

# Unseen

Von abgemeldet

## Inhaltsverzeichnis

<b>Kapitel 1:</b>	.....	2
<b>Kapitel 2:</b>	.....	5
<b>Kapitel 3:</b>	.....	14
<b>Kapitel 4:</b>	.....	22

## Kapitel 1:

Tae Kyung let his eyes wander around and took in the sight of men and women all dressed up in leather and willingly looking like they were experts in killing or torturing someone. And that was exactly why he and his partner fit in, with the slight difference that they really were killers. The dancefloor was filled with people moving their bodies to the bass heavy music usually played at the Odeon. And sometimes he wasn't sure if it really was the music letting them move the way they did or the fact that they were having sex with their dancing partner right in front of everyone else.

But Tae Kyung couldn't care less. He had an important mission tonight and though he was just about to meet with the person most capable helping him, he was sure it would be a hard task to persuade Yunho in doing so. His nervousness must've shown somehow cause the friend that came with him was eyeing him suspiciously.

"Are you sure about this Tae Kyung?", the man asked him with just a slight hint of concern evident in his eyes and voice.

Tae Kyung looked the other vampire sitting on the other site of the table straight in the eyes while saying "Yes, I am Yoochun."

Yoochung looked back while playing with the Whiskey in his glas and finally a smirk went over his face showing just the tips of his fangs.

"You know you're crazy, right?"

"You knew about that before you came with me, Chunnie. So what is the point?" Tae Kyung asked.

"Yeah I knew, but this time it's different. You know you could look for someone else, right? Do you really think it's a good idea to entrust Yunho with the turning of an innocent boy who has no idea what will happen to him? This is really going overboard."

"Yunho's not a bad person, okay. He might seem like one but he definitely is not. I know what I am talking about and I know what I do. Besides shouldn't you be more respectful towards him?"

"I respect him like the devil, that's why I am concerned."

"I need him. Or to be more precisely he needs him."

"Are you really sure?!"

"He is my son, Chunnie!"

"He is a halfblood, Tae. And you know exactly what Yunho thinks about humans. I mean, geeez my great-great-grandpa was also human, but do I talk about it in his

presence?" Yoochun was shaking his head. "No man I do not!"

Tae Kyung raised his hand in an attempt to catch the attention of the waitress and was pointing at his empty bottle and Yoochun's empty glass.

"I won't do nothing and watch another of my children die. Not if there's a chance for him to survive this crap. And by the way it is still not certain that he is going to turn. I mean it's possible that he won't and be able to live peacefully as a human and never know about the genes he inherited from me. It has happened before."

And actually that was exactly what he wished for. Because if his son was going to turn and if he came out of it alive, the possibility of him living a peaceful and almost normal life was near zero. It just happens to be a fact that their kind was being hunted.

"If he is going to do it, then not because he wants to, but just because he owes you something."

"So be it. The main point's still that he is doing it!"

"But are you sure you're doing your son a favour with that? That man is as solicitous as a gun and the first time can be really hard, even for someone who has been prepared since birth. And he definitely is not prepared!"

"I am going to talk to him beforehand."

"And how exactly are you going to do that? Walking in front of him shaking hands and telling him 'Oh by the way I am your father and you just hit the jackpot in the evolutionary lottery, because actually you are a vampire! So just get done with the turning shit and we can happily be going to Disneyland!' Yeah good idea, pal."

"THAT is not funny!"

"I know it isn't." Yoochun was leaning over the table now, to make sure the other one was really getting every word he was saying. "And that's exactly why I told you to think it over again." There was silence. "And maybe I could do it."

Tae Kyung gave him an ironic/sadistic look. "And how the hell are you going to be able to go back to your house? Sungmin would stake you himself and let you grill in the sunlight. Do you really wanna risk that?"

Yoochun couldn't suppress the shiver running down his spine by the thought of that scenario. "Uhm maybe you're right."

"And after he's done with you, he would come for me." Now both men were shivering at the thought of Yoochun's usually calm, polite, and cute 'husband'. But both knew better than to mess with him.

"Besides..." Tae Kyung stopped talking as soon as the waitress was near enough to

understand them though that would probably be very difficult with the loud MetalHop surrounding them. "Besides we are living in dangerous times and in case something happens to me ..."

"I will take care of him."

Tae Kyung toasted to his friend "I know."

"But you still think Yunho's the better choice." Yoochun said without jealousy. Cause that was fact.

"Nobody's like him."

"And that's a good thing!" was all Yoochun could answer. A little smile now present on his lips.

Their organisation, a small circle of warriors who exchanged informations and fought together, thought the same. If it was about vengeance than Yunho was the man. He hunted their enemies as if there was no tomorrow. He was the last survivor of his family, the last pure blood vampire on earth. And though his kind saw him as their king, he himself just felt despicable against his status.

It was like a tragic comedy that it was precisely this man and to be accurate his pure and strong blood that would be the best chance to survive the turning for his son. But Yoochun was also right. He had a feeling as if presenting the devil an innocent soul.

Suddenly the masses were disturbed. Something or someone was moving through them and in the attempt of getting out of the way people were tossing and turning.

"Holy shit! He's here." Yoochun said kind of uneasy, reaching for his glass and downing it in one go. "I better take my leave as this is something between the two of you."

