

Nocturne

By tohruxkyoxyukilover

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I am Yuki Cross, a human and I dwell in a place where vampires live just below us...as they count the beating of our rapid hearts, and stave their dark desires. I stop them from killing, but can I resist the temptation?

For My fan Firefoxfireball101

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1 - Prelouge: The early years

She was only six years old when it happened.

The day had been cold and somber; the clouds were hidden by the frigid fog that seemed to envelope the sun.

Until there was only darkness. Unrelenting darkness.

It permeated every crook and cranny of the atmosphere, and left her suffocated. She was unable to breathe.

She didn't remember her parents-

Only their screams as they whimpered in pain.

Only the blood that dripped down unto the pristine white-capped ground.

Droplets of red that hung suspended in the snow ethereally.

And then their wails died-stolen by Zephyrs, and the horrid creature that came with darkness turned to her. His eyes were red with bloodlust and his fangs were disengaged horrifically and smeared red with blood.

Their blood.

I remember falling unto the soft giving snow, my hands grabbing fistfuls of ice. I remember the full moon as it shone innocently against the darkness, and I remember cowering in fear as my rapid breaths puffed out into the cold, glacial air.

And so I waited for death. My heart beating in torment, for the inevitable end of my young life. I remember thinking of Kami, and I wondered if I was good enough to have better fortune in my next life. I'll never know for at that moment he appeared.

Still...I waited not knowing what was transpiring, but I'll never forget his name.

Kaname Kuran.

He looked like some medieval Arthurian knight as he came striding in amidst the flurries of snow. His face was pale, like a sublime crème au vanille. His skin looked so pale, and yet it was a beautiful alabaster that seemed purer even than the very snowflakes that fell ornamentally down in top of my nose. My heart beat thunderously within my frail chest as my eyes locked with his gentle sun kissed honey ones.

I hoped against hope that he came to rescue me, and like in the fairy tales that my mother had read to me, he had.

He looked majestic standing there in the dawning light, glittering black hair in contrast to his fair skin. At that moment he became her protector.

Present Time

That was ten years ago, in a time where she was nothing more than a child...now though he was being a tad bit irritating with the way he was carrying on about her belonging to him and that she owed him. Sure she was thankful-she made sure to fix his room, gave him donations of her blood, and to made sure all was in order-but did he have to take things this far?!

I mean I like him and all, like an older brother who watches out for me and vice versa, but he had NO RIGHT to decide whom she saw. The very nerve of him! Of course he said it was for her own safety, Zero was an undetermined variable, and yadda, yadda, yadda.

You would think he was her father, ne?

Although she had no recollection of her parents apart from mere filaments of memories, in her mind Headmaster Cross would always be her father. Kaname was entitled to the rights of an older sibling...which means nil. I mean come on! Why would she, and adolescent no less, want a man to have power over her for no reason at all? It doesn't make sense I tell you.

And that's why when Kaname told me not see Zero anymore and I disobeyed him he got mad. Okay, maybe I also denied him a teensy bit of my blood.

More like a couple of pints, but that point was irrelevant! The point was that Kaname was currently really, really angry, and she was in the danger zone. Did he have to be so irate for no viable reason? Why must she always be his food source when the other vampires seemed content enough in custom-made tablets? I mean it's not like it matters after all. He was just like a big baby that baka.

Also, it was getting a mite bit uncomfortable with the way he would accidentally fondle her while he was in the throes of rapturous pleasure drinking her blood.

If she didn't know any better she would think her blood was an aphrodisiac to him and that he was a hentai! But Kaname had plenty of girls rooting for him so it would make no sense to sexually molest the one that he had cared for like a sister since the beginning. No, she was sure that it was during the trance-like state he went into when he drank her blood that made him act that way.

It still made her uncomfortable.

Last time one of his hands has slipped underneath her voluminous skirts and he tried to slip his fingers inside her panties, sure she knew it was an unconscious gesture but it was extremely disturbing to her. She had become weaker and weaker as he drained her slowly of her blood, and when she rose to consciousness again she discovered that she was naked. He had laid her on his bed. His reason had been that she was sweating too much so he took the initiative to wash her.

Did she ask him to? No!

And that did not explain why she had bites marks all over her breasts, and in her innermost thighs. Surely he could have simply waited a while so that the diminished blood from her neck could have a time to circulate back? This was the true reason why she rebelled in giving him any more blood.

His actions seemed much too amorous for her inner peace of mind and as much as she would like to deny it, her consciousness would not allow it. Kaname had begun to act weird. Every time he looked at her so intently with those smoldering amber eyes she would feel a shiver run up her spine. It seemed as if he was disrobing her in front of his very eyes. This made her pulse race in reaction. And it wasn't like the ones Zero gave her either. This one made her queasy.

Kaname would never hurt her, would he?

No, I don't think that he would do so on purpose. Although what if he can't control himself? When she woke up naked on his bed his eyes were a brilliant garnet that seemed to shine with wicked brilliance, and his usually ivory fangs dripped red with blood.

He too was naked.

It was just wrong! She had to get away from him and think about the situation more thoroughly. Away from him. Away from the memory of her spilled blood. The blood of her lost innocence.

Yuki was passing hurriedly through the hallways of the Moon dormitories when someone stopped her suddenly.

"What are you doing here Yuki?" Aido asked as he grabbed her from behind and pressed her against his hard chiseled chest.

"Is it perhaps that you came to see me? Do you wish to offer me your blood?" he said as he stared at her through deceptively somnambulant beryl eyes.

Yuki turned to see who her attacker was and immediately tried to pull away from him. But he would not let her.

"Tsh, tsh. Is the kitten trying to get away?" Aido whispered as his breath caressed her neck.

"I think it's time we played a little game..."

Why did she suddenly have the apprehension that she was in trouble?

Thought Yuki as she tried to sidle away from him but only managed to be pressed more tightly against his unrelenting frame.

That was when she noticed.

His eyes were red.

2 - To Kill or Not to Kill?

Zero stepped out of the shower. He had lost control of himself when he saw that vampiress stalking Yuki, and he asked her what she was planning and-

She had intended to drain her.

