

Fang and Eyes and Blood - Oh My!

Author: Beren (Beren@dtwins.co.uk) (beren_writes at LJ)

Website: <http://www.plotbunny.co.uk>

Fandom: Panik/Tokio Hotel RPS

Pairing: David/Timo/Linke, (mentions Tom/Bill/Georg/Gustav)

Rating: NC17/18

Disclaimer: This is a work of fiction, the real people in it are used without their permission and I definitely don't own them or have any copyright to any part of any of them. I do not believe any of this happened, is likely to happen or should happen it is simply a story created around known facts about those involved.

Warnings: vampires, (mentions of TH twincest)

Summary: Linke's not feeling well and it turns out not to be the flu.

Author's Notes: Okay, hands up who was waiting for me to get to the vampires? It's kind of a guarantee that I am fully immersed in a fandom when I want to change one or more characters into vampires - I can't help it, really I can't. This is much more Panik based than TH based, but Bill and Tom do have a significant role to play so I think it counts as a crossover. It's official, Linke is my woobie for this fandom, I want to do all sorts of things to him and not all of them are sexual ;P. Thanks for reading and thanks to Soph for the beta.

Word count: 27,947

Chapter 1 The Ev-ills

Pulling the covers up over his head, Linke did his best to shut out the minimal light coming under his door and what seemed like far too much noise. In reality it was almost completely dark and the rest of the guys were downstairs, but it still felt too bright and too loud to his poor, oversensitive system. He had started feeling ill the previous week, but he had only retreated to his bed a couple of days ago.

It felt like he had the worse case of flu ever: his chest felt tight, although he didn't seem to be congested; he was photosensitive to a point where the smallest amount of light made his eyes hurt and his head pound; he could barely eat without throwing it up again; and nothing was soft enough to not feel scratchy against his skin, not even the silk shirt Franky had leant him to wear in bed when it became clear all his normal clothes were driving him crazy. He basically just wanted to curl up and die.

A knock on the door made him wince and he moaned when he heard the door open.

"Hey, Linke," it was Jan's voice speaking very quietly, "I brought you some soup. Franky says it's his grandmother's recipe and it can cure anything."

Linke didn't emerge from his covers, since he knew that with the door open it would only cause him pain.

"Thanks," he tried to say, but it came out as more of a mumble than anything sensible.

"I'll leave it on the table," Jan said and Linke heard a bowl being put down.

The others were really worried about him, he knew that much. David had even mentioned the dreaded word 'doctor' that morning, but Linke was holding out and

hoping he'd get better on his own. It wasn't as if he'd never been ill before, he just didn't remember being this bad, at least not since he'd had mumps at the age of eight.

When he heard the door close again, he risked poking his head out from under his shield of covers to investigate the aforementioned soup. He hadn't eaten more than a dry cracker or two all day and his stomach felt hollow, but the moment the smell of the soup hit his nose he dived straight back under the duvet. It just completely turned his stomach and he had to fight down to urge to dry heave. All he could do was curl up in a ball of misery in his cocoon.

"Oh you poor dear," an unfamiliar male voice had him pulling back the covers in surprise, even though he regretted the fast move instantly, "I know it's horrible, but it's almost over."

There was a tall, thin man with neatly trimmed black hair standing beside his bed, a man that pricked something in his memory even as he confused him as well.

"Who are you?" he rasped out, voice dry with under use.

The man smiled at him.

"You ask that every time," the man said, reaching down and pushing his hair out of his eyes for him in a very unsettling way; "my name is Richard and we have met several times before. It is a shame you will never really remember our meetings; I have enjoyed them all."

Linke was beginning to worry and he almost thought he might be hallucinating.

"Don't do that," Richard told him as he opened his mouth to call out for one of the others, and he found himself held by the man's eyes, which seemed to have taken on an eerie glow, "we don't want to be disturbed. After tonight you'll begin to feel much better."

He couldn't move as Richard leant over him, pulling his covers back and removing his shield. Those eyes held him, pushing everything else into insignificance and, as if he remembered something that he did not quite understand, he found himself moving his head to one side.

"Good boy," Richard said, whispering in his ear, "I am glad you remember at least a little."

It was a bit like a dream for Linke; he knew what was going on and he knew it should frighten him or make him react, but he just didn't. He lay there, feeling this strange man's breath on his neck, waiting for something that danced in the back of his mind just beyond reach.

He felt lips on his skin first and then teeth and then those teeth were sinking in and he stiffened, gasping quietly as pain raced through his system from the point of contact. He wanted to call out, but his voice was stuck, and, as strong hands held him down at the shoulders, he couldn't move. It took only moments to change, however, he could still feel the pain, but there was something about the lips on his neck, sucking hard that spoke to a primitive part of him, waking it up. It was erotic in a way he did not remember anything else having ever been and his pleasure centres began to fire as well.

It had never occurred to him that pleasure and pain might go together; he wasn't wired that way, but this, this was doing things to him that he could not deny. His cock was twitching and he could feel his body trying to become hard, but there didn't seem to be enough blood to go round. He was light headed even as his body tried to react to his arousal and couldn't and all he could do was pant quietly.

His chest was so tight he could barely breathe and, when Richard finally pulled away, he just stared up at the creature torturing him with the heady pleasure/pain mix.

"Now you are ready," Richard said, smiling, revealing long fangs and wiping a stray drip of blood from his chin; "now the adventure begins."

Linke couldn't move and he couldn't make his sluggish thoughts comprehend what was really going on. His eyes followed as Richard lifted a wrist and sliced into it with one of those white fangs, but he didn't really understand as it was held out to him, slowly oozing blood.

"Live or die," Richard told him in an almost gentle voice, "it is your choice now."

It didn't make sense, not really, but Linke understood enough to know what the choice was. He did not want to die and he could feel his breath coming shorter and shorter, so he opened his mouth. He found Richard's wrist being pressed against his lips and a few drops of blood dripped onto his tongue. It took an incredible effort to swallow, even as the wrist was taken away, but he did it and that was when the fire started. It began in his belly and exploded outward like napalm.

He reared up on the bed, screaming silently and clawing for deliverance, only to feel hands pushing him back to the bed.

"Let it go," Richard's voice trickled into his awareness as the pain engulfed him, "it will be over soon. I apologise for how confusing this will be, but it is necessary."

It felt like it went on for an eternity, but Linke felt his body slowly relaxing and giving up no matter what his brain thought. He could still taste the blood in his mouth and see Richard looking into his eyes, but it was all fading. The world was going dark and he couldn't stop it and he wondered if he was dying anyway.

David knocked on Linke's door and waited for some sort of response. If Linke wasn't feeling at least a little better today he was calling a doctor, even if Linke still objected; this was beyond flu. Linke had spent a day wandering around looking like the living dead and had then retreated to his room for another two and in David's book, that was time to call in people with know how.

There was no answer so he knocked again; Linke at least seemed to try to respond to the morning check up, or he had the past two days. Feeling a little worried, David opened the door a crack to see if Linke was just being very quiet.

"Linke, we're headed to the studio, do you want us to pick anything up for you?" he called quietly, since he knew too much noise hurt his friend at the moment.

Still no answer.

The room was dark, with the curtains pulled tightly closed against the outside world, so he slipped inside, closed the door and waited for his eyes to adjust. At first he could see very little, but, after a few moments, dark shapes began to make more sense and he could see Linke lying on the bed. The last two times he had been in Linke's room all he had been able to see was a bit of hair sticking out from under the duvet, but this time Linke was sprawled on the bed with the duvet pushed right back.

David hoped this meant Linke's fever had broken or something like that.

"Linke," he tried again, a little louder, but Linke didn't even twitch.

His worry began to increase as he stepped closer to the bed. Linke's position did not look comfortable at all and as he moved closer, David could hear very quiet, raspy breath sounds. He realised he needed to be able to see properly and he pulled one of the curtains open to let in the morning light. If the fact that Linke did not react was not bad enough, what he saw made him go cold.

Linke's skin was so white it was almost translucent. Not only that, but as he stepped right up to the bed he could see flecks of dried blood on Linke's lips and drops on the white pillow.

"Oh shit," he said as dread began to form in his heart.

He turned and all but ran to the door, wrenching it open as fast as he could.

"Someone call an ambulance, now!" he yelled at the top of his lungs and then went back to Linke.

His friend was barely breathing, but, remembering at least a little first aid, he rolled Linke into the recovery position, hoping that might at least help.

"What the hell?" Timo charged into the room just as he was finishing rolling Linke over.

"He's unconscious," David said, not sure what else to say, "we have to get him to a hospital."

Timo already had his phone to his ear, which made David feel a little better. This was bad, this was very bad.

His room definitely smelled funny, that was all Linke could think of as he tried to wake up. There was a strange beeping as well, that he was sure shouldn't have been there, but it wouldn't go away. If someone had put something in his room he might have to kill them, but only if he managed to actually open his eyes. He had to have been sleeping really heavily, because it was absurdly difficult and took him at least five tries, before he could keep his eyes from falling shut again straight away.

When he finally managed it, it was not the greatest victory, because his eyes didn't seem to be working too well. Everything was blurred and out of focus and he had to blink hard for quite some time to change that. Only when he had managed to just about focus on the ceiling did he realise it was not the one in his room. That was the impetus that kicked his thoughts into actually moving and it dawned on him he knew the smell; it was a hospital smell.

Moving his head took some forethought, much more than usual, but it was easier than opening his eyes at least, and he found that the beeping was coming from a monitor beside the bed and he was not alone. There was a chair next to the bed and in it was a sleeping David, looking very uncomfortable.

He was beginning to think that maybe his flu had been worse than he thought.

"Da..." he tried to speak and discovered his throat felt like someone had been at it with acid.

The cough that came next was body shaking and debilitating, but he couldn't do anything about it. He tried to sit up on instinct and that was an even worse idea as it made him cough more.

"Here," he felt hands trying to help him and a cup of water pressed to his lips.

He took a sip and it made him cough again, but it helped the burning, so as soon as he could he took another. The whole experience was very unsettling, but it was one way to kick start his system and he felt much more awake as David helped him to lie back against his pillows again.

"Welcome back," David said with a small smile that didn't quite remove the worry from his eyes.

There were so many questions in Linke's head that he didn't know what to say. He tried to remember how he had ended up in the hospital and when, but all he got was a blank.

"How long have I been here?" he eventually asked, voice scratchy, but working again.

"Since this morning," David told him, clearly looking him over, "I found you in your room."

"Guess it wasn't flu then," he responded and did his best to smile.

David did not look best pleased at his attempt at humour.

"They're not sure what it was," David said, still looking him over, "but you were horribly anaemic so they gave you a transfusion. They've been doing tests all day and don't seem to be any the wiser. You look a damn sight better now than you did this morning through."

"Since I'm awake I'll assume I feel better too," he said, trying not to dwell on the whole not knowing what was wrong with him part. "What time is it?"

David looked at his watch.

"About ten pm," David replied.

Linke tried to work out in his head how much time he had lost. He remembered Jan bringing him soup and then nothing, so it had to have been just over a day. That was probably bad.

"Have you been here the whole time?" he asked, wondering how come David had been asleep in the chair.

David nodded.

"They would only let one of us sit with you," David told him, "and I wouldn't let them kick me out when they sent the others home. Timo is still trying to get hold of your Mum and Dad, but they were going away for the weekend weren't they?"

Linke nodded; his parents were still having trouble with fans at the house and had decided to just get away from everything for a few days. Talk about timing.

"They've turned their mobiles off," he said, thinking about it; "the number of their lodge is on the pad in my room."

He would have left them to it, since he seemed to be getting better, but he knew his mother would kill him if someone didn't let her know that one of her sons was in hospital.

"I'll let Timo know when I call him to tell the guys you're awake," David said with a slightly more real smile.

Linke was actually surprised to find he was feeling more awake by the second as well, almost as if he was coming back to life. He sipped the water slowly, letting it soothe his throat and tried to take in his surroundings properly. He, like most of the planet, did not like hospitals, but this one didn't seem too bad. He was in a private room and the disinfectant smell wasn't overly noticeable now that he had other things to think about, which were two pluses at least.

"Thanks for sticking around," he said, and he really did appreciate the fact that David had been there when he woke up; he couldn't really imagine what it would have felt like to be alone and confused.

"No problem," David replied; "nurses don't frighten me. Look, I'll go ring the guys and let them know you're back with us, because they'll be doing their nuts, and then I'll see if I can find you something to read at the newsstand. I just know you're going to be begging for a book sooner rather than later."

He grinned at that; it was so very true.

"Just don't be too long or I might have to read my own chart and that would probably be bad for me," he joked back.

David grinned then, a full fledged, real grin and Linke was glad; it looked like he'd really worried his friends.

Linke rang the doorbell and waited for someone to let him in, since his keys were still in his room. It was Franky who answered the door and his friend did a double take the moment he saw him.

"Linke," Franky said, stating the obvious, "I thought you were going to be in the hospital another couple of days."

"I was," Linke said and stepped into the house before Franky could say anything else.

That clearly confused Franky, because he found himself being followed up the stairs as he headed for his room.

"Then how come you're here?" Frank asked, right on his heels.

"I snuck out," Linke replied and opened his door, walked in and stood in the doorway; "I hate hospitals."

Franky looked even more shocked, especially when he shut the door in his friend's face. He really appreciated them being there for him over the last couple of days, but he really, really needed some space to just be himself for a while. The hospital had just about driven him mad: eat now, sleep now, give us half your blood supply now. He had managed to stick it for a day and a half while conscious as the doctors tested him to hell and back, but, when someone had mentioned doing some of the tests all over again, he had decided enough was enough.

His parents had driven through the night to get there after Timo had finally reached them and they had been with him most of the time, but when they had left to finally get some rest he had decided to do a disappearing act. He had gathered what little stuff he had at the hospital, dressed and then snuck out. He'd sent his parents a text from the bus telling them where he was going and now he just wanted to sleep in peace in his own room for a while. He also wanted a proper shower, but that could wait until he had slept.

No doubt Franky was at that very moment giving the news to the others that he was back, but he didn't care. Throwing his plastic bag of stuff onto the chair, he pulled his curtains, walked to the bed and fell onto it face first. It was really bizarre, but ever since the beginning of his hospital stay he had to work to make himself stay awake in the middle of the day and was wide awake at night. He could only think that his swan dive and day of unconscious had wrecked his sleep patterns.

Someone had changed his bed sheets for him and he smiled at the smell of home as he clumsily kicked off his shoes, buried his face in the pillow and let himself relax.

This was much better. He had felt off balance the entire time he was in the hospital, like he was missing something, but now he was happy and he felt quite able to sleep. He was drifting off when he heard a tap at his door.

"Go away," he mumbled, but he doubted the sound carried even close to far enough to reach the other side of the door.