Tae Kyung saw how the mass of people was divided by something dark coming forward. He decided that the reflex of escape was definitely one of the most effective instincts of humans.

Coming towards him was pure terror all clad in black leather. And that was Yunho. Black long hair was tangling around his aristocratic though kind of brutal face. Black sunglasses were covering his eyes as always. His shoulders broad and muscular. He was a born king, but fate made him a soldier.

And this wind of menace ahead of him was his trademark. As the cold hatred hit Tae Kyung all he could do was take a deep breath and hope that he was indeed doing the right thing.

## Kapitel 2:

Kim Jaejoong looked up the second he felt someone was sitting down on his desk, though he had the feeling that he knew who it was before even seeing the person. And unfortunately for him he was right. It was his boss the "oh so wonderful" Jessica. Everyone knew that her real name was You-Ree though no one dared to call her that. (In fact the last unlucky person who did, was fired two days later and was still trying to find a new job after 2 years!)

"You're working late again..." she whispered more to herself than to him while her eyes took in every detail of Jaejoongs attractive face.

"Hey Jessica." He said though he added '*Shouldn't you be at home, eating dinner with your husband and three kids?*' in his mind and tried to look friendly.

"What are you doing Sweetie?"

"I am editing one of Changmin's articles for him."

"Aw, but you know there are other ways to impress me."

'*I bet there are*' was all Jaejoong could think while he was trying to ignore her hungry staring eyes. "Did you read my mail, Jessica? I was at the police station today and talked to Ju-Hyong and Jeremy. They are onehundred percent sure that a new arms dealer has moved into our city. They found some meddled with guns when arresting drug dealers last night."

Jessica padded his shoulder and let her fingers slide down his arm afterwards as if it wasn't intentionally.

"Sweetie, just keep doing your usual stuff and leave the big and dangerous cases to the grown ups, okay. We don't want that pretty face of yours in danger of being scarred, do we?"

She smiled and her eyes began glimmering with lust as she was looking at his lips.

Jaejoong had to suppress a sigh at the sight of this. Her, acting like this got boring right after he started working for her and that was almost four years ago.

What he needed now was something to distract her from his looks. Something plain and simple. Something like a paperbag he could put over his head. Preferably a paperbag with a picture of Jessica's husband printed on it.

"So shall I drive you home?" she asked acting innocently.

*'That will only happen when heaven opens and Godzilla is coming right through the cleft.'* He thought, but answered politely "No thank you."

After that Jaejoong turned back to his computer and started working again, hoping she would understand the hint and leave him alone.

Thankfully she did understand and left. Though he was sure she wasn't going straight home but visiting the bar across the street as most reporters did on their way home.

To be honest Changwon was not the best city for a career as journalist, nonetheless Jessica's grown ups loved to act as if they were carrying a hard burden. Almost every day after work they would sit at Jason's and talk about the good old days when everything was better and they were working for a bigger more important newspaper. The majority including Jessica were slightly conservative and middle aged men (okay Jessica was female, but no one in the business world saw her like that!) who were competent but nothing special in what they were doing.

Changwon was not a small province town and it was near enough to Busan to get it's own share of organised crime, drug dealing, and prostitution – which kept them busy. But apparently the Changwon Times could not compare to The Seoul Times and everyone knew that none of them was ever going to win the pulitzer price.

It was actually really sad.

*'But who am I to think that way'*, thought Jaejoong. He was just a small local reporter who never worked for a overregional newspaper before and if things weren't going to change in the near future he would be sitting in some province town's bar and talking about his glorious days when working for the Changwon Times.

His hand went into the M&M's bag in front of him. Empty. Again.

He sighed and packed his stuff. On his way out of the newssection he made a detour

to the sweets depot of his friend Changmin. That fellow was eating all day. For Changmin such profanity as breakfast, lunch or dinner did not exist. Food intake was a main constant for him. As long as he was awake there was food going down his throat and to secure a continuous supply he turned his desk into a true treasury of calory providers.

Jeajoong grapped a chocolate bar, unpacked it and enjoyed the taste of the artificial flavours. Still eating he went down the stairs and out the door into the hot and humid summer night. It felt like hitting a thick wall when stepping outside and he had to walk 10 blocks to get to his apartment. Thankfully halfway was the chinese fast food restaurant with a perfectly working air condition.

After the last delicious chunk of chocolate bar he flipped his cellphone open and used the speed-dialling to order his favourite dish.

While talking and walking he subconsciously took in the familiar though bleak surroundings.

This part of the street was occupied with nightclubs, stripbars and a Tattoo&Piercing shop every now and then. The chinese fast food and a korean imbiss stall were the only "restaurants" in this area. The other buildings were former office buildings that were still used a few years earlier, but were now abandoned.

Jeajoong knew every centimeter of the asphalt; usually he did not even need to look at the traffic lights to know when he could walk or not. Every sound of his surroundings that drifted out of the open doors and windows around were something that calmed him down after a long day at work.

You could hear Jazz floating through the air from the direction of the King's Club, whereas techno was coming from Living and someone just tuned up the Karaoke at King Kamehameha. Most facilities were decent though there were always those that weren't and which he tried to avoid. First of all the Odeon with it's nightmarish clientel. He would only go past that threshold when accompanied by a police escort.