And that is when it happened, he lost control. He had always prized himself on his control. It was an insoluble thing. But today, when he had seen Hio Shizuka, the damned vampiress who had changed him, he had snapped.

He could try to understand why she had condemned him to a life he detested with every fiber of his being, he could try to comprehend that she had no control over her actions, and forgive her even though he retained an intense dislike for her. In short, although he would enjoy to make her suffer like he suffered he had repressed himself for three whole years. Today though, that constraint had flown out the proverbial window when he had heard her voice her most secret desires.

She had wanted to kill Yuki because in her eyes she was the only thing that kept Kaname from coming to her. Hio's only obstacle to her "rightful" place by Kuran's side. She wanted to create more pureblooded vampires, more beasts, more evilness in the world.

He could not allow that. And so he gave in to his debility, to his anger and acted with murderous intent and succeeded. She was dead, no longer could she harm Yuki or anyone else again. But now after he had killed he wondered if he had not become the very monsters he despised. How was it possible that he could kill so mercilessly? So cruelly?

He had enjoyed her death, at that moment he only wanted to bring her more pain. In retribution for her transgressions, in the form of her death. Only that could have assuaged his rage.

"Zero?" Yuki questioned. She had just escaped from Aido's grasp and her clothes were torn. That was too close for comfort, Aido had almost raped her. In fact he sexually harassed her and she felt dirty. Zero was leaning against the doorway and he had a perturbed expression on his face. It was disquieting. He looked as if he was in his own inner torture. Tentatively, Yuki crossed the hallway and wrapped her arms behind him. He did not say a word but leaned his head against her shoulder like a child seeking comfort. What had happened?

Zero returned Yuki's embrace and closed his eyes. He wasn't worthy of her. Her kindness, her protection. Why hadn't she killed him? He had attacked her once. What if he did it again?

"Yuki." Zero said in a deep serious tone interrupting the moment.

"Are you sure...you want to stay with me?"

Yuki leaned close to him and kissed his nose softly, she nuzzled his neck and whispered so quietly he

almost didn't catch her response.

"Yes, Zero. No matter what happens I shall always remain by your side, even though you may lose control. We'll survive somehow."

"Why?" he finally asked her with tormented turquoise eyes.

Yuki kissed his lips, a momentary caress before saying firmly, "Because I love you, you baka."

She then remained still and just held him, as the sun reached its zenith, as people passed by in the corridor, as the birds twittered quietly. Why couldn't Yuki understand that she wasn't safe? And worst of all he couldn't push her away, she was his only weakness.

Yuki, why can't you see?

He turned away from her beautiful face and burrowed his head in her bosom, it was probably the only time she would not smack him for this. He was not happy though, Yuki...why do I need you, why do I love you so much? He tried to pull away but she only held him tighter. She should not trust the monster that he had become.

This is wrong though.

My anger is an unspeakable thing;

It curls and grates like the Furies themselves-

But I never show you...

I hide from it.

As if negating its existence can take away the pain,

The fulminating ire that nearly burns with vengeance-

But dies with torpid silence.

Don't trust me when I'm quiet-

For then my thoughts are black.

And like Hades in his shady smile,

That tricked Persephone with a pomegranate,

My ruse is just as smite.

I smile when I'm happy, I smile when I'm not-

I yell when I am irritated and I can kill when I don't cry out-

Twin moons form in the palm of my hands,

Blood drips down.

Claret tears fall upon my skin and languish in perturbed silence.

And then I strike.

When I am smiling.

When I am not.

You see me clench my hands-

But you don't know me.

You think you do, but even I don't know.

For this anger is an irrational thing,

It grows and ferments like toxic fumes,

Before the braze of resentment snuffs it out...

My culpability.

And then beware,

For I don't care.

I see you bleeding with a detached eye,

I see you dying as my hands squeeze tight,

And I don't care.

You're nothing to me,

A thing, without form or with form.

I no longer care.

You die.

Your eyes roll back and your hand twitches.

I find that interesting.

Death.

A single salty tear dripped down his face and fell wetly against Yuki's chest.

Tears of denial.

3 - Unpent desires

What was Yuki thinking? She had given him a note. He'd found it this morning tucked in a secret corner of his desk. Yuki probably left it there when she was cleaning up his chambers. It was a curious note because it was written in the form of poetry. This was often done in the Muromachi-jidai period of Japan where the people of court would often verbally spar through elegant verses. What was the reason of this?

Kaname unfurled the scroll and quietly read it to himself. It read as follows;

Just the words as are perceived-

Should be seen by thee in light of day;

Words are not tokens by and by

Instead should be taken as less-

Than eye perceives.

It is that glint that made thee doubt,

And think winged flurries were about...

But such was not to be, as 'tis this note

A primrose promised in marked red.

Therefore let us be friends and nothing more-

Words as thou said may be exchanged,

And leave romance to Blake and Milton-

Wherefore we may think on ancient Greece;

You shall be my Sophocles...

And I thy learned pupil Plato.

He could get this gist of it. Yuki thought that he should back off in his romantic overtures and allow their relationship to revert back to its platonic state. How silly of her. After he had taken her virginity why would he leave her alone now? She had been so deliciously tight when he entered her, her pleading cries had been like ambrosia to him, and he had only plunged in more forcefully. Afterwards he had

licked her tears away but she had remained asleep throughout the whole encounter. It did not matter to him because later he would make sure she remembered their next tryst. Her consent was an irrelevant matter and she would bow to his wishes sooner or later.

He had chosen, and that was all that mattered. She was his.

If Yuki was foolish enough to think that a note would change his mind, she did not know him. But he would reconsider making her his pupil...he would teach her how to love a man-with her body. How to deepthroat him with those plump red lips of hers, and to use that tongue of hers for better things than talking. She would be his mate. No one touched what was his. Soon, he would mark her as his, and she would change and be reborn as a vampire. Until then he only had to bide his time. Didn't she trust him infinitely? And if she doubted him, then he would use mind control to get what he wanted. Although he would prefer it if she went willingly.

Yuki was the only light in his darkness; outside of her he cared for nothing, his life held no meaning, and the night seemed unrelenting. But when she was with him he felt complete. He felt as if he had a heart again. Her skin was so soft, so innocent. Compared to her he knew he was unworthy of her, but he could not let her go. He loved her, his dear girl.