As he feared he heard the door open.

"Linke?" of course it was David; his personal angel of mercy.

David seemed to have decided to be chief Linke-sitter over the last few days and although he appreciated it, Linke really didn't want to see anyone right at that moment.

"Please go away," he muttered into the pillow.

"You supposed to still be in the hospital," David pointed out and Linke sighed.

Lifting his head, he looked at his friend in the dim light in his room. He was still photosensitive, even though it was better than before his hospital trip and his eyes liked the dark so he could see David quite clearly.

"They wanted to start the tests all over again," he said shortly; "they have no idea what's wrong with me and I doubt they ever will, but I'm getting better all by myself. Now I just want to sleep, please."

He really would have loved to tell the whole world to fuck off, but everyone had been so good to him lately that he couldn't bring himself to do it. It was difficult to keep the whine out of his voice.

"Should we expect your parents to be turning up any moment?" David finally asked.

"Probably," Linke said, sensing victory and putting his head back down; "just tell them I'll talk to them when I wake up."

There was silence for a while and he let himself relax again, almost beginning to drift off.

"Okay," David said in a resigned voice, "but if we have to call an ambulance again I'm letting Timo kick your arse."

Linke smiled into the pillow and gave David the finger, which made David chuckle quietly. He would have replied with something more witty, but the bus ride with no dark glasses, in the middle of the day, had taken it out of him and now all he wanted to do was lie in the dark. Much to his pleasure, he heard David leaving and then he let the world fade away.

Tetchy; that was how Linke would have described his mood. He had spent an entire day trying to convince his parents he did not need dragging back to the hospital. In the end he had had to placate his mother by going to the doctor and having the doctor agree that he appeared to be fine apart from his reaction to light. In fact he felt stronger and healthier than he had done for a while. Even the doctor had had to admit that it was possible he'd had some sort of virus which had affected him very badly and now it was gone.

Then and only then, after he had backup from the medical establishment, had he managed to pack his parents off home and start thinking about getting on with his life rather than having it on hold. The band needed to finish the album and that was what he intended to focus on.

It was, however, the middle of the night, he couldn't sleep and every time he tried to read or use the laptop he found his attention wavering. It was very frustrating indeed. He was also hungry and, since he'd eaten a whole pizza by himself only a couple of hours previously, that was annoying as well. Ever since he had returned to the house a day and a half before he had been putting away food like there was no tomorrow and tonight he was hungry again.

He was feeling out of sorts and hoped to god that he wasn't falling ill again and he kept dwelling on it so he couldn't concentrate on anything else. What he needed was someone to talk about nothing to, so he put his book aside and headed downstairs. To his pleasure he found David sitting in the living room, acoustic guitar in hand, scribbling on a bit of paper. If David was writing then that meant David would probably be there half the night, which suited Linke fine. It also meant that he didn't have to think of anything to talk about, all he had to do was sit and listen.

"Don't mind me," he said as David looked up at him as he walked in.

"You okay?" David asked, completely ignoring his instruction and that said a lot about how much he must have scared his friends, because David very rarely noticed anything when he was composing.

"Fine," he lied smoothly, "just can't sleep."

"That will be the two litres of coke you polished off with the 12" pizza," David said with a grin and looked back down at his piece of paper.

"That could have something to do with it," Linke agreed and smiled as well, before folding himself into a chair.

He made himself comfortable as David began plucking out a tune. If he'd had his bass close by, he wouldn't have been able to resist joining in, but as it was he relaxed back and just watched, using David as a way to keep his mind off his problems.

The song did not sound familiar, so he had to assume it was a new one; probably one of Timo's deep and meaningful ones. Timo had been looking pensive lately, which tended to mean a new set of lyrics would be forthcoming. It made Linke smile to think that he had probably contributed to this one with his dying swan act; such upheaval often sent Timo into a writing frenzy. Actually, it tended to do that to all of them, so there would probably be a few songs in the works very shortly.

He found himself slipping into a sort of daze as he watched his friend at work. David would pluck something on the guitar then write on the paper and then repeat the process. It was relaxing to watch, and David was very pretty when he was concentrating.

Linke sat up, shocked at himself and wondering where that thought had come from. He didn't think about his friends that way, he didn't think about any guys that way.

"Everything okay?" David asked, having seen his sharp movement.

"Yeah," Linke said, faking a smile, "foot went to sleep and cramped."

It was a lame excuse, but David seemed to be just about wrapped up in his music enough to accept it. Since it would look suspicious if he got up and walked out, Linke let himself sink back into the chair still trying to figure out where the thought had come from. Maybe he was higher on sugar than he thought; he could just imagine what Timo would do to him if he put the moves on David. His life wouldn't be worth living even if he swung that way.

Eventually he relaxed again, putting the thought down as a momentary aberration. Watching David's hands moving across the strings was almost hypnotising. David had nice hands; long piano-maestro fingers and short, neat nails. There would be calluses on those fingers, little rough places like on his own fingers that would undoubtedly feel interesting if ... He caught himself as the thought threatened to get away from him and desperately tried to hunt down its source. This time he didn't move, but he found his eyes fixed on David.

As ever, David's hair was completely failing to obey any style rules and was falling around David's face in a complete mop. It was funny, but somehow that suited David perfectly. Linke tried to imagine David with completely perfect hair

and totally failed. He realised his thoughts had skipped again, and what was more worrying was that it had been harder to pull himself back. It was beginning to dawn on him that he felt rather out of control and this was not normal.

David looked up at him and smiled and he smiled back and decided that David should smile much more often, because it really was a lovely smile. There was so much life in that smile; nothing made David come alive like music. He found his shock dissipating as he let his eyes roam over David; after all, he was only looking.

David absently pushed his hair back behind his ear, revealing a long portion of pale neck and Linke found himself captivated. He actually felt his pulse speed up and he licked his lips, biting his bottom lip lightly as his eyes zeroed in on the blood vessel he could clearly see beneath the skin. Everything else became irrelevant as his mind narrowed his world to just David.

It was like his contact with the world went up a notch as sounds and smells and images became so much clearer. He could smell the shampoo David must have washed his hair with earlier; he could hear David's steady pulse. It was amazing and overwhelming and he found himself slowly standing up as he felt the need to be closer to the source of such wonder.

David was playing a short tune and seemed totally oblivious to his approach, so he was all but standing over his friend when David finally looked up.

"Something I can..." David trailed off when their eyes met.

Linke just stood there looking for a little while as David's gaze went kind of glassy. When he reached out and took the guitar, David let him, sitting there and looking into his eyes as if nothing else existed.

"I'm hungry, David," Linke found himself saying, "will you help me?"

It was like part of him knew what he was doing, but the rest didn't, only the part that did was in control of his body.

David was gazing up at him and nodded slowly, which made him smile. It was then that he felt his teeth moving; it was the oddest sensation, but he really didn't care as his eyes once again fixed on the pulsing blood vessel in David's neck. He knew what he wanted then; knew what he needed and he dimly remembered teeth on his own neck. He didn't know if he was about to consign David to the same fate, but he couldn't stop himself anyway.

Very carefully, he pushed David back into the chair and David let him again, head going back against the back of the chair so that Linke had the perfect view of David's long elegant neck. He leant down eagerly, opening his mouth and placing his fangs against that pale skin. It didn't take more than the tiniest pressure for his teeth to slide into that waiting flesh and he heard David gasp quietly.

Now he remembered the pain of a very similar bite, several bites actually, but, as blood hit his mouth, he remembered the pleasure as well, because it was the most sensual experience he had ever had. The blood running down his throat was better than the hands of a lover, as arousal and pleasure coursed through him. David mewed quietly as he pushed their bodies together, chest to chest as he drank. He could feel David's body all but vibrating and David's hands came up to cling to his arms.

It couldn't have been more than a few seconds really; he didn't take that much, but David shuddered against him, gasping and clinging and then went limp. It was that which made him break away and even as he watched, the two neat little holes in David's neck closed as if they had never been there. All that was left were two tiny trails of blood.

Need fulfilled, he felt his fangs retreating and the room returning to normal levels in his awareness and with that came reality. He pushed himself away from David and scrambled backwards until he was standing in the middle of the room. All he could do was stare at where David was collapsed in the chair, totally unable to believe what he had just done.

He was a monster out of a nightmare; he had just attacked his friend; this couldn't be happening. Shock coursed through him and he began to shake, legs going weak and forcing him to sit down. He literally couldn't believe what he had just done, it wouldn't resolve in his brain and it paralyzed him. He sat there staring, totally unable to do anything but shake.

End of Part 1

Chapter 2 Fangs Look Good On You

Timo had expected David to come to bed eventually and when his other half hadn't shown up, he went looking. He knew how David could get, well how all of them could get when it came to music, but David especially, so he expected to find David leaning over his guitar humming to himself. He didn't really expect to find David sprawled in the chair, looking just a little debauched.

He was so focused on David that it wasn't until he stepped right into the room that he noticed Linke at all. Linke was sitting there with his head in his hands almost totally still. Timo knew something had happened straight away, but he had no idea what.

"Linke?" he said, since Linke actually appeared to be awake.

Linke didn't move, so he walked over and touched his friend on the shoulder. That finally got a response, but when Linke looked up at him, it was with wide, scared eyes and he barely recognised their bassist.

"Linke, what's going on?" he asked, hoping that Linke would snap out of it, but all Linke did was stare at him and begin to shake.

Something was very wrong, that much he knew and Linke didn't seem to be able to tell him what it was. Going for his only other option he left Linke and went to David.

"David," he reached out and shook his boyfriend's arm.

David groaned quietly, but did not wake up. When David's head fell to one side, Timo saw the little trails of blood on David's neck and he reached out instantly. David moved as soon as he touched the spot, moaning and moving into the touch; it almost felt sexual and that made him very confused. There was blood on David's neck; Linke was completely out of it and he had no idea what was going on.

"David," he tried again, but all David did was stir, not wake.

He had no choice but to go back to Linke. He knelt down and looked directly into Linke's face.

"What happened?" he asked, trying to make Linke respond.

"I..." was all Linke seemed able to say and it was very clear that Linke was in deep shock about something.

Timo wasn't sure what to do; if David had come down with what Linke had had that might go some way to explaining Linke's reaction, but he didn't think Linke would have reacted that badly. Linke was probably one of the most level headed of them all.

"Linke, please," Timo tried again, "tell me what happened."

"Timo?" David's voice was quiet and confused, but it made him turn and look and he found David trying to sit up.

He left Linke's side and went to David, catching his boyfriend just before David pitched forward out of the chair.

"Davii," Timo said, holding David by the shoulders, "are you okay?"

David blinked at him a couple of times and then finally seemed to see him properly.

"Yeah," David said, shaking his head a little, "just a bit groggy."

"What happened?" Timo asked, relieved that David seemed to be alright, but still very confused and worried about Linke.

"Linke," David began to say and then stopped, frowning, "I ... umm..."

That was all Timo needed.

"Don't you start that as well," he said, knowing that he needed answers, "that's all Linke can say. David, think; what happened?"

David seemed secure in the chair now, so Timo let go as he realised that he was probably holding on a bit hard. Without the support, David swayed a bit, but recovered quickly.

"Something to do with Linke," David said, looking over at where Linke was sitting.

As Timo watched David's hand came up, rubbing where the blood marks were on David's neck.

"Oh god," David said, making him worry even more, "he bit me; Linke bit me."

That was not what Timo had expected to hear at all and he grabbed David's hand away from David's neck to see if there was a wound he had miraculously overlooked.

"There's nothing there," he said, not understanding.

David was pale as a ghost and staring at Linke and the last thing Timo needed was two of them in that state.

"David," he said, all but shaking his boyfriend, "you're not making any sense."

"Linke," David said, almost as if he didn't believe it himself, "had fangs and luminous eyes and he bit me."

This was beginning to sound like a bad horror movie. Linke appeared to be on another planet and David was hallucinating; it couldn't really get much worse.

"That doesn't sound real, David," he said carefully: how did you deal with someone who had to have a fever?

At that David's features hardened and Timo saw more of the person he expected to see.

"I am not delirious or delusional," David said very firmly and stood up, making him move backwards; "I know what happened and it makes a freaky kind of sense."

Timo didn't think it made sense at all.

"He was pale and weak for days and then we had to rush him to hospital with anaemia," David said, stepping past him and walking towards Linke. "The only thing that brought him back was blood."

Timo stood up and followed David.

"Are you listening to yourself?" he asked; he couldn't really believe they were having this conversation.

"I know how it sounds," David said, appearing very much rational, which was unsettling, "but believe me, I saw it."

David crouched down in front of Linke and as Timo watched, reached out and lifted Linke's chin so the pair were face to face. Linke tried to flinch away, but David wouldn't let their bassist get away and held on. The expression on Linke's face was frankly terrified and then Timo saw something he had never thought he would see; Linke's eyes changed colour. Linke's eyes lightened and then all but glowed before fading again as Linke tried to move back and David wouldn't let him.

"Oh my god," Timo said, totally unable to believe his eyes, "David, get away from him."

David just gave him a glare over one shoulder.

"David," Timo tried again, feeling more that a little need to protect David, "he bit you, his eyes glowed, he's a ..."

He couldn't say it; his brain flashed up the word he wanted, but he just couldn't say it.

"I know," David said without turning back, "I remember, very clearly, but apart from needing to change my underwear I'm fine. You might have noticed Linke isn't."

Timo had noticed that, but he was acting more on instinct than thought and his instincts were screaming danger.

"Linke," David said in a gentle, but firm voice, "you need to snap out of it. Everything's okay and we're going to help you."

Linke just looked at David, unblinking, shaking silently. As he began to calm down, Timo started to realise that seeing Linke in such a condition was somewhat more scary than what had caused him to react in the first place. Linke very rarely freaked out and to see his friend almost catatonic was unsettling to say the least. When Linke finally blinked it was actually a relief.

"I bit you," Linke said in little more than a whisper, still very much out of it, "I'm ... I'm ..."

"I know what you did," David said calmly and carefully, "I understand, but I'm okay; no harm done."

"How do you know?" Timo was calming down, but he didn't really like the way David was accepting this as if there was no danger.

Linke wasn't normal anymore, what if he had set David on the same path.

"Look," David said, glancing at him over his shoulder again, "Linke was ill for over a week before we had to take him to hospital, I think we can safely say if he doesn't keep biting me I'll be fine. I'm not about to keel over from acute anaemia and I think there's probably more to it or we'd have a world full of vampires."

Timo cringed; David had actually said it. When someone said it out loud it sounded so stupid that his rational brain just couldn't accept it.

"He fed me his blood," Linke said in a very absent tone.

Timo looked back at his friend and Linke had a far away expression on his face as if he was remembering something that wasn't easy to recall.

"Said I could live or die."

This was getting crazier by the minute.

