastian spat as he walked away towards a booth at the far corner. "I can't believe of all places he had to be here!" He sat heavily with a grunt and combed his fingers through his dark hair.

"Babe, please ignore him." Ciel begged, taking a seat across from him. "He's a cop, you know they're all crazy!"

"He's not crazy, Ciel. He's an asshole, big difference." Sebastian corrected.

"Yeah, you're right, he's the king of assholes." The young man shrugged. "But we're new here so let's not make enemies of the one person who's licensed to carry a goddamned weapon!"

"Right, right, ok. I'm calm, see?" Sebastian sighed heavily. "It's all good, ok?"

"Yeah, whatever." Glancing around, Sebastian suddenly smiled and tapped Ciel on his arm.
"I bet he was cut from the high school football team and missed his chance to get into the big times." He joked quietly.

Dark blue eyes lit up with mirth. "Yeah, he was probably that jock who gave out wedgies to newbie freshman!"

"Forever trying to compensate for a small penis." Sebastian scoffed as they both burst out in laughter. "How much you want to bet he dropped out of community college because it was too challenging?" Tears collected in the corners of Ciel's eyes as he clutched his sides trembling with unrestrained giggles.

"He was trying to have a cock fight with you but he probably comes up short!" The student added.

"Someone should've told him not to bring a butter knife to a gunfight!" The couple were in full force laughing hard over the assumed inferior size of Claude's package.

"Actually, Claude has a rather big dick." An eerily cool voice spoke.

Sebastian whipped his head around only to meet with the icy blue stare of what at first appeared to be the face of an angel. Standing next to their booth, seemingly out of nowhere, was a young man about an inch or two taller than Ciel yet as waif-like in frame with a mop of tousled sun drenched blonde hair and peaches and cream skin. He wore a simple purple sweater paired with black skinny jeans which only accentuated his slender body even more. The fact that he was beautiful nearly stunned Sebastian mute, but the impish smile laced with malice quickly cured him of his silence.

"Who-?" He stuttered.

"I'm Alois." Nodding his golden crown towards Claude who was still idly sipping his beer at the bar. "He's my boyfriend and he's stacked." He added, clearly enjoying the embarrassed looks on the couple's faces.

Ciel squirmed in his seat, unbelieving of their incredibly bad luck. "S-Sorry about tha-" He began before he was cut off by a high pitched giggle.

"You smell like a whore." Alois chuckled, "And as for the tall one here," setting his gaze upon s shocked Sebastian. He pursed his lips and sighed. "You're totally too good for him." With a short wave, Alois sauntered away towards his boyfriend, taking a seat next to him.

Ciel rubbed his forehead and shook his head. "Sebastian." His voice shook slightly. "Where did we move to?"

"Hell," Sebastian grumbled, snatching up the menu and signaling a waiter over. "Obviously Hell."
Greetingzzzzz!
I have been to Hell and back and most likely going for another round two in the inferno but I'm rising up like the Phoenix and finding my way through my writing!

Thanks for the support and reviews! They keep me motivated and grounded oxoxox

Thank you AnimeCujo for your love and for being my beloved.

READ, ENJOY, REVIEW, FOLLOW, FAVORITE!

THANK YOU!

Haunted Houses

All houses wherein men have lived and died
Are haunted houses. Through the open doors
The harmless phantoms on their errands glide,
With feet that make no sound upon the floors.
So from the world of spirits there descends
A bridge of light, connecting it with this,
O'er whose unsteady floor, that sways and bends
Wander our thoughts above the dark abyss.

-Longfellow

Winter had suddenly slipped its cold arms around the upscale town of Fultonville sending a new cover of fresh snow. The faint rustle of bed sheets echoed delicately in the master bedroom of the Butler House while a white moonbeam bathed the large bed in a bluish glow.

Sebastian slumbered quietly, his steady breathing slow and methodical while his body cocooned Ciel's sleeping form. His arm was curled protectively around the young student's waist while the other served as Ciel's pillow. They were lovingly tangled within a sleepy embrace; the warmth from their bodies further blanketing them in comfort.

"Sebastian?" A drowsy voice murmured in the coolness of the night. One dark red eye cracked open and glanced at the alarm clock on the nightstand; it was 3:33am.

"What, baby?" His voice thick with exhaustion and concern.

"Hold me tighter." Ciel pleaded lowly, pressing his body further into Sebastian's.
The college professor knitted his brows. "I am." He began, drawing the shivering frame closer to his chest.

"Tighter!" Ciel cried out, his strained voice a haunting echo in the large room. Rose petal lips quivered as tears began to stream steadily from his tightly shut eyes.

The chilled feeling of dampness trickled down the underside of Sebastian's arm as he struggled to calm his weeping love. Dotting Ciel's crown with soft kisses and whispers of reassurance, Sebastian stroked the slender milky limbs with his fingertips in hopes that the ensuing night terror would soon pass.

"Any tighter and I'll crush you." He breathed, gently rocking Ciel in his arms.

Squirming further into the plush down comforter, Ciel released a shaky whisper. "Yea."

"Yea, what?" Sebastian lifted his head up slightly and frowned in confusion.

"I want you to crush me." Ciel demanded softly.

"Ciel-" he breathed.

"Crush me." Crystal blue eyes shot open, begging and desperate. "Take me away from this and start all over again." He wept into the strong arms.

Sebastian quickly turned Ciel to face him, smashing his lips onto the student's mouth. Tongues twisted heatedly, their panting breaths filling the room with sounds of passion. He wanted to swallow Ciel's pain and tortured pleas, consuming the haunted need to escape whatever nightmarish world he was immersed in.

There was little that Sebastian knew of his blue eyed lover's past except that he had been orphaned at a young age and had lived on his own since he was 15. Every night for the past two years, Ciel would wake up in an anxiety ridden fit, gasping for air and clawing at Sebastian's arms seeking comfort and safety. The episodes would last for about 10 minutes and then abruptly end with Ciel falling back into a deep sleep. It unnerved Sebastian to no end how frequent and forceful the night terrors had become, but Ciel never remembered them. They were locked away deep within the mysterious and complicated mind of the slate haired boy; how Sebastian continued to withstand the nightly occurrences baffled even himself.

"I wish I knew what haunted you." He whispered into the pale bony shoulder, drawing Ciel closer into his arms and inhaling the warm scent of sugar and pears that seemed to surround Ciel at all times. The room had become colder; wisps of vaporous breaths twirling lazily from his mouth. "Better check the thermostat." Sebastian muttered to himself, annoyed at having to leave the comforting heat of their bed.

Easing himself from Ciel, careful not to disturb the slumbering male, he sat up and swung his long legs over the edge of the bed. He gasped at the sudden contact of bare feet against the icy wooden floor, exhaling slowly as his toes stretched and searched for the deep grooves in the old oak. The boards seemed to creak and groan in protest as he stood, but Sebastian ignored the sounds.

Smooth, he thought numbly, unable to fully understand what was going on. The floor was perfectly smooth like glass.

"What the hell?" He frowned, shifting and sliding his feet all along the area, but finding none of the rough carvings and scratches that were apparent yesterday.
Sebastian's blood ran cold; there had been marks there, he swore to himself. Not wanting to chance waking up his snoozing partner, he slid slowly down the side of the bed and began feeling blindly around the area he had inspected previously.

Smooth cold floorboards.

It would have to wait for morning, he told himself tiredly, there was nothing he could or would do at that moment even though his senses were on high alert for some strange reason. The small hairs on the back of his neck were standing straight up as an alarm rang distant and dull within his mind.

Researching the strange and supernatural came second nature to the scarlet eyed male, but never ever had he dealt with anything odd or out of the ordinary within his own life. Something was off in this house; something was definitely off.

He had entered countless houses, barns, makeshift shacks deep in the woods, ancient stone cottages in remote locations, caves, and castles all with the purpose of discovering the elusive and often times, frightening world of the paranormal. This was not a realm he truly feared; it was more of an innate need to connect and uncover the secrets of spirits and magic. It pushed him to prove their existence among the living, to disprove the notion that their own corporeal world was the final destination because deep down in his heart he felt a tug.

And to this day he still couldn't understand why.

Glancing over his shoulder he caught sight of the moonlight slipping gently over Ciel's peaceful face and suddenly a similar tug pulled him once again into cradling his young student. It felt the same, this deep seeded desire whenever his eyes rested upon his lover. Was it a coincidence? His mind wanted to delve deeper into the subject but exhaustion laid heavy upon his entire body, urging him to envelope the softly snoring boy. What was this uncontrollable urge to be by Ciel's side? To love, to possess, to . . . to . . .

Sleep began to overcome the dark haired man as his thoughts faded into darkness.

To protect.

"The cellar's locked?" Ciel quirked an eyebrow at Mey Rin as she folded the laundry on his bed after having served him a scrumptious breakfast of strawberry scones and fresh cream.

Having a live in maid certainly had its benefits, he mused, inhaling the fresh scent of laundered cotton and soap.

It was almost noon and he was curled up in the middle of the mattress with dozens of papers and books strewn around. It was tiring having to prepare himself for his first day at the university and already his anxiety level was on high. There was a visit to the registrar's office and a meeting with the dean scheduled in the morning, not to mention an appointment with Dr. Landers later in the afternoon.

Sebastian was out at the market buying groceries and had announced that he would not be back for several hours, much to Ciel's dismay. He too was affected deeply whenever the emptiness of Sebastian's absence took over. Without shame, he had whined as pitifully as he could after they had eaten together about the unfairness of life, to which the man had rolled his eyes before planting a deep kiss against the pouting mouth and told him that he would return with pastries to appease his bruised existence. Ciel felt a warmth spread across his chest recalling the kiss as he watched the
be-speckled maid fold towels in front of him.

"Well, not exactly the cellar per se." She continued, glancing up with a small smile. "Just the back door in the far corner. It's locked from the outside."

Ciel nodded. "And you didn't find a key for it?"

"No," she shook her head. "Maybe I should call a locksmith." Placing another pile of clothing from her small wicker basket onto the bed. "Perhaps you should take a look." She offered quietly.

"Nah," Ciel chuckled. "It's not like I want to go investigating old dusty creepy ass rooms in a dark place."

"I don't blame you." She laughed. "The laundry room is just to the right at the bottom of the basement stairs and it has plenty of light, but I make sure not to even glance to the left!"

A feeling of sudden curiosity piqued "Why not?" Ciel asked.

"It-it . . . hm . . . how should I put it?" Mey Rin paused, tapping her fingers against the crumpled clothing. "It just doesn't feel . . . safe."

Ciel tsked. "Are you kidding me?" He frowned at the maid.

"I didn't say it was a reasonable feeling." She quickly answered, waving her hands at him. "Just a feeling of . . . oh I don't know, I'm probably just talking nonsense."

"A feeling of what?" Ciel placed his pen down on the notepad and rested his chin against the palm of his hand. "Like . . . it's haunted?"

Mey Rin stopped folding again and turned to Ciel, her face a mixture of uncertainty and embarrassment. The hot blush across her cheeks making her appear almost childlike. "It's stupid, isn't it?" She said lowly. "That at my age I'd get scared over a dark cellar." Ciel stretched his hand across the bed to pat the back of her hand.

"It's not stupid to get scared." He reassured gently, pulling at her fingers playfully. "Just as long as it doesn't keep you from washing my underwear, right?" He grinned, throwing her a wink.

The young woman giggled merrily, ruffling Ciel's hair. "You brat." She sighed.

The day had succumbed to a bitter cold front that caused most residents to stay indoors. A cloud of gray loomed over the town and the wind had become biting and forceful as the hours crawled by. Ciel stared glumly out the front windows of the first floor hoping to see Sebastian's car come up the narrow gravel road, but there was no such luck.

"Why isn't he answering my fucking calls or texts?" He growled out loud, turning away from the window. Mey Rin had left an hour earlier to have lunch with her cousin in town and now he was all alone in the house.

All alone.

"This sucks balls." Ciel yelled, listening to his voice reverberate throughout the house. He was bored and cranky; not a good mix for the impatient young man.

Deciding finally to have a snack, Ciel ambled his way to the kitchen to fetch a leftover scone, he
was a mediocre cook at best, but he could certainly work a microwave. Warm scones would
definitely hit the spot, he thought. It was on his way into the kitchen that he noticed the cellar door,
slightly ajar.

Cocking his head to the side, Ciel wondered if Mey Rin had forgotten to shut it after finishing the
laundry. A cold draft was seeping into the kitchen and sent a shiver throughout the blue eyed man's
body.

"Better close it." He thought, reaching out to push the door.
Suddenly Mey Rin's words resonated in his mind: *I make sure not to even glance to the left.*

Ciel shrugged off the prickling feeling on his skin. "Pfft, bullshit." He grumbled. "Let's see this
stupid door."

Stepping gingerly down the wood steps, Ciel quickly flicked the light switch and began his descent
down the stairs. Wearing only a thin pair of sweatpants, a long sleeved thermal shirt and slippers,
the cool air bit into his skin like tiny mosquitoes. He ignored the feeling and continued heading
deep into the belly of the Butler House.

As expected, the laundry room was to the right with an entryway of light, shelves filled with
detergent, dryer sheets, fabric spot cleaners and hangers for their shirts. There was nothing out of
the ordinary as far as Ciel could surmise; however, he felt his own hesitation as he moved towards
the left.

There stood the door in question at the end of a long dim corridor.

"So you're the mysterious locked door." He sneered, walking steadily towards it. "Probably filled
with junk and asbestos." As he neared the door he took a good look at it. Amongst the crumbling
stone walls, the door itself seemed ancient. It was clearly old, littered with deep gashes and slightly
splintered. Ciel guessed it was either a walnut or red cherry wood with its deep rich color and
accented by an oval brass knob. Most old houses had numerous rooms set aside for storage,
nothing short of normal, he reasoned.

"What the fuck?" He whispered, squinting. "The hell . . .?" His eyes widened, unbelieving of what
just flashed before his eyes.

A sliver of light peeked through the crack of the doorway, a soft blue white flickering against the
dark wood door from the inside. Ciel stood still watching it brighten and dim, brighten and dim,
like a flaming candle; as if someone was on the other side moving around.

Ciel shook his head. "Impossible." He whispered, stepping forward. "Mey Rin said the door is
locked from the outside."

Always having considered himself stupidly brave and an emotional coward, had the door been
unlocked Ciel would have carelessly flung it open. However, an intense feeling of dread suddenly
washed over him. It was inexplicable; completely without reason, terror was crawling up his spine
the closer he moved towards the mysteriously locked door.

Suddenly he wanted to turn tail and run without looking back, he wanted to get as far away from
this particular door as humanly possible because there was something unconsciously dangerous
about the door with its haphazard markings. Something waiting on the other side bathed in blue
light. Something moving around; waiting for him.

The swishing sound of movement, of air being pushed about; the hollow sounds of activity rustling
about in the depth of a room entombed within the bowels of the centuries old house reached his ears.

Ciel blinked, what the hell am I thinking? He frowned and inhaled deeply. Maybe the damp air is getting to me, he thought.

"I need to stop watching horror movies." He spoke loudly, a small breath of nervous laughter escaping his lips, yet he could feel a thick knot forming in his stomach. "I'm imagining crazy shit that doesn't even exist." The wood glistened with moisture, in the dim overhead bulb light its rivers of creases and patterns appeared like aged human skin.

As if it were alive.

Raising his hand and cautiously pressing his palm against the door, he could feel cold sweat dripping from between his fingers.

Why was his hand trembling?

Ciel sniffed the air, a familiar scent had begun to drift from nowhere, a phantom pungent stench unraveling itself under Ciel's nose causing his face to twitch and contort in disgust. Ocean eyes widened, frantic and frightened as frigid realization slowly gripped his frayed nerves.

"Corpses!" He choked out hoarsely before doubling over and gagging, spewing droplets of milky white saliva onto the concrete floor.

The world blurred as tears collected in his eyes, blood rushing heavily to his head sent him tumbling towards the door. In an attempt to break the impact of his fall, Ciel dug his fingers into the wood. Nails scraped down the worn surface, pin needle like pain shot through his hands as splintered wood gave way and punctured his skin. Electric bolts of agony tore through his body as his knees slammed onto the rock hard surface; there was no way he could stay there in the basement with the aroma of death threatening to suffocate him.

It took every bit of strength within him, but he forced his eyes open and lifted his head. His eyes nearly bulged in horror; the blue tinted light from behind the door having vanished.

In its place was red.

Red lights flickering in and out; in and out.

And from beyond the door, in a voice so whispery light that Ciel could not tell whether he was hearing his own fear amongst the blackened depths of the ill lit basement came a single word. A solitary command that sent him frantically stumbling backwards, petrified beyond comprehension, and scrambling blindly up the stairs sobbing and fighting for breath.

"Demon"

"Demon?" Sebastian looked up at his young lover's from the step stool he was sitting on.

Ciel was perched atop the counter with his sweat pants strewn across the floor. His knees were ablaze, bright red, bloody and bruised from the fall he had suffered in the basement. The sharp smell of alcohol permeated the air as Sebastian gently swabbed the throbbing area with a cotton ball; Ciel gritted his teeth from the sting every time Sebastian touched the afflicted areas.
The older man had just returned home mere minutes earlier saddled with four bags of groceries to find Ciel in a crumpled heap on the kitchen floor wracked with sobs, bleeding and smelling of vomit. The bags were quickly dropped before he scooped up the trembling mess that was his lover and began administering first aid treatment on him.

"Yes." He hissed, doing his best not to cry out in pain. "I heard it clear as-Fuck!-clear as fucking day!" Fresh tears sprung up in his eyes as Sebastian blew cool air onto his lacerated knees.

"And you smelled that rotten smell again, right?" Ciel nodded weakly, blue black bangs hanging messily around his eyes.

"The smell, the lights, that voice." His words quivered with anxiety. "I know I'm not crazy, Sebs. I swear this really happened."

Twisting the cap on the bottle of antiseptic, Sebastian placed it on the floor and furrowed his brow. He watched the solution dry on the surface of Ciel's battered knees and sighed. "Babe, I think you just had another seizure."

"What?" Ciel snapped. "No I didn't!"

"Yeah, I think you did." Sebastian insisted, rubbing his boyfriend's thin legs tenderly. "Think about it, Doctor Landers told me that when you get a seizure it affects your senses-"

"No!" Ciel slammed his fist down on the countertop, frustration evident in his strained tone. "I know what I saw! I know what I smelled! I fucking know what I heard!"

"I'm not disputing that!" Sebastian stood up and quickly wrapped his arms around the trembling form. "But think about what happened last time! Just think about it logically, can there possibly be anything alive all this time behind a locked door?" Stepping back, he cupped Ciel's face with large hands, circling the smooth cheeks with his thumbs. The soothing motion seemed to calm the young student and Sebastian locked eyes as he continued to appeal to his logical side. "Could a mild seizure cause you to see flashes of light, hear sounds and smell things that don't exist?"

Ciel pouted. "But-"

"You have the overnight observation appointment tomorrow." Sebastian interrupted, placing a soft kiss upon Ciel's forehead. "We'll tell Dr. Landers about this incident and see what he says."

Sadness swept over Ciel as he realized that Sebastian did not believe him.

"It was no seizure!" He shot back, slapping Sebastian's hands away from his face, "Get away from me!"

"Ciel!" Sebastian protested, reaching out to him. "I said leave me the fuck alone!" He screamed, hopping off the counter and snatching up his pants from the floor. "Why can't you just believe me?!"

"When have I ever not believed you?" Sebastian retorted, grabbing Ciel by the arm and roughly holding him in place. "Everything you've ever told, no matter how obvious the lie, haven't I always believed you?"

"This isn't a fucking lie!" Ciel screamed, his eyes wide and wild. Sebastian sucked in a quick breath, he couldn't believe how distraught Ciel appeared; petite body shaking, fists clenched at his sides.

"I never said you were lying." He spoke calmly, lowering his eyes to stare at the floor. "And I'm
sorry I brought that up, but even if I thought that this wasn't a seizure, what would you want to do about it. I mean, what do you honestly think happened downstairs?"

"You're the fucking paranormal expert around here." Ciel spat, wrenching his arm from Sebastian's grip. "Why don't you figure it out, professor?" Gritting his teeth, the last word laced with sarcasm as he glared at him with contempt.

"Why would you think this has anything to do with the paranormal?" Sebastian said evenly, fighting the urge to launch into an argument with Ciel "You most likely had a seizure. End of story."

"I know what I saw!" Ciel countered, his eyes fixed upon Sebastian's face "And I know what I heard. There's something wrong here, Sebastian, something wrong and for once, this once, it isn't me."
Chapter 6

Greetingzzzzz!

Please forgive me for this long overdue update!

I suck, I know....

But I'm also working on the first chapter of "Rugged Hearts" the sequel to "Simply Meant to Be"!

Expect that baby to be posted before Valentine's Day!

So excited!

I hope you guys are excited too! And I am not abandoning "Promises" nope; I shall see this little opus to the very end so stick with me! Review so I know you're all still interested!

Thank you AnimeCujo for cheering me on in my darkest moment! Love you!

O You,

Who came upon me once

Stretched under apple-trees just after bathing,

Why did you not strangle me before speaking

Rather than fill me with the wild white honey of your words

And then leave me to the mercy

Of the forest bees.

Carrefour

-Amy Lowell

"The awakening has begun."

"Has it now?"

"In my proper opinion, I believe we should strike now."

"Rash behavior will not help us with this matter, have I not spoken to you about this?"

"But...!"

"As frustratingly terrible as it is we must wait for the 13th to fall. Until then we have no choice but to stay vigilant and watchful, our moment will present itself in due time."

"Allowing him to feed, how barbaric."
"Sacrifice is the only way to salvation."

"What if we cannot complete the task?"

"Then all is lost, my dear child. All is lost."

Ciel peered through the frosted glass of his car window as he slowly made his way through the small campus of New London University. It was a particularly bitter Monday morning and droves of winter weary students trudged their way along the snow laden grounds. He was fortunate enough to have the car that morning since Sebastian had decided to accept a lunch invitation from his best friend, Grell Sutcliff.

The two men shared a long history as best friends and coworkers at New York University. While Sebastian thrilled faculty, staff and students with his exciting and intriguing lectures on supernatural phenomena, Grell titillated the masses with his eccentric, yet brilliantly energetic courses centered around sexual orientations. They made quite the pair, a raven and a cardinal, two intellectuals of high caliber, young and alluring and steadfast in their loyalties to one another and it was no secret that Grell despised Ciel with every bone, cell and atom in his body.

Upon meeting Ciel for the first time, Grell had taken an instant dislike to the young man. It harbored on irrationality since they had only exchanged introductions and pleasantries, but this chilled feeling Grell had experienced once his jade green eyes had met with the depthless blue of Ciel's was intense and undeniable. There was something off about his best friend's new love, something wrong and for all that he tried he could not shake the distrust he had felt towards the student. Whether it was the way Sebastian fawned over the cool and detached boy or the way the Air around him seemed to turn still and lifeless, Grell felt unease wrap itself around him like a protective shield whenever he came across Ciel. As much as the college professor attempted to mask his ill feelings, Ciel knew that Grell did not approve of him and it burned him to the very core.

Gripping the steering wheel of the car, Ciel gritted his teeth and shook his head, he hated their friendship and even more, he hated how it unnerved him whenever Sebastian took time to spend with his best friend. The boiling emotions were a deadly mix of jealousy and self-consciousness. At one point, after Ciel had confessed to one of his affairs, the young man had thrown Grell into the argument, citing that he had felt neglected and lonely because of the time spent between Sebastian and his confidant. It had caused a rift between Sebastian and Grell resulting in the two friends not speaking to each other for well over a month.

Ciel shut his eyes as he recalled the immense gap he had caused within their friendship; it had brought him no joy whatsoever. Although Sebastian bore the silence between himself and Grell with barely a word of complaint, Ciel could not live with the pained expression upon his lover's face and finally begged him to make amends with the red headed professor.

Even with the friendship intact, Grell never forgave Ciel for using him as a scapegoat and Ciel could see it in his cool expression every time they would meet. The hatred was palpable and mutual.

A sudden gust of wind kicked up powdery snow against the windshield causing Ciel to stop the car short with a loud screech. He wasn't quite comfortable yet with driving since growing up in the city granted him little or no experience behind the wheel of a car. The anxiety he constantly felt while attempting to maneuver the vehicle made for getting around the rural landscape a true challenge; between the large mounds of snow drifts and gravel roads leading into town and the college campus, there were plenty of hair curling moments for Ciel on the road. However, what he had
feared most was the all too real possibility of running into Claude, his stalker cop.

Their last two run ins had ended in disaster with Ciel having to deal with an agitated and annoyed Sebastian as the aftermath. Hadn't he caused enough stress in his boyfriend's life? He wondered sadly, catching the sight of billowy grey clouds rolling in from the purple snowcapped mountains up north of the town.

"A storm's coming." He whispered to himself, parking the car near the registrar and Dean's offices. A wave of dread that seemed to pour over him chilled him to his bones and set his mind into overdrive with thoughts of the basement echoing in his mind.

What had really happened downstairs?

Why was the door locked?

Did he really see blue And then red lights?

Did he really hear the word, Demon?

His hands began to tremble as he took the keys from the ignition and fetched his gloves from the pockets of his heavy winter jacket. There was no denying the fact that it could have all been an epileptic seizure, as Sebastian had explained, but why couldn't he just accept that logical explanation? And why had he reacted so furiously at his lover for trying to be reasonable?

Shaking his head as if to clear it of confusion, Ciel pulled on his gloves and hopped out of the car. The bite of the frigid air nearly took his breath away and he immediately grabbed his messenger bag, slammed the car door shut, and trotted towards the red brick two story building in front of him. The crunch of the snow beneath his feet was almost reassuring, yet oddly familiar; as if he had somehow walked this path before.

Ciel halted in his quick pace and stared dumbly at the quaint and archaic styled building. This was the second time he had felt the nostalgic pull since first entering the town, a strange reminiscent feeling where nothing seemed different and yet he had never been raised within a rural setting.

What the hell is going on here? He thought anxiously, chewing on his lower lip as he resumed his walk towards the building.

Glancing at his watch, he realized he was 15 minutes early for his appointment with the Head Dean, Dr. William T. Spears. He wanted to make a good first impression since the dean was not only supervising Ciel's senior thesis, he was also Sebastian's new boss.

Dr. Spears had attended an advanced study seminar on the subject of EVP, (Electronic Voice Phenomena) to which he witnessed the intellectual charm of the young Dr. Michaelis. Spears had left the lecture wanting to learn more from and about the handsome and brilliant professor from New York City so he began researching Sebastian's history and work, during which he became heavily impressed with his academic papers on theories pertaining to urban legends, international haunting, and demonic possession. As a result, Spear had contacted Sebastian about a year earlier and begged the dark haired man to teach several classes at New London University.

Promises of a hefty stipend, guaranteed tenure and his own classroom did little to impress Sebastian, but when Spears questioned whether or not he had any family members looking for a year of free education, Sebastian's interest was instantly piqued. It was a perfect opportunity; almost too good to be true. And so Ciel became Sebastian's "cousin".

Stifling a giggle at the very thought of being related to his sensuous lover, Ciel approached the
front desk where he was met by a pair of vibrant green eyes and long lustrous curly blonde hair belonging to a young girl of about twenty who sat busily rifling through files on her desk. Noisily chewing gum, her entire demeanor was both lively and yet cool; Ciel could tell by her Ralph Lauren knit sweater and perfectly manicured nails that she was a person who was used to being admired for her natural, but striking beauty as well as her stylish tastes.

I hope she's not a bitch, he thought. Throwing a small smile at her, eyeing the id tag hanging from a chain around her neck. He greeted her warmly. "Good morning, Elizabeth. My name is Ciel Phantomhive and I have an appointment with Dr. Spears at 11:30."

Elizabeth returned the smile with a dazzling one of her own. "Good morning to you too, cutie." She rested her petite hand under her chin and cocked an eyebrow. "You're new in town, aren't you?" Sweeping Ciel with an approving gaze, Elizabeth clicked her teeth. "It's a shame I already have a boyfriend, you look like loads of fun." She purred, winking at the blue haired student who was now suddenly suffering from a red hot blush that started from his neck and went all the way up to the tips of his ears.

"Ah, ok, yeah." Ciel nervously fiddled with the buttons on his coat and looked at the clock. "Is Dr. Spears available now?" He asked hopefully. At that point he wanted to be well away from the young woman who was now checking him out with hungry eyes.

"Hold on, let me check." Rising from her chair, Ciel noticed the shorter than short mini skirt she sported.

Town Slut, his mind screamed.

Elizabeth knocked on a door down the hallway and entered without waiting for a reply. "Ciel Phantomhive is here to see you." She announced loudly.

She certainly was used to doing whatever the hell she wanted, he ascertained while watching he as he slipped off his damp coat and scarf. Hanging them up on a nearby coat rack, he noticed the golden haired student's movements. She was relaxed and undisturbed by the piles of work in front of her, as if it didn't matter whether or not she could finish sorting through the mounds of paper.

"He'll be with you in a minute." She sighed, blowing a small pink bubble and popping it loudly. "He needs to finish jerking off or something."

Ciel's eyes widened to comic proportions, the simple yet inappropriate statement flowing easily out of the young woman's mouth without much thought and he stood there dumbfounded over what he should say next. Before he could utter a reply, the sounds of machine gun rapid fire filled the air causing Ciel to jump in his place, clutching his school bag like a scared rat.

"What the fuck?" He yelled.

"Relax!" Elizabeth laughed, picking up a brightly flashing cell phone from her purse. "It's my BFF calling me!"

"And that's the ringtone you chose for her?!" Ciel exclaimed, panting from having his heart nearly dropped to the bottom of his feet.

"She is a he." She corrected, pressing the screen and lifting the phone to her ear. "And it's my bitchiest Friend Forever, not my best, hello?" She rolled her eyes. "Fuck you too, I told you I'm busy!" Ciel turned away, this was beyond insanity, he told himself, wiping the sweat from his forehead, this is a fucking circus.
"Ciel?" The sound of the austere tone threw a shiver up Ciel's spine.

There was not a hint of friendliness nor a spark of interest within the voice that came from behind him. Turning slowly, Ciel raised his eyes and locked onto a pair of jade green eyes framed by a sharp pair of black rimmed glasses. He swallowed hard at the unmoving stare that was given him, both plain and yet mysterious, Ciel knew there would be no lively conversation between himself and the stoic-like man who stood before him with a notebook in his hands.

"Dr. William T. Spears I presume." He feebly joked, a small smile unsuccessfully twitching on his lips.

"You are correct." The dean nodded, glancing at the chattering student behind the desk. "I see you've met Elizabeth Midford, my intern for this semester."

"Y-yes, I have." He stammered, averting his eyes away from the blonde who had decided to eyeball him once more while still carrying on her conversation on the phone.

"She is the daughter of Alexis Midford, one of New London University's greatest financiers." Spears informed lowly, motioning to Ciel to follow him to his office. "I suggest you make friendly with her, hm?"

"Yes, sir."

"We will be reviewing your transcripts from your previous college." Spears informed him as they entered the office. "I hope you will be as academically sound as your renowned relative." He spoke curtly.

The bluenette grunted his reply and walked slowly behind the dean who looked no older that Sebastian. He is good looking, he thought, as he settled into a leather armchair in the small office.

Looking about, Ciel admired the dark wood bookshelf library and assortment of books aligning the walls. It certainly looked like what a dean's office should be, neat, organized and intellectual in its collections. Humming his approval, Ciel turned his attention to the dark haired man seated behind a fancy mahogany desk. Spears was busy reading some papers pertaining to Ciel's transfer so he did not realize that the young man seated in front of him was checking him out.

He's very good looking, Ciel thought, his eyes wandering over the trim solid body housed in a deep charcoal grey suit. It was quite obvious that the dean was none too pleased with Sebastian pulling his "cousin" along with him for a year; Spears seemed annoyed at the fact that he had to take the young man under his wing while Sebastian wowed the college community with his cosmopolitan demeanor and knowledge.

Ciel stared at the bespeckled man once more; Spears was in no way anywhere near the smoldering beauty of Sebastian, nor did he emanate the animalistic sexuality that made his boyfriend so desirable, but there was something in his exactness and prim appearance that made Spears . . . a challenge.

Yes, this man would prove to be a challenge, a hard nut to crack.

Ciel narrowed his eyes and tapped his fingers against his leg as a he waited patiently, but he could do it if he wanted to, he could shatter that careful and structured facade. That would prove fun, he smiled inwardly, because underneath it all, there was a desperate man needing release.

Oh yes, he could smell the desperation oozing from Spears's skin a mile away.
A numbness seemed to spread up Ciel's chest until it reached his neck. Taking a deep breath, he attempted to shake the feeling off by shifting his position in the seat. The room had become uncomfortably cold and for some reason, his vision had begun to blur. Catching his breath; Ciel balled his fists on his lap and attempted to regulate his breathing.

What's happening to me? He thought anxiously as the room began to darken, light spots of red light appearing before his eyes.

"Your papers seem to be in order." The monotone sound crashed into Ciel's dream like world and jolted him back into reality. What the hell was I thinking? Ciel frowned.

"Is something the matter?" Spears knitted his own brows and folded his hands in front of him. "Mr. Phantomhive, are you feeling well? You've gotten very pale." Even with those words, there was not a sliver of concern in them. Ciel waved looked at him and felt a rise of heat crawling up his thighs as the air thickened in his lungs.

"Oh no no, I'm fine!" He assured the dean. "I'm just not used to this bitter weather." He laughed. "Get used to it, son." Spears muttered, closing a file in front of him. "This is mild."

Ciel groaned. "Ugh, how am I going to stay warm?" He cocked an eyebrow at the dean. "How do you stay... warm?" A look of surprise flashed quickly across the older man's face and Ciel delighted in the soft blotches of red slowly appearing on his neck.

Oh yeah, game on, he thought.

"I-I dress appropriately for this weather, of course!" Spears huffed, his hands nervously scattering papers about the surface of his desk. "And I would advise you to do so as well!" Pointing at Ciel.

"What? You don't think my attire is going to protect me from this harsh weather?" Ciel grinned, passing his hand slowly down his chest until it rested lightly on his crotch. "What about my jeans? Should I buy some snow pants instead?" He asked sweetly.

Spears rose abruptly from his seat. "Your cousin is going to achieve great accomplishments for our small university." He announced firmly. "And having you as part of our student body will only make his work more meaningful for him."

Ciel smirked. "So what's your point?"

"I would like to see you advance in your studies, be grounded with sincerity towards fulfilling your degree requirements and-" he took a deep breath and continued, "behave in a mature and adult manner so as not to embarrass your family member!"

Ciel snickered and hopped out of the chair, swiftly circling around the desk, his fingers tracing the edge of the hard wood and finally stopping at Spear's side. "But I'm very good at acting mature and adultish." He purred, placing a petite hand on the dean's shoulder.

He's shaking. Ciel mused inwardly.

"And don't hand me this behave yourself bullshit." He hissed, suddenly pushing Spears back onto his chair. Before he could protest, Spears found Ciel straddling him, pressing his ass onto his already excited member. He stared in utter disbelief, unbelieving that the beautiful boy he had met only 10 minutes earlier was sitting on his lap grinding into him.

"Ciel!" He choked out, attempting to push the blue eyed boy off of him. "Get off of me this
"Oh, high and mighty so powerful dean." Ciel taunted. "Let's be real, hm? You put on this oh-so-
proper, do-the-right-thing act in front of everyone and you've got them believing that everything is
hunky dory as long as you follow the rules. But I know you, yeah, I got your number. You stay
awake at night, fisting your own dick, wishing some guy's gonna come along and finally do it for
you." Ciel looked down and cupped the obvious bulge in Spears's pants, earning a whimper from
the now sweating dean.

"It never happens, right? Because you're stuck in this shit hole backcountry dead end place. That's
why you go to the city for lectures and seminars, that's why you stalked Sebastian and wanted him
to come up here, that's why you got all pissy when he wouldn't come up unless I was part of the
deal." He cooed sweetly.

Spears shook his head furiously. "No! That's no-!" He was cut off mid-sentence when Ciel crashed
their mouths together, sucking viciously on his tongue. It was a rush, a near drug like inducement
for the green eyed man.

Every word spoken aloud by the student was horribly correct, a painful dose of truth that he
himself found difficult to face. It was as if Ciel had tapped into the darkest corners of his mind; the
long lonely nights of being curled up in bed behind windows drawn shut and silent with no one but
his own guilt ridden self to pleasure.

The sight of Sebastian had aroused him to the point of creating a situation where he could lure the
breathtaking man into his realm and hopefully engage in a game of seduction with an ultimate goal
of becoming his lover. He had been hopeful until he realized that Ciel was part of the package, and
no, he did not buy the story of the delectable student being related to Sebastian and it pissed him
off.

But here he was, the righteous dean of New London University, feared and admired by staff and
students alike. The hungry in-the-closet queer who was starving for something more than the gay
pornos he watched night after night, fantasizing, longing, praying for release; caught by a
nightmare he could not resist.

"I want you to fuck me." Ciel commanded, licking trails of saliva that had fallen from Spear's lips.
"And when you're done, I want it again and again until you can't fuck me anymore. "

Chapter 7

Greetings!

Where all my Ciel Haterzzzzzz at? Lol Oh don't kill my poor blue eyed boy! There's some serious shit going on with him!

But I do love you passion and I promise you, more other worldly craziness is sure to come!

BTW, Simply Meant to Be sequel will be coming in a few short dayzzzzz! The new story is called "Rugged Hearts" so please be on the look out!

And as you are feeding me your delicious reviews and such, check out "Revelations" by AnimeCujo! Show some love and support to my heart, my sweet Bitter Rabbit!

Thanks for reading this crappy story! OXOXOXOX

I'm tired and naked

I don't know what I'm hungry for,

I don't know what I want anymore

"Bittersweet Me" REM

"Earl Grey"

"Uruguay?"

"Earl Grey"

"Uruguay?"

"Christ sakes! EARL FUCKING GREY!" The buzzing cafe that had been so animated just seconds earlier with happily chatting college students leaning over piping hot mugs of hot chocolate and tea and seated comfortably on plush velour couches and arm chairs suddenly halted into an awkward dead silence. Grell Sutcliff clicked his teeth in annoyance, his high shrill voice had shattered the small town crowd's peace and now he was faced with a leering Sebastian. At least twenty pairs of eyes stared dumbfounded and a waitress of no more than 17 years of age stood before him with mouth agape.

"I . . . um . . . I'm sorry." He muttered, passing his fingers through his bright red hair. "Just bring me a cup of whatever house tea you have." The young girl nodded quickly and scampered away like a scared squirrel who had caught a moment of escape. "What?" Grell barked at his best friend who continued to seethe across the table from him. "You can't possibly be angry at me!" His green eyes shone with indignation.

"Since when is it OK to unload a bitch fest on an underage kid trying to earn a few extra dollars?" Sebastian grunted, taking a quick sip of his espresso. "That was entirely unnecessary."

"I asked for tea and she wanted to serve me a fucking country!" Grell argued, refusing to admit that
"Perhaps your skills at articulation are lacking." Sebastian pointed out simply.

"I was very clear!" He huffed. "It's this cultural desert you've settled into! I feel like I'm among the great unwashed!" Grell cried, earning a few hard stares from nearby patrons. "No offense, really. I am sure you are all very nice and have plenty of intelligent things to discuss with each other." He offered with a sickly sweet smile around the cafe that did not reach his eyes.

"You've been here a total of 30 minutes." Sebastian replied evenly. "How can you make a broad assessment like that?"

"Look around you!" The redhead waved his arms about like an over dramatic actress. "There's not one Starbucks! Not one nightclub! Not one Marc Jacobs! The museum down the road looks like a decrepit throwback to the 1930s and their featured exhibit for the next three months is the restoration of cow fucking bells!"

Sebastian shrugged. "I came here for a specific reason."

"Yes, to keep an eye on that sex crazed addict you love so much." His friend sneered, lifting a poppy seed mini muffin and popping it into his mouth. He chewed slowly, his face scrunching up in disgust. "This is tasteless!" He spat, hurriedly depositing the chewed up food into a napkin and wiping his mouth. "What I wouldn't give for some Magnolias pastries right now."

Sebastian sighed. "You cannot compare a world renowned bakeshop to a small town cafe."

"Then next time you come down to Manhattan!" Grell pouted. "Or better yet, ditch this shithole and come work with me again!"

It was, in truth, a very difficult decision for the black haired professor to leave NYU, and his coworker, to move up to the sticks with Ciel. Grell had thrown a fit over being without his best friend and partner in crime. Although they worked within the same departments, they found time to meet for lunch, coffee/tea breaks, and basic nonsense like torturing young adjunct professors that bordered on hazing.

Sebastian was the star of the Division of Perpetual Studies while Grell was the sweetheart of the Women's Studies program. There was no doubt that his previous position would be waiting for him the following academic year, but he knew that removing Ciel from the city was his own selfish desire to kick start a new life together. Plus, there was the matter of his soon to be published book.

"Since you're staying the night I can show you some of the manuscript I've already updated in the last week." Sebastian offered. "Wait until you see the Butler House, its spectacular and rich in historical content."

"Has Madame Red contacted you yet about your first deadline?" Grell inquired, poking at another mini muffin and grimacing.

"Not yet," Sebastian frowned, quickly adding, "But she knew I would be busy getting settled in so perhaps she's allowing me some space before verbally murdering me with her demands."

Both men chuckled just as the young waitress returned with a cup of hot tea and two bowls of soup. "Here ya go!" She smiled nervously at Grell. "Your Uruguay tea!"

The redhead threw Sebastian a hateful glance as the professor snickered behind his hand. "Thank you, dear." He purred menacingly, sending a shiver up the wide eyed girl's face.
Just as they both began blowing the steam off of the surface of their soups; the trills of a cell phone halted their movements. Sebastian fished out his phone from his jacket pocket and scowled. "Speak of the devil." He moaned, pressing the screen, "and the bitch will call." Raising it to his ear.

"Who the hell are you calling a bitch?" The voice demanded on the other end of the line.

"Grell, of course." Sebastian answered lightly, earning another hateful glance from his best friend.

"Dammit Sebastian! You lucky son of a bitch, your deadline has been extended to the end of the month!" His editor practically screamed.

"Will wonders ever cease?" He crowed, pleased with the news. "How did you manage that?"

"God only knows." The steel edged voice of his literary agent became low and ominous. "My career and reputation are all riding on this deal, Michaelis. I need this shit to go through, understood? There could be a documentary deal at the end of publishing, maybe even a movie-"


"I don't give a damn what your reasons of lunacy are! Have you ever heard of Paranormal Activities? It's a multi-million dollar franchise!" She informed frantically.

"I'm well aware of the nonsense rubble corporate media deems as entertainment." He scoffed, taking a hefty gulp of his tea. "And I refuse to take part in it. Consider me ready to have the draft in by the month's end, is that alright with you?"

"Don't fuck me, Michaelis." The woman warned.

"Only if you had a penis." He retorted. "Goodbye." Quickly pocketing his mobile device.

Grell sat back in high chair and folded his arms. "Well now why does my sister sound like she's in one of her wonderful moods?"

"She needs my book to do well; in fact, I think she needs it more than I do," Sebastian slumped his shoulders and looked at Grell. "She really got screwed with her last deal, huh?"

Grell nodded sadly. "Yeah, Lau really dicked her over with her last deal. He undermined her professionalism and then stole the client from right under her nose."

"Rat bastard."

"Damn right." Grell growled. "I would love to put my hands around that sneaky motherfucker's throat and choke him to death!"

"Isn't that what that pervert boyfriend of yours does to you every night?" Sebastian snorted, taking a spoonful of soup into his mouth.

"Bitch, please. That man just loves to suck my cock and lick my hole for hours!" Grell made a swooning sound, fanning his burning cherry colored face with his napkin. "He is by far my best lover yet!"

"Listen, I get that he's the city's head coroner, but does he have to refer to himself as The Undertaker?"

"That's not why he calls himself that."
"Oh?" Sebastian stared owlishly at his friend. "Then why does he have that ridiculous name?"

Grell winked as a lascivious grin spread devilishly across his face. "Because he loves to bury it deep."

A bright stream of sunlight breaking through the blinds of Dean Spears office shone warmly across the office, landing carelessly across Ciel's face. The student squinted, irritated by the sudden onslaught of light directly into his bleary eyes.

At that precise moment he heard a low groan float into the air and a sudden realization slammed into him. He wasn't alone.

It took a moment for him to register that he was naked and sprawled across the carpeted floor of the Dean's office, but when it did, he bolted upright. Instinctively, Ciel covered his lower half with his hands and looked about frantically.

Articles of clothing were strewn about the room, half of the contents from the desk appeared to have been knocked to the floor, and to the horror of the young man, an equally as nude Spears was lying on the floor right next to him.

"Shit." He cursed lowly, shaking his head. "What the fuck did I do?" Panic began to set in as he fought to recall what had occurred.

Here, there and everywhere was a chaotic frenzied mess and in the middle of it all, he lay naked, soaked in sweat and feeling the throbbing sensation of pain and achiness from his bottom right up to his upper back.

Glancing up at a simple wall clock, Ciel realized that he had been in the office for an hour. However, what could have transpired between first stepping into the office and then an hour later ending up in this disheveled state was beyond him.

"Oh God." He whispered to himself. "Not again." Rubbing his temples to ward off an impending headache. "This can't be happening again."

Ciel had to leave, get out and escape this nightmare situation as soon as he could. The last he needed was another "situation". Yet, it was becoming very clear that it would not be as easy as throwing on his clothing and leaving the office. Especially as he felt a cool arm snake its way around his waist.

Looking down, his eyes met with the keen green pair of Spears. Staring at him, a small smile creeping along the still bespeckled face of the man he had only just met an hour earlier.

"You . . you are amazing." He spoke softly, a hint of blush dusting his cheeks. "Simply amazing."

"I-I- ah, thanks." Ciel stammered, embarrassment flooding his system. He wanted to grab his clothes, get dressed, and hightail it before their conversation went any further. "I'm sorry I came on like that . . . ."

"No!" Spears cried in alarm suddenly, sitting up to face Ciel. "Don't apologize! It was wonderful, better than I ever imagined it could be!" His face was earnest, a glistening sheen of perspiration that covered him like a sparkling blanket. "I mean, I never thought I would ever be able to experience . . . this."

Deep blue eyes widened in shock. "Wait a minute!" Ciel felt a knot form in his stomach as the
familiar feeling of guilt and shame bubbled up within him. "This . . . what we did . . . wasn't your first time, was it?"

Shame colored the older man's face as he looked away. "Yes." He admitted quietly. "I mean, I-I've been with . . . women before, but . . ." His hands shook as they cupped Ciel's face. "This, right here, is what I've been waiting and wishing for."

"Dean Spears . . ." Ciel began slowly, placing his hands over Spears's and squeezing them gently. "Do you realize how bad this really is?"

"What do you mean?" Green eyes shone with confusion. "You came to me-"

"I know!" Ciel shut his eyes and took a deep breath, this was going to be difficult, in fact, it was always difficult. "This is my issue, this whole act of throwing myself at you, it's my issue." He opened his eyes and gave Spears a mournful look. "I'm just a really fucked up person."

"No!" The dean shook his head furiously. "No you're not! Ciel, you just made me feel more alive in one hour than I've felt in all of my years."

"We can't keep doing this." Ciel choked out, a single tear streaming a lonely path down his cheek and trickling over the older man's knuckles. "I love Sebastian and-and this would hurt him . . . wait, no, this would kill him." His small hands pulled at Spears's wrists. "You can't tell him!" He pleaded, fresh tears beginning to fall freely now. "Please, don't tell him, please don't-"

"I won't." Spears whispered, leaning in to place a quick kiss against Ciel's trembling lips. "I will keep this our secret. This would not bode well for my status here nor my career." His voice wavered a bit as he continued. "However, I don't want this to be just a one time fling."

"No, no this has to be a one shot deal!" Ciel scooted backwards, away from the dean's grasp. He thankfully caught sight of his underwear and covered himself with it. "Believe it or not, my cousin would lose his mind if he-"

"I know he's not your cousin."

Blue eyes widened. "Sh-Shit."

"Cooperate with me." Spears reached out and threaded his fingers through Ciel's blue grey hair, the strands twisted gently into his fingers. "I won't make trouble for you or Dr. Michaelis." He paused, enjoying the soft feel of the younger man's messy hair. "I promise."

"So then she got mad when I told her she could walk back to the dorms by herself because I sure as hell wasn't leaving the party early." Lizzie tucked a rogue curl behind her ear and giggled. "I wasn't going to let that lame bitch ruin my night for no good reason!"

The office was filled with the rhythmic hum of the heating system. She sat with legs crossed at her seat behind her desk as she scrolled through Instagram on her iPhone and held a conversation with her friend, Alois Trancy. The impish college student had dropped by to kill time with the blue eyed stunner.

Across the campus, as well as the small town community, it was known that the pair were inseparable, hanging out in each other's dorm rooms, hitting the bar scenes together, and taking the same classes. They were not so affectionately known as "The Demonic Duo" because of their mutual love for viciousness, boozing, drug use, and general bullying.
It was no secret that Lizzie's high social and economic status afforded her free reign to terrorize the college populace; however, Alois was a mystery. No one knew anything about the enigmatic young man except that he was frighteningly beautiful, never short on cash, and was an out of towner who rarely spoke about his past, his family, and himself. He was, in short, the perfect frenemy for Lizzie.

"Didn't your friend say she was sick?" Alois yawned loudly, his booted feet propped up on Lizzie's desk as he sat comfortably on a chair. Stretching thin arms above his head, he winced at the popping sound his spine made. "Right? Like she drank too much too fast?"

"The fucks I give." The pretty blonde wrinkled her nose and gave the aqua eyed male a disgusted look. "That cow only went with me to Dagger's place because she thought I could help her get laid."

"That heifer couldn't get laid if she was a fucking egg." Alois drawled.

"Exactly, so why should I sacrifice my good time just because she got bombed like at 8:30!" Lizzie threw her head back and laughed shrilly. "Eight-fucking-thirty! Who does that?!"

"Speaking of who does what." The student shrugged, a catlike smile slowly spreading like liquid evil across his face. "I heard you did quite a few people that night." The laughter stopped abruptly.

"What did you just say?" She hissed, venom dripping from every word.

Alois snickered, swinging his feet off of the desk and inching closer to the red faced girl. "I heard that you had more DNA on your ass and face than a crime scene." His voice cool and detached. "Even better, I heard you swallowed enough protein to grow another leg."

"You bitch!" She spat, slamming her phone down on the desk. "Who told you that, fucking lie!"

"I'm not letting you go to anymore parties without me." He announced, pointing a finger at her. "It's not right, you getting more dick than me."

"Wait, hold up." Lizzie smacked his wagging finger away from her face. "Don't you get enough D from that cop?"


"Speaking of ass, what the hell is taking Spears so long with the newbie?" Green eyes glanced quickly at the closed door to the dean's private office. "They've been meeting for like, more than hour."

"What newbie?" Alois queried.

"Some real good looking kid who just transferred here from the city." Lizzie snatched up a folder from a drawer on her right and began looking through the contents. "Ciel Phantomhive." She whispered, turning quickly to make sure no one was coming out of the office. "He was a senior at NYU, it says here he's going to major in psychology."

"Did he fail out of NYU?"

"Nope, isn't that weird." Lizzie furrowed her brows and checked the papers again. "What dipshit leaves NYU to come to this bumfuck college?"
"So you met him, what do you think?" Alois crossed his arms, regarding his friend with seriousness. "Does he like cock or pussy?"

"Cock." She immediately answered, snapping the file closed. "I can smell the gay him a mile away."

"Sweet!" Alois rubbed his hand together. "Fresh meat!"

"You better be careful your man doesn't go apeshit on you and put a bullet through your balls." She warned, gesturing towards his crotch.

Before Alois could answer back, the door to Spears's office slammed open causing Lizzie to jump in her seat. Alois watched with keen eyes as a noticeably unkempt Ciel hurriedly staggered out of the room, his face flushed and moist.

"Ah, I'm-I'm late for a doctor's appointment!" Ciel strode past the shocked receptionist and grabbed his heavy coat from the wall peg. "It was nice meet-" his speech caught in his throat the minute he locked eyes with Alois "You." He breathed, clutching his bag to his chest.

"Howdy-do." Alois laughed, never taking his eyes off the student's wide eyed stare. "Whore."

Lizzie almost toppled from her seat in a fit of laughter as Ciel stood aghast. "Ali!" She cried, wiping a tear from her eye. "Why you so mean!?"

"I'm just playing!" Alois sighed, popping up from his chair. He took a step towards a visibly shaken Ciel. "We're just fucking around, right newbie?"

Ciel felt a chill run right through to his bones at sound of the blonde's icy voice. "I-I've got to go!" He spit out, throwing his coat over his shoulders and beating a hasty retreat out the door. The gust of cold air blew in with such force that papers scattered everywhere from the surface of Lizzie's desk.

"Fuck!" She cried, desperately grabbing folders and papers from the floor. "Now I have to clean up this friggin' mess!"

"Calm yourself, I'll help." Alois spoke soothingly, bending down to gather the papers. "Why don't you go get some hand towels from the bathroom? Looks like your soda got knocked over too."

"Aw shit, ok." The young girl huffed and stomped her way to the bathroom. A bottle of soda had spilled over onto the floor, a fizzing pool of Pepsi already spreading it's way under her desk.

Peering into the hallway, Alois placed his hand on the file marked C. Phantomhive and swiftly placed it into his book bag. Humming with self-satisfaction, he gathered up more papers and began putting them away in the drawers.

"Step one completed."
Greetings Skullzzzzzz.

Thank you so much for the amazing feedback and support! I've been hard at work trying to write two completely different fan fics (don't have a clue how some of you guys write and update like five stories at a time!) but it's brought light and happiness into my difficult life and hearing from you all is like my medicine so thank you.

Yes, thank you for being my Prozac oxoxoxoxox

Anyhoooooooo...

Read, enjoy, review, favorite, follow and THANKS!

And if it tickles your fancy, please check out Rugged Hearts, my other fan fic and AnimeCujo’s Revelations cuz YEAH! The beast is back to updating her crazy sexy fic about Angels and Demons and hardcore love!

Regrets collect like old friends

Here to relive your darkest moments

I can see no way, I can see no way

And all of the ghouls come out to play

And every demon wants his pound of flesh

But I like to keep some things to myself

I like to keep my issues drawn

It's always darkest before the dawn

And I've been a fool and I've been blind

I can never leave the past behind

I can see no way, I can see no way

I'm always dragging that horse around

Shake it Out- Florence and The Machine

Ciel took a very deep breath; in the bitter winter air it felt like long clawed icy fingers were scratching the inside of his chest. The pain felt good, it felt justified.

He inhaled again, swallowing gust after gust of the chilled atmosphere; the pinch of asthma beckoning at the door for his lungs to constrict and seize. This was his punishment, self inflicted and masochistic.
The driver's side window of his car was wide open and the frosty winds blowing into his face sent prickling tears streaming down his cheeks. He didn't know anymore if he was truly crying or not.

The smell of his deeds with Dr. Spears rolled fresh and pungent from his skin, the scent of sex and cologne, flesh and liquid lust gave him a feeling of malaise as he drove from the college towards Saint Mary's Hospital. His appointment with Dr. Landers was in half an hour and he wanted to meet with Sebastian before having to be admitted into the overnight sleep study.

Being nervous was nothing new to Ciel, but having Sebastian by his side would ease some of the anxiety. He had begged his lover not to send him to the sleep study, but Sebastian insisted, citing the two incidents where Ciel had subcumbed to seizures within a matter of a few days.

"We're damned lucky that the local hospital has an advanced sleep study program." The professor had reminded him. "I looked into it and it's quite advanced so there's no need to worry about whether or not you'll be treated well."

Ciel sighed deeply, he was not convinced that he suffered from epilepsy, not at all, but if this test could prove his point then maybe Sebastian would look more into the strange possibilities lurking within Ciel's mind. Like what was going on with the house.

Thoughts began to bombard Ciel as another frigid blast of wind slammed into his face, electric currents of ice crackled inside his chest. "Dammit." He growled. It seemed every time he tried to analyze the events and circumstances of the Butler House, his body would reject it.

Suddenly he felt a hot aching form in the small of his back and he gritted his teeth. Again, he swore at himself, cursed his very existence while he drove towards the hospital. Regret was a hammer slamming mercilessly against his heart.

And the guilt, the guilt barked at his heels, tore at the hem of his consciousness, lapped up the blood left in his heart. What more could he say to himself, he thought wearily, turning the wheel and maneuvering the car into the hospital's parking lot. There was not a stitch of memory from his sexual escapade with the dean, not one piece of awareness in his mind and unfortunately this was not the first time this had happened to him. But as much as he wanted to keep these indiscretions secret from his lover, the truth always came out. Ugliness wrapped up in tears and regret.

After finding a spot to park, Ciel made his way inside the small unimpressive hospital. An antiseptic smell seemed to thankfully cover the odor of his earlier actions so he wiped his hand across his sweaty forehead and resigned himself to accepting what had happened. Nothing could be changed at this point.

It is what it is, he thought sadly.

The building seemed simple in its design, a white facade with clear green tinted windows and a meager lobby complete with several dark green couches in the waiting area. Several nurses scurried about wheeling a patient or two into elevators and discharge areas, a small gift shop was located on the far right of the information booth where a young man with honey-wheat colored hair was directing a couple to where they needed to go. Ciel presumed that he should ask him where Dr. Landers would be seeing as he couldn't remember anything from the last time he had been taken to the hospital and he didn't want to be late to his appointment.

"Good afternoon!" A cheerfully sweet tone sang out as he approached the help desk he realized that the man looked more like a sprightly teenager; the name plate on top of the desk reading 'Head of Security'. At first glance, Ciel couldn't believe that the wide eyed country boy dressed in a too large for his own frame security uniform was in charge of manning the entrance to the hospital.
The innocent wide grin that met him at the front booth seemed far too milky to be of an intimidating force.

"Um, you're the security?" Ciel asked hesitantly, giving the beaming boy a critical once over. "Or are you filling in for someone else?"

"Oh no! I'm head of security for the hospital!" The happy voice never wavering. "My name is Finny, how can I help you?"

Ciel fished out a piece of paper from his coat pocket and read the scribbled information. "Ah, yeah, I'm supposed to be registered into the inpatient Epilepsy Monitoring Unit?" He looked up and handed Finny the document. "Dr. Ash Landers is expecting me."

The guard quickly scanned the contents and nodded his head. "You need to register first, make sure you have proper I.D. and head on over to room 105 East, that's the admitting office. It's on the left of that corridor right there." He pointed the direction and handed Ciel back the paper. "You can give me your parking ticket now. Overnight stays require the vehicle to be entered into the system so that you don't get towed."

"Oh, ok." Ciel relinquished his parking stub. "Hey, how come this hospital has an EMU? Isn't that kind of specialized for a remote area like this?"

Finny tapped away at his computer, entering the car information. "I made a big push a couple of years back to have this unit funded. It was a big deal because no other hospital within miles of us had such a unique sleep study program." He looked up and smiled. "It's brought lots of clients from all over since he's the expert in the field as well as seizures."

"Wow." Ciel whistled lowly. "It's a good thing I picked out this place, eh?" Shifting his overnight bag on his shoulder. "I would have been assed out if I had ended up moving to another county."

"Dr. Landers is the best of the best. If anyone is going to help you, it would be him." Finny assured.

"Thanks for your help, down this corridor, right?" Ciel gestured towards the left where several walk-in patients had already begun lining up at the office.

"Yup! Good luck!" Finny waved, his smile wider than before. Ciel chuckled to himself as he made his way to Admitting, this town seemed to have the oddest cast of characters he had ever encountered in his life. Even with all of his young years in New York, he had never met so many screwy people in a matter of days.

After waiting in the office for about ten minutes, the admitting staff workers had his information taken, insurance, and entered medical records into the hospital database. Finally, Ciel made his way to the 4th floor where the EMU clinic was located. Sebastian was due to arrive soon and the young man grew even more nervous as the elevator lurched silently past each floor.

The EMU area was quiet, lights dimmed and walls painted a deep blueish grey hue. The feeling of sleepiness almost overwhelmed Ciel and he took a step back before shaking his head and continuing towards the double doors of the unit.

"Mr. Phantomhive?" Turning around, Ciel recognized the violet eyes of none other than Dr. Ash Landers.

"Hello, Dr. Landers." He greeted him, extending his hand and receiving a firm handshake from the silver hair medic. "I'm going to be real honest with you right now, I'm pretty nervous about all of
this." He admitted sheepishly.

"Understood." Landers smiled and placed a hand on his thin shoulder, giving it a gentle squeeze as if to reassure him that no harm would come to him. "Most patients are nervous when they come here, but I promise you that nothing bad is going to happen to you, especially since I will be here all night monitoring your sleep."

"Well, that makes me feel better." Ciel and Landers turned to find Sebastian standing by the doors with his hands in his coat pockets, a look of concern clearly etched on his face. "Perhaps I should stay as well." He continued. "I'm sure Ciel wouldn't mind."

Ciel felt a wave of relief pass over him like a calming river. "That would be great!" He exclaimed, looking at the doctor, "Can he?" He asked hopefully, clutching his bag with both hands.

Landers shook his head slowly. "I'm afraid that is not part of our procedures." He informed them. "The video monitoring equipment is housed within a highly technologically advanced area where only trained and skilled technicians are allowed to enter and work."

"I would make sure not to get in the way." Sebastian stepped forward, looping his arm around Ciel's waist and drawing him close to his body. "Ciel is nervous and I don't want him to be up all night anxious over being watched by strangers."

"These are not strangers, Mr. Michaelis." Landers crossed his arms over his chest. "The EEG staff are professionals in their field, I handpicked them and trained them myself. It would be considered inappropriate to admit a non-licensed layman into their workplace. You wouldn't ask this of a surgeon if Ciel needed an operation, would you?"

Ciel could feel Sebastian's body tense, he knew his boyfriend had been caught in a corner and would relent to the doctor's orders. As he turned his head to face Sebastian, he was shocked at the piercing glare he was met with. Sebastian had his nose pressed against Ciel's head and was inhaling deeply.

He's smelling me. Ciel thought in a panic.

"Please follow me into my office so that we may discuss the procedures." The doctor gave Ciel a curious look and smiled. "Your boyfriend may join us there."

"O-Ok." Ciel spoke stammered, pulling away from Sebastian. "Come in, babe." Taking his hand, Ciel began to walk, but was suddenly jerked back into Sebastian's arms. "Seba-!"

"Where were you today?" Dark red eyes flashed angrily.

"I-I went to school!" Ciel spoke lowly, fearful of the sudden change in Sebastian. He could hear the familiar accusatory tone in the professor's voice. "I had to meet with Dr. Spears and."

"Is that all you did?" He growled, yanking Ciel's collar open and pulling the fabric to the side. The pearlesque skin was unmarred, but sometimes even that meant nothing.

"Sebastian, what the fuck?!" Ciel hissed, slapping the older man's hands away from his neck. "Dr. Landers is waiting for us!"

"We'll be right back." Sebastian informed the surprised doctor taking a firm grip on Ciel's arm. "I need a moment to speak to him, please give us ten minutes."

Landers frowned. "Fine, but no more than ten minutes. I am a busy man." Turning on his heels, the
doctor walked past his receptionist's desk and disappeared down the hallway.

"Where are we going?" Ciel whispered loudly as Sebastian dragged him away in the opposite direction of the sleep study unit. "Stop it! What the hell is wrong with you?!!" The pinch from Sebastian's hold on his arm was becoming painful. "Ow! Fuck, you're hurting me!"

"Bathroom." Sebastian barked at him. "Now."

"Bathroom, what?!!" Before he could protest any further, Ciel was shoved into the restroom. The sound of the door slamming shut and the metal clicking of it locking caused him to break out into a cold sweat. He was leaning against the sink facing a noticeably seething Sebastian. Gripping the cool surface of the counter, Ciel gulped. "What's wrong?" He asked in a shaking voice, his eyes averted the heated glare from his man. "Why are you doing this?"

"Turn around." Ciel felt like throwing up, the order was clear and final. There would be no arguing, no begging, no attempt at being reasonable with Sebastian at this point moving forward. Nodding his head, Ciel obediently turned around, bending slightly and bowing his head.

"Look up and face the mirror." Sebastian commanded lowly.

Dark blue eyes lifted and stared at the reflection.

Pure fear.

"Don't move." Ciel felt his chest tighten as a pair of long fingers snaked their way around his waist, sliding towards the front of his jeans and stealthily unbuckling his belt and roughly pulling his pants off.

"No . . ." He begged, squirming under the harsh treatment.

"Shut your mouth." Sebastian spat, his hands wrenching the underwear down past Ciel's hips. "Spread your legs more and lift your ass up so I can get a proper view." His voice was coarse and unforgiving and it frightened Ciel.

Yet Ciel did as he was told.

Probing fingers parted his pert cheeks, smoothing down the center, prodding and circling his hole. The actions were gruff and exact, there was a purpose behind their investigation of his entrance and Ciel thanked God he had thoroughly cleaned himself to the college's public restroom before he arrived at the hospital. But the smell, the smell of another man was still wafting through his clothing, stuck to his skin like a scarlet letter.

"Who touched you?" Ciel jolted, but was held firmly in place by Sebastian's iron claws.

"No-No one!" He squeaked.

"Liar!" The sharp sting of an open handed slap against his ass caused Ciel's body to seize up. He swallowed his yelp as the echoes of the hard contact against his skin bounce off the tiled walls.

"I-I swear!" He whimpered, hot tears pricking the corners of his eyes as he struggled to hold himself up on the counter, the ache in his lower back had returned. "Please, stop!" Without warning, Sebastian pierced his lover brutally forcing his cock into Ciel while the younger male winced in pain and fought to keep from yelling out.

"Why are you this loose?" Sebastian demanded, panting heavily as he thrust his hardness deeper
and deeper into the trembling male. "What did you do?" He grunted, pounding harder into Ciel's backside. "What the fuck did you do?"

"I didn't do anything!" Ciel sobbed, burying his face into his arms. He was beyond terrified. "I-I swear to God! I didn't do anything!" He quickly thought of an excuse and said the first thing that came to his mind. "I-I went to the men's room before," he blurted out, blushing with what he hoped Sebastian would interpret as embarrassment instead of shame "And . . . and I-I fingered myself!"

Sebastian stopped mid thrust and mulled over the fabricated statement. "Bullshit." He flatly determined.

"No! No! Really!" He cried, his eyes brimming with new tears. "I got nervous before meeting the new dean and it just happened! I just kept thinking of you and what you would tell me to do and I got turned on!"

"Look at me!" Grabbing a fistful of blue grey hair, Sebastian hoisted Ciel up and shoved his face into the mirror, smearing tears and saliva over the clean glass surface. "Look at me and say that!" He snarled, slamming their sweat soaked bodies harder and faster against each other.

Ciel was mute, lost in the punishment of blinding pleasure and torturous pain. It was during these moments of black rage that he wondered who was the one more possessed, himself during his sexual trysts or Sebastian enraged upon his discoveries. It was a scene played over and over, with no one leaving in the end. No one brave enough to let go no matter how painful the aftermath was.

Why? Ciel cried silently, why?

The heat from Sebastian's climax shot straight into Ciel, coating his insides and overflowing, trickling down his shaking legs. His back throbbed dully now and his chest was tighter than it ever was before. He could feel Sebastian's heaving body pressed heavily against him and for one split second he was almost comforted by the warmth of his contact.

"I didn't, Sebastian, please! I didn't do anything!" Ciel wept, covering his face with his hands. He felt Sebastian's slickened member slip out of his throbbing ass, the sound of semen plopping to the floor reminding him vaguely of raindrops. "Y-You're hurting me!" His entire body shook as he cried pitifully. Suddenly, Ciel felt his body savagely twisted around and pressed up against Sebastian's seething form.

"You whore." He growled into the small ear, raising his hand and delivering a hard slap across his lover's face. An explosion of shock and pain lit through Ciel, his cheek was inflamed and jaw went slack.

"I'm going to find out who it is." Sebastian threatened, lacing his fingers around Ciel's neck and slowly squeezing until Ciel ceased crying. "And I'm going to fucking kill him." He hissed.

"There's nobody else!" Leaning his head forward, damp eyelashes brushed along Sebastian's cheek. "Nobody except you." The force of the slap still resonated throughout his face, it was the first time Sebastian had ever struck him in anger.

"Ciel." Sebastian's voice cracked, catching him in his arms as the boy tumbled into his chest. "Why do you do this to yourself? Why do you do this to me?" His tears came quickly, they seldom did but here he held a broken man, his lover, and it never ceased to amaze him the extent of his love for this inconsistent person in his life.

What had compelled him to have so savagely towards Ciel? He had assaulted him, after all of his
promises to protect Ciel from the dangers of the world he had become what he most feared, the source of Ciel's fears and pain. He fought against the surge of new anger and held his quivering lover even tighter.

"I'll clean you up." He offered softly, stroking Ciel's hair. "We'll talk when this is over. Baby, you make it so that I can't just believe you." It was the same speech, the regret sending Sebastian into a seemingly bottomless pit of despair over having manhandled Ciel in such a way. "I'm sorry." He rasped, his fingertips tracing the delicate features of Ciel's damp face.

"Sebastian." Ciel choked out gripping the older man's shirt. "Please . . ."

"Please, what?" The strained pleading voice tore at Sebastian's heart. "What do you want, baby?"

"Make me . . ." Ciel paused, lifted his face up and stared dead into Sebastian's eyes. His cheeks were a bright cherry red making his eyes glow blue and shine as unshed tears glistened. "Please, make me come."

The silence in the restroom, peppered only by the clink of their belts scraping along the floor, was palpable. "Yes," Sebastian breathed, carefully lowering himself to his knees and positioning himself in front of Ciel's crotch. He ran his nose along the course nest of dark pubic hair, inhaling the musky scent of sweat and flesh.

"Because you're mine." He pressed his face into the triangle of Ciel's private area and licked the head of his hardened cock. "Because this is mine, remember that."

The sun had begun to set behind the snow capped mountains casting dark shadows across the valley and against the small buildings of the town of Funtom. Night was creeping in on ghostly paws, soft and silent while the secrets of the sleepy community unraveled themselves behind tightly drawn shades and locked doors.

It was a centuries old one story building which housed quite an expansive collection of books for the general public. It was currently closed; open only to a few attending a meeting. A very secret meeting.

An ancient man sat upright in a deep earth brown leather chair in the back rooms of the public library approximately two miles from the college; his severe expression held no promises of an easy rendezvous with the two much younger people in his company. Jericca Ark and Alois Trancy waited silently for their turns to speak.

"How did you procure these documents?" His refined voice pierced the calm of the room causing the young woman to shift uneasily as she stood side by side with Alois who had chosen to sit comfortably on a reclining chair. The office they were occupying was located in the far back of the library, its walls aligned with book shelves filled with dust laden archaic volumes of literature. Some of the writings were from a forgotten time, too cryptic for the public eye; however, these were not regular folk.

No, they were special.

Alois looked up from fiddling with the buttons of his coat and shrugged. "Does it really matter?" He rolled his eyes and looked around the rows of shelves filled with decaying texts. "I mean, who cares about the how as long as the job gets done, right?" He grinned. The golden glow of amber lights seemed to hide the elder's discontent.

"Take care not to be discovered. You are our best; however, this is no ordinary foe we are dealing
with." He warned, wagging a finger at the snickering man

Alois crossed one leg over the other and leaned back into his chair. "Got it." He replied in a clipped tone. "Anything else?"

He nodded. "Yes, Jericca will be joining you in this endeavor. I believe her to be ready."

"I don't." The blonde retorted.

"And why not?" She growled. "I'm completely capable!"

"I don't work with newcomers during dangerous missions." Alois yawned, stretching his thin arms above his head."You'd only get in the way."

"Alois, this is not a request." The elder gentlemen reminded.

"Tanaka, reconsider." He argued, giving Jericca an annoyed side glance. "I don't need her help."

"Enough!" The grey haired man rose from his seat and tapped the folder on his desk. "I expect you both to infiltrate his life, gain access into the Butler house, and stop this menace hopefully before full realization becomes complete."

"You can't do it alone." Jericca pointed out. "Even with that stupid cop by your side."

"He's not stupid." Alois narrowed his eyes and sent the young woman an icy look. "Do not underestimate that man."

"He's a lesser and you know it!" She spat.

"Jericca, it is not your place to judge." Tanaka chided her gently. "The both of you, do as you are told. Understood?"

"Yes." They spoke in unison.

"Good." The elderly man sat back down heavily into his large leather chair and sighed. "I can feel the rumbling of evil teeming at the borders of our realm. Insidious forces are quickly threatening to boil over and flood this small town. Every soul is precious, my young ones. Every soul must be saved, regardless of the sacrifice."

"It's time to bury the past." Sky blue eyes glazed over as the young man lost himself in memory, haunted recollections that lurked in dark corners of history. "I won't fail this time."

"If the good Lord permits us, we shall be successful this time around." Tanaka rubbed his eyes tiredly with his wrinkled fingers. "Break the cycle, it's all we must do."

Dr. Landers had decided that it would be best for Sebastian to remain outside of the examination room until Ciel was ready to enter the EEG monitoring station.

"And why the hell can't I stay with him?" Sebastian demanded.

Landers took one quick look at the red rimmed eyes of his quiet patient. The ten minutes he had allowed for them had turned into almost half an hour and if he wasn't mistaken, it appeared as if Ciel had a swelling welt on his cheek that had not been there before. He couldn't outright say it, but the doctor could almost swear that Sebastian had struck the young man.
"It is part of our procedure." He lied, motioning to Ciel to come into the small room with him. "This should take approximately 15 minutes so please wait out in the visitor's area." Sebastian reluctantly relented and charged away, leaving Ciel to fidget nervously in front of Landers.

"It's ok, Ciel." The physician assured him, placing his hand gently against the accosted burning cheek. "I won't hurt you."

"O-Ok." Ciel whispered, looking down at the clean dark tiled floor. He was exhausted and wanted only to lay down and sleep. He was emotionally and physically spent. "Can I sit down now?" He asked hopefully.

Pointing to the examination table, Landers nodded. "Go ahead."

The crackling of fresh sterile paper under his bare skin made Ciel think of a campfire, orange red embers glowing in the black of a winter's night. Closing his eyes, he could feel the doctor swab his bare chest with an antiseptic soaked cotton pad. It was cold against his skin and the rise of goosepimples came immediately.

"I'm going to attach electrodes to you in order to obtain an EKG report." The doctor informed him. "This will give me a read out of your heart functions."

"Ok." Ciel replied, his eyes remaining closed.

"Would you like me to tell you what to expect?"

Ciel opened his eyes and turned his head towards the doctor. "Sure." He offered a weak smile.

"Once we are done, my assistant tech will take you into the overnight stay monitoring room. There you will have EEG electrodes applied to your scalp, and the technologist will first perform a standard EEG test. Then the electrodes will be connected to a video/EEG monitor. The camera will be turned on and your evaluation will begin. The cable that attaches the EEG wires to the monitoring machine is long enough for you to be able use the bathroom. However, it is very important that you stay on camera at all times." Landers began to apply a sweet smelling gel onto Ciel's scalp.

"What's that?" Ciel asked, his nose twitching at the faint smell of strawberries.

"It's called conducting jelly." The doctor wiped his hands with a tissue and checked the read out sheets from the EKG machine. "It helps adhere the monitoring electrodes to your scalp and create clearer readouts of your brain waves." Humming to himself, Landers placed the papers into a folder and started to gently remove the pads from Ciel's chest. "Everything looks normal, it's time to begin." Handing over Ciel's shirt. "Put this on, you can change into your night clothes in your room."

"Ok, Doc." Ciel quipped, hoisting himself into an upright position and swinging his legs over the side. "Am I going to sleep in a room that looks like an ER or something that looks like an actual bedroom?" He chuckled, hopping off the table as he pulled on his sweater.

The silver haired man laughed. "You will be pleasantly surprised, young man." He took ahold of Ciel's arm and started to lead him out the door. "Your room is equipped with a full size bed, flat screen TV with cable, a BOSE music system, mood lighting, a small refrigerator stocked with healthy snacks and water, plus a private bathroom."

"You make it sound like I'm staying at the Waldorf or something!" Ciel smirked. "Isn't this all a bit too much, though?" He questioned.
The seriousness that seemed to cloud over the once amiable face took him by surprise. "Seizures have been known to lead to lifelong brain damage." He spoke lowly, leaning into the paled face of his patient. "And often times, even death."

"Oh." A dull feeling of dread began thrumming throughout Ciel's body. "Am I going to be . . . safe tonight?"

"But of course!" Landers grinned widely, slapping the boy on his back. "You will be monitored through a camera for the next 12 hours. Plus, at the side of your bed you will find 2 alarm buttons. One is a nurse call button; the other is an "event button." If you have any warning that you are about to have a seizure, please push the event button. If one of our techs is with you, he or she can also trigger the alarm if a seizure occurs."

Ciel took a deep breath. "You're expecting a seizure to occur, out of nowhere?"

"Yes, in fact the side rails of your bed are heavily padded, that way the incident rate of injury has been lessened."

The next half hour found Ciel seated comfortably upright in a stark white bed overflowing with thick blankets and pillows. He had opted out of having a snack since he was far too nervous to eat anything. Before Sebastian had left for the evening, they had kissed each other goodbye and hugged. It was still fresh in his memory, the slap across his face, but deep down he knew in some sick twisted way he genuinely deserved it.

A tall stocky technician was busily hooking up lines to the EEG monitor which was attached to the electrodes on Ciel's scalp. His name was Cole and although he spoke in a gruff voice, he was actually quite genial towards the student. The television was muted, but a game of cricket was being aired from Europe and although Ciel had no interest in it, Cole seemed to be fascinated by the sport.

"Those people in Europe get all dressed up to tumble around a baseball field." He chuckled, pressing an electrode firmly against the back of Ciel's head. "You like watching this shit?"

"I just turned it on and this was the first thing that came up." He admitted. "How many of these pads do I need?"

"Just three more to go, gotta get a good brain wave reading, eh?"

"I suppose." Ciel grunted. His eyes following the swing of the cricket bat as a round object hurled straight at it. "I'd rather be playing that than sitting here."

"Ditto." Cole snorted. "I'd rather be that ball getting smacked around than be in your place."

"Hello there." A beautiful young nurse had walked in holding a tray of bottled pills and a pitcher of water. "My name is Ember and I'll be your on call nurse for this evening."

Cole waved at the woman and smiled. "We got a nice cooperative kid here, you treat him well."

"Hi." Ciel smiled, pleased at Cole's words. Looking at the bottles and pointing to the tray, he gave the beaming woman a quizzical look. "What are the meds for?" He asked.

"These are to help calm you down and lead you to a nice hazy sleep state." She informed. "And the rest are a special cocktail to induce seizures."

"Induce seizures?" Ciel echoed, a sick knot formed in his stomach. "Why the Hell am I going to
"Oh, it's just in case after 6 hours you don't produce a seizure." Placing the tray down, she handed over a white pill. "Here, we'll start with the Ambien, it's only good for 4-6 hours and I swear you won't feel groggy once it wears off, ok?"

Ciel sighed and took the pill; it was bitter against his tongue and he grimaced at the feeling the starchy capsule had as it made its way down his throat.

"Now I'm going to place a line into your vein." She slipped on a pair of sterile latex gloves and swabbed the crook of Ciel's arm with alcohol. "A capped intravenous line will be placed in one of your veins. This is for your safety. If you have multiple seizures or a very strong one, we can rapidly give you medicine through the intravenous line to stop the seizures. The intravenous line is checked each shift by me to make sure it's working properly. The site where it's placed will need to be changed if it stops working."

"This is all so freaking complicated." He mumbled, wincing slightly at the pinch from the fine needle.

"The cameras are rolling." She winked as she pulled off her gloves and poured him another glass of water. "It's showtime."

3:30 am

Three pairs of eyes watched four large monitors, each screen casting an eerie blue glow against the faces of the doctor and his two assistants. They kept a keen watch over the varying views of Ciel's sleeping form, standing like silent sentinels, dutifully tracking their patient's slumbering state. Not much was said among the small group except for the occasional input of medical information. Instead of banter, rhythmic beeps from a cardiogram, the scratching of an EKG device and the EEG monitoring system filled the quiet atmosphere.

The past 6 hours had garnered no reactions from the young patient who had barely moved since given the sleeping medication. His face was relaxed, rose tinted lips parted slightly as he softly snored the hours away.

"Watch the time." Lander's cool voice cut the air like a sharp razor, eyes never leaving the screen.

Ember checked her watch. "3:32." She replied flatly. Her deep jade green orbs panned the heart monitor. "Nothing has changed."

"Come out to play." Cole snickered, lighting up a cigarette and inhaling deeply.

3:33 am

Ciel's eyes shot wide open.

The smell, he thought as panic welled up within his body, the smell!

His fingers tore into the sheets as his back arched as if a knife had been stuck dead center between his shoulders. The onslaught of a decaying odor attacked his senses, jarring him from a deep dreamless slumber. A searing shot of pain lanced through his scalp as the wires and electrodes ripped strands of his hair as he writhed uncontrollably.

"C-Corpses!" He rasped, feeling his spine stretching painfully, the heels of his feet digging into the
mattress even further. "Corpses!" He cried out, a spew of saliva raining from his gaped mouth and dripping down his chin. Blue eyes bulged as he seized again, twisting his thin body from side to side as if he was being pulled by several invisible hands, wrenching his legs open and pulling his arms over his head. It was like being quartered, the ligaments of his frail limbs were straining to stay in place. At any moment, Ciel expected to hear and feel the tearing of muscle and joints dislocating.

"H-Help me!" He cried desperately. "Somebody HELP ME!"

It was then that Ciel realized that the room was no longer a dim comforting glow of fluorescent lighting, but a deep crimson red. A deep blood hue framed in black shadows; the air thick with an ominous weight and tainted with the stench of death.

"No!" He choked out, struggling to gain control of his arms. He desperately needed to press the alert buttons, he needed someone to come in and stop this whatever it was. Sweat poured in rivulets down his face and chest, a burning sizzle forming in the pit of his stomach.

"Demon."

He halted his struggle, the panting breaths coming from his mouth did not drown what he knew he heard clear as day. It was the same voice from the basement, a whispery hiss of malice and despair. There was no humanity within the coarse and yet elegant voice echoing in his ear; only the sound of loss and soullessness.

"God, please help me." A tear rolled out of his eye down the side of his drenched face onto the pillow. This was a living nightmare, the culmination of all fears rolled into one horrific experience.

Why hadn't he asked for Sebastian to stay? His back cracked loudly, a chorus of grinding bones and popping joints sending him into blinding white hot pain. More than anything he wanted his boyfriend's arms protectively encircling him, battling the unknown forces currently ripping him apart. His insides were on fire, burning bright and charring his thoughts and consciousness as the world around him was engulfed in terror.