While thinking that he was overrun by a wave of exhaustion. Geez the humidity was going to kill him today, in fact the air was so heavy that he had the feeling of breathing water instead of air.

But something told him that his weakness was not only caused by the weather. Actually he's been feeling weak and floppy for some weeks now and he could no

longer ignore the beginning of a slight depression. His job had no future. He did not care about the city he was living in. He had just a few friends, no lover (not even a flirt!!!). His inner eye let him see himself in ten years. Still in Changwon with Jessica and her big boys, everyday being the same: waking up, getting to work, trying to change something, failure, going home alone.

Maybe he really needed to break out. Out of Changwon, out of the Changwon Times. Out of his electronic family, consisting of his alarm clock, phone and television that saved him from his own dreams.

There was nothing keeping him here just habit. He hadn't talked to his foster parents in ages and guessed that they would not miss him at all. The few friends he had were occupied with their own families, except maybe Changmin who was just occupied with getting enough food to survive the day.

He rolled his eyes as he heard someone whistling behind him. That was one of the problems when working in this kind of area. Sometimes some desperate fools tried hitting on you.

Some insinuating remarks followed and than two men were crossing the street to follow him. Usually it stopped the moment they saw they had mistaken Jeajoong as a female, but not this time. He looked at them. The nightlife zone ended here and in front was a long part of the street only surrounded by deserted buildings. Nightfall was completed and it was dark now, but there were some streetlamps and every now and then a car was passing by.

"Wow look at that hair" said the blonde, when they reached Jeajoong. "You're not against me touching it, right?"

Jeajoong was not stupid and did not stop walking. They looked like Collegeboys having fun in their summer break, which meant they probably were just going to be a pain in the ass but not really dangerous. Anyways he did not want to take any risks here and besides the chinese restaurant was just another 3 blocks away.

Just to be prepared he was rummaging through his bag in search of the pepperspray he usually took with him on locations (hey you never know what kind of people you were going to meet on location).

"Shall we drive you somewhere?" the bigger one asked.

"My car is not far from here. Honestly why don't you come with us? We could make a

little trip, do some sightseeing.”

He smirked and winked at his companion as if he wanted to say that there was no way Jeajoong could decline this offer. The companion laughed and his thin brown hair whipped as he was bouncing around Jeajoong.

“We could take him on the beackseat of the car!” suggested the blonde.

*Shit, where the hell is that damn spray?!*

As the blonde was reaching out touching his hair Jeajoong’s eyes shot daggers at him. He thought that with the poloshirt and khakishorts he was looking good in a smart collegeboy way, somehow representing the dream of all the mothers-in-law out there.

He smiled and Jeajoong sped up and put all his concentration and determination towards the weakly shimmering neon lights of the chinese restaurant ahead. He prayed that someone would pass by, but heat and humidity let people remain inside. There was not one soul outside.

“Won’t you tell us your name?” asked the blonde.

His heart was racing now. The spray had to be in his other bag at home.

Just 2 blocks.

“Hmm okay. I guess I have to find a name myself then... what do you think of “Loopy”?”

He giggled.

Jeajoong swallowed and got his cellphone in his hand, just in case he had to call the cops.

Don’t panic. Stay calm.

He imagined how nice the cool, conditioned air in the restaurant would feel like when

stepping through the door.

Maybe he would call a taxi to get home, just to be safe.

"Yaah, come on Loopy", said the blonde one. "I know you will like me."

Just one and a half block...

The second he stepped down from the sidewalk to cross the next street an arm was put around his waist and his feet were lifted into the air while his heavy hand was covering his mouth to prevent Jeajoong from screaming for help. He struggled like he was insane, kicked and fidgeted. Finally he hit his attacker's eye and the deadly grip around his waist loosened. In a hurry he wiggled his way out of the other's arm and ran as fast as he could. His soles hit the asphalt hard and his breath burnt his throat. He was trying so hard to get away. A car was passing by a few meters away and he screamed as he saw the headlights.

But right then he was caught again.

"Bitch you will beg for it later", murmured the collegeboy into his ear while strangling him. His neck was pulled so hard that Jeajoong thought it would break any moment, but it did not. Instead he was pulled into the shadows of the sidestreet he tried to cross just a few moments ago. He could smell the other's sweat and college aftershave, heard his companions laughter.

'A side street', he thought. They were pulling him into a side street.

His stomach started to cramp, bile was going up his throat. Furious he tried to get loose. Fright making him stronger. But the collegeboy was also stronger.

He was shoved into a house wall and a body was pressed against him. He still kicked around and luckily placed his elbow between the other's ribs.

"Fuck. Hold his arms!"

He managed to kick the blonde against his shin. Hard. Before the dark haired could catch his hands and put them over his head.

"Come on, bitch! You will love it", snarled the blonde in front of him while he was trying to get his knee between his legs.

He pushed Jeajoongs back against the wall. One hand still around his throat. The other hand now ripping open his shirt. As soon as his mouth was free, he started screaming which caused a hard slap by the blonde. He could feel his lip bursting. Blood flowing over his tongue and the pain sedating him.

"Try that again and I cut your tongue out." The eyes of the collegeboy were sparkling with hatred and lust as he scanned Jaejoongs halfnaked body. "Actually that's a good idea. I'll do that no matter what."