"And you chose to live," David seemed less inclined to freak out, "which is good, so don't wimp out on us now. You're usually the one who laughs at the rest of us freaking out, so turn your brain back on and start laughing at Timo; he seems to think you're going to eat us at any moment."

Timo would have protested, but that was rather what his instincts had been trying to tell him and it made Linke frown, which was a good sign. Frowning meant thinking, which meant Linke was at least starting to come out of shock.

"I'm sorry," Linke said, looking distressed, "I couldn't stop."

"No permanent damage," David told their friend, "just warm me if you feel the urge again and we'll figure out a way round it."

David then turned to look at him again and Timo found Linke looking up at him too.

"I think we might all need a stiff drink," David said and Timo knew when to do as he was asked and not argue.

David's voice might have been calm and David might have been having an incredible calming effect on Linke, but Timo knew David very well and he could see the worry under the surface. David coped with worry by burying himself in something else or organising things and this was clearly an organising moment. Timo knew there was a bottle of whiskey somewhere; someone had brought it for a party and no one had ever drunk it and now seemed like a good time. He moved quickly to find it and glasses and then, as an after thought, grabbed a couple of blankets from the airing cupboard. He presented the blankets to David, who looked at him with one eyebrow raised.

"You two have been down here completely still for at least a couple of hours," Timo pointed out, "you need warming up."

It wasn't overly cold in the house, but it wasn't warm either and Timo remembered somewhere about keeping people warm if they were in shock. He wasn't sure if that was mental or physical shock, but he was doing his best. As David dealt with the blankets, he poured them each a stiff measure of whiskey. By the time he went to hand them out, both Linke and David were dutifully

wrapped in their blankets; in fact Linke looked at if he might be trying to hide in his, but Linke did take the offered glass. Timo couldn't help noticing that there was still a distinct tremor to Linke's hands.

"Okay," Timo said, after taking a swig of his whiskey and grimacing, since he wasn't overly fond of the stuff, "we need to figure out what's happened. This 'he' you were talking about, Linke, is he still around?"

Linke looked a little surprised at such a direct question and hunched down in his blanket, but he did seem to be thinking about it.

"I don't know," was the unsure reply, "I don't even know who 'he' is, I just got this flash when David said about something more. I didn't know ... until ..."

"It's okay," David said before Linke could work himself up into a mess again, "we'll figure it out."

Timo wasn't as sure everything was okay, but he was willing to mostly play along.

"Do you feel like you're going to need to bite anyone again any time soon?" he asked, deciding that they couldn't ere on the side of caution for everything.

Linke actually looked kind of relieved at the question.

"I don't think so," Linke replied with a shake of his head; "I was really hungry when I came downstairs and looking back it didn't feel normal. I don't feel like that any more."

"If you start feeling like that again you tell someone straight away," Timo said firmly, on that point he wanted to be very sure.

Linke just nodded in silent agreement.

"This is just so out there," David said, sitting down on the coffee table. "Do you remember anything about who did this to you at all, Linke?"

For a few moments Linke frowned and then shook his head.

"Nothing clear," Linke replied, finally beginning to sound more like the Linke Timo knew so well, "I think he was in my room the night before you found me unconscious."

"So he can get into the house?" Timo really didn't like the sound of that, especially when Linke nodded. "Shit, what if he goes after someone else as well?"

"He hasn't been back," Linke said with perfect certainty and seemed to surprise himself as much as he surprised Timo.

This was too strange.

"How do you know that?" David asked.

All Linke seemed able to do was give a helpless shrug. It appeared they were all as much in the dark as each other.

"Why did you pick David?" Timo found himself asking and realised that maybe he was a little jealous.

Linke looked blank again.

"I think he was just there," Linke said, looking very guilty. "I came downstairs because I couldn't sleep and I sat here for a while and then I just did it."

"Nice to know you have taste at least," David commented with a smile, but it was a little too hard an attempt to make light of the situation.

Timo was actually quite glad that David was somewhat freaked out by this; at least that was a normal reaction.

"Hell, this is crazy," he said; it was just too bizarre a situation not to.

"Crazy, but really happening," David said in partial agreement.

"Can I wake up now please?" Linke said quietly and sounded completely serious.

It was difficult to accept from his angle, Timo had no idea what it had to be like from Linke's.

"At least we know why the doctors couldn't figure out what was wrong with you," Timo decided to try and see the up side, at least for a few moments.

"Now we just have to figure out what the reality is," David pointed out, "because you're not like any vampire I've read about, not quite."

Linke didn't seem to know whether to be pleased about that or not and Timo couldn't help but feel the same. What did you do when you'd just discovered you were a vampire? He could see a long night of talking ahead of them.

====

Linke opened one eye and shut it again pretty quickly as bright sunlight tried to burn out his retina.

"What exactly are you three doing sleeping down here?" Jan asked and Linke realised what had woken him.

He buried his head in his blanket and wondered if they'd just let him go back to sleep.

"I was writing, then Linke came down and we got to talking," David said and he carefully peered out of his little cocoon as he realised his friend was leaving out the significant details. "Timo came looking for me and then suddenly it was almost dawn and I don't remember when we fell asleep."

It wasn't unusual for them to pull all-nighters when they were in creative mode, so he wasn't overly surprised when Jan just accepted the explanation and wandered through to the kitchen. Timo and David were kind of wound round each other on the sofa and looked quite comfortable, so he was quite surprised when Timo stood up and walked over to the window, half closing the blinds and taking the light level in the room down. He would have said thank you straight away, but then he realised that it meant he couldn't hide anymore. Very slowly he emerged; he wasn't sure what his friends would be thinking.

"Thanks," he said, since he felt he had to, even though he was rather conflicted.

They had talked for hours, but there was so much they didn't know and about all they had managed to decide was that they had to find out more. Linke knew nothing about how he had ended up in this mess and about the only thing he was sure of was that he had to make sure no one else ended in it with him.

He had a vague memory of a man offering him the choice to live or die and he remembered the blood in his mouth, but his mind shied away from the next bit. In his soul he knew that was the part that had made him what he was, he had no doubt about that; it was as if a primeval part of him just recognised the moment. However, he was still terrified that he could hurt one of the others if he lost control again.

"I have to tell them," he said, and he wasn't sure if he was really speaking to David and Timo or more to himself.

"Who?" David asked, uncurling from the sofa.

"The guys," Linke said, having made the decision in his head at least; "they need to know in case I ... in case I flip out again."

He wasn't sure what good it would do for the others to know what was going on if he did decide to stalk one of them, but it had to be better than not knowing at all. The previous night he had seemed to just ensnare David before either of them could do anything about it and that worried him.

"This is big," David said, looking at him with a worried frown, "not just a, by the way I'm dying my hair pink, kind of conversation, not even a by the way I think I'm gay kind of thing, which having had that conversation I know is hard; this is kind of world view changing. Are you sure?"

Linke thought about that carefully; it was rather a huge issue. This would open his friends' eyes to something they had had no clue existed and it had already turned his world on its head.

"Yeah," he said eventually. "If we manage to figure this thing out they're going to need to know anyway. We live in each other's pockets, no way someone won't notice something."

"Like sunglasses in the house," Timo pointed out.

"And," Linke ploughed on, acknowledging Timo's point with a nod, "if they know, at least if they see me acting weird they'll know to run like hell."

Neither Timo nor David looked comfortable with the idea, but Timo at least did appear to appreciate his reasoning.

"When?" Timo asked.

"After breakfast," Linke replied; he was not one for hanging around once he had made a decision; "at least then everyone will be awake."

Timo nodded and David was still frowning, but eventually nodded as well: it was decided.

They should have all been heading down to the studio straight after the morning meal, if grabbing a bowl of cereal, some sort of beverage and then standing around in the kitchen eating it could be called a meal, but Linke prepared to catch everyone before they dived out the door. He had been upstairs, showered and changed and he hated to admit it, but he felt better than he had done since the whole debacle had begun. His sunglasses were now firmly on his nose, but no one even blinked at that, since they had been there most of the time since he snuck out of the hospital. He wished he had more to hide behind.

"Um, guys," he said, standing in the kitchen doorway as everyone went through the last stages of having breakfast and waking up, "we need to talk."

"You're not feeling ill again are you?" Jan asked, looking worried.

Linke shook his head.

"No, I'm fine," he said, "mostly," he added quietly, "I just need to tell you all something. Something David and Timo found out last night."

His other three friends looked worried and he did not try and allay their fears, after all, his condition was worrying. Instead he turned and walked towards the living room and hoped the others were following him.

"Is this bad?" he heard Franky ask either David or Timo.

"Not exactly bad," he heard David reply, "just problematic."

By then everyone was filing into the room, so there were no more questions.

"Okay," Juri said as everyone sat down, "what is it you need to say?"

Sitting there, looking at all the faces of his friends Linke opened his mouth and then stopped. No matter how he worded it in his head it made him sound completely mental. Normally that didn't worry him; he just said what he thought, but with this it was kind of important that the others took him seriously.

"I'm ..." he almost said it straight out, but he just couldn't do it; he could only just say it in his head.

Jan, Franky and Juri looked at him in anticipation while David and Timo just waited. He glanced at his friends for help; how was he supposed to say this?

"You're ... what?" Juri prompted when he didn't say anything.

He opened his mouth to say it and failed again.

"Gay?" Jan suggested helpfully.

"Um, no," Linke said with a frown, "at least I don't think so ... um ... I'm not sure ... but that's not what I wanted to talk about."

He was a bit confused on that issue after what he had been thinking about David and he hadn't had time to sort that out yet. The idea of a tall buxom blonde still did things for him, so he was pretty sure he wasn't gay, but as to what he actually was, the jury was still out.

"Dying?" Franky put in.

"How is that problematic and not bad?" Juri asked, clearly having heard the conversation with David as well.

"I was just hoping he could tell us if we're getting warmer," Franky protested in his own defence. "I don't see you helping."

The conversation was kind of getting away from him, but Linke still couldn't say it.

"Thinking of having a sex change?" Juri obviously wasn't much better than Franky with ideas it seemed.

"No," he said, trying desperately to make himself tell the truth.

He really didn't want to hear any more possible ideas; they were almost more worrying than the truth.

"He's a vampire," Timo said it for him, clearly as fed up as he was.

That brought the whole room to a halt and he looked to his friend in thanks. It was clear he had a mental block to deal with, but that was the least of his worries. Juri, Jan and Franky looked at him as if still waiting.

"Okay," Juri said eventually, "is this some kind of bizarre joke, because I don't get it?"

"Me neither," Jan admitted and appeared confused.

"Why are we really here?" Franky was ignoring it as well, it seemed.

"That is why you're here," Linke said, doing his best to sound completely sincere.

"Then the next question is what were you three drinking or smoking last night?" Juri said, clearly not enjoying the situation at all.

Linke just about managed to sit on the urge to say 'blood'.

"It's the truth," David decided to step in; "I know because Linke bit me last night."

"That's why you need to know," Linke added, hoping that they sounded serious enough to make the others stop and listen.

The fact that he still felt as guilty as hell had to be showing, he was sure.

"Linke I could put down to still being ill, but you two?" Franky seemed to be having as much trouble as Juri. "This isn't very funny and we should be in the studio, we have a lot to do today."

That was usually David's line and another thing for Linke to feel guilty about; they were behind schedule because of him. He wasn't sure what he was thinking or what he was doing, but his main motivation was proof, what he didn't expect was to come to rest with the whole room upside down. He was so shocked that it took everything falling out of his pockets and his glasses falling off his nose to realise he was crouched on the ceiling.

"Holy shit," Franky was all but up and over the back of the chair he'd been sitting in.

"Fuck," was Jan's take on the matter and Juri was sitting there with his mouth open.

"Wow," David said as Linke did his best to mentally right the room in his upside-down vision, "when did you figure out you could do that?"

"Um," he said, because he really wasn't sure he knew quite what he had done, "just now. I think I'm stuck."

It was the oddest feeling; it wasn't like he was holding on to the ceiling, he was simply on it.

"You can't be stuck," David pointed out, regardless of the fact that the rest of the room was staring at them; "you're on the ceiling. Just do the reverse of whatever you did to get up there."

"I don't know what I did to get up here," Linke had to admit; he'd just done it.

He was going to have to learn to think hard before he acted.

"How hard can it be?" David asked, standing underneath him. "It looked like you jumped up there, so jump down."

"And land on my head?" Linke didn't like the sound of that.

"You twisted on the way up," David pointed out, "so twist on the way down."

"I don't remember how I twisted to get up here," Linke pointed out and could feel all the blood rushing to his head.

"You're on the fucking ceiling," it seemed that Juri had had enough time to process what was going on and was now standing up, "and you're ... you're..."

The fact that Juri looked afraid as well as shocked cut straight to Linke's heart and he realised that not only was the room bright, it was painfully bright and his teeth were longer than they should have been. He was not only on the ceiling, he was vamped out as well. He forced away his vampire traits as hard as he could and instantly found out why that was a bad idea as he gracelessly fell off the ceiling. Luckily David was not quite directly underneath him and Linke landed on the carpet with a thud.

"Ow," was about the only breathless thing he could manage to say as all the air burst from his lungs.

"Are you okay?" Timo was now leaning over him along with David.

He appeared to have lost a second or two.

"I'll let you know when I can breathe again," he said, hoping that that would be soon.

Both Timo and David reached down at the same time to help him up and he was very glad of the assistance. It was only when he was on his feet again that he realised they were now in two groups; him, David and Timo on one side of the

room and Jan, Juri and Franky on the other, all stood up and all grouped together. The atmosphere was very tense.

"I'm going to sit down," he decided as most of his body chose to remind him he had just fallen off the ceiling and to ache.

It was fading, but his back definitely hated him for falling from such a height. He also figured that sitting down he would be less threatening.

"Will you three just relax," surprisingly it was Timo who came to his rescue; "he's still Linke, he just happens to be a vampire."

"David said Linke bit him," Jan pointed out, seemingly more confused than afraid.

"I did," Linke admitted, since that was the point of the conversation.

"And then I found him down here so shocked he couldn't speak," Timo jumped to his rescue again. "The bite hasn't done David any harm and Linke didn't mean to do it, so get over it."

The other three did not look convinced.

"How the hell did this happen?" Franky asked, making a brave effort to appear calm.

"I don't remember," Linke said, since it was mostly the truth; "the first I knew about what was really going on was when David started to look appetising."

He didn't mention that it wasn't just his appetite for food that seemed to have been pricked.

"How can this be real?" Jan sat down on the sofa with a thump.

"I don't know," Linke said; he was still as shell-shocked as everyone else; "it just is."

He finally saw some sympathy in Jan's face, but Franky still looked confused and Juri definitely didn't look happy about anything.

"So what do we do?" Franky asked.