Kaname walked out of the Moon Dormitories and the Night Class followed behind him. Maybe he could seduce Yuki later, right now he had to make sure that his class did not kill anyone before reaching their seats.

"Yuki, how are you my dear?" he asked as she helped him pass out of the throng of people. Humans were in general annoying creatures, really. He would just kill them all but he wasn't sure if Yuki would approve of that. He didn't think so.

"Fine Kaname-sama!" Yuki replied out lowered eyelashes, avoiding his intense amber eyes.

Zero clenched his teeth firmly together as he watched their insidious interaction, did she always have to be so disgustingly docile to that creep?

"Yuki, let's go." Zero commanded as he hooked his arm under her knees and carried her mounted on his shoulder. Unfortunately Yuki's short skirt rode up exposing her satiny cobalt blue underwear for all to see. The guys considered themselves very fortunate. As did the lascivious lesbians who were pushed back by the guys. Almost everyone got nosebleeds, but only Kaname had a handkerchief. That day a Yuki fan club was formed where her behind would be worshipped continuously...life went on.

"She is hot!" Aido whistled as he stared with heated eyes at her departing rump.

Kaname grabbed Aido by his throat and threw him harshly against the wall.

"DO not look at her again, she is mine." And with that Kaname walked elegantly away.

Aido straightened himself immediately after Kuran had disappeared from his eyesight. Then he smirked malevolently. He would have Yuki's delectable body. Soon.

AT CLASS

“Zero! People are starting to stare.” Yuki said as she tried to wiggle out of his lap. This only served to cause her further embarrassment.

“I’m sorry...I didn’t know I was hurting you. Yuki said thinking she’d injured him at his strained face.

“No,” Zero gasped out breathing heavily, “you’re fine, just where you are.” He gripped her tightly and adjusted her so that her core aligned with his throbbing member.

“Oh Kami!” Yuki murmured, turning ten different shades of red at her sudden realization.

“You have a boner.” She said confused.

“A boner?” Zero asked disconcerted, trying to relive himself inconspicuously by rubbing his member against her womanhood. Hopefully she would think it was his cell phone.

“You know. Your thing.” Yuki said looking pointedly at his hard on.

And maybe she wasn’t so stupid after all.

“Can you let go of me, I don’t like you in that way.” Yuki lied, not looking at him. She was determined to repress her sexual desires, especially because she had this vague memory of Kaname raping her that disturbed her greatly. But she wasn’t sure if it was only a nightmare and it wasn’t like she could just ask him. Darn. This was no time to drown in Zero’s beautiful turquoise eyes or to think about such carnal things.

Even though he did have a very nice chest from her viewpoint right here. His skin felt smooth and yet underneath she could feel unyielding muscles. How tantalizing. But no!

She would not succumb, Zero was her friend who was going through difficulties and she mustn’t hit on him. It would ruin their amicable relationship. No matter how delectable he was.

“Yuki? I take it that you like me to because you’re licking me? Dude, suck harder if you wish!” Zero said dazed and in wonder by Yuki’s bold actions. He never knew she was such a hellcat, and they weren’t even in bed!

The teacher glared menacingly at the two culprits who were responsible for disrupting her class. They would learn to pay attention to her history class. Besides, it’s not as if she took morbid pleasure at their sighs of resignation every time she assigned them detention. No, it was so that they could learn from their mistakes and improve. Yes, she was only being a good educator....

Ms. Hinako smiled cruelly, causing the rest of the class to shudder in apprehension before she cleared her throat to gain the attention of her victims... erm alumni. She meant ALUMNI!Yes alumni.

“YUKI AND ZERO! YOU BOTH HAVE DETENTION AFTER SCHOOL!” she yelled loudly, causing the rest of the class to huddle in response.

“Is that clear?” she added archly, thinking back on the times they’d skipped.

“Hai, Hinaka-sama.” They both replied in hushed tones.

Zero took advantage of Yuki’s inattention and quickly slipped a finger in her before finding her responsive clitoris. What would his little vixen do now?

“Ohhhh...” Yuki moaned, trying desperately to maintain eye contact with Ms. Hinako, even though she felt her slick juices slide down Zero’s fingers. Did the bastard have to do this here? For the first time! He didn’t even know that she had a crush on him, presumptive, egotistical numb skull.

Hinako observed Yuki closely and wondered if the reason the poor girl could not pay attention in class was because she was infatuated with her. She was a very attractive woman, and perhaps she could give Yuki some extra help...one-on-one to cure her of her problem.

Besides, the naked lust evidenced in Yuki’s dark mysterious eyes was driving her wild. Yuki’s lips were so sensually full, they looked like ripe cherries. She really would have to find out how they tasted. This was going to be fun.

4 - Classroom Tension

Ms. Hinako observed her prey as she calculatingly blocked her exit from the classroom now empty classroom.

“Yes, Ms. Hinako-sama?” Yuki asked confused, she wondered why she was being detained on a Friday, the Day class was particularly rowdy today.

“You have had problems paying attention to my class, have you not?” the teacher asked as her shoes clacked loudly on the green linoleum floor.

“Well...um...I guess I have trouble staying awake but I'll go to sleep earlier from now on, 'k?” Yuki cried, desperate to make sure that the Night Class did not attack anyone while she was not there. Zero would probably get mad at her for being late. Ms. Hinako looked oddly predatory though. Did she know that she had been chewing gum in class? Maybe she should make hasty escape right about now before she gave her another referral to the principle for insubordination...she had 3 already and she could only get one more before she got suspended.

“Do you have a boyfriend?” Ms. Hinako asked while walking closer to her.

“lie...” Yuki whispered flabbergasted by this unexpected inquisition.

“Can I go now?” she asked nervously. Something felt distinctly odd but she did not know what.

“Oswari.” Ms. Hinako said crisply, not leaving any room for dissention.

