

# Curses!

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**Warnings:** threesome/moresome, vampires

**Summary:** *TH\_Fanfic FQF Prompt: 61. HALLOWEEN Prompt 1:* (Supernatural twist) The band encounter--and accidentally piss off--a mysterious woman in black while they are at a costume party and end up turning into their costumes. Bill/vampire, Gustav/is himself, Georg/Ninja and Tom goes as a "virgin" as a joke. Once they turn, Bill keeps trying to bite and seduce Tom and Georg keeps trying to kill Bill. Gustav is the only one who can use his smarts in order to counter act the curse. (Submitted by nightshade24)

**Author's Notes:** I've played with the prompt a little, it's a woman in white for a start and it's a just a costume party rather than being Halloween, but I think I still have the spirit of it :).

**Word count:** 23,776

## Chapter 1 Partying

Doing his best to hide, Gustav walked over to the drinks table and picked up his second beer. Why he hadn't just turned around and told the others he couldn't come he had no idea, but he hadn't so he was stuck now. It wasn't a huge party, but it was big enough that there were people all over the place, none of whom he knew, and he was getting a bit sick of people who thought they knew him.

To top it all off it was a costume party and everyone else was dressed up except him. Bill had been buzzing about the whole thing for weeks just because of that particular point; if there was one thing Bill loved it was dressing up. Their enthusiastic singer had even decided to dress all of them as well and Tom and Georg were dutifully wandering around in their costumes, but there had been an accident with Gustav's. He was supposed to have been dressed as an authentic-ish cowboy, but the costumers had messed up and sent a child's Lone Ranger outfit instead.

This meant that Gustav was the only person at the party in his normal clothes and he was really fed up of people asking him what he had come as. For the last half an hour he had taken to telling everyone he was a clone of himself.

"Could you ask the barman for a glass of red wine for me, please?"

Gustav turned to find that Bill was standing right behind him and he did a double take for the tenth time that evening. Bill had come to the party as a vampire and as far as Gustav could tell had been causing the whole room to fall at his feet all evening. Even Gustav had been having a little trouble because Bill was really playing up the androgynous thing. Bill's outfit consisted of black breaches, a long, thigh length black jacket, white poet's shirt and knee high leather boots. He had done his hair down, pulling it back in a loose ponytail with a black ribbon and allowing tufts to fall around his face. The pale makeup, dark eyes and red lips finished the whole thing off along with a custom made pair of fangs that showed whenever Bill smiled.

Before he could find himself staring again, Gustav leant over the table and asked the guy serving the non-bottled drinks for a red wine. He knew that Bill wasn't overly fond of red wine, but as ever, a role was a role and Bill was playing it to the full.

"Thanks," Bill said with a bright smile when he handed his friend the drink. "Have you seen Tom? He said he was just going to the loo, but that was half an hour ago."

"He probably met a pretty girl," Gustav pointed out.

Bill pouted.

"He's supposed to be playing up to his costume," Bill complained; "the least he could do is try."

"This is Tom," Gustav said with a small shrug; "did you really expect anything else."

Bill gave a little huff.

"No, I suppose not," Bill replied, taking a sip of his red wine.

Tom was the only one who had resisted the idea of Bill being allowed to dress them. While Gustav and Georg had bowed to the inevitable, Tom had been stubborn; that was until he had been goaded into a bet by Bill and lost. Gustav couldn't help smiling as he remembered the conversation where Bill had taken revenge for being rejected and declared that Tom was going to the party as a virgin. To say Tom had been unimpressed was an understatement, especially when Bill had extracted a promise out of his twin that Tom would play the role for at least the first bit of the party.

That meant that Tom was somewhere in the area wearing white jeans that were a compromise between the usual baggy style and the pair of sinfully tight ones Bill had wanted to put Tom in (that had been an interesting shopping trip); a white t-shirt of normal proportions; white trainers; and a white band to keep the mane of dreads under control. Bill had point blank refused to let Tom wear a hat; Gustav had heard the shrieking from the next hotel room.

When they had arrived Tom had played the role just like Bill had wanted, but Gustav doubted very much that Tom could have kept it up for more than a few minutes.

"How about Georg, I haven't seen him in ages either?" Bill continued while glancing around the room.

"Oh, he's around somewhere," Gustav replied, "most likely lurking in a dark corner so he can scare the crap out of someone. Him you got spot on; he's having a blast with that ninja outfit."

Bill positively beamed and Gustav scored himself a point for putting Bill back in a good mood. They had all been under a lot of pressure lately and Bill's normally bubbly exterior had been beginning to show a few cracks. He was pretty sure that Tom had lost the bet with Bill deliberately so Tom could make his twin happy without having to admit he'd done it willingly. He knew that he himself had enjoyed the delight with which Bill had picked out all their costumes. When Bill was happy it was infectious and the whole thing had done them all good.

"It's a shame the costume shop messed up your outfit," Bill said giving him the up and down; "you'd have made a really good cowboy."

Gustav wasn't so sure, but he smiled anyway.

"But a really bad Lone Ranger," he replied, trying to keep the tone light, "especially since the most I could get in the costume was a foot."

That made Bill grin.

"Might have given David a heart attack," Bill commented and laughed.

"Might have won me the bet to see which of us can make Saki blush first though," he said with a grin of his own.

It was at that moment that the evening decided to go even more downhill. Someone barged into Bill from behind and before Bill could do anything or Gustav could leap to the rescue the large glass of red wine was sailing through the air. It was one of those times when everything went terribly slowly because disaster was approaching and he couldn't do anything to stop it. The wine launched in a huge arc and plastered some poor woman in a white dress from neck to ankle.

She was facing away from them and she spun on the spot with a screech.

"I'm so sorry," Bill began apologising immediately, but Gustav knew it was a lost cause; he had taken one look at the woman's eyes.

Bill began babbling at high speed, trying to explain that someone had pushed him, but the woman was clearly not listening.

"A curse on you and those closest to you," she finally yelled, before spinning on the spot again and stalking towards the exit.

Bill looked like a wounded puppy and Gustav put out his hand to comfort his friend. It really hadn't been Bill's fault. There was nothing either of them could do as the woman made a dramatic exit and all Gustav could think was that some people were really odd. A shiver ran up his spine, but he ignored it and tried to decide what on earth to do next.

"It wasn't your fault," he said as Bill looked mournfully at the mostly empty glass; "I think she was just highly strung."

"I threw wine all over her," Bill said, and appeared so sorry about it that Gustav was at a loss.

"Because someone barged you from behind," he pointed out, "someone who seems to have run away."

If there was one thing he hated it was people who dodged their responsibilities. If you caused something, you owned up. The last thing any of them needed was more stress and Bill looked like he was about to stress about the whole thing very much. At any other time they probably would have laughed about it and just gone on, but they were a little too frazzled to just brush it off at the moment.

When he saw Tom wandering into the area he thanked god for small mercies and waved at the other twin. He was seen almost immediately and Tom started in their direction. Tom walked up to them and smiled, which seemed to brighten Bill's mood quite distinctly without really trying.

"We thought you had found a pretty girl," Bill said linking arms with Tom as if he never wanted to let go, which was odd even for the twins.

Of course the woman had been a nasty shock, so Gustav could understand Bill overreacting a little bit.

"Oh I did," Tom said in a perfectly amicable tone, "but she seemed to want more than I was willing to give."

For a moment Gustav did a double take; those were words he had never, ever expected to hear out of Tom's mouth. The shock dissipated quickly, however, as Bill smiled brightly and Gustav realised what was going on; Tom was getting into the role. He could only assume that Tom had seen Bill's crest fallen face earlier and decided that something needed to be done about it and he couldn't help grinning at the effort Tom was putting in.

"I need another drink," Bill said, sounding bubbly and cheerful again; "I'm really thirsty all of a sudden."

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At some point Gustav had managed to lose the twins again, but he had actually started to enjoy himself a little bit by then so he hadn't minded. He hadn't seen Georg all evening, so he could only assume there was a girl somewhere who was getting lucky with a ninja. The party was beginning to wind down and he was considering going back to his room since they were staying in the hotel, but he really wanted to find the twins first. Well once he had answered the call of nature first.

As he opened the door to the gents the first thing he heard was the sound of someone being sick. He would have turned around on the spot since that was the last thing he wanted to be involved in, but he heard a very familiar voice.

"It's okay, Bill," Tom said and Gustav was walking into the room quickly.

He found Bill leant over one of the two toilets with Tom standing behind him rubbing his back.

"Everything okay?" Gustav asked, very surprised to see that it was Bill being ill; Bill didn't usually get that drunk.

Tom turned looking worried.

"Bill had a reaction to something," Tom said, rubbing Bill's back in soothing circles.

"Not alcohol?" Gustav asked very carefully since he didn't want to feel Tom's wrath, but Bill had been drinking things he wasn't really used to earlier in the evening.

"He's been on water since we left you," Tom said, seemingly so worried that there was no anger at the idea that Gustav would suggest such a thing. "I was hungry so we went to find some food from the buffet table; he ate one cheese pastry thing and then ran in here."

"I'm fine," Bill said, sounding hoarse; "I think there was just something in the pastry filling I'm allergic to."

Gustav had never seen Bill react to anything so violently before, but he did not say so, just moved out of the way so Bill could stumble to the sink and wash his mouth out.

"Why am I so damn thirsty?" Bill bemoaned and reached for the hand towels the hotel had put out. "And cold?" Bill added.

"You don't eat enough," Tom tried to joke, but from Bill's glare it fell rather flat.

"Maybe you're coming down with a bug," Gustav suggested.

"God I hope not," Bill said with a sigh; "this sucks."

Gustav couldn't fault his friend for that statement.

"I'm going back to my room," Bill decided after a moment's silence; "I want to lie down."

Tom looked at Gustav and they shared a look.

"We're coming too," Tom decided in a tone that tried to make it sound unimportant.

"No, that's okay," Bill said, even though he sounded incredibly reluctant, "I'll be fine. You can go and find a girl now without me hovering around for a start."

"I was going to head up anyway," Gustav interrupted, before Tom could reply; "the party's beginning to wind down anyway."

He did notice that Tom looked rather confused by something.

"Yeah, sleep sounds good," Tom added, covering up the confusion; "and when we're all fresh as daisies in the morning and Georg's not we can take the piss out of him all day."

Bill seemed to like that if the bright smile was anything to go by.

"Okay," Bill agreed.

They filed out of the men's loo, Bill first, Tom second and Gustav last and Gustav was just contemplating what he had to put away before he could sleep when a figure stepped out of the shadows right in front of him. He jumped for his life and then swore loudly.

"Georg," he said sharply, "did you have to do that?"

Georg just looked at him, eyes staring out of the ninja mask and fixing him with what could only be described as a steely gaze. When Georg didn't say anything Gustav just shook his head and stepped past his friend.

"You are way too into the role," he muttered to himself.

When Georg just sort of appeared beside him in the lift he was about ready to hit his friend; he hadn't heard him following at all. Georg seemed to be glaring at Bill, who was taking no notice what so ever and appeared to be completely absorbed by Tom. Tom pushed the button for their floor and the door closed.

Gustav looked around at his friends and decided that he would be very glad for the evening to be over now; he didn't really like weird and all the others were acting just a little strangely.

"God you smell good," Bill suddenly announced to the world in general and seemed to almost have his nose in Tom's hair.

What was even more extraordinary, however, was that Tom actually blushed. To top that off Georg did not even remotely try to take the piss out of Tom and basically the world was coming to an end; Gustav was sure of it.

"You are all nuts," he said firmly and leant back against the side of the lift.

"But he does," Bill insisted, "and hell am I thirsty; hungry too."

Bill moved closer to Tom to prove his point and Georg shifted silently, still glaring at Bill for some reason. Tom was just looking between the two rather worriedly and Gustav gave up trying to figure it out.

"I kind of feel funny," Bill said as the lift reached their floor.

Having uttered those fateful words Bill put his hand to his head and swayed slightly. Gustav reached out a microsecond after Tom already had to steady his friend and between them he and Tom made sure Bill remained upright.

"Are you okay?" Tom asked urgently as Bill blinked owlshly as the rest of them.

"Little dizzy," Bill said, but soon straightened up.

"Let's get you back to your room," Tom decided, moving so that there was no space at all between him and Bill.

Gustav was pleased to see that Bill looked a little brighter at that, but it was still really odd. He would have shadowed the twins, but Georg got their first as they walked out of the lift, so he followed everyone down the corridor.

"Being sick probably dehydrated you," Tom decided while dealing with Bill's door; "lets get you lying down and I'll get you some juice or something."

It was touching how Tom always looked after Bill when it was required and Gustav trailed everyone into the hotel room. Tom was helping Bill out of the long black jacket and everything seemed to be under control so Gustav decided he needed to answer the call of nature that had been interrupted. He wasn't about to run out on his friends just in case, so he stepped into Bill's bathroom and went to use the toilet.

The whole evening was getting weirder by the second and he took the time out to hope that there wasn't about to be a crisis. If Bill was ailing for something then their schedule was going to go to hell and things were going to go down hill. They had a concert in a couple of days and he hoped that Bill would not be going on while unwell because it never did Bill any good, Tom any good because of worrying or either of the rest of them either because they were constantly looking out for the twins.