"We go on as normal," David said, finally coming back into the conversation, "and we try and figure out what is going on with Linke at the same time. We're all in the dark about this, but the truth has to be out there somewhere, so we look for it."

"But if I start acting strange you run like hell," Linke felt the need to add his own comment; he didn't want to add anyone else to the casualty list.

"And what if you decide to stalk us in our beds?" Juri asked and Linke felt himself flinch.

"Juri!" David admonished, but Linke couldn't help thinking Juri had a point.

He stood up; this was stupid, he never should have tried to explain and there was only one way out of this.

"I'll leave," he said; the others would be able to find someone to fill in on bass.

He couldn't do this to his friends, Juri was right; it was dangerous. He didn't know where he would go, since he couldn't put his family at risk either, but he would figure something out.

"Sit down!" David yelled and Linke sat down before his brain had time to register the command; significantly so did everyone else in the room.

For Franky this meant sitting on the floor, since he had moved away from his chair.

"Everyone listening? Good," David said in a very dangerous tone. "This is what we are going to do: we are going to the studio where we will lay down the new track. For today we are going to forget that vampires exist. Then we are going to go on from there and we are going to find out what the hell this means for Linke and we are going to stick together. No one leaves, are we clear?"

"But," Juri made the mistake of starting to object and David was in their drummer's face in a moment.

"I was the one he bit," David said pointedly, "I am the one that should be objecting if there was anything to object about. It had no lasting effects and to tell you the truth it was quite mind-blowing so we are not kicking Linke out when he needs us. He is the victim here and we are his friends; that is all there is to it. Any questions?"

No one said a word and David swept out of the room like a natural disaster leaving them all behind, in his wake.

"Right," Timo said eventually, "I don't know about anyone else, but David scares me more than Linke ever could, fangs or no fangs, so I'm going to the studio. Everyone coming?"

Linke stood up and just nodded; he and Timo were very much on the same page. Franky and Jan fell into line as well and eventually Juri stood up as well. It wasn't a comfortable group who left the living room, but it was a group.

Linke heard the doorbell and just remained curled up in his chair staring at the TV; he was in no mood for visitors. Jan kept looking at him like he might pounce on him every time they were in the same room, Juri was avoiding him completely, Franky was trying far too hard to act normal, Timo was keeping between him and David while trying to seem like he wasn't keeping between him and David, and David seemed to be the only one not on edge. It was beginning to wear at his nerves and he would have holed up in his room, but at the moment he really wasn't sure that was a good idea. If he did suddenly start acting strangely he didn't want to find himself creeping up on someone, so he had parked himself in the most public place in the house.

He felt downright weird, like bits of his brain were turned on now that hadn't been before, but so far there had been no recurrence of the hunger. He really didn't know what he was going to do when there was, because he had no doubt it would happen again. He could just imagine Timo defending David's honour with a mallet and stake if he picked the same target again.

"Hel..." he heard Franky answer the door and suddenly stop speaking.

This could just have meant that a delivery had just been thrust into his hands, but Linke found himself listening more closely anyway. A funny feeling was beginning to creep up his spine. He could hear a voice from outside, but he couldn't make out what they were saying with the TV blaring away. That didn't stop something about the voice sounding kind of familiar.

The feeling was growing.

"Um, yeah, sure, come in," Franky said and then Linke was out of his seat like a shot.

He didn't realise how fast he was moving until he was in the hallway, when it occurred to him, no one should be able to move across a room in under a couple of seconds. By then it was too late and he was already standing staring at the two new comers who had just come through the front door. There probably wasn't a person in Germany who didn't know the identical faces looking at him, but no matter how familiar the Kaulitz twins might have appeared, there was one thing he knew without a shadow of a doubt.

"You're like me," he said, absolutely and totally confused as well as just a bit defensive.

He was as territorial as the next guy, but not like this; part of him was insisting that it would be a really good idea to throw their two guests right back out of the house.

The twins looked at each other and then at Franky who appeared suddenly nervous.

"Guess we're a little late then," Bill said, pulling off his sunglasses; "you must be wondering what the hell's going on."

Linke was so confused he didn't know what to say.

"Look," Tom entered the conversation, "we mean no harm to you or your conclave, we acknowledge your territory and only wish to help."

They should have been just words, but something inside Linke stopped snarling and left him blinking and completely at a loss. He was very glad when he felt the rest of the household forming up behind him, he even felt Juri come down the stairs, without the need to look behind him. He seemed very aware of the others now.

"Linke, you okay?" David asked, putting a hand on his shoulder.

"Yeah," he said, but he wasn't really, he just didn't want to cause an issue.

"I don't mean to be rude," Timo stepped in, "but what's going on here?"

"Does everyone know?" Bill asked, looking at Linke again.

He nodded; since it seemed to be appropriate to tell the truth. The twins looked at each other again and he couldn't help wondering if they were actually having a conversation.

"We're vampires," Bill said bluntly, "like Linke. News of him being turned reached the community and since he appears to have been abandoned by his maker they asked us to step in. Someone seemed to think that because we're in the same line of work we were the best candidates to help."

"Aren't you supposed to be on tour at the moment?" Franky asked what could have been a rather irrelevant question, but it was the most normal thing Linke had heard all conversation and made him feel a little better.

It was typical that Franky would know where Tokio Hotel was supposed to be.

"When the head vampire in Germany rings you up and says jump, you ask how high," Tom replied with a rueful smile.

The word vampire reverberated through Linke like a curse every time it was said; he still hadn't actually said it himself. A little part of his brain was in denial and simply wouldn't let him, but the fact that there were two people in front of him who seemed to know what was going on was a life line that he grabbed for.

"You can explain what's happening to me?" he asked, realising that he was probably showing the cracks he had been desperately trying to plaster over with bravado for the last day.

"Yes," Bill said with a nod, "can we come in?"

Linke looked to the others, just in case they objected, but they actually appeared kind of relieved as well. He nodded and everyone started to head into the living room.

"So how long have you two been vampires?" Franky seemed to be over his initial nervousness and hence had begun talking.

"Fully fledged, less than six months," Tom explained, seemingly perfectly happily, "but mum's a full blood, so we came out of the womb partially turned anyway. We only decided we wanted to take the final step after Bill's throat surgery; that was too close not to take advantage of the whole invulnerability thing."

Everyone somehow found a place to sit, leaving two spaces on the sofa for their quests.

"Invulnerability?" Linke asked, since he was intrigued.

"Vampires don't age and we heal very fast," Bill provided the answer, sitting down demurely in the space left for him. "The only injuries that can do permanent tend to be fatal; removal of the head and cutting out the heart."

Linke winced; that sounded nasty.

"So are some of the legends true?" David asked from where he was almost sitting in Timo's lap.

"Mostly not," Bill continued to explain, "but there are seeds of truth."

"But a stake through the heart would work?" Jan seemed to realise what he had asked just after he asked it.

Luckily it seemed to amuse their guests.

"Would have to be a really big stake," Tom said with a laugh

Jan looked terribly embarrassed and appeared to be trying to hide behind Juri for a while.

"What I don't get is why me," Linke finally brought up what had been bothering him for some time, "and how did 'the community' find out about me?"

Both of the twins appeared sympathetic and Linke hoped they really meant it. He was so far out of his comfort zone in this that he was going to fall apart unless someone helped him.

"Not everyone can become a vampire," Tom took up the explanation this time, "you could call it a genetic imperative. In fact humans who can become vampires are quite rare, one in about half a million unless one of your parents happens to be a vampire. People who can are called potentials and they're very easy to spot for a full blood. You were spotted quite a long time ago and the community keeps an eye on potentials. No one should have approached you, not without permission, but when you ended up in hospital with the obvious symptoms the word made it back to the community. They assumed your maker was just waiting for the right time to come back and explain things to you and when they realised that wasn't going to happen they sent us."

"But why would someone do that?" he asked; it just didn't seem to make any sense.

"That is a question we don't have the answer to," Bill said quite openly, "but the community are trying to find out. If there is anything you can tell us about your maker that might help, we can pass it on."

Linke tried to remember, but all he got were fuzzy images that made no sense. He shook his head.

"It's all hazy," he had to admit.

"That's the effect of the bite on potentials," Tom said as if unsurprised; "it messes with the memory, our mum turned us and we don't remember it either."

That made Linke blush as the one thing he did remember was the sexual aspect of being bitten and he wondered how families got over that.

"It's against the law to bite a potential without their express permission," Bill added and seemed to have noticed his embarrassment, but was politely ignoring it, "because from the first bite the turning process begins. That's what causes all the symptoms."

Linke made a face; unfortunately he remembered all of those very well.

"Those are very clear in my memory," he said with distaste.

"Yeah, they're a bitch," Tom agreed with a sympathetic smile.

"They weren't that bad," Bill said with a shrug.

Tom rolled his eyes.

"That's because you went to sleep the first time mum bit you and woke up maybe twice during the whole process," Tom said and they had clearly had this conversation before, "so please be sympathetic to those of us who actually lived through the whole thing."

"So a bite doesn't affect a normal person then?" Timo interrupted the impending twin argument and Linke tried to not look too guilty, since he knew exactly what had prompted that question.

Both Bill and Tom were looking at him anyway.

"I take it everyone found out because you bit someone?" Bill asked in a rather careful tone.

"Yeah, me," David said, coming to his rescue by sounding as if he didn't care in the slightest.

The ground opening up and swallowing him seemed like a great idea to Linke though as everyone looked at him. He felt like saying: "So yeah I nearly ate one of my best friends, what of it?", but didn't.

"And I kind of got stuck on the ceiling," anything was better than dwelling on biting David.

That made Tom grin.

"It's tricky isn't it," Tom said, clearly amused; "We've been able to do the gravity defying things since we were small. Bill got stuck upside-down for two hours once when we were five."

Bill gave his brother a punch in the arm for that.

"What happened to the never mentioning that ever again?" Bill asked in a very pointed tone, but Tom just continued grinning. "Back to the original point," Bill salvaged the moment: "as long as you don't take too much too often it doesn't hurt anyone. You will need to find a minimum of two donors though; you'll need to feed at least twice a week."

That made his stomach fall like a stone; he had been very much hoping that there would be another way around that.

"So stealing blood from the red cross isn't an option then?" David asked as Linke did his very best not to panic.

"Blurg!" Bill said with a rather over exaggerated expression. "In a pinch a transfusion is okay, but drinking it is honestly disgusting. Think of it as the difference between eating something fresh and eating it mouldy and decaying."

That did sound disgusting, however, that didn't stop Linke from desperately trying to think of another way to deal with the problem.

"There are places you can go," Tom said and from the way Tom said it, it almost sounded like Tom was talking about a brothel, "but we can talk about that later."

Linke was very pleased about that; it sounded so personal.

It was all so incredible: not only were vampires real, but it turned out there was a community of them; two of the most famous teenagers in Germany belonged to said community; and there was a head vampire out there running the show. Linke had so many questions that he didn't know what to ask first.

"How does all this exist under everyone's noses?" he finally asked and hoped desperately he would get a sensible answer.

They had been talking for hours and Bill and Tom had seemed more than willing to answer everyone's questions as well as his, which made Linke feel a hell of a lot better. It seemed to relax the rest of the band quite a lot as well. Things were not back to the easy normality they had been, but they were on their way.

He had volunteered to refill glasses and drinks for what was the third round now and it gave him time to think. The topic of conversation had moved on from vampires to music, which was a relief, but he wanted to get things straight in his head before he began to relax.

The vampire community seemed mostly to be a monarchy based system, with there being a head vampire in each region. In Germany the head vampire was a man named Michael Bolt and as far as the public was concerned he was head of a philanthropic organisation involved in the arts and helping worthy causes wherever it found them. Mostly vampires didn't take much notice of their leadership unless they wanted to ask to turn a potential or were in trouble for doing something bad like killing someone. It was all strangely logical, even if Linke still couldn't bring himself to say the word vampire out loud.

He was just pulling the vodka out of the cupboard when he felt another presence very close to him. He turned to find that Bill had left the main group and walked over to him.

"Hi," he said, pretty sure that Bill was not just there to see if there was more ice.

"Hey," Bill said with a smile, "mind if we talk for a little bit. Tom can keep your friends entertained."

Tom did seem to be having a very animated conversation with the others about something.

"Okay," Linke agreed with a nod, "but we can't be too long or Franky might die of vodka deprivation."

Bill's smile broadened at that.

"I'm sure he'll cope," Bill replied in a stage whisper, "but just in case, we'll be quick."

That made Linke laugh, even though he was a little worried about the whole private chat part.

"This might sound a bit personal," Bill said quietly, "but, when you bit David, what was it like?"

Linke felt his face beginning to heat up; he hadn't really expected that to be the topic of conversation.

"Yeah," Bill said, clearly seeing his discomfort, "that's what I thought. You're sending out signals like a neon sign to those of us who can see them. For the record, when a bite is like that it means there is mutual attraction, quite a lot of it. We can make a bite like that if we want to, but it takes practice and effort. You're going to have to talk to David about it. Tom pouted for days when he realised he was attracted to Georg and when they finally got around to it the whole damn bus was shaking with their enthusiasm."

That brought Linke's thoughts to a grinding halt; this simply could not be happening.

"David's not a free agent," he said, trying to keep all emotion out of his voice.

Bill looked sympathetic about that.

"I noticed that too," Bill admitted in little more than a whisper; "you don't have to be a vampire to see Timo's signals."

That made Linke wonder how much his attack on David had affected his two friends, because usually they weren't that obvious. Everyone with eyes could see that David and Timo were close, but the lovers part was usually kept well under wraps. A rock band where the rapper and the lead guitarist were sleeping together would have a few problems in the heavier markets.

"Then you know I can't do anything about that," he said, not that he had really come to terms with the whole thing anyway, "and I'm not gay."

It sounded like an after thought even to him and Bill smiled, just a little.

"We're driven," Bill told him, putting a supportive hand on his shoulder, "it's how we are; be it blood or sex, we usually want one or the other. Whether you believe it or not, you are attracted to David, a lot, and you probably have been for a while; this just brought it out."

Linke would have protested, but he wasn't quite sure it wasn't true.

"You and he need to figure something out, even if it's just that he lets you feed from him every now and then," Bill explained, as if it wasn't the most impossible thing in the world.

"Timo would kill me," he said simply and tried to put the mental image of Timo attempting to hack his head off with a carving knife from his mind.

"Then talk to Timo as well," Bill suggested, "Tom, Georg, Gustav and me get on okay as a four; three can't be that difficult."

Linke almost choked on his own tongue at that revelation and he couldn't help looking across the room to where Tom and Franky seemed to be in a competition to see who could talk fastest and longest. Maybe his brain would just explode and save him from the whole situation.

"You're a four?" he finally managed to ask as that blessing was denied him.

Bill did give a little grin then.