"Oh my god. Look at that!", said the blonde's friend while twisting and pulling viciously at the ring that was going through the nipple.

Jeajoong bend over, tears blurring his sight. Or maybe he was just getting unconscious because he's been hyperventilating.

They laughed. "I can't believe we were so lucky. I bet this is going to be a lot of fun. You can find out after I'm done with him."

As the blonde giggled somewhat terrifying something snapped deep down in Jeajoong's mind. He refused to let this happen to him. With all his remaining strenght he forced himself to stop struggling and remembered the self-defence course for women he wrote a report about a few months ago. Never would he have thought that it would help him now. His breath was still heavy but the rest of his body remained motionless. It took his attacker a complete minute until he even realised it.

"So are you going to play along now?", he asked with suspicion.

He slowly nodded.

"That's great." He bowed down so far that he was able to smell his breath. He had to force himself not to avoid it though it was reeking of cigarettes and alcohol. "But if you try screaming one more time, I'll kill you. Understood?"

He nodded again.

"Leave him."

The brown haired let his hands go free and smirked. He even stepped back, probably to get a better look.

The hands of the collegeboy were rough on his skin and he managed through pure willpower not to throw up the chocolate bar. Although he could hardly take the feeling of his hand playing with his nipples he reached down targeting the zipper of his pants. He still had one hand around his throat and he could hardly breath, but as soon as he touched his member he moaned and his grip loosened.

He put his hand around his balls. And than he squeezed and twisted them in one go; as he bend over he hit his knee right into his face. He could hear his nose breaking. Adrenaline was rushing through his veins and for a second he prayed his companion would attack him and not just stand there, looking at him dumbstruck.

"You lousy assholes!"

Jeajoong ran out of the small side street. He clutched his ripped shirt and only stopped as he was standing right in front of his apartment door. His hands were shaking so much that he was hardly able to open the door with his keys. Only as he was looking at himself in his bathroom mirror did he realise the tears flowing down his face.

<<<>>> <<<>>> <<<>>>

Kim Youngwoon looked up as the radio receiver of his civil official car started emitting a voice. Male victim, seriously injured, but alive in a side street not far away.

It was shortly after 10pm what meant that the fun had only just begun. It was Friday evening at the start of July. All the collegeidiots just started with summer break and couldn't wait to be participants in the olympic games for idiots. There were only two possibillities; one, the guy has been attacked and two someone just taught him a lesson.

Youngwoon hoped for the second option.

He reached for the radio mic and told the central that he would take the case though he was part of the murder department and not of the patrolling department

Right now he was working on two cases, one being a hit and run case the other a body found at the shore. But one case more or less that did not really bother him. The less time he spent at home the better. Neither the used pots and pans in the sink nor the crumpled bedsheets would miss him.

He switched on the sirene and thought *'Now the party can start.'*

## Kapitel 3:

Yunho's lips moved slightly in a sarcastic way as he watched the humans in front of him almost tripping over one another in their attempt to get out of his way. He could smell their terror and yet there was also some kind of morbid desire emitting from everyone in the room.

Animals. All of them.

Hidden beneath the sunglasses his eyes were struggling to see something. Although the light was dimmed and he was wearing his sunglasses as always the amount of light that was still getting through made it hard for him to concentrate. So he did the only possible thing. He closed his eyes and continued walking. Unfortunately his eyes had always been sensitive to light, so he was used to walking around in total darkness.

Now just relying on his ears and what he could hear around him he moved forward, dividing the various sounds surrounding him - feet tapping around, hard hiphop-beats, voices whispering, and the sound of a glass falling on the floor.

He hoped that there would be nothing in his way, but on second thought he decided he did not care. If there was something (or someone) in his way, he would just ignore it and keep on walking. He identified Tae Kyung pretty easy - he was the only individual in the room who did not reek of panic; although tonight even he seemed nervous.

As he was standing right in front of the other Yunho opened his eyes, but the other vampire appeared just as a blurry shadow to him. Dark clothes and hair were the only information his eyes could contribute him with.

"Where is Yoochun?" he asked as soon as he could smell the faint odour of the other's favourite scotch in the air.

"Getting some fresh air. Thank you for coming."

Yunho sat down and stared straight ahead, wondering what the other could want from him. He was waiting.

Waiting.

'Oh!' he thought after a short while, *'This will be very interesting.'* Tae Kyung was usually a straightforward man and was even more so for Yunho because he knew exactly how much the other hated waiting and people who could not come straight to the point. So him hesitating had to mean it was something important he wanted to talk about.

Tae Kyung downed his beer in one go and took a deep breath. "My Lord..."

"Tae," Yunho growled, "you definitely know better than addressing me like that when you want something from me!"

Tae Kyung shrugged and wanted to say something when he suddenly refused to do so. But this time the interruption was caused by a waitress coming to their table. "Something to drink?" she asked.

Yunho considered grabbing her and sinking his teeth into her carotid, but refused to do so. Although it would definitely taste better than diluted alcohol, human blood could not satisfy his thirst for a long time and fortunately for her he was not really into women. Of course, by living for more than 300 years it would be ridiculous to say that he had not had his fair share of the opposite sex. But he just shook his head as an answer to her question.

Unfortunately that stupid woman not only showed not the slightest sign that she understood what he meant or what the purpose of her job was. No, she just seemed to also have forgotten her name and was blissfully staring at Yunho.