Murmuring voices swiftly blanketed the putrid air, but Ciel could see only red and dark shapes surrounding his bed felt cold, oddly enough it felt grainy and solid.

Like a concrete slab.

Opening his clenched mouth, Ciel emitted a tortured wail until he felt his throat raked and raw.

"Good thing the room's sound proof." Cole whistled, turning the volume dial down as Ciel continued to scream. "This kid'll wake up the dead." He swiveled around in his chair and gave his superior a bored look. "What do we do now?" Ember looked up from the monitoring station where she was now seated, charts and printed readings were strewn about on the desk.

"The brain wave activities are through the roof." Embers shook her head. "This is on the same level as a Grand Mal. Are you sure you don't want me to administer the anti seizure meds yet?" She had begun analyzing the EEG readings and handed a print out to Landers who seemed quite unaffected as he watched Ciel struggling against his restraints.

"Positive." He murmured, taking the papers from her without so much as glancing at them. He was far too immersed in the scene unfolding on the screens.

"How are you going to explain to him that you tied him down during the night?" She questioned, standing up and placing her hands on her hips. "This is going to look a bit suspicious."
"Let him ride this out." Landers spoke calmly, his eyes glued to Ciel. "This is not part of the awakening." Ember and Cole looked up from their work, a startled expression on both faces.

"Not part-what do you mean?" Ember gasped. "Then what the Hell is all this for?"

Cole tsked. "No way." He growled, pointing to the screen. "This is no coincidence."

"No, it's a warning." The violet eyed physician crossed his arms and rocked back and forth on his heels. "Oh yes." He hissed. "Someone is warning him."

The technician lit another cigarette and blew out a puff of smoke. "What are you talking about?" He growled, his patience was already wearing thin. "How can someone be warning him like this?"

"I can sense it, unlike you and your sister here, I can smell the presence of another being making an incredibly valiant, yet stupidly useless attempt to reach Ciel." Tapping his fingertips against the screen, an eerie smile crossed his face as he gazed at the suffering patient. "The doorway to the past, to memory is not easy to open." Landers finally turned to face his assistants. "These so called seizures are meant to break open the seal of a history Ciel is not meant to understand. If he becomes aware of his situation, action may be taken to prevent his awakening."

Ember slammed her fist onto the desk. "That cannot happen!" She cried.

"Of course not." Landers chuckled. "Which is why Mr. Phantomhive is going to be treated for epilepsy."

"Really now?" Cole smiled

"Yes, Ciel will be prescribed a heavy cocktail of blockers to prevent these seizures from occurring." Landers chuckled, pulling out a chart from the desk drawing and hurriedly scribbling notes. "If our young charge is medicated, he will continue on his seemingly normal mundane life until the fated day arrives."

"Brilliant." Ember purred. "The fated day."

"The fated day" Cole echoed.

"And Ciel Phantomhive will die."
Chapter 9

Greetings!

Hope you yummy readers enjoy this chapter

it's a bit different and a bit strange but it explains a bit more of what's going on.

Please read, enjoy, review, favorite and follow!

BTW, Is anyone loving AnimeCujo's Revelations fanfic more than me? Not possible. Many thanks to her for editing my crappy work.

OXOX

"has this happened before?

is history a circle

that catches itself by the tail,

a dream, a nightmare,

a general's dream, a presidents dream,

a dictators dream... can't we awaken?

or are the forces of life greater than we are?

can't we awaken?

must we forever, dear friends,

die in our sleep?"

The Sun Wields Mercy- Charles Bukowski

A sliver of bright white sunlight pierced through the shades and gossamer thin cream colored sheer curtains in the guest bedroom of the Butler House. Grell grumbled miserably, the warm light resting directly over his tightly shut eyes as he made a vain attempt to remain within the dark folds of slumber.

He had passed a restless night, tossing and turning in the full sized bed twisted and tangled in flannel sheets and overstuffed pillows. He was usually a deep sleeper, almost to a fault; however, staying overnight at his best friend's house proved to be his undoing. All throughout the night strange dreams and sounds had kept him teetering on the edge of a near anxiety attack.

The normally exuberant professor was quiet during dinner. Seated across from Sebastian in the dining room, he had nibbled silently on his salad and pushed the rest of his meal around his dish. In truth, he had no appetite and he could not explain why. The minute he stepped foot into the
spacious and beautifully constructed colonial styled home, all want and desire to eat had completely left him. It was as if he had entered into a turn of the century tomb encased in tasteful decorum.

Sebastian had teased him about being on another diet and Grell returned the friendly ribbing by chuckling good naturedly citing his personal need to keep himself svelte in order to please his current boyfriend. They had spent the evening discussing various news and happenings regards to their respective universities. Grell had raged about the cattiness and jealousy the other professors exhibited towards him since he was such a popular and eagerly sought after teacher and Sebastian bemoaned the lack of enthusiasm his students appeared to have towards his syllabus on his first day, yet there was a buzz of excitement when he had announced that he was available for evening tutoring.

"Nasty horny college kids!" Grell snickered, finishing off the last drops of red wine from his glass. "Oh wait, you're in love with one!" He winked.

"Fuck you." Sebastian grumbled, it was obvious how much Grell disliked Ciel, but he preferred not having to hear the little digs and comments thrown his way. Resting his elbows on the table, the dark haired professor laced his fingers and planted his chin on his knuckles. Eying his friend thoughtfully, he released a long breath. "I think Ciel already cheated on me." He said flatly, staring right at the shocked red head.

Grell lowered his fork and swallowed hard, the distressed feeling he had felt while having dinner with Sebastian as alien in its origin. He could not understand why his heart felt so heavy, a melancholy that could not be eased from his chest. "W-Why would you say that?" He asked cautiously, wiping the corners of his mouth with his linen napkin. It was unnerving watching Sebastian twist his fingers into each other, anxiousness pouring over his face like an open faucet. The normally confident and composed man appeared before him strained and desperately sad.

"Before I left the hospital, I could have sworn I smelled someone else's cologne on his skin." He spoke haltingly with downcast eyes full of shame. "What the fuck, right? We're here less than a week and I'm already accusing him of being unfaithful." He laughed without humor, picking up his wine glass and sipping the contents without interest. "He's killing me, Grell."

"I'm going to be really honest with you, and I've made it really clear that I am not fond of Ciel, at all." Jade eyes took in the pained expression on Sebastian's face and the pull to censor his thoughts and feelings was great, but now was the time for truth. "I wouldn't put anything past that kid, however, between epileptic seizures, nightmares, a new school, a crazy stalker cop, and unpacking a shit load of boxes, when the hell do you expect him to start an affair in less than two weeks?"

Grell stared wide eyed at his friend. "Even I'm not that good!"

"This isn't a joke!" Sebastian shot back.

"I'm not joking, I'm being serious!" He pushed his plate aside and felt the same unease crawl like tiny spiders along the sides of his legs and arms. There was so much he wanted to say, but kept most of it locked up tight in fear that he would drive away his friend again. "Granted, the kid is not one hundred percent trustworthy," he ventured slowly, crossing his arms and fixing Sebastian with a sympathetic look, "but be reasonable, it's just not possible. At least not now."

Sebastian sighed deeply, burying his face into his hands. "I'm already regretting this move." He whispered into the heated palms. "I shouldn't have come here."

"Nonsense!" Grell slammed his fist on the table, rattling the cutlery and startling Sebastian. "Did you forget about your book? The book you've been dreaming about writing and publishing for
what? The past five years? You came up here to take time to research and expand the scope of your writing, this isn't just about Ciel!"

"I used this opportunity to get him away from the city and keep him all to myself." He admitted glumly.

"Well, there's dick in the city, and dick up here, and if you search hard enough you'll find dick in the middle of the Mojave Desert and Antarctica. If he's going to cheat on you he's going to cheat on you, end of story. If you can't trust him then let him go." Grell's fingers made their way into his long bright red hair, twirling the cherry tinted strands between his dainty fingers. "If you're committed to making this relationship work, well then, move on and stop living in the past."

Sebastian said nothing in response; instead he poured the rest of the Chianti into both their glasses and proceeded to share his new book materials with Grell. They drank and spoke way into the late hours; the subject of Ciel never coming up again. Grell understood love and infatuation; he was well versed in the art of seduction and temptation, lust and obsession. Watching Sebastian claw his way into the madness that Ciel brought into his life was like watching his own life played out in front of him.

Grell had spent years knowing only when he was "wanted" and never feeling loved so half the time the dance of despair was performed before him with Sebastian being center stage, he calmly accepted the show and stood by as moral support. His own life was, for a long time, a tragedy.

For the first 18 years he withstood one long drawn out struggle to fulfill the hollowness of being different from everyone. Growing up in the middle class suburbs of Stamford, Connecticut afforded him little chance of being accepted by his family, much less his peers. Although he had his older sister, Angelina, constantly protected him from the emotional, physical and psychological violence of bullying, he did not remain unscarred.

The daily barrage of words like "faggot" and "queer" either verbally hurled and scribbled on his locker, notebook, or mailbox was destructive and painful. He never knew when his gym clothes would be stolen, only to find them hours later in his own backyard, crumpled and dirtied and often damp with piss. These were his private nightmares, his open and never healing wounds that seemed to bleed out more or less depending on how stressed or lonely he became.

His older and much more demure and beautiful sister, Rachel, was already out of the house and living the grand big city life by the time his own world turned to complete shit in high school. She never knew about the daily torture and abuse; Angelina was his only ally. Years later, Rachel would be found hanging from a makeshift noose in the closet of her bedroom. No note. No warning. No goodbyes.

A dull throb echoed within his chest and he quickly pushed all memories and thoughts of his deceased sister from his head. She was already gone ten years last month, but the loss was fresh and raw, it cut him deeply to the hilt of his soul. Every day he missed her more and more, every day he ached for her bright smile and warmth. Even though he had kept his own private hell a secret from her, she was still the ever loving big sister who had praised his style, doted over him and called him every week from her office at Libre Publishing to check up on her adorable little brother.

Angelina had started working there years earlier and the two sisters had lived together once Angelina made her own move to the city. It was especially hard for the middle child who was never far from Rachel either at work or at home. Grell felt a certain amount of jealousy over being left behind in Connecticut until he could graduate from high school and go to college in the city, but he dreamed of moving in with his sisters and fully embracing his alternative lifestyle.
His dream of a fearsome threesome conquering New York City never came to fruition. After Rachel's funeral, Angelina became Mrs. Durless; a speedy courtship with a much older and wealthy editor she met at work transferred into an even speedier wedding as if to erase the tremendous pain of loss and grief. However, life in all its cruelty was not quite done with his family. A year later, Angelina and her husband were struck by a drunk driver during a summer outing to The Hamptons. While Angelina was removed from the mangled wreckage of her pricey sports car, her spouse was not so lucky. She became a widow before the age of 30.

Grell did escape though, graduating and leaving the haters and nay saying bullies behind, earning a BS in Women's Studies and an MS in Political Science fairly quickly at New York University. He moved into a small loft in the East Village and began teaching Women's History at NYU. But what truly saved him was his friendship with Sebastian.

They met at a corner cafe, the day before Grell was supposed to start his work as an adjunct professor and the start of a life with hope.

At first glance, it appeared as if Sebastian was making a pass at him; they both had ordered the same coffee and when the barista called out the order both men had reached for the steaming cup, their fingers brushing against each other. Sebastian had smile, offered an apology and insisted that Grell take the beverage. Grell had almost swooned over the beauty of the tall man with burning scarlet eyes and they began chatting, quickly discovering their mutual commonalities; being brilliant, young and gay. What more could a love starved and hopelessly lonely man want?

In the end, Grell realized that he was not Sebastian's type, but their friendship had already developed into something much more significant and for that he was thankful. It was only when his friend met Ciel that the fear of loneliness came back grinning wildly with dagger teeth and crooked intent.

Once his time with Sebastian was encroached upon by the stunning, yet barely legal student, Grell decided it was high time he placed himself back into the dating scene. Club hopping, bar crawling, stir events, gym memberships he did it all in a desperate effort to fill the emptiness in his life. It took several months, but on a warm April morning, he met his current love, Undertaker.

No doubt, this was fate, he thought happily as he picked himself off the floor in the middle of bustling Central Park after jogging head on into a strikingly handsome silver haired man absent mindingly strolling along the runner's path. Perhaps it was the bright jade eyes that matched his own, the long shiny almost platinum white hair, wide charming smile or the lean muscles holding him in place, keeping him from falling over, that captivated him. He wasn't sure, but he was a willing victim to the unique man cackling his apologies while keeping his grip on his lithe frame.

That was a year ago and they were still very much a couple and lying alone in a strange bed in a strange house left Grell feeling more out of sorts than ever before. The gloom in his heart was a dead weight and he wished with all his being that he had not stayed over.

"Ugh, my back." He moaned, rubbing the small of his back with the tips of his fingers. "Feels like I slept on a goddamn rock." Rolling over to his stomach, he opened his eyes and took a moment to study the room he had ended up in after drinking way too much. "Way too fast." He sighed.

On the wall next to the nightstand and black wrought iron lamp with the white shade hung a yellowed photo framed in cherry wood. It was a regular 5x7 old time photo that held the image of a stately looking man dressed in a crisp white high collared shirt, dark coat and matching pants. It could have passed as one of those kitschy carnival photos one dresses up for in order to appear as if you had gone back in time to the turn of the century, but Grell was well aware of the historical content of the Butler House and he was sure it was authentic.
He rolled his eyes lazily up towards the photo and yawned.

And almost stopped breathing.

The young man in the photo could be no more than 16 years old, his youthfulness was endearing and yet his eyes shown sad and distant. But it was not the melancholy of the photo which caused Grell to almost choke on air. It was the subject himself; obviously the faded properties of the more than a hundred years photo made the face grainy and sepia toned, but it was far too clear to be a mistake.

The boy was a mirror image of Ciel.

Lifting his groggy head, Grell propped himself on his elbows and stared intently at the photo before realizing that he was squinting. His glasses were perched precariously on the edge of the table next to the bed, more than likely flung there in a drunken stupor before he collapsed into a deep wine induced sleep. He reached out and grabbed his spectacles, clumsily putting them on. Before rolling his eyes back up to take a clearer look at the framed portrait.

And the wretched scream he emitted tore through the Butler House like lightening.

"Are you done with that?" Claude huffed, steadily rocking back and forth in a battered white washed rocking chair with one leg crossed over the other.

He had gone to bed hours ago while Alois studied the contents of Ciel Phantomhive's personal college file and hours later he had awakened to find Alois still pouring over the contents. It unnerved him how serious the young man could become when it came to work and research. One moment Alois would be act with complete abandonment and the next he would become severe in his mannerism; he would be all business.

Alois peered over the top of the folder he was currently staring at and knitted his brows. "Of course not!" He snapped, annoyed with the interruption. "If I was, why would I be sitting here reading this damned information?" Rolling his eyes at the handsome man sitting across from him, he returned to his work.

The young blonde college student was seated comfortably on an old worn green couch in the middle of a dimly lit and scarcely furnished living room. The walls were a deep grey blue with splotches of exposed plaster and crumbling dirty white molding along the entire perimeter. Deep brown curtains covered the only in the room and barely a sliver of light could break its way through the broken set of mini blinds. A small coffee table and one distressed looking rocking chair added to the grim decorum, the floors were mopped and everything was dusted, but the general atmosphere of the environment was nothing short of depressing.

A small town cop living off of a pitiful salary could not afford more than the basic necessities in life. A warm place to rest your head, a fridge stocked with cold beer and fresh food, and a TV that worked. Claude was a simple man in his wants and needs, sparing no time for indulging himself with hobbies and nonsense. He was a diligent worker, always on time and dependable. It was something he took great pride in which is why he could never suffer foolishness directed at him. Honesty and logic, these were the things that made sense and were the ideals that he clung to.

However, Claude could not shake the unexplainable feeling that the town of Funtom was something more than just a small community of humble people. There was an oppressive greyness that encircled them daily; a nefarious cold that wanted to wrap its skeletal arms around his shoulders. There were times in which he swore the town lived and breathed pure misery; a
malignant force which seemed to feast on the people's psyche. Every year he would be called to the scene of yet another suicide, almost always during the bleakest winter months. His chief had often commented on the harsh weather and monotone landscape being the culprit, but the gold eyed male would never buy into some contrived "Seasonal Depression Syndrome" theory. The town held a plethora of dark secrets, history of death and grief wound tightly with lies and blood.

He watched his diminutive lover chew his bottom lip while deep in thought, a shiver running through his body as he stared longingly at the creamy thin legs stretched out before him, Alois never felt the cold so it was not unusual for him to be lounging in shorts and a tight short sleeved shirt. Leaning back into the creaking chair, Claude eyed the boy and crossed his arms in defiance.

"You've been reading those same fucking papers all night now, quit this shit and take a break."

"A break?" Alois mumbled his eyes trained solely on another document.

"Yeah, like a suck-Claude's-cock break." The older man snickered.

"Oh, I better stop studying for ways to save the immortal souls of every human in this one-horse town so that I can take time to wrap my lips around my boyfriend's fat dick and suck him dry."

Alois turned the page over and continued reading.

"You know I don't give two shits about sarcasm so put the folder down and open up that pretty little mouth." He growled, standing up and untied the strings on his pajama bottoms. "I'm hard, real hard and it fucking hurts."

"I'm not sucking your dick." Alois grunted.

Claude halted in his steps and stared dumbfounded at the smirking man. "You're shitting me."

"No I'm not." Alois stated matter of factly, snapping the folder shut and plopping it down on the coffee table. "I would rather you stick that nice hard cock in my hole and fuck me till I can't think straight, got it?"

Oh fuck that, Claude crossed his arms and rocked back and forth on his heels, this was going to get ugly. "You're just trying to shut me up." His eyes darted towards the folder and a grimness overtook his features. "What's in the file, Sherlock?"

"You're loads smarter than anyone ever gives your bumpkin ass credit for." Alois sighed, rubbing his eyes tiredly, defeat was imminent he decided. "This Ciel Phantomhive has a bunch of gaps in his personal history." He started off slowly. "Enough to raise red flags all over the place."

"Gaps?" The officer sat back down in the rocking chair and reached for the file. "What kind of gaps?"

"Take a look for yourself." Alois waved at the papers as Claude opened the file and began thumbing through the documents. "He's an orphan, but it doesn't state where he went to school before the 8th grade. He has no relatives listed, none, except for the bullshit story that Sebastian Michaelis is his cousin by marriage."

"Ok, how fucking stupid does that sound?" Claude laughed. "He's an orphan, but he has a cousin by marriage?"

"Exactly, so how did he even get by with matriculating into the school without raising questions as to his background?" A silent pause descended on the pair.

"This is shady as shit." Claude nodded. "It's like someone wanted him to come up here and
purposely overlooked the fact that he has a past that doesn't exist."

"He has a past." Alois rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "It's just very well hidden, but I'm going to break that baby wide open."

"And then what?" The police officer queried.

A small smile crossed the impish face of the aqua-eyed student. "Then what? Then I'm going to expose our little friend to that "cousin" of his. That's our dark horse in this game, Claude; he's the savior in this fucking mess." The policeman snorted, more interested at fixing the pressing situation in his pants than discussing theories that could wait until the morning.

"I'm still looking to fuck you, remember?" He growled lowly, licking his bottom lip. "It's not like we're going to accomplish anything right this minute."

"That is true." Alois agreed, rising up from the couch and pulling his bright purple shorts down past his slim thighs until they pooled at his ankles.

Standing in the middle of a dull living room, Alois was luminescent. The white cotton briefs hugged his slender frame while the pale green baby T-shirt he wore seemed to melt into his peach-tinted skin. The misty glow around his golden hair appeared as a halo, highlighted by the brightest aqua blue eyes Claude had ever seen in his life. They were like prismatic jewels, glints of sky and ocean dancing in feline-like orbs, ever watchful and vigilant, and Claude was their willing slave.

He understood upon first meeting the young student that there was something inexplicably different about the cocky self-centered brat. Beyond all reason, Claude had managed to accept the fact that Alois was special, a force of some supernatural realm fighting to preserve the safety of his hometown. In the end, he had decided to trust the blonde and everything he was told without question; something the stern man had never done before.

Ever since he was a child, Claude could sense the evil bubbling beneath the surface, the dredge of malice coursing like a black poison amongst the inhabitants of Funtom. It was just a feeling, something he could never quite understand and he battled with it daily as his mind still tried to come up with a logical reason why this place was ever a foreboding hell. How he never fell victim to this dark force was still a mystery; however, ever since he stepped into the strange and mysterious world of Alois Trancy, he became more and more aware of the immensity of their situation.

Claude knew he was but barely a pawn next to the power of his lover, yet he aligned himself with the cause and did as he was told. This included pulling Sebastian and Ciel out of their car in order to test the force within Ciel himself. After watching their car speed off, Claude promptly turned to the side of the road and threw up everything in his stomach. Alois had come out of his hiding spot in the back seat of the police car and watched with interest as his boyfriend wretched globs of yellow and red tinged bile.

"That's right, baby." He had whispered, rubbing the law enforcers trembling back. "Get all that poison out."

Ciel was harboring something wicked and vile, something so devious that those who were touched by angels could not stand to be near him. In an effort to confirm the fact that Ciel was the correct target, Claude had allowed himself to be overcome by the deviant whims nestled deep inside Ciel's soul. They had flirted shamelessly and the law enforcer could feel the sticky fingers of something carnal and delinquent crawling into the pores of his skin. It made him sick. Only after he embraced Alois later that night in a heated coupling did he feel clean once again.
"Come here, my angel." Claude purred, holding out beckoning hand. "I need you."

Alois smirked, hooking his thumbs along the hem of his underwear, "I Know."

Red.

It was all he could see, a blurred vision of red swirling like a deadly funnel.

Grell pressed his fingers against his eyes and felt warm liquid pouring from his eyes, running thick and sticky between his fingers and down the back of his hands. It all happened so suddenly he barely had time to register exactly what was happening to him. The portrait had drawn his attention only a minute earlier, causing him to snatch up his glasses to get a clearer view of the Ciel look-alike in the photo on the wall. What occurred next was unexplainable.

His eyes began to bleed.

At first he thought he was tearing up. "What's this?" He whispered to himself, swiping his fingers along the underside of his right eye, holding up his hand he saw bright red blood smeared across the tips.

And then he screamed.

Hot streams of blood came fast and sudden, blinding him completely as his sockets pooled with the life's liquid. All Grell could do was frantically place pressure against his eyes and scream until his throat cracked. Overwhelmed by fear and confusion, he clawed at the bed sheets with his feet and almost tumbled off the edge of the mattress. I'm blind! His mind screamed as his mouth opened and closed like a fish out of water gasping for air. He didn't know what to do and the world was slowly beginning to spiral into madness.

"What the hell?!" The panicked voice of his best friend echoing in the bedroom brought a surge of relief to the redhead who realized in an instant that he was not in pain.

"It doesn't hurt." He choked out, spitting droplets of blood from his drenched lips. "Sebastian!" He called out blindly. "It doesn't hurt!"

"What the fuck?" Sebastian yelled after rounding the bed and coming face to face with the macabre scene, his best friend sitting upright on the bed covering his bloody eyes with crimson smeared hands. "What the fuck did you do to your eyes?!" He screamed, grabbing fistfuls of the sheets and swiftly wiping blood from Grell's face. "Lower your hands! No! Lower your hands! I need to stop the bleeding! Shit! Did you gouge your goddamn eyes out?"

"No!" Grell yelled back, spewing more blood onto Sebastian's sweat soaked face. "I didn't do this!"

"Lower your fucking hands so I can take a look, dammit!" Sebastian ordered, roughly wrenching Grell's hands away from his face. He was trying to prepare himself for the gaping black sockets he often saw in horror movies, the dead emptiness of a blinded victim.

Bright jade eyes stared back at him.

"How-how is this, what just happened?" Sebastian stared, mouth agape, at his friend who trembled uncontrollably as the last scarlet drops dripped like tears down his pale face. "What happened?" He demanded, pulling the under eye skin down with his thumbs to check for slashes or cuts. "Did you hit your eyes? Were you up all night reading? How did it start?"
"I-I don't know!" Grell shuddered, feeling the coagulating blood stiffening the ends of his long hair. "I was looking at that photo on the wall and," his arm was raised, finger pointing to the wall he had only been looking at but a few minutes ago. The tremor of fear slowly rose within the pit of his stomach and Sebastian frowned at the sight of his friend coming undone. "Wha-What's going on here?" Grell hissed, feeling anxiety welling up, his heart pounding mercilessly against his chest. "Sebby, what the fuck is going on here?"

Sebastian looked to where he was pointing and shook his head. "What are you talking about?" He was dumbstruck by the scene, the bed sheets were stained with splotches of blood, intermingling with the beige and deep brown nova check pattern. It all seemed way too surreal.

Grell shifted his body, entangled within the folds of the sheets, he would not lower his arm as he signaled Sebastian with wide frightened eyes to the direction of the wall,

"The-the p-picture!" He stammered, his lips quivering. "The p-picture!"

"Picture?" Sebastian looked up and shook his head.

The wall was empty.

"I am a grain of sand, a particle in space, a minor player existing but for one purpose." Alois whispered, his lips pressed lightly against Claude's cheek, fine bristles tickled his pink mouth as he uttered soft breaths along his lover skin. "You are my soldier, my sentinel."

"Yours." Claude gripped his lover's slim hips and ground their rigid members into one another. He was lying on the twin sized bed in his dimly lit bedroom, one light bulb hung from a rusty chain off the ceiling giving off a faded yellow glow.

Alois stretched his petite body, admiring the broadness of Claude's taut muscular form beneath him. It felt delicious, the tingling sweat dripping and mixing between their naked bodies, their lengths hardened and ripe rubbing up against each other. The heat they were producing was dizzying.

"You are mine." Alois flicked his tongue out and lapped at Claude's chin giving it a nip. "I will protect you, always."

Swiveling his pelvis until his ass leveled with Claude's eager cock, the young blonde lifted himself slightly only to lower himself onto the man's aching need. It was tight, the pressing walls swallowing Claude and sending him into a euphoric state. Amber eyes shut tightly as his entire being was catapulted into a white hot pleasure he could only feel with the ancient being currently riding on top of him.

Yes, Alois was ancient, beyond the scope of mankind's idea of time.

He was an archangel, a warrior of God, a protector of the human race, the watchman of these delicate forms of clay left up to chance, fate and choice by their infinite Father. Sent to battle a demon so insidious that even the heavenly beings feared for the souls of Funtom and beyond. A demon of such high caliber that he could easily tip the scales in favor of chaos if he succeeded in his plan.

A demon currently housed within Ciel Phantomhive.

"Baby, you're squeezing me so fucking tight." Claude hissed, bucking his hips up and further impaling his shimmering mate. "If you, hah, keep it up I'm gonna cum too soon!"
Alois looked down at the beautiful man before him and smiled, he had chosen him to be his and his alone. Disguised as an ordinary college student, Alois created a vicious and witty persona among the students and faculty in hopes of minimizing any suspicion of what he actually was. Yet the moment he met the officer at Bard's Pub over a year ago, he had found himself instantly drawn to the brooding man. He could smell the dark aura surrounding the inhabitants of Funtom, it had permeated their pores and stuck to them like the stench of rotten meat, but not Claude. He was special, somehow the gloom of evil had not penetrated the strong hearted man and right there, Alois knew he would be his ally. Little did he know how deep in love he would end up falling with the human. This man of flesh and limitations had deftly stolen his eternal heart.

"Not yet. I'm, mmmnn, not near ready for this to be over." He crooned, rolling his hips to grind the base of Claude's dick into his rump. "I want it h-harder. Deeper, go deeper." Alois panted, gritting his and digging small nails into the rippled abdomen. "Fill me up with that beautiful soul of yours." He ordered; the wonton request making Claude smirk.

"Yes, your highness."
Chapter 10

Greetings!

Here's a quicker update, hope you all enjoy it!

I'm having loads of fun with this story and now that the pace is beginning to pick up there will be faster updates. "Rugged Hearts" will be doing the same; honestly I should have my head checked writing two big fics at once lol.

AnimeCujo has a splendiferous fic titled *Revelations* and you all should check it out!

Thanks for the support and reviews are welcomed and needed! Yeah, I'm a review whore cuz I love hearing from you yummy skullzzzzzzzzzzz.

"He remembered the forceful hand that cast him to the earth. He'd fallen like a shooting star, his flesh burning until his wings fell away. Pain was something he had never known before. But even worse than the physical affliction was the knowledge that he would forevermore be denied Heaven."

— James Burnham, The Fruit of the Fallen

Alois peered outside the frost encrusted window next to Claude's bed; it had snowed all night and the world now appeared pristine.

Innocent, he thought sourly, drawing the curtains back in order to cut the white glare of the morning sun. His head was filled with the plans for the day and although lying in bed next to a slumbering giant of a man was tempting, he knew bigger business awaited him. Bigger and more important things than simple pleasures of the flesh commanded his attention and the loudest most demanding of them all was he entire reason for existing anymore: ascension.

The young blonde sighed as he tried to recall how long he had been chasing after redemption, it seemed like centuries now and he had long ago lost count of his earthbound age. However, the memory of how he had come to this state always remained fresh in his mind and he replayed it daily as a reminder as to why he had fallen so far from the grace of God. For Alois was one of the few who had dared to defy the Lord and the result of such an action was the life he was living now.

The Archangel had grown in disfavor with His God during the dark age of rebellion. The genesis of time and celestial power called forth a struggle between Darkness and Light, Lucifer and God Himself. Alois breathed out a shiver, recalling the magnitude of his decision, to side with the once favored and beautiful angel that had ultimately tossed him into a punishment that to this very moment still drew tears to his eyes. Michael, the soldier of God, the epitome of holy angelic power, was once his comrade. Upon that wretched moment when Alois's treachery was known, Michael cast him from the realm of peace and perfection, doomed to an eternity of being chained to the earth,

He had been exiled from heaven for his mutinous behavior and betrayal and for eons he had been battling to win back the heart of a God he wanted so desperately to side with once again. Pity was
taken upon the young angel and over the course of a millennium; he had taken to protecting humans from demons in an effort to win back, piece by piece, his powers and hopefully one day, the privilege of coming home.

One more mission, Tanaka had promised, one more grand mission and he would ascend to his original home among his people.

One more . . .

Pulling his thin legs up to his chest, Alois looked down at the softly snoring man lying on his side lost in sleep filled bliss. They had made love all throughout the night until Claude had passed out from sheer exhaustion. Being a celestial being had its merits, Alois smirked, glancing at the time on the small digital alarm clock on the nightstand.

"I have class in an hour." He mumbled, scratching the underneath of his chin. "I wonder if he's going to show up."

A chorus of crickets suddenly filled the air causing Alois to roll his eyes and he leaned over his snoring mate in order to snatch up his ringing cell phone from the table. From as long as he existed, the song of the night crickets reminded him of death and impending doom.

The caller was one who certainly deserved that ringtone.

"Good morning slut!" He chirped.

"Good morning horny." The breathy voice of Lizzie Midford came through sassy and ripe with attitude. "Don't dick out on class today, it's your turn to take notes, k?"

"I got you baby, calm yourself." Alois lowered his lids and swept his mind's eye over the quiet town. "I'm heading out soon, meet me at the cafe in half an hour."

"KK." The phone went silent, but the angel kept "searching" the town for his elusive target. Although he was a being of a higher order, his abilities were not exactly infinite. Still, Alois possessed a unique ability to search for his human beings by extending his "psychic sight". Upon closing his eyes and concentrating on the aura of the person he was looking for, Alois was able to "see" for miles around him as if he were a human telescope. It took less than a few seconds to deftly comb the town, yet he could not see him in the house, there was a barrier so dense and poisonous that even he could not take a glimpse of the innards of the Butler House and it pissed him off to no end. But he could somehow feel Ciel's presence and he knew that the blue eyed boy wasn't home.

"Where the fuck are you?" He growled lowly, once again mentally scanning the sleepy downtown area of the village square and running his sight over the silent highway.

His mind's eye searched through every store, every household, every bar and eatery, yet to no avail. Ciel wasn't far, the faint scent of his presence still clung to the air around the town, but he was somewhere else hidden and protected. This meant that there were others who understood what Ciel truly was and there would be more battles to face before the ultimate war could be waged.

Perhaps he wasn't the only Fallen Angel in Funtom.

"Al?" Aqua eyes flew open as a muscular arm snaked its way around the young man's waist. The visions in his mind vanished.
"Awake already?" Alois whispered, leaning his head down to place a kiss against Claude's cheek. The officer had scooted closer to his lover and planted his head in Alois's lap.

"I have a double shift today." He grumbled, his voice was still groggy but his eyes were open and clear. "Got anything for me to do while I circulate through this dead space?"

Alois smiled. "Will you be my hunter today?"

Claude lifted his head and squeezed the blonde tightly, shifting their bodies until they were pressed against each other. The heat from their skin seemed to heighten the sensation of power and excitement between them. There was going to be something dynamic going on today, Claude assessed by the glow behind his lover's jewel like eyes, and it made him burn for the young man even more.

"Yes, your highness."

"Good morning Ciel!"

Ciel cracked an eye open to find Cole looming over his hospital bed with a wide grin on his face, the world seemed to suddenly swirl and shift before him. "I think I'm going to throw up." He whispered before releasing a loud belch and promptly vomiting all over himself and the bed.

"Why am I not surprised?" The technician shook his head and pressed a button on the side of the hospital bed. "Hey, Ember." He spoke into the wall intercom, "bring in a new set of clothes and sheets. Patient just unloaded all over the place."

"Will do!" Came the chipper reply.

Cole eyed the sputtering mess before him and grimaced. Ciel had propped himself up on his elbows while yellowish droplets of bile trickled down his chin. The smell was a pungent mixture; part medicinal and part putrid.

"You're one hot mess." He sighed, wiping the young man's pale face with a cloth. "Looks like the pills didn't agree much with your stomach, huh?"

"I-I need water!" Ciel choked, his eyes stinging with tears. "P-Please!" He pleaded, his hands shook violently, reaching out to grasp Cole's white lab coat. Before he could protest, Cole found himself an inch away from his patient's face as Ciel forcibly pulled him in. "What the fuck did you bastards do to me?" He hissed between gritted teeth. Dark blue eyes raged as they tore into Cole's aloof gaze.

"Calm down." He spoke quietly, gently prying Ciel's fingers from his clothing. "You had several episodes during the night and you're a bit out of sorts but-"

"The fuck I'm out of sorts!" Ciel screamed, pushing Cole back so hard that the technician almost stumbled over his own feet. "I want to get the fuck out of here!"

"I understand, but you have to take a deep breath and-"

"Fuck you! Get this shit off of me!" Ciel cried, furiously ripping the wired electrodes from his scalp. In the midst of his blind fury, he barely noticed the fine strands of hairs being ripped off of his head. All he saw were the nightmarish images from the darkness of sleep and the sour sizzling of an agitated stomach that could not expel anything, but his nausea continued and the world seemed to spin and dip before his eyes. Something was terribly wrong, he knew it, gripping the
damp bed sheets and glaring murderous daggers at the eerily stoic man before him with the cold black eyes.

"I-I-" Ciel pointed to Cole and felt his body trembling. "I c-can't . . ."

"Can't what?" Cole stepped forward slowly, his eyes stayed trained on Ciel's face. They never blinked, Ciel realized with a start as he lowered his arm and allowed it to plop dead on his side against a puddle of warm vomit.

"I can't remember." Ciel frowned and looked around the room quickly assessing his situation. At the doorway stood Ember holding a pile of folded white sheets and a new gown with robe and hospital socks. Her face was cool as well, an almost impish smile playing at the corners of her mouth. There was no hint of kindness in her eyes.

Her eyes, Ciel suddenly realized, they're black, deep soulless black just like . . .

"W-Why are you smiling?" Ciel stammered, a sudden burst of anger evident in his voice. "What the fuck you find so Goddamn funny?"

"Ember, leave the items with me, I'll take care of the rest." Cole commanded sternly. He turned to look at the young girl and bared his teeth in annoyance to her.

"Fine." She spoke lightly, placing the articles on the foot of the bed. "Let me know if you need anything else." Turning smartly on her heel, she practically skipped out of the room.

"Are you ok?" Ciel jolted at the whispery voice coming from the black haired man who had begun wiping the rank smelling fluids from your man's arms with a cloth.

"What happened?" Ciel croaked, a wave of shame and desperation began to thrum throughout his body.

"One part medicine, two parts shitty bad luck having epilepsy and another part a bad night's sleep." Cole replied gently, his hands working the cloth over the pale skin. "Your reaction to waking up here is not uncommon, so cut yourself some slack."

"I-I'm sorry." The student mumbled feeling shame burn bright on his face. He could no longer look at the man who was attempting to soothe his frayed nerves. "Please tell Nurse Ember that I'm sorry-

"Fuck her."

Ciel's head snapped up, his eyes wide with shock. "What?"

Cole chuckled, expertly slipping Ciel's gown off and continuing to wipe more bile from his thin neck. "She's a good nurse, but a fucking airhead. What she did back there, that snickering shit, is totally unprofessional. Trust me, I'm tearing her a new one after your meeting with Doc."

"My-my meeting?" Ciel looked at Cole with confusion, the world had started to spin once again. A cold numbness seemed to crawl across his skin and his heart beat noisily against his chest. "What meeting?"

Cole gave him his most reassuring smile and ruffled the messy head of blue black hair. "The doctor is going over your results right now with your cousin as we speak. Once I've got you in a shower and your regular clothes he'll debrief you and send you home."
"Home?" The word echoed strangely off of Ciel's tongue, it felt foreign to him, like an alien language he could not comprehend.

"Yeah." Cole pulled Ciel upright and lifted his legs over the side of the bed. "You're going home, kid."

Sebastian watched the entire scene of Ciel's awakening with a mask of cool indifference, beneath his simple facade was rage and fear boiling over and nearly sending him into a violent outburst. Sitting in Dr. Landers technician's office, the professor had opted to come in earlier in order to witness Ciel being brought out of a deep REM state.

Landers had cautioned him of the likelihood of Ciel being anywhere from disoriented and confused to violent and abusive. He had prepared himself to withstand the impulse to fling the doors open and rush into the hospital room, gather up his beloved, and stomp out of Saint Mary's hospital without so much as a proper goodbye. Something about Dr. Landers had set off alarms within his mind, should he have willingly entrusted the most precious person in his life to a total stranger? Even now, watching Ciel writhe and struggle to fight back against some nightmarish force, Sebastian felt the urge to swivel around and land a heavy punch right smack in the middle of the smiling physician.

"I'm taking him home right now." He announced firmly. The statement was exact and final in its tone. Garnet eyes flashed dangerously at the doctor who seemed completely unaffected by the entire scene.

"If he leaves now it will be a discharge against medical advice." He responded casually flipping through Ciel's medical documents. Seated at his desk, Landers looked up and gave Sebastian a severe glare. "Do you realize the serious implications of leaving without prescriptions nor medical directives for this young man?"

Sebastian blinked and turned away from the video screen. "Do I what?" He demanded angrily, pointing at the screen. "The videos from last night showed him seizing while under medication! This morning he wakes up like that and you wonder if I understand what's going on? Tell me, what the Hell happened to Ciel?" Panting heavily from raising his voice, Sebastian felt ill at ease with the sudden burning gaze coming from the oddly violet eyes of Ash Landers.

"Ciel is epileptic and can be treated under prescribed medication." He answered sternly, snatching up a pad on his desk, he began scrubbing quickly. "I want him to live a nice normal mundane, yet active life just like everyone else in the world, so what do we do? We control the rampant electric impulses within his brain with certain meds that are proven to work effectively when taken regularly and under the supervision of a specialist, such as myself." He ripped off the note paper and held it out to the hesitant man before him.

"I'm not trying to hurt him, Mr. Michaelis, I'm trying to help him." Sebastian eyed the stretched out hand and slowly reached for the paper. Before his fingers touched the prescription, he halted and stared at Landers. "Textbook epilepsy? Why? Why does he have it?" He asked.

Landers shrugged his shoulders. "CAT scans were clear, lungs were clear, echocardiogram appeared normal without even a mild prolapse, even his bloods were excellent. We rule it as an idiopathic state where the medical world cannot simply find a source. It just exists."

Sebastian cocked an eyebrow. "Just exists?"

"Yes, it does."
Turning back to the screen, Sebastian watched Cole lift Ciel from the bed and carefully place him in a wheelchair. The hairs suddenly stood at the back of his neck and he bristled at the sight of the technician fawning all over his lover. There was a feeling rushing through him, an unsettling feeling and he could not understand why he just wanted to rend Landers and Cole limb from limb. Perhaps, he thought wryly, it was idiopathic.

The morning had been fraught with one shockingly strange and disturbing event after another. He had awoken not to his alarm clock, but to the piercing screams of his best friend who had been sleeping in one of the guest bedrooms. His first thought was that his drama queen friend had seen a mouse, fallen out of the bed, or forgotten his hair dryer at home. However, the screaming persisted and Sebastian found himself scrambling down the hallway and thundering into the bedroom only to be met by the most horrific sight he could ever imagine.

Grell's face was from his eyes down, was striped in rivulets of bright red blood.

At first sight, he thought the man had somehow gouged his eyes out, but upon further examination he found that his fellow professor's jade eyes were intact and functioning. The blood had poured steadily from the corners of his lids, yet there were no cuts, bruises, or state of impact on or around his face.

As if that weren't disturbing enough, next came the almost incoherent babbling about a so called "missing" photo that had been hanging on the wall next to the bed.

"It was there!" Grell cried, wiping blood smears from his cheeks with a damp cloth. "I swear to God I saw it and the kid in the photo looked exactly, on my soul, exactly like Ciel! But it's fucking gone!" Pointing a trembling finger to the empty wall, Grell gritted his teeth and cried out. "I swear to fucking God it was there!"

It took a good hour to calm the crimson haired man down and convince him to accompany him to the hospital. It made sense to admit him through the emergency room while he checked Ciel out and spoke to Landers. The incident with Grell, Ciel's seizures during the night, they both added into one common.

The House.

Sebastian snatched the note paper from Landers and stuffed it into his pocket. There was much to do, he decided.

First to check in with Grell.

Next to the local pharmacy.

And last but not least, the library.

Answers would be found, he assured himself.

In all of his professional years, Sebastian Michaelis had rarely questioned whether the impossible was possible. It was through hands-on experience that he had bore witness to the unimaginable and otherworldly and the man simply could not turn away from mysteries and unexplained phenomena. But, He was clear on one thing, rock solid in his belief that on this earth nothing, absolutely nothing, just simply existed.

There was a root and he would find it.
Chapter 11

*Greetingzzzzz!*

*How are my yummy crunchy sugar coated skullzzzzzz?*

*I've gotten so much writing done that I think updates will be more frequent...Hooray!*  

*Thanks for the reviews, once again you people thrill me to bits and pieces oxoxox*  

*I've got a nice little suprise for you awesome readers coming very soon! Keep a look out if you follow my little rice and bean ass :)*  

*Love and kisses to AnimeCujo! The Sakura Festival was Da Bomb! I'll go to the ends of the earth with you!*  

*As long as there's sushi...*

---

*Any man's death diminishes me,*  

*Because I am involved in mankind,*  

*And therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls;*  

*It tolls for thee.*  

*John Donne*

---

Alois watched the students milling into the classroom, masses of nameless faces plodding through the doorway making their way to their seats.

Disinterested and dull, he thought laid heavy with filth and melancholy. His eyes could see the layers of dark shrouds pouring thickly off of their shoulders and the smell of rot and decay was pungent to say the least.

Something had started the process of tainting the souls of Funtom, almost like the seasoning of a lamb before skewering it and roasting it over an open fire pit.

Lambs, he watched the young faces clouded by a film of gloom, lambs being prepared for the slaughter.

He yawned out of boredom and checked the time on his phone, Ciel was late.

"Where are you?" Alois muttered, slamming his early 17th Century literature textbook open. "Fucking prick."

"Who's a prick?" Lizzie plopped down on the empty seat in front of his desk and frowned at him. "What's got you twisted already?"
"I was looking forward to seeing that delicious newbie today." He lied easily, giving her a snide grin, "But the little bitch is cutting class."

"He's got economics and ethics with me at 11 today." She informed him as she checked her lipstick on her compact mirror, rubbing her fingertips across the top row of her teeth. "Drop by and check his tight ass out."

"You want me to stalk him?" Alois huffed crossing his arms. "I'm not that desperate."

Yes I am, he thought sourly.

"Fine, fuck you then," she snapped. "I'm staying here for 15 minutes and then I'm bumping, don't forget to take notes, k?" She turned around to face the professor who was already calling for the class's attention.

It was their thing, taking turns staying for as little time as possible while the other took notes. Alois knew he didn't need her help in studying or maintaining an A average; however, the ruse allowed for him to procure important documents and mingle unsuspecting among the students and staff.

Plus, he truly enjoyed Lizzie's company. Aside from Claude, for some odd reason, she was unaffected by the demonic poison that was infiltrating every inch of the small town.

Perhaps it was the fact that she was already tainted and it would be a waste to spare her any time in possessing her soul, but Alois felt it was something else. For all of her deviance and self-serving attitude, the angel sensed a strong will and brutal honesty housed within the emerald eyed young woman. She was a survivor, a fighter, and there was more to her than her biting behavior than anyone could possibly understand.

Leaning forward, Alois tugged at one of her golden curls. "I'll come by your class later." He whispered behind her ear, "But just to say hi, I'm not chasing his ass or anything."

"Of course you're not." She snickered lowly, craning her neck round to look at him. "You're chasing his dick."

"Am not." He snapped. Leaning back in his seat, he scanned the room once more and groaned inwardly.

Ronald Knox, an adjunct professor from the Literature Department, droned on about John Donne and metaphysical poetry. It wasn't that Alois did not enjoy intellectual pursuits, his expansive knowledge was to say the least, unfathomable, but he despised wasting time. Without Ciel in the classroom he was nothing more than Lizzie's note taker.

He closed his eyes and allowed his "psychic eye" to quickly roam across the bustling campus in search of his elusive prey. After leaving Claude's apartment he had searched high and low through the early morning crowds on campus hoping to catch a glimpse of the blue black hair and large childlike eyes of Ciel.

The student lounge wasn't even open yet and the cafeteria was a madhouse of activity with breakfast being served. The commons, the quad area, the recreation room, the gym building, the registrar's office . . . Nothing. Not even a whisper of a scent.

"Fuck!" He hissed under his breath.

" ?"
Aqua eyes shot open at the sound of the professor's voice cutting through the air with a hint of annoyance. Fluttering his eyes suggestively, Alois broke into a wide smile, "Yes, sir?" He answered sweetly.

"Pffft!" Lizzie snorted, turning to her friend. "Fake ass." She mouthed, grinning wickedly.

"Please forgive me for ruining your mid-morning nap." Knox glared at the still smiling blonde from behind his horn rimmed glasses. "But I was hoping you would recite some John Donne for the class since I appear to be boring you." His tone was snide and contemptful, it was no secret he despised the brash student everyone seemed to fawn over and desire.

Alois cocked his head. "Is that all?" He asked with feigned innocence.

"Is that not enough?" Knox shot back.

"No man is an island," Alois sat up and locked eyes with the seething adult. "Entire of itself. Every man is a piece of this continent, A part of the main."

"Goddamn." Lizzie breathed, her eyes wide with wonderment.

"If a clod be washed away by the sea," he continued, never averting his gaze, his voice smooth and steady. "Europe is the less. As well as if a promontory wer-"

"You may stop now." The instructor was at this point red faced with frustration, to his chagrin he had been bested in front of the entire class of snickering students.

"Are you sure, Dr. Knox?" The angel crossed his arms and shrugged, his face smug and satisfied "Is that enough?"

"Ooooo, kill 'em!" Lizzie laughed aloud, gleefully slamming her textbook shut. "This was fun, really, too much fun, but I need to go. Buh Bye!" Blowing a kiss to Alois and waving at Knox, who at this point was completely speechless as he stood mouth agape watching the beautiful girl skip out of his classroom, Lizzie made her escape.

Alois slid his eyes over to the window next to his desk and watched the winter clouds roll in slowly from the Northern mountains.

Where the hell are you?

Ciel wondered if butterflies missed the blissful confines of their chrysalis.

If they did, he thought, then I totally understand how they feel. He buried his face into the warmth of Sebastian's chest as he molded into the solid embrace of his lover.

After he had cleaned up and dressed, Cole had led him into a small waiting room just outside of the examination room where Landers had taken his vitals just the day before. Sitting on a stiff plum colored couch in the oddly dim room, Ciel had felt the sudden crush of loneliness envelope his body.

It was rare for him to sleep without Sebastian; being held by the giant of a man kept him stable throughout the night terrors and anxiety attacks he often suffered from. Now, more than ever, he wanted to be encased within the protective grip of his man, held firmly in place and rooted to the only person he truly trusted and loved.
The door opened and the light from the hallway illuminated the darkened room.

It felt as if he was being lifted from a nightmare. Sebastian had rushed in and gathered up his diminutive lover in one swoop planting a heavy kiss against the pale rose lips of the trembling young man.

"Are you ok? Tell me you're ok." Sebastian breathed against Ciel's mouth, placing more kisses against his lips, cheeks, nose, and chin. "We're going home. I'm taking you home right now!"

"Yes! Get me out of here!" Ciel grabbed him by the shoulders and attacked his mouth once more, he wanted to swallow this man whole, savor the delicious passion and feed from him until he was full and content.

Sebastian slipped one arm around the small waist and held the back of Ciel's head with his other hand, pressing their bodies closer as he engulfed the savage little mouth currently chewing and sucking on his lips and tongue.

"Um, I'm still here."

Releasing his mouth with a wet pop, Sebastian whirled around, Ciel still securely fitted in his arms and glared at Cole who was leaning against the frame of the open door with his hands in his pockets and a shit eating grin on his face.

"You're not needed anymore." Sebastian growled, his eyes flashing fury and militant at the technician. "We'll be taking our leave."

"Sign him out at the front desk." Cole nodded and looked directly at Ciel. "Take care of yourself, let us know if you need anything, ok?"

Ciel gulped and shook his head. "Thank you, but all I need is my home." Looking up at Sebastian, he felt an overwhelming urge to break down and cry. "And you." He whispered.

"Yeah, real sweet, well, adios amigo." Cole gave a mock salute, pushing himself from the frame and walked down the hall whistling.

Sebastian sighed. "Jesus, this place gets stranger by the second." He released Ciel carefully and checked the time on his phone, there was a text from Grell. "Shit, Grell is already done at the ER!"

He pocketed the phone and ushered perplexed Ciel out of the room. "Come on, baby. We need to get him and then head out to the pharmacy." Grabbing Ciel's hand, he led them to the elevators.

"Wai-wait! Grell's in the emergency room!?" Ciel exclaimed. "Why?"

"Babe, it's so fucking crazy, I'm having a hard time believing it actually happened." Sebastian slammed his hand against the elevator button and squeezed his lover's hand reassuringly. "He's ok, but I brought him in to get checked as a precaution."

"What happened?" Ciel demanded, pulling his hand out of Sebastian's clasp. "Tell me now!" The doors opened with a ding.

"It's crazy . . ."

"I don't give a shit."

Sebastian breathed out a long labored breath and rubbed his hand over his face. "Ok, get in."
They stepped into the elevator, both men silent and tense. "You know how I always tell you that regardless of whether it's supernatural or not, there is an explanation for everything that occurs on this earth?" Sebastian took Ciel's hand again and tugged at him until he was flush against him. "You do recall me saying that, right?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, this time," Sebastian closed his eyes and leaned forward until their foreheads touched. "Babe, I can't even begin to explain this."

The car ride home was almost unbearable.

Grell sat in the back, his face pinched with anxiety, fidgeting with the frayed ends of his long hair. One second he would be chewing on the lengthy strands and the next he was tugging at them. His eyes were half closed with sleepiness, but he was too frightened to fall asleep.

Ciel kept looking up at the rearview mirror, amazed at the fretful state Grell was currently in. For the past two years he had only seen the flamboyant man in a state of boundless energy and dramatic flair. Never one to hold back feelings of disdain and contempt, Grell was almost always over confident and passionate about his ideas and opinions.

But fearful?

This left Ciel unsettled, the story Sebastian had told him concerning Grell's eyes deeply disturbed him. What could have come straight out of a modern horror movie; bleeding eyes and a missing photo on the wall.

What next? He wondered, was the house going to start talking to them in a Darth Vader type voice?

"We'll stop by the pharmacy to pick up Grell's eye drops and your medication." Sebastian informed them as he turned the wheel of the car to the right. The local shopping center was small, but boasted a convenience store, dry cleaners, nail and hair salon and a pharmacy. Maneuvering their car through the parking lot, the threesome watched as white flurries began to fall lightly through the air. "I think I'll drop you guys off at the house after this and then head back out to the library."

"I'm not going to classes today?" Ciel frowned at him.

"I don't think it's a good idea for you to be out and about in this weather after that disastrous sleep study." Throwing the car into park, the older male turned to Ciel and smiled. "Wouldn't you feel better after taking a shower and a nap?"

Before Ciel could answer, Grell leaned over until his head stuck out between the two of them. "I'm going home." He announced thickly. "I'm not going back to that house."

"Are you serious?" Sebastian gave his friend a questioning look. "It's at least a four hour drive back, especially now that it's starting to snow!"

"I don't care!" He cried, gripping his friend's shoulder with his hand. "Dry eyes my ass! Something in that house isn't right! Something in that house tried to hurt me!"

"Don't start with tha-"

"My fucking eyes were bleeding! I saw something that goddamn house didn't want me to see and it
made my fucking eyes bleed!" He screamed as he clawed into his cheeks, dragging skin of his cheeks down so that the red area under his eyes shone bright and raw. "I saw something I shouldn't have and it punished me!"

"Sebastian, what the hell happened?" Ciel whispered hoarsely, he could feel his body begin to shiver for he was suddenly very cold.

"Calm down!" Sebastian yelled at the now near hysterical man. "If you insist on going home, fine! But whatever's going on is going to take some time to figure out and I don't need anyone running wild with ideas until I get to the bottom of this!"

"Grell, I'm going to be worried, really sick with worry, if you leave now." Sebastian's voice softened. "Please stay one more day, I promise nothing is going to happen to you."

Grell flung himself back into his seat and covered his face with his hands. "I'm scared." He admitted lowly. "I'm scared and I want to see Undertaker."

"Then have him come up today and sleep over tonight."

Ciel widened his eyes at his boyfriend. "U-Undertaker?" Having met the man only once during an evening benefit for the graduate program at NYU, Ciel was unusually fearful of the silver haired medical examiner. It had nothing to do with how he was treated by the strangely dressed man with the flowing dark grey robes and droopy top hat; rather, it was the way he stared at Ciel that left his skin crawling.

It was no way near the lascivious stares of flesh hungry men salivating over a prime piece of meat, instead, it felt more in the way of how a scientist stared at a bug pinned helplessly against a petri dish, gawking at its wiggling form under the large eye of a microscope.

Those bright jade eyes hidden behind thick flowing bangs, analyzing every square inch of Ciel, curiously dissecting the young man with his scalpel edged gaze.

"Relax, you'll be in bed long before he gets up here." Sebastian pressed the palm of his cool hand against Ciel's cheek and rubbed calming circles against the dewy skin with his thumb. "Just let me get some research done first and Mey Rin will be home for a couple of hours today."

"Ok," Ciel mumbled. "Can you get me a candy bar while you're in there? I'm starving!"

Still a child in so many ways, Sebastian thought indulgently.

"Will do." He chirped, placing a quick kiss on his lover's cheek. "I won't be long so I'll keep the car running to keep you guys warm."

"I'm calling Undertaker right now!" Grell whipped out his cell and dialed frantically. "Maybe he can leave work early and get here before it gets dark!"

Ciel rolled his eyes. "Before dark? Why? So the boogeyman doesn't get you?" He taunted.

"Ciel, come on." Sebastian pocketed his wallet and slipped on his wool gloves. "Don't start."

"Fine!" He huffed, slumping in his seat and pouting. "Hurry up! I want to go home!"

"Yes, hurry." Grell waved his phone at Ciel. "The princess needs to get home before his carriage turns into a pumpkin!"
Sometimes I want to pick one up, Sebastian thought miserably, and beat one with the other.

An hour later Sebastian was heading back into town.

After purchasing the meds for his bickering duo, he drove them home in a cloud of strained silence. Mey Rin was already at the house cleaning the floors and preparing new sheets for Grell's bed when Sebastian informed her that there would be another guest tonight.

"Would you like me to stay an extra hour to prepare dinner?" She asked, "All you would need to do is place it in the oven."

Sebastian thanked her profusely and handed her the meds in a brown paper bag. "Just make sure these two know where they are and what time to take them." Mey Rin smiled widely, pleased to have been given such an important job and assured him that she was take good care of the two men.

"Don't you worry!" She beamed, gathering up newly cleaned linens from the hallway closet. "You can count on-Oh!" She cried, tripping on her shoelace and crashing to the floor thankfully atop pillowcases and sheets.

Dear God, Sebastian tiredly rubbed his temples, What did I do to deserve this?

Once he had given Ciel his anti-seizure medicine and tucked him into bed for a late morning nap, Sebastian rushed out of the house and took to the road. It was going to take a couple of hours of researching, but he was quite used to it. Information wasn't always readily available on the internet when it came to the world of the paranormal. There were so many ancient books and documents housed within small town libraries unbeknownst to most common everyday fold, but not to the ebony haired professor.

If there was a historical root to The Butler House leaning towards the world of the supernatural, there were only two places aside from the colonial home that would have that data.

The local library and the town church.

Alois felt a stab of ice pierce through his throat from the back of his neck so sudden and numbing that he jolted violently in his seat. The clatter of his notebook being knocked off his desk and hitting the floor caused an abrupt silence to descend upon his class. Pencils rolled noisily along the floor and the tittering echoes his surprised classmates resonated in his ears. Soma was seated next him, they were in economics and in the middle of an exam.

"Alois?" Soma whispered, his face knitted with worry. "Are you alright?"

I feel you! In his mind he could "see" Ciel's dark essence traveling and feel the shroud of depressive darkness trailing behind him.

The angel clasped the back of his neck with both hands and felt the sweat roll down in between his fingers. He could feel the stinging presence of Ciel somewhere in town, not on the campus, but passing through. As voices of concerned students and the professor floated incoherently around his head, he closed his eyes and focused on pinpointing where the little bastard was and where he was going.

Somehow he was able to finally connect to him, however, the malicious aura surrounding the Butler House was becoming stronger and stronger leading Alois to believe that Ciel was near or
entering his home.

And as quickly as it came, it was gone.

Eyes fluttered open to find at least ten faces peering worriedly at him as he was surrounded by people all chattering at once.

But he couldn’t hear them.

"Move aside." He ordered in a shaky voice, waving them to give him space before turning his head and promptly vomiting all over the floor.
Greetings my loveys!

So I've been researching like a rip roaring bitch and DUDE there's a lot of history out there! Lol But I love adding true life information into my stories, I hope you all like it oxoxox.

Thanks for sticking by my stories, your feedback has been really wonderful and I appreciate the time you all take in leaving reviews and reaching out to me.

Read, Review and ENJOY!

Thank you AnimeCujo for reading my shitty work, I love you!

"I will never let you fall
I'll stand up for you forever.
I'll be there for you, through it all
Even if saving you sends me to Heaven"

*The Acoustic Song - The Red Jumpsuit Apparatus*

December 5, 1848

The bitter night tore like needles through the thin parchment like shirt of a young boy of fourteen years; his doe like blue eyes were glassy and his ruddy soft cheeks were damp from the constant river of tears steadily streaming down his face.

He stood alone in a dark attic cloaked in darkness save for one low burning candle melting away on a brass single candelabra held firmly in his hand. He was painfully frail, slight in frame and diminutive in height. The plain beige cotton shirt and dark brown vest he wore hung loosely against his bony body. His pants were deep black, starched wool and rough to the touch as only could be expected from the son of a poor farmer struggling through the harshest winter known throughout the newly established town of Fultonville.

He stood nervously, feeling the bite of the winter air slipping through the wooden slats of the roof and gnawing on his arms and chest. This was not his home; it was too large and far too fine for his family to afford the materials to build. His one floor cabin stood at the outskirts near the river where the plains were flat yet rocky and unforgiving to those who aspired to harvest summer crops. Being the only son, he was expected to carry on the duties of a man; tilling and toiling the land, his father had told him time and time again.

But the previous summer had been unbearable, scorching the earth until the plants and trees had withered to dust. The following winter had been just as brutal and the number of deaths related to pneumonia had almost tripled since the previous year.

Food was scarce, illnesses were becoming fatal, constant threat of attacks by rogue Indian tribes loomed heavily over the small village; the lives of those cradled in the mountainous region hung precariously between life and death.
"I'm afraid." He whispered, his voice shook slightly.

Across the small space from him sat a much taller man of twenty, his lean yet solid body rested on a weathered stool. His back was hunched over as he held his head in his hands, elbows digging into the top of his thighs. His clothing was nowhere near the threadbare condition of the younger man, in contrast, the soft materials of his crisp white button down shirt and brushed wool grey pants gave away his elite position within the town.

His father was the newly elected head of the township Committee, wealth and power handed down from generation to generation.

Deep black hair and garnet eyes accentuated a fine angled ivory toned face; he was high born and well bred.

And impossibly in love with the waifish boy trembling before him.

"I know," he sighed, looking up from his hands. "It's the devil's place for us if we're found out."

The boy shook his head. "Then why are we here?" He bowed his head and wept quietly, the flickering light of the candle bounced chaotically throughout the room.

"It's like nothing I've ever known before." The elder stood up quickly and walked stealthily towards him. "Do you understand?"

"All I know is that when I see you, it hurts me something terrible." The boy's voice cracked as he fought to compose himself, "and when I don't see you, it hurts even more."

"Then you do understand."

"There's nowhere to go . . ."

Two large hands reached out and threaded themselves through the blue black head of hair, cupping the sharp jawline and tilting the anguished face upwards. "Can I kiss you?" He asked huskily, his body thrumming with heat and want.

A mouse like whimper slipped past his quivering lips before he was swallowed whole by the strapping man, their mouths molded into one with rolling tongues and suckling lips eagerly devouring each other.

A gust of wind rattled the roof boards and slipped in effectively blowing out the candle and plunging them both in darkness. Their mouths immediately detached, the younger boy swiftly gathered up in the arms of the older man and held securely against his chest.

"We're going to die here." He whispered desperately, burying his face further into the chiseled chest. "The winter will get us, or them red skinned demons out in the forests, or some sickness, we're going to die here."

"Then I die with you."

"Stop talking foolishness!" He cried, looking up quickly.

"I'm going to die with you." Dark red eyes flashed with determination. "I'm not leaving you, ever, do you hear me?"

Another kiss was pressed against the youth's lips, this time it was full of gentle reassurance. "Do
you promise?” He asked. His lips tingling with pleasure, "Please, Dee, tell me that you promise."

"I promise, cross my heart, God up in heaven, Satan down below." He swore, clutching the small body in his arms tightly. "I swear on it all, Vincent, I'm never leaving you."

Present Day

Grell chewed nervously at his nails as he sat in the kitchen waiting for his cell phone to ring. It was 11:30 in the morning and the winter winds were howling outside as the Butler house creaked as if it were alive. The kitchen was silent, Sebastian had been gone for nearly two hours, leaving him alone with Ciel who was currently sleeping upstairs in his bedroom. In no way was Grell going to venture upstairs near any of the rooms; had he not endured enough of a trauma to last him a lifetime? He thought angrily, glancing again at his silent phone.

"Goddammit, call me!" He hissed under his breath.

Undertaker had promised to call him once he was on the road, but Grell had texted him begging to speak to him in order to fill in the unbearably quiet hours of the day. The Butler house creaked as the winter gusts pounded against the colonial styled structure. At every groan and shift in the floorboards, the rattling windowpanes and whistling winds, Grell felt his anxiety peak. He was frightened of the house itself, as if it were a living breathing being and he was settled securely within its monstrous belly, waiting to be digested.

A sick knot formed in his stomach.

"This is bullshit." The chair clattered noisily as he stood up suddenly and headed out of the kitchen. A glass of wine was truly in order, he decided eyeing the dark cherry wood wine tower against the wall next to the bookcase on the far end of the room. Sebastian had left a crackling fire in the fireplace and Grell could feel its heat permeating through the air, it was oddly comforting, even with all of the uneasiness he was feeling.

"A lovely Pinot Noir would suffice." He mumbled to himself as his fingers ghosted over the many bottles, "Or perhaps a Chianti?" He sighed deeply, wishing that he had never come up and stayed the night. Although his eyes were fine, the entire experience left him shaken to the core.

And then there was the matter of the missing photo.

He could still see it in his mind, a young boy with glossy black hair and clear large eyes. The heart shaped face and frail build bore a striking resemblance to Ciel, Grell was sure of it. He also recalled the clothing being something out of a history book. It made him think of the prairies, of turn of the century frontiersman.

What did it all mean?

"Now where does he keep the glasses?" He mused aloud, pursing his lips and giving the room a once over while holding a bottle of red wine. The snapping and popping of the flames was all he could hear as he scanned the room.

His eyes widened suddenly and the grip on the bottle became tighter.

There was a noise, something he hadn't heard before, but could hear now.

Grell slowed his breathing and he could feel the thudding of his heart quicken into a rapid frantic pace as the new noise rose slightly and then ebbed away, almost melting into the sounds of the burning logs.
But yes, he had heard something, and it was close, very close.

Straining to listen more closely, Grell stepped forward away from the wine tower and swallowed thickly.

There it was again!

Chanting.

It was clear as day yet so low it was almost a whisper.

Chanting.

"Oh God!" Grell felt the blood rush from his face.

Chanting coming from the area near the kitchen in the small hallway where the . . .

Grell sucked in a harsh breath, why hadn't he noticed that the door to the basement was open?

It wasn't wide open, but it was open a couple of inches and he knew there had been no one in the kitchen. In fact, he had passed by the kitchen door only moments before and he knew it hadn't been open.

And the chanting was coming from . . .

"The basement." Grell uttered the words, but barely realized that he himself had spoken them.

Paralyzed with fear, the mounting dread was slowly overtaking the red headed man as he listened to the chanting voices echoing into the room.

Demon . . .

Demon . . .

Demon . . .

The shrill ring of his cell phone broke through the zombie state he was in causing him to scream and drop the wine bottle onto the hardwood floor. The sound of shattering glass ripped through house and Grell watched horrified as the crimson alcohol spread like blood across the floor.

"Dammit!" He cried, jumping back from the spreading mess before him, shards of glass glittered all around the floor. "Ciel!" He shouted.

Ciel jolted upright in his bed, his entire body was on high alert. "What the fuck was that?" He yelled, whipping off the covers and hopping out of bed.

The crash he had heard tore him from a deep sleep and now he was nauseous, dizzy from the lingering effects of his medication. His movements were jerky and disoriented as he stumbled out of the room into the hallway, his hands flailing for the banister as he struggled to make his way downstairs.

"Grell!" He called frantically, tripping over his feet and collapsing on the top step, gripping the side rails, he gritted his teeth and willed the intense urge to throw up to go away.

Grell heard Ciel's voice and attempted to respond, but something stopped him, a cold shiver trickled down his spine when his eyes fell upon the puddle of wine spread like a giant blood splat before him. Terror slipped itself around the man's chest, constricting his airflow. His eyes went wide as they scanned the floor.
The number "13" was spelled out in the wine, large sloppy swirls with fingerprint marks accenting the letters. The crude handwriting seemed childlike and sinister at the same time.

A scream forced its way from his throat into the open air and the leaden darkness overtook the hysterical professor as his body crumpled to the floor.

"He's coming."

Tanaka leaned back in his large leather chair and gazed at the numerous rows of dust covered texts aligning his expansive library. The windowless room was lit only with low glowing amber lights, a being of his magnitude would need little of the light to see. Jerrica was seated on another chair in the corner studying an ancient book on demonology, her face was scrunched up in confusion.

"I do not understand why we are keeping secrets from him." She retorted. "Why can't we just tell him the truth?"

The elder chuckled lowly. "What truth? That he must be the one to sacrifice Ciel in order for the pact to be broken? How well do you believe he will react to that bit of news?"

"But the documents. The evidence-"

"Even if he realizes that Ciel is damned," Tanaka wagged a gnarled finger at the young girl, "unless he is able to put aside his love for him there will be no chance for that man to do what he is destined to do."

"It's all so confusing." She shook her head tiredly, thumbing through some more pages.

"As young as you are, do you still wish to use this opportunity as your training?" Soft grey eyes watched her carefully as she fidgeted nervously in her seat. "I understand that Alois has not been the most cooperative person to work with."

"He seeks ascension." She stated simply, looking up from her book. "I seek acceptance."

"Yes, that is true," Tanaka nodded, his wrinkled face suddenly breaking into a wide grin. "With his persistence and your vitality, we will prove to be successful!" He clapped his hands together, once again chuckling to himself.

"Tanaka, sir, why do we need Sebastian?" Jerrica spoke cautiously, knowing that there were secrets and information she should not be privy to. "And why can't Alois just kill the boy?"

Tanaka sighed and crossed his arms over his chest. "Ciel is protected by a dark force, not even angels can touch him."

"But we know thirteen souls must fall before we can get to Ciel, how is Sebastian so special that he can do this?"

The sounds of the winter winds whistled high and frantic. "Jerrica," Tanaka began calmly watching the flickering lights in the room. "More than 300 years ago a contract was made and sealed with the blood of the heads of thirteen powerful families here in Fultonville. Ciel's family was not one of them, however Sebastian's was."

"And now the town must pay up?" She moaned, rubbing her head with her fingertips. "If only these townspeople knew what they were heading for."
Tanaka rose from his seat and sauntered over to one of the bookcase, ghosting his fingers over the weathered collection of books. "It is what those families from the early times did not know that will help us today."

Jerrica frowned, closing her book. "What?"

"Sebastian's family, the township's most prominent and powerful family, had a son, around the age of 20 named Dee, and this young man had a secret affair with another young man."

Dark eyes widened in shock. "At that time?" She gasped. "That is unheard of. If they were found out, they would have bee-"

"No one knew of it." Tanaka waved his hand dismissively. "Such a relationship was so taboo and out of the ordinary that no one would ever dreamt a union like that happening. However, the boy's diary is here in my archives . . ."

"Are you serious?" Jerrica sat up from her seat and bounded over to the elderly man, clutching his arm. "Who was his lover?" She asked excitedly.

"Vincent Phantomhive, aged 14."

She shook her head. "No way."

Tanaka shrugged, his eyes sad and remote as he recalled the events "Vincent dies the night of December 14th, on his birthday upon turning 15. The town records state he had complications from phenomena."

"But?"

"He was their sacrificial lamb." Jerrica felt the blood drain from her face as Tanaka poured out the secrets she had longed to know and understand ever since she began on this journey to becoming a high being. "Those thirteen families conjured a demon in order to protect their lands and promote prosperity and wealth among the families and on that frigid winter's night, Dee Michaelis witnessed his beloved young boy murdered on an altar of blood to a being of great terror and evil." Tanaka took a deep breath and looked down away from the paling girl. "He was held down and slaughtered in front of his most beloved."

"My God . . ." Her voice caught in her throat, the sting of tears threatening to spill over.

"Thirteen families." He echoed, looking up at Jerrica, "conjured the demon, Asmodeus, and promised their future sons in return for power, wealth, and protection."

"How did the demon not know of the affair?" Jerrica blinked away her tears and pulled herself away from his side, the air had suddenly become too thick for her liking. "He surely would have known!"

"It must have been love." Tanaka placed a gentle hand on her shoulder and smiled, "in its purest and truest sense, it had to have been love. Demons are devoid of that power, they cannot sense that force, it merely exists as an alien emotion untouchable and unfathomable. It is no wonder that vile creature did not itself know of the love affair." His voice suddenly turned grim. "But it does sense lust and desire, and so it most likely wanted to feast on that young boy's soul for just that."

"And that disgusting creature would not stop there." Jerrica growled.

"Of course not! It will continue to feed bits and pieces of the souls in this town until the contract is
completed, then he will devour every human being in Fultonville."

The angel felt the dread of realization hit her. "And every soul attached to this town."

Tanaka took a deep breath. "A spiritual massacre." In a voice dismal and filled with anger, "one we must fight against, or else it will tip the scales towards chaos, one we may never recover from."

The hollow thud of knocking against the wood and glass door of the library's entrance resonated along the short corridors all the way downstairs to the basement where the angels stood. A knowing look was shared between the honey blonde woman and the ancient man, it was time.

"The door is locked, run upstairs and invite him in." He instructed her. "Inform him of the recent renovations to this building, that will explain our shortened hours of operation."

"Yes, sir." She gave him a quick nod before turning around and hurrying up the spiral staircase leading up to the main floor of the small edifice.

Indeed, he thought, it was time.
Greetingzzzzzzzz!

OMGOMGOMGOMFG!

So as I was pulling together this shit show of a tale, AnimeCujo senme her next update EARLY cuz she loves me to bit and pieces pffftt I really don't know why cux I'm so lame...

ANYWhORE!

I was PANTING like legit heaving and sweating and fangirling like a MOFO over this whole scene between Ciel and Sebastian, so now I feel all mediocre compared to her shit lol

Seriously, read "Revelations" and don't miss the update...epic, truly frigging yummy epicness.

Now I'm making up words!

Yay me!

Thanks for the love and feedback! I'm getting more and more inspired and my updates are going to come quicker than a virgin twink on prom night!

Yeah baby!

Read, Enjoy, Review and you know the rest!

Heart beats fast
Colors and promises
How to be brave?
How can I love when I'm afraid to fall?
But watching you stand alone,
All of my doubt suddenly goes away somehow.
One step closer
I have died every day waiting for you
Darling, don't be afraid I have loved you
For a thousand years
I'll love you for a thousand more

"A Thousand Years" -Christine Perri
July, 1848

Dee Michaelis loved the smell of the air when it promised summer rain.

He breathed in the moist air deeply, sitting upright with his legs stretched out before him in the middle of a field of lavender and tall grass. The bright blue sky accented by soft greying clouds in the far distance spoke of a gentle day in contrast to the previous week where the weather had been particularly hot. It wasn't quite close to sweltering yet, but the almanac had forewarned the farmers in his town that the crops would suffer way before the time of harvest had come.

Tossing the depressive thoughts aside, his fingers dug into the cool dark brown earth, a whisper of a breeze sifted through the deep green blades and the sound it made was hushed and peaceful, almost like a lullaby. He wanted to capture this moment forever, feel the tranquility of nature undisturbed and untainted by the hands of man and plow.

He wanted to remember for all time, especially the image of the sweet faced boy busily chewing on a stem of grass sitting next to him, framed by the brilliant lush purple flowers that breathed a thick floral scent into the air.

The image of his most beloved smiling while the sun playfully colored his hair with bluish highlights. There was nothing, he had decided, on God's green earth more strikingly beautiful nor precious than Vincent Phantomhive.

"What are you gawking at, Dee?" Vincent mumbled, turning his face away to hide the embarrassment painted clearly on his face.

"I'm looking at you, of course." Dee chuckled. He reached up and threaded his fingers through the impossibly silky hair, earning a slight shiver from the young man. "I can't keep from looking at you."

"S-stop!" He stuttered nervously, swatting at the older man's hand. "It makes me feel strange."

"Strange, or good?" Dee teased him. He caught a strand of hair between two fingers and playfully tugged until Vincent turned his head back to face him. The stem of grass hung loosely from the corner of his petal blush lips and wide blue eyes stared back at him. "I bet it feels good, but you're too scared to tell me." He smiled, leaning closer to the petite boy.

They were night and day, the uppity well educated finer class 20 year old son of the Michaelis family and the scrappy 14 year old frail boned farmer's son of the lower class Phantomhive clan. One early Spring day, after the town had finally thawed off from the brutal winter months, the pair had caught each other's eye during a Sunday social gathering at the town church. For Vincent, it was a frightening assault on his mental and physical state, he felt as if he had been slammed into a stone wall once his eyes had rested upon the handsome features of the stately man. For Dee, it was complete love at first sight, the arrested breath caught in his chest gave away how deeply he was affected by the sight of the delicate young boy with the kind and welcoming smile.

"Are your chores done?" Dee asked, pressing a light kiss against the boy's cheek.

Nodding his head quickly. "Done to a turn!" Vincent chirped, returning the kiss with one of his own.

"We can stay here until the sun reaches the tips of the mountains." Dee pointed towards the purple mountainous region bordering the other side of the large river by the field. "The rain's coming, we have at least an hour and a half."
"It don't matter, not like my family cares where I am." Vincent whispered sadly. "My pa says I'm a regular Jonah." He winced at his own words, the term branding him as a bad luck charm.

Dee frowned. "Son of a gun, he said that?" His mouth curled downwards in displeasure for he despised the boy's family and their neglectful treatment towards Vincent. "He has no right to tell you something like that!"

"Yeah, he said that I nearly kicked the bucket the last two winters," Vincent cast his watery eyes down, he ebbing rays of the sun painted a faint golden glow against his cheeks, "and the crops ain't been the same since." he added sadly.

"It's not true." Dee replied angrily, gripping Vincent's arm. "You know that, right?"

"I'm useless!" Vincent pulled his arm away and vehemently shook his head. "I'm his only boy and a Gal-Boy to boot!"

"You are not useless! You are mine, my boy, my Vincent!" Dee gathered up the young boy in his arms and kissed him deeply, allowing the muffled whimpers of his innocent love.

He loved the taste of him, sweet and pure, against his lips. The boy smelled of the land, musky and fresh like the damp earth and crushed wildflower; it was intoxicating. Dee was raised among the well bred Michaelis', his hands were smooth from never trudging through a laboring man's day. He smelled of English milled soap and starch; crisp linen and soft cotton; he was to be the future leader of the small, but struggling town and so high expectations were forcedly attached to the beautiful young man.

But he was hopelessly enraptured with the sapphire gaze of the scrappy farmer's son; the proud stance of a lad who could barely carry a 20 lb sack of flour from the cellar. Dee stared at Vincent whose face was aflame with pleasure and an urge to hold him tightly and run away into the horizon, away from the carefully constructed future each of them were a victim to, suddenly overwhelmed him.

"Let's leave this place." Dee turned his gaze towards the mountains. "You and me, out there, just the two of us." He rested his chin against the top of Vincent's head and tightened his grip. His long fingers possessively raked through the indigo head of hair, basking in their fine texture and warmth. All he wanted was to hold him forever, just like this.

Vincent's eyes widened. "What'd you say?" His lips began to quiver, a fine sweat breaking out along his forehead as he struggled to free himself from the embrace. "Dee, wha-?" Dee released him, allowing the panicking boy some space to calm down. Vincent scooted backwards on his behind, his face paler than before, "What are you saying?!" he gasped.

"Vincent, there's nothing here for us, you've got that, right?" Dee sighed deeply, his fingers twirling into the tall grass, breaking apart the delicate green shoots. "I thought long and hard about this, after the harvest time comes the winter, and you almost died last year," he paused as a catch in his voice almost choked his words. Vincent sat silently clutching his shirt in his small fists. "You won't survive this coming one, unless we leave and head down South."

"Where?" The boy cried desperately. "Where and with what?!"

"I don't know!" He finally broke down, bringing his knees up to his chin, he folded his arms and buried his head into them sobbing. "I wish I knew, Dammit! I wish I could save you, but if I don't get you away from this place, I'm going to lose you! It's going to be the Winter or this cursed town that's going to tear us apart and I can't live with that!"
Vincent felt his chest ache, a stinging penetration of his heart. For almost a year they had stayed side by side in secret, holding hands, caressing faces, kissing, embracing one another, but never consummating the love they felt for each other. It was all so strange, so exciting, so shameful and powerful all at once. There was indeed no future for the both of them together in Fultonville, Vincent and Dee were well aware of that. In fact, Dee had just recently been ordered by his father to honor his betrothal to the town's prized beauty.

Francis Midford.

The sight of Dee and the green eyed elegant young girl with golden ringlets spilling over her petite shoulders strolling together, arm in arm, during the Spring time Festival this year nearly drove Vincent insane. The young lady's thin arms wrapped around Dee's forearm as if he belonged to her and her alone. The flirty gazes, coy smiles and soft giggles had the town's gossips wagging their tongues about a summer wedding. Vincent, in turn, had gone home alone in a state of panic that left him gasping for air and fighting a fever for three days. He was a boy with a strange ailment that stole his breath during the changes of the seasons and mostly during the coldest months and wore away at his already lackluster immune system. If he could have died right then and there, Vincent would have welcomed Death with open arms rather than watch Dee love someone else.

Dee had been fraught with guilt and visited the boy every night in secret, climbing through his window after the sun had been down for two hours and cradling the trembling boy in his arms, gently rocking him in bed while uttering soothing words of reassurance and comfort into his ear.

"I love only you." He swore, lightly peppering Vincent's face with kisses. "I promise, I will only love you." Somehow he stilled the intense anxiety and calmed the terror writhing within the feverish boy.

And here they were now, hiding among the tall grass and lilacs under a lingering sun, its reddish setting colors painting the sky in spilt blood. The uncertain future looming menacingly before them.

"I will follow you, wherever you aim to go." Vincent had steadied his voice, the tone of resolute determination loud and clear in his voice. Dee looked up through reddened eyes and felt a surge of light and hope race through his heart. Vincent's jaw was set firm, his spine straight and eyes hardened, this was a young boy facing a man's decision and accepting it without question. This was love, true love.

"Promise?" Dee caressed Vincent's cheek with the back of his hand. "Promise you'll come wherever I go?"

"I promise." Vincent grabbed the large hand and pressed his lips against the palm. "I'll follow you forever, I swear."

Sebastian blew a hot breath over his chilled hands as he waited outside of the library's locked doors. The sign indicated that their hours of operation were Monday through Friday from 10am to 5pm; checking his watch it was 2pm.

"It's too late for a lunch break." He grunted, shivering in his wool coat as snow fell steadily around him. The recycled shopping bag on his shoulder was growing heavier by the second, he had gone to town hall first to inquire about the maps and early layouts of Fultonville where the over friendly town clerk had furnished him with numerous copies of the much needed information plus some up-to-date maps of the surrounding areas and Indian reservations nearby. After that, he swung by the college to grab textbooks needed for his lesson plans later in the week.
The sound of clicking and unlocking latches caught his doors swung open to reveal Jerrica, all smiles in a simple brown and white tunic dress. She gave a slight bow. "Sorry for the inconvenience, sir." She chirped apologetically. "We're having work done to the library so our hours are a bit off at the moment!"

"No apologies needed." Sebastian pulled his scarf a bit tighter around his neck. "But I'm frozen to the bone, may I please come in?" He asked with chattering teeth.

"Certainly!" Jerrica stepped aside, allowing Sebastian to enter. "I'm not supposed to let anyone in; however, it's pretty nasty out and I'm sure you needed something very important to come and visit the library." Jerrica eyed the tall handsome man approvingly, as far as human went, he was indeed a fine specimen. "My name is Jerrica, my grandfather is the librarian here." Brushing some snow off of Sebastian's shoulders, she leaned in slightly to take a quick and inaudible sniff of the handsome man's essence. "He's busy right now, but I can assist you."