"Uh-huh," Bill replied, seemingly amused by his reaction, "like I said, we're driven. There are some things you can't fight, especially when you're with people

24/7. One of the reasons Tom and I weren't really sure about taking the final plunge was because we knew it might mean we ended up too close for some people's comfort, little did we know we'd be dragging Georg and Gustav along for the ride. Tom was powerfully attracted to Georg, as I was to Gustav and neither of us could keep our hands off each other, so we ended up a four. David's face was a picture when he found me and Gustav lip locked behind one of the tour buses."

That did make Linke smile a little; he could imagine the shock, but he sobered quickly as he remembered why they were talking about this.

"Maybe it would be easier if I just left," he said as his thoughts turned somewhat melancholy; "David and Timo have been together for years; I can't jeopardise that."

Bill didn't appear to think that was a great idea, but there was no outright objection either. David would no doubt object, but it didn't seem to be a course of action Linke could just discount either.

"You could try," Bill agreed reluctantly, "but you might find it a little difficult just at the moment."

That didn't sound good either.

"Why?" Linke asked even though he was not one hundred percent sure he wanted to know.

"Your conclave," Bill said quietly, "and you territory."

"Explain," was all Linke replied, since he didn't really know what Bill meant.

Bill sighed and took a thoughtful breath.

"I'm sorry," Bill said and sounded like he genuinely meant it, "this must be incredibly difficult to take in. Potentials are supposed to be given all the information before they're turned so they can make an informed decision about taking the final step."

That didn't explain anything so he waited.

"A conclave probably means exactly what you think it means; it is the group of people around a vampire that they consider like family," Bill started to make things clearer for him. "It can be a conscious decision or an unconscious one. From your reaction when we came in, the rest of the band has become your conclave. You have adjusted to see them as yours, and before you say anything, I don't mean you think you own them, but you were ready to protect them when Tom and I arrived. You were also giving off a very clear 'mine' signal when it came to this house."

"You're making it sound like I pee'd all around it," Linke said, trying to get his head round this new concept.

"Only metaphorically," Bill said and gave him another small smile. "You're very new at this vampire thing and if your maker hadn't abandoned you, you probably wouldn't have adapted so completely yet. Tom and I have been living with some

vampire instincts for our whole lives and we still had trouble when we were first turned."

Linke was following what Bill was saying, but he wasn't sure quite what it meant.

"But why does this mean I might have trouble leaving?" he asked, glancing over at the others without really meaning to.

"Your vampire side is going to fight any attempt to leave your conclave behind," Bill told him. "When we first went back on tour and left Mum behind, I sleepwalked off the bus when we were parked up and got nearly a mile down the road before anyone caught me. We had to have a security guy on guard outside the bus to stop me wandering off whenever we were parked for two weeks before I adjusted."

"You don't sleep naked then?" Linke found himself saying even though they were still having a serious conversation.

That made Bill laugh and Linke was glad that his sense of humour seemed to be intact, if somewhat muted.

"So you think if I leave now I'll only try and get back here all the time?" he asked, sobering again.

"Most likely," Bill replied with a nod, "especially since you don't have a twin brother to focus on as well."

"But what if I go home," he thought of another solution; "won't they become my conclave?"

Bill gave a little shrug.

"You're likely to be very confused," Bill told him. "You haven't had enough time to get used to everything yet, so adding a new layer probably isn't the best idea."

It was all so complicated; Linke wasn't sure what he should do. He didn't want to leave the band, in fact that was the last thing he wanted to do, but he might cause a whole heap of trouble if he stayed.

"Sleep on it," Bill advised, petting him on the shoulder; "things always look clearer with time."

At least that Linke could agree with. He wasn't going to turn into a slathering monster out for his friends' blood, that was one good thing, so he had a little time. He nodded; there wasn't anything else he could do and Bill handed him a piece of paper.

"My phone number," Bill said with a grin; "in case you suddenly need to talk about something."

Linke grinned back at that; he knew people who would kill for what he had in his hand.

Linke sat on the back step looking out into the dark. If he let it, the night was almost as dark as usual, but his instincts urged him not to, so he was staring out

on a world that lacked colour, but had incredible definition. It was quite an experience, like watching the world through an infra red camera.

"Hey," he turned when David spoke and tapped him on the shoulder.

David looked kind of surprised and he realised he must look different somehow and so he let the new vision fade.

"Your eyes glitter when you do that," David said, sitting down beside him.

"Night vision," Linke replied and went back to staring into the darkness, although he didn't use his abilities to see more this time.

They sat in silence for a little while, but Linke was pretty sure David had sought him out deliberately.

"Who'd have thought, Bill and Tom Kaulitz in our living room?" David eventually made an opening gambit.

"Who'd have thought Bill and Tom Kaulitz; vampires?" Linke countered with a small smile and he found he could actually say the word okay now.

"Yeah, well there is that too," David said and Linke could hear the smile in his friend's voice.

He turned though, because he wasn't really in the mood for small talk.

"Anything in particular you wanted to know?" he asked, being direct since it was the easiest way.

David didn't look guilty, but then David didn't feel guilt over necessary things.

"You spent a long time talking to Bill," David observed, looking into the night, "and you were even quieter when you came back. Is there something wrong?"

That was the 64,000 dollar question. For a moment Linke considered lying, but it wasn't something he liked or was good at so he sighed and decided against it.

"I might have to leave," he said after a few moments.

"What?" David asked instantly. "I thought we settled this already. Why? For how long?"

"I don't know," Linke replied, "a long time, maybe for good. I don't want to, but I might have to."

"But why?" David asked again. "Bill and Tom seem to be doing fine with the fame and their condition, why can't you?"

"Bill and Tom are in a foursome with their bassist and their drummer," Linke decided to be blunt; "do you get the idea?"

That shut David up for at least a few seconds.

"Oh," David said eventually, "who?"

Linke found himself laughing; it was such a ridiculous conversation.

"Davii," he said, using the petname on a whim, "a vampire bite doesn't usually do what it did to both of us. Normally a vampire has to work really hard to make it that good; I didn't have to do anything but bite you."

Then he stood up, because he didn't want to know where this conversation might go. He was not about to do anything to wreck someone else's life and he stalked indoors and up to his room before David could say anything else.

Timo watched Linke move quickly through the house to the stairs and then he saw David wander back in looking shell shocked. He immediately stopped what he was doing and went over to find out what was worrying David.

"Everything okay?" he asked and tried to sound casual.

"No," David replied, not really looking at him, but David did not elucidate.

Timo found himself following David up the stairs and into David's room, where he shut the door behind them.

"Want to share?" he asked when it became clear David was lost in thought and was unlikely to talk unless prompted.

"Linke says he might have to leave," David said, sitting down on the bed and looking up at him.

That was a bit of a shock; Timo had thought that with the Kaulitz twins' input everything was being sorted out, not made more complicated.

"But I thought we'd settled that," he said, sitting down next to David.

"That's what I said too," David replied with a pensive little frown, "but it's more complicated than that."

There was clearly something on David's mind.

"Then why might he have to leave?" Timo wanted to understand what it was.

"Because of me," David replied, but made the situation no clearer to Timo whatsoever.

That simply didn't seem to make any sense, at least not in any way Timo could fathom it.

"What about you?" he asked.

David's frown deepened.

"You know I told you the bite was kind of sexual?" David asked after a few moments.

Timo nodded; he did indeed remember that because he had had to sit on some very nasty urges when he had heard it. He didn't do jealously that well.

"I thought it was always like that," David continued, "just a vampire thing; turns out it's not. I'm reading between the lines, but I think Linke was implying he had

to be really attracted to me for it to be so intense. I'm sure he doesn't want to mess up you and me and so he thinks he might have to leave. I don't know what Bill told him when they were talking, but I don't think this is something he can just ignore."

"Linke wants you in a sexual way," Timo did his very best not to react to that information.

"Yeah," David said, too deep in thought to notice where the conversation was taking him.

He could cope with fans professing their undying love; strangers were easy to deal with, but Linke had suddenly popped up in his head as a threat.

"We have to figure something out," David said, speaking aloud his thoughts in a way Timo was more than used to; "we can't just let him go."

Timo felt sort of cold inside.

"There has to be some way to work this out," David continued and looked at him with that earnest open expression no one in the world could ignore.

For a moment Timo didn't know what to think.

"So much has happened to him," David said, seemingly waxing lyrical about Linke, "we can't just let him abandon everything because of this. We've been through too much as a group to allow this to break us apart."

Timo could tell Linke was becoming a cause to David and he couldn't help fearing that.

"Are you saying you want to be with him instead of me?" he asked as all his insecurities jumped up and bit him.

He couldn't help the fact that part of him still couldn't believe that someone as kind and talented as David wanted him, even after all these years. David stared at him and he prepared for the worst.

"You're an idiot," David said and clipped him round the ear. "Yes, Timo, after five years of blissful monogamy I want to throw that all away and shack up with Linke. Of course not! I'm not that much of a crusader, but there has to be something we can do. If it came down to there being only one solution then that would be it, because I definitely wouldn't be going there without you, but I can't believe that there is only one way out of this. We just have to find out what it is."

Timo felt like a complete moron and ducked his head down until David grabbed him and kissed him firmly on the cheek.

"I love you," David said and smiled against the side of his face, "insecurities and all."

At that he felt himself blushing; he always seemed to be able to make a spectacular twit out of himself.

"According to Linke, Bill and Tom are in a foursome with Georg and Gustav," David said, pulling back a little, "can you imagine how much work that takes. Two egos in the same relationship is difficult enough, four must be a nightmare."

"They probably all just follow Bill around like lost puppies," Timo said, reengaging his sensible brain now that he had been an insecure idiot. "I thought he might end up taking Franky home that way tonight."

David grinned at that; there was going to be much mileage in taking the piss out of Franky now that Franky had properly met Bill Kaulitz. Timo doubted Franky would shut up about it for weeks, which would be ammunition enough.

"Yeah," David agreed; "we really need to get him that hoodie now and a poster for his wall."

That would be evil, but a hell of a lot of fun: Timo liked the sound of it.

"Sleep now, master plans tomorrow," David decided after a moment, "and one of those master plans will be what to do about Linke. There has to be something that will work."

Timo wasn't sure there was, but then he didn't know enough about vampires to be certain. He made a mental note to call either Tom or Bill; he had a feeling they were going to need advice.

End of Part 2

Chapter 3 David and Timo

Morning was really, really not his favourite time anymore, but there were meetings to attend and things to do, so Linke crawled out of bed. He was quite pleased with himself, since the previous morning, after the twins' visit, Jan had had to literally drag him out of bed. His brain was foggy with sleep and he staggered to his door and opened it, planning to see if the bathroom was free and staking a claim if it was. What he saw was Timo coming out of the bathroom with only a towel around his waist. Clearly Timo had just had a shower, because Linke's eyes zeroed in on a couple of drops running down Timo's chest where it had dripped off his friend's hair.

It was like his whole system woke up in little more than a second and he found his nostrils flaring, his eyes opening wide and his gaze running up and down Timo like Timo was the second coming or something. There was a gentle ache in his gums and the corridor became uncomfortably bright and for a moment he couldn't even think.

He froze, just staring and letting his baser instincts get the better of him. It was only as he let his eyes run slowly up from Timo's feet, over the loosely hung towel and the defined chest to Timo's face, and he realised that his friend was looking back at him, that he consciously noticed what he was doing.

He was looking at Timo the same way he had looked at David and the reality of what he was doing slammed into him like a tonne weight. Timo was staring at him and he panicked. Turning, he stepped back into his room, slammed the door and then threw his back against it, coming to rest breathing hard.

This was just beyond a joke; he was so out of control. He hadn't even realised he was hungry like that, but he certainly knew now and it left him only one choice. He could not risk his friends, not like this and he grabbed his duffle bag, threw it on the bed and then began throwing clothes and things at it that he needed to take with him. Bill's number was in his phone, so he could ring and ask about those places the twins had told him about, where he could find a willing donor, then he could go to his parent's place. He couldn't stay here, not with what he might do to David or, as it turned out, Timo.

It wasn't even night and he had almost jumped Timo in the corridor, what would he be like by the time it got dark and his instincts were stronger? It really wasn't worth the risk.

When he had everything he thought he might need (he could ask his dad to pick up the rest of his stuff at a later date) he began putting them in the bag. He could wait for the others to be ready to go; if he told them to leave him alone, they would, and then when they were gone he could use the bathroom and make his escape. He'd leave them a note or something to explain where he had gone; Timo and David would know why.

He didn't want to abandon the band and give up his dream, but he was too scared by what he might do not to. If he laid another hand on any of his friends because he had no control he would never forgive himself. That David had forgiven him the first time was still amazing to him. The guilt lurking at the back of his mind still whispered that he'd all but raped David, given the way they'd interacted, and he was not letting that happen again.

He finished packing and then stood there for a while, wondering what to do. It would take the others a while to all trail in and out of the bathroom and then get

downstairs and so he had to wait. Pushing his bag against the wall, he sat down and looked around his little room; it wasn't much, but it had been home for a while now. He was going to miss it here; miss this place, miss his friends, miss the music, but he had no other choice.

His mind played his reaction to Timo over and over in his head and it frightened him. He had wanted to step forward and push Timo into the bathroom door and then bite his friend while blowing every brain cell Timo had. It was not a normal instinct and he dreaded fate giving him the chance to play it out. His cock betrayed him, twitching at the very thought of what he had wanted to do.

Driven he might be, but he refused to leave his friends at the mercy of his instincts.

He grabbed his pillow, hugging it to himself as he waited for the others to stagger through their morning routine; he didn't dare step out of his room.

He heard someone enter the bathroom and then about fifteen minutes later Juri banging on the door to find out how long the person inside was going to take. Jan's voice was muffled coming to him through two doors, but he didn't think it would take long for those two to finish up. He hoped he didn't have to sit there worrying too long; it just depended where Timo had been in the chain of bathroom use that morning.

Franky emerged onto the landing at some point while Juri was still waiting, because Linke heard a short discussion and then Franky's door close again. Just after that Jan came out of the bathroom, exchanged a few words with Juri and then went back to his room letting Juri have the communal room. That meant the landing was empty and for a moment or two Linke considered just getting dressed, grabbing his stuff and doing a runner without waiting, but he was thwarted as another door opened.

He was used to a house full of people; it had always been that way at home and in the band house it was the same, and for the first time he regretted it. However, what terrified him was when the footsteps in the hall stopped outside his door and there was a knock. He sat there staring at the door and refused to answer.

"Linke," David called to him through the door.

That was the last thing he needed, now that his brain was on that track it helpfully provided him with graphic details of the last time he had bitten David.

"Go away," he said, more in an attempt to make the images in his head disappear than anything else.

"Not going to happen," Timo's voice carried through the door and he wondered how he had missed that the footsteps had belonged to two people.