“Yoshi! I shall, I guess.” Yuki said complacently hoping she was not mad at her, Ms. Hinako looked kinda red, and she was even sweating a little, maybe this was about her last essay on the ‘Transition from Seclusion to Inclusion in the Meji Era’ where she argued that although Japan had been very closed off for centuries that through travelers beliefs were spread without the need of foreign merchants. She knew she should have gone with the common version of events instead of taking a stand against it. In truth, if Commodore Matthew Perry had not been so brash and forced compliance in the Convention of Kanagawa perhaps things would have turned out differently for the U.S. It would have been better if she had written about the Taisho Democracy that existed in the 20nth century; it was by far a more neutral topic than cultural assimilation. Would an apology do? Or maybe ignoring the topic would be good too.

“Now Ms. Cross, can you tell me when did Japan attack China and start another war in the 20th century?” Ms. Hinako asked abruptly, and placed her arm around Yuki's shoulders encouragingly, giving her additional support.

Yuki tried to recall the term, and bit her bottom lip in concentration. She knew it was around 1937-1945, but the name of the war was lost to her. It was something that had 's' in it. Hmm...

"I got it! It's the Second Sino-Japanese War!!" Yuki cried happily, relieved that she could remember at least some of her history.

"Good Yuki-chan, can I call you that if you don't mind?" Ms. Hinako asked engagingly.

Yuki looked perplexed. Why the unnecessary intimacy, they weren't friends, and Ms. Hinako was like, OLD! But no way was she going to tell her that. Better to allow her the privilege.

"Hai." Yuki replied and decided to recall the matter at hand.

"May I go now Hinako-sama?"

Ms. Hinako tightened her hold on her shoulders before leaning down and whispering lowly in her ear, "No, you have done nothing wrong dear, calm down, I just want to help you get over your little 'problem', soshooote you will excel in your studies Yuki-chan."

"Nani?" Yuki asked, "I have a 96 though." How can that be perceived as a bad grade? Sure it was not perfect but she was satisfied. Wasn't that what mattered? Any anyways there were people who weren't even passing the class!

"You seem preoccupied in class, daydreaming-you should pay more attention." Ms. Hinako countered huskily, making Yuki fidget uncomfortably.

"I need to go Hinako-sama!" Yuki called hurriedly, forcing her to release her shoulders, and moving to escape but she was stopped yet again by Ms. Hinako.

"There is no need to leave so early Yuki...we're still not finished here." Ms. Hinako said while trapping Yuki against the wall.

"I think we need to resolve the issues between us, ne?" she said this while trailing a ruler down Yuki's side, stopping at the end of the hem of her skirt, before flipping her skirt up and moving her knee to the apex of her thighs.

Yuki tried to disengage herself from Ms. Hinako's unwanted contact but stopped moving completely when she nipped her sensitive ear and she momentarily moaned before regaining herself. She was NOT attracted to her teacher. It was just a response that her nerve cell had to that type of stimulation.

Sure...now if only she could force herself to pull her away.

"I think you need to release all of your sexual frustration, get that out of your system so that you can be able to pay attention in class, is that fine Yuki?" she asked swirling her wet tongue in the coral of her ear.

"Hai....I mean iie!!" Yuki gasped trying to remember the reason why this was morally wrong. They were both consenting adults, and her touch was utterly divine, and-

She had a vagina! This was so not good.

“Ms. Hinako-sama! Naze?” Yuki cried.

Ms. Hinako stopped her delicious ministrations momentarily before replying, “Because this way we’ll both feel better, now spread your legs, onegai”

“Shimatta.” Yuki cursed beneath her breath, she felt her determination melting at her touch. She couldn’t go through with this. Pushing away from Ms. Hinako with a desperation not shown before, Yuki escaped and ran to the door.

It was locked. Turning to Ms. Hinako she looked at her with huge beseeching eyes.

“Look I have to go, and I already have a boyfriend so we can’t do this. Not that you’re not my type or anything...and anyways you’re my teacher for Kami’s sake!” Yuki declared decisively, trying to arrange her clothes into some semblance of order.

Ms. Hinako snorted and walked seductively over but Yuki stopped her with a hand.

“What the frack do you think you are doing? Open the freakin’ door and then we’ll talk!” Yuki demanded tired of all the sexual harassment she had experienced in the past few days. If she didn’t know better she would think that the authoress of this story was particularly uncreative and couldn’t come up with better plots!

(Said authoress glares at Yuki and decides to be uncooperative to her plea, maybe she could be even more sadistic?...nah I'm not that mean!)

“You like me, and I like you, so what’s the problem? Besides I am only worrying about you.” Ms. Hinako entreated trying to close the distance between them.

“THERE IS NO NEED TO WORRY ABOUT ME!” Yuki cried and with a mighty heave she kicked the door open Charley’s Angles style. Her hair fluttered in the stagnant air, and her calves gracefully tightened with her deft movement. For one resplendent moment she was suspended in the air with a powerful sidekick.

Then she fell down and twisted her ankle in the hallway.

Turning to a dismayed Ms. Hinako Yuki pointed an accusatory finger and unhinged her mandibles to let out a horrifying shriek that pulled everyone attention to the apparently deranged girl clutching her leg protectively.

“I’ll release my sexual frustration with Zero when I get back to the dormitories, so leave me the frack alone! I don’t need your help to get laid!” Yuki screamed out shocking the people around her. Immediately people began to gossip, and that’s when she noticed.

She wasn’t alone.

5 - Discussions

Yuki Cross, a reasonable 18 year old adolescent was at wits end. She would not murder her English teacher, she would not murder her English teacher...

Yuki repeated this mantra to herself as she closed her eyes against the horridly garish room decorated enthusiastically with posters and posters of grammar notes and dead poets. Of course she loved English per se with a passion but modern simplistic perceptions were a bit droll for her. Yuki resisted the urge to roll her eyes and instead put away her mechanical pencil inside the bulging compartment in her Hagar's purse. It was definitely time to buy a new one, and pronto.

Her English teacher, Shinju-sama, was currently droning on and on about how one should write in contemporary English and how grandiloquent words were figments of the past. Now-a-days people communicated with much less gibberish. Said gibberish being of course any word her sensei had to look up in a dictionary. How terribly trite.

"Hai, I will use plain English in my next essay with the body done in only 3 paragraphs or less, and there will be no more than 1000 words in all, Shinju-sama." Yuki replied in a seemingly contrite voice that belied her true anger and despair. She chose instead to look away from her irate teacher and concentrate on the wonderfully interesting linoleum floors. Wow...weren't they something? Pukish green, with hints of mucus. Maybe she should concentrate on something else...