"Actually, I am a professor from the university, Dr. Sebastian Michaelis." He informed her, placing the heavy bag on the floor and removing his snow covered coat while appraising the dark oak woodwork of the turn of the century building. "And I am in need of some research material for a book I'm writing."

"Of course, please let me help you." Jerrica patted him on the arm, her nostrils slightly flared from the deliciously musky aroma dipped in something almost sacred and ancient. It was a scent she had never detected before in a human and it piqued her interest. "We have many extensive collections here! What are you interested in?"

Sebastian looked around and shrugged. "Perhaps, I should start in the beginning." Clapping his hands together, he gave her a questioning look. "Would you have any materials or books on this town's history?"

Before Jerrica could respond, the sound of the front doors opening came accompanied by a gust of frigid air slamming against the pair. Sebastian shivered, embracing himself to fend away the icy wind, but he did notice that Jerrica stood perfectly still and unaffected. Her eyes trained solely at the young man entering the library.

How odd, the dark haired man thought, isn't she freezing?

"What are you doing here?" Jerrica sounded annoyed as she approached the entryway with hands on her hips. "Don't you have any classes?" She barked at the figure struggling to remove their large winter jacket, stomping slush messily off of their snow boots.

Alois tore off his winter knit hat and smirked. "Aw stop acting like my mom." He kicked off the boots and turned to wink at Sebastian, a mischievous grin spreading across his impish face. "What's the matter, Jerry? Afraid you won't get alone time with tall dark and handsome over there?" Pursing his lips towards the direction of the shocked male.

Sebastian suddenly recognized the mop top blonde. "You!" He pointed at the snickering student, shaking his head in disbelief. "You and that cop . . ." His voice trailed off, half expecting to see the one person he hated most in town come lumbering through the door.

"Claude, my boyfriend?" Alois giggled as he removed his gloves. "Yeah, I was just fucking with you guys. He's actually really nice, but you know how cops can get, am I right?"
"This town is far too small for my liking." Sebastian groaned, rubbing the side of his head. "Jerrica, please, the town history book?" He looked at her imploringly.

"I-I'm sorry, come this way!" She nervously looked at Alois. "My little brother is a bit of a handful so please don't mind him."

"Don't apologize for me, sis." Alois snarled, plopping down on a chair behind the librarian's desk. "Do your job and stop acting like that giant is going to rape you!"

"Alois!" She hissed, eyes blazing pure fury. "Shut up!"

As the two began to bicker once again, Sebastian felt his cell phone buzzing in his pocket. "Excuse me." He took out his phone and pressed the screen, the caller id said it was the house phone calling him. "Hello, Ciel?"

"Mr. Michaelis!" The frantic voice belonged to Mey Rin. "I'm so sorry to bother you, but I think it'd be best if you came back to the house right now!"

"Wait! Calm down! What's wrong?" Sebastian felt his blood turn cold. "Is Ciel alight?" He shouted. Alois and Jerrica looked at each other and frowned.

"I came back from the market to start dinner and I found Mr. Sutcliff on the floor passed out with a bottle of wine smashed all over the place! Then I find Ciel on the stairs passed out as well! Sir, I'm not sure how to handle this!" The young woman began to sob uncontrollably. "Should I call an ambulance?"

"No! I'll be right there!" Sebastian hung up and whirled around, grabbing his bag off the floor. "I have to go, it's an emergency, but I'll be back!" He shouted over his shoulder as he bolted out the door.

Jerrica stood speechless for a few seconds watching the doors of the library swing with the winter gusts. "I can't believe I failed such a small assignment." She whispered pitifully. "I can't believe it."

"Failed? I happen to think that went very well!" Alois hummed, perching his booted feet atop her desk. "How can you say that?!" She yelled, furious at the fallen angel. "He left without one scrap of information!"

"Or did he?" Alois grinned, stretching his arms above his head, a smug look resting on his face. "Wait till he gets home and looks inside his bag."

"His bag?" Jerrica felt the heat of frustration and anger boiling over. "What did you do?" She demanded, balling her fists at her sides.

"I'm older than Christ." He winked at the fuming woman, enjoying the unraveling of the cool angel in-training he was in charge of. "There's practically nothing I can't do."

"Except ascend to Heaven." Jerrica mocked, crossing her arms and proudly tilting her chin up. "For all of your big talk, you need this mission successful more than I do."

Silence fell between them, the truth of their situations exposed and raw. Neither could complete this deadly task without the other and if they failed, their own want and desires would fall to the wayside, discarded and forgotten.
"I will reach Paradise." Alois stated, his voice laden with determination, yet a hint of need rang thinly through his words."With or without your help, I am going home."

From the side road on the other side of the Butler House where a small foot bridge connected the property to a field of tall grass and lilacs, one could sit amongst the small grove of weeping willows and remain hidden within their somber shade. The river which ran along the perimeter of the land was frozen solid, but during the springtime it was a rushing blue and frothy white force of nature, its currents filling the air with sploshing and babbling sounds.

Claude sat motionless, wrapped in a thick winter down coat, watching the colonial styled house carefully. His golden eyes took in every movement, every detail of the comings and goings of its inhabitants. In his right hand he held a thermos filled with piping hot tea, in his left hand binoculars.

It was the officer who informed Alois via text that Sebastian had left the house, that Ciel was in the second floor master bedroom and the strange looking red headed friend was sitting in the kitchen. After Sebastian had gotten into his car and left, the maid had arrived perhaps an hour later carrying two grocery bags. Claude had watched with great interest the dropping of the wine bottle through the living room window.

Something important had occurred and he knew that once the maid had gone into the house that she would call Sebastian. He hurriedly texted his lover to quickly intercept Sebastian before he could be called back to the house. Somehow, Claude had convinced himself, the house knew what Sebastian was up to and was trying to keep him confined to the cursed home.

Taking a slow sip of his tea, he peered through the binoculars again in an attempt to find Ciel, somehow he could not get a good angle on the young man. "Where are you?" He mumbled, training his vision to the second floor windows, "Where are you hiding?" He lowered the binoculars and breathed out a puff of white air. Alois could not get near the home, not until Ciel invited him over which was probably never going to happen.

A shadow of movement suddenly caught his sight, it seemed to come from a side door which led to the basement.

Claude squinted his eyes and looked through the twin lens, focusing the line of sight, he concentrated on the wood door with french door window paneling.

There! He saw it!

A glimmer of blue light.

The law enforcer shut his eyes tightly and opened them again.

There it was again! A flicker of bright blue light through the smoked glass.

Claude placed the binoculars down on his lap and whipped out his phone. Forget the rest of the house, he tapped on the screen in a text for Alouis, there's something in the basement. He pressed send and gathered up his spying equipment, he had spent two hours seated on a damp wool blanket on surveillance and now he was aching from the cold.

His phone buzzed. It was a reply from his angel reading: "The raven is coming back to the roost, come back to me."

Without a moment's hesitation, Claude stood from his perch, collected his materials and headed
back to the police car parked out of the line of sight behind the grove on a rarely traveled on gravel road.

An intense wave of nausea overwhelmed the rugged man and before he could reach the vehicle, he doubled over and threw up violently. The snow steamed from the puddle of putrid bile and Claude could feel his stomach turn even more from the foul stench. It couldn't be helped, he thought as he retched another small river of puke, he was sweetly tainted by the essence of an angelic being and being near the epicenter of evil had an almost poisonous effect on him. It was another five minutes before he was able to stumble back into the car, turn the key in the ignition and drive away.
Chapter 14

Greetingzzzzzzz!

For this chapter AnimeCujo stepped in as my co-author because we are twin perverted freaks and we love yaoi cuz the yaoi loves us!

So review, let me know that you love this to pieces because i'm a shameless review whore!

Thank you!

All our times have come

Here but now they're gone

Seasons don't fear the reaper

Nor do the wind, the sun or the rain... we can be like they are

Come on baby... don't fear the reaper

Baby take my hand... don't fear the reaper

We'll be able to fly... don't fear the reaper

Baby I'm your man...

"Don't Fear the Reaper" Blue Oyster Cult

The winter winds had picked up speed as Sebastian rounded the corner road and drove up the gravel hill toward his driveway. Snow was falling heavier, blanketing everything and the air bit at his skin like pointed teeth when he parked and stepped out of the car.

It was going to be a long day and even longer night, he thought as he trudged up the walkway, adjusting his bag on his shoulder.

The moment he stepped into the house the intense smell of red wine filled his nostrils to the point where he actually experienced a feeling of malaise.

"Mr. Michaelis!"

Sebastian shrugged off his damp coat and dropped it on the floor the moment he heard his name being shrilly cried out from the living room.

"Mey Rin!" He called out.

Taking care to slip off his wet boots, he padded into the living room to find the shaken young woman on the floor carefully picking up shards of wine soaked glass. She was dropping them into a plastic garbage bag which had started ripping apart on the bottom from the sharp points.

"Mey Rin, wh-what are you doing?" Sebastian frowned and turned around. "I'm getting the wet vac from the utility closet."
"Oh! I'm so-so-sorry!" She wept pitifully; her glasses were crooked on her face and her auburn hair messy and disheveled. It appeared as if she had wrestled with a wild animal. "I had to lift poor Ciel up from the stairs and bring him back to his room and, oh, he looks light but he's a heavy boy! And then Mr. Sutcliffe was on the floor and he's not light one either!" She ended the sentence with a loud sob and dropped the glass pieces onto the floor, covering her face while she wept.

"Ok, ok please stop crying!" Sebastian begged. He rushed over to the shaking girl and grabbed her roughly by the shoulders. "Calm down!" He ordered, shaking her firmly until she dropped her hands and looked up at him, her face a mess of tears and snot. "I'm the one who should be apologizing for leaving you with this situation. Get the wet vac and clean this all up. I'll check on Ciel and Grell. Don't worry about dinner, we can order something from Bard's, ok?"

Mey Rin sniffed and nodded her head, wiping her cheeks with the back of her hand. "Ok" she whispered.

"And thank you." Sebastian sighed, ruffling her tousled hair. "I'm glad you were here to help them." Giving the now blushing girl a kind smile, Sebastian hoisted himself up from the floor and pulled Mey Rin to a standing position. "Let's get this place in order."

"Mr. Sutcliff is taking a shower; he had wine all over himself!" Mey Rin loudly blew her nose into a napkin. "Go see to Ciel. I know he's still sleeping."

With the sound of the wet vac humming away, floating through the house Sebastian walked quietly into the master bedroom and appraised the condition of his slumbering partner. Ciel was wrapped snugly in a thick comforter, his pale face serene and still. He watched the perfectly shaped parted lips twitch slightly with every breath the young man took and Sebastian could feel the anxiety melt away from his body. Above all else, he had to protect his Ciel, he had to make sure he was unharmed.

"Hey, baby, it's me." Sebastian whispered, lifting the covers and sliding into the warm confines of the bed. His arm snaked its way around Ciel's petite waist and gently coaxed the delicate body to become cocooned within his own larger self. Burying his face into the boy's neck, he inhaled deeply, taking the moment to lap his tongue languidly up the side of his sleek neck.

Ciel smelled of rain and summer days, he thought. He tastes like fresh sweets.

Indulgent thoughts raced through his mind and the urge to overtake the delectable man was strong and insistent; however, there was still the matter of Grell.

"I wish I could stay right here with you." He whispered lowly into the supple skin, his arms tightening around Ciel. "But I have to check on Grell." A breathy mewl slipped past Ciel's lips and spilled like liquid air against Sebastian's face.

In the glow of the low lit lamps, Ciel appeared childlike and vulnerable encased securely in a halo of white covers and pillows. How was it possible that he could love this difficult and dysfunctional man? Sebastian squeezed his eyes shut and felt tears collecting at the corners of his eyes. He was hungry, constantly hungry for Ciel, no matter how much he had of him, Sebastian was always left with the gnawing ache of emptiness.

It was as if he could never truly have all of him. It was as if Ciel were a puzzle with pieces missing and as much as Sebastian tried to repair the jagged life of his beloved boy, there was always a part of Ciel that seemed distant and closed off.

His past.
Sebastian knew nothing of his past.

The collected information he had of his young lover was minimal; Ciel was orphaned since the day he was born and abandoned at a police station in the city. He grew up jumping from new foster home to the next, never establishing lasting friendships or familial bonds.

Proving to having an above average intelligence at the age of 13, Ciel was adopted into a wealthy family from upstate New York; his uncommon beauty and sharp mind had peaked the interest of a childless and aging couple looking to continue the family name through a male heir and so they took in the quietly reserved child with the haunted blue eyes and gave him a normal upbringing until Ciel turned 18.

And that was where his story ended.

Ciel never spoke of the couple; there was not a hint of love, nor hate, in his voice when he had first told Sebastian about his childhood. Sebastian had taken care to tread carefully onto Ciel's past, it must have been extremely painful, he determined. With an enigmatic past and little to no information on his adopted family, Sebastian did the best he could in creating a new life for his beloved.

When he first met Ciel, he was living in a small apartment in the West Village with a loaded bank account and no need for any financial help from anyone, but Sebastian saw the lost soul housed within the young student and fell in love with him immediately.

He needs me, Sebastian breathed in deeply once again, he definitely needs me.

"Se-Sebastian?" Ciel's groggy voice broke through the dark thoughts, bringing the professor back to reality. "Is it you?" He mumbled tiredly.

"Yeah, it's me." His voice was husky from wanting his lover so badly. "Who else would it be?" He joked.


"What?" Sebastian chuckled and brought his hand up and cupped Ciel's cool face. "You're kidding, right?" He frowned at the boy who seemed lost in a lucid haze.

"He's coming for me." Ciel crunched up his face as if he suddenly smelled something rotten. "He's going to come and eat me."

Sebastian felt Ciel begin to tremble in his arms. "Baby, no one's going to hurt you!" Gathering up the student in his arms he held him, almost crushing the frail form against his chest. "Come on, Ciel, wake up."

"My-My chest hurts." Ciel's hand shot up to his chest and pressed firmly onto the space between his breasts. "Right here, it hurts!" He whimpered with eyes half lidded. "Right here where you killed me!" He tapped the center where his heart rested with his fingertips.

A burning chill rushed through Sebastian's body, his eyes widened as he watched tears begin to fall from the half opened eyes. "Killed you?" Clutching the heart shaped face in his hands, he wiped the tears with his thumbs and steadied his own nerves. "Ciel," he spoke evenly, fighting to keep his composure. "What are you talking about? Wake up!"

"It hurts!" Ciel jolted upright into a sitting so suddenly that their faces almost collided; sweat pooled on his forehead and he started panting as if he had been running. Sebastian stared wide eyed
at the heaving mess before him, taking note of how Ciel's right hand clawed desperately at his chest.

"Ciel, what hurts!?!" Sebastian shook him with more force, his hands gripping the thin arms tightly, willing the young man to look him straight in the eyes. "What the fuck are you talking about? Please tell me!!" he implored.

"Wha-what?!" Blue eyes scanned the room slowly, making their way back to Sebastian with a hollowness that took the older man by surprise. "M-my arm, you're . . . stop hurting me!" He cried.

He raised his hand and slapped Sebastian hard across the face, the sound resonating cruelly through the room. Sebastian eased his hands from his lover's arms and felt the burning sting of the blow tingle on his cheek. It didn't hurt, but the temperature of the bedroom seemed to drop several degrees. A chill prickled against the surface of his skin, but Sebastian would not tear his gaze away from the seething boy in front of him.

"I think you were having another episode." He said coolly. "You were talking in your sleep and said that I killed you."

"I did what?!" Ciel shook his head furiously. "No! No way! I took the fucking medicine!"

"Before I came upstairs I checked the bottles and counted the pills, so yeah, I do remember giving them to you." Ciel's body stiffened as Sebastian continued. "But I found some droplets of vomit on the floor near the toilet, am I to assume you forced yourself to regurgitate your medications?"

"I took them and went to sleep!" Ciel insisted, grabbing Sebastian's hand. "But after you left, I don't know what the fuck happened, I got really sick and threw them up!"

"Did you dream?"


"You don't remember anything just now? Or even telling me that I killed you?"

"No! Holy shit, what the Hell is wrong with me?!"

"Ciel, there's something up with this house, with this town." Sebastian sighed, rubbing his forehead tiredly with his fingertips. "I don't know how to explain this, but I'm going to start an investigation here."

"Are you kidding me? We're not here a month and you're investigating our home?"

"There is way too much going on in this general vicinity for me to just ignore."

"Are we safe?" Ciel knew all about Sebastian's profession and the challenges the older man had faced in many of his travels into the world of the paranormal and supernatural. "I mean, is there something right here, something that could hurt us?" His face became pale as his mind began to swirl with dark possibilities.

"I have told you, time and time again, that I will always protect you." Leaning forward, Sebastian placed a lingering kiss against the boy's plump mouth. "Always," he breathed.

"But what about your job? What about your book?" Ciel looped his arms around Sebastian's neck and hugged him. "What about all the things you planned to do? You just can't walk away from them!"
"I'll work on the book while doing the investigation, no sense in wasting prime information. As far as school is concerned, I can still hold my classes."

"I'm afraid." Ciel admitted in a tiny voice, bowing his head until the tip of his nose grazed down the side of his lover's neck, earning a low moan from Sebastian. "I don't want anything happening to you."

"I don't think it's anything serious." He assured him as he trailed his hands down the slender slope of Ciel's hips. "Nothing I can't handle."

"Motherfucker."

Ember looked over at Cole who had muttered the curse aloud. Parked by the town library, the nurse and the technician watched as Alois and Jerrica exited the building and walked towards their cars together. "I knew I felt their presence."

"You know them?" She asked.

"The blonde boy is a local college kid." He nodded and clicked his teeth with disgust. "But in actuality he's a fucking fallen angel."

Ember gasped. "How do you know that?"

"They smell like rotten apples, you're too young to detect it. Me, well, I'm old as fuck and angels usually smell like fresh fruit and flowers. But this fucker is trying to atone for his sins and get in our way of absolution."

"Who's the bitch with him?" Ember pointed towards Jerrica. "Another angel?"

"Yea, but real, real young like you." His voice became cold and low. "She's easy to kill, but not that other one."

"There's nothing they can do to stop us." A smile sharp as razors slid across the dark eyed woman's face. "Ciel can't receive any warnings while he's drugged, so we have our safety net."

"As long as he takes the meds, the past won't make itself known." Cole started the car. "Ok, we have to report back to Father and let him know that we've got unwanted company in town."

"Our source says that the house is active, I suppose this means the next sacrifice is due?" Ember clicked in her seat belt and gave the angels a critical look, "They don't look so impressive." She mumbled.

"Tell your source that no matter what, Ciel has to keep taking the medication." Cole turned the wheel and maneuvered the vehicle onto the snow covered road. "The less Ciel knows, the less chance he can fight back."

Ember twisted her black hair between her fingers and knitted her brows in deep thought. "But, even if he remembers, the deal was made." The car sped up a bit to quickly pass the chatting celestial pair while they looked for their car keys. "It's not like Ciel knowing what he is can change anything."

"You really are stupid, aren't you?" Cole gave the young woman a reproachful look. "With every contract there's a clause, but there's always a loophole or two."
"Loophole?"

"Yea, and it's our job to make sure that loophole doesn't happen."

Ember nodded. "Do you think Father will be allowed to feast along with the Master?"

Cole shrugged and let out a long sigh. "I believe that's what was promised." He turned the corner towards the main road and whistled lowly. "This whole town will be ripe for the picking, like a regular fucking buffet."

The sounds of their joined laughter filled the car with malevolence and cruelty, their eyes burning bright red and piercing through the grey winter light.

Alois stopped talking and rolled his eyes down to the direction of a black Acura disappearing around the corner. He lifted his nose to the frigid air and inhaled deeply.

"What is it?" Jerrica asked curiously, a hint of alarm prickling at her skin.

"Dead bodies." His voice was flat and void of emotions as he closed his eyes to 'see' the surrounding area. "I smell rotting bodies."

"Demons!" Jerrica whirled around and scanned the streets for signs of suspicious looking persons. "Where? Where are they?"

"In a black car heading towards the direction of the hospital." Alois took another whiff of the air. "Two of them, one barely smells, but the other one stinks like a mass grave."

"Are they minor or major?"

"Minor, but dangerous nonetheless." Alois opened his eyes and grabbed his partner's arm. "Come on, Claude texted me that Sebastian is back in the house. We have to intercept the 13th victim and slow down this process."

Jerrica wrenched her arm free. "Wait! We don't even know who the 13th is!"

Alois grinned and held out his hand, beckoning to girl to follow him without question. "I do, now get in the fucking car. I'm going back to the school."

The night sky shone purple grey as a new snowstorm threatened to emerge during the night. After his shower, Grell had taken to filling Sebastian in with the strange occurrences within the house. The animated and overdramatic man insisted on acting out every detail, right down to flinging himself on the floor after witnessing the writing on the floor appear within the spilt wine.

"Drama Queen." Ciel had muttered, rolling his eyes at the outlandish display.

Sebastian insisted that they all sit down and collect their individual experiences in order to find some form of a pattern or explanation. As with all of his fieldwork, accumulating evidence was the first step, the next would be background information on the town's history.

"You heard the word 'Demon' coming from the basement?" Sebastian scribbled notes into a black notebook. The trio had decided to hold their conference in the kitchen while seated comfortably in the snug breakfast nook by a large French picture window. "And you heard that word before, right?" He pointed his pen towards Ciel who nodded quickly.

"Yeah, it sounded like a bunch of people chanting it." Ciel shuddered at the recollection. "And I
saw those crazy lights behind that locked door downstairs."

"I wish Mey Rin hadn't wiped up the wine so you could have seen that number 13 scribbled." Grell hugged himself. "I still feel like I want to pass out." He whimpered.

"Ok, the word demon, the number 13, a missing photo which appears to have a look alike of Ciel on it, your bleeding eyes." Glancing at Grell, "Your epilepsy and rotten corpses smell," turning his sight to Ciel. "You know what this sounds like?" He raised an eyebrow at the two men staring at him.

Ciel and Grell spoke in unison, "What?"

"A cheap J-fucking-Horror movie!" Slamming the notebook shut, Sebastian crossed his arms in frustration. "I'm going to have to get to the library again and look into the town history."

"B-but you've heard and seen crazier things, haven't you?!" Grell cried. "And in this case, you know us personally! We're not crazy and we're not liars!"

"Well, one of us isn't crazy." Ciel snorted.

Grell swiveled around in his seat to glare at the snickering student. "Well, one of us isn't a liar!" He shot back.

"Enough!" Sebastian slammed both hands palm down on the table, "Ciel, stop making snide comments and you!" He looked at Grell. "Where the hell is Undertaker?"

"He called before! He'll be here in half an hour!" Grell began to tear up, much to Sebastian and Ciel's chagrin. "I won't feel safe until he's here in my arms!"

"Oh my God, how gay are you?" Ciel moaned into his hands. "You're such a faggot!"

"Shut up, Ciel." Sebastian growled, giving him a deadly look.

"What?" Ciel cried in defense. "It's true!"

"You are vile and cruel and completely immature." Grell rose from his seat and addressed his best friend. "I haven't the faintest idea as to why you keep him around or how you can withstand his snotty attitude, but I hold our friendship as valuable and irreplaceable and so in spite of your relationship with this brat I will respectfully abstain from speaking to him until I leave this house."

"Who the fuck are you calling a brat?" Ciel stood up quickly, his fists balled at his side. "You've got some goddamned nerve!"

"Ciel, go upstairs and lay down." Both seething men froze at the eerily calm voice coming from the dark haired man.

He was resting his chin on his folded hands, elbows propped up on the table. A cool and distant gaze had surfaced upon his face and they could tell that he was somewhere else, mentally speaking; something had clicked in his brain and was beginning to form quickly.

"O-okay." Ciel nearly tripped over his own feet as he clumsily pushed back the chair and ran out of the kitchen. Grell watched the sudden change in the young man and gave his colleague a questioning smile. "How the Hell did you turn him into such a submissive-"

"Hand me my bag, it's on the countertop." The atmosphere in the kitchen was now heavy with
seriousness and a touch of urgency Grell had not felt before. He snatched the heavy cloth shoulder bag off the counter and plopped it in front of Sebastian. Red eyes darted between tit and Grell. "I went to the library today." He said quietly, lowering his hands until they rested on the bag itself. "But I had to leave before I could look anything up."

Grell slowly took his seat and shook his head. "So?"

"After you finished your shower I checked my bag for my cell phone and found this." From the inside of the bag, Sebastian removed two books and a weathered deep brown journal; its pages yellowed and tattered on the edges.

"Where did you get those? And what are they?" Grell reached out and grabbed the journal. "This looks like it's at least a hundred years old!"

"That's the thing, I didn't pick those up." Sebastian lifted up one of the books and held it up for Grell to see. "This book explains the formation of this town and its governing history." Picking up the other book, he waved it at the confused professor. "And this one is on Demonology."

"What?" Grell frowned and thumbed through the journal. "And this looks like someone's diary!" He cried, excitement building up inside. This was indeed hugely interesting, he thought. "But how did this just appear in your bag? And what kind of mish-mosh of information is this?"

"Look at the name inside the journal, it's on the flyleaf." Grell looked quickly at the inside page and sucked in a quick and surprised breath.

His head shot up, eyes beyond shocked. "Are you fucking kidding me?" He whispered hoarsely. Sebastian leaned over and gently took the book from Grell's shaking hands, it was no coincidence.

"Dietrich Michaelis." He read softly. "This journal was started on April 7, 1847 and ended on December 14th, 1848."

"Isn't April 7th . . . " Grell trailed off as a sickening lump rose in his throat.

"Yeah, it is." Sebastian fanned out the thin delicate pages carefully in his hands. "It's my birthday." He paused and took a deep breath. "And December 14th is Ciel's birthday."

"Good God!" The red head covered his mouth and sat back in his chair. This was all too much, too strange to grasp. "And you have no idea how these books found their way inside your bag?"

"No, I don't. But someone or something out there is dropping warnings like manhole covers all around us." Sebastian shut the book and placed it atop the other two books. "I haven't read enough of any of these books to make any assumptions, but I'm going to look into family's lineage and figure out how far back we go in New York. I never took much interest in my ancestral history, but this is different."

"So, you haven't read anything interesting in the journal yet?" Grell looked hopefully at the aged book. "Anything at all?"

"Well, in the first page, there's a comment here and there about a family dinner with a future bride, or betrothal as they used to say, and some kid named Vincent."

"What about the kid? Is it a friend?"

"I think so; it was just a brief comment about how he hopes Vincent is ok after being sick."
"Oh, that's not very interesting." Grell huffed, crossing his arms. "Give me one the town history books, Undie and I can peruse through it and find your info."

"And I will read through the Demonology text, although I probably know most of the information already." He hummed, flipping through the pages. "And the journal . . . wait, what's this?" A bright blue bookmark rested snugly between two pages towards the back of the book, the title page of a new chapter stared up at him.

"What does it say?" Grell asked lowly, afraid of what was coming.

"Primary Demon." Sebastian read slowly. "One of the Seven Princes of Hell, the Demon of Lust." His voice shook slightly as he sounded out the name in his head. He knew of this, he had heard stories of possession and exorcisms all dealing with deviant acts and sexual abuse. Why would anyone bookmark this? Was this a waning?

"Seven Princes of Hell?" Grell tapped his fingers impatiently against the surface of the table, "Who is the chapter about?"

Sebastian snapped the book shut, this was an even bigger task than he had imagined. "Asmodeus." He stated firmly. "The king of Demons."

December 1, 1848

The full moon bathed the land in a bluish hue as wispy clouds floated by in the warm night air. Fultonville was quiet, as what was to be expected from a town in the middle of the night. All the residences, rich and poor were asleep in their beds dreaming of either food to fill their hungry stomachs or counting golden coins in their heads. Everyone, that is, except for the two young men together in the barn's hayloft.

Soft suckling mixed with heated breaths filled the high space, the straw cushioning the wanting bodies from the humid temperatures outside. Fingers crept and lips moved haphazardly across rough fabric in search of smooth skin, desperately and urgently, knowing that this time together was fleeting and rare. A quiet groan from a small mouth had the ebony head snapping up and liquid crimson eyes locking on the angelic face who had made the erotic sound.

"Wh-what is it, Vincent?" Dee managed to force out as he lay between the clothed thighs of the one he loved. Slender fingers curled into the threadbare trousers of the young man, itching to feel more than wool. Hot breath fanned out over Vincent's waistband as he waited for an answer.

"I-I, ha, this is wrong." He panted, looking down his body to meet the concerned face with flushed cheeks. The sight of Dee hovering right above his cock aroused Vincent immensely, however, they were both virgins who had no clue what should come next except that it was morally wrong for them to be together like this. "We can't." He added, disappointment and confusion lacing his words.

Dee crawled his way up the lithe form, placing his weight on the forearms that now flanked the slate haired head. Ruby met cobalt in a heavy gaze, pausing as the tense space between grew even more palpable. Dee licked his lips as he took in the look of utter desire and fear that shown in Vincent's face, wanting nothing more than to devour the panting plump mouth at this moment.

"I don't know." The wealthy young man finally answered. "But I don't care." He hissed, eyes shining bright with determination as his hand slipped under the nape of Vincent's neck. "All I know is that I want you. How, I-I," Dee struggled to find the right words. "I just want to feel to you, to
remember what we have." He admitted sadly, watching the small brow knit at him.

Very slowly, crimson eyes slid shut as Dee leaned in to close the space between them. Vincent let out a soft moan as their lips touched, tilting his head as much as he could, melting into the sweet taste of the kiss. Bravely, a warm tongue slipped past the plump mouth, pushing in and coaxing its partner to dance. Dee fisted the soft slate locks, forcefully holding his lover in place as he poured himself into the arousing act of kissing one another with reckless abandon.

"Mm, ahh, you taste so good." He breathed, releasing Vincent's mouth with a low pop. Both men were panting, air a bothersome necessity. "God, you taste like sweets." Dee admitted lewdly, not caring about the sin they were committing by being here together like this. "Vincent, Vin, look at me." He begged, staring into the beautiful face with eyes closed as long dark lashes caressed the flushed cheeks.

Blue eyes slowly opened, their ocean depths cloudy with lust and adoration. Vincent focused onto the bright garnet spheres that now observed him with fearful curiosity. Sucking on his freshly kissed lower lip, the young man took in the fine features of the handsome face of the one he loved. Reaching up, work calloused fingers gently pushed back a stray sleek ebony bang, pushing it into place behind an ear.

"Vincent, I love you." Dee breathed passionately, watching as a shy smile spread over the young man's face. "And even though I am engaged to be married, I vow to you, here and now, that I will never love anyone, but you." Vincent gasped slightly at the fervent statement, tears of joy pricking the backs of his eyes. Dee smiled at the blue eyes trying to blink away the excess moisture that threatened to fall.

"I'm all yours." Vincent managed to get out, a choked sob impeding his ability to speak properly. Clearing his throat, he continued. "Everything, every tiny bit of me belongs to you." Slender fingers reached up to thread through the dark hair, taking hold and pulling Dee's face just a little closer. "My heart, body," licking plump lips nervously. "Soul. They're all yours." He gasped as the heartfelt confession was interrupted by Dee's mouth crashing onto his own.

Sincere confessions of love gave way to bodies hungry for each other's touch. Tongues rolled, twisting and twirling within the small caverns and over teeth as they fought to gain control of the kiss. Vincent dug his nails into Dee's scalp, mewling loudly as the older of the two finally released his lips to take purchase of the thin neck. A low hiss of pleasure was made in response to the rough treatment and he ground their hips together.

"Ah, ha," Vincent cried out at feeling the rigid mass in his lover's expensive trousers made rubbing into his own clothed bulge. "Do, ha, that again." He begged, removing his hold on the silky locks and sliding over the broad shoulders to finally rest on Dee's lower back. Bravely, he grabbed the slender hips, forcing them down to collide even more violently with his. "Yesss, good."

Low groans and heavy panting filled the loft's high ceilings as the two man rolled their bodies against one another. Every move, every touch only fueled them on in this forbidden act, along them more frustrated as the friction of rubbing their clothed dicks together was just not enough. Both sought relief to the heat that coiled tight in their bellies without the first clue how to go about achieving it and desperation gave way to the answer.

With one elbow keeping him propped up and hovering over Vincent, the other hand quickly slipped between them. A flick of a button and pull of a zipper was all Dee needed to release the dripping cock of his lover. Quickly, long fingers wrapped around the heated mass of flesh causing Vincent to cry out in pleasure, his back arching up violently from the hay.
"God, God." He whispered as Dee began to stroke the engorged muscle. Vincent's fingers kept purchase on the man's biceps, his nails threatening to tear through the fabric as they dug in for something to hold. "Dee-ah, ah, mmmmmmnn." He babbled, eyes screwed shut as wave after wave of stimulation pushed him to the brink. "Y-you too." Vincent begged through the thick haze of euphoria crowing his mind.

Dee paused for only a second before releasing the throbbing cock and earning a disappointed whine from its owner. Swiftly, he reached down and freed his own aching erection, shivering in delight at finally receiving some attention himself. Hovering over Vincent, Die collected both their dicks in his large hand, encircling them in his sure grip and began pumping.

"Sh-shit." He breathed at the feeling of them sliding, slippery and hot, against each other; his hand lubricated now by bodily fluids. Letting his head hang, Dee gave a shuddering sigh as he sped up the pace. "Ah, Lord!" The exclamation spilling from his lips raw and passionate as Vincent writhed at the virginal touch. Skin against skin, rigid and wanting, he could feel their hearts race in his hand, beating together in tandem.

"Mmmnnaahh." Vincent choked out, biting into a plump lower lip as pulled great handfuls of slate hair on his own scalp. Blue eyes were screwed tightly shut as his body spiraled towards the edge of bliss. "Ah, Dee! I-I can't!" He mewled loudly as pleasure threatened to explode from the inside out. "Please!"

"Vin-ha, mnngh, I . . ." Dee panted as his arm jerked furiously, desperate to ease the ache that had both of them delirious with desire. Leaning forward, he pressed their foreheads together, hot breaths mingling as he stroked them into ecstasy. "I-I love you." He hissed, mouth dropping open as the tension finally snapped and he came hard onto the heaving belly.

"Ha, ah, you too!" Vincent managed to gasp, back arching violently as he followed, the orgasm racking his body and making his vision burn white. Dee's hand continued to pump them as the warm cum splattered onto the smaller youth's sweaty skin. "Ohhhhh, God." He moaned, as he drowned in the melting feeling of having experienced such an intimate act with the person he loved. "That was-"

"Amazing." Dee finished, grinning as the dark lashes fluttered open to reveal awed blue eyes. With his clean hand, he gently cupped Vincent's damp cheek, tilting the slate head to plant a light kiss onto the panting mouth. "You are so lovely." Dee whispered. "I will remember this night for the rest of my lif-"

They froze, faces blanching as below them the sound of the barn door opening creaked throughout the old sodden structure. Terrified blue stared into horrified crimson, neither daring to speak a word or even breath lest they be caught and face the dire consequences of their actions. Vincent gave a small whimper and was quickly muffled by a large hand that clamped firmly over his mouth. Dee shook his head nervously, a silent order to remain deadly quiet.

They listened intently as the footsteps grew closer beneath them, stopping near the back of the structure and murmuring softly. There were two of them, men from the low tones and inflections in their voices. It was oblivious that whatever the point of this meeting it was meant to be secret. Nobody snuck into a barn in the middle of the night unless they needed to conceal what they were doing. The conversation grew louder as the pair finally stopped walking and stood still.

Dee and Vincent's eyes grew wide as they listened, disbelief evident and confused. The men muttered and spoke of things that didn't make any sense: a deal, a sacrifice, an offering and other things that most had only heard touted in Sunday mass. However, it wasn't the context of the conversation that had the two lovers staring so desperately at one another, but the realization of
who the voices belonged to.

None other than Mr. Phantomhive and Mr. Michaelis; their fathers.
Greetingzzzzzzz! !,

Forgive me for the delay in posting this latest chapter! I've been rewriting Simply Meant to Be in hopes of publishing it so i've been a bit preoccupied.

Although my lovely story here hasn't been receiving many reviews, i'm truly enjoying writing it and I will see it to the very end. Thank you to my steadfast and loyal readers who are wonderful enough to provide feedback and take the time to read my smutty crap oxoxox.

Shout out to DemonQueen243 for lighting that match up my ass and reminding me that I need to post sooner! This chapter is for you!

Hugs and kisses to my boo, AnimeCujo. Revelations is getting hotter and hotter!

My secrets are burning a hole through my heart
And my bones catch a fever
When it cuts you up this deep
It's hard to find a way to breathe
Your eyes are swallowing me
Mirrors start to whisper
Shadows start to sing
My skin's smothering me
Help me find a way to breathe
Time stood still
The way it did before
It's like I'm sleepwalking
Fell into another hole again
It's like I'm sleepwalking
"Sleepwalking" Bring the Horizon

,Dee wiped his dirtied hand quickly against his pants leg and slowly zipped up the front, careful not to jingle the belt buckle. He placed a finger against Vincent's quivering lips, silently urging him to remain silent as he deftly tucked the young boy's privates back into his pants and buttoned his trousers.

They could hear shuffling feet and excited voices barely above the howling wind outside of the
barn. Trapped upstairs in the hay loft, they would have to wait for the men to leave before they could escape back to their homes.

To be caught in the dead of night, alone in the dark, together would prove both disastrous and dangerous; however, to be caught by their own fathers was frightening beyond belief.

Dee frowned and closed his eyes hoping to raise his sense of hearing by canceling out another sense. Why were their fathers together? He wondered, what business would these two polar opposite men have to discuss with one another at this time of night in the middle of a deserted barn?

He could feel Vincent trembling next to him, eyes closed as well, and a look of terror etched deeply on his young face. Reaching carefully to grasp his shaking hand, Dee squeezed it gently three times. It was their code, one no one ever noticed or could understand. If they were standing near each other at a social public function, Dee would make sure to quickly tug Vincent's sleeve three times. If they were entering church for Sunday mass, Vincent would tap the back of Dee's heel with the toe of his shoe three times. As long as they could do this inconspicuously, no one would catch their secret message.

"I love you" three unspoken words of steadfast devotion.

Vincent smiled and rested his head against the older male's shoulder, warmth erupted in Dee's chest and despite the serious situation they were in; he would not leave this boy's side for anything in the world.

"But why my boy?"! Thomas Phantomhive's voice cut through the air and caused the hidden pair to snap their eyes wide open.

"Is it not obvious? He is the chosen, the pure vessel for our offering."

Dee recognized the smooth and deep tone of his father's voice. Klaus Michaelis was in his business mode. This was the voice he used to buy lands, negotiate with the bank, promise loans and reasonable interest rates, and practically charm blood from a rock. It was a voice he hated because it was laced with lies, malice, and hidden intent.

"I-I don't reckon you can find another? He's my kin a-and my wife ain't been too pleased with me lately and-"

"I have been good enough to choose you as our only hope for the betterment of this town, have I not?" Klaus hissed disdainfully, "Recognize the honor I have bestowed upon you and your paltry brood!" He spat.

Shaking his head, Dee could envision the look of disgust his father was probably sporting on his face. He knew his father held every farmer and laborer with contempt; why he would even think to spare time like this with the likes of Vincent's father had him worried. Although Dee felt that Vincent was a prize among every other resident in town, Thomas Phantomhive was a bumbling, simple minded drunk who had turned his farmland into a heap of lifeless dirt within two years of acquiring it.

"But he's just a boy!" The farmer insisted. "He's barely grown!"

"In the eyes of the Good Book," Klaus replied coolly, "he is already a man."

Dee froze and felt his heart clench, fear snaked its way around his heart and clenched it in an icy grip. They were referring to Vincent, his Vincent. Looking down at the frail form leaning against
him, he felt three quick squeezes to his hand and let out a shaky breath.

"I love you" Vincent quietly sent his message and snuggled closer to Dee. The heat from their previous antics had dissipated and now the cold night air was beginning to breach through his thin clothing. Dee stealthily wrapped his arms around the frigid boy and held him tightly, mindful of the noise his boots made against the wooden plank floors.

"What was that?" The nervous tone of Vincent's father gave away his anxiety; the man was scared.

Vincent held his breath, burying his face in Dee's chest.

"There is no one here, no one but us men."

"I-I don't like this." Thomas stuttered weakly "I d-don't think I c-can do this-

"The Good Lord sacrificed His only Son, His beloved Son, for the sake of our eternal souls. If not or that sacrifice, where would we all be? Burning in Damnation, relegated to the deepest and darkest pits of Hell! Do you not think it pained our Creator to hand over his only child to this sinful world? Yet, he did, he did and with this the Lamb, the Holy Lamb, our Savior, has delivered our souls to eternal glory!"

"I-I ain't in the same company as our God!" Thomas cried.

"You, Thomas Phantomhive, you will deliver us from evil." The businessman's booming voice reverberated against the high ceiling of the barn rafters. "You are the only one who can save this town, countless lives and future generations will know your name. They will sing your praises for your courage, your selfless deed, your sacrifice. It is your destiny . . . it is Vincent's destiny! Would you rather the winter take him, or the hands of those who love him most?"

It was a sermon of deceit; Dee clenched his jaw with rage as he imagined the sickly sweet look on his father's face, a chorus of feigned good heartedness lulling the simpleton farmer into a false sense of comradesy.

"He's all I got." The man's voice cracked, despair evident as the sounds of sniffling reached the dark high loft. Vincent had never seen his father cry, but as he heard the muffled sobs an eerie sense of dread overtook him.

"After this next winter," Klaus' voice was a steel knife slicing through the air, "you'll have nothing."

Dee almost threw up. It took every bit of willpower to swallow down the bile that had suddenly bubbled up in his throat. The thick acidic taste lingered in his mouth as a dizzying wave of fear washed over him. His greatest nightmare voiced by his own father, that Vincent would not survive a third winter in this town. Who was going to sacrifice him and to what? His mind screamed, wrestling the urge to thunder down the ladder and attack both men with fists and questions. Why were they comparing Vincent to the Son of our Lord?

"Are you damned sure about this?" Thomas wept openly. "How do I know I ain't being fooled?!"

A soft chuckle followed. "I have 13 families willing to give their own sacrifices. You best be sure that I know what the outcome will be if you give us the key."

"My wife can't bear no more children; doctor says she's barren -"

"Part of the deal will be another child, one stronger, healthier, more fit to carry on your lineage."
"My what?"

Klaus emitted a long exasperated sigh. "You're bloodline, it shall continue. And may I add, wealth will forever be a part of your generations now and all to come."

"W-Wealth?"

"The promises of Asmodeus must be sealed in blood. However, as good Christian folk, we are protected under His Holy light. Creating this land in His name and protecting it from those red devils in the forests and starvation is for the greater good, is it not? One must break a few eggs in order to feed one's family, hm?"

"B-But, how do I run a farm without my boy now?"

"The Butler House."

"What?"

"Once the construction for the manor over by Spring Lake is completed, you will be given the deed to the Butler House. My home will become your home. Your days of farming shall be over."

"No foolin'? B-But I can't run that place by myself a-and I can't pay for anything-"

"For your act of Holiness, you will be properly compensated by all families involved. You see, Thomas, we take care of our own. You are now, one of us."

"One of you? Me?"

"Yes, you and your family. Forever."

A long pause stretched across the musky smelling area.

"T-Tell me how's it to be done." Thomas Phantomhive choked out.

"Now now, not here, but soon. Trust me, it will be quick and simple, I promise."

The sounds of footsteps shuffling through straw and planks gave way to the creaking groan of the barn doors opening and then the thud of them closing. Silence descended upon the creaking structure as the shocked pair sat quietly, attempting to digest what they had just heard.

"Dee?"

Vincent's mouse like voice shook Dee to his very core. There was fear, confusion, hurt and hopelessness all wrapped up within the farm boy. What had transpired between their fathers was an act of evil, he could bet his soul on it. The calculating words tumbling so easily from his father's lips, as gossamer and lovely as the silken threads woven by a deadly spider. The insidious nature of the conversation did not go unnoticed by neither him now Vincent.

"Vin-" He began.

"They was talking about me!" Vincent cried, grabbing fistfuls of Dee's shirt and shaking him violently. "What's your Pa gonna do to me?! Why're they sayin' I'm a sacrifice?!?"

"Calm down, Vin!" Dee slapped the tiny hands off of his shirt and enveloped the wildly flailing boy in his arms. "Calm down and listen to me!"
"No! No!" He wailed, throwing his head back in an attempt to dislodge himself from the bear hug. "No! They gonna kill me!"

"No one is going to hurt you! I won't let them!" Dee shouted, forcibly pushing the thrashing child backwards onto the floor and slamming his body against Vincent's in order to pin him down. His arms flanked the boy's body, restricting his movements so that he could not escape. "I will not let anyone touch you, nor will I allow you to die by anyone's hand, do you hear me?!" Taking a deep breath, Dee crashed his mouth against Vincent's, swallowing the grief stricken cries pouring from his beloved's mouth. They lay there; lips, tongues, mouths hungrily clashing and devouring one another as if this were to be the last time they would ever taste paradise again.

"Vin." Dee released his lips, gasping for air as sweat trickled down his back. He could feel Vincent's hardened arousal rubbing desperately against his leg, but there was no time. As much as he wanted to mark this child as his own, he knew it was far too soon. "Vin, listen to me."

"Y-Yes." He whimpered, feebly thrusting his hips up into Dee's bulging crotch. "I-I'm listening."

"Promise me you will always love me. Promise me that no matter what happens, you will always love me."

"I-I promise!" He cried, throwing his arms around Dee's neck. "No matter what happens, I promise I will always love you!"

"And I promise you that no matter where you go, I will be there too." Dee cursed the darkness of the night, he wanted to gaze into the deep ocean blues eyes of his petite love. There would never be anyone like him, he thought sadly as the reality of their situation dawned on him. If his father wanted something to happen, it happened.

If his father wanted Vincent to die . . .

"Oh God." He whispered, his hands reaching down to unbutton the front of Vincent's pants. It was an alien pull, a need he had never encountered before tonight. His mouth watered, hungry and wanting to consume the sweetness which lay before him. He could not explain how nor why he wanted to put Vincent's . . . thing . . . in his mouth, but he ached to taste him.

"D-Dee!" Vincent whined plaintively, his nimble fingers clawing at the front of Dee's pants. "I-I want to taste it!" A heady rush almost caused the boy to faint as a heated blush blazed furiously on his face.

Dee stopped his actions wishing he could see the flustered and embarrassed look on Vincent's face, and gulped audibly. "Me too." He whispered. "I want to drink what you've got down there." It made no sense to either one, such acts of erotic pleasures were strange and distant to their kind and time, but the carnal desires seemed innate and real. For some reason, Dee and Vincent needed to do this, they had to because time was running out.

Vincent was going to die.

Ciel stretched his thin self across the cool surface of the large king sized bed, the mattress creaked as he shifted his body to get into a more comfortable position. Staring up at the ceiling, he folded his arms behind his head and breathed out his boredom.

"This sucks." He grumbled.
He had been banished to his bedroom like a naughty child who needed to be isolated from the adults as they spoke of secretive topics he was not allowed access to. It angered him beyond reason when Sebastian would side with Grell. There was never anything between the two men, never would there be anything even now; however, Ciel hated how he perceived their relationship.

There was an insurmountable level of respect between the professors, they acknowledged each other as equals both in their professional and personal lives. The boy looked up towards the headboard and snatched a pillow, gritting his teeth, he flung the pillow across the room and felt a childish satisfaction when it hit the wall and sent a photo frame crashing to the floor.

"Good." He snickered, enjoying the tinkling sound of broken glass. He lifted his head and peered over his socked feet, but was unable to see the fruits of his misguided labor. "Shit. I'm going to have to clean that up."

Ciel propped himself up on his elbows and blew a wisp of his bluish grey bang out of his face. It wasn't fair, feeling this lost and alone when downstairs sat the one person who always promised him the sun, the moon and the stars. His chest ached with dullness that surpassed all of the depressive states he had suffered throughout the long years before he was adopted by the Phantomhive couple.

Thinking back to the dark days of foster care and limbo the trauma of being left behind while everyone else was accepted and adored cut him deeply. There were never any memories of happiness nor moments of great pride, he was just a floater through life and in turn no one made an effort to come close to the heart of the little boy with the large soulless eyes.

Quiet, reserved, mute, unsociable. Ciel was difficult to say the least. Child psychiatrists and psychologists, behaviorists, physicians, neurologists, it did not matter, no one could get into the vault of his mind and heart. Ciel was the walking dead. He didn't even have a last name, having been an abandoned baby, his name was found on a piece of paper tucked unceremoniously into his blanket when he was discovered at a police station all alone and wailing from hunger and cold.

Shuddering at the melancholy memories, Ciel sat up and drew his knees up to his chin, hugging them tightly. Slowly rocking back and forth, he closed his eyes and remembered the soft voice of his adoptive mother, the kind and elderly Claudia Phantomhive.

For three years the woman with the cool blue eyes and shock white hair had fed, clothed, tutored, and raised him as her own son. She had been a well-known philanthropist in the area, attending and hosting charities, arts and cultural endeavors and sponsoring musicians throughout her long life. Her husband was a businessman, although Ciel never quite knew what he did, the lawyer's family made a mention of private collections and antiquities.

Well into her eighties, Ciel wondered how she and her husband, Charles, had been able to procure the adoption of a teenage boy. He summed it up as money being able to create opportunities not normally available to the common folk.

Wealth equaled power, the power to eat enough, the power to never be cold, the power to manipulate situations however you damned well please, his was the lure of wealth. He had known only a life of struggle until the need to pass on a noble name and substantial inheritance became available. Mental issues aside, Ciel was uncommonly beautiful; an anomaly among the rest of the normal looking orphans. A giant among ants.

Whatever the case, he had been welcomed and loved by the couple, and he in turn, had grown to love them. Their daily reassurances to him that they would never abandon him seemed to reach his hermit like mind.
Claudia would serve him his meals in the large dining hall and thank him each time for being healthy, strong, and well-mannered. Her wrinkled hand gently patting his crown of glossy hair as she spoke of she and Charles wanted to fulfill the desires of their old age by passing on an honorable family history to the young man.

"You have a destiny awaiting you." She whispered cryptically whenever she ushered him into bed with a glass of warm milk and a slice of sweet bread as a treat.

Even at 16, he was treated with a tenderness he had never encountered before in his young life. It was welcomed and cherished for he felt his heart awakening. It had led a bleak and dormant life up until the warm presence of the Phantomhive couple gave it life and purpose.

"What destiny?" He had often asked, yawning despite his own curiosity.

She never answered, only drawing the sheets up to his chin and placing a quick kiss upon his forehead. Ciel always slept well, tumbling into a blissful slumber that left him refreshed and content when the first morning rays would ghost into his bedroom. Life was secure, life was certain.

Until the day they left.

It was shortly after his 18th birthday, he had come back to their spacious and elegant manor after his first two months a private college upstate where he had been excelling in his studies. They had called him to come home for the holidays in order to celebrate his milestone birthday. The excitement of regaling his parents with his accomplishments in his new school had the boy fidgeting with nervous energy as he drove up the private road towards his home. But just as he had turned the corner around the large evergreens, his eyes widened in horror and the sudden thickness of the air nearly choked the life out of him.

The entire manor was one massive charred skeleton, burnt nearly unrecognizable to the ground. A team of law enforcers and investigators were at the scene, yellow crime scene tape had been taped everywhere among the grounds and within minutes, Ciel had been placed into an ambulance for shock and trauma.

The police report read that no bodies had been found. The source of the fire was never identified. Nothing, nothing could be salvaged. His entire life, the Phantomhive manor, Claudia and Charles. Erased, as if they never existed.

And all that was left was Ciel, standing in the lawyer's office with a bank account filled with thousands upon thousands of dollars and no will except a handwritten letter in a safe claiming that Ciel was the only heir of that one bank account.

His life was a mystery once again. But he had a name, finally, and he had money. These were two tools needed to be able to move on with life and make something of himself. A week after the fire, Ciel left the hotel he had been staying in and rented a small apartment in the city near New York University. The Ivy League school was on par with his current college and so transferring was not an issue. It was during that new semester when he walked into a large lecture room and locked eyes with the unbearingly handsome professor, Sebastian Michaelis.

He had entered the classroom on a whim, wondering why he had decided to use one of his core credits on a paranormal/supernatural history lecture instead of a literature course. He supposed that it had been more out of a need to try something new and against his normal grain. Living alone in the city was throwing him further and further into depression, the loneliness was a burden he felt he could no longer carry on his own.
In response to this, he began to frequent bars and clubs, earning admiring stares from older men who had fallen victim to his oceanic blue eyes and pert body. He already understood where his own desires lay and the second he took on the breath taking sight of Sebastian, he knew he could not and would not live without him.

Opening his eyes, Ciel shivered at the cool tears trickled down his face. He loved him, loved him with an intensity which defied all reason.

Why had he slept with so many men during the past year? He thought bitterly, wiping the dampness from his cheeks with the back of his hand.

Their faces were nothing, but blurred masses of murmuring voices. He could barely recall their names, let alone, the active sex they had shared. It was a joke, he shook his head still dumbfounded by his stupidity, they would flirt with him and the next thing he knew, he would wake up naked next to a smiling stranger.

Meeting them was mundane at best, one was at a local bookstore, another at a coffee shop near the college It was never anything planned, just random encounters at the post office, library, newsstand on the corner, etc. Chance fated meetings that meant far more to the enamored men than it ever did to Ciel.

It disgusted him, made him want to dunk himself in a boiling cauldron and scrub the filth from his skin. But they never got beyond the first time, no, he would never see them again and always, without fail, Sebastian would find out what he had done. Whether it was by a jilted and obsessed lover calling their apartment looking for Ciel, or a letter sent to Sebastian's office detailing what Ciel had done, the truth always came out.

Every short lived affair felt like a nail in their relationship coffin, and yet, Sebastian always forgave him. He always took him back. The longest they had stood not speaking to each other was two weeks and in the end it was Sebastian who went back to the apartment begging and pleading for Ciel to stay with him.

"Why?" Ciel groaned aloud, rubbing his face tiredly with his fingertips. "Why? What the fuck, why?"

Enough was enough, the young man gritted his teeth and swung his feet over the side of the bed. Glancing at the broken shards of glass on the floor across the room, he decided to clean up and head downstairs. There was no way he was going to be left out if whatever was going on concerned him. This was his and Sebastian's home, they would solve whatever problems occurring together, not apart like this. Sebastian belonged to him, no one else.

"But first, I better pick that up before he gets pissed." He grumbled, sliding off the bed and padding over to the small mess on the floor. He had to be careful since all he had on were socks and the dark wood made it difficult to spot any rogue pieces.

He stood over the broken frame which was only a mere 5x7 and wondered quietly why he never took notice of any of the photos in their home. When they rented the place they were told to leave the furnishings and decor alone since the interior designs gave off a nostalgic atmosphere. Cocking his head, he gave the mess a curious look and knelt down to grabbed the framed photo that had shattered.

"Who's this?" He thought with a slight frown. The Butler house was filled with original artwork and photographs of the original owners, yet Ciel never paid mind to them.
However, this one certainly did.

Upon closer inspection Ciel felt all air leave his lungs, as if he had been completely dried out.

The young man in the photo was arm in arm with a lovely young woman with light spiral curled hair, it appeared to be a wedding photo. Ciel squeezed his eyes shut and opened them again.

No, he was not seeing things.

The aged photo bathed in deep sepia tones and yellowed corners, had to have been well over a hundred years old.

The man was tall, very tall, dressed sharply in a suit with a white rose boutonniere. His hair was cut short and his face wore the most forced smile Ciel had ever seen.

It was Sebastian, or someone who looked exactly like Sebastian, standing next to . . .

"This can't be real." Ciel breathed, his hands began shaking. "Th-That's . . ."

Elizabeth Midford.

"Holy shit." He gasped, looking up at the walls and counting the photos in his bedroom. There was only one other small framed photo with a single subject posed in the middle.

It hung discreetly on the wall next to one of the windows near their bed. Rising slowly with the photo clutched tightly in his hand, Ciel walked cautiously towards the photo. He felt his breathing quicken the nearer he came to the framed picture.

"Why am I so freaking nervous?" He whispered loudly, hating the trembling evident in his voice.

The photo was in the same condition as the one in his hand, but the subject was a much older man, possibly in his sixties, proudly posed outside of the Butler house itself. Unlike the couple from the photo in his hand, the man wore less formal clothes. A worn straw hat sat lopsided on his head, his shirt and pants looked shoddy and rumpled, almost low class. Ciel squinted his eyes and stared carefully at the old man in hopes that maybe he could recognize him, but it was no use. The man could have been anyone who was related to the Butler family, or even someone who worked for them. In the background he could see the tiny form of what appeared to be a small boy lingering on the front steps of the house. It was far too grainy to make out the facial features.

"This is way too weird." He sighed, looking down again at the photo in his hand. "Who are you?" His heart beat thudded loudly against his chest and he desperately wanted to run into Sebastian's arms. Turning suddenly, he placed the photo on his nightstand and rushed out of the room. If anyone needed to know this information, it would be Sebastian.

The realization of what Grell had shared with Sebastian earlier in the day slammed into Ciel the minute he stepped out of the room, his entire body froze at the words still fresh in his memory.

"The photo was gone! I looked up and it was gone!"

Whirling around, Ciel scurried back into the room and made a beeline for the night stand. He froze in an instant, the numbing force of fear gripping his entire body.

There was no photo.

"It-it's . . . gone!" He choked out, eyes wide with terror. "B-but I left it right-"
From a distant he heard Sebastian's voice calling out to him from downstairs and a twisted sense of relief washed over him. He needed to leave that room, something unbelievable had happened in mere seconds and it left him shaken.

"Coming!" He called back, running out of the room with the crawling feeling of something close behind chasing after him.

His fair skin erupted in goose bumps and his heart beat fast and fierce with terror. Something was after him, he knew it and felt it, something wanted him and the sooner he could be in Sebastian's arms, the better.

The sound of the doorbell brought a quick and almost painful arrest to the young man's heart as he thundered down the steps. His socked feet slipped carelessly on the wood stairs and he barely was able to save himself from tumbling down an entire flight if he hadn't reached out and caught the banister with both hands. Panting heavily, Ciel stared wide eyed at the dimly lit foyer and shivered at the beading sweat collecting on his forehead.

Why was his heart beating so fast?

"Ciel?" Sebastian called out again, appearing suddenly at the foot of the stairs. He frowned at the crumpled mass grasping onto the banister and instantly bolted up the stairs. Crouching next to a trembling Ciel, Sebastian hooked his arms underneath the shaking form and drew him quickly into a firm embrace.

"What happened?" He whispered into the boy's ear, concern etched into every word. "Baby, you ok? Did you fall?"

Before Ciel could answer, the chimes of the doorbell once again beckoned to anyone to please answer the door.

"Who the Hell could that be? Undertaker arrived just five minutes ago!" Sebastian grumbled, gathering Ciel up into a standing position. "Can you walk?" He asked softly, brushing a few strands of hair away from his lover's eyes.

The gentleness of his touch, the warmth of his words seemed to swell and overcome Ciel's heart. It was dizzying how childlike he became in the hands of the man he loved more than his own life.

"I-I think I can walk." He stammered, gripping Sebastian's arms tightly. "But, something happened."

Ding Dong!

Sebastian bristled at the sound and turned his head to face the descending stairs. "Grell!" He yelled. "Move your ass and get the door!"

"Let Mey Rin get it!" Came the screeching reply from the kitchen. "I'm busy!"

"Not in my goddamned kitchen!" Sebastian bellowed, causing Ciel to shrink in his arms.

"Fine! Say please next time you insufferable bastard!" Grell yelled back, loudly stomping towards the foyer. He glanced up at the stairs and shook his head. "Why isn't he upstairs taking a nap?" He snarled.

"I'm not a fucking child!" Ciel shot back.
"Grell, just get the door, please. I have no idea where that loose brained woman is!" Sebastian spoke through gritted teeth, his hands resting tenderly against Ciel's body. Turning back to look at the young man, a wave of uncertainty rushed through the older male. "We need to talk." He sighed, placing a light kiss against Ciel's lips.

"What's wrong?" Ciel's eyes grew wide, instantly brimming with tears as panic seized him. "What did I do?!"

"Easy, easy, don't get like that!" Sebastian soothed, planting another kiss against the trembling lips. "It's nothing you did, not really you actually. More like . . ." His eyes closed for a second as he searched for the proper words to explain what he had discovered. "Ciel, you need to tell me about your life before I met you."

"No." Ciel snapped, his face twisted in anger as he struggled to remove himself from his lover's embrace.

"Wait! Why?!" Sebastian tightened his grip on the thin arms and held Ciel firmly in place, forcing him to look into his eyes. "Why won't you tell me about your past? This is insane, Ciel!"

"Um, Sebs? We have a visitor here." Grell's quiet voice froze both men in their place. Slowly releasing his hold on Ciel, Sebastian straightened his back, took a deep breath, and turned fully around to see the figure standing at the foot of the stairs.

"What a surprise," Sebastian smiled evenly. "Welcome to my home, Dr. Spears."
Chapter 16

Greetingzzzzzzz

Here we go! I hope you guys enjoy stepping back into the past. I am really enjoying piecing together this story and I know it can get a little confusing so make sure to go back to some of the earlier chapters if you have to.

Let's be honest I'm just happy that you guys are reading my silly little tail here lol

Enjoy my delicious candy skullzzzzzzz! Please don't forget to review I live for that!

Thanks AnimeCujo for helping to edit my crappy work!

O Fortuna

O Fortune,

like the moon

you are changeable,

always waxing

or wanig:

hateful life

first oppresses

and then soothes

as fancy takes it;

poverty

and power

it melts them like ice

Fate – monstrous

and empty,

you whirling wheel,

stand malevolent,

well-being is vain

and always fades to nothing,

shadowed
and veiled
you plague me too;
now through trickery,
I bring my bare back
to your villainy.
Fate, in health
and in virtue,
is against me,
driven on
and weighted down,
always enslaved.
So at this hour
without delay
pluck the vibrating string;
since Fate
strikes down the strong man,
everyone weep with me!

Carmina Borana- Cark Orff

December 2, 1848

Old man winter plodded on leaden feet through the town of Fultonville, lambasting the landscape with mound upon mound of snow. It had roared in during the late days of November, barely allowing the colorful foliage to drift down from the branches of the now skeletal trees. Only the thick carpet of evergreen trees gave any color to the otherwise stark background.

The bleakness of the season gave no hint of joy; only gloom and death awaited those who were not properly prepared to face the long frozen months. The brutal weather had already laid claim to several of the more elderly townsfolk, cutting them down quickly with influenza and pneumonia. It was a bleak time for all.

Especially Dee Michaelis.

He sat in his favorite seat, an old wood armchair cushioned with deep maroon velvet upholstery, sent directly from his great aunt's manor in England. It was an elegant piece, carved with deep scroll like designs and large enough to fit his long and tall frame quite comfortably. He often sat in it by his bedroom window on the second floor of the Butler House, looking out at the rolling hills
and rushing river, thinking only of the lilac dappled fields where he would hide and enjoy his little love.

Vincent, his heart cried.

Looking out at the deadened land, he felt the melancholy blanket his chest in a sorrow so deep and dark that he wondered if he could even stand up and walk about normally ever again. It was a crippling ache, far too sinful and hopeless for him to call out for help or seek advice.

He and Vincent were truly all alone in the world.

He had seen the young boy last Sunday during mass, they never sat near one another. The Michaelis clan was always seated prominently in the front pew while the Phantomhives were relegated to the far back rows among the other lower class families.

How he hated even the prejudice shown in church!

The hypocrisy of the pastor and his congregation fueled by the social norms enslaving them all. They had locked eyes, the longing clear as day as scarlet met sapphire from across the room. At one point, Dee had dared to tap his chin with his pointer finger three times, signaling "I love you". Not going unnoticed by the farm boy, he returned the sentiment by sneezing loudly three times, causing Dee to stifle a laugh behind his hand. Francis Midford, who was seated next to her fiancé, gave him a disapproving frown.

"How rude," she hissed under her breathe so only Dee could hear her. "Such simple and common folk should never be allowed in the house of the Lord."

Dee did not respond.

It was time to face the frightening truth, he told himself. The prodigal son and his beloved boy were destined for a failure.

The sound of his father's study door opening and closing roused him from his depressive state. He had been spending the last couple of weeks pondering his desperate situation and nothing seemed to remedy his fears.

Above his own life, he held the young boy near and dear to his heart, if he could do anything or be anything for the blue eyed youth, he would be his hero, his protector.

Shaking his head sadly, he understood that there was only one solution to their situation.

Standing up from the chair, Dee looked around his room and walked slowly towards the night stand by his bed. He reached out and opened the top drawer to reveal a black leather bound bible. Lifting the heavy book, he took a moment to listen carefully for any footsteps, once satisfied that no one was going to enter his room, he opened the holy book to the last section titled "Revelations" and removed a single photograph from between the pages.

He stared at the photo, tears burning at the corner of his eyes.

It was a photo of Vincent taken by Dee last summer. Cameras were a rarity, a luxury unknown to the majority of the populace, however, Dee's European relatives often sent him lavish gifts and he loved sharing them with his precious love.

Dee admired the sepia toned photo; his Vincent was smiling widely, his eyes bright and clear. To Dee, he was the most beautiful being in the entire world.
"I will not allow anyone to take you from me." He whispered, placing a gentle kiss against the photo. "I promise you, no one will hurt you."

Klaus Michaelis was a frightening man; he was also not one to be taken for a fool. He knew that the family which held the most influence over the banks would rule politically over the township. He also knew that the more people knew about your wrongdoings, the more power they had over you.

He would remedy that last part fairly soon, he thought to himself. He would be beholden to know man.

Glancing down at some scattered papers on his desk, the numbers of accounts, dealings, land ownership, and property values made his mind spin. How far would he have to go to make sure that the Michaelis family would trample over every other family in Fultonville?

After a sumptuous dinner of Cornish game hens, sausage and biscuits paired with corn on the cob and toasted dinner rolls, the stately and well-built man had excused himself from the elegantly set dining room table and retired to his office. His wife, Verena, was a quiet mouse of a woman who never spoke up nor crossed her intimidating husband, but she did dote on her only child, Dee, and urged the young man to spend the night quietly in his bedroom so that if his father was in a wrathful mood he would escape his violent temper.

Klaus clenched his fist as he studied his papers, wondering silently how he would annihilate those who opposed his will.

A knock on his study door disrupted his thoughts. Grimacing at being interrupted, Klaus sat up from his chair and placed his paperwork away in his desk drawer. After quickly locking the drawer, he pocketed the key, cleared his throat, and called out. "Enter!"

The door opened slowly to reveal his son, Dee, standing at the threshold. "May you spare a moment of your time with me, father?" He bowed respectfully.

Klaus knitted his brows. "Speak briefly for my time is thin." His voice was clipped and void of patience. "Why do you seek an audience with me?" Folding his arms across his chest, he stared down the handsome young man.

"Cannot a son request attention from his own father?" Dee gestured to one of the chairs in the room, silently requesting permission to sit. His father nodded his consent. The air was still and cold; not a bit of warmth was going to be exchanged between both men.

"It is rare for you to seek me out." Crimson eyes flashed with scrutiny. "You have made it your business to scuttle away from my side whenever possible."

Dee shrugged, crossing his legs nonchalantly. "It is only out of youth's foolishness that I never dared to interrupt you. You who are so consumed by the business of this town and its inhabitants." He admitted.

"Indeed I am steeped in the survival of our township." He replied with an air of superiority, suddenly his dark red eyes held his son's with a severe look. "However, this does not answer my question, what do you seek from me?"

"It is not so much what I seek from you." Dee uncrossed his legs in favor of leaning forward and lacing his hands together, it was time. "As it is that I seek you, father."
Interest suddenly piqued, Klaus smiled. "Do tell." He smirked, leaning back into his chair and resting his chin against the knuckles of his fist. "Go on." The baritone voice teased without humor.

"I am a man, a man who one day will ascend to the helm of our family. It is high time I took a deeper interest in the dealings of the Michaelis clan." Dee fought to keep his voice steady and strong, allowing the lies to pour like melted butter from his lips. If not careful, his father, a mastermind on human nature, would sense in an instant his fraudulent intentions.

"It has come as a deep revelation to me most recently that I know nothing of you, father. I understand you bear heavy responsibilities and I now see how selfish I have been allowing you to carry the weight of our family alone without your son sharing in the work."

"I am taken by surprise over your epiphany." Klaus snorted, sarcasm dripping from every single word he uttered. "How shall I ever recover from this shocking development?"

"Am I not I am your only son? Should I not be interested in the prosperity of this family? Should I not heed to your wishes in maintaining the Michaelis honor and legacy?" Dee sprung straight up from his sitting position, his entire body shaking from the sickening mixture of fear, rage, and desperation. He could not fail in his plan.

With his chin set firmly and fists balled up tightly at his sides, Dee glared at the snickering man before him. "Forgive me for my past impudence, father! I swear I shall never turn an insolent word nor action towards you ever again!" He begged in a tight voice.

Silence descended between them, pregnant with barely hidden bitterness and resentment. Both men remained motionless as they inwardly assessed the situation, but Dee knew his calculating father all too well; he could see the wheels turning rapidly behind the narrowed eyes of the one person he feared in his entire life.

"This pleases me immensely, Dietrich." He seemed amused with his son's self depreciating speech, "To hear my son come groveling to me."

Blinking away his surprise, Dee hurriedly contained his shock and bowed his head to his father. "As I knew it would, father." He replied calmly.

Klaus cleared his throat and pointed to Dee to sit once again. "Why so sudden?" He asked coolly.

"My impending nuptials beg me to reconsider my position in life." He answered quickly, recalling the staged script he had penned and memorized for this moment. "If I am to bear children and ensure that they too inherit power and influence in this country, I must learn your ways which have proven highly effective."

A wicked chuckle escaped from Klaus' lips. "You flatter me, son." He remarked arrogantly.

A shiver ran up Dee's back, a smile from his father was never a good sign. "My aim is not to flood you with useless compliments, father. I wish to know all that you do. I desire a chance to stand beside you and be everything that you are."

"The opportunity may be closer than you think." He said cryptically.

Cocking his head to the side, Dee feigned ignorance. "Sir?"

Klaus took a deep breath and stood slowly up from his seat. He was taller than Dee and much more stout that the young man. His German heritage still lingered in his accent and in the proud angled features of the handsome man with the alabaster complexion and ink black hair.
For Dee, it was a never ending bout of anxiety being around the man with the booming voice and deadly stare. Even now as they spoke reasonably cordial to one another, an anxious ball of unease filled Dee's stomach as his father walked on heavy feet around his office, the wooden floorboards creaking with each carefully placed step.

"My word is absolute, my knowledge is endless, and this so called power you believe me to have is only charged by another realm of influence much more expansive than you nor I could have ever imagined."

He now stood behind Dee. "F-Father, I do not understand." He stammered quietly.

Long fingers curled onto the young man's shoulders, squeezing them slightly. Dee swore that if he so desired, Klaus could snap his neck without much fuss. The cold feel of his father's hand against him caused Dee to tremble. A satisfied chuckle filled the air. "This town filled with its paltry and malnourished land was on the very brink of dissolution." Klaus informed his son, patting the shaking man's head and walking back around to his chair.

"We had poured our blood, our wealth, our lives in fighting against being relegated as another lackluster group of pioneers grasping at a failed township. But I found the means to save this crumbling mass we call Fultonville, I found the means to pull us out of the muck and mire!" Sitting back down, he smiled at the confused looking man.

Dee rubbed the back of his neck and steadied his breathing. "What . . .what means, father?"

The smile grew wider. "Sacrifice."

Dread began to pool in the middle of Dee's chest. "Sacrifice?" The word barely made its way past his lips for his throat had suddenly gone dry.

"Do you recall two winters ago, the young girl from the Sutcliff family over by John Brown's farm on Victoria Hill?"

Dee nodded. "Yes, sir. She was the lovely red head-"

"The beautiful redhead! Yes! Helde Sutcliff!" He replied animatedly, the look of excitement filled his face. "She taught Sunday school, do you recall?"

"Yes, sir."

Again, the devilish smile spread across his face. "Do you also recall what happened to this young woman?"

Dee forced himself to articulate the words he did not want to speak. "She . . . she hung herself." He whispered.

Slamming his open palm against the surface of the desk, Klaus stared at his wide eyed son with steely eyes while pointing to the sky with his other hand. "Yes! John Brown found her swinging from her pretty neck from high above in the rafters of his dairy barn." His voice had turned emotionless, devoid of any true feeling.

Dee had almost yelped at his father's admission and frightening actions, a cold sweat had begun to pool on his forehead but he was gripping the arms of his chair in order to keep from bolting out the door.

Gulping audibly, Dee looked at his father. "W-what does this have to do wi-"
"She was our first sacrifice."

The room began to spin as terror gripped Dee's thumping heart. Death was laced intricately within his father's voice; it was now painfully clear that Klaus was the harbinger of something so menacing that he could confess to the murder of a young girl without so much as blinking an eye.

"Wha-what?" Dee gasped.

"There are thirteen families of moderate wealth and influence in this township, thirteen families willing to save this town from oblivion. It does not come without a price, my son, it comes with a heavy burden one must be courageous enough to undertake." Klaus spoke with a severity that seemed to bring the temperature of the room down several degrees. "We chose her simply because she was a virgin. There was nothing personal about it. The contract was made, a human life in return for a substantial harvest, is that not fair enough?"

"Sir?" Dee's nose twitched, was there a foulness in the air he had not noticed before? "She really did not take her own life?"

"That was the year our harvest was bountiful! " He smiled, pleased with his own actions. "It replenished not only the silos and the accounts with those money hungry banks! It restored our townspeople's faith in God and the land! We approached her with our needs and when she selfishly rejected our pleas, we took matters into our own hands."

Again, an unpleasant odor slipped through the air, perhaps a dead rodent in the walls?

Dee shook the thought out of his head as he again attempted to remain calm. "Who . . . what did you sacrifice her to?" He asked hesitantly, fearful of the answer.

"Asmodeus," he answered without hesitation. "The Demon Lord"

A catch in his throat almost caused Dee to choke; it felt as if he were beginning to suffocate. The smell that had started to permeate the room was pungent and nauseating; a thick stench of rotting flesh that seemed only to bother him. He looked at his father and found him staring stoically at him awaiting a response.

"A-A demon?" He asked with awe, swallowing hard the bile which threatened to bubble up past his lips. " B-But how?"

"Do not question my ways, son." Klaus retorted. "You need only know the results."

This would not do. "You must tell me what you did!" Dee insisted. "How did you do this?"

"Do you not feel repulsed? " Klaus mocked, waving his hand dismissively at the visibly agitated man. "Do you have no feelings of disgust? Where are your impulses for justice?"

"One life to spare hundreds?" Dee huffed. "There lies your justice, father. Helde was insignificant"

"Well said, Dietrich." His father smiled once again, malevolence painted brightly on his face. "You truly are a Michaelis to the core."

"Will your methods be, how shall I put it? Necessary in our near future?" Dee asked.

"Interesting of you to say that." Klaus drummed his fingertips against the shiny wood surface of his desk and pursed his lips in deep thought. "A contract is made with the expectation that both parties will benefit from the agreed upon transaction. I have discovered demons to be, how shall I put it?
Extremely fickle and selfish creatures "

"As one would imagine."

"They require souls to obtain not only their power, but their very existence." Dee watched his father with repulsion, knowing full well how this "knowledge" of these malicious beings was acquired. Imagine bargaining with a hungry monster, bent on consuming as many souls as possible and yet unable to do so without a proper contract! One soul shall not suffice, but what if we could barter future souls?"

"Future souls?" Dee echoed.

"Helde Sutcliffe was one of five children, she was sacrificed to the demon, Asmodeus and he devoured her soul; however, hers was not enough to solidify the deal."

"Truly?"

"We granted the demon the souls of every first born female child within the Sutcliff bloodline. For the next 300 or so years, a female Sutcliff born first to her family shall commit suicide, thus plunging her soul straight to Hell and the waiting gullet of the demon, Asmodeus." Klaus shook his head and sighed, "a small price to pay, wouldn't you say?"

"This was in return for the harvest?"

"Not just the harvest!" He spat indignantly, "We procured protection from disease, famine, and those damned Indians littering the forests and mountains waiting to raid our town and pillage everything we have worked for! I have single handedly guaranteed the protection of my people, of my kinsmen, of my future name and all generations before us!"

"One must pay the piper in the end, my son! One must give the tithe that is owed! However the means were met, it is the end result which matters most!" With every completion of a sentence his deep voice rose and he thundered on as if delivering a sermon on a fiery pulpit. He rose from his chair, wagging a finger at the heavens and proclaiming loudly. "I am the savior! I am the one who shall deliver us all from damnation!"

His father was too far gone, the dark unfeeling eyes looked almost magenta and catlike as the man raged on. There was no changing his mind, no turning back, no hope for battling the insidious forces already consuming the small town. If he were to protect Vincent, he would have to embrace whatever evil his father had tapped into and somehow make it his own.

"Father," Dee interrupted him gently. "I understand. It is a darker power I cannot fathom nor may I say that it does not frighten me, yet my trust and loyalties lie solely with you."

Klaus sat back down. "Good boy." He breathed, wiping his forehead with his linen kerchief. "I knew you would eventually come to my side."

"Whatever you need of me, I shall obey." Dee forced a smile. "W-Will there be another sacrifice?"

A low chuckle rose into the air as another round of the putrid scent slammed into Dee. The younger male coughed again and opened his lips slightly in order to breathe through his mouth. Waiting for his father to answer, he realized that his hands had started trembling.

"My son," Klaus opened a top drawer, reached in and produced a sheet of parchment paper. It looked like a signed contract. "You know of a child named Vincent Phantomhive?"
Dee's face blanched, every drop of blood housed within his body seemed to pool right at the very bottom of his feet. The smell of death suddenly overwhelmed him and as the room began to fade in and out of a translucent darkness, he could hear his father's calling out to him before he turned to the side of his chair and promptly vomited.
Chapter 17

Greetingzzzzzz!

Here's my complicated story again! Lol hope you all enjoy the creepy fun!

After this chapter things get really fucked up so it's not for the faint of heart, nope, not at all, ENJOY!!!!

Love to my love muffin, my MASTER SEME, AnimeCujo! Please Read, Review, Favorite and Follow!!!!!!

---

I smell sex and Candy here

Who's that lounging

In my chair

Who's that casting

Devious stares

In my direction

Mama this surely Is a dream

"Sex and Candy" Marcy Playground

---

"Forgive me for this intrusion, it is not in my nature to just drop by one's home without a proper invitation." Dr. Spears shrugged off his snow dusted coat and allowed Mey Rin to carry it off to the coat closet.

"I was passing by from the college and I wanted to drop off Ciel's assignment from the lecture he missed today." Eyeing the pale faced youngster slouched in the corner of the foyer, he instinctively knew that something was wrong. "Are you ill, Ciel?" He asked softly, reaching out to passively touch the blue eyed student's cheek with his fingertips.

"Yes, he is." Sebastian responded curtly, swiftly stepping in between the two men thus blocking Spears from coming near his boyfriend. "He's an asthmatic, chronic asthmatic, and these past winter storms have been really tough on him." Spears nodded his understanding, but narrowed his eyes at the glowering male before him.

"I see." He spoke lowly, removing his glasses for they had begun to fog up from the warmth of the house. "For such a strong young man, it must be difficult dealing with such an ailment."

Ciel felt a choking hold against his throat the moment he took in the sight of the dean without his glasses on. Was this Déjà vu? He wondered silently, the gnawing feeling of having known this man from some long ago time nipping at him like a hungry dog at his heels. Those eyes, jade green and piercingly harsh, he knew those eyes from a time where the crushing pain of fear and horror existed behind them.
"Ciel?" Sebastian turned to face his lover who had pressed his small body against his broad back. He could feel him trembling uncontrollably. "Are you cold?" He asked, encircling his arms around the shaking boy. "What's wrong, baby?" He murmured into his ear, nuzzling the silky blue hair with his face.

"You both are, ah, very close for cousins." Spears interrupted, he was becoming annoyed by the romantic display in front of him. Coming unexpectedly to the Butler House was part of a plan he had concocted in order to get closer to the delectable student. He could not stop the lascivious thoughts invading his mind since the previous day when he had been seduced into a sexual tryst with the slate haired beauty.

Living a life of frustration and hidden desperation was eating away at the stoic man's soul; there was nothing left in this world to bring him joy. He was a common drone, living and breathing for the sake of existence, but the arrival of Ciel into his hungry arms had sated that part of him.

Spears needed Ciel, he wanted him and he wanted him now.

"Sebastian, the snow is coming down harder!" Grell looked over his shoulder from the bay window in the living room, its square panes crusted with ice and snow. "It's getting treacherous out there!" His voice small and fearful. "Are we going to be able to leave in the morning?"

"The plows usually begin clearing the main roads when the storm passes." Spears stooped down to unties his wet boots. "There are only two, so they won't take long to clean up the side roads and residential areas."

"Sir, you-you can't go back out!" Mey Rin nervously twisted her white apron in her hands. "I-I don't even think it was quite safe for you to drive out here with the way things are!"

Sebastian watched the twittering red headed girl anxiously pull at her clothing and took note of the scarlet blotches of sauce splattered carelessly against the frilly trimmed smock.

It looks like blood, he thought numbly, swallowing the lump that had formed in his throat.

"If it isn't too much trouble . . . " Spears hesitated as he put on his now clean glasses. "I would like to remain here just for tonight." Pushing the spectacles up the bridge of his nose, he smiled at Sebastian. "Wouldn't want your boss to have a near fatal accident, now would we?"

Sebastian stared at the tall men with disbelief. How was he going to be able to accomplish any type of research or reading tonight with this man around?

"I-ah-no, of course not!" He returned the smile with a tight lipped one of his own. "Mey Rin, would you mind seeing him upstairs to one of the spare room?"

"Y-Yes sir!" She chirped, leading the dean by his arm, "Come this way! Wash up and be ready for dinner in half an hour!" Nearly stumbling up the steps, the clumsy girl dragged him with her. His eyes never leaving Ciel who remained hiding behind Sebastian.

Sebastian's eyes burned like slitted embers, watching the strange interactions between his cowering lover and their surprisingly bold visitor. "Why didn't you greet him properly?" He murmured slowly, turning around slowly to face the shivering young man. "You look scared to death." A thin black eyebrow quirked as he examined Ciel's face in search for answers.

He did not like the fact that Spears had appeared out of nowhere just when he was trying to make a breakthrough with the strange happenings in the house, plus he wanted to keep the sleep study a secret from the dean. It was no one's business what Ciel was going through, but it was far more
than that reasoning which had the professor anxious.