How annoying.

Tae Kyung shifted in his chair and cleared his throat and it finally seemed like the waitress snapped out of a trance. "Thank you, but we're fine," he said and she left their table. The silence between them was heavy and Tae Kyung knew the longer he waited to say what he wanted the harder it would get.

"Well... thank you for coming."

"You've already said that, Tae."

"Oh yeah. You're right. Well Yunho we've known each other for quite some time now, haven't we?"

"Yeah."

"We fought side by side countless times. And killed a lot of Antis. So..." He hesitated again which gave Yunho the chance to think about their small circle of warriors. They had been protecting their own kind from the Antis for generations -- Tae Kyung. Yoochun. The four others and himself. Although they were definitely outnumbered by Antis -- humans who gave their souls to their profoundly evil master Cean -- Yunho and his warriors were able to hold their ground, and even more than that.

"Come on Tae. I don't have time all night. Leeteuk still has to do something later," Yunho said which apparently helped Tae Kyung to get over with whatever it was.

"Do you want to use that room in my house again? I don't think his sister would be happy seeing you around their house."

As soon as Tae Kyung mentioned Leeteuk's sister Yunho leaned back with folded arms

and slightly raised his eyebrows. He did not give a damn about Leeteuk's sister or even cared about what she thought about his lifestyle. XXX was a snob par excellence. She did not understand what kind of enemies they were facing and what it meant to protect vampires against them.

And just because that ignorant cow did not like him or what he did was no reason for him to stand at the side watching how civilians were slaughtered. His place was out there. Right on the battlefield, next to his warriors. The opinions of XXX and the like could matter less to him.

But Leeteuk should not have to handle his arrogant sister.

"Maybe," was all he said.

"Okay."

"And now spill it!"

"I have a son."

Yunho slowly turned his head. "Since when?"

"For a while."

"Who is the mother?"

"You don't know her. Besides she is... she's already dead."

Tae Kyung's pain was evident and surrounded him like a black cloud. The scent of it reached through the scent of human sweat, alcohol and sex that surrounded them.

"How old is he?" Yunho asked kind of wearily. He thought he knew where this was leading.

"Twenty-four."

Yunho cursed under his breath. "Don't ask me, Tae. Don't ask for it."

"But I have to, My Lord. Your blood is..."

"If you address me once more like that I will make sure that you're suffocating from those words! Understood?!" snapped Yunho.

"You don't understand. He is..."

Yunho didn't want to hear what he was so he slowly got up from his chair. Tae Kyung tried to hold him back by laying his hand on Yunho's arm, but Yunho ignored it.

"He is half human."

"Geeez!!!"

"So he might not be able to survive the transition, if it is going to happen. But he definitely has a chance if you were willing to help him. Your blood is strong and could help him make it through despite the fact that he is a halfblood. I am not asking you to take him as your partner or to protect him. I can do that myself. All I am trying to do

is... Please help me. All my children died. He may be the only thing that remains from me on this world. And I... I loved his mother."

If someone else had said that Yunho would have shoved his two favourite words into the other's face: FUCK and YOU. In his opinion there were only two acceptable positions for humans; one being on their backs and the other lying on the ground with their faces down and no heartbeat evident. But Tae Kyung was a friend. Or better, he could've been one if Yunho would have let him get close enough.

He closed his eyes and pure hatred flooded through his veins and piled up in the area around his heart. He actually despised himself for what he was doing now. He got up and left the table. But for heaven's sake he definitely was not the kind of man to help a poor halfblood through the hard and troubling times lying ahead of him. There was something he lacked and that was needed to help somebody through the time of transition. Gentleness and mercy were never supposed to be a part of him.

"I cannot do it! Not even for you," he said and started walking away. Tae Kyung's frustration and pain hit him straight like a bullet and Yunho even stumbled because of the sheer force of emotions.

"If you really love him, Tae, do him a favour and ask somebody else."

Yunho turned around again and started to walk out of the club. On his way he erased every memory of himself from the cerebral cortexes of every human being present. The stronger individuals would believe they only dreamt about him and the weaker ones would entirely forget him. As soon as he stepped out he looked for a dark corner where he would be able to dematerialise. While searching he walked past a couple having sex in the shadows of a building, a homeless guy who drank too much and was unconscious, and a drug dealer angrily talking into his cell phone and complaining about the crack prices at the moment.

He sensed somebody had been following him since he passed the couple and he smiled because he knew who it was. Well not personally, but who gave a damn about those details anyway. The sweet scent of talcum was evidence enough and that was all he needed to know.

Yunho opened his leather jacket and took one of his Hira-Shuriken into his hand. He smiled as he swayed the 100 gram heavy star made of steel in his hand. It fit perfectly and that meant only one thing for his enemy: death. He did not change his pace though he wanted to run into the darker shadows so the fight could start. He hoped the other would fight well because that was what he needed right now! An outburst of violence to calm himself down after what happened at the Odeon. And this Anti just popped out of nowhere as if Yunho had wished for him and that wish came true. Killing one of those soulless individuals was the perfect way to get rid of his aggression.

While leading the Anti into pitch black darkness his body was also anticipating the fight. His heartbeat was strong and steady, his muscles tensed and ready to react whenever he needed them to. Yunho heard the index finger playing around with the trigger of a gun and by the sound he calculated where the other was aiming at. The target was the back of his head.