"If you know what's good for you, you will," he said, trying to sound annoyed rather than afraid.

If Timo thought he was annoyed at his reaction earlier rather than anything else, they might leave him alone.

To his horror his door handle turned and he found himself backing away on the bed until he hit the wall. David's head appeared round the door as it opened.

"Get out," he said and did not bother trying to hide his panic; he could feel himself reacting, "are you insane?"

It seemed that once his vampire senses were turned on, unless they got what they wanted, he had a great deal of trouble diverting them. Why the hell did his friends have to be so hard headed?

"Leaving?" David said, looking at the packed bag and totally disregarding his instructions by entering the room, closely followed by Timo.

Linke just sat there as he found his senses trying to overload again, completely without his consent. Timo and David in the same room with him, just at the moment, was pure torture.

"Ugh," he said as he found himself mentally undressing Timo to what he had seen in the hallway and buried his face in the pillow to try and muffle the pure presence of his two friends.

"Linke," David was speaking to him, but he tried to ignore it, until he felt a tug on his pillow, "we don't want you to leave."

"Leave me alone," he said, desperately holding on to his only shield; "I can't control myself."

The pressure on the pillow did not let up.

"We kind of guessed that," David said and Linke didn't know how long his will power would hold out; David's voice was like honey.

"That's why we're here," Timo's voice made him whimper as it tried to drag up everything he was trying to force down.

It was worse than when he had bitten David; then he hadn't known what was happening and it had mostly been about the blood, now it was more, so much more. Clearly his instincts had changed since then and his urges had grown. When they had grown to include Timo he wasn't sure, but he mentally cursed Bill Kaulitz for ever putting the idea in his head.

"Look at us," David urged and he had to wonder if he was in a bizarre nightmare and he'd wake up soon.

Holding on to his pillow tightly, he shook his head; if he looked up he was sure he would snare his two friends. What they thought they were doing he had no idea, but he prayed they would just go away. At least he was sure that they couldn't get the pillow away from him, even in his normal state he was significantly stronger than a human being now.

"Linke," Timo again and his resolve began to slip, "we've been talking things over. We want to be there for you, however you need us."

That made him freeze as logic suggested that he could not have heard what he thought he had heard and then he doubted what Timo might mean.

"Please, look at us," David urged gently and placed a hand on his shoulder.

Almost convinced he was just having a dream, Linke very slowly looked up. The room was bright in his vision even though he liked to keep the curtains closed and the light dim during the day and he didn't have any trouble seeing the sincere expressions on David and Timo's faces. He was suddenly filled with the idea that his friends were being martyrs.

"You don't know what you're getting into," he said, his depressing thoughts giving him just a little bit of control.

He did not dare look either of the other two in the eyes for fear that he would just lure them in.

"Actually we do," Timo said as David sat down next to him.

"You're not the only one with a Kaulitz phone number," David said and smiled, just a little, "and Tom gave me Georg's too."

"And once you get Georg talking, he's almost as hard to shut up as Bill," Timo added.

Linke wasn't sure what to say; he still wasn't convinced.

"It turns out that Georg and Gustav have known what the twins were since they first met," David continued to explain as Linke tried to keep himself in check, "but they were as shocked as I was when they found out what Bill and Tom wanted to do to them after they were fully turned."

"But Georg said it's the best sex he's ever had," Timo put in looking just a little mischievous.

David swiped at Timo's leg for that comment.

"Georg also said that once you've hooked a vampire you've got them for good," David said, trying to remain perfectly serious. "Timo and I are one hundred percent committed to each other and we would never jeopardise that, but having you with us would only make us stronger."

"But you don't think of me like that," Linke pointed out.

He'd been about as straight as you could get until the whole vampire fiasco and he had never looked on his friends in that light nor they on him, he was sure. He wanted them to make a mistake that could cost them their relationship even less than he wanted to attack them.

"We didn't," David admitted with a nod, "but things change and you've definitely changed. I think that bite might have affected me in a similar way it did you, just not as drastically. Don't let it go to your head, but I've been dreaming about you and they haven't been innocent dreams."

"Yeah," Timo added, "and he's been waking me in the middle of the night to help him out. It's been kind of hard to ignore."

"The only thing that was holding us back was you and Timo," David admitted and surprised him.

Timo gave a grin at that.

"And then I saw your reaction earlier," Timo told him, "and boxer shorts don't hide a lot."

Linke wasn't sure if he should have been feeling mortified or not.

"You don't do that with just anyone, right?" David asked and for the first time sounded less than sure.

"No," Linke replied, not exactly sure how to explain his reaction; he hadn't had it with any of the others, not when he'd met Franky on the landing the previous evening in only a pair of boxers, and he didn't think it was purely hunger.

David gave him a small smile.

"Then Timo and I are decided," David told him, "and you seemed to have decided at a base level some time ago, so that just leaves up there."

Linke almost went cross-eyed when David poked him in the forehead just to emphasize the point. The touch all but tingled.

There wasn't really anything to decide, as David said, he had already made the decision on most levels; it was only his logical brain holding him back.

"There's no way to change your mind," he said very carefully; he needed to be absolutely sure.

He was almost positive that once this genie was out of the bottle the only way to get it back in would be to kill it. There were feelings lurking just under the surface that he knew, once acknowledged, were never, ever going back to sleep and there were a few rare things he was possessive as hell about and had always been, one of those was SOs. Vampire or no vampire, if they stepped over the line then the line was gone; there was no going back.

"Did you miss the part of the conversation about 'once you've hooked a vampire you've got them for good'?" Timo asked and rolled his eyes.

"What he's trying to say," David said, far more seriously than Timo, "is we get that. We have talked this through."

Linke was still having trouble believing this was real.

"When?" he asked; there hadn't been that much time since the twins had finally explained what was going on.

"A bit the other evening after you told David the truth and most of last night after he woke me up horny," Timo said, being completely blunt.

David did not look impressed with the comment.

"I love you, but I may have to kill you at some point," was David's comment on Timo's current mood.

It made Linke's chest feel kind of tight to be in on such an intimate state between the two; usually they kept such things for private. Timo and David were so used to hiding their relationship from prying eyes that a lot of the time that meant their band mates as well.

"We're guessing, given your current state, you're not going to be much use outside this room," David said and smiled a little himself now.

"Like he ever is anyway," Timo said and David very efficiently hit Timo in the stomach, but only hard enough to make Timo bend double in mock pain, rather than real pain.

Linke was still off balance, but clearly David and Timo were less so, which was helping his equilibrium as least teeter rather than being destroyed completely.

"No use at all," he confirmed, but didn't bother to add that if the other two tried to leave he'd probably make it to the door before they did and block the way.

"Okay," David decided firmly, "we'll have to postpone the meeting, the suits can wait an hour or so. Better let the others know."

Timo nodded and turned towards the door; Linke felt himself shifting before he could stop himself and he almost stood up.

"Linke," David said, grabbing his attention.

He couldn't help it, he turned to look at David and David gave him a patented, killer smile that could even have outshone Franky, which was saying something. When David pulled at his pillow, he just let it go and then he found David getting closer and closer. As David actually kissed him, he forgot just about everything else and barely noticed Timo exiting the room. However, part of him did notice and he pushed David back, needing to follow.

"He'll be back in a little bit," David insisted, not letting him go, "you're not molesting him in the corridor."

That sounded logical, but Linke's psyche wasn't overly focused on logic at that moment and David must have realised, because David didn't let him go. In fact David went for the jugular, literally, and Linke felt teeth and lips and tongue on his neck and he promptly melted. That bit of his neck had been sensitive since he had woken up in the hospital, but he hadn't realised quite how erogenous it could be until that particular instant in time.

"Thought that would work," he heard David mutter as he dissolved under the onslaught and then David's lips were occupied again and Linke found himself sliding down the wall sideways, onto the bed with David on top of him.

He had no idea how long it was before the door opened again as David turned him into a quivering wreck with no more than teeth and tongue and one patch of his skin.

"Getting ahead of me, I see," Timo said and David finally showed some mercy and let him go.

"Just distracting our amorous vampire," David said and Linke blinked up at the pair, trying to put some semblance of order back in his head.

He had the sneaking suspicion he might be in trouble.

"We have one hour," Timo told them, "and then I promised we'd be downstairs. Juri is phoning through with an excuse about Linke being a wuss, but that will only buy us so much time."

"He still has his clothes on," Timo said as if he'd expected something different.

Linke was already feeling underdressed, since David and Timo had put on clothes before coming to see him and he was in just a t-shirt and boxers. He found this incredibly unfair, since David already seemed to have discovered a weakness he hadn't even known he had.

"I think," he said, drawing both of their attentions to him, "that since Timo is being so obnoxious we should undress him first."

He looked at David with one eyebrow raised and didn't bother fighting his vampire instincts and, as his own vision flashed brighter, he knew his eyes had to have changed. David was all but sitting on him, but as one they turned to Timo, who suddenly looked a lot less sure of himself.

"You might be right," David replied with a very evil looking grin.

Almost as one they climbed off the bed and Timo eyed them both up.

"It shouldn't take much to get him out of those clothes," Linke said, liking the plan more and more.

"I thought we were tag teaming him?" Timo said and Linke smiled as he realised he and David were pulling the carefully placed rug out from under Timo's feet.

This was going to be fun.

"We were," David said with a devious grin, "but I like the idea of you naked and so I've changed sides."

David moved behind Timo and Linke closed in, in front and Timo seemed to realise that he was trapped. David went for Timo's t-shirt and Linke went for the belt on Timo's trousers and both were coming off with ruthless efficiency in under a couple of seconds.

"I will get you back for this," Timo said as they rapidly stripped him.

"Sure you will," David said and divested Timo of his boxer shorts.

Linke decided that keeping his mouth shut and letting David handle Timo was probably his best plan at that point.

"You know you're going to enjoy this," David said, standing close behind Timo and running those long piano playing fingers over Timo's chest, "so stop complaining."

"I wasn't complaining," Timo said, turning his head and stealing a kiss.

"Sure you weren't," David said and as Linke watched, urging himself and Timo towards the bed.

David knelt on the bed, sitting back so he was all but sitting and dragged Timo with him so that Timo had no choice but to half sit, half lay against his other half. Linke found his eyes travelling all over Timo's naked body and he felt his cock twitching and his mouth watering, the second of which might have been disconcerting had he not sort of expected it.

"It's your move, Linke," David said, playing one finger up and down Timo's neck in a very obvious gesture.

It was his bed, but Linke felt like he was moving into enemy territory as he walked towards it. This was new and exciting and when Timo parted his legs slightly, he took the invitation and climbed onto the bed between them. He was nervous, but he was so ready for this as all of his senses screamed sex at him.

Linke liked this, he liked it a lot and he began to investigate every piece of skin he could reach. He left Timo's neck to David's ministrations, since it was a little too much of a temptation and went to work on Timo's chest instead. In his mind's eye he could clearly see the trail the water droplets had taken and he carefully traced the course with his tongue.

"Are you two planning on try to kill me, because you're not doing a very good job," Timo said in a teasing tone, but quite how breathless he sounded, rather negated the statement.

After flashing Timo his most wicked grin, he took revenge and sucked hard on one of the already pert nipples just under his nose.

"Oh fuck!" was Timo's very heartfelt reaction.

"I think," David said, where David was now doing similar things to Timo's neck as he had done to Linke's earlier, "that baiting a vampire who has you naked before him, might not be such a good idea."

Each word was pointed by a kiss or a nibble and looking up at Timo's face as he continued to flick his tongue over the nipple he had found, Linke decided that Timo would be putty their hands, very, very shortly.

He could not suppress his vampire senses enough to go back to being normal, but Linke had managed to put away his fangs, at least for now and he used his normal teeth to good measure. With him working on Timo's chest and David working on Timo's neck, all protestations soon died away and Timo began making small noises of pleasure instead. He had to move further down the bed to move further down Timo's torso, since Timo was half sitting up, resting against David, but it was well worth the effort. It turned out that Timo was just a bit ticklish around his navel and Linke spent several interesting minutes making Timo's stomach muscles twitch.

He could taste Timo every time he used his tongue, and not just residual shower gel or anything like that, which he would have been able to pick up before, but something underlying such things that he could only mentally describe as male flesh. It was a taste which urged him on.

There were other things twitching, not just stomach muscles and Linke paused as he all but came nose to head with Timo's cock. This was all very new; he'd never considered being with another man before and he was all too aware that Timo and David were very experienced in this area. It made him a little nervous, even though his instincts were insisting that this was the best thing since sliced bread.

His own arousal was swirling in his belly, causing his own anatomy to throb with pleasure, so much so that he had to fight to keep his more volatile vampire nature in check. He wasn't sure how long he was going to be able to keep his underlying urge to bite, but there were some things he wanted to do first.

Practically they only had about half an hour left before they would have to think about being ready to leave, which didn't leave a lot of time for experimentation, but he was going to give it a little go.

He was well aware that blowjobs were not just a matter of leaping in, because he'd had two girlfriends willing to do that for him, one who had been very good at it and one who hadn't; he just hoped he wasn't going to be in the latter category. Glancing up, he could see that Timo still had his eyes closed, but David was watching him while nibbling on Timo's ear. It was clear David knew what he intended and David smiled at him and made an exaggerated gesture with his tongue.

Linke took the hint and, praying to the gods of sex he was not about to make an idiot of himself, he licked a stripe right up the underside of Timo's cock. Timo made a noise that was somewhere between strangled and amorous, which Linke hoped was a good sign. His brain analysed and filed away the flavour on his tongue as he went in for a second go. This time he did the same thing and then let his lips lightly wrap around the head of Timo's cock to suck gently.

Hands rather urgently wrapped in his hair, almost to the point where it hurt, but he assumed he was doing things right if Timo was that desperate. He couldn't actually feel Timo's arousal, but he could sense it in a much more direct way that he had been used to. According to Bill and Tom, vampires were much more sensitive and aware of pheromones and hormonal changes in those around them and Linke could definitely feel the effect Timo's hormones and pheromones were having on him right then.

He took Timo's cock into his mouth, careful to keep his teeth out of the way and bobbed his head down as far as he dared. Timo's legs spread further and the fingers in his hair momentarily tightened, so he continued in a similar vein just to see what reactions and noises he could elicit from his new lover. With time constraints and the fact that he was picky when it came to other halves, he hadn't had that many lovers, but he was looking forward to finding out exactly how Timo and David ticked. It would take time, much longer than they had then, but he intended to learn to play them both as well as he played the bass; it was only fair considering what they were doing for him.

For a while he enjoyed sucking and licking and experimenting, but as he went on he kept finding his mind wandering and his eye becoming fixed on the inside of Timo's thigh. He could feel his teeth gently aching and he pulled back before he could end up with fangs at an unfortunate time. Timo released the death grip on his hair, but moaned quietly in loss until Timo opened his eyes their gazes met.