"You met with Dr. Spears right before the sleep study, correct?" He asked. Using the tips of his fingers, he raised Ciel's chin and tilted the heart shaped face upwards so that he could fix his eyes onto Ciel's. They were suddenly wide with terror. "In his office, am I correct?" He insisted, roughly gripping the small chin and producing a weak whimper from the frightened man.

"Ah, Sebs? Can we please go back into the great room with Undie?" Grell asked nervously, he twisted his long hair between his fingers. "He's in there reading the town history and I think we need to refocus here."

"I know that smell." He hissed between gritted teeth. His face was contorted in an ugly glare as the realization of what he just discovered came into light. "I smell his cheap cologne right now, and it's the same fucking smell I found on you yesterday!"

"No!" Ciel cried, slapping the offending hand away from his face. A bright red mark remained blotched against his skin where he had been pinched. "His whole fucking office smells like that! I told you-"

"Sebastian, please!" Grell pleaded. "The books! Remember the books!"

"Fine!" Sebastian turned sharply at his heels and stormed past Grell and into the great room where a coffee table littered with various documents and books lay scattered awaited him. "But I'm not done with you or that bastard just yet." He snarled

Ciel swallowed hard, it was becoming out of hand, the rampant jealousy and violent emotional attacks he was receiving from Sebastian. A part of him resented the behavior and yet he blamed himself for pushing the professor to his very limits. He was playing a very dangerous game he did not mean to begin, nor partake in. Clutching the front of his shirt, Ciel breathed in deeply, the tension of the entire day, as well as the past week, had thrown him into a state of despair. He was bone weary.

The photo!

Snapping into the awareness, Ciel collected himself and made for the great room where the three men were discussing something extremely important. How could almost forget about the missing photo? He berated himself, this was all part of the strange activities unfolding within the house!

"Ke ke ke ke!" The cackling laughter froze Ciel in his tracks just as he rounded the corner towards the entryway of the room. Recognizing the cawing like snickering of the head of the New York City's Coroner's office, Ciel tiptoed silently towards the edge of the doorway so not to be seen.

Grell's boyfriend, The Undertaker, was pawing through a worn looking book, a broad smile spread across his face which was half covered by a crown of silvery long hair. He was an odd character, but a capable one who was of great help to the NYPD forensics and Detective's Unit. There was never a case he couldn't crack, never a body he couldn't identify whether it be personal information or cause of death. The man had an indisputable source of knowledge and by far the greatest gift he possessed was a photogenic memory. One could almost see him as a mega savant.

Wonder what he sees in that red headed freak show, Ciel thought.

"What are you giggling about?" Sebastian snapped, his patience worn thin, throwing one of the books down on the table with a loud bang, he stared at the still smiling coroner. "How can any of this possibly be funny?"
"Patterns!" He snorted, doubling over in laughter with the book still held firmly in his hands. Grell sat with mouth agape, shocked at the strange outburst.

"Undie!" He gasped, reaching out and grabbing ahold of the laughing man's shoulder. "Stop it. What the hell is wrong with you?"

"Patterns?" Sebastian gripped his hands together and swore to himself that he would throttle the irritating man after he had received his information. "What do you mean, patterns?"

"Patterns, historical repetition, themes, rituals, they are never random, never without reason, never for the sake of just being." He had stopped laughing, instead his face took a severe pose. His jaw was set firmly, one pea green eye escaped through the silvery wisps of his bangs and shone bright as it set its sight on Sebastian.

"My entire life is surrounded by patterns," his mocking voice filled the room as he continued. "I can see the footmarks of time and human nature embed themselves through time. They give away motives, reasons, the desires and fears of common people and the elite. Patterns are everywhere, but you must have an eye for them lest they escape you." He chuckled, looking at the book in his hands. "Pieces of a puzzle." He murmured.

"Who chose this house?" He demanded, looking back up at Sebastian.

"Ciel." Sebastian answered. "But I chose to work at the local university first!" He quickly added.

A sickening warmth began to converge within the pit of Ciel's stomach.

"Yes, you were recruited by Spears," he mused, tapping his chin with a black tipped nail. "How did he hear of this house?" He asked.

Sebastian shrugged. "I believe he contacted a real estate agent from this area and she referred us to here."

"How convenient." The Undertaker sighed, sitting back in his chair, he flipped through some more pages and waved the book at Grell. "I want you out of this house first thing tomorrow morning." He informed his lover. "I will leave with you only because my files are at my office and I need to study them before I can be of any help."

"Wait, wait, you still haven't explained what you mean by pattern!" Sebastian cut in. "What patterns?"

"Give me two days," he replied cryptically. "Two days."

Ciel backed away from the doorway and willed himself not to yell out, what did picking the house have to do with anything? He thought frantically, I didn't want to go through any of this!

In truth, Ciel had been looking for numerous places to rent in Fultonville since Sebastian would be working in the town's university. It was only one of many he had looked into. The only reason he chose the Butler House was the unbelievably cheap rent. And if anyone should be blamed for anything, it was Sebastian who put him in the position to have to meet up with Spears!

A sudden jolt of memory almost knocked Ciel to the floor. His open hand shot out and landed on the wall, the sweaty palm slipping down the smooth painted wall as he struggled to remain standing, his other hand clutching his thundering heart. He smelled something, something new in the air. It was sweet and pungent, and yet the scent of smoldering ashes was present. He began to see scarlet blots painted along the wood floorboards and a chill pierced his heart.
Spears! That face! He knew him from before! He thought, desperately trying to sort out his manic thoughts. The smells, the images of red splattered everywhere, the feeling of being somewhere far and yet so near assaulting his senses all at once.

"B-But when?" He stammered. "W-When would we-?"

"Ciel?" Turning around, he found himself face to face with the dean whose handsome face was clouded with worry. "What happened?" He asked, brows furrowed as he stepped closer to the distressed young student.

"I-I'm not feeling well." Ciel whispered, holding out his hand to the concerned man. "H-Help me!" He begged, falling into the welcoming arms held out before him. Burying his face into the man's chest, he began to mumble incoherently.

"Ciel, stop it!" Spears managed to place both hands on the boy's face in order to lift up his head. "Sebastian is in the next room!"

Cool blue eyes arrested him immediately, halting the flow of blood and reason to his brain. Spears stared at the suddenly composed and eerily calm man before him, a seductive smile had taken purchase of the lovely pale face he held gently in his hands.

"Take me upstairs." Ciel purred, a pink cat like tongue flicking briefly out and passed along his bottom lip, leaving it glistening in the low lights of the hallway. The urge to lean forward and suck on that sensuous skin shot through Spears. "And fuck me." He breathed, eyes half lidded and inviting.

It was pure madness, Spears told himself, as Ciel led him up the stairs, down the hallways, and into the master bedroom. His mind seemed to be in a fog while the world around him moved in slow motion. The fear of being caught lost its battle against the animalistic lust coursing through his body. All he could think of was becoming connected once again to that delicious body, all he could think of was how good it would feel once again to slip himself into the tightness of one so unattainable and yet so willing. All he could hear was that melodic sweet voice, the voice of youth and bestial passion and all he could feel was . . .

Scratches against the bottom of his bare feet?

Blinking his eyes rapidly, Spears looked around and found himself in Ciel and Sebastian's bedroom. He was standing shirtless by the side of the bed while Ciel sat in front of him naked. Looking down he could feel the roughness of the wood floor boards digging into the delicate flesh of the pads of his feet and he frowned. All around the room the floor was a beautiful smooth deep cherry finish, what was he standing on?

"What's this?" He grunted, lifting his foot to get a better look at the floor. Ciel sat silent, stone still as he watched Spears squint in an attempt to figure out the pattern on the floor.

Eyes suddenly widened, "C-Ciel!" Spears sucked in a harsh breath, snapping his head up as his body began to tremble uncontrollably. Fear had wrapped itself tightly around his throat; the protruding points of the pattern on the floor struck deeply within him. "D-Do you see this-" he stuttered before terror stole his words.

And the last Spears did see, before a strangled scream could wrench itself free from his mouth, were the glowing red eyes of the boy; his mouth stretched wide in a maleficent toothy grin full of evil intent.
Alois had a foreboding feeling that things were about to turn ugly.

On the way to the University, he had received a call from an irate Lizzie. Her screeching voice resonated throughout the car he was driving.

"I kept that bastard here for like, forever!" She spoke shrilly into her cell phone. "I purposely fucked up paperwork, got bitched out for it, and had to redo the filing cabinet because you asked me to stall this douchebag and now you cop an attitude because he left before you got here?"

"I needed him to stay there until I arrived!" He snarled. "Is it my fault this storm kept me from getting there sooner?"

"It's not my bad, is it?" She yelled, furious at the lack of appreciation from her friend. "Next time take care of your own shit!" She fumed, hanging up on him.

"I thought we were going to the campus?" Jerrica gave the clearly irate fallen angel a questioning look, watching him turn the steering wheel thus changing the direction of the car away from the college. "We were one block away! What are you thinking?"

"I'm thinking that you better stop asking me pointless questions and start sniffing the air." He retorted, gripping the wheel tightly. The snowstorm was bearing down on them harder than before and visibility as getting less and less as the sun started going down behind the mountains. "I can get us through the mess, but I can't detect the target, drive this fucking shit tank on four wheels and keep a look out for those damned demons!"

"Fine! No need for your attitude!" Jerrica pouted, Alois bristled at the second mention of his attitude, but refrained from speaking as Jerrica tilted her button nose to the air, she closed her eyes and took a deep whiff.

It was no easy task for her being so young in their realm, but it was one of the traits of her kind. Detection of higher and lower beings. Each and every living and nonliving being possessed a "mark" which identified them as far as their power level, species, gender, age, etc. Not all beings could "smell" this mark, it was a gift given only to angels and demons,

"I-I smell something . . . faint and . . ." Jerrica wrinkled her nose. "Oh, it doesn't make sense!" She huffed, annoyed at her own inability to pinpoint the mark.

"Try again." Alois insisted. Switching the wipers on to full speed.

"I am!" The young angel clenched her fists and took another deep sniff.

The air was bitter cold and although they were inside the car, the winds whipped the scents of the entire town everywhere. Humans generally had the same form of smell, but she sensed something very different among their kind. "I smell....blood." She breathed, her elegant hands crept up her chest, long fingers wrapped themselves around her neck and gripped the flesh firmly as she spoke. "Blood, I smell blood and that burning smell after you blow out a candle." She dropped her hands on her lap and snapped her eyes open. "Alois-

"I can't find the target anymore. Fuck!" He cursed loudly, slamming his fist against the dashboard. "We missed him! He's at the house, I know it! I can't "see" him because he's already at the house!"

"Are we too late?" Jerrica whispered fearfully.
Steeping on the pedal, the humming motor blared as the car lurched forward, picking up speed. Something was in the house making sure that a barrier was keeping everything hidden from the outside world. Claude had seen the strange blue lights in the basement; spirits emitted light since they lacked corporeal bodies. Blue and white lights were indicative of good souls while red lights signified demonic souls.

The basement had to be the epicenter, he reasoned whatever was being kept downstairs to have a direct link to Ciel and Sebastian.

"How the hell are we going to get into that house?" He grumbled, carefully maneuvering the car onto the main highway. "Here," he fished out his cell phone from his pocket and tossed it onto Jerrica's lap, "call Claude and tell him that I'll be at his place in twenty minutes."

"Are you serious?" Jerrica cried. "At a time like this-!"

"Don't start." He waved his hand dismissively in her face to quiet her down. "I need him to get into the house, he's a cop, they do illegal shit all the time and get away with it." He chuckled, tapping the girl on her shoulder. "Hurry up and call
Chapter 18

Greetings

First of all I want to give serious mad props to my fellow writer and BFF AnimeCujo who was trolled by some punk ass GUEST reviewer who took it upon themselves to report her to FF.net! So it's ok for thousands of people to write and post stories about crime, drug abuse, physical abuse and murder, but not ok to write exceptionally well written work about men making love. That's bullshit and if AnimeCujo leaves FF.net then I'm out too because she's true to who she is. She is a brilliant and thoughtful writer who is far better than some of the gratuitous shit that's out there. But she and I don't judge, write your heart out, have at it, but mind your fucking business while you're at it. It's a short life, why waste time playing out your jealousy by reporting a writer who has helped so many others find their inner talents?!?

If it wasn't for AnimeCujo there would be no Black Rose Eden.

Thanks for entertaining my rant! Hope you enjoy my shitty story, love u all!

Why am I so cold?

Ciel shivered, his arms wrapped tightly around his thin self, as he lay curled up on the surface of his huge bed. Amidst the ivory white duvet with the patchwork design of light blue and deep maroon squares, he appeared small and fragile, almost childlike. His black hair was splayed out in a messy haphazard way, wispy bangs partially covering his drooping eyelids. Dark sapphire orbs fought to focus as mind hazily recalled what had happened only moments before.

He had come face to face with Dean Spears in the hallway downstairs . . .

Next thing he knew, he was here, nestled comfortably, but chilled, on the bed he shared with Sebastian.

The grogginess heavily seated on his head was making it difficult to get up from his position. Every limb felt like leaden weights; why was he so drained? Taking in a deep breath, Ciel braced himself and began unraveling his arms from around his frame.

"I have to get up." He murmured, drowsy beyond reason, he struggled with rolling onto his back. "How the Hell did I get here?" He wondered aloud, gritting his teeth as he pushed his hands palm down and forced himself into an upright position.

The room was cold, ice cold to the point that he could see his breath pour from his mouth in warm burst of vaporous clouds. His entire body was trembling, but he could not understand whether or not he shook from the frigid temperature, or from an inexplicable sense of fear. The tightness in his chest was beginning to hurt, painful little stabs softly peppering his skin with needle points of anxiety. It was all so strange, so surreal, as if he wasn't supposed to be there. Instead, he had the feeling that someone else was there with him.

"But I'm alone." He whispered, rubbing his face with his hands, the numbing cold was causing his eyes to tear up. "I'm always alone." There was something achingly depressing about the room, amidst its brightness and cozy decorum the illusion of warmth was dissipating quickly. For Ciel, this was a tomb.
Swinging his legs over the side of the bed, the young man willed himself to move. He was suffocating, losing his breath and quite possibly his mind. If he did not find Sebastian he was going to . . .

"Die?" Ciel's eyes widened at the sound of his own voice echoing in the still air. Why did he say that?

The moment his feet hit the floor, he winced without provocation. Looking down at his feet, a part of him had expected his bare feet to meet with a rough surface, but why? All he could see and feel was the smooth gleaming cherry wood floor boards.

So many questions, so many missing answers, he thought irritably.

Before he could further question himself, a slip of memory passed, gossamer like, in front of his eyes. It was brief, almost like a whisper from the past, but he saw it clearly and it almost stopped him from running out of the room.

It was the floor, under the bed, a carving in the wood made by many hands. Five points, a star filled with strange etchings.

In a second, the memory was gone.

In the next second, Ciel bolted out of the bone chilling room, frantic and desperate to flee the images of death and evil.

"I see him!" Alois cried, stopping short in his tracks just before entering Claude's apartment. "Holy shit! I see him!"

After parking the car in front of the decrepit looking building his lover lived in, Alois had decided to do a quick scanning of the town while he and Jerrica shuffled through the mounds of snow to get to Claude's place. The fallen angel had shut out Jerrica's complaining about the lack of shoveled sidewalks in favor of trying to establish where the target had gone. At first it seemed hopeless until he "saw" him.

Dean Spears driving back to the campus.

"He left the house?" Jerrica frowned, brushing snow off of her head as they stood outside. "So he's still alive?"

The apartment door opened and a golden light bathed the angels, Claude stood at the threshold with arms crossed. "What's going on?" He asked flatly, eyeing the female with disdain. "And why is she here?" He grumbled.

"How dare you speak of me that way!" Jerrica seethed. "I am a higher being!"

"Enough." Alois barked, glancing at the smirking man. "Change of plans, the target has moved and we have to intercept him back at the college."

"Wait, he left the house?" Claude blinked, "but why?"

Jerrica lifted her nose to the air and sniffed. "The smell of burnt offerings is stronger." She stated, breathing in again, her nostrils flaring from the unpleasant odors. "And . . . why do I smell . . . rotten meat?"
"Fuck!" Alois pointed at the bewildered cop. "You! You're on surveillance for the night at the house!" Grabbing his subordinate by her arm, Alois dragged her back to the car. "We may have a chance to stop him!"

"But what if we can't? Then what?" Jerrica slammed the car door shut and glared at her superior. "Are we really going to have to kill Ciel?"

Claude watched the car drive off, mindful that angels were not prone to car accidents and he needn't worry about them driving in such poor weather, but a part of him was still worried. Turning back into the living room, he slipped on his thick winter down jacket and wool hat. A black gym bag filled with equipment was quickly snatched up from the floor as he made his way out. The mission and order was clear and he would faithfully obey.

But he was afraid for his immortal lover because even those touched by a high power understood the limitations of every being in existence.

Angels residing outside of paradise could be destroyed by a demon and vice versa.

It was a free for all for all once holy and unholy beings stepped outside of their realms. Alois and Jerrica were in dangerous situations, sacrificing themselves in order to save thousands of souls from damnation and death. Claude stopped right before opening his car door, his hand gripping the handle tightly.

If Alois dies, he was lost forever to him; if Alois succeeded, he would ascend to heaven . . .

"And you'd still be lost to me." He sighed, golden eyes closed for a second as the silence of the wintry night enveloped his broken heart.

But to know that his golden haired love would smile easily once more, would be reunited with the glory he had once cherished, would be finally forgiven for his betrayal, it was enough to be able to let him go. To understand the truth of love was to readily accept the pain that often accompanied it.

Claude swung the door open and hopped into the driver's side, the turn of the ignition key brought the vehicle to life, rumbling motor and bright lights filled his ears as he thought about the ancient man he fell in love with.

Yes, there was sacrifice and suffering involved on all their parts, but he would endure it. He was a strong man, and he would endure it for Alois.

"Wait, he left?" Sebastian stared at Mey Rin, amazed at how the red head cowered before him when she delivered the news. "And you let him go?!"

"I I I I'm sorry!" She cried, covering her tear stained face with both hands, "H-He insisted! S-Said he f-forgot papers a-a-at the c-c-campus-!"

"Ok, enough, please, stop!" Sebastian snapped, standing in the kitchen with his hands on his waist, he knew that looming over the tiny woman was causing her more anxiety than was necessary. "It's not your fault, he is an adult and can make his own crazy decisions." Shaking his head in disbelief, he looked out the kitchen window and whistled lowly.

"In this weather he hops back in the car to go back to work, insanity, pure insanity." Turning back his attention to the trembling maid, he offered her a kind smile. "Don't worry, I'm sure he'll be fine." He assured her, patting her on the head as one would to soothe a frightened puppy, "No need to get upset."
Mey Rin sniffed and wiped her nose with a tissue, eyes pink tinged from her excessive bawling. "Y-Yes sir." She whimpered, looking down at her feet. "Dinner is ready." She mumbled, glancing up at the tall man. "I'll get Ciel."

"Isn't he in the kitchen?" Sebastian looked past the young woman and shrugged. "Alright, I'm finishing up in the great room, give us five minutes, ok?"

"Yes, sir!" Mey Rin piped brightly, turning quickly towards the stairs.

Her scarlet hair was messy and it stuck out in two sloppy pigtails, paired with her large glasses and slight form, the woman appeared more like a little girl playing house than a grown woman. She bounded up the stairs on cat like feet and made her way to the master bedroom.

Sebastian watched, fascinated by her fluid movements and speed. As awkward as she was with simple tasks, she had proven herself as an excellent cook and punctual worker. No matter the task, Mey Rin never said no and she never left anything unfinished. Sebastian felt relieved having her around, as comical as it was to watch her bumbling ways, he knew he could count on her when a crisis arose.

Sighing deeply, Sebastian made his way back into the great room where Grell and The Undertaker were immersed in the book of demonology. Resting his chin the silver haired man's shoulder, Grell pursed his lips and pointed at the page they were both reading.

"But this doesn't make sense." He commented, narrowing bright jade eyes at the information before him. "Asmodeus is a prime demon, why would that creature be involved in anything so menial as a small town and some inhabitants?" Turning the page, Grell pointed to another section. "Asmodeus is the demon of lust and sexual deviance, what does that have to do with a town founded almost three hundred years ago?"

"The question should truly be, why not?" Undertaker smiled and tapped the page. "Why did Hansel and Gretel create a trail of breadcrumbs?" He asked, a wide grin crossed his face as he peered through his bangs directly at Sebastian.

"Wha-What?" Crossing his arms, Sebastian stared down at the chuckling man. "What are you talking about?" He demanded.

"Why would two children, abandoned in a dark forest, create a trail of breadcrumbs?" He asked again, this time the smile was gone.

"So they could find their way back home?" Grell ventured in a small voice, clearly confused by the odd question. "But what does this have to do with a horny demon?"

Snapping the book shut, the coroner tilted his head and pointed at Sebastian, "and why didn't those poor unfortunate souls find their way home?"

Sebastian knitted his brows, taking his time to thoroughly ponder the cryptic questions. His mind whirled with endless scenarios, possible answers and countless explanations, however, it all seemed so surreal to him.

"I-I'm not quite sure." He admitted tiredly. "I'm trying to figure this out but-"

"Think like a predator, Sebastian." The Undertaker barked, slapping his knee and causing Grell to nearly jump out of his skin. "Think like a demon!"

Sebastian looked at the books on the table and it all began to meld into one thought.
"Demons consume souls," he reasoned aloud, scratching his chin as he reflected upon his own prior knowledge. "If I were a demon, a major one, I would want to consume as many as possible since the amount of souls equals the extent of my power."

"Go on." Undertaker encouraged him.

"As a demon, I would want an endless supply," he continued, pacing the floor as the thoughts came pouring forth, "but an endless supply only comes if you have a deal with individual humans. Well, at least that is what my studies and findings have instructed me." He paused in mid step and looked at the two men on the couch. "Hansel and Gretel left breadcrumbs so they could find their way back to their home, but birds ate the bread crumbs and so they were lost and never made their way back."

Grell shook his head. "I'm confused!" He cried, throwing his hands up in frustration. "Someone explain this all to me!" He begged.

"If I were a demon," Sebastian rolled his eyes up to the ceiling and took a deep breath, letting the air come out slowly through his nose as he concentrated on unraveling the facts. "I would create a contract that never ended."


"Asmodeus must have created a trail of souls, a way for him to come back here to this town." Sebastian walked over to the coffee table, knelt down and grabbed the worn diary. "And I think the answer lies in Dee Michaelis' diary."

"The answer also lies within Ciel." The Undertaker spoke softly, extending his hand out and grabbing Sebastian's shoulder. "That boy is the key here, once I get to my office tomorrow, I'll have more answer for you."

"But what about the missing photo? My bleeding eyes? The number 13 drawn by some fucking invisible hand in wine for God's sake!" Grell's voice reached a pitch of hysteria, his face tight and blanched with panic. He wrung his hands and dug them into his chest as he tried to control the screeching outburst.

"I have no clue about the supernatural except for whatever wild story Sebs here tells me, but what about the things that are concrete? What about that?!" He panted heavily, nerves shot to hell as he swallowed hard the fear choking him.

He was a man who never took much interest in the realm of the paranormal, however, he was now knee deep in something sinister and unknown. The closest he had ever come to dealing with death was the loss of his beloved older sister to suicide. Other than that, he chalked up ghost stories as just that, ghost stories.

"The phenomena of your eyes bleeding is a form, or should I say, a reaction rooted in stigmata." Sebastian spoke slowly, easing the information into his distraught best friend. Dark eyes locked onto green as the professor calmly explained the events. "It may not make sense to you, but I've witnessed and studied many accounts and occurrences of people bleeding from one or both eyes after having sighted another worldly entity."

Pressing his lips together, Sebastian nodded his head at Grell. "You saw something, or witnessed an action by a spirit or some force from the other side and for whatever inexplicable reason, your eyes reacted and bled out."
Grell sucked in a harsh breath, his heart thudding painfully against his chest. "I-I saw a photo!" He whispered, looping his trembling arms around his boyfriend's waist. "It was just a photo! And now it's gone!"

"It was a clue, perhaps a warning." Sebastian sighed. "There are forces in this house that are either trying to harm us or help us and I can't tell which."

"It all has to do with the trail." Undertaker cackled, drawing the shivering redhead closer to him. "There is a trail to follow and we are going to find it." He said with finality.

"Can this trail be broken?" Grell asked, his voice trembling slightly. "I mean, if this is all true, if this is real, can we stop this from happening?"

Silence fell among the three men, the howling of the winter storm piercing the air as the grimness of their situation became apparent. There was a larger story behind this mystery, one in which lives and souls were at stake. Sebastian had considered moving out of the house and going back to the city, and yet something compelled him to stay there. Perhaps it was a sense of duty, or more, it was the fear that whatever was haunting them, would find a way to follow them like a mad dog after a wayward prey, no matter where they ran.

The evil would find them.

Ciel stumbled out of the room, a fresh sheen of sweat pooling on his face. Where had Spears gone? He wondered frantically as his eyes adjusted to the dimly lit hallway. Before he could form another coherent thought, he felt his body freeze on the spot the moment his eyes caught the dark form standing in the middle of the hallway.

"It's time." A willowy voice purred from the shadows; the icy tone cut through the air like a razor. "It's time." The figure repeated, light glowing from behind its shapely silhouette.

Ciel squinted his eyes. "Wha-what?" He stammered, nervously stepping back.

"Ciel! It's time for dinner!" Mey Rin stepped forward, her face bathed in the light of one of the amber sconces burning lowly on the wall. She wore a questioning look. "Come on, stop messing with me!" She giggled cutely, grabbing the skittish young man by the arm. "Dinner's going to get cold and I worked really hard on it!"

Ciel squeezed his eyes shut and looked at the earnest pretty face of the maid. "I-I'm sorry." He mumbled, rubbing his hands over his beleaguered face. "You, how do I say this? You looked... different." He chuckled, shaking his head. "This has to be the craziest day and night of my life!"

"I'm sorry to hear that." She smoothed his bangs away from his damp face and patted his cheek. "You're so good and smart and it's not fair that you have to suffer from these night terrors."

"Tell me about it." He smiled at the sympathetic woman and leaned in to give her a tight hug. "But it could be worse, right?" He sighed into her mop top hair.

"True, true," she agreed, returning the hug with one of her own, "you could be dead."

Ciel felt his body jolt slightly. "Dead?" He echoed, releasing the woman and staring at her. "What do you me-?"

"Yeah, dead. At least you're not dead!" She smiled, pulling at his sleeve. "Now can we please get you downstairs? Sebastian and the others are starving!" Her eyes were alight with excitement while
she chatted away about the lovely Italian pot roast with garlic potatoes she had prepared for tonight.

It was slightly jarring for Ciel, the mention of death from such a bright and sparkling young woman. He allowed his eyes to trail across her face as they descended the stairs arm in arm. How long her thick lashes were! He noticed, admiring the deep brown of her keen eyes, and the petite hands clutching at his arm were surprisingly strong. Taking a closer look, he suddenly realized the glint of white peeking out from her mouth, her gleaming canines were quite long, sharp and pointed, almost as if she were a vampire or wolf.

Ciel chuckled inwardly, my, he thought with humor, what sharp teeth you have!

Shoving the silly thoughts aside, he passed by the foyer and entered the dining room with Mey Rin. Sebastian was as usual at the head of the table sipping a large glass of red wine while Grell and Undertaker sat next to each other on his left. A seat on the right was empty and reserved for Ciel. Upon taking in the large table set with crisp white blue trimmed china and crystal glasses filled with ice water, he noticed that lack of one guest.

"Where's Dean Spears?" He asked, detaching himself from the maid and making his way to his seat.

Sebastian rolled his eyes. "He left, without even saying goodbye!"

"Rude, simply rude." Undertaker giggled, taking a healthy gulp of his own goblet.

"More like lucky bastard." Grell muttered.

"Left? In this storm? Without saying anything?" Ciel sat down and looked at his boyfriend in disbelief. "You didn't see him leave?"

"Why do you care so much?" Sebastian frowned, nodding his thanks at Mey Rin as she scooped food from a silver bowl onto his plate. "No one threw him out, he left under his own volition."

"It's not that I care!" Ciel protested quickly. "It's just, well, the weather is so bad and it's weird that he came and went without at least telling you, or anyone for that matter!"

"Come on baby, let's just enjoy our dinner together, ok?" Sebastian reached out and caressed Ciel's cool cheek with his fingertips, causing the student's face to flush bright red. "You've had a really difficult couple of days, try to relax and not worry about anyone else." He offered him a warm smile and tugged playfully at one of Ciel's bluish strands, earning a shy grin from the boy.

"Yeah, fine." He relented, turning his head to plant a kiss against the gently stroking fingers tickling his skin. "Thanks for always looking out for me." He whispered into the palm of his lover's hand.

Sebastian was pleased, it wasn't often that Ciel showed such an affectionate action willingly. With everything that had occurred throughout the evening, he was convinced that he was able to protect his young love. Nothing was going to happen to Ciel, he assured himself, no matter what they faced, he would surely conquer it.

The winter storm pounded mercilessly against the Butler House, the sound of the wind mournfully filling the air with its cries. Dinner went on peacefully, coaxing the weary foursome into retiring to their beds. Thinking of the treacherous roads, Sebastian insisted that Mey Rin spend the night in one of the rooms upstairs.
She had protested at first, citing the fact that she was not supposed to stay in the house overnight since it was not part of her contract; however, Sebastian stated the fact that her poor excuse of a car was already half buried in snow and it would cause Ciel incredible anxiety if she were to leave. The young woman relented, promising to leave as soon as she had served breakfast in the morning.

"I don't want to be a bother." She mumbled, nervously fidgeted, her small hands gripping her sauce stained apron as she stood before the tall man who could only smile gently at the woeful sight before him.

"You are never a bother." He replied quietly, patting her head as if she were a forlorn puppy. "You are more help than you could ever imagine."

With that, the house finally descended into a quiet evening of rest.

Or so Sebastian would have thought.

Ciel tossed restlessly the entire night, his thin body was a sheet of sweat and hot flashes, skin clammy and trembling to the touch. Sebastian held him tightly, worried at the sudden rise and fall of his lover's body temperature. He had attempted to force Ciel into taking his seizure medication, but the stubborn student refused. His lips pressed together tightly when Sebastian had made an effort to hand him his pills and a glass of water.

"Fuck no." The boy had growled, glaring menacingly at his boyfriend. "Get that shit away from me."

"Obstinate brat." Sebastian muttered irritably as he dropped the pills back into the bottle. "If you have a seizure tonight, there is no way we can take you to the hospital."

"Good!" Ciel shot back, pulling his bed sheets up to his chin and pouting. "I'm never going back there again!"

And so the night wore on, the howling wind encircled the Butler House like an injured wild animal, prowling and screaming its discontent. Sebastian shivered as he felt Ciel twitch and shudder, encased securely within his embrace. The boy slept deeply, but it was no peaceful slumber.

What dark images and words was he being tossed about in? The worried professor wondered, looking down at the pinched face bathed in the purple white glow of a stormy night sky. How was this delicate and tortured man whom he loved with all his heart connected to such a wicked being?

The key was Ciel's past, a closely guarded secret most likely filled with pain and grief. Sebastian had made numerous attempts at researching it and always came up empty handed, it was almost as if Ciel never existed until the day they met. He smiled, in spite of himself, at the thought that they were alive solely for the purpose of each other. It was a wildly romantic dream, but Sebastian chose to indulge in the fantasy.

He adored Ciel, the feisty, intelligent, passionate, and mysterious student who could entice him at any given moment with just a look from those cerulean blue eyes. The way his waif like body fit perfectly in his arms, the whispery soft scent of lavender emanating from his porcelain skin, the bright awakening of his childish smile, it all belonged to Sebastian.

Ciel was worth every tear drop, every anguished cry, every bout of anger and betrayal, he was worth more than that and it frightened Sebastian as to how attached he was to the younger male. Yet, he would never give him up, never in a million years.
As he held his lover in his arms and rocked him tenderly, whispering soothing words into his ear, the snow began to lessen and the wind ceased its plaintive cries.

And a pair of golden eyes watched intently as red lights flickered and danced through the clouded window of the basement.

"Hurry!" Alois panted as he tore through the campus on foot, his legs pounding through the snow drifts. "We have to get to his office NOW!"

His hair was matted against his face, wet and stringy from the falling snow. Behind him was Jerrica who wore an expression of sheer panic on her face. They had arrived at the campus and found that the roads leading to the administrative house were all blocked by mounds of ice and snow. It would be impossible to maneuver around them with the car, so they abandoned the vehicle at the front entrance of the campus and headed out on foot.

There were several light posts glowing dimly and attached to them were security cameras, but the angels moved at lightning speed and so they dismissed the idea of staying within the shadows and whipped past the security without a trace.

"We're almost there!" Alois cried, pointing at the dark building ahead of them. "What do you smell?" He turned to look at the disheveled girl, her own hair pointing in five different directions.

"I . . ." she stopped and sniffed the air around them, "I smell rotten meat, but it's faint." She looked at Alois's face and saw his face contort in anger. "What?" She questioned.

"The demons were here." He grunted, wiping his sweaty face with a gloved hand. "Those assholes were here."

"We can't stand out here like this." Jerrica trudged towards the blond, she didn't like the way he was gritting his teeth and clenching his hands. He appeared on the cusp of a violent outburst. "We need to get to Spears." She reminded, tugging at his coat sleeve. Alois nodded and turned back to the direction of the small archaic building.

Elizabeth had once given him an extra key on the sly, in case Alois had ever needed a place for drinking, smoking pot, or having sex. She often used the Dean's office herself for her own debaucherous needs, cackling about how fun it was to "fuck on the Dean's desk." The thought had made Alois chuckle, knowing he could have easily entered into the building without a key, yet for some reason, tonight, he felt the need to go through the front door.

The small hallway was blanketed in darkness and all that could be heard was the ticking of the battery operated clock mounted on the wall above Elizabeth's desk. Jerrica reached for the light switch, but found that the power was out.

"Do you smell that?" She hissed, motioning towards the area where Spears's office was located. "I smell rot . . .but I'm also getting something . . . flowery." Her pretty face scrunched up in confusion at the polar opposite scents.

Alois nodded and slipped off his wet boots and coat, leaving them on the rubber welcome mat so as to not trail damp foot prints throughout the office. "I can't place the flower," he muttered, his nostrils flaring slightly, "but the demons were definitely here."

The holy pair walked with cat like feet through the darkness, cautiously making their way around the desk and heading towards the dean's office. The dull throb of dread pulsed slowly throughout their bodies. This fear they felt was not for their own safety, but more for the fact that they may
have failed. Each step brought them closer and closer to a possible reality they did not want to face.

They walked closely together, Alois in the lead while Jerrica shadowed him. Senses on high alert, the angels were ready to face down any force of diabolical menace.

Upon reaching the door, Alois noticed that it was ajar. He took a deep breath and closed his hand around the brass doorknob. Steadying his nerves he pushed the door slowly open and jerked his head signaling Jerrica to follow him inside. She nudged him with her fingers on his back telling him she was right behind.

Twin bodies walked in and quickly adjusted their eyes to the darkness in order to survey what lay before them. The room was completely still and untouched.

"What's going on?" Jerrica whispered into Alois's ear. "Where is the professor?" She looked around quickly and felt a prickling behind her neck. Something was wrong here she could feel it deep in her bones something, very very wrong.

"We're too late." Alois sighed heavily, bowing his head and clenching his fists at his sides. "Damn it!" He cursed lowly, body shaking with rage as he fought to control his emotions. "This changes everything, the plan, the whole plan has to be reworked. I can't do this without killing Ciel anymore, I-I have to kill him!" Tears began to stream down his ruddy cheeks while Jerrica stared wide eyed with bewilderment at the crumbling being.

"Wh-what?" She cried, grabbing her partner and spinning him around to face her. "What are you talking about!" She yelled, shaking him roughly. "He's not here! Spears isn't even here! Are you crazy?!"

Sky blue eyes stared dead at the flustered woman. "Am I crazy?" Alois tilted his head and smiled humorlessly. "You really are too young for this, aren't you?" Before she could respond, he lifted his head straight up and stared at the ceiling silently. Jerrica knitted her brows, looking at him with confusion.

"What are you looking at-" the words caught in her throat as she too looked up and found herself staring at a pair of shoes dangling in the air.

Shoes that were being worn by the swaying body of a Dr. William T. Spears. A coarse rope wrapped around his broken neck as he swung slowly from one of the wood beams in his high ceilinged office.

"Lavender." Alois whispered, his eyes fixated on the body. "The flower, I remember now, it's lavender."
Chapter 19

Greetings! !!!!!!!!

My sincerest apologies for this lengthy delay.....

My deepest gratitude to those who followed me here from FanFiction.....

My love and devotion to AnimeCujo and her brilliance.

Enjoy!

We are the in between, cast down as sons of war
truck to the earth like lightning, on this world we're torn
We won't cause the pain, of living out their law
Take joy in who you are, we know our wings are flawed
Follow the morning star, a light when darkness fell
The passion left unholy, now you find yourself,
We have nowhere to go, no one to wish us well,
A cry to find our home, our stories they will tell
Scream, shout, we are the fallen angels
Fallen Angels- Black Veil Bride

"I couldn't stop them."

Jerrica's eyes widened as the silky voice seemed to pour forth from the inky dark corners of the office. A fluttering sound of clothing rustling and the high pitched creak of the floor seemed to have little effect on Alois who was still staring calmly at the body of Dean Spears hanging over his head.

"Who's there?" She demanded, giving her detached looking partner a disapproving look. "Snap out of it! There's someone else in the room!" Jerrica slapped his arm and frantically motioned towards the darkened corner of the room.

Craning his head in a slow and methodical way, Alois lowered his eyes until they locked onto her; she was shocked at the cool lopsided grin which suddenly spread across his face.

"She can't hurt us."

"She?" Jerrica looked over his shoulder.

"Lizzie." He sighed tiredly, turning around to face the voice. "Why should I not be surprised?"
Emerging slowly as if she were a shadow herself, Elizabeth Midford stepped into the glowing moonbeams filtering through the slightly opened blinds of the office. Her hair was pulled back into a tight ponytail, lips blanched and colorless. A black wool coat seemed to swallow her petite body as she inched closer to the angelic duo, a humorless smile playing at her mouth. Green eyes were dull, not their usual emerald sparkle; their hopelessness palpable.

"You weren't expecting me, were you?" She purred, glancing at the bewildered younger female angel. "The walking dead give off no scent whatsoever." She shrugged her shoulders and looked up at the still swaying corpse. "I knew they were coming after him so I came here to try to warn him, but those demons were several steps ahead of me."

"Walking dead?" Jerrica frowned and gave Alois a questioning look. "Isn't this the girl you pretended to be friends with in order to get information from Spears?"

Alois chuckled. "Apparently, she's the one who fooled me." Shaking his head, he cocked an eyebrow at the golden haired beauty. "What is your business here? Make it quick, I've got no time for bullshit." He warned. "This isn't a game."

"No bullshit." Elizabeth pressed her lips together and reached out to clasp Alois' hand. "We were meant to be here together."

"What are you talking about?" Jerrica interrupted, annoyed at the lack of explanations. "What are you?" Her nose twitched with the sudden introduction of sage wafting through the air. "I-I think you must be a medium, right?"

"I'm unfinished business." The blonde stated flatly, her eyes never leaving Alois' face. "I am the last of my family, a cursed descendant of the Midford clan, one of the original founding families of Fultonville and I am a distant relative to Sebastian Michaelis."

"Yes, I could sense there was a very distant connection." Alois stepped back, dropping her hand. He wagged a finger at her as the histories he had followed up so closely began to flood his brain. "The Michaelis clan and the Midford clan married off their oldest children to each other! We knew Sebastian was a direct descendant and Ciel is a direct descendant of Vincent Phantomhive!"

"Dee Michaelis married my kin and bore five strong and strapping sons." A far off look swept over the young girl's face as her voice deepened into that of an ancient woman. "Shortly after they were grown men, he disappeared into a winter's night much like the one howling outside right now. Francis Midford, his wife, committed suicide shortly after his disappearance" She twisted her coat in disgust as she recalled the more than centuries old story, "My family was borne through her brother's bloodline which is how I am here."

"The winter of 1899 nearly decimated the town with illness and death." Alois cut in. "Only a few families were left standing, all five sons died and the Midfords married into other families." He tapped his chin thoughtfully. "How is it that Sebastian Michaelis is even alive?"

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"I am from the line which had survived that winter." Elizabeth finally stood still in her place, milky white skin appearing paler than before. "But I was born with the gift of speaking to the dead and since I was a child the ones who visit from the other side have been begging me to hear their stories and understand the suffering that demon has caused this town."

"You were given this gift in order to help fight against this evil." Alois informed her. "That was no accident."

"What do the dead tell you?" Jerrica asked quietly. The air had begun to thicken with the scent of
moss and damp earth, the signature essence of the dead. Spirits had begun to collect around them and although she could not see them, their odor was very present.

"They tell me that this entire town is a slaughterhouse." Elizabeth spoke in a raspy voice as emotions began to overwhelm her. "They suffer because there is no peace here or in their afterlife! My ancestors had only sons until a time came to be and now I have the prophets' vision!" Shutting her eyes as tears of despair ran in fine rivulets down her face, the strain of her personal burden was beginning to show.

"I became the slut, the rancid town whore so that the demons who reside here comfortably would leave me and my visions alone! But I have to find Sebastian and stop him!" She suddenly cried, gripping the front of her coat. "I have to or else everything here, everyone from one end of Fultonville to the other side will be eaten alive!"

"This goes back to Dee." Alois murmured. "This all starts with him and Vincent."

"Dee became an unnatural being." Elizabeth cried, eyes blazing with hatred. "Before he married my ancestor, he made a pact with that bastard demon. My dead kin tell me this every time I've crossed Sebastian's path on campus, they scream and they accuse and they beg me to stay away from him!" Her pearl white teeth glistened like ivory fangs in the dark; the fury encased in her delicate body caused her to tremble in her place. "Since I'm five years old I hear the dead demand their justice! I listen to them call for revenge and freedom from Asmodeus!"

"I knew it!" Alois shot a look at Jerrica, his cheeks flushed with excitement "I've been wracking my brain trying to figure out if somehow one of the sons had actually survived that winter, but now it makes sense! He did make a deal, a fucking deal to remain alive until the town is offered up as a buffet to Asmodeus."

"Why?" Jerrica cried; panic bubbling up within her gut. "Why would he do that Better yet, how in the world was he able to do that?!"

"He did this so he could save Ciel from being consumed along with the rest of the town." Alois gave his partner a wry smile. "He loved him so much that he was willing to murder thousands in order to save that one innocent lamb." He brought his closed fist down hard against the top of Spears' desk, rattling pens and pencils until they rolled off the edge and fell noiselessly onto the floor. "That's why he can't leave him! That's why Ciel started collecting souls the minute they met! I don't know how he was able to conjure up that son of a bitch demon, but he did."

"But Sebastian doesn't smell like anything putrid, in fact I smelled something completely foreign to our realm!" Jerrica shook her head, clearly confused. "How can he have made a pact and not reek of foulness? Instead it's more like spices, almost.....exotic!"

"He must have some type of seal over him in order to disguise him from angels like us." Alois hummed. "I bet his memories are engineered by the demon, made to appear as if he has a normal past except he's actually more than 200 years old!"

December 10th, 1848

If he was caught, his father would surely kill him.

This single thought sent shivers up Dee's back as a pool of sweat collected upon the bridge of his nose and slowly trickled down past his cheeks and down his neck.

He had already peeled off his shirt and crouched low to the floor of his bedroom, firmly gripping a
small, but sharp hunting knife within both hands. His arm muscles tensed and strained as he
carefully carved an intricate pattern into the soft and gleaming Douglas fir wood boards of his
bedroom floor. A thick leather bound book lay open to a particular page next to him on the floor
near his knees as he scraped away as quietly as he could at the wood's surface.

The pattern was a five pointed store encased by a larger cyclical symbols with intricate and foreign
etchings within the separated sections. It spoke a language strange and otherworldly and it
promised only death and blood.

But it would bring salvation to his beloved boy.

The innocent lamb who would be led to an eternal slaughter if he did intervene.

The Michaelis clan, as well as their servants, were deep in sleep, oblivious to Dee's secret actions.
He had waited until after midnight, knowing well that his father would retire from his study once
his paperwork had been completed. After making the rounds of the entire house and being one
hundred percent sure that all were slumbering away the toils of the day, Dee made his move.

What Klaus Michaelis did not count on was his son procuring his secret book of conjuring from his
private study. Dee was far more intelligent than his father had suspected and in no time at all the
young man had formulated a plan to save the doomed child of his heart.

On The night of Vincent's 15th birthday, December 14th, thirteen founding heads of Fultonville
would gather in the basement of their home and lead an unholy ceremony. A blood sacrifice would
ensue, the murder of Vincent Phantomhive, in the name of the town surviving another treacherous
winter.

The ceremonial room was found off to the left at the bottom of the basement stairs and it was off
limits to every member of the household, including Dee himself. Klaus had been stealthy in his
ways of concealing the deadly truth from his faint hearted and sickly wife, taking care to create a
thick, solid cherry wood door with a heavy brass lock.

Wiping the sweat from his forehead with the back of his hand, Dee took a deep breath and
completed another symbol with a shaky hand. He was scared beyond his wits, conscious of the
time, he knew he had to finish up soon and move his bed back in place before anyone could see the
symbol.

Giving the markings a critical eye, he reviewed his plan one more time.

Vincent was to be sacrificed for the sake of the town, that he knew he could not change. However,
the precious virginal soul of the young boy was what concerned him the most.

What would he give in order to stop Asmodeus from devouring the innocent child? And how
could he stop his father from further sacrificing more innocent souls in order to gain power?

The devil was a trickster, Dee reasoned, but would he be able to trick the devil himself?

Looking up at the wall clock, Dee uttered a low curse, it was almost time.

His room was aglow with the amber radiance of burning candles situated strategically around his
bed. Dark shadows seemed to spill like a black waterfall along the sides of the walls and gave his
surroundings an eerie mood.

Standing up quickly he grabbed a small hand towel from the top of his bed and dried off his chest.
Raking his ebon hair with his fingers away from his face, Dee took long strides over to his bureau
and snatched a clean shirt from his top drawer. He had only a few minutes to spare so he took a quick look at himself in the mirror and sighed, he looked clean, but disheveled.

Turning towards his bed he carefully maneuvered it back over the symbol and checked to make sure it could not be seen.

The sound of something light rapping against the window pane caught his attention. Rushing over, Dee drew back the curtains and smiled, a mixture of dread and relief pulsing throughout his body.

A pair of ocean blue eyes overflowing with excitement, trepidation and love stared back at him. Wasting no time, Dee flung the window open and grabbed Vincent, pulling him out of the frigid dark night.

The boy had climbed up a ladder Dee had left lying on the ground earlier in the day for him. The farmer's son was breathing heavily for the bite of the winter night had driven deep into his lungs.

"S-so c-cold!" His teeth chattered loudly as Dee wrapped the thin body in a warm quilted blanket, the biting frosted air infused within his skin. It was an intoxicating scent, the clean untainted snow against Vincent's damp skin.

"I'll be warming you up soon enough." Dee whispered huskily into the young boy's ear, earning a sigh from the pleased child.

"Stop fooling!" Vincent swatted him away from his face, his ruddy cheeks glowing with anticipation. "I did what you told me to do, that brown skinned slave boy really did pick me up on a horse and got me here! How did you make that happen?" He asked with awe.

Dee chuckled. "That boy's name is Anish, my aunt from England sent him over to be my personal butler. Can you believe he is the 26th son of a royal family in India?" Dee chuckled as he wiped some snow from Vincent's hair. "It does not matter, he is to do whatever I say and remain loyal only to me." He smiled.

Vincent pouted. "He talks too much!" He complained, his brows knitted as he pulled the blanket tighter around his shoulders. "But I'm sure you really enjoy his company," muttering unhappily while Dee attempted to chase the chill away from his waif like body. "He's got a real pretty face, never did see purple eyes before."

Dee stared in disbelief at the scowling face before him. "I never thought of him in that way!" He protested softly, reaching out to brush the back of his hand against Vince's face. "I can only see you and those eyes I love so much."

How could this boy become even more adorable than before? He wondered in silence.

It was amusing to watch the pint sized boy turn jealous over some exotic slave sent over by his wealthy relatives, but Dee found it more amusing how said slave was going to ultimately help save Vincent's life.

"Why am I here?" Vincent whined as he stepped quietly towards Dee's bed and sat down. "Why didn't we meet in the barn?" He asked in a shy voice, averting his eyes to the floor as he swung his feet side to side.

"Truth be told, Vin," Dee sauntered over to the embarrassed boy and settled himself next to him, sliding his large elegant hand onto the clothes thigh and squeezing gently. "How can we consummate our love in such a filthy place?" He watched the boy's face carefully.
"Con what?" Vincent scrunched up his face, clearly confused. "I told you to stop using them big words around me!" He snarled, turning away from Dee. "You know I'm stupid!" He huffed.

"You're not stupid!" Dee grabbed his thin shoulders and turned him roughly to face him. "It's my fault for using words too advanced for someone so much younger than me!" He apologized.

Vincent looked up and was taken aback by the sudden sadness which seemed to flow from his beloved's eyes. "What's wrong, Dee?" He asked softly, tilting his head to the side. "Why am I here?"

Letting his air out slowly past his slightly parted lips, Dee drew Vincent into his arms and embraced him tightly, rocking him back and forth as if to soothe him. "I want to make love to you." He whispered hoarsely, barely believing how he was able to utter those words to someone barely out of their childhood years. "I want to make you mine, forever."

The enormity of his confession struck Vincent so suddenly that he almost fell off the bed, his body jolted away from Dee's touch. "W-what?" He stammered, abruptly standing up and walking away from the older male. "H-how can you say that to me?"

His eyes were wide with terror, gleaming with fresh tears ready to overflow. It was an alien thought, a closeted desire unknown in their time and unimaginable by their standards. Had he had thoughts of this? Being tangled within the long and muscular limbs of the most handsome man in Fultonville? Of course he had!

Numerous nights had been spent with his tiny hand clutching his cock earnestly rubbing his skin in ecstasy as his mind laid drunk with those ruby red eyes staring only at him, wanting only him.

"Vincent. Come to me." Dee commanded lowly, holding out his open hand, calmly beckoning the terrified boy. "Come."

Squeezing his eyes shut, Vincent shook his head. "No." he croaked, dropping the blanket to the floor and stepping further away from Dee. "No, no, no-"

"Vincent, come to me!" Dee lunged at the child and grabbed his arms. "Remember our promises?" He whispered heatedly into Vincent's ear, pressing their chests against one another. "Remember our love? Remember? I am yours and you are mine, if you want to be with me forever then please, I am begging you, please, please, let me have you!"

"I don't know how!" Vincent's eyes shot open as he began to cry openly, his chest heaved as he fought to sustain the wails he wanted to let loose. "I'm scared! I'm so scared!" He sobbed, lowering his head and burying it into Dee's chest.

"I know, so am I." The dark haired male admitted, cradling his love in his arms. "But I won't hurt you, I swear." He promised as he gave the bluish grey crown a reassuring kiss. "I will go slow, is that alright?" He nudged his nose into the side of Vincent's neck, coaxing him to look up into his bright red eyes. "You trust me, right?"

The boy nodded. "I-I do." His voice was hesitant, but there was more strength behind it. "A-as long as I'm with you." He sniffed, wiping his runny nose with his arm sleeve. "I'll go where you go." His tone was filled with a resolve so beyond his young years that it completely moved Dee beyond words.

"That's right, trust in me, and only me." His voice had turned into a gently soothing whisper, pouring like heated honey down the side of Vincent's slender neck. The ruby red of his eyes were
hypnotic; mesmerizing Vincent with their intensity. He could never turn from their gaze.

An eruption of goose bumps covered his arms as he felt Dee's hands slide down his sides and come to a rest at his hips. Dee smiled at the cute reaction, marveling at the deep cherry blush painted across the boy's face. Digging his fingertips into the farmer's threadbare pants, Dee pulled him into the direction of the bed. It was time, he thought, shuffling their way to the edge of the bed, it was time.

Ever so carefully, Vincent was laid onto his back, his face blanched and emotionless as he stared directly up at the ceiling. He was too afraid to look at Dee, too afraid to speak.

He was undeniably in love with the man, this he knew was truth, but the very thought of sex had him reeling from fear. He could feel long fingers unbuttoning his shirt, the feather light touches sending shivers throughout his body. A sharp intake of breath came when Dee slid his open palm across his almost translucent chest, it was as if he were made of parchment paper.

Dee had never touched him in that area before; only in dreams and fantasies. It was all so new, so exciting, so tragic in a beautiful way.

His pants were removed slowly, shoes, socks and underwear soon followed until the young teen was bare and trembling like a wounded pigeon. Dee drank in the erotic and yet pure sight of his boy, helpless and defenseless, beneath his considerably larger frame. Peering down, he smirked at the rigid member practically glistening with need between Vincent's legs.

Leaning down, he kissed his angel deeply, his tongue lapping at the boy's lips, begging for entrance. Vincent closed his eyes and returned the kiss with eagerness, the numbing feeling of pleasure fogging his thoughts until he could no longer tell what was being done to him.

As the winter night screamed and threw itself against the Butler House, the sounds of lost innocence was swallowed up by the night.

"Dee!" Vincent gritted his teeth and clawed at his lover's bare back. "Dee! I-I can't!" He wept, pressing his frail legs against the older man's sides. The bed creaked with their combined weight pressing against the mattress as Vincent struggled to keep from screaming his agonies. Dee had done his best to ease himself into the child's body, but he was far bigger than him and time was not a luxury.

But Dee knew it had to be done, he had to mark Vincent as soon as he could. He had to save this boy's life.

Vincent's chest heaved with tortured gasps. "Y-you're tearing me!"

Dee thrust himself deeper, sweat dripping from his chest and was now soaking the shaking child beneath him. With each push he made, the ecstasy of being gripped by Vincent's hole made Dee dizzy and disoriented. It felt incredibly good, too good as he grunted and moaned into the mop of blue hair. He inhaled the sweet scent of Vincent and reveled in possessing his beloved for all eternity.

Warm fluids seeped from Vincent's orifice. "I-I'm bleeding!" The boy pressed his hands against Dee's chest. "I'm hurt! Stop!" He begged, eyes glassy and red. "Dee! Dee! You p-promised-" he sputtered pitifully between gasps of wrenched air, "you promised it wouldn't hurt!"

Suddenly Dee stiffened and arched his back as he came hard inside of the pleading boy. His eyes screwed shut as wave after wave of euphoria crashed against him. Amidst the searing pain, Vincent
could feel Dee emptying himself inside of him, the hot liquid burn the raw linings of his walls.

He wanted so badly for Dee to remove himself from his body, to clean himself and go home and lay in his bed. This was beyond fear, beyond shock and basic understanding. It felt as if his was being torn in two; ripped mercilessly from the inside out. There was not one ounce of love nor adoration in this action; he felt as if he were at the bottom of a pestle being pounded into a pulp of nothing.

"It's over." Dee panted into Vincent's ear as he cradled the trembling waif in his arms, planting light kisses against his damp cheek and tasting the salt of his lover's tears with a heavy heart. "I'm sorry, it's over now, please don't cry," slipping out of Vincent's body, he grimaced at the feel of warmth trickling onto the bed. "Stay still." He commanded, reaching down between their legs.

"G-God God it hurts so much!" Vincent wept, attempting to close his legs as burning shards of pain crackled along his backside. "I-It feels like I'm gonna die!" His blanched face was twisted with suffering. "You promised!"

"Vincent, wait a moment." Dee calmly sat up and leaned over the side of his bed, his arm reaching down to the floor. With one quick move, he swept his blood soaked fingers across the etched pentagram. The scarlet smear was barely visible against the deep coloring of the wood, but Dee could almost sense the pentagram like a giant mouth, hungrily swallowing the virgin blood.

"It is done." He whispered to himself, hoisting his body fully back onto the bed only to be met by dark blue eyes alit with hurt and betrayal.

The slap which followed rang like a shotgun across the dense air.

Streetlamps burned a bright golden white against the vicious flurries of the snowstorm engulfing the sleeping town of Fultonville. It was nearly 3 am and the covered streets of downtown were undisturbed.

Well, almost.

Tanaka shuffled out of the front entrance of the library, wearing only a sweater, pants and a thin scarf, the ancient being locked the doors and paused before allowing a brief chuckle to escape from his lips. Slowly turning around, he shook off the feeling of malaise settling into his stomach. The sickly pungent smell of rotten apples was almost unbearable.

"Greetings, Arakiel." He smirked, tipping his head to the tall dark figure standing still against the heavy gusts of icy wind. "How have you been, esteemed leader of fallen angels?"

"Do not refer to me by my God given name." The crunch of snow underneath heavy boots echoed in the air as the tall man stepped forward, striking violet eyes blazed with contempt as they glared at the old man. "I am Ash, born again through the fires of Hell." The silver haired doctor snarled, his white coat seeming to glow brightly amidst the storming night. "Take note and show some respect, Fomalhaut." He snapped.

"Ho ho ho! You've found me out, eh?" An amused look swept across his wrinkled face. "Sentinels have no smell so that we may watch over this human realm without detection, how did you know what I am?"

"A fallen angel working with a newly born angel, plus a human in this realm?" Landers pressed his lips in disdain. "Only you, The Watcher of the North, would allow this to happen. I have lived since this birth of our God, do you see me as simple?"
Tanaka shook his head, pocketing his keys and staring sadly into the purple tinged night sky. The stars were hidden behind a nebulous sky and it weighed heavily against his chest. "You who were gifted with the vast knowledge of the earth, has chosen revenge over repentance." He sighed, the melancholy behind his voice was tangible. "Kokabiel loved you, and you led that angel along with an army of his fellow brothers into exile for your foolish desires."

"His name is now Alois, is it not?" His eyes slitted, appearing almost snake-like, "His scent does not seem to bother you, but mine does?"

Tanaka frowned. "We all have earthly names, it brings us closer to a deeper understanding of these beings our God so lovingly made. Alois has made it his goal to salvage this land and thus gain favor for reentry into Paradise. His scent is a mixture of hope and despair. Your entire essence is bitter and malevolent."

A dry and humorless laugh suddenly rumbled from out of the unholy being. "As if I would grovel among this meager race in order to ascend? Don't belittle my worth, Watcher. Kokabiel should have more pride, it does not befit him slaving among these finite creatures."

"Why are you here, Arakiel?" Tanaka spoke coldly, his patience worn thin by the brazen man. "I smell rot rolling off of you, have you been consorting with demons?"

"You know full well that I have!" Landers spat furiously. "Asmodeus is my master! I will hand him Ciel Phantomhive and unlock the souls of this wretched place. With this I too will be freed of walking the earth for eternity!"

"Do you not know what he did to those thirteen families? Do you truly believe that he will honor his commitments with you?" Tanaka warned lowly. "Asmodeus is a deceiver, he will take what he wants and discard your worthless hide."

"As my Father God did to me!" An eruption of white flames shot up from the snow laden ground, the silverish gleam of a pentagram rounded Landers; it was the mark of his awakening form. "I succumbed to lust!" He cried in a voice pregnant with emotion. "I wanted more than what He gave me and yes! Yes! I was mistaken to rise against him! But I was a son of God! A son and He, my beloved all forgiving Father tossed me away as if I were garbage and nothing more!" Gritting his teeth as glistening tears rolled down his ivory face, the wounded heart he had long ignored had begun to release itself. "He forgives the natural sins of this bastard race of man, but he could not forgive me!"

"Treason against divine love is our most hated sin." Tanaka growled, "to offer up innocent souls for your own personal gain is most despicable!"

"Save your worthless words, I will ascend one day once I am powerful!" He swore, pointing a shaking finger at the shocked being. Tanaka's eyes widened as he watched the bright aura turn blood red around the raging Fallen Angel. "Once Asmodeus grants me my wish after I've given him this town, I will topple that false deity you are so enamored with!"
Chapter 20

Greetingzzzzzzzz!

Oh what shall happen to my poor little Ciel?

To our angels battling demons? Who is really on the side of good? Or evil?

The next couple of chapters are going to be filled with an avalanche of action and plot development so hold on tight and let me know what you guys think of how this is all playing out.

And of course, please check out Revelations by AnimeCujo, it's in its last chapters and tearing apart everyone's heart and soul. Just love my German Betch, she is amazing.

And if you're in the mood for kink, there's a strangely delicious Cellium collab that will leave you panting.

Enjoy!!!!!!

Om Namastestu Bhagavan

Visvesaraya Mahadevaya

Trayambakaya Tripurantakaya

Trikagni – Kalaya

Kalagni - Rudraya Nil - Kanthaya Mrityunjaya

Sarvesvaraya Sadadhivaya

Sriman Mahadevaya Namah.

Om. I bow down to Lord Shiva, who is the creator and protector of the universe, who is the greatest among Gods, who has three eyes, who is the annihilator of all the three worlds, one whose throat is blue, who is the conqueror of death, who is the Lord of all, who is propitious who is possessed of all marks of greatness and who is the greatest among Gods. To him my prostration.

- Prayer to Lord Shiva

December 5, 1848

The unknown, the world beyond mortal life, had become a deep fascination for Dee. Upon the acquisition of a new and exotic servant from the spiced lands of India, Dee had learned much about how little he actually knew.

For starters, he thought the universe was comprised of only his one God, his one belief, and the spirits which dwelt within these worlds were all similar or the same. Nothing complicated about a monotheistic belief, his had figured. Anish Kadar, the royal blooded slave his Aunt from England had gifted to him, was full of valuable information. No, valuable was not the word, he decided, as he spoke with the young boy in his room after his parents had retired to their own bedrooms. Life
changing, perhaps even lifesaving information was more like it.

After the disastrous meeting with his father, Dee had slipped into a depressive state which hindered his ability to eat and sleep. For days he consumed nothing and slowly slipped into a pained silence, leaving his mother in a panic over the fear of losing her son to some strange illness.

She hovered outside the locked door of his bedroom, fretting over whether or not she should demand his door be knocked down by one of the servants. Her only child, her prized son who reigned over her world with a comforting smile and gentle hand, could not leave her behind to suffer the strained life she led with her stoic husband.

"Dietrich, please, open your door." She begged, rattling the door knob with shaking hands, "let mother in! Whatever ails you, I promise I will make it all better!" Receiving only silence from beyond the door; finally, she wrung her hands out of desperation. "It is Krampusnacht!" She cried hysterically. "Would you dare be switched and dragged to Hell by that Dark Elf? Be good and open this door!"

When he was a young lad, she would warn him that naughty children would be punished by Krampus, a German demon who accompanied Saint Nicholas during the gift giving holiday. Good children were rewarded by Saint Nicholas; bad children were carted off to visit Hell and be beaten by the horned demon, Krampus.

Dee buried his face further into his pillow and squeezed his eyes shut, not wanting to hear her wavering voice through the door. The strange irony of her words gutted him entirely. It was enough that his father was consorting with a demonic force Hell bent on murdering the young boy he loved dearly, but now his father had asked him to do the indescribable.

Klaus had ordered him to be the one to deliver Vincent into the hungry bowels of Asmodeus, King of Demons.

"I will hand to you an Athame, to cut the boys spirit from his mortal shell." Klaus's eyes had burned bright with excitement while he described to his heaving son the role he would play during the sacrifice. After Dee had retched all over the office floor, his father had knelt down and patted his head. "Nerves? It is to be expected from one who has never had much built into their spine."

The older man clacked his teeth in disgust. "Alas, I thought you were made of sterner material-"

"I am!" Dee gasped, spitting out the last glob of bile from his simmering mouth. "I-I was just a bit overwhelmed! Believe in me, Father!"

"Then buck up and do as you are told." He hissed, grabbing a fistful of Dee's hair and yanking his head back so he could stare into the widened wine colored eyes. "Offer up that boy's soul with your hands! Spill his blood and bring honor to our family!"

A choked sob sputtered from Dee's mouth as he recalled that scene; he wanted to die.

The sound of the door to his room creaking open made him jerk his head up from the pillow. At the threshold stood his Indian servant, Anish, holding a small key in one hand and a cup on a saucer in the other. He worked in the attire of a proper servant, black tailored pants, starched collared white shirt complete with a black buttoned vest and white cravat.

When he had first arrived from England, Dee was amazed at the multicolored robes and scarves the 18 year old wore. The finely embellished materials were obviously expensive, worn with a quiet dignity Dee found uniquely graceful in the young man. Watching him now, cuffed and manacled in the droll outifits of his kinsmen, Dee felt that Anish now looked more like an exotic
tiger held captive in a wooden cage than a simple slave.

"Would Master desire a cup of tea?" He asked quietly in his beautifully accented voice. Dee often found the musical quality of Anish's foreign tone relaxing. "The madam of the house bade me permission to enter your room."

"It is because she fears upsetting me that she sent you instead of entering herself." Dee motioned for the young man to take a seat in the chair by his bed. "This damned family has a strange liking to sacrificial lambs," he mumbled.

Anish shook his head. "I am a vegetarian." He announced proudly.

"Of course you are." Dee rolled over to his side and caught sight of the steaming brew. "What have you there for me?" He asked, pointing at the cup.

"Earl Grey." He answered simply, gracefully seating himself and placing the cup onto the nightstand. "Flavored mildly with a spoonful of wildflower honey and German rock sugar."

"How splendid." Dee muttered bitterly, waving off the drink. "I'd rather not" His head dipped into the covers; he was in no mood for company nor luxuries.

This seemed to greatly bother Anish. "Master, would you allow me a question?"

Dee resurfaced, staring at the serious faced man. "A question?" He echoed.

"Yes, I am most concerned with the wretched state of my dear Master." Anish crossed his legs and frowned, his expression was filled with concern. "You who have been most kind and generous to me, a mere servant, why would I not be overwrought with worry?"

Dee chuckled humorlessly. "It amazes me how well-spoken you are in my language."

"I am most well educated, and yet here I am, serving you." Anish pointed out, "however, it is of great blessings that I am under your care. This is fate, this is meaningful." He insisted.

"How so?"

"The universe is a continuing circle, where I am from, we call it Karma. I have always been since my earliest life, a devout follower of Lord Shiva. Since my actions in my past lives and present life have been to bring comfort and joy to those less fortunate than me, I have been granted a continuing life of servitude to an honorable master such as yourself."

A bitter laugh erupted from Dee, his body shook as he doubled over, crumpling the sheets. "Honorable?" He howled, throwing his head back as he let loose another round of laughter. Anish watched silently, "I am far from honorable!" Dee wiped tears from his eyes and sat up, glaring at the austere looking man. "You have no idea what I am." He spat.

"Ask of me anything." Anish responded calmly, his eyes staring directly into Dee's. "Ask of me anything, I am more than what I appear to be."

Dee pressed his lips together, wrestling with the innumerable thoughts battling for dominance in his mind. He was conflicted with the decisions he had to make, how was Anish going to be of any help? However, the determined look in the purplish eyes of one who had traveled thousands of miles from a land filled with mystery and magic had Dee wondering if Anish indeed could be of some help.
"How do I save someone I love from a demon?" He asked tiredly, not expecting a sane response from the cultured Indian.

Anish blinked at the straightforward statement. "A demon?" He asked, "You mean an evil spirit?"

Dee shook his head. "This is no ordinary spirit, this is a demon, a higher order of evil I've never known could exist."

"A demon, I see." Anish pursed his lips. "A powerful entity of evil. That is troublesome"

Dee huffed, his patience was reaching its limit. "You're not taking me seriously, are you?"

"Master, I must inform you, my Gods have multiple personalities." Anish smiled at the bewildered look on Dee's face. "My deities have been the harbingers of death and the creators of life. Evil is the equal balance of Good, none of which should be taken lightly."

"Alright, so will you help me save the person I love?" Dee asked hopefully.

Anish pondered the request for a minute, scrunching up his delicate face, "Why do you love this person?" He asked thoughtfully.

"Why?" This was not expected. "What the Hell kind of question is that?" Dee asked angrily.

"Is it one you cannot answer?"

"I never said that! I just . . . I just don't understand why I need to tell you something like that!"

Anish leaned forward, his thin body was tense but his voice was still calm and melodic. "Love is an ancient emotion, far more Godly in its capacity to heal, destroy, sustain life and end life. It is a force so dangerous in its ability to manage both Good and Evil that if one invokes the power and help of a sacred God, one must be sure that the love they feel is true and strong enough to withstand despair and hopelessness."

"I-I don't know how to answer you . . ."

"Until you are open with your own emotions, I cannot help you." he shrugged

Dee drew his knees up to his chin and hugged his legs tightly. He felt as if he were a child again, awkwardly confessing an embarrassing secret he could tell no one. Yet, there was so much at stake, and it was a rare moment, an opportunity to voice out loud the beauty of Vincent, the gift of that young man's heart.

How could he summon these feelings and tell them to a servant. Glancing sideways at Anish, Dee felt the sudden urge to give in.

"I-I love him." He stammered, a hot blush instantly painted itself across his pale face. "I love his smile, I love his eyes, he has the biggest and deepest blue eyes I've ever seen, it's like staring into the ocean. On sunny days, I can see blue in his hair, I makes me think that the sky gets caught up in the strands and when I touch his hair I feel like I'm touching heaven."

"He's so good hearted, so innocent, just pure and kind and funny, he's the funniest person I know! I have never laughed as much as when I'm with him. My life was just an empty lie, just a long endless lie until he gave me his heart. I want to live for him, just for him, solely for his sake, I want to live! Is that love? Is that true love? Is it? Is it pure and true enough for your damned Gods to help me save his life?" He sucked in a lungful of air and waited, his heart pounding relentlessly for
Throughout his entire speech, Anish watched the alabaster skin of the handsome man suddenly glow with vibrancy and life. It was as if the subject of Vincent was a life sustaining spell of words. It shone through his bright scarlet eyes alit with adoration and his voice, thick with obsession, that Dee was enraptured with someone very special, very loved, and very in need of salvation.

A wide smile broke out on Anish's face. "Yes." He chirped, clapping his hands together. "Lord Shiva will help you!"

Dee clasped the servant's hands in his own and pressed them against his chest, almost causing Anish to fall out of his chair. "How?" He asked excitedly, pulling Anish closer to him. "How can we save him?"

Anish stumbled out of the chair and onto Dee's bed. He was caught off guard by the man's strength, but pleased at the enthusiasm displayed by him as well. "We shall invoke Lord Shiva by practicing a puja." He said with confidence. "This will ensure our victory!"

Dee furrowed his brows in confusion. "A pu-what?"

Anish chuckled. "A puja is an ancient ceremony designed to invoke, and connect us to, higher Consciousness by focusing on a particular deity or aspect of the divine. This invocation gives us the opportunity to offer up our mundane worries to a higher power, and transform our experience."

"I don't understand-"

"It will help us connect to Lord Shiva." Anish informed. "Shiva is the Lord of mercy and compassion. He protects devotees from evil forces such as lust, greed, and anger. Lord Shiva annihilates evil, grants boons, bestows grace, destroys ignorance, and awakens wisdom in His devotees."

"Can he stop a demon?"

Slipping his hands from Dee's grip, Anish looked at the man solemnly. "We shall not know, until we try. However, Lord Shiva reigns with the power of love and destroys with a hand of violence. You exist in a realm of deities as so do I, do not underestimate the abilities of my Gods." He warned.

And for the first time, in perhaps a year, Dee felt a sliver of hope.

Present Day

Claude stared at the report sitting on his desk, a cup of steaming black coffee remained untouched by his hand as he read the contents before him. Every morning he would come in at 9 am sharp, clock in at the front desk, log into the system and check his emails before administering the change in shifts among the few officers in the town.

He always did four 12-hour shifts and two 8-hour shifts per week and only on one or two occasions would he do the night shifts. Those precious evening hours were devoted to either entertaining Alois or working for him.

Everyone in the department knew the handsome officer was prone to moments of silence and it was best to leave him be when the normally friendly and often brash law enforcer had something weighing on his mind. The biggest sign was when his beloved morning cup of straight bold black
coffee, no sugar, was ignored.

The small office of Fultonville PD was bustling with activity that particular morning what with the snow storm leaving many homes on the outskirts of town without power and several minor road accidents in its wake. Claude had expected all of that, after all, he was a townie and had witnessed numerous storms far worse than last night's. However, the report lying before him, filed by young officer Finny at 8 am, was going to be the key to getting into that damned Butler House.

It was a report of an apparent suicide on the grounds of the local university and it was now under investigation.

"William T. Spears, male, 35, found hanging from the ceiling of his office in the Dean's building." He read to himself, tapping his fingers against the desk.

He had informed Finny that he would take the case and investigate the Dean's whereabouts before Spears had gone back to his office. Alois had already informed him of what had happened and it was Lizzie who had made the frantic call to the police, crying and hollering that she had gone in to work and found her dean swinging in the air purple faced and dead.

Now the entry into the Butler House was set, Claude had a reason to go in and "investigate" the home and hopefully gain some information as to where the elusive chamber of demons existed. Once inside, he planned on searching the house and getting Alois inside. This would not be easy, but he was told that when a house is possessed, angelic and Holy beings could not freely enter without becoming violently ill, thus they would need to be "invited" in.

Like a fucking vampire, Claude thought.

The thirteenth victim had fallen and time was running out. Alois had said that in the end he would have to kill Ciel in order to keep a contract from being fulfilled, but was that really necessary?

"Finny!" Claude called out to the sunny haired man who was busily stuffing files into a cabinet drawer. He looked up from the report and waved him over. "I'm heading out to trace Spears's activities, man the phones and keep an eye on the weather alerts, I think we've got another storm heading our way." He stood up from his desk and scooped up the documents. "Make sure you contact me if you can't handle this on your own." He warned, rounding the side of his desk and slapping the green eyed newbie on the back.

Finny smiled broadly. "Yes sir!" He glanced at the files under Claude's arm and looked at his superior inquisitively. "Where are you going to begin?"

"There was a student who thought they saw Dr. Spears heading down Weston Road last night." Claude moved past Finny and lifted his winter jacket off of a coat hook on the wall. Finny frowned. "Weston Road? The only house at the end of Weston Road is Butler House."

"Is that so?" Claude pulled on his jacket and checked his pocket for his gloves. "There are other homes in the vicinity." He retorted, fishing his keys from his back pocket.

"I think a student and a professor live there, maybe this guy went to visit them before he headed back and killed himself." Finny insisted as he shut the file drawer and crossed his arms. "Maybe I should go with you!"

Zipping up his jacket quickly, Claude cocked an eyebrow at Finny. "You're new to the force, but you've done security before, right?"
Finny nodded. "Yeah, I work part time as a front desk Head of Security officer at Saint Mary's Hospital." He shrugged, a sheepish look swept across his face. "I mean, it's nothing compared to what we do here-"

"Ah, don't sweat it, kid. It's not like we have Grand Theft Auto shit going on in this dumpy town." Claude laughed, clapping the thin man hard on the back again. "Protect the goods, got it?" He winked and turned to head out the door. Swinging the door open, the blast of cold air hitting the bespectacled man hard.

It was bitter out and the world was blanketed in white cottony snow. It was pure beauty, the type of natural scene that left you in awe and wonderment at the exquisite artistry of a Winter's day.

Claude hopped into his car and turned the key in the ignition, feeling it roar to life. He looked back at the red brick building he had just left and then at his hand. He had delivered two blows to Finny's back that should have crippled the barely 5'2" frail framed 22 year old, and yet the wide eyed rookie just smiled and stood solid as if a fly had landed on him.

The wispy scent of rotted flesh had been floating through the air for the past week, ever since Finny had joined the force.

Claude pressed the gas pedal and slowly maneuvered the car onto the salted road.

Demons were everywhere.

Alois had warned him that the closer they got to Ciel's birthday, the higher the presence of demons. The dark armies of Asmodeus were gathering, stealthily infiltrating every corner of the possessed town. Claude needed to mind himself, watch his back and somehow get his lover into that house.

"I promise I will call once I get back into the city." Grell lifted his suitcase and held Sebastian's hand firmly in his own. "Please call me if anything else comes up, I'm not going to be ok if something happens to you."

The two men stood in the foyer, bathed in bright buttery sunlight as it poured in from the large fan window above the door. After a stormy night, the household had awakened to a bright and mild morning filled with the honeyed smell of blueberry scones and biscuits smothered in country sausage gravy.

Mey Rin had risen early and prepared a scrumptious meal complete with freshly squeezed orange juice and hot chocolate with whipped cream. Sebastian was glad he had asked her to stay the night, not only was he worried about her driving around in her beat up jalopy, but she was an excellent cook to boot.

"I heard the plows earlier before we started breakfast so I'm guessing the roads should be cleared up by now." Sebastian scratched the back of his head and gave his friend a wistful look. "I'm sorry you had to go through so much shit here."

"You're feeling sorry for me?" Grill laughed, slapping him on the arm. "You're the crazy bastard staying in this haunted wormhole!"

Rolling his eyes, Sebastian gave him an amused look. "Thanks, you're priceless, you know that?"

He snorted.

The redhead turned to the door, pausing as he placed his hand on the knob, Undertaker was outside warming up the car and brushing the snow off the windshield, the need to leave Fultonville was
great, but a nagging feeling refused to let Grell exit the house in peace.

"I want you to come home." He spoke softly, traces of anxiety looping into his words. "I can't shake this terrible feeling that . . . that I'm never going to see you again."

The raven haired man was taken aback. "Grell, are you joking?" He placed a tender hand on his friends shoulder and tugged at it, willing the slight framed man to turn and look at him. "Why would you say that to me?"

Jade eyes were brimming with tears. "Whatever you find here, you need to promise me that you will leave, with or without Ciel!" He whispered quickly, taking a hold of Sebastian's arm and squeezing tightly. "You have to promise me that you will come back no matter what! Fuck this house, fuck your manuscript, fuck my sister and her deadline! You need to get out of here!"

Sebastian gathered the quietly weeping man into his arms and hugged him closely, they had been friends long enough to know how important they were to each other. It was Grell who kept Sebastian company throughout the long hours of research and studying for his intensive dissertation and it was Sebastian who had pulled Grell through his bouts with depression and shattered self-esteem. Their friendship was non-negotiable.

"I will be careful, I promise you that." Sebastian whispered into Grell's ear, stroking the long crimson strands. "But I will never leave Ciel, that much you have to accept."

Pushing himself away, Grell glared at Sebastian. "I knew you'd say that." He growled, yanking the door open in a huff. "I hate him, Sebastian, I truly do, but for your sake, I will hope for his safety too." Turning on his heel, Grell marched out of the house, slamming the door behind him closed.

And with that, he was gone.

Sebastian stood motionless, listening to the car leaving the driveway and making its way down the snow encrusted gravel road. He had hoped that Grell and Ciel would eventually get along, but it seemed as if this visit only further destroyed any possibility of the two men becoming friends.

Sighing deeply, the tall man sauntered into the great room and plopped down on the couch. He was exhausted from a full night of fretful sleeping.

Ciel had gone back to bed after his morning meal. He too was tired from lack of sleep. All that was left to do was to read through some more books on the town's history and study the origins of the Butler House.

Closing his strained eyes, Sebastian leaned back into the plush contours of the couch and allowed his mind to begin dissecting and analyzing what he had learned during last night's discussions.

Undertaker had mentioned patterns, patterns in the history of the town and of the house. It completely befuddled Sebastian since he himself had read the texts and found nothing. The home had been owned by John and Mary Butler in the mid-1800s, they had one son, Matthew who grew up, married and had one son who later took over the house. It wasn't until the last descendant had in died childless in 1996 . . .

Wait, Sebastian's eyes shot open, 1996 . . .

The year Ciel was born.

The historians publication had been released in 2000 in honor of the millennium, it did not reveal what had occurred in the last 14 years, however, there was a page or two about a fire that had
nearly destroyed the Butler House, but had claimed the lives of Connor and Gemma Butler and their newborn son, Vincent.

Vincent?

A thought began to form in his head. The house had been rebuilt by a private buyer who was unnamed, and rented out to visitors ever since the late 1990s. Haunted houses are haunted because a spirit is at unrest and cannot move on to the other side. What if the house was filled with distressed spirits desperately searching for help in finally achieving peace in the afterlife?

But what about the name Vincent? What about the diary with their matching birthdays? What about every strange occurrence in the house and town?

The sudden chiming of the doorbell jolted him out of his deep thoughts.

Sebastian hurriedly rubbed his face with his hands. "Now what did that scatterbrain forget?" He mumbled to himself as he hoisted his aching body from the couch and walked over to the foyer.

Swinging the door open, his jaw dropped.

"Well, good morning there Professor!" Claude stood with hands shoved deep in his jacket pocket, a grin plastered on his face from ear to ear. "How's my favorite ghost hunter doin'?" He sneered, looking past Sebastian into the house. "So where's your pretty boyfriend? I bet he'll be glad to see me!"

"Wha-what are you doing here?" Sebastian was taken aback by the appearance of his most hated town cop.

"I'm here on official business." Flipping open his badge and shoving it into Sebastian's face, he arrogantly tilted his chin up. "Now are you going to invite me in, or what?" He snapped.

"Why should I?" Sebastian snarled. "I don't see a search warrant next to your rent-a-cop badge."

"Fuck you, I'm a licensed gun carrying pig, you ignorant conceited boot leg nerd."

"Get the fuck off my property, asshole." Sebastian spoke through gritted teeth, fixing the cop with a menacing glare, "before I call my lawyer." He threatened.

Claude threw his head back and laughed loudly. "You should actually call your therapist, who's probably on your speed dial, because I have to deliver news to you that you may find highly disturbing." The cop cocked an eyebrow and suddenly the grin vanished. "Was William T. Spears present in your home last night?" He asked somberly.

Sebastian felt the blood drain from his face. "Yes," he answered quietly, "yes, he was."

"Sebastian? Who's at the door?" Ciel poked his head over Sebastian's shoulder, standing on his toes. His large blue eyes curiously watching the officer. "What's going on? Why is he here?" He inquired, stifling a yawn.

"I thought you were upstairs sleeping." Sebastian turned and cupped Ciel's gaunt face. "Lack of sleep can lead to a seizure."

Ciel's swatted the hands away and scowled. "I'm fine!"

"You had a rough night, please go back upstairs." Sebastian cooed, stroking Ciel's cheek with his
fingertips. "You're still terribly pale."

"But I'm fine, I swear!" Ciel whined, pushing his hand away.

"Hey, I hate to break up this magic moment between you two lovebirds, but it's cold as fuck and I need to speak to the both of you." Claude smiled once again. "Now, can I get a fucking invitation to come inside or what?"

"Sure, come right in." Ciel's smiled sweetly, stepping aside to allow Claude entrance into the foyer. "Would you like some tea or coffee?"

"My, my, you're just a regular host with the most, eh?" Claude entered the home, shuffling off his coat and roughly tossing it into Sebastian's arms. "Hang that up, K?"