None of them needed the stress and Bill definitely didn't need an illness.

Having used the facilities, he pulled up his trousers, flushed the toilet and then walked to the sink to wash his hands. He was feeling the effects of the alcohol he had consumed and what he really wanted to do was head to bed, but he wasn't leaving before he was sure Bill was okay. He hadn't bothered to tuck his shirt in and he considered leaving it for a while, but he was nothing if not fastidious and so he went to rectify the problem. It was purely by chance that he lifted it first because he thought he saw a thread hanging off one corner, and it was then he saw something impossible.

His trousers were somewhat low slung tonight and he should have been able to see his belly button, but where it should have been there was smooth skin. For a moment he thought he was drunker than he realised and he was seeing things, but undoing his trousers again he touched his stomach and it became very clear, very quickly that this was really happening.

There was a clatter and what sounded suspiciously like a growl from the other room and he hurried fastened his trousers as he put together the completely ridiculous, but inescapable conclusion. He had been telling everyone he was a clone of himself and the obvious sign of a natural birth was gone; Tom had been claiming to be a virgin and had suddenly started acting like he really was one; Georg really had been dressed as a ninja and was appearing out of shadows with a grace that Georg had never, ever possessed; and Bill, Bill had been pretending to be a vampire and had a sudden aversion to real food. Somehow, their costumes had become reality.

Grabbing the door handle he freed the lock and went charging into the other room. Tom was on one side of the bed, as white as his clothes, Bill was backed into the opposite corner and Georg was on the bed waving a very long, very lethal looking sword. Bill was already bleeding and it was quite clear Georg was ready to strike another blow.

"No!" Gustav bellowed at the top of his lungs and managed to make himself the centre of attention.

Bill hissed at him and growled, eyes completely black and glittering with sparks of red. Georg went to move again at the threat.

"No," Gustav said again, just as firmly, but not with the volume this time. "Bill, you need to calm down."

He prayed that the real Bill was still under the vampire somewhere because the long fangs that Bill revealed every time he snarled looked very dangerous indeed. Whatever had happened to set Bill off was hopefully fleeting, at least that was the premise on which he chose to work. If it wasn't true they were all so far up shit creek without a paddle it probably wasn't going to matter.

"Georg, back away from Bill," he said slowly and calmly.

Georg glared at him for just a moment for that suggestion.

"Georg," he said more sharply, doing his best to remember the small amount he knew about ninja's from martial arts movies; "you should be trying to help him, not trying to kill him. Bill is part of your clan."



It was a long shot, but he breathed a sigh of relief when Georg took a step back. There was no doubt Georg was still keeping himself between Bill and Tom, but the initial risk seemed to have been mitigated as Georg stepped off the bed and stood in front of Tom. That just left Bill who was no longer growling, but definitely didn't look quite human.

"Bill, this isn't you," Gustav said, trying to sound like he wasn't about to freak out; "you need to put the vampire away."

On the evidence he had seen so far he didn't think Bill's current state was the normal one and he hoped that talking Bill down would actually work. It was still almost impossible to believe even with the evidence in front of him, but luckily he wasn't listening to the voice that was trying to tell him someone had to have dosed his drink.

"Tom, what happened?" he asked since Bill didn't look fit to answer and Georg didn't seem to want to talk at all.

"Um," Tom sounded confused and afraid, "Bill was getting clingy and he wouldn't let me go, then suddenly he had fangs and Georg separated us with the sword. What the hell's going on?"

"We're our costumes," he said, keeping his eyes firmly on Bill. "A woman cursed Bill and those closest to him, which must mean us. Now Bill's a vampire, Georg's a ninja, you're a virgin and I'm a clone of myself. We need to all calm down and fix this before someone gets hurt."

For the first time since he had entered the room, Bill began to look confused. As he watched Bill's eyes faded back to their normal brown and Bill blinked at him as if trying to understand what was going on.

"Feeling better?" he asked tentatively and took a small step towards Bill.

Shock and horror began to dawn on Bill's face as their singer looked down at the blood on his shirt.

"Oh god, I ..." Bill began to say.

"But you didn't," Gustav stepped in before the self-recrimination could start. "Are you hurt?"

Bill appeared afraid, but looked down at himself anyway. A quick move of the shirt where it was cut and bloodied, revealed perfect, unmarked skin and Bill looked back seemingly shocked as well as frightened.

"Are you in control?" was Gustav's next question.

Bill nodded just a little.

"I think so," was the quiet response.

He breathed a sigh of relief.

"What set you off?" he decided that if they wanted to prevent it happening again they needed to know.

Bill actually looked embarrassed at that, as well as worried.

"Tom," was the very guilty response; "he smells so good and I'm so hungry."

Tom blushed the most incredible shade of pink.

"Okay, then, Georg," Gustav took charge, "you keep doing what you're doing; stay between Bill and Tom, but if Bill loses it do not hurt him, just keep them apart. Bill you stay over there; Tom, come and sit down here. I'm going to see if I can track down the woman who did this and get us back to normal."

Tom was looking worriedly at Bill, but did as he was told. It was clear that Tom wanted to go the Bill even with the current danger; it seemed that even the supernatural could not dull the twin bond.

"Anything I can do?" Tom asked as Gustav picked up the phone.

'Try being less virginal' was the phrase that jumped to mind, but Gustav knew that wouldn't help.

"Just don't go near Bill," he said and dialled down to reception.

Bill looked completely lost and utterly ashamed in his corner by the bed, but Gustav couldn't help feeling a little more comfortable when Bill slid down the wall and sat on the floor. Bill made a very impressive vampire, but that didn't stop the fact that Bill was making him nervous.

"Hello," he said as soon as someone answered the phone, "this is Gustav Schäfer. There was a small accident at the party this evening and I'm trying to locate one of the other guests. I was wondering if you could help me, please?"

The woman on the other end of the phone was very helpful, but by the time he was transferred to someone else he knew it was not going to be an easy job. It was as he was waiting for the fourth member of the night staff he had spoken to, to look for some information they had no real idea about, that he heard Bill groan. He looked over to see his friend hugging his knees tightly.

"Bill are you okay?" Tom asked, standing up.

Georg put himself squarely in Tom's way and Gustav put his hand over the receiver of the phone and turned his attention to what was going on in the room.

"It hurts," Bill said, clearly sounding like he was in pain.

When Bill lifted his head the eyes that looked at them were very dark brown and tinged with red. It made a shiver run up Gustav's spine and he almost forgot about the phone.

"Is there anything we can do?" Tom asked, obviously very worried.

"Don't ask that," Bill all but snapped back and there was a peculiar edge to his voice.

When the person on the other end of the line came back on, Gustav prayed they could help; it was clear they were running out of time.

Forty five minutes later he had managed to get precisely nowhere, except back to one of the people he had already spoken to. The person in charge of the guest list wasn't on duty and no one else could seem to find out who the woman in question was. It was frustrating beyond belief.

"Shit," he said, slamming the phone down in annoyance; "these people have no idea what they're doing. Surely there must have been a list somewhere."

Bill didn't even react; the singer was huddled in a little ball and hadn't moved in minutes. The only reactions out of him were little noises of pain every now and then and last time Gustav had seen them, Bill's eyes had been deep black again. Sooner or later Bill was going to lose it and then he didn't know what they were going to do.

"Georg," he said, wracking his brains for anything that might help; "how are you at tracking?"

His thought process was that ninja's were assassins and night hunters so they should be able to find people. It was a long shot, but they were running out of options very fast and the only other one he could think of was locking Bill in the bathroom. The main problem with that one was that he suspected the door would be little object to a ravenous vampire.

Georg was giving him a hard stare from behind the mask, but he didn't think it was a 'you're-insane' look, but more a thoughtful one.

"The hotel can't find the information to tell me who the woman is," he decided to explain his thinking now that he had Georg's attention, "so you're our last hope. Do you think you could, maybe, break into their offices and find what we need and then track her down?"

For a moment Georg did nothing, but eventually his friend nodded and Gustav breathed another sigh of relief. It was, however, short lived.

"Oh shit," Tom said and he looked at the blond twin to find that Tom was staring over at Bill's corner.

The big problem when he followed his friend's eye line was that the corner was empty. In the few seconds he had been speaking to Georg, Bill had gone. Some instinct made him look up and he swore very colourfully; Bill wasn't completely gone; Bill was on the ceiling. His heart missed several beats as black predatory eyes swept over him. The creature hanging effortlessly from the ceiling barely seemed like Bill at all; this was all vampire and no human and Gustav knew they were the prey.

Georg moved with such speed that for a moment Gustav thought that ninja might beat vampire, but Bill was too fast. As Georg moved, raising his sword, Bill fell on him from the ceiling, landing on Georg's back and clinging like a limpet. Georg

brought up the sword to try and attack Bill, but Bill just batted it away with a growl, ripping at Georg's clothes with his other hand. Gustav knew what was going to happen before it did, but there was absolutely nothing he could do about it.

The black material of Georg's hood and top ripped under Bill's attack and then Bill snarled and dug pearly white fangs into Georg's neck. At first Georg's attempts to throw Bill off became more frantic, but in only moments Georg came to a complete halt. The sword clattered to the floor from suddenly relaxed fingers and all resistance ceased. When Bill looked up Gustav was very much afraid, because he was pinned down by black eyes that were now glowing red at the centre. Blood was very visible on Bill's unnaturally red lips and without a doubt Gustav knew he was next.

For a moment there was complete stillness as Georg stood there, empty eyed with Bill still wrapped around him. It was like they were balanced on the edge of a cliff and Gustav could see all the way to the bottom. He was terrified and his mind just froze. When Bill finally moved he felt as if he was falling into the abyss and he barely even tried to defend himself as Bill pounced on him.

It only hurt for a moment as Bill's fangs sliced into his neck and then he was flooded by power and the pain was irrelevant. His body filled with wonderful sensations, distracting his mind from any attempt to fight what was happening until it was too late. His will crumbled under Bill's and it was almost as if he was a passenger in his own body as his muscles followed the overwhelming instruction to be still. When Bill stepped back from him it was like he was frozen; he couldn't make himself move.

Bill was still looking at him and he was aware of everything that was going on, he just couldn't do anything about it. Even as Bill wiped his mouth and then turned away, the power he had felt and had seen in those eyes did not let him go and all he could do was watch.

Tom had left the sofa and was standing against the wall as far away from Bill as he could get and Tom looked as terrified as Gustav felt. For a moment he was sure they were all going to die, but Bill did not launch himself at Tom like a hungry beast, in fact, as he watched, Gustav saw the vampire traits fade from Bill's features.

"Come to me, Tomi," Bill said, in a quiet, perfectly normal voice, "please."

Tom didn't move, but Tom did begin to look confused rather than completely out of his mind with terror.

"Why don't you come and get me?" Tom asked, still standing against the wall.

"I could never hurt you, Tomi," Bill said, sounding like he really meant it; "it would kill me to hurt you."

"But you can hurt Georg and Gustav?" Tom sounded angry.

"I didn't hurt them much," Bill replied, and he even appeared sorry for it, "but they were trying to stop me. They would never let me have you, Tomi, and I want you; I need you."

Gustav wanted to tell Tom not to go to Bill, to fight what was happening, but he was as helpless as Tom seemed to be.

"Please come to me, Tomi," Bill all but begged and held out his hand.

It was all too obvious that everything was lost the moment Tom moved. Their doom approached with every step Tom took, Gustav was sure of it. What surprised him was that when Tom took Bill's hand and was dragged into an embrace Bill did not immediately sink his fangs into Tom's neck.

"I'm sorry," Bill whispered, holding Tom close, "I didn't mean to scare you."

It could have been a make up hug after any of the twin's fights as Tom slowly brought his arms around Bill as well, but the supernatural air in the room belied that. Gustav's fear began to ebb just a little as he realised he didn't really understand what was going on. The frenzy of Bill's attack seemed to be over and he felt a little glimmer of hope.

"What do you want?" Tom asked when both twins pulled back from the embrace.

The expression on Bill's face was one of love and guilt and need and lust.

"Everything," was the hushed admission and Gustav's system burst with shock as he realised what Bill was saying.

Tom looked shocked for a moment as well.

"You want to ..?" Tom didn't seem to have the words.

"Make love with you," Bill said, voice heavy with desire, "and at the moment you feel the most pleasure I want to bite you and drain you and make you like me. We can be together forever, Tomi, like we're supposed to be."

"You're my brother," Tom said, but there was little protest in his voice, mostly just confusion.

"Twin," Bill corrected, reaching out to stroke the side of Tom's face; "the other half of my soul. It's always been you, Tomi. I need all of you; I love all of you, and your sweet smell is driving me crazy. I know you want me, Tomi; I can sense it and I can't fight it anymore."

For a moment they were totally still and Gustav thought they might stay that way forever, but slowly Tom moved.

"Then don't try," were the quiet words.