"Are you listening to me, Ms. Cross?" the teacher asked aggravated with her inattention. He crossed his arms in frustration, and clacked his heels loudly against the floor.

"I have had enough of your disrespect, Ms. Cross!" he whipped out as he strode furiously across the small classroom that had been deserted by eager students carrying bentos to lunch. Only she and the goofball that was always tardy were left in the classroom. Everyone else was gone enjoying their lunch while she had to listen to her teacher talk, and talk, and talk.

Who ever said that men were quiet? They lied I tell you!

"All you do is come to class, finish your work in the manner you see appropriate, and go to sleep. When I dare to make a suggestion you ignore my advice and instead find evidence to counteract it!"

Was he ever going to stop whining?

"Furthermore when I simply suggested that you stay after school you mentioned to the headmaster that teachers were prone to sexually harass their students in private and that it was an abuse of authoritarian power and was more alike to a tyranny!"

Yuki decided to stop him where he was. First of all she had been sexually molested by her teacher, if Ms. Hinako's heavy petting could be counted in that base degree. Clearing her throat, in a well modulated voice she began her recantation. Besides if he was going to accuse her, she deserved the

right to defend herself.

“It is a matter of mere conjecture the way you have hypothetically established my supposedly heinous compartment to be. As for finding a “counter evidence” as you so put it, my findings are simply facts. You may draw from them what you will but they will not change nor distort reality. The actuality being of course what is viewed in your own mind, I am still of the belief that Alexandre Dumas wrote “The Man in the Iron Mask” and not D’Artagnan which is a fictional character of the story and not the author himself. My interactions with my father are my own and no one’s else’s, but if you are inquiring as to why I said so to Headmaster Cross it is because I had been sexually harassed by a teacher and did not wish for another incident, although I am not insinuating you to be that type of person I prefer not to stay after school, is that understood.”

Shinju-sama stood flabbergasted by her cool retort and wondered again how he had lost his hold on the conversation. For a moment he could have sworn he was teaching her a valuable lesson and now she was reprimanding him? What happened to their professor-alumni relationship where she showed him proper respect?

“I have to go now, and since you are having trouble collecting your thoughts and engaging in a valuable discourse with me I shall be going, I, unlike others, have some things to do today other than to mumble to myself, Shinji-sama.” Yuki bit out sarcastically as she picked up her things and left the classroom hastily, before he got her into more trouble. She was hungry as hell, and she was not going to waste her time talking about nothing. Yup it was time to leave.

6 - Expectations

Kaname closed his eyes and clutched a paper tightly to his chest as his finger scanned the words he held close to his heart. Yuki gave them to him when she had lost her dear friend Akura to death. It was a poem that meant a lot to him

I want you to know
one thing.

For a second he really thought she was going to confess her feelings to him but...it turned out he was wrong.

You know how this is:
if I look
at the crystal moon, at the red branch
of the slow autumn at my window,
if I touch
near the fire
the impalpable ash
or the wrinkled body of the log,
everything carries me to you,
as if everything that exists,
aromas, light, metals,
were little boats
that sail
toward those isles of yours that wait for me.

He really thought that she cared, and for a second his heart had bloomed with stagnant hope. And then it shattered.

Well, now,
if little by little you stop loving me
I shall stop loving you little by little.

He had thought that she was afraid to get into a relationship with him because of the differences; he was a master vampire, and she was human, and he was older by more than a thousand years. He could suppose that THAT would be a bit daunting but so what if he had met Domitian's Roman troops as they had breached the Danes, he was still young! At heart at least.

If suddenly
you forget me
do not look for me,
for I shall already have forgotten you.

How foolish Yuki was. Even if he wanted to he could not, for as soon as he had seen her face he knew she was the one.

If you think it long and mad,
the wind of banners
that passes through my life,
and you decide
to leave me at the shore
of the heart where I have roots,
remember
that on that day,
at that hour,
I shall lift my arms
and my roots will set off
to seek another land.

She was his soul mate, and that is why she had the mark of Vedas on her right shoulder. She belonged to him for all eternity.

But
if each day,
each hour,
you feel that you are destined for me
with implacable sweetness,
if each day a flower
climbs up to your lips to seek me,
ah my love, ah my own,
in me all that fire is repeated,
in me nothing is extinguished or forgotten,
my love feeds on your love, beloved,
and as long as you live it will be in your arms
without leaving mine.

Now he only had to make her aware of that.

oooooo

Yuki knocked on the door and when she didn't receive a reply she decided to chance it. After all she only had a moment to spare for the latest 'emergency' that Kaname felt fit to inform her. Lately she had found these meetings to be tiring. He would present her with several cases of human and vampire interactions that had gone array, ask her how she would react and force her to tax herself with vampire tranquilizing training! Why in the world would she need to know how to calm a vampire in a blood rage when she had been told by Headmaster Cross to eliminate all defunct vamps when they were acting murderous. He had even given her the ultimate killing weapon: a pistol that could execute one vamp every millisecond. Okay, okay, so she was suppose to take the five basic steps to insure that there were no unnecessary causalities, but wasn't this pushing it? These last two months had been really strenuous for her! He had made her learn the rules of the Vampire Council, the history that the vampires

have had up to now, and to know concurrently what the leaders were in the different parts of the world in respect to region and power! All this to ameliorate her vamp staking skills? I don't think so. Something smelt fishy here. In theory she was only suppose to prevent the Day Class and Night Class from having fatalistic interactions, and to discuss with him solutions to arising problems. So why all of this aristocratic pomp? And she meant that in the kindest sense of course...like why in the world would she need to know the correct way to eat a fillet mignon? If she didn't know any better she would think he was grooming her!

Looking around Yuki continued down the hallway until she found Kaname sitting pensively in his room. Hopefully today's session would be fast and he would not put her through any stupid lessons like before. She could hope couldn't she?

"So...what do you want Kaname?" Yuki asked twiddling her thumbs nervously.

Kuran lowered his champagne glass and smiled seductively, before tilting his glass towards her and whispering, "You, m'dear."