"Who the Hell do you-"

"Was William T. Spears here last night?" Claude repeated, looking directly at Ciel. "Can you tell me whether or not that man was here and for how long?"

Ciel bit his lip, looking at Sebastian with hesitation. "Y-yeah," he replied haltingly, casting his eyes down to his feet. "He came by last night and hung around for like less than an hour, then he up and left."

Claude crossed his arms and nodded. "Up and left?"

"Yeah," Ciel shrugged, still not meeting his gaze. "Out of nowhere he just left."

Claude looked back at Sebastian. "Didn't tell anyone when he was leaving?"

Sebastian slitted his eyes. "Yeah," he replied. "It's exactly as Ciel said, he was going to stay the night, but left without informing us."

"In the middle of a snow storm-"


Claude stepped closer to him, their noses mere inches apart. "Your dean was found this morning dead from an apparent suicide." Amber eyes watched coldly as Sebastian's face contorted in shock. "He was found in his office hanging from the ceiling." He added.

The loud thud of Ciel's petite body hitting the floor echoed loudly through the air.

It took several hours to reach New York City, but once Grell caught sight of the skyline, the thrill of being back home safe and sound nearly sent him to tears. Undertaker had decided to drop him off first at his apartment and then head straight to his office.

Although Grell had wanted him to stay, the city coroner had extremely pressing matters to attend to and they could not wait. He had to review death records.

Suicide records to be exact.

After settling into his desk, he began entering various searches throughout the extensive database of the NYC Coroner's Bureau. As the Head of the Bureau, he had unlimited access to reports,
autopsies, criminal filings and police documentation. His curious mind and vast medical and
technological knowledge was well sated by the endless mass of information at his disposal.

And it was all very tragic and amusing to him.

Tapping away at his laptop, he began giggling as he searched through the last two years for
specific info.

Caucasian Male suicides.

Between the ages of 25-35

Method of suicide: hanging.

Proximity range: Manhattan.

"Kekekekeke!" He cackled, his jade eyes burned with amusement. "Patterns! I see patterns!" He
sang gleefully, entering more specific details. The glow of the screen illuminated his excited face
as more and more files began popping up. As the minutes ticked by, he read report after report,
flitting through names and photo scans, carefully studying case after case.

Autopsy reports revealed Males who had ejaculated within 24 hours of death.

Males who were childless and were, themselves, the only child in their family.

It did not take long for Undertaker to find what had been resting in the back of his eccentric brain.
He quickly saved his information and printed out the sheet with a list of names on it.

Twelve names of twelve men who fit the exact description he had come up with while reading
through the history of the Butler family.

Twelve men, the last of their families' bloodline, all suicides by hanging, all matching similar
ethnic backgrounds, all had had a sexual encounter shortly before hanging themselves, all within
the last two years in the city.

New York with its fluctuating crime rate and faceless deaths, was far too populated to allow a
pattern like this to emerge. However, Undertaker had looked over most of these cases, and it had
clicked once he read about the deaths of the last inhabitants of that haunted house. He was not
convinced that the Butler bloodline had ended, and was even more unconvinced that "Butler" was
even the real name of that family since it did not originally appear on the town's first registry of
families.

But he had seen the names "Phantomhive" and "Michaelis".

Having been blessed with a photogenic memory, as he scanned the names on the list, Undertaker
also recognized these names. Twelve dead men in New York City and each one's last name had
been present on the Fultonville registry in 1848.

Each one of these men had been descendants of families from the town Sebastian was currently
residing in.

"Oh my, how funny is that?" He crowed, fanning himself with the paper in his hand. "Patterns,
patterns indeed." His cellphone began buzzing beside his arm on the desk. Picking up his device,
he saw Grell's name on the screen.
Lifting the phone to his ear, he snickered as he pressed the screen. "Yes?" He answered in a light voice.

"Undie!" Grell's spoke frantically into the phone, his voice high pitched and racing. "I just called Sebby to let him know I was home and he told me, oh God I can't believe this, he just told me that Dean Spears is dead!"

Undertaker lifted the paper up to his face and stroked his cheek with the pointed edge. "The man who we saw last night? The one who left without a word?" He responded calmly.

"Yes! A cop came by this morning and told him they found him."

"Hanging?" Undertaker interrupted.

Silence came over the phone. Undertaker could not even hear his hysterical lover breathing. "Am I right, Grell?" He asked.

"H-how did you know?" Grell nearly screamed.

"Because he was number 13, my dear." He answered flatly, standing up from his chair and heading towards the fax machine in his office. "He was number 13 and I do believe we are almost out of time."

December 13, 1848

The aromatic and earthy smell of Earl Grey tea caused Dee's nose to twitch with pleasure as he inhaled the intoxicating scent from his porcelain tea cup. His mother prided herself in obtaining only the finest teas, imported directly from England, and she always saved a container of leaves for her beloved son.

After preparing some snacks and settling into his chair, he sipped the freshly steeped liquid and watched his servant nibble daintily on the corner of a square sugar biscuit whilst lounging on his bed. Apparently, it was customary for Indian royalty to hold meetings as such.

"Do you like it?" Dee asked politely, offering another plate of scones and candied pastries. "I have more tea as well." He offered.

"Master, this is very unnecessary." Anish wiped a few stray crumbs from the corners of his mouth. "You are far too generous with me."

Dee smiled. "I am grateful for your services, should I not show it?"

Munching away at the tasty pastry, Anish stretched his long legs out and hummed with pleasure. "My days were spent much like this, with my own beloved serving me jaleebi or kheer."

Dee looked surprised. "You had a beloved?" He queried, taking a sip of his tea.

"Ah yes, his name was Arshad."

Quirking an eyebrow, Dee placed his tea cup on the nightstand. "He?"

A pretty laugh tumbled from Anish's lips. "Were you not expecting that? Yes, he was my servant and also my lover."

"I'm certain you must miss him." Dee said quietly, looking down at his folded hands. "Will you see
him again?"

"No." Anish replied firmly, laying his head down against his arm and pulling at the stiff collar of his overly starched white shirt. "Not in this this life, but in the next."

"Is-is that the reincarnation you told me about?" Dee, who had been raised only in the belief of life everlasting in heaven or hell after death, sound the idea of coming back to live another life utterly fascinating. "You really believe that no matter when or where you die, you will find each other again?"

Anish nodded. "Two hearts linked within one lifetime will repeat itself within many lifetimes, as long as both parties desire it."

"I want to see Vincent again." Dee mumbled, running his hands through his hair in frustration. "I want to be with him in this life and how many other lives there may be."

"As long as you both desire it" Anish stretched his arms up above his head and breathed deeply. Violet eyes looked around the room with great interest in search for a very important item. "Where did you etch the Sigil?" He pointed to the walls. "Is it behind one of the frames?"

"I needed to make it close to the bed." Dee grumbled, bending down to lift the bed skirt. He signaled the Anish to look at the floor. "I carved it into the wood under my bed."

Anish smiled and nodded. "Well done." He sat up straight and swung his legs over the edge. "You will have your chance to ask for a minor wish from that demon. Once that is accomplished, you must be strong enough to invoke the powers of Lord Shiva and do as you are asked."

"I'm afraid of this not working, Anish." Dee gripped his hands together, knuckles turning white as he pressed them onto his face. The threat of hot tears prickled at the corners of his eyes. "I hurt him . . . so badly." He gasped, a choking sob wrenched itself free from his throat while Anish watched coolly from the bed.

"I offered up his virginity, made him bleed like an animal, and he hates me now. What if this doesn't work?" Dropping his hands, Dee looked at Anish with a face full of despair.

"Master, what more may I tell you?" The Indian slave sighed, scratching his umber tinted cheek with his thin fingers. "It is all up to the power of your love and the strength behind your faith. I will never leave your side, as you will never leave his side. Only through suffering does one truly gain wisdom and understanding. And so you both must suffer before you both gain truth."

"I will never leave him." The dark haired man spoke earnestly, wiping his damp face with the palm of his hands. "I will fight whatever there is in whatever world it is from and I will protect him with my own life!"

Anish smiled once again and took another bite of his biscuit. "And so you will, Master, and so you will."
Greetingzzzzzzzzz,

Someone spread some butter on me, I'm on a roll!!!!!!

Hahahahahaha, get it?

On a roll?

Spread butter on me?

Get it?

I'm saying I'm a whore!

Jk, well....maybe....

Anyways, quick update because you readers are awesome!

The end is near...literally.

Promises is coming to an end soon and there is some shocking ass shit that's going to be dropped on you people so prepare yourselves!

Thank you AnimeCujo for being my brilliant master.

BTW her fic "Revelations" is wrapping up soon and you need to read it NOW because it is...I don't know how to properly word this....

Assdfghjjklkllkkjhggfjdsayyueitoyppupinbmcncbvxzxz

Yeah, it's that fucking good.

Enjoy!

When your dreams all fail
And the ones we hail
Are the worst of all
And the blood’s run stale

I wanna hide the truth
I wanna shelter you
But with the beast inside
There’s nowhere we can hide

No matter what we breed
We still are made of greed
This is my kingdom come
This is my kingdom come

When you feel my heat
Look into my eyes
It’s where my demons hide
Don’t get too close
It’s dark inside
It’s where my demons hide

At the curtain’s call
It’s the last of all
When the lights fade out
All the sinners crawl

So they dug your grave
And the masquerade
Will come calling out
At the mess you made

Don’t wanna let you down
But I am hell bound
Though this is all for you
Don’t wanna hide the truth

When you feel my heat
Look into my eyes
It’s where my demons hide
Don’t get too close
It’s dark inside
It’s where my demons hide

They say it’s what you make
I say it’s up to fate
It’s woven in my soul
I need to let you go

Your eyes, they shine so bright
I wanna save that light
I can’t escape this now
Unless you show me how

When you feel my heat
Look into my eyes
It’s where my demons hide
It’s where my demons hide
Don’t get too close
It’s dark inside
It’s where my demons hide
It’s where my demons hide

"Demons" -Imagine Dragons
December 13, 1848

11:00pm

Darkness . . .

All around; darkness all around.

The full moon, silvery and bright, shone like a glimmering coin against the clear night. Skeletal trees swayed as an icy wind cut through the air. Snow piles pressed against the walls of the shabby log cabin, situated in the outskirts of town, while the wind rattled the worn shutters.

The Phantomhive home was shoddy, at best, built for a family steeped in poverty and at the lower end of the social ranking of Fultonville. One could blame the misfortunes of fate; however, the reality was far simpler. Thomas Phantomhive had purchased the farmland two years earlier and had greatly contributed, of not caused, the ruination of the small plot of land.

His vices were obvious, the man was a drunkard.

The short stocky man fumbled through his days, wallowing his miseries at the bottom of his homemade moonshine jars. The sickly sweet concoctions were potent and usually left him in a lucid daze for weeks. His haggard wife, Elend, suffered silently; her haunted blue eyes watching and fretting over her only son, Vincent.

Since the day her beautiful little boy was born, the nagging feeling of impending doom followed her relentlessly. How many nights had she spent cradling the wheezing boy? How many days did she follow him about, doggedly watching his every step for the frail boy was prone to accidents and injuries. How many years could she stay by his side and protect the child who lit up her very existence with his pretty smile and tight embraces?

Peering out through the slits of the shutters in her bedroom, Elend shivered. The room was freezing, devoid of any warmth since the wood shed was empty and Thomas he'd neglected chopping more during the warmer months. She usually begged for wood from her neighbors, but the winter storms had arrived much earlier than expected, and this was not the time to go traveling in a broken down carriage drawn by a malnourished horse.

She sighed, pulling her shawl tighter around her thin frame, watching the rising moon grow brighter and brighter against the black canvas of the night. Earlier she had boiled water on the stove, with some coal she had hidden away in her drawer, and heated up fist sized rocks. Wrapping the rocks in cloth, she had placed them under Vincent's sheets at the foot of his bed in order to keep him warm for an hour or two. Once the heat helped him fall asleep, she went back into his room and laid more blankets on him.

He must not get sick, she told herself, he must not get sick.

Turning away from the window, Elend padded toward her bed and laid down, again shivering from the bitterness of cold. Thomas was fast asleep, snoring loudly and smacking his lips. The revulsion she felt towards her wayward husband was great, but she had no choice except to stay with him until the end of her days.

As long as Vincent was alive, she would withstand anything, she decided quietly to herself before sleep finally slipping into her eyes.

"Ellie?" Thomas whispered lowly, cracking on eye open upon hearing a soft snore slip past his wife's lips. "You 'wake?" He asked, easing himself carefully from out of the bed. He stood still,
watching the rise and fall of her chest. "Ellie?" He again called in his regular voice. Once satisfied that she indeed was in a deep sleep, he quickly snatched his boots from under the bed and tiptoed his way out of the room.

The simple cabin had two rooms and one area for the kitchen and family table. There were no luxuries, not sitting rooms, no attics now basements. It was barebones and rundown, but it was home. Vincent thought back to Klaus' promise.

"The Butler House shall be yours."

Shaking his head, Thomas felt anxiety welling up in his gut; he hadn't touched a drop of liquor in two days, too scared to not be aware of what was happening around him. Klaus had given him very exact instruction, warning him that if Thomas were to go against any orders he would suffer eternal damnation.

Shuffling towards Vincent's room, the jittery man peeked in and took note of the extra blankets his son was cocooned within. The room could not be any colder, but soon it would not matter. Steeling himself, Thomas backed away from the room and turned towards the front door. Grabbing the handle, he closed his eyes and offered a quick prayer for forgiveness before yanking the door open.

Before him stood Klaus Michaelis flanked by his son Dietrich and a dark skinned young man Thomas did not recognize.

"Good evening, Mr. Phantomhive." Klaus greeted, tipping his black hat and offering a wide smile. "It is time." Pushing the shaking man to the side, the men strode in quietly, their long black coats billowing with every movement. To Thomas, they appeared like a trio of black birds, harbingers of death.

"Dietrich, Anish, go fetch the boy, and do so quickly without a ruckus." Klaus instructed firmly.

Dee nodded and glanced at Anish who in retrieved a woven sack from inside his cloak along with a thick handkerchief. They proceeded into Vincent's room and stood like a pair of sentinels over the boys sleeping form.

"If he sees your face, he may be calmed." Anish informed the trembling man beside him. "Let him know you love him." He whispered.

"Yes, yes, of course." Dee breathed, kneeling down and carefully removing the first cover of blanket until he could properly see Vincent's face.

The moon spilled against the delicate features of the child, illuminating his fine porcelain skin. Dee's heart thudded wildly; the pull to embrace Vincent and press his body against his own was painful.

"Vin, listen, Vin, wake up!" Dee edged his upper body onto the rickety bed and whispered into the boy's ear. "Wake up, please, Vin, it's me!"

Ocean eyes shot open, wide with panic.

"Wha-mpff!" Before he could cry out, Vincent found himself entangled in Dee's arms, their mouths locked in a heated kiss.

Shocked beyond comprehension, the boy struggled to free himself from the fervent embrace, vainly attempting to shove the larger man off of him. But it was no use, Dee devoured the young man's lips, his tongue pushing and probing into the warm concerns of his mouth and lustfully
lapping up the muffled cries.

All Vincent could do was succumb to the passionate assault. Closing his eyes, he relented and ceased his struggling in favor of clutching Dee's shirt and pulling him closer. Since the day Dee had forced himself into Vincent, the boy had avoided seeing and speaking to him, yet at that moment, he could not imagine letting the stately young man go.

Finally releasing their mouths with a soft pop, Dee watched Vincent pant, gulping lungfuls of air as he drew back. A large hand reached out and stroked the disheveled head of hair, lovingly tugging at Vincent's earlobes.

"Do you love me?" Dee asked huskily, cupping the heart shaped face in his hands.

"Y-Yes!" Vincent choked out, grasping the hands and squeezing them. "I always will!" He whimpered, his face twisted in fear.

"No matter what happens, you must always believe in me. Think only of me, love only me." Dee urged, taking a hand and motioning for Anish to come next to him. "No matter what happens, you keep your promise and I will keep mine."

Vincent nodded his head and pressed his lips tightly together. He watched fearfully as the Indian servant knelt down and began pulling the sack over Vincent's head.

The boy swallowed hard, the urge to scream, fight, and cry all clamoring to be released. But he had promised Dee that he would trust him, he had promised Dee to place himself in his hands.

As angry and hurt as he was over what had happened between them, he never stopped loving him and he certainly believed that Dee loved him as well. That night, when his virginity was ravished, Vincent had sworn to Dee that he would never ever be in his company again. Upon Dee's request, Anish escorted him home without a word.

"Master, lift him." Anish stood up and stepped to the side. Dee looped his arms underneath the slope of his back and under the crook of his bare legs, hoisting the feather light child into his arms. The Indian grabbed a blanket and covered the boy who by now was trembling violently.

"Face me." Anish ordered.

Dee frowned, turning to him. His breath hitched as Anish began wiping his face gently with his handkerchief. "Anish . . . what are you-?"

"Your face, Master." His deep amethyst tinted eyes studied the red rimmed eyes and pale face, it was clear how torturous this all was for Dee. "It is full of tears." Wiping the damp cheeks, Anish gave him a look of resolve. "If you are strong, so will he be."

"Dee." The hushed voice behind the sack arrested Dee's attention. "Dee, can ya' hear me?" Vincent squirmed slightly in his arms, lifting his hidden face up towards the side of Dee's head.

"Yes, I can hear you." Dee hugged the petite body close to his chest, it was much like holding a glass doll, delicate and fragile. "Speak quickly." He said softly, nuzzling his nose against Vincent's crown.

"Am I gonna see you again?"

Anish looked at the boy, curled up like a baby in its womb, encased in the protective folds of Vincent's arms. What faith could be measured greater than this? He thought.
"Master will always be by your side, Vincent." Anish answered, his voice steady and firm. "Master always keeps his promises."

A faint rapping on the door signaled that it was time to leave.

The three men walked out into an inky dark night, the moon, a lantern guiding them towards the large horse drawn carriage awaiting them at the end of the gravel road. Vincent made not a sound as he was carried by Dee and placed gingerly into the seat. The crack of a whip, and the neigh of a responding steed, made him jump. But he was not afraid, no, not yet.

Midnight would mark his 15th birthday.

And somehow, Vincent knew, it would be his last.

"Ciel!" Sebastian cried, turning on his heels to find his lover had landing heavily onto the floor.

Ciel's eyes were wide open, however, it was clear from the foam quickly collecting at the corners of his mouth and the jerky motion of his arms and legs that he was experiencing a seizure.

"The fuck!?!" Claude yelled, launching himself at the young man spasming on the floor. "I've got this!" He yelled at Sebastian while whipping off his brown leather belt.

Sebastian shoved his hands, open and palm up, underneath Ciel's head as it bobbed violently up and down. If he didn't cushion the impact with his hands, Ciel would have surely split his head wide open against the floor.

Claude quickly folded the belt and rammed it between Ciel's teeth. "Can't have you biting your tongue off, eh?" He grunted, holding the belt taut between the clenched jaw. "Holy shit on a stick, does this happen a lot?" He questioned, looking up at Sebastian.

"He suffers from Epilepsy." Sebastian rubbed Ciel's head in a need to relax this young man. "He's supposed to be taking medication, but he told me it made me I'll, so he stopped."

"I'll call medics-"

"No!" Sebastian shouted. "He'll be fine! Stress triggers the attacks, and Jesus Christ! You just told him that a man who was just in our house last night killed himself this morning!"

"Well, how the fuck am I supposed to know he gets seizures?!!"

"Don't, please don't." Sebastian held up his hand, irritation marked clearly on his face. "Just leave, please."

"Not until I question you about last night." Claude declared, standing up and looking around. "If you think he's going to be ok, take him inside and I'll wait for him to wake up."

Sebastian lifted Ciel up in his arms and glared at the officer. "I don't want you here."

"Too fucking bad." Claude drawled, scratching his chin as he assessed the situation. "So, is there a bathroom I can use?"

"Yeah, most 21st century homes have one." Sebastian snarled, turning towards the living room. "Down the hallway to your right."

"Jerk off." Claude muttered, clomping loudly out of the hallway, his boots trailing gravel and snow
in its wake. Pausing briefly right outside of the bathroom door, he listened for the sounds of
Sebastian talking lowly to Ciel, attempting to coax him out of his episode.

Alois had informed him of Ciel harboring his secret, a secret which was trying to break through
and warn him of the demon king. A secret "built" into him which would give him the ability to
fight back for the sake of his soul. Knowing full well that Ciel's birthday was quickly approaching,
the contract would be fulfilled if Ciel did not understand who and what he truly was.

This was Claude's chance to help.

There was a supposed "Chamber of Demons" created to house all of the souls caged by Asmodeus.
It was certainly in the house, but Claude needed to find it and bring Alois to it. If Alois could
somehow free the trapped souls of the demon kings victims, the contract would be weakened.

Demons, bastards that they are, cannot go against a contract.

And if a contract happens to be broken, a demon becomes powerless.

Claude opened the door to the bathroom and slammed it shut, listening to the echoing sounds
reverberating through the spacious home. Stepping quietly back, Claude scanned his surroundings
and noticed a door right before the kitchen. It could be a pantry, he thought, tiptoeing towards the
door. Hand on the knob, he turned and pulled.

The smell of rot almost knocked him off his feet.

His hand shot up to cover his mouth as the pungent aroma of decayed flesh slammed into him.
Glancing behind him, after finding that the light switch wasn't working, Claude took a tentative
step and began descending into the basement.

He whipped out a flashlight while hurriedly dialing Alois on his cell with his other hand. With each
cautious step, the light beam remained trained to the bottom landing. After two rings, he stopped
mid step when Alois answered.

"You're in, right?" Came the curt response.

Resting the cell between his chin and shoulder he snapped open the holster to his gun. "Yeah, and
now I'm going downstairs into the basement which, by the way, smells like a fucking morgue." He
grimaced.

"Of course it does," Alois tsked. "This is where the demon's gateway is."

Rolling his eyes and annoyed at the fallen angel's shortness with him, Claude took another slow
step down. "Why does it have to smell like dead people?" He complained.

"Demons smell like corpses, it's their thing. You're smelling it because I allowed you to make love
to me."

"Lucky me . . ." He muttered.

"Go scratch."

Almost at the landing, the officer swung the flashlight around, scanning the walls and laundry
room entrance to the right. "Once I get downstairs, what do I do?" He asked.

"Find the door to the sacred room."
"Sounds like I'm playing Game of Thrones."

"It should be a wooden door with a bunch of carvings on it. Do not touch it under any circumstance! I need you to take the holy water I gave you and pour it over the threshold of the door leading to the back yard."

Looking to the left, Claude noticed the intensity of the smell seemed stronger. He began walking in the direction of the foul scent; one hand holding the light, the other resting securely on his gun. "You sure you'll be able to enter that way?"

"Yeah, there's no way I can get into that house without the barrier being weakened. Holy water will give me and Jerrica an open spot to get in.

Claude caught sight of the door leading to the outside, short black curtains covered the windows pains. "Gotcha."

A short silence crackled through the phone causing Claude to wonder if they had gotten disconnected. It wasn't until he heard the hesitant breath taken by his golden haired lover that he realized he wasn't the only one suffering from nerves.

"Claude," Alois's voice was thick with emotion. "You are in the middle of a very dangerous situation. Get in and then get out, understand?"

Pointing the flashlight to the far left of the dank basement, Claude could see a doorway at the end of the cement wall hallway. As he inched closer, the color of the door gleamed dark brown and deep black etchings and grooves painted the entire door from top to bottom. This was it, the door to Hell.

He could hear the concern breaking through Alois' testy tone. "Understood, boss." He quipped, hanging up the call and pocketing the cell.

Dee felt an angry knot form furiously in his throat.

Upon arrival to the Butler House, Klaus had instructed Anish to carry the boy downstairs to the basement and into the "special chamber".

"I will remain by your side, Vincent." Anish spoke into the clothed head, his voice hushed by reassuring. "Master must speak with his father." Vincent nodded silently and held on to Anish's shoulders with shaking hands.

"My son, you remain here with me." Klaus took purchase of Dee's arm and led him away from Anish and Vincent.

"What's happening, father?" Dee asked worriedly.

"Vincent must be properly prepared for the sacrifice." Klaus sauntered into the living room and fetched himself a Boudreaux glass from the fine china cabinet. Dee watched as his father poured himself a generous serving of red wine, sat down in his favorite chair and proceeded to take languid sips of his drink.

"Prepared? How?" Dee asked, nervously twisting the collar of his shirt. This was not part of the plan his father had revealed to him. More than anything, he wanted to remain with Vincent.

"My son, there is a slight change of plans." Klaus gave his boy a toothy grin and bade him to sit
down on the couch in front of him. "A slight change with major ramifications."

Dee blinked. "I-I don't understand."

"Of course you do not." The older man chuckled, taking another sip. "Allow me to explain. Lord Asmodeus is a demon of lust. Carnal acts please him immensely. What was part of the contract was to sacrifice a pure creature's soul."

Dee felt the sickness boiling within his gut, threatening to spill all over the floor again. He swallowed thickly and nodded for his father to continue.

"In return, all families involved will be granted another bountiful harvest, good health, and monetary gains." Suddenly leaning forward, Klaus reached out and grasped his son's shoulder. "But I am a greedy man." He snickered, his red eyes shine bright and menacing. "I have given orders to each head of those households to rape that beautiful young boy as we speak."

Dee's eyes widened, his heart clenched painfully as the horror of what his father just told him exploded in his ears.

"What? Wha-why?! Why father?!!" Dee cried out, immediately standing up and looming over his father, fists clenched at his sides. "Now?! Is this happening now?!"

"Mind your tone with me!" Klaus spat, glaring at Dee. "That boy will soon be nothing, but a memory! Asmodeus will take the child, realize that abominable acts of lust were forced upon him and when he inquires me of this I shall inform him that this was my gift to our great lord! He will be grateful, pleased that I have presented such a marred and tainted soul for him to feast upon! My rewards will be greater than all the others! I shall be superior to each and every one of those loathsome families!"

An internal conflict raged within Dee as he stood there seething. Anish had told him to take Vincent's virginity, it was all part of their plan, however, he never dreamed that Vincent would have to suffer from repeated rapings from thirteen grown men.

"Wh-why aren't you . . . down there?" Dee stared at his father, fighting back his tears.

"I cannot indulge in such a vulgar act." The patriarch sneered, waving his son off. "There is no need to dirty my hands when others are willing to do it for me."

The giant grandfather clock in the room ticked loudly, its chimes sounding like the metallic moans of a metal giant. Dee kept his eyes glued to the hands, watching in despair as a half passed without any news from downstairs. His father sipped his drink slowly, silently looking out the windows into the inky night.

Finally, Anish appeared at the entrance of the room, his normally warm face seemed pale and drawn. Dee locked eyes with his young servant, and the emptiness he saw made him understand that Anish had stood and witnessed Vincent's rapings.

He had promised to be by his side, Dee thought miserably.

"Master, they are done." Anish informed in a quivering voice. "They await your presence."

"Come, let us go downstairs. Klaus gulped down the rest of his wine and stood up, "Anish, fetch me my cloak."

Anish's head snapped up, his dark hair matted from sweat. The boy was proud, strong, wide beyond
his years, yet the nightmare of holding Vincent's hands back as each grown man violently entered him, ravaging the frail boy, was indescribably cruel.

"Yes, sir." He replied hoarsely, averting his eyes from the malevolent gaze of the hardened German. Courage rang loud and clear in his heart, but the domineering man frightened him.

Anish opened the door and stood to the side, allowing The pair to pass him and descend the stairs. The steps creaked under their combined weight and a rush of cold air seeped through their clothes. It was dark except for an eerie red glow from somewhere to the left of the basement.

Dee swallowed hard. "Father, you remember the promise you gave to me?"

Klaus stood still in the middle of the staircase and turned around slowly in order to look up at his ashen faced son. A slow, evil grin spread across his sharp face, his eyes filled with a hunger for power.

"Of course, my son." He hissed gleefully, "Vincent shall die by your hands."

After hanging up with Claude, Alois had taken to rereading several texts on Fultonville's history. Since he could not enter the Butler House until Claude created a pathway for him and Jerrica, he used the time to hunt for clues.

So far he had discovered that the Phantomhive family no longer existed on the town's registry after 1848 and curiously enough, a new family had acquired the Butler House, the new family appeared in 1850 as the Butler household.

Odd, he thought. It was such a small family for such a large house, Thomas and Elend Butler and their only son, Dämon.

From then on, generation after generation of Butler men lived and prospered in that house. But how were they tied to the Phantomhives? Deep in thought, the angel took to chewing on his lower lip.

"How old are you really?" Alois looked up from the open book on his lap and quicker an eyebrow at Lizzie, he was surprised at such a question.

"I'm pretty old." He smiled, flipping a couple of pages and scanning the contents with a critical eye. "Actually, I'm pretty fucking old." He chuckled.

"I can't believe how much you curse for an angel." She laughed. The pair were seated on Claude's worn couch, combing through several books they had found in Spears's library. Some were historical collections of the town's history. "Do all angels curse?"

"We certainly do not!" Jerrica snapped, entering the room from the kitchen holding a bowl of chips in one hand and a glass of water in the other. "Alois here is what we call, rogue." Settling into an armchair, she placed the bowl on her lap and began munching away at her snack.

"Rogue is an ok word to describe me." Alois sighed, reaching out to snatch a chip from the young angel's bowl. "But I'm working my ass off to get back to where I belong."

Lizzie tucked her socked feet underneath her legs and absentmindedly began twirling her long curls. "You really miss home, don't you?"

Alois looked up again from his book, a smirk resting on his face. "Yeah, I miss my home" he said wistfully. "As much as the human realm is filled with beauty and hope and some fucked up shit,
there is nothing like my home."

"It is quite glorious." Jerrica hummed.

"I see." Lizzie sighed and rested her head against her hand as she studied Alois' face. He was the prettiest boy she knew, far more interesting than anyone she grew up with in Fultonville. As she admired his celestial beauty, a sudden thought popped in her head "What about Claude?" She asked.

Alois felt his chest suddenly tighten. "What about him?" He shrugged, quickly looking back down at the book.

"He is your lover, right?" Lizzie scooted closer to the fallen angel. "Won't you miss him?" She prodded. "I mean, he can't go with you."

"That would prove impossible, certainly not where Alois would ascend." Jerrica pointed out.

"That's so sad!" Lizzie cried. "I can tell he means so much to you!"

"He's the only human you've ever spent this much time with." Jerrica mused, popping another chip in her mouth. "And he's the only one you've ever revealed your true self to-"

"Could you two shut up?" Alois shouted, slamming the book shut. "You know the fucking deal, right? Well, so does he! I ascend, I leave, end of fucking story!" He stood up from the couch and stomped out of the room and into Claude's bedroom.

The women exchanged curious glances. "The gates of paradise would be open and he would spend eternity among his brethren, never hungry, never alone, never forsaken again."

But it was an eternity without Claude.

Yet, if he stayed within the earth realm, he would spend a finite time with his lover. Years would pass like minutes to him and he would witness the degenerating impact of time on the human being. Death would one day come for Claude, and he would be forever lost to him.

A double edged sword sharpened with grief and hopelessness.

Murderous rage, it coursed like poison throughout Dee's body.

Once at the heart of the basement, Klaus had led the two men into a room completely lit by flaming sconces. The walls were a deep grey and bare, all that stood out in the room was the massive stone altar in the middle of the room. It was at least three feet wide and 6 feet long with a thick metal ring screwed in at both ends. The purpose of the rings was to loop ropes or chains
through them in order to tie down someone's hands and feet.

Before him laid Vincent, a thin trickle of blood had run like a small current from underneath his thighs all the way to the side of the stone table.

Red eyes slitted dangerously as they scanned the once pearlescent body of the quivering boy. His rail thin wrists were bound by coarse rope; every movement rubbed the translucent skin raw and red until droplets of blood collected on the surface. His legs were bound by the same dirty rope, bright splotches of crimson stained the ivory flesh.

A burning desire to avenge the abuse of his young love swirled viciously within Dee's chest, his heart thudding painfully, murderous thoughts pummeled away at his brain as he assessed the damaged beauty laying prone and helpless on the large stone slab.

Vincent's breath was ragged with fear as his jaw clenched at the rag stuffed roughly into his mouth, successfully muffling his whimpering cries. Only a loin cloth was offered as any protection against the frost bitten air, the dampness of the basement was suffocating and Vincent fought to keep his constricted lungs from collapsing.

The young boy was terrified beyond human understanding; the unknown filled with promises of more pain and possible death filled him with terror. "Our Father, who art in Heaven, hallow be Thy name . . ." The Lord's Prayer was all he could recite in his head, a desperate plea to his Divine Maker for salvation, for forgiveness, for anything that could release him from this nightmare world he had been forced in to. "Thy Kingdom come. Thy will be done." His heart cried, gagging audibly on the rag stuffed in his parched mouth.

With arms stretched above his head, Vincent struggled from losing consciousness. Sconces lined the walls, throwing large beast like shadows against the walls as they crackled and burned. Was he in Hell? He wondered with horror, his large eyes wide and confused. This must be Hell, how could these fires burn so brightly and yet the air was a thousand pricking needles of ice biting at his skin?

Thirteen figures surrounded the table, all cloaked and hooded in deep black robes; they murmured in low voices to each other and shuffled quietly. An ominous feeling blanketed the room; Vincent felt its presence weighing down on his chest and again he prayed silently for someone to save him.

Dee stood off to the side next to his father watching the heads of the thirteen most prominent families' position themselves around Vincent. Klaus wore a hooded robe as well, the only difference was that the cloth was a deep red tinted velvet material.

"He looks like the devil." Dee thought, bristling with all new hatred for the smirking man who had begun removing a small book from the inside folds of the heavy cloak. The cover was cracked dark earthy leather, archaic scribbles and symbols etched deeply onto the surface. It appeared ancient and worn.

The murmuring halted.

Dee looked down at his own attire, his father had forbidden him to wear a cloak since he was merely a watcher to invoking the demon and not a participant. There was no need to allow the demon a chance to mistake the young man as a sacrifice and so he instructed him to wear a white button down collared shirt and simple black linen pants. It was his usual Sunday church outfit. Dee shook his head at the sick irony of it all.

"Good evening, brothers." Klaus greeted his brethren in a voice deep and severe. It sent cold shivers down everyone's body.
Dee sucked in a short breath and swallowed the lump in his throat, now was not the time to lose composure. The plan had been set days ago, he had figured everything out, or so he hoped.

Each hooded figure nodded and simultaneously removed a long black candle from beneath their robes. Encircling the trembling figure, they placed the candles into carved holes around the surface perimeter of the large stone altar. Vincent watched with wide eyes full of confusion and fear, his head turning side to side as he tried to recognize the faces masked by the drooping hoods.

Klaus waved his hand and each candle was suddenly alit with a blue flame.

Dee felt the knot drop from his throat and straight into his stomach. What had his father become?

"Prepare for His arrival." Klaus removed his hood and placed a heavy hand upon his son's shoulder, giving it a quick squeeze. "Our demon is a courteous being and a gentleman. We must never show dishonor, nor disrespect to Him." He warned lowly.

The others made themselves busy bustling about. Several men began placing sprigs of mint plants along the sides of Vincent's body while others lit bowls full of sweet and herbal scented incense in copper bowls. The sizzling crackle of the incense echoed in the room and it gave Dee the feeling of electricity running haphazardly through the air. A thin film of grey smoke began to gather above the altar and a dizzying wave hit the tall black haired man, it felt so cold in the room and all he could do was watch as Vincent lay trembling like a wounded bird on his deathbed.

The urgent need to vomit slammed into Dee and he quickly turned around and wretched onto the stone floor. The thrumming in his ears and the sounds of liquid splattering against the ground still could not drown the chuckling tenor of his father's mocking voice.

"Such a big son I have," he sneered, his crooked mouth revealing gleaming white teeth, "and yet still a boy."

Hatred and loathing for the man ran red hot through his chest, but Dee held himself back and spat out the bile still lingering in his mouth. "That stench is disgusting." He grunted, straightening himself up and wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. "I'm used to better scenarios than this."

"Indeed." Klaus snorted, stepping towards the group of waiting men. "You shall soon meet the force which allowed you to enjoy these luxuries." Tapping his head with his pointer finger, he smiled at the group. "It is time." He announced in a booming voice.

Each member slowly removed their hoods and looked down upon the trembling boy. Each face stone still and emotionless, not a hint of humanity amongst them. Dee felt the knot grow like a malignant monster thrashing and gnawing at his insides as his garnet eyes raced from one face to another.

He knew them all, grew up with their children, sat alongside them in church, social functions, school, the fields, their homes. They were his neighbors in the eyes of the town; in the eyes of the church they were his brothers. Yet those same eyes were void of any warmth and humanity.

He thought he knew them all.

And so did Vincent.

The young boy went rigid as the sudden appearance of faces further embedded the deep shame and trauma from the repeated acts of rape. He looked at Charles Gray who often allowed Vincent a few leftover biscuits if the boy hauled timber to his bakery in town. There was Aldus Spears, the headmaster of the school, Edward Violet, the town's renowned portrait master, Fred Aberline, the
sheriff.

Thirteen of the most powerful men in all of Fultonville, congregating in a dank locked basement and conjuring the powers of Hell. It was a truth far too strange and insidious. These were the God fearing people of Fultonville, generations of families from prestigious families haling from across the seas. German and Irish ancestry as old as the stone and earth beneath their feet; how could this be happening?

Vincent felt the weight of fear settle like a hot sack of stones in the pit of his stomach for as his doe like eyes flitted nervously from the pointed nose of Manfred Anafeloz to the cool gleam in Charles Phipps's stony facade. He did not know why, but he fully understood that he meant absolutely nothing to them. They had all entered him, stretched and ripped him without mercy. Like a horde of beasts, they had pillaged his body and left him spent and used against the cold stone surface.

The young boy closed his eyes and began to weep, large drops of tears collected at the corners of his eyes and trickled endlessly as his body shook from the force of his sobs. The echoing sounds of his muffled cries resonated through the damp air and rang pitifully against the stone walls. It wounded Dee to the core, his heart clenched painfully from the sight of his raw boned love, defenseless and terrified, tied up as a lamb for slaughter with the gaping mouth of Hell waiting patiently to devour his soul.

"It is time to invoke our King." Klaus Michaelis, flipping the book open, his fingers ran through the tattered sepia colored pages until they rested upon a particular inscription. Clearing his throat, the giant of a man gave his pale faced son a side glance and smiled. Dee forced a tight smile and drew his eyes back to the quivering form on the altar.

"Lord Satan," Klaus's voice boomed, the deep tenor filling the room with its overwhelming strength and tone as ancient summoning words poured forth. "By your grace, grant me, I pray thee the power to conceive in my mind and to execute that which I desire to do, the end which I would attain by thy help, O Mighty Satan, the one True God who livest and reignest forever and ever."

"I entreat thee to inspire Asmodeus to manifest before me that he/she may give me true and faithful answer, so that I may accomplish my desired end, provided that it is proper to his/her office. This I respectfully and humbly ask in Your Name, Lord Satan, the one True God who livest and reignest forever and ever."

"Look!" Phipps shouted, pointing a shaking finger at the accumulation of smoke above Vincent. "I-It is Him!" All eyes shot up to focus on the swirling mass of bluish grey smoke, which had been created from the copper bowls of burning incense. It had collected itself into a nebulous form, slowly swirling into what appeared to be a five pointed shape.

If it weren't for Vincent, Dee would have turned tail and ran screaming into the night. Gripping the sides of his pants with his shaking hands, he willed himself to steady his breathing and remain calm amidst the tumult of fear currently assaulting him. This was far beyond anything he could have ever imagined, the sum of all fears manifesting itself in the belly of his own home.

"Welcome and much honor and praise to you, King of Demons," Klaus bowed reverently, "Lord Asmodeus."
"All Hail King of Demons, Lord Asmodeus!" The thirteen followers uniformly bowed and greeted the strangely shaped smoke cloud.

Glowing red ember burned brightly, mixing like liquid fire within the deep black star which was growing larger and larger above the trapped child. Vincent began pulling frantically at the ropes, the coarse threads biting deeper into his paper thin skin. The urge to rush forward and free his petite love nearly sent Dee screaming past his father, but he held himself rooted to his spot, determined not to allow his emotions to undermine the greater plan at hand.

Suddenly the temperature of the room dropped even further, so much so that Dee caught sight of his own breath puffing out in nervous gasps into the air. His body began to shake violently. Unable to peel his eyes away from the smoky form, he watched in complete horror as the shape slowly opened up into what looked like a yawning black hole and the long, dark nailed fingertips of some being began to come through into their world.

"Good evening, gentlemen." A smooth silky voice purred, it's melodic and sensuous tone reverberating amongst the frozen inhabitants of the room. "Have you my precious soul?"
Chapter 22

**Greetingzzzzzzzzzz!**

So here's another quick update for you lovely readers :)

After this expect to see updates for Rugged Hearts, I'm trying to balance two stories at once but just like pimping, it ain't easy...

Oh! Something crazy happened on AO3 these past two weeks, the formatting and chapters of my stories were all mixed up and fucked up. Thank God for AnimeCujo who fixed up the mistakes and saved my stories. If you've been reading Promises and things looked weird or made zero sense, go back and retread because now it's as it should be.

What's going to happen to Ciel and Alois? They both seem more alike now than ever before. I just love screwing with their love lives hehehehehehe.

And make sure to read AnimeCujo's amazing epic story Revelations!!!! It's near its ending and the FEELS and the HEARTACHES are just ugh wonderful.

Enjoy!

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Crowded streets are cleared away

One by One
Hollow heroes separate
As they run

You're so cold
Keep your hand in mine
Wise men wonder while strong men die

Show me how it ends it's alright
Show me how defenseless you really are
satisfied and empty inside
Well, that's alright, let's give this another try

If you find your family, don’t you cry
In this land of make-believe, dead and dry

You're so cold, but you feel alive
Lay your hand on me one last time

"So Cold" Breaking Benjamin
Jakob Phipps, 26 year old male, found hanging in a cheap motel by Times Square.

Niles Aberline, 23 yr old male found hanging from the chandelier in his West Side Loft.

Andrew Anafeloz, 33 year old male found hanging in his East Village office.

Lorenz Gray, 30 yr old male found hanging in a public bathroom of a nightclub.

Ronald Knox, 29 yr old male found hanging in the storage room of his appliance store.

Undertaker scanned the rest of the list, which included eight more names, giving the last name on it a small chuckle.

William T. Spears.

He was number thirteen.

"How amusing!" He cackled, checking his cell to see if Sebastian had received the list he had faxed him earlier in the day.

There had been no reply even though he had texted him about the arrival of the list. Something was going on and although he enjoyed the research and discovery of something so strange and new, he could not help but feel a bit nervous.

On the town's registry, he had caught sight of Grell's surname.

Furthering his research, he discovered a dark secret his lover had chosen never to reveal to him. Grell's older sister, Rachel, had hung herself years ago before Grell had come to New York. The surprising discovery led to more research in which he discovered that there had been numerous suicides in Grell's family, all by hanging. Somehow, whatever had occurred in Fultonville in its early years, was still currently affecting its descendants.

The odd man began tapping his teeth, immersing himself in more literature from the interest about the small town. At the end of the 19th century, an influenza epidemic had practically decimated half of the town, numerous families were affected and death was everywhere.

The Michaelis family had borne five sons; each one had prominent positions with the town's government. Tragically, each one married, but could bear no children. Finally, the Michaelis men fell victim to the illness and all five died during the winter of 1899. Elizabeth Midford had already been long gone, having committed suicide by hanging herself in her master bedroom not long after her husband, Dietrich Michaelis decided to walk out of his family and never return. No one ever could ever find him; it was if he had quietly vanished into the air, not a trace to be found. The Michaelis clan disappeared entirely from Fultonville, and a new family emerged from the ashes. The Butlers.

The Butler House, too convenient, the coroner sneered.

Patterns, all patterns pointing in one direction. Ciel.

The suicides began one after the other over a two year period of time, precisely after Ciel and Sebastian began their relationship. The radius of the suicides were all within lower Manhattan, exactly where Ciel lived. Undertaker hummed, eagerly tapping away at his laptop. The victims' autopsies revealed that they had been sexually active approximately twelve hours before their deaths.
Thanks to Grell, Undertaker was privy to Ciel's infidelity. It was the prime reason Grell despised the young man, he hated watching Sebastian suffer through every affair, through every betrayal, and yet his friend could not nor would not let Ciel go. It was an obsessive love he had never witnessed before in his life.

"It's as if he's possessed!" Grell had once cried to his lover.

"Humph, possession." The silver haired man mumbled, checking his phone again. "That may well be, my lovely sweetheart."

A document from an online historian website had been scanned years prior, detailing the families who owned certain landmark homes in upstate New York. Although not as famous as other home, The Butler House boasted longevity and loyalty to its original architecture. The family who owned the Butler House during the mid-19th century were comprised of only Thomas Butler, his wife Elend and their son Dämon.

Dämon.

Scratching his cheek, Undertaker wrote down the names and a piece of scrap paper.

"Elend, Elend." He mused, tapping the pen against his chin. "Why do I know that name?" He opened a separate window on the laptop and searched the name Elend. His eyes widened and a short escaped his lips.

"Misery." He chortled, slapping his knee. "Her name means misery in German!"

Humming gleefully he circled the child's name and searched for his history.

Dämon Butler grew up as a highly educated and beautiful young man. He left Fultonville at age 20 and headed to the big city in order to study at one of the more prestigious city universities. His family was wealthy and it afforded him quite a lifestyle of frivolity and ease, yet it was documented that he disappeared after his 21st birthday and after fathering a son out of wedlock with a young woman who shared a class with him.

Green eyes glowed with excitement as one website after another offered a clue here, a clue there. Bits and pieces of one strange discovery after another.

The Butler bloodline was replete with fatherless sons who then became themselves, absentee fathers to their own sons. It was odd, almost inexplicable.

Looking back at the paper with the names of the original Butlers, Undertaker studied the child's name. His mind working over the possible explanations, the eerie occurrences in the house, every story written, every history documented. Now vigorously chewing on his pen, a sudden epiphany alighted in his mind and he threw back his head, guffawing until his sides hurt and tears ran freely down the sides of his face.

"Dämon!" He gasped, wiping his face with the sleeve of his sweater, "Dämon! His name was Dämon!" Another round of raucous laughter rippled through him. Clutching his sides as he doubled over, he rested his head sideways on the desk and took a deep shaky breath. "Come on Sebastian, come on my friend, call me." He sang gaily between his laughter. "Call me! His name was Dämon."

"Dämon is German for Demon!"
"Shit, it fucking stinks!" Claude swore, angrily sprinkling the small vial of blessed holy water over the threshold of the basement door.

Swallowing the need to vomit, he looked up through eyes blurred with tears and made a mental note that he would take a very long and hot shower when he returned home. The scent of death and aura of evil was so heavy that it felt as if it were penetrating his skin and nestling into his pores. All he wanted at that moment was to finish creating the path and unlocking the door for easy access.

Pocketing the now empty vial, Claude reached out and turned the lock.

"What are you doing?"

Claude whirled around, hand instinctively clutching the gun on his side. Before him stood Mey Rin holding a laundry basket filled with soiled clothing. Her eyes were slitted and she wore an accusatory look on her face.

"Jesus Christ! Anybody ever tell you not to sneak up behind a fucking cop!" He thundered, straightening up immediately and snapping his holster closed. His heart pounded furiously, the girl had actually scared him half to death.

"I asked, what are you doing?" The maid stood perfectly still, her bright red hair pulled tightly back in a ponytail and her glasses perched high on the bridge of her nose. Claude could have said she looked like a librarian, but strangely enough, the feeling of malice was far too prominent in her eyes. What unnerved him most was the fact that he didn't even hear her walk up behind him; the old wooden steps creaked terribly with even the slightest pressure, how did he not hear her coming down?

Shaking the thoughts aside, Claude looked her up and down and grinned. "I was looking for the bathroom." He replied easily.

"The bathroom?" She scowled, "In the basement?"

"Yeah, stupid me." Claude hurriedly brushed past her and bounded up the stairs, leaving the young woman alone in the basement.

He had to speak to Ciel and get out of the house as quickly as possible. The smell of rot was too much to handle and now he had been sloppy and was caught in the basement.

Stomping noisily through the house, Claude entered the living room to find Sebastian seated on the couch with his arms wrapped protectively around an exhausted looking Ciel. The blue eyed man looked up at Claude and his face immediately paled. "Why are you still here?" He quivered in a small voice. His body shuddered, curling deeper into Sebastian's embrace. Sebastian gave Claude a dirty look. "I thought I told you to leave." He seethed, rubbing Ciel's arms soothingly.

"Quit giving me the fish eye, you look stupid doing it." Claude flopped down on the armchair next to the couch and whipped out his pocket notebook. "Ok professor, why don't you and Mary Ann tell me what happened last night?"

Clenching his jaw, Sebastian responded through gritted teeth, "I told you, Spears dropped by and left, he might have been here at most half an hour." He was at his wits end, between the shocking news of his Dean's suicide, Claude actually being in his home, and Ciel suffering a seizure, it was enough to drive any sane man over the edge.

Ignoring Sebastian's venomous stare, the officer turned his sights on Ciel "Hey, Pretty. You ok?"
Claude looked at Ciel with concern. "That was some fall you took." He pointed out.

"His name is Ciel." Sebastian fumed.

"I-I feel ok, just a bit dizzy." Ciel mumbled, twisting his body so that he could fully be enveloped within Sebastian's body. "Spears came and went, he never said anything about being depressed."

It was obvious he was getting nowhere with these two. No matter, he decided, the most important task had already been completed. "Ok then, I'll have to follow up if there's anything kinda off with the investigation." Claude snapped the notebook shut and placed it back in his pants pocket. "I've gotta go, but feel better and if you remember anything else, give me a call." He smiled and winked at the cowering boy. "Ya still got my card, right?"

"Get the fuck out of my house now!" Sebastian bellowed pointing to the direction of the front door. "Your coat's in the foyer closet, get it and get out!"

The officer shrugged nonchalantly. "That's quite a disrespectful way to talk to a man in uniform, especially since you never know when you'll need a cop to come around and save your candy ass."

"Get OUT!"

The minute Claude stepped out of the house, he felt as if a blanket of sludge had peeled itself from off his body. Light headed and nauseous, he stumbled quickly to his car and threw himself into the driver's seat. His hands were shaking uncontrollably and he cursed lowly for dropping his keys twice before finally getting them into the ignition.

The police vehicle, with its four wheel drive and snow tires, skidded slightly as it made its way down the snow covered gravel path. By the time he reached the main road, Claude had to pull over, swing the door open and vomit his entire breakfast and possibly last night dinner all over the roadside.

"The smells are getting stronger." Jerrica scrunched up her nose and stared out the bedroom window of Claude's room. "I can barely make out the humans anymore."

After an hour of leaving her partner alone, the younger angel decided to barge into the room and somehow coax him out of bed. She understood that Alois was an ancient being and living among the human realm for more than three millennium had changed him in a multitude of ways, but there was still a job to do.

Lizzie had left earlier, the amount of spirits calling to her was becoming worrisome and she felt that it would be best to go home and allow them all to speak to her under familiar surroundings. Jerrica was glad for the time alone with Alois.

She could sense the deep heartache wrestling itself within Alois.

"Kokabeil." She ventured cautiously, giving the mop top blonde who was currently lying face down and swathed in sheets and a comforter. "Remember the reason for our mission. We must salvage this land and the thousand of generations attached to it!"

"I know. But you don't need to use my real name, k?" Alois groaned, lifting his head slightly so that one large mournful blue eye peeked out from the sheets, "I am allowed a bit of self-pity before Claude gets back."

"Yes, yes, of course." She agreed, looking back out the bleak landscape of Fultonville. "I'm not
even sure what we are going to do once we gain entry into the house.”

"Ciel's birthday." Alois propped himself up on his elbows and rubbed his face with his fingertips, he was bone tired from this battle and it showed. "It's in two days, you realize that, right?"

Jerrica walked over to the bed and sat down beside Alois. "Yes," she replied quietly. "The war for these souls is nearing."

"If we win, I leave forever and Claude stays behind." He dropped his head into his hands. "If we lose, I will most likely be consumed by Asmodeus." It was a heartbreaking sight, to see the ethereal being so despondent over the double edged sword outcome.

How long had he rambled on about how one day he would be once again called Kokabiel, "The Angel of Stars". The knowledge of the universe, its mysteries and celestial secrets, were once his to teach and impart upon his brethren angels. Once he was casted out, all mastery and comprehension of astrology was completely taken away from him. It was the cruelest part of his punishment.

Jerrica scooted closer to Alois and laid down beside him, stroking the back of his head, allowing the buttery yellow strands to sift through her fingers. "I will protect you-" she began.

"You can't protect me!" Alois snapped his head up and gave the girl an irritated look. "You have no idea how powerful these forces are! I'm the one who's going to have to protect you!"

Jerrica opened her mouth to protest but a knock on the door cut her off.

"If anyone is going to protect you, it's going to be me." The angel whipped his head towards the direction of the voice and found Claude leaning against the doorframe with a perplexed look on his face.

"Very nice," he chirped, mockingly wagging his finger at the two, "finding my little angel in bed with another woman." He began slowly clapping while Jerrica blushed heavily. "Listen, if she doesn't mind watching, we can put on a good show for her." He suggested.

"I will pass on that!" Jerrica huffed, quickly hopping off the bed and making her way out of the room. "The fate of this entire town lies within our hands and you wish to taunt me and Alois!"

"Nah, just wanted to poke a little fun at you." He reached out and ruffled her hair playfully. "Now leave so I can poke him with my-"

"Enough!" She cried, covering her ears and running past him out of the room. Alois buried his face laughing into his pillow while Claude removed his gun belt.

"I gotcha in, baby." He smiled, tossing his shoes into the corner of the room. "So where's my reward?" Alois rolled over to lay on his side facing Claude. "What are you, a dog?" He snickered.

"I'm your dog." Claude removed his glasses and placed them on the nightstand. "I do what you tell me, that's the deal, right?" Slowly unbuttoning his shirt, Claude watched Alois sit up. "And when I do what I'm told, I get something nice in return." The shirt dropped to the floor, leaving Alois with a view of his man's bare chiseled chest.

He truly was delectable, handsome and strong, Alois thought smugly, smiling at the growing bulge
in the front of Claude's pants.

"Someone's eager." He crooned, reaching and gently cupping the clothed want. Claude hissed from the contact, his face suddenly flushed. The excitement of being connected with Alois always left him a quivering mess. "You've done well, now come claim your prize."

Alois released Claude, much to the disappointment of the older man, and removed his own shirt. His skin was flawless, a creamy white with two tulip pink nipples against a delicate thin chest. He was dainty, petite, and firm in all the right places. A perfect specimen of an angel, Gods creation in human form.

"Take off your pants." Claude commanded, unzipping his own and jerking them off so that they fell to the floor. "And your underwear." He added.

The star of God, the Angel Kokabiel, held an immense power no human could ever overcome. His strength was otherworldly, yet Claude held more control over the lustful being.

Laying prone and naked on the bed, Alois could feel his own body heating up from anticipation.

"Close your eyes."

Sky blue eyes slid closed, he felt the bed dip, followed by creaking springs as his lover crawled over him, his muscular arms flanking Alois's sides. Claude stared at the eternal beauty underneath him, perfection was barely a word that could describe what he had in front of him.

"I'm always going to be hungry for you." He growled, pressing his own naked form against Alois's. His mouth engulfed the soft lips of the angel, suckling their sweetness as his tongue prodded past teeth and into the warm caverns. Sounds of their kissing, wet and wanting, desperate for absolution, filled the stale air of the room.

It almost felt, for both of them, that this would be their last.

"I really wish you would take your meds." Sebastian placed a glass of water on the nightstand next to their bed while Ciel sat at the foot removing his clothing.

It was decided that taking a nap before lunch would be best for both of them. The shock of Spears's death, plus Ciel's reaction, had proven exhausting.

"I told you already, it made me sick to my stomach!" Ciel grumbled stripping off the last article of clothing. "Please can we not start this up again?"

Sebastian threw up his hands in defeat. "Ok, fair enough." He sighed.

Ciel turned over, crawled away from the foot towards the head of the bed, lifted the covers and nestled into the sheets. "Hurry up and get in here." He pouted, patting the empty space next to him. "I want you to hold me."

Sebastian felt the familiar pang in his heart, it was rare for Ciel to be this vulnerable when he wasn't having a nightmare. "Keep looking at me like that, and you're going to end up not getting any rest at all." He teased, slipping out of his sweater and tossing it to the floor.

Ciel eyed the smooth and rippled landscape of Sebastian's chiseled chest and abdomen with great pleasure. "Maybe I don't want to rest." He coyly replied.
A stirring deep within his loins arrested Sebastian's senses. His desire for Ciel was limitless, his love for him unconditional, but there was something gnawing at him, a familiar pain that he could not reach past and move on.

"Ciel, tell me the truth." Sebastian kneaded his hands nervously as he looked the other way. "Did you sleep with Dean Spears?" He asked bluntly.

The silence was deafening.

Ciel's face blanched as he fought to utter a sound. It was a dreadful secret the young man wanted to bury and leave for dead. "N-No!" He finally cried, sitting straight up. "The fuck is that about?!"

"You're lying." Sebastian stated simply, meeting Ciel's angry gaze. "I know you better than anyone else in this world, and you are lying."

Ciel pressed his lips tightly, swallowing the lump in his throat. "I'm not lying! Please believe me!" He beseeched his lover, throwing himself at Sebastian and grabbing ahold of his arms, shaking him violently. "I love you! Only you!" He broke down and bowed his head as he wept pitifully. "I love only you!"

Ciel emitted a yelp as Sebastian shoved him hard backwards onto the bed. "You love me so much but you keep fucking everyone you meet!" He yelled, raising his fist to the air. Ciel brought his arms up over his face and flinched as the fist came crashing down against the space next to his head.

"That's why he came here!" He shouted. "That's why he left so fast! Maybe you fucked with his head and that's why he killed himself!" Sebastian's face was inches away from Ciel's, his crimson eyes blazing bright and furious. "You whore!" He spat, wrenching the thin arms away from Ciel's tear streaked face. "You fucking lying whore!"

"Then why do you stay!" Ciel wailed, shaking his head and trembling from fear and pain. "Why don't you just leave me already? I'm such a fucking whore, right? I'm a whore you keep around!"

Sebastian panted heavily, tightening his grip on Ciel's wrists. He didn't know how to respond, it was a question he had asked himself a multitude of times over the past two years. Why couldn't he let him go? Why couldn't he just throw him away and start over with someone new?

They laid there, both shaking uncontrollably, their breaths coming in raspy gasps. Neither one knew what to do at that moment with the familiarity of their situation.

"I . . . I can't leave you." Sebastian sputtered, large tears dropped from his eyes and pelted Ciel's face. "I can't live without you . . . I can't love anyone else! Do you understand? I can't even explain it to you, it doesn't make sense to me but Goddammit, I can't let you go!"

He lowered his head, resting it against Ciel heaving chest while his fingers released their vice like grip on the young man's bruised wrists. "I want you, only you." He wept.

Ciel took a deep breath and cautiously looped his arms around the sobbing man's neck. He embraced him, drawing him closer to his body. The warmth of Sebastian's skin brought only comfort and safety to his world, how could he seek out the attention and company of other men? There was no one better than Sebastian, no one kinder, nor more loving than his Sebastian.

"We have promises to keep." He whispered, placing a demure kiss against the side of his lovers head.
"Why is it only me keeping these promises?" Sebastian whispered into Ciel's neck, his voice thick with emotion. "You haven't kept one damn promise to me."

"I'm still here with you." Small fingers dug into Sebastian's back, desperately trying to pull the tall man closer to the bed and against his body. Tears pooled at the corners of his large eyes as Ciel fought to find words of comfort for the one person he loved most in the world.

"I could leave, find my way around this world, be on my own, be with anyone I want." Sebastian's body stiffened as the words sunk into his head, feared truths he did not want to acknowledge, but Ciel continued. "You know that, right? You know it's true, but I don't want to live if you're not with me. I've been alone most of my life, wandering around with a little bit here and a little bit there, but in the end, there's only you."

"I didn't know peace until I met you." Ciel closed his eyes and allowed his tears to flow freely as the words poured forth, uncensored and straightforward. "Why do I hurt you, I don't know. I don't understand, I never did and I don't know if I ever will, but there's something inside of me that sends me into a dark place, and honestly, it's only you who can bring me back. Please don't throw me away. Oh God, please don't throw me away!"

Suddenly Sebastian's hand shot up and clutched Ciel's jaw, gripping it firmly while the trapped male squirmed underneath him. Ciel tried to turn his head to the side, but Sebastian forced him to remain still, his face slightly upturned, red eyes blazing into blue.

"You belong to me, only me." He breathed hotly against Ciel's lips, tracing his tongue past them and flicking his chin before delivering a sharp nip. Ciel whimpered, a mixture of fear and excitement rumbled deep within his body. "Wherever you go, I will find you, wherever you run, I will hunt you down."

Ciel winced as Sebastian squeezed his narrow jawbone, his other hand grabbing a fistful of the young man's hair and wrenching his head to the side. "Whoever touches you," pausing to take a deep shuddering breath, his lips hovered over Ciel's ear, hot breath fanning over his damp skin, "I will kill them." He hissed.

"No!" Ciel cried, flailing his legs in a vain attempt to kick Sebastian off of his. But how could his tiny frame possibly overpower the giant pinning him down? Confused by the twin emotions of fright and arousal, Ciel struggled to free himself from his boyfriend's vice-like grip. "Stop it! Get off of me!" He pleaded.

A flash of red passed in front of his eyes and the sickening feeling of déjà vu erupted within. Faces appeared before him, many faces all seemingly familiar and yet alien to the young man. He sucked in a breath and prepared to scream when in an instant, the faces were gone. All he could see looming over him was Sebastian's tear streaked face. Ciel's face crinkled and he broke down like a child, eyes screwed shut as he wept openly.

Dumbstruck by what he had done to Ciel, Sebastian released his hold on him "I-I'm sorry!" Sebastian sputtered, immediately encircling his arms around his waist, lifting him up onto his lap and hugging him fiercely. Cradling his weeping love in his arms, Sebastian begged him "Please, please, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I love you, I love you so much, I can't do this without you. I love you, baby, forgive me!"

Perhaps it was the plaintive tone of his voice or the strong musky scent of sweat and lavender rolling off his lover's damp skin, whatever the cause, Ciel felt a stirring between his legs and the throbbing beat of his heart. His entire being thrummed with the energy of passion and love surfacing only when Sebastian held him. It was an ancient rhythm; a song of despair and hope.
Where darkness lived, there too was the light of salvation for both of them. Ciel often felt like he was drowning in murky waters, the nebulous waves crashing over his head and the depths of nothingness swallowing him whole. Only when Sebastian pulled him from the abyss did he feel alive and the urge to continue living once again would resurface.

This was surely a brutal love knitted by the gentle hands of adoration and loyalty.

"I-I want you." Ciel whispered into his ear. "You keep saving me, and it keeps me wanting you."

"Didn't I promise? All this time, haven't I always promised to protect you?"

"Even with everything that I've done . . . I still don't get it." Ciel bit his lower lip. "You deserve better tha-" before he could finish his sentence, Sebastian crashed his mouth against his, hungrily devouring his lips in a searing kiss. His breath stolen away; his body erect and eager for relief.

Rolling his hips, Ciel grinded against Sebastian's crotch, feeling their rigid cocks rub against one another. Their hands roamed freely and frantically across the lean landscapes of their bodies, sinewy muscles and smooth creamy skin enticing them further. The sounds of zippers being pulled down and rustling clothes combined with the creaking of their bed egged them on, urging them to enter and be entered.

"Sebastian, what are you-?" Ciel shivered as the cool air bit into his skin.

Sebastian had turned over on the bed so that Ciel sat astride him. Naked and shaking with excitement, the lovers stared at each other as large hands snaked their way up his thighs and rested on his narrow waist. Sebastian smiled, loving the feel of his own hardness nestled between Ciel's pert ass. Nothing compared to staring up at this breathtakingly beautiful man.

Dark blue oceanic eyes, large and lovely like twin sapphires glistening with desire, a heart shaped face of alabaster and soft petal pink lips slightly parted as gasps of pleasure escaped from them. His hands traced the gumdrop blushed nipples set against a canvas of perfect ivory, delicate and unmarred. He was mesmerized, sick with obsession and lust, overwhelmed by the need to monopolize, protect, care for, feed, shelter, worship, and love this prismatic man. The music of his voice, light and tinkling when he laughed, brash and nervy when he was obstinate, willowy and shy when he was afraid, there were so many sides to Ciel that captured Sebastian's attention.

This level of idolatry was close to insanity.

"Ahhhh, mmmm, keep doing that!" Ciel purred, closing his eyes in complete rapture as Sebastian slipped his fingers in and out of his puckered hole. The moist entrance seemed to beg for more, tightening and sucking at the digits. "Spread me open!" He cried out, bucking against Sebastian's fingers.

"Come here." Sebastian used his other hand to grasp Ciel from behind his neck and pull him down for another languid kiss. Nipping at his lips, the dark haired man removed his fingers slowly and reached for his throbbing dick. "Who do you love?" He whispered against Ciel's lips. Guiding the swollen head until it pressed against Ciel's twitching hole, Sebastian paused, awaiting a response.

"You know who I love." Ciel smiled, lapping his tongue along Sebastian's lips. "You know exactly who I love."

"Say it." Sebastian pushed the tip in, his voice raspy from the sensation of Ciel's hole swallowing him. Muscles clamped down on him, the heat was almost unbearable as Ciel slid himself down the rock hard shaft.
"You, I love you." He gasped, sitting straight up again and arching his back so that Sebastian could go deeper into him. "I love you, Sebastian, I love you."

Looking back down at his lover, face flushed bright red, Ciel felt a sudden dread creep steadily into his heart. Why did this seem so final? He wondered anxiously, his hands gripping Sebastian's arms, why did this seem like the end?

"I-I'm going to love you," he choked out, covering his face with trembling hands as Sebastian watched in shock. "I'm going to love you till the day I die."
Chapter 23

Greetingzzzzzzzzz!!!!!

Thank you for waiting so patiently! I'm pretty psyched about the direction of this story, but sadly it is coming to an end soon. Thanks to those also following Rugged Hearts, much love to you guys!

And thank you AnimeCujo! You are da bomb! The last chapter of Revelations freaking killed it. It slayed! You need to read this epic story!!!!!!

So, enjoy, review, and be prepared, shits going down!!!

And on my deathbed, all I'll see is you

The life may leave my lungs

But my heart will stay with you

That little kiss you stole

It held my heart and soul

And like a ghost in the silence I disappear

Don't try to fight the storm

You'll tumble overboard

Tides will bring me back to you

"Deathbeds" Bring Me The Horizon

Anish stared fascinated at the tall figure cloaked in a brilliant robe of purple and blood red; it was like no other being he had ever seen in his short life. Asmodeus, with skin of smooth olive tones and long silken strands of ebon hair, smiled amiably at the group of quaking men. His hands were elegantly long with black tipped pointed nails, and his almond shaped eyes glowed magenta pink with black slits much akin to those of a cat. Delicate royalty emanated from the stately creative, his movements fluid and graceful. Of course, one could not expect any less from such a higher level demon, the Indian boy considered as he admired the well-bred King of Demons.
Ah, I believe this belongs to me." He hummed; gleaming white fangs peeked out as he offered a gentle smile to the quivering boy on the stone table. His hand snaked out and traced the blood trail up Vincent's inner thigh, stopping short at his clothed crotch. The frightened boy flinched nervously, rattling the chains as he struggled away from the demon's touch. This greatly amused the King who moved his fingers along the smeared blood until the tips were heavily coated with the coagulated liquids. Twitching his nose, Asmodeus regarded Klaus with a look of disdain until he noticed Dee standing behind his father.

Dee felt his skin crawl as the demon ogled him from across the room. Klaus, sensing the possibility of trouble, bowed towards his master. "He has been properly prepared for you, my Lord." He spoke rapidly. "I am offering you an innocent child tainted with lust and greed yet his soul remains pure."

The blue flames crackling within the copper bowls suddenly rose higher, flashing the room with a ghostly azure light. "Properly prepared, you say." The demon stated simply. His pointed tongue slipped slowly from between his lips and coiled around the blood stained tip of his finger. Tasting Vincent's blood, he closed his eyes and hummed. "Such a delicacy." He moaned lustfully.

Anish glanced at Dee and read the worry all over the young man's drawn face. It was clear that patience was not the young man's virtue.

"What have we here, hm?" Asmodeus queried, pursing his lips in the direction of Dee, eyes glowing slightly. His interest had been suddenly piqued by the silent handsome man.

"Ah, yes! Of course!" Klaus cried, bowing once again. "I wish to present my son as the harbinger of death for this ceremony."

Asmodeus cocked an eyebrow "That beautiful man besides you, is your son?" A Klaus looked at his son and nodded to which the demon threw back his head and chortled loudly. "How fascinating!" He cackled, stroking his long hair between his clawed fingers. "You've cleverly hidden such a prize from me for so long!"

Klaus' face blanched at the words. "He is of age now." He spoke with a trembling voice. "There had never been a need before to present him here."

Dee stared at his father wide eyed, completely unnerved by the fearfulness heard within the man's voice. Never in his entire life had he ever heard such a wavering tone from the one man who shook his very being.

"Come forth, beautiful man." Asmodeus invited, in a voice dripping sweetly with undisguised want, he extended his hand and coyly beckoned Dee to step forward. "I wish to have words with you."

"He is my only son." The elder Michaelis quietly beseeched, completely intimidated by the ferocity behind the glowing eyes of the demon.

"Silence." Asmodeus ordered curtly, wiggling his fingers impatiently at Dee.

Klaus opened his mouth again to protest, but suddenly felt frozen in his place. His legs were numb, and his body unresponsive to what he wanted it to do. Swear began to pour down his face as he watched his only son take tentative steps towards the leering demon. The rest of the court, including Anish, remained mute and still.

"D-Dee!" Vincent called out weakly once he caught sight of Dee standing next to the stone table.
"G-Go! Run!" He pleaded with tears streaming steadily from his eyes.

Dee felt his heart constricting; the pale boy had already lost so much blood and was freezing to death. His arms were always rail thin, yet tonight he appeared frailer and much more fragile than usual, like a living doll pinned against his deathbed. He wanted more than anything to scoop Vincent up in his arms and run, run as fast and as far away from them all in order to save and protect the boy he loved so much. Impossible, he told himself while misery planted its heavy foot against his crushed heart.

"Ah, of course he would want you to leave." Asmodeus crooned, giving Dee an appreciative once over. "After all, you are his beloved." He placed his hand against Dee's cheek and gently caressed him, lightly glossing his skin with his sharp nails. The touch was a mix of fire and ice, as if Hell itself leaked its vile essence from the claws fingers of the lustful being, yet the tips of the claws were unbearably cold. Dee shivered with disgust, feeling Asmodeus' palm moving stealthily down the long expanse of his chest until it finally stopped right above his crotch.

A look of confusion crossed Klaus' face. "Beloved?" He questioned, confounded by the demon's blunt statement. "Surely, you must be mistaken."

"I smell you all over my presented gift." Asmodeus hissed menacingly, his face suddenly contorted with anger. His hand shot up and clutched Dee harshly behind his neck, catching the young man by surprise. Thrusting him closer, so that their faces were a mere inch apart. Asmodeus lapped the shocked man's lips. "I taste you." He hissed. "The original one, in his blood. How petty, you lowly creation, you were not part of the contract and yet you take what is mine!"

The room became filled with chaotic murmuring, the thirteen family heads questioning what was unfolding before them. Klaus' face burned bright red, his temper had finally reached its peak. Although he was incapacitated, he could not help but to shout. "What is the meaning of this, Dee?! What have you done?"

Dee stared coolly into the depthless eyes of insurmountable evil. "I took what was rightfully mine." He stated firmly. "And you have no power to take it away."

"You dare?" Asmodeus gritted his fangs, tightening his grip around Dee's neck. "Do you understand what I am?" An animalistic growl rumbled deep in his throat, but Dee refused to flinch, refused to avert his eyes from the magnetic orbs.

"Yes." Dee spat, lifting his chin defiantly. "I dare."

Anish pushed past the confused men and loudly cleared his throat. "Lord Asmodeus, please allow me your audience!" He entreated. Flanking Dee, the Indian slave bowed quickly. "I wish to have words with you as well."

Asmodeus curled his lip with disgust. "And yet another lesser being wishing to further ignite my wrath." He seethed. "Such impudence would incite me to devour the lot of you!"

"Silence, Anish!" Klaus called out. "Who gave you permission?!"

"Lord Shiva has contracted with this being." Anish interrupted. For him, there was no fear in dealing with the heralded King of Demons for his own deities were more than capable of protecting him. "You cannot harm him." He warned.

"Lord Shiva?" Asmodeus glowered at the Indian boy. "You have invoked Shiva?!" He boomed.

Dee felt the clawed hand tighten once more. "Anish!" He gasped, hands flying up to his neck.
"Om Namah Sivaya!" Anish cried out, grabbing Dee's arm in a vain attempt to pull him away to safety. "Salutations, Lord Shiva!"

Asmodeus halted his actions, his feline eyes shifted to stare angrily at Anish. "Indeed, have invoked them." He snarled, releasing Dee roughly. The demon smoothed down his hair and rustled his robes, allowing them to billow out. "Greetings, Lord Shiva." He spoke haughtily. "So good of you to join my ceremony."

"Incorrigible as always, Lord Asmodeus." A voice deep with the ethnic roots of Anish's exotic origin filled the thin air. "Do not engage me with such low deference, I do not come alone."

Dee whirled around to face two of the most incredible beings ever to set foot in front of him. His eyes bulged with astonishment at the sight, two figures appeared from out of nowhere even more elaborate and otherworldly than the Demon King himself.

The first figure to step forward held a trident in one of his right hands and a drum, or damaru, in one of his left hands. All in all he had four arms, the extra two were resting on his sides. His forehead had a crescent moon with small smudges of ashes sitting above a third eye. Dee watched in awe, utterly fascinated by the flowing long hair which was the color of the ocean. The serpents circling around his blue tattooed neck and the rich tiger skin robes wrapped around his body were in constant motion, like waves. It was a feast for the eyes, truly magical and Godly beyond anything he could have ever imagined.

Behind the proud looking deity stood another four armed being holding various objects; a lotus flower, a horn, a discus and a conch. His dark complexion seemed to swirl with water-filled clouds but the majority of his skin was sky blue. He wore a golden crown and his youthful body was clothed in rich Crimson and gold robes.

Dee was speechless.

"Lord Vishnu!" Anish addressed the second being with excitement, throwing himself to the floor and touching the concrete surface with his forehead. "Narayana, Narayana, Narayana." He chanted. The room grew quiet as he hummed between the strange sounding words, his body rocking from side to side. The new beings seemed to glow brighter, a spicy sweet scent began to permeate the area of the dank room, cutting off the odor of death and decay. Dee inhaled the intoxicating aromas, feeling both heady and aware all at once.

Lord Vishnu nodded. "All who despair, call my name." His voice rang like golden wedding bells, deep, rich and harmonious. "For I am the preserver of this world."

"Vishnu!" Anish raised himself to his knees, holding out his hands imploringly. "Vishnu!"

Dee dropped to his knees and held out his hands as well. "Vishnu!" He cried.

"Enough!" Asmodeus roared, turning suddenly and facing the now cowering brethren behind him. "None of you knew of this?" He barked, thrusting a clawed finger at the prostrating pair and the four armed Gods. "Answer me!" He demanded.

"King of Demons, Patron of Lust and Deviance." The one known as Lord Shiva called upon the irate demon. "Have you cause to be here?"

"Of course I do!" Asmodeus shouted, turning towards the blue gods. "This be my ceremony!" Pointing to Vincent. "This here is mine!" He growled.

Vishnu chuckled, his hair spilling like ocean water over his thin shoulders. "Ah, it would seem that
the child does not fit with the contract made with the owner of this home."

Klaus glared at his son. "Dee, explain yourself before we are all sent to the bowels of Hell!"

Dee studied his father intently, the time had come, he decided. "I've made my own contract," he replied, placing a hand on Anish's shoulder," one that would keep your filthy hands off of Vincent's soul."

"Impossible!" Klaus spat. "My contract is binding with Asmodeus!"

"Wait, I thought this was our contract!" Aberline shouted from the back of the small crowd.

"Yes! We all had a hand in this!" Spears pointed out angrily shaking a fist at Klaus. "Were you betraying us?"

"The contract between said human and I was to procure me an innocent soul, tainted yet not broken." Asmodeus crossed his arms and gave Klaus a hard look. "In return, I would have the soul, plus whatever souls Klaus saw fit to render upon me."

The group collectively gasped in horror, the horror of what had just been admitted to them was suddenly clear. Vincent was not the only one to be sacrificed.

"You can't get rid of every one of us in one night!"

"That's crazy!"

"You double crossing bastard!"

"Damn you, Michaelis!"

The flurry of curses came tumbling fast as panic ensued among the group of men.

"Stupid ignorant insects." Asmodeus growled. "I cannot take what is alive, but what will eventually die. Your souls were to be devoured by me when you expired." The men shut down their voices, stricken with the reality of what was to become of their immortal souls, they began to weep lowly.

Dee shook his head and laughed. "You are all criminals." He shouted, standing up and facing the thirteen heads. "You so called God fearing church going hypocrites! You raped my Vincent! You raped a child!" He yelled furiously, shaking from head to toe with a burning rage he could barely contain. "I've made a new contract, but it took sacrificing your families, your God fearing families, in order to save the one person from this town who was going to die for your sinful and selfish ways!"

"I created a Lakshmi Narayan Yantra, a carving on my bedroom floor in order to invoke Lord Vishnu and Lord Shiva," He continued, his attitude and tone remained taciturn in conversing with the mystical beings. "And I made an offering of Vincent's virgin blood so that he would be bound to me forever, even beyond this life. So now, this son of a bitch demon can't take his soul, and all of you bastards will pay for what you've done to him and the other victims of your sacrifices!" He took a deep breath and felt himself getting dizzy. He backed up unsteadily, staggering until Anish grabbed ahold of him from behind and kept him upright.

"I shall protect, upon the invocation of my holy name, those who are devout and seek through worship the primordial power which gives happiness, enjoyment, and the pleasure of heaven." Vishnu raised his four arms, signaling Anish to come forth with the right arm holding the conch. "You who are devout, bring forth your master."
Anish pulled Dee along with him, holding him closely besides him. "Come, master." He urged. "It is time to give your request."

"This soul belongs to me!" Asmodeus thundered, the blue flames rose higher from their copper bowls. "I shall not be cheated of my prize!"

Lord Shiva pointed his trident at the fuming King. "I am the Destroyer." He announced evenly, his vibrant eyes glowing in a rainbow of colors. "Do not test the extent of my power."

Magenta eyes slitted dangerously. "I am the King Of Demons and you have encroached upon my realm."

"This is the human realm." Vishnu corrected. "It is for any holy, and unholy, being to step foot in."

"I had a contract and it must be honored." Asmodeus complained, gathering his robes and striding to the head of the stone table where Vincent remained trembling in fear. "Really, what is one tiny, insignificant soul?" He purred, stroking a piece of blue black hair away from the young boy's eyes.

"Don't touch him!" Dee yelled angrily.

Vishnu eyed the painfully thin would be sacrifice. "It is true, there was a contract before ours. However, the one who has invoked our presence and aid requested you be compensated for your troubles."

"Really now?" Asmodeus replied sarcastically. "How very Christian of you." He sneered at Dee.

"I invoked Lord Shiva and Lord Vishnu to protect Vincent's soul." Dee informed the group, refusing to look at his own father, he faced the Demon King instead. "You may feast on the firstborn male of the next generation of each of the thirteen family heads present in this room."

Asmodeus snorted with contempt. "How trite. Do you truly believe that will satisfy me?"

Anish glanced worriedly at Dee, but Dee only shrugged. "There is one last agreement." He continued. "One which could prove lucrative for you."

Cocking an eyebrow, the demon looked at the tall man with interest. "Oh?"

Ciel opened his eyes and felt the warmth of Sebastian's arm looped around his thin waist. It was a comforting way to awaken, having someone much stronger and larger than you cocooning your body within their own. It was the only way he could sleep through the night, it was the only way he could keep from dreaming.

A dull ache rested in the middle of his chest and he rubbed it gently with his fingertips. Maybe he had pulled a muscle during their earlier sexual romp? He closed his eyes again and dug his fingers deeper into the breast bone, maybe it was gas, he reasoned.

"You ok?" Sebastian asked groggily, nuzzling the crook of Ciel's neck with his nose. "What's wrong with your chest?"

"What? Nothing, nothing I guess." Ciel turned over to face his lover. "I think I pulled something while you were fucking me hard." He snickered, playfully nipping the tip of Sebastian's nose.

"How romantic." Sebastian chuckled, wiping his nose. He gathered the petite man in his arms and pressed their naked bodies closer together. The clock on the dresser indicated that their nap had
gone on longer than it should have, it was already 3pm.

"I'm hungry." Ciel whined, squirming in Sebastian's arms. "Why didn't Mey Rin wake us up for lunch?" He complained sourly.

"She probably knew we needed to sleep after the scene downstairs with Officer Faustus." Sebastian yawned, ruffling Ciel's messy bed hair with his hands. "And be nice, you brat, she serves you hand and foot."

"Feed me." Ciel pouted, lightly elbowing Sebastian in the ribs. "Please?" He asked sweetly.

Sebastian couldn't help but smile at the adorable face Ciel made when he wanted something in earnest. "You're about to turn twenty one in less than two days and here you are sticking your lip out like a spoiled child." His hands took purchase of the small face, lovingly rubbing his fingertips into Ciel's scalp and earning an appreciative purr from the young man. "I'll see if Mey is still downstairs, if not, I can always make you something, OK?"

Ciel nodded happily, leaning into the man's affectionate touch. "I'm still tired, can I stay in bed?"

"Sure, you look drained anyway." Sitting up, Sebastian landed an open hand smack against Ciel's naked rump.

"Ow!" He yelped, his eyes wide with surprise. "What the Hell was that for?" He huffed.

"Just felt like it." Sebastian chuckled, palming the pert mound and giving it a languid squeeze. "You just look so good naked and defenseless." He winked.

Ciel blushed and hid his hot face in the crumpled sheets. "Get me something to eat!" He grumbled. "And then do me again."

"Insatiable brat." Sebastian planted a heavy kiss against the dark crown and swung his legs over the side of the bed. He wanted to feed Ciel as soon as possible, especially since he had just had an episode earlier. It would not do well for his lover to become ill, especially now since they would have to deal with the apparent suicide of Dean Spears.

Sebastian felt instantly sick to his stomach once that thought popped into his head. His Dean was dead, it was shocking news delivered by their most hated person in all of Fultonville, but now what? Where did they go from here?