When the pair came together it was like electricity lanced into the room as their lips met and Gustav forgot why this was bad. Bill and Tom looked so perfect together that a part of him couldn't understand why it had never occurred to him to think it before. It was only as they broke apart again that he remembered that this was a vampire seducing his chosen victim. He wanted to tell Tom to run away, to get help, anything, but he couldn't move.

"What about them?" Tom asked, glancing in his direction.

"Forget them for now," Bill said and turned Tom's face back so Gustav had no time to even plead with his eyes.

Tom was lost; that much was completely clear now.

For a few seconds Tom stiffened as Bill kissed along Tom's jaw, moving on to Tom's long neck and it was clear that Tom was expecting a bite, but Bill just nuzzled there and then moved back. Gustav could see the nerves slowly flowing out of Tom with Bill's every move and he was sure Tom would never break away now. The connection between the twins was so obvious and it was becoming more important than the whole supernatural aspect of the situation.

"I have wanted you so long," Bill whispered to Tom and Gustav was not sure it was a line.

It sounded so honest and real and it was difficult to believe that Bill would just say these things to seduce Tom. It had been clear that the vampire could take anything he wanted, but for some reason Bill seemed to want Tom to be willing.

The twins only had eyes for each other and Gustav found himself watching every move as Bill slowly reached out and took hold of the bottom of Tom's t-shirt. Bill then paused and frowned a little.

"You hate this t-shirt, right?" Bill asked in a surprisingly thoughtful manner.

"It's not baggy enough," was Tom's response at which point Bill smiled.

The t-shirt made an interesting ripping noise as Bill took the bottom of it and calmly split it all the way up the front. Tom looked a little startled, but shrugged out of the ruined t-shirt.

"Didn't want to mess up your dreads just yet," Bill said and grinned a very normal looking grin.

For a moment Gustav almost forgot what he was looking at.

"Do I get to undress you too?" Tom asked and the hesitant way Tom spoke reminded him very sharply that this was very far from normal.

Bill's grin became a softer smile.

"I would love you to," Bill said softly and stole another kiss.

Tom looked nervous, that much Gustav was very sure of, but Tom also seemed to very much want what was going on. It didn't look one sided anymore as Tom's nimble fingers set to work on Bill's bloodied shirt. Very soon both of the twins were standing there without shirts, Bill's pale skin contrasting with Tom's human shade. They were like dark and light, evil and good, contrasting and yet so much alike that they were clearly a pair. They were an amazing sight, especially when they came together for a passionate kiss, skin pressed against skin almost as if they were trying to become one.

When Tom's trousers dropped to the floor Gustav was surprised because he had been paying so much attention to the kiss that he hadn't noticed Bill's hands at work elsewhere. Tom absently stepped out of the jeans without breaking the kiss. Bill's belt went next, but they had to break apart after that; the breaches were skin tight and there was no way they were coming off as easily as Tom's jeans, even if said jeans had been smaller than usual.

As Gustav watched, totally captivated by the sight in front of him now, Bill pushed the breaches down, revealing that the reason there had been no underwear line was because Bill hadn't been wearing any underwear at all. At the sight of Bill's healthy erection Gustav saw Tom almost hesitate, but Bill sat down on the bed, pushed off the breaches the rest of the way and then moved back onto the mattress, taking Tom's hand and pulling Tom along. They eventually settled, reinitiating the toe curling kissing with Tom on top, lying between Bill's legs. Tom didn't even seem to notice when Bill's hands slipped under his boxers and pushed them down.

This was forbidden, and not only that it was a joining between a vampire and his prey, but Gustav was beginning not to care. He felt hot and flustered and more than a little aroused as he stood there, unable to move or turn away. He should have been trying to stop what he was seeing, but he wasn't even fighting that hard anymore. It was almost as if what he was watching was the most natural thing in the world.

It wasn't long before Tom began to reciprocate for the earlier neck kissing, seeming to grow bolder as time went on. This was not the cool, confident Tom he knew, but the reflection of that Tom was there in this one, just suppressed. Bill seemed to enjoy Tom's attentions, making noises of encouragement as Tom moved over him. Each sound sent messages to Gustav's cock, messages he knew he shouldn't have allowed, by he couldn't help it.

When the change came it was sudden, Bill took hold of Tom and moving quickly flipped their positions so that Tom as lying on the bed. Tom's underwear was removed the rest of the way in one swift move and then Bill was kneeling over Tom looking hungry.

"I need more," Bill said in a breathless tone, "before I lose control. I need to feel you in me."

Tom looked stunned for a while, just lying there still, but then there was a nod and Bill was on the move again. Gustav's eyes followed Bill's movements as the graceful vampire leaned over and retrieved a bottle of lotion from the side cupboard.

"I don't know what to do," Tom said in a very quiet voice as Bill came to rest above him.

"Just enjoy," Bill said, voice tinged with a heavy tone of power.

Gustav knew the rudiments of anal sex; he'd looked them up when he and a girlfriend had become serious and she had expressed a curiosity, but he'd never used them. He did know it took some preparation, but it didn't look like Bill particularly cared. Of course vampires weren't human so who knew what was required.

Bill opened the lotion and poured some onto his hand before reaching behind himself and doing something that Gustav couldn't quite see, but was perfectly obvious from how Bill was moving. It didn't seem to be very long before Bill was perfectly satisfied and poured more lotion into his hand. Tom made a strangled gasping noise when Bill's fingers wrapped around his cock and Gustav felt his own breath catch in his throat as he watched. Tom was already hard, but Bill gave his twin several strokes before carefully moving into position.

The fact that this was wrong was so far from Gustav's mind that it was practically irrelevant. Bill looked so beautiful poised above Tom that social niceties were no longer part of the equation. As Bill lowered himself down onto Tom, Gustav would have moaned along with them both had he been able to. Two naked, almost identical bodies joined and it was the most incredibly erotic sight.

"Tomi," Bill moaned out Tom's name.

As if that was the cue they both began to move, each panting and gasping as they slid apart and came together. The way they shifted against each other almost didn't look like two people, but one undulating against himself in some strange, arousing manner. There was no point in denying it to himself now; Gustav found the twins so erotic that he was hard despite any other considerations. He was thinking more about reaching out and touching than fleeing now, although he was fighting against the compulsion to be still just as hard with the new impetus.

This was not right, but the part of him that was doing all the thinking now didn't care. Whether it was the vampire power in the room or just the simple fact that he had never seen anything that grabbed all of his senses so completely he had no idea, it was just irrelevant. The twins were so emotive, so passionate, so completely involved in each other that that was all that mattered.

Bill put his head back, eyes closed and expression completely filled with bliss. From where he was standing, Gustav could see everything and he was captivated. He'd seen porn before, they all had, but this was so different as to almost be a completely different type of act. He was watching sex; only it was more than that, so much more.

The twins were not performing for anyone but each other and Gustav was almost sure the rest of the world didn't exist as far as they were concerned. Bill was completely in control, like he always was on stage and Gustav was just as captivated as the audience usually was. This was a dance no fan would ever see, but it was one of the most incredible he had ever seen. Nothing the twins ever did again, from a casual touch to a joyful hug would be quite the same and he couldn't find it in himself to think that was wrong.

It was so clear that Bill and Tom only existed for each other and they parted and came together time after time, reaching for a goal that felt spiritual as well as physical. The tension in the air built and built and Gustav felt his own arousal building with it as Bill and Tom shared something that social niceties denied them. Only when Tom's breathing became erratic and his movements uncoordinated with Bill slow the pace and finally come to a halt. The edge was there; Gustav could see it in Tom very clearly, but Bill had made a promise and it was about to come to fruition.



Shifting slightly, Bill pulled Tom up so that they both sitting, still intimately joined and Gustav found himself holding his breath as Bill slowly stroked the dreads away from Tom's now damp neck. Tom put his head back and to the side, eyes closed, breath coming in short gasps as Bill rocked above him. It was such an intimate moment that Gustav wanted to look away, but he found he was so involved that he couldn't even shut his eyes. His body throbbed in response to the pure eroticism of the moment and he was breathing almost as hard as Tom when Bill lowered his head.

He could not see the fangs this time, but he knew the moment Bill bit because Tom stiffened and cried out, arms clinging to Bill in desperation. As Bill drank, forcing the pair's bodies together in two places, Tom came, shuddering and making uncontrolled noises in complete abandon. Gustav could almost feel it.

The moment went on for what seemed like an age, as Bill pulled Tom close. Even after Tom's orgasm passed, Bill did not let go and as Gustav watched, Tom's hold on Bill started to become weaker. Under his gaze, Bill was making good on his promise and the more Bill drank the weaker Tom became until Tom's arms fell to the bed and it was clear the only thing holding Tom in place was Bill. Tom's breathing was shallow and fast, as if there was not enough oxygen in each breath and Gustav caught his own chest tightening in sympathy. Tom was dying; it was so clear and yet Tom wasn't remotely fighting it. It was at the same time beautiful and terrible.

When Tom's breathing hitched and almost failed, Bill became a torrent of movement, first laying Tom down on the bed and climbing off quickly, before ripping a hole in one wrist and forcing it against Tom's lips. Tom coughed, but Gustav could see his friend swallowing automatically as well. When Bill drew back his wrist, licking it clean, almost complete silence descended on the room. Bill was watching Tom, a statue kneeling on the bed and Gustav couldn't take his eyes off of either of them.

Tom's breathing was even worse now, ragged and almost painful to listen to and eventually, with a harsh rattle, all breath sounds stopped completely. It was like the whole universe had come to a halt, waiting in an instant for the one event that would make things start again. The stillness was so complete that when it finally came to an end it made Gustav react even though he was still under the compulsion not to move. He jumped as Tom arched off the bed, gasping and clutching at the air as if he was in terrible pain.

Bill just reached out and placed a hand on Tom's chest, rubbing gentle circles as Tom slowly fell back onto the bed, breathing hard and moaning quietly.

"Sssh," Bill said in an incredibly gentle tone, "you'll be okay in a moment."

It had to have been a good two minutes before Tom finally opened his eyes; eyes that were ebony black. Bill smiled as soon as Tom looked at him and Gustav felt the danger level go up in the room even as things began to feel balanced again. It was a strange dichotomy and it made the hairs on the back of his neck stand up.

"I'm thirsty," were the first words past Tom's lips.

For a moment Gustav wondered if the pair would turn to him or Georg, but as he continued to watch, Bill tilted his head to one side, moving his hair out of the way.

"Then come and drink," Bill offered, just kneeling there and waiting.

Tom moved slowly, almost as if he was relearning things and it was quite clear neither of the twins was paying any attention to the rest of the room anymore. Long, deadly fangs slowly descended from Tom's jaw as Gustav watched his friend open his mouth and as Bill gently held him, Tom bit his twin. At first Bill gasped, but then began making small noises of pleasure as Tom nursed at the wound. Gustav knew that both twins were now dangerous and unpredictable, but he couldn't find them frightening anymore. After what he had seen they could have come straight for him and he would not have felt the terror of earlier.

"nough," Bill said eventually, sounding a little drunk for a moment, but still managing to push Tom away a little.

When Tom looked in his direction Gustav could still see hunger in the now red tinted, black gaze.

"I," Tom said, voice tinged with the same edge Bill's had had earlier, "I want ..."

Tom sounded confused.

"More of this and more of that," Bill said as if it explained everything, and for Tom it seemed to make sense.

Now Gustav found himself being regarded by both twins until their eyes flicked over to Georg's still form as well. When the pair looked back at him, both sets of eyes were back to normal, but he still felt like a joint of meat on the dinner table. When the twins stopped looking at him, however, and started to whisper together in voices so low that he had no chance to understand, it was worse.

His heart began to beat fast when Tom and Bill finally broke apart and he felt the tendrils of fear as Bill slowly climbed off the bed. The fact that Bill was naked and should look vulnerable didn't seem to count in the current circumstances and as Bill began to walk towards him he felt the flight response coming back. There was nothing he could do to facilitate actually fleeing, but it was definitely there.

"Don't look so worried," Bill said with a smile; "I'm not going to hurt you."

Gustav's eyes flicked to Tom still on the bed.

"And Tomi's not going to hurt anyone either," Bill said, planting himself firmly in Gustav's eyeline so he couldn't focus on anything else.

He was vaguely aware of Tom moving, but Bill had all of his attention now.

"I meant it, y'know," Bill told him with a serious expression; "I didn't want to hurt you or Georg; I just couldn't help myself. I'm in control now; you don't have to worry."

That wasn't something that was going to happen in the near future; Gustav was definitely going to keep on worrying. What made his heart thud even louder was Bill leaning towards him.

"You're free," Bill whispered in his ear and the power that was keeping him still instantly released.

He was shocked and he moved immediately, but, to his own surprise, all he did was turn to look at Bill.

"I can smell your arousal," Bill told him with a small smile. "No need to be embarrassed; you can see mine."

He couldn't help it, he really couldn't, and he looked down to see Bill's very healthy erection. That earned him a very Bill like giggle. Bill was standing there naked and he was fully clothed, but it was quite clear that Bill had the upper hand.

"I'm thirsty and I want to play," Bill said with an amused smile, "I could make you b..."