The same moment the Anti bent his finger to shoot, Yunho swung around and threw the Shuriken in one swift movement. The bullet missed him. But he did not miss. The Shuriken was stuck in the Antis throat and his gun fell to the ground. Not believing it, the Anti's hands flew to his throat and he fell on his knees.

Yunho slowly walked over to him and searched through his pockets. He found a wallet and a cell phone and pocketed them. Then he reached around his back and took out a small dagger with a dark red blade. He was disappointed the fight didn't last longer but considering the still dark hair and eyes and the somewhat half-assed attack it was no wonder at all it ended this fast.

With a sigh Yunho pushed the Anti on his back and threw the dagger in the air. Just a second later he grabbed the hilt within the air and stabbed the Anti right in the heart, or better the area where a heart supposedly would be located -- but in the Antis case there was only a black hole. As soon as the dagger reached the hole the Anti vanished into nothing accompanied by white lightning.

After making sure he was alone, Yunho walked over into the darker shadows and vanished into thin air as he dematerialised himself.

<<<>>> <<<>>> <<<>>>

Tae Kyung felt like Yunho had betrayed him, though he knew from the start that the percentage of Yunho agreeing was very low. But still he had hoped...

Whatever he hoped for did not matter anymore, for now he had to find somebody else to help his son when he was going through the transition. No – if, not when. He still had hope. Absentmindedly Tae Kyung left the Odeon and went to his car. Of course all vampires could dematerialise to travel long distances, but it was very difficult when carrying heavy things or when exhausted. And somehow it was counterproductive keeping it a secret that vampires exist when they eventually started to vanish into thin air in front of humans. And to be honest a nice car was always an eyecatcher.

He got in the car and closed the door. At the same time the first raindrops started falling.

*'Maybe there was another option,'* he thought. Talking about Leeteuk's sister had given him a new idea. She was a doctor; a passionate healer throughout the vampires. Maybe she would be able to help him. Asking wouldn't hurt, right?

Distracted by his thoughts Tae Kyung tried starting the motor, but the starter was only stuttering. He tried again and suddenly he had a bad feeling as he heard a rhythmical ticking noise. The bomb connected to the car's electric devices went off.

His last thought was with his son who never got to know him, and now never would be able to.

## Kapitel 4:

Jaejoong showered for more than an hour and used a complete bottle of shower gel to get rid of the filthiness he was feeling. He only stopped showering because the tapestry in the bathroom threatened to come off of the wall because of all the steam. He didn't bother drying himself before getting into his comfortable bathrobe. And finally he glanced into the mirror to examine the damage to his face. His lip was looking horrible, bruised and swollen and his cheek was starting to shine in a blueish-violetish color.

He usually liked his small 2 room apartment, but today he felt slightly claustrophobic in it. Desperately wishing to have more space and a functioning air conditioner. Unfortunately, said device quit working a few days ago. Now the whole apartment was filled with the hot and steamy air coming from the bathroom. Jaejoong considered opening a window to get some fresh air into the room, but instead of opening a window or the glass door leading onto his balcony he double-checked every window and door to see if they were locked. His nerves still felt like they were running a thousand miles per hour, but his body was slowly realizing that he intended to skip dinner completely after this incident and made sure that Jaejoong knew it disagreed with this decision.

So Jaejoong found himself in the tiny kitchen, roaming through all the cupboards and the fridge to find something eatable. The leftover noodles from 3 days ago still looked fine but as soon as he opened the lid his nose told him otherwise. So he searched further and finally found some instant ramen in a corner of his cupboard. He was now so impatient to get some food into his stomach that he didn't even think of sitting down and ate the noodles while standing between oven and sink.

Unfortunately it wasn't enough to satisfy his almost empty stomach and he frantically searched for something else. Somehow he found the idea of gaining ten kilograms of weight over night very attractive. He knew he could not do much about his face and features but he would bet everything he got that tonight would not have happened had he not looked so delicate. And what made it even worse was the fact that he could still feel that assholes hand touching him, roaming over his stomach and his chest, and fiddling with his piercing. He knew that he should go to the police and make a statement about what happened. He seriously didn't want those guys to do the same thing they already did to him to someone else. But he didn't want to leave the security of his apartment, so instead of getting dressed and walking to the police station he got back into his living room and cuddled himself onto the couch. He didn't even think about the possibility of calling.

He could feel how his stomach was working on the food it just got a few moments ago. It was definitely a good thing that he couldn't find any more food cause he had to fight against sudden waves of sickness trying to overwhelm him every now and then.

He heard a noise coming from one of the dark corners and anxiously stared into the darkness trying to find out what the cause of it was. And while he was staring he could

see a form coming into shape. And as he recognized the familiar outlines he let go of the breath he wasn't even aware of holding in. It was his cat Makaio who peeled herself out of the shadows as if she was peeling off a coat. He remembered seeing her dashing out of his way when he came through the door and threw his keys and bag in some of the corners at the entrance and rushed immediately into the bathroom. Possibly scaring and annoying her at the same time.

"Sweetie," he said, "I'm fine now. I'm really sorry if I scared you."