After throwing on sweat pants and a long sleeved T-shirt, the professor padded out into the hallway. The smell of cooked food wafted through the air followed by the clanging of pots and metal utensils. Mey Rin must be preparing for dinner, he thought. As he made his way to the stairs, a sound caught his attention. It sounded like a copier machine, or a fax, was beeping from one of the bedrooms. Once they had moved in, Sebastian had taken the smallest room, which looked to be more like a den, and used it as an office. Their copy machine, which also doubled as a fax/scanner, had been set up along with a paper shredder and computer desktop.

"Might as well check it out." He sighed to himself. He walked over to the office and entering.

"A fax?" He wondered aloud. Picking up the papers, he read the cover sheet which simply said: Undertaker.

"Now what would that nut job have sent me?" He grunted. Squinting at the papers, he had an idle
thought about maybe needing a pair of reading glasses crossed his mind. Deciding to deal with his
sight at a later time, scarlet eyes scanned the information on the documents.

As the seconds ticked by, the hairs on his back began to stand straight up. His stomach churned
painfully, reading and reading, his vision became blurred as the horror of what was before him
began to fit together like some type of nightmarish puzzle. A list of names, complete with
background information and a copy of a family registration painted a portrait of an unimaginable
situation.

"Holy shit. Patterns." He breathed, hands trembling from the truth which was spread wide open
before him. Bolting out of the room, hand clutching the papers, he stopped midway towards their
bedroom and slowly turned to look at the stairs.

Mey Rin stood at the top, apron a pristine white over a calf length dress of deep navy blue. Her
large bespectacled eyes were keenly watching Sebastian. "Are you well rested, sir?" She asked in a
voice devoid of emotion. Her lips were set in what almost appeared like a mild grimace.

Sebastian observed the young woman closely; one of her hands was perched on top of the railing,
while the other seemed hidden within the folds of her dress. It was nonsensical, the foreboding
feeling that had arrested his flight towards the bedroom, but something had caused him to stop and
look to the stairs, as if a warning had been given.

"Y-yes." He stammered, an eerie feeling seemed to crawl right up his back watching the
emotionless woman gawking at him. Her cherry red hair was tied back in a tight ponytail and she
seemed off, almost detached from her normal friendly self. "Are . . . are you ok, Mey?" He asked
carefully, taking one step backwards.

"What's that in your hand?" She inquired.

Sebastian looked down at the crinkled papers. "This?" He asked stupidly. "Ah, it's nothing, just
work related." Somehow, something deep in his gut told him to lie, to keep whatever he had read a
secret from Mey Rin. Even then, he could not understand why the presence of the sprite lay
woman completely terrified him.

Her eyes, he thought, they look like she wants to murder me.

Shaking his head as if to rid himself of the crazy thought, Sebastian cleared his throat. "Listen, you
can leave early today, Ciel and I received some really terrible news and we could use some alone
time." He waved her off dismissively as if it were nothing. "You can take tomorrow off too; I've
got plans for Ciel's birthday."

"Yes, I know." Her monotone voice was rattling Sebastian's nerves. "The fated time has come."

Sebastian felt the blood drain from his face. "Pardon me?" He forced out, hoping that he heard
wrong.

Lifting her hidden hand out of the pocket of her dress, Mey Rin produced a palm sized black stun
gun. "It's time to pay up, Michaelis." She smirked before crouching low and lunging wildly
towards the man.

It took Sebastian a split second to recognize what was in her hand and to realize at the same time
that she was barreling towards him at lightning speed.

"Ciel! Get up! Get out of the house!" He yelled, whirling around and bounding towards the
bedroom door. "Ciel! Get ou-GAH!"
An electric force exploded in the middle of Sebastian's back sending painful currents of electric shock throughout his body. His legs buckled beneath him and all was white as his body jerked and stumbled, finally crashing into the hardwood floor of the hallway.

Before the blissful darkness of oblivion came to whisk him away from the pain, he heard a sickly giggle echoing in his ear.

"Lord Asmodeus sends his regards."

Keeping Tanaka company was quite uneventful.

Jerrica peered out the window of the library basement before returning to her book titled "Modern Day Demonology", she had decided to leave Alois and Claude alone, opting to study some more about the so called King of Demons while visiting with the elderly man. The reading was exceptionally interesting, she noted, turning another page and scanning the contents with an expert eye. Angels had knowledge of their evil counterparts, however, there was so much she still did not know being such a new holy being.

One aspect of Asmodeus which she found interesting was his penchant for honoring contracts; the word honor never seemed to go hand in hand with their lot. However, the king never backed out of an agreement, and in turn, he expected those who contracted with him to meet the details of their agreements to the fullest.

But he was a natural born deceiver and twister of words and their meanings, acquiring a contract with him was a battle with words and equivocation.

What must have happened, about 200 some odd years ago, was a contract had been constructed and yet somehow not fulfilled, she reasoned. A demon could not hold on to a soul unless there was some loophole or they had been cheated and needed to get back what had been stipulated originally.

Had Dee undermined the demon's services? She wondered, flipping past another page. That would explain the horde of demons working to capture Ciel at just the right time in order to bring his soul back to Asmodeus. If that were the case, Sebastian's immortal soul was in grave danger along with the rest of the town. Demons would be rewarded for helping the king, and their reward was a feast of humans.

Shaking her head at the folly of it all, Jerrica recalled the attempt to drug Ciel into not realizing his past. That plan had failed since the young man refused to take his medicine. She snorted to herself, pleased that the stubborn nature of mankind proved quite serendipitous to their cause. The so called "epilepsy" was nothing more than the awakening of the original soul housed deep within Ciel. As the fated day grew closer, more and more signs were becoming apparent. The town grew fatter with minor demons salivating by the side of the banquet table the township had become and the souls in the basement were still fighting to have their voices heard.

The souls trapped in that house would need to be freed, that would be something she and Alois would be doing on their own.

"Wha-?!?" Jerrica abruptly dropped the book she had been reading, a smell as pungent and ripe as an upturned graveyard hit her like a brick wall. "Why is this happening?!?" She cried, looking at Tanaka with eyes full of panic.

The Watcher of the North shook his head. "It is time." He sighed, standing up from his chair.
behind his large desk. "Jerrica, go fetch your partner." He ordered sternly. "I cannot participate in these affairs, although I may guide and advise, but you have full knowledge of what must be done."

"Yes, sir." She scooped up the book from the floor and flung it onto the desk. "I will not fail!" She promised, scrambling up the stairs.

Tanaka took a deep breath and stared at the cup of tea, still steaming hot, on his desk. He knew there would be death, sacrifice, and pain, yet he also knew that salvation was a possibility. Although his responsibilities were vast, having a fallen angel and a newborn angel fight to save humanity was incredible in of itself.

The demons were congregating, joining en masse all for the sake of their Lord and Master, Asmodeus. It drove a nail deep within his heart when he thought of the wayward angel he so wanted to save.

The anger, the hurt, the bitterness flowing deep inside the wingless angel had festered over a millennia and more. How could he save him? No, he shook his head, Ash was too far gone.

"And so begins the battle." He whispered sadly.

Asmodeus curled a stray lock of hair between two fingers, the strands spilled like ink down the side of his hand. He truly was a stunning manifestation of desire and debauchery, elegant and gentlemanly with a hint of bestial allure. Klaus could not help but to regard the demon king with both admiration and terror, yet he knew the extent of what humans meant to the olive skinned demon, they were all merely food.

"You will allow me the Michaelis bloodline, including your father, and the firstborn males of these thirteen wretched families?" He arched a thin eyebrow at the austere man, his fine mouth twisted into a crooked smile. "Why so generous, my dear young master?" He mocked, snapping his fingers sharply and then pointing to Anish. "And what of this tasty looking morsel? His soul smells spicy."

"He is a devout follower of Vishnu, Shiva and Brahma, the creator." Vishnu scowled at the demon. "I have already enacted a Brahman to protect him through his countless lives from now until the end of days."

"Of course you would." Asmodeus grunted, he was outnumbered and outclassed by the dual powers of the Hindu gods and it destroyed his pride knowing that he was to be cheated of the delicacy which was Vincent's soul.

"You will not take Vincent's soul, nor will you take mine." Dee moved swiftly over to the side of the stone table, his eyes never leaving the demon's magenta orbs. "Whatever you contracted with my father is moot on the grounds that he promised you a tainted yet innocent soul touched only by the coven of men in this room, correct?"

Asmodeus nodded. "Yes, that was the contract."

"Except my father was going to hand you over their souls, in exchange for more power and wealth beyond this town." Dee whipped his head around and glared at his father who was still frozen in place. "What a shame you did not realize that the child had already been marked and bound to another contract."

Klaus sent his son a steely gaze from across the room. "Miserable, worthless, piece of shit!" He shot back.
"Since we can't have a life here together, I will die before the end of this winter." Dee turned his attention back to Asmodeus. "And then we will be reincarnated. Together in our next lives we shall have the life we were deprived of here."

Clacking his forked tongue in annoyance, the demon floated away from the table and elevated himself slightly above the blue skinned gods. "It seems as if you have me at my game." Bowing slightly to show some form of respect, Asmodeus huffed loudly. "What a pity for me to feast on such small fare!" He lamented.

Shiva and Vishnu exchanged a look of dubiousness, they were ethereal beings not readily trustful of malevolent creatures such as Asmodeus. No, he was not one to overlook.

Vincent felt a cool hand gingerly press against his forehead; he did not shy away from the touch, for he recognized it all too well.

"Dee." He wept softly. Dark lashes fluttered open like black butterflies, damp from tears and sweat.

"Vin, I'm so sorry." Dee bent over to place his cheek against the young boy's, commingled tears felt like ice against their damp skin. "Please, please forgive me." He kissed him against his temple, brushing the matted hair to the side with his lips. "I know I promised, but I swear, it's not broken. I didn't break my promise to you."

"Y-You p-promised to p-protect me!" Vincent's teeth chattered loudly as his chest heaved with every sob that escaped. "I-I don't wanna d-die!" He wailed loudly, pulling at the chains around his wrists.

Dee swallowed the lump in his throat, forcing himself to remain calm for the sake of his frightened love. "We will always be together, Vin. No matter where you are, I will be with you. No matter the time, the place, the realm, I will always find you, I will always protect you, I will always love you."

"And I'm going to fight, I'm going to fight to let you live again." He choked out, cupping the boy's face with his other hand. His thumb passed over the tulip shaped chapped lips, parting them slightly. "This is a love which will never die." He vowed, gently kissing the weeping child.

"My love will bring you back to me." He vowed, their eyes locked, crimson red and ocean blue, both wide and glassy and filled with sorrow. "We are fated by promises, do you understand?"

Vincent could not tear his eyes away from the face of his most cherished person. How could he understand? The entire situation was far beyond his level and capacity of understanding! But the most basic feeling, in his heart and embedded permanently in his soul, was the love he harbored for this man. The man who took his innocence; Dee Michaelis who made Vincent precious to him and him alone.

There was a light beyond this nebulous and evil world, this eternal winter of damnation. Hope and love, he could understand them perfectly well. The education of adoration went beyond anything literal; Vincent knew love.

"Yea, I understand." He responded calmly, watching Dee fight to keep his own tears from falling. "I'm gonna love you forever, no matter where I'm at. I'll come looking for you." He promised.

"Promises mean something, you know that, right?" His breath hitched as the emotions began to overflow. Rage, hope, love, fear, all swirled together and fighting for dominance.

Vincent gulped, pulling at his chains. "I wish I could hold you." He whined plaintively.
"One day, you'll hold me again, just like in the fields, remember?" Dee kissed him again, tasting salty blood and tears. "Remember when we would sit among the lilac, during the summer, watching the sun hit the peaks of the mountains?" He reminisced, offering a small smile. "I remember you being far lovelier than every flower on that field."

A lone tear trickled down Vincent's cheek. "Yes." He croaked.

Using his thumb, Dee wiped the tear away. "One day I'm going to hold your hand. I'm going to love you and no one is going to say one word against it. We're going to live when it's alright for us to love each other openly. I promise you, when that day comes, I'll come for you."

Vincent watched as the dark haired man straightened up, his body looming over his own crippled form. "Dee, I'm gonna wait for you." Vincent whispered, sliding his eyes closed.

Swallowing audibly, Dee raised his other arm, a long gold and ornamented knife gleamed with the blue light from the fires in the copper bowls. His hand hovered high above the prone boy, shaking intently as he stared down at his beloved. As soon as the sharp blade made impact, it would all be over, and the contract was completed.

Vincent's breath would stop.

"I love you!" He cried, tightly gripping the hilt of the knife. "I promise, I'll come find you! I will find you and I will bring you back to me!"

The hand ceased to shake.

And then it came down.

The force of the impact took Vincent's breath away, the metal piercing bone and flesh, lacerating his chest and separating the soul from the body. There was no time for the boy to react, his mouth opened wide in a silent scream as his body seized violently.

Blood sprayed, splattering fine bright red dots against Dee's stricken face as he forced his eyes to remain open. Not a moment could be lost, as long as Vincent continued to breathe, he would continue to watch until the final light of life dimmed within his brilliant blue eyes.

Vincent gasped, spewing more blood while the knife remained implanted in his breast, his life force oozing steadily from the gaping wound. Dee's body shook fiercely, his hand straining with effort, his fingers gripping the knife until his knuckles were bone white. It was a deadly embrace with his arm flung across the child's chest holding on to the blade.

"Vin! Vin!" Dee wept bitterly between gritted teeth. "Look at me!" He pleaded.

Vincent's eyes shot open, the agony of his tormented body nearly wiping him clean of his senses. "D-Dee!" He stuttered, saliva tinged with blood drooling down the side of his mouth.

"I'm here, I'll always be here!" Dee pressed his lips against Vincent's, sucking in his last breath, inhaling the essence of his doomed love. "I love you, now and forever, I love you!"

A rattling breath tumbled from Vincent's lips, the sound of his final moments punctuated by the panting sobs of his lover. "I'll see you again, I will." He rasped, eyes dilating into the abyss of nothing. "I . . . I love . . . I love . . . you."

Vincent Ciel Phantomhive, age 15.
December 14th, 1848.

3:33 am.

He was gone.
Chapter 24

Greetingzzzzzzzz

So this here is wrapping up soon, just a few more chapters and all questions will be answered.

Will Ciel die? Will Sebastian die?

Will there be another sex scene?!??!

No spoilers here lol

Can't believe it's almost over, my second fan fic . . .

Although I think "Simply Meant to Be" will always be my favorite, this was fun to create and watch unfold as time went on.

Hope you enjoy this latest chapter, and thanks for the comments and support!

And if you haven't already, you need to read AnimeCujo's just completed mega epic masterpiece "Revelations"!!!!!!!!!

_____________________________________________________

It's the start of the end

Surrender the throne

The blood on my hands covered the holes

We've been surrounded by vicious cycles

The end- and we're truly alone

The scars on your heart are yours to atone

We've been surrounded

Let 'em sing, let 'em sing!

The deeper you dig, the darker it gets

There's nowhere else for us to go

We live what we learn, and then we forget

We'll never find our way back home
"I will have my payment. No one cheats me from what I am due."

At the razor cold sound of the demon's voice, Dee raised his head, trembling from both shock and grief. His body was drenched in sweat, tense and crouched over the cooling corpse of his dead love. It was heartbreaking, the last glint of life had left Vincent's eyes and his soft whimpering had ceased. The cutting sound of the Asmodeus' curt tone roused the young man from his dazed state, causing him to stare stupidly at the smirking being.

"What are you talking about?" Dee spat angrily, standing straight up to face the looming creature. "We already settled this-"

"Tut tut, not really." Asmodeus raised a finger and waved it side to side, clicking his teeth with dissatisfaction. "You made a deal with those repulsive Hindu deities, not with me."

Taken aback by the harsh statement, Shiva bared his teeth. "Repulsive?" Hissing angrily, the blue skinned God pointed his trident at the demon. "Tread carefully with your words, Devil!" He threatened, his serpents slithered and coiled around his waist, their golden eyes glowing brightly. Vishnu's skin altered in color as the oceanic waves swirling along the surface clouded into deep purple and white frothed storming waves. It was obvious that the Hindu beings were unsettled with Asmodeus' declaration.

Asmodeus sniggered, waving away the comment with a disdainful air, completely unmoved by their actions and words. "You have no power over me." He smirked, "Nor jurisdiction over my own personal contracts."

Dee dropped his jaw, his eyes blazing furiously. "You've been given a sufficient-" he began to protest.

"My contract is still valid!" Asmodeus heatedly interrupted. "You have yours and I shall have mine! These insignificant souls will not sate my needs! I called for a soul, a soul sweetly tainted by foul hands! You've given me nothing!"

"My Lord!" Klaus cried out, still frozen in his place. "Spare me!" He pleaded.

Asmodeus curled his lip in disgust, regarding the sniveling man with contempt. "You keep silent, stupid man. I have no more to do with you." The clicking of his sharp heeled boots echoed throughout the dense air as he stepped slowly towards Dee. His eyes were slitted like a wild feline prowling for its prey, a devious smile played at the corners of his delicately shaped mouth. He looked just about ready to devour the black haired man who stood defiant and proud before the other worldly fiend.
"You think you've beaten me, eh?" Asmodeus purred lowly, reaching out to trace a clawed fingertip gently down Dee's cheek. "Tricked the Trickster, hm?" His smile was a gleaming scene of dagger end pearlescent teeth, invitingly beautiful and frightened dangerous. His voice seemed to curl and twist into Dee's ears, settling like a monstrous cat inside his head. "I am a being of deepest evil." He huskily whispered, a fork tongue slithered quickly between his lips.

"A dark magic of a depth you could never fathom. Take solace for now, in that your lover's soul will live on until you meet him again in a time more suitable for your desires, however," The demon leaned in closely, brushing his nose along the sweating slope of Dee's neck, inhaling deeply the delicious musky scent of youth in its sexual prime. He chuckled as he continued whispering into the young man's ear. "You will aimlessly walk this earth alone, until you find one another, only after he has collected for me the first born male descendant of these cursed families who touched him."

"Wha-What?!?" Dee stammered, stepping away from Asmodeus. His hand shot up and rubbed the side of his neck, his skin prickled and burned from the close contact. This was impossible! He thought frantically. "What first born descendant?!" His voice shook as he swallowed hard.

"In time, each family will synonymously bear a first born male." He informed, turning to spare a glance at the cowering group of men behind him before returning his mocking gaze at Dee. "They shall bring forth my awakening."

"What awakening?" Dee asked fearfully.

"The last male descendant of each family will be mine, they shall serve as individual keys to unlocking this antechamber of Hell." The demon waved his hand, signaling the basement room.

"I will bide my time." He continued, tapping the tip of Dee's nose with his claw. "Possessing Vincent with every newly born life he enters. His soul will never be pure, it will never be innocent, and once you find him, after decades upon decades of separation, upon the moment I have these souls collected, as repayment for the insult you laid upon my honorable self, you both shall return to this wretched home and be sacrificed upon the very altar he died on. It is only sweet justice that it will happen when the boy turns 21 on his very birthday."

Vishnu looked confused. "Why a specific age?" He asked.

Asmodeus smiled. "Guilty I am for loving the dramatic flair. It is the same age as our young prodigy, Master Dietrich Phantomhive."

"So this is all just a ruthless and disgusting game to you?!" Dee snarled. "These are lives and immortal souls you are toying with!" He shouted.

"My existence is infinite," Asmodeus shrugged, "if I am to suffer this injurious treatment, I must then be compensated with entertainment. I will play this cat and mouse game of yours."

"No!" Anish cried, his dark imploring eyes searched Shiva and Vishnu's stoic faces, desperately searching for reassurance. "Vincent and my master are well protected!". The pair exchanged solemn looks and met Anish with only silence.

A deep rumbling of laughter pierced the air as the King of Demons strode past Dee and stopped merely inches behind the small Indian boy. "Tell your precious and, oh so devoted follower, the grim reality of contracts." He crowed.

"These humans are fated to live multiple lifetimes until they reunite in a world more suited for their
love." Shiva shook his head while his serpents hissed loudly. "Yet there is no utopian world, nor shall there ever be. When the lovers unite, they are no longer under our protection."

Anish fell to his knees in front of the twin beings, bowing low until his forehead touched the floor. "Please, please! I beg of you!" He pressed his open palms against the stone floor and dug his fingernails into the dirt grooves. It felt as if the entire earth was swaying beneath him and at some point he would be swallowed up by hell itself. "Do not allow this to happen!" He begged.

Asmodeus crossed his arms and watched the scene before him. "And the contract will be even more complete." He locked eyes with Shiva and suddenly his smile vanished. "For in the original agreement, Klaus promised me not only the souls of these families, but a third of the village."

"A third?!" Dee whirled around and glared at his father who in response, averted his eyes. "Father! A third of this village?!"

Asmodeus' body began to rise slowly into the air, his billowing robes waved like flags as a grey mist tumbled from the folds of the fabric. As fluid as liquid, he glided away from Anish and gracefully hovered in front of Dee. "Ah yes!" He winked gleefully. "When he contracted the major families, he gave me permission to feast upon a third of this population's souls, any soul I desired, man, woman, and child. I was to make it appear as a plague of some sort, an illness so to speak. However, being a higher order creature with infinite patience, I shall await until this populace grows and manifests into a booming area. When your blood and that cursed soul's blood runs down the side of this altar, I shall eat to my heart's content!"

"You . . . you bastard!" Dee shouted, pointing a trembling finger at his father. "You've damned this entire village! You've murdered these people! You've murdered their future!"

"It was not supposed to be like this!" Klaus wailed, throwing his head back in utter grief. "It was only the families! Just these families! But you!" He snapped his head to face Dee and shot him a look of pure loathing. "But you conspired against me! Your own father, you betrayed me and bedded that boy child! You are a disgrace! A foul disgrace and blight upon our family!"

"You dare call me a blight?" Dee strode over to his petrified father, raised his hand into the air, and brought his backhand down hard and fast against the side of his father's face. The sound of the backhanded slap was deafening as the smack resonated against the stone walls.

"You hypocrite!" He seethed, wiping his now bloodied knuckles against his pants leg. "I loved Vincent, more than anything even my own life, I loved him and will continue to love him. You gifted this devil with innocent souls for your own greed. If there is one person in this room who should be hell bound, it is you."

Klaus stuck out his tongue from the side and licked the blood trickling from his now broken nose. His sharp red eyes narrowed as he fought to remain composed amidst the burning pain of his injury. "You will never find peace." He whispered lowly between gritted teeth. "You will never find peace."

"The time of magic and spirits is drawing to a close." Vishnu warned, gathering his golden and crimson robes around his feet. "Anish, face us." He ordered.

Anish arose quietly from his kneeling position and sniffed back his tears. His face was an open book, testifying the fear and hurt his heart and mind were wrestling with. There seemed to have been some hope for himself and his master, hope that they would find happiness in one form or another. Now it seemed as if they were all lost.
"Do not despair, young one." Shiva smiled. "You are fated to return to your lover's arms."

"But I must protect my master." Anish whimpered, tears streamed freely down his brown cheeks. "It is my calling."

"If you feel so strongly, your paths will cross again, and you shall protect this master of yours." Vishnu nodded. "Be mindful, we may alight the path to everlasting peace for you and your beloved, yet this war against the Lord Asmodeus is one you should consider leaving behind."

Anish clenched his jaw and lifted his chin with pride, he was not a coward, nor one to run away from a fight. The proud lineage of his royal family ran thick and wildly through his rich blood. The very thought of retreat was nonsensical to him, and to even consider abandoning his master was sheer lunacy. "I will not leave my master's side." He responded in a voice replete with determination.

"No one shall best me." Asmodeus announced loudly. "Vincent will be my key in unlocking the souls of the families and their extended members".

Dee looked up at the floating demon and took a deep breath. Vincent's blood was drying on his hands and he could feel the coagulated blood pulling on his skin. The smell of death was ripe within the room and the nervous twittering of the thirteen members behind him was beginning to grate at his nerves. All he wanted to do was to wrap Vincent's rigid body in clean sheets and carry the young man back to his own home and have him buried. His body was trembling with exhaustion and grief, the loss of his most loved person was raking brutally against his heart, death could not come sooner for him.

But the contract with Asmodeus would simply not go away as he had hoped, he had misjudged the demon lord who clearly had too much pride to settle for a few souls. No, this demon wanted his revenge.

"I dare you to come." Dee finally spoke, lifting his head to look up at the demon. "I made a promise to Vincent that I will protect him. I promised him that I would find him, it did not matter when or where, but I assured him that we would never be apart and I aim to fulfill that promise to him. So go ahead." He smiled tiredly. "Try your best, Old Scratch. I dare you to come between Vincent and me. We love each other and that will be enough to keep your filthy hands off of this town."

"Foolish boy." Asmodeus snarled. "You know not what you have challenged."

"I am a man of my word." Dee stood firm in his place, never looking away from the steely gaze of the demon whose glowing red aura shined brightly around him. Within his chest, Dee could feel the quaking fear of self-doubt egging him to beg for forgiveness and relinquish all rights to the villagers' souls. But his sense of justice, his deep love for Vincent, and his refusal to be conquered by one so insidious and cruel gave Dee the strength to face down the forces of evil and not give up.

"I made a promise." He stated. "And I will keep it."

Everything hurt.

Sebastian felt the dull ache surfacing from deep within his lower back, right above his tailbone, like a warm and tingling sensation resonating from the hotspot all the way to the tips of his fingers and toes. His mouth felt as if it had been glued shut, so parched and dried out that his tongue had stuck to the roof of his mouth. Without opening his eyes, Sebastian knew that he was lying face down on
something very cold, grainy, and hard, like a slab of stone. His nose twitched from the heavy odor of mildew and mold, a musty and damp scent which brought forth images of rotted graves to his mind.

Was he in a grave? He wondered, dazed and confused by his current state.

As his consciousness ebbed, he attempted to formulate an idea of how he ended up in this position. Thinking back, from before he had blacked out, he could remember being in his office, reading some paper sent by Grell's boyfriend, and then stepping into the hallway.

But what happened?

Someone had been there, someone had stood near him.

But where?

Think. Think.

In the hallway . . .

Sebastian coughed and grimaced as the pain in his back bloomed larger and stronger with every movement he made.

Why was he in so much pain?

Who had been in the hallway? The professor coughed once again and grunted. Something had happened to his back and it burned like hell's fire.

One bleary eye shot open.

"Hell." He whispered hoarsely, struggling to move his arms which were pinned to his sides. His chin scraped against the hard surface as he craned his neck in order to assess his surroundings. Forcing his other eye to open, he felt his heart sink when he realized that the room he was in was totally dark.

And his arms were tied to his body.

"What the fuck?" He growled, trying feebly to wrench his arms loose. But it was of no use, the rope used to keep him bound was of a heavy duty brand and there was not one inch of give afforded to him. As his mind became clearer, the thoughts began to come in faster.

I was attacked!

Someone in the house attacked me!

"Ciel!" Sebastian cried out, furiously rolling from side to side, he ignored the now throbbing injury. The desperate need to free himself and find his lover overwhelmed his senses, if he had fallen victim to some unknown intruder then surely Ciel was in danger as well.

A sudden and frightening realization halted his actions and a sickening knot formed in his stomach. He could see it clearly now, the person standing near him in the hallway, by the stairs, a spark of electric current crackling in their hand . . .

Mey Rin.

"If you keep doing that, you're going to roll straight off of the table and crack your head wide open
Sebastian froze, his breathing became ragged as rage circulated steadily throughout his body. "You bitch." He growled, turning his head towards the sound of the wispy voice. "If you've hurt Ciel, I will fucking kill you."

"Ciel? You shouldn't worry yet, in fact, why don't you start worrying about how you're doing?" The sound of light feet tapping daintily across the room grew louder and louder until Sebastian could sense a form standing directly in front of him. The smell of rotted flesh almost bowled him over.

"What are you?" He gasped, the urgent need to retch caused him to gulp back acidic bile. "And what do you want from me?"

"I am one of many."

The room suddenly erupted in a blaze of blue flames all flaring from copper encased sconces alighting the four walls of a small, ancient looking stone room. Sebastian rapidly blinked his eyes, tears formed and blurred his vision, as the lights glowed brightly. He did not recognize the room, but he could only guess where he was.

The locked room in the basement.

As his vision sharpened, he stared dead ahead at the young red headed woman smiling happily before him. Mey Rin was still dressed in her maid's outfit, her hair in a high messy ponytail, but her glasses were gone.

And her eyes were black, ink black with red slits where pupils should have been.

"Demon." Sebastian shivered as he stared at the deadly pair of eyes. He had studied the paranormal for so long that nothing seemed to faze him anymore, yet he had never come face to face with a demonic force. Never once had he ever been in the presence of a corporeal being of unending evil such as this.

However, even with an ungodly creature standing near him, the need to find Ciel was too great.

"Ciel, where is he?" He gnashed his teeth and kicked his legs out for they had not been tied down. "Where is he?!" He demanded angrily.

"Upstairs sleeping." Mey Rin extended her hand and swiped a stray hair from Sebastian's forehead and tucked it behind his ear. Patting his head gently, she kneeled in front of him and laid her arms on the table, resting her chin on top of them. She cocked her head and studied the man with curious eyes. "Do you not yet remember?" She asked, frowning slightly. "Perhaps I acted too soon?" She wondered aloud, tapping her thin finger against the side of her nose.

"Remember what?" Sebastian barked, scraping his chin again. He felt a sticky substance under his skin and winced, he must had cut the underneath of his chin.

"Oh now look what you've done!" Mey Rin giggled, swiping her fingertips along the surface of where he had sliced his chin. Holding up her hand, Sebastian could see his blood smeared against the pads of her fingers. "I wonder how you taste?"

"What have you done to Ciel?" Sebastian thrashed his body, swinging his legs over the side and hoisting his upper body away from the demon. "I want to see him!" He yelled.
Mey Rin crinkled her nose as she licked her tainted digits. "Ugh, how rancid." She hacked, wiping her hand against her smock. "You're not ready yet! Lay down and be a good boy before Master comes to get you!"

Sitting straight up, Sebastian felt dread pounding against his chest. "Master?" He echoed, surveying the room and finally the table he was seated upon. "Who is this . . . Master?"

The demon stood up and patted the table top, wordlessly telling him to lay back down. "Lord Asmodeus." She informed. "And if you wish to see Ciel again, do lay down and await his arrival."

"Bring Ciel to me." Sebastian ordered firmly. "I want to see him."

Mey Rin opened her mouth to speak, but nothing came out of her mouth. Sebastian watched, confused and baffled, as the woman stood still with mouth agape and yet muted. He was about to ask her about Ciel again, but to his horror, her eyes began to roll back and melt out of their sockets. Her chalk white skin become striped with black rivulets as her sockets emptied themselves out. Her hands fell to her sides, motionless and the smell of rotted corpses suddenly disappeared. Sebastian sat speechless while Mey Rin's body convulsed violently and jerked back, her head snapping to the side. White pus like froth bubbled from her mouth as the spasming demon crumpled to the ground. Sebastian fought to keep from vomiting from the heinous scene which unfolded before him, but the shock of finding a beautiful black haired woman dressed in a simple pair of jeans, brown boots and white T-shirt standing behind the demon's body kept him from almost passing out. In her hand she held a small golden dagger covered in a glossy black liquid.

"Do not fear me." She assured Sebastian in a voice as light and airy as her soft brown eyes. "I am the Angel, Ariel, but you may call me, Jerrica."

"Angel?" He echoed, astounded at what had just happened. What had transpired in this small town to call forth these powerful forces of good and evil? Sebastian could not believe what he had fallen into, but he stared at the woman with a skeptical eye, unsure of whether or not to trust her. "An angel? A true Judaic Angel?" He queried, unable to wrap his head around the enormity of the angel sharing his same space and actually communications with him, he gave her a dubious look, "An angel of God?"

Jerrica scowled, impatiently nodding her head. "Yes! I am a young archangel!" She insisted, "And I have been entrusted in saving the souls of this village!"

Sebastian wiggled uncomfortably, the ropes were beginning to cut into his skin. "Wha-what did you do to Mey Rin...or whatever she or it was . . . "

Jerrica glanced down at the broken demon at her feet. "This was a lesser demon, a minion so to speak." She nudged the lifeless body with the tip of her leather boot. "I used a blessed dagger and pierced the back of her neck where the life source resides."

"You're a real angel, right here with me, a real angel." Sebastian stared in awe at the young woman, taking notice of the translucent skin and white aura surrounding her body. "Ah, do you think you can, help me?" He shrugged his shoulders and used both hands to point upwards at the ropes. "I have to get to Ciel before anything happens to him!" He explained.

Jerrica bent down and wiped her dagger clean against Mey Rin's dress. "I'm sorry, but that I cannot do." She replied flatly.

"Excuse me?" Sebastian hopped off the table and stumbled a bit before righting himself, leaning
against the table with great effort. "What do you mean, no?" He snapped.

"There is not much time, I must remove you from this site." Jerrica hopped over the demonic corpse and shoved the dagger into a sheath strapped to her belt. "Come quietly and I will not have to harm you." She was at his side, hands gripping the course rope around his body.

"Don't touch me!" Sebastian yelled, kicking his leg out in order to strike the angel in the stomach, but she deftly dodged his attack and answered back with a well-placed backhand across his face. Sebastian felt the side of his head explode with blinding pain, landing face down, and bent over, the table.

"Fucking hell." He coughed, spitting droplets of blood onto the dark gray surface. "I thought you were an angel?!?"

The holy being brushed her hair back away from her face and grabbed Sebastian by the back of his neck. Her fingers dug into his skin and she shook him hard. "Try to strike me again and I will be hard pressed not to break both your legs." She warned, pulling him back upright. "You have done enough damage, it is best for you to just follow along and remain silent."

Sebastian whipped his head around, giving the girl an incredulous look. "Damage?" He repeated, shaking his head in disbelief. "What damage? What the hell are you saying? None of this makes sense! Why are you here? Why did Mey Rin attack me? Where is Ciel!?!"

"That thing on the floor." Jerrica pointed to the dead woman. "Was keeping an eye on you and Ciel, making sure that angels couldn't get to you both before your fated time. But as you can see, we thwarted her attempts, now onto getting out of here."

"No! Absolutely not! You still haven't told me why this is happening in the first place!" Sebastian shouted. He was not about to blindly follow an angel who had no issues with harming him. "What fated time? And why won't you get Ciel!?!"

"You still don't remember, do you?" Jerrica hummed, taking her hands and placing them against Sebastian sweaty face. Gingerly, and with much care, she slowly traced the angled points of his fine face, her dark eyes studying carefully the deep scarlet orbs of the trembling man who stood before her. She looked deeply, delving into the inner history of Sebastian Michaelis.

"Remember what?" Sebastian gasped, the ringing in his head from being shaken so roughly was causing him to become disoriented. "What am I supposed to remember?"

Jerrica smiled sadly, the haunted past turning its pages within the man's eyes was filled with tragedy, unending tragedy.

"Your promise." She responded softly, caressing his cheeks as if to soothe his frayed nerves. "The promise you made so long ago."

"Mama !"

Elend Phantomhive clutched the neck of her nightgown tightly, her eyes bulging out of their sockets as she fought to catch her breath. The frantic voice which had roused her from her deep and dreamless sleep was gone, but she could still hear it in her memory, a young child's voice pleadingly calling for her. Her chest rose and fell rapidly and her heart pounded like thunder against her chest. She was frightened beyond comprehension and yet she could not understand why she had awoken terror stricken and drenched in sweat.
Lifting herself up to a sitting position, she placed both hands against her head and wiped the sweat pouring down her face.

Her hands shook terribly.

Before she could form another thought, a wave of nausea hit her, causing her to lurch to her left side and scramble for the chamber pot underneath her bed. Her wiggling fingertips brushed against the porcelain rim, tipping it from side to side until she could finally take purchase of it. Thankfully, she was able to push it out from under the bed just as she began throwing up.

For what seemed like an eternity, she emptied the contents of her stomach, gripping the sheets of her bed tightly as each retching thrust caused her petite body to almost tumble over the side of the bed. She dared not lift her head until all she could produce were several globs of bile. After making sure that the sickening moment had passed, Elend threw herself back on the bed and absentmindedly wiped her mouth with the hem of her sleepwear; she was left exhausted and physically spent.

in the bleakness of the winter night, the howling wind rattled the shoddy shutters of her humble cabin. To the meek woman, it sounded as if wolves were surrounding her home, awaiting with hunger and devising ways in which to snatch their prey. She closed her eyes as the tears came, the sour taste on her lips making her smack her mouth loudly, and prayed that the malaise would pass swiftly.. She felt as if the world was swaying underneath her, as if she were in a giant rocking chair going to and fro, to and fro.

The last time she had felt this way, was when she had been pregnant with Vincent.

"In good hope." She sighed, caressing her stomach with a shaky hand. Her mother had taught her that saying in Germany when she was a young girl. It was such a beautiful way of addressing the condition of bearing a child. When she had been in good hope with Vincent, she felt hopeful that her new venture in America would bring them success and happiness. She was so young when she met Vincent during the early years of Fultonville's establishment. It had been an exciting time of possibilities and dreams; one could only imagine the grandness which lay before them.

But the winters had proven far worse than anything she had ever known and her husband was far from the gentleman she had thought he would be. Every attempt to conceive more children ended with no results, she was barren. All hope had rested upon her sweet blue eyed boy, the jewel of her heart and soul. When all else failed, she could always look to the striking boy with his fair skin, large sapphire eyes and dark grey hair and feel a sense of pride. He would fetch himself a proper young lady one day, she had assured herself, one who would appreciate the kind soul and God fearing boy she raised.

Smiling indulgently, she swallowed the putrid saliva still swirling in her mouth and willed herself to reach out and rouse her husband. It would do well for him to check on Vincent since the sun had not risen yet and the night was still very cold.

The empty space in the bed sent a cold chill down her spine.

Elend bolted straight up and grabbed the side of her head as another wave of dizziness hit her.

"Autsch! Mein kopf!" She whimpered, feeling her stomach twist and rumble.

Opening her eyes, she stared at the window across from the bed and jumped at the sight of her husband sitting quietly, staring at the moonlit landscape.
"Thomas?" She frowned, rubbing her aching stomach. "What are you doing there?"

He turned his head to stare dumbly at his wife. "You got sick, huh?" He mumbled.

The stale air seemed to almost suffocate Elend, it's silence powerful in rendering her almost mute. Why was he doing nothing, staring out the window? She wondered, something was wrong, horribly wrong. The echoing voice of the young child still whispered in the corners of her memory.

"Ah, yes, I did." She answered warily, twisting the sheets with her fisted hands. "Why are you sitting there?"

Thomas looked out the window again and scratched the underside of his chin. "I'll empty the pot in the creek when the sun is up, but I'll put it outside now before it starts to stink up the room." His voice was flat and emotionless, much like the vacant look on his face as he stared at nothing, but a snowy wasteland.

"What's wrong?" Elend felt the anxiety crawling on her skin like spiders, prickling every nerve in her body. "Answer me!" she insisted, nervously balling up her fists. "You're frightening me!"

Her husband took a deep breath and without meeting her wide eyes, he uttered the words she lived in fear from since the day her beloved son was born.

"Vincent is dead."

It took a mere second for the impact of what he said to her to hit in its full force, but even then she could not believe what she had just heard.

"No, no, no, not true!" She hissed, whipping the sheets off of her and stumbling out of the bed. Her foot knocked over the chamber pot and suddenly the floor was smeared with vomit. Paying no mind to the vile liquid spreading across the planks, she stood quaking from head to toe. Thomas gave the floor a mild glance but said nothing.

"No! You lie!" She accused, doubling over as a jolt of pain rammed through her stomach. Lifting her head, Elend scrunched up her face and began to cry loudly. "You lie!" She screeched, pointing at her silent husband. "Du lügst! Du lügst!!"

"Now you done and gone and made a mess." The sound of his monotone voice was a knife in his wife's heart, her face, contorted with pain and grief, did not seem to move him at all. "How we gonna clean-"

"Where is my son?!!" She screamed, launching herself at Thomas with rage filled eyes and outstretched hands. Slipping on the putrid puddles on the floor, the hysterical woman fell to her knees, weeping uncontrollably, and slammed her fists onto the wooden planks of the floor.

"Vincent!" She wailed, throwing her head back and bellowing like a wild animal. "Where is my Vincent?!"

"He stopped breathing, is all." Thomas lowered his face into his hands. "I found him still and not moving, he passed into the Lord's hands."

"No! No! No! There is no God!" She screamed again, wringing her fists at the ceiling. "No God! There is no God!"

"We can have another." Thomas spoke calmly, lowering his hands and folding them on his lap. "You're a strong woman, stronger than me, and you will have another son."
Elend brought her fists to her mouth and bit down hard, breaking the skin of her knuckles with her teeth. The pain of her grief was incomprehensible, there was nothing she could see beyond the moment. A whole lifetime without her precious boy? Mornings of awakening without the sound of his bare feet padding through their small home? Nights of staring at his empty room? What life could she have being motherless and barren?

"I have no child in me." She wept bitterly, the blood of her hands dripped down the side of her mouth. "I cannot carry anymore, and why would I want more? Why would I replace my child?" She crumpled to the ground, sobbing and gnashing her teeth. "There is no God, there is no God!"

Thomas watched the unraveling of his wife and finally understood what Asmodeus had done. He knew in nine months his wife would bear another boy and the child would be their payment for Vincent, but in his heart he also knew that his wife would never be the same and it would be a miracle of she lived much longer after their son had been born.

And so the deals made with demons were not deals at all. They were lies on top of lies, foolish dreams twisted and altered and tainted by evil. The Butler House, stained copper red with Vincent's blood, would be their new home. The memory of what he had allowed to happen to his innocent and young son would haunt him until the end of his days.

"I'm sorry, Elie!" Thomas broke down, choking on his tears as he too fell to the floor and wrapped his arms around his suffering wife, gathering the broken woman who was beyond consoling, beyond reason, beyond reach. "I'm sorry!"

"There is no God." She whispered, feeling her stomach clench and roll. The feel of her husband's arms encircling her gave no warmth nor comfort. Her heart was irrevocably broken; her spirit had died with her child. "Es gibt keinen Gott."

"There is no God."
Chapter 25

Greetingszzzzzzz!

Well, I'm hoping that this chapter sheds some more light on this mystery.

My deepest apologies for creating this monstrously complicated story lol I'm a sucker for punishment and one evil bitch. But thanks for the support, you guys are amazing!!!!!

Much love to my girl, AnimeCujo.

I'm nothing without you, Bitter Rabbit

I won't last long,
in this world so wrong.

Say goodbye,
as we dance with the devil tonight.
Don't you dare look at him in the eye,
as we dance with the devil tonight.

"Dance With the Devil"- Breaking Benjamin

"So Jerrica gets Sebastian, we get Ciel. And then we remove them from this house, hide them in separate areas of the library basement and wait for December 14th to come and go." Claude clomped up the stairs, going over the plan with Alois who was already at the top landing waiting for him. "After that you leave it up to that old fart-"

"The Watcher of The North." He corrected, sending Claude an annoyed look.

Unaffected by Alois' miffed response, Claude rolled his eyes. "Pffft, yeah yeah, The Watcher, and he'll take over those two, right?"

They had come in through the basement door easily, hoping to get to Ciel and Sebastian before Mey Rin and the other demons did. After observing the scarlet haired maid for the past couple of weeks, they had become aware from her scent what she truly was. Alois waited patiently for Claude to reach him, wondering to himself as to how the police office was able to get anywhere quickly.

"My God, you're slow." Alois complained. "At this rate I'm sure Jerrica will be long gone with Sebastian before we even reach Ciel."

When Claude had returned earlier to Alois, Jerrica had decided to leave and study some more with Tanaka at the library. After a few hours, she has smelt the foulness of demons in the atmosphere and immediately left to fetch her partner.

The minute she had stepped outside into the bitter winter landscape, she lifted her nose to the air and inhaled deeply.

The young angel squeezed her eyes closed and sniffed again, holding out her arms and releasing her aura around her. Alois had told her to imagine the town in her mind and to center her ability
into locating where the smell was coming from. She could see the tall steeple of the Anglican
church near the corner where the library building stood, the main road leading to the college
campus and the less traveled road leading down to the Butler House. The odor grew more pungent
and heavy, sickly sweet and malevolent.

Something had happened, something terrible.

Jumping into the car they shared, she drove quickly back to Claude's apartment. Being earthbound
did not afford her an unending supply of strength nor energy so human made transportation was
best for now. Jerrica parked in front of the apartment building and stormed unannounced into the
bedroom.

She immediately regretted her rash action and quickly shielded her eyes with her hands.

"C-Could you please s-stop?" She stammered, shame was painted all over her face and neck. "We
have to go to the house, now!" The men were entangled in each other, enjoying a third romp before
being interrupted.

"Now?!!" Claude huffed, shifting his hips and ramming repeatedly into Alois' backside, earning a
moaning yelp from his lover who was currently pinned face down underneath him.

"Aaahhhh, stop it!" Alois landed a sharp blow with his elbow into Claude's ribs, before turning his
attention back to his mortified fellow angel. "Jerrica, what's going on?" He demanded.

Within the next hour, they were seated in the car with guns loaded, sacred daggers sharpened, and
plans set. They had a little over 24 hours to save countless souls.

"I'm fucking slow coz I was fucking you for hours." Claude buried his face into the Angels mop
top hair, sliding his hands around the man's lithe waist. "You smell so good." He murmured
seductively.

"Follow the plan." Alois moved away and placed a finger against Claude's lips. "Keep your voice
down, there was only one demon in the basement and Jerrica won't have a problem taking care of
her, but I don't know who else is going to show up until they're actually here."

"No worries, you can take care of 'em, right?" Claude whispered.

"I'm not what I once was, some of these demons are pretty powerful so it wouldn't do me any good
getting cocky." Alois sniffed the air, motioning to Claude to follow him. "he's in the room at the
end of the hallway, and he's alone." They padded stealthily towards the door, mindful of every
creak and groan of the floorboards. Reaching out to grasp the door know, Alois found it unlocked.

Claude playfully patted his lovers backside "Hey, looks like this might be easier than we thought."

Alois sighed heavily, he knew getting into the house proved far too easy as he stood at the
threshold to Ciel and Sebastian's room. The door was now wide open and he could see clearly the
state in which the young man had been left in. Their King sized bed had been overturned and
practically snapped in half, the ruined furniture leaning shattered and broken against the wall. On
the floor a large pentagram had been roughly carved into the deep cherry wood planks, symbols of
differing shapes and lettering covered every spare inch of the design.

In the middle of said symbol laid an unconscious Ciel, curled up and naked in a fetal position.

"Fuck." The angel grunted, passing his hand over the sheathed golden dagger on his belt. "We got
here too late."
Claude peered over the blondes shoulder and snorted. "Late? He's still alive and why the fuck is he
naked?" He whistled lowly, scanning the unblemished creamy skin with an admiring eye. "Not that
I'm complaining -"

"Doesn't matter, we can't touch him." Alois snapped. "And stop ogling, you fool."

"Aw come on, you're way prettier than him." The officer teased, playfully pinching the scowling
man's side. "Now let's get sleeping beauty and haul ass before the rest of them bastards get here."

Alois smacked his lovers hand away from him and stepped into the room. Something was wrong,
he could feel it in the static filled air. A pungent aroma of rot still lingered and yet another smell,
something akin to spices and incense, seemed to paint the surrounding area. The angel walked in a
slow circle around the carved design's perimeter and waved his hand in front of him. His eyes
widened as he made a grim realization.

"There's a field around the symbol that I cannot penetrate." He turned to Claude and motioned to
the air around Ciel. "It's a protective force which won't allow anything to get to him."

Claude was dumbfounded, after all of their careful planning, this was a huge snag. "That damned
demon placed a freaking barrier around this kid?!" He exclaimed.

Alois shook his head. "Nope, not the demons, at first I thought it was but this isn't a demonic
symbol."

"You sure? That shit looks pretty fucking demonic to me."

"Ah, yeah, I think I'm the resident expert in this field and I know that's not a demonic symbol."
Alois responded sardonically. Touching the field, he could feel the glass like surface give a bit, but
as he pressed his hand, an electric spark resonated right through his arm. For the first time in what
seemed like forever, he actually felt pain.

"Argh! Dammit!" He cursed, retracting his hand and wiggling his fingers. "That actually hurt!"

Claude strode into the room and crossed his arms, the look of annoyance on his face gave away the
nervousness he was actually feeling. Never once had he ever seen Alois react to physical pain. It
actually unnerved him. "Wait, it's not demonic and it's not angelic? Then what Hell is it?"

"It's a Lakshmi Narayan Yantra." Alois kneeled down, studying the cryptic script closely. "How is
this possible?" He wondered aloud, craning his head to the side in order to get a better view of the
inner writings scrawled in the middle of the large star. "This one invokes Vishnu, Shiva and
Brahma."

"How do you know this?" Claude asked, crouching down beside Alois.

"I keep telling you, I'm ancient, there's not much I don't know." Alois muttered, scratching the side
of his head. "But I definitely don't know how Hindu Gods became involved in this battle."

"So lemme get this straight. " Claude glared at the perplexed angel. "There are Hindu Gods
involved in this shit show, and you can't break through a force shield they put up around Ciel?
How are we getting him out of this house?"

Alois chewed on his bottom lip, analyzing the situation as best he could. "Shit, I didn't expect this .
.." He admitted.
The Amber eyed man stood abruptly and began pacing the floor behind Alois. "Well that makes me feel real fucking amazing right now-"

"Shut up!" Alois yelled, whirling around and pointing to the direction of the open door. "I told you this wouldn't be easy! If you're feeling scared, get the fuck out!"

"And I told you I wasn't leaving your side, right?" Claude snapped open his holster and drew his gun. "I'm not scared . . . just a little unsure about how we're getting Ciel outta here." Clicking off the safety, Claude gave his partner a sly smile. "Wanna see if this works?" He asked, pointing and aiming the gun at the invisible field.

"Put that away, you're going to need those bullets for later." Alois ordered, rising from his position, he unsheathed his dagger. "Listen, stay here with him. I'm going downstairs and have Jerrica bring that dumbass up here. Maybe he'll remember everything and drag Ciel out of the circle."

Claude arched an eyebrow at the command. "Hold on a second, aren't we supposed to keep them separated until the birthday is over?" He asked, slipping his gun back in the holster.

"I'm out of ideas, ok? If it were up to me I'd kill them both but I can't, I just have to make sure that the contract isn't completed."

"It would be easier if we shot Sebastian right in the head." Claude sighed, tapping his temple with his pointer finger.

"I know, maybe we should just go that route." He hummed, contemplating the pros and cons of the outcome. "Except the key to locking that antechamber forever lies within both Sebastian and Ciel. It's like a revolving door for these demons."

Claude shook his head and laughed tiredly. "Ok this is getting too complicated. " he walked over to Alois' side and grabbed him by the arms, drawing him close to his chest. "Go get Jerrica and Sebastian, I'll stay here." Leaning down, he placed a soft kiss against his lover's lips, taking time to gleam his tongue along the top row of Alois' teeth. The taste of his golden haired love left him in a loss for words. "Be careful, k?" He grinned, nipping Alois' lower lip.

"You be careful, you're human, remember?" Alois reminded him sternly, fighting to keep the hot blush from surfacing to his cheeks. "Demons never roam alone, they always have minions or partners even though they are self-serving. If one appears, call for me."

"Gotcha." Claude released Alois and stepped back to watch him exit the room. "Hey, Alois." He called out suddenly.

The angel stopped in his tracks and turned, giving the policeman a questioning look. "What is it?"

Claude shrugged and laughed. "I just, I wanted to say . . ." Looking down at his shoes, he took in a deep breath and laughed again. "I just . . ."

"What? Hurry up! What is it?!"

"I-I just . . .love you." Claude's eyes turned up to catch the stunned look on Alois' face. For as long as they had been together, he had desperately wanted to utter those words to the holy being, but they always caught in his throat and he could never wrench them free. At that moment, an urge to be open and free nearly overwhelmed him and suddenly the words came tumbling out of this heart.

Alois returned the smile with one of his own. "I know." He replied quietly, and left the room without another word.
"Good." Claude nodded to himself. Settling himself cross legged on the floor with his hand idly passing over his holster. "Now, let the games begin."

Sebastian stared at the angel before him and wished with all of his human might that she would drop dead right then and there.

"How barbaric, you wish me dead?" She sniffed, turning her nose up at the professor. "After I risked my immortal life and saved you from that demon, how unkind."

"Unkind? You've manhandled me and thrown me around like a goddamned rag doll!" He fumed. "and by the way, reading my thoughts is immoral, don't you think?" Wriggling awkwardly in his place, he gave her an imploring look. "How about untying me and letting me get to Ciel?"

They were out of the basement and seated next to each other on the large couch in the great room right off of the main hallway. It did not take Jerrica much effort to hoist the man over her shoulder and trudge him up the basement stairs before flopping him down on the couch. He was still tied up and still angry over the rough treatment.

"Stop fretting, my partner is getting him." She assured him, patting his lap with her hand. "Alois will be here any second now."

"Alois? Your partner?" Sebastian frowned, suddenly he realized why Jerrica seemed so familiar. "You!" he yelped. "The librarian! It's you!" He jumped to the other side of the couch, away from her reach. "I met you at the library, didn't I? And that crazy blonde, Alois! Dear God, don't tell me he's an angel too!"

"He's far older than me." Jerrica answered simply. "He is the Fallen Angel, Kokabiel."

"Kokabiel? The Angel of Stars?" Sebastian shuddered, his own vast knowledge of theology causing him more anxiety than he cared to admit. "so there was such a thing as the fall of the Angels?"

Jerrica nodded silently, averting her eyes from Sebastian's stare.

"Unbelievable, I don't get what's happening here, there are demons in this house, a fallen angel and an Archangel working together and somehow it has to do with something in this town's history but please, I'm begging you, I need to know why Ciel and I are involved!" He entreated the angel. "Whatever it is, whatever you need from me, I'll do it, I'll give it to you, but please, let me get Ciel!"

Jerrica pursed her lips thoughtfully and gazed intently at the young man. "You don't remember ever being in this house before?" She asked.

"No, no I really don't." Sebastian slumped over and rested his head against his lap. "If anything, it was Ciel who saw strange blue and red lights behind the basement door and its Ciel who kept waking up and asking me not to kill him."

Thin black eyebrows up. "Do tell." She chirped.

"He suffers from epilepsy and I wanted to think that maybe it was just the stress of the move and new environment, but now I really don't think that was the case." Sebastian sat back again and blew a whisp of his bangs out from over his eyes, his face was haggard with worry. "I need to see Ciel."
"He never had epilepsy." Jerrica revealed. "Ciel is possessed by a demon so powerful that it is threatening to swallow up every soul in this town. Those blue and red lights? Those are spirits trapped in this house, good and evil spirits all under the same punishment for breaking a contract with a demon."

Sebastian opened his mouth to speak, but found himself unable to utter a single sound. He was shocked beyond words.

"Those so called doctors at the hospital, those were demons." Jerrica explained. "I will hazard a guess and think that the medication given to Ciel was supposed to mask his reactions in order to keep him from remembering and us Angels from sensing him and knowing where he was at all times. We had hoped to keep him from claiming his 13th victim, but as you know, that proved impossible." The angel hopped off the couch and stretched her arms high above her head, "once you come to remember your own past, I won't have to go into full explanations anymore."

"I-I don't . . . I don't understand." Sebastian stammered. "Possessed? 13th victim?"

"Look, stay put, do not move." She commanded, shaking her finger at him. "I'm going to see if Alois found Ciel, I promise I'll be back."

Something stirred, almost clicked, within Sebastian's head at the sound of her words. "Wha-What did you just s-say?" He stuttered.

Jerrica clicked her teeth, annoyed at being kept from finding her partner. "I said I promise I'll come back!"

Turning quickly on her heels, she ran out of the room, leaving behind Sebastian bound and tied. His listless body was weak from much of the manhandling by both demon and angel, but his mind was working at full speed.

Promises . . .

Promises . . .

Promise

I promise I'll come back.

"We have promises to keep." Ciel had told him on their trip up to Fultonville. Promises had always been at the edge of their lips, promises to be faithful, promises to over forever, promises to forgive, promises to forget.

"I'll come find you." Sebastian whispered to himself, staring down at the thick rope which pinned his arms to his side. "I promised to always protect you, didn't I?" Gritting his teeth, he hoisted himself up from the couch and lumbered unsteadily over to the hallway, carefully tiptoeing so not to alert anyone of his actions. Peeking over the sidewall, he made sure all was clear before darting towards the kitchen.

All he could think about were the names of the victims on the sheet the Undertaker had sent him, all families who had originated from Fultonville. One of the current professors' surnames was on that list, so had been Spears. The names were written in the order of deaths, and Spears had been number thirteen.

He also knew some of the first names, they had been on Ciel's cell phone at one point or another during his two years of infidelity. Every time he suspected the student of cheating, he would check
his cell for new numbers. Oddly enough, Ciel never made huge attempts to cover his tracks so it
was fairly easy to uncover his unfaithfulness. Yet, when all was said and done, Sebastian always
let it go; the pain and hurt, the humiliation, never stopped him from remaining by Ciel's side.

There was a reason he was with Ciel, he could feel something awakening within his own heart,
something deep and meaningful, relentlessly gnawing at him. He could never leave the student he
immediately fell in love with two years ago, it was a hunger that was never sated, a thirst never
quenched, the love he had for him was unending and critical. When their eyes had first met, locked
in an intense stare they could not tear away from, Sebastian felt a peace settle onto his heart. It felt
as if he had found something cherished, something precious, he had lost long ago.

He often struggled with the "whys", why did he need Ciel so much? What caused him to
obsessively remain by his side no matter how much Ciel hurt or betrayed him.

"I'm going to figure this out." He thought to himself, slipping into the kitchen. "And I'll come find
you, Ciel. No matter what."

The answer was buried deep within the Butler House, within his flesh, blood, and bones, it was a
mystery fighting to reveal itself.

Before it was too late.

Preoccupied with finding Alois, Jerrica was halfway up the stairs before stopping short. Alois
glared at her from a few steps away. "Why are you coming upstairs?" He snapped. "And where's
Sebastian?"

"I came to see what was taking you so long!" Jerrica defended, leaning against the banister. "And
he's downstairs in the great room tied up on the couch!"

"Argh! You left him alone?!" Alois slapped his palm over his forehead and waved her off. "Go
back and stay with him! I've run into some trouble with Ciel."

"Trouble? Demons?"

"I wish!" Alois frowned. "There's a freaking yantra in the middle of their bedroom and Ciel's
trapped in it!"

Jerrica's eyes widened. "A yantra?!? Why are Hindu Deities getting involved?!"

"The fuck do I know! Get back downstairs and grab that idiot, put him in the car and just get as far
away from here as possible!" Alois yelled. "I'll stay here with Claude and figure this out!"

Jerrica bit her tongue, not wanting to incite more anger from her superior, and turned to descend
the stairs.

The blow was so blinding and unexpected that her head nearly came clean off her body.

Before Alois could react to watching Jerrica's body come flying backwards up the steps, a spray of
blood erupting like a fountain from her face and neck, he too felt a crushing blow slam brutally into
the back of his neck. Both angels collided into one another and their flailing limbs thudded heavily
against the floor. The pain was intense, sharp and visceral, violent and otherworldly. Alois had
only a few seconds of lucidity as he realized that they had both been caught off guard by something
more powerful than they had been prepared for.

"Greetings, Kokabielf and Ariel."
Darkness and the high pitched giggling of malice trickled into their ears as they slipped into oblivion.

Claude whipped his head up at the clamor resonating from the hallway. His trained ears picked up the sounds of bodies being violently thrown to the floor. To make matters worse, the shuffling of feet and murmuring voices sent him into high alert, his hand immediately released the firearm, settling himself into a crouched position, he cocked the pistol and aimed for the door.

Steadying his breathing, he could only hear the light tapping of footsteps coming down the darkened hallway and the dull thudding of his own heartbeat. Beads of sweat pooled above his upper lip but he dared not free his hands to wipe at his face. His entire focus was on the open doorway and the eerie silence which tugged anxiously at Claude's nerves. From his position he could not completely see down the hallway, but he already knew that what was coming bode him only ill will.

The putrid smell of death rolled into the room, followed by a pair of thin legs housed in black high heeled boots. Claude trailed his eyes up the small frame of the raven haired woman who wore a white hospital coat over a black dress. She was so pallid, she could have been mistaken for a corpse, her lips were blanched and set into a wickedly crooked smile and her eyes were glossy black orbs with a red slit down their middle.

He glanced at her blood stained hands, each finger ended with a black tipped claw, and a sick feeling rested uncomfortably in the pit of his stomach.

"Demon." He muttered, gripping his piece firmly.

"Human." She hissed and emitted a childlike cackle.

Claude knew immediately that something had happened to Alois, but his first priority was to keep Ciel safe and away from any demons. Removing the safety from his gun, Claude gave the female demon a wink and tentative smile "Well hello there." He greeted her in a low voice. "Listen this here is private property and currently a crime scene, so as an officer of the law, I suggest you get yourself outta here before someone, and I promise you it won't be me, gets hurt."

"Do you know what I am, miscreant?" She snickered, bringing her fingers up to her mouth and lapping at the thickened blood with a long forked tongue.

"Who the fuck you calling a miscreant?" Claude cursed, waving his gun at her. "I know exactly what you are."

"Then step aside and give the sacrifice to me."

"Fuck you, now get out before I put a fucking hole through your head!"

The forked tongue ceased its ministrations upon her dainty digits. "Do what you must." She sneered, wiping her messy hand against the white lab coat. "I don't mind feeding on you in order to get to him." pointing her claw at Ciel.

"Nobody's feeding on me." He clenched his jaw, feeling the element of danger rising steadily in the room. "I'm warning you, back off!" He shouted.

"E-Ember?" A groggy voice called out faintly from within the yantra circle.

Claude looked sideways at the sound of Ciel moving his bare skin against the course carvings on the wooden floor. "Ciel?" He gasped, watching Ciel slowly raise his trembling body into an
Ciel's head lolled to the side, his dark grey bangs hung loosely over his eyes but Claude caught a glimpse of steel blue eyes peering dazedly at him. His body was slumped over and he hugged himself with his thin arms, tucking his legs beneath his bottom. The young man was cold, shivering while goosebumps erupted along his pale skin.

"Wha-What . . . what h-happened?" He quaked, sucking in a short breath as he lifted his head and met the hard gaze of the female demon at the doorway. "Is that really you, Ember?" He whispered in a voice filled with fear and disbelief.

"You two know each other?" Claude growled, holding his gun steady. "Ain't that fucking sweet."

"Humans know me as Nurse Ember." She twittered, taking a small step towards the men. "But I am Heti-Ahin, a princess of darkness and my master, King Asmodeus who serves the Dark Lord, will reward me greatly with your arrival to sacrifice."

"Asmodeus . . ." Ciel echoed dumbly, turning to face Claude with wide terror stricken eyes. "I-I'm going to be sacrificed?"

"Not if I can help it!" Claude jumped to his feet and maneuvered himself in front of the circle, careful not to touch the perimeter of the yantra. He was large enough to shadow Ciel's petite form but he would not lower his gun. "I'm giving you another warning, don't fuck with me!" He barked.

"How amusing!" She giggled, taking a second step towards them. "And who do you have to aid you in this endeavor, hm? My brother and I have already dispatched your oh so powerful fallen angel and his young apprentice-"

"Stand back! Don't come any closer! I swear I will blow your motherfucking head off!"

"You would shoot his beloved stepmother?" She spoke mockingly, as if daring him to shoot. "Dear Ciel, look at me." She waved her hands in front of her face, allowing the young man to watch in horror as the ghost like image of an old woman superimposed itself against her demonic face.

Ciel opened his mouth in a silent howl as the past came roaring to life right before him. The face of Claudia Phantomhive grinning maniacally sent shockwaves through his mind. The kind and benevolent elderly woman who had adopted him so many years ago now stood in the room with a sloppily smeared trail of blood running across the front of her white coat. The once docile eyes which had shined with patience and geniality all those years glowed ominously blood red, it was a creature of the lowest pit of Hell who now bore the facade of the eighty year old woman.

"We found you, prepared you, sent you on your merry way to find your lover." She laughed. "We set the path for you to finally complete the contract with Asmodeus!"

"What the fuck-?" Claude whispered.

"Oh my God." Ciel choked out as he covered his face with his hands. "This is a fucking nightmare!"

"But my little source here, your sweet maid, was supposed to keep you medicated, totally unable to be seen or detected by these fucking angels!" She pouted, taking yet another small step towards them. "Well, she was a minion so it can't be helped."

"Stop! I'm not kidding! I will shoot!" Claude shouted.
"Stupid man." The elderly face disappeared, her evil smile wider than before. "All I have to do is sink my teeth into that lovely long neck of yours and drink up your soul until you're nothing but a worthless emptied piece of-

"I said don't fucking come closer!" Claude thundered. Swallowing hard, he fired his gun. The bullet found its mark instantly in the middle of her neck tearing open a gaping wound of ink like liquid pouring steadily down her chest.

Heti-Ahin gagged once, raising her shaking hands to her neck while she stared at Claude with disbelief. She fell to her knees, choking out thick globs of black ooze as her body began convulsing uncontrollably.

"Who's stupid now, bitch?" Claude howled gleefully, pumping his fist in the air as he excitedly watched the demons body crumple lifelessly to the floor. "Like I'm gonna shoot you with regular bullets. HAH! These are blessed you dumb shit!"

He panted heavily feeling the rush of excitement suddenly ebb away as he realized what had just occurred. A cold sweat broke out across his forehead as he tried to control the onset of emotions. The bullets in his gun had been blessed by Alois, and yet, he now knew that this was possibly his one and only defense left. What could he do without his angel, he wondered worriedly.

"Officer Faustus?" Ciel croaked, lowering his arms to cover his crotch. "I-I can't move my legs!"

"Listen kid, here's the deal." Claude crouched down and placed his gun back in his holster. "There's some kind of shield surrounding this circle you're lying down on and no one can get to you. I'm not sure how much you know, but fuck me, you're involved in some real heavy shit here."

"Where's Sebastian!" Ciel cried out. "Where is he?!"

"See, before that monster came in here I was pretty sure he was downstairs being looked after by an angel." Claude shook his head, raking his fingers through his dampened hair. "Now I'm not sure anymore."

"No . . . no . . . he's still here." Large drops of tears formed in Ciel's eyes, his lower lip quivered as he began to weep. "He'd never leave me, never. No matter what I've done, no matter what, he never left me alone."

"Well, I don't know about that." Claude sighed. "It may not be his choice right now."

"He promised!" Ciel's head shot up to reveal a look of steadfast determination. "He promised and he always keeps his promises!"

"Ok, then let's figure this out." Claude tapped the field quickly with his fingertips, wincing at the slight electric shock biting at the pads. "No one can get to you, but someone out this up, I think, to protect you, except I don't know who's supposed to be saving you at this point. I mean, I thought me and these Angels were the good guys, but apparently, some Indian gods got involved."

"Indian Gods?" Ciel knitted his brows, perplexed by the information. "Angels and Demons I can understand, but are you talking about Hindu Gods or Native American?"

"Hindu." He replied, pointing at the yantra. "That there you're sitting on is Hindu so that means there's a part to your story we didn't know about."

"My story?" Ciel bit his lower lip, nervously chewing on the soft skin. "I-I don't have much of a story."
"Ah, clearly you do." The officer stood up and wiped his face with both hands. "Either you start remembering shit, or we're all gonna be fucked."

The sound of thumping footsteps coming down the hallway sent Claude scrambling to draw his gun. He cocked the pistol and aimed for the door, ready to shoot down anything that threatened their lives. His heart pounded loudly against his chest as he slowed down his breathing and concentrated on keeping himself calm. Ciel crouched low against the floor, his body shaking with fear and anticipation.

To both their immense surprise, Sebastian appeared at the doorway panting heavily and clutching a small word book in his hand.

"Sebastian!" Ciel cried, relieved beyond comprehension, he reached out to his lover, only to yelp with pain as electric bolts blasted through his outstretched limb. Even he could not get himself out of the field.

"Ciel!" Sebastian headed straight for the young man, only to be stopped by Claude who stood in his way. Holster in the gun, Claude grabbed the professors arms and pushed him back,

"Get your fucking hands off of me!" Sebastian yelled, shoving Claude away from him.

"There's something that won't let us get to him, asshole!" Claude shouted back. "It's like an electric field and if you touch it, holy shit it hurts!"

Sebastian took a deep breath and held up his hand to the officer. "Stay back." He ordered firmly, stepping around Claude and walking to where Ciel lay.

"Fine, go ahead, fucking electrocute yourself." He grumbled.

Kneeling down in order to get to eye level with his blue eyed lover, he offered him a reassuring smile, hoping to relieve Ciel of his anxiety. "Hey baby." He spoke gently, placing his palm on the floor and sliding his fingers as close to the edge of the circle as possible. Ciel returned the loving gesture by sliding his own fingers to the edge as well. The ache to touch each other was tremendous and it gutted them both knowing that as close as they were, they were being kept far apart.

"Hey, you." Ciel quaked, fighting back his tears. "I knew you'd come for me."

"I kept my promise, right?" Sebastian leaned forward, making sure not to come into contact with the field, his face a mere inch from the perimeter as he studied Ciel's naked form. "You don't look injured, but tell me what happened, ok?"

"I-I don't remember anything." Ciel's face contorted as he spotted the rough patches of bloodied skin against Sebastian's arms. "Your arms!" He cried, pointing at the older man's body. "Who did that to you?!"

"Hey, it fine! I'm fine! I swear!" Sebastian scooted closer to Ciel. "I just couldn't stay away from you so I did whatever I could to find you! No matter where you are, I'll come find you!"

Another jolt of memory rippled through Ciel's mind. "You'll always find me, right?" Ciel felt warmth resonate across the lean expanse of his body, as if Sebastian's words were a honeyed elixir curing his ailments.

Sebastian smiled again, holding up the book he brought in front of Ciel. "See this?" He spoke softly, tapping the cover with his finger. "This is our history."
Ciel nodded slowly, understanding that the truth of what was going on would soon be given and that it was a stranger truth than anything he could ever have imagined. "Ok. " he paused, feeling like a small child about to be told a rather large story. "I'm listening."

"This is a diary, my diary, from many lifetimes ago." He explained slowly. "Ciel, you and I, as crazy as it sounds, we existed in another time when this town was first founded." Sebastian gripped the book in his hands and let out a long sigh. "Demons and Angels are fighting for this town, because you and I, a very long time ago, set in motion a contract with King Asmodeus, a higher order demon."

"You were young, so young," he continued, " and I was much older than you-"

"A past life?" Ciel looked at Sebastian with disbelief. "You and I were together in a past life?"

"You and I have been in love for more than 200 years." Sebastian opened the book and flipped through several brown and aged pages "You were Vincent Phantomhive and I was Dietrich Michaelis. I was 21 and you were 15 when you died."

"Died?"

Sebastian hesitated, unsure of how to explain what had occurred so long ago. "Yes, you died." He responded quietly. "And from what I've read in Dietrich's diary, my diary so to speak, is that you died . . ." He stopped, the words caught like knots in his throat.

"How did I die?" Ciel insisted, crawling forward in order to get closer to Sebastian. "Tell me, how did I die?"

Sebastian averted his eyes, unable to look at the young man. "I-I . . ." He gritted his teeth, pressing the book against his forehead.

"Tell him," Claude encouraged, crossing his arms over his chest. "He needs to know."

"Know what?" Ciel demanded.

"Christ, Ciel, I killed you!" Sebastian slammed the diary down against the floor "I killed you to save your soul from damnation!" He cried. "But somehow, the deal was skewed! We've been roaming this earth one reincarnated life after another, searching for each other! Now that we're together, the demons want us to pay up with not only our souls, but the rest of the town's!"

Ciel clasped his hands over his mouth, panic welling up in his large eyes. This was far deadlier than he had originally thought. The desperate need to remain with Sebastian, the smell of rotting bodies, the seizures, the missing photos, the blue and red lights, the voices chanting "demon".....

Everything swirled erratically in Ciel's head, pieces of memories falling into place like a giant disfigured jigsaw puzzle. But before Ciel could respond, Claude drew his gun again and tapped Sebastian on the shoulder. "You didn't see any other demons in this house, did you?" He asked.

"No, none at all." Sebastian slid the book to the side, and listened carefully as something began to drift into the air. Claude had heard it first and was already walking gingerly towards the doorway with his gun ready to shoot.

"What is it?" Ciel whispered.

"Chanting." Sebastian said simply, rising to his feet. "They're downstairs waiting for us."
Ciel cocked his head to the side and listened, it was slight but audible, murmuring voices chanting from downstairs. It sounded like a deadly hymn full of foreboding. The house was alive with dark spirits and forces bent on swallowing them whole.

"Get ready." Claude glanced back at the pair and gestured for Sebastian to stay where he was. "I hear them coming."
Greetingzzzzzzzz

This here early update is for Nisaki Chan.

Get better, my dear Candy Skull. We are all thinking of you <3

Oh! And I've turned into a Tumblr whore lol plz follow me and share some "yummies" with meeeeeee!

http://blackroseeden.tumblr.com

Can you hear the silence?

Can you see the dark?

Can you fix the broken?

Can you feel, can you feel my heart?

Can you help the hopeless?

Well, I'm begging on my knees

Can you save my bastard soul?

Will you ache for me?

I'm sorry brother

So sorry lover

Forgive me father

I love you mother

Can you hear the silence?

Can you see the dark?

Can you fix the broken?
Can you feel my heart?

I'm scared to get close and I hate being alone

I long for that feeling to not feel at all

The higher I get, the lower I'll sink

I can't drown my demons, they know how to swim

"Can You Feel My Heart?" - Bring Me the Horizon

"Something is coming down the hall." Claude aimed his gun steadily, releasing the safety and tilting his head slightly to the right. "Not sure what it is, the light in the hallway is too dim."

It was nightfall and already the hollowing winter winds were causing the Butler House to creak and moan like an aged man. Everything made the two men jump in their place as they tried to assess their dire situation. Having dispatched one demon, they were met with an unearthly chanting coming from downstairs and now a seemingly sinister figure was creeping towards from the depths of the shadows.

"Sebastian, hide!" Ciel begged, scuttling closer to the edge of the yantra. "Please! Hide!"

"Hide? I can't!" Sebastian stood in front of Ciel, balled fists at his sides as he faced down the doorway. "Whatever is coming, is coming for you as well, and I won't allow it."

"He's in a way better spot than you and me." Claude peered over his shoulder at the other man. "Just stay close, these bullets will take out any . . ." His voice trailed off as he stared dumbly at Sebastian.

Frowning, the black haired man looked at Claude expectantly. "Any, what?" He retorted. In the next instant, he figured out what had arrested Claude's speech.

From the ceiling, hanging upside down, was a leering sharp-toothed black-haired demon suspended in midair. His arms were crossed over his chest and he too wore the same outfit the female demon they had eradicated earlier.

"Cole." Ciel gasped, looking straight up with terror. "Sebastian! Run!" He screamed as he watched Cole unfold his arms and swipe a clawed hand at Sebastian's head.

It was one thing to want to survive, the human instinct to escape death was in of itself extremely powerful, but the adrenaline pumping through Sebastian's body was not merely self-serving. His entire existence had one primary goal and that was to survive for the sake of Ciel's life. He would be the one to save him because he was the one who promised to protect him above all else.

With that one single-minded notion, Sebastian dodged the Lightning quick attack, dropped to his side and rolled out of the demon's reach. "Claude!" He shouted. "Shoot him!"

A shot rang out, but it missed its mark as the demon avoided the bullet.

"You annihilated my sister." The demon cackled, swinging right side up and landing lightly on his
feet. "But that weak cunt didn't know you had blessed bullets, eh?"

"Fuck me." Claude whispered.

"Carreau will not be eradicated so easily." He snorted. His ink black claws grew longer and sharper as he turned to the yantra and laughed. "Hello there . . . kid." He snickered.

Ciel looked away and felt his shame heighten as the demons eyes rolled over his nude form. Sebastian bristled at the sight. "Get away from him!" He shouted.

Carreau whirled around and without warning, leaped like a predator feline with fangs and claws outstretched. Claude kicked Sebastian's feet from under him and rolled over the man in order to shield him from the oncoming menace.

"Move!" He shouted, narrowly missing a swipe to his back from Carreau's claw. The pair scrambled to get to their feet as the male demon clung like a spider on the wall next to the doorframe. He was a frightening sight, all toothy and crawling along the walls, his forked tongue slitting between his lips like a giant lizard.

"Enough playing." He hissed. "Give me the sacrifice."

"We can't get him!" Sebastian yelled, scooting backward until his back hit the side table next to where the bed had once been. "There's a protective field around him!"

"You dumb fuck." Claude laughed. "If we could get him, he'd be out of this house by now!"

"I will kill you both!" Carreau screeched.

It is in moments of great stress and desperation when one's memory is often triggered and an idea is released moments before impending doom. Sebastian knew this, and the epiphany which struck him came right as the demon crouched low to spring on them again.

His hand reached up and yanked out the top drawer of the nightstand, emptying its contents on the floor next to him. Claude shot him a look of surprise as he watched Sebastian blindly rummage through the strewn contents. "What the-?" He started before grabbing Sebastian's arm. "Holy shit!" He yelled as the demon flung himself at them.

The professor grabbed a small bottle on the floor and threw it with as much force as he could muster at Carreau' face. It landed against his forehead and shattered, sending glass shards and a clear liquid splattering all over his face.

Claude watched, amazed and mute, as smoke began to curl and sizzle on the shocked demons face. Dropping down to all fours, Carreau began to howl in agony.

"Holy water." Sebastian pushed Claude away from him and stood up, looking over the flailing demon as it clawed at its face. "Grell gave it to me as part of a housewarming gift."

"That flaming red head gave you holy water?!"

Sebastian nodded and pointed to the demon. "He's actually quite spiritual." He quipped. "Now, are you going to finish him off?"

Claude nodded and watched the demon crawl with great difficulty towards the door, seeking its escape. "Motherfucker has got to go." He announced loudly, getting up from the floor and drawing his gun. "Try dodging this, asshole."
Carreau rolled onto his back, his half melted face dripping black ooze and glared at the grinning police office. "You will die soon." He spoke in a shaky voice, forcing himself to stand. "You will be next-!"

"Eat shit." Claude pumped three bullets point blank into the demon, one in his face and two in the chest, sending him stumbling back out of the room and into the hallway.

Silence descended upon the room except for the heavy panting of the spent pair as they collected themselves from yet another close call. Ciel shook terribly, having watched helplessly from within the circle.

"The chanting hasn't stopped." He spoke up in a small voice. "Can you still hear it?"

Claude nodded, wiping sweat from his face. "What are they chanting?"

He scoped the dimly lit hallway with a keen eye in search of any movements down by the top stairway landing. They were in the worst spot possible. They were essentially cornered with no true escape route except the two windows, however, they would have to straight drop down to the frozen ground in order to leave the house.

Sebastian cupped his hand over the shell of his ear and closed his eyes, focusing on deciphering the chanting. To his surprise, it did not sound like an invocation for the dark realms, but more like one phrase repeated over and over again.

Claude backed away slowly, peering over his shoulder to look out into the hallway. Carreau had bled out so much that his entire body rested in the middle of a black pool of blood and the musky stench of death began to grow steadily stronger as the minutes ticked by. The sooner they left the house the better, Claude knew this very well, however, he did not want to leave until he had found Alois. In his heart, he knew the angel was still alive.

"Oh-Ohmmmm, Om." Sebastian mimicked out loud. "Nah, Nah, Nama . . . See . . . See . . . See, vuh, seevah . . . yah."

"The fuck are you saying?" Claude huffed.

"Shut up!" Sebastian opened his eyes and examined the yantra. "Om Namaya Sivayah." He paused as if awaiting some type of a reaction from the cryptic symbol, but all he received was Ciel curling into himself.

"That chant isn't demonic." Crimson eyes locked onto dark blue as if a sudden revelation had just occurred. "It's an invocation for a Hindu God." Sebastian moved closer to the young man. "Shiva to be exact."

Almost as if the voices knew they were being listened to, the chanting stopped.

Ciel shivered, rubbing his frigid arms in order to warm himself up. "Sebastian." His teeth chattered slightly. "I'm so cold!" He whined.

"I know, I know." Sebastian clapped his hands together and pressed them against his face as he struggled with finding a way to free Ciel. "We can't stay here, there has to be demons everywhere."

Ciel worried his bottom lips and looked away. "I understand." He mumbled.

"But I will not leave here unless you're in my arms." Sebastian said with finality.
"But if I'm safe in here, you need to go and get help!" Ciel hugged himself, bringing his knees up so he could rest his chin on them. "I'm not ok with you just waiting to face demons."

"I'm not leaving you!"

"And what if I lose you!" Ciel shouted suddenly. "How do you think I'm going to be able to live?!"

"If I die, you can go on." Sebastian replied quietly. "It's me who cannot survive without you."

"Well, this is fucking sweet and all, but I for one don't want to die for any of you jerk offs." Claude grumbled, checking the bullets in his gun chamber.

Sebastian opened his mouth to respond, but was cut off by a new scent which had begun to waft through the air. At first he could not place the scent, but soon he was inhaling deeply the aromatic smells of what could be described as exotic. Spiced incense made his and Claude's noses twitch, both men exchanged confused looks.

"What's going on?" Claude asked before pointing at the Ciel. "What the fuck?!"

First the inscriptions in the pattern began to glow with a swirling mixture of blue, gold and white lines. The points of the yantra followed until the lines of the stars were all ablaze with color and light. Ciel's skin reflected the glow and he looked like a human crystal prism, radiating rainbow shards of light.

"Sebastian!" He cried, holding out his hands as the pulsing rays began to circumvent around his thin body. "What's happening?!" His eyes were wide with fright.

"Ciel!" Sebastian lunged at him, only to be pulled back by Claude who grabbed him around the waist from behind and flung him back away from the field. "Are you crazy?!" The officer yelled into his ear. "You'll kill yourself!"

"No!" Sebastian raged, clawing at the floor and wrestling to escape Claude's hold. "He needs me! Something's going to happen! I have to get him out of there!" Bringing both fists together, he rolled over and struck Claude across his bottom jaw, freeing himself from his grip. Claude grabbed his face and pushed back away from the flailing man.

"Asshole!" He coughed, rubbing his jaw furiously. "Fucking asshole!"

Sebastian scrambled to his feet, but stopped in his tracks, his blood ran ice cold.

Ciel was slowly sinking into the center of the circle.

"Ciel." He gasped, reaching his hands out; profoundly confused and horrified.

Ciel silently looked down at the glowing lights and closed his eyes. A shaky hand trailed up the center of his chest and he tapped the area between his breasts, smiling wryly. "It's time." He replied, finally looking up at his shocked lover. Haunted dark eyes were now replaced by a doe like gaze, childish and gentle. He continued to disappear into the floor, his slight form becoming translucent and intangible.