Those words made his heart thump faster and he felt the arousal still coursing through him spike as Bill hit on something he kept very well hidden. The problem was Bill seemed to have noticed and Gustav had no idea what to do. He just stood there as Bill gazed at him thoughtfully for a while and then slowly leant towards him again.

"You like that idea," Bill whispered in his ear. "Would you like me to make you, Juschtel? Do you want me to undress you and throw you down onto the bed, holding you down while I take what I want?"

This was insane, but it didn't stop it happening. His heart thudded even harder and his mouth went dry as fantasies he kept locked away clashed with common sense. Normally he liked to be in control of what he did and where he went, but there were some exceptions to the rule and he couldn't really help it that one of those was a scenario where Bill was somehow stronger than him and was giving him no choice. He didn't have many sexual fantasies that didn't involved girls, but Bill and Tom were on his exceptions list. Now really wasn't the time for his libido to sit up and get the better of him, but he was hooked somehow and Bill was reeling him in.

Bill leant in even more, looming over him and making use of their difference in height.

"Let's play," Bill said in a power tinged voice; "and if you want me to stop, call me Dracula."

Gustav was having trouble believing this was really happening, and quite a large percentage of his brain wasn't sure it was a good idea at all, but that wasn't stopping his sex drive. The tiny logical part of his brain that had not yet caved, wondered if vampire pheromones were like mind altering drugs or something.

"Take off your clothes," Bill commanded and he felt the power that had held him still take charge again.

His whole world narrowed down to Bill and everything else was lost to irrelevance. He found he could not disobey and he stripped efficiently, leaving his clothes at random places on the floor until he was completely naked. He felt exposed and vulnerable and a little scared and, perversely, he liked it. It was an impossible fantasy coming true and he couldn't hide the fact that he was aching hard anymore.

It was a game, he knew it was a game and he even had the key to stopping it at any time, but it was a dangerous game. He trusted Bill the person, but he didn't know if he could trust Bill the vampire. Bill had given him a way out, but would Bill really stop if he tried to use it? It was a conundrum that made his system sizzle with adrenaline.

Bill walked around him slowly, looking him up and down and he turned slightly, wary of the vampire being out of his sight, but Bill made a low hissing noise and he found himself looking forward again. This time it hadn't been an order; it was pure instinct.

"I will have you," Bill said in a sing-song voice and paused, "now!"

That was the only warning Gustav had as he was shoved from behind so hard that he went flying forward towards the bed. He landed on the duvet with a thump and before he could recover or react he was pinned down as Bill's body covered his. Struggling came to mind as more primitive instincts kicked in, but he couldn't move as Bill held him down with more than just body weight.

"You can't win," Bill hissed in his ear, "I have you right where I want you; arse in the air, spread out just for me."

He tried to move again because part of him really wanted to fight this, but there was no way he could free himself. It was exciting and frightening at the same time. To be so helpless with someone he knew so well and yet, at the moment, didn't really know at all was literally breathtaking. He had dreamed about this, alone, in the dark, at night, but the reality was almost too much; the safe word was on the tip of his tongue and yet his cock was so hard he thought he might burst at any moment.

He very nearly chickened out when a finger, slick with lotion was pushed against his arse, but Bill nibbled on his neck at the same time and coherent thought flew out of his head for a few moments.

"Relax."

It was a command again, one that he couldn't disobey, and he felt the tension flowing out of his muscles without his conscious consent. It did, however, make the finger being pushed into his arse move much more freely. Moaning he buried his face in the bed and basically surrendered.

"That's it," Bill purred into his ear, still working him slowly with one long finger, "give in."

The fact that he did have a choice was irrelevant to him now as he slipped into the mindset of submission. He let the pleasure overcome any instinct he had left

and when Bill moved on to two fingers he shifted to make it easier for both of them.

"That's my good little Juschtel," Bill told him.

Bill kissed his shoulder and nipped him, making his heart rate soar at the reminder of exactly what Bill was. He was high on sex and endorphins and there didn't seem to be any coming down. Bill's fingers were firm and insistent, opening him and demanding that his body comply and as Bill worked him it wasn't always comfortable, but it was turning him on so completely he couldn't think of anything else.

He wanted contact and friction and everything all at the same time and he rubbed himself on the bed until Bill placed a hand on his back, holding him down again.

"Now, now, Juschtel," Bill scolded in a tone that could have been joking or serious, he was so far gone he couldn't tell, "no cheating."

Bill's hand remained firmly in place as his lover then proceeded to continue to prepare him thoroughly. It was maddening not to be able to move and he was panting hard by the time Bill finally withdrew his fingers.

"Up," was all Bill said, urging his hips to lift after removing the pinning hand.

He was not allowed to move into a full kneeling position, only to bring his legs partially under him and to lean on his elbows, but he knew what was coming next. Bill moved around behind him where he could not see and he did not dare move. A firm hand took hold of one of his hips and then he felt Bill's cock at his entrance.

He knew it was going to hurt; you couldn't abuse muscles that much and it not hurt, but as Bill breached him it didn't hurt in the way he expected. It was more like the burn in his arms when he had been playing too hard and too long than anything else as his muscles gave way to Bill's insistent cock. He bit down on the duvet cover and groaned out the discomfort as he was stretched to comply with Bill's wishes. To his further surprise the pain left him panting, but did not diminish the arousal that had him hard and fit to explode.

"So good, Juschtel," Bill said, sliding home so they were skin to skin.

Never before had he felt so full and as Bill rocked against him the initial shock began to wear off and he started to adjust. It felt incredibly strange and very intense, but the pleasure soon began to take the pain away. Bill's rocking became small, slow thrusts and he felt his body opening for them far more easily than he had thought it would. He could feel the raw power in Bill, but he could also feel how careful Bill was being with him. He had no illusions about what Bill could and could not take if he fancied it; but Bill was being almost as careful with him as Bill had been with Tom.

He was sprawled on the bed, totally out of control as Bill used him and not even a small part of him wanted to change it. Nothing in his experience compared to this as his body adjusted and Bill's movements became more exaggerated and forceful. His balls felt heavy and his cock throbbed as his arousal built with the

force of Bill's cock. Every touch made him tingle and he wanted to come so badly he ached for it.

But he also knew that Bill wasn't going to let him have that until he'd finished with him. It was as plain as day as Bill read his reactions before he even knew he was making them and adjusted accordingly to keep him begging. At one point he thought he might have voiced his desperate need, but he wasn't sure if it was in his head or not.

"So strong," Bill whispered to him, leaning over and changing the angle, "and completely at my mercy."

"Please," he begged and this time he knew he said it out loud.

That made Bill laugh.

"Beg me some more, Juschtel," Bill told him, "and I might give you what you want."

Gustav didn't think he could take any more, but when Bill upped the pace again he found that he could. He cried out and whined and then begged again and again, but he took it.

"Oh yes, god yes," Bill said, movements becoming a little erratic and then Bill thrust into him hard, clinging to him and shuddering against him.

Bill's orgasm was so strong that for a moment Gustav thought he could feel it himself, but as Bill came inside him he was denied that final step. His own completion hovered just out of his reach and all he could do was wait on Bill's whims. In the end Bill was still for a good minute, lying across him, before slowly pulling back.

He let himself be pulled up so that he was kneeling on the bed, but he would have fallen forward if it hadn't been for Bill holding him. He was off balance and still very much impaled on Bill's cock even though Bill had finished, and he whimpered as Bill's fingers wrapped around his erection.

"Almost there, Juschtel," Bill told him, nibbling on his ear and stroking his shaft at the same time. "I think Georg is close too, don't you?"

For the first time he paid attention to what was going on in the rest of the room and his eyes were drawn to where Tom and Georg were sprawled on the sofa. They were both naked as well and from the position they were in he could only assume they had been 69ing each other, but at that moment Georg had his head thrown back, eyes tight shut with Tom's head buried in his groin.

Even as he watched, Georg's knuckles went white where his friend was grabbing the sofa and Georg shuddered, trying to buck hips that were being securely held down by Tom. All of this happened in almost complete silence, but Gustav didn't need sound to help along what he was seeing. Almost before Georg was finished Tom was on the move, pushing Georg's legs further apart and turning slightly. Gustav knew what was happening even though Tom's mane of dreads obscured what was going on as Georg stiffened for a moment with a gasp and then relaxed

in what looked like a blissed out haze: Tom was feeding from the blood vessel in Georg's leg.

"Isn't he magnificent?" Bill whispered in his ear, still stroking him and rocking against him gently.

He was so close now and the erotic beauty of what he was watching almost had him.

"I made that," Bill told him, voice quite serious with an overtone of pride. "Would you like to be magnificent too?"

Gustav was almost too far gone to realise what was being said.

"If not, tell me to stop," were the only words of warning he was given.

Bill's fangs sliced into his neck causing momentary agony, but what followed was a wave of pleasure so great it blew him away. He felt himself coming, but it was like his orgasm was multiplied and extended as it went on and on. It was as if he had found heaven on earth.

Even when the sexual high began to ebb he wouldn't have moved even if he could have because the pleasure running through him was incredible. The sense of euphoria was wonderful and growing by the moment. He could feel Bill draining the life out of him, but it felt so good he didn't care. He had seen Tom die and come back and it didn't frighten him even though he knew it should have done.

His heart was thundering in his ears, slowly beginning to struggle as it pumped more blood to Bill's waiting mouth leaving less to flow round his body. The room around him was taking on a vaguely luminescent quality and all his strength was deserting him as Bill held him close, mouth clamped over his neck. He had no idea how long it took, but the world around him became more and more remote the longer Bill had him and everything became very surreal. The sound of his breathing was ragged and harsh, but it didn't seem to matter to him at all. He felt happy and disconnected and his eyesight first went to all silvers and blacks and then began to dim so that he could barely see anything.

Everything seemed like too much effort and he let his eyes slip closed, barely having the strength to drag in any air anymore. He knew at an academic level he was dying, but it barely registered as he drifted towards rest and peace. The rest of the world meant very little and he realised he was being moved, but he really wasn't paying attention. Even when liquid hit the back of his throat he only swallowed on reflex; it wasn't a conscious action. The liquid was warm and soothed what felt like his terribly parched throat and it spread that warmth into the rest of him as it travelled down into his stomach, but it didn't matter.

He was so tired and all he wanted to do was sleep. Breathing was a chore that eventually became too much trouble, so he stopped and for a little while he felt as if he was floating in nothingness. Everything left that was real faded and the darkness closed in around him as even his own little reality drifted into extinction.

Pain! Everything came back in a rush tinged with agony and he screamed soundless as his body went into spasm and fought against the overwhelming hurting. It was like being born into fire and he could not get away.

"It only lasts a little while," a soft voice told him, but it brought little comfort.

Every cell in his body was screaming in agony and it seemed to go on for ever and ever. The only comfort was a gentle touch that soothed the fire just slightly wherever it occurred. Only slowly did the fire begin to fade and it left him shivering and confused as reality slowly replaced it. He felt like everything was new and different and he found himself a little afraid.

Bill's familiar face appeared above him as his friend leaned over him and Bill smiled at him. Bill had always had a delicate beauty about him, almost not real, but now as Gustav gazed up, Bill almost shone in his vision. It was as if he could see the supernatural power in the vampire who had made him and for the longest moment all he could do was stare.

"You must be hungry, Juschtel," Bill said offering him a hand to help sit up; "come and take back some of what you gave me."

It was as if mentioning it made it true and Gustav found that he felt ravenously hungry and thirsty. When Bill guided him towards the pulsing artery he never considered not obeying and he felt his teeth shifting in his mouth as he opened his lips and bit down on the willing flesh. The blood that hit his tongue tasted better than any drink he had ever had and as he swallowed it seemed to fulfil his hunger like no food ever had.

He wrapped his arms around Bill, holding close as Bill made small sounds of pleasure that ran through him as if they were his own. Waves of power moved between them with the blood and Gustav didn't ever want it to stop; he wanted to drink forever. So much so that when he was urged away he didn't like it and he tried to move back.

"No, Juschtel," was the firm command that brought him up short.

He felt like he was a small child again being reprimanded by his mother and everything was new and strange. The room was brighter and there were sounds and smells coming from everywhere. It was almost too bright and loud. The overriding scents in the room were of sex and blood and both stirred the well of excitement in his belly. Now he knew what Bill had meant when he had said "More of this and more of that"; he definitely wanted more.

If he wasn't allowed blood, sex would do. He looked around the room and realised that things had changed considerably since he had last been aware. Tom was standing at the end of the bed, just behind Bill and there was a possessive glint in Tom's eyes. It was as if he could read Tom's body language in a flash and he knew that Tom wanted Bill back for himself now, which left one other target.

Georg was still on the sofa, but he saw the same hunger looking back at him and without so much as a moment's hesitation he brought his feet under him, stood up and walked across the bed, stepping off and right up to the sofa. He was sure the twins would want some variety again soon, but until then he and Georg could play; there was plenty of the night left and lots of ways to enjoy themselves.