Linke felt himself change and the room brightened and his fangs descended. He was looking at Timo full revealed and he ran one finger carefully along the inside of Timo's thigh, where the blood pumped just beneath the surface. He knew what he wanted, but he was not going to take it without asking this time. For a moment they just looked at each other and they were stock still, but then Timo nodded, just slightly and Linke knew he had been given permission.

With it, he could not wait any longer and he dipped his head, placing a kiss on Timo's upper inside thigh. He only hoped it was going to be as good for Timo as he knew it was going to be for him. Holding Timo's leg, he opened his mouth and bit down. Timo arched up almost instantly, a quiet whimper falling from his lips that soon became a low, sexual groan. The blood hit Linke's mouth and everything else became irrelevant. His arousal spiked, although it was secondary

to the wonderful taste and sensation as the blood slipped down his throat and he felt the spark or renewal deep inside him as the blood hit his system.

Timo all but writhed in David's arms as Linke drank and there was only one way it could end. Timo made a high keening sound and bucked upwards, shuddering from head to foot as Linke remained glued in place. Only as Timo came down again, relaxing more than was natural did Linke's brain click back in. Just as it had with David, his meal's orgasm seemed to trigger the end of the feeding and he drew back. Timo was sprawled in David's arms, little white splotches on those gently sculptured abs where he has come all over himself and tiny blood trails on his inner thigh where the small holes had already closed. In Linke's opinion it was beautifully debauched and the more incredibly erotic thing he had ever seen.

He knew Timo was okay, even though Timo had passed out, because he could hear Timo's steady heartbeat. What he did next surprised the part of his brain that wasn't expecting it, but it was more than his vampire side that made him lean forward and lick one little white drop off of Timo's stomach with his tongue. Then he moved to the next and the next until there was nothing there and only then was he satisfied enough to sit back again.

David was watching him, eyes big and pupils dilated in the semi-darkness and he could see a hunger there to rival his own. Very carefully David moved out from behind Timo, lying their passed out lover on the bed, and then David crawled over to him. David kissed him hard, demanding entrance into his mouth almost instantly and Linke acquiesced. The taste of blood and semen had to still be there and David seemed to need to share it. They knelt up, kissing deeply, bodies half pushed against each other and Linke was not surprised when a hand worked into his shorts, pushing them down and taking hold of his cock.

He had to break the kiss then, needing more oxygen for his sex soaked brain and David leant against him, biting his shoulder and moaning quietly. Reciprocating he found David's waistband and slipped his hand under it. They didn't have time for full on sex, but they both needed to get off and they both needed it now. He wrapped his hand around David's cock and began to stroke as well and as hard as he could from their current angle as David was already doing for him. When David bit his neck just hard enough to bruise and then began to suck he knew this wasn't going to take long. He would have tried the same for David, but he was still too close to having bitten Timo and he did not want to bite David again so soon after last time.

Instead, he laced his free hand in David's hair and just held on. David was almost making what Linke would describe as growling noises and, for a moment, he had to wonder which one of them was the vampire. The way David was sucking at his neck was driving him crazy and he wanted to come almost more than life itself, but he desperately tried to hold off for David. He was pretty sure he was going to be completely useless once he came and there was no way he was leaving David hanging.

He did not have to worry though; it seemed his interaction with Timo had been as much of a turn on for David as it had been for him and David came with a muffled cry, biting his neck in a way that sent him reeling over the edge as well. Little sparks went off in his brain and he just let himself go, trembling against David as they used each other to keep themselves from falling off the bed.

Eventually David collapsed back onto the bed, narrowly missing sitting on Timo's head and Linke let himself flop against the wall and slowly slide down it. It didn't

look like any of them would be moving for a while and he wasn't overly comfortable, but that didn't stop him smiling.

"Fuck," he said, considering just climbing onto the floor and lying there, "what's it going to be like when we get to the real sex."

David gave a small chuckle at that, but didn't so much as twitch from the spot on the bed.

"Guess we'll find out tonight," was the mumbled response.

Linke found himself smiling even more; he definitely liked that idea.

It was dusk; Linke's new favourite time of day; the sun was no longer bright enough to hurt his eyes, but it wasn't dark enough for all the colour to have vanished from the landscape. He wasn't sure why, but he had felt like a walk, just to be on his own for a while, so he had left the others trying to decide what to have for dinner and gone to the local park. No one would miss him for at least half an hour, which was enough time to just sit and have a think. He had a lot to think about.

It had been two days since David and Timo had invaded his room and he wasn't quite sure they had been ready for what they had started. Quite frankly, they couldn't keep their hands off each other, so much so that the other three had drawn them up a list of what was and what was not acceptable outside the privacy of one of their bedrooms. Sex of any kind was banned from the bathroom because they had managed to lose track of time and use every scrap of hot water in the house the previous evening. Linke was just very grateful that the rest of the band appeared to have accepted the new arrangements, so really he couldn't argue with any conditions.

The fact that they'd all just accepted what he'd become was rather mind blowing in itself. Juri was still keeping his distance, but seemed to be warming slowly, Jan didn't seem to give two hoots now that it was clear he was not about to chow down on anyone at a random moment and Franky just kept asking him questions. David and Timo had adapted the most, that went without saying, and he couldn't help the dopey smile that appeared on his face every now and then when he thought about it.

He had found himself a nice spot and was sitting on a bench to do his thinking, just watching the last touches of sun heading for the horizon. He didn't even turn when someone sat down next to him as he was too busy watching a cloud formation shifting and moving to really bother. It was only slowly that a strange feeling began to make itself known.

"I should really learn to announce myself," an eerily familiar male voice said; "I always forget I have everything toned down."

Linke turned very slowly, just a little afraid of what he was going to find. What he saw was a tall, dark haired, unassuming man, lounging in a perfectly relaxed manner on the end of his chosen bench, but that ordinary sight sent shots of recognition through him. Memories that remained annoyingly confused rushed to his forethoughts, but he didn't need them to be clear to know exactly who he was sitting next to.

"There is no need to be afraid, My Dear Boy," his companion said and he realised he was staring and was only just this side of terrified. "You have done remarkably well and I decided it was safe to come and talk to you. I do apologise for influencing you to come on this walk, but I think knocking on your door might have had a rather detrimental effect on your conclave."

It was all said so smoothly and in such an ordinary tone, that Linke couldn't think what to say in return; his fear was dying and he wanted to be angry, but he just didn't seem to be able to get worked up.

"You're still influencing me now, aren't you?" he said, coming to the inescapable conclusion.

"A little," his companion replied with a smile, "the young are so volatile and I feel it would be better if we were to have a rational conversation. If you would really rather satisfy your ire, I will stop."

Linke thought about that for a moment; logically it was more sensible to talk in a sensible manner, but part of him really would have liked to scream and shout a bit.

"I might need to yell later," he finally decided, "just to get it out of my system, but I'll listen for now."

The other vampire smiled at him again and he almost felt like a small boy being patted on the head for being good.

"Good," his companion said, "my name is Richard, by the way, I doubt you remember; Richard Jace. Once upon a time it was just Jace, but times change and I always wanted to be a Richard."

Linke just accepted that, but couldn't help wondering how old his current companion actually was.

"You must have questions," Richard said, seemingly quite happy to talk.

"Why did you do it?" Linke asked his most important question first, just in case appearances were deceiving. "From what I understand it's against the rules."

"Rules are for the young," Richard told him with a mischievous smile and he almost reconsidered asking the vampire to stop calming him down, "but regardless I did have a very good reason. When we first bumped into each other coming out of that book shop," now that Richard mentioned it, Linke found himself recalling the meeting, "I sensed that you were unwell."

Linke went to protest.

"Ah, I am well aware that you did not know," Richard told him before he could, "it was far too early for you or medical science to have noticed, but potentials show up on vampire radar in a far more detailed way than you might think. Well for some of us anyway. I cast the runes for you and the outcome was not good."

'Cast the runes' threw up a thousand questions in Linke's head, but it was valid reasoning if you believed in that sort of thing, so Linke let that one go.

"But why didn't you approach me," he asked, trying to reason things out in his mind, "isn't that what you're supposed to do?"

Richard nodded at that and glanced at where the sky was a deep pink.

"I am very old," Richard finally said with a far away smile, "and I have learned many things in my time on this earth. The young do not always see what is in front of their faces, I have learned to look. I cast the runes many times after I first met you and I realised that I could not approach you as would be considered normal. There were certain relationships that would have failed to form had I interfered in your life in the standard way. You may not believe me, but leaving you on your own was the wisest course of action."

The one thing Linke did know as he looked at the other vampire was that Richard believed what he was saying; that didn't mean Linke believed it though.

"You're saying that you left me to fend for myself so that I would turn to David and Timo?" he asked; he just didn't see how that could be possible.

"Well I did not have all the details, but with hindsight, that must have been part of what I was seeing. It was also so that you would become independent immediately," Richard told him and sounded almost regretful. "Not that I would not have enjoyed your company as my apprentice, shall we say, but that would have stifled you in a way that I would have found unconscionable."

It all sounded very reasonable and plausible, but Linke was still having trouble accepting it. He was still angry about all the upheaval and it wasn't that easy to just step past it. For all he knew, Richard was as nutty as a fruit cake and he was just the victim of the insane vampire's fantasy.

"I can tell by the expression on your face you do not believe me," Richard said and seemed perfectly fine with it, "I did not really expect you to. Here," Linke found a card being waved under his nose, "my contact details. I'm sure if you talk to certain people in the community they can assure you of my sincerity. I am known as old and eccentric, but my predictions have a nasty habit of coming true, so many choose to take me seriously."

Linke decided to reserve judgement.

"I take it those two sweet boys from ... umm ... what is their band called?" Richard continued to speak.

"Tokio Hotel," Linke filled in and decided his companion was definitely right about the eccentric part.

"Ah yes, Tokio Hotel," Richard seemed to confirm it to himself, "I lived in Tokyo once for a few years; lovely city, very nice people. Sorry what was I saying, oh yes, I assume they have given you a good grasp of our rather fractured community?"

He nodded, since Bill and Tom had given him everything he needed to know to get going. The whole structure was a bit odd and loose as far as he was concerned, but it made a vague kind of sense. It seemed as long as you didn't do anything horribly outrageous or to endanger the community, it was each to his own.

"They told me who to contact in an emergency," he replied, "and stuff like that."

"Good," Richard said with a nod of his own, "I suggest you contact them and ask about me. If you feel you can approach me after that, my door will always be open to you. I believe that you are settled enough now that it will not affect your progress. I would ask you to forgive my actions, but I know you will not be able to do that until you are sure of my motives, and maybe not even then, so I shall not."

Richard seemed like a genuine person, but Linke knew the other vampire was right and was quite glad of the man's decision. He could still feel his anger bubbling away under the surface and he was not sure he would ever quite get over it. His life had been turned upside down with no explanation at all and it had not been fun.

"I'll ask them," he confirmed, since he wasn't sure what else to say.

"That is all I could request," Richard told him and went to stand up. "I am glad we had this chat; I do hope you do not think me a complete lunatic."

The jury was still out on that one, so Linke just shrugged.

"I'm sure we will be ... oh wait," Richard said, stopping in the middle of a sentence, "I do believe I offered you the opportunity to exorcise you ire. It will probably be therapeutic if nothing else."

Linke found himself looking directly into Richard's eyes and then he felt his anger explode. He was on his feet so fast he barely realised what he was doing and then he just swung at the other vampire. His fist connected with Richard's nose and sent the other vampire sprawling back onto the bench. It seemed that he was angrier than he had anticipated and he found himself standing over Richard, breathing hard and quite shocked at his own behaviour.

Richard dabbed at his now bleeding nose with the back of his hand and gave a small smile.

"I do believe I deserved that," the older vampire decided and seemed to be virtually unfazed by the whole thing.

"I..." Linke went to say something, but he wasn't sure what.

His anger had been very sudden and very explosive and now that he'd realised what he'd done it had been succinctly killed by shock. He stepped back as Richard calmly stood up again, fishing a handkerchief out to remove the blood which had already stopped flowing.

"I think, My Dear Boy, you needed that," Richard said, seemingly amused. "Unless you wish to hit me again I will take my leave. I hope to hear from you soon."

Linke just stood there and let Richard go; he really wasn't sure what to say to that. He slipped Richard's card into his pocket and turned to head home; he had a lot to think about.

"We were about to send out the search party," Timo said as Linke walked into the living room and sat down. "You could have told us you were going out."

"Sorry," he replied absently as he went over things in his head, "didn't realise I was going until I was gone."

From the smell of things the rest of the band had decided to go with the fall back position of Franky cooking, so everyone was just waiting for food.

"Where did you go?" Timo asked him.

"The park," he said, shaking himself out of his thoughts to at least look at Timo, "seems someone wanted to meet me."

Timo frowned at that.

"Who?" his boyfriend asked.

"His name is Richard Jace," Linke decided that he wasn't going to play this close to his chest, "and he's the one who did this to me."

"You met your maker?" David asked, choosing that moment to walk into the room.

Linke nodded, going over it in his head again; it seemed a little unreal.

"What did you do?" Timo asked, standing up and coming over.

"I decked him," Linke said honestly, still shocked at his actions.

"You didn't?" David sounded half scandalised.

Linke looked up again then from where he had taken to staring at the floor.

"I was a bit angry," he admitted, quite glad he wasn't that angry any more, "or at least I was when he let me be. We had a conversation first where he was keeping me calm."

From the expression on Timo's face, Timo didn't like the sound of that.

"He can do that?" David asked, more curious than Timo seemed to be.

Linke nodded and couldn't help noticing that Jan was listening while trying not to look as if he was on the other side of the room.

"He was the reason I ended up in the park to begin with," he replied; "he pushed me in that direction. It was a good idea really, can you imagine if he'd come here?"

"Still underhand," Timo clearly didn't like the behaviour.

There was no point in arguing since Timo was partially right.

"He wanted to explain why he did what he did and he seems to have had good reasons," he explained thoughtfully, "I'm just not sure he's not totally off his rocker. I have his card and he told me to ask Bill and Tom about him. At least I have a name and face to go with the vague memories now."

David fished in a pocket and handed him a mobile.

"What are you waiting for?" David asked bluntly.

It didn't look as if he was going to have much choice, so he took the mobile and flicked it open. It was not difficult to find Bill's number in David's phone book and he pressed dial.

"Hey, David," Bill's voice answered almost immediately, "what can I do for you?"

"It's Linke actually," he corrected quickly, "David just insisted I call at this very minute so he sacrificed his phone."

"Linke," Bill greeted cheerfully, "what can I do for you then?"

"I met him, my maker," it felt really weird saying it to another vampire.

