

Hunting Passion

Von Atemue

Kapitel 1: Otoko no ko no jilenma

Title: Hunting Passion

Part: 1/?

Author: Usagi [miakalikestamahome@hotmail.com]

Warnings: angst

Genre: Romance, Angst, Supernatural, AU

Pairings: Yami no Yuugi x Yuugi

Criticism: Constructive criticism welcomed

Disclaimer: Nothing is mine, I don't make money from fanfiction.

Description: They came at midnight. He didn't know how they were able to intrude his house, but somehow they succeeded. They were a male and a female. HE, was the leader, obviously. She seemed to be some kind of apprentice to him. Not that it really mattered. For him they were both strong and deadly.

But when a young teen is able to run from the grasps of his captors, it is the start of a long game of hide and seek. He finds out a new side of himself he would have never dreamed he has. And it helps him to keep the game to his advantage. But he knows the game will never end, at last not before his death. Because his hunter is a vampire.

Thanks to my betareaders JayKateel, Deb and SF for the usual quick work. ^^

Otoko no ko no jilenma - A boy's dilemma

Otoko no ko no jilenma

A petite looking boy sat at his desk in his room, his eyes focused on his homework. Or so it seemed, at least. However, his shaking body told a different story. The boy seemed nervous, afraid even. Sometimes he would accidentally lose his grip on the pencil, causing the small stationery to clatter right onto his notes.

The whole paper was already full with small dots caused by the fallen stationery. The handwriting was terrible, most of the kanji and kana not even readable at all. He knew in the morning the teacher would punish him again for the more than untidy

homework. But what else was one supposed to hand in when one was caught in a situation like this?

He was afraid and not able to conceal it. So what? It already had been noted by his friends and a few of his teachers. He was pale and unusually nervous nowadays. But the others wouldn't act any different.

The boy sighed and left his fallen pencil on the table now. It was no use to do his homework anymore. His teacher wouldn't be able to decipher it anyway. So why bother?

Laying his head on the table, he closed his eyes. He was tired, but he hardly dared to sleep at night. He was too afraid of never waking up again the next morning. The little sleep he got was from staying some hours at the infirmary in school when he had free time.

The worried nurse had already informed his teachers about his strange behaviour and he had been questioned about it. But he never said anything. What could he have said anyway?

'Excuse me but I feel awfully tired these days because two vampires are staying at my house and I am too afraid to lie down because they could kill me while I'm sleeping?'

Yeah, that would sound realistic. And even if the impossible happened and someone believed him, it would only put this person in danger. The vampires were far too strong for a normal human being. No one would be able to save him from his current situation.

If he was honest with himself, his whole situation was hopeless. And to hope for any miracle was as ridiculous as his poor attempts to stay awake at night. After all, whether he was awake or not didn't matter. If the vampires wanted to kill him, they would do so. But he just didn't want to be oblivious to his end. And so he stayed awake.

A sudden noise threw him out of his tumultuous musings. With a start he realized that the sun had already vanished. The vampires were awake!

Just seconds after realisation hit him, the door to his room burst open and a petite blonde girl stood in the threshold. She smirked, showing long, deadly fangs in the process.

"Oi, boy!" she sung tauntingly.

"Don't call me 'boy'! he snapped. "I am 16, a teenager."

He threw her a dark look, fear no longer in his eyes. It was funny how he was able to shake off his fear around the girl and just the girl alone. Maybe it was because he knew she had been forbidden to touch him. Or it was the fact that she looked younger than him.

It didn't really matter. Fact was that he was able to conceal his fear and she obviously wasn't happy that he was so bold. She hissed in anger and annoyance. But this was all she was able to do. She had been told to not touch the human and the fear of what would happen if she disobeyed was clearly written in her eyes.

"My master wants to see you," the girl growled, not able to do much more. The young teen couldn't help but feel a cold shiver run down his spine at her words. He had only been eye to eye with the male vampire once and that was the night those two invaded his home, claiming him their prisoner in that process.

That night he had been pinned against a wall, red glowing eyes burning into his soul while his low, deadly voice explained the new rules to him. And he never wished to go through that experience ever again, nor was he really eager to see more of the vampire. Back at their first meeting it had been dark. So glowing red eyes and deadly voice was all he ever got to know of that vampire.