End of Part 1

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## Chapter 2 The Morning After the Night Before

Gustav woke up when he was roughly pushed to the side and he blinked groggily around the room just in time to see a naked Bill climbing off the bed and running straight for the bathroom. The morning sun was blazing through the window making the room uncomfortably bright and he squinted around the room. For a moment the whole situation was completely incomprehensible and then it all came back. Ignoring everything else he rapidly rolled onto his back and stared down at himself and he was more relieved than he could possibly say; there was his belly button right where it should have been.

As the other two on the bed also moved the whole picture crystallised in his head. Bill had really been a vampire; they had all had sex; they had all been turned into vampires, or at least vampire versions of their costumes. The curse seemed to be broken; they were back to normal, at least he hoped they were.

"Where's Bill?" Tom was sitting up now and looking around the room.

"He went into the bathroom," he said, trying to get his head round that they were all in bed together, naked.

It was so impossible to believe that, even given the evidence of what he was seeing and feeling, it was hard to accept. He was having such a problem that his brain only really kicked into gear when Tom charged off the bed towards the shut bathroom door.

"Bill," Tom called at the door looking very worried and trying the handle, "what are you doing? Bill!"

For a few moments he just lay there doing his very best not to let the desire to freak out build, but then Tom banged on the bathroom door urgently and it became clear there were more things to worry about.

"Bill," Tom demanded.

Gustav pushed himself off the bed and moved rapidly to where Tom had leant against the bathroom door listening. When Tom was that worried there was usually a good reason and he didn't stop to think about anything but helping his friend. When he came close it was clear the ear against the door was overkill; Gustav could clearly hear the shower running. Something else occurred to him instantly as well.

"I can smell blood," he said even though the fact he noticed something like this through a bathroom door bothered him.

Tom looked at him in complete panic and then took hold of the door handle again. Gustav couldn't quite believe it when the lock gave a huge groan followed by a crack and then the door was slamming open. He followed Tom into the room, well aware that Georg was just behind him as well, and he really didn't like what they found.

Bill was huddled in the corner of the shower, water cascading down giving off ribbons of steam. Bill's head was down, he had his arms wrapped around himself and he was reflexively scratching at his upper arms, leaving long bloody trails.

Nothing would have stopped Tom then and Gustav didn't even try as his friend flew to Bill's side, reaching to stop Bill damaging himself.

"Ah," Tom said instantly, shying back for a moment and Gustav realised why Bill's skin was so red.

Tom was too intent on Bill though and Gustav moved to turn off the water which was on its highest heat setting. Even as he shut off the shower Tom was trying to pull Bill's hands away from the wounds they were making and Bill made a pitiful, broken sound every time Tom touched him. Gustav didn't know what to do; it was too far out of his realm of experience and he simply set his mind to following Tom's lead.

It was Georg who was, as ever, the calmest of them all and as Tom forced Bill's arms into a different position Georg swooped in with a huge towel, wrapping Bill in it and effectively swaddling Bill from doing himself anymore harm. For about the thousandth time Gustav was incredibly glad that they had someone like Georg in the band; it seemed not even vampires and the aftermath could shake him.

"Let's get him back in the other room," Georg suggested and as soon as Tom nodded Gustav moved in to help as well.

They were all naked and wet from the water that was now all over the room, but it didn't seem to matter as they worked together to move the resisting Bill from the shower back into the bedroom. Bill struggled with them as if his life depended on it to begin with, making choked, almost animalistic sounds that sent shivers down Gustav's spine, but almost as if the doorway was the boundary, once they had Bill back in the bedroom all resistance died.

Calling for help occurred to Gustav several times during the whole process, but there were things about the situation that made him keep the idea to himself. They could never explain this; it would be impossible and who would ever believe that they had been cursed. Curses weren't real, hell, vampires weren't real, but he remembered very clearly being bitten by one the previous night.

As soon as they put Bill on the bed Tom climbed on right beside his twin and lay down so the pair were face to face. Bill's neck was bent and it was clear Bill was trying to hide in the towel, but Tom reached out and forcibly lifted Bill's chin.

"Look at me, Bill," the tone was so commanding that Gustav felt like he had to obey even though it wasn't directed at him.

Bill's response was a small whine and an attempt to free himself.

"Look at me," Tom sounded like he was about to crack and Gustav was pretty sure that that was what made Bill open his eyes.

The fact that he was standing there naked didn't really make it into Gustav's head, all that mattered was what was going on, on the bed. It was like they were standing on a knife edge and at any moment it could destroy anyone of them. He glanced over to Georg and they shared a momentary glance, but almost as one they both turned their eyes back to Tom and Bill.

"This is not your fault," Tom said, while looking Bill directly in the eyes.

If he had thought it would have helped, Gustav would have agreed, but he knew that interrupting now would only make things worse. This was between Tom and Bill at the moment and until they were called into it, Gustav knew that he and Georg had no business trying to do anything.

"I did it," Bill said in a tiny broken voice.

It was so unlike the Bill he had come to know that Gustav almost moved despite what he was thinking.

"You weren't yourself," Tom said, stroking the side of Bill's face, "none of us were."

The way Bill's face scrunched up at that made Gustav think that for some reason what Tom said had made it worse.

"But I was," Bill said, trying to curl away from Tom again; "it just let it out."

For a moment Tom looked shocked, but then just moved closer, dragging Bill to him like their lives depended on it. There was so much emotion in that one move that Gustav could feel it creeping up his spine.

"Oh, Billi," Tom whispered into Bill's hair, "why did you never tell me?"

Gustav knew he should have been shocked by Bill's confession, outraged even, but he couldn't feel it. All he could see in his mind was what he had seen the previous night; how perfect the twins had seemed together and then how broken they appeared now. There was no contest in his mind as to which was better no matter what his sensibilities were trying to tell him.

"Me too," Tom said in such a low tone that Gustav almost missed it.

Bill's face was buried in the crook of Tom's neck and Bill never made a sound, but when Bill's arm appeared from under the now loose towel and looped around Tom, Gustav was more relieved than he could possibly have imagined. What this meant for what came next he had no idea, but he could not shake the knowledge that anything that came between Bill and Tom was wrong and this was right wherever it would lead his friends.

He couldn't take his eyes off the pair as he looked for any sign that the crisis might be passing. In fact he was so involved in looking that he hadn't even noticed Georg had moved and the first he knew was his friend tapping him on the arm. He dragged his eyes away to find Georg looking at him very seriously and handing him his t-shirt and boxers. He shared a gaze with Georg for a moment and he knew without a doubt that they were in agreement by the time he looked away.

Bill and Tom were motionless on the bed, holding each other and Gustav slipped his clothes on quickly, knowing that their first priority was the twins. They had all experienced something extraordinary, but it was Tom and Bill who could be destroyed by this. Gustav couldn't say he had been forced into anything he hadn't wanted the previous night. Bill had found his deep, dark fantasies that he never

would have spoken aloud, but they had been real; which was the crux of the matter really. If it had all been the effects of the curse then this would not have been so serious, but it was very clear that the curse was only part of it.

As if of one mind he and Georg picked up the duvet that had been thrown into the floor the previous night and gently placed it over the twins. Neither moved, but then Gustav hadn't expected any reaction; the two were far too wrapped up in each other. Tom and Bill had to heal this themselves before dealing with anything else.

However, it was as he was placing the duvet down that he had his first close look at Bill's arm. There was blood all over Bill's bicep, but where the little blood trails began there were only pink marks. He looked up at Georg and it was clear his friend had seen the same thing. With his eyes he indicated the bathroom and Georg gave him a little nod. Once they had finished their task Gustav followed Georg back into the bathroom and shut the door, glancing at the ruined lock as he did so.

"We're not normal," he said, deciding to tackle the subject head on, "not you, not me, not Tom and definitely not Bill. The curse is gone, but we're not back to normal."

"I know," Georg agreed; "Bill's light, but carrying him took no effort at all, and I could smell the blood through the door just like you could. Are we still vampires?"

Gustav really didn't know, but he was pretty sure vampires and sunlight did not mix and they had been in full light ever since they had woken up.

"Bill didn't heal instantly like he did last night when you cut him with the sword," he said, reasoning it out in his head, "the marks are still fading even now and I don't feel like I did last night after Bill changed me. That was ..." he fumbled for the right word, "wild."

Georg nodded.

"Do you still feel like you want to bite someone?" his friend asked a little hesitantly and he went to deny it when he realised that he wasn't sure.

"I don't know," he said honestly, since before he had thought about it he would have said no, but now it was odd; he really wasn't sure. "Definitely not like last night."

The previous night that had been all that was on his mind, well that and sex, but now it was like there was a suggestion at the back of his mind that it might be nice, but nothing more.

"Me too," Georg said, leaning against the sink. "I think what we did last night has consequences, supernatural consequences."

"But if we're not vampires," he said, still trying to rationalise everything, "what are we?"

"Something in between?" Georg suggested with a small shrug.

To demonstrate Georg picked up the small plastic comb that the hotel had left in the bathroom for their guests, put it between two fingers and snapped it like it was nothing at all. The sharp end stabbed Georg in the finger, which immediately welled with blood and Gustav felt himself react. When Georg stuck the offending digit in his mouth, Gustav felt a momentary pang or irrational envy, which he stamped on ruthlessly. This was weird and he had no intention of letting it become even weirder.

Georg removed the finger and then looked at it.

"It's already scabbing," Georg said and held out the injured limb.

Gustav didn't even bother looking; he just leant on the wall and tried to get his head around the whole thing. Life seemed to have taken a left turn into the twilight zone.

"What do we do?" he asked, not sure if Georg would have any answers, but having no idea in his own head.

In his rational world none of this fitted and throwing a fit about the whole thing didn't really seem like it would be a good idea.

"We make sure Bill and Tom are okay first," Georg said, sounding just as confused as he felt, "then we do what we always do; we play it by ear."

It wasn't much of a plan, but at least it was something to focus on and he nodded, agreeing to it.

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Leaving wasn't on the agenda, but Gustav was not sure what else there was to do. He had very quietly tidied the room after putting on the rest of his clothes as well and now there was nothing left to do. It had become clear very quickly that Tom and Bill had fallen asleep wrapped around each other and neither he nor Georg had any intention of waking them. The whole situation was mentally exhausting and he found that he was shattered even though he had been awake for barely three quarters of an hour.

Sitting on the sofa he kept his eye on the bed, ready to react to any sign of movement. Georg was in the bathroom talking quietly on the phone and making sure no one was going to come banging on the door. It was still hard to believe what had happened to them and his mind kept throwing him new bits and pieces every time he tried to figure it all out.

"He's going to blame himself for the whole thing," he said quietly as Georg walked out of the bathroom.

He looked over to his friend.

"He'll think he forced us into doing what we did last night," he said with stark honesty, "but he didn't force me into anything. He enticed me, but he didn't force me."

Georg said nothing for quite a long time, obviously considering what he had just said, but finally his friend nodded.

"Some of it's a little hazy," Georg admitted; "like I'm remembering it from someone else's point of view, but the only thing Bill forced me to do was stop trying to kill him."

That was really all Gustav needed to know as he finally decided what to do next. Pushing himself out of the chair he walked over to the bed and looked down at the sleeping twins. They looked so innocent curled together and he did not want that to break the moment Bill woke up.

"Bill will think he has broken our trust," he said quietly, knowing by now exactly how Bill would react; "well I'm tired and I know one way to show him I still trust him implicitly."

And with that he lifted the duvet, carefully climbed onto the bed and lay down behind Bill. The movement caused Bill to stir a little, but only for a moment before settling again. Making himself comfortable Gustav put his arm over Bill and partially over Tom and then closed his eyes. Waking up wouldn't be plain sailing, but he believed in actions and this was the only way he could think of showing Bill he didn't blame him.

After a few moments he felt the other side of the bed move as well.

"Go back to sleep, Tom," he heard Georg whisper, "it's okay."

Then an arm touched his and he realised Georg had taken up almost exactly the same position he had. They were like guards around the twins and as he let himself drift off to sleep, he decided he quite liked it that way.

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When he wanted to be, Gustav could be a very light sleeper, which was why Bill deliberately moving woke him up. He opened his eyes just as Bill twisted to look at him.

"Good ..." he started to say and then realised he had no idea what time it was and glanced at the clock, "afternoon," he finished as soon as he knew.

Bill looked somewhere between confused and petrified.

"Hi," was the very quiet response, "um... what's going on?"

At least Bill seemed much calmer than earlier in the day.

"Last time I checked," he said, keeping his tone as calm and even as he could, "sleeping."

That seemed to confuse Bill even more.

"You two were asleep, Georg and I didn't want to leave both of you, but we were tired as well and the bed is the most comfortable place," he decided to be a little clearer and hoped that everything else he had wanted to convey with the gesture was implicit.

Bill gave a little nod at that.

"I..." Bill tried to say something, but it was quite obvious to Gustav that his friend had no idea where to begin.

Avoid the issue wouldn't work in the long run, but he decided that it would be better to give everyone a chance to gather their thoughts first.

"Don't know about you, but I'm starving," he said, moving and climbing out from under the duvet; "do you fancy room service?"