Yuki blinked huge brown eyes in confusion and inched closer to him, but still maintained a good safe ten feet. She trusted him, and yet for some reason her little hairs stood up when she got too near.

"Nani? What did you say." Yuki asked backing slightly away as she saw a strange glint in his eyes. Had he been drinking or something? Nah. It just didn't seem his style, and that glass was probably filled with blood and not champagne.

Kaname curled his sensuous into an uncompromising smirk, and enunciated clearly, "We need to step up our sessions, koi."

Yuki rolled her eyes, before standing up indignantly at the word 'koi'. Knowing Kaname he was probably saying she looked like that creepy bulbous fish! How dare he. If it was anyone else she would think he was calling her his lover, but due to their filial relationship it was just playful quip at her large eyes. Sure she knew they were big, but did he have to mention it? Bastard.

Kaname laughed, throwing back his head and allowing his nice silky locks to brush his cheeks before grabbing her by her wrist when she moved to slap him.

Damn he was fast.

"Koi, how could you hit you're beloved?" Kaname asked in a sweet injured tone.

Beloved? Who the frack was that! Yuki decided that her best option was running away. So what if she resembled a scaredy cat? At least her virginity would be intact.

Kaname stopped her with his words,"I was just joking Yuki, seriously you need to loosen up, now as to the reason I called you here today."

For some reason this did not make her feel any better, it seemed as if his eyes devoured her as they scanned her form repeatedly with blatant heat.

“Do you think we need to add more security to the West Wing?” Kaname asked as he bent over her shoulder and accidentally touched the side of her breast pointing to a place in the map.

Yuki ducked under his shoulder and walked to the door in a casual manner. At least she tried to.

“Yup!! That seems fine, and if that’s all I really gotta go, ya know?” Yuki chirped falsely, swallowing the bile at her throat. What was wrong with her? This was Kaname for Kami’s sake! He would never harm her, would he?

“Anyhoo! I have like this huge assignment in math class, and you know how I hate number so I have to go and study extra hard tonight, Zero kindly volunteered to tutor me but he’s like really impatient, and I understand of course, ‘cause it’s like his free time and all, and-

Kaname brushed her lips softly with his own to quiet her.

“I understand.” He whispered sultrily into her ear before pulling away. Elegantly he opened the door, and gestured majestically for her to proceed.

Yuki blinked a couple of times before smiling brightly.

“Thanks!”

Kaname lent her his arm and they strolled down the corridor towards her dormitory.

“I guess you’re walking me there?” Yuki asked with uncertainty.

Kaname simply nodded his assent before stopping suddenly.

“Do you want me to enter your room?” he asked unexpectedly.

Yuki’s eyes furrowed in confusion. Why would he ask such a thing? Anyways he was just walking her to her room, there was no need.

“Why do you want to enter?” she asked pointedly avoiding responding.

Kaname wrapped his arms gently around her, and said, “Because I’m cold.” And lonely he added silently.

“um....” Yuki sighed. There was a reason why you should not invite vampires into your room, but for the life of her she couldn’t remember. I guess there’s no harm.

“Sure you can Kaname-sama.” Yuki replied with a gentle smile, hoping that the honorific would help put things in perspective and avoid the odd pauses that they had been having. Or rather the charged atmosphere.

Kaname smirked darkly thinking Yuki couldn’t see his face in the cover of night. And suddenly she

remembered why you shouldn't invite vampires into your room.

Because once you invited them they never had to leave.

shoot.

7 - Confrontation

Zero heard the tremulous rapping of footsteps as they neared the locked conclave of their door. He could sense a master vampire approaching his lair and the only pure-blood in residence was Kaname Kuran.

Extremely unsettling.

Pausing to listen even closer he noticed the soft graceful footsteps of Yuki following Kuran's. Why was he coming here? Immediately Zero got out of the shower and wrapped a towel around his lean waist although it hung suspended low on his hips. Cautiously he opened the door. Glancing around he decided to wait for them to come. There he stood leaning against the doorway, half-naked with wet rivulets running down his pale exposed skin, and his arms arrogantly crossed. Every inch of him proclaimed his sensual masculinity, and his intense Syrian eyes shined brightly with irritation. No one touched his chosen one, his mana. Yuki was his best friend, lover, and food. Decadent food that was...

Clearing thoughts of rich sweet blood out of his mind Zero focused his external perceptions on the two huddled figures coming towards him in the darkened corridor. He hated being a vampire if Yuki stayed with him he could live and stomach the pain of living. He could escape the apathy that enshrouded him.

Even with the dimly lit corridor he could make out the approaching figures with his nictitating membrane and scowled at their closeness.

"What do you want?" Zero asked, glaring hotly at Kuran. Why was Yuki so obsessed with him anyways?

Kuran held Yuki closer to his side and stared nonchalantly at the rebellious 'E' level vampire in front of him. He should be grateful that he had deigned to allow him to live as a shield for Yuki. Zero was worthless, as could be conceived notably by his name, or by his habitual emotionless expression. Although now the insignificant creature dared to threaten him.

"Let go of Yuki, Kuran. Now" Zero repeated tonelessly, balancing his weight on his other leg. His towel slipped below his hip, revealing tantalizing golden skin and a patch of silvery hair.

Yuki gulped alarmed at the tempting display of skin before her but could not stop herself from caressing him with her eyes. Damn but he was hot.

Kuran noticed Yuki's reaction to Zero and inwardly lamented this development. Ultimately it would not hinder his plans but it was still an annoyance. Hmmm....if she was reacting like this right now he would have to see if she would bestow him with her favor in bed.

Smiling wickedly Kuran breathed enticingly in Yuki's ear before swirling his hot wet tongue in the hollow recess of her ear, enjoying Yuki's passionate moan before she pulled away.

“Thanks for walking me to my room, Kaname-sama!” Yuki said, trying to disengage her arm from him.

Zero reached out and grabbed Yuki harshly before propelling her forcefully behind the door.

Then he hissed at Kuran, “You are never invited into our room Kuran, and this edict is made under the God Inari, so do not dare to enter our dorm ever again under any conditions.” With that Zero quickly moved to close the door behind him and slammed it in his face.