Yes, he was talking to his cat. You have a problem with that? He couldn't even remember when it started. It just felt natural talking to her and it certainly seemed like she was listening. He would bet that she was commenting on what he said and did all the time. Okay, maybe he should start to go out more often or else he would end up as one of those weird cat-ladies (though he wasn't female).

Just the thought of that made him shiver, and he started to think about his life again. Was it really so hard to get what he wanted? He really didn't think so, but apparently it was otherwise he would already be living in a nice apartment with a partner who loved him equally as much as he loved him. It couldn't be so hard to find someone to spend the rest of his life with right? All he asked for was someone for him... there had to be someone somewhere right? The only thing he wasn't sure of was where exactly that person was. And how he would be able to find him when he didn't know where to look.

While all these thoughts were rushing through his mind, he started petting Makaio and the cat awarded him with low, but nonetheless very satisfied sounding purrs that almost lulled him into sleep. But apparently his phone decided to ring that instant and he almost jumped at the sound of it.

"Hello?" he asked, his voice a bit rusty and slightly shaking though the person on the other end didn't seem to notice. "Hey Jaejoong it's me Jeremy. I've got a hot issue for you. Just a few minutes ago a car exploded in front of the Odeon. If you go now I bet you'll be the first journalist there. That's the chance you needed, right? If you take this chance that bitch Jessica won't be able to suppress you like she used to do." Jeremy said cheerily. Totally ignoring the fact that someone died in the car explosion and just having the thought of helping Jae in his mind.

Jaejoong hesitated to answer. He knew he should tell Jeremy about what happened, but he just couldn't bring himself to say the words.

"Hey! Still there, Jae?" Jeremy asked uncertain about the reaction he received. "Jae!" The other man almost jumped again as he heard Jeremy shouting his name through the phone. "Y-yeah I'm still here. What did you just say?"

"Oh come on Joongie~~. I can't believe you didn't listen the first time. This is your chance, okay? Just get your lazy ass up from the couch and hurry to the front of the Odeon. The other guys should be there already and can inform you properly. So just GO!" He shouted the last word in such a commanding voice that Jaejoong didn't know what happened but not a minute later he found himself fully dressed outside his

apartment on the way to the Odeon thinking what the hell he was doing outside his apartment. In a sudden attack of panic he clutched at his bag, searching frantically for the pepper-spray and only calming down as he felt the familiar form of the container under his touch.

<<<>><<<>><<<>>

Yunho materialized in Tae Kyung's salon. He had to squint his eyes because of the brightness in the room, but despite that he could make out the expensive furniture and paintings in the room.

Damn he'd forgotten how luxurious the other lived. Almost like he was part of aristocracy. But wait, what did he just say? Tae Kyung was part of the aristocracy. He had once been the head of the council, but that was before he joined them and started fighting against their enemies. And it seemed he had never changed his taste from then. But at least Tae Kyung had good taste. He actually lived with the awfully expensive stuff and didn't treat his house like a museum.

Yunho sighed. He knew that the majority of their race expected him to live similar to this. But he just couldn't sit down and look away when there were innocent civilians being killed almost every night. They couldn't afford to lose more if they wanted to survive in the future.

His thoughts were interrupted by the sound of a door opening. A person stepped into the room and hesitated just a mere moment as he saw Yunho standing there before he immediately bowed and dimmed the light so that Yunho's eyes stopped hurting.

"My Lord, what a pleasant surprise to see you here. Are you going to stay for dinner?"

"Thank you Donghee, but no. I'm just staying a couple of hours at the most."

Tae Kyung's butler, Donghee, looked slightly disappointed as he heard that Yunho wasn't staying but composed himself pretty quickly and asked if there is anything else he could do for Yunho.

"Indeed there is something." As he heard those words Donghee's face lit up. "Jungsu is going to be here in about an hour. Please bring some snacks and drinks to my room before he gets here. Thank you."

"My pleasure."

Yunho watched as Donghee's silhouette disappeared before he stepped in front of the largest painting - it almost covered one third of the wall and showed an interesting hunting scene. The painting would have been worth several millions or even more considering the fact that it was an unknown piece of Leonardo da Vinci's. He'd just finished it a few days before his death and it showed how the previous king - Yunho's father - and the warriors of that time were hunting down a large group of

Antis.

He put his hand on the surface and touched all the way to the frame on the left side - his fingers were searching for the almost unnoticeable bump he needed to press to open the secret passageway leading to Tae Kyung's and his rooms. Yes his room. He always wondered why Tae still had the rooms provided for him and kept asking him to stay. Somehow he couldn't believe that Tae Kyung felt lonely and just wanted his company. But even if that was the reason, he never accepted the offer to stay longer than just a few hours. He preferred the loneliness of the storage house he used to sleep in. Security there was heavy, he bet everything he had that Fort Knox wasn't better secured than his sleeping place. He liked the anonymity there. Nobody except himself knew where it was, not even his sworn brothers or Jungsu.

Yunho thoughts stopped twirling around as he stepped into the main room of his and took in the sheer darkness. With a flick of his will he lit up the candles that were strategically placed in the room and let his eyes wander over the room. Everything was pitch black. Walls and ceiling were as black as the carpet covering the floor - this way his eyes didn't hurt at all and he could actually relax for the first time for weeks. He took in the sight of the furniture - a couch and armchair were grouped together with a table, the king-sized bed with its silken sheets in blood red - the only real color down here. The slightly uneven wall indicated where the build-in closet was. A few steps beside it was another door that led into the bathroom - his destination.