Bill looked kind of shocked to begin with, but slowly nodded. Gustav already knew that no matter what after effects they were suffering from the whole vampire thing, food was at least okay. He had eaten the biscuits left with the coffee pot earlier to find out.

"Bill?" Tom's sleepy voice made him look back at the bed as he picked up the menu, in time to see Bill look down.

"Hungry?" Bill asked, not even remotely sounding like his usual self, but clearly on the same page as Gustav.

"Um, yeah," Tom replied.

Bill carefully sat up, keeping the duvet close as Gustav returned with the menu. Gustav could tell his friend was very unsure, but at least this time there was no panicking.

"Ugh," Tom said while it seemed he attempted the same thing, "someone save me, Georg's got me."

Georg had the ability to sleep through Armageddon and all the noise didn't seem to have been a good enough alarm clock. Having had to share sleeping space with Georg before as well, Gustav was well aware that the bassist could be very huggy. He passed the menu to Bill and then walked round the side of the bed until he was behind Georg. When he chose to be Georg was such a heavy sleeper that you could even move him around without waking him up, so that is exactly what Gustav did. Finding Georg's arm under the duvet he untangled it from Tom and then rolled Georg onto his back. Tom sat up as soon as he was free.

"Thanks," Tom said, but it was clear who had most of Tom's attention.

Gustav watched as Tom moved in very close beside Bill, who was pretending to be completely engrossed in the menu. Tom then put his arm around Bill to draw them both together on the pretence of looking at the menu as well, however, the way most of the tension seemed to flood out of Bill at the touch, it didn't take a genius to realise what was really going on.

They'd all seen each other naked plenty of times; bashful and this group really didn't go together, but after the previous night it was a whole lot more awkward, so Gustav decided that the twins would probably be more comfortable with something to put on. He found one of Tom's t-shirt that had made it into Bill's room somehow and picked up one of Bill's baggier ones from the suitcase that was open on the stand. He didn't want Bill to take it the wrong way, so he calmly balled both garments up and threw them at the pair.

"Hey," Tom complained as the white t-shirt hit him squarely on the side of the head.

Bill's landed just short, clipping the edge of the menu.

"If you want to be naked when room service eventually show up, fine," Gustav said as if he didn't care in the slightest and found the whole idea amusing, "but when they sell the story you're on your own."

As Bill went to pick up the t-shirt, Gustav calmly took two pairs of boxers out of the suitcase as well and sent them in the same direction. He then busied himself making some coffee so the twins didn't feel like they were being watched. He heard the bed move, but he was a little surprised when Bill padded past him towards the bathroom, already clad in the clothes. Tom was only about two feet behind Bill, but Tom stopped as he looked round.

"Thanks," Tom said in a very earnest tone.

Gustav just nodded, but then caught Tom's arm before the other could leave.

"We're not back to normal," he said very quietly, "not completely. Don't let Bill panic about it."

Now it was Tom's turn to nod.

"I saw his arms," Tom replied in an equally low tone, "I've got it covered."

He should have known; Tom was very observant most of the time, but he had wanted to be sure.

"Okay," he said and released his friend. "What can I order you?" he asked in a louder tone.

"We'll both have the spaghetti with meatballs, thanks," Tom said with matching volume and then headed for the bathroom.

All Gustav could do then was watch as the door was pushed to, and then listen to the water in the sink start running. He sincerely hoped that Bill would not try and take all the blame; if anything the woman, or rather witch, was the one who had done all this. Bill had tried to fight the instincts, Gustav had seen the internal battle waging up close and personal; it wasn't Bill's fault that the call had been too strong.

Concentrating on practical things for a while he picked up the phone and rang down for their food. In the end he ordered all four of them the same thing because he wasn't about to try and wake Georg to ask and it was just easier. Once that was done though and the twins were still in the bathroom, he had too much time to think and nothing to do, so feeling hopeful he opened the door. There was the day's newspaper, untouched as yet, so he picked it up, went back to the sofa and sat down to read.

Ten minutes later he was swearing loudly.



"What the hell?" Tom sounded a little anxious, but Gustav was a little too annoyed to take any notice.

He lowered the paper and glared.

"They lost, the damn well lost again," he grouched, "that idiot of a manager; why haven't they fired him yet?"

Tom just stared at him open mouthed as Bill peered out of the bathroom looking like a deer in headlights.

"You're upset about the football?" Tom sounded a little incredulous.

"Of course I'm upset," Gustav said, this was close to his heart, "if we're not careful we'll be relegated this season because of sheer idiocy."

Tom stared at him some more and then slowly cracked a smile; then Tom grinned; then Tom laughed, and pretty shortly Tom was sliding down the wall laughing his arse off. Gustav stood up.

"Are you alright?" he asked, not sure if Tom had finally lost it.

"It's just we're ... and you're ... and," Tom didn't make much sense.

He looked at Bill, who still appeared rather unsure.

"Is he okay?" he asked, somewhat worried that Tom might be having his own sort of breakdown.

"He just finds you yelling about the football results hilarious," said Georg's sleepy voice and he turned to find that Georg was now standing behind him. "I need coffee."

Tom was nodding as Gustav looked back and he felt a little better, especially when he saw Bill crack a small smile for a moment as well.

"There is no excuse for that manager," he said deciding to play it up; it was a welcome distraction.

"We know," Georg said, flicking on the coffee pot; "you tell us at every opportunity."

For once Gustav let himself be goaded while knowing exactly what was going on and he and Georg launched into a lively debate about football and the morons in charge of his favourite team. By the time they were done the air in the room felt quite a lot lighter, but they couldn't avoid talking forever. When the twins were finished in the bathroom and made themselves comfortable on the bed he sat down and by silent mutual agreement everyone began paying attention.

"Okay," Georg said, flopping down on the sofa beside Gustav, "I'm only going to say this once; Bill, this isn't your fault."

That was one thing Gustav completely agreed with.

"Seconded," he said adamantly, "it was that woman's fault and no one else's."

Bill didn't look overly convinced, but there was no outright objection so he hoped he and Georg had made their point.

"But..."

Georg held up a hand before Bill could even really start that sentence.

"No buts," Georg said firmly in a way that Gustav fully approved of. "You might have done the biting, but you didn't have a choice, and as for the sex; I haven't had as much fun in ages."

Even though he happened to agree with that as well, Gustav couldn't help blushing; after all quite a lot more had been revealed about his sexuality than Georg's.

"Getting bored of girls?" Tom asked in an irreverent tone, pulling Bill a little closer at the same time.

Tom was clearly trying to make the situation a bit lighter, but the reaction spoke louder than words.

"Getting bored of the missionary position," was what Georg replied, which didn't fall quite as flat, but it was close.

Gustav decided he had to do something before everything became far too awkward.

"Look I know we're guys," he said, before Tom or Georg could get off another quip, "and we'd rather just ignore most of this and make jokes, but I don't think that's going to work. Things have changed and we need to figure it out."

"I agree," Bill said, and it clearly took a lot of effort to say.

"Sorry," Tom said, pulling Bill even closer, "defence mechanism."

Georg grabbed a cushion and began hugging it; the twins seemed to be trying to become one person which left Gustav wishing he had something to hug too. There was awkward and then there was this situation.

"Okay," he said eventually, feeling anything but brave, "I'll go first. Last night was incredible, but for the record, I'm not really into guys. I have deep dark fantasies, mostly about you two," he pointed to the twins, "but I'd never considered acting on any of them until Bill zeroed in on me."

"You really have fantasies about us?" Tom sounded curious and a little protective, but not angry, which was a good start. "Why?"

"I don't know," he replied with complete honesty, "you two confuse me. It's like my hormones can't decide what to make of you. We all know Bill does that to half the world, but, Tom, I hate to break it to you; I think you do too, the world is just afraid you might hit them if they said so."

Georg laughed at that, but it was genuine amusement this time, not an avoidance tactic, so he only gave his friend a little eye roll.

"You never even hinted at anything," Tom pointed out.

"Deep dark fantasies," he replied with a shrug, "I'm sure you have some too that you never would have mentioned."

He didn't bring up the obvious one, but Tom did glance at Bill while nodding in agreement.

"My turn," Georg said, seemingly more relaxed than before, so Gustav hoped this was working. "I don't have any deep dark fantasies about Bill or Tom, or for that matter, Gustav (well except the one with the drumsticks), but you know me, I'm up for most things that feel good, and hell did last night feel good."

Looking at Georg he couldn't tell if the comment about the drumsticks had been a joke or not, so he didn't try to comment on that. You never could tell with Georg sometimes.

"You know my deep dark fantasy," Bill said and Gustav couldn't help thinking his friend sounded terrified; "you saw it."

The tension in Bill was virtually palpable and he was surprised Bill wasn't vibrating on the spot.

"Doesn't bother me," Georg said while Gustav was trying to figure out how to reply.

He looked at his friend and it was easy to tell that Georg was not being flippant and was, in fact, quite serious.

"You two go together," Georg said in explanation; "and I know that I should probably be freaked by this or something, but I'm just not. If it makes you happy, I'm cool with it."

Gustav found all eyes on him after that pronouncement.

"I am a little freaked," he said since there was no point in not being honest, "but Georg's right; the two of you just fit. You're so damn close you seem to live in each other's heads half the time and if this is what you both want I'm not going to judge you for it."

Bill looked completely stunned by the whole conversation.

"Really?" Bill asked in an amazed sort of voice.

Words failed him again so Gustav just nodded and he saw Georg do the same out of the corner of his eye. No one outside their tight knit little group would ever understand this, but he thought that the few people who really knew the twins would know exactly where the pair were coming from. Not everyone might agree it was right, but everyone would at least understand it.

Bill still didn't seem to be able to believe it.

"Bill, how long have you known you liked guys as well as girls?" Georg's question broke the heavy silence.

The reaction was instantaneous; Bill went a lovely shade of pink. The question was a little unexpected, but it was clear Georg was right on the nail.

"Umm ... I've suspected for a little while," Bill admitted, looking very sheepish, "but I wasn't really sure."

"But you knew you wanted Tom?" Gustav voiced what immediately came to his mind.

Bill nodded.

"That's different," was the only explanation forthcoming.

"How long?" surprisingly the question came from Tom.

It almost felt like intruding as Gustav watched Bill turn and look at Tom. This was probably a conversation that should have been private, but it clearly wasn't going to be.

"Remember when we were five," Bill said, still looking at Tom as if no one else existed, "and I cried all afternoon because I said when we were older we would be married and live in a big house and you told me not to be stupid because boys didn't do that?"

Tom appeared awed by that and Gustav couldn't help admitting he felt similar.

"That long?" Tom asked, so shocked he almost had no voice at all.

"Always," Bill replied with a nod.

If he hadn't been sure before, after that Gustav had no doubt that supporting his two friends was the only way to go. How could anything stand against a bond like that?

"I think I'm a bit slow," Tom said with a small smile, "it took me five blonde, buxom girls to realise that I was trying far too hard to run in the opposite direction to what I really wanted. Didn't stop me running though, but then we all know I can be just as stubborn as you."

Finally Bill seemed to be beginning to relax a little, or at least Bill wasn't holding on to Tom's arm with a death grip anymore; Gustav could see the colour actually returning to Tom's fingers.

"We can't all be the brains of the operation," Georg commented and was grinning when Gustav turned to look.

"No, but at least I have some brains to begin with, if we don't write your name backwards on your forehead so you can see it in the mirror you forget it," Tom quipped back and Gustav found himself smiling as well; things almost felt normal.

"The pair of you don't have a brain cell between you, let alone a brain," he said, deciding that it was time to join in. "Without me and Bill this band would have a negative IQ."

That even made Bill smile just a little.

"Dumb and dumber," Bill said and actually giggled when Tom messed up his hair in reprisal.

"Primadona," was Tom's only comeback, however.

A knock on the door interrupted the conversation.

"That'll be the food," Gustav said and climbed to his feet; he was ravenous.

Bill and Tom made no move to separate from each other and he could only assume that being close was more important to them than anything else at that point. With Georg's help he made very sure the member of staff delivering the trolley of food did not see inside the room.

"I think I could eat a horse," he said as he efficiently uncovered the main plates of food and passed them out.

It could be pretty well guaranteed that if something needed organising he was the one to do it, and about then was no different. He passed out cutlery, serviettes and the drinks he had ordered for them all as well. By the time he was finished everyone had everything they needed for the meal, Bill was, however, looking dubiously at his plate.

"If you don't eat it fast," Gustav commented as he sat down with his own food, "you know Georg will just steal it."

Then he stuck his own fork in a meat ball and popped it into his mouth. He could understand Bill feeling a little anxious after having been so violently ill after trying solid food the night before and he hoped his friend would get the message. In the end, Tom took Bill's fork, stuck it into the food and then presented it back to Bill.

"Eat," was the simple instruction.

For a change Bill meekly did as he was told and Gustav was glad to see that once Bill was over the initial hurdle his friend swooped on the rest of the plate like a ravenous wolf. It appeared they were all so hungry that talking wasn't much on the agenda and they were all through their pasta and well into the cake deserts before any of them paused. Gustav tried very hard not to laugh as he watched Bill trying to steal some of Tom's desert, he really did, but he couldn't help it and managed to give Bill away.