Kaname sighed dejected. He had hoped to be able to come in unannounced with Yuki clothed only in her lingerie. Which brought about another matter, why was Zero sleeping in the same room as Yuki? Cross Academy was not co-ed and Zero was a low class vampire! The only place that Yuki would be safe would be in his arms. Right where she should be as his eternal bride. Chuckling evilly, Kaname left with thoughts of Persephone and Hades. What should be Yuki’s pomegranate?

Now having Zero with Yuki was a problem. Zero hated his guts and had no qualms in telling him so. In fact, the despicable ex-human had even dared to pull the ‘bloody rose’ on him! Darn the hallucinogenic chairman thinking that a vampire hunter turned vampire should be carrying a potentially fatal gun. Yuki had even confided that he had tried to kill himself. If he could do that then he could kill anyone, Kuran thought dryly.

8 - A french Kiss

Yuki held the cassette player as she tape recorded the new lyrics that had popped into her mind at the last minute. Singing softly to the words she had just written she recorded herself again. She had the perfect pitch right now.

"You left. I'm so in love with you. And even though it hurts me, just the same as you. I tried, to walk right out your life, but even though you told me, to go now!

I saw you weeping, I saw you sad.

Your torment through the past.

Why can't I go?" Yuki held the middle C for a whole four beats and then she pressed stop. There, now she could get on with her life now that she had gotten that song out of her head.

"Watcha doin'?" asked Zero as he watched Yuki practically beam into the kitchen and make their traditional breakfast.

"Nicht. Ich mache nicht." she replied slyly with a smile.

"Ah, Yuki, you know I hate it when you speak German." Zero replied to her queer humour, giving her an egg so she could make him one too.

"J'ai preferer quand tu parle au Francais avec moi, mon cherie." Zero sensusously cooed, flipping his blond locks to give himself a distinctly French debonair style.

"Yeah, yeah." Yuki sighed, taking out some broken egg shells pieces from the aforementioned. "You keep thinking that big guy. Now butter up them toast, we need to get to class, and pronto before your sweet tushie is toast as well!" she smirked engagingly, pausing to make sure the stove was off and that no fire was going to occur in her near vicinity momentarily. As long as Zero stayed, far, far away.

"Would you like some help, mon cherie?" Zero asked, nibbling tenderly on her ear with his fangs.

Craning her neck away from his sharp canines, "I don't think so, remember how you almost burned our dorm last time with your great 'Texan BBQ'?"

Laughing mutely, Zero wagged his finger at her playfully, "Hey!" he repositied playfully, "YOU'RE the one who told me I needed to learn some cooking skills to pass Home Ec."

"Anyhoo! I never heard of a vampire for a voracious appetitie for apple dumplings either!" Yuki prodded.

Pulling his raven haired, doe-eyed partner close Zero leaned over for a kiss..."That's because they tasted so good from your lips, mon cherie."

"You know you don't have to be the stereotypical French vampire." Yuki said, twirling baby fine strand of Zero's hair in a'twixt her fingers before letting the strands fall quintessentially back on his forehead again.

"I know but still," Zero countered, leaning her precariously on her back with her legs widely spread, "I will drink your blood."

Smiling languorously, Yuki gave her assent, "I know."

Soon they were lost in the tactile grip which had their bodies suspended in an eloquent ribald dance, that had them pushing, and gyrating against themselves.

Fevered.

Needy.

And wanting much more than lips can slack.

Little did they know, what lay ahead them in the perilous journey with crimson stakes.

9 - Crimson lips

“Can you hurry up Yuki?” Zero asked, hoping she would finish changing soon or they were going to be late to class.

“I can’t find my skirt!” screeched Yuki from inside her rumpled closet that seemed to be teetering among the last days of its life.

Smirking slightly, Zero picked up said skirt.

“Ohh Yuki, are you looking for this?” asked Zero innocently from beneath peridot green eyes that oozed smugness and something else.

Stepping out of her harangued closet Yuki beamed ecstatically, coming out in her beige lingerie, heedless of the open door which had a nearby Aido goggled eyed with surprise.

“Hai!” squealed Yuki, tackling her skirt and thereby Zero along with it, quickly she slipped on the short skirt and made to get up.

“My reward?” asked Zero with huge puppy eyes and a pouting red lip.

Craning her neck, she offered one of her major arteries to him for his sanguine breakfast, and moaned in rapture when his pointy fangs sank deeply within her fragile skin eliciting a groan from him, while his hands clutched her spasmodically.

“Um...Zero?” fumbled Yuki, trying to remember what was so important a moment ago.

He ignored her and instead concentrated on taking off her clothes and his rapidly.

“Zero-?” Yuki tried again before she was defeated as he plunged his hard length within her desperately, coiling his hands tenderly in her short hair.

Playfully his wet pink tongue lunged out to lick on an exposed caramel nipple before scooping out her navel.

“My, my, my! What an interesting spectacle do we have hear?” murmured Aido, finally revealing himself out of the doorway.

“Anghh!” choked Zero with a mouthful of creamy white breast still in his mouth, which his sharp fangs refused to surrender willingly.

Smiling serenely, although his eyes burned with repressed anger, Aido continued.

“I wonder what would happen if I were to report you? I mean if I have to contend with those disgusting

blood tablets, why shouldn't you?" he asked chillingly, his cornflower blue practically radiating malice.

"Get away from her!" Zero bellowed, lips a slash of crimson from the drying blood.

Walking purposely closer Aido said, "Fair is fair," and swooped down and stole a tentative lick from her succulent pale globes of flesh. Then he turned and walked away before Zero could react.

"AIDO!" bellowed a still blood-high Zero with uncoordinated movements, "You come back here, ya here?!"

But there was no one there.

"Calm down honey, he's gone now," whispered Yuki, drawing circles on his back with her hands.

"DOshootE!" growled Zero turning to face her.

"He touched you, he kissed you, he tasted you..." ranted Zero with trembling anger.

"It's okay, I mean it wasn't that intimate," Yuki tried to assuage but stopped realizing she had made a big mistake.

"I mean-" spluttered Yuki, making Zero even more suspicious.