"Ciel!" Sebastian shouted, dropping to his knees and crawling towards the yantra. "Ciel!" He cried in terror while watching his lover phasing through the floor like a ghost.

Yet, Ciel sat still, serenely gazing at his frantic lover. The fear which had hung heavily on his face seemed to have melted. It would have made perfect sense for the young man, prone to anxiety and
panic attacks, to lose his mind and self-control, but instead he allowed himself to be swallowed up by the floor with barely any reaction. It confounded both men as they stared at the tranquility blanketing Ciel's entire body.

Again smiling and pressing his hand against his chest, Ciel held out his other hand, Palm facing up, and beckoned for Sebastian to come closer.

"Dee!" He called to him.

With his pointer finger, Ciel traced a line down the middle of his chest and tapped the area repeatedly. "Do you . . . do you remember?" He asked shyly.

Claude whirled around at the sound of Ciel's voice. Gone was the sardonic tone of the young man, the edgy New York accent so obvious every time he opened his mouth. What came forth from those lips was something not of this time. He could tell that Sebastian had noticed because the professor's back had gone rigid and still, his hands palm down on the floor pressed so hard against the wood that every knuckle was bone white.

"Vincent?" Sebastian whispered.

"Dee, do you remember me?" From him came a voice so gossamer light that it could never have been kept by a grown man, it was young boy's voice full of innocence and youth. The worldliness behind those ocean blue eyes was gone and in their stead were wonderment.

"R-Remember?" Sebastian slid his hand to the side and picked up the diary from the floor. Lifting it up in front of Ciel, he gave a weak chuckle and shook his head. "Baby, I'm trying, but all I know is what I've read." He admitted sadly.

"When you remember, I'll be right here." Ciel smiled, now only the area above his shoulders viable. "I'll be right here, like I always been. Waiting for you." A large tear ran slowly down the swell of his cheek. "Please, remember, Dee!" He begged before being swallowed up by the radiantly shimmering yantra.

"I want to! I swear to God, I want to remember!" Sebastian cried, gritting his teeth as a wave of sorrow washed over his entirety. "Come back to me!"

The carved symbol began to pulse faster, it's lights turning in a flashing cyclical motion, whirling and shimmering into a funnel until a bright flash of white light exploded in the center of the room. Sebastian and Claude, caught off guard by the blinding blaze, were thrown backwards by an invisible force and they crashed and tumbled into each other right through the doorway of the bedroom.

And in the blink of an eye, the lights halted their actions and ceased to shine.

Panting heavily and groaning over having knocked their heads together during their tumble, Claude wiped a smear of blood from his nose. "Bastard." He grunted. He had fallen flat on his back and slammed his head against the floor. Propping himself up on his elbows, a spike of pain resonated through his right shoulder "That hurt!" He yelled.

Sebastian lay on his stomach, cradling his aching head in his hands. "Christ." He moaned. His vision was blurred from the double onslaught of the blinding light plus the head collision. Sounds seemed to echo in his ear, almost like he was floating underwater. He squeezed his eyes shut and kneaded his temples hard with his fingertips trying to adjust his sense and clear his mind. The physical pain would have to wait.
"Get up." He ordered firmly, staggering to her feet with one hand bracing the wall. "We have to move, now!" Sebastian opened his eyes and felt the world shift under his feet. Stumbling back a step or two, he slipped on the blood of the dead demon still laying in the hallway and caught himself from falling.

"You want me to get up now, but you can't even stand up!" Claude pointed out, irritated at being told what to do. "Maybe you need to hold on a second and-"

"No! Get up. now!" Sebastian barked, forcing himself to stand up straight. "Ciel is still here! I can feel him!" Desperation took hold of him as he moved one unsteady step at a time towards Claude. "I promised him I'd never leave him alone! I promised him I'd never let him get hurt! I can't back out, I can't let him down!"

"You guys and these fucking promises." Claude grumbled. He held his shoulder tightly with his left hand and struggled to get to his feet. "Promise this, promise that. Fucking tiring, the both of you-Gah!" He yelped, scrunching his face up in pain. He gnashed his teeth, biting down hard as he rocked from side to side, writhing in pain.

Sebastian stopped short and observed Claude's erratic movements. "What's wrong with your shoulder?" He asked worriedly,

Claude leaned carefully against the wall and slid himself up to a full upright position. His head rolled to the side while he steadied his breathing. Sebastian could tell the man was in immense pain, the sweat pouring down his newly blanched face had begun to drench the front of his shirt

"I-I'm fine." Claude clenched his jaw tightly, turning towards Sebastian with a grin, "It's just a scratch, tis all." He joked.

"You're staying upstairs."

"Fuck. No."

Sebastian walked over to Claude and in one swift motion, landed a hard slap on his right shoulder. Claude's eyes shot wide open, but before he could emit any words of threat he howled like a wounded animal, dropping his head and violently kicking the wall behind him with his booted heels.

"You motherfucking piece of shit!" He shouted, whipping his head up to glare at Sebastian. "Goddamn you! Fucking cunt bitch asshole-!"

"Your shoulder is dislocated, I can tell just by looking at it." Sebastian responded calmly. "It must have happened during your fall."

"If you can tell just by looking at it then WHY THE FUCK DID YOU HIT ME?!" He screamed, hot tears welled up in his eyes. "ASSHOLE!"

Sebastian shrugged, a small smile playing near the corners of his mouth. "Call it, payback?" He replied. "For you being an insufferable asshole to us."

Claude sucked in a deep breath and shot him a murderous look. "You got me." He admitted, angered by the man's sense of "justice". "But this shit makes us even, got that?" He spat.

Sebastian nodded, looking over to the stairway landing. "You can't come with me, not with that injury."
"I said I was fine-"

"No, you're not!" Sebastian held up his hand as if to slap Claude's shoulder again and watched as the man flinched. "See?" He pointed out, lowering his hand. "You can't even lift your arm to defend yourself!"

"Dammit." Claude cursed lowly. "I can't stay hiding here, I've gotta find Alois and Jerrica, I'm supposed to be helping them." His face was flushed, the coloring in stark contrast with his deadly pale skin. Anyone else would have already passed out either from the pain or the injury itself, but Claude fought hard to remain aware and conscience. He could not allow Sebastian to go on alone. "You're not the only ones who made promises." He mumbled, looking away.

Examining their situation, Sebastian knew full well that leaving Claude in the bedroom left the man cornered and in danger. There would be more demons coming, if they weren't already there, and if he couldn't lift his hand to shoot, he was as good as dead.

"There's a third floor and then an attic." He offered, pointing upstairs.

Claude shook his head frantically, "No fucking way I'm going in an attic." He growled.

"What's your problem?"

"Every horror movie I've ever watched, there's an attic." Claude spoke rapidly, waving a hand in front of Sebastian as if warding off a monster. "An attic equals evil shit, monsters, and demons, and no way, no fucking way am I going in an attic!"

Sebastian stared blankly at the ranting man, sighed loudly and threw his hands up in complete defeat. "Then we can't stay here, Claude! Ciel's gone and I need to find him!"

"Well, you're not the only one who's lost somebody!" He retorted, pushing himself off of the wall. "I can still shoot with my left hand." Hesitating to let go of his shoulder, Claude shuffled his feet and glanced down at his dead arm. "I think." He muttered.

"Give me the gun." As Claude was about to throw another litany of curses at the tall man, Sebastian deftly unsnapped the holster and drew the weapon, quickly tucking it behind the hem of his sweat pants on his right hip. "I can handle a firearm." He informed the shocked office.

"Can you?" Claude gave him a questioning look. "A gun is a lot different than a book-"

"Fuck off. I own rifles and pistols, shooting is not new to me." The black haired man scowled, motioning for Claude to follow him. "Stay behind me and do nothing unless I tell you so."

Claude stood still, tilting his head and listening for any sounds alien to them. "Ok, let's go downstairs, it's quiet for now. I'm thinking the only logical place those angels might be is in the basement."

"That ritual looking room?" Sebastian walked lightly on his toes down the hallway. "There's some type of sacrificial set up in there. I woke up bound with rope and laying on some giant stone table with a demon smiling down on me"

"Sounds hot."

"To think all this time Mey Rin was a demon posing as a human maid." Sebastian shuddered at the memory of her long fangs and red pupils. "If it wasn't for Jerrica, I'd probably be dead."
"Hey, didn't Ciel say something about you remembering and he'd be waiting for you?" Claude winced as another electric current of pain shot up his arm and into his shoulder. "Can't you find a way to get those memories back?"

Sebastian withdrew the gun and glanced over the banister into the first floor below. He had the gun cocked and ready to go, his nerves on high alert. The lights were off in the house and the darkness of the early winter night bathed all in an obscure blanket of moonlight silver and indigo shadows. He could not see past the middle of the stairs since the enter way window only helped to alight the top part.

"I want to remember." He whispered, stepping gingerly down the stairs with Claude in tow. "But all I have is knowledge of what happened. Nothing I know is connected to emotion."

"Isn't knowing enough?"

Shaking his head, Sebastian went down a few more steps carefully. "No, whatever contract that was made, there was a key and lock system created. Ciel must have remembered his past at the moment of him leaving me against his will. I don't know what will unlock my memories."

"Hold on." The sound of rustling clothing made Sebastian turnaround, looking at Claude curiously. "Here!" Claude held up a small object which looked like a regular pen.

"What is it?"

"It's a pen flashlight." The click of the pen was followed by a sizable beam of light from where one would have expected the point to be. "Let's find a light switch before some boogeyman jumps outs and fucking eats us."

"Agreed." Sebastian followed the light as Claude traced the side of the stairwell in search of the hallway light switch. He stepped down one more step and the squishing sound of stepping on a sticky substance instantly left him feeling sick to his stomach.

In the next second, every single light in the Butler House went on. The men screwed their eyes shut from the sudden assault of bright lights. They fluttered their eyes and forced them to open amidst the stinging feeling in order not to be caught by surprise, which seemed to be happening all too often to the duo.

"Shit, this isn't looking good." Claude breathed, tapping Sebastian on the shoulder, he pointed down the stairs and into the area on the first floor landing.

A trail of blood on the steps had gone unnoticed by them, but the broken and mangled body of Jerrica lay haphazardly on the last two steps. Her black hair spilled like a dark waterfall around her nearly mangled face. The long lean limbs of the petite young angel were splayed out and twisted in various directions.

"Jerrica." Claude choked, feeling a torrent of rage welling up within his heart. Her clothing was tattered and torn, as if ripped apart by some wild animal

"But, she's an angel." Sebastian looked back at Claude and frowned. "Angels can't die!"

"If they're in the earth realm, and something a lot more powerful than them attacks, yeah, they can die." Claude stepped around Sebastian and lumbered down the steps. He stood over the angelic corpse and crouched down, passing a shaking hand over the visible part of her face which had not been mauled and shredded.
She had been so beautiful, he thought numbly, she was always so good. A young angel eager to prove herself and her worth to Alois and The Watcher, Jerrica never ever let them down.

The grief which clenched his heart was only eclipsed by the anxiety of not seeing Alois with his partner. Alois would have never left her side if she had been in danger. His fingers ghosted over the strands of blood-drenched hair and he wondered what had become of her.

"She ceased to exist."

Claude felt the temperature in the room suddenly drop several hundred degrees.

"Claude! Get back!" Sebastian shouted, raising the gun and taking aim at the large figure approaching them from the shadows of the living room. "Hurry!"

All he could see was the billowing of dark mist around him and the pungent smell of rot permeating the air. All he could hear was the baritone laughter of something malevolent and ancient as the thunderous round of shots being fired reverberated against the walls of the Butler house.

He raised his head and felt his body freeze upon watching the monstrous form of a silver-haired man with light violet eyes look over him wearing a suit of white and emoting an aura of black and red lights all around his body.

"Dr. Landers?!!" Sebastian yelled in shock, firing the gun two more times. "Son of a bitch, I should have fucking known!!!"

The bullets entered the fallen angel's body and exited through his back as if they were hitting a field of clouds. "Blessed bullets?" He laughed maniacally. "What good are blessed bullets against one like myself?"

"You killed her, you dirtbag demon!" Claude yelled.

"I am no demon!" He roared, catching Claude around his neck with one hand and squeezing tightly. Before he could fight back, Ash lifted him into the air and tightened his grip. "I am the fallen angel who defied God Himself! I lured 200 of my brethren to their fall from paradise and bestowed mankind with illicit knowledge and abilities! How dare you attempt to thwart my master, Asmodeus in his endeavor!"

"You are Arakiel, the angel who taught the signs of the earth." Sebastian lowered the gun and lifted his chin, staring point blank into the eyes of the sinister being. "You've read the all the signs of our past, you divine the future by reading patterns, markings, and natural signs."

Going down another step, Sebastian pointed at the seething angel. "Now that I've recognized you, put him down and face me, I'm the one you want, right?"

"Do not call me by my God given name!" Ash screeched, roughly flinging Claude to the side and sending his limp body flying into the living room where he crashed straight into the bookshelf. Shattered glass vases and knickknack a clattered noisily to the floor and a torrent of books toppled out of the cases and fell like rain all over the lifeless body of Claude Faustus.

"Claude!" Sebastian cried out. "Claude! If you can hear me, get out of the house!"

"Enough!" Ash commanded, swiftly floating up to Sebastian and encircling his long thin fingers around the man's neck. "My master awaits you."
Greetings

Not sure how you guys are going to feel about this chapter, it's pretty loaded with emotional and screwed up nonsense.

Enjoy this burst of writing my loves, there are maybe two chapters left to this saga, lol. That's a big word to use, right?

PFFFFFFFFT.

You're keeping in step

In the line

Got your chin held high and you feel just fine

Cause you do

What you're told

But inside your heart it is black and it's hollow and it's cold

Just how deep do you believe?

Will you bite the hand that feeds?

Will you chew until it bleeds?

Can you get up off your knees?

Are you brave enough to see?

Do you want to change it?

What if this whole crusade's

A charade

And behind it all there's a price to be paid

For the blood

On which we dine

Justified in the name of the holy and the divine
Just how deep do you believe?
Will you bite the hand that feeds?
Will you chew until it bleeds?
Can you get up off your knees?
Are you brave enough to see?
Do you want to change it?

So naive
I keep holding on to what I want to believe
I can see
But I keep holding on and on and on and on

Will you bite the hand that feeds you?
Will you stay down on your knees?

"The Hand That Feeds" Nine Inch Nails

"Let me go!" Sebastian choked, clawing at Ash's hands as his airflow was slowly being constricted. "L-Let Go!" His legs flailed in the air, swinging in all direction, unsuccessfully trying to kick Ash. It was useless, the crazed look on the disgraced angel's twisted face told Sebastian that reasoning with him would be wholly impossible. Nevertheless, the primal urge to live and defend oneself was still on full power for the struggling man as he began swinging his fists at Ash's face.

"Pathetic." The white-haired man sneered, digging his fingers deeper into Sebastian's skin. "You truly believe you can escape me now? Do you not see how futile your efforts are?"

"Snap my neck and kill me now if you expect me to just let you do what you want!" Sebastian gasped, dropping his jaw as he tried to swallow more air. The pressure was slowly cutting off his air and black dots began to materialize before his eyes. "You won't win."

"Win? But my foolish boy, I've already won." He released his grip and allowed Sebastian to drop like dead weight onto the floor. Landing on the front of his legs, Sebastian's nearly passed out from the sound of his ankle snapping loudly. He had fallen awkwardly, with his foot twisted underneath him and the bone had broken cleanly, leaving him seeing stars.

"Fuck!" He screamed, clutching his leg and panting heavily. "God, oh God!"

Long sleek fingers curled underneath his chin and forcibly jerked his head up at the leering angel. Violet eyes filled with merciless hatred, studied the grimacing man with zero sympathy. A crooked smile cracked across Ash's pallid face, a humorless dry smile, framed by blood red lips and icy
white teeth.

"There is no God."

---

Hours passed and night turned into day and then back into night. The eve of Ciel's 21st birthday was met in the Butler House with silence and decay.

Upstairs the bodies of the demons Cole/Carreau and Ember/Heti-Ahin were strewn like garbage across the hallway, their black blood spread like a poison river across the wooden floorboards. The stairwell was covered in a trail of deep red blood, leading to the discarded and mangled body of the young angel, Jerrica/Ariel. The coagulated secretions marred her once beautiful face and form with crimson black splotches.

And finally, in the living room, like a crumpled piece of paper, lay Claude Faustus.

His breathing had become labored during the past few hours as his blood pressure dropped steadily from loss of blood. The loud gasps he emitted were broken only by the long pauses he took in order to swallow the bile which kept rising up from his stomach. He had been thrown across the hall into the end of the room and slammed directly into the large bookcase, breaking his back in the process.

If it weren't for wanting to see Alois one last time, he would have already succumbed to death.

"Ali." He croaked, licking his parched lips. His arms and legs were splayed out and he could only see one side of the room since his head was twisted to the side. He could not move, not one bit.

"Alois . . ."

Only silence.

His eyes roamed the contents of the room and finally rested upon a bible which had fallen from the bookcase. Never a man of the church, Claude could not remember the last time he had prayed, it wasn't so much that he thought a prayer would be the miracle he needed, but something compelled him to close his eyes and think deeply about what he wanted to say.

"I-I know that kid, hah, he . . . he pissed you off." He began hesitantly, reminding himself that cursing probably wasn't going to help his cause with the "Big Guy" upstairs. "I mean, yeah, he messed up, him and all those 200 idiots, thinking they can just rise up and kick you off your throne. Pretty damn stupid if you ask me."

Claude waited for anything, a response, a sign, anything, but instead he was met with silence.

"Yeah, if I had a kid, and I gave him everything he could want, and then he goes and pulls some mutiny on me, I'd . . . ah, I'd be really angry." Claude cleared his dry throat and continued. "Ya know, my dad was the best, he was so good to me. Took me hunting, fishing, gave me a beer or two behind mom's back, hell, we used to have the best times together." He smiled in spite of his physical pain. "He was the best."

"But I never told him . . . I never told him I didn't like the girls." It was hard for him to say it out loud, the shameful secret only Alois knew about. His own homosexuality hidden for years from his family, and until recently, from himself. "Before he died, he asked when I was getting married, when I was having kids." He chuckled to himself at the memory. "But I lied; I told him I hadn't found . . . the right girl yet."

"In the end, hah . . . I betrayed him, I lied like a coward, I told him . . . a-a bold faced lie. I
The lights blurred and faded, only the echo of his weak raspy voice filled the air.

"Just like I miss my dad, I know... I know he... misses you. P-Please don't be angry anymore... with... him... please forgive him... forgive... him..."

And then, darkness fell.
Ash feigned a hurt pout as he gently kneaded Sebastian's sac. "Shall I offer you some pleasure before your inevitable end?" He whispered huskily, leaning down close to Sebastian's face, his lips brushing past is damp cheek. "Has Ciel ever taken you?"

"Stop it!"

"I would gladly allow you to enter me-"

"No!"

"I promise you will enjoy yourself."

"Don't speak to me about promises!" Sebastian shouted. "You have no idea about promises! No damn clue about what it is to keep one! All you've done is break promises and work your hardest to break mine and Ciel's!"

Ash slitted his eyes. "You dare-?" He began.

"You broke your allegiance to your God!" Sebastian accused, his face contorted in disgust. "And now you're forcing me to break my ties with my past and the same for Ciel!"

"You know nothing."

"T-Tell me, tell me this . . . much." Sebastian gasped, fighting the sudden rush of arousal from his groin. "Why, why are you doing this?"

His hand halted in its ministrations as Ash pondered the question. "It is quite simple." He replied. "My Father cast me from paradise, sent me alone and rejected for eons in time. If I were to unlock the souls of these doomed lovers, I will be given a home once more."

"But not in paradise, right?" Sebastian watched Ash's face carefully. "It would be in Hell, correct?"

"Incorrect!" The angel smiled before sliding his tongue along the shell of Sebastian's ear down the side of his neck. "Once Asmodeus acquires the untold number of souls, he will tip the scales of power towards his favor and call forth his army of darkness to lay siege upon paradisio!"

"N-No! Stop it!" Sebastian demanded, whipping his head to the side away from Ash's mouth. "You're out of your mind if you think that bastard will honor anything he had with you!"

"You know nothing, human." Violet eyes darkened with rage. "You and that whore brat are the keys to my destiny! Without both of you, my Lord cannot come forth and so he needs me!"

"Bullshit, he's using you the same he used Ciel."

"Speaking of said human." Ash nipped Sebastian's chin. "Where is that boy?" He questioned in a tone tinged with malice.

"I-I don't know." He answered truthfully. Scarlet eyes shot a hateful glance at Ash. "And if I did know, I wouldn't tell you."

Nodding his head, Ash grabbed the front hem of Sebastian's pants and pulled them, along with his underwear, down to his thighs. His semi flaccid cock flopped over to the side, a few drops of precum dribbled from the reddened tip.

"What the fuck are you doing?!" Sebastian roared, wildly pulling at the chains. "Don't you-Fuck!" He swore loudly. Without thought, he had pulled his legs up which caused the manacles around his
ankles to clank against his broken bones. The torturous pain erupted in his legs almost causing him to pass out.

"Your precious love was raped by thirteen men in this very same basement over 200 years ago." Ash took hold of Sebastian's member and started to gently stroke it. "Perhaps Ciel will come save you before I rape you."

A sick knot formed in Sebastian's stomach. He wanted so badly to fetch all over Ash, to coat him from head to toe in filth. "I'm going to kill you!" He roared, heaving as another round of agony exploded in his shattered ankle. "I swear, whatever I do, I'm going to kill you!"

Ash clutched Sebastian's face with one hand and held him firmly, his face a mere inch apart from his own. "I look forward to it." He whispered before devouring Sebastian's mouth in a brutal kiss, plunging his tongue into the warm cavern and sucking the air straight from his lungs.

Outside the sacred door, the demon minions cheered and applauded, the twin emotions of lust and suffering seeped into their area, bathing them in delicious darkness.

If his end could have come at that moment, Sebastian would have welcomed it.

Alois could feel the thrumming of evil emanating from the house as he glared at the two figures standing beside him in the Butler Barn, located a few feet from the house, and felt himself growing more and more impatient.

"You've kept me here longer than you said you would!" He spat irritably. "This place is decrepit and it smells like horse shit!"

"Please calm down."

Seething with rage, he sat on a wooden crate in the loft above the barn with arms crossed and a scowl resting sternly on his face. Right next to him, lying sound asleep and clothed in clothing from the 18th century was Ciel.

When he had and Jerrica had been attacked by Cole and Ember, Jerrica had recovered quickly from the blow to her face and immediately turned to protect Alois. Cole had set his sights on the stronger angel and had blindsided him with a vicious blow to the back of his neck, nearly snapping his head clean off. But Jerrica was one step ahead of the demons, even further ahead of her partner.

Ariel, known as an angel who presides over earth's elements, unleashed her only allowable power on earth.

"Goodbye, Kokabiel." She whispered hurriedly into his ear, her hands gripping his shoulders. "Thank you for everything."

Alois heard a thunderous clap and felt his body lifted into the air. The demons stared in disbelief as the fallen angel was thrown headfirst through the bedroom door opposite of the master bedroom. The sound of a window smashing signaled the escape of Alois from the Butler House.

Landing with a soft thud against mounds of snow, Alois bolted to his feet and stared wildly up at the shattered window. "You crazy bitch!" He screamed, furiously waving his arms above his head. "What the Hell are you thinking!?"

"Unlike you, Kokabiel, your partner had the foresight to remove the stronger of the two out of harm's way." The heavy accented voice coming from behind startled Alois. He spun around, fists
held up in defense, and found himself face to face with an odd pair.

"I am Agni." The tall white-haired man introduced himself, clapping both hands together as if in prayer and bowing low. "And the young master I serve here by my side." He looked up and smiled, "is Prince Soma." A younger man with long dark violet hair bowed as well. They were dressed in long colorful robes with thick white scarves wrapped around their necks. Alois took a moment to register their names, wondering why in the world they were even here this late at night . . .

Alois' jaw dropped. "Wait!" He cried "Y-You-!" He pointed to Soma. "You're that kid!"

Soma held up his hand in order to silence Alois and motioned for him to follow them quickly.

"No, wait, I've got to get to my partner!" Alois protested.

Agni glanced up at the shattered window and shook his head. "She is already gone."

Trembling with rage over the brief memory, Alois balled up his fists and glared at Agni and Soma who were seated on crates right outside of the yantra. "You tell me you have Ciel in the barn, then you bring me up here, tell me that if I move Ciel it will fucking kill him and that he'll wake up when the time is right!"

Agni nodded. "Yes."

"It's been a fucking day!" Alois yelled, standing up from the crate. "And God knows what those demons have done to Sebastian, but no! We have to wait until sleeping beauty here wakes up!"

"Vincent is resting." Soma informed quietly. "He has a battle ahead of him which will take all of his energy. And my master is not yet ready to receive his beloved"

"He is not your master anymore." Alois crossed his arms and stared at the young Indian man. "Anish." He said coolly.

Soma laughed gaily, his wide smile filled with pleasure. "It has been so long since I have been addressed by that name!" He chortled.

Agni reached out and with a large hand gently patted his smaller lover. "It is a noble name for royalty." He cooed.

"When will he wake up?" Alois snarled. "If I don't get Sebastian out of that house before Ciel's birthday at midnight, you might as well kiss his ass, and every soul in this town, goodbye!"

Soma gave Alois a pointed look. "The young master is well aware that he must find his beloved. He will not allow Asmodeus anywhere near that man's soul!"

"I need to get them out of that house!" Alois yelled. "Regardless of whether or not they remember their past!"

"They must be reunited!" Soma cried. "The master created a means for Ciel to escape harm and to save their immortal souls!"

"Yeah, yeah, I know." Alois grumbled, plopping back down onto the crate. "It's completely unbelievable."

When they had first brought Alois into the barn, Soma had pointed up to the loft. "This is where they first exchanged their essence with one another."
Alois scrunched up his nose. "Seriously? Here?"

"Vincent and my master had a love unknown to this part of the world." Soma stated quietly. "When my master realized that the demon king would be possessing his lover, he requested from Shiva a form of protection for Vincent upon the event that my master could not protect him from the demons."

"The yantra in the bedroom had been announced with Vincent's virgin blood, only he could be sealed within its protective forces."

"How did Ciel end up here?"

The exit portal is right here in the loft where Vincent's spilled seed had touched the floor. Once Ciel started going through the portal, it unlocked his memory."

"What's keeping that bookworm idiot from remembering his own past?" Alois grumbled.

Soma sighed, looking at Agni tiredly. "Ciel remembered because the feeling of being pulled away from his lover was much like the feeling he had while we were pulling him through the yantra. For Sebastian, we are not quite sure what emotion will awaken his memory."

Alois rubbed his temples with his fingertips and let out a loud sigh. "I'm going back to the house."

"No! You must wait for Ciel to awaken!" He begged.

Wrenching his arm away, Alois glared at the taller man. "Claude is back there! I've already lost Jerrica, and I'm not about to lose the man I love!"

"Without Ciel, you cannot save Sebastian." Soma gravely informed him.

Alois shrugged. "Watch me."

"How does this feel, hm?" Ash lapped Sebastian's nipple, his hands busily fondling the squirming man's cock. "Shall I be more forceful?"

"I'm going to kill you." Sebastian repeated, his head was turned to the side so to not have to watch the physical harassment happening to him. "I'm going to kill you."

Suddenly Ash stopped his movements and perked his head up. "I smell something." His nose twitched, sensing a new scent in the house. "It cannot be!" He chuckled, looking back down at Sebastian. "He's back!"

Sebastian grimaced at the action and took several deep breaths in order to collect his thoughts.

"How can I get out of this mess?" He thought aloud, looking around the room in search of clues. "Or better yet, out of this room?"

The room itself seemed oddly nostalgic, almost like a case of déjà vu. The copper bowl type sconces decorating the walls looked familiar, and the table itself seemed familiar as well.
"Why can't I remember?" He lamented, pressing the back of his head into the stone surface, feeling the cold rush through his skin and bones. "Ciel remembered, why can't I?"

The dark angel materialized in the living room, searching around for the visitor. "My barrier must be weakened if that little shit was able to come in through another are." He muttered angrily.

As he turned to leave the room, he caught the scent of dead roses.

"Appear, Kokabiel!" He thundered, shooting like a bullet up and through the ceiling. Like a volcanic eruption, he blew through the floor of a bedroom and appeared before a stunned Alois. The blond angel had found that he could enter through the very window Jerrica had sent him flying through before, and he thought he could enter without setting off any alarms.

He was dead wrong.

"Fuck!" He cried, ducking a lightning quick blow to the head. "Arakiel!"

"Do not call me by my God given name!" Ash screamed, again swinging at Alois.

"Fuck you!" Alois shot back, rolling out of the way and delivering a well-aimed kick to Ash's ribs. "I know who you really are!" As Ash doubled over from the attack, Alois planted a roundhouse kick which sent Ash flying into the wall.

"Ok, you sick fuck." Alois panted, walking towards the Ash who had curled up on the floor. "Where's Sebastian?"

A low cackling sound drifted up from Ash, his head still bowed down so Alois could not see his face. "I smell a human all over you."

"Yeah, yeah, and I smell demon shit all over you." Alois snorted. "Now be a good boy and-argh!"

Alois could not finish his sentence, his words were a jumbled mess as he stared owlishly at the long dagger-like claws which had suddenly protruded out of Ash's fingertips and were now piercing right through both his thin legs.

Ash looked up, eyes dilated and red as blood. "Gotcha."

"N-No." Alois gasped, his trembling hands hovered over his deeply wounded legs. The talons moved back and forth, severing tendons and muscles, lacerating the skin and meat.

"Too late." Ash gritted his teeth and shoved Alois backwards, sending him plummeting to the first floor and crashing headfirst onto the wooden surface of the living room floor. Alois felt his head ring like a thousand church bells were going off in it. His body was shattered, and he knew he had a huge disadvantage against a fallen angel who had been gifted with demonic abilities.

The soft thud of Ash landing gracefully next to him was all he heard before being grabbed by the back of his neck and hoisted up to his knees.

"You are far stronger than that meaningless little cunt, Ariel." Ash growled, landing another hard kick to Alois' stomach. "She posed no challenge for my minions, they were able to kill her quite quickly. It was almost a joke to have her around!" He laughed heartedly, slamming his fist across the angel's jaw. A spray of blood shot out from his mouth, splattering against Ash's face. The violet eye man chuckled, licking some droplets from his bottom lip. "Ah, you taste deliciously tainted, Kokabiel."
"F-Fuck . . . fuck you!" Alois cursed, wiping his face with the back of his hand as he steadied himself on all fours. He could not stand up, the lacerations on his legs were vicious, but he knew that they were also broken.

Crouching down in front of the battered man, Ash smiled and placed his fingertips beneath Alois' chin. Lifting up the bloody face, he peered into his aquamarine eyes thoughtfully and signed. "Had you remained loyal to me, this would have never happened." He pointed out.

Pursing his lips, Alois held his breath and then spat in Ash's face. "If I had denied you instead of Father, this would have never happened." He snarled.

"How rude." Ash released his chin and wiped the spit off of his face before landing a hardback handed slap against Alois' cheek which resulted in the shattering of his cheekbone. The younger angel rolled onto his side, wincing in agony as his entire body seized from the onslaught of pain.

"Your lover died much more nobly than you ever will!" Ash mocked, standing up and pressing his booted foot atop Alois' head. "Though, he died whispering your name! How droll! You are the reason that mortal being is dead and he died for you!" Throwing his head back to emit a sinister cackle, Ash lifted his foot and kicked the angel's head with such force that Alois rolled onto his stomach trembling from the shock.

He was wracked with both emotional and physical suffering, there seemed to be no end to the punishment. Alois squeezed his eyes shut and felt the piercing burn of his splintered bones grinding into his muscles and tissues.

"Open your eyes, Kokabiel." Ash ordered in a grave voice filled with hateful intent. "Here is your handiwork." He dug the toe of his boot into Alois' temple and roughly nudged him. "Open your eyes or I will crush your head!" He threatened.

Against every warning going off in his head, Alois pried his eyes open and immediately regretted his decision.

Claude laid haphazardly on the floor, his legs and arms covered in blood and wounds. He was partially on his side with his arms stretched out above his head and his face turned towards Alois. Dead golden eyes stared dumbly at him, their light had long been snuffed out.

"Claude." Alois breathed. He could not cry, could not allow the bastard angel pinning him down to relish in the agony exploding within his heart. It was clear that Claude had suffered, so obvious that he had been toyed with until the bitter end and it had all been for Alois' sake. Claude had placed himself in the path of certain death for the love of his own fallen angel.

"I love you, Claude." Alois whispered, swallowing the sorrow in his throat. "I always did."

Ash grinned, pleased with what he witnessed. "I see I have accomplished many great deeds thus far." He crowed, removing his foot and walking away toward the entryway. "My master awaits for me to open the gates of Hell."

"Don't get so cocky, you smug bastard." Alois hissed before coughing up more blood onto the floor.

"You are dying, and there are no more heroes left in this sad story." Ash looked down at his own hands and rubbed them slowly together. "You do know, how I loved you once-"

"Shut up!"
"I did." Ash whirled around on his heels and stepped out into the hallway. He paused and glanced back, watching the smaller angel's body convulse and heave. "I loved you, above all, even Father God. How you could betray me was unforgivable."

Ash shook his head and walked away, his billowing white coat rustling with each step he took. It was time to prepare the antechamber, he decided, opening the door to the basement, Ciel would come back for Sebastian, he was sure of it.

And when he had them both . . . .

All Hell would break loose.

Alois listened carefully for the door to the basement to open and close before he tried to move his broken limbs. This was it, there was no one else to expect help from, no one left who could have any power in turning things around for him. He was minutes away from death.

It had been several millennia, but it was his only option.

Taking a deep and labored breath, Alois raised his trembling hands to the sky, feeling his hot blood pool beneath his stomach and spread along his sides. "Just one chance, please. " He whispered hoarsely. "I beg you . . . Father God . . . do not forsake me!" A hacking cough arose in his throat and he choked out several globs of blood, his eyes filled with stinging tears. This wretched state smelt of death and despair because the demonic angel Ash had covered him completely in melancholy, depriving Alois of the light and joy of hope.

But his spirit wanted to fight.

"Not now!" He cried desperately, stretching his arm further up. "Not when there is so much I've got left to do! Give me something, anything! I'm begging you!"

The wounds on his legs steadily poured out blood and as the seconds ticked by, so did his life force. Sky blue eyes began to see blurred images fading in and out of darkness; the end was most certainly near.

Slamming his fist down on the wood floor, Alois glared at the ceiling and felt rage bubble up within him. "No!" He roared. "I was your child! You cannot deny me! I was your child!" He brought his fist down again. "I was your fucking child!" He screamed.

"Father!"

"Father!"

"Father!"

"I'm sorry!" He sobbed openly and slammed his head onto the floor, exhausted and defeated, he knew it would be over soon. "Do you hear me?! I'm sorry! Father!" He sobbed. "Do you-!"

"Rise, my son, Kokabiel."

When a child is lost, there is no greater happiness than running into the open arms of the one you love and trust the most. It is a feeling of being the most precious being, adored and valued, to someone you cannot live without. At that instant, the voice of God became that happiness for Alois.

He opened his eyes to find himself being "petted" by some unseen hand, soothingly stroking his
back and releasing the toxins of evil from his system. He had become cocooned in a sparkling golden light, God's light, melting away the immense pain and injuries the demons had dealt him. It was a second chance; Alois had indeed been heard.

"Thank you . . . thank you." He wept bitterly into his arms, the golden glow of his aura ran like small waves over his shaking body healing his wounds effortlessly. Above his head, a white halo of light surrounded him like a crown, hazy and yet soft in its radiance.

He knew it was just momentary, a simple glimpse of his long ago paradise.

The scent of heaven mingled in the air, completely drowning out the rancid demonic odor of the Butler House. Alois lifted his head and inhaled deeply the potpourri-like aroma of spices and flowers, warmth and comfort, love and forgiveness. It was intoxicating, paradise and hope all wrapped delicately in a singular point in time, reviving the broken angel from his wretched state.

His father had touched him with his fingertips, allowing him a taste of pure divinity in order to keep him playing in the deadly game against the dark forces. He was given the green light to push forward and accomplish the mission he had been sent to do.

Save Fultonville.

Destroy the contract with Asmodeus.

Detain the souls of Dee Michaelis and Vincent Phantomhive.

Gritting his teeth, Alois pushed himself up from the floor and righted himself on his two feet. He shrugged off his tattered jacket and cracked his knuckles loudly, thrilling at his newfound strength. The golden aura had faded, leaving him renewed and full of energy. It was time again to fight, to seek out evil and eradicate it from this earthly realm.

Claude was gone.

The angel's heart clenched mournfully, his grief was all too fresh and a part of him felt lost and alone. It was his most private fear, that Claude would meet his end as a result of his mission and so guilt began to hammer against the walls of his heart.

But again, he had to follow the path of the fallen angel and right his own wrongs because ascension was the reason why Claude gave everything of himself to the angel.

"I'm adding you to my to-do list, Claude." Alois spoke evenly, brushing his matted blond hair away from his face. "I'm going to avenge you."

Across the snow drifts and barren winter landscape, in the loft of the Butler Barn, a sliver of cerulean blue peeked out beyond dark black lashes.

Soma bowed low to the ground, placing his small brown hand against his heart. "Thy will be done." He stated firmly. "Please, save my master."
Chapter 28

_Greetingzzzz!_

Once you read this, be prepared for one more chapter and an epilogue.

_It's been real, love to you all for sticking with this crazy story . . ._

_Enjoy!_


I would die for you

I would die for you

_I've been dying just to feel you by my side_

_To know that, you're mine_


I will cry for you

I will cry for you

_I will wash away your pain with all my tears_

_And drown your fear_


I will pray for you

I will pray for you

_I will sell my soul for something pure and true_

_Someone like you_


I will burn for you

_Feel pain for you_

_I will twist the knife and bleed my aching heart_

_And tear it apart_
Lang Butler built almost every house in Fultonville. Back in Ireland, where many of the residents of Fultonville hailed from, his family was well known as first rate carpenters and masons, practical kinsmen with mastery in the field of construction. Their detailed work and exquisite designs, coupled with solid craftsmanship, earned them an above par reputation among the well to do families in the neighboring towns. Lang himself, a short stocky man with light red hair and deep serious eyes, was often eagerly sought after for his creative and yet traditional handiwork.

Even with the success he garnered from moving to the new country, the constant pining for his wife and children, whom he had left behind on the Emerald Isle, compelled Lang's decision to build one last fine home. It took over a year of warring with a harsh winter and scarce supplies, but he did it. Handing the deed over to a pleased Klaus Michaelis (whom the Irishman detested for no reason except he didn't take kindly to the red-eyed German at all) Lang wished him well and headed back to catch a boat and head home. In his heart he felt a gladness and pride over the magnanimously structured home; he was pleased beyond measure.

It was a fine house.

The woodwork alone was magnificent. From every corner of the spacious interior, the Butler House boasted the finest cherry wood floorboards in the town. The rich glossy finish and natural swirled pattern of the grain promoted a feeling of wealth and comfort known only among the elite families of Fultonville. The craftsmanship was above par, with nary a creak nor groan as one stepped through the rooms and stairs of the gorgeous colonial styled home.

French framed window, glossy white with thick clear panes which never rattled with the wind, illuminated the home with natural light. Even at night, once the purple hues of dusk faded away,
silvery blue moonlight bathed the cream colored walls and brightened every room.

It was a fine house, indeed.

Thomas Phantomhive sighed heavily, seated in what once was Klaus’ office; he lounged awkwardly in the large leather bound chair behind the deep oak desk and wondered what he was to do now that he had moved into the uncommonly large house. Glancing down, he felt a certain foreboding feeling as he cradled the tiny sleeping child in his arms.

Dämon Phantomhive, his newborn son.

The baby was paler than Vincent had ever been, with large dark blue eyes and a crop of wispy ink-black hair. He slept all night, gave no fuss except when hungry, and spent most of the day cooing and gurgling contentedly in his bassinet. He was a perfectly behaved baby, not a hint of colic, not a moment of distress. The town doctor had announced him as the healthiest child he had ever delivered and praised Thomas for finally conceiving a child of such a robust nature.

Shuddering at the ill-aimed compliment, the man held his son closely and looked up at the photos on the wall.

There were none of Vincent.

It was as if the young boy had never existed.

After his death, Vincent's body had been buried beneath the foundation of the barn, a strange request from Dietrich Michaelis. Having no say anymore in the business of his deceased child, Thomas watched numbly as Dee himself dug up the nearly frozen ground and laid to rest the 15-year-old boy. The secret burial had been conducted two days after the ritual, under the cover of night, with only Anish and Thomas as witnesses.

"You will have another son to replace him." Dee dug his spade into the ground, sweat pouring from his face, and threw another mound of dirt into the grave. "He's going to look exactly like Vincent." He added quietly.

"You looking to take him from me again?" Thomas sat next to Anish on wooden crates, his hands shaking from the unbearable cold. His dark eyes fixed Dee with a distrustful look. "Ain't you gonna be too old for him?" He scoffed.

"No, this isn't our time." Dee replied, ignoring the sardonic statement. He stopped digging, placing his arms on top of the handle, and rested his head on them. "Besides, I'm marrying Elizabeth next year in the spring so you need not to worry about your boy."

Anish gave Thomas a disapproving look. "You have no right to think lowly of my master nor speak to him in such a familiar way." He snapped. "If not for him, Vincent would have-"

"Enough, Anish." Dee interjected, his tired eyes stared into the dark hole where his beloved lay, shrouded in a quilted blanket. "We both lost him."

Silence fell among the three, only Dee's heavy breathing from his laboring work resonated among the barn walls.

"When do I move in?" Thomas ventured, unsure if this was the right time to broach the topic. "I was promised-"

"Yes, I know what you were promised." Dee spoke evenly, turning his head to glare at the
fidgeting man. "I've already made plans with my father to build a house for Elizabeth and I further up on the side of the river, away from this Hellish manor you want so desperately." He gritted his teeth and returned his sight upon the makeshift grave. "My mother and father will live with us as well."

"Your father . . . how is he feeling?" Thomas asked in a fearful voice, hoping to change the subject and ominous mood. "He looked mighty sick after . . . you know . . ." He hung his head, unable to look at Dee.

"How?" Dee chuckled. "He will be suffering from influenza from now until he meets his end." He straightened his back, stretching it until several pops and cracks could be heard. "But, that son of a bitch will hang on and suffer as he should."

His hands were encrusted with dirt and several areas around the knuckles bled from scratches and abrasions. A grin filled with malice calmly crossed his face as he turned back and faced Thomas. "There're going to be quite a few funerals in the coming years in this town, soon enough, these God-fearing folks are going to learn what a plague can do to a small town like this."

Anish nodded his head. "Wherever you go, Master, I too shall follow." He said in a voice filled with determination, lifting his chin up slightly. "Whether in this life or the next."

Thomas abruptly stood, noisily knocking over the crate he had been sitting on. "Ain't it enough a punishment that I lost my boy?!" He cried, wringing his hands at Dee. "Ain't he enough that my wife's gone queer in the head!? What else we gonna see here, all them families got curse, ain't cha satisfied with that?!"

Dee dropped the spade and glared at the man. "Satisfied?" He hissed, scarlet eyes blazing furiously. "Every head in this God forsaken town could come rolling down the road and rest at my feet and I will still not be satisfied!"

"Not until these families meet their ends." He continued in a heated voice, pointing a shaking finger at Thomas. "Not until their blood runs freely and their bodies turn to dust and ash! When Vincent and I are together again, when we are safe, when he forgives me, then and only then will I be satisfied!" He shouted.

"Master!" Anish arose from his seat and walked up to the fuming young man. "If you harbor these dark feelings, you will never meet him again." He warned sternly. "Love is the great unifier; it heals all and lays to rest the sufferings of this world."

"All I feel is hate." Dee admitted, covering his face with his hands, his voice trembled as he succumbed to the anxieties and grief from the previous days. "Because of what my father did, I had to murder the one person I held precious, above all else, even more than my life!"

He wept bitterly, his broad shoulder shaking with every heaving breath he took. "I-I killed him! I watched him die right under my hands, by my hands! I watched him die! How am I going to find him, Anish? What if he doesn't want to find me?"

Placing his hands on the man's shoulders, the young Indian slave shook him slightly, silently asking Dee to lower his hands and look at him. "Master, as long as your actions were rooted in love, then you will find one another." He soothed, squeezing the tense muscles and offering a reassuring smile. "This was not the lifetime meant for both of you, but when you have peace in your heart, when Vincent does indeed find you, then you will be reunited."

"He will come for me?" Dee frowned. "How can you be so sure of that?"
Anish laughed, brushing random flecks of dirt off the front of Dee's coat. "When Vincent comes for you, the circle will be complete."

The circle, Dee turned back to stare once more at the small body wrapped up and halfway covered in small mounds of dirt and hay. The warmth and vitality of the smiling boy who always smelled of lavender soap and sunshine were gone. Soon the worms would come, decay would hold court, and whatever was there would soon be gone. How painful! How miserable to live life hoping for death!

But time continues its weary trudgings; it waits for no one.

Nine months later, Dämon Ciel Phantomhive was born in the master bedroom of the Butler House. His mother, Elend Phantomhive died tragically that night from extensive loss of blood. As the death rattle tumbled from her bluish lips, she held out trembling arms and brushed her newborn child's still damp body with her fingertips.

"Auf Wiedersehen, mein liebes kind." She whispered hoarsely, wincing at the heavy flow of hot clotted liquid pouring from between her legs. The lights in the room dimming steadily as her heartbeat slowed with each passing second. "Ich liebe dich." Her eyes fluttered closed and she fell back onto the bed just as her baby opened his tiny bird like mouth and wailed for the first time.

"Goodbye, my precious child. I love you."

Thomas Phantomhive would raise his son on his own, never remarry, and live until the ripe old age of 90.

Dämon left Fultonville at the age of 20 to pursue university with large sums of money at his disposal and not one intention to return to the decrepit small town he always hated. He was a strikingly beautiful young man with a bright mind, but he led himself astray by impregnating a young fellow student and abandoning her and their son, Geist, before the child was born.

Dämon died of tuberculosis days before his 25th birthday.

Klaus Michaelis battled various lung issues for a year after he moved from the Butler House; he met his end from pneumonia, his wife soon fell ill and died a month later.

Anish remained a loyal servant to both Dietrich Michaelis and his wife Elizabeth for many years, bearing witness to the births of five fine looking sons. Although they seemed like an idyllic family, the gloom which had befallen Dee for many years wore away at his handsome face. He rarely smiled, and rarer still, did he ever laugh or engage in pleasantries with anyone outside of his family.

One winter's night, after dinner and a glass of cognac, Dietrich Michaelis wrapped himself up in his winter coat, hat, scarf, and gloves, and walked out of his home forever. With not one word of goodbye, not one hint of unhappiness nor complaint, he simply disappeared.

Anish was gone as well. It was assumed he had loyally followed his master to some unknown destination.

Elizabeth Midford Michaelis, in a fit of depression and shame, ended her life by hanging herself in her master bedroom, leaving behind her sons with her family. Although the double tragedy shook the very foundation of the devoutly Christian town, the boys were welcomed into high society and married into prestigious families.

None of the Michaelis boys could conceive children. None at all.
And in the winter of 1899, tragedy once again befell the small town with an influenza epidemic which almost decimated Fultonville's population. All five Michaelis men died that winter, thus effectively ending the lineage.

Or did it?

The night the last Michaelis son desperately choked on his own phlegm, his face tinted purple from the lack of oxygen to his system, a lone figure stood like a silent sentinel among the wooded outskirts of Fultonville. Shadowed by the heavy foliage of a late summer night, dark crimson eyes, aged and heavy-lidded from exhaustion and stared emotionlessly at the Michaelis Manor.

As the last breath of a proud German clan slipped past parched lips, the tall man hung his head and turned his back on the past. Dietrich had spent the last 40 some odd years traveling back and forth from the big city of New York to upstate, hiding his identity and minding the business of the families he left behind. Selling off several prized artifacts his own father had brought over to America, Dee lived comfortably in a boarding house.

The joy he felt from having discovered that the town was suffering death and loss was followed by the emptiness of unfulfillment. Vincent was still gone from him, life was still an endless endeavor, and his own impending death loomed over him. For he knew that when he died, he would be granted reincarnation somewhere near Vincent, that he would have to live multiple lives over and over again until their fated day arrived. Anish had passed away a decade earlier due to illness, however, he had welcomed his end, knowing full well that his own lover awaited him in another future life.

Unaware of a future filled with tragedy, death, loss, and grief, Thomas closed his eyes and nuzzled his son, rocking him gently to and fro. Since the night Vincent died, Elend had become barely able to give him any feelings, her only reason for living was to bear the child she carried. Once she was gone, Thomas vowed to raise and protect the boy with everything he had. It was as if nothing could harm Dämon. Perhaps the Hindu Gods had placed some form of protection over the child, making it impossible to end his life before its time. Sadly, he knew not of the short life of his child, and all others which followed.

The Butler House was certainly haunted. Memories, spirits, ill intentions, despair, and blood marked the beautiful home Lang Butler had so carefully constructed. There were secrets that would come back to life one day, Thomas reasoned, placing a kiss against his son's forehead, but how they would come about was the biggest mystery of all.

Present Day

"Good evening, Sebastian."

Sebastian's eyes slowly opened.

"Who-Gah!" He cried, struggling to crane his head up as a shot of hot pain coursed through his neck. Upon hearing the strange voice, he had whipped his head up from the table and pinched a nerve. "Fuck!" He cursed, looking around the room in confusion. "Who's here?" He demanded, stretching his neck a bit to relieve the prickling feeling.

"No one special, my dear boy." From the corner, shadows emerged Tanaka dressed in a simple dark brown suit and holding a saucer and a cup of tea. The elderly man smiled and looking over his glasses which were perched low on his small nose. "I am also known as Fomahault."
Sebastian stared owlishly at the grinning man who now stood next to him on his right side. "The angel, Gabriel?" He gasped, pulling at his chains. "The Watcher of the South?!!"

Tanaka scowled, setting his tea down on the table. "Now, you know how that irks me? These ancient texts claim me to be what my brother, Regulus, actually is. You see, he is the true Watcher of the South, I watch over the North. It infuriates me to no end how something so simple could have been mistaken-

"Please, spare me!" Sebastian sighed loudly, closing his eyes and settling his aching head and neck back. "This entire town is mad." He claimed bitterly. "Angels are all useless, the Watchers aren't where they should be, demons are molesting me-"

"Do cease with the complaints, they do not become a person such as yourself." Tanaka huffed, looking curiously around the room. "Am I to assume that this here is the infamous antechamber of Hell?"

"Why are you here?" Sebastian asked evenly, looking through slitted eyes. "Watchers merely watch, I've read and studied theology well enough to know you can't step into the affairs of humans."

Dark brown eyes widened slightly, "What am I stepping into? I am merely observing close handedly." The old man defended mildly, tapping his fingers against the stone surface. "In many ways, one may call me a voyeur."

Sebastian shot him a wary side glance. "You sound perverse." He stated dryly.

Tanaka chuckled. "Do not mistake me for these filthy demons" he responded dismissively waving his hand at the prone man. "I find no pleasure in your suffering."

"Then leave me alone!" Sebastian growled. He could not help but want to lash out at everyone at that moment, he knew Ash was due back soon and God only knew what was at stake. "Go find some high perch and watch quietly, it's what you do, right? Instead of protecting us useless humans, you report back and wonder how we haven't blown up this world yet!"

Silence fell between the two men, the ancient sentinel and the mortal with the eternal soul, and the chill in the darkened room bit more deeply. The flickering flames cast sinister shadows along the walls, intensifying the feeling of dread within Sebastian's gut.

"Sebastian." Tanaka laid his warm palm against the professor's forehead and pressed gently, guiding his face towards his own. "Do you know who you truly are?" He asked softly, his dark eyes looked kindly upon the bewildered man. "Have you any idea what is under lock and key, hidden in your own soul?"

Sebastian pressed his lips together, struggling to find a response to the questions given to him. He knew he was connected to Dee Michaelis and Vincent Phantomhive, he understood that their fate laid in his hands as well as Ciel's, he was aware of what was at stuck, but . . .

"I'm powerless." He choked out, his face reddening from the overwhelming emotions. Anger, fear, frustration, despair, they were all entangled and wrestling for control. "The only thing I care about in this world, in this life, is Ciel, and I couldn't even keep him safe! I don't know where he is, I'm broken and trapped, and now this whole town is up for grabs and I'm pinned like an insect on this table waiting for my own death!" He gritted his teeth and pulled at the chains and manacles holding his arms down and above his head. "And I can't fucking remember!" He shouted.
Tanaka shrugged nonchalantly, picking up his steaming cup of tea and taking a few languid sips. The clink of the delicate China echoed slightly. "Dee Michaelis cheated Asmodeus, the King of Demons, out of one precious and innocent soul." The Watcher tapped his wrinkled fingers against the side of his cup. "He dared to defy a creature of an exorbitant and lethal power for the sake of someone he loved. Have you any inkling of the courage one must have in order to face down and defeat a demonic force?"

Sebastian fixed him with a steely gaze. "For Ciel," he responded heatedly, "I would face down God himself."

Tanaka smiled. "Exactly! Love is filled with euphoria and devastation, it is destructive even when it is healing. Love holds nothing back but creates its own secrets. My dear child, the key is your love for Ciel, it transcends time and space, reason and logic, the universe has no power against it." He paused, leaning closely down to look at Sebastian. "Do you understand?" He asked seriously.

"I love him." Sebastian again pulled at his chains, causing the rusted metal to rattle against the stone surface. "I'd give my life for him. Since the day I first met him, I've been fighting something, I don't know what, but it's always been there keeping him right where he could fall and never get up again. Every single day I've been fighting, keeping him from drowning, and I'll keep doing it, I'll keep holding his head above the waters, I'm not letting him go, not for anyone, and not for anything." His voice was strong with resolve, completely accepting of whatever he had to face for the sake of Ciel. "I'd die for him." He said with finality.

"As long as there is love." Tanaka straightened up and nodded approvingly. "Nothing may, or will, destroy you." He turned suddenly and began walking towards the shadowed corner of the room.

"Wait!" Sebastian called desperately after him. "Where are you going?!"

The elder stopped short, without turning around. "I am off to find a high perch, sip my tea, and watch. Is that not what we Watchers do, hm?" He glanced back and winked at the shocked professor. "Good luck, Sebastian Michaelis."

Alois passed his hands over Claude's face, gingerly slipping his eyelids closed. He had often found himself staring deeply into the golden irises, enamored by the faint specks of gold and light amber. For all of his centuries, living amongst the humans in their realm, he had never been so taken in by one singular man.

And now he was gone.

"My only hope is if I can ascend." He whispered, resting his cheek against Claude's chest, "if I can, I'll see you again." He lifted his head and kissed the bottom of the dead man's chin. "So I have to win against Asmodeus, I really have to because I can't stay here any longer, especially without you."

The sound of footsteps coming down the hallway put him on high alert, he had smelled nothing except for the rotted flesh circulating throughout the house, but this was not a demon coming into the room. Alois swiftly scaled the walls and clung to the ceiling like a spider, bright Aqua eyes surveying the room for escape routes and vantage points. He was ready for a fight.

A petite figured sauntered into the room; although the moonlight illuminated a good portion of the area, Alois could not easily see the figures' face.

But it smelled of lavender.
"Ciel?" He scrunched his face and launched himself off the ceiling and onto the floor, landing like a graceful catch, crouched and tense. He looked up at the waif-like boy and took a deep breath. "Where the Hell did you come from?!" He snapped. "Do you have any fucking idea how bad this situation is?!"

The young man jumped back in shock, his light brown pants and thin white button down shirt looked like relics from the days of early century prairie people. His hair was messy and his feet were bare. "I ain't Ciel!" He retorted, frowning at the angel. "And why in blazes are you jumping at me like that!?" He demanded.

Alois stared dumbly at the young man. "Are you shitting me?" He muttered, standing up and stepping closer to him. "Are . . . are you Vincent?" He squinted his eyes and studied the finely structured face closely.

"Course I am!" Vincent snorted as he swatted his hands in front of Alois's face, shooing the angel away from him.

"Holy shit!" Alois laughed, shaking his head. "You're actually here! Dressed like a freaking frontiersman!"

"Stop being so dang noisy! Them devils'll hear us and come running!" He shushed, scoping the room to make sure they were alone. "I know you're that angel, right? The one trying to get rid of these demons, right?"

"Ah, yeah, my name is Alois, and at some point I was going to get rid of you if I had to." He snickered. "But seriously, where the Hell did you come from?!"

"I came through the circle upstairs! The ones the blue Gods showed me when Dee . . . let me go" Vincent pointed towards the direction of the staircase. "They been helping us all these years, ever since Anish asked 'em to."

"Blue Gods, eh?" Alois echoed. "So Hindu deities were involved."

Vincent fidgeted with his shirt buttons as he spoke, his facial expression and tone apologetic. "I'm sorry I wasn't here sooner." He mumbled, "but I had to rest cuz it took a lot outta me to go from one space to another."

"But my Dee is in trouble!" He exclaimed, wringing his hands in earnest. "So I came back to save him!"

Alois raked his fingers through his hair. "At least one of us can do that now." He mumbled miserably, his eyes flitting momentarily towards the direction of Claude's corpse. "Anyone I really wanted to save is gone now."

Vincent chewed on his bottom lip, examining the destruction in the living room. His large blue eyes came to rest upon the still body of Claude and his face blanched. "I-I'm real sorry about him." He spoke in a hushed tone, sadness falling on his face. "I know he meant me no harm, even when he was poking fun at me, I know he was jus' trying to help."

Alois rubbed his chin thoughtfully, still attempting to process who he had before him. "Yeah, so you're telling me you knew what was going on, I mean, that you were aware all this time, like while living these other lives?"

Vincent nodded. "Yes'um." He answered quietly. "All these years I've been living in these peoples, watching and waiting for Dee to come find me. It ain't been none easy especially this life as Ciel."
Alois frowned. "Why?"

"Because I ain't the only one in here." He replied somberly, tapping his fingers on his chest where his heart rested. "He's here, watching everything Ciel does, listening to everything he say, making Ciel find him food and eating it."

"Find his food?"

"The last two years been terrible." He shuddered. "This here demon put Ciel out like a hound, sniffing out all the last peoples of the thirteen Fultonville families from whence I was a child. He'd use 'em and then he'd swallow up their souls, cuz that's what the demon king said he'd do. Collect 'em all and then open up the door to Hell."

"Why does he want Sebastian, or I guess Dee, so badly?" Alois asked.

A broad smile lit across Vincent's face. "Dee made a fool outta him." He chirped, pleased by the actions of his lover. "My Dee was so clever he tricked the devil outta eating my soul! But the king wants what's due to him."

"I refuse to give him what he wants." The angel stated firmly, crossing his arms over his chest.

Vincent tilted his chin up proudly. "Me too." He agreed. "Dee promised me he'd take care of me and protect me, I know he did some real crazy things to keep me from being eaten up by that demon, but I need to keep him safe too."

Alois studied the young man's face. "You've grown, Vincent." He acknowledged with awe, appraising the determined look behind the boy's dark blue eyes. "You're ready to stop hiding and release the evil inside of you. I'm glad, it's time for that son of a bitch to leave us all alone and go back to his own shit hole."

The angel reached out and grabbed Vincent's hand, giving it a reassuring squeeze. "Help me ascend." His request was pregnant with emotion, filled with hope and desire. "Help me save these souls, help me see Claude again."

Vincent clenched the willowy blonde's hand and smiled. "Help me live with Dee again. I don't care if it's here on earth or in heaven above, I just want to be with him again."

Alois pulled Vincent towards him. "Ok kid, let's get moving, that asshole, Ash, is probably downstairs raping your lover as we speak." He chuckled.

It was meant only as a joke, but Alois was startled by the slack-jawed look of shock which suddenly arrested Vincent's face. His eyes bulged and he seemed to be staring past Alois' face.

"I was just kidding!" Alois released Vincent's limp hand and grabbed him by his shoulders. "Christ sake! What's wrong?!" He asked frantically, shaking the now trembling man. "What's wro-?!" He stopped speaking, watching Vincent slowly raise his arm to point at something behind Alois. Turning his head slowly, Alois felt a scream knot up in his throat, the numbing feeling of his blood draining from his face sent a terrible chill throughout his body.

Where the bookcase had collapsed, splintered wood, broken glass, and strewn books, stood Claude, pale face and bleeding from numerous lacerations, grim-faced and panting. The golem-like figure lurched forward with jerky steps; his arms swinging at his sides.

His eyes, Alois thought miserably, his eyes are blood red.
"Did you think I wouldn't smell your stench in this house?" Claude's face broke into a ghoulish smile. "As if I could not sense Father God granting you a second chance!"

"Arakiel!" Alois shouted, pushing Vincent to the side and shielding him with his body. "Face me in your true form!"

"Don't call me by my God Given name!" Ash roared as a black mist oozed from the perimeters of his body.

"Get Out Of His Body!" Alois shouted again as angry hot tears collected at the corner of his eyes. "You damned coward!"

"And why should I?" He cackled, stepping forward on wobbly legs, the broken bones snapped noisily with every move he made. "I just love seeing that tortured look on your face while I use your dead lover's body as a weapon against you!"

"You motherfucker." Alois growled, raising his arms up as his golden aura began resonating from his body. "You jealous fuck! You're pulling this shit because Father gave me a second chance?" He laughed loudly, giving Ash a contumacious glare. "How's it feel that yet again He slighted your worthless ass!"

"Worthless? Why don't you go ahead and attack me then?" He mocked, taking two more steps. "Come fight me, Kokabiel, maybe I shall be more merciful and kill you quickly this time around."

Alois felt his legs freeze up, although his angelic field was strong and he could face Arakiel now in a more fair fight, the thought of striking Claude's body seemed to hold him back.

It's just his mortal coil, he told himself, clenching his fists and positioning himself in a fighting stance, his eyes stared directly into the demonic red and black orbs; his heart pining for the honey painted warmth of the man he loved. Claude did not exist any more, he knew this, but there he was in front of him, larger than life and only a few feet away.

"Alois." Vincent pressed his hands against the Angel's back. "It's not Claude, he's gone, it's not him anymore, it's the person who took him away. It's not him, it's not Claude."

"Come, Kokabiel!" Ash insisted, holding out a bloody hand. "Come fight me."

Alois gritted his teeth. "Vincent." He whispered lowly enough for the boy to hear. "When I make my move, run. Run and find Sebastian. Don't look back, don't try to help, just find Sebastian and do whatever you have to do."

Vincent dug his fingers into Alois's back. "Please don't die." He begged quietly. "Please don't die."

Alois took a step forward and nodded. "I don't plan to."
Chapter 29

Greetingzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz!

Extra-long chapter for my lovely readers!

After this, one more to go, then I go back to Rugged Hearts.

Thank you all for your responses and support, love and kisses to all!

AnimeCujo, you yummy minx, thanks for being my light.

I am not afraid to keep on living
I am not afraid to walk this world alone
Honey if you stay, I'll be forgiven
Nothing you can say can stop me going home

'Cause I see you lying next to me
With words I thought I'd never speak
Awake and unafraid
Asleep or dead

"Famous Last Words" -My Chemical Romance

21 years earlier

Vincent Phantomhive loved the lavender fields near his farmland home, the bright purple stalks of plush flowery heads swayed side to side in the gentle wind, their jade green petals brilliant amongst a deep blue cloudless sky. The air was thick with their honey sweet and floral scent, every breeze sifting through the luscious blooms carried with them the rich aroma of sunshine kissed summer days.

It was within these fields that he and Dee often hid, lying entangled within each other’s embraces on the cool brown earth. It was intoxicating, the heady mixture of lavender, damp earth, and musky sweat. Curious hands seeking refuge in the thin folds of their pants, probing tongues lapping the warm caverns of their mouths, heated glances and rock hard arousals pressed eagerly against one another. Every time they tossed and turned and crushed flowers beneath them, an eruption of sweetness bloomed through their skin and hair, the sticky dew clung to their sweat soaked skin. They were lost in a botanical euphoria, a thrilling and dangerous game of risk they refused to removes themselves from.
Vincent sat cross-legged with his chin resting on his balled up fists, his elbows propped up on his knees. Dee took joy in teasing him about the way he sat and how childish he looked with his huge expressive eyes and pouting mouth. It used to make the boy turn red from embarrassment, but he secretly enjoyed the attention. To have those dark scarlet eyes watching his every move closely made him feel more precious than all the fine pieces of China in The Butler House.

Blushing at the memory of his handsome lover, Vincent watched the lavender blossoms sway again from the playful wind and he wished he could have Dee next to him admiring the golden glint of sunshine peeking in through the tall grass. Pleasure coiled comfortably between his legs at the treasured image of himself sitting astride the long lean man, his own small hands shyly rubbing the taut chest muscles while Dee held his slim hips in a tight grip. The euphoria he had felt of their bodies rutting steadily, sensuously, unabashed in their desires, caused a rosy hue to paint Vincent's neck all the way up to the tips of his ears.

Reminiscing of their taboo antics would have been even better if the dark figure in the long crimson and deep purple cloak was not standing only a few feet from him, silently admiring the violet landscape of the mist-laden field.

"It is a wonder you never change this scenery." Cat-like eyes, tinted with magenta hues, observed the ethereal field, ink black hair spilled like water over lean shoulders. "I would have thought after nearly two centuries you would have created a far more exciting environment." He sighed.

"If you don't take to it, then get out." Vincent snarled, chewing on his bottom lip, "Ain't nobody asks you to come stay with me."

"True, very true." The tall man turned to face the boy, his smooth olive skin was perfectly flawless, angled beautifully by high cheekbones and a square jaw. He tugged the front of his robes with black tipped clawed fingers, elegantly long and graceful in their movements. "But would not a snow laden field with crystallized trees and a mountainous background serve as an interesting change of pace?" He glanced at the sullen child, smiling despite the silent treatment. "Or perhaps a white sanded beach, or grassy lakeside, or an oceanic view or-"

"Don'tcha ever get tired of hearing yourself talk?" Vincent snapped irritably, dropping his hands onto his lap and glaring at the smirking creature. "And why are you here anyways?" He spread his arms wide and gestured at the surrounding area, the limbo he existed in between his reincarnated lives. "Dee is already living in the world again, what other news do have for me?"

"How rude." Feline eyes glowed bright pink, their black slits widened slightly. "I come here to keep you company and I find you insolent and gruff."

"Oh, please excuse my in-saw-lint ways." Vincent mocked, bowing slightly. "King Asmodeus." He sneered. After two hundred of on again off again talks consisting with the Demon King, he had grown accustomed to his spoiled attitude.

"Much better." Asmodeus chuckled, whipping his hair behind him with his talons. "I have no patience for disrespectful humans." He paused to give the sulking child a curious side glance and smiled, "Your lover was born into another Michaelis clan, distant relatives from Germany. How droll of him, he could not stay away from his cursed family name."

Vincent gave the demon a hateful look. "As if you care so much." He replied sourly.

"But I do, it is necessary for me to entertain myself for you are terribly boring."

"Are ya gonna tell me that I'm coming back again?" Vincent yawned loudly, stretching his spindly
arms up above his head. "What poor sap will I be this time around?"

Asmodeus nodded. "Yes, today you will return as another young man to Gemma Butler, they will raise you until they die in a terribly tragic accident. You will be adopted at the age of 14 by two of my minions who will raise you until you are 18. You should thank me since they will return you to your true surname."

Vincent clicked his teeth in disgust. After he had been killed on the sacrificial table, his father and mother had borne another son in place of him. With his mother's death, Thomas Phantomhive chose to change their surname and take on the last name of Butler, after the original builder of The Butler House. For generations afterward, the Phantomhive bloodline was hidden by the name Butler. Every fatherless son born, generation after generation, housed two entities living quietly within them.

Vincent and Asmodeus.

"Why are your minions raising me?!" Vincent looked at him, shocked at the news. "What are you up to?"

"It has come to pass." Asmodeus raised his open hand up in front of him, studying the glow of sunlight peeking between his long fingers. "One only male child has been born from the cursed thirteen Fultonville families, they are all presently in existence, the cycle has begun for you to be born once again into the human world and finally find these wretched creatures for me."

"When Dee comes for me, there ain't no way you can have my soul," Vincent growled, slowly uncrossing his legs and rising up from his seated position. "He's gonna find me and protect me, no matter what you do, he ain't gonna let you have me!" He stated firmly.

"We had a contract for your soul and it was dishonorably broken." Asmodeus lowered his hand and clenched his fists. "It is not your soul I am after anymore."

Vincent felt his stomach twist as a knot of fear formed in his gut. "Wait." He breathed, walking towards the demon. "What do you mean?"

"It will be you who will find that beautiful human for me. It will be you who will turn his new soul bitter with despair, it will be you who will lead that tainted lamb to the slaughter and it will be you who will watch me consume his soul."

"No!" Vincent shouted angrily. "I won't!"

"My minions will lead you to your beloved; you will seduce him, break his heart, test his love, and ultimately lead him back to the Butler House. There the collected souls will unlock the antechamber to Hell and I will be able to consume Dietrich, as well as, every descendant of that cursed town."

"I won't let you." The young man threatened, his body trembling with rage. "I'll fight you!"

"Do not make me laugh!" Asmodeus chortled, covering his mouth as he snorted his contempt for the wisp of a boy standing before him. "With this new life, I will make sure you will destroy Dietrich's love and loyalty to you." His hand shot forward and clutched the boy's neck, squeezing it tightly. "You may be protected now from eternal damnation." He hissed, his face tight with malice. "You may not be within my reach just yet, but I promise you, insignificant bug, I promise that I will have your lover's soul, and thousands upon thousands more!"

"No!"
"You will remain in this nether realm of nothing and rot away."

"No!"

"I will rape your true love, violate his body and his soul for his wrongful acts towards me!"

"I said no!" Vincent screamed, lashing his hands out in a futile attempt to strike Asmodeus's face. The evil creature shook his head in amusement and released his hold, allowing Vincent to drop to the ground.

"You will lead him to the slaughter." He spoke evenly, relishing in the panting mess that was Vincent, crumpled up at his feet. "And his heroic soul shall be mine."

**Present Day**

"Run," Alois ordered Vincent, shoving the thin man away from him and towards the direction of the hallway. "Get to Sebastian!"

Vincent nodded quickly, whirled around and bounded out of the room. His barefooted steps resounded throughout the house. Silence descended upon the pair of fallen angels as they stared each other down. Alois felt a sickening knot form in his stomach as he observed the rivulets of blood streaming down the side of Claude's face.

"Stupid human," the corpse sneered, placing his hands on his hips, "you know I will go after him after I'm done with you."

Alois was relieved that the voice was Ash's and not Claude's. "You need to be alive in order for that to happen." He shot back.

Golden eyes danced merrily. "Oh? How confident!" He laughed. "I believe one near death beating wasn't enough for you."

"Stupid asshole, you should have made sure I was dead."

A wicked grin spread across Claude's face. "Like I made sure this one was dead?" He chuckled, fanning his fingers out along his sides.

Alois felt his blood rush to his head, heated fury bubbling over. "I'm going to tear you apart." He snarled, balling up his fists.

The petite blonde crouched low, allowing the golden aura his Father had given him to radiate in small pulses around his entire body. His eyes glowed bright aqua blue, their focus was set and clear. He was going to kill Ash, even if it meant ending his own life.

"Kill me," the fallen angel moved forward on wobbly legs, "come here and show me what you've got." He challenged.

"You always knew what I had." Alois launched himself in a flash across the room, over Claude's head and onto the wrought iron chandelier above the living corpse.

Hanging upside down while gripping the metal lamps, Alois formulated a plan to remove Ash from Claude's body. He was aware of how much he was holding back because it was Claude's corpse and he knew he had to end the sick game sooner than later.

"I always felt your eyes on me." He revealed, swinging like a child back and forth. "You desired
"I was foolish back then," Ash muttered, emanating his own black aura as he stared up at his counterpart. "Now will you fight me or not?!" He challenged.

"Foolish? You wanted me, you said it yourself, right?" Letting go of the chandelier, Alois flung himself towards the fireplace and landed gracefully upon the mantle, shattering glass vases and picture frames. "You loved me." He breathed, staring at the corpse with seductively half-lidded eyes. "You adored me."

The corpse crinkled up his face with rage. "Silence!" He growled menacingly.

"You wanted me so badly, that you believed that other asshole, Lucifer." The angel sat prettily upon the mantle, one leg crossed over the other, his head tilted demurely to the side as he spoke. "He promised you that I'd be yours if you helped with that fucking mutiny you put together! He promised you that I would be your one and only lover for eternity!"

"Enough!" The black aura began to glow like a giant clot of darkness with red lights protruding through Claude's damaged skin. The fleshly puppet shook terribly while the sound of cracking bones filled the air and the smell of rotted meat grew pungent and heavy. "You speak of only nonsense and wishful thoughts!" Ash's voice quivered with bitterness, "I gave you purpose and knowledge!"

"You fucking fed me lies!" Alois yelled, pointing at the seething corpse. "You told me we would bring humans up to heaven! Give them the gifts of angels so they wouldn't suffer!"

"You knew I loved you!" The corpse fell to its knees as the snake-like aura curled and crawled through his skin. "You were aware of my feelings for you!"

"I knew and I fucking believed you!" Alois hopped off of the mantle and walked straight up to him, his eyes locked in a dead stare with his lover's cold dead orbs. He knew he was not looking at Claude, but at the cowardly hidden Ash who he was goading into revealing himself.

"I was the asshole who believed in you and yeah, now I can say it! After how many fucking thousand years, right? I can say it now! I loved you! I loved you more than God Himself! I loved you enough to turn my back on my Father! And you betrayed me! I would have followed you until the end times! I wanted to be yours and only yours, but you lied to me!"

The shift in the eyes, from tiger gold to ghoulisht red, told Alois that his plan was working, he wanted to strike that restless nerve Ash harbored in the darkest shadows of his heart. That relentless longing; the pained want threaded with violent resentment. With every carefully placed word and phrase, Alois knew he was coaxing the venomous snake from his hiding place.

"No . . . you never loved me . . ." The tentative tone in Ash's voice gave away the obvious pain the fallen angel had been witholding for more than two millennia. His body slumped forward, his unsteady legs shaking visibly. "You never loved me." He accused bitterly, lips curled in disgust. "You never spared me a glance in that way."

"I did," Alois whispered softly, leaning in closely to what used to be his living and breathing lover. The smell of death could not dispel his own yearnings for the man he lost, but he knew he would soon get his revenge. "I did. I spent the first half of my exile away from you all, all 200 of my brethren because you all reminded me of paradise, of our home and I suffered without you. The next half I devoted my strength, my abilities, my earthly life to gaining back our father's favor." As the words tumbled from his lips, his voice grew louder, more passionate and urgent. "The Watcher
of the North pitied me! He led me to the path of rehabilitation because I was so fucked up and broken that he could smell my fucking despair from across the world!" He shouted.

"You could have come to me!" Ash bit back, slamming his blood-encrusted hands against his chest. "I was never far from you!"

"For what? So that I could fall further into the darkness? I loved you so much." Alois reached out and brushed his fingertips against Claude's cheek, shivering at the cool feel of the corpse's skin. "But not enough to forgive you." He backed away slowly with the relief of shrugging off the burdensome secret he had held on for so long.

Ash looked at Alois with wide eyes filled with shock. "Why . . . why cannot you love me now?"

He quaked, moving towards Alois with an urge to hold the man he had loved in earnest for so long.

Shaking his head, Alois waved off the corpse and offered him a sad smile. "Because the body you occupy right now . . . that is the only man I will ever truly love."

"Damn you!" Claude's head snapped back, his arms flailing as a flash of red light shot out from his gaping mouth and curled into a swirling ball of red and black mist. The corpse shook violently, legs kicking in different directions and chest convulsing rapidly. Alois stood silent and still, waiting for Ash to fully remove himself from Claude's body.

"Time to play." He muttered, watching Claude's body slowly fall to the ground, once again empty and lifeless. The angel's heart clenched at the sight of the abused form, praying that Claude was truly at peace within the glory of paradise.

"I renounce my love for you!" The grave voice filled with malice boomed from the center of the malignant cloud which was now taking on the shape of a man. "You who denied me your own heart! You who threw me away to drown yourself in self-pity!"

Alois laughed. "Shut the fuck up and fight me already."

"Understood." Ash appeared from the mist, his wild silver hair, piercing violet eyes and long lean frame were just as Alois had remembered back in their days of peace and tranquility.

The angel, Arakiel, who had been gifted with the loveliest face and most pristine features, had always spoken with a voice of such graceful benevolence; it was difficult to imagine what stood before him now.

Dressed in robes of white, Ash pointed a black tipped claw at Alois. "I am not what I once was." He hissed.

Holding out his right hand, palm facing up, Alois beckoned the Fallen Angel to come forth. "Neither am I." He replied evenly, before launching himself straight towards Ash.

Before Ash could react, Alois delivered a sharp blow to his jaw with his left fist and followed up with a roundhouse kick to the ribs. The impact was brutal, Alois was sure he had felt several bones crack under the weight of his leg. But delivering bodily harm was not going to win this battle.

Ash doubled over, spewing out a stream of blood from his mouth. "Well done." He grunted, deftly dodging another kick aimed for his head and sending an open-handed slash across Alois's chest, shredding his shirt and drawing blood. "But I am far superior!" His gritted teeth twisted into a malicious grin, maniacal eyes gleamed at the droplets of blood pooling across the thin expanse of his opponent's chest.
"Asshole!" Alois cursed, driving his knee into Ash's stomach and slamming his elbow straight into the back of the gagging angel's neck. "You like those fucking demon claws, huh?!" He was enraged by the fact that Asmodeus had given Ash demonic powers, it was an abomination for a holy being to possess gifts steeped in evil.

"Jealous?" Ash sneered, striking Alois's legs with his claws and causing the younger angel to stumble to his side. "Demons and angels, what difference is there anymore? We are mere byproducts of higher beings, marionettes controlled by superior powers!"

"Is that so?" Swallowing the searing pain of the deep lacerations in his calves and thighs, Alois forced himself to bear the wounds and face down Ash. "You're wrong."

Using both hands, Alois caught Ash by the throat and drew him up to his face. Panting heavily, blood smeared across their sweat-soaked face, the fallen pair stared at each other, wild-eyed and desperate. "Looks to me like you think we're on equal playing grounds." He chuckled, earning a confused look from Ash. "But you forgot that we angels have one advantage over demons!" Alois sucked in a deep breath, hoping that what he was about to do would be the end of it all. "Your stupid grudge against our Father pretty much left you empty, just letting all that filth from Hell fill you up, right? It got you so twisted that the memory of what paradise was like fucking left you, didn't it?!"

"That filth kept me alive!" He protested vehemently. "I deny all that I had from paradise! I deny all that which my Father gave me!"

"Love conquers all." Alois quoted. "Just like that day when we fell from grace, love conquered us."

The immediate realization of what Alois was about to do to him sent Ash into a panic. Opening his mouth in protest, Ash grabbed Alois by his arms and fought to free himself. "No!" He cried, burying his claws into the tender flesh. "Don't! Don't do this to me!"

Squeezing his neck, Alois smiled, ignoring the pain of the slashing on his arms. His aura burned bright white and golden, stealthily enveloping them both in a blanket of holy light. "You dumb shit." He whispered, bringing his face closer to the frantic angel. "Demons can't endure love."

What Alois did not reveal before, is that a true angel could never forget love, could never stop loving, could never turn their back on compassion. Although he did not love Ash the way he loved Claude, there would always be a piece of his heart for the brother he had adored so many lifetimes ago. He was incapable of letting go the first gift from Father God, the ability to know and understand that emotion which protected all beings from loss and hopelessness.

As their lips pressed together, the final kiss of goodbye, Alois closed his eyes and visualized his long lost days of walking side by side with Ash.

No, he thought, not Ash.

The promises of faith and loyalty, the stolen side glances, and demure smiles. It was a beautiful time of innocence, the warmth of everlasting, the contentment of hearts at ease.

Kokabiel and Arakiel.

He kissed him deeply, allowing all memory, tortuous and shamed, to come tumbling forward from the hidden crevasses within his heart and soul. The thousands of years existing in complete adoration of Arakiel, his beloved brother, the war between God and mutinous Angels, the final moments when he lifted himself, wretched and battered, wingless and nearly powerless, from the
mire and looked upon Arakiel with resentment. It all came forth, stirring up graves, crumbling stones and resurrecting the dead feelings he had buried so long ago.

"It's over," Alois spoke against Ash's cool lips, watching the scarlet eyes slip away back to inanimate violet. He could still taste the salty sweetness of the fallen angel's life force slipping away past his tongue and lips. "It's over."

In his arms laid the limp form of the dead angel, Alois had smelled the demon powers that Asmodeus had given to Ash in order to enlist him in his mission against Dee and Vincent. After studying the going ons in Fultonville, Tanaka had informed him that Asmodeus had most likely struck a deal with Ash in return for vengeance against God. Once one made a deal with a demon king, a part of that demon's essence would reside within you, thus explaining why Ash emitted a demonic aura as well as talons.

But once a demon is shown and touched by love, they would cease to exist. Demons were nothing more than the leftover emptiness of a life devoid of hope and love.

"All I had to do was show you my true feelings, how stupid." Alois dropped the dead body, flinching at the dull sound against the floor. "It didn't have to be this way." He began to weep, lowering his head and covering his face with his trembling hands. "It didn't have to end like this, Arakiel."

Sebastian stared numbly at the ceiling of the antechamber, the cracked stones were all varying degrees of dark gray and black grooves with random droplets of moisture patterns. His broken ankle throbbed dully now, it had swelled to the point that the manacle had begun to cut into his skin. However, it did not phase him. If anything, it was proof that he was still alive, although trapped in an all too real nightmare.

The creaking of the wooden door caught his attention, and he winced at the electric shot of pain in his leg when he flinched in response to the sound.

"Who's there?" He called out weakly, his throat had gone dry and he could barely talk above a whisper without coughing violently. Lifting his head up slightly, he attempted to peer over to the doorway, but at the angle he was in, he could not fully see the figure who walked in.

Yet the smell of lavender hit him like a brick wall.

"Dee?" A timid voice ventured. "Is that you?"

Sebastian laid his head back and felt an intense need to break down in tears. "Vincent Phantomhive." He whispered hoarsely, closing his eyes as the burning sensation collected at the corners of his eyes. "You're Vincent Phantomhive, right?"

Vincent rushed to Sebastian's side and stared at the battered and chained man. His small hands hovered over his body, unsure and unknowing of what to do next. "Dee!" He cried, clasping his hands together in an effort to contain his excitement. "Dee! It's really you!" His face beamed with happiness, the joy in his voice audible, but for Sebastian, it only drove the knife deeper into his heart.