"Hey," Tom protested, half heartedly attempting to shield his bowl.

"Lot of help you are," Bill complained and pouted at Gustav.

"Sorry," he responded, but he couldn't summon up much remorse.

He did, however, manage to stifle the desire to go 'awww' at the sweetness when Tom let Bill take some anyway. They might have been talking about things, but there was no way he was being called a girl for the next month of Sundays. All in all he was feeling much happier and relaxed when they dumped the plates and things back on the trolley and all sat back to digest. It was almost like just another day.

"Okay, next awkward subject," Tom said eventually, having taken up residence glued to Bill's side again; "anyone have any idea what's going on with all of us?"

"Not really," Gustav said, stretching himself out so his food could go down properly; "we just don't seem to be quite normal."

"Stronger," Tom agreed with a nod.

"Faster," Bill added.

"Interested in biting," Georg brought up the third thing.

"But not averse to food or sunlight," Gustav decided it would be good to point out what they weren't as well, "and definitely not crawling across the ceiling in desperation."

He gave Bill a sympathetic look since he had seen how hard his friend had tried not to give in the previous evening.

"So we're stuck somewhere between being cursed and not being cursed."

He took it as a good sign when Bill was the one who came to the conclusion.

"Looks like it," Georg agreed.

"Do you think the witch who did this could make us normal again?" Tom asked the obvious question.

"I hope so," Georg said with a nod; "but we didn't have much luck finding her."

It had been a total bust the night before; Gustav remembered the fruitless phone calls very well.

"Maybe we should get David on the case," he suggested as he thought it through.

Bill looked horrified.

"We could tell him you feel really bad about the dress, Bill, and it's been bothering you all night and you just have to see her to ask if you can replace it," he continued before Bill could object.

"Yeah," Tom agreed, clearly warming to the idea, "and if I tell him Bill's going to go off on one unless we manage to find her he'll have her address before we can blink."

The thought of someone else having to do the leg work rather appealed and Gustav couldn't help smiling. No one was sure how David did it, but when things needed to be done you could always rely on him.

"Let's do it," Georg said and almost as one they nodded.

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### Chapter 3 The Woman In White

It probably wasn't the most settling thing to open your front door and find four young men on your door step. Gustav was impressed when the poor woman didn't scream and slam the door in their faces. They had left Saki and David in the van and had all piled down the path to the front of the residence. It turned out she lived in the suburbs in a very nice looking house. In the afternoon sun she looked like a perfectly ordinary person.

"Hello," Bill said hesitantly, stepping into the role of voice of the band even though this was a very unusual situation, "umm, remember us?"

The woman looked stunned.

"Ah," was about the most sensible thing she seemed to be able to say.

"The party," Tom hinted helpfully.

"Sorry," she apologised, looking at each of them in turn, "but, no I don't remember. Some idiot spiked my drink and I have a very bad reaction to alcohol thanks to an Asian grandmother with an inherited intolerance; I'm afraid I don't remember a thing about the party at all."

That wasn't quite what any of them had been expecting.

"You're Tokio Hotel," the woman said before the surprised silence could go on too long.

"Um, yeah," Bill said, seemingly not sure what to say, "could we possibly come in please? We need your help."

The woman looked even more surprised, but did step back.

"Sure," she said and indicated a doorway off to the site, "but I can't think how I could possibly be of assistance to you."

They all piled in and Gustav chose a seat near Georg, while the twins picked the sofa, when they were invited to sit down.

"Now, what can I do for you?" she asked pleasantly, completely at odds with how Gustav remembered her from the night before. "I'm Marie, by the way."

"Well," Bill said slowly, "first of all I wanted to offer to pay for your dress, cleaning or replacement."

"The red wine," Marie asked, sounding surprised; "that was you? I wondered how that had happened."

Bill nodded and looked apologetic.

"Someone barged into me from behind and my glass went flying," Bill explained, and Gustav was glad he was not the one doing the talking. "I would have offered to pay for everything last night, but you were rather angry."



Marie sat down.

"Oh dear," she said, looking apologetic herself, "I'm so sorry. From all accounts when I have alcohol I become rather explosive. I really don't remember a thing."

Gustav found Bill looking at him before moving on to the others. The house had some crystals lying about the place and there were some interesting books on one of the shelves in the room, but in the light of day what they had been through seemed rather bizarre.

"Um," Bill said eventually, "you cursed us."

Marie looked shocked and then horrified.

"Oh heavens," she said, clearly flabbergasted, "please tell me you're joking."

Gustav shook his head just as the others all made similar movements.

"We turned into our costumes," he decided that putting the burden all on Bill simply wasn't fair.

Marie appeared even more stunned.

"I have never..." she began to say, "but I clearly did. I am so sorry; please tell me what I can do to make amends."

"The curse broke around dawn, we think," Tom took up the explanation, "but there's a problem..."

"I was dressed as a vampire," Bill said, looking far guiltier than he should have; "I got Tom and Gustav before the curse broke."

"And I got Georg," Tom added.

"We're not vampires now," Georg piped in.

"But we're not normal either," Gustav finished for them all.

It was quite comforting to see that Marie seemed horrified by the whole thing; she seemed like an entirely different person from the night before.

"Do you think you can help us?" Bill asked quietly.

"I will definitely try," Marie said, looking determined in a way that could have been slightly scary. "How are you not normal?"

"We seem to have some vampire traits, but diluted," Gustav chose to explain.

"Like an echo of a real vampire?" Marie asked.

Gustav might have analysed it further, but the others were nodding so he went along with it.

"Then it could be magical residue," Marie told them, clearly thinking on her feet; "a reflection of the curse that will fade with time. We should be able to speed that process along with a purification ritual."

Marie stood up and Gustav automatically climbed to his feet as well and the others were quick to follow.

"This way," their hostess invited and took them towards another room.

The afternoon was not as tense as the morning, but Gustav still felt very far from relaxed as he followed where they were led. He just hoped the purification ritual wasn't something too outrageous; his knowledge of witchcraft was smaller than his knowledge of vampires.

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Gustav felt really silly holding a crystal, but he couldn't exactly say it was all mumbo jumbo any more. It was quite clear Marie was a powerful witch and if she said he should hold a crystal he wasn't going to argue no matter how ridiculous he felt. At least the room they were in now made him feel more like he wasn't being an idiot, since it did have things on the walls and the floor and did feel different.

"This is a purification ritual," Marie said as she took the place at the head of the circle they were now sitting in. "Concentrate your energy on the crystal you are holding. As it flows through the crystal it will be purified and the circle will return it to you."

It sounded like something out of a graphic novel, but Gustav did as he was told. If the whole situation had taught him nothing else, it was to have an open mind. Marie began chanting something under her breath and he felt the strangest sensation run up his spine. He heard Bill give a little gasp, but he was too intent on concentrating like he had been told to, to look up and check.

If felt kind of like a very low current was running through him and he stared at his crystal with complete focus. He wasn't the sort to give only part of himself to something, so he sat there and did his very best. His concentration only broke when there was a thud to his right, quickly followed by a second one.

He looked over to see Bill folded virtually in half having slumped forward onto the floor and Tom sprawled backwards; both looked to be out for the count.

"Oh shit," he said, heedless of what they were supposed to have been doing anymore, and he dropped his crystal in favour of seeing if Bill was alright.

When he pulled Bill upright again, Bill was completely floppy as if he was asleep or unconscious and Gustav pulled his friend against him to make sure Bill didn't slump down again. Bill's head flopped against his shoulder and he couldn't help noticing that as Bill's mouth sagged open slightly he could see little pointed fangs. Nothing like the night before, but definitely longer than they should have been.

"Bill, can you hear me?" he asked, well aware that Georg was dealing with Tom at the same time.

He received a mumbled reply, which was better than nothing.

"What happened?" he more or less demanded of Marie as Bill tried to move with all the aptitude of someone who had just been hit on the head hard.

"I think I may know why the curse worked so well," Marie replied, which didn't answer the question and annoyed Gustav somewhat; "I think Bill and Tom together may make an extraordinary conduit. Let's get them in the other room; they should be fine in a minute, they just overloaded."

Gustav wanted to argue that people fainting was generally not good, but Marie was already heading back towards the living room with a determined look on her face. Bill was beginning to come round more so he stood up and pulled Bill with him. They wouldn't win any competitions for grace and deportment, but Bill was able to stand without falling over again so Gustav was happy.

"What happened?" was the slurred and confused question.

"You and Tom overloaded," he said since it was the only explanation he had.

Bill didn't really see, to understand that any more than he had.

"Did it work?" was the next muddle question.

"No," he replied and steered Bill towards the door where Georg was already taking Tom.

"Oh," was Bill's rather disappointed response as they began to move.

Gustav steered Bill in the general direction they were supposed to be going and then sat his friend down next to Tom once they were in range of the sofa. Then he looked over to where Marie had several books out on the table and was pouring over one.

"Incredible," Marie said, reading a page in one book and then looking at another huge tome.

"Why didn't the purification ritual work?" Georg asked the question Gustav was thinking and he was sure the one to which the twins wanted an answer as well.

"Because none of you need purifying," was the logical but most unhelpful response.

"But we're still partially vampires," Gustav pointed out; if anything needed purifying he was sure it was vampires.

Marie looked up at that.

"Actually you're vampyrs," she said as if it was a perfectly reasonable thing to say, but Gustav was becoming annoyed again because nothing was making sense.

He didn't think yelling would help, but he was only one step away from caring.

"Isn't that just a funny way of saying vampire?" Tom asked, clearly at the same level of understanding as he was.

"No," surprisingly it was Bill who spoke, "a vampyr is half human, half vampire. Vampyrs have some vampire traits and powers, but not all of them."

Marie looked impressed and Gustav had to award one point to Bill's vampire obsession.

"But vampyrs are born," Bill pointed out, seemingly knowing his stuff, "we were definitely human yesterday."

The nod Marie gave confused Gustav all over again; he had never been overly interested in the supernatural and this was all a bit much for his practical nature.

"I think what we have here is something unprecedented," Marie replied, "an alignment of power so great that it caused a permanent alteration of the physical world. I was working under the assumption that you were all still feeling the effects of the residual curse; the remnants of my anger and an accidental out flux of power, which the purification should have removed, but I now think this is something else."

Gustav told himself to remain calm.

"Did you say permanent?" he asked, refusing to let his less rational thoughts take over.

"Permanent as in not as transitory as the curse," Marie explained, clearly sympathising with his dilemma; "a curse put you in an altered state, but somehow you actually seem to have become vampyrs. I do not know if it is reversible, but I do know it is not a matter of removing residual magic."

"But why did it happen?"

Gustav noticed that Bill had moved closer to Tom as his friend asked the question. That made him check his own reactions because the last thing he wanted was for Bill to start freaking out again. They were all in this together, for good or ill. Marie stopped what she was doing at that and stood straight behind the desk.

"I don't know," she replied with an honesty that frightened Gustav a little, "but there must have been an incredible force at work. Even if you were changed into vampires it was still a product of the curse and so it should have cancelled at the same time. When you were turned into vampires were you doing anything else?"

The heat that entered Gustav's face at that point made him feel like he was glowing and suddenly everyone was looking anywhere but at each other. Admitting amongst themselves that they had had sex was entirely different from telling someone else, especially someone they really didn't know. Marie was looking at them very hard now.

"Nothing said here will go beyond these walls, I swear," Marie said, but that didn't make Gustav anymore inclined to tell her and no one else spoke up either.

"Okay," Marie continued when it became clear no one was going to say anything, "I'll take a wild stab in the dark here; was sex involved?"

Bill looked like he wanted to disappear through the floor.

"Yes," Georg said and Gustav was glad he didn't have to.

"Sex and vampires make for a powerful combination," Marie said in a surprisingly straightforward manner, "but it still seems very unlikely."

The whole thing was becoming more and more convoluted and Gustav was beginning to doubt there was a solution.

"Were any of you virgins?" Marie asked after seeming to think for a few moments.

Looking over at Bill, his friend was about as red as you could become without having an aneurism.

"Me," Bill said in a very small voice.

"And that was my costume," Tom added almost brashly. "I don't know if that counts."

Marie was nodding as if this was beginning to make sense; Gustav wished it would make sense to him.

"Virginity always boosts sex magic," Marie observed, "and given that the vampire nature was passed on I would guess that your virgin status counted just as much, Tom. You're both powerful conduits, which could have brought this about. Were you having sex at the same time?"

That was met by total silence and there was no way any of them were going to answer that one. Gustav carefully moved just a little closer to the twins just in case solidarity was needed.

"Oh," Marie said after a few seconds and with a sinking feeling Gustav realised that no one had to say anything because Marie was figuring it out all by herself, "right; vampires and virgins, always an explosive combination. Well, that would explain the amount of power being available for this to happen. If you think of most people as taps that can be turned on to varying degrees when it comes to magical energy, most people being just a drip and the more sensitive being a stream; Tom and Bill together are like a fire hose. The curse opened up the magical flow and Bill and Tom turned it into a flood."