On the way to the bathroom door he slid out of the wade-long sleeveless black leather coat and just let it fall down. Next in row where his shirt and shoes landing somewhere else on the black floor. As his trespassed into the bathroom he also left behind his pants and underwear, pooled together right in front of the door.

The mirror across the door showed his naked reflection and revealed how excellent his body was built. It seemed as if there wasn't a gram of fat and it only consisted of muscles, but not the buff ones bodybuilders had, no - the lean ones that showed his strength and dangerousness.

He stepped into the shower, cause there was no way he would be meeting Jungsu with the smell of the Odeon and that Anti still lingering around.

Somehow he looked forward to meeting Jungsu. It had been a while since they've seen each other and he kind of missed talking to the other. But they had this rule that whenever the other was seeing someone they would not see each other regarding any of their needs. It seemed as if Jungsu's relationship failed again and somehow Yunho was happy about it. He once met the person Jungsu was seeing lately and he really couldn't stand the others attitude. In his opinion they didn't match at all.

Of course that wasn't the only reason he was looking forward to seeing his friend again - yes you read right friend. Jungsu was the best kept and at the same time common known secret Yunho had.

Practically everyone knew that Yunho and Jungsu were fucking and feeding on each other, but somehow everyone thought it was because Jungsu was the closest to

being a pure-blood without having a steady relationship. But in fact those two have been friends ever since Jungsu helped Yunho making it through his transition.

Yunho knew that the majority of the vampire's aristocracy looked down on Jungsu because of what they shared, but Yunho couldn't be more thankful to the other, cause sometimes he had the feeling that Jungsu was the only thing that kept him from going insane.

He smiled at that thought, got out of the shower and started drying himself, reaching for a second towel to wrap around his waist and proceeded back into the main-room. Obviously he had been showering longer than he thought, because as he stepped into the room he was greeted by another persons presence.

This person was clad in the same clothes Yunho wore before showering, the only difference being the color. While Yunho's clothes were the deepest shades of black, the one in front of him liked lighter colors - especially white and all the different shades of it. And somehow the other didn't look half as intimidating and dangerous as Yunho - the only term Yunho could think of to describe the other male was elegant though it wasn't entirely catching the atmosphere exuding from the lonely figure.

Yunho silently approached the other and when he was near enough he bent his head to whisper into the others ear: "Hey Angel."

The smaller man turned around in a split second ready to fight whoever had snuck up on him, but as he saw Yunho's familiar form he relaxed visibly.

"Yah, Jung Yunho! Do you want me to die of an heart attack?" He asked with embarrassment and anger evident in his voice. "And you know I don't like it when you call me that."

"Hey calm down okay. I was surprised myself that I could sneak up behind you." Yunho answered thoughtfully. "Which leads to the conclusion that your senses are dulled." While speaking Yunho lifted Jungsu's chin up to inspect the other's face intently. With an angry sound he let go.

"She did it again, huh?"

Jungsu's nod was almost invisible.

"How long?" he demanded to know.

"Almost two weeks." Jungsu hesitantly answered.

"Seriously!" Yunho was fuming. He never got along with Jungsu's sister very well, but he compromised because she was one hell of a doctor. Probably the best one vampires ever had. But there definitely were limits. And one of those limits had been broken repeatedly by using her own brother as a test subject.

"You know that I don't like the fact that she's giving you that artificial blood. It makes

you dizzy and drowsy! What if you were attacked by enemies while in this state?"

Jungsu opened his mouth to answer but he couldn't even get out a sound.

"And don't fucking give me that shit about them not being a real threat. You know better than that! You saw them! Fought them!" Yunho almost screamed the last words. And that was frightening in itself because usually Yunho never raised his voice - he simply didn't need to.

"I know Yunho. Trust me I know." Jungsu answered with a soothing voice trying to calm the other. "And you know I'm just enduring it because I want to help. I know you don't like Young Hae, but seriously, she's doing nothing I didn't say yes to beforehand."

Yunho took a deep breath and tried to calm down. He looked at Jungsu again and recognised the signs that the other was holding back his hunger by sheer force. He sighed again and took a step backwards to settle on the couch.

"I still don't like it, but you're starving. And that should come first now."

He patted the spot beside him and Jungsu followed his invitation to sit down beside Yunho. His whole body was trembling with the promise of the much needed blood just centimeters away.

Yunho let Jungsu decide where he wanted to bite. His bare neck being open to intrusion and his wrist lying loosely on his thigh. As Jungsu bent down, fangs visible, Yunho wasn't expecting what happened next.

Jungsu took his wrist but didn't sink his teeth in. Instead Yunho felt a short and sharp pain as the others fangs sank into the flesh right above his hipbone. He could feel the eagerness behind every swallow Jungsu took - how the other grew stronger every second. And with every swallow of blood taken, Yunho could feel fire running through his veins.

A hungry fire that consumed all rational thoughts and left him with only one goal - feeling the other underneath him and feeding off his moans as the other was feeding off his blood. And seeing Jungsu's head so close to his already hard cock did nothing to cool him down, but he knew the other had to feed first. Afterwards they could have some fun.