Opening his eyes slowly, Sebastian stared at the young man standing over him and grimaced. "Ciel's gone." He choked out, tears freely falling down the side of his head. "He's gone, isn't he? He doesn't exist anymore because you're here. Am I right? Tell me!" He begged, pulling at his chains. "He's gone forever!"
Vincent frowned, cocking his head to the side in confusion. "Whaddya mean gone?" He asked. "Ya mean like dead gone?"

"Well, what the fuck do you think I mean?" Sebastian yelled before succumbing to a fit of coughing.

"Stop yelling!" Vincent cried, slapping his hands against Sebastian's hacking mouth. "I need to get you outta here!"

Twisting his face out from under Vincent's hands, Sebastian glared at the frightened man. "It doesn't matter anymore what happens to me!" He gasped, sweating heavily from the onslaught of pain pushing throughout his leg. "Without Ciel, I don't care if I live or die."

"Don't say that!" Vincent pressed his mouth into a fine tight line, willing himself to remain calm. More than anything he wanted to revive Dee from the depths of Sebastian's soul, but he had no clue how to awaken his lover. "I never said that Ciel was gone."

Sebastian shot him a hateful look. "Don't you dare lie to me!" He snarled. "Don't use Ciel to try to get me to do whatever you want!"

"I'm not lying! I swear he's here still with me!" Vincent tapped the center of his chest with his fingers, indicating where his heart rested. "He's not gone! Really I ain't lying! He's jes' sitting in my quiet space whiles I look for Dee!"

"Quiet space?"

Vincent looked over his shoulder at the door and wiped his damp face with his hand, "Yessum, he's in this space I've been staying in between my different lives, it's safe and he'll be fine, jes' waiting till I can get Dee back and stop that bastard demon king already!"

Sebastian lifted his head up again. "Ciel's not gone forever?" He asked hopefully. "I can get him back, alive in this world?"

"I-I reckon, sure!" Vincent pulled at the chains which were connected to think iron looking pegs driven deep into the stone table. "How am I gonna git you out?!" He wondered aloud, scratching his head. "I ain't got a key or nothing!"

"My God, you are truly a country bumpkin," Sebastian muttered, surveying the room. "Careful! Don't pull the chains! They're rusty and-"

"Dang it!" Vincent yelped, snapping back his hand and shaking it rapidly while his face twisted in pain. "Shoot! That hurt!"

"What happened?" Sebastian frowned at Vincent, studying the boy's hand. "Stop moving it around!"

Vincent ceased his action, clutching his own hand and wiggling his fingers. "I cut myself on the chain!" He grunted, squeezing his injured fingertips. "Look! I'm bleeding!" Droplets of blood collected and dripped down the side of his hand. Sebastian watched, mute with the sudden grim realization of what was about to occur.

"Vincent!" He cried, pulling at his chain frantically. "Don't let your blood touch the table!"

Vincent whipped his hand away from the area, but it was too late, his blood had already dripped onto the stone surface.
The pair stared at one another, their blanched faces giving away the feelings of horror arresting them at that very moment. For the second time in over two hundred years, Vincent's blood had been shed on the sacrificial altar.

"The circle is now complete."

Vincent closed his eyes, feeling panic well up in his stomach, the phantom pain he often felt in the center of his chest burned white hot. He recognized the voice and knew both he and Sebastian were in grave danger.

Sebastian gulped. "Greetings Asmodeus, King of Demons." He croaked. The temperature of the room dropped considerably to the point that he could see the rapid succession of white puffs of air billowing from his mouth and nostrils. His heart beat wildly against his chest and although he was limited in his scope of the room, he could feel the presence of an unearthly being steeped in evil and sordid energy.

The clicking of heels echoed faintly in Vincent's ears causing him to slowly turn around and acknowledge the arrival of his nemesis, Asmodeus.

"My deepest gratitude to you for unlocking the key to my contract." The elegant demon crowed, bowing respectfully to Vincent. "You have my gift wrapped up quite nicely." He snickered.

"You can't have him." Vincent forced out in a shaky voice, clenching his jaw and glaring at the leering demon standing but a few feet away from him. "I won't let you!"

"Pitiful human." Asmodeus snickered, playfully twirling his black silken hair between his clawed fingers. "What are you when faced by me? An insignificant drop of water as compared to a maelstrom."

"Leave him alone! It's me you want vengeance against!" Sebastian yelled, struggling to lift his head up again. "I-I don't remember anything, but I'm sure Dee is inside of me, somehow, and you can get to us easily, but leave Vincent alone!"

"Do not fret, your time will come." The Demon King strode past Vincent and stood over the prone man. "I have much planned for you, and this delectable body, before I consume your soul, and the rest of this delicious town." He grinned, leaning down near Sebastian's face. "I will dig that traitorous human out from you and ravage this body until you are nothing but an empty husk."

"No!" Vincent cried, drawing a hidden blade from underneath his shirt, its golden jeweled handle clutched securely in the grasp of his small hand. "You can't have him!" He lunged forward, striking at Asmodeus's arm and cutting deep into his velvety robes. The demon stared at the young man with amusement, lifting his arm up and studying the slash against his exposed skin. Vincent panted heavily, the knife covered in black blood, as he backed away from the wounded being.

"An Athame?" Asmodeus quirked an eyebrow at the ancient weapon soaked in inky blood. "You used a blessed dagger against someone of my caliber?" He lowered his arm and began to laugh, a deep rich laughter of malevolence that ran Sebastian's blood cold. "You ignorant child!" He roared. "I have warred with God Himself! Do not think such a paltry instrument could be my downfall!"

Before Vincent could react, Asmodeus sent him flying across the room and smashing into the stone wall from a brutal backhanded slap. His frail body slid down the wall, leaving a trail of blood from a gash in his head.

It was unexplainable, the surge of emotions which overwhelmed Sebastian as he witnessed
Vincent's head lolling to the side, a trickle of blood down the side of his slightly agape mouth, to him, the face was still that of his lover, of his tortured and enigmatic man, the precious life he had promised to protect and heal throughout their tumultuous relationship, it was still Ciel. Yet, as the fury of knowing that he was helpless in rushing to Ciel's side, memories began to push and prod past the oblique past of what he once was.

The lavender fields, vibrant purple and green bathed in sunlight. The itchy roughness of a bed of hay beneath their damp bodies. The creaking of his bed as he plowed into Vincent's virgin body, licking salty tears from the boy's wretched face.

I must protect him from Asmodeus, he thought, gripping the chains which held his hands down, I must protect him.

He tilted his head back and stared at the ceiling, listening for the ancient chanting which had hidden itself so deeply in his subconscious, the archaic song of release and power, an invocation for help and ability to fight for the one he loved the most.

"Mahabaleshwaraya Namah, Om Atibaleshwaraya Namah!" He chanted loudly, feeling the current of heat radiating from every pore in his skin. It was the last gift from Shiva, the last request he had been granted in return for a price he was more than happy to pay.

"That again?" Asmodeus turned his attention back to the murmuring prisoner. "Is this to say that you have returned to me, Dietrich Michaelis?" He snorted, wrapping his robes around his front, his tone haughty and annoyed. "I expected you to appear much sooner than this."

Standing aside the altar, Sebastian dropped the broken chains and manacles to the floor, his feet planted steadily and firm as he glared at the grinning demon. "I have returned." He replied evenly, gesturing towards Vincent who had regained some awareness and was struggling to get up from the floor. "You are not to ever touch him again with those filthy claws." He warned, his eyes blazed angrily at the demon. "Now speak so familiarly with us."

"Dee?" Vincent leaned against the wall, dizzy from the blow to his head, "Is that . . .is it really you?" He asked hopefully.

"Yes, it's me, Vin." Dee smiled sadly, looking down at his feet, he felt an ache rise in his chest. "I'm so sorry I didn't come sooner." He apologized.

"Where you been all this time?" Vincent's eyes welled up, his voice thick with emotion. "I-I've been waiting so long!" He cried pitifully.

Dee stepped forward but stopped short, glowering at Asmodeus. "I've been wandering through this world, for more than 200 years, living, dying, being reborn. When I made the pact with Shiva, He granted us reincarnation so that we could keep coming back, living our own lives until we would eventually be pulled back towards each other."

Vincent pointed a trembling finger at the Demon King, who only remained silent as he watched the exchange between the long lost lovers. "I've been fighting this demon inside of me for so long." He wept, "He kept tearing me up inside, making me do things with other men, I-I can't even tell you cuz I'm so ashamed-!"

"You enjoyed every part of it." Asmodeus chuckled. "You reacted every single time."

"I had no choice!" Vincent shouted.

"It's not your fault, Vin!" Dee rushed past the demon and gathered up the quivering man in his
His heart exploded with overflowing love, more than two centuries had passed and yet it did not feel so foreign, even though he was a grown man, in his arms, Vincent still felt the same. Fragile and waif-like, the boy he had loved more than his own life, was now in his arms again, and he would be damned if he ever let him go.

"But it's always been like this! Dee, how are we gonna get rid of him?" Vincent whispered, his face woeful and stained in first tracked with tears and blood. "He comes in my dreams and he takes over whenever he wants me to dirty up my body!"

Dee held him tighter, planting soft kisses along the petite jawline, engaging in the act of consoling and comforting his beloved. "He's trying to destroy what we have, but I won't let him." He soothed lowly, resting his lips against Vincent's quivering mouth. "Please, don't give up on us!" He begged, fervently deepening the kiss. It had been too long for them, both hungry and tired of waiting, to have been denied each other's taste. The strained years spent wandering unchained and lost gave way to the present relief of one another's company, like a ship that had weathered the storm and had finally come to shore.

Breaking the kiss, Vincent stared at Dee's flushed face and felt his heart bloom with love. "You're really here." Vincent cried in a mouse like voice, throwing his arms around Dee's neck and burying his face into his chest. "You really did find me!"

"We had promises to keep, remember?" Dee rocked his weeping lover gently in his arms, his fingers cautiously cupping his wounded head, mindful of the gash sustained from being thrown against the wall. "No matter where you were, I did promise I'd come find you."

"Take me away from here." Vincent gripped Dee even harder, his entire body shaking. "Get me away from him!" Dee nodded, scooping up the man in his arms, holding him as if he were a broken bridal doll. Turning to face Asmodeus, Dee grimaced at the amused look on the demon's face and felt an instant revulsion for the being who had caused them so much humiliation and suffering.

"You've no business with us anymore." He stated firmly. "You already feasted upon those thirteen unfortunate souls, what have you need for him? You cannot touch us nor can you call upon a contract that had been broken."

"I am a king!" Asmodeus thundered, baring his fangs at the dark haired man. "As you are now, I am due your souls as well as the rest of Fultonville!"

"We are protected by Shiva-"

"I have no alliances with other Deities you ignorant fool!" A cloud of black began to resonate from his feet, circling about his body and collecting in a reddish swirl above his head. "As if I would fear them!"

Dee felt a hint of doubt climb into his chest. "You cannot go against them." He shook his head, stepping back away from the growing mist. "They will fight you-"

"Perhaps they will." He laughed, stretching out his hands and allowing his talons to grow longer and sharper as he spoke. "What good will it do after I have devoured you? You see, I will have my vengeance upon you, Michaelis, but I will allow this one to live on without you, without the inhabitants of Fultonville and without anyone who will help him. He will wander the earth once more, alone and powerless, and eventually he will take his own life and end up in my hands once again!" He laughed again, cat eyes bright red and filled with satisfaction. "Now, do be good and
Ciel stared at the barren land stretched endlessly before him, miles and miles of crushed yellowed and dried stalks of some kind of dead plants and flowers. Puffs of parched blossoms laid dead and sucked empty of all beauty and vitality. The air was stale, not a hint of a welcoming breeze now fragrant scent, just must and dust settled into the stagnant space surrounding him. The sky was a neutral gray, smoothed over and solid, glowing with a dim light from some unknown source.

Shivering slightly, Ciel hugged himself tightly and drew his knees up to his chin. "If this is the afterlife, I'd rather not exist at all." He whispered hoarsely, laying his head on the side of his knees. He scrunched his eyes shut and allowed the tears to flow freely, feeling a deep heartache settle into his chest. His greatest fear, the nightmare which followed him relentlessly since the day he was fully aware of himself, had finally come true.

He was truly alone.

"Sebastian." He sniffed, wiping his cheeks with the back of his hand. "Why did you leave me?"

"I am a Watcher, one who is given a portion of the earth to stand guard and witness," Tanka informed him, taking a languid sip of his tea. "However, would you not like to know why you are here?" He raised an eyebrow at the young man. "Or better still, how to be released from here?"

"Yes!" Ciel cried. "I want to go home! Why the hell am I even doing here?!" He looked around and shook his head. "I don't even know what the fuck this place is!"

"It is neither here nor there." Tanaka sighed, observing the landscape with a critical eye. "When Vincent existed in here, the land was pregnant with lavender fields, sunshine, and the bluest sky I had ever seen. He was full of hope and adoration for his lover, and so the realm mirrored his heart."

Ciel looked around and scowled. "So what you're saying is that my heart is dead?" He snapped. "That I'm hopeless and depressed? This is bullshit!"

"You are an entity all to yourself." The old man tapped the side of his teacup, his face suddenly somber. "You are not Vincent Phantomhive, no, you are your own person with your own heart."
How shall I put this? Although you have been reborn again time and time again, the person you are, right now, exists purely as a result of someone's love for you."

Ciel's eyes widened. "Wait, wait, stop a minute!" He walked up to The Watcher and wrung his hands in frustration. "All I care about is being with Sebastian!" He insisted. "I don't know what deals were made or why they were made, all I want is him! I want him to be safe! I want him to be alive and I want him to be with me right now!"

"Look to the horizon." Tanaka nodded to the distance behind Ciel, urging him to turn around. "There are others who wish to see their loved ones as well."

Ciel whipped his head around and was startled by the tremendous group of figures standing silently together. Heading the group were two women locked arm in arm. One boasted deep scarlet eyes and a shock of blue-black hair, she wore what appeared to be a high-born turn of the century dress complete with a high collar pinned by an exquisitely brilliant cameo broach. The other woman, who, strangely enough, bore a similar resemblance to Ciel himself, wore a threadbare simple dress far less as fancy and expensive than her partner. They remained connected with gentle smiles on their faces and kind eyes. Near them was a crowd of people from all periods of time, their clothing and hair signifying the century and era they existed within. Ciel was amazed.

"The pair of women, in the front." Ciel pointed to them and almost jumped when they hid behind their hands and laughed demurely. "They . . .they look familiar-

"They are waiting for the return of their sons." Tanaka placed a hand on Ciel's shoulder. "The love they bore, the suffering they endured, the grief of absence and loss, have kept them wandering with their fellow brethren in this nether realm for some time now. Asmodeus never allowed Vincent nor Dee to exist during the same time, nor did he allow their kinsmen to see them as well. He is a cruel and deviant creature, the lowest of all Deities."

"Vincent and Dee, they can come back here . . . together?" Ciel looked back at Tanaka. "They can be together, here with the people they love again?"

Tanaka smiled. "Yes. As we speak Dee and Vincent are facing down evil, battling Asmodeus for the sake of an insurmountable number of souls, as well as their own. If their love is truly strong enough, they will survive and return to their proper realm."

"Dee is with Vincent, right now?" Ciel frowned. "Then where's-" his voice caught in his throat as the delicate whisper of something light and airy brushed past his fingertips, looking down, the bright purple blossom of a fragrant lavender bulb swayed in the breeze, kissing his fingertips like a shy child.

Tanaka laughed, his eyes twinkling joyfully. "Ho, Ho, Ho! Splendid!"

From where Ciel stood, an eruption of green stalks and lavender bloomed, the blank land instantly transfigured into a vivacious portrait of beauty and life. Streaks of pastel blue broke across the sky will cotton white clouds unfurled themselves. A buttery yellow sun appeared and the lovely warmth of a late Spring day blanketed the entire region.

The group of bystanders broke into an applause, laughing and chattering excitedly with one another. The strange language tumbling from their lively chatter sounded harsh and yet filled with happiness. Ciel stared in wonderment until he noticed them pointing at him, their beaming faces filled with pleasure and amusement. He cocked his head and mouthed a silent "what?" only to watch the two mothers once again giggle in merriment.
The sound of a body rustling through the lavender garden drew his immediate attention.

"Who-?" A pair of strong arms embraced him from behind, lifting him up and swiftly laying him down against the now soft patch of rejuvenated land.

As Ciel attempted to get over his shock, his entire body was shrouded in the long and lean form of none other than Sebastian. Like an over-ripened fruit, his heart pleasantly ruptured and relieved itself of the burdensome anxiety and distressed he had been holding in. Cocooned in the protective arms of the man he adored, above all else, Ciel was finally home.

"Ciel!" Sebastian allowed him no time to react, instantly engulfing Ciel's lips with his own mouth. As he cupped the younger man's heart shaped face with his large hands, Sebastian propped himself up on his elbows and proceeded to devour Ciel's mouth, lavishing kisses and lapping his tongue against the moist cavern. As he feasted on the speechless man, Sebastian pressed his body against Ciel's and in between kisses, whispered urgent messages of love against his swollen lips.

"I love you, I love you so much." He breathed, suckling on Ciel's lower lip. "Baby, I love you, I told you, right? I promised you, I'd never let you go! I'd never let anything happen to you, never ever leave you alone! I kept my promise!"

Ciel threw his arms around Sebastian's neck and hugged him close, allowing himself to finally weep. The horror of their situation was still looming deadly and real above their heads, but he finally had his love with him. "I thought you were gone!" He cried, inhaling Sebastian's comforting and familiar scent. "I thought I lost you!" He dug his fingers into Sebastian's back, he reveled in the tangible evidence of his most cherished person being alive.

"Never, never," Sebastian replied in a strained voice, fighting to keep himself from losing control of his emotions. "I'm never leaving you!"

"This motherfucking asshole." Alois wiped his bloody hands against his pants and rolled his eyes at the sticky substance clinging to the fabric. "Everybody's gotta fucking bleed on me like I'm a fucking Kotex pad!" He grumbled.

Closing his eyes, he searched the house for more demons and was thoroughly annoyed with finding the outside of the house teeming with the parasitic lot prowling the snow banks and woods, waiting with salivating jaws for their Master to deliver the goods.

Standing before the slightly ajar basement jar, Alois squared his shoulders, arched his back, and rolled his neck until he heard a few bones pop back into place. He smiled as he felt the pulse of holy power circulate throughout his body. Vanquishing Ash was no small feat, however, he was going to need quite a bit more in order to at least help Vincent and Dee escape almost certain damnation at the hands of Asmodeus.

He balled up his fists until his knuckles were bone white, the skin stretched thin and taut as he readied himself to enter the fray already underway. He already sensed that Vincent had been injured and that Dee had used up his last favor from Shiva and Vishnu, there would be only their resilient spirits and Alois's angelic strength left to thwart the King of Demons.

If he succeeded, ascension would be his.

Claude . . .

Narrowing his eyes, Alois peered into the darkness of the abyss and firmly set his jaw.
"Let's get this over with."
The end is here.

Well, sort of....

The final chapter of "Promises" is here! It has been a long haul for me, my life wasn't always cooperating with me when it came to writing at a regular pace, but I did my best and I truly appreciate the feedback and reader loyalty. I enjoyed writing this story, many of my own private demons came through and it felt good to release it all onto paper. Thank you for bearing this burden with me.

AnimeCujo, you pushed me to write, goaded me into meeting my challenges and not turning away from giving up on this story. I love you dearly.

Nisaki, keep fighting the good fight. Not all of our demons are spiritual and I know you're as brave as they come. Keep being talented and brilliant!

After this chapter will be an epilogue, enjoy!

And for any fans of "Rugged Hearts" I will post a chapter next week.

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Every day is a new day

I'm thankful for every breath I take

I won't take it for granted

So I learn from my mistakes

It's beyond my control

Sometimes it's best to let go

Whatever happens in this lifetime

So I trust in love

You have given me peace of mind

I, I feel so alive

For the very first time

I can't deny you
I feel so alive
I, I feel so alive
For the very first time
An' I think I can fly

Sunshine upon my face
A new song for me to sing
Tell the world how I feel inside
Even though it might cost me everything

Now that I know this
So beyond, I can't hold this
I can never turn my back away
Now that I see you
I can never look away

I, I feel so alive
For the very first time
I can't deny you
I feel so alive
I, I feel so alive
For the very first time
An' I think I can fly

An' now that I know you
I could never turn my back away
An' now that I see you
I could never look away
An' now that I know you
I could never turn my back away
An' now that I see you
I believe no matter what they say

I, I feel so alive
For the very first time
I can't deny you
I feel so alive
I, I feel so alive
For the very first time
An' I think I can fly

"Alive"- P.O.D.

During the times of peace, before the fall from grace so many of Alois's brethren, including himself, suffered at the hands of a betrayed God, angels would spend their time studying the wonderful universe Father God had created. They were built to absorb all knowledge, both necessary and unnecessary, and they were curiosity seekers hungry for every scrap of information they could gather. Like innocent children released into a brand new world, they acted upon their whims and sought out every mystery they could stumble upon.

Alois, known as Kokabiel at the time, was a young being with a deep interest in the stars. The knowledge of astrology and study of the science behind the universe was his forte and not a second was wasted as he fervently collected any information in relation to the astrological mechanism his Father had pieced together.

But one area of study seemed to escape his understanding, one subject lauded his logical sense and it haunted him to no end.

Seated in a field of mist and clouds, with the indigo painted sky dotted with diamond like stars above his head, Kokabiel surveyed the earth through a thin film separating the celestial world and the mortal realm. He was accompanied by one of his fellow Angels, the one he most favored, Arakiel.

"What is love?" He had asked his brother who was busily reading mountain formations etched onto the earth.

The gift of "geomancy" was quite unique among the more powerful angels, and Arakiel spent much of his own time reading hidden messages among the landscapes of earth. The divining being looked up, surprised at such a question, and smiled warmly.

"Love? It is what we are, Kokabiel!" He exclaimed, ruffling the younger angel's long blonde's hair. "Surely you are searching for more than that simplistic answer! What would you truly like to ask.
Kokabiel sighed, shifting closer to his brother. "I-I just cannot comprehend its power." He admitted. "Father said that it is capable of vanquishing the dark forces! But I have seen the emptiness of the other realm! How is love able to do such a thing?"

Arakiel patted the side of Kokabiel's face, gently stroking his cheek. "Love is both powerful and yet cruel." He responded softly, his violet eyes suddenly clouding over with what appeared to be sadness. "Love has the power to destroy your heart and manifest itself into a twisted monster filled with hate and loneliness. It is a sibling to regret, to betrayal, and to resentment. My sweet Kokabiel, love is a beauteous beast."

Kokabiel's eyes widened, horrified by what he had just been told. "Father created such a creature?!" He cried in dismay. "Why would he do such a thing?!"

Arakiel ceased to smile, his eyes studying the delicate scape of his younger brother's lovely face. "Why indeed." He rasped, sliding his hand slowly down Kokabiel's neck and resting it against his shoulder. "It is an answer I seek for myself."

Alois took a cautious step down into the basement from the flight of stairs, his senses on high alert as his eyes darted nervously from one corner of the dank and dimly lit area to the other. The smell of blood and lust was so ripe, he could almost taste it.

The muffled sound of voices shouting came from behind the dark wooden door at the other end of the basement.

"Ok, time to party."

Focusing solely on his intent, Alois gathered up the holy power he had stored within his heart and braced himself for the all-out war he was walking into. As a fallen angel, he had lost much of his original power, even with the energy Father God had given him before, he was still no match for Asmodeus.

The plan had been that he and Jerrica would have dispatched Sebastian and Ciel before Asmodeus could have found his way into the mortal realm, but their plan had gone awry. Jerrica was dead and somehow the King of Demons had been unlocked and released from his hiding spot.

Pushing aside the urge to mourn for his deceased partner, Alois regained his focus and trained his eyes on the door.

This was going to be one Hell of a battle, he thought sourly.

"Fuck it." He growled, throwing himself full force into the door, his small body emitting a golden shield which tore the heavy door off of its hinges and sending it slamming down with a thunderous boom onto the floor.

Dee jumped back, startled by the explosive entry, and held Vincent in a tighter and protective grip. The younger man threw his arms around Dee's neck and cried out in fear, hiding his face in the crook of Dee's neck.

Asmodeus folded his arms across his chest and tilted his head to the side, a look of amusement rested on his face. "Oh my." He sniffed, wagging his clawed pointer finger at the panting angel. "How rude of you to enter a room without knocking."
"Fuck you." Alois hissed, setting himself in a fighting stance with his legs slightly apart and his fists raised up to his chin. It was a defensive pose, inviting the demon to attack. "I don't remember you getting a fucking invitation."

"A door left open is enough of an invitation." The demon quipped.

Before he could react, an invisible hand circled around his neck and clamped down hard. Alois dropped his jaw and struggled to release himself, only to find his nails digging into his own flesh. His neck constricted, the muscles tightened and spasmed as the claw-like entity squeezed without mercy.

"Useless, utterly useless." Asmodeus strolled over to the now flailing angel. "Weak and pathetic, no wonder our father threw you away." He cackled, tracing his talon down the side of Alois' face. "I too was one of you, until the fall from grace sent me hurtling towards the depths of Hell. Yet unlike you, I built my army, surpassed the power I once held in Glory and became a king among my demons!"

"F-Filth!" Alois gasped, his lips bloated and blue. "Y-You a . . . a . . . are f-filth!"

"No!" Dee shouted. "You wanted me, remember?! Leave him be!"

Vincent jolted in his arms, staring dumbly at Dee. "What are ya sayin'?" He cried. "Dee! Stop sayin' that!"

"If the angel lives he can take you back to the safe place!" Dee hurriedly explained, quickly placing Vincent down on the stone ground. "I'll go with this monster and you can leave this place and be safe!"

"No! No! I don' want to!" Vincent yelled, grabbing Dee's collar and shaking him furiously. "You promised me you'd never leave me!"

"I promised I'd keep you safe." Dee pulled himself away from Vincent and stood up. "I promised to protect you."

"Are you willing to give yourself to me?" Asmodeus turned to face Dee, a wide smile crossing his face. "How very heroic of you!" He sniggered, "to give yourself as my slave, a flesh toy for eternity and all for the sake of that gossamer human who barely passes for a man!"

"Let the angel go." Dee ordered, pushing Vincent away from him. "Let him go with Vincent, you can have everything else, including me."

"Please! Please don't do this!" Vincent sobbed pitifully, clutching at Dees pants as he curled into a trembling mess at his feet. "I don't want to live anymore without you!"

Asmodeus brought his hand up in front of Alois's now purplish face and snapped his fingers, releasing the floundering man from the invisible choking. Landing in a heap onto the floor, Alois coughed and heaved, wheezing loudly as air came back to his system. He had never been dealt with such a devastating physical assault in all of his existence, it shook him to his very core.

"I shall be merciful." Asmodeus acquiesced with feigned sweetness, eyeing Dee with hunger. "Kokabiel, remove this shameless sample of mankind from my presence and leave me the fine specimen for my proper enjoyment."

Alois hacked up bile and saliva, blood pooling steadily around the deep lacerations on his throat. Whatever force Asmodeus had unleashed upon him, it was brutal and merciless. He was no match
for a higher demon.

With his vision blurred, the room seemed to spin and tip underneath him. Alois closed his eyes and nodded.

"Yes, my Lord."

Tanaka watched with great interest as Ciel wept silently in the arms of Sebastian. He had witnessed the young man's tenacious nature, his ferocity in the face of danger and the iron walls he had thrown up around his heart whenever others attempted to approach him. He had watched over Ciel since the day he was born and had shaken his head in dismay when his earliest memories were wiped clean by the minions disguised as his foster parents. The young man had suffered so much, unknowingly acting out the perverted actions of the demon hiding within his soul.

If he hadn't found Sebastian, he would have surely died young, just as all the other reincarnated ones did.

"There is a battle being fought in the earth realm." Tanaka pushed his small rounded glasses up the bridge of his nose and gazed thoughtfully at the never ending fields before him. "A battle which cannot be one without the both of you."

Sebastian unraveled himself from Ciel and sat up. "What do you mean it can't be one without us?" He asked, knitting his brows. "What can we possibly do? We're in the middle of nowhere and may I add, Ciel and I are just humans."

"Yeah! We're not Angels!" Ciel interjected, lifting himself up and leaning against Sebastian's side. "Isn't that why we're here? To be safe?"

Tanaka sighed deeply. "Yes, that was the thought, except Asmodeus was able to procure the completion of his own broken contract. To a demon, a contract is forever binding."

"Dee and Vincent can't fight him?" Sebastian covered his face with his hands and rubbed his forehead with his fingertips. Ciel glanced at him, realizing that he was in deep thought. "If those two fail to stop Asmodeus, the entire town will be consumed, am I right?" Sebastian dropped his hands and looked at Tanaka. "And Ciel and I will be trapped in the nether realm forever."

Ciel's eyes widened. "No!" He cried, jumping up with a wild look in his eyes. "I'm not staying here!"

"Calm down!" Sebastian scrambled to his feet and grabbed the boy by his shoulders. "I'm not letting this happen to us, ok? We'll figure something out!"

"Will you die for him?" Tanaka cut in, calmly sipping his tea. "Sebastian, will you die for Ciel?" He asked seriously.

Sebastian slid his arms slowly down Ciel's arms, resting them on his hands, and turned to face Tanaka "What?" He breathed.

Motioning towards Ciel, Tanaka locked eyes with Sebastian. "Will you die for him?" He repeated. "Will you give your life in exchange for the safety of his soul?"

Ciel clutched Sebastian's hands and pulled him closer. "Sebastian! No! Don't! Don't answer him!" He begged.
"Will you lay down and allow Asmodeus to consume you?" The Watcher continued, never breaking eye contact with Sebastian. "You will cease to exist, your soul will be devoured and there will be no more lives, are you prepared to disappear for his sake?"

Sebastian slipped his hands away from Ciel and turned to fully face the elderly man, "Yes." He responded firmly. "I would die for him. I made a promise to Ciel that I intend to keep, Asmodeus can take me and do what he wants, if it's for Ciel, I'll do anything."

Frantically shaking his head, Ciel clung desperately to Sebastian's arm, pulling him harshly. "No! No! Please! Oh God, no!" He beseeched his lover, tears streaming down his reddened face. "Don't leave me! You promised to never leave me! Sebastian! Don't fucking do this! I'm not worth this much! I can't live without you! I don't want to fucking live without you!"

Refusing to meet Ciel's contorted face, Sebastian lowered his eyes and stared blankly at the vibrantly hued ground. It was all so beautiful, like an ethereal dream, and if he could remain by Ciel's side forever in a land of peace and serenity he would have chosen to do so. However, this was not where they belonged, not at all, and he knew that Ciel would slowly wither away from resentment. "How am I going to hand you over to anyone?" He spoke softly, slipping his arm out of Ciel's grasp. "Do you think I didn't know the price of loving you?"

Ciel gritted his teeth, anxiously twisting his shirt in his hands. "Sebastian! I don't want this! I don't want this!" He beseeched him, nearly choking on his sobs. "I'll kill myself if you go! I swear to God I'll fucking kill myself! I'm not Vincent! You're not Dee! We don't have to do what they did!"

Sebastian snapped his head up and, whirled around and caught Ciel by his arms, shaking him violently as he shouted in his face. "This isn't about who we once were! This is straight from my heart, Ciel!" He released the boy and held his face firmly with both hands, forcing him to look directly into his eyes. "I fucking love you!" He swore, withholding his own tears as he wrestled with the despairing look on Ciel's face. "Imperfect you, that's who I love! The Ciel who struggled with a life that was never his own! I love that man, no one else! And I'm going to keep loving you, even if I don't exist anymore! Even if I'm dead in body and spirit, somehow I'm going to keep loving you! But I will not watch you die and I will not watch you grow to hate me so I'm going to save you, I'm going to get you home where you belong!.

"I belong with you!" Ciel shot back bitterly. "Nowhere else! I belong with you!"

"We will always be together." Sebastian pulled him into his embrace, rocking him gently from side to side as one would do for a frightened baby. He nuzzled the crown of Ciel's head and planted a kiss amongst the strands of silken hair. "I'll always be with you." He soothed.

"Then I go with you!" Ciel quickly replied, tightening his arms around Sebastian's waist. "I never asked you to do these things for me and you still insist on being my damn hero, but I'm going with you because I'm not a fucking victim! I'm strong, I've been through more shit than you'll ever know and it was me who found you! It was me who brought you here! And if you're leaving, then I'm leaving with you!"

"Ciel."

"You belong to me!" Ciel pushed himself away from Sebastian, threw his arms around his neck and pulled him down into a deep kiss. They closed their eyes and sucked wildly on each other's lips, savoring their unique flavors and drinking in the passion Sebastian could taste the salty tears mingled with Ciel's saliva and his heart broke even more. After this, there would be more tears, more grief, and it would be all because of his actions. Saving Ciel was his only option.
"I want to save you!" Sebastian gasped, releasing his mouth from Ciel's. "I want to protect you!"

"You already have!" Ciel smiled stupidly, wiping his runny nose with his sleeve. "The only reason I'm still here, is because you've never let me go! No matter what I did, you were always there to pick me up, put me back together, and love me harder than I even deserved! I'm a fucking train wreck you keep fixing! How are you going to stand here and tell me you're leaving me for my own good?! Bullshit! I'm alive because of you!"

They stared at each other, dumbfounded and yet empowered over the passionate confessions and assertions spoken freely to one another.

"I did mention, it would take both of you to defeat Asmodeus." Tanaka removed a kerchief from his pocket and held it out to the sniveling pair. "Do wipe his nose, Sebastian, it's quite unbecoming for a man his age."

"Shut up!" Ciel barked, snatching the cloth from the Watcher's hand, and blowing his nose loudly into it. Sebastian chuckled at his childish behavior, petting and scratching Ciel's head as he held him close.

"Still nasty as ever." He teased, lightly kissing Ciel's damp cheek. Looking up at Tanaka, he nodded. "Ok, now what do you mean by both of us? Why did you even ask me if I would die for Ciel?"

The crowd standing along the horizon abruptly turned and began walking towards the setting sun, their figures growing fainter as a light mist rose from the earth. Sebastian frowned at their sudden departure and noticed that Tanaka's face had suddenly turned grave.

"Where are they going?" Ciel asked, standing on his toes to peek over Sebastian's shoulder.

The woman who closely resembled Ciel turned suddenly, her large blue eyes glassy and fixed upon Ciel. She raised a trembling hand and waved at him, then pressed her lips against the palm of her hand and held it out to him.

She blew him a kiss and Ciel felt a sudden rush of vague nostalgia. The sky began to turn orange and red with the setting sun and as the woman backed away, smiling shyly at him, the realm began fade into a nebulous black field.

"Love is an arduous endeavor." Tanaka spoke lowly, his eyes following the departing crowd. "It is both selfless and selfish, euphoric and devastating, healing and destructive. To put it simply, it is a paradox in or itself, the light and the dark cannot live without the other. But what we do know, is if there is a perfect balance, the foundation shall be made of an unbreakable power which no man, nor God, can put asunder."

Sebastian and Ciel listened intently, the silence of the landscape deafening as they attempted to understand Tanaka's message.

"You contain far more power than you realize, my dear boys."

"Let go of me!" Vincent struggled to free himself from Alois's arms, but the tiny farm boy had no strength left in him. Even if he had Dee's manpower, he was no match for the fallen angel's strength. "I said let me go!" He cried pitifully, swinging his fists at Alois's face as he was lifted up by the waist and flung over the angel's shoulder.

"Quit fighting me, you shitty brat!" Alois coughed, swallowing hard as the pain of his nearly
crushed throat sent what felt like shards of glass through his body. "I'll knock you out if you keep this shit up!"

"Such a feisty child." Asmodeus hummed. "Perhaps I should sample a morsel of his soul-"

"No!" Dee shouted. "The deal is for him to leave unscathed!"

"I am an honorable creature." Asmodeus held out a hand and beckoned Dee to come to his side. "I shall keep my word."

Dee took a deep breath and slowly walked over to the smug faced demon. His skin prickled with anger and fear, but his heart was at ease for he had done what he had promised so long ago.

Vincent would be saved from damnation.

"You who have never been ravaged by another man shall soon feel true pleasure." The demon purred, slipping his clawed hand around Dee's waist and pulling him swiftly towards him. Their bodies connected and Dee felt an instant revulsion as devilish fingers kneaded the small of his back, right above his rear.

"W-Wait." He stammered nervously, turning his eyes away from the much taller deity. "W-Wait till they leave."

"Is it so shameful to have him watch you in the arms of another man?" Asmodeus chuckled, his forked tongue slithered from between his lips and seductively licked the shell of Dee's ear. "You are truly a benevolent lover." He taunted.

"Dee! Please! Don't do this!" Vincent begged, reaching his arms out as Alois began to open a bright white ring of light against the stone wall. "Don't do this! Oh God please don' do this!"

"Look at me." Asmodeus ordered sternly, gripping Dee's jaw and forcing his head back so that their eyes could meet. "It is quite enjoyable to gaze upon your suffering face."

"Fight him! Dee fight him!"

Dee stared at the feline eyes, the scarlet orbs glowing slightly as lust began to overtake the demon. He could smell the musk of want and sordid desire rolling off Asmodeus' skin and it sickened Dee to be touched by such a twisted and perverse being.

"You are mine." Asmodeus moaned lewdly, using his other hand to slip past the waistband of Dee's pants and take a hold of his soft member. "All of you is mine."

"Fight him. Dee!" Vincent was now hysterical, kicking and screaming and causing Alois to have difficulty in opening the portal for entering the nether realm. "Don't let him touch you! You're mine! You're mine!" He screamed.

Asmodeus smirked and leaned his head into Dee's face. His hand was busily stroking Dee's very flaccid cock, but he paid it no mind since he would be the one doing the entering. "You may as well enjoy my ministrations before I rip into you." He whispered huskily as his lips hovered over Dee's tightly shut mouth. "I look forward to tasting your blood when it is mixed with my semen."

Alois held out a closed fist and opened it carefully, his palm facing the glowing disc. "It's ready."

He announced, watching the circle clear up, the barren land was easy to see now, one only had to step foot through the portal to escape.
Vincent kicked wildly. "No!" He screamed again, sobbing uncontrollably. "No! No!"

"Goodbye, my love." Dee called out as Asmodeus' slightly parted lips closed in on him.

Alois reached into the portal and gritted his teeth. "Hurry the fuck up!" He shouted into the ring of light. "This horny bastard is gonna eat Dee alive!"

Asmodeus halted his actions and looked up. "Hurry?" He asked, confused by the command. "Who must hurry?" He hissed.

With a sly grin, Alois flicked the confused demon the finger. "The only people who can get rid of your stupid ass." He replied.

Asmodeus felt the change in the atmosphere and bared his fangs. "I shall have blood!" He thundered, but in an instant, Dee was gone from his clutches, and in his place stood Sebastian and Ciel, holding hands and staring down the utterly perplexed King. They stood only inches away from the devil with their chins proudly tilted up and jaws set firmly.

At the foot of the portal, Alois still held Vincent, but by his side was a relieved looking Dee.

"I'll be taking these two winners with me." Alois saluted the demon. "You can battle it out with this pair, but I'm warning you, they're not going down easy." And with that, all three hopped through the glowing circle.

"Traitor!" Asmodeus bellowed, helplessly watching the circle close and disappear before his eyes. "Treacherous creature!"

His contract had been dishonorably forfeited, it was the cursed nightmare for all dark entities, to have a contract broken and invalid. The King had never experienced anything of such nature, he was not known to fail in these endeavors and so his fury was incomprehensible.

"You both shall suffer as none other ever have." He seethed, his talons elongating into long pointed black knives. "Your pain shall last eons!"

"Love is sacrifice." Sebastian stated simply, his voice steady and unaffected. "I would sacrifice my life for Ciel."

"Love is forgiving." Ciel followed up in an unwavering and clear voice. "I have been forgiven and have forgiven myself."

Asmodeus furrowed his brows in anger. "What nonsense do you speak of?" He roared.

"Dee and Vincent are dead, those are souls that have no power in this realm." Sebastian held up his free hand and pressed it against his chest, over the area of his heart. "But Ciel and I are very much alive and we are the very embodiment of love in its greatest sense. So go ahead, place those filthy hands on us and I promise you, you'll meet the same fate Arakiel did."

"Touch us and you'll fucking die." Ciel smirked. "What you've got here is a bond that no one can tear apart. I love him, he loves me, end of story."

"No souls are here for you." Sebastian smiled. "It's time for you to go back where you belong."

Asmodeus stood stunned and blindsided by what had just been handed to him. As proud and lustful and powerful as he was, he was far more known for his intellect and at that very moment he understood that he, the King of Demons, had been beaten at his own game.
"I see." He growled, gathering up his robes around him. "My meals have been taken from me, eh?"
He gave a quick nod and summoned his own blood red and black glowing circle to circulate around
him as he prepared to make his exit. "Mortal creatures and fallen angels have bested me. How
trifling your kind can be! One contract and I have lost countless souls because of you."

"Love never dies." Ciel leaned his head against Sebastian's arm. "But I guess you demons wouldn't
know about that."

"When you turned your back on Paradise, you lost the ability to understand love." Sebastian added,
placing a demure kiss against Ciel's crown. "And so it became the one weapon able to disarm your
kind."

"I have long forgotten that cursed realm." The demon curled his lip in disgust. "You may have that
fickle sword, I prefer to drown in pleasures and allow mankind to give themselves to me."

And with those parting words, Asmodeus faded away.

"I got them!" Alois shouted as he barreled through the voids between realms and shoved Dee and
Vincent into the in-between place, as Vincent had named it. "Dummy number one and two are
here and ready to go!" He landed easily onto the plot of earth and winced when he heard the loud
thuds of a pair of bodies making impact.

Tanaka stood silently before them, eyeing the ragged angel with a critical face. "Must you be so
rough with these poor souls?" He chided.

"Relax, they're dead anyways, right?"

"Until they enter the other side, they still feel pain."

"Oh for fuck's sake! Give me a break!" He snapped.

"Lord Jesus that hurt!" Vincent yelled, pushing himself up from the ground. He glared at Alois.
"Why in tarnation would ya throw us like that?!" He turned to look at Dee who sat up into a sitting
position and was currently rubbing the side of his head. "He's mean! Just plain mean!" He howled.

Dee gave his young love a sympathetic look. "I know, you're right, but we're safe now, ok?"

"I just saved your candy ass from getting eaten by the King of Demons and you have the nerve to
catch an attitude with me?!” The angel fumed, dusting himself off with his hands. "Quit bitching
and get up!" He ordered. "Sebastian and Ciel took your place to get rid of Lord Asshole, remember
that!"

Vincent's face scrunched up as fresh tears came to his eyes. "Are they gonna be alright?! Please tell
me they'll be alright!" He pleaded.

"Fucking crybaby," Alois grumbled, earning an irritated glare from Tanaka. "Of course they'll be
alright!"

"I just saved your candy ass from getting eaten by the King of Demons and you have the nerve to
catch an attitude with me?!” The angel fumed, dusting himself off with his hands. "Quit bitching
and get up!" He ordered. "Sebastian and Ciel took your place to get rid of Lord Asshole, remember
that!"

Vincent smiled, "Yessir! Them boys is brave!" He beamed, glancing at Alois. "Sure right about
'im, he's real ornery!"
"The fuck did you just call me?" Alois took a deep breath in preparation to unleash a bevy of choice words for the couple, but an interesting occurrence across the sun kissed horizon caught his attention instead.

"Holy shit, look at that!" Alois whistled with amazement, "where did they come from?" Dee looked up and his eyes widened at the spectacular view which unfolded before them.

The moment Vincent stepped into the realm, the fields once again erupted in a glorious chorus of deep lavender blossoms. The air turned thick with their fragrance and the sky settled into a pastel blue with puffy white clouds accenting the horizon; a rich golden yellow sun highlighted the beauty of the place. From among the flowers, his grey black hair stood out amongst the purple crowns, tousled and gleaming like a dark wildflower. He too was taken aback by the sudden surge of what looked to be a sea of people emerging from the horizon.

"Dee, look out yonder!" Vincent cried excitedly, grabbing the older man's hand as he pointed out towards the distant end of the fields. "Look! Look! They're coming!" His eyes were awash with anxious joy and his voice far more alive than it had ever been as they scanned the numerous faces approaching them. Dozens of familiar faces appeared; old neighbors, friends and family members. These were the souls of those who had loved them; the souls from their original forms and every past life they existed in.

Dee felt his chest tighten and he followed the direction of Vincent's finger, his voice hitched as his emotions begged to overtake his mind.

"Do you see them, Vin?" He asked in a tight voice, squeezing the young man's hand. "Do you see them?"

Voices rose in thickly accented voices the closer the crowd came to the men, the buzz of words and exclamations rang throughout the fields. It was a language both Vincent and Dee had long thought was lost to them, the native tones of a father country steeped in their blood and bones.

Leading the lively group, walking arm in arm with smiles stretching wide and jubilant across their faces, were Elend Phantomhive and Verena Michaelis.

"Ma," Vincent gasped, his heart beating fast as he made his way through the tall grass and flowers. "Ma!" He called out, the burning sting of tears biting at the corners of his eyes. Never in all of his years being thrown about through time like a used rag doll did he ever dare to hope to see his cherished mother again. His thin legs pounded heavily into the rich earth as he broke out into full speed, running wildly with his arms wide open.

"Ma! Ma!" His voice was high pitched and cracking with emotion, childlike and overcome with happiness. Elend unhooked her arm from her friend's, gave her a quick peck on her cheek and took to running towards Vincent. Her face beamed with impossible joy, risen from obscurity was the child of her life and heart.

"Mein Kind!" She cried, pulling her long house dress up to her knees for her legs could not carry her fast enough to her child. "Vincent!"

Dee watched as mother and child finally embraced, their legs giving way to their frantic entanglement. Vincent collapsed sobbing to his knees followed by his mother, who wept as she gathered him in her arms and hugged him while peppering kisses all over his tear streaked face.

"There is God!" She wailed into his hair, gripping her son's petite body, afraid to let go of him. "There is God!"
"Ma! I'm sorry!" Vincent keened, burying his face into her shoulder. "I'm sorry!"

"No! No sorry!" The familiar music of her German accent rang sweetly in Vincent's ear. How he had longed to hear her speak to him again! "You are my good boy!" She whispered, stroking the side of his head gently. "You are a good boy!"

"I love you, Ma!" Vincent wept. "I love you! I love you!"

"Ich liebe dich." Elend stared at the beautiful boy's face, dizzy with gratitude for having him in her arms again. "Ich liebe dich."

"Dietrich?"

Dee snapped his eyes away from Vincent and Elend and found himself face to face with his own mother. He remembered how she doted upon him as he was her prized and only son, and he recalled the many times she had placed herself as a shield between him and Klaus, protecting the boy from his father's vicious moods and violent outburst. But they never did talk as much as he would have liked, nor did she ever hug or kiss him much like Elend had done for Vincent.

Yet, even with knowing this, Dee felt the relief of finally seeing his mother again.

"Hallo, Mutter." Dee quietly greeted Verena, shuffling his feet nervously. "Es ist schön dich wieder zu sehen."

Shaking her head quickly, her finely angled face crinkled up like a wad of paper as her hands shakily reached out to her boy. "My son!" She cried, throwing her arms around his neck without restraint and pulling him into a tight hug. Her body shook from the sobbing. "You have not forgotten me!"

In that moment, Dee allowed himself to release his inhibitions and broke down. Looping his arms around his mother's small figure, he felt the long years of waiting and waiting simply melt away and the guilt he had held for so long finally relieved itself from his heart.

"How could I ever forget you?" He rasped, wiping his eyes with the back of his hand. "I have missed you so much!"

"Never again, never again will you leave me!" She spoke sternly, patting his back with her hands. "Never leave your mother again!"

Dee laughed. "We will always be together from now on." Looking up at Vincent and Elend, the men locked eyes and smiled at each other. "We will all be together from now on." He added.

Elend nodded. "Ja." She agreed, petting her darling boy on his head. "Alte Liebe rostet nicht."

Vincent and Dee exchanged knowing looks, the paradise they had sought was finally existing. They would pass beyond the nether realm and live in peace with the ones they loved the most. Although it was not exactly how Dee had planned, they were finally safe and together.

Dee hugged his mother closer to his chest, reveling in her warmth and winked at Vincent. "Love never dies." He smiled.

It took a while for the souls to gather themselves up and walk into the light to enter "The Other Side.". Dee and Vincent strode hand in hand with their free arms securely placed over their mother's shoulders. It was pure bliss.
Alois watched the crowd dissipate into the horizon, their chatter turned into faint murmurings until finally silence descended upon the now vacant realm. With the absence of Vincent, the lavender fields crumbled into dust and the landscape became barren. Tanaka took a few steps towards Alois, grimacing at the crunching sound his feet made against the lifeless earth.

"It is quite stark." He observed. "Devoid now of any hope."

"The nether realm, the in-between place." Alois's eyes scoped the vacant fields dried up fields, marveling at the expansive view stretching for miles and miles. "This shit looks boring." He snorted, kicking a tuft of dead grass and dirt. "Dusty as fuck."

Tanaka glowered at the smirking angel. "Would you please refrain from that foul earthly language before ascending?" He sternly reprimanded him "Your return to paradise must not be punctuated by such vile words."

Alois threw his head back and laughed, "Suck it!" He responded gleefully. "Father forgave me, and I almost fucking died! Me cursing should be overlooked." He pointed out.

Tanaka sighed deeply, shaking his head in defeat. "Are you nervous?" He asked, giving Alois a questioning look. "Are you uncertain of this path?"

Shrugging his small shoulders, Alois looked down at his feet, digging his bare toe into the parched earth. "A little." He admitted quietly. "Not like I don't want to go home, but I'm just a little . . . you know . . ." His eyes trailed slowly up to meet Tanaka's, through wisps of light blond hair, the doubt seemed to filter through loud and clear. "It's just been awhile." He mumbled.

"You who have awaited this moment for how long, why are your eyes so incredibly mournful?"

"No, reason." He huffed impatiently. "I just feel like being sad."

Tanaka chuckled. "Have you forgotten the path home?" He teased mildly. "It is a different journey for celestial beings such as yourself."

A sly small smile crept along Alois's face. "Well, I guess I just keep following the light, right?" He waved in the direction of the setting sun which glowed bright white against the violet-tinged evening sky. "It's somewhere out there, I'm not retarded and shit."

The Watcher stepped back, removing a kerchief from his jacket pocket and patted his forehead with it. "This journey was, how shall I put it? Quite arduous and lonely-"

"No, shit." He snapped.

Ignoring the curt interruption, Tanaka continued. "As a result, you have earned you the right to paradise once again."

"Damn right I have!" He interrupted angrily. "I got choked like a chicken and-!"

"You insufferable brat!" Tanaka fumed, shoving the cloth with disgust into his pocket. "As a result you have earned the right to an eternity of peace! Go to the light and find it! I shall hope you will become reacquainted with the humility of an ethereal holy being once you have returned home!"

Alois furrowed his brows and shot the elder with a furious glare before furiously kicking a thick patch of dirt with his foot. "Fine!" He yelled, whirling around on his heels to walk towards the light. "Thanks for everything, you old fart! I'm going ho-!"
The air was suddenly gone from his lungs.

His heart arrested in its place.

His body frozen and numb.

Tanaka wrapped his arms around himself, backing away slowly from the halted angel, "Go in peace." He whispered as he disappeared into a faint wisp of light. "Go in peace and love."

Alois opened his mouth to speak, yet nothing came forth. Overwhelmed by shock, his trembling body stood rooted in its place while his widened eyes fought to believe what they saw in front of them.

In his mind he prayed that what he was witnessing was real and not an illusion, not a mirage, not wishes and desires manifested into false visions.

Standing a few feet away from him, bathed in golden light, skin tinted gently with the glow of twilight, golden eyes burning bright and alive, a grin stretching wide from ear to ear, was none other than Claude.

Clad in billowing ivory robes, his hair tossed and wild, his face free of his glasses.

"Claude!" Alois choked out, almost stumbling down as he found strength in his legs to move forward with arms reaching desperately out to his lover. "Claude! It's you! It's you!" He cried in an anguished voice. "It's you!"

"Well, who else is it gonna be?" Claude replied lightly, spreading his arms out, beckoning Alois to tumble into them. "Come 'ere." He caught the hysterical being in his arms and scooped him up into a tight hug, leaving Alois's feet dangling in the air. The instant relief of being enveloped with Claude's solid arms, smelling his musky scent, rubbing his cheek against the side of his head, made Alois's head spin dizzily.

"You're really fucking here!" He cried again, gripping his fingers into Claude's back. "How?! How are you here?!"

"I died for you," Claude answered simply, rocking the weeping man back and forth as if he were a large child in need of comforting. "Apparently Father God likes it when you do things for you. But you see, everything I've ever done, I did it for you."

"You stupid bastard!" Alois pushed himself back away from Claude, wrapping his legs around Claude's waist so he wouldn't fall to the ground, and began pounding his fists against his chest, his eyes alight with fury. "You fucking idiot!" He shouted angrily, "I never asked you to give up your life! You scared the living shit out of me! I thought I'd never see your dumb ass again!"

"Keep hitting me and you never will!" Claude scowled before pulling Alois into a deep kiss. They stood for a moment, intertwined within one another's limbs, basking in the delicious feel of their lips and tongues entangled in a heated kiss.

Love, what a strangely beautiful and painful thing.

"Come home with me," Alois whispered against his ear, shivering at the soft strands of Claude's hair tickling the tip of his nose. "Come with me, and spend forever by my side."

"Yes, your Highness," Claude whispered in return, settling him gently back down on his feet. He brushed his fingers through Alois's mussed up hair and smiled. "I go where you go."
He dropped his hand and found purchase within Alois's smaller hand, locking their fingers together and playfully tugging him towards the direction of the setting sun. An eternal life of peace, sans the emptiness of the dark nights and hopelessness and endless days, were now far behind him.

"Hey, I've got a question to ask." Claude leaned over and kissed him on his cheek, "Should I be calling you Kokabiel?" He pondered, cocking an eyebrow and smiling. "Or can I call you "Koko" or like, "Special K" or -"

"No one calls me Alois except you." Alois tsked, giving the snickering man an annoyed look. "Just keep it simple and don't give me a nickname, I'm not a damned girl."

"Fair enough, as long as you give me rewards for being your soldier, I'll do whatever you ask me." Claude winked. "Come on, they're all waiting for you."

Alois nodded, obediently following his lover. Home was not too far off and neither were his brothers and sisters. He could hear their echoing voices from beyond, impatiently beckoning him to return.

He was no longer lost, no longer fallen, no longer alone.

"Hey, Claude" He muttered, shyly looking down at their interlocked hands, a heavy blush painting his cheeks. "I-I love you.... I always did and I always will."

Claude chuckled, amused by how unbelievably cute the usually acid-tongued angel was being. He had waited to hear those words uttered by his lover for as long as he knew him. They would have many more opportunities to express their love for one another, but Alois's confession was the salve which would heal all of his past wounds.

"I love you too, Ali."

Sebastian felt the temperature of the room suddenly warm up, the biting chill in the air seemed to melt away as soon as the last remnants of Asmodeus' portal had disappeared.

"Is . . . is it really over?" Ciel whispered, glancing up at Sebastian. "Are we really safe?"

Taking a deep whiff of the air, Sebastian breathed out slowly and squeezed Ciel's hand. "I don't smell anything rotten." He brushed a hand over his chest and leaned to the side, bearing down on his previously injured foot. "Looks like I'm healed, so yes, I do believe we are in the clear!"

Pulling the younger man into his arms, Sebastian held him tightly, hugging him to the point of practically crushing him. "Christ, I thought I'd lost you!" He choked out.

Ciel closed his eyes and swayed back and forth with his lover, drinking in the loving embrace he too had thought was forever lost to him. Every second of life he had spent with Sebastian had been all to fight an evil which almost consumed them. But no one had written this love into the story, no one had imagined that he and Sebastian would actually love each other in such a way that it transcended time, Heaven, Hell, Nirvana, and other forces in the universe. They were special, simple as that.

"What's that noise?" Ciel frowned, cocking his head to the side in order to hear better. He pushed back away from Sebastian and tilted his head up to face the ceiling.

Sebastian Looked up as well. "Noise? What noi-?"

"Sh! Listen!" Ciel placed a finger against his lips and continued to listen. His eyebrows furrowed
as concentrated on honing in on the low humming his ears had picked up on. "Do you hear that?"
He asked Sebastian in a low voice. "I swear it sounds like a swarm of bees or something."

Sebastian closed his eyes and listened. "Better yet," he opened them slowly, sliding his hands up
Ciel's arms and gripping him tightly, "did you just feel that?"

"Feel?" Ciel was just about to wriggle out of Sebastian's hands until the shift of the ground beneath
his feet nearly knocked him over to the side. The low buzzing which had started out as something
akin to white now was now growing steadily into a rumbling din which reminded both men of the
subway back in the city.

"What's happening?" Ciel shouted, covering his ears with his hands. "What the fuck's
happening?"

Sebastian opened his mouth to reply, but a monstrous roar ripped through the basement as the
foundation began to shake and roll. Large chunks of stone started to crumble and fall from the
ceiling, narrowly missing the frightened pair.

"We've gotta get out of here!" Sebastian yelled, pulling Ciel with him towards the doorway. They
rushed out of the antechamber and bolted up the steps while knocking into the walls as tremors
tore throughout the house. If earthquakes had been the common occurrence in their area, it would
have been easily dealt with, however, this was no earthquake.

The house was coming apart.

Once they tumbled into the hallway right before the entrance of the kitchen, Sebastian roughly
pulled Ciel along with him, half dragging him through the house while picture frames, mirrors, and
sconces fell from the walls and came crashing down onto the floor. There was shattered glass
strewn like a glistening carpet everywhere they turned and Ciel nearly passed out after feeling the
soft pads of his feet pierced by the tiny shards as he ran over them.

"Don't stop!" Sebastian ordered when Ciel resisted him, pausing in the middle of the hallway to
pull a piece of glass from his foot. "Keep moving!"

Ciel gritted his teeth and slammed his foot onto the floorboard, willing himself to swallow the
pain. As they rounded the door frame leading to the foyer, an explosive fireball erupted in front of
them, effectively cutting them off from the front entryway.

"Shit!" Sebastian cursed, shielding his eyes from the bright hot flames. "We can't get through
that!"

"It can't end like this!" Ciel cried, clawing at Sebastian's arm in an attempt to keep him away from
the fire. "There's gotta be another way!"

The thunderous crash of the living room chandelier sent them both nearly jumping out of their skin.
"Get down!" Sebastian barked, shoving Ciel down onto all fours. "You can't breathe the smoke
in!" Panic settled into Sebastian's heart the minute he realized that Ciel's asthma would kick in
soon. Without an inhaler and a nebulizer machine to open up his airways, Ciel would surely face
the dangers of compromised breathing.

Nothing would help him breath and the likelihood of Ciel dying was once again very real.

"W-Wait!" Ciel pushed himself back onto his feet and pointed towards the direction of the stairs.
"Upstairs!" He shouted, his eyes glassy and red from the rising heat and smoke. "Let's go upstairs!"
"Why?!!" Sebastian shouted back, his ears rang terribly from the roaring noise of the tremulous house. "There's nothing up there!"

"Come on!" Ciel turned on his heels and ran to the stairs, leaving behind small footprints of bright red blood. Sebastian grimaced at the sight but lunged after him, hoping that his lover had a plan better than just getting away from the flames.

They bounded up the steps as fast as they could, tripping over each other as the house rocked back and forth, groaning like a suffering giant. Ciel averted his eyes away from the corpses of the dead angel, Jerrica, and the mutilated bodies of the demon siblings on the second-floor landing. It was so terrible and gruesome, blood both scarlet and black dripped everywhere and the smell of rot and burning wood choking the air around them.

"Ciel! Where the Hell are you going?!" Sebastian gasped, sweating profusely from the rising temperature in the house. "There's nothing up here!"

"Th-the y-ya-yantra!" Ciel grabbed his loose shirt and pulled the front up to cover his mouth. His eyes were stinging and blurred from the ashen smoke and he could barely get his words out, but he knew he had to guide Sebastian back to their bedroom if they were going to have a shot at escaping.

"The what?!" Sebastian hurriedly followed Ciel down the hall and into the bedroom, nearly tripping over the splintered and torn floorboards. There were flames licking at them from all corner of the room and the house heaved once more, nearly sending the men flying to the other side of the room.

"It's still here!" Ciel cried, landing on his knees and crawling towards the large etched five-pointed Hindu symbol. "Get over here!" He demanded, desperately waving Sebastian over to join him. "Take my hand and we'll both go in together!"

Without a moment's hesitation, Sebastian scooped up Ciel in his arms, embracing him close to his chest. He cupped the trembling young man's face with his hand and tenderly kissed him. "If this doesn't work, you and me, we're going to die together." He whispered against his lips. "But I wouldn't have it any other way. There's not one bit of regret in my heart, not one bit, I swear."

Ciel bit his bottom lip and swallowed hard. "Wherever you go, I go." He threw his arms around Sebastian's neck and pulled him in for another kiss, this time it was deeper and far more passionate as if their time would soon expire.

"I love you, Ciel."

"I love you too, Sebastian."

Hand in hand, they stepped onto the yantra and held their breaths, eyes closed and hearts beating wildly as the Butler House gave one last final grunt and collapsed within itself into a blazing implosion.

From outside it looked more like a bouquet of inferno than the ruins of a once majestic colonial home. The Butler House was no more.

Soft orange and yellow streaks were stretching across the horizon, welcoming a new day in Fultonville. The smell of sulfur and brimstone lay heavy in the winter air and the snow banks surrounding the property was peppered with ink black dots of ash and soot which had rained down from the still blazing wreckage of the house.
A lone woman, golden-haired and dressed in a long wool coat with matching snow boots, stood a few feet from the giant bonfire.

"It's done," Lizzie whispered, fascinated by the snapping wood frame disintegrating under the heat and flames. "It's really done."

A rustling noise from above drew her attention from the burning home. She peered at the leafless trees surrounding the perimeter of the Butler property and was taken aback by the site of two ivory toned doves perched closely together on a skeletal branch.

She stared at them and lifted her hand to give a quick wave as she was met by a pair of gentle beady eyes. They blinked in response and chirped softly, spreading their cottony wings and lifting themselves off the branch in a puff of powdered snow. The birds launched into the air and glided through the black smoke, disappearing into the rapidly approaching dawning horizon.

"Goodbye, my friend." She mumbled sadly, feeling her throat knot up from the realization that she would never see Alois again. "And take care of Claude."

The crunching of snow indicated that she was not alone.

"Hello, boys." She smiled, turning to face the disheveled pair trudging tiredly through the mounds of snow towards her. "Looks like you made it out alive."

Sebastian and Ciel, their clothes tattered and singed, held onto to each other, shivering mildly as the waves of sweltering heat thrumming from the incinerated house warmed them. Once they both had stepped onto the yantra, the portal of escape opened up and transported them immediately to the loft at the top of the barn house.

They had both spotted Lizzie standing alone outside of the ruined house and had come out to see as to why she was there.

"Why-?" As the word left Sebastian's mouth, a rolling plume of nebulous smoke billowed out of the gutted edifice and a neon blue light whizzed out and passed over their heads.

Lizzie clapped her hands and laughed gaily. "Yes!" She whooped, waving her hands over her head at the whirling ball of light piercing through the sky.

A multitude of lights followed, electric colored and crackling with energy, the lights made a high pitched whistling sound as they cut through the remains of the fiery house and made their way past the clouds, disappearing into space. There were dozens of them, a cerulean parade of twinkling lights shooting through the air. It was both magical and terrifying.

With a face filled with wonderment, Ciel stumbled towards Lizzie's side, clouds of hot white breath billowing from his panting mouth. "What . . . what are those?!" He asked amazed and stricken by the brilliance of the sparkling lights.

Lizzie waved excitedly, her blonde curls bouncing up and down around the frame of her face. Her skin was dewy with sweat and she smiled so hard that her cheeks were pinched cherry red. The rims of her eyes were beaded with tears and she called out to the swirling lights with both affection and joy. "Goodbye! Goodbye!" She cried, her voice bursting with jubilation. "You're free! You're all free!"

"Free?" Ciel fell to his knees, exhausted from the narrow escape, and watched the blue lights spill from the burning house. He was confused by the supernatural scene and unsure of whether or not he should celebrating, after all, everything he owned was currently being incinerated.
"Lizzie," Sebastian trudged through the thick snow, breathing heavily while wiping the soot off of the side of his face. "What are these lights?" He gasped, pointing to the sky. "They're all coming from the house, so what the Hell are they?"

Refusing to tear her eyes away from the streams of glittering lights, she only held out her hands to the sky and gleefully hopped up and down. "Gemma Butler, Thomas Butler, James Butler, Audra Butler, Jakob Phipps, Lorenze Gray, Ronald Knox, William T. Spears, Rachel Durless . . ." She rattled off name after name in a monotone voice as if she were reading a list. Her bright jade eyes danced merrily, catching the glint of each new star-like dot sifting through the rising flames and floating delicately through the air.

"Andrew Anafeloz, Hedda Butler-"

"Those names, are those the souls who have been trapped in the basement for the past two hundred years?" Sebastian interjected. "The sacrifices, the reincarnated, the Butlers who came after Vincent Phantomhive died?"

Lizzie finally lowered her head and offered Sebastian a small grin. "Yes." She answered

"Every soul, trapped and suffering in that damned house. Every poor victim of that cursed family. They're all finally free, no more suffering. No more."

Ciel shook his head in disbelief. "I can't believe it, there were so many!" He exclaimed.

Lizzie sighed loudly, pulling the front of her coat open, the heat from the fiery pyre was pouring out in waves over the trio. "Finally, I can live in peace." She breathed. "I can live in peace without the voices, without all of them crying in my ear and haunting me day in and day out." She reached out and grabbed Sebastian's arm. "Thank you both so much." She spoke tenderly, her face flushed from the heat and excitement. "Thank you for being brave and loving each other enough to save this town, these souls, and me."

Sebastian wrapped his arm around Ciel's shoulders and pulled him close to his side, their ragged breathing and worn out bodies could not diminish the relief they both felt in their hearts. Life was an open path set in front of them, their lives were finally their own. Choices made would be entirely up to them, not some predetermined fate.

They were free to love one another; faithfully and without reservation.

"What do we do now?" Ciel looked up at Sebastian. "Where do we go from here?"

"Anywhere, baby." Sebastian leaned down and kissed the bridge of Ciel's nose. "Anywhere, as long as you're with me, anywhere is fine by me."
Fultonville saw an early end to what had first appeared was going to be a long hard winter. Warm breezes miraculously made their way up North from the South as early as mid-April, effectively melting the snow and clearing the mud-laden roads. It was almost unheard of to see the flocks of geese return so soon from their migration and the cherry blossoms, both blush pink and milky white, bloomed in voluptuous clusters everywhere one looked.

With the fruitful air so sweetly fresh and the emerald green landscape so lush and bountiful, it was increasingly difficult for Ciel to imagine leaving and heading back to the city life he had shared with Sebastian. But it was best for them to go, to leave behind the nightmarish memories and haunted history of their multi-centennial lives. It was time to move on.

After the destruction of the Butler House, which was labeled as a heartbreaking accident, the pair had to report to the police that Officer Claude Faustus had first responded to the fire and met an unfortunate, yet heroic death, when he succumbed to smoke inhalation and died while trapped inside the burning house. Claude had little family in the neighboring towns and so his funeral garnered a small gathering including the rest of his small police force and the members of the local volunteer fire department.

Ciel and Sebastian chose to attend but refrained from speaking to anyone. They knew the deceased officer was safe and in a better place, there was no need to mourn his loss.

Lizzie had no qualms about giving a false account to the authorities as to what had occurred that fateful night. She signed a written statement swearing that she had driven by the house that morning to drop off some notes for classes Ciel had missed and had witnessed the duo narrowly escaping a fiery death.

As if a spell had been cast over the entire town, no one seemed to recall nor remember Alois's existence. Perhaps it was better that way, Lizzie had thought ruefully, only those who truly loved him or owed him their life should remember him. Her life was now quietly serene and would never be overrun by the ruinous buzz of tortured souls haunting her day in and day out.

Tanaka continued running the town library. As all watchers do, he kept his position as the sentinel of humans, collecting information and reporting to the archangels whenever mortal lives were in danger of damnation.

No more demons lurked in Fultonville; the dark cloud that Claude had always known blanketed his hometown was finally lifted. Residents felt more alive and aware; their daily routines more than just pleasant with vague contentment, they were all thriving.
Ciel peered out the window of Soma's guest bedroom and felt a stirring deep within his heart as a cherry blossom lazily floated by the pane. It was a crisp and delicately warm spring day, sweetened by the smell of blooming lilacs and pugnaciously large roses which surrounded the perimeter of the modest colonial home owned by Agni. After the destruction of the Butler House, Soma and Agni had regained their current senses and offered to house the young men until they were ready to go back to New York City.

Ciel had no money issues, but he wanted to make sure that Sebastian had a teaching position still available to him in NYU. There was no way he was going to have Sebastian lose his much-valued profession as an educator because of what had gone down with Ciel.

After a few months, the day finally came when their apartment on the West End was ready and it was time to move back. Sebastian had once again successfully procured a position in the Psychology Sciences Department at NYU with a great amount of help from Grell, who had pulled a few strings with the Dean of Human Sciences. Ciel decided to take the semester off and resume school during summer sessions, this time changing his major to History with a minor in Theological Literature.

Life would soon return to normal, or at least close to it.

"Have you finished your laundry?" Sebastian looked up from the small writer's desk situated neatly in the corner of the bedroom, idly wiggling a pen between his fingers as he peered over several files in front of him. "I'm almost done filling out the lease, so if you need help give me out ten minutes, ok?" He studied the quiet young man still gazing out the window and placed the pen down. "What's wrong, baby?" He asked softly.

Ciel shrugged, still looking outside. "It's so peaceful now, how am I going to get used to the city again?" He sighed.

"Surely you're not having second thoughts?"

Turning around, Ciel gave his over a wistful look. "It's the first time I've ever slept through the night." He mumbled. "I guess I'm afraid of more changes, ya know?"

Sebastian rose from his chair and walked over to him. "As long as we are together, anywhere is fine, remember?" He placed his fingers underneath Ciel's chin and tilted his face up slightly, just enough to meet his lips with a tender kiss. "That happy life we used to talk about is going to become our reality. You and me, living together where we belong, working and studying, coming home every night, having dinner together, watching TV and making love every night. That's our reality now and nothing is ever going to change that or take it away."

"You promise?" Ciel chewed on his bottom lip, crinkling his face as the fear he had been hiding so well began to unravel before Sebastian's eyes. "You swear, right?"

"I promise." Sebastian looped his arms around Ciel's thin waist and hugged him tightly, resting his head atop the dark crown, "to never lay another hand on you unless it's to make you feel good, those days are over, sometimes I even wonder if I have any right to keep you with me after hurting you-"

"No! Don't say that!" Ciel protested, looking up with frantic eyes. "Don't ever say that again! We're not those people anymore and I don't have that demon possessing me so all the things I've done that hurt you, that killed your trust in me, all that is gone so we don't ever have to go back to that ever again!"
Sebastian slid his hands up Ciel's chest, finding purchase within the silky comfort of his hair. He gripped his heart shaped face and delivered another loving kiss. When had they begun to act so gently with each other?

He stared at Ciel's large, impossibly blue eyes and felt a stirring deep within his heart, one which he had long forgotten and had thought was entirely lost to him every time the young man acted unfaithfully. It was the same feeling he had encountered when they had first met more than two years ago, the debonair yet lonely professor, and the sharp-edged yet painfully shy student.

"I love you, Ciel." He whispered into his ear, trailing his lips up the mouse like lobe and nuzzling the side of his head. "I love you more now than I've ever before."

"Really?" Ciel's voice shook as he pressed his hands against Sebastian's chest and dug his fingers into his shirt. Steadying his nerves, he turned his face slightly and locked eyes with Sebastian. "Just as much as before?"

Sebastian nodded his head firmly; the sincerity in his voice and his eyes spoke volumes of how strongly he felt. "The minute we get settled, I'm taking you down to City Hall and we are getting married." He revealed to a shocked Ciel. "I'm not waiting anymore, I'm not doing this. 'Let's see' bullshit anymore with you. I'm making you my husband and you're going to stay by my side until the end of our days, got it?"

A wave of euphoria swept over Ciel, crashing into him and leaving him speechless. The dearest wish of his heart, his greatest desire, was to be united with Sebastian in a bond that allowed the whole world to know who he belonged to and who belonged solely to him.

"Sebastian." He breathed, his chest tightening from the knot of emotions whirling inside of him. "Thank you."

"Thank you?" Sebastian smiled warmly, amused by the strange response. "What for?"

"For keeping your promise." Ciel stood on the tips of his toes and stretched himself up in order to plant a deep kiss against Sebastian's mouth. The hunger he had for this man was achingly vast and the need to sate that urge to feel his body ravaged by Sebastian had him almost swooning in the older man's arms.

"Do you want me?" Sebastian asked huskily, dropping his hands in favor of cupping Ciel's firm buttocks and squeezing them. "Right now, do you want me?"

"Yes!" Ciel ripped his own shirt off over his head and dropped quickly to his knees, pulling at the strings of Sebastian's sweat pants. His petite fingers worked numbly at undoing the knot and hastily manhandling Sebastian's hardening need.

"Easy there!" Sebastian gasped, shivering at the coolness of Ciel's hand as it encircled his cock in a gentle grip. "You're going to make me come before I get a chance with you!"

"I-I can't fucking wait!" Ciel's mumbled lips engulfing the already moist tip, it's slit oozing clear precut, sweet and bitter against his cat-like tongue.

He loved the taste, the salty aftermath swirling in his mouth, the smell of musk and sweat collected in the pores of Sebastian's skin. Without a word, Ciel buried his face in the coarse mass of jet black hair and lapped his tongue up against the soft underbelly of his sac. He reveled in the panting noises his lover was making whilst enjoying the delicious pain of having his head grabbed roughly by Sebastian's large hands.
"Fuck!" Sebastian cursed lowly, his knees buckling slightly from the unbelievable pleasure of being eaten like a favored meal. "Put it in your mouth!" He demanded, thrusting his pelvis further into Ciel's face, nudging the young man's cheek with his dick. "Put it in your mouth and suck it!"

Raking his fingernails down Sebastian's thighs, Ciel yanked the sweats down to the floor and looked up at the trembling man. "Make me." He purred, using the tip of his tongue to trace the bulging veins of the straining cock.

Without a word, Sebastian kicked off his pants and lifted Ciel off from the floor, throwing him over his shoulder and stomping towards the bed. Before Ciel could utter a cry of protest, he found himself flung unceremoniously atop the bed and within seconds, he was completely naked. All around him lay strewn his clothing, messily thrown about in the heat of the moment.

"You gonna fuck me now?" He panted, spreading his legs wide open. "You want this, right?" He slipped his hand between his thighs; he seductively tugged at his own need, giving Sebastian a sly wink. "Come on, make me feel good."

Red eyes took on the wanton scene before them, a dewy skinned Ciel with lidded eyes filled with lust, shamelessly flaunting his body in front of him. It was a deliciously lewd show, one which the college professor had thoroughly enjoyed throughout their time together. Yet, somehow, he yearned for something a bit different.

"Lay back," Sebastian commanded softly, carefully climbing onto the bed, carefully crawling over Ciel until he completely shadowed the young man. "And just relax."

Ciel cocked his head in confusion. "Relax?" He queried, pressing his own thighs together while the bed creaked from the weight of his lover. "Why?"

Sebastian chuckled, leaning down to pepper gentle kisses all over Ciel's squirming face. "I'm going to make love to you." He whispered, finally lowering himself on top of Ciel's bed until he fully blanketed the slight framed man. "We've got a lot of time ahead of us to do all of the deviant nasty sex you and I love so much. But right now, I kind of feel like just make plain love with you. That's ok, right?"

There were no words capable of housing the emotions rushing through Ciel's heart upon hearing those sweetly delivered words. He was speechless, in awe and wonder over the beautiful man hovering over him, pleasantly crushing him with his body and stubborn love. It was more than he could have ever imagined would be possible, a life of being adored unconditionally by someone so strong and yet so weak to him.

"Until the end of our days." Ciel's lips quivered, his eyes stinging with tears. "Do whatever you want to me, pain or pleasure, I want it all. But don't ever leave me"

Sebastian brushed his hand against Ciel's cheek, marveling at the smoothness of his ivory skin. "I promise." He smiled. "Until the end of our days."

"I promise."

I was supposed to have hit it big.

Madam Red downed the rest of her cognac and flung the crystal glass across the room, smashing it against the wall. It was nearly midnight and the sting from Sebastian's earlier phone call still gutted her deeply.
"I no longer wish to work for your agency." He had informed her. "I'm going to teach and spend the rest of my life making Ciel happy."

"Goddamned bastard!" She spat, wiping her sweaty face with the back of her hand.

She stood next to her window, watching the city skyline twinkle and burn like stars against a black sky. Her career was over, she knew it, and now there was no turning back for the decisions she had made.

If only I hadn't had that dream, she thought woefully, closing her eyes as the memory began to infiltrate her unstable mind.

One night she had dreamt of being in the middle of a snow laden field, with a large colonial house a few feet from her. The name Butler House was etched in calligraphy on a stone placard right above the front door frame.

Before she could move or utter a sound, a handsome gentleman with long black braided hair and olive skin came out of the house and beckoned for her to come to him. She hesitated, feeling a sense of dread crawling up her chest, but he was so achingly beautiful and alluring, so royal and sleek in his mannerisms. She felt entranced by him and was unable to turn away. He was like the ancient sirens of mythological lore, luring sailors with their lovely voices and ultimately handing them their deaths.

"Your writer, Sebastian Michaelis, has something I hold dear. Fetch him for me, present him to me, I shall grant you your heart's desire." His silken voice poured sweetly into her ears, intoxicating and alluring, just like his cat like eyes burning bright and pink.

Heart's desire.

He had promised her wealth and success if she gave him what he was looking for.

To reclaim her former glory as a top editor. For so long after her most recent failure, Red knew she teetered precariously over a precipice of termination from the large and prominent publishing house she worked for. How could she recover if she could not sustain another successful writer? Sebastian was her last hope.

However, if something were to happen to him . . .

Something dreadful . . .

She could claim his work without anyone's knowledge and rewrite it under a pseudonym.

Success would be hers once more.

What were one or two sacrifices? She thought miserably as she gazed at the framed photo of her older sister Rachel and younger brother Grell.

It was more than 10 years old, probably taken during one of their dreaded family backyard functions. Their faces were plastered with fake and awkward smiles, each sibling sporting a tight lifeless look in their eyes. The Sutcliff clan were historically painted in misery and tragedy and you could see it clearly in all of their faces.

The manuscript to Sebastian's research on haunted houses and paranormal activities in Upstate New York, those types of literary works were all the current rage, but to take the writings and convert them to say, a movie script, now there was an endless possibility to notoriety Madame Red
had been yearning for.

"Let us fashion a deal." The gallant mystery man had cooed. "Two souls in return for your most
dire wish."

Grell, her younger brother, had once befriended a hopelessly closeted fellow college major at a
state university many years ago. Red had met him at a writer's seminar and at a lecture for Social
Sciences, he was an utterly unimpressive man by her regards. Not one hint of whimsical
quirkiness, not a speck of character and charm; he was an empty monotone species of man who
could not turn a head if he were lit on fire.

His name was William T. Spears.

"Bring me Sebastian Michaelis and Ciel Phantomhive", was all she could hear as she devised a
plan to use Spears's loneliness in order to lure Sebastian to the Butler House.

"What you need to stir up your student enrollment is new blood within your faculty." She sipped
her cocktail and grinned sweetly at the flustered man as they stood by the outdoor bar of an NYC
restaurant.

They were attending an after party for the release of a new memoir by one of the more renowned
professors they both shared acquaintances with. Grell had sauntered off with his boyfriend, the
ever creepy Undertaker, so Red snatched an opportune moment of alone time with the bespectacled
man.

"New blood?" He scoffed, placing his own glass of ginger ale on the bar with a contemptuous air.
"I hardly see the merit in hiring new faculty."

"What if I told you that a hot young man is currently the rage at our summer seminar for
freshman?" She smirked, tapping Spears on the arm. "Paranormal Activities meets Christian Grey."

"How lewd."

"Or shall I say . . . Christian Gay?" She hinted loudly, winking at the blushing man. "Drop by his
lecture this Wednesday. I'm his editor and let me tell you something, I don't mix business with
pleasure, but if I were more in his category, I would have had no qualms in letting him have his
way with me!" She laughed, taking another sip.

All it took was that well-placed comment and Spears had been hooked.

It should have all gone smoothly. Spears offered Sebastian a position during the most tumultuous
time of the dark haired man's relationship with Ciel so of course he left the city behind to start life
anew with his young lover. It should have unfolded neatly, the deaths of Sebastian and Ciel would
have been deemed a tragic accident and she would have procured most of his research. A memoir
of his findings would have been published in honor of the brilliant young man and she would have
received an innumerable amount of accolades for keeping his memory alive.

Almost .,. .almost.

"I am not pleased."

Red looked over her shoulder and felt an ice cold chill run up her spine.

"Lord Asmodeus." She choked out.
From the dark corner of her bedroom the stately demon king floated out into the dim light, his face rigid with fury as he glared at the shaking woman. "Not pleased at all." He growled, baring his sharp teeth.

"I kept my part of the deal!" She shouted, slamming her back against the wall, her hands instinctively covering up her neck. "I've not wronged you!"

"The deal was never completed."

"What's that got to do with me?! You only asked me to help deliver them!" She protested tearfully.

"My dear child." He reached out a black talented hand and gently traced the outline of her face. "I am so very hungry."

Shaking her head away from his touch, she gritted her teeth and felt her stomach twist with fear. "You can't have my soul!" She cried. "Our contract clearly stated that I was to deliver Sebastian and Ciel to you! I lost my job! My career is in ruins! He was supposed to have died and I was supposed to receive all of his notes so that I could finish up the work and earn the right-GAH!"

Asmodeus sighed. "So very hungry." He drew back his bloodied hand and slowly licked, one by one, each of his clawed digits. Tiny ribbons of skin hung off his nails and he took great care suckling at them with his forked tongue. "Ah yes, how delectable! Blood spiked with misery and bitterness." He cackled.

Her body went limp and slid down the wall until it landed in a heap onto the floor with her nearly severed head rolled to the side against her shoulder. A thin wisp of red light sifted through her teeth and twirled into the air until it was sucked into the demon's mouth and swallowed greedily.

Smacking his lips loudly, Asmodeus lifted his hoof and nudged the lifeless body until it fell over completely.

"Delicious." The Demon King hummed, fangs glistening in the moonlight as he dissipated into the darkness.

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