"Really, when? Are you okay?" Bill asked very quickly.

Linke almost rolled his eyes; it was kind of sweet that everyone seemed so worried about him lately, but he hoped it wouldn't last.

"I'm fine," he replied and looked at both David and Timo who were hovering to make his point to them too, "he just wanted to talk. His name is Richard Jace, he said ..."

"Jace?" Bill all but squeaked on the other end of the connection.

That wasn't quite the reaction Linke had expected and it must have shown because David looked interested.

"What'd he say?" David asked and Linke had to wave him off for the time being.

"Yeah, Jace," he said hoping that this wasn't going to be something terrible; "tall, black hair, perpetual smirk. He's not some lunatic is he, because at times he sounded like it?"

"Well that depends who you talk to," Bill replied quickly. "Tom, get over here."

"Well?" David pushed.

"They know his name, not sure on anything else yet," Linke said, putting his hand over the phone.

He heard movement at Bill's end and could only assume it was Tom doing as he was told. He had noticed over his brief acquaintance with the twins that Tom tended to follow Bill's orders most of the time; it had been an interesting dynamic to watch.

"That's a name that has all sorts of connotations in the community," Bill said, speaking to him again and Linke wondered if they were good connotations or bad one. "He's old, no one's quite sure how old, he's just been around a long time. Some vampires write him off as eccentric, but there are a lot who sit up and pay attention when he says things. He doesn't usually take much notice of the young."

That didn't seem quite true.

"Oh I think he takes notice," Linke replied, wondering how much of the vampire community underestimated Jace, "he called you 'those two sweet boys'."

"I am not sweet," he heard Tom say.

"He knew about us?" Bill seemed to be focusing on the more important part of that.

Linke almost smiled; Bill sounded so surprised even though Bill was part of the most famous band in Germany.

"Yeah," Linke replied, nodding even though he was talking on the phone, "but he couldn't remember the name of your band, just that you were in one."

There was silence from the other end of the line for a while.

"And?" Timo asked and distracted him.

"What he told me is true so far, he's well known as eccentric," since the conversation seemed to have halted he provided the information.

It was never easy having conversations with two sets of people.

"That's unexpected," Bill finally came back on, "but enough about us; you have a powerful sire there. Did he tell you why he turned you?"

"Yeah," Linke said and then decided to hedge; he didn't feel comfortable revealing everything Richard had told him yet, not without having talked to Timo and David about it first, "but that's not what has me confused. He said he cast the runes for me, does that mean what I think it means?"

When he glanced at David and Timo, both were looking sceptical.

"If you think it means he divined the future by throwing rune stones, then, yeah it does," Tom spoke this time, slightly muffled by the fact that Bill was holding the phone. "Our nana is a strong believer in that sort of thing. Jace has a reputation for coming out of the woodwork every now and then, dropping a piece of accurate advice and then disappearing again."

It was sounding more and more like Richard was on the level, even if Linke had trouble believing in fortune telling. It wasn't as if he wasn't getting used to coming around to believe in things that didn't exist.

"So he's not nuts then?" he asked, just to make sure.

That appeared to be a question Timo approved of, if his expression was anything to go by.

"Not if you listen to what Nana has to say," Bill replied with certainty in his voice. "You'll need to report the meeting to the right people so they know what's going on, but no one in the community is going to argue with him unless you really insist."

He found that oddly comforting and then realised that maybe he shouldn't, since he was supposed to still be angry at the man. His attitude was clearly changing quickly. It was of course possible that he had expunged his anger with the punch; he did tend to bottle everything up, then explode and then it was all over.

"I'm not going to insist," Linke said, since he already realised that much was true. "He said I can go talk to him any time; should I, or will he just confuse me?"

"You know where he lives?" Bill's voice was very excited again and once again it surprised Linke.

He had to take the phone away from his ear for a moment, Bill was so loud.

"Something wrong?" David asked as he grimaced.

"Bill's just getting over excited," he said, knowing full well that Bill could hear everything he said.

"I am not," Bill protested from the other end of the line as he put the phone back to his ear.

"You so are, Little Brother," Tom said with a laugh.

Linke did find himself smiling then; he was feeling much better about the whole thing given the twins' reactions.

"He gave me his card," he said, once he was sure he had their attention again, "and it has his address on it."

"Guard it with your life," Bill said and Linke hoped his friend was exaggerating.

"Just don't tell anyone you have it," Tom added.

"Jace is a man of mystery," Bill took over again. "He might have a few funny ideas, but you probably couldn't get a better grounding in the reality of the community from anyone else. By all accounts he's seen it come into being."

"What are they saying?" David asked him.

"The answer is yes," Linke summarised for his friends.

It seemed easier than going through all the details there and then. He had no doubt David and Timo would not leave him alone until they had all of them, but he had kind of known that going into a relationship with them. David and Timo kept very little from each other and they had adopted him with exactly the same mindset. It was taking some getting used to, but he was getting there.

"If you have any trouble with anyone in the community," Bill began to say.

"Yeah, some vampires are pompous arseholes," Tom commented.

"Just drop the name of your maker and they'll back off," Bill finished. "You won't have any trouble with Jace behind you, even if the ones you're talking to think he's an eccentric old lunatic."

Well that was nice to know.

"That sounds useful," Linke said, nodding and from the look on David's face it was clear his boyfriend wanted to know what 'that' was. "So will the powers that be get on my case if I wait until tomorrow to tell them?"

Bill laughed at that.

"Linke," Bill said, still chuckling, "once you tell them who your sire is, I don't think anyone will get on your case again, ever."

"Not unless you do something really stupid like try to take over the world with a legion of vampires," Tom added, clearly amused as well.

The way the vampire community worked was beginning to become clear to Linke; it seemed to be a lot about who you knew. It looked like he had much better foundations for this new aspect of his life than he had thought; maybe it wasn't so bad after all.

"I'll remember to make a note of not taking over the world," he said dryly.

"Glad to hear it," Bill replied.

Then someone said something on the other end that Linke didn't catch.

"Yeah, okay, we'll be there in a minute," he heard Bill reply. "Look, Linke, is there anything else you need to know; we're supposed to be on this show in about an hour and they want us in makeup. We can fend them off for a bit if you need to talk more though."

That did make Linke smile as he formed the mental image of Bill sparing with a makeup person using only a hairbrush as a weapon.

"I think I know everything I need to, thanks," he replied, "sorry to have caught you at a bad time."

"Never a bad time," Bill told him, "not for friends."

"Well thanks, you've put my mind at rest," he said, feeling happier than he had done since the whole situation had begun, "and good luck with the show."

"You're welcome," he heard Tom call from some distance away; clearly Tom was already on the way somewhere.

"We'll talk again soon," Bill added. "Yes I'm coming," clearly Bill was being bothered by someone. "See ya."

"Bye," Linke replied and then hung up as he heard the line disconnect.

He handed the phone back to David.

"Thanks," he said as he tried to put everything in order in his head.

It was quite an adjustment to make; his maker had gone from mysterious, uncaring asshole to not quite sane, important vampire with very good reasons. He needed to sleep on it.

"So?" David asked and Timo nodded along as well and Jan had given up not looking interested.

"So?" Linke said, raising his eyebrows.

David gave him a very unimpressed look.

"Okay," he said, relenting.

It was clear he was more susceptible to that look these days than he had been; he was going to have to work on that.

"It seems like my maker may have had a valid reason for what he did and that being friends with him might be very useful," he said, summing everything up. "Happy now?"

The way he was being scrutinised, he knew he was not off the hook, but he did his best to convey the fact that was all they were getting for now.

"Okay," Timo finally decided, "but we want to hear details about this Jace character and you are not going to see him without at least one of us in tow. It all sounds weird to me."

"Of course it's weird," Linke replied with a grin; "it's vampires."

No one could argue with him about that.

Timo lay there, staring into the dark with a fond smile on his face. Single beds were not designed for three and yet here they were again, all squashed into one at odd angles just so they could all lie down. If Linke even remotely considered rolling sideways their pet vampire would be on the floor and David was pushed up against the wall in such a way that he was almost an ornament. They were both sound asleep and using him as an anchor, or at least that's what it felt like to Timo.

It wasn't the most comfortable arrangement, but Timo was quite happy in the middle of the pile of three bodies. They never really planned to all sleep in the same bed; it just seemed to keep happening. Vampires were as addictive as Georg had warned him. He had never had any complaints about his and David's sex life, but he'd never felt this out of control about sex, not even in the midst of puberty. It wasn't just that he was craving Linke either; he craved David just as much, which at least made him feel a little better about the whole thing.

Whatever signals vampires gave off, they were like cat nip to the average moggy in Timo's opinion, only they didn't run around going mad, they kept touching and kissing and everything else. It was kind of difficult when they weren't in the house to remember that touching like that was not allowed. It was, however, doing wonders for strengthening his will.

Both he and David, well mostly David really, had pinned Linke down and made him tell them about the whole meeting with his maker. The fact that Linke had been ill before and none of them, including Linke, had had a clue, made him feel just a little vulnerable in a feeling his own mortality way, but it did make Jace's actions seem less sinister. He really did hope for Linke's sake that everything was on the level; if it wasn't, the vampire community might just find out what a pissed off rock band were like.

Timo was already itching to put down some lyrics about their recent experiences and their current ones, but it was kind of difficult to be vague enough without losing sense, so he was still thinking about it. If he was not very mistaken he had seen Linke scribbling earlier in the day as well: they might get a few singles out

of this if nothing else. They were definitely settling down, the previous day the whole band had produced more in the studio than they had in weeks. It was like they had a renewed lease of life.

They had all changed thanks to Linke's illness and then revelations, but in the end it might have done some good. The group was more cohesive for it even though everyone hadn't quite adjusted and Timo hoped that, going forward, they would be better for it.

He carefully ran one finger over the side of David's face, removing an unruly lock of hair that was threatening to end up in David's slightly open mouth. It was kind of hard to believe that he was part of a trio now, but the warm bodies on each side of him helped his beleaguered brain to keep remembering it was true. He was wary of relationships and had always thought he would steer clear until he and David had fallen into more than friendship. That he had taken another step was quite a revelation to him.

Only time would tell where they would end up: how he and David and Linke would adjust to their new relationship; how the band would move in the music world. It was all a matter of questions and none of them would be answered quickly, but as his current sleeping arrangements implied, Timo was ready for the awkwardness along the way because he was sure it would bring good things.

With that thought he relaxed back onto the bed and allowed his eyes to fall closed. His over active brain had run through everything and all was right with the world so he could finally let sleep come.

Linke opened his eyes carefully and looked up as he felt Timo's breathing even out. He had come to realise that Timo did not seem able to fall asleep in the same bed with other people if those people were not asleep first, so he had taken to faking being asleep to make sure Timo could drop off. It was becoming increasingly obvious to him that he did not need as much sleep as a normal human anymore and hence it made sleeping at night even more difficult. Not that he really minded just lying there with his present company.

He was honestly stunned at how much his life had changed in just over a week. Firstly he was a vampire, something he was still getting used to and he really didn't have too much of a clue about. He was working on his education, in fact he had called Jace and asked for a meeting the next evening. David and Timo had insisted on being invited too, but since Jace seemed to think this was a perfect idea, there hadn't been too much fighting about that. Of course that was the other thing that had turned his world on its head: Timo and David.

There were certain constants in a person's life that were like foundation stones that kept everything in place. David and Timo being a couple had become one of Linke's reality since he had become part of the band. It was one of those things that nothing could shake, except he seemed to have managed it.

It could have gone so wrong and brought everything tumbling down, but miraculously it actually seemed to be working. He was as thoroughly whipped when it came to David as Timo was and he didn't know how it had happened, but it definitely had. Maybe David had mutant pheromones or something, because there just didn't seem to be a way to say no when David really wanted something.

It hadn't been difficult to figure out it was David who had talked Timo into the whole idea in the first place, but Timo was not one to hold back with his opinions, so Linke knew Timo was in this for real as well. They were a full functioning three. It sounded bizarre, but given the fact they all seemed to have gained the libido of a sex-crazed rabbit, being a three was very useful.

When he had phoned Bill and asked about that particular aspect of their relationship, Bill had assured him they would eventually calm down somewhat. It had something to do with chemical reactions and establishing the group dynamic that Bill hadn't been overly clear on. In the end Bill had just told him that their hormones should have levelled off in about a month.

It wasn't that Linke was complaining; it was just distracting. Even lying there in the dark he wanted to reach out and touch, which he wasn't going to do because they were working really hard in the studio at the moment and David and Timo needed to sleep. The dreams were the really outrageous bit. Some of the things they got up to in his dreams he wasn't even sure were physically possible in real life.

Of course it ran deeper than just the sex. Even that afternoon he had found himself considering just throwing David over his shoulder and leaving the studio, because David looked over stressed at part of the track they were trying to lay down. Logically he had known that David would most likely have killed him, but the urge had still been there to protect. With Timo he was less inclined to such urges because Timo appeared on the surface to be less fragile than David, but the urges were still there. Of course he knew that David wasn't really that fragile, he just couldn't seem to make his instincts understand this.

He hesitated to call what the three of them had love. Oh he was sure Timo loved David and David loved Timo, but he couldn't bring himself to put his own part in the relationship in the same bracket. It was more than friendship and he was sure the vampiric part of his nature was obsessed with David and Timo, but he hadn't quite come to terms with what his human nature was thinking.

Whatever it was, it was growing, that much he did acknowledge. The confusing mix of feelings was moving into every part of his thought process and it was impossible to ignore. He cared, he cared a great deal, and he thought it would end up as love, but he didn't feel comfortable with that label yet.

In the end it was irrelevant to the way they were moving forward; there would be no separating them now, but it was not irrelevant to him. Why he had latched on to David and then Timo he couldn't explain; he had had no hints of it before, not consciously, but it was very real now. He needed to understand more about his vampire nature to understand where all these feelings and needs were coming from, and he didn't know enough yet. He was pretty sure it wouldn't all be obvious even when he did know everything he needed to know, but then he had realised a long time ago that life was never straightforward.

He had yet to have a conversation with his family where he explained what had happened. That hurdle was yet to come, and he wanted to understand as much as possible first. The band was his support structure at the moment and he only hoped his parents would be as understanding.

Moving carefully, he put himself in a slightly more comfortable position. He tended to wake up in the mornings with a stiff neck thanks to the odd angles he ended up sleeping at, but with his vampire metabolism it never lasted very long. That was why he always did his best to make sure David and Timo looked at least

vaguely comfortable when they went to sleep; they didn't have that advantage. If they were going to keep doing this they were going to have to admit it and invest in a double bed. No doubt the moment David decided that they needed to they would, but until then he had to make sure he didn't fall out.

It was a challenge, actually his whole life was a challenge, but he couldn't say he didn't relish it.

The End