But he knew he had no choice in that matter at all. With a sigh he got up and followed the blonde vampire through his own house. The male vampire seemed to have got comfortable in the living room. He was barely making out his feet, resting lazily on the table, boots included. The rest of the body was hidden by the back of the couch.

As soon as they were through the door, a hand lifted up above the backrest.

"Leave us alone, Rebecca!"

He was surprised how good the vampire's hearing seemed to be. After all, both of them had entered the living room without a sound. The girl now immediately bowed and pushed the tense body of the teen forward before leaving. The door closed behind her and then there was silence.

Only his hard breathing was to be heard as he stood exactly at the place he had been left and waited for what was to come next. He feared the male clearly and this time he was not able to conceal it.

"Don't try to mask your fear," the low voice of the vampire suddenly interrupted his musings. "I can hear your pounding heart."

The boy's eyes widened in shock and surprise.

"Come here!" the voice as suddenly as before, commanded. "And don't disobey my order! I lack patience."

He didn't want to try out how short the vampire's patience was so he took his shaky steps toward the couch. His eyes were lowered to the ground, showing the other his submission. But this way he didn't notice the moving hand grabbing his arm. Before he knew what happened he was jerked forward and found himself sitting in the vampire's lap, staring into burning, red fires.

A hand touched his cheek and in his mind he cursed his betraying body for all he was worth for starting to shake so obviously with fear. A low, husky chuckle was all he got for an answer, and the creature of the night started to scrutinize him, just like he had done the night they had first met.

"Such a coincidence it is that your looks resemble my own," he whispered into his ear before licking it slightly. The teen started to squirm, his mind screaming for him to freak out right now.

"Sit still!" the vampire suddenly hissed and he obeyed. What else was he able to do? With a small light of resistance left in his eyes, he sat there, looking at the other, trying to control his fear.

He was surprised when on this way he looked at the vampire for the very first time. Since the lights were on in the living room, this time he was able to make out more than just red, glowing eyes.

The vampire looked like a boy, a young teen barely older than him. They had nearly the same style of hair, the same haircolor and if the eyes hadn't glown in such an unnatural way he would have sworn they had the same eyes as well.

It would have been scary if the fact of sitting on the lap of a vampire wasn't already scary enough.

"Now this is better," the older look-alike praised his victim, who, at the moment, was as frozen as a sculpture. "And I see you are as surprised about my looks as I was about yours."

He slowly turned back his shocked eyes from that hard and deadly look on the face to take in more of the vampire's appearance. The other was wearing a tight leather pants and leather coat. The coat was long, it flowed over the couch and onto the ground as well.

The zipper, which was attached to the piece of leather, was unzipped, exposing nothing but bare skin. The vampire was not wearing any kind of top on his chest.

He blinked a little at this alarming sight and his head nearly flew back to the burning eyes of the other when he felt the hand on his cheek starting to move.

"It doesn't matter," the vampire now continued to whisper, just as if he had never stopped speaking to watch the actions of his prey. He allowed his hand to wander over the human's neck to his shoulders, slowly shedding the jacket the teen was wearing as part of his school uniform.

The navy blue jacket had a collar, which was a little disruptive for free access to the human's neck. The teen, realizing the vampire's intention, started to shudder even more in undeniable fear now.

The creature of night looked up from his work, the jacket falling to the ground with a

soft sound. He smirked when he saw the other's pale face, his wide smile showing deadly fangs openly.

"I see your fear for me, mortal. I can see it, hear it and smell it. Pretty little boy."

One arm wound itself around his waist, holding him secure, while the other hand found its way back to his cheek, stroking the soft skin.

"You are impressive, little boy," he mused loudly bowing his head to kiss and nip the teen's neck before looking up again into the widened eyes of the young teen. "Although I can detect your fear with all my senses, I still see the fire of defiance burning deep in your eyes. Not only have you not given up hope yet, but you also have not given up fighting."

He nipped on the neck this time.

"I like your attitude. Tell me, what is your name?"

The teen stayed silent. He was not sure if he should answer the question. Would it harm his current position, his friends or family in any way if he gave out his name?

As if reading his thoughts, the vampire's eyes hardened and his hand gripped the teen's cheek, forcing him to look the other straight into the eyes.

"I assure you, giving out your name won't change anything about your current position nor harm anyone you care for," he whispered, his voice deadly, sending another shiver of cold fear down the other's body. "But if you answer my questions, you might live a little longer. So, I'll ask you again, what is your name?"

TBC...