"Then this is my fault," Bill said, looking devastated again.

"Don't go there, Bill," Georg said very firmly as Tom reached out and grabbed Bill's hand.

"If we have to say one more time it's not your fault I'm going to brain you with one of your brother's guitars," Gustav added his own voice to the objection.

"Actually if it's anyone's fault it's mine," Marie said, looking very apologetic.

"More like the asshole that spiked your drink," Georg pointed out and Gustav nodded.

Marie definitely wasn't the person he had met last night; completely the opposite in fact, but that didn't change one thing.

"So can we reverse what's happened?" he asked even though he suspected the answer.

"Honestly," Marie said, glancing down at her books, "I don't know. It would require a similar level of power and some sort of ritual to find your real selves. What happened last night was accidental sex magic; very, very powerful, accidental sex magic and we would have to unravel why the effect was achieved before being able to undo it. It could just be that the magic went into all of you because it had to go somewhere, or it could be something deeper than that."

It was sounding more and more unlikely that they had a way out of this.

"How could we find that out?" Tom asked, but he sounded as unsure as Gustav felt.

"We would have to go back into the experience in a vision quest," Marie said simply, "but there are dangers to that. It is possible we could rekindle the curse unless we were very careful."

They all looked at each other then and Gustav could tell none of them wanted that. Even remembering being a vampire was frightening to him; he had felt so out of control. The way he was now he felt in charge of himself even if it was a little odd.

"Is it so bad?" Georg asked as they sat there in silence.

Gustav frowned at him, not sure what his friend was on about exactly.

"What?" Bill asked.

"Is what we are so bad?" Georg asked, clearly one step ahead of the rest of them. "I haven't felt this good in months, what with the tour wearing us out and everything. So we're a little different now, but we've never exactly been like everyone else anyway. Is it worth risking everything to put us back to normal when there's nothing really wrong with us?"

For a moment Gustav wanted to tell his friend that of course it was worth it, but then he realised the Georg had a point. He'd been so focused on normal that it hadn't really occurred to him that not normal wasn't really a problem.

"What would it mean if we stayed this way?" he chose to ask Marie the direct question. "Will there be consequences?"

Marie looked down at her books.

"It says here that vampyrs can be volatile," she read.

"With Gustav and Bill in the band we're used to that," Tom commented and earned a slap on the arm from Bill.

"You'll crave blood and from time to time you'll actually need it," Marie continued, "and you'll be more sensitive to bright light, but other than that it looks like mostly plus points. You'll live longer, be stronger, faster, have heightened senses and more stamina."

"No nasty karmic surprises?" Georg asked in a just to be sure tone.

Marie shook her head.

"There is no way to become unaware of the things you now know," she told them all, "and you will notice things now you have been exposed to the supernatural, but being vampyrs will have less bearing on that than the fact that Bill and Tom are very powerful conductors."

They all looked at each other again.

"Are there any other ways, less dangerous ways, to find out what we would need to know to turn back?" Bill asked, still unsure by the looks of things.

Marie gave a little shrug.

"Possibly," she said thoughtfully; "I have some friends I could ask, but it will take time."

"Could you maybe look for us, please?" Bill asked hesitantly. "Just in case; we'd reimburse you for any expenses."

"Of course," Marie said sincerely, "I will do all I can and I will accept no payment. I bear some responsibility in this and I wish to help set the balance straight. Until then, I suggest we find all the information on vampyrs we can to forewarn you. I have more books in the spare room and the internet will probably bring up a lot of useful things."

Gustav blinked at that; he hadn't really thought about the internet being of assistance in something arcane, but clearly it was. As the other three walked towards the table he couldn't help wondering how much of the real world they had been missing until now.

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It had been a very, very odd day following a really, really bizarre night and Gustav walked into his room, threw his hat and jacket onto the chair and sprawled onto the bed. He really wasn't sure what to think anymore. In an ordinary world having had sex with Bill would have been the biggest thing on his list of incredible and impossible things, but the world really wasn't ordinary at all anymore. The concepts of the supernatural being real and that Bill and Tom were now firmly together in every sense were bigger than his own revelations.

Tom and Bill had gone to talk to David about the schedule for the following day, but as he lay there contemplating the ceiling and doing his best not to think too hard he heard the door to the next room open and close. Tom's room was next to his and with his sharper hearing it was very easy to hear somebody entering it.

He caught the familiar sound of Bill's voice and then Tom answering, at which point he did his very best to ignore that he could hear anything at all. He had never considered that having sharper hearing would be a problem for these kinds of reasons.

Sitting up he decided that putting more walls between himself and the twins would be good for making sure he didn't hear anything he wasn't supposed to, so he headed for the bathroom. A nice long shower was just what he needed so he turned on the water and set about getting everything ready.

When he walked back into the other room to get the robe he knew was hanging in the wardrobe he heard a thump from next door and then a moan that sent messages straight to his cock. It was very clear what the twins were up to so he fled back to the bathroom to take his long and indulgent shower.

In the end he managed to stay in the bathroom for a whole half an hour before he finally padded out into the other room wearing only the fluffy robe. There were muffled noises still coming from the next room, but Bill and Tom seemed to have moved away from the wall which meant it wasn't too loud. He turned the television on low in self preservation and decided to find his iPod when he could be bothered to dig through his stuff. Unlike his iPod, however, his glasses were on the side and he picked them up automatically to watch the TV. It was only when he put them on that it occurred to him he didn't need them anymore as the room distorted horribly. With a shake of his head he sat down and decided this was all going to take some getting used to.

He wasn't usually into cartoons, but he needed something mindless to concentrate on for a while so he found a children's channel and sat down on the edge of the bed to watch. By the time there was a knock on his door he was quite absorbed in the ridiculous entertainment.

Just in case he peeked through the spy hole on the door to see who it was and opened it quickly when he saw Georg standing on the other side.

"Hi," Georg said with a smile, "I'm bored, mind if I come in?"

"Sure," Gustav replied and stepped back towards where he had been sitting, "but be aware you might have to listen to Bill and Tom having sex."

Georg grinned at that, closing the door and following him into the room.

"Yeah, I noticed they were 'busy' when I walked by their door," Georg said, throwing himself down into the arm chair near the bed, "this hearing thing is weird."

"I don't need my glasses anymore," Gustav agreed with a nod; "I'll have to get some window glass ones or something or people will cotton on sooner or later."

"Useful and a pain at the same time," Georg commented, looking as relaxed and nonchalant as ever, but something wasn't quite right.

Gustav sat back down on the bed and put the TV onto some random music channel and turned it down.



"What's up?" he asked, not sure how he knew, but sure that the boredom line was just an excuse.

For a moment Georg appeared surprised and then looked at the ceiling.

"That obvious?" Georg asked, a thoughtful expression coming over his face.

Gustav shrugged; he wasn't sure his companion had been obvious at all, but the hyper senses thing seemed to make these things easier to pick up.

"Just a hunch," he said, putting the remote down on the bed.

For a while Georg just looked at him with a patented Georg I'm-thinking-give-me-a-minute stare. It was a little unsettling.

"All that stuff I said about not having deep dark fantasies about anyone in the band," Georg finally said; "I think I may have been premature."

Gustav reached for the remote and turned the TV off completely; this was not the time to be distracted.

"Go on," he prompted; wanting to know what Georg was talking about.

"When I got back to my room I fell asleep," Georg revealed sitting forward in the chair, "and I dreamed, vividly. I remember every detail and you could say the dreams were less than innocent. I've never had a dream like it, not even when adolescence kicked in full force."

"And all of us were in this dream?" Gustav asked.

Georg nodded.

"Could you have been hearing what the twins were up to?" he suggested, since it did seem rather strange.

"My hearing's good now," Georg said with a shake of his head, "but two doors and a corridor make a good sound baffle; I didn't hear them until I was outside."

Gustav tried to analyse that, but he wasn't coming up with any explanations.

"So you think your..." he didn't know how to put it.

"Hot for the rest of you?" Georg offered helpfully. "Yeah, I'd say I was very hot for all of you."

That was quite an admission.

"Have you felt anything unexpected today?" Georg asked since they were way past embarrassment on this.

It wasn't something he had considered, but now that he did he remembered his reaction to the moan he had heard through the wall. He had almost indulged in the shower, but had decided to wait until he was more comfortable, and at the time he had thought he was just horny. Of course he had always been attracted

to the twins; something deep in his psyche had decided that long ago, so he hadn't really thought it was strange. Now he wasn't sure.

Looking over at Georg he pictured his friend from the previous evening, all black clothes and muscle. To his surprise he found that his body rather liked that image and he blinked and shifted where he was sitting.

"Um," he said as it dawned on him Georg had a point, "I think you might be on to something."

Almost as if Bill and Tom were on the same page there was a cry from the next room and Gustav found himself staring at the wall. Someone with normal hearing would have been able to hear that. It was definitely Bill's voice and so full of passion that it felt as if the temperature in the room had just gone up several degrees.

"Shit," Georg said when Gustav finally looked back at him; "I think Bill's really enjoying himself."

"Tom bit him," Gustav found himself saying before he thought about it.

"How did..?" Georg stopped halfway through the question.

Gustav had no idea how he had known that, but something about the cry must have given it away, because it was clear Georg knew it was true as well. They sat there looking at each other for a few moments and then Georg stood up.

"Well I think we really need to talk about this with Bill and Tom too," Georg said rapidly, "but right now I need to go ... um ... well you know."

He did know as well, very well, because he couldn't help reacting to the sound anymore than Georg could. As his friend headed for the door he made a very quick and impulsive decision.

"You don't have to go," he said and was almost as shocked at his own words as Georg appeared to be.

"I need to ..." Georg said as if he wasn't quite sure what Gustav was saying.

"Yeah, me too," he replied, deciding that now he had said it he couldn't back down; "and you don't have to leave. We could ... um ... help each other out."

He was as nervous as hell, but he was also feeling bolder than he could ever remember. They were in a new situation now and clearly Georg had realised this or he would never have shown up in the first place, and Gustav decided to jump in with both feet. Usually he was the planner and the thinker, but it seemed that the new side to his nature was bringing out the slightly more reckless aspects of his personality.

Having run out of sensible things to say, he just patted the bed and hoped he didn't look completely ridiculous.

For a moment Georg just stood there, hard on completely obvious against tight jeans and then his friend was walking back towards him.

"Sorry, but this isn't going to be long and drawn out," Georg said, urging him backwards on the bed.

"Wouldn't want it to be," Gustav replied and found himself being straddled as Georg climbed onto the bed.

There was an unhealthy crunching sound and Georg looked down.

"I think I broke the remote," was the sheepish admission.

"Fuck the remote," was Gustav's uncharacteristic response and then he pulled Georg down on top of him.

The kiss was passionate, fierce and very, very masculine as they almost fought each other for dominance. Gustav had no fantasies of submission when it came to Georg and he met the maleness of his friend with testosterone of his own. He pushed himself against Georg, but found there was far too much material in the way and as they kissed he blindly reached for the belt of his robe. With Georg's help it fell open easily and he could push against Georg for more friction.

It still wasn't enough though and as Georg fumbled with his own belt and jeans, Gustav use his strength to flip them so he was on top. Then he moved so that he had one leg between Georg's before he helped Georg free himself from his clothes as much as was necessary. He really didn't care about finesse, all he wanted was friction and Georg seemed to be of the same mind as they moved against each other. He initiated another kiss and arched back when Georg moved on to kissing his jaw and his neck.

It felt wonderful; intimate and fulfilling and full of so much passion it made his head spin. He clung to Georg, rubbing himself against his friend creating wonderful friction for himself and, by the sounds of it, great friction for Georg as well. It felt so good and the fact that Georg was now nibbling at his neck was driving him almost mad.

"Just bite me," he all but begged, knowing that was what Georg really wanted to do.

He didn't question that he wanted to be bitten or that he would bite back given the opportunity; it was just how things were now and he was too far gone to care. He was so close to the edge and he wanted to be pushed all the way. When Georg's sharp fangs bit into his neck it was all he needed.

"Oh god, oh god, oh god," he repeated over and over again as he came hard enough to see stars, bucking against Georg like his life depended on it.

It was so good that it took him an age to come down and he felt like he'd been for a three mile run when he did. He was all but lying on Georg who seemed to be in a similar state and he pushed himself off and onto the bed as carefully as he could. Thought would not be something he was worrying about in the neat future he was sure.

As he lay there dazed and staring at the ceiling he heard giggling coming through the wall. He looked over at Georg who just grinned in a sleepy, just had an orgasm manner; they had obviously been heard.

"This is your fault," he said, pitching his voice at a level he knew the twins would hear and then threw a pillow at the wall. "Shut up and let your elders fall asleep with dignity."

That was greeted with all out laughter; he was so going to get the twins for this ... when he could be bothered to move again. He was too comfortable to shift at all just then and when he glanced over at Georg, his friend had already closed his eyes. It was bizarre and supernatural and all things odd, but right about then it was good too. Letting his eyes drift shut he decided he'd deal with the twins in the morning.

**The End**