"DID YOU LIKE IT WHEN HE TOUCHED YOU!" roared Zero, advancing on her huddled form,

"Hai, I mean lie!" tried Yuki, thinking mad vampires could be detrimental to her health and maybe an escape would be good.

"Oh! It's because he's such a pretty boy? Is that it. All the girls like him. I guess you're no different," Zero continued snidely, hurt that she could like Aido more than him. At least Aido was a true vampire and he was a freak. An abomination to both worlds.

"But once I mark you, he will never be able to touch you again...or any other guy for that matter."

Yuki fumbled with her keys while Zero continued to glare and scream at her. Dude usually he was so calm, and gentle, and cool. Who would have known that he would be the jealous type? And he wanted to mark her! That's the same thing Kaname wanted to do with her. Kami! Someone save her from these control freaks.

"Ja matta ne!" called Yuki behind her, locking Zero inside their room quickly. Hopefully this would buy her a little more time.

YAY! She was free.

"Konnichiwa Yuki-chan," called Kuran from behind her.

"Kaname-sama!" exclaimed Yuki surprised, what was he doing here in the Ningen section of the

dormitories.

“Just passing by,” he said taking her arm gently between his, “would you like some croissants and coffee?”

“Hai, that would be great,” assented Yuki with a nod of her head.

Walking in the warmth of his embrace she made it to his private rooms and they sat down at the table.

“I’m late for class you know that right?” Yuki asked, having given up on not being tardy minutes ago.

Nodding his head regally, Kuran poured some tea for himself.

“We need to talk, my dear.” Kaname said, getting down to business.

Fluttering wide almond eyes, Yuki asked, “Nani?”

Dropping his tea, Kuran swooped over to expose the white flesh of her neck, “About this, he said,” as he gently kissed her collarbone until he pressed his tongue softly against her pulse.

“This can’t go on.”

10 - Fin

“Yuki, I’m sure that by now you know how I feel about you, ne?” he asked calmly, while inside he was restraining himself from marking her once and for all. For some reason Yuki was like a male magnet! His beautiful girl was like a sweetly cultured rose.

“Ano, sempai?” Yuki questioned, trying to disentangle her limbs from Kaname-sama without being obvious. When had he become so touch-feely? It was disconcerting to say the least.

“You know maybe I should go? I think I hear the headmaster calling me!” she said hurriedly, trying to avoid the burning look in his ochre eyes that made something in her tummy do enthusiastic summersaults, and her heart flutter with anticipation.

“I don’t think so, koibito.” Kuran said, sliding closer to her frozen form.

“I think I have to go!” Yuki stuttered out, trying in vain to maintain her composure. When did Kaname-sama suddenly become sexy? Or had she been blind all along?

“Yes, you never saw me as a man before.” Kaname calmly replied, inching closer with a small salacious smile.

“I don’t!” Yuki gasped out, hoping that he didn’t notice the way she checked out his pecs. Could she help it if Kaname-sama was at dishabile?

“Hn.” Kuran intoned lowly, taking off his shirt.

“Like what you see?” he asked sultrily.

Yuki shook her head fervently. Perhaps trying to convince herself.

“lie!” Yuki cried, her eyes caressing him with intensity.

“I can read minds you know, as a master vampire.” Kuran replied tersely, removing his pants.

“I think it’s time we got better acquainted, ne?” Kuran asked, nibbling softly with his razor sharp fangs before a single garnet droplet hung suspended on Yuki’s lower lip temptingly before being captured by Kaname’s ardent lips.

In the Study Hall with a Raging Zero

Where the frack is she? Zero thought tapping his pencil impatiently on his desk, staring intently at the door as the rest of the Day Class lounged around.

Then he smelt it. It was the scent of blood and fear.

Though laced in there almost tentatively was excitement-and it belonged to Yuki.

Who would dare to touch her? The other question that plagued his mind and rose doubts was why would she allow it? Unless she liked it...which wouldn't be so surprising because she always got meek and lovey-dovey around 'Kaname-sama' maybe another guy had caught her eye.

Jumping suddenly, he discarded his books as he rushed to the door in his frantic attempt to reach Yuki but stopped shocked when he realized that their was aroused male and it was none other than Kuran!

Running frantically through the hallways Zero followed the alluring scents until he reached the Night Dormitories. There Aido gazed at him curiously before ignoring him in turn of chewing on some maroon tablets. Walking up the narrow opulent steps he found Kuran and Yuki entangled in a jumble of sheets and limbs; slick bare skin exposed to the frigid air, and firm muscle pulled taut in exertion.

"Hai! Kaname-sama!" Yuki gushed, raising her hips to meet his hard thrusts. What in the world was she complaining about before? The indecency of it all-who cares? Right now she just wanted his thick, hard phallus to impale her again and again.

Zero felt sick to his stomach, a part of him could not understand how this could be taking place right before him in this scarred reality.

"Harder!" Yuki screamed, her pale breasts heaving, as she tried to get even closer to Kuran.

Slumped, Zero wiped away the crystalline tears that had collected at the edges of his eyes and slowly regained his outwardly calm exposure.

Inside ire licked at his insides with virulent persistency.

"lie." That one word, torn from his inner depths, resounded through the callow room.

"Zero?" Yuki asked tremulously, still in the throes of her orgasm but trying desperately to regain lucidity.

"It's not what it looks like!:" she cried, attempting to disengage herself from Kuran but he held on, possessively.

Shaking his head, Zero walked over to them, his blonde bangs covering his simmering eyes, as he undressed gracefully-almost somnambulant.

Kuran raised an elegant eyebrow, but remained otherwise quiet in his perambulations.

Yuki was quiet.

"Nani?!" Yuki asked, staring incredulously at his exposed sinewy muscles, and lean body.

"If you'll are going to bond thus, I shall also join you-even though I resent some parties," Zero said looking straight at Kuran before, in less than a blink of an eye, he sunk his fangs in the collar of Yuki's

neck, claiming her as his while making a small mark at Kuran's neck, unifying their bond.

A plethora of emotions, and memories whirled past them carrying the faint smell of dusky roses after they had dried up in the sun.

They knew, with the cold knowledge of being, that no longer were they alone and that when the time came they would face the salient embrace of death together.